

# The Edinburgh Star

Journal of the Edinburgh Jewish Community

December 1990

No. 8

Kislev 5751



ברוך זמרת יי אלהינו אשר העולם, פנים  
שעשה נסים לאבותינו, תהם בזמן הזה.

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7th December 1990

Dear Member

Once again we have to start thinking of making preparations for the Seder and in view of the low number of people who attended last year, we wish to ascertain whether in fact a Communal Seder meal is desired by the Community.

As the Seder entails a lot of hard work and advance planning we should be grateful if you would kindly complete the tear-off slip below if you wish to partake of a traditional Seder meal at the Communal Hall on the second night, Saturday 30th March and return it to us by 31st January 1991 at the very latest. The proposed charge will be £14 for Adults; £6 for Students and Children aged 10 and over; £4 for Children under 10.

Yours sincerely

Vicky Lowrie (Hon.Sec.)  
On behalf of  
LADIES' COMMITTEE

---

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# The Edinburgh Star

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4 SALISBURY ROAD  
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Typesetting and page origination  
and printing by Meigle Printers,  
Tweedbank, Galashiels, TD1 3RS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

Front cover: *A Menorah* by S. R. Spark  
– drawn for The Star.  
We are very grateful to the artist.

**THANKS** The Editorial Board is grateful to the advertisers and the following donors for their support:

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☆

In this issue, we continue our series on Maverick Shuls - suggestions for future Mavericks would be much appreciated. There are also two special feature articles. Irene Mason goes back to her roots and recounts how, with the help of a German student, she has rediscovered a literary uncle. Ann Fink tells of her time in the Soroko Hospital in Israel and encapsulates all the diversity, vitality and tragedy that is Israel. There are two contributions from undergraduates as well as reports of meetings and local events. We would welcome all suggestions and articles for the Pesach edition.

## Editorial

In his Guide to Chanukah, Rabbi Lehrman writes of the significance of the time of year when we celebrate the Festival of Lights: "It is when the days are shortest, the nights longest, the climate far from temperate. It is just at that time that our annual celebration brings the message of hope to all in despair. It is then that we need to be heartened in our belief that the reason of our survival is to be torch-bearers of the art of living together among the 'families of the earth' in peace and goodwill, phrases emphasised at this season by those of the dominant faith".

The message of hope to all in despair seems a particularly apt one for the Edinburgh community. The last few weeks have been a time of overwhelming sadness. On the 8 September, Irvine Schulberg and his nephew Darren Cowan were killed in a tragic car accident a few miles outside the city. Their mother and grandmother Betty Schulberg survived the crash. There are tributes to Irvine and Darren in the following pages. The hearts of the whole community go out to all the Cowans and the Schulbergs, but particularly to Betty, to Andrea, Malcolm and Elliot and to June, Edward and David. May the Chanukah lights bring comfort to you and to all those in sadness and despair.

Careful readers of the Star will have noticed a significant change in the editorial team. Eitan Abraham, the founding editor, has decided to take early (some would say premature) retirement. Pressure of work and other commitments have made it impossible for him to continue in office. The community owe him an enormous debt of gratitude. The Star is first and foremost his creation - the result of his initiative, drive, enthusiasm and an enormous amount of hard work. True he had a supporting cast, but his was definitely the star role! We should all like to thank him and to show our gratitude by making sure that the Star continues to twinkle for a long time to come.

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# VOICE OF THE TURTLE

by Victoria Monina Lowrie

My brother Maurice has been researching our family tree and has discovered that the Moninas were one of nineteen families comprising the congregation of the Castilla Synagogue in Salonika; Castilla is the central province of Spain where Madrid is situated. My Mother was a Morhaim, born on the shores of Halic or Golden Horn, Istanbul; my Parents were Sephardim speaking Ladino, they were also Ottoman.

It was therefore with eager interest that my sister Gracia, here for her annual orgy of Edinburgh Festival theatre-going, and I went along to St Marks Unitarian Church in Castle Terrace to hear this group perform Sephardi songs and music.

The voice is that of the Turtle Dove (Song of Songs: 2,12), the performance that of fine singers with a wide and varied repertoire sung mostly in medieval Spanish known as Ladino. They are also accomplished musicians who play a bewildering number and variety of instruments, not all entirely familiar to the European ear.

We heard them on two occasions and both performances well merited the prolonged applause of a very appreciative audience. Their



performances are all the more remarkable as they are not professional musicians but teachers, who are all interested in medieval music and started their group eleven years ago. Were that not surprising enough, I discovered that Lisle Kulbach, Judith Wachs and Jay Rosenberg are Ashkenazi (although they admit that some of their best friends are Sephardi, including a Rabbi Morhaim - I must follow that one up) and that Derek Burrows is a Baptist from the Bahamas. As a

Sephardi proverb has it: A ke araba suves, kanta la mesma kantika (whichever wagon you get on, sing the same song).

The songs the group sang covered as many countries as did the Ottoman Empire, which stretched from Bulgaria and Yugoslavia to Morocco, taking in Eretz Israel on the way. So how does the Voice of the Turtle collect songs from such a huge area? Over supper, CeCe Sloan, the group's Manager and Judith Wachs, who is both Artistic Director and Chief Researcher, told us that most of their research is done in the Jewish Music Research Centre at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem although many individuals also supply them with material.

CeCe also told us how delighted they were that the Rabbi and Rebbetzen and so many of the community had come to their performances and how the group were so pleased to meet them. She also told us that they had (deservedly) sold out of cassettes during their stay here and that they hope to come back again next year. To that we say: "Hasta la vista" or "Haste ye back".

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# RUSSIANS VISIT SYNAGOGUE

by Ian Leifer

There were two Russian visitors in Shul during the Neilah Service at the end of Yom Kippur and again towards the end of the Musaph Service on the morning of the second day of Succot. The visitors from Leningrad were Alexander Gutman of the A F IOFFE Institute (in Leningrad) and Igor Voznesensky. Dr Gutman, who is a physicist, was on a short visit to the Department of Applied Chemical and Physical Sciences at Napier Polytechnic to give a research seminar, and Igor Voznesensky was acting as his interpreter.

After Kiddush in the Succah on the second day of Succot, Dr Gutman spoke about some of the problems facing Jews in Leningrad today. He also brought with him a Goodwill Message from the Jewish Community of Leningrad to the Jewish Community of Edinburgh, which is printed below:

*This message comes to you from a city in Russia that is proud of its ties to Scotland. The links were especially strong at the time when St Petersburg (which is the city's original name) was a European centre where people of knowledge and enterprise were afforded an opportunity to attain personal*

*fulfilment. Among those people were Michael Barclay of Tolly, a military general of Scottish descent who led the Russian troops during the war with Napoleon, and Charles Cameron, a Scottish architect who designed royal residences. Many other examples of significant contributions made by Scots to Russia's culture and welfare could be cited.*

*The Leningraders and the whole nation cherish, therefore, good fellowship with Scots, and at these times of openness and immense opportunities to cement ties between Leningrad and Edinburgh, we wish to find out more about the people living at the other end of the continent which is now recognized by all of us as our common European home. The Leningrad Jews experience these feelings and aspirations together with a new appreciation for their Jewish national identity.*

*In order to build links and break down barriers, we propose that the two communities launch a joint programme of strengthening the bonds of friendship and co-operation between our two respective countries of dispersal.*

*We could seek a deeper understanding of the economics and business practices, cultures, current issues, arts and education in Leningrad and Edinburgh.*

*The right way to realise this programme would be through making exchanges of groups and individuals. The visitors to Leningrad will be welcomed and taken care of by Potential Inc., a private company which will consider it an honour to help promote intercourse between the two Jewish communities.*

Address for correspondence:

Home of Science Acad. Sci. USSR  
26 Dvorzovaja Embankment  
Leningrad 191065  
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Lionel Daiches delivering his talk on 'The Student from Leipzig and David Hume'.

The 1990-91 season of the Edinburgh Council of Christians and Jews opened on 25 October with an address by Lionel Daiches QC entitled 'The Student from Leipzig and David Hume', given to a record audience of some 60 people.

The Student was Rabbi Dr Salis Daiches, whose PhD awarded by the University of Leipzig, was on the

## Edinburgh Council of Christians and Jews by Micheline Brannan

relationship of David Hume's history to his philosophy. Lionel Daiches told the fascinating story of how Rabbi Daiches came to serve the Edinburgh community, and about his lifelong affinity for Scotland and its thinkers.

Rabbi Daiches had been educated at the Hildesheim Theological Seminary in Berlin. How had this strictly orthodox scholar acquired his interest in the atheist David Hume? His son explained that somewhere at an early age there had emerged in Salis Daiches a love of the morality which stemmed from religion. While he never in his life deviated from orthodox practice, it was not dumb belief that was important to him but moral principles; and he recognised in the Scottish enlightenment of the

late 18th century the same concern for morality.

Rabbi Daiches' first task on his appointment in Edinburgh had been to reconcile the communities centred around the 'English' shul in Richmond Street, and the less assimilated congregation of Yiddish speakers in Roxburgh Place. This he had achieved, the crowning success being a merger and founding of the shul we have today.

He had also built important bridges with the non-Jewish community, collaborating intellectually with Christian scholars and publishing much work aimed at a non-Jewish audience. His orthodoxy did not preclude him respecting the values of Christian life, though he totally rejected the theology. He (and not the Chief Rabbi) was in fact the first Jew to address the General Assembly.

Among his many interests, Rabbi Daiches researched the history of Jews in Scotland. From records of the Edinburgh Town Council he had ascertained that the right of a Jew, David Brown, to trade in Edinburgh, had been debated as early as 1691. The decision had been positive, the arguments in support being an eloquent statement of the right of Jews to fair and equal treatment.

He had also unravelled the mystery of the 'Jew of Calton Hill', again by studying contemporary records. This was one Herman Lyon, a corn-cutter and dentist, who had bought a burial plot on Calton Hill for himself and his wife from the Town Council for £17. It would be a worthy enterprise for someone in our community to identify the site where he and his wife Hannah still lie.

The audience could not fail to be enthralled and moved by this address, a famous son describing the achievements of a famous father. This was reflected in the warm vote of thanks by the Chairman, John Cosgrove, and the hearty response of the audience.

## COMING EVENTS 1991

January	6	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
	13	Sun	Maccabi	1.00 p.m.
	17	Thu	Council of Christians and Jews	7.30 p.m.
	20	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
			Literary Society	8.00 p.m.
	27	Sun	Maccabi	1.00 p.m.
February	3	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
			Literary Society	8.00 p.m.
	10	Sun	Maccabi	1.00 p.m.
	17	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
			Literary Society	8.00 p.m.
	21	Thu	Council of Christians and Jews	7.30 p.m.
	24	Sun	Maccabi	1.00 p.m.
	28	Thu	Purim	
March	3	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
			Literary Society	8.00 p.m.
	17	Sun	Friendship Club	3.00 p.m.
	21	Thus	Council of Christians and Jews	7.30 p.m.
	24	Sun	Maccabi	1.00 p.m.
			Literary Society AGM	8.00 p.m.
	30	Sat	First day Passover	
	31	Sun	Second day Passover	

\* A Communal Quiz will take place in early Spring. Date to be announced later.

\* In addition, the Lunch Club meets on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

- The above events, unless otherwise stated, take place in the Community Centre, Salisbury Road.
- The Jewish Youth Study Group meets on Sunday evenings in members' homes.
- The Edinburgh Campaign for Soviet Jewry meets on the first Monday evening of the month in a member's home.





When Darren's name was first put forward to teach in Cheder, I remember being slightly surprised, albeit pleasantly. Darren had been one of several exceptional boys in his Cheder year, diligent but quiet. It was only when he came on to the "staff" that his very special qualities became apparent to me. From the first week on the job, he was determined to get things straight and clear - the syllabus, pedagogic methodology, the examination system - and if there was no straight and clear answer forthcoming, he

## DARREN : AN APPRECIATION

*by Elaine Samuel*

waited awhile and tried again until there was one. It was sometimes difficult to respond to Darren's impatience with the vagaries of the United Synagogue Board of Education or his requests for clarification with anything more decisive than a shrug of the shoulders - to which Darren would smile back ever so gently. I suspect, though, that Darren did not really tolerate middle-age shrugs, for he was a teacher who did everything in his power to fight for the rights of his students when he felt the system was not meeting their requirements. Indeed, it sometimes seemed as if Darren was developing his own tailor-made syllabus for each and every one of his pupils according to their individual needs - and the frequency of his visits to the photocopier in the Robing Room, before, after and during the break of every Cheder session, bore testimony to his special devotion.

Along with the impatience and moral indignation of youth, however, went a maturity of observation, and an understanding of human nature and its frailties, which I found almost frightening.

Perhaps it was because it made an age gap of 30 years or so appear inconsequential, and I was never sure whether to deny this or to encourage and enjoy it. But enjoy it, I did - as well as Darren's renditions of Bach, Scott Joplin, Lloyd Webber and all the rest who were to his most eclectic musical taste.

Above all, though, was the enjoyment of grilling Darren during the coffee break - what was he taking for Highers and how had he done, what was he going in for and where was he applying to, how were the interviews and where had he got into - and that these questions have come to a halt is still beyond my comprehension.

As a son, as a teacher and as a friend, Darren had the capacity to reach out and touch the hearts of those about him. How cruel it is that he could not exercise this special gift of his as doctor, husband and father in the years to come. There is no consolation except the knowledge that in his death, as in his life, Darren was and is an inspiration for all that is good and sweet in life. No one who was touched by him will ever forget him.

### Tributes to Darren from George Watson's College *by Alison Barfield*

Darren was a pupil at Watson's for 13 years and achieved an enormous amount of academic success. As well as his schoolwork Darren found time to join in several other activities, but it was through his work in the library that I came to know him during his last three years at the school. When I joined the staff in August 1987 Darren had already been a pupil librarian for a year. He was not the first pupil I noticed, as he was a boy who got on quietly with the job in hand and did not draw attention to himself. However, by the end of that year he had already impressed me and instead of choosing a VI Former as Head Librarian, Darren was chosen with another Fifth year boy to do the job. By the end of Fifth year Darren had fully justified my confidence in

him and there was no doubt that Darren would be Head Librarian in his Sixth year.

Darren rose to the demands of the task magnificently. He was utterly reliable, conscientious, pleasant, and as his confidence grew he handled the younger librarians with kindness and consideration. Organising 45 fellow pupils is no mean feat, but Darren led by example - he worked hard and the pupils responded. Most of his free time was spent in the library - he was always there to help the younger and less able pupil. However, he was not always serious: there was a twinkle in his eye and a touch of mischief in him. As well as the daily routine of tasks, he organised Christmas parties, outings to the theatre and to the Megabowl

for the pupils and most important of all, he joined in with all the activities - the younger pupils appreciated this.

I asked some of the librarians to write a few words about Darren last year. Without exception they wrote 'friendly, kind, cheerful, always there'. I include a few of the comments below.

In school we grow accustomed to our pupils moving on when their school studies are completed and we already knew we would miss Darren. When our new librarian opened the file of work on her first day, she found a note on the top saying, "Good Luck, Vicki", a typical gesture from kind, considerate Darren. Darren was held in high regard by us all in the library.



He was a perfectionist. He demanded high standards of himself, and hoped for them in others, and because of the example he set for younger pupils, he was repaid with the respect, liking and admiration of his fellows. For me, no one will ever match up to Darren. It has been our privilege and honour to have shared the past years with him. Even in our sadness we remember him with pride - he gave us so much of himself, and we cared deeply for him.

*Darren was a permanent feature in the Blair Morrison library - he was always there, having been Head Librarian for*

*two years. He was certainly the best head librarian I ever knew. He was a really friendly person and always willing to help with any query, however small. He was always cheerful and liked to joke around and enjoyed organising Christmas and end-of-term parties. He will be sorely missed by all here and there will never be anyone quite like him again.*

(Lucinda)

*Darren had a very kind heart. He was very considerate to other people and thought of other people before himself. Everybody who knew him liked him and he was a very fun person to be with. He also helped out a lot when there were problems in the library. He was always there when we needed him.* (Claire)

*Darren was always there to help if you needed him and he was always very friendly. He could be great fun, but he could also be serious if it was needed.*

(Janet)

*Cheerful. (Lorna) Friendly. (Hugh)*

*He was always ready to help and was very fair to people and he was good fun all the time except when he needed to be serious.*

(Mandy)

*He was serious, yet very nice.* (Kirsty)

*Respected throughout the whole school.* (Jonathan)

---

## IRVINE SCHULBERG : AN APPRECIATION

by Michael Adelman

It came as a terrible shock when I heard of the tragic accident involving my good friend Irvine Schulberg. I had known him for many years, as far back as Maccabi days when he played enthusiastically for the football team.

We had a lot in common when we left school, as we both worked in our fathers' businesses and eventually in the 1970s we both took charge of our shops. We worked opposite each other in the Royal Mile and would meet daily for coffee and discuss ideas to stimulate business, often assuring each other that we were not over-stocked.

Our discussions would inevitably lead to laughter as we shared the same kind of humour. He was a very sympathetic listener and would always do his best to advise people with problems. He was an astute businessman who was extremely well liked by his customers and by the local community.

Around 1980, he moved away from the High Street and worked mainly in his Musselburgh shop. We still kept in contact and Irvine began to take a bit more time off for golf, and the odd weekend at Aviemore which was his sanctuary. We were delighted to be with Irvine and June to celebrate Edward's Barmitzvah last year. Around this time, he decided to come out of retailing altogether and spend much more time with the family.

He was considering a different type of business venture from the denim trade and was enjoying his new-found freedom. It is ironic and sad that he never realised this goal as he was much more content without the pressures of retailing.

He has left behind a wife and two sons who are a credit to the family and have inherited their father's sincerity. Irvine will be greatly missed by all of his friends and family.





## AN EDINBURGH PORTRAIT PAINTER

Samuel Robin Spark, a long-standing member of the Shul and the Lit. began a new career as an artist some seven years ago. He has had several exhibitions and was awarded the Israel Zangwill scholarship in 1987. Several of his works with a Jewish theme are currently on display in the Communal Hall. He has also given freely of his talents to the Star. He has designed several of the covers including the one for this issue, as well as providing many of the photographs. The beautiful Kiddush photo and that of the young shofar blower in the Rosh Hashanah issue are examples of his photography. The artist is now accepting commissions for portraits and would be delighted to hear from any members of the community. The portrait shown here of Deborah Harris is done in the Expressionist style and is a fine example of Samuel Robin Spark's more recent work.



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## W.I.Z.O. REPORT

The annual W.I.Z.O. lunch, often known as 'Katie's lunch' was as usual one of the highlights of the Edinburgh social calendar. It was attended by over 100 people and raised £750.

A coffee morning in September was rather less well attended but with assistance from a cake stall and the W.I.Z.O. shop, managed to raise £275.

There was a coffee morning and the draw of a raffle in the communal hall on 28 October. A W.I.Z.O. outing on the 27 November to the Benny Green Show in Glasxgow is sold out.

### STOP PRESS

*Katie Goodwin's sister, Judy Relfe, has retained her title as Ladies' Golf Champion of Israel. Mazal Tov from the Edinburgh Star!*

## Scholarship Scheme

### "SEFARAD 92"

The Working Group "Sefarad 92", part of the National Commission for the Commemoration of the Fifth Centenary, bases its activities around the commemoration and remembrance of the important cultural heritage left by Spanish Jews. The primary aim of these activities is centred around the rediscovery or re-encounter of Jewish roots within Spanish culture. These objectives would remain largely incomplete if appropriate steps or measures were not taken to give Jews who were expelled from Spain, an opportunity to research their past and study a culture which they share with other Spaniards.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has decided to offer 15 scholarships for sephardic people who might be interested in carrying out post-

graduate studies or research in Spain during the academic year 1991-92. Preference will be given to candidates carrying out research in Humanities (Arts). Exceptions may be made and applications will be considered for other fields of study.

Candidates should be Sephardic people who are non-Spanish no matter where they are resident, who have the necessary qualifications for the studies to be carried out and a sufficient (working) knowledge of Spanish.

Further details from:  
Consulado General de Espana  
63 North Castle Street  
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Closing date : 15 December 1990

## THE CARPARK COPEMEN\*

Mesdames Rachel Shapira, Betty Franklin and Vicky Lowrie, Messrs Mason, Dorfman, Kleinberg, Shein and Michael Wittenberg put a Commando sales force into the Crichton Street carpark on three occasions and raised almost £500 at the Sunday Car-boot Sales.

The CC are leaving the carpark for the winter to those who usually buy retail, however they will be back in March, be the wind e'er sae snell, raising money to keep you all in the comfort you are accustomed to at the Communal Hall. We would welcome your donations, preferably Bric à Brac and Books.

One of the Community's two "official" photographers, Rabbi Shapira, took the accompanying photograph of the group in full cope and a Lowrie reported on the event!

*\*'Copemen' are traders who engage in barter and exchange!*





# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Joyce Cram  
18 Swan Spring Avenue  
Edinburgh EH10 6NJ  
21 October 1990

Dear Editor

The enjoyable and interesting article on 'Edinburgh's Wedding of the Year', in your last edition, and the recent celebration of our own Ruby Wedding, caused me to think back to 1950, the year, not only of our own wedding, but the celebration of no less than six other weddings which took place that year in our Synagogue.

The comparisons between the two reflect the changes not only in our Jewish Community, but also in Society as a whole, in those forty years.

Of the seven weddings, all the brides were from Edinburgh and no less than four of the grooms were also from the Edinburgh Community, two from Glasgow and one from Falkirk. This reflected the larger number of young members of the community, but also the fact that, whether a student or a member of the business or commercial world, the young mainly stayed at home until career or marriage caused them to move on.

Most of the social intercourse outside our own community was with the Jewish Community of Glasgow. Thus there occurred many weddings between the two rival cities, the basis of many jokes in Wedding speeches of the day.

The first wedding of that year took place in May, and was that of my own sister-in-law Ruby Cram to the late Joel Rose (G.R.H.S.) of Glasgow. The Cram family celebrated the second wedding in the family in August when I, Joyce Vinestock, married Norman Cram.

The Oppenheim family also celebrated two weddings that year. In July, Freda Oppenheim married Joe Riffkin of Falkirk and in October her sister Clarice married Berl Osborne (Ostrovski) a member of another well known Edinburgh family.

One week before our wedding Lilian Levy (G.R.H.S.) married Norman Dorfman, both Edinburgh, and one week after our wedding, Sybil Wolfe married Ernest Black of Glasgow. In other words, three weddings in three weeks, I believe something of a record for our community.

The seventh marriage was that of Millie Share to David Harris, which took place in early September, again both being from Edinburgh.

Of these seven marriages, four couples have stayed in Edinburgh, a figure which is certainly not matched by present trends, unfortunately, to the detriment of our dwindling Jewish Community.

Although two of our group have sadly passed away, ten of us have survived to celebrate forty years of marriage. In other words, there has been no divorce in any of these marriages, perhaps the greatest reflection of change in today's society.

I, along with my husband Norman, send greetings to our fellow celebrants and wish them all many more years of health and happiness. May we all see Ruby turn to Gold!

I am, Yours faithfully, Joyce Cram

P.S. Since writing to you, I have learned of an eighth wedding, that of Betty Friedman to Michael Gold, another Edinburgh couple who married in November 1950. I am pleased to say this does not affect our 100% record of successful marriages!

As there are no records in the Synagogue of marriages at that time may I apologise for any other omissions I may have made.

# LETTER OF THANKS FROM LEAH LOW

41 Maidencraig Crescent  
Blackhall

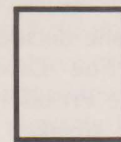
I am now home from hospital and would like to take this, my first, opportunity of thanking Rabbi and Mrs Shapira, Mrs Weinberg, Mrs Gladys Robinson and friends of the Edinburgh Community for their kind wishes, visits, flowers and gifts as well as visiting me at home.

I hope to thank them all personally in the near future.

Yours sincerely  
Leah

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## THE LIT REPORT : An Evening with Jack Rosenthal

The biggest headache facing the Lit Committee each year is the question of the opening speaker. It is vital, both for the spiritual and the material well-being of the Society to draw in large numbers. Jack Rosenthal certainly seemed to be a potential winner! Imagine therefore the consternation of the Committee when he wrote to accept the invitation stating at the same time that he would rather not give a talk. The President leapt into gear and proceeded to read every one of the author's works which could be found in the public library. After much thought and discussion, she decided to don the mantle of Sue Lawley for the evening. The President introduced the opening speaker of the 103rd session of the Literary Society by giving us a brief résumé of his life.

Jack Rosenthal was born in Manchester in 1931, educated at Colne Grammar School and the University of Sheffield. He has been a prolific writer for many years, primarily for television and the cinema. He has written over 30 original TV plays and series, as well as screen plays for five feature films. He has received a total of 12 prestigious awards for his plays and writing and received nominations for six further awards. Among his best known plays are *Another Sunday* and *Sweet F.A.* written in 1971 which received the TV Critics Best Play Award. *The Evacuees*, written in 1975, which received the Emmy Award, the British Academy Best Play Award and the Broadcasting Guild Best Play Award. *The Bar Mitzvah Boy*, written in 1976 and without doubt his best known work,



which received the British Academy and Broadcasting Press Guild Awards. *Spend Spend Spend*, written in 1977 and based on a true story about a lady who won the pools, which received the British Academy Best Play Award. Next came, *Ready When you Are* Mr McGill, in 1987, which received the Rio Film Festival Award. A second work, in the same year, *Day To Remember*, received the San Francisco Film Festival Award and so the list continued. In addition, Jack Rosenthal has written a comedy series which included the *Bulldog Breed*, the *Dustbin Men*, *The Lovers*, *Sadie Its Cold Outside*. He has also scripted the following films: *The Lovers*, *Luck Star* and *Yentl* (co-written with Barbra Streisand), *The Chain*. He wrote the whole of the first series of *That Was the Week That Was* as well as 150 episodes of *Coronation Street*, 20 episodes of *Taxi* and more.

Jack Rosenthal lists his recreations in *Who's Who* as follows:

*'Working, frying fish, polishing almost anything tarnished, playing the violin in enforced privacy, remembering how Manchester United used to play ...*

*" Sue Lawley - sorry! - Gillian Raab began by asking Jack Rosenthal how he had got started on his career and whether he had always wanted to be a writer. Jack Rosenthal replied that on receiving a printing set at the age of 9, he had written his autobiography. It went as follows: -*

*'My name is Jack Rosenthal. I am 9 years old and I am Jewish'."*

For some inexplicable reason this had never been a Best Seller. Some time later he wrote a sketch for a

comedienne which was rejected by the BBC. While at University, he had written a diary about his landlady but had quickly abandoned it when the lady in question had come across it. Some time after leaving University he decided to write a test piece to qualify for scripting an episode of *Coronation Street*. He said:

*'I was lucky from day one'.*

He has now written well over 200 episodes. Each episode was to take 25 minutes. On hearing one of his episodes and being asked how long it had been, the producer stated 'about 25 minutes too long!' Unabashed, he continued to write. The questions now began from the audience.

Questions ranged far and wide and on the whole it is true to say that the quality of the answers depended in great measure on the quality of the questions. Jack Rosenthal spoke of Cheetham Hill where he first grew up and described it as a 'Jewish Ghetto in the 30s'. Much of the material in *Coronation Street* was based on the Manchester of those days. He described how his works almost always came out slightly



differently to what he had intended once the actors got going and that he always 'shed a little tear'. He admitted that he always liked his most recent work best and that he tended to forget his plays once they were written. It was only years later that he 'found a soft spot for them again'. He explained that *The Evacuees* had been almost entirely autobiographical. He spoke at some length about *Spend Spend Spend*, based on the story of Vivien Nicholson who the Thursday before winning the pools had had one shilling to her name and had, on that very day, stolen both butter and elastoplast from a local shop. The audience listened spellbound as he described her full of life, 'rough, common and terrific, but not very hamish'. To this day, she is very zany and probably no happier than when she had a shilling to her name.

Jack Rosenthal also spoke of his collaboration with Barbra Streisand. He described her as the most maddening person he had ever encountered but in many ways also a 'very very ordinary Jewish lady'. The audience collapsed into laughter as he recounted how a chicken bone had caught in a molar in a Chinese Restaurant while he was working in New York with Barbra Streisand. Somehow, the tooth had been shattered as a result and this was 'the least painful part of the three weeks'.

A questioner asked about Isaac Bashevis Singer's attitude to the play. Jack Rosenthal explained that he had been paid handsomely for the film rights and therefore was perhaps a little unjust in writing a scathing attack on the film. He said that the Bashevis story was 'wonderful but it wasn't the film'.

Questions returned to his childhood. He remembered going to a local, primarily Jewish, school and passing the Catholic and Protestant schools on the way. He had memories of the pupils from the other two schools throwing stones at each other until the Jewish children came past when all the stones were directed at them. He also had

memories of his father coming in bleeding after heckling at a Mosley rally. Later on he had lived in a town where he was the only Jewish boy and a special teacher came to the house once a week to give him Barmitzvah lessons. He was not conscious of his Judaism having played any important role during his University life, but recounted how on entering the Navy his name had been stamped on his uniform at Victoria Barracks in Portsmouth. The official marking the uniform cried out in delight 'Oh you're Jewish. Yom Kippur is coming up, come and spend it with us'. The audience listened with a mixture of astonishment, horror and hysterical laughter as Jack Rosenthal described his arrival at the house on the morning in question. The family were having breakfast. Once the meal had finished they all got up to leave to go to what he assumed would be the service. Their destination turned out to be the local betting shop. They walked around the town a little more and visited one or two further places and in the afternoon went back home for tea.

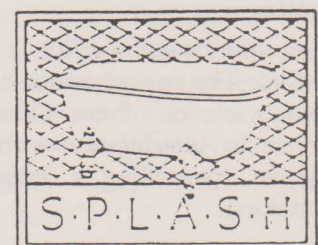
The speaker said that it was getting married and having children which had made the real difference to his Judaism. He and his wife Maureen Lipman are now active members of the West London Synagogue. He had clearly passed the message to his children a little too strongly. He recollected that his son, aged 7 at the time, had come to his bedroom one night saying that he couldn't sleep. On being asked why, Adam said 'It's only six more years'. 'What is?' his father asked. 'My Barmitzvah!' Now the Barmitzvah has been and gone. Adam appears to be fairly blasé about his parents' success. However, he seemed to gain pleasure from the fact that one of Jack Rosenthal's plays is now being used in the GCSE English exams. Jack Rosenthal donned the mantle of the Jewish mother when he mused that his son had the makings of a philologist while his daughter wrote the most wonderful short stories that he had ever read.

Inevitably there were questions about actors and actresses he had known and about the people with whom he most liked to work. At some point the pressure clearly got too much and the speaker felt compelled to ask to be shown to the gents. This was surely a first in the 103-year history of the Literary Society! The President made good use of the interlude by making all the announcements and Jack Rosenthal returned to answer further questions with renewed vigour.

The evening ended with the speaker giving a short foretaste of things to come. He has just written a play about the Battle of Cable Street, that famous incident when the Fascists tried to march on the East End and were repelled by the Jews living there. Imposed on the scene is a love story which involves a young woman choosing between four sons, familiar to all of us from the Seder story. The speaker left us guessing which one the girl chooses.

The evening ended with the customary vote of thanks and most welcome tea and cake.

Was it a success? One or two seasoned Lit members clearly felt that the evening had not had the customary *gravitas* associated with the Literary Society. However, perhaps the last word should go to one of our more senior members, 'It is so wonderful to be made to laugh for an evening. I think he is terrific'.



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# THE JEWS AND THE CRUSADES :

Extracts from a talk to the Lit. by Sam Bard

The historical view of the Crusades, for the Christian, is that of a great romantic adventure undertaken in the name of Christ to free the holy land from the Moslems.

From the Moslem point of view the Crusades were a series of barbarian invasions from the darkness of mediaeval Europe against the centre of civilisation in the East.

Both views were largely illusory.

For the Jew who had no part in this Christian/Moslem confrontation, the era of the Crusades was a period of terror: an agonising cycle of savage persecution inflicted on a scale and with a brutality hitherto unsurpassed

The Jewish view of the Crusades was not illusory; it was grounded in harsh reality.

The immediate cause, or perhaps excuse, (depending on your view) for the launching of the Crusades was the reported harassment of Christian pilgrims in the holy land. By the Middle Ages pilgrimage had become an important pillar of Christian tradition. For the devout Christian, in this age of deep unquestioning religiosity, to tread the soil where Christ had walked, to breathe the air that he had breathed, would instil a sense of mystical engagement with the Divine. The attainment of such spiritual merit was the pious dream of every Christian.

If this sounds extravagant, it may nevertheless be an explanation of the extreme violence of the Christian response to interference with, to them, so compelling a religious undertaking.

☆ ☆ ☆

The struggle inaugurated between Christianity and Islam was destined to continue for more than three hundred years, loosing rivers of blood, and the Jews who had no part in the quarrel were engulfed.

For hundreds of years following their expulsion from Palestine by the Romans and again 70 years later by the defeat of Bar Kochba Jews had been settled in Western Europe. In the Rhineland in particular, substantial communities had long been established, with the blessing of the rulers who valued their usefulness.

A variety of causes: the feudal system of land tenure, the emergence of quasi-religious trade and craft guilds, mutual social exclusiveness, religious antipathy, had all led to the Jews being alienated from the soil and largely excluded from crafts and normal trading activity, so that, in the course of time, they turned to lending their money to others for the purpose of engaging in those enterprises from which they, as Jews, were barred. They became moneylenders.

At the same time, however, their close ties with their co-religionists in other lands enabled them to play a large part in international trade.

The emergence from a barter and service economy to a cash economy enhanced their importance as international traders while the ban by the Church on what it called "usury" gave them a near monopoly in the field of moneylending.

The Jews formed an important section of the economic structure.

It was perhaps inevitable that the prosperity of the Jews should prove a cause for envy and resentment, although with the more educated classes and perhaps, surprisingly, with the Church, at least in the upper echelons of its hierarchy, relations, whilst at arms length, were not generally antagonistic. Indeed, many a Church, many a Cathedral, many a monastery were built with Jewish money.

The uninformed, illiterate masses, however, nursed bitter animosity. This antagonism was intensified a thousandfold by the religious

indoctrination to which for centuries they had been consistently subjected – one might say bombarded.

Very early in the history of the Church the doctrine was established, and it became a central theme of its ideology, that the Jews had murdered Jesus, and that the guilt for this crime of 'deicide' was to be borne by all Jews, for all time, wherever, past, present or future. Further, having contemptuously rejected the messiahship of Jesus, they were to be condemned to pariahdom and quarantined as carriers of the dread plague of heresy.

In Christian eyes the Jew was perforce to be regarded as a creature of hatred and contempt.

Nevertheless, despite his inherent sinfulness, the Jew could yet be saved, if only he were baptised into Christianity – by force if necessary. For the Jew the very idea was abhorrent and utterly unthinkable. It would be "Hillul HaShem" (defilement of the Divine Name). He would rather, a thousand times, die in sanctification of the Divine Name, "Kiddush HaShem" and, as we shall see, he did.

☆ ☆ ☆

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*(The talk went on to give a detailed account of The People's Crusade under the leadership of Peter the Hermit. This was followed by a summary of the Crusade of Godfrey de Bouillon.)*

Back in Germany Peter's preaching and his use of blackmail had borne fruit. Godfrey de Bouillon, let it be known that he had taken a solemn vow not to march until he had avenged the death of Jesus with Jewish blood. Not one Jew, he swore, would be left alive. The terrified Jews of Cologne and Mainz, together sent him a gift of 10,000 pieces of silver hoping to avert his anger. At the same time they wrote to Godfrey's overlord, The Emperor Henry IV, who was then in Italy, seeking his protection.

The Emperor responded by issuing a command to all his vassals, including Godfrey, to refrain from harming the Jews. Godfrey, with the 10,000 pieces of Silver safely in hand, sanctimoniously replied that the thought of harming the Jews had never entered his head.

Meanwhile, another army of Crusaders had been assembled under Count Emicho of Leisengen . . . . he marched menacingly against the small Jewish community of Spier, ignoring the orders of the Emperor.

Having been forewarned, the Jews of Spier had bought the protection of the bishop with a heavy bribe, and

he did his best to protect them. However, twelve Jews were seized by the mobs and upon their refusal to embrace Christianity they were killed. A Jewish woman threatened with rape committed suicide.

This rather tentative foray against the community of Spier took place on the 3rd May 1096. It whetted the appetite of Emicho and on the 18th May he arrived at the gates of Worms. Here again, the Jews received the protection of the bishop who opened his palace to them, but the doors were forced and Emicho's army reinforced by the townsfolk and the local peasantry, swarmed in. Over 500 Jews were in that one day slaughtered.

Emicho's army had been joined by the local inhabitants who had been inflamed against the Jews by a rumour that they had taken a Christian, drowned him and used the water in which they had kept the corpse to poison the city wells.

Seven days later, on 25th May, Emicho appeared before the city of Mainz which held the largest and most important Jewish community in the Rhineland. The Jews, with a bribe of 200 silver marks, persuaded Archbishop Ruthard to open his palace to them. Some took advantage of the protection offered and the remainder retired to their bolted and barred homes. At the same time they sent emissaries to Emicho with a gift of seven pounds in weight of gold in exchange for which they received a solemn promise that they would not be harmed.

They had wasted their money. Emicho attacked and the Archbishop deserted, fleeing to his country villa at Rudesheim.

The crusading mobs first attacked the Jews in their homes, and the slaughter continued for two days. They then turned their attention to the Jews in the Archbishop's palace. The gates were opened from within by the Archbishop's minions and despite brave resistance, the Jews were overcome and the palace was burned to the ground.

More than 1100 Jews were savagely

put to death in the City of Mainz. All had been given the option of life with baptism, but they preferred to die for "Kiddush HaShem" with the 'Shema' (Hear O Israel, the Lord our God the Lord is One) on their lips.

A small minority had saved their lives by embracing Christianity, but of these a number later repented, and in their shame committed suicide.

The leader of the community, Rabbi Kalonymos, who had sheltered in the Archbishop's palace, had managed to escape with 53 companions. They made their way to Rudesheim to seek refuge with the Archbishop and hold him to his promise of protection, but, taking advantage of their hopeless plight, he demanded that they should first be baptised. This was more than the Rabbi could bear, and drawing his knife, he flung himself at the Archbishop. He was beaten off by the guards and killed, as were his companions.

That was the unhappy fate of the three Rhineland communities of Spier, Worms and Mainz.

*(The community of Cologne met with a similar fate. Emicho's "murderous mobs" were finally defeated in Hungary).*

☆ ☆ ☆

The frenzied paroxysm of violence had lasted three months, exhausting itself by the end of July. It is estimated that no less than ten thousand Jews had perished. The vast majority had died in the act of reciting the "Shema" thus testifying to their unshaken faith in the unity of God and their scorn for the pretensions of Jesus.

They died for "Kiddush HaShem".

The survivors were left in a state of utter shock and deep depression. After a time they were permitted to return to their homes and encouraged to resume their business activities. In some small measure property that had been stolen was returned to them, but the assets of the Jews who had been murdered

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were divided, after much unseemly wrangling, between the Emperor and those pillars of the Church, the local bishops and archbishops.

In the teeth of indignant Papal opposition the Emperor Henry IV allowed Jews who had been forcibly baptised to return to their faith. In some cases the return of the Jews who had been forcibly baptised created difficulty, because, sad to say, the penitents were not always well received by the community, so much so, that it was necessary for Rashi, the famed Rabbie and biblical commentator, to order in the strongest terms that they should be welcomed back into the fold and that in no circumstances were they to be humiliated.

The armies of the Crusaders battled on in the East and in 1099 they captured Jerusalem. Immediately, the holy city was soaked in blood. Not a man, woman or child was left alive.

A special fate was reserved for the Jews in the city; they were rounded up and locked in the principal synagogue; the building was then set on fire and all within perished in the flames.

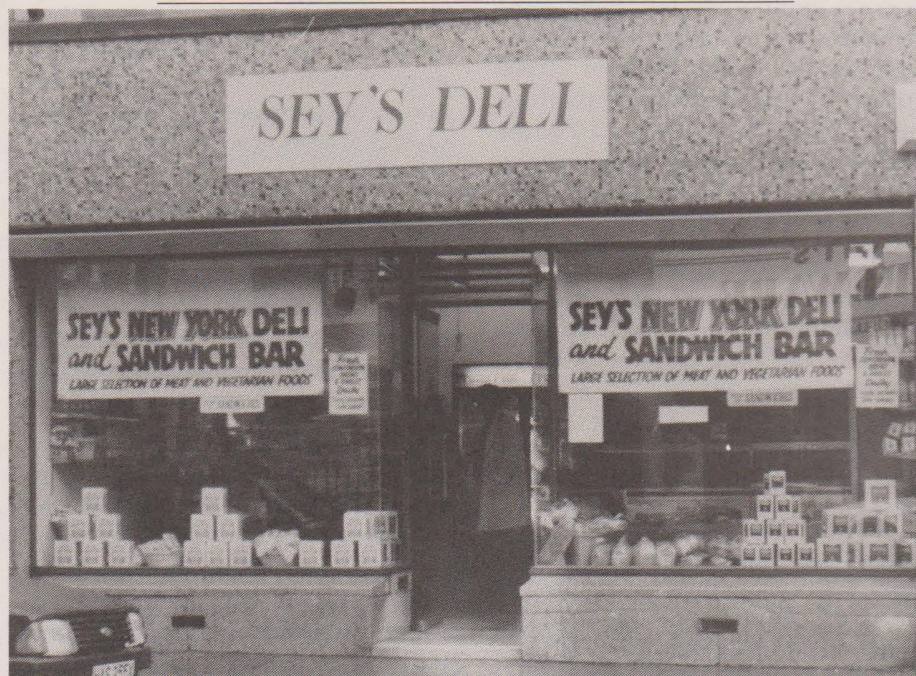
For the Jews, the Crusades had been a tremendous emotional upheaval. The immediate state of shock and horror at what had befallen them is not difficult to imagine, but the effects were much

deeper, far reaching into the future, leaving an indelible stamp on the Jewish mentality as well as on its collective memory.

Prior to the Crusades the Jews had led, for those times prosperous lives, content within the confines of their own religious and cultural traditions, regarded by their neighbours (rather enviously, one suspects) as an educated, select elite, albeit alien. The events of 1096 had transformed

them into a people for ever after condemned to be looking over its shoulder, never knowing what tragedy the morrow might bring.

*(Samuel Bard practised as a solicitor for some forty years and on retirement acquired an Honours Degree at London University in Jewish History and Hebrew Literature. He has served the London Jewish Welfare Board (now Jewish Care) in a number of capacities.)*



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## *Oxford : Maverick Congregation?* by Miriam Kochan



"Yes, of course", I said. "Delighted", when the Editor asked me to write on this subject. Then I rushed for the dictionary and looked up maverick. "A stray animal without an owner's brand, esp. a calf". Not us. Definitely not us. Though some may regard us as lost sheep. But it improves: "one who does not conform". That's better. That is certainly Oxford. And if we use your definition of the term as not being affiliated to any of the main groupings of British Jewry, there is no question. I doubt if any of them would have us, and no absolute majority of us would vote to join any one of them.

Let me explain: the Oxford Jewish Congregation is theoretically an Orthodox body. However, the sympathies of some of its members actually lie with progressive Judaism. In addition, religious services take place in a building called the Oxford Jewish Centre put up with much blood, sweat and tears about fifteen years ago in a district of Oxford very appropriately called Jericho. The building, which I shall refer to

hereafter as "the Centre", consists of a small synagogue and various other rooms which by a clever system of partitions can be expanded to form a big synagogue on the High Holy Days.

Now, the constitution of the Centre includes a cunning clause which lays down that the building must be open for all forms of Jewish religious worship. Thus, though Orthodox Saturday morning services take place every week, nearly always in the synagogue, on two Saturdays a month Progressive services are held concurrently in the lounge of the Centre (referred to as the Beth Hamidrash on those occasions). Things change when 'the Progs' invite a real rabbi or a rabbinette to conduct a bar- or batmitzvah, or merely for the sheer devil of it. Then they have the Shul, and the Orthodox move like lambs into the lounge - sorry, Beth Hamidrash. Wherever they began, both lots join together for an amicable kiddush after their respective services.

What religious grouping would accept such a carry-on? For that

matter, what one rabbi could cope with it? We have no idea, because in Oxford we have no rabbi, nor yet a minister, not even a chazan, another maverick characteristic. We are, we proudly proclaim, a do-it-yourself congregation. We conduct our own services, run our own Cheder, even give our own sermons - but rarely feel the need for these except on the Yomim Nora'im. The families involved usually invite a rabbi to conduct a wedding - but sadly, these are not all that frequent.

The do-it-yourself element is not as clever as it sounds. We may be a pretty bright lot, a fair proportion of our membership is attached to the University, but even so, we rely heavily on the student population to conduct our Orthodox services in term-time and, in the vacation, very often ship in someone from the big city to read from the Torah. Most particularly, on the High Holy Days, when some three hundred people may attend our synagogue, we employ outside talent.

There's another maverick feature about Oxford's Jewish population,



which has nothing to do with its affiliation - or lack of same: its mobility. Very few of us were actually born in the city or even the county; some five families at the most (and I can't think who those are). Most of us have come here for the work, often at the University or the hospitals, I and a large number of us move on after a few years (Kochans inexplicably have stayed - and stayed the same.) But this explains the fact that we are generally speaking, a young community.

This age distribution is reflected in our relatively small friendship club and relatively large Hebrew Classes. About sixty children aged between four and fourteen, turn up at the Centre every Sunday morning. Most of the teachers are members of the community, often professionally trained and teaching secular school all week - but here again, students often help out when needed. For the last two years of their Cheder career the children are taught for the GCSE in Religious Studies and nearly always pass. This is one of Oxford's great prides and it expresses its pleasure by throwing a special kiddush in their honour every October. The "graduates" (there are usually about five of them) then stay on as paid helpers at the classes for an additional year. This has the dual advantage of easing the teachers' load, and keeping the pupils involved with Jewish education for a little longer. (The attraction as far as the helpers are concerned may possibly be more materialistic.)

Another maverick feature is the existence of a large Jewish student population. Amongst a relatively small resident community there are some 220 units attached to the Congregation (some 600 souls at a rough count). Often in term-time and on second day Yom Tov the students outnumber the resident community in the synagogue. A pretty good relationship generally prevails between this student body and the Congregation - though there is the occasional hiccup: some of them are so much more Orthodox than some of us!

The community organises a student meals' service in term-time every evening in the week and at lunchtime on Shabbat, in a section of the Centre, known as the dining-room most of the time, but which becomes part of the Shul on the High Holy Days and is used as a classroom on Sunday mornings. Friday evenings are the high point of the Oxford University Jewish Students' (hereafter OUJS) programme. They often have a guest speaker, and attendance can reach a hundred or more. The students have free use of the Centre for any of their activities and also have representatives on the Management Committee which is responsible for it.

The Congregation is run by the traditional Shul Council - but the traditional element is only skin deep, because we have had women as full members of our Council for at least the past fifteen years. I see from my latest copy of the Edinburgh Star that

you have also made this praiseworthy innovation. (I well remember fiery Annual General Meetings of the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation when motions to this effect were regularly and emotionally debated and defeated.) But then, you are maverick too! We have even had a woman president on two occasions with no visible ill effects.

The Shul Council splits up into numerous sub-committees: a religious affairs committee to organise services, education committee (Hebrew Classes), and so on, including an external affairs sub-committee, which deals with relations with the world outside the community. A whole team of people take turns going round talking about Judaism in response to requests from schools, colleges, Women's Institutes etc. There is no ladies' guild (which I so enjoyed in Edinburgh).

Oxford is all agog at the moment - or trying to be - mobilising efforts to celebrate a double anniversary in 1992. That year will mark 150 years of a congregation in the city and a hundred years of a synagogue on the current site. Just imagine, a hundred year old maverick!?



(Miriam Kochan is a free-lance writer and translator, married to the historian Lionel Kochan. They have three children and two grandchildren. Miriam spent the first thirty years of her life in London and she and Lionel moved to Edinburgh in 1959, where they spent "five immensely happy years" and she was deeply involved in the Community. There followed five years in Norwich and then to Oxford where Miriam takes an active part in all aspects of communal life.)



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# No. 411 on the Transport List to Auschwitz on 27 March 1944

by Irene Mason

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in early September 1989. I was sitting amongst almost a hundred people in a small village hall in Staufen not far from Freiburg in southern Germany. The event, a literary festival of arts not unlike our yearly one in Edinburgh, but on a much smaller scale. As I listened to a recording of one of my late uncle's most well known plays 'Nietzsche contra Wagner', the feelings of happiness and pride were regularly punctuated by frustration and sadness. Frustration at having difficulty in understanding the language fully, and sadness at not ever having had the chance of knowing my uncle, since he died so tragically just nine months before I was born.

My uncle, Hans Arno Joachim, born in 1902, was my father's younger brother. Although there were only five years between them they belonged to different 'generations'. My father became a young soldier in the First World War and was soon taken prisoner of war by the French, whilst his brother Hans was still attending Gymnasium (secondary school), where he apparently spent most of the time flirting with the girls from the school next door.

My father Kurt was considered by his parents to be all that a son should be: responsible, hard working, correct, and above all a conformist. After the First World War he went to Freiburg University to study medicine, and many years later attained the position of Consultant Radiologist in a Frankfurt hospital. My grandfather, who practised as a gynaecologist in his private clinic in Freiburg, followed my father's career with great interest, always ready to give help and advice whenever he thought necessary. My father, always behaving as a dutiful son, responded with respect.

Hans, on the other hand, posed a great problem to my grandparents. He was absolutely the opposite of my father in every way. The very fact that he was inclined towards the arts and loved to sit and write did little to please my grandfather. After all, this was no basis for a good, stable profession! Hans was easy-going, dressed himself in a casual, 'bohemian' fashion and was definitely no conformist.

In 1920 after finishing secondary school Hans went on to study philosophy and philology at Freiburg University. In between his studies he spent some time in Munich with a

literary friend Alfred Kantorowicz, and after his return to Freiburg he took the student Peter Huchel (who later became a well known poet and wrote two poems in my uncle's memory) under his wing for a term. He also began a dissertation on Emil Götts (which was never handed in), and worked on a larger project on alemanic poetry.

In 1927 after five years of study, an unusually long period in those days, he broke off his university studies without taking his final examinations and therefore without a degree. Perhaps there were differences of opinion concerning his dissertation between him and his professor, who knows!

By this time my grandfather was most disappointed in his younger son. This was quite obviously fatherly concern. He just could not come to terms with Hans' irresponsible attitude to life.

Hans left Freiburg (almost under a cloud), and went to Berlin where he enjoyed the company of many literary friends. For some time he was without work and income. In need of a job he went to Darmstadt just south of Frankfurt. There, he was very productive and wrote his



first radio play in the Darmstadter dialect. This was quite an undertaking as he had to study the dialect very carefully before he even began to write the play.

From 1929 Hans was back in Berlin working as a literary critic and essayist. He polished his style and gradually made a name for himself through his thorough philological research. During this time he met and married a graphic designer, Gerta Angress.

From 1929 to 1933 Hans wrote regularly for various literary magazines and eventually in 1933 his first two radio plays were broadcast and widely acclaimed by the national press.

By this time Hans had made many friends, mainly philosophers and artists. He had developed into a sceptic, but not without humour. He was quiet, modest and a man who worked carefully and conscientiously. He was moreover a 'modern' man, firmly rooted in his time, who watched the political and especially the cultural debates critically without ever involving himself with them actively. Hans was someone who went his way with measured deliberate steps, thoughtfully and without conceit. He



had no ambition to sell himself to vanity. And so it was some time in 1933 that he and wife slipped quietly into exile in Paris along with an estimated 60,000 Jews who all fled to France that year, the vast majority of whom actually settled in Paris.

Little is known of this period in Hans' life. Kantorowicz, his friend from Freiburg who was also exiled to Paris, reported that Hans kept in contact with other authors and worked hard on his radio plays. He was even successful in contacting radio stations in Switzerland, Holland and Belgium. In 1935, his radio play 'The Voices of Victor Hugo' was printed by a Parisian publisher who specialised in literature written in exile. Heinrich Mann wrote the epilogue. When Hitler marched into France all Germans living there were sent to prison camps. Most of them were not set free until France was divided into two zones, occupied and unoccupied. The northern part was known as Vichy France. The government under Marshall Petain signed a scandalous agreement of extradition, as a result of which anti-fascists and Jews were not safe in the unoccupied southern part of France. Most immigrants tried desperately to get visas to politically neutral countries. Hans' efforts to leave the country were without success. Switzerland declared that 'the boat was full', and refused to take in any more emigrants. Even though the Swiss press had praised his radio plays such a short time before, the officials refused to let him into the country. Hans and his wife then desperately tried to get a visa to the States. They had contacts already living there who they thought might be able to help them. After a lot of correspondence, nothing was achieved. However, Hans' wife Gerta managed to get an exit visa to Morocco. From there she thought that she would be able to get Hans a visa so that he could follow her and together they would go to Chile where her brother had already settled. Alas, by this time it was well into 1942, and the whole of France was under German control. Hans

and Gerta were interned in different camps and that was the last they saw of each other. Gerta left and went to Morocco; Hans was also released and went to Gurs to look for his wife. When he arrived she was already on her way to North Africa. Hans travelled down to the south of France and hid for a time in Leon Feuchtwanger's deserted villa in Sanery-sur-Mer, and later he moved into a local monastery where he worked as a gardener and housekeeper. Luckily he managed to obtain Gerta's address and they wrote to each other regularly. For some time Hans felt fairly secure and even managed to keep his typewriter so that he could continue with some writing. He probably thought that if he kept a low profile he might survive until liberation. It must have come as a great shock to him when on 16 February 1944 he was arrested by the Gestapo and taken to a camp called 'Brignoles' in Toulon. His name appeared for the last time as **No. 411 on the transport list No.70 to Auschwitz on 27 March 1944.**

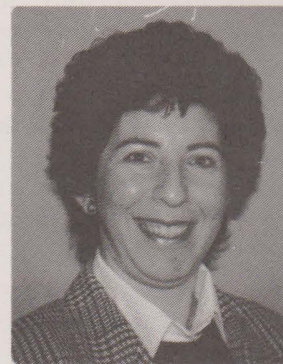
Out of 1025 prisoners, only 125 survived. Hans Arno Joachim was not among those few survivors. Was Hans arrested by the Gestapo because some of his plays revealed his sympathies to the resistance, or simply because through some carelessness it had become known that he was Jewish? We will never know. The sad fact remains that Hans Arno Joachim, the 'Homme de Lettres', did not survive the unimaginable barbarism that was to follow. However, his memory is still alive and a great deal of his unpublished literary work has also survived. In 1963/64 Kantorowicz wrote two essays about Hans, and a year later Swiss radio broadcast the radio play 'Nietzsche contra Wagner'. It was also broadcast on German radio, but met little response.

Recently we have found new evidence that Kantorowicz tried to negotiate with a well known publisher in an effort to produce a book of Hans' texts. This did not come to fruition since at that time, during the sixties, the German people were not ready to accept the

publication of works by an exiled author.

Hans' name faded yet again, until two years ago I received a letter from a young postgraduate academic studying at Freiburg University. He had come across some of Hans' work and had found it so fascinating that he decided to investigate it further. Wolfgang Menzel and I corresponded regularly, and I sent him many texts and letters that were in my possession. He soon decided that it would be a good idea to compile a collection and find a publisher to produce the first book. Unlike 30 years before, the German people were now ready to accept and read literature such as this, and finally last year a collection of essays, prose and radio plays appeared in a paperback form. Wolfgang Menzel put many hours of research into this project and it was only through his dedicated work that I was able to learn so much more about my uncle's short life.

I feel great pride and gratification that my uncle's contribution to German literature will, after all these years, be read and appreciated not only today, but by future generations.



*Irene Mason was born and brought up in Luton, Bedfordshire. After completing a London University Honours Degree in Botany and Zoology, she went to Nottingham University where she undertook a Masters Degree in Mycology and Plant Pathology. One of her first positions took her to Cambridge where she met and married her husband Philip. When Philip completed his PhD, they moved to Edinburgh where they have been living for the past nineteen years. They have two teenage boys, David and Jonathan.*



## The Editorial the Editor didn't write:

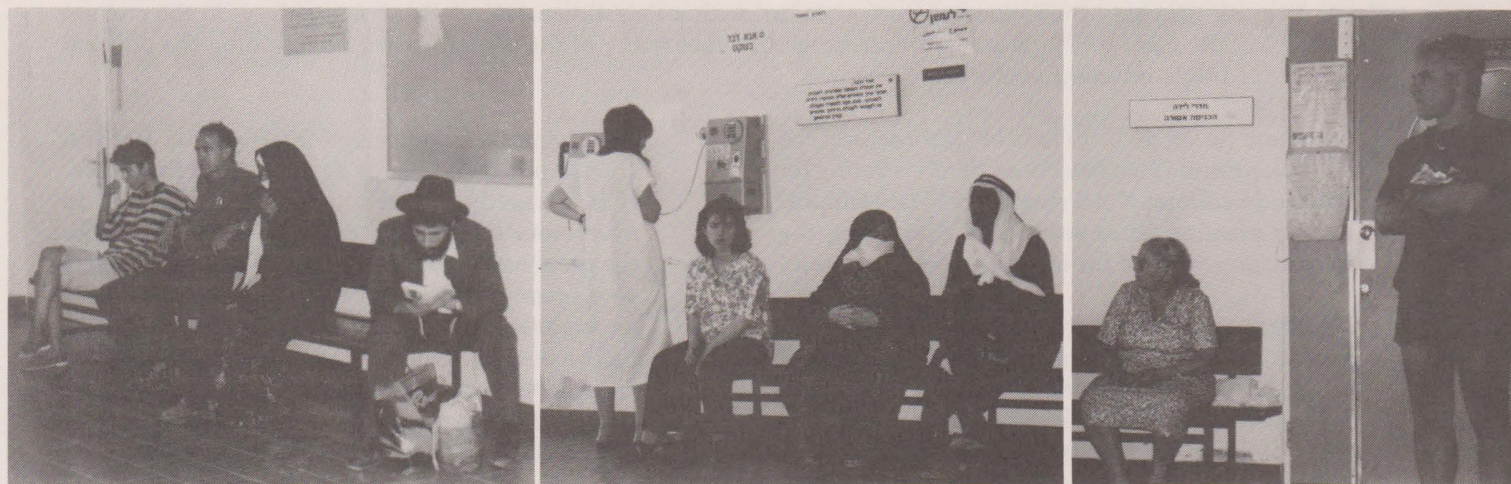
Simon Louvish provided the following 'conversation' with a Palestinian Friend as a commentary on the current crisis in the Middle East. It is profoundly depressing but raises many of the central issues surrounding the political implications of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait.

- S.L. So where do we go from here? Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza have been demonstrating for Iraq and Saddam. Not a single Israeli can support such a position. It appears as if everything the peace camp worked for is going down the drain.
- P.F. "It might appear so, but you have to understand why it's happening. The people are desperate. After a year and a half since the PLO's declaration about talking peace with Israel nothing moved. We had nothing but rejection from the Israeli government and then the Americans cut us off too. So people seize on Saddam as the Arab hero who will stand up to Israel and come to their aid.
- S.L. "But surely Arafat's position is crazy. To support Iraq's conquest of Kuwait is to undermine the Palestinian claim against Israel's conquest of the West Bank and Gaza. Not to speak of the damage of siding with the most vicious regime in the region.
- P.F. "That may well be true but they don't see it this way. They see hypocrisy on the part of the West. Where was the US task force when Israel occupied us, when Israel invaded Lebanon? Where was the economic blockade when our own children were being shot and maimed daily in the occupied areas? And if Saddam is Hitler, as the Western press tells us, who or what was General Pinochet of Chile, or Somoza of Nicaragua? Why was Saddam a convenient ally when he was attacking Iran? I have friends in this city, Iraqi exiles, who have been trying for years to tell the world about Saddam Husayn, but who listened to them? Now everyone knows suddenly that Saddam is a butcher. This is not news to us. But the Arab world is always caught between outside intervention and local tyrants. And we will continue this way, until we find our own democratic structures. But since when was the West concerned about our democracy? Are we supposed to fight for the Emir of Kuwait, or for the Saudi royal Family?
- S.L. "But support for Saddam will be disastrous for the Arabs. If war does break out he won't win.
- P.F. "Of course, it will be a disaster for us. We have been placed between two fires. Already the Saudis have begun expelling Palestinians. The ordinary people will suffer. But they insist on an Arab solution, not one imposed by the West. We have deep wounds from foreign intervention. We will choose our own villains against Western heroes. It is a tragedy, a free gift that Saddam gave to everyone who is against our aspirations. And now the press here is calling for war. The *Daily Telegraph* says openly the key issue is "free access to oil at an acceptable price". What they seem to be calling for is a re-colonization of the Arab world. But even if they overthrow Saddam, who will take his place? American officers, or some puppet General? This would be a Vietnam to end Vietnams.
- S.L. But this will be no Vietnam. No Western students will march in the streets for Saddam Husayn's Iraq. The hostage crisis will ensure a Western consensus. And there'll be no super-power confrontation. The US can consolidate its presence in the Gulf, and arm Saudi Arabia to the teeth, ignoring the pro-Israel lobby. Which could also mean that, at the end of the day, those who are banging the Israeli drum, crying "I told you so", might well be looking at an unexpected scenario, in which Israel is just one more pawn.
- P.F. The alliances are shifting so fast we can't keep up. We're seeing *real-politick* like we've never seen before. Who would have thought of Assad sending troops to support the US? And the new deals with Iran? And Jordan? It's unpredictable. There could be unbelievable destruction. There will be no winners, only losers. But, the ironic point is that, whatever happens, when all the dust of war or compromise has settled we, the Israelis and the Palestinians, will still be confronting each other as before. Whatever you think of Arafat, or the PLO, in the end there will still be the Palestinian-Israeli issue, and we will still have to get together to solve the problem. You will still have to undemonize your demons, and so will we.
- S.L. But we will have wasted so much time. Do we have to wait another generation before we all wake up to the reality of what has to be done?
- P.F. I don't know. But I am afraid we are going into a very dark period. All we can do is to keep our sanity intact through it. If at all possible.
- "We both remained, staring out, waiting for history to make up its mind.**

(Extract from a postscript to the *Jewish Quarterly* - Summer 1990)



# BIRTH IN BEERSHEVA *by Ann E Fink*



It is 10.00 a.m. on 5 August 1990 at the obstetric outpatient clinic at the Soroko Hospital in Beersheva. Saddam Hussein has invaded Kuwait and already the Palestinians have applauded his deeds and called on him for their own liberation. The Israeli radio and press accept that the situation is serious but warns against panic. Invasion of Israel is not imminent but the air force is on full alert. All day jets scream overhead and the heavy drone of bomber aircraft reassures the earthbound that there will be no sudden rain of deadly chemical gases.

In the clinic, which also serves as a waiting room for the delivery ward, the atmosphere is tense, expectant, voices are hushed. Anxious figures rise one by one from the hard benches lining the walls to take turns to peer anxiously through the round window. But they are not watching the criss-crossing vapour trails the jets leave as they patrol the skies, they are seeking signs of an even more portentous event. They are waiting for a child to be born.

The room is a kaleidoscope of colour and within its confines, sitting side by side are all the nations of Israel. At the far end of the room sits a young Chassid, his head bent, "peyes" dangling as he pours over his book of psalms, "tzitzes" white against his black wool suit. It is 35 degrees Centigrade and as a concession to the heat he does not

wear his fur "shtremel", that insignia of 18th century Venetian bourgeoisie. He wears instead a large black "Al Capone" hat, 1920's USA style. He does not care that this exotic costume is utterly inappropriate. It is the uniform of his tribe; it proclaims his identity and places him recognisably within a particular group of social and familial relations.

The Chassid sits with his back to a Bedouin woman. A black veil drapes her head and shoulders, a white underveil masks her mouth and nose. Her black dress, embroidered with an intricate cross stitch design in red, green and yellow also tells those "in the know" to what tribe she belongs; whether she is fertile, married or marriageable. I note that there is no blue colour in the embroidered pattern but quite a lot of red. It seems from my scanty knowledge that she is probably fertile and can legally bear children. Fertile widows or divorcees embroider their dresses in blue but can add a red belt to signify their intention to marry again. The Chassid waits for his wife to give birth, the Bedouin woman for her sister.

Next to her is a man in his early 30's. Time drags and we make conversation. Oded is a Sabra. His father came from Poland, his mother was born in Israel but her parents were from Russia. His father escaped

from a displaced persons' camp at the end of the war and without waiting for an entry permit boarded a boat in Marseilles bound for Palestine. He jumped ship and swam ashore off the coast of Haifa under a hail of British bullets.

As befits his image of himself as a tough Sabra, Oded maintains his cool as the morning wears on and the temperature in the room rises. His wife is sleeping after a long night's labour which has now stopped. They will have to induce the birth and Oded is told by the doctor to go home and rest for a few hours, but our tough Sabra will not move from the waiting room. His wife's parents arrive with her sister. Oded's father-in-law is lean, grey-haired, distinguished looking, casually dressed in shorts. He does not look much older than Oded. Oded introduces me. Shimi is from Egypt. He speaks English, Hebrew, French and Arabic, all fluently. During the long wait that day we chat and joke and he becomes my interpreter. Shimi is not as "cool" as Oded. It is his first experience as an 'about-to-be-grandfather' and he rises again and again to peer through the porthole in the doors leading to the delivery room.

A stately Bedouin of about the same age as Shimi sits beside his portly wife their hands clasped on their laps but bodies tense. Their appearance of stoic patience is belied by their



frequent visits to the porthole. A pair of giggling young Palestinian girls from Gaza and an elderly Russian woman share another bench. The Gaza girls had come with their mother - an emergency Caesarean section.

An ambulance comes screaming in, sirens blaring, screeching to a halt in front of the building much to the delight of a family of Ethiopian children playing on the lawns outside the ultra modern purple painted Obstetrics and Gynaecology wing of the hospital. The tedium of the morning is relieved by the dramatic entry of the trolley-born body, wheeled through the waiting room at breakneck pace. But all ends well. The baby is delivered safely and both mother and child are well: a boy. Father is so pleased, the girls tell Shimi shyly. It is the twelfth child in the family.



The Russian woman arrived only three weeks ago. She is from Leningrad and we speak to one another in Yiddish. Masha came to Israel with her son Victor and daughter-in-law, Raya. Only just in time, Raya is giving birth to twins! They are alone in Israel and have no family at all. How will they manage I wonder? Masha's dour face lights up. They are going to live on a kibbutz for six months she tells me. They will all go to an Ulpan to learn to speak Hebrew then they will find work. Masha was a clerk in a government office but she doesn't care what she does in Israel. She will clean houses or maybe find work as a cook in a restaurant. Victor is clever. He works with computers and Raya is an English teacher. They will be alright. Right now they are living in a flat in Beersheva. The government is paying the rent. \$500 a month she tells me. A beautiful flat.

But it will be better on the Kibbutz. The babies will be looked after while Raya studies. They won't have to pay for food. Israel is truly a wonderful country. If only ... she glances toward the door.

Two young men have arrived in a pick up truck with Gaza registration plates. They are wearing black and white Fatah keffiyehs. They lounge on either side of the open doorway. They do not speak and the atmosphere grows cold. People stop talking and silence descends. The girls next to Masha whisper to one another but only exchange glances with the young men. Shimi, courteous and kind, congratulates the young men on the birth of their baby brother. He speaks to them in Arabic. The men nod but say little. A nurse comes to the room and beckons to the Chassid. He follows

her through to the delivery room. Victor suddenly rushes out to tell Masha the twins have arrived, two girls. She cries with joy. I cry at her joy. The Bedouin women all cry. The girls from Gaza cry too, giggling at the same time. Our stately Bedouin elder maintains his stoic calm in the face of so much emotion. Everyone congratulates everyone. Masha departs with Victor through the double doors.

The day wears on and Oded is called. It is all over very quickly and he returns in less than an hour to announce the birth of his son. Shimi is over the moon, and turns to the boys still leaning by the door. "We have a boy too", he tells them. "Yes", the older one replies, "ours will throw stones at yours and yours will shoot ours" ...

**Postscript** Joshua Fink was born one week later on 12 August 1990. His mother, Leor is a Sabra, born on Kibbutz Urim in the Negev, some 20 miles from Beersheva. Leor's parents came from New York. They helped to found the kibbutz in 1953. Joshua's father, Jerome Fink is the son of Ann and George Fink now living in Edinburgh. Jerome was born and raised in Oxford. He made Aliyah in 1983 and he and Leor and son Joshua now live on Kibbutz Urim.

(Ann Fink is a Social anthropologist until recently a post-doctoral fellow in the Social Anthropology Department at Edinburgh University. She has now been appointed to a lectureship in the Department of Behavioural Sciences at the Sackler School of Medicine at Tel Aviv University. She will also be involved in a research project at the Soroko Hospital working with Bedouin women.)



Anne and George admiring Joshua



# THE CITY OF CULTURE INDEED!

by David Kaplan

On entering the Glasgow University 'Freshers' Fayre' last September my task was a simple one, to join the societies which I would probably enjoy most. Strangely enough the society that I was to join last, was to be the one that I would become Chairman of in less than six months time: the Jewish Society.

Last year the Glasgow University Jewish Society had some seventy members, not all of whom were active or indeed even Jewish. One of the odd things about the membership of the group was the fact that well over fifty are native to Glasgow and as such still lived at home. The others were made up of American students and two from Edinburgh, Rhonda Segal and myself.

The Society meets weekly on campus with average attendances last year reaching some twenty-seven enthusiasts. The gatherings take place in the University Union on a Thursday between the hours of 12.30 and 2.00 p.m. when bagels, cream cheese, chopped herring and Coke is provided, while topics are discussed, argued over and debated. Even though some issues are dealt with in a somewhat lighthearted manner, the Society does have a very

serious part to play in the upholding of Jewish and Israeli issues, in what can be at times a volatile atmosphere. For example, in the past year there have been Pro-Palestinian meetings on campus, anti-Israel motions in Durham and Dundee and there was even a move to nominate Yasser Arafat for Rector of Glasgow University.

As far as social activities are concerned, the Society affiliates each year to the Northern Region of Jewish Students and to the Glasgow Jewish Student "Umbrella" organisation. Events which are organised by these groups include Friday night meals, ten-pin bowling, the Glasgow Weekend School, a Valentine's Party, and the annual Edinburgh Burns Supper.

I find that as far as actual programmes are concerned, there is really very little difference between the ones the various student groups use and the type Edinburgh J.Y.S.G. runs. This point in itself appears to stand Edinburgh's Jewish undergraduates in good stead on leaving home and going to University. Ian Caplan has become Chair of Dundee and St Andrews Jewish Society and Abby Cosgrove was elected to the Executive of the

Union of Jewish Students Conference as Diaspora Jewry Officer.

This time last year, Glasgow Jewish accommodation was virtually non-existent, with no Student House even on the horizon. I began then to think that if I was to stay in a Jewish house then I would need to be at the forefront of the campaign to acquire a suitable property. One year on and a Student House has been purchased in Giffnock by the Northern Region Chaplaincy Board, with financial assistance from the Glasgow Jewish Community Trust. It is now decorated and complete and inhabited by four students, including Rhonda and myself.

There is, however, a somewhat worrying trend apparent in Glasgow Jewish school-leavers, namely that they move down to England to study, in particular to Manchester and Leeds. This drain could lead to a gradual demise of the Glasgow Jewish Student Societies, unless the powers that be in Glasgow start to ask serious questions as to why their young people are leaving in such droves. This problem also manifests itself in Edinburgh, but on the whole students leave to go to other Scottish towns. Nonetheless, it is understood and accepted in the Edinburgh community that in order to meet and socialise with other Jews, leaving home is a necessity.

However, Jewish student life in Glasgow is on a high at the moment and will, I hope, remain so for many years to come. In this Year of Culture, Glasgow is certainly the place to be in Britain, well that is what I am constantly being told anyway! Living and studying in Glasgow is certainly an experience which I would recommend to all prospective University candidates.

*(David Kaplan was active in all aspects of Edinburgh communal life for young people. He is now Chairman, Glasgow University Jewish Society.)*

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## Interview on The Plight of Yemenite Jews :

Abby Cosgrove talks to Dr Zurielli, a Jew of Yemenite origin, in June this year.

Yemen is an Arab republic. It is situated on the southern border of Saudi Arabia in the southwest Arabian peninsula. Area : 195,000 square kilometres, Capital city Sana.

● *What is the population of Yemen?*

It is around 5 million of whom two to three thousand are Jews.

● *Where do most Jews live?*

All the Jews live in North Yemen in villages. There are no Jews living in South Yemen.

● *"How do the Jews live in the villages?"*

The Jews are all orthodox and therefore live according to the strictly orthodox way of life.

● *"Tell me about their relationships with their Arab neighbours."*

The Jews keep well apart from the Arabs in a corner of their own in the village - being strictly orthodox they look different. Children try not to play with Arab children for fear of trouble.

● *"Are there any restrictions on education?"*

Yes, Jewish children are allowed to go to the orthodox Moslem schools but because of their differences they do not fit in. Because of poverty

Jewish children tend to leave school at 10 years of age to earn money. There are only one or two Jewish students attending university.

● *"What connections do Yemenite Jews have with Israel?"*

Little at the present time. Between 1948 and 1952 there was mass aliyah in the rescue *Operation Magic Carpet*. At that time 40-45,000 Jews left Yemen. Those who stayed did so because they owned land and thought that they would be alright. Not long afterwards the government took away their land.

● *"What restrictions are imposed on Jews?"*

Jews are not allowed to leave the country. They can be sent to prison without trial. They are under constant police surveillance. A special poll tax must be paid by Jews which is not paid by Arabs.

● *"What can we as Jewish students do for these Jews?"*

You should hold meetings telling people about the plight of Yemenite Jews. You should also have stalls in student unions for Jews and non-Jews informing as many people as possible about the situation.

### THE LATEST

*Shalom Sabari is living in Israel. He doesn't know if his father Yehieh Daud Sabari is alive. He has not heard from his father in Yemen for five years. All he knows is that his father has been brutally tortured.*

*The last emigration from Yemen was in 1962. World Jewry seems unaware of the plight of these people. They live in fear for their physical safety. They lack religious materials and communal organisations such as synagogues and schools.*

*We, as Jews, are responsible for the welfare of our brothers and sisters. It is a matter of human rights. These Jews must not be forgotten.*

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ARNOLD and JUNE  
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LISA and PHILIP

### The Edinburgh Council of Christians and Jews

The meetings are held in the Synagogue Hall, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh at 7.30 p.m. on the dates given below.

#### SYLLABUS for 1991

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| 17 January  | The Rt Rev Professor R Davidson, DD, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland - subject to be advised  |
| 21 February | Rev W B Miller will speak of his own experience as a fairly conservative Christian who has come to accept the Jewish and Christian dialogue without reservation |
| 21 March    | Rev David Torrance and Mr John Cosgrove on Easter and Passover  |
| 25 April    | Mr David Blewett on Interfaith Circles  |
| 23 May      | Sir Sidney C Hamburger, CBE, JP, DL, LLD, MA - "It happened to me".   |

The Annual General Meeting will also be held on 23 May 1991

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## A Visit to Hungary by Abby Cosgrove



At the end of August I was fortunate enough to be sent to Hungary as one of the UK delegation to the European Union of Jewish Students.

The EUJS serves to unite Jewish student groups from both East and West Europe. Every two years some 100 delegates meet together as representatives of their countries, to discuss the future of the Union, politically, socially and educationally. Countries are represented in proportion to their communities, with a maximum of 8 members being sent from the UK and the USSR. By contrast Finland and Portugal have a single delegation each. There were representatives from East Berlin, Frankfurt, Zurich, Rome, Amsterdam, Brussels, Vienna and Helsinki.

One of the first items on the agenda was the incorporation of the Yugoslav and Soviet Jewish Student Unions. Formalities such as reports

and elections took place and there were discussions on a wide range of subjects. As the Diaspora Jewry officer of the UJS of Great Britain, I was particularly interested in motions concerning Jews living in oppression, for example in Syria, Yemen and Ethiopia.

After several days of discussion, congress ended and we were allowed a short period of time to recover and prepare to welcome another 270 students from our respective Unions who were coming to enjoy the annual Summer University. Included in this number were 14 from Bulgaria which had not been represented at the congress. The theme of the Summer University this year was: Jewish Identity – a Jew in Europe.

The pattern of each day was generally the same. Before lunch there was a round table debate on current subjects such as the Arab-Israeli conflict and Eastern European Jewry. In the afternoon there was the option of siesta, a swim, Israeli dancing or a game of football or tennis. This was followed by a choice of workshops in various languages. Topics such as Jewish Identity, German Unification and the Jews, Israel: steps to Aliyah, were all on the agenda. Dinner and evening entertainments rounded off the day.

One of the highlights of the week was the day trip to Budapest. The whole group was shown around the Dohany Street Synagogue and the Jewish Museum. A small group of

friends decided to explore the Jewish quarter and were shown around the impressive, newly opened Jewish school. We were made to feel at home with international Jewish cuisine at one of the two Kosher restaurants. In the evening there was a controversial talk by Dr Israel Singer who asked why the common language of the Summer University was English and not Hebrew.

I am not sure that I learned a very great deal about Jewish Identity, perhaps because I graduated through Jewish youth groups and had frequent opportunities of discussing the subject. However, it was enlightening to see the 370 Jewish students come together from all over Europe and sing Hebrew songs and dance Israeli dances.

As the week drew to a close, tears were shed, letters promised and farewell was said along with 'I'll see you at the next Summer University.'

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