

IMPORTANT

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Interview Transcript Title Page

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| Interviewee Surname: | Little |
| Forename: | Ingeborg |
| Interviewee Sex: | Female |
| Interviewee DOB: | 13 September 1924 |
| Interviewee POB: | Holzwickede, Germany |

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| Date of Interview: | 4 November 2003 |
| Location of Interview: | Harrogate |
| Name of Interviewer: | Rosalyn Livshin |
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**REFUGEE VOICES:
THE AJR AUDIO-VISUAL TESTIMONY ARCHIVE**

INTERVIEW: 37

NAME: INGEBORG LITTLE

DATE: 4 NOVEMBER 2003

LOCATION: HARROGATE

INTERVIEWER: ROSALYN LIVSHIN

TAPE 1

RL: Ok, so if you can tell me first your name.

IL: I'm known as Inge, Inge Little.

RL: And what was your name at birth?

IL: Steinweg, Ingeborg Steinweg

RL: Do you have any other names?

IL: Ingeborg Sophie Steinweg.

RL: Any nickname?

IL: No, never have had.

RL: A Hebrew name?

IL: No.

RL: And where were you born?

IL: I was born in a small place in Westphalia called Holzwickede. But I lived there until I was four, after which we moved to Dortmund, where I lived until we left.

RL: And when were you born?

IL: On the 13th of September, 1924.

RL: So what does that make you now?

IL: That makes me just over 79.

RL: Now, just give me your parents' names.

IL: My father was Hugo, Hugo in English, Steinweg, my mother was Bertha née Lorch, L-O-R-C-H.

RL: And where were they born?

IL: And my father was born in Holzwickede, where indeed I was born. My mother was born in a place called Harsewinkel, which is even smaller than Holzwickede.

RL: Where was that near?

IL: They were all in Westphalia, near Unna, near the Ruhr. I'm not very good at geography.

RL: If you can tell me, first of all, something about your father's family background.

IL: They were shopkeepers, I believe. To be quite honest, I knew none of my grandparents, they all died, before I was born and when I was very young. But I know that, in the house in which I was born, and where my father was born, there was a shop, which I believe they kept, and I believe it was greengrocery, etc., marketing of some description. But my father eventually became a painter, decorator and artist.

Tape 1: 3 minutes 17 seconds

RL: What kind of— how many siblings did he have?

IL: My father had, oh dear, he had two sisters, three sisters, and two brothers. One of the brothers died in the war, in the First World War, so I never knew him, and the others lived— several died during the Holocaust, two survived, in Germany. My father died in '36.

RL: His brothers and sisters, whereabouts in Germany were they living?

IL: We lived, we all lived fairly near. One sister lived in Cologne, but the others all congregated in Dortmund, one in Recklinghausen, which wasn't very far away. But we were all fairly close, in relationships and, as well, in proximity.

RL: Did you see much of them?

IL: Yes, we were a very close family. That little book I was talking about says aunts and uncles abounded, there were lots of us. And we were always with each other.

RL: When would you get together?

IL: For no reason at all, but certainly on special occasions. Birthdays, holidays, we didn't go very far on holidays, but we spent a lot of time with each other. School holidays we'd spend with various aunts and uncles. They weren't— most of the cousins were a great deal older than I am, on both sides of the family, I was always the youngest. But on my father's side, there was just one cousin, who was our age, and he still survives, oddly enough, the others again were slightly older, and there are two left in America, with whom I'm afraid I've lost touch.

RL: Do you know what kind of education your father had?

IL: Very elementary, yes, as indeed most of us did.

RL: And what level of religious observance was he brought up with?

IL: Liberal, very liberal, both my parents were brought up liberally, as indeed my brother and I were.

RL: What happened with your father during the First World War?

IL: He served as a soldier in the German army.

RL: And did he talk about his experiences?

IL: We had so many photographs of that war— they were all— we weren't allowed to take them out with us when we left Germany, but I have vivid memories of one, where, during one of the Christmases of that war, he was playing chess with French soldiers. I believe there was a special Christmas armistice or ceasefire and the opposing armies played games, which is rather nice. Didn't last long.

RL: And you had a photograph of that?

IL: Yes, yes I did, but it's lost. All those First World War photographs are lost. There are one or two snaps, which I believe you have found.

RL: Did he tell you anything about that experience?

IL: No, no, I knew very little about my father's war service.

Tape 1: 6 minutes 43 seconds

RL: Coming on to your mother's family, if you could give me her family background?

IL: She was the youngest of her family and there were, oh, let me see, there was, there was one brother, there were two brothers, one lived in Lipp Springs, whose daughter, the eldest cousin, who is still alive in Switzerland at this very moment, he was killed in a road accident, the eldest brother was lost during the Holocaust, and there were the— I think there were only the three of them, I didn't know of any more. They were all quite a lot— my mother was the youngest, and her brother, her eldest brother, was over twenty years older than she. There again, we were very close, but they were all very much older than I, more so than my father's family, and therefore I was the little cousin who keeps getting away every now and then.

RL: Do you know what your mother's father did for a living?

IL: You know, I don't. No, I don't. Strange, isn't it? We don't know enough about our parents and grandparents do we?

RL: Do you know what kind of education your mother had?

IL: Very elementary.

RL: And when she left school, did she work?

IL: Yes, she was trained as a housekeeper, household management, which stood her in good stead later on.

RL: How did your parents meet?

IL: I don't know, there again, I do not know. You are making me feel very ignorant. I don't know how they met. How did people meet in those days? They certainly didn't live in the same place. And there is nobody who would know.

RL: When did they marry?

IL: They married in— on the 4th of February 1919.

RL: And how many children did they have?

IL: They had three. The eldest one was a girl who died very early, and then my brother, who was born in 1922, and I came along in 1924.

RL: And your brother's name?

IL: My brother's name is Rudolf, but he's now known as Ron, Ronald. His name was changed when he joined the British army, just before he was sent to France.

Tape 1: 9 minutes 36 seconds

RL: Do you have any memories of your first home?

IL: Oh yes, very vivid. I remember the house where I was born, I can see it... Indeed, my husband and I visited Holzwickede a few years ago, and I stood outside and it is still there, and it still has a shop at the bottom, but it's, it's a pizzeria now. I didn't have the courage to go and ask to go in; I get too emotional on those occasions. But the house is still there and I do remember the living quarters within it, as I remember every other one from there. When I was four, we moved into a flat in Dortmund, and then when my mother and father took over the Jewish community home there, we lived in these— on two occasions, in these enormous houses, as they would be. We lived in two, one was in the Märkische Straße in Dortmund, and subsequently we moved to an even bigger one in the Saarbrücker Straße, which— where we lived when the Kristallnacht occurred.

RL: So your first home, if you can just describe what you remember of that.

IL: Very simple. I just remember the, the very simple furniture. I think we had two or three rooms, I cannot remember vividly. I remember the house, I remember the stairs, and I remember that my aunt lived opposite on the same floor, but that's as far as it goes.

RL: Why did your parents move from there?

IL: I believe they wanted to— My mother was not too keen on the place, I believe, but these are stories I've heard, I can't substantiate them. And they were looking for something to do together, which of course they did, until my father died.

RL: And what was it they?

IL: They ran the community home, the Jewish community home.

RL: So they moved to Dortmund for that purpose?

IL: Yes, they were looking for something like that. For a very short space of time, as I say, we lived in a flat, and then— that was in the Prinzenstraße, I even remember the name. Then we moved to the first community home, which was later transferred to a different house, a very nice big house, where everything for the Jewish community was organised: we had offices, we had meeting rooms, we had a lot of weddings and other social occasions for which my mother, and relations usually came and helped to do the catering. And that's where we went to school, near there.

Tape 1: 12 minutes 30 seconds

RL: So the community home, did people live in it?

IL: No, no, no, no. It was— I suppose you'd liken it to a social centre, but it was more than that. Indeed, after the, not the burning down of the synagogue, because they didn't burn it, but they pulled it down, we even had a synagogue in our— in the house. When all the Jewish doctors had to give up their surgeries, we had a surgery in the house, where the doctors used to treat Jewish patients. And two nurses, whom I very fondly remember, they came and helped the doctors. We had a soup kitchen, a library, and all the things that a Jewish organisation organised in those days took place in this house.

RL: How big a house was it?

IL: Very. It had two big offices downstairs, a library, an enormous kitchen, beyond which we had a small sitting room. On the first floor was a big hall, a very big hall, which must have seated a couple of hundred, perhaps not, I don't know, and a smaller hall, where gentlemen used to play cards, and catering went on in both these rooms, I remember there was a, a sort of dumb waiter lift, which went up and down between the kitchen and one of these rooms. At the end of the smaller room was a big balcony, which played a part on the Kristallnacht. On the next floor were one, two, three meeting rooms, four youth clubs and such like, and what later became the doctors' surgery. And we had a very extensive flat on the top floor, with one, two, three bedrooms and a sitting room and a kitchen.

RL: You said on the ground floor there were offices. Who manned those offices?

IL: They ran the Jewish community. I was a child, don't forget, a very happy child, I was allowed to use the typewriters in that room, and I remember starting that when I was six. I know that eventually, jumping ahead to 1938, the children's transports to England and other countries were organised there and— whatever, all the Jewish organisations had their headquarters in that house and anything that needed to be done by an office was done from those offices.

Tape 1: 15 minutes 30 seconds

RL: Which youth clubs met?

IL: Everyone. There was the... now, you're asking me questions, Habunim? I have forgotten. I'm afraid I belonged to the, the very liberal one that did not want to go to Israel. I've forgotten its name, I can't remember.

RL: Did they meet there as well?

IL: Yes, they had their set date for meeting there.

RL: And you say there was a synagogue as well?

IL: Yes. The big room, which was normally used, in the earlier days, for wedding receptions and all kinds of other occasions, Hanukkah parties, then became the synagogue on Saturday mornings, because there was no synagogue left in Dortmund.

RL: So was this after Kristallnacht?

IL: Yes, no, that was before Kristallnacht, no, after Kristallnacht. There were no services for quite a long time, and we of course left fairly soon after, six months after, it was all smashed in other words.

RL: So when did the synagogue start?

IL: When was it torn down? I don't know, '37, beginning of '38, I think, I can't remember the date.

RL: What memories do you have of life in the community centre?

IL: Happy. I was in the middle of it all, which was rather nice. I was involved in the youth club; I was very involved in the sports club, which was called the RJF, which means 'Reichsbund Jüdischer Frontsoldaten'. It was started by Jewish soldiers in the war, and it means the club of Jewish soldiers, front soldiers, frontline soldiers, of which my father was one, of course. And we had a very, very healthy sports club there, and I have very fond memories of that. I was pretty good at sport.

RL: What kind of sport?

IL: Any sport, but I actually was allowed— we had— again, this was in '37, '38, there weren't very many older boys and girls in the club, we were all quite young. There was a championship which was going to be held in Cologne, for the over-eighteens and we had no members over eighteen so they gave us special permission to send two thirteen-year olds, who I am happy to say walked away with the first and third prize ... one of the highlights of my life. I was allowed to stay in Cologne overnight, with an aunt I had there and two cousins, who spoiled me to death, and I came back to Dortmund the next day, and I— civic reception almost. I was thirteen years old. Yes, sport was my love in those days.

Tape 1: 18 minutes 40 seconds

RL: So what sport did you win in?

IL: All, athletics, gymnastics, all of it. It's a love I've held all through my life, I am still interested, can't do it anymore, but I am interested in sport. Not fanatically, certainly not as a profession, but as a very nice hobby.

RL: Was this a competition of Jewish sport?

IL: Yes, oh yes. We weren't by then allowed to join anything else. I never did belong to anything non-Jewish, because I went to a Jewish school, which was all we could go to, and I went there when I was five and a half, and I left when I was thirteen and a half, and that is all the education I've ever had.

RL: Which school did you go to?

IL: The Jewish School in Dortmund. There was only one.

RL: Did it have a name?

IL: No, it was just the Jewish School in Dortmund.

RL: Who was the head?

IL: Rektor Buchheim. And there's a book here which has a picture of all the teachers in there. And very fond memories of that I have. It was a good school; it must have been a good school, because whatever they taught me has stuck, so I am in very late life very grateful to all my teachers.

RL: Did you ever mix at all with the non-Jewish community?

IL: No. I had a friend who lived at the back of our house, with whom I played, but we moved away from that particular house when I was nine, eight or nine, and I don't think I met her subsequently. No, I didn't. After, I suppose, after '36, one certainly didn't, one couldn't.

RL: Did your parents mix at all in the non-Jewish world?

IL: No, they were very— My father, who was quite a special person, both of my parents were, but... towards— in the last few years living in this community home, whenever there were any important meetings, there would be a Nazi official present to listen. But quite often these fellows used to sit in our kitchen and play chess with my father, or cards, rather than attend the meetings they were meant to attend. And that was the kind of connection my father had with non-Jews. Heartening, actually, just to prove there were a few.

Tape 1: 21 minutes 34 seconds

RL: What kind of jobs did your father do around the community home?

IL: He still did a lot of outside decorating. He was involved in the artistic interior of the local theatre, which I believe is no longer there, but he did some of the more interesting work in there... But he was also just a common or garden painter and decorator, he still worked outside. He was also a very good portrait painter, but he never painted any of the family, but a lot of our friends had, perhaps some of them still have, portraits of themselves which my father painted beautifully. But he also helped on— in all the activities within the home.

RL: Was he interested in politics?

IL: I don't think so, not to my knowledge. I certainly wasn't, and therefore I probably wouldn't have understood what they were talking about. No, I don't think so.

RL: Did he get a daily paper at all?

IL: We had all the Jewish papers hanging up in the hall of the Jewish community centre, in those wooden holders, I can see them now. But whether there was an ordinary daily paper I do not know. I don't know. I was a very ignorant child, a very happy child, who just let the nastiness of life pass her by, I think.

RL: Did you have a radio?

IL: Oh yes, yes, I remember him bringing the first radio home and us all sitting around it, but I can't remember listening to it subsequently. I was too busy, doing sports, and belonging to youth clubs.

RL: Did they belong to a synagogue?

IL: Yes, there was this wonderful synagogue in Dortmund, and it was a beautiful place, to which we went on Saturday morning and Friday nights. I sang in the choir, although never in my life have I been able to sing. It was a liberal synagogue, there were orthodox ones, smaller, but they were sort of private synagogues, there wasn't a big building, in the north of the city, and I know friends from school attended those synagogues, but I knew very little about— I knew about orthodoxy, because orthodox Jews used to come to the house, but our life was pretty liberal in Dortmund, as far as can I remember.

RL: So when you say that, what exactly do you mean by that?

IL: We weren't orthodox Jews, that's all I can describe it as. We kept the commandments, we kept the High Holy Days, we fasted. But... we were not orthodox, even our catering wasn't, and we catered for a lot of Jewish functions, but— for— obviously, the strict orthodox Jews couldn't have them in our house because they wouldn't have been kosher.

Tape 1: 24 minutes 37 seconds

RL: So was kosher meat— was that not used?

IL: No, no, I don't think there was any orthodoxy at all where food was concerned. Not to my knowledge, and I am sure I would have known, wouldn't I? No. Very liberal upbringing. We never had religion forced upon us, any of us, as a family, my brother and I, siblings.

RL: You mentioned the High Holy Days. Were there other festivals that were observed?

IL: Oh yes, we had them all, eventually, they were all held in our house, eventually, of course. Oh yes. But... all of them. I have forgotten a lot of it because I haven't practised it, since.

RL: And the Pesach time?

IL: Yes, oh yes, we had Seders.

RL: Were Seders held in the community home?

IL: Oh yes, yes.

RL: Were they communal Seders or family affairs?

IL: Oh no, they would have— they were probably booked if I remember rightly, well I don't remember, but I should imagine so, because it would only hold a certain amount of people. Quite a lot, but nevertheless, I should imagine they would have had to be booked. And— my mother and aunts and uncles used to come and help cater.

RL: Did you used to help with the catering?

IL: I must have done, I always wanted to. I was young, you see, I was fourteen when we left Germany, my father died in '36 and then things really became hectic, and the family helped out, aunts and uncles, as I said, we were very close. But I used to be quite envious of my brother who was allowed to help serve, he was two and a half years older than I, and I was always allowed to help wash up, so how active a hand I took in the actual work— I had to help clean. I could do the menial work. My mother brought me up very well, I think.

RL: And you say your father died?

IL: A natural death, yes.

RL: How old was he?

IL: He was... in '36... he was 47, 47.

RL: That's quite young really.

IL: Yes.

RL: Had he been ill before that?

IL: He'd been ill since the First World War, he had severe asthma, and— he, as I said, he was quite a fantastic fellow. He— the day he fell ill, it was pelting down with rain, I remember, and somebody wanted or needed something done and he went out and did it. Whether it was just an errand or not, I don't know. He came home absolutely soaked, had to go to bed, and never got up again. He died in the call of duty to other people; he was a very helpful man.

Tape 1: 27 minutes 39 seconds

RL: And did your mother stay on in the community home?

IL: Yes, she did, she stayed on, because of the wonderful family we had, that helped. My brother was then— no, he was only fifteen when my father died, I was twelve, he was quite a grown-up chap. Yes, we carried on, I was still at school, we were both still at school, but, yes,

with the help of others, my mother managed. We had domestic help, but— the organisation continued.

RL: You mentioned moving from— the community home moved, why was that?

IL: I don't know, except that the second house was bigger than the first, and I should imagine that was probably the reason.

RL: When did that move take place?

IL: When I was nine, so that would have been in '33. '33, '34.

RL: How big a community would you say the Jewish community was in Dortmund?

IL: In figures? I don't know. But it was quite big. We had a school to ourselves, the Jewish school, which was quite sizeable. I don't know in numbers, I really I don't know. But there were two or three very healthy youth clubs, there were— I don't know. I don't know how big a community, but it was a very, very busy home, a very busy house.

RL: You mentioned holidays. What would you do during the holidays?

IL: We never travelled very far. I used to spend a lot of my holidays with my— one of my father's sisters in a place called Recklinghausen, not far away, where incidentally, she and her husband also ran the Jewish community home, in Recklinghausen, slightly different, a much smaller place, because the town itself is much smaller. And they—

RL: What was her married name?

IL: Jacobsohn, very Jewish name, yes, I had to think then. Yes, they had two daughters and one son. I was very close to those. The son actually was in a concentration camp for a while, but he came out and they went to America. The daughters came to England, and we were very close, they're both dead now, but I am in touch with their offspring, they— one of them had one son, the other one had one daughter, and we are still in touch, they live in Surrey.

Tape 1: 30 minutes 35 seconds

RL: So you used to visit them?

IL: Frequently, yes. We all used to visit each other. There wasn't much travelling in those days, nobody had a car. We went to aunts for holidays. I can never remember going anywhere else. We stayed with our families for holidays. And I can't remember my parents ever going away on holiday, I'm not sure that people did. Wealthy people might have done, but we weren't particularly wealthy. I was sent to Holland once, when I was eight, so that would have been quite early, around '32. I spent a month in Holland with another Jewish family. I think this was something that they did in the community, they sent kids away, and I had a wonderful month there. They couldn't speak German, but I learned Dutch, forgot it again very soon after. And I went again, the year of my brother's Bar Mitzvah, but I was so homesick because I would have missed it, so I was suitably homesick and had to go home, so I attended the Bar Mitzvah. We did again— My mother wrote to the same family, they were a Jewish family, after the Holocaust, after the Kristallnacht, whether they would have me. By that time my brother had gone to England with the children's transport, and they said they would

happily have me, but that they didn't think I would be any safer there than in Germany and of course they were perfectly true, that was perfectly true, they were right. So I didn't go to Holland, I stayed with my Mum, and we managed to come to England afterwards.

RL: You mentioned going back for your brother's Bar Mitzvah. How was that celebrated?

IL: Oh, in a big way. The entire family was there, everybody, even distant relations, and it was held in the big hall in the house, and I would have hated to have missed it, which I very nearly did. My brother remembers it very fondly, but not being the orthodox family which perhaps we should have been, no, that's a stupid thing to say... It was a celebration of something rather, a Bar Mitzvah but I think the fact that there were lots of gifts... I mean, how old was the boy? He would have been 12, of course. Unless you've been brought up in an orthodox way, the Bar Mitzvah is like any other birthday, perhaps, you get lots of presents, and... It was, it was a great day, I do remember it well.

Tape 1: 33 minutes 27 seconds

RL: When did you first become aware of what was happening in the non-Jewish world in Germany?

IL: The fact that my brother— he went to a gymnasium, a high school, after the elementary school, for a very short space of time, I think he was one of the last Jewish children to be allowed to do so, but he was only there for a short space of time, he had to come back to finish his education in the elementary school and I realised that I wasn't going to be able to go to a higher school either. The fact that I could read, I could see the anti-Jewish slogans everywhere and the fact that you just mixed with your own kind, and you couldn't mix with anyone else— I don't know, it was always there— I suppose it started, obviously, in '36, when I was twelve years old, but I was— we must have been aware of it before then. I think I felt angry about it, all I could hear were people talking about leaving Germany, going away, anywhere. I did obviously have orthodox friends at school who wanted to go to Israel, Palestine in those days. I remember that we had an orthodox lad in our class and there was I at the other end of the religious spectrum if you like and we were all asked to write an essay about why we wanted to emigrate or not and this lad wrote why he wanted to go to Palestine and I remember writing— at the time my father was doing a family tree, researching for a family tree, and I know he had gone back two hundred years within Germany, so I wrote and said that we had been in Germany for over two hundred years and I was damn well going to stay there. I had no choice but to change my mind eventually, but I felt very German I suppose, my father had fought in the war and I was going... nobody was going to kick me out of my country. That's how I felt about living there, I considered myself a German Jew, Jewess if you like.

Tape 1: 36 minutes 9 seconds

RL: When did these feelings change?

IL: When did— Kristallnacht, I suppose, brought it to a head. I remember going for a walk with one of our sports teachers once, and we had lost our way, we were going to be late home, and we wanted to telephone, not to worry, we're ok, but we will be a little later, and this chap actually went into what I presume must have been a restaurant or hotel, to get to a telephone, and it had a big notice outside: "Jews are not welcome here", but he did go in and he came out again fortunately. That's a very strong memory: you can't even go and make a telephone call.

I used to read— they had— I don't know if you've heard of a paper called *Der Stürmer*, which was the most dreadful anti-Jewish caricature paper, and I used to read that and try to understand it, and I couldn't. But then, I've never been very good at understanding caricatures or cartoons, but I remember those and the ghastly way that Jews were portrayed. I don't know, I've had far more of an anti-German feeling since I left the country than I ever did when I was there. I put it down to my youth. So neither the Kristallnacht, that was the one time when I had real fear, as one would at that age, and— I suppose it was when my brother left Germany and we realised we probably would never be able to, my mother and I— but we did, because of my brother.

RL: Can you tell me what happened to you, or to the family, or your experiences at least of Kristallnacht?

Tape 1: 38 minutes 17 seconds

IL: Oh yes, we were... my mother had a little girl... a little girl, a girl, helping her, a domestic assistant. She was the daughter of a Polish family. The Poles, as you probably know by now, were— those who had not been naturalised, were sent back to Poland by Hitler. But their offspring was German, and they didn't send those back. They were the children who came to England and other countries on the children's transports. I find it very difficult to say "Kindertransport" (laughs). And one of these girls was helping my mother in the house, and she was getting up about seven o' clock in the morning, and she came running in to us to say there were hundreds of people outside the house, at which my mother and brother got up, and by then they were in the house and they were beginning to smash things and my mother and brother pulled me out of bed, physically, because I was scared to death and I wasn't going to get up, because bed is a safe place. I use that as an excuse for not liking to get up nowadays. We got up and my mother had the sense to make sure that we dress warmly, it was November, and that we took the best things we possibly could and we sat up there and looked out of the window and saw the offices downstairs. The typewriters were thrown out of the house, and then they went upstairs and, I mentioned earlier, on the balcony— Well, in the smaller room was a grand piano and that is the only time in my life I have seen a grand piano fly out of a window across a balcony and on to the ground below. Eventually, a brownshirt, a Nazi in uniform, came upstairs to our flat and made us open it, because it was locked, looked around, there was no man, my father was dead, and he said, stay here and nothing will happen to you. He went downstairs and single-handed carried up, from the floor below, an enormous table. It was a beautiful wide staircase, and he put that in front of our door and said: 'keep it locked and you'll be ok'. Well, it didn't quite work, because somebody else did subsequently come upstairs, move the table, made us open the door, and started smashing. He was— he looked for a man— my brother was fifteen, sixteen, there was no man. He started to smash things, but the first fellow came back, grabbed him, told him to go, and again put the table in front of us and that we were left. Not quite, my brother tried to go downstairs, into the little sitting room we had, to get hold of my mother's important papers, which were down there. But he came back again at the end of a gun, so we never did get those papers back. We stayed up there for a long, long, long, long time until all was quiet and we ventured out.

Tape 1: 41 minutes 42 seconds

I mentioned the soup kitchen earlier on. Well, we— there were no banisters left on this fantastic staircase, but it was smothered in food, which they had just thrown around. We went outside and we saw a common or garden copper, a policeman, who said, 'don't worry we will stand guard from now on'. We then went around the corner to some friends, because of course we thought purely because it was the Jewish community home, but then we learnt, of course,

that it had been happening all over the country. We then— my brother went and toured the town by bus, because we had heard that so many men of all ages had been arrested. So he went on a bus ride forever and we went to an aunt, a step-aunt, actually, the step-mother of my cousin, who had married his father, who was not Jewish. His mother had been Jewish, she had been my father's sister, but she was dead. And this lady had married him, brought up this boy fantastically; she was our favourite aunt eventually, and the last one to die, oddly enough. And they looked after us, we stayed there for some time. My brother eventually joined us, and, obviously, eventually we went back to the house. The community gathered, those who were still there, and tried to start repairing it. My brother then got on to the children's transport and came to England in December and... the chain of events after that made it possible for my mother and me to come, too.

RL: What had happened to the synagogue?

IL: Oh... everything had been... I mean the entire house was smashed, and the synagogue, the Torah and other things, I don't know, they certainly hadn't been repaired or replaced when we left, which was six months later in May. There were no services there. There was no community there. At that time, a lot of the men had been arrested. A lot of the children had, by then, been sent on children's transports to England and other countries.

RL: And the big liberal synagogue that you attended?

IL: Oh, that was broken down beforehand. There is a picture in one of these books of it, it was a fantastic building. That had been pulled down, they couldn't burn it, it was solid stone. The legend goes, I don't know how true it is... like all synagogues it had a Star of David on the top and apparently the person who had climbed up there to pull it down fell and died, but I don't know how true that is. It's one of those stories one hears, but I don't know if it's true, I can't substantiate it. It would be nice if it was.

Tape 1: 44 minutes 37 seconds

RL: So... after Kristallnacht, how did you, how did your brother manage to get onto a children's transport?

IL: Because we were in the right place at the right time. Most of the children who— there were a lot of Polish children, whose parents had gone, a lot of younger ones, my brother was then sixteen, but because the transport was organised by the people who were running the offices in our house — they had by then started work as well as they could — they compiled the lists of local children to be put on children's transports, and my brother's name got to the bottom of the list, because of my mother's work there. We had no connections anywhere; we would never have got out of Germany otherwise.

RL: Do you know who was compiling the list; do you know who was responsible?

IL: Oh yes, I do, because she subsequently went to America. She was a lady who had worked in the office for many years. I can remember her name, she was then a Miss, although she was middle-aged, Kleimenhagen, but she eventually married in America and long after my husband and me, we'd been married some years and our elder daughter was born, she came to Southall where we then lived and visited us, which was wonderful. It was thanks to her, yes, that my brother came to England, and we subsequently— which is— I think it proves that you

can sometimes be in the right place at the right time, and that's how things— well, I think all life is organised like that, isn't it?

RL: What kind of support did the people of Dortmund give to the Nazis, I mean, how strong a support was coming from the locality?

IL: Pretty strong, I think. You see, it was an industrial area, and I think there had been quite a lot of unemployment prior to Hitler starting his doings, and they all started work. There were coal mines and it was a strong— You've heard of Essen and the steel works there, well, there was a lot of that in Germany. They also made a lot of beer in Germany, in Dortmund. And I suppose it was the same, perhaps not quite as strong as in places like Bavaria, but it was pretty strong. I grew up seeing brownshirts and blackshirts and very little else.

Tape 1: 47 minutes 20 seconds

RL: Were there rallies?

IL: Yes, but, I didn't go, obviously, I didn't go to them, I do remember Hitler once passing through Dortmund and they stopped his train on the bridge which went across one of the main roads, and everybody, except we, went to wave to Hitler while his train was up on the bridge. There must have been rallies; we had a fantastic park, where they used to congregate. Were there any places in Germany where they didn't? I don't think so.

RL: Did you ever experience any anti-Semitism yourself?

IL: Yes, in minor ways. One of the things I do remember: our youth club was stopped, we just weren't allowed to meet any more, not even in our own house, there were no youth clubs allowed. I, young as I was, I was pretty good at sport, as I said, and if our sports trainer couldn't come to our sports evening, I was allowed to run the evening. And I was doing this on one occasion and I couldn't have been more than thirteen, fourteen, when— we had a place where we used to go and do our training, and a bunch of blackshirts or brownshirts, I can't remember, came in, wanted to know what we were doing, realised that it was a Jewish club and would we please stop there and then and never ever meet again. Well I remember that we, we had no choice, but I did make them all line up and dismissed them as we did in those days and that was the last time we ever had our sports evening. I felt terribly hurt, because they'd stopped me doing something at which I was quite good. They'd stopped me going to a senior school, and I had always wanted an education, even when I was very young. And now they were stopping me doing this, and I found myself not doing anything any more. But all this was the last year, last months, of our life out there, so it didn't last too long. Yes, you were isolated, but you did have your own friends, there was our own community, you weren't— I mean, I must have been aware of anti-Semitism, of course I must. You couldn't go into shops, you... Although, my mother must have done the shopping for the community home, because it was still going on. I know we used to buy a lot of stuff in the local shops. Memories fade, you have just made me realise how memories do fade.

Tape 1: 50 minutes 15 seconds

RL: Did you ever go to the cinema?

IL: Oh yes, my big brother used to take me, and I used to try and go to films for which I wasn't old enough, and many a time, they used to have usherettes who used to show you to

your seats, and they would shine their torches on your ticket, and if they saw that my hands didn't look like eighteen, they would make us go out again, and my brother would take me to a cinema where I could go, and he would go back and see the big film. Yes, we used to go to the cinema, we... I remember even going to the theatre, which my father had helped to decorate. I remember seeing my first *Merry Widow* in the theatre in Dortmund. But of course we used to then have entertainment in our big hall, in our house, where I saw my first Shakespeare. So there was a Jewish theatre company, which used to tour the country, not the town, but the country. And they used to come and entertain, and play in our big hall. It was only a podium, it wasn't a proper stage, but ... we used to fill the place and I would be allowed to stand in a corner and watch, which might have been the thing that aroused my interest in theatre, particularly the amateur theatre, which I have done forever.

RL: What about concerts?

IL: Yes, we had concerts. I can't remember much about that, I'm not very musical, never have been. Everything that was done by a Jewish community, presumably everything that's done by a Jewish community now, in any town, would be done in our house. I'm never quite sure, then or now, why they have to be separated from any other community, but anyway.

RL: You mentioned doctors holding surgeries, how many doctors did that?

IL: Two, there were two doctors, two Jewish doctors, who were allowed to continue practising, provided they did it in our house.

RL: Do you remember who they were?

IL: No, no I can't remember their names, I was a very healthy child, no, I can't remember their names. I can remember the sisters' names, the nursing sisters, they were Erika and Erna, but I can't remember the doctors' names.

RL: What part of town was the community home in?

IL: A rather nice part of the town, it would have been in the south of the town, I suppose. I know the north was the other end. It was towards the outskirts, towards the park area. It was a busy place, a very busy place.

Tape 1: 53 minutes 7 seconds

RL: Coming on to you and your mother leaving, how did that come about?

IL: My brother came with the children's transport, and they were stationed on the beaches at Lowestoft in East Anglia. My mother had known somebody, a family that had emigrated to England, the man actually had been in England in the First World War, I think he'd been interned in England as a German then. And he came back, I don't know, in '37, '38, brought his family and started a fish factory in Great Yarmouth, and my mother knew of them and she had written to them to say... they had two daughters... that her little boy was in Lowestoft. Did they know where that was? Could they see him? Well of course it is right next door to Great Yarmouth, as you probably know, so their eldest daughter, Thelma, and her then boyfriend, Henry Jacobs, went to see my little brother at the camp and Henry Jacobs fell in love with him and said, we can't leave him here, I must go home. He went home to his parents in Great Yarmouth and said, 'I've seen this young German boy and I don't think he

should be there, they are all looking for people to sponsor them, what can we do?' Well, they started the ball rolling, and they were going to guarantee his future, or certainly his presence, and, although it took a little while, a matter of two or three months, when big brother went to Yarmouth to live with the Jacobs's, who were fantastic. And they learned that he had a mother and sister in Germany who, of course, didn't want to be in Germany, and to make him happy they organised the papers for us to come. And that's how we came to England. Again, somebody being in the right place at the right time. And Jacobs had a grown-up family, they were elderly people then. I never discovered why, I mean, they took three people in, whom they didn't know. I remember asking Mrs. Jacobs, although, as I say, I was still only fourteen: 'Why are you doing all this?' And they said: 'Well, when we were young, somebody helped us'. I never discovered how, where or why, but they had three grown-up children, one was an Air Force reservist, he went to the Air Force... they had four children... two older daughters who were beauticians and a twenty-one year-old, who married soon afterwards and went to Australia. It was many, many years, the Jacobs's died eventually, after we were married, and we lost touch with the children, unfortunately. But they made us welcome, we worked for them. We weren't allowed to work, refugees in those days were not allowed to work, neither was there such a thing as social assistance. So you had to be guaranteed for, or had to have guarantors, and they looked after us. We worked for them, they had a big shop, which in the winter sold fabrics and cushions and curtains and that sort of thing. And in the summer they made rock, seaside rock, well I've made lots of seaside rock in my time.

Tape 1: 56 minutes 45 seconds

I say in my time, we were only there a year, because we, we arrived in May, and we worked for the Jacobs's, and war broke out in September. Although we were classed as friendly aliens, we were on the coast, and if you remember, you will have heard of this so often, and you will know of this yourself, that all the men that were interned, in lots of cases the women as well. They were sent to the Isle of Man, they were sent to Canada. Well, my brother and a friend, who by then had lived with us, whom my brother had managed to get to England, were sent to Canada, and very soon after we had to leave the coast, because it was too dangerous to have Germans living on the coast. And with the family, whose daughter had visited my brother, who lived in the same road as we did in Yarmouth, my mother went to London, they took her to London, they had connections here, and I, at fifteen, stayed behind to pack up, not only our own little flat, because by then the Jacobs's let us have a little flat above the shop, to ourselves— I packed that up, but I also packed up the home, a big house, of the people down the road, and their fish factory. Don't ask me how I did it, because I don't know, but the fact is that at fifteen, I organised the closure of the fish factory, the packing up of everything that belonged to them and to us, I organised Pickfords to come and collect it and I had organised— I had a ticket, to come to London, to find my mother, on a coach. But the drivers of the Pickfords lorry said, 'well, you don't need to do that, you can come with us', and I did. Not the sort of thing one would do nowadays, but I sat on the engine inside this cab and came to London. And I knew it was near Manor House that my mother was living. I had the address, of course, and these lovely fellows dropped me at Manor House, at night, in the dark, in the blackout, and I had to find Princes Street near Finsbury Park in London. And I did. And there was my mother, ill, on the floor of the home of friends or relations of the people to whom, with whom she had come to London. It was horrendous. I can smile at it, but I must have kept— I must have been very peculiar at fifteen, sixteen, fifteen... I'm still fifteen.

RL: I will have to stop you there.

TAPE 2

RL: This is the interview with Inge Little and it's tape 2.

Now I just wanted to ask you, first of all, you left school, whilst you were still in Germany. Did you go on to do anything after school whilst in Germany? Did you train for anything?

IL: No, I— having said no, that's not quite true. I went and I can't remember the town unfortunately, but my mother found me a little Jewish shop, a millinery shop where I went for a matter of weeks to become a milliner, but of course— and I had to go by train, it was a Jewish shop, so I didn't learn very much because they closed it down and I never did find out much about making hats. Subsequently, a Jewish family in Dortmund asked if they could, or my mother asked them, I don't know, I went there to learn household. And I was allowed to clean and they had a cook, who used to—they were quite a rich Jewish family. I learned to clean the house and I was allowed to help to cook sometimes, I got on very well with the other lady who was not Jewish if I remember rightly, but then came the Kristallnacht, and, I don't like saying this but the Jewish family were very angry because I didn't come to clean the next day to help them clean up their mess because they had been smashed as well. I had a bicycle, with which I used to go and clean and of course my bicycle was damaged or stolen or just smashed, I don't know, but I had no bicycle anymore. And the Jewish family said, if I had come to clean the next day, they would have bought me a new bicycle, but I didn't. And I'm afraid that was the end of my learning anything in Germany. But that took me two— I left school when I was thirteen and a half and I was fourteen and a half and a bit when we came to England, so I had two minor little jobs at the time, neither of which came to anything.

RL: After you left that job, what did you do with your time?

IL: Well, I helped my mother. Yes.

Tape 2: 3 minutes 8 seconds

RL: And when it came to actually leaving Germany, what were you allowed to take with you, what did you pack, how was that organised?

IL: Very little. We had an enormous crate, a wooden crate into which went— we took two beds with us, I remember, simple beds, a settee, very little furniture, the miniMum, and of course it had to be packed under supervision. We didn't pack it at all; we had a government official in brown uniform come to watch pack the little things. And I remember my mother's workbasket and very elementary things, but I was wearing a gold locket which my aunt had given me and this man said: 'you want to take that to England with you?', and I said: 'Yes please'. So he said, 'well, give it to me', which I did and even then I thought, well this is the last I will ever see of that. But when we eventually— and it was quite a long time after that when this enormous crate arrived in Great Yarmouth, apparently, when we paid for its— when we paid for it being delivered into England, we had only paid until London, which we didn't know, and I remember it cost thirteen pounds to have it delivered from London to Great Yarmouth, and we didn't have thirteen pounds, but the Jabobs's paid it for us. Our crate eventually arrived in Great Yarmouth and it was then that they said 'you can have the little flat upstairs' which had then been vacated. And our few bits were taken up there and I had a look in my mother's little mending box and believe it or not, but my gold locket was there. And it is something I have always tried to remember: the man who presumably saved quite a lot of us, about us, on the 9th of November '38, when he put the big table outside our house, he wore a

brown uniform, and the man who put my locket into my mother's mending box which then came to England, he was also in a brown uniform. And whenever I remember all the ghastly things, I try to remember those two fellows, because I suppose they show that there is some goodness everywhere... which is worthwhile remembering. And we unpacked our goods and we had our little flat, mother and I shared the bedroom, my brother slept on the couch in the little living room and this friend, who my brother had also managed to get to England, lived with us for a while until both the boys were eventually interned.

Tape 2: 6 minutes 16 seconds

RL: What else had you managed to bring with you?

IL: Some clothes, lots of shoes, my mother bought me lots of new shoes which was a good thing because they were expensive anyway and they lasted me for many years, clothing... bare china, we brought some of my mother's very old china with us, we weren't allowed to bring very much. As far as money was concerned you were allowed 10 RM, which didn't go very far. I remember the first time I had my hair cut in Yarmouth, it cost a shilling and I vowed then I'd never ever, ever, ever, ever have my hair cut again. And I didn't for a long time, I used to chop it off myself because a shilling for a hair cut was an impossibility, a shilling for anything was an impossibility. I can't remember, the Jacobs must have given us some pocket money, I don't remember spending anything actually, I don't remember going to shops to buy things for ourselves, but they did take great care of us, they looked after us very well.

RL: Can you describe the day of departure and how you felt, and the journey?

IL: We went to the station and an uncle of mine was there— the one to whom we went after the Kristallnacht actually, very quiet, very dour, a very German man, except that he hated the Germans, he hated Hitler. Indeed, he used to listen to the BBC at home under the threat of death that was— We had said 'don't anybody come', but he did. And we actually travelled with a cousin of my father who was also going to England. We said goodbye to Onkel Ludwig and it was an adventure for me then and I had by then, since my brother had gone, I had become the adult in the family, and I organised all the papers in Dortmund for our journey, I went to all the offices, because my mother was a nervous wreck by then, she had lost her husband two years earlier, she'd just lost her son, she thought, and she had to leave her home. She couldn't speak, I mean neither of us spoke English, and we got on to the train and we met Lotte somewhere else, at a different station, my father's cousin and we travelled to Harwich, we travelled to Hook of Holland and got on the boat and travelled to Harwich where we had a wait, we got on the train at Harwich, we had to change in Ipswich on our way to Great Yarmouth, we changed in Ipswich and we going to have a cup of coffee because it was what, seven o'clock in the morning, and we ordered a cup of coffee the three of us, each, we couldn't treat each other, so Lotte had to pay for hers and we had to pay for ours, that was my first taste of Camp Coffee, do you know Camp Coffee in a bottle? It was something we didn't know and we couldn't drink it, we honestly thought we were being poisoned, so we then had a glass of orange juice, while we waited for our train, which came and we got on it and we went to Yarmouth where my brother met us. What we didn't know is that Yarmouth was a terminus; we couldn't open the doors because those trains didn't have doors that you opened from the inside. You had to let the window down and open it from the outside. But we didn't know that and I remember running around like a headless chicken trying to find somebody, not being able to speak, to open the door, because we thought the train would start off again, we didn't know it was a terminus, so we arrived in Yarmouth, almost shell-shocked,

and that was the beginning of our life in England. I can't remember— the journey, it was an adventure I suppose for a fourteen-year old. I remember the same afternoon, Mr. Borax, the fellow whose daughter had gone to see my brother coming up to see us, he was a very, very fat man, very short, very fat, very loving, you looked at his photograph in the wheelchair earlier on, and he was talking to the people around us, and I sat there thinking, gosh, will I ever learn to speak English like that. Well it took me about six months, and I remember saying oh god, I never ever want to speak English like that because his English was very poor, very poor indeed, but of course I didn't know that the first day and that might have been one of the reasons that I set about learning English: I was determined to learn it as well as one possibly could.

Tape 2: 11 minutes 36 seconds

RL: How did you learn it?

IL: The same way... no, not the same way you learned it, no, the same way that I learned German, I listened to it, I have never had an English lesson in my life, that's silly to say but I have never had any formal education after thirteen and a half and that is one thing I will never ever, ever, ever forgive Hitler for. I would love to have been 'educated', in inverted commas, that doesn't matter because life is good enough without education but I have always envied going to college, going to university and doing things that one does before one starts life, indeed not having a youth I suppose. But as I said, my mother became the child the day my brother left Germany and that's how it stayed until she died, she was the child and I was the adult. But we had a wonderful relationship, nevertheless. It stopped me doing certain things during the war: I wanted to leave home and do things, I was going to join UNRRA, I was going to join UNICEF, I was going to do all kinds of things but I had to stay at home and look after Mum who wasn't very well.

RL: What was your first impression of England?

IL: I wanted to speak and I couldn't. It was not knowing the language that really bugged me... what was my first experience... you know I don't— We were together the three of us, which was very important, and other people were nice, most people were nice but there was so much to learn as far as understanding goes that I suppose that just filled 24 hours a day. I remember Henry Jacobs, who went with our friend's daughter to visit my brother, he used to send me to the local tobacconist to buy his tobacco and whatever it cost - something and a farthing - and he taught me to say— one week he would owe them a farthing and the next week they would be quits, because presumably he would give me a halfpenny and I remembered to say, 'we owe you a farthing this week', never knowing what it meant of course but I just learnt by repeating, by listening. My brother met Louis Golding, the author, while he was at the camp in Lowestoft and he gave him a copy of his book *Mr Emmanuel* and that was the first English book I ever held in my hand and I decided after quite a short time, 'I'll try and read that' and I had not a dictionary, I didn't have an English dictionary until my daughters were born but I started reading and I had a big sheet of paper and a pencil and I was going to write down every word that I couldn't understand, well I gave that up after the first page but I did read that book, or I read words, I read letters, and about 30 years later, I read it again and there were little bits I remembered, don't ask me how, I don't know, but then I started, I used to go to the loo with a paper, try and read the paper because there was no privacy of course to start with, we were working at the Jacobs's house and we used to go to bed at night and get up in the morning and we'd never ever, ever, ever, ever be alone except when I went to the loo and I used to take a paper with me. My brother had already learned a little bit of English by

then and we very soon stopped talking German to each other, even my mother who did find it very, very, very hard. She was 42 years old and couldn't communicate except with her son and daughter. Had she been able to go back to Germany, she probably would have done. Which I can understand, she was very lost, but she too learned English and learned it quite well. She always had an accent but we, after a year or two, never ever spoke German to each other.

Tape 2: 16minutes 14 seconds

RL: Why was that?

IL: I don't know, we were— obviously, we were going to stay here, the thought of ever going back to Germany I don't think ever occurred to us, we didn't know whether it would be possible, the war was then going and— I don't know, I had no idea what the end of the war would be, and nor did anybody else, we just hoped we'd win it. My brother was in the army, fighting for England, which I would have liked to have done but couldn't. We were becoming very English, very British.

RL: What did you think of the English?

IL: I loved them then and I love them now. I can't be English unfortunately, I can only be British, which is something I am very sad about, I'd love to be able to be English, but I'm happy to be British and I wouldn't want to be anything else, I would never ever leave this place.

RL: Did you find the English different in any way to what you were used to?

IL: Not so intent or intense perhaps on things or themselves. I don't know, I can't— I think people are the same all over the world, I really do, I still don't like the Germans very much, again it's stupid, there's lots of good ones there but they are still, I think... I don't know what the word is now. We've been on holiday several times in Germany, I go as a tourist, I visit people. The only time I have been to Germany is to visit people. We used to have family reunions, our family is spread all over the world, those who had survived, and we have got together but I have also been to Germany with some neighbours of ours with whom we go on holiday and we were at Düsseldorf airport and we were coming home through customs and it was the passport control and my husband had both our passports and he was showing them to the man and I had walked on a little way, and he called me back and said 'I want to see you as well'. He was reasonably kind about it so I let him look at my face and we walked in, but our friends were behind us and the wife, Iris, walked quite a long way ahead and the old German came out and yelled at her to come back, what did she think she was doing etc, etc, and I was so incensed, I couldn't say a word and I wished I had, because that was the old German official who used to frighten me as a child, so they— they're still there and it's something I haven't seen anywhere else, I am sure I have but I wouldn't notice it anywhere else but I do notice it in Germany and I hold it against them, I always will. I go to Germany as a tourist, people ask me 'do you ever go home' and I say, 'yes, every night' if I've been out, but I don't go home when I go to Germany. Obviously not, I was German but it's an accident of birth, as everything is. I say to people, I am British by choice and I am proud of that. Well, I am not proud of it, how can you be proud of it, but people say I am proud to be whatever I am. Most of the time they are proud of something which is none of their doing. As I say, I wrote that article as a child in the Jewish Chronicle in Germany, and I said I am proud of being German

and Jewish but how can I be proud of something I had no hand in doing. An accident of birth made me German and Jewish but I am British by choice.

Tape 2: 20 minutes 23 seconds

RL: You mentioned that when the war broke out, you had to leave the coastal area. Did your mother have to go before a tribunal?

IL: Yes, here in London. And we were all classed as friendly aliens. But of course the government made this dreadful mistake of arresting, not arresting but...what did they do?

RL: Interned...

IL: Interned all these people, my brother was on a ship to Canada when they discovered that they should never have shipped them out there. All the people who were sent to the Isle of Man came back fairly soon, my cousins in Redhill were interned to the Isle of Man, they came back, they were both married then the girls– but the lads in Canada, of course it took a little longer and a lot of them joined the army out there, joined the Pioneer Corps, my brother did, came back as a soldier, one or two stayed behind and made their life out there eventually. The friend with whom he went stayed out there and eventually went to America. But my brother came back to England and joined– and went– and became a staff sergeant and ended up in the Intelligence Corps and was wounded in France and came back as a British soldier.

RL: And what did you do in London?

Tape 2: 22 minutes 10 seconds

IL: I worked; I started when war broke out and we were still in Yarmouth, we were of course allowed to work because all hands were needed and both my brother and I worked in the fish wharf, which I mentioned earlier, it was September, October, November, it was very cold and we gutted fish: it was unbelievably awful, but we earned some money, it was wonderful, we both had bicycles then and we used to cycle to work in the morning, we used to pick each other up in the morning because it was so icy, but we did that until he was interned and a little while later even the friendly aliens had to leave the coast, which is as I said, 'I packed up this fish wharf' we came to London, found through the help of a Jewish house agent, we found a flat, mother and I. Mother got a job in a Jewish kitchen, a Jewish school kitchen, and I went and worked in a laundry, from a fish wharf to a laundry, which I did for a whole year, enjoyed it, it was very hot as opposed to very cold, but the folk were lovely, the girls were wonderful and I did very well. We were doing piece work, which meant you had to do so much for so much money. Well, I was pretty quick and it was when my brother was sent home from Canada, he joined the army, he came back, and I took a day off to be with him, and I went back the next day and the forelady came and said, 'I'm awfully sorry, I've had to take you off your press because the older girls are complaining that you are earning more money than they, so I've had to put you on something else'. Well, it didn't matter, within in a week I was earning just as much there, but nevertheless, they didn't seem to object to my working fast and working well.

RL: What were you doing exactly?

IL: Oh, pressing, mainly pressing. Drying things and pressing them. No, we had the shape of feet, legs, we used to put stockings and socks on them to dry them, very hot, and I pressed

suits and shirts and— not actually in the washing department but in the slightly better department upstairs. I didn't mind, I don't mind any kind of work, I'd do anything.

RL: What was the laundry called?

IL: The Oceano Laundry in North London, in Haringey. I could take you there now; I don't suppose it exists. Yes, the Oceano Laundry.

Tape 2: 25 minutes 2 seconds

RL: Were you the only refugee working there?

IL: As far as I know, yes.

RL: How did you get on with the others?

IL: Very well. I have never ever— I still have an accent now, but I certainly— people could tell I wasn't English, and I have always been perfectly honest about where I came from and what I am, it gets rid of all the problems I think. I have had thousands of people say to me, 'we don't like Germans, but you're different'; during the war I can understand this. And we have all heard, 'but we don't like Jews, but you're different'. And of course I wasn't, they just didn't know any. I worked there for a year, the only reason I left was that during air raids we had to go to a shelter and the salt of the earth that these ladies were, they used to sing songs, by then I could understand quite a lot of English, and I had a feeling they weren't the kind of songs I wanted to learn. They were raucous, they were rude, they were wartime songs. So I thought, what I need is an office, I need to work in an office I need to become posh. I found a job in an office at Carter Patterson's, which is a very, very big transport firm in the South of England and because of petrol rationing etc. they needed a girl in their garage office in Tottenham, which was not far from where we lived and I got this job by the skin of my teeth. I had to go and fill in an application form and I had to add up columns of figures, I had to fiddle about with money out of pounds, shillings and pence, I had to make pence and out of a big number of pence, I had to make pounds, shillings and pence and I had to add up weights. Now, I looked at this column of ounces and quarters and ...ounces, pounds, quarters and hundred weights and I had no idea what I was looking at. So when Mr. Babbage, a man with great influence in my life said 'have you done it', I said, 'I am sorry I can't do it'. So he called me into his office, and his secretary Edith filled in this column for me, and he gave me the job. I worked in the garage office, I was assisting the garage foreman, who used to get me to come in and order things, and he came in and said one day, will you order some high-tension wire, I had written everything down and I thought, how do you spell that, I didn't know what high-tension wire was; he was a cockney, and he said, 'you know there is high-tension wire and low-tension wire', oh, high-tension wire, so I learned all about high-tension wire, it's got an 'h' in front of it but Mr. Shearing didn't know that. Mr. Babbage saw me typing in this office, one of the mechanics had an old typewriter there and he said to me, I was working with men only, it was wonderful, and he said, if you ever want to use a typewriter, you can use mine, so I did, and I couldn't type properly, but Mr. Babbage, the boss, saw me doing it one day and he said 'can you type?' And I said 'not very well', 'oh', well he was being transferred from Tottenham to the City to start a direct delivery service and he wanted his secretary Edith to go with him. Edith had by then become a friend of mine and she was going to join the Air Force, so she didn't want to go with him, so he took me with him. I was then seventeen, eighteen, very raw, very ignorant, very naïve, and Mr. Babbage introduced me to literature, he introduced me to his family, he had two young children who used to write letters

to me and Mr. Babbage made my life. It was what happened through Mr. Babbage many, many years later that led me to my husband and to Harrogate at the end of it all. He was a great fellow, he helped me with my English, he promoted me at work, I ended up in this enormous company, and it was a big company, which eventually bought out Pickfords, but Pickfords survived and we didn't, well, it became British Road Services, of which you will have known. But I, in the whole of the southern part of the company, became known as the little German girl. I eventually ended up at Head Office in the staff department where I helped to form a dramatic society, which led me onto another path in my life, something that I have enjoyed ever since.

Tape 2: 30 minutes 6 seconds

RL: While you were doing these jobs, what was your mother doing?

IL: She was working, too. She worked in the school kitchen. Very happily, we started earning money, and saving and we weren't very demanding, either of us.

RL: Where were you living?

IL: In North London. We were bombed out at the first... bomb damage, not bombed out, the place we lived when I worked in the laundry and to start with at Carter Patterson's it was bomb damaged. And the same house agent, the same Jewish house agent found us a different flat, also in Stoke Newington, very near a... a big Jewish Community. They had their own schools and that's where my mother then worked.

RL: Which school did she work in?

IL: I don't know, it was a... I don't know, I honestly don't know. I know that they too— I came home one day and spoke to some friends who— everybody I met had strict instructions to correct my English because I was determined to learn as much as I could, and I came home and I called him a silly sod and he jokily told me that was not a good idea. The same day my mother came home and she threw everything— she explained everything as being 'bloody', which is what she had heard in the school canteen. So she learned a lot there, we both learned something that day but she was very happy there and she worked there for a long time until indeed my brother came out of the army and I was still working at Carter Patterson's but my brother had always an ambition to be his own boss, and he'd always wanted— because it would involve both of us, he wanted to start a restaurant. By then, my brother had become engaged, he'd been in Germany, he'd met a girl who was working with the Control Commission out there as well, they got engaged, they wanted to get married and so we started a family business in North London, in Acton, started a little restaurant.

RL: What was it called?

IL: The Churchfield Restaurant in Springfield Road, Acton. I was there for three years, I met my husband there and I got married and left and apart from meeting my husband which was good, I didn't like those three years. My brother's wife and I didn't get on terribly well, but it wasn't that. It was the fact that we should have left them alone and mother and I should have been on our own. You can't just suddenly throw two families together like that, living under the same roof, working together, as far as I was concerned it didn't work.

Tape 2: 33 minutes 8 seconds

RL: During the war, were you just— you were renting flats, was it?

IL: Oh yes. We had a flat.

RL: Who did you mix with socially at that point?

IL: People at work, the people at the office. To start with, when I was at the laundry— at war time, you didn't go out very much although it was perfectly safe. We used to go to the cinema, mother and I, you see I was still a child. I did occasionally go to a dance with some friends - you make friends - but the finances were pretty tough; you just didn't have freedom like that during the war. We used to go to the odd dance, and if ever I met people they were asked home, our houses have always been open to everybody. And then I went to work for Carter Patterson's and I got a social life there because it was a very big place— to work there, there were lots of people working there and I went there in 1941, yes, I had a year at the fish wharf, no I had a month at the fish wharf, just over a year at the laundry and a few months in Tottenham and then I went to head office so I was eighteen, nineteen when I went to head office, eighteen when we started with the dramatic society and then life became social but again with the same type of people. Dramatic society, if you are really interested, putting on plays takes a lot of time so that was my main hobby. And we did a lot of social work for the army, for army posts, we used to take our plays and perform them for charity, for entertainment and indeed in the theatre in London, that took my time.

RL: What kind of plays did you put on?

IL: Oh, big plays, three-acts, proper plays, everything. I remember, we put our first play on in 1944, in February, we had to postpone it because one of our cast was buried during a bombing, she was all right, fortunately, but she had to be in hospital for a while so we postponed the play, we put it on and we put on two plays ever after for many, many, many years. One of the earlier ones was called *Free Day* about a German girl who married an English man, an English air force officer and came back to England, that was in '45 I think and we had it adjudicated by one of the big boys from the— I think he came from one of the Oxford theatres. And he adjudicated first of all on stage at the end of the play and said all kinds of nice things but he wasn't too sure about my German accent, which, of course, caused a lot of hilarity among the rest of the cast, he must have looked at the programme and saw Inge Steinweg and thought that's a funny name, he never mentioned it in his written adjudication, but I would like to think that I was already losing my German accent, I don't know. It was a wonderful hobby that I have done right until five years ago when my sight let me down, I can't do it any more. But I'd like to think I have entertained a few people onstage. It's a lovely hobby; it's a selfish hobby it's a sort of exhibitionism. But I enjoyed it. It kept me busy.

Tape 2: 37 minutes 9 seconds

RL: Did you mix at all with other refugees?

IL: No. Don't ask me why, I don't know. I have often wondered that because we were in touch with the Bloomsbury House who looked after people. Perhaps we were just too independent, I honestly don't know. I certainly didn't avoid them. I have no idea. I just don't know, I honestly have no— I don't know. I have a close friend who was a refugee. I was at Carter Patterson's, I was working away, I got a telephone call, 'can you come down to

somewhere or other, we've got another little German girl here', well, that is when I met Regy, whom we called Curly, and whose birthday it was last week, and I sent her— we are still in touch. She had come to work for them as well. Yes, so I knew Curly, she used to live with us for a while because she had nowhere else to go. I don't know. I was too busy at work; too busy with my hobby I don't know why I didn't meet other refugees.

RL: What about other Jewish people?

IL: My mother did and she had Jewish friends and we met but, no, I did not meet Jewish people, I don't know why, I cannot tell you. I went to the synagogue with her...

RL: Which synagogue did she go to?

IL: In Stoke Newington. I remember I just started work at Carter Patterson in Tottenham, in September, it was just before Yom Kippur and I fasted that day but I did go to work because I'd only just started there, but no, I didn't want my morning coffee because I didn't want coffee and I went out for lunch usually, and I just walked the streets for an hour and I didn't want my afternoon tea, although they knew I was Jewish but that didn't mean anything to them. And in the evening I went to synagogue to meet my mother — it's all in my book — I'm afraid, and that was the last time I went to synagogue in England. Doesn't mean I'm not Jewish, I am as Jewish as I ever was. I don't practise Judaism. I don't practise anything.

Tape 2: 39 minutes 47 seconds

RL: Was there something that happened on that day that made you decide?

IL: Yes.

RL: What was that?

IL: The ladies coming out of the synagogue and their conversation. They had spent the day atoning for their sins, of which we all have a lot and they must have thought it was time to start sinning again. I could not believe the conversation, the gossip the... insincerity that I heard. I was then seventeen and it hit me... it just did something to me. I can't explain it. I haven't denied my Judaism. I don't practise it, or I wouldn't be in this house. I married a non-Jew, I would have married anybody if I loved them, black, brown or pink, and if I have to have a label, I am Jewish, but then, I don't like labels any more.

RL: So which synagogue was it?

IL: I can't remember the name. It's sixty-odd years ago, I can't remember... I can't remember my own name sometimes nowadays. It was in North London. That's an admission to make, isn't it?

RL: Just coming on to the war: did you experience any heavy bombing?

IL: Oh yes. Yes, I spent the entire war in the City of London, working there, living in North London which was heavily bombed. Oh yes, I was in the thick of it and survived, luckily. I know a lot of people who didn't. I remember the doodlebugs, and being quite blasé about them, if they didn't stop above you, well, tough, someone else got it. I remember my brother coming home on leave and taking me to a dance in Tottenham and we walked up our road and

waited at the bus stop for a bus and a doodlebug came over. And my brother, in his lovely army uniform was a nervous wreck and said: 'what do we do?' he just didn't know what to do, he had never heard one before. And he said 'what about Mum' and I said 'she will be fine, we are used to them' and I managed to persuade him that we got on our bus and we went to our dance and we came home, because, it's survival of the fittest I suppose. I have clambered over rubble to get to work in the mornings; I was in the City of London throughout the war and lived to tell the tale. It wasn't very nice.

RL: Were there any close misses?

Tape 2: 42 minutes 46 seconds

IL: Oh yes, yes. Well, it was a long time, and you get used to anything. We started by going to shelters but eventually you just— you just got on with life. I remember a friend of mine, very nearly a bomb dropped very nearby her while she was in the bath and I always remember her saying, 'well, at least I'd have been clean'. Because that's how you viewed life. Because if we hadn't, none of us would have survived, would we? People can live through an awful lot. It all seems— the war and living in London right through it is like living in Germany throughout Nazism. I suppose we are all survivors. If you didn't— one thing I could never understand about Germany is why the Jews didn't try to fight back. Never understood it, even as a youngster, I thought, well we all just... they herded us around, they shoved us into concentration camp and I never ever heard of any adult even punching a Nazi. Interesting that, I wonder if anyone ever did: I have never ever heard of it. We never ever stood up for ourselves, did we? I certainly didn't. If some kid said nasty things to me I never fought back. I wonder why we didn't. Whereas in England, during the war, first of all we were fighting back like hell but we also sort of cocked a snook at them, okay, you bomb us, but I am going to do what I am going to do and get on with it.

RL: So you stopped going to shelters?

IL: Yes, oh yes, eventually we just went... One of our first flats in London, mother and I, the family had a Morrison shelter in the kitchen down below and the young wife and the family had recently had a baby. And there was one night, we went down there and the husband had gone firewatching and put out some fires on various roofs and my mother was walking about, not in the shelter not under the Morrison, but walking up and down with the baby singing German nursery rhymes to it and then we also went to Finsbury Park, we lived near Finsbury Park and there was a big underground shelter there, when things got really hot, we went there for a while, but eventually we decided no, we will just go on sleeping. If you could or you were awake, you waited to be killed or to wake up the next morning. Because there was very little one could do. I remember the underground stations being packed with sleepers, people sleeping there at night, right through the war. Because I used to travel to and from work by tube and you stepped over bodies. And most of the time they were as happy as could be. Wars make you tough I think. It's years since I have spoken about it like this and now I'm beginning to believe I am talking about somebody else and not myself. It's very eerie, it really is strange.

Tape 2: 46 minutes 29 seconds

RL: How aware were you of what was going on in Germany during this time?

IL: During the war we would just hope that he would lose. I was scared that he might not. And I was then old enough to think, I thought it then, I still think it, you could have Hitler in England, you could have Hitler in England now, or somebody like him. I then knew what would happen if he won the war or if Germany won the war. But I always had a funny feeling that he wouldn't because...when you are young, you just hope that right will prevail and it did. It hasn't always of course, I mean there have been Hitlers all over the world since then, there always will be.

RL: How aware were you of what was happening to the Jews?

IL: Very aware of that. Angry I think more than anything else. I still am. And I don't know why. I don't understand it.

RL: Were you aware during the war?

IL: Oh yes. Well of course, we left a big family out there and we didn't know what was happening to them but one's own life goes on and I have never quite discovered how we all got together again after the war. I had a boyfriend at the time, who joined the army, and he apparently was on duty somewhere near the Ruhr near Westphalia, and he was checking people's papers and I don't know how true this is but it's what I heard and believe, that he checked the papers of my cousin, the only one who is still alive in Germany, whose mother was a stepmother and his mother's details were on this piece of paper and her maiden name was the same as mine. And that apparently was one of the links. This fellow said I know somebody etc., etc., and this is how we came into contact with who was left in Germany, they weren't all by any means—the older generation had all gone. The people who were left were three siblings of my fathers who were married to non-Jews and they thereby...my aunt had lost her gentile husband by then and she was actually hidden by a German family throughout the war, through the latter part of the war. And she has... she is dead now but she had her own story to tell. A decent German family looked after her. Most of the older generation had gone.

Tape 2: 49 minutes 39 seconds

RL: You say three siblings survived...

IL: Of my father's, yes.

RL: How did they survive?

IL: They were...the sister, the one who was hidden by the German family, was married to a gentile who had died during the war. She was all right while he was alive; they had some kind of amnesty with those who were married to Jews. They tried to get them to divorce them but my uncle wouldn't and they were okay until he died during the war and then there were posters out looking for her and she wandered off and she was hidden by somebody until the end of the war. My father's brother was married to a gentile lady although he was sent to a camp but he was eventually released and they survived together, he died subsequently, both died subsequently, and...

RL: Where did he live?

IL: They lived in Dortmund.

RL: In Dortmund.

IL: Yes. It was only those two who were married to non-Jews, the other one was married to a Jew and they both died. Most of the older generation died. My mother's brother and his family died, one of my father's... my father's youngest brother died during the First World War. He was killed as a German soldier. It's all such a mix-up of labels, Germans, English Jewish, Christian. Why? You are not going to tell me why, are you?

RL: How did you feel when the war came to an end?

IL: I know what I was doing when the war started, I was dusting a leather chair in the Jacobs's front room and I can tell you when it finished, I had been invited for a weekend by the secretary of our staff department, quite a lady of stature in the business, in the company. She had asked me to spend the weekend with her, which I did and while I was with her, in the beautiful flat she had - she wasn't married - we heard that the war had ended and we celebrated and I went home a bit earlier than I'd anticipated to be with Mum.

Tape 2: 52 minutes 7 seconds

RL: Did you take part in any of the celebrations?

IL: I was working at Carter Patterson as I said. I was then, apart from other things, in charge of running a canteen, a works canteen and we had opened the - remember the Victory Parade in the City, I have got pictures of it somewhere which I have taken from our office window, of the parade, and there is Montgomery in an open car and I had organised a celebration in the department for dignitaries and whatnot and we all watched the Victory Celebration. I didn't go into the City because I was with Mum and whenever anything special happened, I never left Mum because she would fall ill if I wasn't with her. Oh yes, there were wonderful celebrations, we had parties, we had street parties, we did all the things that you have heard of in the last number of years. War had ended. Five years of it, over five years, five and a half years of never being sure if there was going to be a tomorrow. Oh yes, I remember the end of the war, but even then life went on after that and it took some time before we could go - I think it was '48 before I went back to Germany for the first time. My brother got - well he was actually working there then, and he ended up subsequently in the Control Commission. Until '49 he was involved in Germany, working.

RL: So what made you go back in 1948?

IL: To visit the people who had survived.

RL: Did your mother go with you?

IL: Oh yes. Yes.

RL: And how did you find it when you went back at that time?

IL: Weird, eerie, strange. We stayed with my aunt who had then gone back into her own flat, which had been occupied by people who had no business to be there while she was being hidden elsewhere. Those who survived were there and we were together and we were by then in touch with those who had gone elsewhere. We had cousins in India, we had people in America, we had a cousin in Sweden and we did eventually all get back together again, we

had subsequently— we had annual or biennial reunions anywhere in the world, but the very first one in Switzerland and then we had the very last one in England. A big one, we had one this year, my husband and I went to— we were going to America to our grandson's wedding but we went to North Carolina where three daughters of one of my cousins live. The cousin is dead but the daughters are there and we went to see them. So the family is still around.

Tape 2: 55 minutes 29 seconds

RL: How did you feel going back to Germany in 1948?

IL: I went, our house was still there. It was then occupied by— it was being used as a little department store. All the big stores that had been demolished had one room and they were building up trade again. And I went into the front door and I went halfway up the stairs, I was going to our flat at the top, to ask permission, whoever was there, if I could look around a bit but I went out again. The next time, my younger daughter was six years old. I had been to Germany but not to that part and I took Karen to where Mummy was born and I took her for a long, long walk to go and see the house. And she was getting very tired and 'how much further is it, Mummy' and I said 'around the next corner' and the house had gone. It had been there two weeks earlier, my aunt had been and seen it, but they had demolished it during that fortnight, so my daughter never saw the house where Mummy lived. When Ken and I went back some years later it was a big car park. I never discovered why they pulled it down, I mean it was a very old building but it might have been because of what it had been. I don't know. It no longer exists anyway. And the first one, the first community home no longer exists either. That was demolished by bombing. But the house in which I was born is still there. Strange.

RL: And how do you feel towards the Germans?

IL: I have no feelings for them at all. I don't like— as a nation I don't like them but that's a stupid thing to say because the people that I didn't like no longer live, do they? They are not there. And as I differ from my parents, I am quite sure a lot of the Germans differ from their parents but there is a German arrogance, which I have seen in officialdom, at airports and places like that, which is still there and I don't like it. But it's a beautiful country; as any other country is beautiful. I have a friend who says she could never ever go back, but I don't go back to visit the Germans, I visit the people I know there and I can still appreciate the countryside.

RL: Now this tape is just about to finish, so...

Tape 2: 58 minutes 18 seconds

TAPE 3

RL: This is the interview with Inge Little and it's tape 3. Just coming back for a second to the war years in London and the different jobs that you had. You were working as you say for a laundry and then you decided on other work. Can you just sort of go through again what passed in your mind that you would have liked to have done at that stage?

IL: I felt I needed somewhere where I could learn English better, or more, or more quickly. And I had always been interested in nursing, which is something I did forget. So I applied for the first and only time to the Bloomsbury House for help. And they did get me an interview

with a nursing home, a maternity home, because in those days you could not start nursing before a certain age and I was obviously too young. But I could have started a midwifery course. It doesn't seem to make sense to me nowadays why midwifery should start before general nursing. However, I got an interview, I was terribly embarrassed because the lady, presumably the matron, looked at me, the first thing she said was some highfaluting expression about a squint. I had a severe squint in my left eye in those days and I didn't know what she was talking about when she looked at me and said, 'oh, you have', whatever it is she called it, I didn't know what she meant. However, she said she would have me, and I got my uniform from somewhere or other, to start my training, but my mother fell ill. And my brother was away in the army, so there was nothing I could do but stay home, which is what I did, and that's when I went and found this job at Carter Patterson's, which lasted many years and was probably better for me than nursing would have been, I don't think I would have made a very good nurse.

RL: Did your mother suffer from ill health?

IL: She was not the healthiest of people but obviously nerves were beginning to tell by then. Having lost a husband a few years earlier, a son in the army by then and nobody close but her daughter. And she depended upon me, yes. Every time I wanted, and this sounds awful because I know she didn't mean to, but the thought of being completely on her own was terrifying for her. And in the end I realised that my place was with her and that is where I stayed. And we coped remarkably well.

Tape 3: 3 minutes 14 seconds

RL: How did she find it in England?

IL: Very difficult at first, obviously. I was a child and I knew I would be able to learn the language or at least I was going to have a darn good try. But not being able to communicate with anybody but your son and daughter must be very, very difficult. But she knuckled under and she became even more British than her daughter and her daughter is very British. No, she loved this place, she loved this country, she loved the people and she became very, very popular with anybody who ever met her. I think my mother managed remarkably well for a comparatively young widow left with two children in a kind of world in which we grew up. No, she was great, but I couldn't leave her, it was as simple as that, so I stayed.

RL: In what way did she become very British?

IL: There just was no other place for her. She made friends very easily, all our friends automatically became my mother's friends... she just fitted in. She used to go to a synagogue in Ealing quite often, in West London. Once, I am going ahead a bit now, when we moved to Acton in the restaurant, and there she met several Jewish ladies with whom she became great pals. She just settled down, she became acclimatised and would not have moved back to Germany then.

RL: Did she take out naturalisation?

IL: Oh, yes, as soon as we could. Unfortunately we had to wait longer than normally because you couldn't become naturalised during the war so we had to wait until after the war and paid our ten pounds and became British.

RL: How did you meet your husband?

Tape 3: 5 minutes 18 seconds

IL: In the restaurant. We decided, my brother, because he wanted, but he also realised that he had to help Mum, so I left my job which I loved and we started a restaurant in Acton with the help of somebody I met through Mr Babbage, my ex-boss. Yet another friend we'd made, who had helped a lot, he himself was an insurance agent but he'd helped a lot of people start their own businesses, he was quite a wealthy man, he would become a partner, a sleeping partner in whatever he started and he had met my brother, he had met me, and he then eventually met my future sister-in-law, he had met my Mum of whom he was very fond, he knew that my brother had this idea of starting a business and so Bob Moffit helped us to start this restaurant, because we didn't have enough money for that, neither did Ron, and we found a restaurant with two separate flats above in Acton and we started work in the restaurant. My mother had catering experience but Ron and I didn't know very much and it wasn't until later I discovered that my sister-in-law wasn't really particularly interested in that kind of work. However, that's neither here nor there. We started the restaurant just after Christmas 1949, we moved in just before, we opened just after, and on the 3rd of January 1950, my mother was involved in a severe road accident and was in hospital for a long time and I remember coming down the first morning, standing in the middle of the kitchen, Ron and I, what the heck do we do now? Well, believe it or not, we survived, I don't know how. But we did. And some of our very regular customers were some engineers from Napier's down the road who lunched at our restaurant every single day and for as long as I can remember, certainly for three years, they had steak and chips, five days a week. So as soon as the Napier's crowd arrived, we'd call down into the kitchen, 'the boys are here', and all these steaks and chips would come up and we would serve them and one of them was Ken Little. And you can take it from there. I don't know how it happened, he was an extremely shy person in those days, but somehow or other we...all these boys, a couple of them were married, asked me out, we went cycle racing somewhere, what's it called, speedway racing, and we went to Richmond Ice Rink and watched some ice sport in which Ken was very interested and at which he was very good, he was a speed skater, and he played ice hockey and he played squash and we went to the pictures, because having a restaurant we used to advertise— we got free tickets so when he took me to the pictures, it was very cheap and it started from there and in 1952, we became engaged, in 1953 we married and I left work. Ever since I am afraid I have been a kept woman, because Ken said his mother never ever went to work and his wife wasn't going to either. And that's how we started our very happily lasting, long-lasting married life.

Tape 3: 9 minutes 5 seconds

RL: Where did you marry?

IL: We married in our registry office in Acton because I certainly wasn't going to get married in a church and I wasn't going to ask Ken to get married in a synagogue so we did the thing that I think was the only one open to us. Neither of us were strong in our religions, Ken considers himself a Christian and we married in the registry office. Which was okay. I didn't enjoy my wedding at all, I hated my wedding day. We had a very short honeymoon, in February which I wouldn't advise either, but we came home to a house, no way was Ken going to— he is a very conservative bloke as you can tell, he wasn't going to get married until we had a house, and we found a house which we could afford, in Southall, where we lived for twenty-one years, very happily, brought our children up and where again, I was going to stay when we were taken over by Asians, because I was there first, nobody was going to drive me

out of Southall, neither would they have done, I would be there now, I know that but Ken's job moved, so we had no choice. Indeed he left Napier's, they moved to Liverpool, and we didn't want to go to Liverpool because Ken's parents were still alive and he was an only son and our children were their only grandchildren and I wouldn't have wanted to leave them behind. They depended on us to a certain extent. So Ken left his job at Napier's and we had a taste of early retirement, and then he got a job at Lucas Aerospace and so we stayed in Southall in our lovely little house until Lucas moved, by which time he was somewhat older and we had no choice but to come to Yorkshire. By then, both Ken's parents had died in the meantime and my mother of course was coming with us, which she did, and that is how we came to Yorkshire.

RL: So how many children did you have?

IL: Two, just the two girls. They were nearly seven years apart. We were married in '53 and Ruth was born in '55 and then it took nearly seven years before Karen appeared. But we did want two children and two children we had.

Tape 3: 11minutes 44 seconds

RL: And what education have they had?

IL: They had the best... (laughs) they could possibly have. Having said that, I mean, Ken's job was reasonable but we weren't wealthy. Comprehensive education was rearing what I call its ugly head in those days, the local primary school was very good and Ruth wasn't bad at school and it was suggested that she would sit for Notting Hill High, you may have heard of it, quite a good private, semi-private school but Ruth didn't pass her entrance exam because Ruth was terribly shy, she took after her father and we walked in there for her little interview, and the head looked down, she was quite small, she still is, she is only 5ft tall, and he said 'what's your name?' and Ruth looked up at Mummy to answer the question and I knew then she'd had it, she had blown it. And she didn't get into Notting Hill, but Greenford Grammar was still going, Greenford Grammar School, and she got into there and did very well there. She always wanted to— from the day she went to school, she wanted to become a teacher which is what she did. So she had a pretty good education, she then went to teacher training college; she is now a deputy headmistress, so I think she has done okay.

RL: Where does she live?

IL: They live in the Lake District now. Our elder daughter is married to a Methodist minister, believe it or not. We are a very odd family. They met at teacher training college, they were both going to be teachers, they both became teachers, Richard was a craft teacher, woodworks etc. and Ruth was always interested in primaries so she became an infant teacher. But Richard came from a staunch Methodist family and had always hankered after the church which Ruth didn't know, we didn't know. He was a good teacher but I think he felt he wanted the other thing and Ruth encouraged him, so after the boys were quite small, they were both born then, he went back to school to a Methodist seminary in Bristol and studied for the church and Ruth encouraged him, she couldn't go to work because she had two small boys, so life was tough, but he came out of it the other end. He got his first church, first appointment in Lincolnshire where they lived for ten years, nine years too long we all thought, because although he was very happy, he was very popular, a very insular place, the minister is God and Richard is not a god, he's a wonderful person. However they stuck their 10 years there and then they got transferred to the Lake District, Ambleside, where they have been for nearly six years now

and that's a different kettle of fish. They have made friends, they have become involved, not just the church but everything else, very, very happy, Ruth has since got her— Ruth went back to work when the boys were big enough.

Tape 3: 15 minutes 7 seconds

RL: What's her married name?

IL: Hall, H-A-L-L. Ruth and Richard Hall. They had their two boys, who have had problems, the eldest one is severely dyslexic so when he was eleven, we had to find— they had to find something special for him and they found a state boarding school in Curtan in Linsay, no, no, no, that's where they are living... there is a race course there somewhere in Lincolnshire, what's it called, a double-barrelled name, I'll think of it in a minute, an ordinary state school with a boarding house for special needs children and they specialised in dyslexic teaching, and that's where our Ian went but of course three years later, James, who had then got to know that school by then wanted to go to the same school, so they had both the boys at the boarding school, where they both did very well. Ian eventually went to university, dyslexia or not, studied business management, is working in America, just got married there. James takes after grandpa, he is studying engineering at Brunel, in Uxbridge, and Ruth and Richard are happily settled for another five years at least at Ambleside. And our younger daughter went to the same primary school, but by then there was no question of going to any existing grammar school but she would have to go to the local comprehensive, which was patrolled by police at half past three every day, because there were problems by then in Southall. We didn't particularly want her to go there, but the head at her school said 'she's got potential, have you thought of private education?' which we hadn't. But St. Paul's School in Hammersmith, I don't know if you know of St. Paul's School, it is the most prestigious girls' school in the country, I believe, and boys, but they are separate schools, so Karen said 'oh, I don't mind sitting an entrance exam' you see it's a different kettle of fish altogether, much more outgoing than her sister used to be, so Karen went to this posh school to sit an entrance exam and she was given questions to answer and she is the kind of girl who would write down 'I am sorry I can't answer this but if we had done this at my school...' and Karen's attitude got her a place at St. Paul's, but no sooner had she been accepted that Daddy heard that we had to move to Yorkshire...she was terribly upset, she really was upset because she had achieved something worth achieving and she did want to go there, so did we, but we had no choice. She said 'I'll stay with my uncle Ron' but that wasn't possible, so I set about trying to find her a school up in Yorkshire, not knowing that there is an absolutely brilliant grammar school in Harrogate; I had no idea, I didn't know what Yorkshire was, I really didn't. We came to visit this part of the world to try and find somewhere to live etc. and we went to Ilkley and I went into Boots in Ilkley and I felt I needed foreign currency, I really did, I felt I was in a different country. But through paperwork and books I heard of Harrogate Ladies' College, to whom I wrote, and the very fact that St. Paul's had accepted her meant they would have her. So that's where Karen went, to Harrogate Ladies' College. At great expense. But she did us proud, when I first took her there to an interview, although she had been accepted, we saw the Head Girl's board, and in 1941 a girl called K. Little had been Head Girl and in 1980 a girl called K. Little became Head of Day Girls, she wasn't a boarder, she was a day girl, but she was the Head of Day Girls. So she achieved something there. She then went to university to St. Andrews to study languages where she met her husband and they in turn now have two, three children, wonderful children and they live in Wantage near Oxford.

Tape 3: 19 minutes 44 seconds

RL: Who did she marry?

IL: She married Andy, Andrew Kidd, with a double D, who was studying physics, who has a PhD, so this Jewish Mum has got a Doctor in the family at last, and they have three wonderful children, who are, hopefully, going the same way. Karen does not use her languages; Karen won't go to work [except if] it does not affect the children. So Karen works when the children are at school. Karen does absolutely everything. She started originally— she worked at the library in St. Andrews because they went back to live there for a year after she worked, she worked translating German in Epson, in Surrey for a year, then after their engagement, she worked for somebody who did something with America, some advertising, so she was doing German and English translations and advertising, he actually sent her to Chicago for a week to find out about the business, she had a whale of a time, worked with him and his family for a year, very happily, they are still in touch now, got married, moved back to St. Andrews because Andy was still studying and she worked in the University Library there. And then Gail was born while they were still there, and she stopped work and when Andy had finished his studies, he found a job with Rutherford Appleton, a research company, and they moved to Wantage, where they had their two other children. And Karen never went back to teaching German or doing anything with German, she didn't want to be a teacher, so she started sewing children's clothes; she was very good at that sort of thing. She sewed for her own daughter, at the time they had the one, and all her friends wanted to know where she got the clothes from, so she sewed for everybody and eventually started charging for the fun of it. She was very good at music at school although she never did a teaching diploma but she taught her own little girls some music and neighbour's daughter came in for music and neighbour's daughter would go to school and say 'I am learning to play the piano and the clarinet' and suddenly all kind of Mums were asking Karen could she teach their children. But she said 'oh, I'm not a teacher', oh well, anyway... she is now teaching up to grade 6, clarinet and piano, she has done recorders, well, as far as they can possibly go with recorders, she runs a little orchestra at school, she now teaches for money, telling everybody that she is not a qualified teacher, she herself is now learning to play the flute, because she thinks that in years ahead, she might not be able to do her other job, she is also a qualified fitness professional now and when she gets too old for that she hopes to be a fully qualified music teacher, which will take less exercising, and that's what my daughter does. I say she is slightly mentally afflicted but she isn't really, she is a very unusual girl, both my daughters are, I don't know whom they take after but anyhow: my family.

Tape 3: 23 minutes 19 seconds

RL: Did your daughters show interest in your background and in your experiences?

IL: Always, hence that little book. They know everything, I think. They might find, when they see this, that there are some things they didn't know, and they have always said 'why don't you write this down Mum' and I have always said 'it's been written down by people who can write much better than I can' and there are so many of us, who could possibly be interested? Well, as the younger son-in-law said 'what do you mean who could be interested, it's history, your history', which I suppose is true. The only reason I think we should all write some kind of history is so that subsequent generations know something about us. I suddenly realised how little I knew about my own parents. Or certainly my grandparents. My own memory or my knowledge of my own parents starts with my own memory, nothing before. They couldn't have talked about it today, I don't know why not, but I knew very little, I know very little about their own childhood, so at least my daughters know something about my early life.

RL: What does their Jewish angle mean to them?

IL: Nothing, any more than quite honestly it means to me. I know there are some very successful, strong, believed [*sic*] mixed marriages. Ken doesn't practise his religion although he has a faith; I haven't practised mine for many, many years. I have to admit this, and people who love me and know me know this, I have no faith, I really do not believe there is a god, or anything else, although if somebody asked me 'who are you, what are you?' I am Jewish. It's an easy way out. Because how can you explain to people that I am nothing, which is what I am, deep down. I envy people with a faith, because they have something to hold on to, and I haven't. Our daughters know that Mummy is, was, is no longer Jewish. I wouldn't have brought my children up in the Jewish faith, I would not have brought them up in any faith, and I didn't. I have had all kinds of battles with Church officials because they were both christened, and I am not proud of the reason for that, but I don't mind it being known: when our elder daughter was born, my mother-in-law presented me with Ken's christening gown and no way could I have said to that dear old lady, 'I am sorry, your granddaughter is not going to be christened'. So our Ruth was christened because her grandmother had got her Dad's christening gown kept for that purpose. The battle I had with the Church to have her christened is quite interesting. I went to the local church and I said 'I have a daughter, can she please be christened'. Well, as they wanted to know, who is the father, fine, 'has he been confirmed', 'no', 'who are you?', 'I am Jewish', 'oh, can we convert you?', 'No', 'oh... who are the godparents?' 'Very carefully picked', 'are they all christened?' 'Yes', 'are they all confirmed?', 'no', 'oh... well do you think your husband and the godparents could be confirmed before I christen your daughter?', 'no, I don't think so'.

Tape 3: 27 minutes 17 seconds

This went on for weeks until I could have throttled the man, but he did come to the house one evening, we were in the middle of dinner, and he said 'I have made a decision, I cannot turn a child away from the church', so we took Ruth and grandma was happy to see the christening gown again, because Ken did have a subsequent brother who died, so this christening gown meant a lot to Ken's Mum and our Ruth wore it and she was christened and now nearly seven years later, the vicar at the local church had changed. I was by then not involved in the church, but I was involved in the school, I was involved in little Brownies and Guides and if ever Ruth needed somebody with her, it was I who went. And I had got to know the new vicar. And Karen was born, and we still had Ken's christening gown and Ken's Mum was still alive, so the same thing happened. But the new vicar said, 'oh, I don't mind, you being Jewish, that's fine, Ken is gentile, and how about the godmothers?' So I said, 'well one is a volunteer' because as soon as Karen was born, she phoned and said, 'oh please can I be godmother?' But the snag is she is Jewish, 'oh that's ok, but I tell you what, have an extra godmother so she's got the right number of the others', so Karen has got three godmothers and a godfather who lived next door who was then eighteen, and Karen was christened. Both of them asked me, the first one asked me to sign a form, promising to send Ruth to Sunday school, and I said 'I am sorry, I can't sign that, I can't know, I don't know if I am gonna be able to keep it. I will promise to encourage her, but I won't promise to send her'. He didn't like that either. But the next vicar said, 'you know, I never thought of that, I think I'll have that form changed'. And we got on very well with the vicar. Karen was christened, they both attend Sunday school when all their little school friends decided to go to Sunday school, they went. And they built up a strong little faith. They went to church, Mummy didn't and Daddy didn't but they did. They both became very involved with Guiding and they did their good deeds, they helped others, all the things that the church and the Guides and everyone else teach them. Ruth went all the way, and got married in church, they both got married in church, and Ruth, of course, eventually ended up with a Methodist minister as a husband.

Now, the man who almost refused to have her christened knew all about that because we had some friends who were still in touch with him and they knew that the little girl, whom he almost refused to christen actually ended up as a Methodist minister's wife, helped her husband in the church, didn't mind her Mummy being Jewish one little bit. Indeed, I think we have built a family where there will never ever, ever be any racism, of which I am quite proud.

Tape 3: 30 minutes 42 seconds

Ruth actually, when she was working at her previous school, and even her headmistress, knew that she had a very strange mother, and I was invited to give a talk to the eleven-year olds at that school who were about to leave and go to Senior school, and I went and my own younger grandson was in that class, and I am happy to say he wasn't embarrassed at my presence there. And I talked to them about racism, religious racism and that bunch of eleven-year-olds went away and promised that they would never ever dislike anybody simply, purely because of their race, their colour, their religion, and if I've done that, I think I have done something worthwhile. Now Karen went exactly the same way, did all her good deeds at university, they both became Queen's Guides and Karen became a Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award winner, but Karen fell in love with a scientist and does not go to church any more. She thinks she has a faith but it's all very complicated I think, but their three children were also christened, and each and every one of them wore Grandpa's christening gown. So there you are: our own two daughters and their five children were all christened because Grandpa— Nana had Daddy's christening gown still. Quite a nice story, I always feel. That christening gown is still in Ruth's possession I think. But I don't think it will last any longer, it is after all 82 years old, this same christening gown. In ten days, it will be 82 years old.

Tape 3: 32 minutes 37 seconds

RL: Now coming back to you, you mentioned just in passing sort of different interests that you have had.

IL: Oh yes. I've always been interested in sport, but— something I could not keep up when I came to England, not seriously. But having heard about the theatre by a chap with whom I was working at Carter Patterson's in the head office, said 'Why can't we do something like this at work?' Well, I was working in the staff department then, so I had all kinds of access to all kinds of things and we decided 'let's see if we can start a little dramatic society', which we did. We advertised, we got the young people in the offices interested and we started a dramatic society with the help of the staff officers, who said: 'Yes, we'll give you, provided you don't want any money, we will help you to do this sort of thing', and they did. They gave us a bit of an office to rehearse in, and we just started a dramatic society, which was during the war perhaps easier than it would at other times have been. We got people together and we managed to find a little play, which was all women, 'cause you can't get the young fellows to do it, they were going to work backstage, those who weren't in the army, there weren't many about. And we did a play, which was called *Nine 'til Six*, and involved all kinds of ladies of all kinds of ages and we managed to play in what was then the Cripplegate Theatre, it's part of the Barbican now, and I think the theatre itself is still there, it was a professional theatre, it was wonderful. And we did two plays a year in there, for many, many, many, many years. Indeed, we toured army camps and hospitals and gave performances of plays in all kinds of weird circumstances. It grew into a pretty good company in the end, of which I was extremely proud. I stayed with it until we moved to Yorkshire, believe it or not. I was secretary until my second daughter was born and I played until Karen started school, and I couldn't get— I used to travel three hours to do an hour and a half's rehearsal in the City, but that became a bit

ridiculous. So in the end I joined a smaller club locally in Southall, a church society, which was also quite good fun. We used to do a lot of competitions, and entered into festivals. By then I was also involved in the local music festival. I used to help; as I never went to work, I had to find other things to do. So I helped there as a volunteer, and we used to put our own one-act plays into this festival and I am happy to say I once won a Best Actress Award, which was wonderful... particularly as the adjudicator said: 'That lady does not need any elocution lessons'. I was very proud of that, as the only non-English person there, I think.

Tape 3: 35 minutes 50 seconds

However, that's beside the point. I loved the, the hobby. I used to enjoy making the play, rehearsing, building. Once the performances came, I was less interested. But it was good fun, and then it was team work, and we worked together, and I did that until I came up here. Which, I mean I thought 'Oh dear, something else I might not be able to do any more'. And poor old Ken had supported my all those years, he's not interested in the amateur theatre, he likes the professional theatre, but he's always been happy to transport me around, we only had one car, and he used to— even before we were married, he used to come and transport— help transport the stuff to outside shows, when we took them elsewhere. So he's always supported anything I'd do, and I had promised him, I said: 'Now when we get to Yorkshire, I dare say I'll find a dramatic society, but I'll have a little rest'. Well, we'd been here one day when neighbours across the road came and introduced themselves and they took— Ruth had gone down to visit friends and Karen had been invited out for a meal with them, they had a boy about the same age. And in the evening they said, 'You've worked hard enough, come over and have a drink', and then we discovered that Iris sings with the local choral society, that Don is a member of the local dramatic society, and that they're at the very moment trying to cast a play. 'You interested?', 'I suppose so'. So I went to an audition the next week. We moved here in August, in October I did my first full-length play with them, and I stopped five years ago, six years ago, when my sight went. So the amateur stage has been quite a big thing in my life. Until I discovered, twenty-five years ago, the local Harrogate and District Society for the Blind, and I found another outlet for my efforts. I got involved with this newspaper for the blind, because my mother's sight was failing, and she was receiving the Talking Newspaper for the blind and in one of them was a little note: 'Do you know anybody who can help?' Well, yes, I could help, so I became involved in that, up to my neck and above it. I can't do the actual work anymore, 'cause I can't see, but I'm still involved in it, and I realised then that being an actress on stage is a, a bit of exhibitionism. But I was then doing something which was useful to others... I suppose entertaining people on the stage is a bit of usefulness, I don't know... if you're entertaining somebody they go away happy, that's good. But to do something for someone who can't do it for themselves at all, I got an enormous kick out of the Talking Newspaper, I really did, and I still do. I took over the Talking Library, which I ran from here, I had— my small bedroom was full of audio books and I ran that for recipients of the Talking Newspaper. That was before audio books really became popular. You can get them anywhere now, but these were the first two-tape ones that came out, twenty-five, thirty years ago, and we had over five hundred books here in the house, which I used to send out. Only gave that up a few months ago, when we shipped the whole lot over to our recording studio, which is in Ripley, and we've now got nine people running this library. But it's still going, I thought it would have to die because we couldn't find anyone to do it, but eventually we did. So that's still going on... The local dramatic society is still going on... But most of all, my family is still going on.

Tape 3: 39 minutes 53 seconds

RL: When did you become involved with the AJR?

IL: Through my brother. I did not know it existed. I have— obviously I know about the local Jewish society— Jewish community, because my mother used to go to the local synagogue. She became infirm and unwell in the— her latter years, but she would always go on the High Holy Days, Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah, and I would take her there, and I met one or two of the people. It's a very small— it's a smallish Jewish community in Harrogate. I was disappointed in their lack of interest in my mother, I really was, I don't mind to whom I tell this, well I wouldn't tell other people, but I tell you. They— she was infirm, she completely depended on me running her around and I didn't always have a car. The friend I was talking about across the road is a staunch Catholic, and she used to take my Mum to the local convent, where I'd take Books on Wheels once a week, once a fortnight, and they knew, they got to know my Mum... the nuns used to come here and visit her... the Jewish community didn't. I think on two occasions during those many years, somebody sent some, brought some flowers on Rosh Hashanah for her... A number of those nuns came to my Mum's funeral, which was not a Jewish funeral, and I'm not going to tell you— yes, I perhaps will tell you why not. My mother died, in this house, and I— I think she'd still be in bed if I'd had to organise her funeral, quite honestly. My husband has a friend who is a local undertaker and he had a word with her and he said, 'leave it with me, I'll sort it out', he told her his mother-in-law was Jewish. And he got in touch with a Rabbi in Leeds, whose first words were: 'You know how much this is going to cost, don't you?' And the undertaker then got in touch with the vicar at one of the local churches, who came and did my mother's funeral from the Old Testament. Several nuns of the convent came, but nobody from the Jewish community came... not one. I phoned them, because I didn't know a lot of them, but I knew one of the ladies... I don't know, you've probably lost mothers or loved ones, I was in no fit state to, to do anything, I just thought, well, I must let the Jewish community know that Mum has died and there wasn't, 'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that', there was 'What are you doing about the funeral, you know something has to be done to the body'. And I said, 'I'm not getting involved, my husband's sorting it out', and I put the phone down. That was my last contact with the Harrogate society— synagogue, I'm afraid. Is it important what is done to the body when a loved one has just died? What comes first, can you tell me? Can anybody tell me? If anybody ever sees this film, I probably won't be around, but I wish somebody could tell me. Why is that important?.. No answer. Now, I haven't kept away from them, but I haven't seen any of them...

Tape 3: 43 minutes 37 seconds

RL: The AJR?

IL: The AJR, yes. My brother is an invalid, he's a very, very brilliant bridge player and a lot of Jewish people play bridge. I met a lot of his friends, both he and my sister-in-law used to play bridge together. My brother, thank goodness, has managed to keep it up, he wasn't going to, but he did, and it's the only thing he's now capable of doing. And through some of his Jewish bridge friends, he has become involved with some Jewish people down there. Like me, he had no Jewish contact. And he learned about the AJR. As I said, neither of us had ever heard of them, but we were both perfectly happy to become members, which we have both done. Ron told me all about it, it's given him some social life down there. He goes to London, he can't travel very well, now he's taken— He plays bridge, he goes to lunches, he goes to talks, so I said, well the least I can do is become a member, and I sent in my subscription, and the next thing I knew, I got a telephone call from Suzanne Green, who runs the northern groups. And I said 'yes, of course, we, we— I'll do anything for anybody, particularly if I'm involved myself. And Suzanne came and we decided, the only thing is, it has to be in this

house, because I'm not going to ask Ken to, he has to traipse me around wherever I go anyway. So yes, we will start a little group of AJR members here, in this part of the world, which is what we've done. And it's been lovely. We're all like-minded people, with a very similar history; some worse than others, each and every one of them is wonderful. The German business doesn't enter into it at all. We, we all speak funnily, but apart from that— And we've had lovely afternoons in this very room. It gets a bit crowded sometimes, but— No, it's great, and I'm glad I found the AJR because I like people, and the members of the AJR are people. The fact that they're Jewish or anything else is not so important.

RL: How long ago was it that you joined?

IL: We had our first meeting here; I think it was April of last year. It's over a year.

RL: And how many people meet here?

IL: We've had up to fourteen and fifteen, but in average about ten, twelve. And my darling husband stays every time, unless he has a meeting on a Wednesday afternoon, which he sometimes has. But he joins us for coffee or tea afterwards.

Tape 3: 46 minutes 35 seconds

RL: And where do the people live?

IL: One or two of them are within walking distance, I didn't know they existed. Wetherby, one or two come from York, one or two come from Leeds, although Leeds has its own big community there, of AJR members. And of course there's the other, it's the Association of, now what do they call it, Holocaust Survivors, Family Survivors, something like that. But one or two of their reps come here, one comes from Otley... we have had a visitor from Manchester, who is a friend or a relation of one of the ladies from York, and this is, see, I can't see faces, I can't remember names, which is awful. But she was a real Holocaust survivor, she'd been in a concentration camp and she was absolutely amazing. Tiny little lady, wonderful... Someone at whom one looks and thinks 'how the heck have you survived'. Makes you feel very humble. I met two people like that in Leeds, last month or whenever it was when we went to the get-together there, and they were husband and wife now, they weren't then. But they had both been in two concentration camps and survived, and... how many of us have seen people who have actually spent years in a concentration camp. You look at them and you can't believe that they're real, because they are ordinary human beings who... act normally. What their thoughts are like I don't know, but they were wonderful to meet... absolutely fantastic.

RL: Do you think your experiences have affected you in any way?

IL: Oh, they must have. I don't know. How do we know what we would have been like had things been different? I don't know how— I don't think I would have been— I wouldn't have been the same person if I had stayed in Germany, if I had been able to stay in Germany, if Hitler hadn't come. I would be completely different, I should think, because surely our life's experiences shape us, we become what life makes us, not what we want to become, I don't think.

RL: What would you have liked to become if you had stayed there?

IL: I don't know. I wanted an education, I still do... a bit late, but there you are. I'd like to have had broader knowledge; I don't consider myself very clever. My one— the good thing about my life is: I speak two languages, and in so many people's minds, that makes you clever. I can get away with murder, simply because people know I speak two languages. I don't know what I would like to have done, I honestly don't know. I would like to have been really good at one thing, and I, I have a husband who is brilliant at one thing. I think I'd liked to have been like that, instead of mediocre at many. I'd like to be able to say 'there's something I really and truly know as much about as anybody else, not necessarily more, but as much, and there isn't.

Tape 3: 50 minutes 17 seconds

RL: What is it that your husband is brilliant about?

IL: He is a brilliant engineer; he really is a very brilliant engineer. One of the most brilliant, he really is. He doesn't appear to be, but he is. Very unassuming.

RL: What is he involved in?

IL: He can design you an aeroplane and it will fly. He's been an aero-engineer most of his life, but he has done U-boat engines, and he has— he will design you any kind of engine that you want for any kind of purpose and it'll work. And that must be nice. He knows that— he wouldn't admit that he's brilliant, but I can assure you he is. Everything in this house works.

RL: How do you feel towards Israel?

IL: Like I feel about any other country. Oh dear, we're gonna get so involved if this goes on any longer. You see, to me, Judaism is a religion, I won't— I can't call it a race. So if we, if Jews need their own country, do the Catholics need their own country, do the Moslems need their own country? Do the Evangelists need their— Why can't we live together, for goodness sake? And I have never understood why the Jews needed their own country, I really haven't. I would go and visit Israel, I'd quite like to, but I'd like to visit any country that there is. Not because it's Israel and because it's ours, if you like, or yours... I, I don't want to live in Israel because I'm Jewish. And I don't want to live anywhere where there are just Jews. I don't want to live anywhere where there's just one thing of anything. I want to be surrounded by people, human beings, whatever. I said it earlier and I repeat it: I don't like labels. We are all individuals, and collectively we are people. Not racists, which is what we all become when we segregate ourselves.

RL: Have you ever wanted to visit Israel?

IL: Oh yes. Well, I say, have I ever wanted to go? No more so than anywhere else. I haven't travelled an awful lot, I've travelled in Europe and I've been to the States a couple of times, for family reasons. I don't want to go to Israel to walk the path of Jesus, for instance, or anyone else's. It's a fabulous country which has been built up by fabulous people, whether they are Jews or anything else, I don't mind.

Tape 3: 53 minutes 34 seconds

RL: And then in terms of nationality, how would you describe yourself?

IL: Oh, I'm British, yes, that's all. I'm British. I suppose we have to— I used to say, I wish we could do away with all the borders in the world, everywhere. But when I had my passport renewed, about ten years ago, and instead of my beautiful blue British passport I got a European one, I was very angry. So, I was going to say, don't believe a word I say, but that's not true. I'm British, and proud of it, because that's what I want to be.

RL: Do you feel you've got any kind of continental identity?

IL: Continental name. No, I really do feel very British. No. I was born in Germany, I couldn't live there any more, I came to England, I was happily received here, I've been happy here, I've made a life here, my family is here, and the label I'm happy to have is British. I've often thought 'why on earth didn't I change my first name', because every— 'What's your name?', 'Inge', 'Inge?', 'Alright, Inge', 'Alright, Inge'. Nobody ever spells it correctly, doesn't matter; it's become a talking point actually. So when I'm introduced to someone, at least we have something to talk about, even if it is only my name. No, that's the only continental connection I would say I've got, is my name.

RL: Is there anything that you miss about Germany, in terms of culture, or food...

IL: No... is the answer to that. We've got lots of culture here, particularly in Harrogate. If you want culture, then move to Harrogate, we are full of music and art and everything else here.

RL: Is there any message that you would like to finish with, anything that you would like to add?

IL: I've been dishing out a little poem which I've got upstairs, I don't know where I found it, which says: 'I cannot change the way I am, I need not even try, we each are different and unique, no need to question why. If I appear peculiar there's nothing I can do, so please accept me as I am, as I'm accepting you.'
There, I think that's as good as anything.

RL: Thank you very much.

IL: It's been a pleasure.

Tape 3: 56 minutes 31 seconds

IL: This is a picture of my father's family, with my paternal grandparents in the centre, surrounded by the siblings. It was taken in, approximately, 1904 in Holzwickede and the taller chap at the back is my father Hugo.

This is a picture of my father, Hugo Steinweg, he served during the First World War and the picture would have been taken during the war, somewhere at the front.

This is a picture of my mother Bertha, my brother Ron and myself, taken in December 1938 in Dortmund, just before Ron went to England.

This is a picture, or two pictures, taken when my brother celebrated his Bar Mitzvah in 1935, and the pictures were taken in the big hall in the Jewish community home in Dortmund.

This is the synagogue in Dortmund, taken about '38, before it was pulled down brick by brick.

This is a certificate I managed to win as the winner of an athletic event of our Jewish sports club in 1936, and it was taken in Gelsenkirchen, the year of the Olympics.

This is a certificate which I managed to get when I won the Westphalian championships in gymnastics, also with the Jewish sports club. This time: early '38 in Cologne.

And this is the last report I got from my elementary school in Dortmund, leaving after 7, 8 years schooling in 1938, March 1938.

This is a picture of my family as it was on my husband Ken's— In the back row standing are our eldest son-in-law Richard, our youngest son-in-law Andy, husband Ken, elder grandson Ian. Seated from left to right, on the left James, his mom Ruth, our elder daughter, myself Inge, and next to me is our daughter Karen carrying her then only child Gail. Harrogate, in our house in [inaudible] Close.

This is a picture of our five grandchildren. Although it is now ten years old, it was taken at Callum's christening. At the back is second grandson James, and then his bigger brother Ian holding the newcomer Callum. Left and right in the foreground: on the left Gail, the elder granddaughter, and on the right it's Sian, the slighter, younger one. And the place Wantage was in Oxfordshire. Twelve years ago, ten years ago, I beg your pardon, 1993.

This is a photograph of my father Hugo Steinweg. The photograph was damaged on the 9th of November 1938, the Kristallnacht, in Dortmund, in Germany. My father had already been dead for three years then.