

The Rosowsky family story

by George Rosowsky and Karen Silverman.

At the age of 87, George Rosowsky is still fighting fit and one of only three Jews still living in the Roodepoort/ Florida area as far as can be ascertained.

George and his wife Matilda Rosowsky live in an apartment near to the centre of Roodepoort.



Matilda has personal helpers and George continues to run their home. He does everything possible to keep a Kosher home and has friends who assist in taking him shopping. They are often troubled by 'load shedding' and the theft of their connection to the electricity supply and thus there are occasions when they have lengthy periods without electricity.

Rosowsky Family History

George relates the story of his family. Both parents came from the same village in White Russia (Belarus) near Minsk, which was known by its Jewish name as Staibtz (Stolpce in

Polish). He says: When my father left Staibtz it was part of Imperial Russia. After World War One, it was partitioned to Poland and then after World War Two it reverted to Russia – and now is in Belarus.

My father **Solomon Rosowsky** was born in about 1870. He left his home at the age of 15, in 1885. As was the tradition, all Jewish boys were obliged to learn a trade. My father was a tailor. I still have some photographs of his first business in the Old Ferreirastown and later In Denver, Johannesburg, with his name on the outside of the building.

He arrived in Cape Town in the late 1890s and was able to secure work with a Jewish tailor who catered to the British forces stationed at the Castle in Cape Town for the Boer War. He became acquainted with the different spacings of the buttons of the various British regiments that were stationed in Cape Town at the time of the Anglo Boer War.

To Roodepoort in 1914

My father first came to Roodepoort aged about 44 in 1914 and ran a concession store on the Durban Deep Mine. It was the very same store that the Herson family ran until it was closed in the



early 1960s. He later left Roodepoort and went to the East Rand where he owned the Benoni Bottle Store. During the 1922 strike his store was broken into by striking miners and he was forced to close the business for the six months during the period of Martial Law.

At that period, he travelled to Cape Town by train and by chance, shared a compartment with a gentleman who listened to my father's story about his misfortunes in his Benoni bottle store. On arriving in Cape Town on the Saturday morning, my father bade good-bye to his erstwhile travelling companion. On Monday morning when he visited the offices of the whiskey and drinks company J Sedgewick and Company, to ask for further credit, my father was absolutely flabbergasted on meet the same man with whom he shared the compartment. He was none other than the managing director of the Company – Mr Jooste. Jooste was a Scot who spoke with a pronounced Scottish accent. And he told my father, 'I have heard your sad story, laddie. Go back to Joburg. We will continue to extend credit to you'. It was indeed a very strange and fortuitous meeting that saved his business. On his return to the Transvaal, in the early 1920s, my father took over the lease of the Station Hotel in Roodepoort with a bottle store (off-license) attached.

Rescuing his family from Europe in 1934

In the early 1930s my father had gone to live in the USA. At that time, he was living off his property rentals which were remitted to him by his agents LK Jacobs, a very prominent and respected firm in the old days when five South African shillings was equal to one United States Dollar.

However, in 1934 my father, still a bachelor aged 64, was very worried that war was going to break out in Europe once more. So, he went back to see his sister in Staibtz and arranged to

bring the whole family out to South Africa just before the outbreak of the war. As part of that plan he married my mother (who was actually his niece – his sister's daughter). My father was therefore very much older than my mother. They were married in Warszawa in 1934. I still have their Ketubah.

My father established a home for his sister (my grandmother) in Saratoga Avenue, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, where the Johannesburg Technikon is today. I was born in 1936. We first lived with my grandparents (dad's sister and her husband) in Doornfontein until I was six years of age. Then we moved back to Roodepoort and I grew up in my father's Station Hotel in Roodepoort.

In my grandparents' home we spoke only Yiddish as they didn't speak English. I am still fluent in Yiddish but unfortunately, I do not have anyone to speak the language with anymore. My last conversationalist has long since passed away. I was privileged as a child to see all the Sarah Sylvia and Max Perlman Yiddish Theatre shows at the Alexandra Theatre in Johannesburg and at the Regent Bioscope in Muizenberg.

Roodepoort Town School

I experienced some difficulty in my first year of primary school because of my inability to fully understand English. I was considered somewhat backward because I was too shy to speak up in English. I attended Roodepoort Town School and the first principal was **Mr Harris** who later gave his name to the Jewish Government School in Doornfontein when the name changed from Jewish Government School but by that time there were very few Jews living in Doornfontein. My Standard One teacher at Roodepoort Town School was **Mrs Ramsay**. She was Jewish. I knew her husband Martin very well. He worked on the Durban Deep mine in the personnel department.

Entertainment in Roodepoort

The main source of entertainment in Roodepoort was the cinema (Bioscope). Roodepoort actually had three bioscopes: the oldest one the Grand was situated at the corner of Joubert and Van Wyk streets immediately behind the Klein residence in Kahn Street. The Century Bioscope was built by one of the Josman brothers, Alec, who I believe was the second eldest of the Josman family. The eldest son was John, then Alec and then Selig and the youngest was Harry, my good friend Lionel's father. The Savoy Bioscope was owned by the Tannenbaum family and was leased to the Schlesinger organisation, African Consolidated Theatres, the biggest chain in South Africa at the time. The Old Grand was still in use when I was small and I remember going there with my late mother. It stood disused for many years and then the **Amoil Brothers** bought the property and built the present-day Investment House.

The parents of **Gerald Zimbl** a friend of mine, owned the Savoy Hotel in the center of the town. Sadly both Gerald and his wife passed away sometime after we started working on this project.

My parents sold the Station Hotel in 1945 at the end of the Second World War. I actually grew up in the bar of the Station Hotel where we had a very large map of Europe that was supplied by long gone Rand Daily Mail and I recall the flags of Britain and Nazi Germany being moved on a daily basis. I also recall as a small boy being warned to keep absolutely quiet when the BBC broadcast the news at six o'clock in the evening. Some of the residents went off to war and their belongings were stowed away in the cellar below the stairs. Some never returned.

The Roodepoort Shul

The Succah: I want to describe the succah that was situated at the back of the shul. The building had a corrugated iron roof which was divided into two parts. Both parts were hinged on the northern and western sides and had a lifting device which comprised a steel cable on each part. It was a ratchet windlass that when you turned it, it would tighten the cable and lift the roof into a vertical position. When fully opened the Succah was open to the sky.

When I was a child there were enormous cypress trees growing behind the Aron haKodesh, on the neighbour's boundary. The neighbour was Dr Dickson, one of the first medical practitioners in Roodepoort. The trees once fully grown were considered to be a danger and hazardous to the surrounding properties so a tree felling contractor was engaged to remove the giant trees. Berlandina Street was cordoned off, the shul fence was removed and the trees were expertly felled reaching on to the pavement in front of the Schutz residence on the corner of Berlandina and Grobler streets. The trees were cut into manageable lengths and carted away.

The shach (the greenery that is traditionally used to provide the cover of the succah) was provided by the big cypress trees that grew behind the northern wall of the shul. The schach was never changed and I can never remember the Succah being used for anything else other than the place where **Rabbi Orenstein** (I use his title Rabbi as he obtained smicha when he returned to Israel) used to schlagt the chickens. Much later an outbuilding was constructed out of splitpoles; it had iron roof and a cement floor with a cold water tap and a sluice to use as a chicken abattoir. The chicken shechting day was on Thursdays, I think.

Cheder: We were obliged to attend cheder six days a week and this seriously impeded on our ability to attend bioscope and follow the serials which were also changed twice a week and we would miss out on all the good cowboy films. Cheder also interfered with our participation in school sports. Roodepoort Town School had a rugby team that used to practise on the old sport field that became the headquarters of Roodepoort Commando which is now used by the Metro police.

I was at cheder with **Lionel Josman** a nephew of **Alec Josman**, the owner of the Century Bioscope. All the members of the Josman and Traub families were accorded free admission to the Century. Price of admission to school children was the princely sum of sixpence. I recall Rabbi Orenstein chuckling away and saying to us, ' You can see the bioscope from the oitsite (sic) not from the insite (sic) ha ha'.

Yom Kippur: Here are some memories from events in the shul. On **Yom Kippur** the concluding service is known as "Neila" or "Psichas Neila". It is the last Amidah of the Yom Kippur service. Different customs exist in various shuls, The custom at Roodepoort was to hold an auction of this very prestigious and emotional part of the service. In other shuls the custom is to bestow the honour on a deserving congregant. The belief is that the open Aron Kodesh is symbolic of the "Heavenly Gates of Mercy" and worshippers are expected to think of tshuva" and to beg our Heavenly Father for Forgiveness and Mercy. As far as I can remember this very high honour went to the highest bidder who was permitted to use the Rabbi's "shtender" to support himself during the Amidah. Mr **Dave Schlapo** was always the "victor" and would beat off all-comers for the honour of " Psichas Neila".

Dave also took on the mantle of custodian and manager of the congregation until the very end. Another prominent member of the congregation was **Morris Klein**. Mr Klein's son, Herman, was absent from Roodepoort, as he was studying in London. He was very fortunate to have been mentored by one of Britain's most eminent orthopaedic specialists, Sir Reginald Watson Jones. Herman obtained the very highest of qualifications and was entitled to be addressed as Mr. It is the custom in England that the title Mr denotes that the Surgeon has attained the highest and most respected levels of their profession.

My wife Matilda was treated by Sir Reginald as a child and on one of her repeat visits to London Sir Reginald told Matilda that he was referring her to one of his most respected and learned students Dr **Herman Klein**. I had a very serious accident in 1970 and broke my pelvis in five places. Mr Klein carried out the surgery at Discoverers Memorial Hospital in Roodepoort.

An eccentric and stalwart of the Roodepoort Shul was **Sim Schutz** who had a rather unusual son called Jack. Jack had the ability to count how many letters were in the words and sentences people uttered. They lived very near the shul.

The old shul building still exists but does not appear to be used. The property changed hands and the Morris Hockman Talmud Torah Hall became a fabric emporium. The present owner is a Muslim who conducts a dental mechanics practice from the premises.

I joined the Berea Hebrew Congregation and was a member for over 25 years. I have been Shomer Shabbos for over 30 years but since the closure of the Roodepoort Shul I daven at home. I maintain a membership of the Brakpan Hebrew Congregation contributing to the costs of their Shabbos Brochas at various yahrzeit times, but obviously do not attend services.

Shatnez* (see a fuller explanation of Shatnez at the end of this family story)

It is an old Jewish custom to try and have a brand-new garment for the New Year. A certain party approached a bespoke upmarket tailor in Johannesburg about having a new suit made for Yom Tov. After all the formalities had been settled regarding choice and colour of the cloth, the linings and the style the tailor began making the suit to the customer's specification. Unfortunately, the question of "Shatnez" was not mentioned. The laws of Shatnez concern the prohibition of wearing a garment made from a mixture of wool and flax (the basis of linen). Many of the stiffenings used by tailors in the construction of a garment require the use of stiffenings. In the old days stiffenings were made from a combination of wool and linen. When the suit was ready for delivery the customer demanded to know whether the suit was indeed a Kosher suit: that there was no trace of shatnez. The customer refused to take delivery of the suit because the tailor did not want to certify in writing that the suit was kosher. All this took place before the establishment of the Shatnez Lab in Yeoville.

Freemasonry

I have very favourable recollections of **Morris Hockman** and **Jack Schlapo**. Morris was married to a very elegant woman called Dolly. I do not know whether that was a nickname or her true name. She was an elegant dresser and was always very smartly turned out. She assisted Morris in their jewellery business. They had no children. It was often said that the Roodepoort shul was a substitute for their lack of offspring. Morris's tombstone at the Roodepoort cemetery bears two

insignia. A Magen David and the sign of Freemasonry: a square and an open compass). Morris was a Freemason as well as a model Jew.

The Roodepoort Freemason's lodge which was established in the 1800s is still in operation in Roodepoort. It had never had a Jewish member and a prominent Roodepoort citizen who sought membership was well and truly blackballed. However, he was subsequently admitted to another lodge and became a fully-fledged Mason. Such was the anti-semitism that existed in Roodepoort society. **My father Solomon Rosowsky was a Mason** and was initiated into the fraternal order of masonry at the Star of The East lodge **in Benoni** some 100 years ago in 1922. It is a custom in Freemasonry that the son of a Mason receives some special preference in regard to membership. I sought to follow in my father's footsteps and initiated the first steps in becoming a Mason. I had reached the age of 21 and was thus free to begin to take the necessary steps. The lodge where the would-be member was blackballed, was selected by my proposer. I was warned that it was risky as there was a very strong feeling about admitting Jews as members. I duly completed all the formalities required even getting my mother's permission. The committee visited my mother one night to find out whether she had any objections. This is a requirement for married applicants to get clearance from their wives. I was judged fit to become a member and a date was set for my initiation ceremony to take place. I was the very first Jew to be admitted as a member of Roodepoort Caledonian Lodge No 865 Scottish Constitution in more than 75 years of its existence.

News of this spread through the Masonic Community of Roodepoort. Several years later when the anti-Semites in the Lodge had discovered that their sanctity had not been affected by the admission of a Jew, Dave Meyerson was admitted as a member. I was most surprised that **Morris Hockman** and his lifelong friend and neighbour **Sim Shutz** took the trouble to attend my initiation. Such was the mensishkeit of Mr Hockman. Morris and his wife were very elegant dressers. The first time I saw a homburg was when Morris wore one to shul on Rosh Hashana. In those years most of the men wore hats to shul. It was only the youngsters who wore yarmulkes.

Jewish Mayor of Roodepoort

Jack Schlapo was the first and only Jewish Mayor of Roodepoort. In those days the elections for councillors was not done on a Party Political front. Politics came in many years after. Candidates stood either as a ratepayer endorsed nominee or as Independents. It was not unusual for several Independents to compete for one vacancy. There was polarisation and indeed there was a distinct rift between English speakers and Afrikaners. Jack ran an establishment called Station Garage which sold the Pegasus brand of petrol, the forerunner of Engen. Jack was a very broad-shouldered man and was a popular citizen, always with a broad smile on his face and ready to help wherever possible.

I recall on the occasion of one of my departures for a holiday in Muizenberg, Jack, who was a close neighbour and friend gave me the inner tube of a tyre to take with me, and he made me promise that I would return it when I got back. I was under no illusion that it was a loan. I had serious feelings of loss on one occasion when me and the tube were separated in the water. We used to use the tube for surfing in a less crowded area of Muizenberg beach. I heaved a big sigh of relief when I was reunited with the tube. At one very crucial election feelings ran high among the electorate and Jack was considered to be the underdog. It was a surprise to everyone when the result was announced and Jack had won against very strong opposition.

Greenberg's outfitting store was a wondrous place for us near the Roodepoort Town School. **Shimwell Bros** owned a bicycle shop, an arms and ammunition dealership and a hobby store on the corner of Jan Street before it became Hodgson Street, named for Roodepoort's first Fire Chief. When we were kids, we would spend hours looking into the window at BSA pellet rifles.

Reflecting on **Barney Greenberg** brings to mind is his immediate neighbour, **Mr Blumberg**, who occupied the premises adjacent to Greenberg's Outfitters which was next to **Boner's Chemist**. Mr Blumberg was an old-time shoemaker from 'Der Heim'. He lived in Mayfair and used to travel to Roodepoort every day with his African helper and assistant. Mr Blumberg used to work very hard when he was not engrossed in a klabberjas game with the late Barney Greenberg. He had to take shoes home with him every night to keep up. His African assistant who lived in the Blumberg house in Mayfair would carry a sack with the footwear that had to be completed for delivery the following day. Mr Blumberg used to proudly proclaim that he knew more about Judaism and the law than Reverend Orenstein. The two were not on speaking terms. I can still picture old Mr Blumberg with his yarmulke on his head, his glasses on his forehead and a fistful of cards in his hand. Mr Blumberg was not a member of the Roodepoort congregation.

One of the worst omissions that all of us are guilty of at some time or another in our lives, is expressing and showing gratitude. **Barney (Greenberg)** was a Prisoner of War and managed to escape from Tobruk. He was fortunate enough to find sanctuary and refuge with an old Italian woman who sheltered and hid him in terrible circumstances. Barney certainly expressed his gratitude and thanks to his rescuer and saviour. After the war he arranged for her to come to South Africa, where she was royally feted by Barney and his family. Gratitude is a most important attribute of being a mensh.

Some time ago I hosted **Rabbi Dovid Super**, the grandson of **Sam Super** and his father **Ivan Super**, the owners of the Simon Timber & Hardware Company. Dovid spent some time with me. and I gave him a conducted tour of the town.



Roodepoort Jewish cemetery

I last visited the cemetery in the company of **Harold Silber** prior to his departure on Aliya who asked me to accompany him to the Roodepoort Jewish Cemetery.

I was absolutely appalled and very saddened to see the destruction and vandalism that had occurred there. The Ohel had been destroyed, and every piece of re-usable building material had been stripped and carried away.

Tombstones of many of the people that I had known and grown up with were damaged and vandalised. The destruction was not confined to the Jewish section

alone. I was taken aback by one of the officials that I contacted at the Jewish Board, when I asked what happened to the money. I declined to visit the cemetery again because of the lack of

maintenance by municipal officials. Trees are not trimmed, and branches cover graves and pathways. As I am a Kohen, I am not permitted to walk under foliage that also covers a grave. But when I went with Harold, I took along a supply of clean water so that we could do the necessary ritual of Washing the Hands. (See the cemetery page of the Roodepoort website where the graves were photographed while they were still in good order <https://www.chol.website/communities/roodepoort/cemetery.htm>)

(It transpires that: Rabbi Moshe Silberhaft, spiritual leader to the South African Country Communities, said that his department was willing to take over the responsibility for maintaining the cemeteries of other congregations in the event of their closing down. This, however, was predicated on the trustees of those congregations entering into an agreement with the SAJBD to ensure that adequate resources were available for that purpose. In the case of Roodepoort, he had met with the trustees before the congregation closed and strongly advised that they make provision for their cemetery's future maintenance. They had taken a conscious decision not to do so. The upkeep of the final resting places of community members who had passed on, is a sacred responsibility, he stressed, and the trustees of the congregations concerned need to act responsibly when determining what to do with their community's remaining assets.)

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### **Karen Silverman née Rosowsky, George's sister, remembers:**

I was born in Roodepoort in 1949. We moved to Florida when I was about six. My first year of primary school was at Roodepoort Town School and then at Florida English Medium Primary School. I have very fond memories of that time. There were several Jewish kids there. I think there were about five Jewish children in my class so based on that I would estimate the Jewish population of the school to have been about 15%.

My father Solomon Rosowsky, who was much older than my mother, passed away aged about 87, when I was eight and George who is more than 13 years older than I am – at just 22, took his role as the man of the family very seriously. My mother was a young widow and not an independent woman, unlike many of the women today, so my brother at that tender age ran the business, and looked after my mom and his little sisters (as we were called).

My sister Beryl, who was four years older than me. She passed away tragically when she was young and I adopted her daughter, Shane (who was three years old at the time). I was very close to Beryl. I have two other children and I am particularly close to Shane. We immigrated to Australia in 1977 when the kids were young: 5,3 and 1.

The families that come to mind are the **Ackermans** (they were smart boys and used to put me to shame in Cheder class!) and the **Mosses**. Beryl and I were very good friends with Heather and Susan Moss). I remember the **Marcus** girls, Sharon and Renee; the **Bledins** who were our neighbours; the **Jacobsons**, who also lived near us and went to cheder with us; the **Bernstein** boys (lived nearby but I think they went to another school). Cheder used to be held at the community centre in Florida Park. I remember it being a new building quite near tennis courts.

### **Shul in Roodeport every Saturday**



We used to go to shul every Saturday in Roodepoort where a children's service was held. **Reverend Friedman** would lead the service and also teach the cheder classes. The service must have been abridged because I remember it finishing early enough so we were able to catch the flicks at one of the cinemas in Roodepoort, the Savoy or the Century.

I remember the shul vividly. It used to be packed on Yom Tov. Usually very hot and the women were crowded upstairs. It was quite challenging to make one's way to the women's section because the staircase was narrow, and quite rickety. It was even more of a challenge to sneak in without being heard.

The community was very close and my favourite chag was definitely **Simchat Torah** which always was heaps of fun with everyone singing and dancing and lollies galore. There were many communal events in which the members took part enthusiastically. I remember that they put on a play – my mother was very artistic, and I got to help her make the backdrops. There were also 'progressive dinners', and our house was used for the cocktails. A huge effort was made for these events.

My sister and I used to go to Hashtilim and the madrichim used to come from Krugersdorp – I particularly remember **Cynthia Sacks**. Later, in my teenage years I belonged to Bnei Akiva.

I had a Batmitzvah at Roodepoort with two other girls - **Pamela Greenberg** and **Rolene Benjas**. We were the first to have a Batmitzvah in the shul.

## To Johannesburg

After George got married to Matilda, my mom, Beryl and I moved to Johannesburg, where I went to Hyde Park High School. My high school days aren't as memorable as my primary school days. Although I did reasonably well at school, I was a bit like a fish out of water in Johannesburg. My close friends were my Bnei Akiva chevra and they didn't go to my school.

I went to Wits and graduated with a BSc degree. Although it was never my intention to teach, I kind of fell into teaching because there was a shortage of maths teachers at the time. I have been in maths education for almost four decades having recently retired from Bond University. I still tutor occasionally but like to spend as much time as possible with my grandchildren (Shane's boys) who live in Melbourne. I lived in Sydney for most of my life but now live on the Gold Coast.

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The Rosowsky Family story supplied by George and Karen to Brian Josselowitz in Cape Town in 2019, edited by Geoffrey Boner (Israel) and Geraldine Auerbach MBE in London and posted on the Roodepoort community site on the CHOL website in April 2024.

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**\*What is *Shatnez*?**

**Source of the prohibition**

*Shatnez* – a mixture of wool and linen – is a Biblical prohibition mentioned twice in Scripture: “A garment of mixed fibers – shatnez – shall not be draped upon you” (Leviticus 19:19). “You shall not wear mixed fibers, wool and linen together” (Deuteronomy 22:11).

## Explanation

The prohibition against wearing *Shatnez* is a *Chok* and therefore does not have a rational explanation. Nevertheless, the Rambam (Moreh Nevuchim chap. 37) explains that the prohibition stems from the fact that priests wore such garments in their idolatrous services, and therefore such garments are forbidden to Jews. The Ramban offers a different explanation: by mixing two different types together, this changes and impedes processes in Hashem’s creation. In our case this refers to wool (produced from an animal) and linen (produced from flax plants), although the same principle applies to grafting different plants together and cross breeding different species of animals.

The Midrash (Tanchuma) suggest that this prohibition is associated with the offerings that were brought by Cain (flax stalks) and Abel (a sheep) – a mixture of species that ended in tragedy.

## Definition

The prohibition of shatnez applies only to wool from sheep or lambs mixed with linen produced from flax stalks. The Sages explained the word shatnez as a compound of three words – *shua*, *tavoi*, *nuz*, (combed, spun and woven) – so that the Torah prohibition applies only when both the wool and the linen fibers have been processed in this manner. However, they are still rabbinically prohibited even if they wool and linen were not fully processed in the above manner, for example if they were only sewn but not woven together.

(See Talmud, Niddah 61b, according to *Rashi*. However *Rabbeinu Tam* maintains that even if they were only sewn together they are prohibited by Torah law).

## Precautions

As mentioned above, only sheep’s wool is prohibited in combination with linen. Goat hair (from which cashmere is produced) camel hair, rabbit fur, mohair, angora, alpaca, silk, and so on do not present a problem. However, today much of what is labelled cashmere is in fact wool or is combined with wool.

Although there are other fibers that are similar to linen, such as ramie, hemp and jute, the prohibition applies only to linen. However, manufacturers often mislabel fibers (knowingly or unknowingly) and one cannot rely on what the label states. The distinctions between ramie and linen can only be detected by a trained checker using a microscope.

Linen is often used as a stiffener in high-end garments, especially in the collar of men’s suits, but can also be found in regular suits where linen off-cuts or threads may be used in shoulder pads or other places.

Used garments may have been repaired with a linen patch.

New patchwork quilts, jackets and skirts may have linen pieces among them.

Reprocessed materials (often labeled as “other fibers” or O.F.) in new garments can also present a major problem and should be avoided.

Silk ties, particularly from Europe and Eastern Europe are often padded and stiffened with a wool-and-linen inner canvas. Spain is a major culprit in this regard.

One should be aware that wool slippers may be sewn together with linen threads.

## **Nullification**

Although small amounts of linen in a wool garment, or vice versa, may be nullified (botul) this depends on several factors that only a trained shatnez checker can determine.

## **Separate garments**

From the juxtaposition of the verses quoted above we deduce that it is permitted to wear a wool garment and a linen garment at the same time (e.g. a wool jacket and linen pants), as long as they are not permanently attached.

However, many authorities maintain that if one cannot remove one garment without having to take off the other (e.g. a linen shirt under a wool jacket) this would be prohibited. Where one garment can easily be removed without having to remove the other (e.g. a wool sweater and linen skirt) there is no problem.