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**200 years of migration to England**

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the meantime, my brother Chaplains and I did what we could to minister to the religious needs of our co-religionists from the States. The last important service I held before I fell ill was in a barn in the village of Pas, north-west of Arras, at which about 150 Americans and 150 British troops, including a group of tall New Zealanders, were assembled. The Americans assured me that the service appealed to them very strongly, and they were especially delighted to be associated with their English Jewish brethren. The relations that sprang up between English and American boys of the same Faith naturally became very cordial. In reply to my letters to the parents of the New York soldiers, I received the most grateful acknowledgments, and a short time afterwards a U.S.A. Chaplain, Rabbi D. Tannenbaum, visited me and began that work of co-operation which bound English and American Chaplains in a common bond of interest.

In the Australian hospital at Abbeville, I one day observed that one of the hut-lines was called Monash Avenue. This led to a friendship with the Colonel, who had once been the Senior Medical Officer of General Sir John Monash's Brigade in Gallipoli. Here I learned of the General's promotion to be G.O.C. Australian Corps, after Sir William Birdwood had been given charge of the Fifth Army, and accordingly visited Sir John in his Headquarters at Bertangles, near Amiens. I had previously made his acquaintance after the victory of the Third Australian Division at Messines in June, 1917, when I had tea with him in Bailleul, and he gave me a map illustrating the whole course of the successful battle. At Bertangles he showed me a copy of the Chief Rabbi's "Jewish Thoughts," where he had marked an extract from the History of Professor Graetz, who, he informed me, was a relative of his family.

It was with the deepest regret that I was obliged to leave France through a breakdown in health in July, 1918, immediately before the final counter-offensive of Marshal Foch which destroyed the power of the enemy. As one of my colleagues remarked, "After I left the Front, all went well!" I knew that in the capable hands of the Rev. A. Barnett, whom I had trained to be my successor, the work of ministering to the spiritual needs of our men would continue to flourish. My principal sources of satisfaction in looking back at my varied war experiences are afforded by two considerations, of which the first is that I found ample opportunities to perform useful work, and the second that the reputation of the Jewish soldier on the Western Front stood very high and reflected the fullest credit upon the good name of Anglo-Jewry.