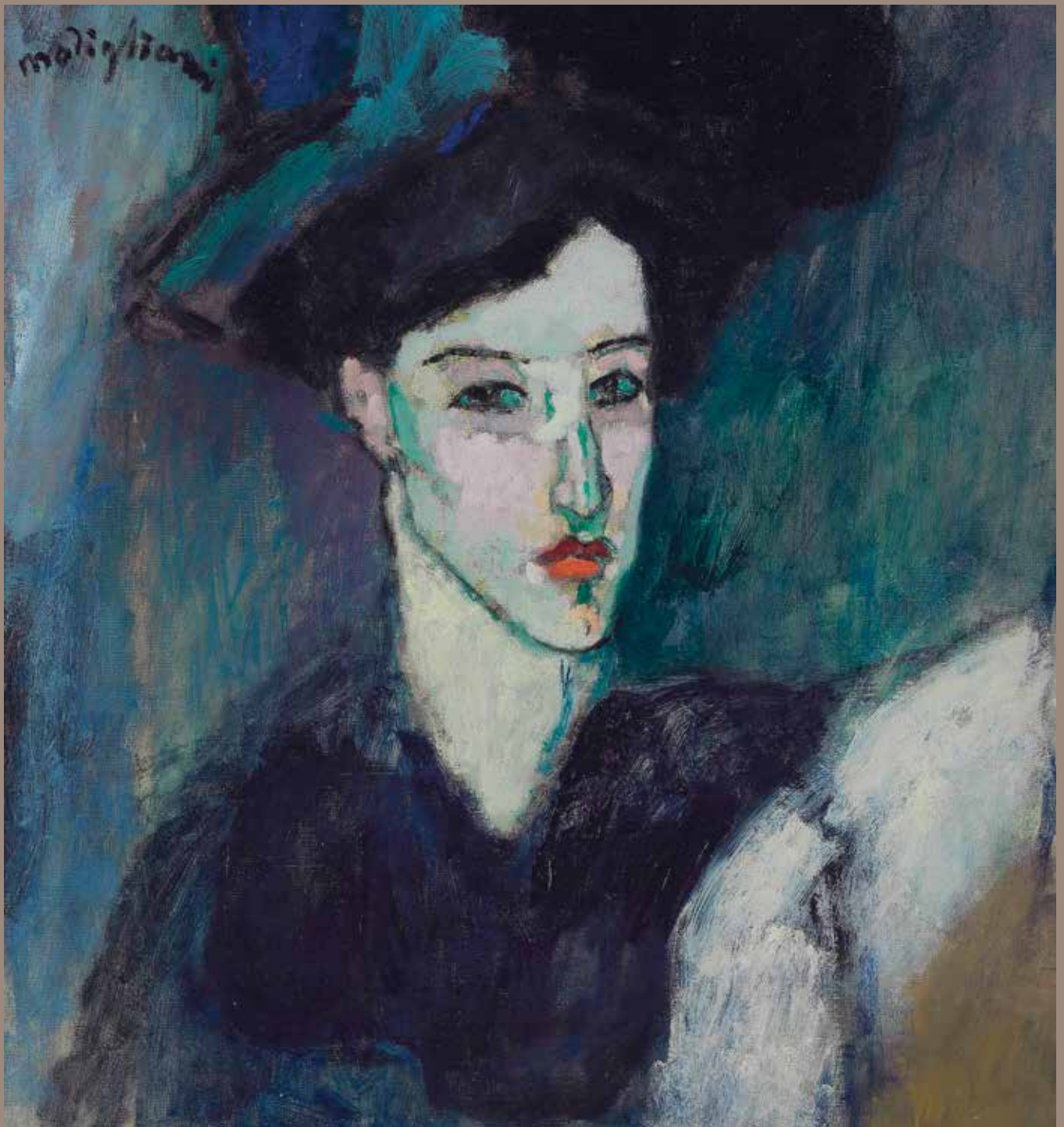


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Thank you

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Rt Hon Nicola Sturgeon MSP
First Minister of Scotland



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Mr Edward Green
Edinburgh Star



70 July 2021

Dear Mr Green

On behalf of the Scottish Government, I send my best wishes to Jewish communities in Scotland and across the world as they prepare to mark Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

I am delighted that celebrations this year will be significantly different to last year, the vaccination programme has allowed us to make progress in easing restrictions. It will enable friends and families to gather in homes and in synagogues once again to celebrate these important occasions in a way we have not seen for some time.

The sacrifices that our faith and belief communities have made over the last 18 months, with restrictions on worship and the ability to gather to celebrate, have been exceptionally challenging. I remain grateful to our Jewish communities for these sacrifices and for the positive way in which you have supported communities across Scotland during these challenging times. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for all you have done to help protect our health service, help suppress the spread of the virus and support those most in need.

We are undoubtedly moving with increased optimism towards a brighter year ahead, and I know Scotland's faith and belief communities will continue to play an important role as we enter the challenging recovery phase of the pandemic.

I hope that the year ahead brings happiness and joy to our Jewish Communities – Shanah Tovah.

Kind regards
Nicola

NICOLA STURGEON

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See www.lobbying.scot

• EDINBURGH •

THE CITY OF EDINBURGH COUNCIL

Frank Ross

The Rt Hon Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh

16th August 2021

Dear Edward

A further year has gone by with the pandemic restricting our movements and activities. I have been much humbled witnessing how citizens of Edinburgh from all communities and all walks of life have come together and united in helping each other to withstand the challenges and pressures that Covid brings.

Once again, I commend the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation for their care, concern and support not only for each other but for those around them. For many, the last year has been harder than at the start of the crisis, but your members have remained steadfast in ensuring their care.

As we enter into a new period, with restrictions eased and liberties less curtailed, I send the Lady Provost's and my good wishes for the New Year ahead. We hope that the coming year of 5782 will bring much good health, success and happiness for the Jewish community in Edinburgh, a community much valued and respected.

Yours sincerely



FRANK ROSS
LORD PROVOST



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The Chief Rabbi's Rosh Hashanah Message 5782

In 1968, social psychologists Bibb Latané and John Darley conducted a remarkable study, known as the Smoky Room Experiment.

Subjects were placed alone in a room and asked to complete a task. While they were doing so, smoke began to fill the room from a nearby air vent. Unsurprisingly, the vast majority of subjects reported the smoke within a matter of minutes. However, when subjects were placed in the same room in groups, the results were dramatically different. Rather than reporting the smoke, the subjects looked to one another. If the others in the room seemed unmoved by the smoke, it was ignored.

The authors of the study observed that, if people are alone when they notice an emergency, they consider themselves solely responsible for dealing with it. However, when others are also present, they feel less of a responsibility for taking action.

As social beings, we often cannot help but use the actions of others as our frame of reference for the way in which we choose to behave. This poses a profound challenge to our society. Can we lead more environmentally sustainable lives or act cautiously to prevent the spread of Covid when those around us seem disinclined to do the same? Can we lead lives of responsibility and morality when those around us do not?

The Jewish answer to this challenge is our High Holy Days.

The Torah reading for Rosh Hashanah seems a surprising choice. On the anniversary of the creation of the world, we would surely expect to read about the creation from the Book of Genesis. Instead, we read the story of a person who was born into a world of idolatry and sacrilege. Yet, Abraham, the father of our people, repeatedly demonstrated his commitment to Hashem without hesitation. He became the first parent in our tradition to circumcise their son and was even prepared to countenance sacrificing him.

While not hiding behind the standards and expectations of those around him, Abraham knew what Hashem required of him. No amount of social pressure could dissuade him from his life of truth and sanctity.

On the Yamim Noraim, each one of us stands, accountable for our deeds, before Hashem. As we recite so powerfully in our Musaf prayers: Just as a shepherd appraises his flock; just as he passes every sheep beneath his staff; so too, every one of us is counted and evaluated by Hashem. There is nobody for us to hide behind, nor anyone for us to blame. As such, our High Holy Days are a moment of the purest and most honest dialogue with our Creator. He knows every challenge we face as well as our capacity to rise to them.

The last eighteen months have been a period of extraordinary adversity which has imposed challenges upon us all in ways that we may only be beginning to understand. As we enter 5782, the High Holydays provide a precious opportunity for each one of us to look deep within ourselves and reframe our attitude and our behaviour. Let us be guided by our eternal Torah values rather than the transient whims of others. In doing so, may we all be blessed with a future of spiritual fulfilment, joy and success.

Shana Tovah



Chief Rabbi Ephraim Mirvis



Rosh Hashanah Message

Rosh Hashanah this year has a special significance. Not only because, hopefully, we will be able to meet together and celebrate in a more normal manner than of late.



But also because this Rosh Hashanah marks the beginning of the Shemitah or Sabbatical year. This special period, dedicated to the repose of the land, is especially significant as we approach the crucial climate change summit in Glasgow in November. While the laws pertaining to the Shemitah year strictly only apply in Israel, their message for a world threatened by environmental degradation is more important than ever.

The idea of giving the land a rest every seven years, just as we give ourselves a rest every seventh day, teaches us the importance of caring for our environment and not simply sucking it of its potential for our own needs. The Torah's clarion statement that 'the Land is Mine and you are strangers and sojourners with Me', reminds us of our true place in the order of things and

throws into perspective our proper relationship with the natural world around us.

This is, of course, also a theme of Rosh Hashanah, when we celebrate not only G-d's sovereignty but the creation of the first humans. They were to protect the Garden by limiting their consumption, and when they failed to do so were expelled from paradise. The Torah similarly connects exile from the Land of Israel to failure to observe the Sabbatical year. The lesson for our time is clear.

I am pleased to note that this year our community has made great strides in reducing our carbon footprint and 'going green' and has become an eco-synagogue. We look forward to continuing this progress in the coming year. Let us take on board the lessons of the Shemitah and make the coming year one of increasing care for ourselves and our environment in order that we may ensure the health of both ourselves and our planet.

לשנה טובה תכתבו

A Happy New Year

Rabbi David Rose

Editorial

I have re-read last year's letter from these pages and I realise that very little has changed. And I understand that is true for the majority of us. It has been a year to get through but got through we all have and with 'flying colours'!

Once again, we have some fascinating articles in our pages. I am most grateful to David Grant for his important but desolate article about Transnistria as I am to Elizabeth Rosenbloom Wilson for her article on the boat that carried those Jews escaping to Palestine. What sad but yet life affirming articles they are; we are here to tell the story. And with the Pandemic being what it has been, so many of us have turned to reading more. We are delighted to include reports on the Jewish Book Week, a Book Club formed in the majority by members of the EHC, and our usual book reviews. We also feature Chabad's new centre here in Edinburgh, a true milestone.



We are including a quiz as well this year; maybe something for a Yomtov afternoon. As a family, we had the most wonderful time attempting to get 10 out of 10 in Yiddish word recognition. I think we will all be surprised, however poor we feel our knowledge to be, as to how much has gone in. Our parents would be proud of us all!

Another year and another Star, but each year I feel that the publication of the magazine is as important if not more so than the previous year. Sadly, we mark the passing of some enormous characters. But move forward we do.

Maryla and our son, Freddie, join me in our most sincere good wishes for the New Year. We hope, as we all do, that this year will bring that wonderful return to whatever we might feel is 'normality' that all of us have been missing.

Edward Green

New Year

Message from the President

This past year has been a difficult one for the Jewish community. Like the rest of the country, we have had to cope with disruption, and for many, the heartbreak of the ongoing pandemic. On top of this we have also had to deal with a frightening upsurge in anti-Jewish racism.



When there is conflict in the Middle East there are usually consequences for Jews in the UK but this year what we experienced was beyond anything I can remember. Antisemitic incidents rose by 500 per cent and none of us will forget the convoy of cars driving through our streets with shouted threats and misogynistic abuse plus other well documented attacks.

This is intolerable and the Board of Deputies acted quickly to ensure that the Government was aware and prepared to take whatever measures were needed. The Jewish community held meetings with Prime Minister Boris Johnson and Home Secretary Priti Patel. I called for the proscription of Hamas in its entirety. We also called for the adoption of the International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance definition of antisemitism by social media companies and their new regulator Ofcom. I am glad to report that the Government has now written to social media companies to request them to adopt the IHRA definition.

While the epidemic has ebbed and flowed we have worked with the Government to share important messages in order to keep everybody safe and we have advised on safe numbers for prayer and religious occasions. We have also had the sad but necessary duty of collating numbers of deaths. Our community has enthusiastically embraced the vaccine which is one of the main reasons why numbers of deaths has been mercifully few in the past few months.

Those who know the Board of Deputies will understand we work on a diverse set of issues. It is impossible to list everything in a short message. However, I will give a mention to the Commission on Racial Inclusivity which reported this year and which made 119 recommendations, with profound implications for UK Jews. I would also like to thank all the new organisations which have joined this year, making us even more representative of the community. We will continue to work just as hard on your behalf in the coming year.

Shana Tovah.

Marie van der Zyl

Marie van der Zyl



**BOARD OF DEPUTIES OF
BRITISH JEWS**

ADVOCACY | DEMOCRACY | COMMUNITY

CHAIR'S MESSAGE

Community is the Silver Lining

As we approach the High Holy Days, I feel that our community is looking ahead with more confidence and positivity than during the last year. Many of us are enjoying coming together in person once again, respectfully adhering to the current Covid guidance in order to keep our families, our friends, and our community safe.

During the last year, we have maintained our sense of communal unity and continued our acts of welfare, caring and support. I express gratitude to the Honorary Officers, to the members of the Board of Management and of all affiliated committees, who have been meeting regularly online, not just to ensure continuity but also to look constructively towards the future.

We now hope that, as we are able to anticipate restarting activities, our members will endeavour individually to take some active part in our communal life, to ensure that Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation is able to provide a vibrant and sustainable future within the wider Edinburgh Jewish community.

At this time of renewal, although we are undoubtedly still faced with some uncertainties, I hope we will all strive to recharge our energies and our creativity, and look forward to a brighter and more hopeful future.

May I take this opportunity to wish all readers of the Edinburgh Star a healthy, happy and peaceful New Year.

Hilary Rifkind, Chair



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Sukkat Shalom

The Board would also like to thank Mr & Mrs Harold Mendelssohn for kindly defraying the cost of sending The Edinburgh Star overseas.



Nicola Livingston

Having recently been elected as Chair of SCoJeC, I am very much looking forward to working with our excellent team of staff, Office Bearers, Executive, and Council to deliver SCoJeC's mission of *Representing, Supporting, and Connecting Jewish people in Scotland*.

There's no denying this has been a difficult year on many fronts, but SCoJeC's core work has continued and indeed expanded. Huge thanks are due to our Director, Ephraim Borowski, and the team who have run our community development work; we have managed not only to keep the show on the road, but have significantly increased our reach.

Early on, as the world locked down, it became clear, as it was for many, that there was an increasing need for us to develop online activities to help people feel less isolated, and ensure that Government advice and regulations were communicated as widely as possible. Communication ("connecting" in our strap-line) goes two ways. Our Director participated in weekly briefings with Scottish Government officials to ensure that they were aware of the effect of the ever-changing regulations on Jewish people and Jewish religious practice.

He then arranged regular meetings with all our constituent communities, circularizing updates frequently on the constantly changing regulations and guidance.

Now restrictions are easing, we are planning to continue our innovative and varied programme now hybrid and in-person. As well as being entertaining and also often educational, these events have the added advantage of helping us make contact with a wide range of Jewish people – those who are unaffiliated, individuals scattered in all 'four corners' of Scotland, as well as those in the settled communities. In turn, we are able to hear about the positive aspects of Jewish life, as well as any concerns people may have. This allows us to represent the diverse range of opinions in the Community when we meet policy makers and decision takers, and respond to consultations.

My predecessor initiated negotiations with the Board of Deputies of British Jews with a view to recruiting the first ever paid CEO for SCoJeC. We are continuing to work to bring this to fruition. I would like to thank Hilary Rifkind who represents Edinburgh on our Executive, Gillian Raab who is our new Vice Chair, and Council members Raymond Taylor, Carol Levstein, and John Danzig, for their support which is much-appreciated.

And to introduce:

Sara Radivan



In March 2020, I was appointed as the Board of Deputies' Regional Coronavirus Advice-Capacity-Help (Co-ACH) Manager to support the regional communities, large and small, in the context of the Coronavirus pandemic.

The acronym 'Co-ACH' has the meaning in Hebrew of 'strength' and my main responsibility was to check in on the wellbeing of the UK's regional Jewish communities, communicating their situations back to colleagues in London and connecting the regional communities with central communal resources. I commenced this new role dedicated to supporting the regional communities, and based in Manchester where I now live, on 20 April 2020.

The Board of Deputies of British Jews is the only democratically elected, cross communal representative body in the Jewish community. It comprises over 300 Deputies directly elected by synagogues and communal organisations. Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation is well represented by Edward Green, with Edward joining the Board of Deputies' meetings with the Regional Deputies for discussions of key issues facing the regions and facilitates the sharing of best practice. This information is fed back to Government.

Initially, I contacted many regional communities via their Deputies or their Jewish Representative Council Chair or President. This was to introduce myself and offer the Board's advice, assistance and support in these unprecedented times in which we find ourselves living. Thanks to Zoom, ongoing dialogue and communication has continued building good relationships. Little did we know at the time that restrictions would last for almost 18 months. Covid brought about many challenges, but there have also been positive outcomes. Monthly meetings continue to be convened for all the regional representatives bringing

them all together. These meetings are both beneficial and informative with the Board of Deputies offering support, advice and assistance and sharing ideas with each other. And in Edinburgh, I have been very pleased to be part of the EHC Covid 19 advisory group.

Most importantly, The Board of Deputies have been in regular contact with the Office of the First Minister in relation to her tweet with regard to the conflict in Israel earlier this year and a meeting should have been arranged by the time of this publication for her to meet community lay leaders.

To ensure proper representation for Scotland, the Board of Deputies is looking to the appointment of a CEO for SCoJeC, partly funded by the Board of Deputies. Part of my job will be to work closely with the successful candidate.

There is no facet of Jewish life, region or denomination where the Board of Deputies does not advocate on behalf of the community. Sadly, with the ever-growing challenges, we need that strong voice.

Cheder

Stav Salpeter



The past year has been rife with challenges, while truly highlighting the strengths of our Cheder community.

This has not been an easy year – we’ve had teachers working from across cities, countries and even continents, while the students had to get used to living online. We would renew our Zoom subscription monthly, constantly hoping to see the children in person soon.

Our second-ever online Prizegiving – which was attended by supportive members of the community and led by former Cheder teacher Judy Gilbert – was a testament to the hard work that the children put into their Hebrew and Judaism studies this year. Each child made a presentation based on their personal interest, which included a summary of the structure of the Tanakh, a comic strip based on Ki Tisa, drawings inspired by the Ten Commandments, and even a play in modern Hebrew.

I was happy to see that beyond the fact that the children managed to continue working on their classes, learning and growing, they also managed to continue to build friendships, laying the foundations for the future of our community. In the breaks the children would often initiate games together or start ‘Horrible History’ karaoke sessions – without any guidance from the teachers. Since this is such an important part of what Cheder is, especially in smaller communities such as ours, it has been a pleasure and a relief to see the initiative they took to keep our community strong.

This year also brought opportunities. We organised our very first Cheder staff workshop this year, brainstorming ways to engage the students online and supporting our volunteers with the pedagogic tools they need for their work. Beyond connecting the teachers in new ways, digital learning allowed our students to meet children from Jewish communities across Scotland. Sydney Switzer from UJIA, with a host of volunteers from across Scotland including of course Rabbi Rose, initiated the wonderful Matana Club. This engaging space sends out monthly packages to participants with activities that they subsequently carry out together online.

Finally, this year was a completely communal undertaking. Since our classrooms expanded into their homes, each parent at various points became a technician, cook, or tutor – sometimes sitting beside their children for full Cheder lessons, making sure that everything was running smoothly behind the scenes. We could not have weathered all the challenges of this year without their flexibility and constant support.

At the end of the day, the transition of Cheder online has not only shown the strength of our community in uncertain waters but has given me the utmost confidence in our children maintaining that community in the years to come.

Stav Salpeter is the coordinator of the EHC Cheder. She is the Director of the EIJI Legal Clinic and one of five elected National Council members of the Union of Jewish Students.

Rabbi Rose adds:

Stav has eloquently described the joys and challenges we have faced in running the Cheder this year. Modestly, she has omitted praise for the most important factor in our success: herself. Despite being in Norway, she has hosted all our sessions and staff meetings and ably dealt with the various technical difficulties which inevitably arise. She was the inspiration for our first successful teacher training session and has also ensured that parents are kept up to date with what has been happening. Dorothy, despite being at university in Glasgow ably stepped in when Emma had to leave and Saphie and Ruth, despite a difficult year at school, have proved invaluable as teaching assistants. I am personally extremely grateful to all those that help with the Cheder and the success of our continuing children's education this year has been down to their commitment and effort.

What did you do in the

Edward Green Written on Wednesday, 21 July 2021

In a world that has become truly global, the Coronavirus epidemic was able to spread quickly through every country assuring we were indeed seeing a Pandemic in the true sense of the word. Some countries fared better than others in containing same, we proudly witnessed Israel being held up as a beacon of how a country's population was to be protected from the virus, and we in Scotland were given very precise instructions as to what we could do and what we could not.



But now as I sit in the glorious heat of a midsummer's day, it all seems very much behind me and us. It is amazing how quickly we can recover and how speedily we return to normal, dismissing difficult times from our minds. And they were difficult, let us not gloss that over. Our members, many who live on their own, were required to isolate and not meet with their families or anyone else in the city and further afield. Many months passed without families seeing each other, children or grandchildren not meeting with elderly parents or the other way around. Our members were stoic and resilient, but we know it was not easy. The enlarged Welfare Group's motto that *you are not alone* remained steadfast and they worked to ensure that every member felt part of the bigger family that is the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation. And there was a silver lining in that it brought us closer together than we ever have been. Concern for each other was truly visible and tangible, calls on the telephone were plentiful, phone wires red hot with chats amongst us all and throughout the town. Conversations over the weeks turned to what we watched on television, where was best to get groceries, what stocks were running out, how others were doing; as no-one was doing anything else that could be reported on. Sadly, we also watched as despite the government's best endeavours, there were businesses that suffered; some to close and never reopen.

The pandemic engendered a whole raft of amusing videos shared ranging from the availability of loo paper, ladies and their hair, funny pet moments and a variety of other topics. And talking of hair, we were treated to an assortment of hair styles, many ladies and gentlemen allowing their hair to go natural and often to their betterment.



Royal Mile

And thanks must go to our Covid19 Advisory Group consisting of Arnold Rifkind, Carol Levstein and Matthew Shaps, assisted by Rabbi Rose. I believe endearing nicknames were given to the leaders of the group for being so precise in their instructions to us, but those instructions helped us to remain safe and well and

not suffer any losses as other communities have. We have been most grateful to them for their efforts, and time and history will show their wise guidance was what was clearly needed.

Of course, we did suffer. Services were for a long time held on zoom and we all missed the physical interaction. I personally found coming to shul sitting so distantly without the chance for even a brief chat with others or at a non-existent kiddush the hardest thing and I stopped coming. Numbers were down, members were rightly nervous, the Rabbi could not address us in the usual fashion, we were unable to sing or participate really in any aliyahs as we do normally. But now that we are to resume services in a fashion closer to how they were before, I know many, like me, will want to return and enjoy the company of others.

Then there was shopping often done online with deliveries to the door. One felt like a prisoner in one's own home and in many ways we were. No trips to Cameron Toll or wherever, shops were shut, using taxis and buses frowned upon, and our lives very much put on hold. Often we cooked and shopped for each other, doing our best to spare any hardship.

Our young had it tough too. Home schooling, university lectures online, no playtime with others, no trips to the cinema, no football games in the park or other sport, all the pastimes we take for granted were out of the question. Parents stepped up to the mark as teaching assistants showing enormous patience and effort often when they were holding down a job online too. For us, our son, Freddie, graduated on a screen from university, with no shiny photograph in pride of place and with little chance of finding a regular job as none were open, employers scared as to what the future was to bring and with no work coming in. He has had other work and had an offer of a project abroad, but was restricted from going due to the travel ban. Of course, his time will come again, but I do sympathise with all those with ambitions and plans that have been put very firmly on hold.

And then there were those amongst us that suffered the loss of a parent or a loved one during the time of the restrictions. They were not allowed to visit hospitals or care homes for fear of the virus escalating, and when the time came, the usual mores of a Jewish death were different. Funerals were limited to single numbers, shivas were by zoom, and undoubtedly the bereaved missed the kindness of a person's touch, the soft word of condolence as for many their grief was to be handled on their own. Nothing comforts a bereft more than the rules and customs we embrace at this sad time and although zoom funerals and shivas were soon adopted, often with impressive numbers attending, there would be a difference attached to it.

Our social lives as we knew it became non-existent. Maryla and I soon fell into a routine of sharing much more of the day together and not just our meals. I am sure there was not a closet in the land that was not tidied, I sorted 25 years of photos, rummaged

Pandemic, Grandpa?

Jo Capek Written in Spring 2021

Picture the scene if you will. The year is 1959 and a class of extremely bored 12 year old schoolboys is faced with a further 20 minutes of memorising French irregular verbs. Bronco, a tall, whip thin aged schoolmaster with a voice approximating to a radio that is off station, has no interest in the subject and even less in the class. How do we survive much more of his soporific efforts at filling our young heads with stuff that we cannot believe has any appeal even for members of the Académie Française? Easy! All that is needed is for several scruffy heads to turn to me and mouth, "Your turn Jo!"



Taking my cue, I innocently ask, "Excuse me Sir, but how do you say, 'I am sailing on the North Sea' Sir?"

"To sail is not irregular boy. Naviguer is regular. Don't you know anything boy?"

The answer was evidently 'Not much!' since my interruption cost me a disastrously unsuccessful attempt at translating this short sentence, but otherwise the ploy was entirely effective. When the bell went for the end of the lesson, he was still



Princes Street

regaling us with heroic accounts of how some 40 years earlier, he had been solely instrumental in Britannia continuing to rule the waves. Apparently, his antiquated mine-sweeper had single-handed kept the North Sea waters open. We were now asked to believe this 75 ton hulk had performed deeds that Nelson in Victory would have been jealous of. What was more, for the fifth time already that term, we had learned how he had saved the day at Jutland. But who cared? Anything was better than irregular French verbs.

Now fast forward to the year 2070. I have no doubt, as in every generation since time immemorial, elderly gents will still be dandling their grandchildren upon a knee and providing versions of history that may be more interesting, might be more amusing but in all likelihood be no more truthful than Bronco's recollections. What tales will we tell our descendants? Tales of the pandemic of course!

The numbers who suffered dreadfully in WW1 are truly appalling, not that Bronco offered my class a single figure. The numbers enduring Covid are less grim by whole orders of magnitude, but to those on the wrong side of the statistics they are every bit as ghastly. Even when all the figures are in, hopefully they will still be far fewer than the Influenza pandemic that immediately followed the hostilities, but nevertheless, sadly they will be more than sufficient to allow future grandpas to weave wondrous tales.

Depending upon the suffering endured, these 'family histories' will either recount fictional triumphs of enterprise and steadfastness in the face of wholesale bureaucratic failures or feature heartfelt myths about those who were struck with mind-numbing loneliness, mental fragility and all too often grief. However, grandads will have to resort to considerably more creativity than old combatants not to bore their young audiences. Fortunately, "I was one of only six who went to school out of a class of 29" does not carry quite the same impact as "I was one of only 110 who survived from my battalion of 800." Embellishment will become essential.

A further difference between global warfare and a global pandemic is that the media's hyperbole regarding the former was entirely justified but in the case of the latter is usually wholly excessive. Armchair Generals have now been replaced by sofa virologists, epidemiologists and social anthropologists with zero mathematical skills filling the pages and airwaves with their incessant gripes, prognostications and theories. What does differ however, is that whereas before, the self-appointed experts sought to raise the population's spirits, now the media's emphasis is on dishing as much dirt as possible, while finding those who can shed the most tears, in order to sensationalise and thus maximise their circulation or ratings. So now regrettably, a group of men whose toughness, stamina and resilience were truly extraordinary appear to have spawned, only 3 generations later, a population that regards a 30% charge on their mobile phone's battery as a travail beyond endurance. What will a further 50 years of such doom-saying make of these snowflakes? Emotional slush?

What will Grandpa deem the worst that these present times did to him and his peers? With an audience unable to glean much truth from the contemporary publications and broadcasts, the old man, if he so desires, will be free to make lockdown appear as cruel a punishment as solitary confinement in Calcutta's blackest hole, and the child will be unaware of the exaggeration. The hyperbole will only vary depending upon the self-discipline Grandfather had maintained. Will the recollection be of the selfish laying waste to vast sections of the populace with their flouting of necessary rules or will it be of an autocratic regime laying harsh strictures upon anybody wishing to visit The Frog and Ferret? Will wearing a mask be likened to asphyxiation?

Whereas many a grandfather of my generation could reasonably describe months spent in festerous trenches with only rats and their corporal for company, will 2070 bring stories of how hands became chapped by constant washing and applications of gel? As I write this, I am envisaging some old contemptible attempting to cleanse the surface of his foxhole with anti-bacterial wipes. What would a soaking wet private, miles away from the nearest dry bedding, have given to be able to text his sweetheart let alone contact all his loved ones en masse via Zoom?

through boxes I had meant to do for years, gardened like a demon and managed to read more than I ever have before. Maryla had her social interaction from her twice-weekly shop to Sainsburys;



First Minister's Daily Briefing

something that most of us resisted doing. Masked and very careful she craved that normality. We joked that the rest of us had our social outing from putting out the bins and for many that was indeed true. Some of us also walked and visited others we felt would benefit from some sort of contact by standing well away from the door or chatting through the window. We craved communication in whatever form we could have.

We learnt or experienced new words; furlough, lockdown, and Zoom to name a few. And how would we have done without the modern communications we have. Being able to see each other on the screen proved to be a lifesaver for so many, being able to conduct the teaching for children, meetings for work or other reasons by Zoom or Microsoft Teams became the norm. And for us at EHC, our Chair cleverly assessed the situation right at the beginning taking out a professional pack from Zoom for the EHC allowing large numbers to meet without a limit to the time. Services, Shivas, even funerals were, as I said, held using that, cheder taught, welfare, community hall, the Star, and other group meetings, Book Clubs, film clubs, music clubs, the list seemed endless and often one had to 'book' to ensure space. We met our families, our friends, our colleagues by Zoom, how I wish we had all bought shares in it right at the onset!

We were also to enjoy our very own Arnold's Picks, a weekly collection of tunes and songs selected for us by Arnold Rifkind, as well as being bombarded by Jewish organisations from all over the country and indeed the world responding to the pandemic and our seeming 'boredom' and often loneliness, with a wealth of fascinating lectures and entertainments online. How big-hearted many were by giving their time. There were sponsors from so many quarters, generosity freely given and enjoyed by many from all over the world. Our Sunday Get-Togethers, so professionally run by Peter Bennett, had participants from Israel, the States, London and Glasgow; we were all truly pulling together.

And now we are over the worst it seems with the majority of us 'double-jabbed' and safer. Will we go back to our old ways? Will we wish to socialise, entertain, be entertained as much as we were? Will we be hesitant or wishing to be in large numbers again? Maybe it will be like



Princes Street Gardens

jumping on a horse again after a fall, maybe not, but whatever our future brings, and however we react to it, there will be memories of the Coronavirus and its impact that will influence us all, whatever age, going forward.

And I for one will be forever grateful for all the positives, and there have been many positives if you look for them, that have come out of this crisis.

My guess is that Bronco's virtuals aboard HMS *Poppycock* were hardly sumptuous but nevertheless they were probably considerably more appetising and plentiful than the rations Private Poppun received. Grandpa will struggle to make a large Tesco delivery, in which one brand of peanut butter was substituted for another, sound impossible to bear. Failure to make good this catastrophic dietary shortfall, because he could not get to an Edinburgh deli for 12 months since he lived outside the region, can never be made to seem burdensome. Entertaining junior will certainly be made more challenging considering there is little drama to be had in anecdotes of scores of retailers, let alone the Amazons of this world, falling over themselves to promise next day deliveries of everything from extravagant foodstuffs to luxury anti-aging creams, from designer clothing to high-end electronics.

We have all heard the stories how our grandparents had to walk 8 miles each way in winter through the snow to get to school, carrying both younger siblings on their back. Grandpa will not find it easy to make home schooling, when the internet runs slow, appear a



Looking onto the Scott Monument

barrier to education. Explanations that "My mum was a rubbish teacher" or "Dad didn't know a thing about the second punic war" does not give quite the same impression. Will the moment of receiving the vaccination have quite the same emotional power as 11.00 a.m. on 11th. November 1918? Those who were unfortunately undergraduates in 2020 will have an even harder time making their completely underwhelming university experience sound amazing. Those students who abided by the laws will have to be exceptional raconteurs to make, "I spent all my time staring at my screen" sound remarkable, even if they were really binge-watching Game of Thrones. As for those who broke the rules and went to all-night raves with 200 other like-minded degenerates, they doubtless will be doing everything possible to disguise the lethal egoism of their youth.

It is science that is bringing an end to the strictures and misery of this pandemic but 50 years hence, our present advances may well appear backward. The old man, irrespective of what he witnessed, will no doubt try his best, but the child may merely judge him primitive. However, my guess is that while the old man's yarns will have little connection with what he saw, heard and felt, because the child will adore him, the tales will still become part of the family's folklore.

Certainly, the hordes who had their household budgets trashed or were banned from attending a family member's funeral will have genuinely grim reports to pass on to the young, but for every one of these there will be countless more fortuitous fabricators.

Thus, there will be some similarities between the fictional history Bronco recounted and Grandpappy's narratives but also key differences; principally the former will for ever remain a figure of fun whereas Grandpa will long remain in the memory of his descendants as a fun guy.



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Glossary of Hebrew and Yiddish Terms; taken from Stefan C. Reif's book reviewed on page 44.

Rosh Hashanah Quiz

How many do you know? (the pronunciation or spelling depending where your ancestors originated)

Aliyah: settling in Israel

Arvit: evening service

Aṭarah: decorated collar attached by some to their ṭallit

Barmitzvah: for a boy, reaching the age of thirteen and marking it in various ways

Batmitzvah: for a girl, reaching the age of twelve and marking it in various ways

Becher: goblet (often silver) for sacramental use

Berakhah: benediction, blessing

Bimah: reading platform at the centre of the traditional synagogue

Blintzes: pancakes filled with sweet cream cheese

Brit milah: the Abrahamic covenant of circumcision, performed on a male child on the eighth day after his birth, if he is in good health

Bubbe: grandmother

Chabad: a branch of Ḥasidic Orthodoxy, founded by Shneur Zalman of Liady, stressing the educational, as well as the mystical, aspect of popular Judaism, and outreach

Daven: pray

Fresser: used for a human 'gobbler' in Yiddish but for an animal's eating in German

Gabbay: synagogue secretary or treasurer

Gefillte fish: traditional Jewish recipe for a chopped assortment of boiled fish, often used as a stuffing, or fried into fish cakes

Goyim: non-Jews

Haṭarah: synagogal reading from one of the Prophetic books

Ḥagim: the Jewish religious festivals, singular: Ḥag.

Haham: title meaning 'scholar', used specifically for the rabbinic head of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in London

Halakhah: Jewish religious law

Ḥalutzim: pioneers, especially in early Zionism

Ḥanukah: mid-winter festival celebrating the Maccabean victory over the Syrians in the second century BCE

Ḥasidic: belonging to the breakaway sect of Orthodox Judaism developed in Eastern Europe in the eighteenth century that stressed the centrality of the ordinary, even unlearned Jew and that was led by a Rebbe rather than a Rabbi, that is, a spiritual rather than an intellectual leader

Ḥaverim: members, especially of a kibbutz, but also any Jewish society

Ḥavdalah: the domestic ceremony marking the end of Shabbat

Ḥazan: cantor

Ḥazan sheni: 'second' or assistant cantor

Ḥeder: synagogue class

Heimishe: belong to the home, that is, the previous home in Eastern Europe, and therefore warm, traditional and loved

Ḥevra: a close-knit group of Ḥaverim

Ḥumash: Hebrew Pentateuch

Ḥuppah: canopy under which a wedding ceremony is performed and, by extension, the ceremony itself

Kehillah: congregation

Ketubah: Jewish marriage document

Kiddush: blessing over wine or strong drink before the meal on Friday evening or Saturday morning, often followed by snacks and nibbles

Kohen, plural kohanim: of priestly descent

Kosher: religiously acceptable food, the word kashrut referring to the overall adherence to this principle

Latke: a fried pancake made with grated potato, traditionally eaten on the Jewish festival of Ḥanukah

Lein: read the Torah from a scroll with the traditional cantillation

Madrich: youth leader

Mahzor: a prayer-book for the Jewish festivals

Makolet: a small grocery store in modern Israel

Melaveh Malkah: 'taking leave of the [Sabbath] queen', that is, enjoying a social on Saturday evening

Minḥah: afternoon service

Mishige or mishuge: crazy

Matza: unleavened bread eaten on Passover

Midrashim: works of biblical exegesis from the talmudic and medieval periods

Minyan: the ten worshippers required for a quorum in public prayers

Mitzvah: religious precept

Parashah: pentateuchal section in a synagogal lectionary

Pesah: Passover

Purim: Festival celebrating the Jewish survival in the face of Persian persecution, as described in the biblical book of Esther

Rav: Rabbi, plural: rabbanim, or rabbonim in Askenazi pronunciation

Rebbe: the Rabbi of a Hasidic group

Rebbetzin: wife of the Rabbi

Rosh Hashanah: Jewish New Year festival

Saba: widely used in modern Hebrew for 'grandfather'

Savta: widely used in modern Hebrew for 'grandmother'

Schnorrer: widely used in Yiddish to describe someone who begs, asks for money, or expects to receive things for nothing

Sefer Torah: Pentateuchal scroll

Semahot: celebrations; singular: simḥah

Shabbat: Sabbath (Saturday), traditionally pronounced 'Shabbos' by Eastern European Jews

Shaharit: morning prayers

Shammas(h): synagogue beadle

Sheitel: a wig worn by married and strictly Orthodox women, to cover their natural hair, as an act of modesty

Sheva Berakhot: literally, the seven nuptial benedictions, recited when a bride and groom have any meal in company for the first week after their marriage

Shiddukhim: marital matches, sometimes initiated other than by the couple themselves

Shi'ur: traditional rabbinic lesson

Shiv'ah: literally, seven, referring to the week of domestic mourning after the demise of a close relative

Shlemiel: The classic definition is the bungler who drops or spills something, while the shlemazel is the one on whom it is dropped or spilt.

Shlep: carry, or walk, with some effort and no great enthusiasm

Shmatte: literally, 'rag', but often used for clothing, and in describing the clothing trade

Shofar: ram's horn blown one hundred times in the synagogue on Rosh Hashanah

Shohet: the Jewish religious functionary who carries out the ritual slaughter of animals for communal consumption

Sho'ah: literally in Hebrew 'disaster', but specifically used to describe the enslavement and murder of millions of Jews by the Nazi regime in Europe

Shool: synagogue

Shtetel: little town, with a significant Jewish population, as known by the Jews of Eastern Europe, plural: shtetelech

Shtiebel: a small room used for rather informal communal prayer, usually in the home of a Rabbi

Siddur: Hebrew prayer-book

Simḥat Torah: the rejoicing on completing the annual Pentateuchal lectionary on the final day of the Sukkot festival

Sukkah: booth, a temporary structure, outside one's permanent housing, in which one eats one's meals (and some also sleep) during...

Sukkot: the festival of 'tabernacles' or 'booths'

Ṭallit: the shawl wrapped around the worshipper during prayer

Talmud: the extensive corpus of rabbinic traditions ranging over many centuries and finally edited in seventh-century Babylonia

Tanakh: Acronym for Torah, Neviim, Ketuvim, that is, the Pentateuch, Prophets and Writings of the Hebrew Bible

Tattele: little daddy, a term of endearment for a son

Tefillin: phylacteries, worn with the ṭallit at prayer on weekdays

Torah: Pentateuch but also the whole Hebrew Bible, and can mean the sum total of Jewish religious teaching

Tsores: troubles

Ulpan: intensive modern Hebrew language course

Yahrzeit: used by Ashkenazi Jews to describe the anniversary of the death of a Jew, usually a relative

Yarmulka: a head-covering, usually smaller than a hat, worn by Orthodox Jews

Yerushah: inheritance

Yeshivah: a seminary for the intense study of rabbinic texts

Yiddish: Judeo-German dialect of Ashkenazi Jews

Yidden: what eastern European Jews called themselves

Yiddishkeit: traditional Ashkenazi Judaism

Yizkor: memorial service for departed relatives recited after the Torah reading on certain festivals

Yom Kippur: Day of Atonement

Yomtov: literally, 'good day', often used to refer to a Jewish religious festival

Zeide: grandfather

Zemirot: hymns sung at the Sabbath table

FROM INEQUALITY

UJIA is committed to improving the lives of children and young adults in Israel. Over the past few months, we have had to go further, as the corona pandemic threatened to make life even worse for those on the periphery or at risk. We have worked with the vulnerable to ensure the gaps that already exist do not widen during these challenging times.

Here in the UK with Israel Tour and Birthright not able to take place this summer, we have been working on new and innovative ways to ensure that our young people are still engaged with Israel, even when they cannot visit.

This Kol Nidre our appeal to you is to help us close the gaps in Israeli society by changing inequality into opportunity and working with us to ensure that future generations of British Jews retain that unbreakable lifelong connection.

To support the work of UJIA today, you can donate online at ujia.org/kn20 or contact Charlene Blake on **0141 530 5340** or email charlene.blake@ujia.org



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KOL NIDRE APPEAL 2020

Mazal Tov...

The Editor and Board of the Edinburgh Star have much pleasure in extending many congratulations to **Avril** and **Norman Berger** on their diamond wedding anniversary. Avril is still our much valued Luncheon Club convenor despite Covid having knocked so much on its head. We direct all to the article that was written by the now Editor some 10 years ago to mark their Golden Wedding. It is to be found in issue 68 and can be sourced online on: <https://www.edinburghstar.info/wp-content/uploads/issues/star-68-6.pdf>

The Editor has received a most moving and loving tribute to Avril and Norman from Avril's niece and nephew Sandra Smith and Jason Shane which is reproduced here:

On the occasion of their diamond wedding anniversary, we want to look back at the lives of our wonderful Aunt and Uncle, an outstanding couple, who have been so much a part of the lives of not only us, their family, but many others.

We have many memories of going to stay with Auntie Avril and Uncle Norman in Edinburgh all the way from our home in Glasgow! It was a true home from home. We used to even get so excited about doing jigsaws or tapestries. Auntie Avril always had a freezer full of soup and fishballs, true favourites - and we can assure you, we never left there hungry! She used to knit shawls for her grand-nieces and nephew that they still have to this day, and there was always included a trip to Jenners department store for clothes. She knew how much Sandra loved dolls and always made a point of buying a dolly from different countries when she travelled or when she found one to add to Sandra's collection.



Not only is Auntie Avril active with the Shul Lunch club, but she has a directory of recipes passed down from her parents and grandparents that are much enjoyed to this day.

Our fondest memory of Uncle Norman was his joke at Jason's barmitzvah - said in his usual way with a cricket analogy; he joked about Jason losing his 'middle wicket' when he was a few days old! Uncle Norman is still as witty as ever with his un-politically correct humour. In a more recent event, Uncle Norman was at a Friday night dinner with a group of students. He was a huge success with them and earned the nickname "Naughty Norman".

Cricket is a big part of Uncle Norman's life - whether it was playing for the Edinburgh Maccabi, managing the team and organising matches or the cricket dinners. He was always popular with the lads who appreciated the work he put in. Although he may be a Hearts supporter, it was Uncle Norman who got Jason into supporting Hibernian Football Club, when he managed to get him to meet the team and have teas with the players as a young boy.

Our aunt and uncle are a wonderful couple who have brought much joy not only to their own family, but many in Edinburgh and beyond. They are stalwarts of the Edinburgh Community and are much loved, and respected and admired by many.

We wish them lots of health, happiness and a huge Mazal Tov on this their most special diamond wedding anniversary.



to
Eve Oppenheim
on her
95th birthday.



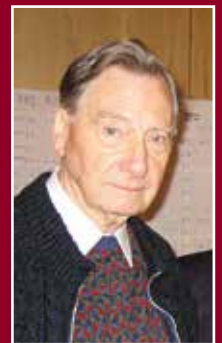
to
David Gonshaw
on his
90th birthday.



to
Sylvia Donne,
who has been given the
honour of being made a
"Woman of Worth"
in the
WIZO
Rebecca Sieff Awards.



We salute and thank
Steven Hyams
for his over
twenty-five year
tenure on the
Community Hall
Committee,
as a valued member,
Co-Chair and for the last
fifteen years Chairman.
His stewardship,
commitment, patience
and enormous efforts on
all our behalves is to be
much lauded.



to
Tom Lowrie
on his
90th birthday.

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EHC's Response to the Climate Emergency

Lesley Danzig (on behalf of EHC Green Team)

In the 15 months since our first meeting in April 2020 EHC's Green Team has achieved quite a lot despite the pandemic, lockdown and restrictions. First coined as the 'Carbon Reduction Group' we evolved after an Interfaith meeting at the Salisbury Centre next door to the Shul.

We began with a wish list looking at how we could reduce the Shul's Carbon Footprint. Energy use was considered as were recycling measures and reduction of food wastage. Maintaining and supporting Harriet Lyall's improvements in the garden was also on the agenda.

Energy considerations led to an Energy Audit by Zero Waste in the Autumn when we were still allowed, socially distanced and masked up, to meet a representative in the building. A report highlighted areas which we should look at. Notices crafted by Betsy Dorfman have been put up in the building to remind members to turn off lights (not on Shabbat or Yom Tov) and to put packaging in the appropriate bin in the kitchen.

We drew up a SMART Target Sheet and began tackling the areas that were possible under Corona Virus restrictions.

Work in the kitchen began with providing dedicated labelled bins for glass, recycling and landfill. Alternatives to clingfilm, which is deadly to marine life, were discussed and researched with recommendations of reusable boxes and silicone food covers to be provided. Pooling all the catering groups' dry food resources was agreed as a way to avoid duplication and waste of ingredients that we all use. In addition, notices have been placed in the kitchen explaining recycling symbols on packaging.

A recycled Penicuik compost bin has been donated by Carol Levstein and placed in the garden ready to receive used tea bags, coffee grounds, fruit and vegetable waste, layered with soft garden material eg weeds and grass cuttings.

Meantime we were approached by Eco Synagogue to register with their Audit project and new targets then appeared eg. recycled content of paper used in the building and the environmentally friendly cleaning products, installation of cycle racks, car sharing, involvement of congregation particularly younger members, supporting environmental charities or campaigns, using locally grown and seasonal food as far as possible when catering etc.

We were well on the road to fulfilling many of our targets and so managed very quickly to achieve a Bronze Award from Eco Synagogue by ticking many of the boxes required by their Audit Project. We are now working towards achieving a set of new targets to win a Silver Award. The Eco Synagogue logo now appears next to our own Green Team logo, designed by Betsy Dorfman, in the EHC's newsletter, Shavuon.

To keep EHC informed about the Climate Emergency and update the congregation on the Green Team's activities, a weekly contribution is made to 'Caring for Our Environment' section in the Shavuon. We hope that readers will use the information to reduce their carbon footprint at home as well as in the Shul. Our work continues in these climate emergency times with meetings every month to discuss how EHC can play its part now and in the future to help reduce carbon emissions.

On **November 6th** during COP26 in Glasgow, we are planning a special '**Green Kiddush**' after the Shabbat Service for the community and visitors. The Kiddush will include local and seasonal food with an opportunity to hear more about how we can look after the planet.



"And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up...."

Amos 9:15

The tale of the Earl who took on the British Navy

Elizabeth Rosenbloom

The Haganah poster proclaimed "They are coming. Driven by suffering, they have taken the only way of light for Jews in this world – the road to Israel. Cruel laws will not stop them, barbed wire will not frighten, them nor bayonets deter them: if denied, their spirit will not break. They come, and will continue to come to their homeland, the Land of Israel".



May, 1947. An ancient little Paisley built steamer, now named the *Yehuda Halevy* sailed slowly into the port of Haifa. On board were 392 Jewish immigrants crammed together, all hoping this was to be the start of their new lives in the Promised Land. For the ship, it was to be the last part in her life of many incidents, and a saga which opened with her launch into the Clyde and thence to service from Lerwick, Shetland in 1877. On the teak steering box at the stern of the immigrant ship could still be clearly seen, the letters of the name she first bore for over 70 years – the *Earl of Zetland*. The story of this little Scottish ship's journey from the river Clyde to the port of Haifa in what was then the British Mandate of Palestine in 1947, is another amazing link with Scotland to the state of Israel, which still had another year to reach its birth in 1948.

In 1890 The Shetland Islands Steam Navigation Company, founded specifically for the North Isles run, was taken over by the North Company, inheriting the *Earl of Zetland*. She had been used as a relief steamer on the treacherous Pentland Firth run between the north of the Scottish mainland and the North Isles, and occasionally was used to transport livestock to Aberdeen and Leith. She survived running aground in the mouth of Yell sound in Shetland in 1912, beached and then finally sunk. Such a valuable boat was quickly salvaged and returned to service, but in 1924 she ran aground again, this time on a large rock outside of Lerwick harbour. Again, she was pulled free by a salvage vessel, her passengers rescued again by fishing boats, and resumed her valuable and necessary service which included the Aberdeen to Lerwick run, still in operation today.

By 1939 the necessity for a larger, newer and more modern boat for the important inter islands run was evident. Anticipating this change, she was renamed the *Earl of Zetland II* while a new boat was to be built. She remained on a reprieve to this lifeline run during the World War II, and then finally sold by the appointed agent Thomas McLaren the Glasgow shipbrokers, in December 1946. The leaflet describing her was widely distributed in shipping circles, and she was described as 'Handy General Cargo and Passenger Steamer in excellent condition'. Her speed was stated to be 9 knots on a consumption of 9 tons of coal per 24 hours. Offers of around £6,000 were sought.

As she awaited disposal in July and August 1946, the repercussions of the Nazi disregard for all moral behaviour reverberated around the world. Stability in an uneasy peace was what the nations now wanted. The Jews of Europe had paid an unbelievable price for their faith. The appalling attempts at total genocide had left survivors resolved to the escape from everything associated with the purges of 1940s Europe. The world and nations hearts were closed to them. Only one hope existed – homeland.

The purchaser turned out to be a mystery Panamanian-flag company. However, this mystery did not last for long! The purchaser had been agents for Mossad LeAliyah Bet, the organisation co-ordinating the clandestine immigration of displaced Jews to Palestine!

In the late 1930s, a system existed to offer chances for European Jews to reach Palestine, although unscrupulous agents had moved in. Innumerable small craft operated by racketeers often reached the beaches, while less sea-worthy vessels were lost without trace. A horrific parallel with the fate of many of today's seaborne illegal immigrants. The Balfour Declaration made in 1917 in British occupied Palestine was a political expediency in the midst of disruptions of the first World War. By 1918 the Zionist Commission led by Chaim Weizmann debated the country's needs. The apparently insoluble problem of a Jewish homeland would continue throughout the 20th century, even after the eventual establishment of the state of Israel. Winston Churchill's confirmation of Zionist support reaffirmed the Balfour Declaration on his visit to Jerusalem in 1921 as Colonial Secretary and later, David Ben Gurion's now prophetic forebodings about the fate of European Jews, many who were already suffering under the German regime, struck a chord.... The call for action was not ignored. In 1935 almost 62,000 immigrants arrived in Palestine bringing financial capital, intellect and industrial skills. The country gained greatly in strength and confidence. The Jewish people had created their homeland. The difficult relationships between Jews and Arabs flared up many times. Various reports led the 20th Zionist Congress in 1937 to severely censure a proposal to partition Palestine. Then Neville Chamberlain's government in 1939 produced a white paper which would restrict immigration and land purchase. Entry would be by strict quota only. But the gates were closing in Europe. The 'final solution' fed the desperate desire throughout the Diaspora to sustain immigration by any means possible to the homeland. This established the Great Fleet which developed and continued for 14 years. The old *Earl of Zetland* was to make her small but significant contribution to this endeavour.

In 1946, the Paris Mossad headquarters was co-ordinating the Great Fleet of ships. The case was made for ships to appear clandestinely somewhere along the Mediterranean shore to accept hundreds of aspiring Israeli citizens. Eventually the shores of Morocco, Algeria or Tunisia were selected. Secrecy was vital. Contact was made with individuals in towns and communities in three countries. The work of preparing and transporting was immense. The united spirit of patriotism overcame all barriers. A co-ordinating committee brought active members of the Zionist movement together and the plan began. The camp for the prospective immigrants filled up. The problems of feeding, water and sleeping provision became immediately apparent. A testing time for patience and discipline for all. The camp at Tenes in Algeria was promoted to the local Arab community as a camp for 'Calm and Health'. But the necessity with shortages for bartering for food with them, brought the police to check on activities. The Gendarmes seemed satisfied with explanations of a camp for seaside holidays. A full month had passed since some 650 people had gathered, but no one elected to return to their former towns and lives: a tribute to the conviction of a brave and desperate people, that if they would persevere, despite the knowledge of a frightening voyage, they might reach the Promised Land.

Meanwhile, the *Earl of Zetland* under her new cover name of *Anal* and then later *Yehuda Halevy*, after the great Granada born poet and philosopher of the Middle Ages, was lying in Marseilles. She was fitted out by Hagannah personnel at a quay well away from prying eyes which was owned by a French Jew, Mr. Joe. Men sent specially from a Palestine kibbutz were in charge of the work and apparently aware of her previous life as an inter-island vessel from Scotland. Wooden three-tiered bunks were hammered into place, a fresh water storage tank installed, and additional coal storage found. She was formally said to be bound for Port Said with labourers for the Suez Company.

Around noon a group of immigrants in the camp at Tenes were aware that a ship was approaching the shore of the camp. The ship came as close to land as possible under the darkness of night. The Spanish crew had boats and life-rafts at the ready. Even alarming news that trucks of people were being intercepted by the French police did not stop the embarkation. In the confusion of this, many parents and children were separated, belongings left on the shore and immigrants boarding in only what they stood up in but no accidents or casualties were noted. It was a 2,000 mile passage to Palestine from Algiers on 11th May 1947. Extra coal was purchased in Palermo brought aboard by volunteers from the passengers as well as crew. A last-minute directive by suspicious British sources told the Italian suppliers to unload the coal, but a large bribe allowed them to leave 20 tons secreted in the vessel. She sailed away from Palermo, the beginning of the end for the old ship's story, but the beginning of the new life for her passengers.

His Majesty's ship, the *Whitesand Bay* was on Immigrant Interception patrol when the *Anal* was spotted. Fortunately, *Whitesand Bay* pulled away after communication with the captain. Conditions on board however were becoming very uncomfortable. A young child died and had to be buried at sea, the inescapable reality of death, but a symbol of the sacrifice the immigrants were prepared to make.

Interception as they approached the coast of Palestine was inevitable now, and a British destroyer HMS *Talybont* joined the *Whitesand Bay* having been alerted to sail out from Haifa with the HMS *Peacock*. Another ship the HMS *Skipjack* joined this remarkable convoy slowly steaming towards Haifa. The sandwich method was how illegal immigrant vessels were disabled, and had proved to be effective in many situations. As the dark lifted, the captain's passengers could see the coast south of Haifa, the low-lying beaches and the Plain of Sharon behind, the hills rising far off where hallowed towns of Nazareth and the sea of Galilee lay. The sacred city of Jerusalem was to the south-east. Halevy the poet had written, 'doves who flock to distant lands whose wings droop – rise up! Yours is not a place of rest. Your homeland is troubled'. Submissive surrender now was clearly not acceptable to the majority of these immigrants. If the British Navy wanted to board ship, they would have to fight the men who had now come back on deck. The navy noted 'illegal vessel *Anal* warned of futility of resistance. They will be ordered to stop.....' No reply was given, and the ship sailed on at her 4 knots speed. The blue and white flag of the Star of David was hoisted and her true name of *Yehuda Halevy* was announced by a large banner. As the two British ships closed in, fire pumps were directed at the truculent crowd, now clustered on the stern. From 30 yards such a force of water was devastating. It achieved its purpose of bowling over the passengers who all became a dripping rebellious mass of people. The first boarding party came on deck. For the organisers of the endeavour, this end of the voyage was not unexpected. 'With grief and tears in our eyes we could see the coast of our land behind us. We had all looked with loving eyes towards this Land, the Land of our Fathers, about which we had dreamt with our families'. Few of the British men regarded the immigrants with any kind of animosity. Many young National Servicemen were not unaware of the disaster Jews had suffered in Europe. British authorities had encouraged them to see the pathetic crowd as a group of political detainees guilty of attempting illegal entry, but many recorded incidents of sympathy were noted. Eventually the passengers, 392 men, 53 women and 25 children were transferred to Cyprus in silence and without incident. Happily, they were to return in the end, to step ashore onto the Promised Land in the new state of Israel.

After their disembarkation on June 1st 1947, the old *Earl* was taken by harbour tug to the main breakwater of Haifa, moored and abandoned, the first ship to take immigrants from north Africa. There a nephew of one of her Shetland captains, Adam Tait by coincidence recognised her profile while serving in the 6th airborne division. She had been tied up, lying close to the *Hatiquva*, a former US Coastguard vessel and other remains of the Great Immigrant Armada. Months later, no longer able to be of any use to the Israel Navy, she was towed to the Shemen beach in Haifa, driven ashore, and lay in shallow water as an ad hoc breakers' firm took apart all the Victorian shipbuilding craftsmanship of the John Fullerton and Company of Paisley, Scotland. The end of an eventful 73 years at sea.

With thanks to Tom Morton's article 'The Earl that took on the Royal Navy' in the Shetland Times of June 2020 and Adam Robson's book 'The Saga of a Ship, the Earl of Zetland' 1982.

Celebrating the Golden Wedding of Judy & Tony Gilbert

Harriet Lyall



Judy and Tony on holiday in Croatia a few years ago

Judy and Tony Gilbert, who celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this year, joined Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation in 1975, not long after they were married, and they have been active members ever since.

Their various endeavours include mathematics and photography, in which Tony and Judy respectively have professional qualifications, as well as music, ballet, draughtsmanship, silversmithing, cycling, running and Hebrew education. This enthusiastic couple is most widely known for contributing to the 'Lit.' for the past four decades.

Latterly, when not running the home and helping care for their grandchildren, Judy was doing audio describing at theatres in Edinburgh and Glasgow. She has a talent for writing and is currently compiling a family memoir. (Her delightful tribute to her parents, the Harwoods, born Ruth Salomon and Walter Hofstädter, can be read in the 2018 edition of the Edinburgh Star.)

Judy was born in 1948, her first home being Kilburn, London, subsequently moving with her family around London to Highbury, Hampstead and Kingsbury. After a brief stint training as a ballerina, Judy gained a professional qualification in Medical Photography at Ealing Polytechnic. She has no siblings but does have cousins with whom she is very close.

Tony was born in 1946 in Hertford, moving in 1954 to Edgware, where he stayed until 1965. In Edgware, he attended Aylward Primary, then Harrow County Grammar. He went up to Cambridge University in 1965 to study Mathematics, subsequently completing a PhD in 1972. Then followed a two-year SRC fellowship at the Fluid Mechanics Research Institute at Essex University, Wivenhoe, whence he went to Edinburgh in 1974 to take up a lectureship at Edinburgh University Department of Mathematics. Tony has one very dear sister, Jill, who is, he writes, like their mother, a deeply caring person.

Judy's dad Walter had trained as a cabinet maker and subsequently rose to be works manager at Apex Steel Furniture, a company owned by Tony's uncle. With Judy's dad working for Tony's uncle, our couple's meeting was "bescherte"! Judy and Tony reckon they must have met for the first time as toddlers, at children's parties organised by the firm for its employees' families, but neither of them can specifically recall such a meeting. Their first recollected meeting was in 1968, when 20-year-old Judy met Tony, then 22, at his cousin's 21st birthday party. Two and a half years later, in 1971, they were married.



3rd June 1971

Tony, who had gone up to Cambridge to read Mathematics in 1965, was still at Cambridge in 1971, studying for his PhD; so, following their wedding, he and Judy set up home in rented rooms. Resourceful Judy had already obtained her professional qualification as a Medical Photographer and had a job at Addenbrooke's Hospital and, for the first year of their marriage, she was the breadwinner.

It was once Tony had completed his PhD that the newlyweds moved to Wivenhoe in Essex, where their first child, Mark, was born, in 1972.

In 1974, Tony having been offered a lectureship at Edinburgh University, initially went on his own to Edinburgh, staying with his sister and brother-in-law in Marchmont and leaving Judy, who was again expecting, and little Mark, in Wivenhoe to oversee the sale of their house. Following a purchase agreement, Judy and Mark joined Tony in Edinburgh at his sister's. Then just three weeks later, crisis struck when the house sale stalled! Realising that the baby was imminent, and taking Mark with her, Judy rushed back to her parents in London for the birth. Three weeks later, about to go into labour, she 'phoned Anthony, who exclaimed "Wait for me!" before jumping on the next train south to join her. Judy, meanwhile, had enlisted the support of her dad, Walter, who accompanied her to Northwick Park Hospital where Daniel was born. Judy recounts how the gynaecologist, somewhat intrigued by the arrival of a couple so obviously of different generations, inquired of Walter "Are you the father, would you like to be in at the birth?" to which Judy responded with a dismayed and resounding no!

Early in 1975, Tony rented a University flat in Hope Park Crescent where Judy, Mark and baby Daniel soon joined him. By March, their Wivenhoe house had sold and in May they all moved to their new home in Currie. In 1976, their youngest son

Paul was born in Edinburgh Infirmary Annexe. After five years, the Gilbert family decamped once again, this time to the house in Newington where Judy and Tony reside to this day.

Judy was keen to pursue her career as a Medical Photographer, although with three young children to look after, she put her aspirations on hold until Paul had started school, at which point she gained a part-time position at Edinburgh University Library Photographic Department. She went on to become a full-time medical photographer at Bangour General Hospital, and eventually to be acting Head of the Medical Photography Department at St John's Hospital, Livingston. She worked for a while in a laboratory, then, as a mature student, took a teaching degree at Edinburgh University, followed by a succession of supply teaching positions.

After 37 years as a Lecturer and Director of Studies at Edinburgh University, Tony took retirement in 2011. But the University still beckons and he continues to tutor for them, which gives him great satisfaction.

The Gilberts have five grandchildren: two in Edinburgh, two in Crieff and one in Philadelphia.

Since joining Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation in 1975, the Gilberts have played an active part in the Jewish community. The list of Judy's positions includes Cheder Teacher in Rabbi Shapira's time, and Head of Cheder with Rabbi Katanka. She has been Secretary of the Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society from the late 1990s and she took over the editorship of the Edinburgh Star in 2005. It was during her editorship that the Star received an award for best community magazine. Judy is presently Secretary of the Burial Society. Tony has acted as an organising secretary for the Lit. over a long period and did a stint as President; he was on the EHC Board

of Management for eight years and has just taken over as Treasurer of the Burial Society; as well as these administrative positions, Tony has a strong creative and artistic side, he has been in the Choir for nearly 40 years, and is an occasional calligrapher for book prizes and Ketubahs.

The Gilberts' hobbies and interests include participating in an amateur orchestra where Tony plays clarinet and Judy plays flute and piccolo. Tony also plays in a wind band, and both belong to a smaller ensemble, providing music for elderly people; they both play instrumental accompaniments to Eli Atad's Israeli Singing Group. Judy has been an Audio Describer for the Blind for approximately 20 years; her photography work is still to the fore, and her pictures are often used for Jewish Community records and for the SCoJeC publication "Four Corners". Tony has been creating the artwork for the Lit. for nearly 40 years. Both Tony and Judy love to cycle, which they describe as "a great activity of togetherness"; during the pandemic, quips Tony, their walks have "left no stone of Arthur's Seat unturned".

Judy and Tony, on behalf of all your friends at Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation, here's wishing you Mazal Tov on your 50 golden years of marriage, and may you have many more to come.





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A Letter from Israel

Photography by the writer

Alan Meerkim

I am writing these lines at the beginning of May 2021 seated beside a natural spring in Israel's Golan Heights, shaded by a eucalyptus grove. I've been hiking the 125km long Golan trail.



The rugged landscape is littered with burnt-out Syrian tanks left *in situ* since the 1973 war. Although a civil war is raging across the Syrian border, today all is quiet on

the Israeli side. Five young men, recently discharged from three years of military service, squat near me and make some coffee in a *finjan*. Handing me a cup, they tell me that over the last 2 days rockets have been fired into the Israeli heartland from Gaza. Nervous they'll be mobilised back into service, they've taken the opportunity to get away for a few days. Hostilities of this kind periodically punctuate life in Israel and, although nauseating, the cycle is familiar. Like period pains.



If that description of life doesn't sound surreal to you, try adding the one word that's terrorised the world since early 2020: 'Coronavirus'.



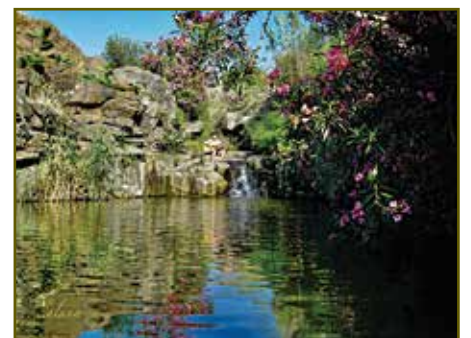
Israel was not immune to the pandemic and, being a country that regularly lives with uncertainty and existential emergencies, we responded to the threat earlier than most. The Prime Minister, Bibi Netanyahu, imposed one of the first national lockdowns in the world, throttling infection rates. The security services were tasked with sourcing testing swabs and masks as a world shortage kicked in and were controversially empowered to use anti-terrorist technology to track civilians coming in proximity with Covid 19 sufferers. As vaccines were approved, Israel outbid other countries for doses by offering more money and anonymous patient data to the manufacturers. With a streamlined, computerised medical system, Israel became an invaluable testing ground for the world. Some felt we were selling our bodies, our souls and our privacy. Less than a year later, however, life is relatively back to normal while other countries are suffering miserably, so the strategy seems to have been a winning one.

News from the UK was less positive; low testing rates, slow vaccine rollouts and lockdowns that lasted for months at a time.



Reinforcing Bibi's vaccine coup were the Abraham accords, new peace agreements with four Arab countries fostered both by the lateral thinking Trump administration and by open Arab recognition that Israel is a strategic partner in hedging Iranian hostility. All this is in the context, however, of a government crisis. After four inconclusive elections in two years, pending criminal action against the Prime Minister, constant coalition jockeying and no national budget, many of us secretly wish we were living in a 'normal' country and find it difficult to consider actions by our leaders as being purely altruistic.

Democracy is sacred in Israel and political protests are a protected right, even during a pandemic. Throughout 2020 thousands gathered around the country every Saturday night, blowing trumpets and holding signs declaring





"Crime Minister" and calling for Bibi's removal from office. Compare that with my native Australia, bastion of free speech, where people disagreeing on social media with Covid restrictions had their homes stormed and were arrested, their electronic devices confiscated. It makes one proud to be Israeli.



Lockdowns forced people to focus more on their immediate surroundings. IKEA in Israel convinced authorities to exempt its customers from restrictions, on the premise people were spending the lockdown doing up their homes. Israelis aren't good with rules at the best of times, and it quickly got around that to get through a police roadblock without an official permit, you just had to say you were on your way to Ikea. That should give you some insight into the workings of this amazing country.



During a short walk from home I discovered the most stunning community garden. It literally took my breath away as I revelled in the sun watching the birds and the bees, relaxing by the ornamental ponds and breathing in the spice plants. Within a week I had joined as a volunteer and am now a full member. The volunteers, mostly retirees with rich life stories in Jerusalem, are all delightful, and the gardens have been an incredible antidote to their corona loneliness. In many ways my involvement has improved my own relationship with Jerusalem.



When the schools closed, I set up zoom workshops for kids. It was enormous fun, as I taught them about plant propagation and we built self-watering planters from discarded soda bottles. I thrived on the interaction and so did the kids. By the second lockdown we started designing and building bird feeders for sparrows and sunbirds. Whenever we logged off I would read up about Jerusalem birds and then go photograph them, eventually leading me to join a birding group.



When Covid hit the world stage I had just returned from a visit to Edinburgh. It had been a wonderful trip. Everyone at the EHC had been so warm and welcoming, and on my return home I wondered how I could maintain my connection with the community. Then UK lockdowns forced the community to relocate online. Now, in addition to logging-on to meetings of the Literary Society, I enjoy participating in the weekly EHC Zoom Parsha discussion.

Of course, quarantine also locked people into difficult situations, including a variety of forms of domestic abuse.



I have had a long-running dispute with the tenants in the flat below me, a family of 6 (plus dog) in a 2 bedroom flat. During the Passover lockdown I was drowned out of an early zoom seder when the neighbours insisted on playing trumpet, ignoring my pleas to 'be considerate, we're all stuck at home together'. With nowhere else for me to go, their dog continues to wake me each morning and their cigarette fumes choke me to sleep each night, as I curse obnoxious Israelis. Would it have been different in Scotland? Perhaps. But I shouldn't be so jaded. Anti-social neighbours exist everywhere.



With travel restrictions changing by the minute I see no point in jumping on a plane to the unknown, but that doesn't stop me dreaming. Dreams of nights without noisy neighbours and Hamas rockets, of glassy reflections in Duddingston Loch, of the speckled golds and reds of autumn in a cooler clime that, like a kaleidoscope, decorate the trail along the river Almond, the Hermitage and Dalkeith Estate, and of the twinkle in Rabbi Rose's eyes as he wishes me *gut shabbos*, with the top of Arthur's Seat shining behind him like a beacon in the weak sunlight.



Chabad Edinburgh

Article edited from the Chabad Organisation newsletter

Chabad has expanded their centre in Edinburgh to provide a full range of services for those from Edinburgh, Scotland and abroad.



Rabbi Weinman with his second son Jossi flanking Mike Davidson, resident of Edinburgh

Adam Schwartz, (featured elsewhere in this magazine) a university student who hails from Montreal, says Chabad's close-knit feel and growth-minded outlook have lended themselves to an enriching exploration of his Jewish roots. The encounters and inspiration that he's gained from his experiences there have made a deep impression upon him and served as catalysts for personal growth.

"Chabad has played a crucial role in helping me explore my Judaism during my studies in Scotland,". "From the High Holidays to a range of Torah-study classes given throughout the year, Rabbi Pinny and Gitty Weinman have ensured that students are given opportunities to experience Yiddishkeit. With every event that Chabad holds, students and locals are welcomed and treated like family."

In addition to the city's 1,000 Jewish residents and students, many of whom who are unaffiliated, Chabad also provides for the endless stream of Jewish tourists who pass through Scotland's second-largest city. Rabbi Weinman says the new centre represents a huge milestone for the Chabad Jewish community that he and Gitty, co-directors of Chabad of Edinburgh, have lovingly built since 2008: "Until now, we had everything running out of a single space in our home."

Chabad's new building, has undergone extensive renovations, to include a synagogue space, a dining hall, commercial kitchen, library and plenty of office space. The central location will be a bonus for tourists and for many of the students at the university who are spread out throughout the city.



Arielle Firestone says that studying in Scotland, far from her hometown of New York City definitely had its challenges. Chabad opened their hearts to her and her fellow Jewish students, and have created what she describes as a "home away from home" for students studying abroad. "It's a very warm, welcoming and accepting community," she says, adding that the delicious food and good company make coming to Chabad feel like home.

The new centre is yet another milestone for the Edinburgh Chabad. In 2017, they orchestrated the gift to the University of Edinburgh of a Torah scroll, a first for them in its then 435-year history. 150 community members joined together to celebrate with music, refreshments and a captivating LED light show.



Chabad's new building is in Bread Street

Chabad's new building, now undergoing extensive renovations, will include a beautiful synagogue space, a student dining hall, commercial kitchen, library and plenty of office space. "Finding a property in such a central location came as the result of Divine Providence," says Rabbi Weinman. "As a result of the pandemic, opportunities arose, and we were able to obtain a long-term lease to a building in the centre of the city and exactly where we wanted to be."

"Chabad aims to serve the needs of students and visitors on a social, educational and spiritual level," says Gitty Weinman. She adds "We believe that family and community are both vital keys to character-building, and we encourage our students to take an active part in their Judaism by becoming leaders who spread light and joy to those around them. Every Jew is family here."

The Editor and Board of the Edinburgh Star wish Chabad Edinburgh every success in their new home in Edinburgh.

A student's year during Covid

Adam Schwartz

On the night of Hogmanay (New Year's Eve) of 2020, I watched the last light of the sun from 2019 set on the Royal Mile as I was finishing my shift at Hector Russell Kilt Makers looking forward to the new year and decade.

After completing my first semester at the University of Edinburgh, I was looking forward to another semester being a part of the Jewish Community of Edinburgh, experiencing such Jewish holidays as Purim and Pesach in Scotland. With every passing Friday night dinner at Chabad and other various Jewish events at the synagogue and in Edinburgh, the year 2020 appeared to be a chance as a foreign student to experience Jewish life in Scotland as the community has for years. I first learnt about the Shul through events organized by the University of Edinburgh Jewish Society. I started to attend on a regular basis after Hannukah 2019 and have been a regular member of the minyan ever since. This all changed in March when Scotland began a lockdown to prevent the spread of the COVID-19 virus. Within a matter of days, what was considered normal everyday living changed completely. Suddenly, restrictions for the public health of the community began and took forms such as wearing surgical masks to social distancing, this becoming the new normal. Tourists slowly stopped streaming into Edinburgh, the streets became less crowded, one would walk down the street and only see a few people go about their day. The city of Edinburgh that I had only experienced as being a centre for travel became almost empty with just those who called this city their home, scattering around the silent streets.

Adapting became the skill that everyone gained from the pandemic. The Jewish community was no exception. The Hebrew Congregation adapted such strategies to help prevent the virus by social distancing in Shul. With masks covering our noses and mouths, social distance seating arrangements as well as one-way movement throughout the Shul, the congregation was able to hold Shabbat services. As I would enter the sanctuary, I would still feel the sense of community and support from the congregation even though the fear of COVID-19 was all around us. Being called up to the bimah for an Aliyah was always an honour and no COVID-19 preventions could ever take that feeling away. As I would leave the service every week, I was always met with a check in by Rabbi Rose as well as other members of the congregation to see how I am getting on with my studies. This sense of adaptability and resiliency was also apparent with Chabad.

Rabbi Weinman and his family would prepare take-away Shabbat dinner packages for students and anyone in the community. As I volunteered to deliver these dinners to students that were self-isolating in their dorms, I felt the dedication that the Jewish neshama has for helping another Jew in uncertain times. Houses of worship had to be closed throughout Scotland. This did not prevent the community from coming together over Zoom with pre- and post-Shabbat services and Sunday morning minyans. Although the Shul remained closed, the spirit

of support, community and resiliency was present in these Zoom services. After every call when the congregation members wished each other Shavua Tov, I had a sense of being back in the sanctuary of the Hebrew Congregation Synagogue.

As the summer of 2021 was approaching, the Hebrew Congregation has once again reopened their doors with the same COVID-19 restrictions. The same sense of being a part of the Jewish community of Edinburgh has not changed. I believe COVID-19 has shown that even in a crisis, the bond that the community has for one another prevails even when we need to be at a distance. Chabad has also found a way to thrive during COVID-19. Rabbi Weinman has purchased a new location on Bread Street for the new Chabad House. Their new facilities will include a dining hall with a kitchen for Shabbat dinners, an upstairs Shul as well as a library/ learning centre in the basement. These

new facilities will greatly benefit both the students and local Jewish community.

As my time studying in Edinburgh concludes, I feel that the Jewish community of Edinburgh and both the Shul and Chabad have a place in promoting Jewish life and culture in Edinburgh. These two organizations lent a strong sense of belonging and acceptance to me during my time in Edinburgh and I hope to maintain this connection for a lifetime. I am forever grateful to Rabbi Rose, Rabbi Weinman and the congregation for making me feel part of the family!

Wishing everyone a Chag Sameach and a L'Shana Tova.



Our Sunday Get-Togethers

Peter A Bennett

In May of 2020, the Welfare Committee for EHC decided to experiment with using Zoom as a means of keeping the community in touch with each other during the difficult experience of Covid isolation, affecting many of us.



Our plan was to hold a virtual Coffee Morning at 11am on a Sunday. Initially, it was not clear how these would be managed but I was tasked with coordinating the events and we would see what happened.

The first meeting was treated as a means of bringing everybody together for a general chat and an exchange of solutions to the boredom of lockdown. Stimulated by our poor knowledge of the virus which was changing our lives, we invited on the following Sunday, **Jonathan Seckl** an eminent doctor and Vice Chancellor of Edinburgh University to explain the coronavirus and its consequences which he did with great clarity. He also answered numerous questions which we all found helpful. In the following weeks, we had sessions on interesting photographs, book recommendations and artefacts but it was however, clear to the committee that having a speaker worked with our Sunday gathering so we accepted an offer from **Dani Rotstein** who, speaking from Majorca, told us that he discovered the taboo Jewish history of the *Conversos* or *Chuetas* of the island. In 2018 he founded Limud Mallorca and has run over 50 successful events promoting diversity and inclusion in the small yet growing Jewish community. He is an elected member of the synagogue board and last December founded Jewish Majorca - a tourism company connecting the island's past with its present in hopes of building a brighter future. He believes that the revival of modern Jewish life in Spain can be a shining light to the rest of the world that greater awareness and tolerance is possible in a place known for its centuries of repression. Dani is originally from New Jersey, USA but moved to the island of Majorca, Spain in 2014.

Susie Kelpie was next to enlighten our gathering with a brief history of the Royal Botanic Gardens Edinburgh where she was the Schools Programmer Manager. It was interesting to hear the extent of international connections to our Botanic Gardens. We were very fortunate to follow that with an exceptional account of life for minorities in New York's Brooklyn district during the 1950's as told by **Sara Lurie** who grew up there. Sara's mother was a well known activist supporting black rights. Past experiences featured again with a talk by **Maria Chamberlain** on her family's experiences during and after when their survival mantra was "Never tell anyone you are Jewish". Maria was born in Krakow, Poland in 1946, came to the UK in 1958. She is a biologist with a PhD in Evolutionary Fungal Genetics and was Senior Tutor and Director of Studies in the Biology Teaching Organisation of Edinburgh University.

After a couple of weeks break for a Limud event and the Chader prize giving, Tel Aviv based Archaeologist **Shua Kisilevitz**, delighted us with her account of Tel Motza, an ancient Israelite temple located in the area of Motza on the outskirts of Jerusalem, discovered in 2012 by Israeli archaeologists.

In complete contrast, we followed that with tales of a Crown jeweller as **Edward Green** recalled his life working for Garrards. We heard of his encounters with Royalty both British and foreign, their extravagances and intrigues. The following week we were joined by **David Field**, Chief Executive Officer of the Royal Zoological Society of Scotland (RZSS). He was formerly at the Tisch Family Zoo in Jerusalem, also known as the Jerusalem Biblical Zoo which gave him an insight into the work of this remarkable institution. The talk illustrated how good zoos across the world collaborate for conservation.

The wonders of Zoom allowed us to welcome back **Stephanie Brickman** and husband **Josh** to tell us about the Jewish Community of Copenhagen where they now live. Her talk touched on the famous Great Escape which allowed most of the Copenhagen Jewish Community to escape the German occupation and flee to Sweden by ship with only some hours warning. **Janet Carsten** was our next speaker. An anthropologist and professor at the University of Edinburgh, and a fellow of the British Academy. She talked of her work in the field of social and cultural anthropology, having conducted research in Malaysia and Britain and titled her presentation: 'An Anthropologist of Malaysia, 1980-2020'.

We took a few weeks gap in our meetings to allow for the major festivals and restarted on 25 October with a warm welcome to **Clive Lawton**, educator, broadcaster and writer who was one of the founders, in 1980, of the educational charity Limmud. He is a senior consultant to the Commonwealth Jewish Council, a lecturer at the London School of Jewish Studies, scholar-in-residence at JW3 and Senior Consultant to Limmud. Clive focused on his work with the Commonwealth Jewish Council and told us about communities in remote places who have found their own ways to maintain Jewish tradition.

It was in November of 2020 that we realised that our chosen Sunday morning meeting time was conflicting with a number of other on-line activities and we took the decision to change to a Sunday 'tea-time' meeting, starting at 4pm. For the first of these, we were very proud to welcome **Sara Sheridan** as our speaker. Daughter of the prominent Edinburgh couple Katie and Ronnie Goodwin, Sara has become a very successful author who's work ranges from screen plays to children's books and includes crime novels and historical works. Sara's talk was a delight.

To reflect the proximity of Chanukah, our next speaker, **Jeremy Schonfield** examined the words of Maoz Tsur and aspects of the Chanukah festival. Jeremy is Professor of Liturgy at Leo Baeck College, London, and a Fellow at the Oxford Centre for Hebrew and Jewish Studies. His main academic interest is the literary critical analysis of Jewish prayer, and his book 'Undercurrents of Jewish Prayer' (Littman Library of Jewish Civilization) was a finalist for the American National Jewish Book Award in 2006.

Our final speaker for 2020 was **Stav Salpeter**, our Cheder coordinator and teacher who is studying International Relations and International Law at the University of Edinburgh, where she is also Founding Co-President of the Palestinian-Israeli Dialogue Society. She spoke about the Trondheim Synagogue which is the northernmost synagogue in Europe (and second-northernmost in the world after the one in Fairbanks, Alaska). Stav Salpeter described the history of the Jewish community of Trondheim from the 19th century.

She drew on individual stories of the community to paint a picture of the lives they rebuilt after the Holocaust and outlined the experience of Norwegian Jews today from antisemitism to multiculturalism. Stav spent a significant part of her childhood in the community of Trondheim.

Betsy Dorfman brought a new dimension to our talks with tales of her voluntary work in South Africa on a game reserve assisting in wild life preservation. Seeing her interaction with wild animals and the basic dwellings in which she stayed, the images and narration of her visit were outstanding. Equally entertaining was **Margaret Aronson** who told us of her long and diverse career in music with short selections of music and many photographs from shows in which she has performed and the wonderful costumes created for these productions. We heard of her connections with Scottish Opera, the Caledonia Trio with its charity work and many other centres of musical excellence.

Speakers from outside our community included **Matthew Perlman** who spoke of his grandmother, Suzanne Perlman, her early life in Budapest working in the art and antiques store of her parents where she first acquired her artistic senses. He told us of her escape from Europe to the Dutch-Caribbean island of Curacao in the nick of time, boarding the last boat to leave France moments before the Nazi invasion. In contrast, Israeli expert on Artificial Intelligence, **Kobi Gal** revealed some of the amazing developments in computer science that are impacting our day to day lives. Kobi answered a lot of questions from our audience.

Our own **Leslie Danzig** spoke with fascinating detail of her time as a teenager spent on a kibbutz in Israel and the influence on her life, particularly the contrast with her upbringing in Glasgow. Her selection of photographs from that time was delightful.

Avraham Roos is a teacher trainer in Israel for Herzog Academic College who is doing his PhD research at the university of Amsterdam on the English translations of the Haggadah from 1770 to the present day. He has created a digital corpus of more than 100 variant English translations and uses digital distant reading techniques together with traditional close reading ones to compare these. He told us of his research into previously unknown English translations of the Haggadah including the work of Isaac Levi.

Hazel Cosgrove, now living in London and with a home in Israel gave a wonderful picture of her early studies and entry to the male dominated world of the law. She gave us a picture of her life as an Advocate, Sheriff and becoming Scotland's first woman High Court Judge. Now retired, her career concluded with appointment to the Court of Appeal and an accumulation of many honours.

Music in the Community was the subject of **Jess Abrahams** interesting talk about reaching, through music, many young offenders and those in care. **Adrian Harris**, the former Chief Executive of the Queens Hall concluded our programme of talks when he told us of his work as a theatre director and challenges to the cultural sector in the covid and post covid environment.

Our Sunday meetings brought together not only our Edinburgh community but also the great diaspora of Edinburgh people who now live throughout the UK and abroad. When I started the coordination of these events, I had no idea that we would reach such an audience. I hope that both speakers and listeners will continue to support the other work of the EHC Welfare Committee.

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The Edinburgh Jewish Book Group

Shirley Bennett

The book group was started about 20 years ago. I'd never belonged to a book group before and I was curious to know what was in store for me. I joined about five years ago and the first meeting I attended was at Elaine Samuel's home. There must have been more than a dozen of us there. It's a diverse group of affiliated and non affiliated Jewish people in Edinburgh.



Until a year ago we'd been meeting once a month at each other's homes to discuss each book we had read. One of the highlights was a delicious home made cake provided by our host. Over the last year we've had our meetings on Zoom. Technology is not all bad; it's better than not meeting at all but of course I miss seeing everybody in person. Some of us are on a WhatsApp group and we regularly wish each other Shabbat Shalom and we discuss anything from topical issues to what we've cooked for dinner, or what film or series we've been watching on Netflix!!

So 12 books a year: that's a lot of books over five years. If I was to tell you about every one you'd be here for ever. Some of the group are very knowledgeable on Jewish writers and all the most recent Jewish books that have been published. The writers we choose aren't always Jewish but the books tend to have a Jewish theme. Some of the books you may find interesting to read for yourself.

TWO WORLDS

by DAVID DAICHES

This book was chosen for the first meeting I attended. I had read it many years ago but it was good to read it again. It's an extremely well written book about the Edinburgh Jewish community between the two world wars.

Daiches was a literary historian, critic and writer. At that period he recalls a unique era in Scottish, Jewish life.

His father Dr. Salis Daiches was a rabbi in Edinburgh.

The only other book that I am aware of about Edinburgh Jewish family life was The Happy Land written by my uncle, Howard Denton.

HHhH

by LAURENT BINET

This book was about two Czechoslovakian parachutists sent on a daring mission by London in 1942 to assassinate the head of the Gestapo, Reinhard Heydrich. This was called Operation Anthropoid.

The writer is French and this is his first novel. I watched a short film about the author. A charming young man who had done immense research on his book.

There is also a film based on the book called the Man With The Iron Fist. I thought it was an excellent film.

GREEDY MAN in a HUNGRY WORLD

by JAY RAYNER

Jay Rayner is one of UK's most influential food critics and a journalist and son of the late Claire Rayner.

I love Jay Rayner's sense of humour and wit. The book made me laugh so much. I have a great passion for food and reading this book I learnt a great deal from his knowledge about food and why he remarked that almost everything you thought you knew about food is wrong!

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SHARKSKIN SUIT

by LUCETTE LAGNADO

The book is set in the 1940s through to the 1970's and tells the story of the Jewish Lagnado family who were forced to leave their comfortable life in Cairo and flee to New York. It's a brilliant book.

NEMESIS

by PHILIP ROTH

Phillip Roth is an amazing writer and his Jewish, American sense of humour comes over so well in his books. In this book he writes between reality and fiction.

It was Roth's 31st book written in 2010. It's set in the summer of 1944 during the polio epidemic. It's such a sad book and I thought about it a lot as we are now going through our own epidemic. So many young lives were taken by polio.

THE PLOT AGAINST AMERICA

by PHILIP ROTH

Another of Roth's books we chose was during the recent American election. I didn't mean to include two of Philip Roth's books but they were so topical at the time, last year.

This book is also a documentary style film. I found it very thought provoking.

Many historical figures are mentioned in the book and the film.

Charles Lindbergh was a famous American aviator. Roth describes what might have happened in an alternate American history during World War II had Lindbergh become president of America. He made many trips to Nazi Germany and had anti-semitic views.

FLY ALREADY

by EDGAR KERET

The whimsy often conceals "gut-wrenching wisdom, while heartache comes laced with hilarity" Not my words, but written in the Guardian.

The book is a collection of short stories. They have elements of the author's life living in Israel. Family life, war, parenthood and many other interesting topics that the author wrote about. The stories are well written with a tinge of sadness and humour.

LIAR

by AYELET-GOSHEN

Another Israeli writer. I so enjoyed this book it was very lighthearted and comical in parts. It's about a teenage girl who works in an ice cream parlour. It doesn't sound very interesting but the plot goes further when an incident happens that backfires.

A REPLACEMENT LIFE

by BORIS FISHMAN

The writer is a Soviet Jewish immigrant. He wrote this book with tremendous physical and emotional effort, possibly years of research. He's a compelling story teller.

The book is about Slava Gelman who lived on the Upper East side of New York and was a junior staffer at a magazine. His irate grandfather plays a big part in the book.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

by KATHERINE KRESSMAN TAYLOR

I first read a review about this book in the the news magazine The Week. It's an amazing little book. You could read it in an hour. It's a devastating work of political fiction. The narrative consists of a series of letters exchanged between two art dealers. Max a Jewish man living in California and Martin his German business partner. Max returns to Germany and the correspondence takes place when Hitler was in power. It was made into a film in 1944 and the book was reissued in 2001 and translated into many languages.

LEOPOLDSTADT

by TOM STOPPARD

This was the play that we read, each person taking a different part. Some of the group acted out their parts extremely professionally. It took three sessions to read and it was a very interesting and moving play.

It was being performed at the Wyndham Theatre in London just before the first lockdown. Some of my friends in London had seen it and raved about it. As soon as life gets back to normal I'm sure it will be a sell-out, when it hopefully returns in June. I've just been reading some of Tom Stoppard's life story. What a fascinating man. He's achieved so much in his life. Before I joined the book group several plays had been read by the group.

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE

by THOMAS HARDING

I've only just finished this book and thought it was fascinating. The writer has put in so much detail. It's set in a small village outside Berlin and it tells us about the various owners of a house. Having been to Berlin several times I thought I knew a lot about the city but there were so many facts I wasn't aware of. This book is such a good read and I highly recommend it.

Well I think that's enough books for now and I hope you may find some of the books interesting enough to read for yourself. It's a varied selection. Some books that are planned for future months are as follows:

My Russian Grandmother and her American Vacuum Cleaner

by Meir Shalev

My Shtetl Love Song

by Grigory Kanovich

The Handsomest Sons in the World

by Harold Carlton

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Book Reviews

Bouncing Back – and Forward: From Immigrant Household to Cambridge Fellowship

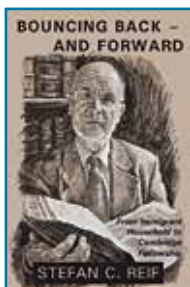
by Stefan C. Reif

Reviewed by Joyce Capek

How often do we read a scholarly work without ever learning anything of the author him or herself? In the preface to his autobiography, *Bouncing Back – and Forward*, Professor Reif writes "In recent years, it has been the scholars themselves, their backgrounds and their motivations, that have stimulated my interest." In his book he sets about giving the reader a very personal insight into his own background and the influences it has had on his remarkable academic career. Now a world-renowned professor, recognised especially for his work on the manuscripts of the Cairo Genizah and his Medieval Hebrew research, he takes us on a journey from his humble beginnings in an Edinburgh Prestonfield tenement to the privileged life of Cambridge Fellow.

His story is a fascinating read and will be of particular interest to those who grew up in the Edinburgh Jewish community in the 1950s and 60s and doubtless remember the Reif family. His reminiscences of the synagogue, cheder classes (and annual picnic!), Bialek the baker's black bread, Gillespie's School and Boroughmuir will bring back many memories of that period.

Some readers may consider the author to be too self-congratulatory, but he has much to be proud of and he



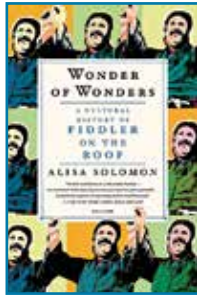
writes with considerable frankness and humour. The child of an immigrant family, Stefan Reif's early years were marked by his parents' financial difficulties and fear of his father's unpredictable rages. But his childhood was not an unhappy one; he was surrounded by warmth and love and had a particularly close relationship with his grandfather (Zeide) whose influence on the young Stefan was considerable.

Stefan Reif's journey from Gillespie's and Boroughmuir to the world of academia was not without its hurdles and disappointments and he recounts in detail every step of the way from Scotland to Cambridge via the United States and Israel. Reif looks back with pride at all he has achieved, not just in his academic career but also in his private life. His wife Shulie (whose untimely death in 2010 was so shattering), their children and grandchildren all figure prominently in the book and he is as proud of their achievements as he is of his own.

The glossary of Hebrew and Yiddish terms is a useful addition for readers unfamiliar with these languages and the two appendices to the book are a very worthwhile read in themselves. They offer readers the family histories of both sets of grandparents and the circumstances that led them to emigrate to Britain. As it was published in the earlier part of 2020, one further accolade has escaped the pages of his autobiography: Stefan Reif was awarded an OBE for Services to Scholarship in the Birthday Honours later that year.

Professor Stefan Reif will be addressing the members of the Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society on October 10th

Wonder of Wonders
A Cultural History of
Fiddler on the Roof
by Alisa Solomon



Reviewed by
Elizabeth Rosenbloom

2019 film documentary
Fiddler: a Miracle of
Miracles

Samuel Goldwyn Films; director and
producer Max Lewkowics and others

It seems almost unbelievable that the 50th anniversaries of recent productions of Sholem Aleichem's stories of Tevye The Dairyman have passed, and original short-lived productions after the authors' death reach back to more than a hundred years ago. Still routinely revived, and a favourite in school drama, the eternal appeal is easily appreciated.

Sholem Aleichem was a passionate advocate of Yiddish as a national Jewish language, which he felt should have its true value accorded to it. It has become a very potent cultural landmark, and the musical has clocked up many Tony awards, and was the longest running Broadway show for over 10 years, and a huge commercial success. Beloved by worldwide audiences, the music and songs are constantly used in Jewish events, especially weddings. Alisa Solomon's hefty tome charts the journey of Tevye the milkman and his daughters and family, from his first appearance in 1894 and onto the New York Yiddish stage, through to the huge commercial musical successes of Broadway, London's West End and worldwide theatres, and the 1971 film,

as they navigate their changing life in a Russian Jewish shtetl at the end of the nineteenth century. This book, written by an acclaimed drama critic, goes into great detail about the life of the author Sholem Aleichem, his personal story of riches to rags, and back again, and the many and various productions and two films of the books.

Solomon Naumovitch Rabinovich was born in 1859 in central Ukraine, and died in New York in 1916 aged 57. He became the foremost advocate of writing in the Yiddish language and his output includes novels, short stories and plays. He was also a fervent advocate of the Zionist cause. His funeral was attended by an estimated 100,000 mourners, and he is buried at Old Mount Carmel cemetery in Queens. By 1890, he had become a central figure in Yiddish literature, and produced over 40 volumes in Yiddish. He used his personal fortune to encourage other Yiddish writers. He also wrote in Russian for an Odessa newspaper. Tolstoy had three stories translated into Yiddish for his edited anthology published in Warsaw in 1904. He was often referred to as the Jewish Mark Twain. When Twain heard this remark, he replied 'please tell him that I am the American Sholem Aleichem!'

Alisa's book is first a story of theatre, which becomes a cultural story of a show and story which speaks to the conflicts and desires the world over. The book is an entertaining and original work of the legacy of a show about tradition which has itself, become tradition. The last chapter is a hilarious telling of Bar mitzvah entertainers in Los Angeles called the Amazing Bottle Dancers,

who do a fake Hasidim turn based on the famous scene in the film of dancing at the wedding. You don't have to be Jewish to appreciate the humour, they enthuse.

The hugely entertaining 2019 film directed by Max Lewkowics shown on British television last year, charts the making of the Broadway show, and has wonderful interviews of the composer Jerry Bock and lyricist Sheldon Harnick reminiscing with the book's author Joseph Stein. It was Stein who suggested the original work to Harnick and Bock and Boris Aronson's set designs based on the Marc Chagall paintings. It did not seem like natural for Broadway, backers wary of a musical about pogrom-persecuted Russian Jews. It was the film which became the immediate enormous world success, Jerome Robbins' genius with the musical numbers making the show most memorable. Thank goodness Harold Prince was persuaded to produce the show with a cast who have become legends on Broadway, in the West End and in the film. Even in Japan it is a terrific hit. Insights from Topol, and many others make this a very lively film, and probably far too short for the inexhaustible material available.

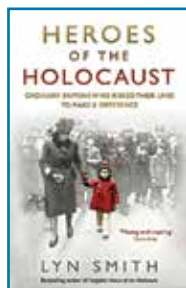
Schools, streets and numerous statues and monuments to this almost forgotten author exist worldwide.

Its time to buy your English copy of the works of Sholem Aleichem, and enjoy the vivid writing of one of Jewish literature's greats.

Heroes of the Holocaust
Ordinary Britons who risked their lives
by Lyn Smith

Reviewed by Sidney Caplan

This book was first published in 2012 then republished in 2021. We all know about Sir Nicholas Winton who saved about ten thousand children from Prague and Jane Haining a Church of Scotland missionary who refused to leave her charges and died in Auschwitz-Birkenau but I never knew about Frank Foley who was Passport Control Officer at the British Embassy in Berlin but was really a spy who managed to give visas to at least ten thousand Jews in Germany, nor that Quakers led by Bertha Bracey in Germany and Austria obtained visas for people wanting to leave. Then there were the Cook Sisters and many more.



The story that caught my eye was about the ten British prisoners of war who saw Sara Matuson escape from a death march and hid her for months. When asked why they risked their lives they simply answered "We are British"

Edmund Burke said "The only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing". These British men and women did something.

Read this book and be proud of being British.

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Jewish Book Week

February 27 through to March 7th 2021

Elizabeth Rosenbloom

Edinburgh has indeed been lucky in being host to the fantastically successful International Book Festival since 1983, held in Charlotte Square Gardens.



The Covid-19 restrictions have meant it will have become a hybrid event in August this year, sharing the new venue at the Art College, Lauriston with online events.

Like so many events across the world since last year, Zoom and on-line have become the norm, and the consequent explosion in publicity and accessibility have given events a wider reach than anybody could have imagined.

Just so with the **London Jewish Book Week**, started in its present form by the Jewish Book Council in 1952 under the Chairmanship of Dr George Webber.

Despite the unusual nature of the event this year in March, the London Jewish Book Week has been unlike anything previously held in its 69-year history, attracting ticket sales up from 15,000 to over 25,000. The Festival, which before has been a busy packed affair held in London, gathering thousands of people meeting and participating and listening to speakers, and buying books have to be held online. Claudia Rubenstein, the Director reported that this year's event had grown ticket sales from 15,000 last year, to over 25,000.

It was not the first Jewish Book Week in the UK however. Before the second world war two very successful book weeks had been held, both organised by the B'nai B'rith Women's Lodges. The honour for the first goes to Glasgow in 1937 chaired by Mrs Maud Joseph, and the second in Manchester chaired by Mrs Colette Hassan. Wartime saw a hiatus in events of this kind, and it was not until 1949 when a one-off event was organised by the Central Jewish Lecture Committee of the Board of Deputies, which spawned the 1947 founding of the Jewish Book Council. They concentrated on promoting local Jewish Book circles, which arranged lectures and book launches. Close links

were forged with a network of communal organisations particularly the Jewish Memorial Council, who were in charge of all book sales. Growth flourished in the post-war years of little cultural activity. At its heart was the nurturing roots in local communities, and it became an eagerly anticipated event in Woburn House, London. In the pre-Amazon era of easy book buying, Jewish interest books were poorly stocked in bookshops across the country, even in London. A Hebrew evening was sponsored by the Zionist Federation, and the schools' programme included music and storytelling. A Poetry Competition with tea and presentation followed in the Chief Rabbi's home! The ecumenical aspect of the Book Week from the very beginning, has brought all shades of opinion together, from the most orthodox to the progressive movement, with all their books on display and for sale. The distinguished speakers at the events have continued right up to the present day. An anniversary evening celebrating the Anschluss included the Delme Quartet playing. The expansion to include several other locations across Britain, including Glasgow, attracted huge publicity and made the Jewish book Week a truly national event.

Increased funding, and the attainment of Charitable status, led to further success of the event, and the Jewish Chronicle sponsorship lasted until 2011. From the 1980s onwards it was run by a group of volunteers under successive Chairs. 2005 saw its first Director Geraldine D'Amico. A professional team raised the Book Weeks to an exciting new level, which has continued to this day under the current Director Claudia Rubenstein at Kings Place, London.

The Book Council's stated aim is 'to stimulate and encourage the reading of books on every aspect of Jewish thought, life, history and literature. No generation in Jewry which neglects the basic importance of the book, can hope to survive. The book retains a unique significance as an everlasting emblem of the Jewish way of life.'

This year, six continents shared in 54 live streamed events including speakers talking about Shimon Peres, Ruth Bader Ginsberg, Tom Stoppard, Jewish Pride, the Shanghai Jewish dynasties and so much more. International sponsor Eduard Shyfrin, author of Travels with Sushi in the Land of the Mind discussed his book which won the Independent Press Award Distinguished Favourite for juvenile fiction. Live captioning on all events, as well as daily free events broadcast on Zoom and Facebook have made it the most accessible event ever. Writers and speakers have shared forums discussing subjects from art, science, music, poetry and fiction in a glorious celebration of ideas. Jewish themes and writers and discussions on the most important issues of the day make this a now fully international event of the greatest significance after these times of global uncertainty and more political upheaval in Israel itself. Particularly interesting to older Edinburgh Jewry was a discussion of Lithuania's Hidden Holocaust. Many free events make this a highly accessible and enjoyable event for all to partake in and learn. Lots still coming up to access this month, and a wonderful archive to delve into. GIVE IT A GO! I guarantee you will not be disappointed!

WWW.JEWISHBOOKWEEK.COM

The Colour Purple

Aubergine Recipe

Harriet Lyall

Celebrity chef Yotam Ottolenghi has plenty to say about the aubergine, its versatility and ubiquity in Middle Eastern cooking. In his best-selling cookbook "Jerusalem", published Ebury Press 2012, he includes a number of aubergine recipes, one of which, I've adapted as follows:



Chermoula

Aubergine with Bulgar and Yoghurt

To make the "chermoula", mix together:

- 2 crushed cloves of garlic
- 2 tsp ground cumin
- 2 tsp ground coriander
- 1 tsp chilli powder or flakes
- 1 tsp paprika
- Zest of 2 lemons
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 1 tsp honey
- 2 tsp redcurrant jelly
- 100 ml olive oil
- 1/2 a teaspoon salt

Other Ingredients

- 2 medium aubergines, sliced lengthways
- 50 ml olive oil
- 150g fine bulgar (also spelled "bulgur")
- 50g sultanas
- 10g fresh coriander, chopped, plus extra to finish
- 30g flaked almonds, toasted
- 2 onions, finely chopped and fried
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 120g Greek yoghurt
- Salt

Method

Cut the aubergines in half lengthways. Score the flesh of each half. Spoon the "chermoula" over each half, spreading evenly, and place, cut side up, on a baking sheet. Put in the oven and roast 40 minutes until soft. Place the bulgar in a large bowl and cover with 140ml boiling water, stir gently until fully absorbed. Fry the chopped onions in the oil. Add the sultanas to the bulgar, with the fried onions.

Add the coriander, toasted almonds, lemon juice and a pinch of salt, and stir to combine. Serve the aubergines warm or at room temperature. Place 1/2 aubergine per portion on a serving plate. Spoon the bulgar mixture on top. Spoon over some yoghurt, sprinkle with chopped coriander and finish with a drizzle of oil.



Fruit Strudel

Hilary Rifkind

Hilary gave a demo of strudel making at a Zoom meeting in April and she is delighted to share her recipe with readers of the Star.

Ingredients

250g block puff pastry
Bag raisins – use approx 350 g
Jar raspberry jam – use about 1/3
Bramley cooking apples – approx 400g
Ground cinnamon – approx 2 teaspoons
1 beaten egg for glaze
Granulated sugar

Method

Pre-heat oven to 200 C (adjust for fan oven)

If using frozen pastry, defrost in fridge. Keep fresh pastry chilled in fridge.

Roll out on floured surface to form a rectangle approx 40 cm by 30 cm.

Spread with raspberry jam, leaving a border of about 1.5 cm, then cover the jam with a layer of raisins.

Grate the apples on a coarse grater and cover the raisins, then sprinkle liberally with ground cinnamon.

Fold over the long edges, then the short edges to seal in the filling. Roll up the pastry to form a swiss roll, then place on a baking sheet lined with parchment paper with the join underneath.

Brush the surface with the beaten egg and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Make several small slits along the top surface with a sharp knife.

Bake at 200 C for 10 minutes then at 190 C for another 20/25 minutes until golden brown. Rotate the baking sheet if necessary during the baking.

Cool on a wire tray and cut into slices.



Saving our Story:

The work of the Foundation for Jewish Heritage



Michael Mail, Chief Executive

Standing in the sanctuary of the majestic synagogue of Orla in Poland is a very moving experience – the sense of loss is palpable.

The Nazis set out not just to annihilate the Jewish people, but also destroy their culture, consigning their very existence to oblivion. In places like Orla you feel that they succeeded. This had been a town with a Jewish majority for centuries. That came to its unimaginably brutal conclusion in November 1942 when the community was transported from ghetto to Treblinka.

The only survivor was the 17th century synagogue itself. It was used to store goods stolen by German soldiers from the Jewish population and, after the war, its fate has been neglect and decline.



Orla synagogue

So what do we do with Orla synagogue, indeed with all these historic, often beautiful synagogues that dot the landscape of Europe that are now 'orphaned' having lost their communities? Many are the last testament to the Jewish life that was and, if they disappear, there will be no physical evidence that these communities ever existed – oblivion.

There are many who will say 'who cares?' Without active communities, these sites serve no purpose. Yet these buildings represent the patrimony of the Jewish people - they tell our story, where we came from, who we are, and where we are going. Winston Churchill once wrote that 'if we don't know our past, we don't have a future'.

By saving these buildings, we honour the communities that these buildings once served. They can become powerful sites of education on the Jewish life and contribution, educating the Jewish people, and wider society - combating ignorance and prejudice, serving as *embassies of the Jewish people*.

This is the view that drives the work of the London-based Foundation for Jewish Heritage.

The Foundation commissioned unprecedented research to map all the 3,347 historic synagogues of Europe in order to identify the most important sites most in danger.



Many, like Orla, are at risk because of the tragedy of the Holocaust. However, there are others that simply reflect demographic changes. Take for example Merthyr Tydfil in Wales.

Merthyr Tydfil was the industrial powerhouse of Wales in the 19th century and its largest town. There has been a Jewish presence in Merthyr since the 1840s and the construction of the synagogue in the 1870s reflected a community that was growing and prospering. Today, Merthyr synagogue is a recognised national heritage site, grade II listed, the oldest purpose-built synagogue in Wales and considered architecturally one of the UK's most important synagogues.



Merthyr synagogue

Like many industrial towns, Merthyr experienced economic decline in the 20th century which resulted in an exodus of younger members of the community. The synagogue closed in 1983 and, for the last 16 years, the building has been lying empty, its condition deteriorating. The Foundation has bought the building with the aim to create a Welsh Jewish Heritage Centre that will present the special 250+ year Jewish experience in Wales.

Another initiative the Foundation is supporting is in Izmir Turkey being led by the local Jewish community and the Israeli-based Kiriati Foundation to save the ancient Etz Hayim synagogue.

The traditions of the Jewish community of Turkey are Sephardic as a result of absorbing in the 15th and 16th centuries a huge influx of Jews from Spain following their traumatic expulsion in 1492.

This Sephardi Spanish influence can be seen most profoundly in the beautiful synagogues that were built, and nowhere more strikingly than in Izmir. The Etz Hayim synagogue is the oldest of a cluster of nine beautiful Sephardi synagogues right in the heart of the old quarter of a city of almost 4.5 million. The Foundation is supporting efforts to save the Etz Hayim as part of a broader vision to restore all the historic synagogues of the city and create a 'Jewish Cultural Quarter' as a visitor destination with a museum at its heart.

The Foundation's work has entailed following the trail of the Sephardi Jews back to pre-expulsion Spain. The former synagogue in Hajar in Aragon dates from the medieval period, and is one of the very few synagogue buildings to have survived post-1492. Recent archaeological research has revealed astonishing medieval wall murals not found anywhere else in the country.

The synagogue was taken over by the Catholic church and for the last 500 years its former role was a hidden history. Today the building is used for church services only once a year and the Mayor, along with local activists, would like to re-purpose the site and turn it into a Sephardi heritage educational and cultural centre documenting, memorialising and celebrating the medieval Jewish community of Spain.

The Foundation for Jewish Heritage exists to play its role in saving Jewish history – to fight oblivion. We want to find solutions for these historic buildings that can bring them back into use, and in a way that serves educational purposes, for the benefit of the Jewish people and wider society. We are dealing with the past, but are future focused, taking buildings that had become meaningless and making them meaningful once more.



Casale Monferrato in Italy

Buildings are stories, and these stories – dramatic, profound and glorious – are vital for our world of today.

If you would like more information on the work of the Foundation for Jewish Heritage, please visit:

www.foundationforjewishheritage.com or contact Michael Mail on michaelmail@foundationforjewishheritage.com.



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CST wishes our community a peaceful, healthy & safe New Year



It is CST's mission to protect our Jewish communities up and down the country. We are committed to you, and ensuring your security, so that Jewish life can continue to exist and thrive in the UK.

The past year has been filled with challenges, both individual and collective. The pandemic has touched all of our lives, some in deeply tragic ways. The ability to physically meet with friends, family and in community – the networks that can make the most difficult and uncertain of times more bearable – has been removed. Where there is crisis, anger and blame follow, often directed at Jewish people. Now that we can gather together once again, CST is here to make sure it happens safe from prejudice and physical harm.

We wish that the security we provide were not necessary, but sadly terrorism, although rare, is a reality that can happen anywhere. Last Yom Kippur, the synagogue in Halle, Germany, was attacked by

a neo-Nazi. Using a homemade gun, he tried and failed to enter the synagogue, but did kill a passer-by and a customer at a nearby kebab shop. It was the cooperation of the congregants and shul staff, simply properly closing the door behind them, that saved the lives of those inside the service.

CST is here to protect you and facilitate the flourishing of Jewish life. This works best when you work with us. Please be mindful of basic security procedures and of our many dedicated volunteers who are devoting their time and efforts to ensure our safety, allowing us to spend the High Holy Days in peace. We wish you a safe, happy New Year, and a meaningful fast.

Please consider volunteering for CST or donating to us. We are a charity and we cannot do our work without your help. In an emergency, call the Police and then call our 24-hour National Emergency Number 0800 032 3263.

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The Story of Transnistria

David J. Grant

Translator's introduction

Bukovina - the "land of beech trees" – is a beautiful place. It was a distant outpost of the Austro – Hungarian empire until the end of the First World War, when it was divided between Romania and Ukraine. It's home to a centuries - old Jewish community with its own traditions including a delicious celebratory cake called *Schmettentorte*. My father Michael was born there, in the town of Suceava in Romania. He left as a young boy in the late 1920s and came to England with his parents and sister. Like most in his position he rarely spoke of the fate of those he left behind, but he did occasionally allude to a "Death March" and spoke of the bravery of his maternal uncle Aron Fallenbaum. My father died in 1994 before I thought to ask more about this.

In 2018 I found in his papers an old Rosh Hashanah greeting card in Hebrew from Aron's son Meir, his wife and children Amitai and Nava, now with the surname Palmon and living in Israel. An online search of Israeli telephone directories yielded only one Amitai Palmon and I wrote to him speculatively in Kfar Saba. I was thrilled to receive an immediate reply and have been in email contact with my second cousin ever since. Through him I received a copy of his grandfather Aron's testimony. In 1940 Romania came under the rule of the fascist dictator Ion Antonescu and the country joined the Axis powers.



The following year, the Jews of Bukovina were deported to a region now in southern Ukraine across the Dniester river known as Transnistria. Aron Fallenbaum was deported with his wife, seven year old son Meir and elderly mother Rachel. Having survived the Holocaust he emigrated to Israel and settled in Nahariya. He wrote this testimony by hand in Romanian in May 1967 shortly before the Six Day War and submitted it to Yad Vashem in Jerusalem. He died not long afterwards.

When we remember the Holocaust we are chilled by the words Auschwitz, Treblinka, Belzec, Sobibor... Few of us have even heard of Transnistria. For myself I imagined deportation to be a relatively benign fate; after all there were no gas chambers there nor crematoria. I was wrong.



Aron Fallenbaum with grandson Amitai

In translating and editing this I have kept Aron's original Romanian spellings of place names but where appropriate have added the current Ukrainian spelling in brackets. I have been able to identify all of the places mentioned including the small village of Gorai itself which is now Horai, about 5km north of Luchynets.

My family and I were expelled from the city of Suceava in the Bukovina district of Romania, on October 9, 1941. About three months before the deportation, the Nazis knocked on the door of our house in the middle of the night and took me away.

My wife was distraught and has never recovered from the trauma of that night even to this day. They held me prisoner in a synagogue with a military guard both inside and outside, made up of Romanian and German soldiers. They warned us that if there was any trouble in the city, all the prisoners would be executed.

On the day the deportation order was issued, that is 8, 9, and 10 October 1941, the gates of the synagogue were opened, and we were told: "Zidani (a derogatory name for the Jews), prepare for the journey". The population of the town of Suceava was divided into three areas. Each day they expelled one area.

We were ordered to take with us only hand baggage and food for three days. I was also told to make a list of all the contents of the house, the factory and the shop I had. We handed over this

list, together with all the keys, to the municipal committee at Burdujeni railway station.

My family and I were deported with the second transport, which was on October 9, 1941. At Burdujeni there were cattle cars waiting for us. About 60 people were loaded into each car so it was very overcrowded. We were not told where we were going; in fact it was said to us that we would be home in a few days and our keys would be returned to us.

All the Jews of Suceava were deported, even the hospital patients, who perished on the journey. My mother, a sick woman, paralyzed and over 70 years old, travelled with me. The cattle cars were closed and supervised by the Romanian soldiers.

After 24 hours' continuous travel, the train stopped and we learned that we

had arrived in a place called Atachi (Otaci). When we got off the train, the local peasants attacked us and stole our belongings. We stayed there for the night, in ruined houses where in the past Jews had lived; these people had already been taken away and executed. The next day, we received an order that all the Jews should go to the National Bank to convert our Romanian money into Ukrainian money (from lei to roubles). We were also threatened that if anyone was found with Romanian money he would be shot. The Nazi army searched us and took away all our valuables, such as gold, silver, and jewellery, and all our documents.

I had half a million lei, and because we were in fear of our lives, I converted all the money into roubles at a rate of 40 lei per rouble, plus tips for the officials. Ukrainian roubles in Transnistria had little

value, so I was left with very little.

Some of the men, including myself, were also sent to the banks of the Nistru (Dniester) River to dig pits in which to bury the Jews who had been shot. Among the dead were men, women and children. After we had finished burying them, they sent us across the Nistru river on an improvised raft. We crossed the Nistru River and reached a city called Moghilev (Mohyliv). Under military supervision, we were housed in a ruined camp, where we found other deportees from Bukovina and Bessarabia. The place was very neglected. Because it was so overcrowded, we sometimes had to tread on the corpses of people who had perished from starvation and disease. Every day, new deportations of people from various cities from Bukovina, Bessarabia and the Dorohoi district arrived.

Every day, convoys of deportees were sent from the camp to various cities and villages throughout Ukraine. The weak and the sick among them died on the way and their bodies remained in the fields. My family and I managed to stay in the camp in Moghilev for 12 days. I wanted to stay in the camp because my elderly sick mother was unable to walk with the convoy and I wanted to find a way to carry her in a cart. She was terrified that she would be left alone and would die with nobody to bury her. I had to bribe the Nazi soldiers to keep us in the camp; they were heartless men who had no compassion for my mother and beat me hard to make me join the transport. Several times I managed to escape from the convoy leaving the camp and return by mingling with a convoy of newcomers.

One day, they took me by force, despite my crying, saying "Yid, you will go with the convoy immediately or else we will shoot you." The incident was heard by a Romanian soldier who saw my distress and took pity on me. He said he would smuggle me out and leave me among the local inhabitants, the Ukrainians who came there to steal the Jews' belongings. He guided me out of the camp where I mixed with the Ukrainians. But while I was on the run I was spotted by a German soldier who started shooting at

me. A hail of bullets flew around me.

Suddenly, I saw an acquaintance from our town (a former restaurant owner) whose name was Herzberg. He had permission to live in the city of Moghilev. When he saw me so frightened, he made a sign for me to enter his yard.



Crossing the Dniester river, photos copyright Yad Vashem, Photo Archive, Jerusalem.

I tried to scale a fence with barbed wire but was caught on it, unable to go any further, as the shots rained around me. Eventually I tore my clothes free of the fence, and my friend was able to hide me in his cellar. While I was hiding there I heard soldiers going from house to house asking if they had seen a Jew on the run, and I trembled with fear, not just for myself but also for my friend, fearing that

he too would be punished for hiding me. After I knew that the soldiers had moved on, I left the hiding place. In time I saw a group of new deportees who had just arrived, and I mingled with them and so managed to get back into the camp again.

The next day, I had the opportunity to find a small cart, put my mother in it, and we left with the convoy. The road was very difficult because of the rain. Our child was unable to walk because of fatigue, so I had to carry him. Towards evening we reached a place called Ozarentz (Ozarynts) where we stayed until morning. We continued walking until we reached another place called Vindicean (Vendychany). There was a big stable, and we were pushed inside. During the night the Ukrainians raided the stable and robbed us of our belongings and beat us with sticks right, left and centre. The soldiers guarding us turned a blind eye as this was going on.

From there we continued on our way to a town called Lucinet (Luchynets). Some of us turned to the officers and offered them large bribes to send us to places close to Lucinet and not further away near the Bug river, because there we knew a certain death awaited us. We managed to obtain a transfer to the ghetto of Gorai, 5 km from Lucinet. We walked all the way from Moghilev to Gorai; many of us who were weak died on the way and their bodies remained by the sides of the roads and in the fields.

At Gorai, they left us in the open, with no place to stay and with nothing to eat. We went to the local farmers and gave them money or clothes in exchange for

letting us sleep on the floor in one of their rooms. Many families gathered in ruined apartments that had once served as a kolkhoz (collective farm). Because of the dirt, and with no possibility of bathing, and the lack of food, various epidemics broke out, especially typhus. Day by day, the elderly and children began to die. In almost every house there were deaths; the misery was indescribable.

The local Jews and the deportees

When we arrived at the village of Gorai there were two Jewish families left. They lived in the ghetto with us and suffered the same fate as us. We heard that when the Romanian and German soldiers had entered Gorai they had killed most of the Jews there, so that only a few survived. The Jews behaved well towards us, but their own situation was so bad they were unable to come to our aid.

When we reached Gorai there were several thousand deportees. We all came from Romania, from the cities of Suceava, Radauti, Gura-Humorului, Storajinet (Struznetz) and Cernauti (Czernowitz or Chernivtsy). We all arrived together, entire families, in October 1941. Within a short time, some of the deportees were moved on to other places in Transnistria, such as Jagorod (Sharhorod), Lucinet (Luchynets), and Morafa. For those who stayed in Gorai, we found refuge with the local peasants or in the ruined houses of the kolkhoz. In exchange for shelter in the peasants' huts we had to give them what clothes we still had left or money. Sometimes they threw us out, mercilessly, in the bitter cold of winter.

The village of Gorai was guarded by military forces, so that no deportee could escape from the ghetto. In the village, there was for a short time a Romanian army camp. Every once in a while, German soldiers came and gave orders to the Romanian soldiers to beat and punish us.

Organization and life of the deportees

In Gorai we had a Jewish leader, Isidore Rosenberg from Suceava. At first, we had a Ukrainian police force that was very cruel towards us, but in the third year, towards the end of our exile, we were allowed to choose a Jewish police force.

It was impossible to get any medical help in the ghetto because there were no doctors, hospitals or pharmacies. Only very briefly was there a doctor from Bucharest, but he soon left the place. There were no soup kitchens or food distribution and no orphanages.

The schools there were designated only for the children of the Ukrainians; the Jewish children were not allowed to study there. Regarding cultural life, I can say that there was none. Indeed if someone was found reading a piece of newspaper, he was accused of espionage.

As far as religious life was concerned, officially there were no synagogues and there was no possibility of observing religious customs. However on festivals we gathered in our huts and prayed with tears in our eyes. On Passover and the rest of the holidays, we ate barley grains taken from the fields which we ate raw, as on all the other days.

There was no Jewish cemetery. Every day, between 20 and 30 people died from epidemics such as typhus and dysentery, or starvation. Ukrainian police assigned us a burial place. Many dead were buried in one grave.

There was also a regional Jewish organization in Lucinet in charge of our ghetto, which had a responsibility to distribute money from Jewish aid organizations. The chairman was a man named Avraham Jancu from Dorohoi. But all the aid sent to us by the Jews of Romania was stolen by this man, bar only a very small part; he had no qualms about taking the money for himself.

My wife and I received letters from my father – in – law and sister – in – law who lived in Fălticeni. We found out later that they sent us regularly 6000 lei through the Jewish Central Council in Bucharest. Avraham Yancu did not give us that money. Although the proceeds from the conversion of Lei to German marks were very low, getting that little bit of money would have helped to alleviate our misery.

When I went to ask for the money he got angry with me and threatened to send me and my entire family to the Pecioara death camp. I was afraid and fell silent and he drove me out of his house. I could see that he lived in great luxury, thanks to the money stolen from the deportees. In Transnistria we were all obliged to wear the yellow star, both front and back, all the time. I remember that once a Romanian soldier stopped me and told me that the yellow star on my back was not prominent enough. He began to hit me over the head with a pair of shoes with bolts and nails in the soles. I fainted from the hard blows. Suddenly, the leader of the Jewish community, Rabbi Isidore Rosenberg, arrived at the scene. He pleaded with the soldier to stop, which he did, but of course only after I had given him a bribe.

Work

The Jews were forced to perform various forms of forced labour. We were taken to work in a kolkhoz and to dig trenches in the village. Sometimes they took us to load wood in wagons on trains destined for Germany. My wife and I were forced to work in these places under the supervision of the Romanian and German soldiers. We were beaten to make us work faster and we were not allowed to rest, even for a few minutes. We were beaten severely, until we were unable to feel pain any more. We were very weak, because we worked without eating, but those beasts didn't care at all and they abused us terribly. We worked without any payment or food; we were not allowed any paid work so were unable to obtain any income to help us to survive. We lived from the sale of the clothes we had left or the clothes of the dead to the peasants in exchange for food.



Platform in Burdujeni Railway Station in Suceava, Romania (taken in 2018) from which the family would have departed. The plaque on the wall commemorating the deportations.

My wife and I had to go to the kolkhoz fields at night to steal pumpkins, beetroot leaves, peas, and anything else that we could find in the field. Had we been caught, we would have faced certain death, but in the face of great hunger we were at risk of dying from starvation, which would have been a far worse fate. We had to go with other deportees to the forest, six kilometres away, at risk of our lives, to collect twigs fallen from the trees, so that we could make a little soup out of leaves, always without salt. Sometimes the Ukrainian foresters caught us, took away the few branches we managed to collect, and beat us with a rubber whip until we had red marks on our bodies.

Illness and death

Because of malnutrition, we all suffered bloated stomachs and bloody dysentery. Despite the best medical attention we are still suffering the consequences of this to this day. Our son Meir, who was seven years old, would cry and say, "Mother, give me food, I am very hungry." We shouted at him not to ask for food because we had nothing to give him apart from water. He began to lose weight, and one day he fainted from hunger.

The winters were very cold, more so than in Romania. In Gorai, as in other places where the deportees lived, various epidemics broke out, but of all of them the most severe was typhus. This began soon after our arrival and was usually fatal, killing dozens of people every day. The epidemic stemmed from our inability to maintain cleanliness, and the overcrowded conditions in which we lived, infested with lice and blighted by malnutrition.

My mother, Rachel Fallenbaum, died of typhus on 14th February 1942, and my relative Yossi Michael Sperber also died age 37. They died there, in terrible conditions of neglect. In the spring of 1942 all my family had typhoid fever. We had no medical treatment nor food. Miraculously we were saved, but we lay there for a long time, suffering very badly. Some of the deportees were sent across the Bug River, but I do not remember how many of them returned. From time to time, when German soldiers came to our village, we were beaten, and they robbed us of the few clothes we still had. We suffered a great deal, even from

the Ukrainian police who also beat and robbed us. When the local partisans and the Red Army eventually entered the village they were denounced, and as punishment they were sent immediately to the front. What happened to them there I do not know, but I would say it was a fitting punishment for them.

Return to Romania

We could not initiate any act of resistance ourselves, because we did not have the means to do so. And furthermore, we did not have the strength, because we were so very weak and thin. Our bodies were just skin and bones; we looked like corpses.

A few months before the arrival of the Red Army, the local partisans would come to us at night from the forests and talk to us, giving us some hope that they would soon save us. The partisans emerged from the forests from time to time to fight and kill some Romanian and German soldiers before retreating.

In March 1944, the Russians occupied Gorai and the area around it. There were more than 100 deportees left in Gorai. The Germans had no time to deal with us, since they were surrounded and attacked

from all directions by the partisans and the Red Army. Some Jewish deportees were drafted into the Red Army, but soon after, most were released and sent home.

On May 14 1944, we returned to our home town of Suceava in Romania after an exile of nearly three years. I had to walk for days with my wife and child. We arrived home in torn clothes, thin and sick, our stomachs unable to digest food. Of our entire household possessions that we had left behind we found nothing remaining. Likewise from our soap and candle factory and our store, everything was ruined. Of all the deportees from Bucovina, Bessarabia and Dorohoi who had been in Transnistria, about 360,000 in total, less than 60,000 returned. From Suceava, where approximately 8000 were deported, perhaps one in ten returned.

PR. R. V. 119

Suceava
Gorai

Suceava
(deportati)

Atre Yad Vashem
Yerusalem P. O. B. 84.

Stimate Dle Dr.
Th. Lavi Loewenstein.

Vă rog să mă scuzați că n'am răspuns
imediat la chestionarele D^{re} trimise din 14/III 1964
din cauza c'am fost bolnav și de aceea
n'am putut răspunde imediat.
Când voi întâlni cunoscuți cari au fost cu
mine în lagăr, le voi da acest chestionar
pentru a face și ei descrieri.
Eu am descris toate suferințele mele în
rezumat, căci sănătatea mea subredă nu-mi
permite mai mult.

Mai 1964

Cu toată stima
Fallenbaum Aron
rețor Bibuts Galuț 50.
Rahova

The Importance of our Hearing

Katie and Martin are a husband and wife team who have over 35 years' experience between them. Having worked in the NHS and for some of the world's leading hearing aid manufacturers – they know a lot about ears.

The Edinburgh Hearing Practice provide the latest hearing test techniques, independent expert advice on the best hearing aid technologies, and a professional ear wax removal service at state-of-the-art practices in Corstorphine and Gullane.

I'll wait until it gets worse...

Hearing loss is often very gradual and in fact, on average it takes someone with a hearing loss around 10 years to do something about it. And let's face it – nobody particularly wants to wear a hearing aid. But do you want to wait 10 years and miss out on all of those great moments in life?

'People tend to forget about getting their hearing checked, it's a poor third behind eyes and teeth! Hearing loss happens in our ears, but affects many different aspects of our lives. We often hear people saying that they don't want to wear hearing aids as they will make them look old, but hearing aids can be extremely discreet and hearing better keeps people young, socially active and employed for longer as statistics show that people with a hearing loss tend to retire earlier. There is also a lot of discussion around new evidence which shows that untreated hearing loss increases a person's likelihood to develop dementia as they withdraw from social interactions.' Martin Smith, Director and Hearing Aid Audiologist.

What to expect from a hearing assessment at the Edinburgh Hearing Practice

Most hearing centres will measure the quietest sounds that you can hear and based on this will make a recommendation. Although this type of hearing test provides useful information, by no means does it provide a full picture, we hear with our ears but it is our brain that understands speech! With this in mind, we have designed our test protocol to ensure that we measure your exact individual issues.

First and foremost, we will listen to you. Hearing loss is personal and we take the time to listen to your experience.

We recommend that you bring someone with you as they can often provide useful information and support. Our hearing assessments usually take about 90 minutes.

We will ask some medical related questions so that we have a good understanding of your general health and history. Next we will examine your ears. We have the latest technology and can show you images of your ears on a screen if you are interested in seeing exactly what we are looking at. We thoroughly check your ears using state of the art video equipment and keep the images on your records so we can keep track of your ear health.

If your ears are blocked with wax your hearing test will not be accurate. You're in safe hands at the Edinburgh Hearing Practice as we can perform professional ear wax removal.

We take you through a thorough hearing evaluation using the very latest audiometric equipment to record the quietest sounds that you can hear, but also importantly, the way that your brain is able to understand the signal from your ears. This involves testing your speech recognition in both quiet and in the presence of the dreaded background noise.

Where appropriate, we perform tympanometry to check how the middle ear is working (this is a really simple comfortable test, and is nothing to be nervous about).

At each stage we will explain the results really thoroughly to you and make sure that everything is completely clear. Occasionally we may feel that onward referral is required – this is unusual, but you can trust us to always do the right thing. If hearing aids would help, we will discuss all the different solutions that are available to you based on your hearing loss, lifestyle, cosmetic preference and ease of use.

Our care plans are bespoke and suited around your individual needs and preferences. All our hearing aids are available to trial for 30 days at no cost. We believe that the proof is in the pudding!

Maybe it's just wax!

We are experienced in ear care and can provide a professional wax removal service using Microsuction. This is our preferred method of wax removal as it uses a small suction tip to remove wax from the ear without introducing any water. There is also no need to use drops or oil for weeks on end to soften the wax prior to removal. In fact, using olive oil for one or two nights is ample preparation.

Research Update

Hearing loss officially the TOP modifiable dementia risk

Dementia is the greatest global challenge for health and social care in the 21st century: around 50 million people worldwide have dementia and this number is predicted to triple by 2050.

There is a growing body of evidence that links hearing loss to cognitive decline as it denies people a cognitively rich environment and can lead to social isolation and depression.

A study conducted by 24 international experts, was recently published in The Lancet and presented at The Alzheimer's Association International Conference in London which highlighted 9 key risk factors which are potentially modifiable and appear to reduce the risk of developing Alzheimer's disease in later life. According to the international study, one in three cases of dementia could be prevented if more people looked after their brain health throughout life.

The most significant modifiable risk factor was hearing loss in middle age.

This particular report has showed the importance of addressing hearing loss at an earlier age – between 45 and 65.

"Although dementia is diagnosed later in life, the brain changes usually begin to develop years before" lead author Professor Gill Livingston, University College London

"Building a "cognitive reserve" or strengthening the brains networks means it can continue to function in later life despite damage."

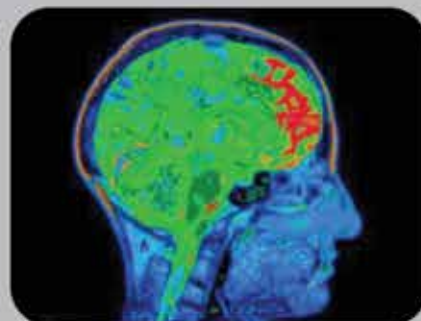
"Acting now will vastly improve life for people with dementia and their families and, in doing so, will transform the future of society."

Nine factors that contribute to the risk of dementia

- Mid-life hearing loss - responsible for 9% of the risk
- Failing to complete secondary education - 8%
- Smoking - 5%
- Failing to seek early treatment for depression - 4%
- Physical inactivity - 3%
- Social isolation - 2%
- High blood pressure - 2%
- Obesity - 1%
- Type 2 diabetes - 1%

These risk factors - which are described as potentially modifiable - add up to 35%.

The other 65% of dementia risk is thought to be potentially non-modifiable.



A recent study by **Which?** revealed a huge variation in customer satisfaction amongst large private hearing aid companies. However independent providers scored best for service, pricing, facilities and overall experience.

At the Edinburgh Hearing Practice, we often see people who have put off doing something about their hearing for a long time. The longer a hearing loss is left the more difficult it is for us to help. Our advice is to get your hearing checked on a regular basis – at least once a year.

So the moral of the story... don't wait 10 years to get your ears checked!



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Best Wishes for a Happy New Year and well over the Fast



Frank and Jackie Abramson
Pinner, Middlesex

**Susie, Jonathan,
Sam and Ruth Adler**

Michael Adler and Sue Fyvel

Ena Amitai
Netanya, Israel

Margaret Aronson

**James and Sally Barker
(nee Cowen), Samuel and Sadie**
London

Claudia Bathgate-Starr

Clarice Been
London

Shirley and Peter Bennett

Barbara and Leslie Bennie

**Marcia and Leonard Berger
and Yvonne**

Avril and Norman Berger
Edinburgh

**Stella and Norman
Bierman-MacLeod**

**Micheline, David, Duncan,
Shrutee, Ananya and Ayan
Brannan**

Douglas and Rosalind Brodie
Elstree, Herts

Norma Brodie and family
Edinburgh

Christine and Dave Burns

Louise and Brian Caine
Edinburgh

**Joyce and Jo Capek
and family**

Helen Capitanchik
Dunfermline

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**Ian and Rachel Caplan,
Olivia and Daniel**

Sandra and Sidney Caplan

Lady (Joyce) Caplan

**Shari, Martin and Hannah
Cohn-Simmen**

Kenneth and Irene Collins
Glasgow and Israel

John and Hazel Cosgrove

לשנה טובה תכתבו ותחתמו

**Nick & Caroline Cosgrove,
Juliette, James and Charlotte**

Andrea and Malcolm Cowan

Evelyn and Jack Cowan
Giffnock, Glasgow

Carole and Mickey Cowen
Edinburgh

Joyce Cram

**Lesley, John, Samuel, Benjamin
& Jonathan Danzig,**
Edinburgh

Sylvia and John Donne

Betsy Dorfman

Max Dorfman & Rodney Dorfman
Edinburgh

Sara and Maurice Dorfman
Jerusalem, Israel

Eli, Tiina, Boaz, Hannah and Leo

Ruth Ellison

Zena Eunson (nee Glass)

**David, Gillian, Richard. Menna,
Jonathan and Rachel Field**

Finlay Family
Edinburgh

Caroline and Lennie Freedman

**Einan and Merav Gardi, Omri,
Ilana and Shlomit**

**Judy and Anthony Gilbert
and family**

**May the New Year bring you and
yours Good Health! Professor Joe
Goldblatt, Nancy Lynner and family**

Kate and Ronnie Goodwin
Edinburgh

Gerald Gordon

David, Alex and Michael Grant

**Maryla and Edward Green
and Freddie**

**Dr Rebekah Gronowski and
family**

Mrs Elizabeth Grubb
South Queensferry

Stephen Gruneberg
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Kerr and Oren**

Irene Hyams and Gary Hyams

Rosalyn and Bernard Jackson
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**Howard, Valerie
and Jacqueline Kahn**
Edinburgh

**Liselotte Kastner (nee Adler)
and family**
Edinburgh

**Cassie, Jonty, Lily and Jack
Karro**
Melbourne, Australia

Lilian Kessly (nee Dorfman)
Mervona, Western Australia

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year and well over the Fast

Isobel King
Melrose

Sherma and Jonny Kisilevitz
Ein Kerem, Jerusalem

**Abby, Joel, Deborah,
Saul, Joshua and Eliora Korn**

Ian Leifer and family

Anita Levinson and family
Edinburgh

**Carol, Tom, Maurice
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**Elaine, Eddy, Sarah
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(nee Weisman)**
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Sharon and Mike Lurie
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**Irene and Philip Mason
and family**

Avery Meiksin and family

David Mendelssohn
Edinburgh

Harold and Esther Mendelssohn

Louis Mendelssohn

**Roy, Archie and Owen
Mendelssohn**
Melbourne, Australia

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**Shana Tova from Janet, Martin,
Rowan, Grant and Willow**

**Michele, David, Sarah-Beth and
Katie Neville**

Eve Oppenheim and family
Edinburgh

Philip and Rosie Oppenheim
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and family**

**Elaine, Aaron, Joel, Elsa, Louis
and Maya Raffel**
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and family

Pam, Jonathan and Dorothy

Hilary, Graham, Martin Jolene
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Obituaries



David Ellison

15/9/44 – 14/10/20

David was born in September 1944 in Belfast Northern Ireland. His father originated from Glasgow and mother from Vienna. The family used to say that David's sociability came from his mother's gregarious continental side of the family. He was a bright, happy, healthy, cheerful baby and his calm good natured temperament remained with him for the rest of his life.

David enjoyed a happy childhood. He was a caring and thoughtful brother and son who automatically looked out for everybody including his sister. He showed me how to write properly on our blackboard before I commenced primary school. This forward thinking at such a young age resulted in us both going quickly ahead and getting top marks in our first schools. Later his usual patience and perseverance enabled me to pass my driving test with flying colours. David was also a very caring son to his parents and looked after his mother and later his father when they became unwell in later life.

In his younger years growing up he enjoyed Cheder, the cubs and scouts and was always a popular figure in the community.

Growing up he enjoyed many varied and diverse activities including draughts, chess, developed photographs, stamp collecting, building model airplanes amongst many pursuits and later on learning ballroom dancing and taking

country walks with his father and family.

After passing the 11+ he completed his education in the local grammar school where he did well. As he grew taller and faster than his contemporaries he became expert at the school high jump competitions.

In Belfast he was active in our Jewish Institute and was happy mixing with all his friends, participating in the local debating society and he was captain of the local table tennis team. His team won many cups and trophies although he seemed to enjoy the sociability of the events more than the competitiveness. This resulted with him being rarely at home his father sometimes mentioning he was only a lodger in the household due to his socializing activities.

David attained a place at Queens University where he obtained his first class honours degree in economics. He modestly claimed it was because he studied hard but we all knew it was because he was obviously a bright spark.

After completing university he was offered a place in Coventry with GEC. During his time there he taught economics in the evenings. He always preferred teaching to office work but felt he was needed more at home to assist his father in the commercial travelling business. So after 1 year in England David returned home to help his father run the family business. He enjoyed this but decided to start up afresh in Scotland when the troubles in Ireland flared up in the 60s and 70s and all activities and travelling became difficult.

David was drawn to Edinburgh as it reminded him of his home in Belfast, the Cavehill, which was like Edinburgh and surrounded by hills. Sometimes we joked that although the weather was similar Belfast still won out with its renowned constant drizzle.

David settled down well in Edinburgh but was pleased when his father decided to return to Glasgow and he could visit and stay with him and consult on business matters as they had done previously. They both used to make a joke that David with his degree was the best educated traveller in the business.

Shortly afterwards David met his wife Anna during a walking social outing. They instantly gelled and had a very happy marriage. They were alike in nature both caring, kind, compassionate and generous. It was through Anna who was a health visitor that David was introduced to caring employment which he took to instantly and often said he wished he had tried it earlier.

Together with Anna and Anna's family we had many happy holidays in Israel, Canary Islands, Majorca, Spain and Ireland when David crossed the Carrick-a-rede rope bridge, and many walks with family along the Giants Causeway, not to mention his travelling all over Scotland for business and with family and friends.

When David arrived in Edinburgh he never looked back. He played bridge, went on walks and started ballroom dancing again where he was in great demand. He enjoyed the synagogue activities attending the services helping where he could and enjoying the companionship of the community especially the table tennis and luncheon club latterly. He had many happy years living in Edinburgh and when his health failed he mentioned to me how the community and his friends rallied round to support him.

Anyone who encountered David whether they were former Belfast associates, family friends, relatives, carers, health work colleagues, ballroom partners, tea room assistants, the local newsagent or the post man seemed to form an attachment to him. He was everyone's favourite as people sensed when conversing with him that somehow he would always try to offer help in whatever way he could. He had a strong sense of integrity and humour and would often remedy difficult conversations or situations with a gentle joke or astute insight into the particular problem and then offer a practical solution.

David did not have a single enemy throughout his entire life. He is greatly missed by everyone who was fortunate to have known him and I always thought myself blessed to have had him as my brother.

Ruth Ellison (sister)



Sheelagh Harris

18/2/30 – 24/8/20

Sheelagh Shena Coutts was born on the 18th February 1930 weighing only a tiny 2 1/2 lbs to Bertha (Bona) Greenberg and Harry Coutts, a well-known, established, and respected Glasgow family.

Bona, the youngest of 14 siblings, was an elegant, dynamic lady who loved to entertain family and friends. Our grandfather, Harry, a gentleman of many parts, was involved in a number of philanthropic activities and had a wide circle of close friends in business, the professions and politics, a Founder Member and the first Chairman of The Glasgow Jewish Board of Guardians, now Jewish Care Scotland. Sheelagh idolised her older brother Aaron, and grew up embraced within a warm, large family with many friends, steeped in

the Jewish Glasgow community and its traditions. She attended Park School in Glasgow and Wellington School in Ayr where several Glasgow Jewish Families evacuated to during the Second World War, the fathers carrying on their business during the week, Harry travelling to London regularly. Through Kindertransport her parents cared for a young girl Marion who lived as a sister to our mother for several years.

Our mother was introduced to Phillip Harris in 1948, a handsome young Consultant Neurosurgeon from Edinburgh, the son of Leah and Sam Harris, by his aunt Lilly Plottel and so the courtship between Glasgow and Edinburgh commenced culminating in a proposal of marriage from Phillip at Gleneagles Hotel in June 1949, and the very happy couple marrying at Garnethill Synagogue on 7th November 1949. Our father described our mother as a lovely, petite, charming young lady. Their long and loving marriage was celebrated at The New Club, Edinburgh in 2009 on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding.

Their life together was true teamwork with our mother supporting our father with his illustrious career both within the UK and abroad. They travelled the world attending Medical Conferences and made many friends world-wide with whom they kept in close contact over many decades.

Back in the UK family life was busy and happily fulfilled with two loving children Frances and Harvey and four grandchildren twins Alasdair and Shiona, and Abigail and Samantha (who now live in New Zealand). Our parents loved art, music and opera, had many friends and spent happy times with Edinburgh families such as Muriel and Philip Brown, Eve and Nate Oppenheim and Enid and Harold Oppenheim. Mummy's Glasgow roots played a large part with Glasgow relatives and friends, enjoying Simchas and friendship with many families including the large Dykes Family, Fe and Walter Wolfe, Adele and David Granet, Sylvia and Raymond Karter and Vivien and Cyril Black.

Our Mother was gracious, astute, determined and totally uncomplaining throughout her life, no matter what occurred. She was a wonderful wife, mother and grandmother. Very elegant

and hospitable she enjoyed like her mother entertaining and socialising. Our father trained many young neurosurgeons from all over the world who came to live in Edinburgh with their families during their training, and our mother greatly supported the wives and children of these families to settle into Edinburgh life and many stayed lifelong friends.

She was an active member of the Edinburgh Jewish community and involved in several spheres of Charitable and Voluntary work, including Chairman of the Edinburgh Children's Welfare Group, member of the Edinburgh Guild of Service Adoption Committee, President of Rotary Inner Wheel, where our father was President and a Paul Harris Fellow, and started the Edinburgh University Riding Club. Sport played a part, trying to improve her golf to join our father on the course she gained a reputation for playing barefoot, she also tried curling and skiing.

Latterly, Mummy had been less mobile and confined a great deal to her home, but she still loved a trip to Harvey Nichols for afternoon tea and looking around the store, she also enjoyed visiting the nearby Botanics. She greatly and deeply missed our father who passed away in 2013.

Mummy never stopped being interested and caring how others felt, and how others' lives were progressing.

She was a truly lovely person, uncomplaining with a wonderful sense of humour, enjoyment of life and determination.

Our Mother was cared for so well by her family as she grew up as a young girl; she imparted that love and caring to others, each of whom have been privileged and benefited from knowing her.

**Frances Hill (daughter)
Harvey Harris (son)**



Karol Mendelssohn

12/11/1950 – 1/5/2021

Karol was born 70 years ago into a very religious family in Flatbush, Brooklyn; the youngest of seven children of Joseph and Molly Schlosser.

Karol spoke Yiddish and was Jewish to her core. In our home she possessed volumes on Judaism and what it meant to be a Jew. She had a complex relationship with her Jewish roots. Synagogue with its rules and rivalries was not for her and the sight of ladies parading their finery in shul on the penitential day of Yom Kippur moved her to scorn.

Karol was educated at the venerable Erasmus High School where Barbra Streisand preceded her by five years. Other alumni included Mae West, Barbara Stanwyck, Bobby Fischer and Neil Diamond to name a few. Her father loved flora and fauna and took her frequently into the outdoors where she adopted a love of the countryside and all it possessed. Later on she took deprived children into the countryside to inculcate with the wish they hopefully would gain a lifetime interest in nature.

She took a degree in geology at New York University and spent a time working at the Natural History Museum now part of the Smithsonian Institute. However feeling "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" she attended the famous Woodstock festival which nurtured her broad musical appreciation. Not afraid of putting her head above the parapet she joined a demonstration against the Vietnam War.

During a stint as a school teacher she was attacked and struck on the head with a hammer by a deranged intruder at the school when she put herself in danger to protect the children. This led to a long convalescence and probably contributed to her leaving the U.S. to seek pastures new.

In 1978, she came to Britain and finally arrived in Scotland and immediately fell in love with the country. Subsequently she fell in love with a Scotsman, married and gave birth to two girls, Eilidh and Dana, who have inherited from their mama the wide interest she enjoyed in music, the arts and the environment. A few short years later, Karol was to bring up her family alone. Today, her children are school teachers and share the same beliefs passed on from Karol. Over the following years as a family they visited Crove, a fishing village between Buckie and Cullen, where Karol spent her time sketching and indulging in her love of photography, the latter winning her a prize in a Scotsman competition. Karol was also a book worm reading in excess of 30 books a year from natural history to Swedish Noir. Impressively, each morning she completed a killer Sudoku and in her final days completed one with the comment "eight minutes that is not bad"!

Karol and I met on the internet and I invited her out for dinner. Her repost was "no thank you, coffee is sufficient". We chatted animatedly and I asked her why she spelled her name with a K. Before she replied I interjected that I had a Polish friend named Karol and was she of Eastern European extraction? One word followed another and the rest is history.

Most people did not know that Karol was steeped in Eastern Europe music and folk dancing of which she was much accomplished and sang with two friends in Greek, Bulgarian and Hungarian. In time she was adept in Scottish Country dancing and danced regularly at Ceilidhs.

Karol was Chair of the School Board of Queensferry High School and during this period worked in the voluntary sector lecturing to local authorities the length and breadth of Scotland. At this time she also studied at Heriot Watt University qualifying with distinction in Town Planning which she put to good use as an advisor to the Kinross Civic Trust, The Protection of Rural Scotland of which she was a trustee, The Business Partnership in Kinross, and the Community Council. Karol did this gratis and for no reward and was delighted to be of help. Karol hosted on Zoom a Book Club and was deeply admired. She was also a valued member of the local choir and the volunteer group which drive the elderly and infirm to medical appointments, the hairdresser and even the local supermarket.

My precious Karol had a deep inner strength and lived life on her own terms.

A volume of the Talmud ends with the idea that in the World to come, G-d will arrange a dance for the righteous around the heavenly throne. Karol would like that; an eternal folk dance to tunes of all the world.

Louis Mendelssohn



Peter Phillips

12/3/1947 – 22/11/2020

My father's life began in Leicester, but it was in Leeds where he grew up and learned the tricks of the trade at the markets from his father Lou.

His journey to Edinburgh is one of chance – he was supposed to be going to London to work with a friend, but missed the train. The next train was for Edinburgh, but being the confident man he was, he decided to take it in his stride and roll with it. He had a friend in Edinburgh who he stayed with, and quickly fell in love with the city and never left... My dad became well known in the city as a jack-of-all-trades with a string of different businesses, ranging from luxury goods to kitchens. But he eventually settled into the Bathroom business.

During one night out with his friend, he bumped into a woman who he'd just fitted a bathroom for. She introduced him to her beautiful friend Margaret, who would become Margaret Phillips many years later. In my mum's own words "he wasn't her type"... but she said to him that night, if he could remember her number, she'd go out with him. He forgot it of course, but he was persistent and found her by other means. Over the years they were married, my Dad loved my Mum unwaveringly, there was nothing she could do wrong. He saw her beauty inside and out, and I don't think he ever saw anything else other than the young woman he met at that bar all those years ago.

In finding Margaret, he also found his son Scott whom he loved greatly. I think they were too alike in their early years and as many of you know, my Dad had a talent for winding people up. But as the years progressed, my Dad was happy and proud of his son and his family...

And that's when I came along, the happy surprise they didn't expect. Whilst my Mum and Dad were ecstatic to have me, there was another surprise in store for them soon after. The news came back that he had advanced metastatic prostate cancer, which had spread to the spine. The doctors who were treating him gave him a year to live. But despite the prognosis, my Dad remained, rooted fixedly in place to the realms of the living, to

our family, and from 9 till 5 to his beloved bathroom shop! This cancer, which should have killed him, instead highlighted an inner strength, an ability to fight through the pain he was going through so he could support his young family, and continue to be the head of our family for the next 30 years!

To have Peter Phillips as a father was not to have a boring dad! There was so much about him that was interesting, intriguing, funny and to be totally honest, sometimes just downright odd – he certainly didn't have much of a filter... but this just added to his charm!

My father's favourite name to call me was a "Know-it-all" to which Mum would simply reply, "Takes one to know one". As the saying goes, "The apple never falls far from the tree". But aside from developing a thick skin, I also learned a lot about inner strength and mental fortitude, because I never met a stronger man.

Around the time I started high school, he also found his way back to Judaism having not practised since before I was born. My Dad finding his faith again was really important to him. The Jewish community here in Edinburgh gave him a sense of home, he had a great group of friends that both he and my Mum would regularly partake in events and dinners with, and I know that in feeling closer to God it gave him a sense of peace and hope that he told me he had been missing the years previously.

My father continued to run his Bathroom business, "Splash", and our family grew with his two beloved grandsons, Finlay and Charlie. And not so long ago life had one more surprise for Peter Phillips, a reunion with his long lost son Ben. Although they only came to know each other later in my dad's life he was so happy it happened. At this point in his life my Dad had everything, a loving family, a successful business and his faith.

But my dad was always stronger in mind and spirit than he was in his body. He fought for his life on more than one occasion and despite terrible odds, always came out on top!

For the last 6 weeks of my father's life, the topic of conversation between my mother and brother had been Dad retiring, but every time we brought it up with him he'd roll his eyes and exhale in frustration, because he just didn't want to stop working. And that was another one of his little miracles, because even from within the hospital he was selling bathroom suites to the nurses, and even now that he's gone, there are still jobs on-going.

My father has left a void in our lives that will be difficult to fill.

Robbie Phillips (son)



Gershon Share

5/12/22 – 24/10/20

On behalf of our Family I would like to thank everyone for coming along to the service today to pay their respects to my late Uncle Gersh who sadly passed away on Saturday at the grand age of 97.

I would like to thank Rabbi Rose for leading today's poignant service in these difficult Covid times.

I would also like to thank Gershon Mendick, Mickey Cowan and Joyce Sperber for all their assistance in arranging Gersh's funeral. Their support is a fantastic mitzvah on behalf of the Edinburgh Jewish community.

I would now like to say a few words about my wonderful Uncle Gersh.

Gersh was the oldest of 4 children brought up in Ilford, Essex by his late parents Harry and Rachel Share. He had 2 sisters Ann and Millie (my mother) who have both sadly passed away and a younger brother David who is enjoying life in Florida with his family and friends. David is represented at today's service by his daughter Stephanie who currently lives in Glasgow.

Gersh always doted on all his family.

His family moved up to Edinburgh in 1945 before the end of the Second World War.

Gersh spent some years in the RAF where he was stationed in India.

Gersh subsequently worked for the rest of his working life with his late father Harry in their family upholstery and antiques business in Newington, Edinburgh.

Gersh enjoyed being part of the Edinburgh Jewish Community and he was a regular attendee at the Schul on Yom Kippur even into his eighties. During his life Gersh loved sport and he enjoyed playing golf at Craigmillar Golf Club and as a member of the Buckstone Golf Society. He also introduced me to golf and got me a junior membership of Craigmillar.

As a young man Gersh was a handy footballer in the Edinburgh Jewish community team where I think he played Right Back.

His love of football is a passion I share and he would love watching football and hearing how the respective teams were doing. He had a soft spot for Hearts and Arsenal but he was also very magnanimous when I eulogised about my beloved Hibeas.

Gersh retired in good health at the age of 65 and he emigrated to Torremolinos, Spain with his partner Freda where they both enjoyed living in the sunshine. He returned to Scotland after 18 years when the late Freda's health deteriorated. Gersh then took up residence in a retirement flat in Homeross House in the Grange.

Gersh was very self-sufficient in his flat. He was meticulous and he did his own shopping up until a year or two ago. He also kept an eagle eye on what was going on in his flat and you had to be quick to close the fridge door or switch off the kettle at the socket or you would soon be gently told to do so.

Gersh had a very positive outlook to life. He never took life too seriously. He was always cheerful and he radiated warmth. Physios, dentists, shop assistants were all charmed by him and were impressed at his independence.

Gersh liked to have a good laugh and enjoyed hearing stories of how everyone was doing (especially if the stories contained a bit of mischief). You always left his flat with a smile on your face.

Gersh realised he was very fortunate to live such a long, healthy life. He hardly troubled the NHS. However, he told us, with a smile on his face, never to buy him anything new as he might "kick the bucket" at any point.

Gersh was the elder statesman in our family and he was very wise. Despite being hard of hearing in later years he was always a good listener.

I will certainly miss my chats with him about football and the family and checking to see what he had marked up in the weekly TV guide for the week ahead. Gersh was like a very kind, loving second father to me. I know my brothers Paul and Stephen, and Stephen's wife Sally also enjoyed spending precious time with Gersh.

Gersh had a set weekly shopping list which Stephen, Sally, myself and my wife Helen latterly helped him get. This always included 7 chicken korma, 8 tins of Heinz tomato soup and 5 lemon loaf cakes each week. He will also be missed by Waitrose.

Gersh also enjoyed a glass of red wine (especially Spanish Rioja) and my wife Helen will miss having a tipple with him.

Helen also had some lively adventures with Gersh: from trying to improve his toe nail care in his flat to importantly checking that Gersh took his prescribed medications.

Helen would regularly take Gersh to his GP where he would be asked questions such as "who keeps your flat tidy" to which Gersh would quite rightly reply "I don't make a mess".

Gersh will be greatly missed by our 3 children: Sophie, Ben and Charlotte and my nephew Rick.

Relatives from abroad: Gersh's brother David and David's wife Irene, their son Adrian and his wife Geanne, niece Louise and her husband Bobby all recently enjoyed visiting Gersh. They spent quality time in his flat, catching up with Gersh and having a good chat. They and other relatives and friends will all miss him.

Gersh was 97 but he was always young at heart.

Gersh, rest in peace. We will all miss you so much.

Thank you.

Eulogy delivered at the funeral by
Daniel Harris (nephew)



Dr Stanley Curry

17/6/24 – 12/10/19

Born on 17th June 1924 in New Cross, South East London to Deborah and Nathan Cohen, the second of three children. He was educated at Haberdashers' Aske's School in South London.

He was a very studious young man, but excelled in swimming. His mother and sister were very musical, but unfortunately, these musical talents were not inherited by him.

He went to University College London to study Biochemistry, and left after gaining his degree in two years, to run his father's grocery business. At the time of his entry to University, there was a quota for Jewish students, and his father changed the family surname from Cohen to Curry. He then applied to Edinburgh University to read Medicine.

He obtained the triple qualification in Medicine in 1949. This was a joint qualification between the three Scottish Royal Colleges (Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh). As part of his training, he went to Dublin for a period of 6 months to practise gynaecology and obstetrics. He then took up the position of Tutor in Medicine at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

He met Annette Hart (daughter of Leah Saltman & Samuel Hart) at a Ball in Edinburgh, and they married in Edinburgh Shul in Salisbury Road in December 1951.

They then moved to Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, where they bought a Medical Practice, and he worked as a General Practitioner for 42 years. For a short time, he had a surgery in Harley Street, which he had to give up due to the pressures of work in Kenton, Harrow and Wembley. In October 1952, there was a major train disaster at Harrow & Wealdstone Station, involving three trains, and being one of the local doctors, he was one of the first on the scene, helping with the casualties.

Whilst working in general practice in Harrow, he was also Honorary Medical Officer of Wembley and Harrow Hospitals. In addition, he was Visiting Physician to Wembley Eventide Homes looking after three local Old Age Homes, as they were called in those days. It was this interest in Geriatrics that led him to study for his PhD, which he was awarded in 1965, and in the same year became an adviser to the US Government on Medicare/ Gerontology in Washington. He was also Medical Officer in Geriatrics at the London Borough of Brent.

In 1994, he became a research fellow of The Medical Research Council at Northwick Park Hospital, as well as being a physician at Grosvenor Hospital in Hendon.

He took up the post of locum at a local Doctor's surgery in Hatch End, where he worked for many years, and in fact retired twice from this post. The first time, retiring on a Friday and enjoying a retirement party hosted by the Doctors at the practice. He then reappeared at work on the following Tuesday morning. He enjoyed working there immensely, as many of his former patients had signed up with the Practice, and he had the opportunity to continue to look after them.

He finally retired in 2013 at the age of 89, having found a profession to which he was totally dedicated, which gave him total fulfilment, and at which he was superb. He was a great diagnostician, but was also a great believer in the second opinion, and left no stone unturned.

He was a keen bridge player, and together with his wife, Annette, were quite a formidable team.

He enjoyed visiting his daughter and son-in-law who live in Glasgow, and being taken around Edinburgh, with a final stop of fantastically warm and kind hospitality at Barbara and Leslie Bennie's house in Barnton. He was also extremely proud of his youngest granddaughter, Saskia, who studied Biochemistry at Edinburgh University, his alma mater.

He died aged 95, on 12th October 2019 at Hospital of St John and Elizabeth in St John's Wood. One of his favourite phrases was that "Doctors always die of their specialism".

He leaves behind his wife, Annette Curry, son Lionel Curry, daughter Fiona Samuel, and grandchildren Eva and Sam Curry, and Natalie and Saskia Samuel.

Fiona Samuel (daughter)



Irene Gatoff 20/01/1919 – 12/01/2021

Irene Vineberg was born on 20th January 1919 in the West End of Newcastle upon Tyne, where her father was a shopkeeper; younger sister to Pauline and Sadie and later followed by her brother Arnold.

Sadly, her mother died when she was just 18 years old, so, much as she would have loved to train as a nurse, she stayed at home to look after the family, as her sisters were already on their career paths.

She married Natie Gatoff on Boxing Day 1940, and, after my father returned from the war, they moved to Bishop Auckland in County Durham where he worked. Here there was a tiny Jewish community – initially just 20 families, but we then had a Cheder run by a minister from West Hartlepool, who also came through for our Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur services. Kosher meat was sent from Newcastle every week on the OK bus. As the community diminished however, our father used to drive us to Newcastle every Sunday for Cheder and decided they must move the family back there in the late 1950's to be part of an active Jewish community and to lead a full Jewish life.

My mother very much enjoyed a number of years working as a school administrator, and then, when both our parents retired, they became immersed in many communal activities. Neither of them ever considered themselves as old and worked tirelessly to help others – in the Chevra Kadisha, for AJEX, producing the weekly newsletter, and they were involved with setting up the Leisure Group.

When my father became unwell, my mother nursed him devotedly for over 18 months. After he passed away in 1998, she became very independent. She travelled to Boston for our son Michael's wedding to Sharon and later to Australia to visit my sister in her new home in Sydney. She participated in various weekly social activities and volunteer projects in the community, in addition going across the road every Wednesday evening to a Care Home to call Bingo "for the old folk who can't get out". For many years she made blankets for the homeless, and in November 2020 she was featured in the Jewish Chronicle as Mitzvah Day's oldest active volunteer.

In her nineties she joined a computer course in her local library, acquired a laptop, and was thrilled to be able to use email. A couple of years later, when she was staying with us in Edinburgh, I demonstrated my iPad to her, and she enthusiastically bought one immediately, opening up for herself the world of modern technology. Going online was of great importance, as she then joined Facebook gaining many Friends. Receiving family photos and messages online from her extended family gave her so much pleasure, and she was able to keep up to date with the lives of her beloved grandchildren and greatgrandchildren in Brazil, London, North America and Australia.

She used her iPad to check her bank account, played Rummikub and card games, did puzzles, and used Google to find out information and to seek advice. She kept her mind active at all times, was always smiling and frequently expressed gratitude for all the good things with which she felt blessed.

Although my mother never thought of herself as old, she was very excited to be able to celebrate her 100th birthday with a kiddush in shul and a family party the next day. She was thrilled to receive a personal letter from Chief Rabbi Mirvis and her card from the Queen.

She will be remembered by us all for her dignity, her independent spirit, her positive and intelligent attitude to life, her caring and loving nature, and for her beautiful smile.

Hilary Rifkind (daughter)



Halina Moss

15/1/1929 – 17/3/2021

My mother, Halina, was a well-known figure to the Edinburgh Jewish Community. She (along with my father Isy until his death in 2001) regularly visited me and my family during our 41 years living in Edinburgh.

Often these visits involved services at EHC, or family parties with our friends, or attendance at functions at Salisbury Road or in people's houses. These occasions gave Halina the opportunity to demonstrate her lively intelligence, enquiring mind, and extraordinarily wide cultural frame of reference, as well as her famous charm and elegance. She acquired many friends who made a beeline for her whenever she was around. In recent years those visits included the annual regional gathering of the Association of Jewish Refugees with its delightful lunch at the Marian Oppenheim Hall.

But to begin at the beginning, Halina was born in Warsaw, an unexpected late baby for her childless parents, Sonya and Semyon Lewiner. Unlike their traditional forebears, Sonya and Semyon were Bundists who believed in socialism and emancipation of the Jewish workers. They rapidly took her away from the city smoke to the healthy spa town of Otwock, home of at least 2 Chassidic courts which her secular mother and father did not frequent. Halina delighted in telling us all about her pre-War childhood which, if not exactly an idyll, she described in glowing detail – the wooden houses, her mother's couture business, her father's rather unsatisfactory career as a commercial traveller, the neighbours, the visitors, the bands of children playing freely in the sandy streets and forest. Halina, an only child, was largely brought up by domestic servants – there was always a maid – and was encouraged to go about with the children who often came to stay, including older boys who bullied and scared her a bit. Sadly, most of these visitors and friends were to perish in the Holocaust.

In September 1939 Halina witnessed the bombing of Warsaw, which had her terrified and clinging to her mother's skirts. Sonya advised Semyon to leave quickly, so he went ahead with refugees to Bialystok, Sonya and Halina following a few weeks later. They encountered many difficulties and dangers on the way and lost nearly all their possessions. In Bialystok, or rather a village nearby, a new life began. Halina learned Yiddish, attending a Yiddish speaking school for the first time. After a few months the Lewiners were deported by the Russians to a labour camp in the Northern Dvina. This was because the Polish refugees were regarded as enemy aliens while Stalin persisted with the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact. The labour camp was a place of starvation, where everyone became very thin. Sonya's couture skills enabled the family to earn a little money and survive the privations. The children roamed around in summer and ate wild berries, thus staving off scurvy, rickets and other diseases of malnutrition. Meanwhile, Semyon was taken north to Archangel and imprisoned on some trumped up charge for 2 years.

Eventually the Lewiners were reunited in Bashkiria, near the Ural Mountains, meeting up with Sonya's sister Rosa, who had been evacuated from Moscow with her 2 sons. There they spent the rest of the War and Halina became proficient in Russian and a star pupil at the local Secondary School, giving her a third language qualification that she would use for life.

Every day I spent with my mother she would tell me stories of these years, before she reached the age of 18 and emigrated with her parents to Glasgow. She was bursting and bubbling with reminiscences and stories. It was partly in order to memorialise people whom she was sure perished in the War or in Gulags that she wanted their stories on record. Eventually she wrote a 108 page memoir of those times that has found its way to the Scottish Jewish Archives Centre. I am happy to make this available to anyone who would like to read more.

Compared with her first 18 years, Halina had relatively little to say about her subsequent 74 years in Glasgow, her career as a teacher of Science, Maths or Russian as the curriculum demanded, her 47 year happy marriage to Isy, a fellow teacher, their commitment to Glasgow Friends of Yiddish, and the many friends they made and loyally maintained here in Scotland. We three children always felt that we were the offspring of a Holocaust survivor, part of the tragic threads of European Jewry which managed somehow to pull through. She was highly intelligent and very well read. The house is filled with her embroidery, tapestry, sculpture and paintings. She taught us how to do cryptic crosswords. She woke up every morning with a Russian, Polish or Yiddish song in her head which she had to sing over breakfast, and she remembered hundreds of these songs, word for word.

Her story has made it down 4 generations to my grand-daughter Ananya, who spoke memorably at the Shiva about her great-granny's early life. I am so proud of my mother and the example she has set us all.

Micheline Brannan (daughter)

Ingrid Wuga

24/06/1924 – 17/10/2020

Ingrid was born in Dortmund, Germany in June 1924. In 1939, realising that there was no safe future in Germany her parents, Ascher and Erna Wolff, arranged for Ingrid to come to the UK on the Kindertransport.



At just 15 years old, she said a traumatic goodbye to her parents, arriving in London on 4 July 1939. The Christadelphian couple who had guaranteed for her, arranged that she should work as a children's nurse.

Ingrid parents were able to come to the UK in September 1939 and accepted domestic jobs with a family in Ayrshire. Shortly afterwards, Ingrid came to work in Scotland and was happily reunited with her parents.

Ingrid, was dedicated, committed and excelled in dressmaking, starting her own dressmaking business in the 1940's. To see Ingrid work with a needle, or a sewing machine, with every stitch perfect, was mesmerising. Ingrid was still using these skills in August last year.

Ingrid met Henry at the refugee club in Glasgow and they married on 27th December 1944. Ingrid's parents lovingly accepted Henry into their family.

Ingrid and Henry were devoted to each other and did everything as a couple. They were an 'ITEM', sharing many interests especially classical music and travel, spending many years cycling the hills of Scotland together.

Henry established Wuga Kosher Catering in 1960 and Ingrid was his indispensable partner. Without her complete involvement and hard work they would not have achieved the success which they did. Baking was her speciality and on weekends with multiple bookings, Ingrid was also responsible for running entire functions.

Henry's love of mountains and snow became their shared passion. Ingrid's devotion also meant that she followed Henry down the ski slopes. She had a few minor breaks but Ingrid always came back. She never ever gave up. She followed Henry irrespective of the conditions.....sun, snow, steep or icy. She was a stylish skibobber. A sport she enjoyed.

Their two daughters, Hilary and Gillian gave Ingrid and Henry much joy especially when marrying and extending the family unit with 4 grandsons. Ingrid relished being a grandmother to Peter, Alastair, Richard and Jonathan. Every winter a few weeks were spent skiing in the Alps. OMA was a great teacher to all 4 grandsons, looking after them at ski school. In January 2020 she became a great grandmother to identical twin boys.

Ingrid's devotion to classical music stemmed from her mother Erna's love of music. She was passionate about live concerts, recitals and together with Henry, travelled the world to enjoy Opera, from The Met in New York to Verona in Italy.

For 67 years the Edinburgh International Festival was a vital part of their calendar. Music brought her contentment, joy and happiness throughout her life.

In retirement, Ingrid and Henry made a major contribution to BLESMA The British Limbless ex Servicemen's Association for over 25 years. Young men and women returning wounded from Northern Ireland, the Falklands and Afghanistan conflicts were offered rehabilitation on the ski slopes. Henry as their Instructor in Chief was supported by Ingrid who was referred to as the 'MOTHER SUPERIOR' or 'AUNTIE INGRID', of the group. Ingrid could talk to the servicemen and women in a way that they could not speak to their friends or the officers. They could open up to her with their emotions. She also helped talk some of them down the mountain when they 'froze' with fear. Something which helped preserve their self-esteem. She was respected and became a lifelong friend to many of them.

Ingrid also helped look after patients for many years at the Prince and Princess of Wales Hospice in Glasgow. Her calmness and compassion helped so many, as she spent time listening and talking to patients.

Together with Henry, Ingrid spoke to over 5,000 pupils in Scotland, telling her story to the youngsters, on behalf of the Holocaust Educational Trust.

The following quotes are from two young ladies who became HET ambassadors:

Kirsty Robson who now works with HET said
"I will never be able to truly express just how much Ingrid served as a source of inspiration to me. In all the years I have known her, she shaped how I focused on my work. I vow to continue the work she started in ensuring young people learn about the Holocaust."

Laura Pasternak said
"Ingrid and Henry have taught me so much, have left such an impact on my world view to never be a bystander to hate and prejudice, and to proactively show kindness to others."

The family is so proud of Ingrid and all that she achieved. She was awarded the BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL in the New Year's honours list (Dec 2019) for Services to Holocaust Education. So richly deserved. Ingrid and Henry also travelled several times to the Jewish Museum Berlin to talk to students from Germany about their experiences. The students often included pupils who had themselves fled their country of origin due to religious persecution.

Ingrid had the ability to make a person feel special. Her kindness, gentle manner and sense of humour defined her as one of life's wonderful people. One of Ingrid's mantras about a long and loving marriage was "take care of each other"

Ingrid's family celebrate her remarkable life and treasure the wonderful happy times they had together. Ingrid passed away on 17th October 2020, aged 96 years. A full life well lived.

Henry Wuga,
Gillian Fields, Hilary Hodsman (daughters)

Cover Picture

Edward Green

Amedeo Clemente Modigliani
The Jewish Woman, 1908



Amedeo Clemente Modigliani

(12 July 1884 – 24 January 1920) was an Italian Jewish painter and sculptor who worked mainly in France. He is known for portraits and nudes in a modern style characterised by a surreal elongation of faces, necks, and figures that were not received well during his lifetime, but later became much sought-after. Modigliani spent his youth in Italy, where he studied the art of antiquity and the Renaissance. In 1906, he moved to Paris. He was born into a Sephardic family in Livorno, a port city, which had long served as a refuge for those persecuted for their religion, and was home to a large Jewish community.

Modigliani's mother, Eugénie Garsin, born and raised in Marseille, was descended from an intellectual, scholarly family that for generations had lived along the Mediterranean coastline. Fluent in many languages, her ancestors were authorities on sacred Jewish texts and had founded a school of Talmudic studies. Family legend traced the family lineage to the 17th-century Dutch philosopher Spinoza. The family business was a credit agency with branches in Livorno, Marseille, Tunis, and London, though their fortunes ebbed and flowed.

Modigliani's father, Flaminio, was a member of an Italian Jewish family of successful businessmen and entrepreneurs. While not as culturally sophisticated as the Garsins, they knew how to invest in and develop thriving business endeavours. When the Garsin and Modigliani families announced the engagement of their children, Flaminio was a wealthy young mining engineer. He managed the mine in Sardinia and also managed the almost 30,000 acres of timberland the family owned.

A reversal in fortune occurred to this prosperous family in 1883 when an economic downturn in the price of metal plunged the Modiglianis into bankruptcy. Ever resourceful, Modigliani's mother used her social contacts to establish a school and, along with her two sisters, made the school into a successful enterprise.

Amedeo Modigliani was the fourth child, whose birth coincided with the disastrous financial collapse of his father's business interests. Amedeo's birth saved the family from ruin, as according to an ancient law, creditors could not seize the bed of a pregnant woman or a mother with a newborn child. The bailiffs entered the family's home just as Eugénie went into labour; the family protected their most valuable assets by piling them on top of her.

Modigliani had a close relationship with his mother, who taught him at home until he was 10. Beset with health problems after an attack of pleurisy when he was about 11, a few years later he developed a case of typhoid fever. When he was 16 he was taken ill again and contracted the tuberculosis which would later claim his life. After Modigliani recovered from the second bout of pleurisy, his mother took him on a tour of southern Italy: Naples, Capri, Rome and Amalfi, then north to Florence and Venice.

Modigliani's oeuvre includes paintings and drawings. From 1909 to 1914 and after he moved to Paris in 1906, he devoted himself mainly to sculpture. His main subject was portraits and full figures, both in the images and in the sculptures. Modigliani had little success while alive, but after his death achieved great popularity. He died of tubercular meningitis at the age of 35. His paintings now fetch many tens of millions of pounds at auction.

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Forthcoming Events

Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society

The table below lists the Lit programme for 2021-22 as far as it is presently arranged. Because of present circumstances, arrangements are rather behind and less firm than would normally be the case at this time of the year.

Also, because of the situation, presentation of meetings before the mid-winter break will continue to be held by Zoom; for meetings after the mid-winter break, we hope to be able to resume customary meetings in the Marian Oppenheim Hall.

At the time of writing, nine speakers have been arranged, but only one date has been fixed. The title or topic for the 3 asterisked events below are determined; the remainder await further discussion.

Speaker/Event	Date	Title/Description
Reif, Stefan*	Oct 10	<i>Bouncing Back and Forward: Stefan Reif Reflects on his Autobiography</i> *
Broda, Paul*		On his book <i>Scientist Spies</i> *
Burg, Avraham		On his book <i>In Days to Come: A New Hope for Israel</i>
Finder, Gabriel		TBA
Pick, Hella		Q+A session focussing on Jewish aspects of her journalistic career
Pistol, Rachel + Morgenroth, Alan*		<i>Remembering Second World War internment in Great Britain +The Economics of Internment as seen through the banknotes created by the 'Dunera Boys' deported to Australia and interned in Hay NSW, September 1940 to May 1941.*</i>
Rees, Valery		On her book <i>From Gabriel to Lucifer: A Cultural History of Angels</i>
Taylor-Guthartz, Lindsey		On her book on Orthodox Women's Customs
Evans, Richard		Possible topic, his book: <i>The Hitler Conspiracies: The Third Reich and the Paranoid Imagination</i>

2021 – 22 Festivals

Rosh Hashanah:

Tuesday 7th September – Wednesday 8th September 2021

Yom Kippur:

Thursday 16th September 2021

Succot:

Tuesday 21st – Monday 27th September 2021

Shemini Atzeret:

Tuesday 28th September 2021

Simchat Torah:

Wednesday 29th September 2021

Chanukah:

Monday 29th November – Monday 6th December 2021

Tu B'Shvat:

Monday 17th January 2022

Purim:

Thursday 17th March 2022

Pesach (Passover):

Saturday 16th April – Sunday 23rd April 2022

Yom HaAtzmaut:

Friday 6th May 2022

Lag B'Omer:

Thursday 19th May 2022

Shavu'ot:

Sunday 5th – Monday 6th June 2022

Tisha B'Av:

Saturday 6th August 2022



CHANUKAH

Please save the following dates in your diary

SUBJECT TO COVID RESTRICTIONS

Saturday 4th December
EHC Community Centre Committee
Chanukah Dinner

Sunday 28th November 6.30pm
1st candle

Annual public Chanukah lighting
ceremony in St Andrews Square by
kind invitation of Chabad Edinburgh

More information about these events will be provided nearer the time.

