



AJR JOURNAL

The Association of Jewish Refugees

The centenary of a cellist

PHOTO © GETTY IMAGES



Anita Lasker-Wallfisch holding a photograph of herself playing the cello when she was younger

This year has been an interesting time to celebrate the extraordinary musicians at Auschwitz. In March, Anne Sebba published her acclaimed book, *The Women’s Orchestra of Auschwitz*. Last month, Constella Music performed *The Lost Music of Auschwitz*, an opera-ballet production based on music fragments found in the archives of Auschwitz Birkenau by Dr. Leo Geyer. And this month the cellist Anita Lasker-Wallfisch, the last surviving member of the Women’s Orchestra of Auschwitz, will be celebrating her 100th birthday.

Anita tells the story of her background, her experience of Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen and how she came to Britain, in her powerful memoir, *Inherit the Truth, 1939-1945* (1996). She was born into a German-Jewish family in present-day Wrocław, now Poland, then Breslau, in Germany. She was the youngest of three daughters born to Alfons Lasker, a lawyer, and their mother, Edith, who she describes as ‘a fine violinist.’ Her uncle was a renowned chess master, Edward Lasker.

Her father served in the German army in WW1 and was awarded an Iron Cross. It was a typically cultured German-Jewish middle-class family. Her memoir is full of references to Goethe and Schiller, to Beethoven and Bruch. Saturday afternoons were devoted to coffee, pastries, and readings of classical German literature. Like so many educated German Jewish families, the Laskers believed in German culture. ‘There was little emphasis on our Jewishness,’ she writes.

Continued on page 2

STORYTELLING

This month's issue contains some remarkable stories, starting with our lead story about our celebrated member, the cellist Anita Lasker-Wallfisch.

On page 14 you will find the story of an AJR member struggling to balance her German, English, Jewish, Czech and Jamaican heritage, encountering an identity crisis that is perhaps familiar to many descendants of refugees.

And on pages 12-13 the author Helen John recounts how a shoe box in her late mother's wardrobe that revealed secrets her mother had never shared.

We hope you enjoy reading this issue and look forward to receiving your comments.

News.....	3
Stones for family of 90 year old star	4
Letter from Israel	5
Letters to the Editor and Looking for	6-7
Arts Notes	8
Welcoming our first Kindertransport scholar	9
Marching towards my demons	10-11
Hidden diaries reveal a daring to be human.....	12-13
Ruptured Lives: a daughter remembers... ..	14-15
Reviews	16-17
Obituaries.....	18-19
Events.....	20

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

AJR Team

Chief Executive Michael Newman
Finance Director Adam Daniels

Heads of Department

HR & Administration Karen Markham
Social Services Nicole Valens
Education & Heritage Alex Maws
Volunteer Services Fran Horwich

AJR Journal

Editor Jo Briggs
Editorial Assistant Lilian Levy
Contributing Editor David Herman

For enquiries contact: 020 8385 3070

The centenary of a cellist (cont.)

She describes her early childhood, before the Nazis came to power, as 'a sheltered and extremely happy life.' Everything started to change with Kristallnacht. Her cello teacher in Berlin emigrated to the United States and her eldest sister Marianne left for England. In a documentary, *The Commandant's Shadow*, she says, 'My father, unfortunately, was a complete optimist. He would say, the Germans can't be that stupid. And then he realized: the Germans are that stupid.'

The early pages of her memoir are full of the sadly familiar story of Jewish parents trying to get visas to Britain or America, writing desperate letters to relief organisations and immigration authorities on both sides of the Atlantic. Worse was to come. The family had to leave their apartment, Anita's aunt and uncle were deported, and then in 1942 her parents were sent to a place near Lublin where 'people had to dig their own graves and undress, and then they were shot into the graves.' Finally, her grandmother was deported. Anita and her sister Renate were the only ones left.

They tried to escape to the unoccupied zone of France but were caught by the Gestapo, sent to prison in Breslau and then to Auschwitz in late 1943. Her first impressions were of 'black figures in capes, dogs barking and a great deal of shouting.' And then by chance Anita told another inmate, who was tattooing the new arrivals, that she played the cello. 'That is fantastic,' the woman said. 'You will be saved.' Lasker-Wallfisch soon found herself talking to a 'handsome lady in a camel-hair coat wearing a headscarf'. This was Alma Rosé, the daughter of the celebrated violinist Arnold Rosé and Justine Rosé-Mahler, Gustav Mahler's sister. Rosé was the conductor of the Auschwitz women's orchestra and needed a cellist. Anita was the only cellist in the orchestra.

She survived typhus and was reunited with her sister, Renate. In October 1944 both girls were sent to Belsen. 'The whole scene was like hell.' Miraculously, they survived. Soon after the liberation of the camp, Anita testified as a witness at the Belsen trial. In 1946 the sisters managed to get to England and were briefly reunited with their sister, Marianne, who then moved to Israel, where she died in childbirth in 1952.

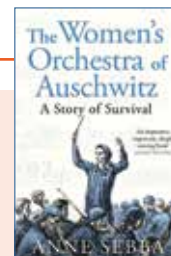
Soon after she arrived in England, Anita visited the elderly father of Alma Rosé who had died before Auschwitz was liberated. She learned how, soon after he had heard of the death of his daughter, Arnold Rosé was visited by two nuns who 'handed him a violin case and mysteriously departed without a word. The case, with its satin-lined, red velvet cover decoratively embroidered with the initials AR, contained Alma's precious 1757 Guadagnini violin which she had used before the war and given to a Dutch friend, whom she had met in the summer of 1941, to hide it from the Nazis.'

Right from the beginning of her memoir, there are glimpses of a lifelong passion for music. Her father wrote proudly of her first public appearance in 1941. Her talent saved her from the gas chambers at Auschwitz. At Belsen, after the liberation of the camp, she attended a recital by Yehudi Menuhin; the accompanist was Benjamin Britten who was completely unknown in those days. In England she married the pianist Peter Wallfisch, also a refugee from Germany. She has had a distinguished career as a cellist and was a founding member of the English Chamber Orchestra. After nearly fifty years away from Germany, she finally returned there on tour with the ECO in 1994.

Anita has lived to see the breaking of the silence about the Holocaust. In 2016 she was awarded the MBE, in 2021 she received the Officer's Cross of the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany and earlier this year she appeared in a BBC2 documentary, *The Last Musician of Auschwitz*. In 2018 she was invited to address the Bundestag. 'There were endless difficulties to overcome before we could leave Germany,' she said. 'It took almost a year, and I swore that I would never set foot on German soil again. I was consumed by a boundless hatred of anything German. As you see, I broke my oath – many, many years ago – and I have no regrets. It's quite simple: hate is poison, and, ultimately, you poison yourself.'

On 17 July the last remaining survivor of the Women's Orchestra of Auschwitz will attend a 100th Birthday Celebration at The Wigmore Hall. The programme will include pieces by Bach, Brahms, Schubert and Schumann.

David Herman



THE WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA OF AUSCHWITZ

In 1943, German SS officers in charge of Auschwitz-Birkenau ordered that an orchestra should be formed among the female prisoners. Almost fifty women and girls from eleven nations were drafted into a hurriedly assembled band that would play marching music to other inmates, forced labourers who left each morning and returned, exhausted and often broken, at the end of the day. While still living amid the most brutal and dehumanising of circumstances, they were also made to give weekly concerts for Nazi officers, with individual members sometimes summoned to give solo performances of an officer's favourite piece of music. It was the only entirely female orchestra in any of the Nazi prison camps and, for almost all of the musicians chosen to take part, was to save their lives.

But what role could music play in a death camp? What was the effect on those women who owed their survival to their participation in a Nazi propaganda project? And how did it feel to be forced to provide solace to the perpetrators of a genocide that claimed the lives of their family and friends? In her new book, *The Women's Orchestra of Auschwitz*, award-winning historian Anne Sebba traces these tangled questions of deep moral complexity with sensitivity and care.

From Anita Lasker-Wallfisch to Alma Rosé, the orchestra's main conductor, Sebba draws on meticulous archival research and exclusive first-hand accounts to tell the full and astonishing story of the orchestra, its members and the response of other prisoners for the very first time.

On 19 August Anne Sebba will be giving an exclusive talk to AJR members over zoom. Please keep an eye on the *AJR Journal* and our weekly e-news for details.

NEXT GEN EVENTS

For more information about either of these events or any other aspect of our Next Generations programme please email nextgen@ajr.org.uk.

THINKING ABOUT PARIS?

Wednesday 9 July at 7pm

If you are thinking about coming to the World Federation of Jewish Holocaust Survivors & Descendants conference in Paris in September, but would like to know more before you book, join us online where former participants of multiple World Federation conferences will be happy to answer your questions. There will be two 2Gs and two 3Gs happy to share their knowledge.

Zoom Meeting ID: 882 6382 6979



UNEARTHING HOLOCAUST ARCHIVES

Sunday 10 August at 2pm

Are you confused about the various Holocaust archives and how to access them? Join us for a unique opportunity to meet experts from the top Holocaust Archives in the UK. Hear from the archivists and book your slot for a personal consultation to search the archives. You'll also be able to meet other Holocaust descendants and compare family research techniques and resources.

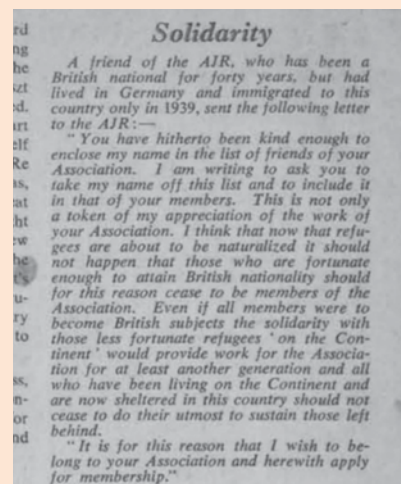
Archives represented will include AJR Refugee Voices archive and Holocaust Testimony UK; the newly discovered Kindertransport lists; World Jewish Relief's archive of Jewish refugee registration cards & files; the Wiener Holocaust Library; and the International Tracing Service and Arolson Archives.

This event is free to attend but donations are welcome to cover the cost of security and refreshments. Book via www.eventbrite.com/e/unearting-holocaust-archives-tickets-1387450173819

CALL FOR MEMORABILIA

Next year will be a big year for the AJR. In January we will be marking the 80th anniversary of the *AJR Journal*, while in July we will celebrate the AJR's own 85th birthday.

In preparation for these momentous milestones we are putting together a new archive and virtual exhibition about the history of the AJR and our members. If you have any old membership cards, documents, photos or other memorabilia relating to your family and the AJR please share them with us at editorial@ajr.org.uk.



An extract from the first ever issue of *AJR Information*, the predecessor to this Journal

GET YOUR FAMILY ON THE MAP

Can you contribute your family story to the UK Holocaust Map?

The map, produced by the AJR, seeks to locate places in the UK that have some association with the Holocaust era.



The map already has hundreds of locations marked: hostels, synagogues, churches, training farms, schools, foster homes, internment camps and so on. The digital map is used by schools, researchers and the general public to find out about how the Holocaust had an impact in their local area. For schools, the map is invaluable in bringing the enormity of the Holocaust as a subject closer to their own village, town or city. Teachers have told us that the map is an essential learning tool.

We continue collecting stories of Kindertransport children who found a home in Britain and N. Ireland. Where did they live, who took them in, where

did they work, where did they set up home?

If you have a family story to tell about the life of a former Kind or Holocaust refugee somewhere in the UK we would be grateful if you could send some outline details to map@ajr.org.uk. We will then get back to you asking for more information before placing anything on the map. Note that our researchers may take some time to reply to you so please be patient.

And please take a look at the map on www.ukholocaustmap.org.uk.

STONES FOR THE FAMILY OF 90 YEAR OLD STAR

The actor George Roubicek, perhaps best known for his roles in *Star Wars* and two *Bond* films, recently marked his 90th birthday with the installation of four Stolpersteine outside his former family home in Vienna.

George turned 90 on Sunday 25 May, celebrating his birthday at home in Redgrave, Suffolk with family.

A few days before this, on Monday 19 May, his daughter Sasha, granddaughter Katja, eldest son Bruno, and their partners led a ceremony for the inauguration of Steine der Erinnerung at Hermann Pachergasse 12, Vienna, George's former family home.

As well as the six members of his immediate family from the UK, twenty members of George's Austrian family and family friends attended the ceremony. There were three generations represented, from 88-year-old Elizabeth Heidecker, from Bingen, Germany, to young children.

Unfortunately, George – who three years ago reclaimed Austrian citizenship – was not able to attend. However he was very much involved in preparations, especially in overseeing and editing of the text for the ceremony, during which his children recounted how their grandparents, Marianne and Ernst, had created a comfortable and loving family home for George and his brother Peter. They had bought their brand-new house, which was very typical of 1930s BauHaus, in 1935 with a sense of optimism and plans for their children's future in Vienna despite the increasing antisemitism in Austria. Within four years Ernst was imprisoned and Marianne was compelled to sell their home. Sasha Roubicek explained that "We are laying these stones today so that their life here and their family story will never be forgotten".

George and his family fled Austria in early 1939 after his mother paid for his father's release from Buchenwald. Having been told the British quota for 1939 was full they managed, via a family contact, to secure visas for Australia. They travelled to Brisbane via London and Southampton.



Members of the Roubicek family assembling in Vienna for the laying of the Stolpersteine



George Roubicek celebrating his 90th birthday with his daughter and grand-daughter



Stolpersteine laid in Vienna for members of the Roubicek family who fled to Australia

The family lived in Brisbane for a year and then settled in Toowoomba in Queensland. George won a scholarship to the prestigious Toowoomba Grammar School, and was on both the rugby and cricket teams and in the school's drama club. His English teacher wrote about him to a contact at the Stratford Theatre Company (later the RSC) who recommended George to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts (RADA) in London. So in summer 1954, at the age of 19, George left Australia to attend RADA in London with the ambition of becoming a professional actor.

George's film acting career took off with roles in such films as *The One That Got Away* (1958), the mystery adaptation *Chance Meeting* (1959) with Stanley Baker and the Janet Blair adaptation *Burn, Witch, Burn* (1962). He also appeared in the Bond movie *You only live twice* (1967), the action film *The Dirty Dozen* (1967), a second Bond movie *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977) and the thriller *Bad Timing* (1980). In 1976, Roubicek was cast in *Star Wars*, the first film in the original *Star Wars* trilogy, where he played a commander in the Galactic Empire, who was later given the name Nahdonnis Praji.

Speaking at the end of the ceremony in Vienna, George's granddaughter Katja said: "I want to honour the importance of not only my grandfather's 90th birthday, but the strength, courage and tenacity of my great grandparents and their trauma, turned survival story.

"To be a descendant of a 'wolf mother' like Marianne, someone who had to uproot her life for the safety of her family, and keep going in the face of what must have been utterly traumatic, and to start again, is an honour I carry with pride.

"That is a feminine power that I will pass on to my own daughters and theirs that follow. Remembering our family's strength over our trauma is how we will heal the wounds of the past.

"When you've spent as much time as I have wondering if or how you fit into something, when you get a chance to peer into the history of your family and find snippets of yourself – it brings you comfort.

"I will forever be proud to tell people I am a 3rd generation immigrant refugee, and hold that banner high."

A longer version of Georg Roubicek's life story was published in the *AJR Journal* in December 2023 – see <https://ajr.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2023/11/6508-AJR-Journal-Dec-2023-v7-WEB.pdf>

RABBI MEIR SALASNIK'S LETTER FROM ISRAEL



Rabbi Meir Salasnik was the Rabbi at Bushey United Synagogue

for 37 years before making Aliyah in 2016. We are grateful to him for sharing the following story.

This Shavuot, I had an experience that might mean as much to AJR members as it means to me.

I live in Har Nof, an area on the west side of Jerusalem, where the residents

are from a variety of backgrounds, from most of the countries of the world.

One of the shiurim I participate in is a *Daf Yomi* where every day we learn a page of Talmud. One of the eldest members of this shiur no longer comes in person, instead joining us by telephone. He is 94 and spent his early childhood in the city of Danzig (Gdańsk). When he was about seven years old, the family was able to enter the United States of America via a week's stay in London. He still recalls the excitement of all the people on the ship as they saw the Statue of Liberty.

On Shavuot night, when it is traditional to stay up very late to learn Torah, the shiur meets in his apartment. While physically less active than before, his

mental faculties are undimmed.

The shiur started shortly after 11.30 pm and was scheduled to finish close to 1.00 am. But as we were preparing to finish our host said he had anticipated staying up until 2.00 am. Could we continue?

So the rabbi who gives the shiur returned to a previous page, which our host had missed, and continued until 2.00 am.

For the rest of us, youngsters in our 70s, this dedication of a nonagenarian to his and our Jewish learning was exhilarating.

For those of us who were born in free countries, the tenacity of this former refugee is inspiring.

MAZELTOV DORIT

AJR member Dorit Oliver-Wolff BEM has been admitted as an Honorary Freewoman of the Borough of Eastbourne 'in recognition and appreciation of her extraordinary life, her outstanding contribution to Eastbourne and its community, her work as a freedom fighter and campaigner for human rights, her dedication to Holocaust education and her passion to ensure that the Holocaust is never forgotten'.

Dorit was born in Yugoslavia in 1936 and endured years of hiding, harrowing encounters and near starvation. After the war, she remarkably rebuilt her life, becoming a successful singer and top ten recording artist in Germany.

In recent years, Mrs Oliver-Wolff – who now lives in Eastbourne – has dedicated herself to sharing her story and educating others about the Holocaust. Freedom of the Borough is Eastbourne's highest award and dates back to the Middle Ages in recognizing eminent services or achievements.

Dorit was awarded a British Empire Medal for services to Holocaust education and awareness in 2019.



Dorit Oliver-Wolff receiving her Freedom of the Borough from the Mayor of Eastbourne

CHAOS CONQUEROR

Do you need help with decluttering, downsizing or organising and storage solutions?

Contact Jo Sovin,
Chaos Conqueror

07905 581 794 jo@josovin.com

www.josovin.com

Impeccable references provided

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.

SWITCH ON ELECTRICS

Rewires and all household electrical work

PHONE PAUL: 020 8200 3518

Mobile: 0795 614 8566

Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication and respectfully points out that the views expressed in the letters published are not necessarily the views of the AJR.

DEAR MISS HERZ

AJR Journal readers may well be interested in a new book that has just been published in Germany featuring correspondence between the AJR's late member Ida Herz (1894-1984) and the famous German writer Thomas Mann.

Ida – who wrote in the *AJR Journal* several times – was a Nuremberg bookseller who, after emigrating to London in 1936, exchanged over 400 letters with Thomas Mann. The latter opened up to her in his letters and even portrayed her in his last great novel, *Doctor Faustus*. Ida herself described Mann as her “best friend” but theirs was an unusual relationship, in which Katia Mann was also involved. Their correspondence reflects over 30 years of European and American contemporary history and provides a multi-layered, entertaining insight into Thomas Mann's life in Germany, Switzerland and the USA.

More info at www.fischerverlage.de/buch/thomas-mann-katia-mann-liebes-fraulein-herz-9783103976717
Holger Pils, Germany

MILLER LECTURE

I was fascinated to read (June) about the memorial lecture for 2025 Martin Miller and Hannah Norbert Miller. Because I met both of them way back in 1969. I was actually working on the location when Martin became ill and had his heart attack. I never knew about this Lecture that had been set up in their names. He was a wonderful man and although I only knew him a matter of weeks I found him to be very gracious and kind.
John Martins, Manchester

X TROOP

Thank you for Dan Fox's article (June) about Jewish refugees who served in the allied forces, including the X Troop who landed in Normandy on 6 June 1944.

My father, Robert Barnes, né Gothard Baumwollspinnar, was sent by his parent to a Jewish public school near Brighton,

partially completing his university education before being interned and put on that boat of ill repute, the *HMT Dunera*. On returning from Australia he met my mother Pauline, and was recruited to join X Troop.

Leah Garret's history of X troop was reviewed in a recent edition of the *AJR Journal* but it didn't refer to the comments of the Foreign Office which were a revelation to me.

Sadly my father was badly wounded in the Italian campaign, but towards the end of the war worked in Berlin as an interpreter for the allied forces.

AJR readers may be interested in visiting the memorial to X Troop at Aberdovey in North Wales, a village that billeted the troop and somehow kept their mission secret.
Bruce Barnes, Bradford

PAPERBACKS

I really enjoyed David Herman's very interesting article about paperbacks (June) and in particular about Penguin books. I had no idea how many Jewish people were involved. Most people could afford these reasonably priced paperbacks.
Hanneke Dye, Skipton

ISRAEL & GAZA

As a Holocaust survivor, hidden in Paris during WW2, am I the only survivor to support the Israeli war in Gaza?

It must be emphasised that this is a war of survival for the Jewish State, surrounded by so many hostile forces.

This is not the moment to reward the Pogrom committed on 7 October. It is easy to criticise when we are fed horrific propaganda from the media, including the BBC.

I don't believe the Allies were dropping food parcels to the enemy whilst bombing Dresden to the ground.

I support the brave young IDF soldiers in their very dangerous, unpleasant mission in spite of all the hostile media propaganda.

I wish them success in their mission to safeguard their fellow citizens from these ruthless terrorists.
Dr Marcel Ladenheim, Kingston-upon-Thames

LOOKING FOR?

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUBJECTS

JJ Keith is the son of Jewish refugee, Heinz Leopold Klapp (1919-1988). He has a photographic project celebrating the value of Migration and Inclusivity. JJ is working towards a book and exhibition. Having Jewish refugees with similar stories to his father's is important for JJ. It takes roughly an hour (30 Mins Stills Shoot and 30 mins Video Interview). In return you will receive copies of the portraits and of course will have full editorial control of the text. You can see examples on www.instagram.com/p/CsbUjsTtqv6/?img_index=1
mail@jkeith.com

YONI ITZNIGER



Yoni Itzniger

Marc Fohlen-Weill from the Montreal Holocaust Museum in Canada is researching the story of a young Jewish boy from Frankfurt, Yoni Itzniger, who was born 7 December 1930 and
Continued on page 7



THE SCULPTURE PARK, FARNHAM

– Surrey's hidden gem

MONDAY 28 JULY 2025



This visit to the enchanting arboretum and ever-changing sculpture park includes lunch at the nearby Bel & The Dragon, a boutique country inn.

Return coach travel from/to Edgware is optional.

roshart@ajr.org.uk



MEET WENDY HOLDEN

MONDAY 14 JULY 2025 at 2pm

London NW3



Wendy Holden is a best selling author who has written over 35 books. Her latest inspirational, powerful novel is the true story of Fredy Hirsch, *The Teacher of Auschwitz*. It tells the remarkable and heart-breaking story of an extraordinarily brave man who did all he could to protect hundreds of children caught up in the horrors of the Holocaust.

roshart@ajr.org.uk



DAY TRIP TO HARWICH

MONDAY 8 SEPTEMBER 2025



Join us by train from Liverpool Street, to view the historical sites of Harwich and see the Kindertransport statue.

The trip will include a fair amount of gentle walking, lunch and some free time.

karendiamond@ajr.org.uk



WALKING TOUR OF BLOOMSBURY, LONDON

THURSDAY 21 AUGUST 2025



A guided walking tour taking in the sites relevant to Jewish refugees, followed by lunch at an Italian restaurant and a private visit to the Wiener Holocaust Library

karendiamond@ajr.org.uk



HEIRESS:

SARGENT'S AMERICAN PORTRAITS KENWOOD HOUSE

THURSDAY 7 AUGUST 2025 AT 2.30PM



Our private guided tour will reveal the real stories behind the fascinating American women who crossed the Atlantic to marry British aristocrats in an exchange of money for titles.

MEET AT KENWOOD – ENTRY PRICE £9

roshart@ajr.org.uk



DAME LOUISE ELLMAN, MANCHESTER

TUESDAY 16 SEPTEMBER 2025



Dame Louise Joyce Ellman DBE (née Rosenberg) was the Labour MP for Liverpool Riverside for 22 years. She served as Chair of Labour Friends of Israel until 2020 and was Honorary President of the Jewish Labour Movement and Vice-President of the Jewish Leadership Council.

Hear her in conversation with AJR Trustee Jim Selman during a delicious lunch in central Manchester.

michalmocton@ajr.org.uk



Laxton, Newark, Nottinghamshire

TUESDAY 16 SEPTEMBER 2025

There will be a coach from London picking up in Stanmore

karendiamond@ajr.org.uk

Looking For (cont. from pg 6)

subsequently assisted by the Comité Français de Secours aux Enfants.

Marc.Fohlen-Weill@museeholocauste.ca

LAZAR HARNICK

Hungarian researcher Zoltan Aguera is looking into the lives of Dr. Károly Lázár (1895–1944) and his wife, Dr. Helena Lázár Harnik (1894–1989). Both were Hungarian physicians born into Jewish families. Helena Harnik was the mother of Theresa/Terezia Lazar Kohen whose husband was Hans J L Kohen. Both Theresa and Hans are buried at Brandwood End Municipal Cemetery in Birmingham yet are believed to have identified with both Judaism and Christianity.

iszmeretleneztergom@gmail.com

1G RESEARCH

Fidayuto Ichikawa is a 21 year old student from Tokyo who is currently studying English philology and media communication in Słupsk in Poland. He has always been fascinated by Jewish culture and history and is currently preparing a presentation about the Holocaust for his university, for which he is conducting some original research. He would love to hear from any 1G willing to be interviewed over zoom or answer some written questions.

fidacontento@gmail.com

ART NOTES: by Gloria Tessler

They stare out at you from their gilded frames, with their upswept hair and billowing sleeves; the wealthy American women who crossed the pond to marry into the English aristocracy. Often described as dollar princesses, they are the focus of a Kenwood House exhibition, *Heiresses*, featuring portraits by John Singer Sargent.



Installation view of Heiress – Sargent’s American Portraits at Kenwood in London

Lovers of the TV series *Downton Abbey* will remember Cora, the American matriarch whose substantial dowry helped secure the family estate when she married the Earl of Grantham. This was fiction, but in reality, 102 American women married into the landed gentry between 1870 and 1914. The American society artist John Singer Sargent painted over 30 of them.

Sargent was sometimes derided for painting these Edwardian women who married not for love but for the esteem conveyed by an English title. Some critics, like Roger Fry, accused him of “painting the social mask, holding up a mirror to the rich.”

But this may not be quite fair. Sargent’s subjects may have offered wealth for titles, but many were also active during the First World War, working with the Red Cross, funding hospitals, flying helicopters or engaged in politics, like Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, née Vanderbilt, who as a Southwark Councillor, fought for a minimum wage for women in “sweated trades.”

The woman with the highest political profile was Nancy, Viscountess Astor, the first woman to take her seat as an MP in the House of Commons. Born Nancy Witcher in Virginia in 1879, she married Waldorf Astor, and was elected as MP for Plymouth Sutton on 28 November 1919, holding the seat until 1945. A Christian Scientist, like her husband, she campaigned on women’s issues, abstinence from alcohol and unemployment, becoming a leading member of the Cliveden Set in the 1930s. She rejected accusations of antisemitism after supporting the discredited policy of appeasement towards Hitler, claiming that this was “quite untrue and has caused pain

not only to me but to many of my very good friends who themselves are Jews.”

In his full-length portrait Sargent has painted her looking backwards in a long, white dress, holding a floaty, peach scarf, her soft brown curls swept off her face. Her expression is clear and intelligent. Even more impressive is his charcoal sketch of her in a hat and long pearls in which he catches a sense of steel. And beneath the elegant coiffure these women were both steely and seductive. Often that quality is more evident in his charcoal drawings than his paintings, where the ostentatious dress can overwhelm the subject’s expression.

I particularly admired the strong, aquiline portrait of Eloise, Countess of Ancaster, née Breese, described by the diarist ‘Chips’ Channon as “very sirenic and mischievous and good company.” Married to Lord Willoughby d’Eresby at 23 in 1905, she redesigned his various ancestral homes in Scotland and London and was awarded an OBE in 1920 for her work with the Red Cross during the First World War.


Edith, Lady Playfair, née Russell is depicted in a lavish orange and black dress, from which she gazes down on us lesser mortals with distant hauteur. At 29 she became the third wife of Baron Playfair, 59, and her

stepson quipped that she was “one of the last capitalists to drive round Hyde Park...in a carriage-and-pair.”

There may be a Jewish background to Margaret (‘Daisy’) Leiter, the daughter of Levi Z. Leiter of Chicago a successful entrepreneur in the dry goods business and real estate. She married Henry Howard, 19th Earl of Suffolk, and was a keen horsewoman who flew helicopters and a small plane. In this portrait the teenager wears an ornate white satin dress, her confident stare, short bouncy dark hair and the way the wind has caught her wrap suggests a sporty, positive individualist.

There is a French touch in the portrait of Jessie Wilton Phipps, née Duncan, an upper-class New Yorker, who was made a Dame in 1926 for her services to education, and who later chaired the Central Council for the London Blind. In a nod to his mentor, Manet, Sargent portrays her against a black background, in a stylish, black striped bodice, black rose and black choker with pearls, through which he paints the delicate pallor of her skin.

Heiresses: Sargent’s American Portraits at Kenwood House until 5 October. The AJR is organising a private tour on 7 August – see advert on p7.



**WHY NOT CONVERT
YOUR OLD CINE
FILMS
AND PUT THEM
ON DVDS
FREE OF CHARGE?**

Contact Alf Buechler at alf@buechler.org
or tel 020 8554 5635 or 07488 774 414

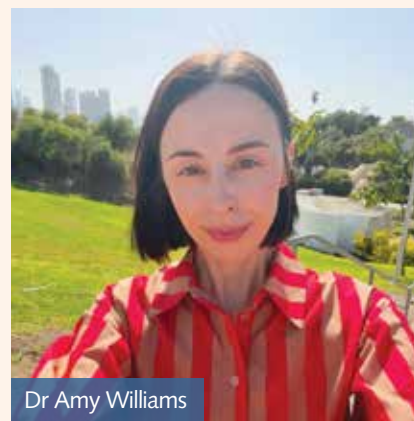
Annely Juda Fine Art

23 Dering Street
(off New Bond Street)
Tel: 020 7629 7578
Fax: 020 7491 2139

**CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE**

Welcoming our first Kindertransport scholar

The AJR is pleased to announce the appointment of **Dr. Amy Williams** as our new **Kindertransport Scholar in Residence**, a key role that will help lead historical and commemorative efforts to spread awareness of the Kindertransport in the lead-up to the **90th anniversary in 2028**.



Dr Amy Williams

Dr. Williams is a distinguished historian of Holocaust memory and migration who has dedicated over a decade to researching the Kindertransport. Her scholarly and public-facing work has had wide-reaching impact, including exhibitions, radio series, and appearances on the BBC's *Great British Railway Journeys* and a Dutch current affairs programme *Nieuwsuur*.

Amy is currently co-authoring a new book with Professor Bill Niven for Yale University Press, exploring the transnational history of the Kindertransport. Their first collaboration examined national and transnational memories of the rescue operation. Dr. Williams is also writing a third book focused on Kindertransport testimony, to be published by Mitteldeutscher Verlag.

The AJR has already arranged multiple landmark events to drive forward the

memory of the Kindertransport, including arranging for His Majesty The King to meet with the Kinder in November 2023, on its 85th anniversary, as well as a high profile visit to Mansion House and receptions hosted by Their Excellencies the German and Austrian Ambassadors

In her new position at AJR, Amy will oversee a series of ambitious projects aimed at preserving and expanding the public's understanding of the Kindertransport. These include working with long-standing partner organisations, to build a comprehensive, searchable digital platform that will unite newly discovered and existing Kindertransport records – including the Kindertransport lists she uncovered during her fellowship at Yad Vashem.

"This appointment is a full-circle moment for me," said Amy. "The first Kindertransport event I ever attended was

hosted by the AJR – 11 years ago, at its 75th anniversary commemoration. It was there I first met Kinder and their families, and I began what has become a lifelong commitment to understanding and preserving their stories. To now be working at the AJR, helping to create a legacy for the 90th anniversary, is truly lifechanging. I am so grateful to the AJR for helping me to give back to the Kinder and their families, who have helped me so much with my research."

Her responsibilities will include developing new research and educational resources, coordinating archival projects across Europe and Israel, working closely with the AJR's Education and Heritage team, and helping connect Kinder and their descendants to newly digitised historical records. A central part of her work will involve sharing previously unseen materials and exploring untold aspects of the Kindertransport story, from lesser-known journeys to overlooked testimonies.

"Amy brings exceptional scholarly rigour and creative vision to this important role," said AJR CEO Michael Newman. "Her appointment signals our commitment to preserving the legacy of the Kinder and honouring their remarkable journeys and contributions. We are proud to support Amy in this next chapter of her work."

Amy Williams also served as historical advisor on the soon to be released Kindertransport documentary *I Was 8874*, which tells the story of Hanna Zack Miley. She has been a fellow at both Yad Vashem and the Zolberg Institute on Migration and Mobility at The New School.



Amy on location during a filming of a documentary about the Kindertransport

The AJR delegation to the 2025 March of the Living

MARCHING TOW



AJR Next Generation manager Debra Barnes recently led the AJR's first ever delegation on the March of the Living and had mixed feelings about everything she saw.

I don't want to go to Auschwitz, but I should go. I need to go. But I'm not ready to go. This has been my thought process for the past 15 years, ever since I started researching my family history. Is there ever a right time to go to the place where four members of my family were brutally murdered? How will I handle my emotions? Will I have to share this sacred space with dozens of aspiring influencers taking selfies on the train tracks, as I have seen on social media?

If not now, when? Eleven of us agreed that the 80th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz was a contributing factor to visit this year and so we signed up as the first AJR delegation of March of the Living, a four-day educational journey in Poland culminating in the March from Birkenau to Auschwitz I.

The AJR delegation also agreed that being accompanied by other descendants would make the journey easier. Here was another conflict. Should the experience of visiting Auschwitz be made 'easier' given that our relatives had been subject to the most horrific treatment and conditions? As if it wasn't 'wrong' enough that the weather was forecast for warm sunshine, we were provided with huge packed-lunches and comfortable hotel rooms. Or was it that our visit was a symbolic reclaiming of the space where our family members perished, travelling as free citizens with full human

rights: proof that Hitler did not win.

In reality, March of the Living was far from easy, starting with a 5am flight to Krakow and a packed itinerary visiting sites of Polish Jewry importance, most of which bore witness to the slaughter of thousands during the Holocaust. One such site was Majdanek death camp, topped and tailed by two giant Soviet monuments, where tens of thousands of Jews were murdered during 1943 and 1944 in plain view of the citizens of Lublin. The actual death toll at Majdanek is still unclear but a respected estimate is 300,000 dead of which 50,000 were Jewish. The gas chambers and crematoria of Majdanek are still intact, making for a sombre visit particularly with the knowledge that the primary victims of the gas chambers were Jewish. Later, in the Buczyzna Forest in Zbylitowska Góra near Tarnów we recited *kaddish* led by survivor and AJR member Jacques Weisser, at the mass graves of around 10,000 Jews, Roma and Poles murdered by the Nazis.

And so to Auschwitz, to confront my demons. First to Birkenau, also known as Auschwitz II or the extermination camp, built in 1941 to ease congestion in the main camp, and repurposed as a labour and extermination camp. By June 1943 there were four large gas chambers and crematoria in operation, murdering and burning nearly one million European Jews, including my mother's brother Nathan, aged 12, and her twin sister Annette, aged six. Today, the 200-hectare site holds the ruins of gas chambers and crematoria, and places filled with human ashes such as the lake by which we lit *yahrzeit* candles; chimney stacks from destroyed barracks, and kilometres

of barbed wire fences dotted with guard towers. In one of the few barracks still standing, AJR member Eva Clarke shared her mother's story in front of long lines of three-tier bunk beds.

Auschwitz I was established in 1940 on the grounds and buildings of Polish pre-war barracks, most of which are open to the public either holding exhibits or as examples of the treatment of prisoners. Collections include 40 square meters of shoes, countless glasses and kilos of human hair, stark reminders of the dehumanisation our relatives suffered in their final moments. Other buildings are dedicated to exhibitions from specific countries; in the French pavilion there is a room filled from floor to ceiling with photos of French Jewish children, innocent victims of the Nazis. There, in the very top row, I found a photograph of my mother and her twin sister standing outside the orphanage in Louvciennes, just months before the orphans were arrested and sent to Auschwitz on the last convoy from Paris, and in Block 27 I found my relatives in the giant hanging pages of The Book of Names.

How did it make me feel? Surprisingly unaffected on a personal level, perhaps because I already knew much of what happened there, but shocked by the scale of Birkenau and the contrasting tidy brick buildings of Auschwitz, which reminded me of a suburban housing estate. Despite being on the actual site of the largest and most notorious of the Nazi concentration camps, the Auschwitz Memorial Museum is sanitised to the point that it lacks emotion, a view I held for most of the Poland I saw from our tour bus: clean and tidy manicured front gardens to the well-maintained houses

ARDS MY DEMONS

The AJR group was part of a large delegation from the UK

we passed on roads devoid of pot holes.

The last day of our trip was the March itself, probably the most emotional part for me, uniting with thousands of other Jews, survivors, descendants and supporters from all over the world. It was empowering to march out of the infamous gates of Birkenau to the sound of a shofar being blown and singing Salaam. As we made our way to Auschwitz for the ceremony, there was a gust of wind which lowered the temperature maybe 10°C. It felt like a million Jewish souls accompanying us on our journey. The sky darkened and, by the time we reached the stage to listen to speakers including the Presidents of Israel and Poland, the heavens opened in a way so intense that eight months of preparation were discarded thanks to the biblical storm. The ceremony was condensed from an hour and a half to mere minutes. Thankfully, we were able to watch 7 October freed-hostage, Agam Berger, play a 130-year-old violin that once belonged to a Jewish musician who was murdered in the Holocaust.



Leonie Donne, who attended the trip with her mother, Barbara, and her daughter, said "It was empowering to come to Auschwitz, three generations together, to continue our legacy despite what Hitler tried to do to us. The most impactful was being with other AJR members and hearing their family stories on the coach. That has been quite healing for me. I did not expect to bond with a group of people during four days in a coach travelling around Poland. It was an incredible journey."

Simon Burne said "It was a privilege to stand with other members of the AJR at

Auschwitz as an act of defiance, to say 'we survived; we're still here.'"

Sue Smeding said "A trip to Poland was not something I was considering until I found out about the AJR delegation. It was certainly easier to come as part of a group."

Gaby Morris said "I've looked into my family history for a long time and every time the story ended here, at Auschwitz. It was really important for me to come with AJR, an organisation I trust enormously, to own this space for the sake of my grandparents."

MY POLAND EXPERIENCE

Abigail Goorney, a Year 12 student at Yavneh College, recently visited Poland with her school.

The day before departure we all got together to discuss our fears. Some people were scared to enter the gas chambers, some were scared that they wouldn't feel anything, and others worried they might be unable to comprehend things. We all agreed to support one another, recognising how powerful it is as Jews to be able to freely walk in and out of these camps.

Our first stop was Warsaw to view the Jewish cemetery and the last remaining wall of ghetto. Everyone was tired and it was hard to adapt to such a different nature and to history being presented right in front of us.

Day two was more meaningful. We explored the Jewish town of Tykocin, reciting shacharit in its shul. Despite the

sunny weather the town was quiet and ghostly. We listened to stories of families who had lived there before heading to Lopuchowo forest, which holds three mass graves. The Nazis would make the Jews walk in and sing the Hatikvah – a mockery of course. Our own group sang the Hatikvah as we walked out of the forest, to honour the poor Jews who never walked out.

While at Treblinka I was moved to find a memorial stone for my great-great-uncle's community in Biala Podlaska. My hardest moment was at Chelmo, with its 13 mass graves filled with Jewish men, women and children. I teared up when I saw a memorial for a seven-year-old girl who resembled my own mum when she was little.

Although I expected Auschwitz to be difficult, I was lost for words when walking through the rooms of shoes, hair, and suitcases. But I really felt my gut drop in the hallway of mugshots of individual Jews placed from ceiling to floor. I realised what upset me was individualising each

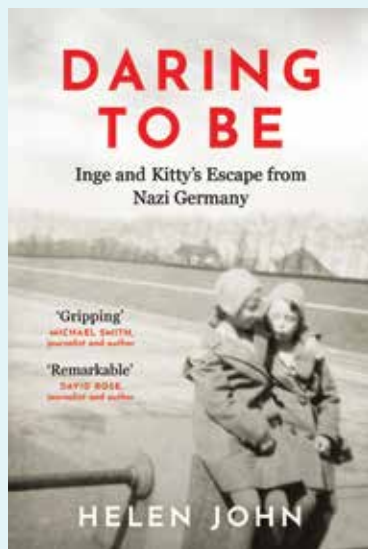


Abigail's group visited the Lopuchowo forest, the site of three mass graves

person, rather than thinking of six million.

There I was, in 2025, wrapped in an Israeli flag, where so many Jews took their last steps. How come I was fortunate enough to be able to casually walk out?

I'm so glad I went on the trip. It was meaningful, bonding and upsetting but I feel as though it was something I had to do.



Hidden diaries reveal



Inge (L) and Kitty loved dressing up



Kitty's Jewish identity card

Helen John still has no idea why her mother hid her childhood diaries. But they revealed a remarkable story.

My lovely mother, Kitty, died at her home in north west London in August 2023, just a few months shy of her hundredth birthday. Clearing out her four-bedroom house was a sad task for me, her only daughter. My father, Ernest, had died a few years before. I was several days into sorting through drawers, files and boxes of old newspapers and letters, when I reached an ill-fitting cupboard on top of the wardrobe in the guest bedroom.

At the back were two shoeboxes containing an assortment of four handwritten books of different shapes and sizes. To my astonishment, I realised these were diaries covering the period from 1938, when mum was fifteen years old and living in Nazi Germany, to 1945, when she was living in the UK.

Every inch was covered with writing, some pages neat and on some, her script was frantic-looking, with the pen pressed hard against the page. There were photos and newspaper cuttings stuck to some of the entries.

My mother and I had always been open and honest with each other. I could not understand why she had kept these historical treasures from me. I knew the broad brushstrokes of her story – that she and her family had been fortunate to escape from Nazi Germany in August 1939. I was hoping the diaries would provide the contemporaneous perspective. What did it feel like to be 15 and scared and what was it

like for her family to be stripped of all dignity and security? And how did she fare moving to the UK, where she knew no-one and was regarded as an enemy-alien?

The process of deciphering mum's diaries was a long-one. Written in Sütterlin, subsequently banned by the Nazis as 'Jewish-text', they had to be professionally transcribed into modern German before I could make sense of them. I combined them with those of her older sister, Inge, and other family documents until the full story emerged.

Kitty and Inge were the daughters of the internationally-acclaimed Berlin eye-surgeon, Professor Oscar Fehr. He discovered the problem of conjunctivitis caused by swimming pools and thereafter swimming pool water was chlorinated. On a day-to-day basis he treated the great and good but was also prepared to waive his fees for those who could not afford it. Members of the Prussian royal family were frequent visitors as were the many actors and actresses of the era. The girls would peer through doorways and curtains as the most famous patients would choose to visit Oscar at his home surgery.

Kitty and Inge enjoyed an idyllic, prosperous and loving home – but that would change abruptly.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the girls picked up on their parent's dislike of Nazism but were not fearful. They themselves were Lutheran and felt unthreatened by Hitler.

That all changed one November afternoon in 1933, marking the end of their carefree childhood. Twelve-year-old Inge had

volunteered to collect money for a Nazi charity. In the school hall a member of the Hitler Youth very publicly informed her that her father was Jewish and she was not welcome.

The girls were shocked. Their father's Jewishness has been unknown to them. Over the coming months and years, long-term school friends would refuse to sit next to them 'because Jewish blood stinks' and the life the family had built up over decades would disintegrate piece by piece with every new antisemitic edict.

Despite the fact that the girls identified as Christian, with three Jewish grandparents, they were classed as Jewish under the Nuremberg Laws.

On 9 April 1937 the mayor of Berlin banned Jewish children from state schools, followed by a decree from the Nazi Ministry for Science and Education that: 'It is unacceptable to expect that any German teacher provide instruction to Jewish schoolchildren. It should be self-evident that it is intolerable for German schoolchildren to sit in a classroom shared with Jews.'

The girls' parents moved them to a private Jewish School – the Goldschmidt Schule, set in the woodland on the outskirts of Berlin. Although sceptical at first, the girls would come to love this school which presented an oasis of calm and reason. While vicious antisemitism raged outside, inside the pupils learnt self-respect and were taught to the highest standards by some of the best teachers in Berlin, many of whom had been forced to leave mainstream schools.

Recognising the threats posed by Nazism, the school's founder, Dr Leonore

a daring to be human



Inge and Kitty in their 80s



Kitty with her daughter (Helen) and her grandchildren Freddie and Clara

Goldschmidt, prepared pupils for immigration by ensuring they were taught bilingually in English as well as German.

For Oscar, Kitty's father, all aspects of his life had become impossible. He was banned from entering the hospital, where he had led a team for the past 25 years. He could no longer call himself a doctor but received dispensation to work as a 'Jew treater'. He was banned from clubs and societies, and from owning and driving a car, while the whole family was banned from attending places of entertainment or even sitting on non-Jewish benches.

The vicious pogroms on 9 November 1938 finally convinced Oscar that their lives were at risk. With the help of kindly British spy Frank Foley, working at the British Embassy in Berlin, the family were issued with visas for the UK. Frank Foley is believed to have saved 10,000 Jews by his ingenuity and persistence in helping them emigrate by whatever means possible.

Despite everything, 15-year-old Kitty described her heartbreak at leaving Berlin. She would miss her nanny (Dedda) who had looked after her from birth and her best friend, Roserie. She diaried:

"The farewell was awful. I started to cry. At the station, when we were saying goodbye, Deddi started to cry, so I started crying too, as did Roserie. When the train pulled away, Deddi covered her face with both of her hands and cried."

The family was incredibly lucky – they escaped in August 1939 – a month before the start of the war. Of the 80,000 Jews remaining in Berlin only around 1,000 would survive.

Life for German refugees in war-torn Britain was very hard. Time and time again, Kitty and her family were forced to leave accommodation because neighbours complained about living near Germans.

The girls tried to understand why refugees were disliked so much. Kitty reported on one of the reasons she was given: 'Because we grew up in Germany and therefore lived under the Nazis, we must have acquired Nazi characteristics.'

Much worse was to follow. Oscar, who had volunteered to work for free helping injured servicemen, instead was arrested as an enemy alien.

Kitty diaried: 'I suddenly heard Mutti say to Inge "Papi is being interned." What a shock. I ran out of the room to my mother and asked what was going on. Two officers had been there all afternoon and looked at papers. They found nothing but said they had been ordered to lock up all male foreigners. There was a lot of crying. I couldn't resist it and cried too but no one noticed.'

During the following months the girls and their mother sent regular letters and food parcels to Oscar, who was moved between camps in the UK before his eventual release.

One of the greatest indignities foisted upon Oscar was the refusal to allow him to work. By 1938, when the situation of Europe's Jews was seen as critical, the Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, had wanted to relax the restrictions on Jewish doctors and allow 500 to enter and work in the UK. However, the British Medical Association did not want their numbers swelled by German and Austrian Jewish doctors and successfully lobbied to reduce this number to 50.

The fortunate ones, such as Oscar, were informed that their German qualifications were invalid and they had to retake their medical exams. Oscar was 68 when he enrolled at the University of Edinburgh to study all aspects of medicine, including midwifery and forensic medicine, in what was still a foreign language to him.

When this eminent physician finally qualified at the age of 72, the authorities informed him that he was only allowed to work under the supervision of a British doctor.

The diaries and documents outline the ongoing struggles faced by mum and her family. Obstacles were everywhere but over time the family overcame these quietly and with great dignity. Against all odds, her father set up a successful eye-clinic in Harley Street. Inge qualified as a nurse and my mother, Kitty, became a doctor of Biochemistry.

I shall never know why mum never told me about her diaries. My personal view is that reopening the diaries would have brought back many painful and unwanted feelings and maybe, since she survived, she considered them to be of no consequence. She talked about happy memories from her past – about her sister, her father and her dogs – but of the circumstances around her emigration, she spoke rarely. So while she wasn't ready to throw the diaries away, perhaps it made sense to lay them carefully in a shoebox at the back of a cupboard – in the dark.

Helen's book *Daring to Be: Inge and Kitty's Escape from Nazi Germany* is available on Amazon and can be ordered from bookshops.

RUPTURED LIVES: A DAUGHTER REM

Jarmila Turnovsky grew up in Jamaica in a family racked with painful separations and misunderstandings. An ongoing struggle with her own identity led her to explore her Czech Jewish heritage.

"Tatí, tell us the story about the burning plane again!"

We called our father *Tatí*, the Czech word for Daddy. Born in 1918 in Czechoslovakia, he had a treasure trove of war stories that my younger sister and I never tired of hearing, especially the ones from his days flying with the RAF. One of our favourites was about the time he was navigating a B-24 Liberator over the North Sea. On their return to base, they came under heavy fire from a German destroyer. Nevertheless, Daddy dropped four bombs, setting it ablaze. Despite the damage the Liberator took, they managed to land safely.

All of Leo Turnovsky's family was Jewish. In 1938, while studying in Prague, he saw the writing on the wall and made the difficult decision to flee. In early 1940 he managed his first escape – remarkably, through legal channels. By then, leaving Europe had become a near-impossible feat, especially for Jews. Against all odds,

he secured a student visa to the United States – a rare and invaluable lifeline.

He completed his degree in Chemical Engineering at Ohio State University in 1942. By then, his parents had informed him that they, along with his sister, had been evicted from their home and forced to relocate to Ledeč nad Sázavou. He was deeply distressed and angry over his inability to help, so he decided to join the war effort and later enlisted in the RAF's Czechoslovak Squadron 311.

By the time he returned home in 1945 he was a changed man – hardened by loss, deeply disillusioned, and alone. By 1947 Czechoslovakia had fallen under the grip of a Soviet-style totalitarian regime. Leo was dismayed by the sweeping new rules and restrictions being imposed. Unable to accept the direction the country was heading, he and my mother made the difficult decision to flee, yet again. In early March 1948, they escaped through a snow-covered forest into Austria to a displaced persons camp in Enns and then, with the help of the RAF, to England. Tragically, the circumstances forced them to leave their first daughter behind. Despite their efforts, she was unable to join them and remained behind Stalin's Iron Curtain.

I remember Daddy telling us how he disliked London's damp, smoggy weather,

so in 1957, my parents, my younger sister and I set sail for Jamaica. A few years later, he built a modest house and began farming. It was our mother who shouldered the daily burden of caring for the livestock and poultry.

My father was a fighter – not in a physical sense, but in his refusal to accept what he considered 'stupid' or 'idiotic' rules. That defiant streak stayed with him throughout his life. His frustration often surfaced as anger. When things didn't go his way, he would raise his voice at anyone.

We were living in a colonial society shaped by the legacy of slavery. Growing up there, I never once heard the words 'Holocaust' or 'Nazi'. He told us that his entire family had been murdered by the Germans. Understandably, he refused to buy anything German.

At school, we were taught Jamaican and British history as it related to slavery. We didn't know any Jewish or Czech people and were raised without religion. So it's no surprise that the identity I first absorbed was Jamaican; any sense of Jewish or Czech heritage was absent from my early life.

Despite his many flaws, my father was a fair and honest man. He had little tolerance for ignorance and often

COMMEMORATING THE AUSCHWITZ REPORT

On 20 May the AJR partnered with the Slovak Embassy and the British Czech and Slovak Association (BCSA) to commemorate the contribution made by two Slovak Jews in telling the world what was happening in Auschwitz, thus helping to bring WW2 towards an end 80 years ago.

The event included a screening of the 2021 film *The Auschwitz Report*, directed by Peter

Bebjak, which relates how Rudi Vrba and Alfred Wetzler heroically escaped Auschwitz to warn the world. This was followed by an online Q & A with one of the main actors and a fascinating discussion with historian Dr Bea Lewkowicz and Caroline Hilton, relatives of the heroes.

Held in the well-filled lecture hall of the Czech Embassy in the presence of the Slovak Deputy Minister of Education Robert Zsembera, the event was introduced and hosted by Jana Nahodilova, Chair of the BCSA, who noted that the film had been the Slovak selection for the 2021 Academy Awards nominations. Following the screening, we were joined by the new

Slovak Ambassador, Peter Susko, who expressed his hopes that by learning from the past, we would help prevent similar historical events in our own time and the future.

During the online Q & A Slovak actor Noël Czuczor, who portrayed Alfred Wetzler, explained how he had studied Wetzler's own literary account of the escape, *What Dante Didn't See*, written in a fictionalised style during the Soviet era, to gain a deeper insight; he noted that the character had stayed with him even long after the filming, as it made such a powerful impression on him. Personal reflections were shared by Dr Bea Lewkowicz, Director of the AJR

EMBERS

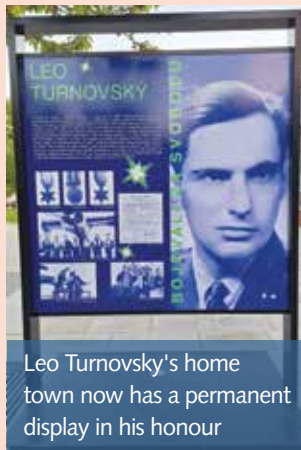
criticised the white colonial elite, whom he saw as bigoted, entitled, and condescending toward their black staff.

As a young person I often felt uncomfortable and embarrassed by my father's outspoken views. His refusal to conform meant we were excluded from the colonial society around us – he was dismissed as 'the poor Jew'. I never questioned growing up in Jamaica but I did feel the absence of certain things. I was sad not to be sent to a local boarding school like most of my friends, all of whom were multi-racial. What I missed most, though, was family. It was just the four of us, with no festive gatherings or the customs that bind generations together. My father seemed unaware of how deeply a child could feel that absence.

I know I've painted a rather harsh picture of my father, but that's how I experienced him during my formative years. By 1971, after completing my first degree, my perspective had begun to shift. His cynicism became more understandable, and I began to ask deeper questions about his past, the relatives I would never meet, and the events that shaped him before I was born. But it was too late. Daddy died suddenly, in the midst of one of his rages, at just 54 – far too young.

Refugee Voices Archive and a relative of Alfred Wetzler, and Caroline Hilton, daughter of Gerta Vrbova, first wife of Rudi Vrba, continuing her late sister Zusa's legacy through the annual memorial walk that follows the path of the historic escape, the 10th anniversary of which both speakers had participated in last year.

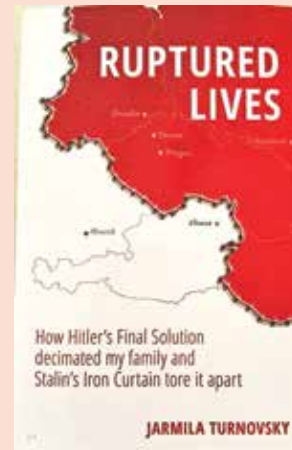
Dr Lewkowicz related the story of her mother Dr Gertrud Friedman, who survived WW2 as a teenager, in hiding with her parents and sister, and in April 1944 gave food to the two escapees in their secret lodgings in the Jewish old age home in Zilina, where they wrote their famous report just weeks after their escape.



Leo Turnovsky's home town now has a permanent display in his honour



Jarmila Turnovskya



Years passed before I tried to explore my father's past, and my own heritage. It wasn't until I was living in Europe that I felt compelled to search for answers, driven by a simple yet profound question I could never fully answer: *Where are you from?* I couldn't answer it then, and I still struggle with it now. Born in England, with no British relatives, carrying a Czech name, speaking with a Jamaican accent – the voice of my childhood – while living in Germany, married to a German. Am I English, Czech, Jamaican, or German, as most people assume? Whenever the assumption is made that I am Jewish, I have to reply in the negative, since I was not brought up in a Jewish household and never knew any Jewish customs.

That inability to define myself and a deep longing to find even one photograph of my grandparents set me on a journey to. What began as a personal search became

something much more: a reconnection with a silenced past, culminating in the laying of eight Stolpersteine in Czechia and my writing: *Ruptured Lives: How Hitler's Final Solution decimated my family and Stalin's Iron Curtain tore it apart*.

Along the way, I grew to understand and admire my father in a new light. Beneath his cynicism, eccentricity, and fierce intellect was a man shaped by unimaginable loss and historic upheaval; truly a Holocaust survivor. Today, he is honoured as a hero in his hometown for fighting to liberate Czechoslovakia – a legacy I am only now beginning to fully grasp.

Jarmila's book **Ruptured Lives: How Hitler's Final Solution decimated my family and Stalin's Iron Curtain tore it apart** is now available via Amazon and other booksellers.

The discussion elicited many audience questions for the speakers, with Robert Zsembera highlighting the increasing inclusion of the story in history curricula and commemorative events. In conclusion Jana Nahodilova reminded us how the Vrba-Wetzler Auschwitz Report, was successful in halting the deportations of a portion of Hungarian Jewry. Thanks were expressed to Klaudia Volnerova of the Slovak Embassy and all the organisations involved, as well as to the audience, for joining together on this special anniversary to remember and honour these brave individuals.

Malcolm Miller



From L to R: Jana Nahodilova, Bea Lewkowicz, Klaudia Volnerova and Caroline Hilton.

PHOTO © ERIK WEISNPACHER

REVIEWS

CROOKED CROSS

By Sally Carson
Persephone Books

First published just months after Hitler came to power, Sally Carson's prophetic novel captures the dawn of Nazi tyranny in a small German town, and was inspired by her visits to friends to Bavaria.

At its centre is the fictional Kluger family, residing near the mountains south of Munich, who see their lives shattered between Christmas Eve 1932 and Midsummer Night 1933.

It was published in 1934 to laudatory reviews, and then turned into a play that premiered at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in 1935, transferring to London's West End two years later. But after Carson's premature death in 1941, from breast cancer, her novel sank into obscurity.

The book has just been republished by Persephone Books and is an extraordinary read. Its title refers to the swastika symbol adopted by the Nazis and it opens with Hans and Rosa Kluger and their three adult children gathering for the Christmas holiday.

Life is hard in Depression-era Germany. Herr Kluger's salary at the Post Office has been cut, eldest son Helmy is out of work, and Erich's seasonal job as a ski instructor requires humiliating catering to the whims of rich women. Daughter Lexa's handsome and successful fiancé, the young surgeon Moritz Weissman, is included in all the celebrations and there is a passing reference to "Helmy's picture of Hitler" that sits on the piano, decorated with fir twigs, like everything else in the cosy house. The scene lulls the reader into believing, despite the flicker of menace, that nothing can break this loyal, decent and loving clan.

A month later, in January 1933, Hitler is appointed Chancellor, and the Nazi consolidation of power begins. Within days, Helmy is rewarded for his early allegiance to the Nazis' promises to make the nation prosperous again, with a job as the local party secretary; Moritz, who has a Jewish father, is dismissed from the

Munich clinic where he works.

Carson demonstrates compassion for all her characters alongside razor-sharp insight into their very human weaknesses. Helmy, a sensitive, conscientious man, nonetheless falls into line with evil ideology. He tries to persuade his sister to break off her engagement but Lexa resists, clinging to the hope that in faraway Berlin, Hitler will be tossed out of government.

Instead, as the spring meadows turn green, the family's world darkens. Erich joins the brownshirts, and swaggers around town in his uniform and jackboots. The Kluger parents are proud, although Herr Kluger, a veteran of WW1, remains wary about another bloody conflict. The idealistic Helmy attends a Nazi rally and is mesmerised. Carson writes: "He had no warning of the destruction that would be caused by the setting free of that power for which he now shouted as hoarsely as the others... Hitler was to them like some splendid deliverer; a god... Their arms flew out in the same signal – a forest of stretching brown arms with the fingers pointing to the little god with a toothbrush moustache. Heil Hitler!"

Moritz, stripped of work and income, no longer even permitted to borrow books from the public library, falls into despondency. Seeking a carefree evening, Lexa persuades him to take her to a dance. While doing the foxtrot, the two accidentally bump against another couple. Moritz turns to apologise. "Blast you!... you filthy Jew... Get out of the way," the other man shouts.

On Midsummer Night, when the violence simmering under the surface in this idyllic corner of Germany explodes into clear view, Lexa conclusively chooses her love for Moritz over all other loyalties, and the results are devastating.

The novel shows with chilling force how a civilised nation could be captured by authoritarianism. Yet when Carson's play moved to the London stage in 1937, some in Britain blasted it as anti-German. Much of the British establishment at that time hoped to peacefully co-exist with the bellicose regime in Berlin.

Some readers will be quick to draw parallels with the rise of right-wing populism around the world, and the propensity for young men to be seduced by extremist

movements, when they feel – as millions did in 1930s Germany – purposeless, disaffected or lost. But the real question that *Crooked Cross* raises is personal. What would you do if the people you love begin to espouse ideas you hate?

Jo Briggs

NINETTE'S WAR: A JEWISH STORY OF SURVIVAL IN 1940S FRANCE

By John Jay
Profile Books

The first entry 11-year-old Ninette Dreyfus wrote in her diary was on 3 September 1939 marking the outbreak of war and the ending of her childhood idyll. She had been given the red leather-bound book by her parents where she recorded her thoughts throughout the war. The most sensitive items she wrote obliquely or in code as the Nazis gained grip leading to persecution and extreme danger.

Ninette and her older sister Viviane lived in Paris as cosseted daughters of Edgar a distinguished banker and Yvonne an heiress. The family was related to Albert Einstein and friendly with the writer Colette, enjoying a charmed life in a grand townhouse. The property once belonged to Claude Debussy was furnished with antique furniture and boasted a landscaped garden and servants in the city's prestigious 16th arrondissement.

But after Hitler invaded France in May 1940 life changed with terrible food shortages and the "exode" flight to Nantes which Ninette described as "not funny". Then to Marseille and the relative safety of Cannes on the Cote D'Azur where they settled in the fashionable the south. It fell under the Vichy France regime under the leadership of the 84-year-old Marshall Philippe Pétain. But for Jews in Paris and northern France life under Nazi occupation life became menacing. Some family and friends were imprisoned in Drancy transit camp in a north-eastern suburb of the capital before deportation to Auschwitz. In July 1942 the horrific Operation Spring Wind – the largest round up in wartime France – involved 13,152 arrests including children.

Despite the extremely distressing situation further north, the girls continued their education in many ways leading a normal life including beach trips but increasingly anti-Semitic conditions prevailed. The family home was requisitioned with the contents plundered and Edgar deprived of

his bank and livelihood. His stance towards Pétain hardened and they illegally listened to broadcasts from London including by General de Gaulle leader of the Free French forces. Arrests increased often for trivial matters and life became complicated and treacherous. Resistance grew and people risked torture and their lives opposing the regime by sabotage, forging documents and hiding fugitives.

As the Germans were losing the war they became ferociously keen to purge Jews. Every day dangers for the Dreyfus family increased with rewards given for denunciations. In the nick of time they fled for their lives forced to attempt the difficult journey over the Pyrénées when vicious Nazis prevailed in the south. The account of their escape is riveting but includes close shaves and terrifying moments. Beforehand Yvonne gave both girls cyanide sachets in case they were needed and Ninette was had to adopt a resourcefulness way beyond her years.

The incredible bravery of those who helped is breathless. Extreme peril was interspersed with typical rural and even social life under aliases until they eventually reached Spain. Author John Jay met Ninette when she was in her eighties immersing himself in her story and the terrible fate of the many thousands of Jews in France who perished. He covers an enormous mass of detail about the family and their wider connections as well as the complicated political situation and is extremely accomplished at bringing a teenage voice to life.

Janet Weston

JEWIS IN BATH

By Christina Hilsenrath
Friends of Bath Jewish Burial Ground

This is a beautifully designed, coffee table-style book, although its subtitle – a community and their Burial Ground – might not hold obvious appeal. It contains a very interesting section about the number of European Jews who found refuge in Bath, including 170 people classified as ‘enemy aliens’ by the Bath Tribunal in 1939, and some 40 children looked after by the Bath Refugee Children’s Fund.

Some early refugees moved from London to Bath, believing it a safer place as the

threat of war loomed. These included Dr Robin Lynn, Walter Levinthal, Marta Wertheim (née Meschelon), the Budwig family, and the prolific author Stefan Zweig. There were also 14 Kinder, one of whom was Klara Hilsenrath, whose daughter Christine has long been fascinated by the small Jewish burial ground that is hidden behind high stone walls in Combe Down.

Like in many provincial towns and cities during WW2, a number of social and educational societies were formed in Bath to provide for its increased Jewish community and religious services were held.

The book, whose earlier chapters cover 1700-1800, 1800-1900, and 1900-1945, is carefully researched, attractively illustrated and meticulously annotated, providing a wonderful visual record of a community whose history is enmeshed with this world heritage city. It brings alive the individuals and families who lived, worked and worshipped in the city, together with the history of their synagogues and Burial Ground.

Jo Briggs



**A DAY IN BRIGHTON
WITH A JEWISH TWIST**

WEDNESDAY 30 JULY 2025



Including a guided walking tour through the streets and 'twittens' of central Brighton, with stories about 250 years of Jewish life.

Followed by a fish & chip lunch (optional)

Meeting at Brighton Station

 roshart@ajr.org.uk

www.fishburnbooks.com

Jonathan Fishburn
buys and sells Jewish and Hebrew books, ephemera and items of Jewish interest.

He is a member of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association.

**Contact Jonathan on
020 8455 9139 or 07813 803 889
for more information**




**A MORNING OF SOCIALISING,
BOARD GAMES, CARDS,
KNITTING & CROCHETING**

**THURSDAY 17 JULY 2025
11AM-12.30PM**

**£3 each or £5 per pair
to cover Kosher refreshments**

All welcome but booking is essential!

 julia@ajr.org.uk



**JACKMAN
SILVERMAN**

COMMERCIAL PROPERTY CONSULTANTS

Telephone: 020 7209 5532
robert@jackmans.co.uk



Outstanding live-in & hourly care in
your home at affordable rates



020 7482 2188 | enquiries@pillarcare.co.uk

**Write Your Life Story
Record a Family History**

Whether you have begun writing, researched your ancestors, or never put pen to paper, we offer a personalised service to help you preserve your precious memories for future generations.

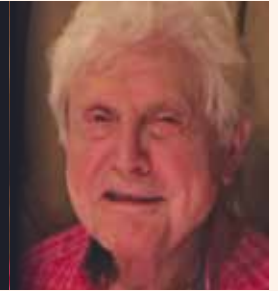
www.wordsbydesign.co.uk
tony@wordsbydesign.co.uk
01869 327548

OBITUARIES

Dov REICHMANN

Born: 25 June 1930, Miscoz, Hungary

Died: 9 January 1925, London



Dov was the youngest of nine children born to Herman and Jan Reicmann. In 1935 the family, which was of modest means, moved to Budapest.

Young Dov was an adventurous boy who spent much of his early childhood out on the streets. At school he experienced terrible antisemitism from his teacher and students, including being called a 'dirty Jew'.

In 1943 Dov's three brothers and father were taken to labour camps and a year later Dov and his mother and sister Magda were moved into the Budapest ghetto. Fourteen-year-old Dov managed to befriend a guard who regularly allowed him out to forage for food for his family. Despite being caught on several occasions he miraculously escaped.

After the Russian liberation the family moved to a displaced person's camp in Pocking in Germany. Having survived typhus, Dov set up his first of his many businesses, selling cigarettes from a tray. A year later he moved to another DP camp in Bandol, near Marseilles, which was a collection point for Mandatory Palestine.

Dov's dream was to unite in erez Israel with his sister Ruth, who had gone there before the war.

In October 1947, aged 17, Dov boarded a fishing boat with 200 people. He had never even seen the sea before and was horribly seasick for two weeks. When they saw the lights of Haifa, there wasn't a dry eye on the boat. Dov, who had learned to swim in rivers, swam ashore in his boxer shorts. He eventually made it Kibbutz Maaborat where he was united with Ruth, who he had never met, but who instantly recognised him.

Dov joined the army shortly after, heroically fighting in the War of Independence to secure the State of Israel. After his discharge in 1950 he tried several different jobs, including as a chef on a ship which is how, in 1957, he met his future wife Irka, eventually moving to the UK with her.

Once again Dov found himself in a new country, unable to speak the language and with nothing to his name. After working at a Jewish bakery in the East End he became head chef in a Jewish hotel in Margate. He also began cabbage and taught himself English. After a few years, Dov saved enough to start his own cab company, eventually building his fleet to 800+ black cabs, the largest in London. He later sold the company

went on to build a successful property company until he retired well into his 80s.

Dov's resilience was legendary. When – in his late 70s – he got hit by a car, flying 15ft in the air, he still made it into the office the next day. He always just got on with it, earning everything through his own efforts, and never complaining. There was no job he couldn't do, or figure out, or explain to someone else how do, or why they were doing it wrong. A picture on his office desk read "Because I said so."

Intellectually curious, he was well read, travelled, and wise. He had a sophisticated view of the world and of people, but was sometimes intolerant of those who didn't move as fast as he did.

He always had time for his family, throughout his life staying in close contact and regularly visiting with his beloved siblings, cousins, and nephews and nieces who were spread throughout the world. Known affectionately as Bundi, he was a cherished role model for them all.

A proud Zionist, he felt he had a duty to ensure that 'Jewishness' survived in his family. He was a stalwart of the Yeshurin synagogue and a respected member of the wider community. He was a serious poker and bridge player and taught all his grandchildren to play backgammon. He also loved music and the arts, food and happy hour, and took up several sports. Above all, he loved to dance. He was the life of the party, and he knew how to let go and have fun.

Dov is survived by his sister Magda, who still lives in Budapest, his son David and daughter Judy, nine grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren, all of whom will cherish the wonderful memories they have of Dov for the rest of their lives.

Jamie Black (grandson)

MANCHESTER JEWISH WALKING TOUR

WITH **MARTIN WINSTONE**
MONDAY 14TH JULY
1.30PM

MARTIN IS SENIOR HISTORICAL ADVISOR TO THE HOLOCAUST EDUCATIONAL TRUST AND PROJECT HISTORIAN FOR THE UK HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL. HE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE UK DELEGATION TO THE INTERNATIONAL HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE ALLIANCE (IHRA)

RSVP MICHALMOCTON@AJR.ORG.UK

Eva SCHAPIRA

Born: 27 December 1930, Nürnberg

Died: 15 March 2025 Newcastle upon Tyne



Our mother, Eva Schapira née Buxbaum, lived in Bamberg, Bavaria, in an apartment more or less opposite her future husband Ronnie.

When Hitler came to power in January 1933, she was only two and totally unaware of the horrors to come. Eva was not allowed to go to the normal German state primary school at the compulsory age of six and therefore, in 1937, was forced to attend the Jewish school at the Weisse Taube, next to the synagogue.

Shortly before Kristallnacht her father went to England in connection with his shoe business and received a telegram from his wife not to return, as the situation was becoming too dangerous. On the evening of 9 November 1938, our mother was at her grandparents' flat in the same street as her home and watched the synagogue burning next to her Jewish school and her family doctor being dragged out of his home by the SS and badly beaten with an iron rod, left bleeding in the road. She was absolutely terrified and pleaded with her mother to be taken away from Bamberg. Her parents then made the difficult decision to send her to a children's clinic in Davos, Switzerland, where she had been before to be treated for polio. She stayed there for about five months.

In Spring 1939 her mother collected Eva from Switzerland and they left together by train and ferry for England. On the journey from Switzerland, the train stopped at Würzburg, Bavaria, where her paternal grandparents lived. Our mother described her grandmother Flora standing on the platform as she was not allowed to board the train to say goodbye but simply waved farewell to Eva and her mother. This was the last time they ever saw each other as she was subsequently murdered by the Nazis.

In England they joined her father, initially in London and then in Great Yarmouth where

he managed a slipper factory. The family name was anglicised. Buxbaum became Buxton, because her father joined the Pioneer Corps.

Eva loved England from the very moment she stepped on its soil, particularly being by the seaside in Great Yarmouth. She thought she was thoroughly British, albeit with a German accent.

After war broke out, as 'enemy aliens' they were not allowed to live near the coast, so the family moved to London, then Leicester and eventually Eva settled in Blackburn, where her father found a job in another slipper factory. At first she attended a convent boarding school, St Mary's Priory in Princethorpe, miles away near Coventry, speaking little English. She later took the equivalent of GCSEs and A levels at Blackburn Grammar and completed her English education by going to watch Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park with her father. After she left school, she went to Gloucester Teacher Training College to study domestic science and became a teacher in Covent Garden.

In the early 1950s, she went back to Bamberg with her parents to negotiate compensation. There she re-met Ronnie Loble, an old family friend from pre-war days. The couple married in 1953 and settled in Newcastle where they had two children, Susie and Steven.

Sadly, our father was soon diagnosed with multiple sclerosis and died aged 42 in 1965. Eva remarried a neurologist (and later psychiatrist) from Vienna called Kurt Schapira. They stayed in Newcastle for the rest of their lives and had one more child, Martin.

Eva enjoyed an extremely happy marriage with Kurt and was busy raising three children. She was very engaged with her local community in various volunteering roles.

Eva and Kurt had been married for 51 years when Kurt sadly passed away in November 2016. Eva not only had three children but five grandchildren (Oliver, Nicole, James, Charlie and Bella) and four great grandchildren (Ella, Benjamin, Sophia and Zac) – in Eva's own words, proof that Hitler didn't win in the end.


Susie Kaufman and Steven Loble


JEWISH EAST END
TUESDAY 9 SEPTEMBER 2025



Join us for a for an active walking tour of London's former Jewish quarter

 roshart@ajr.org.uk


OUTING TO WORTHING
TUESDAY 5 AUGUST 2025



We all love to be beside the seaside, and this year we are going to the quaint, seaside town of Worthing. We will have fish & chips on arrival, and then free time to enjoy the delights of this quintessentially English seaside town

Coach pick-ups in Edgware and Finchley Road

 roshart@ajr.org.uk

IN PERSON EVENTS

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

DATE	TIME OF DAY	AREA	CO-ORDINATOR
Tuesday 1 July	Lunch	Cambridge	Karen Diamond
Tuesday 1 July	Morning	Golders Green – with Jayne Wynick, author of <i>Voice from the Heart</i>	Ros Hart
Thursday 3 July	Afternoon	Pinner	Karen Diamond
Monday 7 July	Lunch	York	Michal Mocton
Monday 7 July	Evening	Manchester – with Dr Amy Williams	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 8 July	Afternoon	Liverpool	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 8 July	Morning	Wembley	Karen Diamond
Wednesday 9 July	Afternoon	Edinburgh	Agnes Isaacs
Monday 14 July	Afternoon	Hampstead – with Wendy Holden, author of <i>Born Survivors</i> and <i>The Teacher of Auschwitz</i>	Ros Hart
Monday 14 July	Afternoon	Manchester Walking Tour	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 15 July	Morning	Ramble	Karen Diamond
Wednesday 16 July	Lunch	Yorkshire	Michal Mocton
Thursday 17 July	Lunch	Birmingham	Karen Diamond
Monday 21 July	Lunch	Bournemouth	Ros Hart
Wednesday 23 July	Afternoon	Newcastle	Agnes Isaacs
Thursday 24 July	Afternoon	Glasgow	Agnes Isaacs
Monday 28 July	All Day	Sculpture Park outing	Karen Diamond
Wednesday 30 July	All Day	Brighton Walking Tour	Ros Hart
Thursday 31 July	Lunch	Kinder Lunch	Susan Harrod

CO-ORDINATOR DETAILS

Susan Harrod
Events and Outreach Manager
susan@ajr.org.uk
020 8385 3078

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

Ros Hart
London and South East England Co-Ordinator
roshart@ajr.org.uk
Tel: 07966 969 951

Karen Diamond
London and South East England Co-Ordinator
karendiamond@ajr.org.uk
07966 631 778

Michal Mocton
Northern England Co-Ordinator
michalmocton@ajr.org.uk
07966 886 535

ZOOMS AHEAD

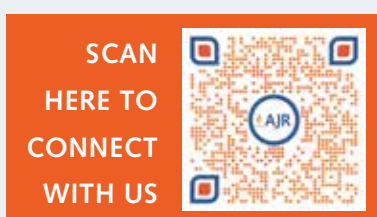
Details of all meetings and the links to join will appear in the e-newsletter each Sunday.

Monday 7 July @ 4pm	Film: Image before my eyes, a history of Jewish life in Poland before the Holocaust https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/84623018707	Meeting ID: 846 2301 8707
Wednesday 9 July @ 4pm	Ashley Barnette, from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in LA – A Night at the Oscars https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/83848663653	Meeting ID: 8384 866 3653
Wednesday 16 July @ 4pm	Book Discussion (no speaker) – Mr Wilder & Me by Jonathan Coe https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/82017807639	Meeting ID: 8201 780 7639
Monday 21 July @ 4pm	Susan Brownlie – In Plain Sight https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/89259154264	Meeting ID: 892 5915 4264
Monday 28 July @ 4pm	Jenny Milne – Fragments that Remain https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/83697225218	Meeting ID: 836 9722 5218
Tuesday 29 July @ 4pm	David Allen – Black Teeth & Dirty Fingernails: The Great Unwashed of Victorian England https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/82756863424	Meeting ID: 8967 078 2927

KEEP FIT WITH AJR

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

Every Mon @ 10.30am	Get Fit where you Sit (seated yoga)	https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439	Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439
Every Tues @ 11.00am	Shelley's Exercise class	https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/88466945622	Meeting ID: 884 6694 5622



Published by The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR), a company limited by guarantee.
Registered office: Winston House, 2 Dollis Park, Finchley, London N3 1HF
Registered in England and Wales with charity number: 1149882 and company number: 8220991

jewishrefugeesajr Telephone 020 8385 3070 www.ajr.org.uk

For general enquiries please contact: enquiries@ajr.org.uk
For press enquiries please contact: gemma@ajr.org.uk
For AJR Journal enquiries please contact: editorial@ajr.org.uk

• Designed and Printed by **FBprinters** | Tel: 020 8458 3220 | Email: info@fbprinters.com •

The AJR Journal is printed on 100% recycled material and posted out in fully recyclable paper envelopes.