

# THE INSTITUTE FOR HISTORICAL STUDY

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# NEWSLETTER

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## **“A Local Habitation and a Name”: Can the Historian’s Pen Give Scattered Fragments a Local Habitation and a Name? by Carol Sicherman**

“The poet’s eye,” says Theseus in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, perceives the “forms of things unknown,” and “the poet’s pen/Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing/A local habitation and a name.” This line occurred to me as I gathered disparate scraps of information about the Lewins, a family of four in Berlin whose lives were so obscure as to seem “airy nothing.” All I knew, at first, was that by the end of 1938 the husband had lost his job as an “agent”; their daughter was a kindergarten teacher in a Jewish school; and their son was about to lose his job as an apprentice locksmith because he was Jewish. The wife was apparently unemployed. I now know the names of three of the Lewins and the details of their deportation to Auschwitz in 1942. The daughter remains for now among the million murdered Jews whose name Yad Vashem seeks to recover.[1]

My initial information came from a letter to my father, Harry J. Marks, from Grete Meyer, his host at Mommsenstrasse 57—a street named for the historian Theodor Mommsen—when he was studying history at the University of Berlin, 1931- 33. Grete’s five letters are a rich source of information about the worsening situation of Jews in Berlin.[2] In 1934 she reported their move to a smaller apartment on Hewaldstrasse after their eviction from Mommsenstrasse on trumped-up claims of pending renovation. Her last letters, in 1938, came from yet another address, Luitpoldstrasse 20. Government policy now herded Jews into confined areas and, along with the German Minority Census of 1939, set the stage for easy extermination.

On Luitpoldstrasse the Meyers were tenants of the Lewins, who (unlike Grete’s family) had “no one in a foreign country” to help them. Was there anything that Herr Marks could do? Still a graduate student at Harvard, and now a husband and father, he could not help. The Lewins have haunted me since I mentioned them in my book *Rude Awakenings: An American Historian’s Encounters with Nazism, Communism, and McCarthyism*. I wondered whether I could give a local habitation and a name to the sparse facts with which I began, their paucity a contrast with my information about the Meyers.

The Meyers’ four children left Germany beginning immediately after Hitler’s election victory. Paul, who had just completed his training as a lawyer, left in 1933 for France, where he became accompanist to a chansonnier, later worked in the post office, and survived the war thanks to his indomitable wife, a French citizen. In 1934 Claire, a nursing student, married a farmer in Palestine, where Grete and Ernst visited her in 1936; observing the Arab revolt then under way, they declined her suggestion that they emigrate to Palestine. Rudolph, a doctor, left for Brazil in 1935. Elizabeth (Lisel)—having finished her medical studies in Italy and secured a job that soon evaporated—arrived in New York in December 1938. Meanwhile Rudy struggled to secure his parents’ visas, the situation varying according to the degree of antisemitism in Brazil; in December 1939, they joined him in Porto Alegre. The Lewins remained in Berlin.

Communities of helpful genealogists led me to plentiful online resources. A list of every resident of Luitpoldstrasse in 1939 divulged information about three of my four subjects: Emil Lewin: born 20 February 1881 in Posen, East Prussia (now Poznań in Poland); Fanny Philippine Wiener Lewin: born 22

*Continued on the back page*

# PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

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Have you discovered history podcasts? There are many, probably of varying quality. I’ve been listening to “East Bay Yesterday” for local history stories. Then, after coming across Megan Kate Nelson’s website through her essay “Hey Academics, Please Stop Calling Me an ‘Independent Scholar,’” I noticed she was featured in the first episode of “Drafting the Past,” a podcast about the craft of writing history. Any of you who are writing may find it useful. The host interviews a different author each time.

By the way, please mark your calendar for Megan Kate Nelson’s guest Institute appearance on Sunday, 21 August, 2 p.m., jointly offered with the Mechanics’ Institute Library. She will speak about writing narrative history. She has accepted a complimentary one-year membership, a new policy for guest speakers.

Another podcast series about the practice of history research and writing is “Doing History,” produced in 2020 by the Omohundro Institute of Early American History & Culture. Each of the 14 episodes is 45 minutes or less, easy to listen to while taking a walk or a drive.

Jim Gasperini says he enjoys several podcasts: Lewis Lapham’s “The World in Time” (interviews with authors of new history books), Malcolm Gladwell’s “Revisionist History,” Tim Harford’s “Cautionary Tales,” and “This Day In Esoteric Political History.”

At the July board meeting we discussed whether to schedule an in-person, outdoor potluck picnic. We tentatively decided on Saturday, October 1, so you might pencil that in, but it may end up being either virtual or hybrid (or not happen at all). A survey will go out later to gauge the level of interest in various scenarios.

Our geographic distribution of members continues its trans-Atlantic spread, as Kieren McCarthy has moved to London. So meetings on Zoom seem to be here to stay! Those of you who live in the wider reaches of the Bay Area no longer have a geographic excuse for not attending monthly programs, so I hope we will see you tuned in to them now and then—third Sundays, 2 p.m. U.S. Pacific time. If you are not receiving email announcements (subject line containing [TIHS]), please check your spam folder, and if you still don’t find them, email Maria Sakovich (mariaks.ihs@gmail.com) and she will make sure you are on the list.

And speaking of announcements be sure to read about mini-grant applications (due September 15) on page 11.

– *Ann Harlow*

NEWSLETTER EDITOR  
Maria Sakovich

COPY EDITOR  
Anne MacLachlan

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Address:  
1399 Queens Road  
Berkeley, CA 94708  
[www.instituteforhistoricalstudy.org](http://www.instituteforhistoricalstudy.org)

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## MONTHLY PRESENTATIONS

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### **“Why the Jews Won’t Accept Jesus, and Why This Is a Problem for Christians”**

For the April monthly presentation, Dan Kohanski offered us his explanation of why the Jews of the first century weren’t interested in Jesus, why that indifference continues even today, and why this posed and still poses a problem for Christians.

Dan began with a review of the history of the first century CE in Roman-occupied Judaea. He showed how the tensions between the Jews and their occupiers led to the growth of several sects and eventually to a civil war which destroyed most of them. The main survivors were the Pharisees, who eventually evolved into rabbinic Judaism, and the followers of Jesus—the “Jesus Movement”—which by the end of the century had become Christianity.

The Jesus Movement saw itself as the “true” Judaism, the fulfillment of the prophecies of the Hebrew Scriptures. Almost all Jews disagreed; in fact, they dismissed the Jesus Movement’s arguments as nonsense. These ideas included belief in the individual resurrection of Jesus, belief in Jesus as the messiah although he had died, and belief that Jesus’s crucifixion brought salvation. Using his years of research distilled into a Power Point, Dan showed how each of these beliefs was so contrary to anything in Jewish belief up to that time that those Jews who heard about them couldn’t be bothered to take them seriously.

This was a problem for the early Christians that went beyond resentment at being ignored. Gentile Romans wanted to know why they should worship Jesus when his own people, the Jews, didn’t do so. They also questioned why they should worship someone Rome had executed as a common criminal. Dan laid out how, in response to these obstacles to Gentile conversion, the writers of the New Testament and the Church Fathers created a caricature of

the Jews. The Jews knew the truth, they explained, but chose to reject it out of willful stubbornness. They were also so afraid of Jesus, or so disturbed by his truth, that they persuaded Pilate, a weakling, to execute Jesus for them.

Dan concluded by pointing out that even all the years of vilification and degradation heaped on the Jews over the centuries, many Christians to this day still expect Jews to one day admit that Christianity was right.

– *With special thanks to **Dan Kohanski** for writing up his own presentation.*

### **“General Vallejo’s Efforts to Establish a Mission in Santa Rosa”**

On June 19, 2022, Peter Meyerhof presented a Zoom talk based in part on his translation of correspondence relating to attempts to establish a new mission in Santa Rosa shortly after what is considered the Mission period of California’s history. In 1834, General Mariano Vallejo was sent to secularize the Sonoma Mission, establish a Presidio for defense against increasingly frequent raids from Native Americans, and show a Mexican military presence to the Russians at Fort Ross. Vallejo observed that many Indians who had escaped from missions in the North Bay Area were working peacefully for the Russians. Over the following years he became increasingly concerned about new Russian agricultural establishments east of Fort Ross and Bodega. The largest and most easterly of the Russian farms, the Chernykh ranch, was established on the west side of the Santa Rosa Valley.

Along with other Californios, Vallejo believed that the missions had been effective at pacifying the Indians as well as facilitating their agricultural and manufacturing production. Missions were also a source of free labor. For those reasons, and because of perceived Russian expansion, Vallejo attempted to establish a new

mission in the Santa Rosa Valley. In early 1839, five years after the secularization of all of the existing missions, Vallejo wrote to the Zacatecan College of Franciscan Friars in Mexico proposing the founding of new missions in Northern California, including one in Santa Rosa. The College, which still offered support to the friars in California, declined to assist Vallejo because they did not even have enough missionaries to supply all of the existing mission churches.

Vallejo appealed for assistance from Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado and was turned down again. Finally in the summer of 1839, he wrote to Father Lorenzo Quijas, who had been the last padre at the Sonoma Mission, soliciting his assistance in establishing a new mission in Santa Rosa with substantial ranch land in the area of Guilicos (presently between the city of Kenwood and the border of Santa Rosa). Peter followed the correspondence between Vallejo and Quijas found in “Documentos para la Historia de California del Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo” at the Bancroft Library. Writing in August of 1839, Quijas first stated that he had just spoken to the Father President of the northern California Missions (Fr. Gonzales Rubio), who was agreeable to the general idea of establishing a mission in Santa Rosa. He noted that only the Father Prefect (Fr. Garcia Diego) had the authority to approve support of the proposed mission. In a subsequent letter, however, Quijas wrote that he was not really interested in helping Vallejo and had only hoped to obtain the general’s assistance in other, less ambitious, projects. Upon reading this, Vallejo was disappointed and angry, but in his mind the project was not completely dead. Four years later (and two years after the Russians had abandoned their settlement), he informed the newly appointed governor, Manuel Michel-torena that he would still be happy to contribute to the establishment of new missions and the salary of new priests on the northern frontier of

California, including the Santa Rosa area. Nothing came of that proposal either, and in 1846 the American conquest of California put a permanent end to all talk of new missions.

Peter has a sense of where the Santa Rosa Mission would have been situated if Vallejo had been successful: the south bank of Santa Rosa Creek just below its confluence with Matanzas Creek. An 1840 map of the Cabeza de Santa Rosa grant shows a structure labeled “Casa Nueva” and also a “Temescal.” The “Temescal” (sweat lodge) is the only indication of an Indian settlement on the map. Vallejo had written in 1839 that his proposed site for the mission was where “the natives have their homes” in this vicinity. That location corresponds to a site on Santa Rosa Creek in what is today the “Prince Gateway Park and Greenway,” just west of the intersection of Santa Rosa Avenue and Sonoma Avenue in the center of the city of Santa Rosa.

Those of us who attended Peter’s report came away with much new information, and we were especially impressed by the depth of his research. If you missed the live presentation, you can access the recording.

– *Joanne Lafler*  
with information from *Peter Meyerhof*

### Writers Group

Jim Gasperini played an outsized role in the work of the Writers Group, presenting two excellent chapters of his book “A Fire in the Mind.” In April he gave us a learned discussion of the question “What is Fire.” This chapter was heavy on science tracing the efforts of people to understand the physical nature of fire over the course of history. As usual, the presentation was marked by Jim’s clarity of style and the ability to zero in on key questions. In June, Jim gave us another dimension entirely, this time a chapter entitled “Eternal Flames.” Here Jim covered the

## GROUP REPORT

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way various cultures have sought to maintain un-extinguished fires as central parts of their social and religious lives. The group was enthusiastic about both of Jim's chapters which show that his work is nearing completion. It prompted a discussion of the prospects for publication.

In May, the group discussed Katya Miller's revised second chapter of her "biography" of Lady Freedom, the statue that sits atop the US Capitol. Katya provided us with an excellent discussion of the evolution of images of American liberty in the pre- and post-revolutionary periods. The group felt the version presented was much improved over earlier efforts. The chief criticism was that Katya has spent more time than necessary on the influence of Native Americans on the U.S. founding fathers and on her own personal experiences in dealing with this question. The group suggested that this material might be best presented in a separate chapter.

– **Rob Robbins**

### In Memoriam

**RICHARD HERR**, *the Institute's first centenarian, died on 29 May, 52 days after his one-hundredth birthday; his membership spanned a full forty years. Since our email list was incomplete when Ann Harlow sent out the UC Berkeley History Department's announcement, I am including portions of it here, as well as adding some words of my own. Margaretta Mitchell will contribute a remembrance for the fall newsletter. – Ed.*

"A wide-ranging historian of modern Spain, Dick Herr, grew up in Guanajuato, a mining district in central Mexico. He received his Bachelor of Arts from Harvard College in 1943. After serving in the Second World War in Washington, D.C. and Europe and studying at the Sorbonne, he was awarded the Ph.D. in

History in 1954 from the University of Chicago. Dick joined the UC Berkeley community as Associate Professor of History in 1960 and served in numerous roles of leadership: he was at the heart of building our campus's distinguished program in Spanish and Portuguese Studies, serving as chair of the Iberian Studies Group before his retirement in 1991, then returning to chair the Portuguese Studies Program and the Spanish Studies Program. He remained a warmly welcomed presence in the communities of the Department of History and the Department of Spanish and Portuguese into his late nineties.

"Dick's scholarship included the monographs *The Eighteenth-Century Revolution in Spain*, *Tocqueville and the Old Regime*, and *Separate but Equal? Individual and Community Since the Enlightenment*. He edited or co-edited numerous volumes in English and Spanish and together with family collaborators prepared several jewel-like memoirs. His contributions were recognized by the Gershoy Prize from the American Historical Association, an honorary doctorate from the Universidad de Alcalá de Henares, Spain, membership in distinguished professional societies, and numerous other awards at home and abroad. At the time of his retirement from the faculty, he was awarded the Berkeley Citation."

In the paragraph in the Institute's March 15, 1982 newsletter regarding new member Herr, it was noted that "Richard sees the Institute as a way of getting to know local historians and their work, and of discussing history in an informal setting." Over the years Dick gave several work-in-progress presentations, delivered the 2011 annual dinner talk, "The Rise and Decline of the Homogeneous Society," and he also served as vice-president for a term. I was appreciative of his support of my focus on local history. I found Richard to be "a gentleman and a scholar," a lovely individual.

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**Chris Webber** gave a lecture on the life and work of James W.C. Pennington at the Capitol Community College in Hartford, Connecticut, in April, as part of a program designed to draw attention to Pennington's work in Hartford and his leadership in the pre-Civil War abolition movement. Chris is the author of *American to the Backbone: The Life of James W.C. Pennington Who Became One of the First Black Abolitionists*.

**Bert Gordon** reports the publication of his chapter "Tourism Governance in France: The Role of a Dirigiste State," in Amir Gohar, ed., *Tourism Governance: A Critical Discourse on a Global Industry* (Oldenbourg: De Gruyter, 2022), pp. 63-83. He adds "This book addresses the role of the state in tourism in many countries around the world. My chapter covers France." He also taught a weekly online course, "Russia from the 1917 Revolutions to the Present," Osher Lifelong Learning Institute, Santa Clara University, weekly, online, 26 April through 24 May 24 2022.

**Celeste Macleod** writes: "I moved to Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound in Washington state where my younger son and family live. With 25,000 people and lots of trees, mountains, and rain, the island is quite green, has a laid-back rural country feel, and the town of Winslow where I live (the Seattle ferry docks here) is quite small. Apartment prices are less than half of rents in the San Francisco-East Bay area. I'm learning about Bainbridge history, which includes a past as an international timber center; it was also the first place where Americans of Japanese ancestry, often US citizens, were evacuated during World War II and placed in detention camps. Indigenous peoples from a few tribes still live here, and people from the US, south of the border, and Asia emigrate here. I hope to keep up with the Institute through Zoom."

"Finally I can report," writes **Judith (Jody) Offer** "that my play 'Compared to What?' will open at Masquers Playhouse in Point Richmond on 26 August 2022. A few Institute members saw it some years ago in Vallejo or Oakland. Set in West Oakland in 1926, 'Compared to What?' dramatizes the early days of the formation of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters under the leadership of A. Phillip Randolph. (It took twelve years for the union to be recognized by the Pullman Company.) The play was supposed to go up two years ago, but Covid shut down the theater. Both previous productions got many kudos, and the Masquers' managing director told me that 'it was the only play of the season that every member of the committee wanted.' As history buffs, you can keep an eye out for plot twists and background events that show all the research I did."

### Members' Books

*Sometime in Africa* by **Neil Dukas** was published in May. "Convinced his college education was incomplete," the nicely printed announcement reads, "Neil set out on an ill-considered 14,000 mile journey on the cheap across the length of Africa determined to address the shortcomings in his schooling and to experience, first-hand, some fragment of the developing world. The year was 1983, when Africa hovered between post-war decolonization and the advent of the internet. The author, dogged by a variety of ailments, stumbles from one self-inflicted near-death experience to the next. Yet surviving by the grace of the people he chances upon he filled three journals of priceless memories." Neil's third book can be ordered through Amazon.

*Bonfire Saloon* is **Steve Levi's** latest publication. "I collected authentic names, events, cases, and incidents of the Alaska Gold Rush and condensed them into a single night, 3 December 1903, in a saloon in Nome. The

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book, which is history disguised as literature, in this case narrative poetry, gives a street level snap shot, an in-the-weeds look at the grit, grime and actual events in the middle of winter during the gold rush. (Winter lasts from mid-September to the first of June.) Historic photos illustrate this colorful period in Alaska's history. For a glimpse of the contents see my short YouTube videos Connie the Wiggler and Marshal Jew Bob." *Bonfire Saloon* is available for purchase at [www.authormasterminds.com/steve-levi](http://www.authormasterminds.com/steve-levi).

Steve adds that a spoken-word overview of the Alaska Gold Rush, which he wrote and was funded by the Alaska Humanities Forum, can be found at ([https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n3DPPJh1P\\_M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n3DPPJh1P_M)).

"After a seven-year sojourn researching and writing about a canyon in the wilds of Mendocino County," **Dot Brovarney** reports, "I am now working with a Ukiah designer to produce a visually beautiful book. "Mendocino Refuge: Lake Leonard & Reeves Canyon" is a cultural and natural history of an upper Russian River watershed—home to hardy folk, ancient redwoods, a variety of wildlife, and the county's largest lake, which Pomo peoples likely held as sacred space. The discovery of a trunk filled with family memorabilia led me down a number of fascinating and winding paths, including Native medicine traditions, two centuries of logging practices, and current conservation efforts in two watersheds. The 186-page book, with 200 images and maps, will be published through my business, Landcestry, in December of this year.

### ***Book reviewers wanted!***

Not only the above books but others as well, announced earlier by Institute members Marilyn Geary (*Miners, Milkers & Merchants*), Kevin Knauss (*Amos P. Catlin, The Whig Who Put*

*Sacramento On The Map*), and Margareta Mitchell (*Dreamscapes and Destinations*), need reviewing. Especially because our newsletter is read online, book reviews help get the word out about members' works. Please contact Maria ([mariaks.ihs@gmail.com](mailto:mariaks.ihs@gmail.com)).

### **Welcome to Our Newest Members**

**Vince Emory** created Vince Emory Productions where he combines his skills as writer, literary detective, editor, and publisher, producing books and videos by and about established writers. "Our goal," he writes, "is to give readers a deeper, closer connection with their favorite authors." Dashiell Hammett, Harvey Milk, Jack London, and George Sterling are among the featured authors. Vince is currently working on "George Sterling's Greatest Hits," "The Harvey Milk Letters," and soon, "Writers of Carmel: An Anthology."

**Nathan Alexander Foxtton** is an artist living in San Francisco. Before moving here last year he had been working in Indianapolis, Indiana at the Harrison Center for the Arts (curator), at Ivy Tech Community College, University of Indianapolis, and Herron School of Art + Design (adjunct instructor). He's a figurative painter, constructing space from a two-dimensional perspective. Nathan is interested in telling stories through his art about the soul of place and has a background teaching art history among other subjects. He has exhibited his work in group and solo shows.

**John Hyde Barnard** is a musician, writer, historian, and a retired Los Angeles City Librarian. He recently signed a publishing contract for "The Creole Incident: The Beginning of the End of Slavery," a runner-up in the San Francisco Writers Conference Adult Non-Fiction Category (2021). "This historical narrative," he writes, "details how the Union and the Constitution were saved, twenty years before the Civil War, by the actions of a few

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select members of the House of Representatives, led by the venerable John Quincy Adams, along with a handful of radical abolitionists and 19 enslaved individuals. The book is slated for release in late 2022.” John is still active as a musical arranger, director, publisher and performer and divides his time between Sausalito, Los Angeles and New York.

Former Institute member **Sue Bessmer** has been dealing with some severe health challenges recently. Her husband is offering two of her books for sale at a discount, with proceeds from sales to IHS members going to the Institute. Her book *How the World Worked: From the Pharaohs to Christopher Columbus* is propelled by her deep knowledge, original insights, and delightful wit. Also available is *Twins Tales*, a collection of stories for young children and adults. (Sue is also the author of the groundbreaking *The Laws of Rape*, published in 1984 by Praeger. Since Praeger was sold and absorbed into another company, the book can be found only through secondhand book sources.) The price for each book is \$11, which includes shipping and tax. To order write to Richard Klapp, 837 Saint Francis Boulevard, Daly City, CA 94015.

### Endnotes from the Back Page

**1** The name of Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial in Jerusalem, translates as “a memorial and a name.”

**2** The letters are part of my now-digitized donation to the Center for Jewish History.

([https://digipres.cjh.org/delivery/DeliveryManagerServlet?dps\\_pid=FL5277019](https://digipres.cjh.org/delivery/DeliveryManagerServlet?dps_pid=FL5277019)).

**3** The website [www.statistik-des-holocaust.de](http://www.statistik-des-holocaust.de) —“Statistics and Deportation of the Jewish Population from the German Reich”—includes the list of the thousand-member 24th deportation to Auschwitz from Berlin, which includes the Lewins.

**4** Emil’s and Fanny’s registration card (dated 5 October 1937), which can be found in the Arolsen Archives, lists Klaus but not their daughter; similarly, she was not at their address in the German Minority

Census in 1939.

**5** Richard N. Lutjens, Jr., *Submerged on the Surface: The Not-So-Hidden Jews of Nazi Berlin 1941-1945* (New York and Oxford: Berghahn, 2019).

**6** Historical and biographical information (derived from an interview in 2004 with Vera Levick) is from John Zamet’s DPhil dissertation, “German and Austrian Refugee Dentists: The Response of the British Authorities 1939-1945,” Oxford Brookes University (2007), pp. 31-39, 349

(<https://radar.brookes.ac.uk/radar/file/e0d3e236-585a-4c8e-a61f-ee0830585b0a/1/zamet2007German.pdf>), accessed 23 June 2022, as well as from files on Ancestry.com (searching for Hans Lewinnek or Henry Levick, born 1911). Amnesty is available for free through most public library websites.

**7** Vera had been released from detention 11 November 1939 and, like most refugee German women, became a domestic in order to get a work permit. See Rose Holmes’s DPhil dissertation, “A Moral Business: British Quaker work with Refugees from Fascism, 1933-39,” University of Sussex (2013).

**8** Yadvashem.org reproduces Dr. Levick’s testimony for Fanny and Emil (dated 14 August 1977), and also for his mother (Margarete Wiener Lewinnek, testimony dated 22 June 1976). Dr. Levick never told his son, John, about the Lewins (email from John Levick, 11 June 2022); presumably he wished to spare him more pain. It’s impossible to know when or how he learned their fate. At about the same time—the documents are undated—his sister, Margot Lewinnek Magnus, submitted testimony to Yad Vashem regarding their parents (Margarete and Adolf Lewinnek), specifying that both died in autumn 1942 by “suicide in order not to be sent to gas chambers.”

**9** Charlotte Paxton, “Gran turns 107 and is reunited with son after more than a year.” (<https://www.birminghammail.co.uk/news/midlands-news/watch-gran-turns-107-reunited-20573960>), accessed 23 June 2022.

**10** *A Forgotten Land: Growing Up in the Jewish Pale, based on the recollections of Pearl Unikow Cooper* (Jerusalem).

([http://sro.sussex.ac.uk/id/eprint/54158/1/Holmes,\\_Rose.pdf](http://sro.sussex.ac.uk/id/eprint/54158/1/Holmes,_Rose.pdf)), accessed 23 June 2022.

# HISTORY REMEMBERED

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## Part 2 of Bogna Lorence-Kot's Memories of World War II

*Part 1 (in the spring 2022 newsletter) ended with Bogna and her mother boarding the train in Durban, South Africa, which "after a long journey deposited us in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia (today's Zambia)."*

It was with great anticipation that we looked forward to seeing Livingstone, which turned out to have one main street, with one movie house, referred to as the Bioscope, along with some side streets with shops run by Indians. Indians appeared to have served the same function in Africa as Jews in Europe, shopkeepers. We were placed in hotels, which numerically were out of proportion to the size of Livingstone in order to house the tourists visiting Victoria Falls. Livingstone and the Victoria Falls are on the border between Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Connecting the two countries is a bridge, with a hotel in Southern Rhodesia beyond which we never went.

At the first Christmas eve in church, people were dropping like flies from malaria. This time of year, below the equator, is the height of the rainy season. Everyone got malaria at one time or another. Our group consisted of women, children, and men unfit for military service. The hotel at which we stayed, called the Bon Accord, consisted of a compound. Our building had six rooms, three on either side of a corridor; each room housed a mother and child except for one which housed an elderly lawyer. At the front of the building was a screened veranda which is where we socialized. By the entrance, hanging on a nail, was a container made out of canvas into which we would pour boiling water, and by the process of evaporation, we would get cool drinking water. Along with accommodation came food. Breakfast was English style with eggs and bacon and kippers, sometimes brains. The breakfast was so plentiful that the mothers would take leftovers and give them to the houseboys. At the end of our building were two bathrooms, in which heated water came from the outside stove being maintained by the houseboys who lived in a structure consisting of multiple walls which divided spaces without doors. They prepared their food by campfire. Some distance from the back of the building were the outhouses whose buckets were emptied around 11 p.m.

A Polish school was set up in Livingstone and I attended it for two years. The school was only for elementary grades so there was no way that I could continue after a certain point, and I was put into a Catholic English-language school. The school consisted of girls only and it was run by an order of nuns who wore a white habit – I don't remember the name of the order. I don't know how—I have no memory of learning English. Now prior to this time, my mother did send me to one of the refugees for English lessons, and I remember very clearly we shall/he-she/they will.

Victoria Falls was our recreation area, about one hour away by bus from where we lived. One of the Polish men who lived in the same compound building as we did, liked to place himself in the river where the rapids pounded on his back and in the course of doing that he took Stasia and me into a nearby pool, while he hung onto dear life as the water pounded his back. Two other instances are worthy of note. I was sick and unable to attend the funeral of the first Pole who died in Livingstone. If you got malaria often enough, you got something else more serious. Once I was well, my friends decided to take me to the cemetery, which we did by going through the bush at the back of our residence carrying our girl scout knives singing, . . .\* all of this much to the dismay of the Blacks who passed us. We were gone so long that our mothers got worried because we hadn't told them what we were going to do. So there was a lot of recrimination because they had been worried for our safety. One other event. Close to the back of our residence was a Masonic Lodge. Having stolen cigarettes from our mothers we bribed the Black

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caretaker to let us into the lodge, where we moved some furniture around to demonstrate our presence, and left. In one of the other small compound buildings lived a mother with her daughter, a playmate of mine. I remember times when a man came to visit the mother and she had her daughter stay outside. Of course I had no idea what that meant. I also remember reading *Don Quixote* in Polish. I frequented the library that had been set up by the Polish community. I also read Conrad's *All My Year's Revenge* in Polish. There are several volumes in the Polish epic of the Polish-Swedish wars in the 17th century. I was puzzled by the phrase "he stepped upon her innocence." When I asked my two friends for the meaning, they told me to ask my mother, who was not pleased.

One of the highlights of the week was going to the movies where I got to see films: Abbot and Costello comedies, Lassie, Mickey Rooney films, all of them viewed at the Bioscope. My friend Stasia and I liked to play "ladies" which meant dressing up in our mothers' clothes and pretending to be Hedy Lamar and Maria Montez . . . Stasia lived with her mother in a hotel at the end of town. In an enclosed part of the hotel was a tree with fruit that we discovered was very tasty when we picked up the fruit from the ground. Only when I came to California did I learn the name of the fruit.

Several events transformed the schooling situation in Livingston. Once I completed the elementary school there was no choice but attendance at a boarding school in Broken Hill. A group of orphan [Polish] boys from Siberia arrived in Livingstone. The community, as well as the British authorities, I assume, realized that it was not feasible to set up a Polish High school because there was not sufficient space to accommodate a lot of people. The impulse had been to set up a high school in Livingstone where the educated Poles were serving as teachers, but physically there was not sufficient space to do so. (There were about 500 "Cyprus" Poles, spread out in hotels in the city.) The authorities decided to set up a community for Siberian Poles in Lusaka the capital of Northern Rhodesia and consequently decided to move all the Polish schools as well to Lusaka. These circumstances created the following need for a choice, faced by my mother and two other mothers with daughters who needed schooling. The choice was either to send all three of us to Lusaka to continue our education in Polish or to send us to boarding school in Broken Hill; our mothers chose Broken Hill. I do not know to what extent the choice resulted from the difference in living conditions, between what we experienced in Livingston and what existed in Lusaka. In Livingston we lived in hotels with electricity, with bathrooms, and were fed by the hotel. Lusaka was a camp: housing consisted of mud huts; there was a field kitchen. Eventually we [the group] did end up living in Lusaka, except for the three of us boarding school girls.

Now about Broken Hill: it was run by Dominican nuns who wore black woolen habits in the tropical heat. It did represent communal living but to a lesser degree than Lusaka. We slept in dormitories with one of the nuns sleeping in an end bed surrounded by a screen. We did have electricity and flush toilets. We had three meals a day in a refectory. The nuns baked their own bread which lasted for a week. For breakfast we got slices of bread with margarine with either avocado or bananas which grew on the premises. The other meals were hardly palatable, and the nuns were very strict about their consumption, all of which led to the following circumstances. Sheila R. was a girl who could and would eat more than one meal. Upon receiving our food there would be a clamor to eat one of our unwanted meals. Those who were not lucky enough to dispose of their meal this way would throw it on the refectory roof. The nuns always wondered why there were so many birds on the refectory roof. There was what was known as a tuck cupboard where we had to put the goodies we had received from home. We had access to our stuff twice a week, unless there was punishment, for perhaps not making our beds correctly. Once a month we were allowed to go to the movies, which is how we got to see "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which I presume the nuns believed to be a religious movie. The Catholic girls had to get up earlier than the other

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girls in order to go to early mass. During the morning school break at 11 o'clock Catholic girls had to go to the Grotto for a decade of the rosary. And in the early evening Catholic girls had to attend another service. The school was located in a 2- or 3-story building and one of the fun events at the end of the semester was retrieving our suitcases from the attic in that building. I remember how titillated we were by the sight of the nun who had hitched up her skirt and we could see her bowed legs. This was one of the few instances when we had access to nuns as human beings.

Soon after arriving at boarding school I started menstruating, without the benefit of knowledge from my mother or the nuns, only from my friends, about this fact of life. The nuns gave us a piece of cheese cloth and lots of cotton wool. Of course we had to launder the cheese cloth. There was another memory of going with one of the African girls to her home for the weekend. We arrived there after a journey in a freight train, sitting on the edge with the door open with our feet dangling. This is a girl who shared her oranges with me; they were brought periodically by her father. What I remember from that weekend was a barbeque, in which a big pig was cooked in an earthen hole, and the sight of all the biltong hanging in the smoke room. I also remember that someone had a pet monkey whose attraction to me became a problem.

Close to the end of the semester I didn't know that there was an illness going around among the girls, which I caught, which meant that the nuns would not let me go home and kept me at the school. I was determined to get home, though. My two Polish friends collaborated by placing the thermometer into cold water to lower the temperature and a couple who had come to drive their daughter back home offered to drive me to the Lusaka camp. Upon arrival I continued to be sick (with measles). The camp authorities were infuriated by my presence and they put me into an isolation hut which consisted of three partitions between three beds, no door, and a chicken that used to come and lay eggs on the third bed. I was told later by my friends that the hut was really the mortuary. At the same time I was in the mortuary, my mother was in the hospital with a bout of malaria.

Our living quarters in Lusaka consisted of a mud hut with a malleable tar floor (the chairs left an impression) and with termites dropping down on the floor from a thatched ceiling. My mother had a primus stove to augment the food we got from the camp kitchen. One of the interesting memories I have is of my mother's generous offer of my services to a Polish woman with an Indian boy friend. I translated his letters to her from English to Polish and her letters to him from Polish to English. I edited her letters, eliminating the smarmy stuff.

We left the camp and Rhodesia and Africa for England in the spring of 1948.

\* What I heard and typed was "'Makobamba' which we learned from the [movie with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope]" but a google search has not so far revealed anything helpful. The other ellipses in the text indicate that I missed something while typing Bogna's dictation. *Ed.*

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**N. B. Applications for mini-grants** must be received by September 15, 2022, with notification around October 15. Detailed information on the grants and an application form are available on our website. Applications sent via email should be addressed to [rrobbins@unm.edu](mailto:rrobbins@unm.edu) Those sent by regular mail should go to IHS, 1399 Queens Road, Berkeley, CA 94708.

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November 1887 in Stettin, Germany (now Szczecin in Poland); and Klaus Lewin: born in Berlin on 5 January 1923. These three had moved to Barbarossastrasse 45 by the time they were picked up on 12 December 1942 for transport to Auschwitz.[3] Their daughter (born in 1914) hadn't lived with her parents since 1937 or earlier.[4] As I've already suggested, she could be one of the unknown million sought at Yad Vashem—or she could have taken a different name and survived, as did some 1,700 Jewish Berliners.[5]

The Lewins, it turned out, did have a relative in a foreign country: Hans Lewinneck, Fanny's nephew, a dentist whose situation differed from Rudolph Meyer's in Brazil. Authorities in Brazil were so desperate to staff clinics outside of major centers that they overlooked Rudy's lack of an internship because of Nazi restrictions. As eager to leave as Rudy, Dr. Lewinneck, a 1933 graduate of the University of Würzburg, headed to England. He was admitted to the British registry of dentists in 1936; however, as a foreigner, he was not permitted to practice. He cycled between England and Germany in the years 1936 -39; regulations forbade him to stay in the UK longer than six months at a time. Then, along with a great many other German Jews, he was interned on the Isle of Man as an "enemy alien" (21 June 1940 - 6 May 1941). Only after his release was he allowed to practice dentistry; still an "alien," he could not help the Lewins.[6] In 1943, he married Vera Bamberger, another "enemy alien." [7] After the war, the Lewinnecks became British citizens and were active in the Birmingham Jewish community. He became Henry Levick by deed poll on 18 June 1952 and died in 1996. Thirty-five years after the Lewins were murdered, Dr. Levick submitted testimony about them and three other murdered relatives to the registry of Holocaust victims at Yad Vashem.[8] Vera recently died at 108, her wit and energy intact.[9]

If I could shed a lifetime of historical research, I might follow the path of Lisa Cooper, a British artist and blogger whose grandmother's memories of her life in western Ukraine were too fragmentary for the graduate dissertation she had planned. Instead, Cooper wrote a historically informed novel.[10] Could I give the Lewins' daughter a local habitation and a name? Make her one of the survivors? But no . . .

*See page 8 for end notes*