

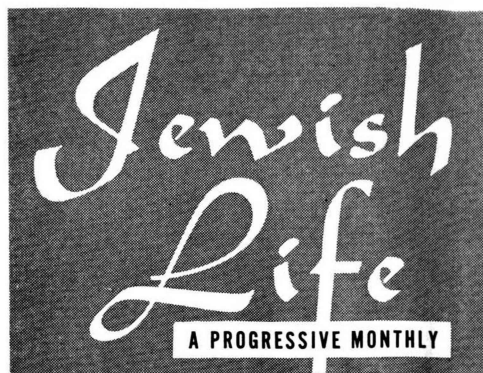
Jewish Life

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Visit with Moroccan Jews

Conversations with local Jewish leaders on the situation in an awakening land

By Sarah Stein

WHEN I arrived in Casablanca one evening late in July, my eagerness to explore the city was dampened by the nine o'clock curfew. Except for the few soldiers tramping or shuffling about in front of my hotel, an occasional jeep rattling along the deserted street, or a sudden shout from a soldier followed by a rifle shot, the bustling city was gripped in a formidable silence. My hotel was almost directly opposite the entrance to the "Ancienne (old) Medina," the "native" slum quarters separated from the European city by a high stone wall. My first evening in Casablanca was spent on the balcony of my hotel room, watching the Arab and Senegalese soldiers on duty, looking at the beautiful double lane of palm trees on the wide avenue and contemplating that symbol of French democracy in Morocco—the confining ghetto wall. I use the term "ghetto" advisedly since the Jewish slum quarter—called the "Mellah"—is inside the Medina, forming an integral part of the

"native" city.

I had come to North Africa primarily as a tourist. But I was intensely interested in learning everything I could about the Jewish communities there. I was interested in the economic, political and social status of the Jews, their relations with their Arab neighbors and the outlook for the future of North African Jewry.

My first discussion was held with an active member of the Moroccan section of the World Jewish Congress. A handsome, intelligent, well-to-do businessman, greatly disturbed by the July 14 uprising against the French government, this gentleman answered my questions courteously and honestly—except for the final query. When I asked for directions to the Mellah he said that there was no reason to visit the ghetto since practically all the Jews had been removed after the attacks on them and the burning of their stores during the July 14 disorders. These families, he said, were presently quartered in two or three schools of

Middle East Arms Tangle

By Jeremiah Lesser

THE Middle East crisis continues to boil and bubble. As we write, the series of developments set off by the announcement that Egypt would barter arms with Czechoslovakia for cotton, continue to unfold. This news was followed by a spate of "warnings" from Washington, London and Paris against an "arms race" in the Middle East. On October 11, Iran suddenly announced adherence to the Turkey-Iraq-Pakistan military pact as a transparent move to offset the defeat for Washington's diplomacy in the Czech arms offer to Egypt. And on October 12 came the reports that the socialist countries had offered to sell arms to Israel and rejection of the offer by Sharett.

Great concern is widespread among the Jewish people for Israel in this situation. We share that concern. Peace in the Middle East is indeed threatened with consequent great suffering for the Israeli and Arab peoples.

Danger of an arms race, which may lead to war, did not arise when Czech arms were promised to Egypt, as Dulles and the press have tried to make out. It has existed for several years, as we have repeatedly warned, under the lash of the Dulles policy of inciting war preparations in the Middle East. An arms race is a cold war manifestation. Therefore,

if an arms race is to be prevented, the Middle East—and especially Israel—must cease becoming, or seeking to become, an instrumentality of the cold war. This magazine has always opposed an arms race and supply of arms by any country to any Middle Eastern state for aggressive purpose because peace is jeopardized.

But the same Dulles who has grown suddenly alarmed about an arms race sent his Middle Eastern expert, George V. Allen, post-haste to Cairo to try to dissuade Egyptian Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser from buying Czech arms—and to agree to purchase arms from the United States. Dana Adams Schmidt reported the following revealing information in the *New York Times* (Oct. 15):

"Going back to the origins of the current Middle Eastern crisis, the diplomats disclosed that the arms the United States had agreed in principle to sell Egypt last June [1955] were valued at \$27,000,000. Since the United States had sold only about \$1,000,000 worth of arms each to Israel and to Egypt since 1952, the size of the order astonished some United States officials."

It is also pertinent to ask where Egypt got the Sherman and Centurion tanks, jet planes and big guns she has been displaying recently.

within the Mellah; their equally squalid homes were proof of the the Alliance Israélite.

This merchant was alarmed and bewildered by the economic disaster he believed he faced, whether he remained in Casablanca or migrated to Israel. He was convinced that further publicity about the Mellah was not desirable. Monsieur — thus attempted to dissuade me from entering this crucial area. In his obvious distress he had forgotten that he had already given me some vital statistics—that of the 80,000-90,000 Jews living in Casablanca, approximately 60,000 dwelt within the Mellah, most of them on bare subsistence.

I did not ask the gentleman how 60,000 Jews could be removed from the Mellah within so short a time and housed in a few schools. Actually, as I subsequently learned, 80 or 100 families had been removed, their homes having been destroyed.

The following evening the curfew was advanced to 11 o'clock. Two friends escorted me to the Mellah. We did not enter the Medina proper. As we picked our way through the filth-covered, vile-smelling, dim streets of the Mellah, I attempted to distinguish the Jews from the Arabs. I could do so only for the women, who were not veiled, and the elderly men, who had the traditional beard. Except for these, Arabs and Jews were undistinguishable in their bedraggled, unkempt appearance; their occupations were similar

dire poverty from which almost all of them suffered; in both groups tinea, trachoma and tuberculosis were rampant.

Almost all the organization officials I met believed that Israel was the only solution to the Jewish problem. In reply to my question concerning the basic causes of the uprisings, they said there were many contributing factors—the terribly low subsistence level of the Arab masses, anger at the position of inferiority to which they had been relegated, religious fanaticism, frustration because of the vacillating policy of the French foreign office.

Many felt that Arab and Jew could not live amicably side by side. Concentrating on the specific remedial social services in which they were engaged, the officials were either not deeply interested in the political scene or were loathe to discuss political issues. The few who ventured to make observations requested that I withhold their names for fear of repercussions. Many admitted that, sooner or later (hopefully, later) the Moroccans would rule in their country.

But they felt the Jews should not antagonize either the French or the Moroccans. All, however, felt that as many Jews as possible must be taken from Morocco before the French hold was further weakened. Of the total number of Jews migrating, about 33 per cent leave from Casablanca; 66 per cent come from the "*bled*"—the hinterland.

The Jewish Agency does not desire publicity on migration figures and I pledged not to reveal the information I received on this matter.

The Jews of Morocco are not citizens of that country. They are merely persons protected by the Sultan, dependent upon the vagaries of an individual. Generally speaking, they

tend to identify themselves with the "liberal" French and the "moderate" nationalists.

The only Jew I met in Casablanca who strongly opposed the gradual extension of autonomy to the Moroccans, was a wealthy professional.

Another Jew, Monsieur M., was one of the most charming, sincere
(Continued on page 31)



Senator William Langer of North Dakota pledges to Mrs. Helen Sobell that he will do everything possible to help her husband, Morton Sobell, win justice. The pledge was given on Sept. 29 at a Carnegie Hall meeting in New York on behalf of Sobell, who has consistently maintained his innocence of "conspiracy to commit espionage." Sobell is serving his 30-year term at Alcatraz.

WOUK AND HIS "MARJORIE"

Does the latest best-seller shed light
on emerging Jewish problems?

By Louis Harap

A NEW, if not major, development appeared in American fiction during the thirties and has remained a permanent feature of our period. We refer to the introduction of Jewish characters, sometimes as central figures, in the American novel and short story. The situation of the American Jew has been explored in these stories in relation to anti-Semitism, intermarriage and the tension between the older and younger Jewish generations.

With the publication of Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar* (Doubleday, New York, 565 pages, \$4.95) this trend does not reach maturity, but it does "hit the big time." For here is a novel, almost wholly peopled with Jewish characters, that is a best seller and is destined to be read by millions of non-Jews as well as Jews.

Since author Herman Wouk is a strictly observant Orthodox Jew, his preoccupation with the problem of the Jew in the United States is understandable. It would not be too

much to say that Wouk has embodied his creed in *Marjorie*.

The story revolves around Marjorie Morgenstern (she adopts the name "Morningstar" as her "stage name") beginning with her late teens. Her parents were immigrants who graduated from poverty in the Bronx to the comforts of Central Park West, where the story begins. Marjorie struggles with her destiny: should she reject her Jewish background and the code of social climbing of her mother or become an actress in bohemia and the wife of a bohemian? Marjorie wrestles with her problem throughout the book.

The Victory of Conformity

The conflict is expressed through Marjorie's aspiration to be an actress and her love affair with Noel Airman, born Saul Ehrman, an uprooted, bohemian song writer. (Did Wouk intend this name to signify "*Luftmensch*," Yiddish translation of "Airman" and traditional term for a footloose Jew without visible means of support?) Marjorie meets

Airman at an adult summer camp and continues her tempestuous affair in New York and Paris. In the meantime other men intervene in Marjorie's life. At last Marjorie rejects the small-talented and rather contemptible Airman in favor of a conventional existence as a respectable Jewish middle class matron in the suburbs. The conflict is resolved in favor of Marjorie's mother.

Wouk selected for delineation a fascinating area of American life in this odyssey of the second generation of Jews on New York's West side. But he has not written the important novel of this area of experience. He has only scratched the surface of the social changes and conflicts in this new young community.

The basic theme of the book is not a young Jewish girl in love but the attempt of such a girl, who personifies a whole generation, to break away from the Jewish middle class pattern of life and her eventual surrender to this mode of life. In Wouk's eyes this is not defeat but victory. In the process he poses a false set of alternatives between Marjorie's mother, the social climber in the Jewish milieu, and the irresponsible, anti-social bohemianism of Noel Airman. Where is the genuine intellectual? Where is the American who places integrity and social responsibility above financial security and a respectable social status? Such alternatives apparently don't exist for Wouk.

For Wouk is essentially offering



Herman Wouk

a crude philosophy of a middle class, comfortable existence as the highest good. The Jewish aspect of the problem is secondary, as indeed it must be. For the social, monetary aspirations of Marjorie's mother are not at all peculiarly Jewish. Marjorie could just as easily have been a Protestant or Catholic, as indeed Wouk recognizes. The book is basically a plea for the good life as the stolid, smug, suburban existence of the well-heeled American family. Wouk's ideal is a conservative, conformist, socially evasive life in its Orthodox Jewish form.

Glorified Soap Opera

Whatever one may think of Wouk's ideal, his book would have considerable value if it did set forth this type of existence in searching terms. But one does not emerge

from the story with a deeper understanding of Jewish life in the American middle class milieu? The book abounds in the usual surface observations of Jewish customs and mores. But Wouk rarely penetrates to deeper layers. There is actually little, if any probing into the substance of Jewish cultural consciousness, its literature, theater, music. Actually Wouk creates a diversion from this type of content by a frantic piling up of incident. He shies away from any real discussion of ideas or their delineation through action. Instead he absorbs the reader into an unrelieved concern with the intimate personal lives of his characters. The book becomes an enlarged, sophisticated form of the "true confession."

The truth is that Wouk is basically a vulgar writer in the intellectual sense. It should be noted as a curiosity of the best seller type that pornography is absent from the novel. Wouk makes up for it by the almost hysterical speed of his story-telling. His work has a surface brilliance, cleverness and ingenuity. It is sprinkled with impressive book titles and references to large ideas but the content of the books and ideas themselves are lacking. His talent lies in facile retailing of incident. But imagination, perception of human beings and power to handle ideas are not there. At heart Wouk is a glorified soap opera writer. He has never really grown out of his early apprenticeship as a gag writer for Fred Allen's radio show.

A revealing observation on Wouk was recently made by Richard Watts, Jr., drama critic of the *New York Post*. "What worries me about Herman Wouk's novels," he wrote on September 20, "is that they're always applauded in *Daily News* editorials." The *Daily News* recognizes an ally when it sees one. *Caine* disturbed many democratic-minded people by its authoritarianism. As most people know from the novel and the movie, the Jewish lawyer Harry Greenwald (who might have made Marjorie a good husband in her suburban home) is the instrument for conveying Wouk's view of absolute obedience to authority.

This backward outlook is maintained in *Marjorie*. Can one imagine a story of the thirties in which the Great Depression does not figure? Except for a few hasty and incidental references to the depression, one would never know that the country was wracked in crisis and that American life was undergoing profound change. How can one reveal the essential character of anyone in this period without relating the individual to these pervasive events? One can't and *Marjorie* doesn't.

Wouk's poverty of social understanding and unwillingness to come to grips with a character's relation to real events in society appear in Wouk's treatment of the one character who has any connection with the anti-nazi fight of the time. Michael

Eden, whom Marjorie meets on the boat to Europe in the late thirties and to whom she is attracted, is a concealed Jew and an extreme neurotic. As a measure of personal therapy he works with an underground organization to help Jews flee from nazi Germany. But he makes clear that his motives are not anti-nazism as such but only a hatred of the nazis for what they have done to the Jews. Opposition to Hitler is placed on a neurotic basis.

As for Wouk's references to nazism otherwise, they are similarly based solely on his slaughter of Jews. Wouk's social myopia again manifests itself here because he sees the world solely in personal terms—his own relation to fellow Jews—and not in larger democratic and social terms. This limited Jewish-nationalistic view of nazism leads—whether or not Wouk intended it—to the view that if Hitler had not slaughtered Jews, one would hardly have been concerned with nazism. How else can one interpret the exclusive concern with the anti-Jewish aspect of Hitlerism?

One of the leading themes in Wouk's work is anti-intellectualism. The intellectuals who walk through his stories are depicted unsympathetically. The writer Keefer, who is the real villain of *Caine*, is a weak, cowardly literary intellectual. Noel Airman, one of the main characters of *Marjorie*, is an irresponsible, anti-social bohemian and the most unsympathetic character of the novel.

Nowhere does one get a picture of the genuine intellectual. Why this concentration on rotten intellectuals if Wouk doesn't really think the intellectual is the bane of society?

Defender of a Smug Middle Class

The truth is that, despite its overlay of clever talk and pseudo-intellectualism, *Marjorie* is a crude, unimaginative and extremely weak defense of conventional middle class life and of Jewish Orthodoxy. The personification of this mode of life, Marjorie's mother, meets with Wouk's complete approval. She always turns out to be right and Marjorie finally comes round to her way of thinking. Marjorie's resolution of her conflict by sinking into a complacent middle class suburban existence with a conventional, ordinary lawyer for a husband is for Wouk a happy ending.

The tribulations of Marjorie are overlong but Wouk is not a best seller for nothing. He can tell a story that keeps one interested, just as one may be beguiled by a slick suspense movie. But his talents are commercial. One cannot look to him for any light on contemporary life or on the problems of the new generations of Jews. On the contrary, *Marjorie* muddies the waters, gives currency to reactionary ideas, dulls the imagination and befogs insight into the real problems. *Marjorie* will make big money for Wouk but will only arouse confusion in the reader.

They came from the United States, Britain and other West European countries. And Dulles has made clear that more would be forthcoming if only Egypt would join the military bloc against the Soviet Union he is painfully building in the area. But Egypt and other Arab states have refused to join this military bloc. It is this refusal and not any concern for "balance of power" that explains why the great supply of arms, of which Schmidt writes, did not flow.

What then, is the solution for Israel and the Arab states in the threatening crisis? The Zionist leaders have been urging the State Department to sell arms on a large scale to Israel. But this does not help solve the pressing necessity of *stopping* an arms race and thus negate the threat of war. Nor can the solution lie, as the Israel government and Zionist leaders in our country have been urging, in a military pact of Israel with Washington. The advocacy of such a pact, which is obviously aimed against the Soviet Union, is one of the factors disturbing relationships between the Soviet Union and the Middle East. Such advocacy only intensifies the war danger.

The solution lies rather in the direction pointed by Geneva. The essence of the Geneva spirit is that the Big Four, including the Soviet Union, should settle problems by negotiation. Only thus can tension be relieved and the cold war ended. The piling up of arms on both sides from whatever sources is no solution. Inclusion of the Soviet Union in

Middle East negotiations is required, if for no other reason, because that country is directly involved, since it lies directly north of the troubled Middle East.

"Perhaps," the *Manchester Guardian* recently said editorially, "the best solution is to try to draw the Soviet Union into the maintenance of peace in the Middle East." There is in fact no other way to avert the war threatening the area.

And a practical basis for a way out does indeed exist. On October 10, Dana Adams Schmidt reported in the *New York Times* that "Now State Department officials have heard hints that the Soviet Union will propose setting up a four-power committee or some such means of consultation to avoid an arms race." He adds the prospect under the new conditions that the 1950 guarantee of the status quo on Middle Eastern borders by the United States, Britain and France be replaced by a *four power* guarantee including the Soviet Union. "Now that the Soviet Union seems to have a foot in the door by way of arms shipments," he concludes, "it could happen."

And it must happen if peace is to be preserved. Even more, such negotiations could ultimately lead to the firmest guarantee of peace in the Middle East, as in any area, to a security pact for the Middle East that would be shared not only by Israel and the Arab states, but the Big Four. Only thus can specter of war finally be lifted.

Into Our Tenth Year

WITH this issue we inaugurate the tenth year of our existence. For nine years we have appeared regularly despite financial difficulties of which our readers are aware. But the pressure of events has been so great in this postwar period that it was unthinkable that we should not appear. Nor has the necessity for our magazine become less—it is even greater, if anything, as the issues of world-shaking import, of life and death for the peoples of the world and the Jewish people continue to tumble upon us. And now that the Geneva “summit” meeting has opened up glowing prospects that peaceful co-existence may become a fact—if the peoples continue their insistence on peace—our magazine is more needed than ever.

As the reader sees, we have changed our format and have added some colorful features. We have done this to make our magazine more readable to larger numbers of people. We hope that readers will take the cue and get the magazine to new readers.

But with the change in format we have only begun our changes in the magazine. We are eager to hear what our readers think of the new magazine. And we want you to write us suggestions for carrying these changes even farther.

We cordially invite you to send in your suggestions and criticisms. We shall pay the closest attention to all proposals. The magazine belongs to you as well as us. Send us your ideas!

THE EDITORS

FOUR WOMEN POETS

Translation from the Yiddish by Aaron Kramer

Introduction

IN the tradition of people's poetry, numerous women have made contributions. They include the Yiddish poets Sarah Barkan, Sarah Fell-Yellin, Anna Safran and Dora Teitelbaum. Never faltering in their devotion to humane causes, these prophetesses have sung clearly and inspiringly year after year, winning a large following throughout the Yiddish-speaking world.

Their rhythms seem to emerge from the deepest regions of the world's heart; their images burst into the sky like birds born of mankind's dreams. With the fearless voice of love and motherhood, they cry out against terror and waste—demand the coming of peace and fruition.

AARON KRAMER has had ten volumes of his poetry published. He has translated Yiddish poetry extensively and much of it has appeared in JEWISH LIFE. His "The Ballad of August Bondi," which appeared in our May issue, has been set to music by Serge Hovey. The "Ballad" will receive its premiere at the JEWISH LIFE concert on December 2 (see back cover).

Sarah Barkan was born about 1888, in Dvinsk, Latvia. Her father was a Yiddish teacher and writer. She married a tailor, Morris Silverman, and in 1907 followed him to America with their first child. In 1922 she made her first appearance as a writer of verse for children. *Good Springtime*, her first volume, was published in 1936, followed by *Gifts*, a decade later; a book of stories, *About You and Me*, appeared in 1949. Since then she has completed three volumes and is hoping to obtain enough support to get them off the press. A most unassuming poet, she is also one of our truest—having managed the remarkable feat of completely integrating herself in the life of a small rural community, at the same time vibrating with the pulse of the whole universe.

Born in Krynki, a small town in the province of Grodno, Poland, on April 1, 1895, Sarah Fell-Yellin inherited a history of revolutionary struggle. Her mother had been active in organizing the cigarette workers. Her father, a tinsmith, had been imprisoned by the tsarist police. She herself helped organize schools and shelters for refugee children during the First World War. Teaching in

German schools during the occupation, she fought for the right of Yiddish to be taught in a Jewish school. At the end of 1920 she arrived in America, and immediately involved herself in cultural and political activity. Boston was her home for 30 years. Migrating west in 1952, she is now president of the Los Angeles Writers Group of Ykuf. Her volumes include *Step by Step* (1937), *Closer* (1941) and *Bright Beacons* (1946). A fourth collection, *Toward Sun and Joy*, is soon to appear.

Anna Safran's birthplace was Schedlitz, Poland. Her father ran a small butcher shop. Under the guidance of a wise and cultural mother she turned to writing at an early age, showing a special gift for the drama. In 1916, when 14 years old, she left Poland and settled in New York. Here she has led an active, creative life: raising a talented family (her son is a painter), participating in every struggle for fuller freedom, contributing to periodicals, lecturing and reading before large audiences. Her first collection of poems, *Victory*, appeared in 1946. A second volume, *Today*,

strengthened her position among the American women poets writing in Yiddish. *Vivian and her Friends*, a novel, was recently serialized in the *Morning Freiheit*.

Dora Teitelbaum, daughter of a house painter, was born in Brest-Litovsk, Poland, on December 17, 1914. By the age of 12 she had evidenced a flair for poetry. She left home at 18 for South America, where she worked several years as a milliner, going to school at night. She soon became active in the most advanced cultural circles and in the trade union movement. After arriving in this country, she taught briefly in the Yiddish schools. In 1940 her first work as a poet appeared. Some of her verses were translated and reprinted abroad. Her first volume, *In the Heart of the World*, was published by the New York Ykuf in 1944. *Heaven and Earth* followed four years later. Her prose impressions of Eastern Europe and Israel appeared in Paris under the title of *With My Face Toward Life*. This year, the Argentine Ykuf issued her fourth collection, *With Open Eyes*.

AARON KRAMER

THE MOTHERS REJOICE

By Sarah Barkan

Good holiday, my neighbor, let us kiss each other!
 Soon there'll be an end to the tears we shed together.
 The bombing-planes are silent, the cannonading ends;
 across the earth all peoples will gather and be friends.

My Leon and your Michael will be returning soon:—
once again we'll hear the flute and fiddle tune.
No longer will a war be keeping them apart.
I'll go right in and knead them a special honey-tart.

See how joy is coming, through fire and blood and harm!
Come outside, my neighbor, let's revel arm in arm!
Let us take the dark years, and lay them in the earth—
a beautiful new life shall be coming into birth.

Yesterday shall fade, like a nightmare, from the mind.
Heart with heart united, hand with hand entwined,
let us lift together the dear white flag of peace!
I'll teach you Jewish dances: we'll do them in the streets.

Synagogues are calling, steeple-bells are ringing,
skies of blue are laughing, gray-faced seas are singing.
Let our bodies sway in the lively choral-round,
and may our earth no longer in seas of blood be drowned!

BROTHERS IN TOWN AND IN CITY

By Sarah Fell-Yellin

Brothers in town and in city,
factory, meadow and mine!
Let us with brooms and with brushes
make the old universe shine!

Hunger has forced us together,
poverty brothers us all,
life has made steel of our purpose
to fight till we conquer or fall.

We crawl through the mines on our
bellies,
spread light to illumine the lands;
we dig up the earth's deepest innards
and fashion steel birds with our
hands.

Brothers in mine and in meadow,
factory, city and town,
we are the heart of the nations,
and no one can trample us down.

ON THE UPHILL OF TIME

By Hannah Safran

We're making our way up the high
hill of Time;
its top is concealed by the gloom.
Below us is Yesterday—here is Today,
Today with its rot and its bloom.

And when a great searchlight burst
forth in the night,
illumines the hilltop and dies,

it's only revealed to the ones who
look up,
in whom its bright beacons arise.

It happens, on nights that are frosty
and dark,
when winds rock the air with their
wrath,
a dense fog may cover the top of

the hill
and blot out the upgoing path,—

The climbers then frantically try to
get down
to Yesterday's "happier time";
but those who have once seen the
top of the hill
will never go back—they will climb.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

By Dora Teitelbaum

In silence we approached the railroad track,
as kin approach a graveyard with their dead.
In my hands—nothing but a little sack;
in hers—a good word that was never said.

Side by side, with lips shut tight, we went,
as though we'd never met before that day;
but when the train began to move, she sent
her quivering hands to help me on my way.

Ten years, ten long, hard years have come and gone:
of my old house, only a wall still stands.
My city's nothing but a marker on
a map—yet day and night I see two hands.

Two worn old hands go with me everywhere.
Not for a moment will they let me be.
Sometimes they grow a head of golden hair:
my mother's hair . . . Sometimes they speak to me.

Two hands, two pale hands reach toward me, and grow
out of my limbs. Awakening in wonder
I count them, count four throbbing hands, and go
to face with fists the lightning and the thunder!

McCarran Act and the Future

THE present session of the Supreme Court bids fair to be among the most momentous in our history. Before the courts are several crucial cases which will have profound significance for the future of civil liberties. One of the most important of these is the test of the McCarran Internal Security Act, passed in 1950 over President Harry S. Truman's veto. This is the police state law which requires registration of the Communist Party and "front" organizations as agents of a foreign power. The order of the Subversive Activities Control Board that the Communist Party register was upheld by 2-1 in the Court of Appeals and now is before the Supreme Court.

The issue was sharply drawn in a friend-of-the-court brief submitted on September 15 by 360 prominent Americans from 39 states, including Senator Pat McNamara of Michigan. Signers of the brief emphasized that they were mainly concerned with the impact of the law on the rights of non-communists. They maintained that "The act's major impact is on non-communists and on the advocacy of peaceful change." The law is a flat violation of the First Amendment, they said, and legislates "a new orthodoxy." In other words, this law would take the country far down the road to a police state and, as the Communist Party has said, is "the

enabling act for American fascism."

Among the initiators of the petition to the Supreme Court were Rabbis Abraham Cronbach and Leo Jung. Among the signers were Yehudi Menuhin, Rabbi C. George Fox (Chicago), Rabbi Uri Miller (Baltimore), Prof. Jacob Fine (Boston), Prof. Ephraim C. Cross (New York), Rabbi Louis D. Gross (Brooklyn) and Rabbi Stanley R. Brav (Cincinnati).

There is growing opposition to the anti-communist hysteria and awakening of the American people to the mortal danger in which the witch-hunt in its varied forms has placed American freedom. But the danger remains great. The Supreme Court decision in this case will have the greatest influence on the fate of civil liberties.

The significance of the outcome for the Jewish people is very great. For the security of the Jewish people is tied to that of democracy itself. A broader repression that is expected to follow if the McCarran act is upheld would loose anti-Semitic forces that would threaten the security of Jews in the country. As democratic Americans and as Jews, the stake of the Jewish people in the outcome cannot be exaggerated. Unremitting struggle against every manifestation of the witch-hunt is necessary.

JUDAH MAGNES: MAN OF PRINCIPLE

**The late respected Jewish leader did not
compromise on many important issues**

By Morris U. Schappes

THE life and example of Judah L. Magnes (1877-1948) deserve to be better known. In the United States he was a rabbi, an outstanding communal leader, an unorthodox Zionist, a militant pacifist, a socialist, a consistent champion of civil liberties. In Palestine for 25 years he organized the Hebrew University and won world renown—and mighty enemies—with his resolute fight for Jewish-Arab cooperation.

His life has meaning today for millions of Americans and Israelis, Jews and non-Jews, because on major issues in both settings he had the profound vision to see the general road to a bright solution. His example can inspire, for he had the integrity to fight for his convictions.

Two instances will show the vitality of his vision.

The setting for the first is in the early weeks of 1920. The post-war terror against the labor movement had culminated on New Year's night and day in the Palmer raids with the mass arrest of almost 3,000 in over 30 cities. The "red-hunt" hysteria had

unseated five Socialist assemblymen in New York and one Socialist congressman. The secretary of labor had decreed that membership in the recently established Communist parties was cause for deportation.

The Civil Liberties Advocate

In the fight-back, one Jewish communal leader in New York was conspicuous—and that was Magnes. Invited to address a mass rally at the Chicago Coliseum on February 8, 1920, he minced no words. The secretary of labor had argued that communists preach the overthrow of our government by force and violence. Magnes rejected the charge: "the communist platforms and manifestos are not clear and unmistakable evidence, as must be manifest to anyone at all familiar with the traditional Socialist and Communist terminology." But Magnes went further and took his stand squarely on the Bill of Rights and the First Amendment.

What if a group were found, he challenged, "which openly advocates

in speech or writing the overthrow of government by force or violence"? His answer was lightning: "Let them advocate it—so long as they advocate this in speech or writing, as ideas or as a program and no overt acts of force and violence are committed."

He explained to fearful "so-called liberals" that "Private Property" was "the real enemy of free speech" and that Big Business was making a mockery of democracy by its con-



Judah L. Magnes

trol of government, press, school and pulpit. Hopefully the war-shocked peoples of the world, he declared, were looking to Soviet Russia and to America for comfort, but here they

saw the reactionary terror in full stride and "the counterfeit liberalism of A. Mitchell Palmer and his political and spiritual chief, Woodrow Wilson. What a tragic disappointment. . . ."

Patriotically, Magnes exclaimed: "The humiliation of it, the crime against humanity—that our America should have become the chief center of the world's reaction . . .!" And he cried out, "America needs to be re-Americanized. . . ." "Let us," he concluded, "uphold the ideals of internationalism in the name of the old America that was free and is now dead, and in the name of that new America which is now being born!"

Although this act and speech are characteristic of the man, the event is not mentioned and these quotations are not given in Dr. Norman Bentwich's sympathetic and attractive but unevenly painted and sometimes timidly drawn portrait of Magnes.¹ The second incident, however, he does include.

For Jewish-Arab Cooperation

The setting this time is Israel repelling the Arab invasion in 1948. Out of the war had come the Arab refugee problem. For the 25 years of his residence in Palestine, Magnes had feared it would come to such a war and had sought to prevent it by a policy of Jewish-Arab collaboration. The war did not distort his vision.

Shortly before he died, while on

¹ *For Zion's Sake: A Biography of Judah L. Magnes*, by Norman Bentwich. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 343 pages, 20 illustrations. \$4. The quotations are from J. L. Magnes, *War-time Address*, 1917-1921, New York, 1923, p. 84-86, 89-90.

a visit to the United States to help restore peace, he made a public appeal to the Joint Distribution Committee, of which he was a founder and continually active figure, to use some of its funds to aid the Arab refugees, to extend the "helping hand of a Jewish brother to thousands in distress." Magnes pleaded that "peace can come only if Israel and Ishmael feel that they are brothers" and urged the "Joint" to give dramatic evidence that it could act like a brother. But the "Joint" did not share the internationalism and the humanity of Magnes. The issue remains to this day. As Dr. Bentwich declares, Magnes' "political vision about Jewish-Arab co-operation remains permanently valid."

How did Magnes attain the vision that is at the heart of these two instances? "Had he been a Christian," wrote James Marshall in an obituary in the *American Jewish Year Book* for 1950, "the social thinking of Judah Magnes could have been described as Christian Socialism." But since Magnes was a Jewish rabbi, Marshall assures us first that "his socialism was not Marxian or doctrinaire" and then that it was derived from the Torah and the Prophets. But Marshall ignores a decisive factor shaping Magnes' "social thinking," the effect of his contact with the Yiddish-speaking, militant and socialist-led workers of Brooklyn and New York, especially during the first World War. These workers brought

him in touch with the general socialist movement, which gave to the Prophet a latter-day significance, so that Magnes could describe the revered and imprisoned Eugene V. Debs in 1921 as "the one authentic Saint whom American life has produced" (see "Magnes on Political Prisoners" in *JEWISH LIFE*, Nov., 1953).

This impact comes through even in the skimpy and hesitant way in which these experiences are presented by Dr. Bentwich, who, although an Englishman, was influenced by the fears of McCarthyism that intimidated the American publisher. As a former attorney-general of the British government of Palestine and as an associate of Magnes in his pioneer and lasting work in organizing the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Dr. Bentwich is at home in the Palestinian milieu and at his best when writing of Magnes' work there. Yet it was in the United States that Magnes' basic values and ideas took form. It was here that peace, social justice and internationalism became part of his secular and religious creed. But not having mastered the American scene, Dr. Bentwich's touch in these crucial sections is fumbling and his presentation blurred and even confusing.

Work in the Jewish Community

Yet certain firm outlines can be seen in Dr. Bentwich's account. Influenced in his youth by currents of social reform in his birthplace, Oak-

land, California, and graduated as a Reform rabbi by Hebrew Union College, Magnes in 1904 came to the pulpit of Temple Israel in Brooklyn as an idealist, a liberal, and, unusual at the time in a Reform rabbi, a Zionist. As a student in Cincinnati he had already opposed the Spanish-American War as "unrighteous." He soon became popular, especially because of his militant public activity in support of Jewish self-defense organizations in Russia born after the Kishinev pogroms of 1903 and 1905.

The Jewish plutocracy of Temple Emanu-El in New York, seeking a vigorous young rabbi to attract the youth, appointed Magnes associate rabbi in 1906 and promptly also drew him onto the executive committee of the newly organized American

Jewish Committee. By 1910, Magnes was fed up with the religion of the plutocracy and turned his back on Reform Judaism and Temple Emanu-El. In 1911 he took his last post as a rabbi, this time with the Conservative Congregation, B'nai Jeshurun, but left it in 1912 because there was not enough "traditional Judaism."

Meantime in 1909 he had begun his ambitious project, but one doomed to failure, to organize the New York *Kehillah* (Jewish Community), to integrate all of New York Jewry with its thousands of organizations into one democratically functioning unit. Until the United States entered the war, his leadership of the *Kehillah* was his main work. It made important contribu-

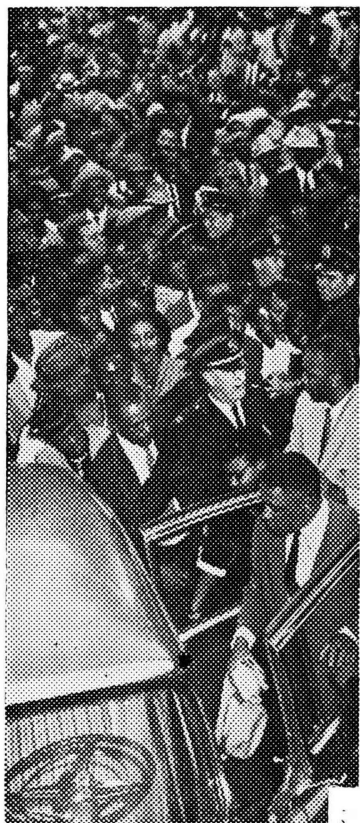
(Continued on page 38)

DORA RICH, 1899-1955

THE Jewish people lost a devoted daughter and great leader when Dora Rich died on September 30 after a long, painful illness. Dora Rich was a founder of the Emma Lazarus Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs and its Yiddish cultural director, a member of the administrative committee of the *Morning Freiheit* and active in the shule movement. She gave effective, devoted service to mankind and was a beloved leader.



TIDAL WAVE OVER MISSISSIPPI



NOT since the Scottsboro Case in the early 1930's has the country witnessed such an impassioned and many-millioned cry of protest as in the case of the murdered 14-year-old Emmett Louis Till. The tidal wave of anger over the kidnapping and killing of young Till in Mississippi on August 28 was intensified when Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam, kidnappers of the boy, were acquitted of his murder in a short, farcical trial at Sumner, Mississippi, on September 23. The white supremacist defense "persuaded" the all-white jury that the body of the brutally mangled boy was not that of Till! Identification by the mother of the slain boy, Mrs. Mamie Bradley, was not deemed conclusive by the racist jury.

Tremendous meetings, usually under the auspices of NAACP, overflowing into the streets were held in New York and Chicago. Big meetings have been held in many cities across the country and they continue to be held. Many trade unions have been aroused. In New York's garment district over 20,000 people turned out for an open air meeting on October 11 under the joint auspices of the CIO Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union and the NAACP, which is leading a militant campaign. Rabbi Israel

Mrs. Mamie Bradley, mother of murdered Emmett Till, enters a car amidst crowds that attended the Harlem mass meeting at which over 10,000 voiced their protest.

Goldstein, president of the American Jewish Congress, was a speaker at this meeting. Many union internationals have pledged their aid to win justice in the case and to work to remove the basic conditions in the South that make such unspeakable crimes possible.

The immediate objective of the campaign is to obtain the trial and conviction of Bryant and Milam for kidnapping of the murdered boy. The pair are presently on bail on the kidnapping charge.

A tremendous cry has gone up through the country that the Department of Justice and the FBI should intervene in this flagrant case. The Justice Department stated flatly on October 12 that the FBI is not investigating the case. The popular demand is that the Department of Justice and the FBI fulfil their duty of enforcing the Constitution.

Two other murders, as yet "unsolved," have taken place in Mississippi since May over attempts of the Negroes to claim their right to vote. The white supremacists are using every means, from economic pressure to cold-blooded murder, to deny the vote to the Negro and the prevent implementation of the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation.

Jewish organizations have joined the protest campaign on the Till case and to achieve the vote and desegregation. The American Jewish Congress, the Emma Lazarus Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs

and the Jewish Labor Committee are among the groups that have protested the outrage. The Till case is spurring the whole movement to wipe out the shame of white supremacism.

MISSISSIPPI—1955

(To the Memory of Emmett Till)

By Langston Hughes

Oh, what sorrow!
Oh, what pity!
Oh, what pain
That tears and blood
Should mix like rain
And terror come again
To Mississippi.

*Come again?
Where has terror been?
On vacation? Up North?
In some other section
Of the nation,
Lying low, unpublicized?
Masked—with only
Jaundiced eyes
Showing through the mask?*

Oh, what sorrow,
Pity, pain,
That tears and blood
Should mix like rain
In Mississippi!
And terror, fetid hot,
Yet clammy cold,
Remain.

GOOD BOSS

A Short Story

By Louis Lerman

THE winding monotone of the spiral staircase turns back in the lean years. As if it were yesterday, I remember the half-lighted narrow hallway, the abrupt staircase, the constant humorless turning to the fourth floor where we lived. From the fourth floor the staircase still turned but in the dark it merged with the shadow of the fifth floor and wound off. Below in the streets, the solitary voice of children in the summer—here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush. . . .

The shrill melody thinned out when it reached the fourth floor, thin strings of children's voices that wound around my Uncle Haim's voice sadly, that wound around me sadly, pleasantly. Sometimes the melody thinned to a hard line that underlined my Uncle Haim's words or broke into sharp dots to punctuate his unfinished sentences, pushing out one after another in haste.

I would listen to the children and watch Uncle Haim's thin hands move, impatiently pulling at his thoughts. My father sat in his chair by the window after a day's work, listening. "No, Haim," he would say

in answer, "this is not Russia. America is a free country where everybody has a chance to make a living, even a Jew. Someday. . . ."

Around one corner, the scrawny, guarded grass of Hester Street Park; around the other, the five and ten cent tinsel of Grand Street; and between them Hester Street crawled along through pushcarts, through smells of heaped garbage, through the hurried nervous noise of crowded bodies. We lived on Hester Street, in three room placed end to end like oblong boxes in a factory shipping room: kitchen, bedroom; dining-room, bedroom, kitchen.

The closet smell of the dark hallway crept into the kitchen and filled in the space between the zinc wash-tub and the sink painted green against the green-yellow wall. The gaslight glared off the wall.

My father and mother slept in the bedroom. The one window stared blindly across the narrow alleyway at scaled red brick. There was place for a bed and a bureau, squeezed flat. On hot nights the walls closed in together, leaving no room to breathe. In the dining-room, pushed into a corner by the glass tabletop,

my uncle and I slept. Through the slow clammy nights of summer, the wide open windows sucked in the heat from Hester Street; voices and steps came up from the half-lit sidewalk through the long night hours.

In the winter, the dining room was cold, the door to the kitchen was shut to hold the warmth of the stove in. Close to the belly of the stove we lived winters, my father and uncle arguing about the garment trade, the working class, Russia, America. I sat, sometimes listening—it was an old story to me—watching the gaslight flicker, watching the rays of light spread jumping from one line to the next in the yellow fan of flame, waiting for the moment when my father would notice me half-sleeping and say, “You better get dressed up, it’s time to go to sleep.” I would get undressed close to the stove, saving up the warmth, put on my coat over my underwear and run through the closed door into the dining room.

AMERICA WAS THE GOLDEN LAND. When Uncle Haim came to America in 1906, he came to my father’s house in Hester Street. The next day he went to the shop where my father worked. He paid \$25 to stay in the shop, to learn to be an operator on children’s cloaks and meanwhile, to earn his keep, he pushed trucks and carried bundles 16 hours a day, from seven in the morning to 11 at night. When the season began—until 12, one; it didn’t pay to go home; the

workers would sleep in the shop, on the bundles stacked up against the wall. By the next season, he had another job and was making money, three and a half dollars a week, 15 hours a day, five days a week and nine hours on Sunday. Kalman and Fein kept the Sabbath, the shop was closed on Saturday.

In 1906 the workers still dragged their machines on their own backs up the dark, narrow shops of Lispenard Street. My father was proud that his machine had stood in the same shop ever since he had come to America and learned the trade. That was no idle boast. Very few workers in the trade had not seen their machines moved to the door when they came to work in the morning—finished, take your machine and look for a job. You had to be made of iron to work like that—piece work, rush, no hours, all hours, barricaded behind piles of bundles, the windows and doors black with dirt, the foreman and boss driving. Rush, workers, rush. You had to be made of iron. You had to have a wife and children to support.

“A union,” said my father, “a union, allright.” But what good would it do him if he was let out? Would he help himself, help anybody else? “All right, you worked hard, but you had a chance. You could save. You could open your own shop.”

“And what would it be,” Uncle Haim would say, “another sweatshop. You broke your back sweating

over a machine for 14 hours, moving a heavy iron up and down. For whom? For the same bosses. What was the difference—Russia, America, the same poverty, the same misery; the tsar, the bosses, the same heavy weights; old men sitting on the backs of workers, making misery, making wars.”

“Yes,” said my father, “but in America, you could walk straight. You didn’t have to live like a hunted animal, night and day watching for the black terror of a pogrom, always walking bent over, waiting for a whip, spit on by a whole world. Listen, Haim,” he would say quietly, “America to me is a free country, a great country. You work hard, yes, but you can get somewhere. You can bring up your children. You can send them to school.”

“You can go somewhere,” Uncle Haim said bitterly, with the weight of the bundles on his arms and back, with the grind of the machines in his ears. “Yes, you can open your own business and sweat other workers. What are you doing,” he would say, his whole body moving with the anger of his words, “with your own hands you want to choke yourself, choke the whole working class.”

“But do I have to sweat my workers?” my father would protest. “I’m a human being. I have feelings. I know what it is to work for a living. Wait, Haim, I’ll show you. Wait until I have my own business.”

“You’ll show me. You,” Uncle Haim shouted. “What have you got

to do with it? Do you think you live in a world by yourself? You’re part of a system. You’re either a boss or a worker. If you’re a boss, you’ve got to live on your workers. You’ve got to exploit them to stay in business. You’ve got to climb up on their backs. You,” with his finger thrust in my father’s face and his voice rising, until my mother came in from the kitchen. She stood looking on, drying her hand on her apron, smiling, “Don’t get so excited, Haim, you still have time to eat supper before the revolution. The revolution won’t come today.”

ON PIKE STREET DOCK THE REVOLUTION was beginning. During the empty days of the slow season cutters, operators, presses gathered at the foot of Pike Street and sat listening to each other and to the slap of the dirty water against the wharf. Most of them were greenhorns, immigrants, who had moved directly from the steerage into the shops of the reefer [children’s cloaks] trade. Reefers were a cheap line, the wages were the lowest in the whole industry, the hours longest. Workers in the reefer trade knew what a sweatshop meant.

One night, at the beginning of the season, my uncle and two other workers from Kalman and Fein, biggest children’s cloak and reefer makers in the trade, met on Pike Street dock and talked about a union. When they went to the shop the next day, they talked under the noise

of the machines. The word moved along from mouth to mouth—strike—grew into a shout that broke the long years of silence. The workers had been waiting a long time. When the union called a strike everybody in the shop walked out but old man Kalman.

Uncle Haim and two other workers, delegates from the new Cloak and Reefer Makers Union, walked into Kalman's office and presented their demands: free machines, a 55-hour week, recognition of the union. Kalman looked at them, slammed his chair back against the wall and yelled into their faces, "Loafers, out of my shop, to hell."

Uncle Haim went back into the shop, stood up on a chair and told the workers that Mr. Kalman had answered. As if at a signal they stopped their machines. With Uncle Haim at the head they crowded down the stairs into Canal Street, singing the *Marseillaise*. A hundred workers crowded the sidewalk, singing the *Marseillaise*. That was a revolutionary song. To them it stood for freedom—human working conditions, for a chance to live. Some of them, like my Uncle Haim, had sung the revolution in 1905 in the streets of St. Petersburg. They knew how to sing.

In a few days other shops marched out, one after another. Twelve hundred reefer makers on strike spread across the front page of the newspapers. Canal Street during the day

looked like an army camp on patrol, in front of every shop pickets marched up and down.

KALMAN AND FEIN WAS PEACEFUL yet. Kalman would come out of his shop, his face red, his belly bristling, to look at the workers picketing, to talk to the police stationed around the shop, their fingers moving around their clubs, waiting for any moment to earn the two dollars a day they were each getting from old man Kalman. The strikebreakers, gangsters from Monroe and Cherry Street, lounged against the building, cigarettes hanging from their faces. Around other shops bloody fights had taken place between the pickets and the gangsters. The union hall looked like a hospital, hardly a face without bandages. Kalman and Fein was peaceful yet, but Kalman was getting tired of paying his gangsters and police for leaning against the building. His machines were idle, his shop piled with bundles that he could not sew himself, it was the middle of the season.

Then one of Kalman's strikebreakers walked along the sidewalk and tripped a girl who was picketing. She got up and scratched her nails across the grin on his mouth. He smashed his fist into her face. Uncle Haim grabbed at the gangster. In a minute there was a tumult, the police battering at the heads of the workers, the gangsters smashing out with
(Continued on page 42)



ISRAEL

In his *Rosh-Hashona* message, President Itzhak Ben Zvi defined Israel's two most important achievements of the year as: "continued development of the Negev desert in the south" and "reclamation of mountain regions and swamplands in the north." He reported 34 new settlements in the Negev this past year. (*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 17, 1955.)

●

There are 11 women among the 120 members of the Third Knesset—a much higher percentage than, for instance, in the United States Congress. There were the same number in the Second Knesset. They are distributed among the various parties as follows: Mapai—5; Achdut Avoda—2; Communist—1; Mapam—1; General Zionist—1; Herut—1. Significantly, there is not one woman from the Religious Bloc of parties, since these groups do not encourage political activity among women.

●

When Israel struck oil on September 23, the *N. Y. Times* next day had a headline on the financial page, "Israeli Oils Boom," and this report: "Pan-Israel Oil Company, with volume of 134,000 shares, Israel-Mediterranean Petroleum, with 90,700, and Israel-American Oil, with 74,500, dominated trading on the American Stock Exchange, where turnover of 1,280,000 was the highest in several months." Before anyone in Israel got a gallon or made a penny, some American investors were striking it oil-rich. . . .

The oil-strike can be a great thing for Israel economically and politically, if the people are able to compel the ruling circles to make it so. But peace is necessary to the exploitation of this oil-well, which is in Heletz, only nine miles from the nearest Egyptian outpost. The oil-bearing field is said to run some 37 miles south-

west along the Gaza strip and perhaps right under it. (For a program for a stable peace in the area, see Jeremiah Lesser's exciting and constructive article in this issue, page 10).

Economically, Israel imports oil products to the cost of \$50,-000,000, about one-sixth of its total imports. If Israel can produce and refine its own oil, in part or in whole, it will be able to reduce its imports and cut down its chokingly unfavorable trade balance.

Politically, the meaning was well stated by Francis Ofner in the *Christian Science Monitor*, when he wrote: "Politically, too, the Republic of Israel may become a great deal less dependent on big power support and, what matters more to Israelis, may be able better to withstand what sometimes is felt here to be big power pressure."

The question is: will the Israel government be supine before the pressure of United States investors and the Dulles-pressure, or will that government serve the interests of its own people primarily? The people in Israel may have something to say on that score. . . .



Travel notes: A 60-year-old mother from Prague arrived in Haifa to visit with her daughter for three months. . . . The arrival of 22 Hungarian Jews brought to 87 the number of Jews from Eastern Europe that have come to settle in Israel between July and September. . . . Among them is 24-year-old Rositsa Lespizana, who is joining her parents. . . . Hana Birnburg is on a three-month visit to her daughter at Kfar Giladi. They have not seen each other for 25 years. The mother is 75. . . . Pearl Mendel, aged 70, has rejoined her daughter after 31 years. The mother comes from Czernowitz. . . . Other immigrants that arrived among this party of 12 are from 40 to 70 years old.



The Mixrachi Organization of America (Orthodox Jews) is the sponsor of the new Bar-Ilan University, which opened in Tel Aviv on Sept. 20. It will combine an American-type college of liberal arts and sciences with intensive religious education. Some of the graduates are expected to return to the United States for communal positions.

M. U. S.

New Drawings of Phil Bard

By Sidney Finkelstein

THE realism of Phil Bard in his latest work reveals at the same time somewhat somber and subjective moods. Twenty-four of his recent drawings were on view at the ACA Gallery in New York from September 19th to October 1st.

Subjectivity is one of the dominant moods in serious American art today. There are different stages of it, however. Some artists have become wholly lost souls, wandering in the lonely world of dream symbolism and preoccupation with kinesthetic or "touch" sensations. Others, and Bard is one of them, have their feet planted in real life.

These drawings are a little wordless drama in which the center of the stage is held by people. The subjectivity appears first in the kind of people Bard shows us. Seen with a perceptive eye and sympathetic heart, they are middle-aged women, showing in face and body the signs of an unending struggle to manage a family and to make ends meet; worried men, seemingly shrunken in body and spirit by the incessant battering of life in a competitive society; sometimes vagrants and derelicts.

What these pictures say is that life is not easy and it is better to forget the heroic, which is usually a fake. The style of drawing intensifies

this subjective feeling. The pen-and-ink lines are always expressive, always taken from life, never embodying a mannerism, but at the same time seem to be always quivering. Faces and figures are realized with a fine economy, where every stroke counts. But like the sagging clothes of the people themselves, which Bard makes as expressive as the faces, the design of the drawings seems to portray a world on the point of crumbling.

Phil Bard has the equipment of a true artist. His line speaks always movingly. But it seems to me that he constricts himself too much. It would be wonderful if he could break out of this real but narrow section of life he has chosen and move into the broader arena of the battle of ideas.

At the same time, especially to those who knew of Phil Bard as a highly gifted artist many years ago, this exhibit must be greeted as a real victory. A show of high quality, it represents also the fruit of a determined struggle for long years against serious illness, including partial paralysis. It is a gratifying event that he is active again in the art world, and the exhibit promises that there are productive and exciting years ahead.

MOROCCO

(Continued from page 5)

and clear-thinking men I met. He expressed deep concern about the waste of funds raised by the J.D.C., particularly about the method of transference of funds to Morocco. In 1950, he said, about 80 per cent of the money raised had been used for administrative purposes.

He estimated that 50,000 Jews had left Morocco for Israel within the last ten years. But he believed the Aliyah 'emigration' could only be a partial solution to an increasingly grave problem. Although he thought the status of the Jews had improved under French rule, he nonetheless stressed that too little had been done. Acknowledging also that the Jewish agencies, despite the wasteful use of funds, had greatly aided in the survival and amelioration of Moroccan Jewry, Monsieur M. felt that a basic need was not being met by either the relief agencies or government agencies. This need was the rapid removal of families from the Mellah to new housing areas. He believed that there was a future for the Jews in Casablanca—but not in the "Ancien (old) Mellah" or the "Nouveau (new) Mellah."

In Marrakech, the oasis-city at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, I was told by a leading Jew of the community that there was no Jewish problem. The recent disorders, resulting in an eight o'clock curfew, did not involve any Jews. A few Jew-

ish lives had been lost in the fighting between Arabs and Europeans. El Glaoui, the pasha of Marrakech, looked with favor upon the Jews. He maintained order by bringing "the mountain men"—mostly Berbers—to Marrakech, whenever there was any difficulty.

The son of one of the leading industrialists of Meknes told me that he did not feel there was any anti-Semitism in Morocco on the part of the Arabs. He believed that an independent or semi-autonomous Morocco might be subject to pressure from the Arab League. He nevertheless felt that the future of Moroccan Jewry was inextricably interwoven with that of the Moroccan masses. For his part, he would join with those Moroccans who were truly interested in liberating Morocco from both tyrannical French and native rulers and in advancing the standard of living of the 7,000,000 Moroccans and the 300,000 Jews.

My later discussions with Algerian and Tunisian Jews revealed a virtually unanimous opinion that anti-Semitism did not exist among the North African Arab masses. Several cited instances in which the French had attempted as a divisive tactic to incite the Arab populace to anti-Semitic acts. But the Arabs had not responded to the overtures. The story concerning the Bey of Tunis, who saved at least 10,000 Jews from the nazis, is repeated time and again as proof of the friendship which could exist between Arab and Jew.

Fes is the intellectual capital of Morocco. This city, in which Maimonides lived from 1152-1165, was the last city in my Moroccan itinerary. Here 15,000 Jews live. I found an old Mellah which was remarkably clean, an Arab and Jewish population noticeably cleaner and healthier than in the other cities. It had the largest number of Jewish professionals, no beggars and integrated Arab and Jewish housing areas in the "new" city. Dr. Hassoun, chief of staff of the OSE (international Jewish agency for the promotion of health in Jewish communities) had done an excellent public health job. The Jewish community used the ingenious method of partially subsidizing mendicants by providing part-time employment and thus had eliminated begging. The experiment in non-segregated housing had proved successful.

There had been no disturbances or curfew in Fes. The Arabs with whom I spoke in the Medina as I watched them at work in their "*souks*" (little shops), were not the *arriérés* (backward) Arabs I had seen in Casablanca's Medina. The extremely well-organized Jewish community seemed to be progressing despite the poverty which existed here too.

I had been studying the North African scene for a number of years. I had also corresponded with North Africans who provided me with information not generally available to

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the American public. Based on my studies, correspondence and on-the-scene observations, I arrived at the following conclusions on the situation:

(1) The Moroccans are determined to win their independence. Most of the Jews and many Europeans recognize this fact. It is the "*aisé*," reactionary French colonials, numerically weak but financially and politically powerful, who have created the impasse during the past two years. Their behind-the-scenes manipulations, as manifested by the dilatory maneuvers of the French National Assembly, have resulted in a continuing state of confusion and crisis. Because of these efforts, Grandval, the former resident-general, was recalled and replaced by a mere figure-head, General deLatour. Grandval had been an outspoken advocate of mild reforms which were anathema to the colonial die-hards.

(2) **The Moroccans** have no patience with the thesis that they are not yet "ready" for self-government. They ask whether the Libyans or Jordanians were more advanced when they become independent nations. While the level of literacy is low and the masses are generally backward, the Moroccans realize that the advancement of the people

is blocked when two tyrannical forces must be fought—the French rulers and the native reactionaries. If the military might of French imperialism can be defeated and ousted, the local feudal lords and their mercenaries will be negligible obstacles on the road to democracy. The impoverished millions can readily see the wealth which has accrued to the French colonials from the exploitation of Morocco's natural resources. They believe they are ready now to enjoy the wealth of their country for themselves.

(3) The controversy concerning the two Sultans has been distorted in the press. While it is true that Mohammed ben Youssef (deposed on August 20, 1953) is regarded by the vast majority of Moroccans as their rightful religious leader, the issues involve more than the purely religious aspect. In the eyes of the more enlightened and progressive Arabs, Ben Youssef is not only a religious leader but an individual interested, to some degree, in effecting necessary reforms throughout the country. The Sultan's daughters, one of whom has a medical degree, were the first Moroccan women to discard the veil of Fatima.

(4) *The Jews* of Morocco live in uncertainty and fear. Some of the pervading fear of the Arabs has been engendered by the Israelis working within the Jewish communities, perhaps unwittingly. Part of the fear is due, undoubtedly, to the many acts

of violence committed by both the Arabs and French. But much of the Jews' bewilderment and fear arises from "not belonging." For Arabs the line of demarcation has been drawn—Moroccans vs. Europeans. But the Jews, assuredly not Europeans, still have not been accepted as Moroccans—despite the 1200 years or more that they have lived in Morocco. The burning desire for freedom and democracy is uniting the Arab masses. I believe it is imperative that the Moroccan Jews join the Moroccan Arabs in their battle for freedom. Only in unity can they hope to walk the earth in dignity.

Come to the

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INSIDE THE JEWISH COMMUNITY

Union of Amer. Hebrew Congregations

In a report made upon his return from Europe in September, Dr. Maurice N. Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, representing over 500 Reform temples numbering a million Jews, stated that Europeans are still skeptical about the sincerity of American efforts to end the "cold war." Europeans, he said, are "anxiously waiting to see what happens to the 'spirit of Geneva' in terms of American foreign policy. . . . It is to be hoped that future events will keep the 'spirit of Geneva' alive and persuade Europeans that we are more devoted to human welfare than we are to warfare."

Dr. Eisendrath cited a number of pungent questions asked him by Europeans such as "Why did the U.S. accept the ruling that desegregation in schools is required by law and then allow its representatives in the United Nations to be silent when a move was made to protest the racist policies of South Africa?" Another: Please explain the "paradox" of America's pride in its strug-

gles for independence and its "ambiguous attitude towards anti-colonial moves in Morocco and Cyprus where fights against imperialism are being waged?"

Emma Lazarus Federation

Many Jewish organizations, shocked by the acquittal of the two murderers of Emmett Till in Mississippi, protested the horrible racist act and participated in protest meetings. Immediately following the news of the acquittal on September 24, June Gordon, executive director of the Emma Lazarus Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs, wired President Eisenhower:

"Shocked at callosuness but not surprised to learn of white jury acquittal of accused on murder of Emmett Louis Till. Not as outsiders, but as Americans who consider Mississippi part of the United States, we urge you to utilize all means of your high office to achieve justice in the kidnapping and murder of young Till and to act now for the elimination of the basic racial anti-democratic practices of all-white jury and denial Negroes' right to vote in Mississippi."

In an editorial on October 8 the *Baltimore Afro-American* cited the Emma Lazarus Federation wire and demanded to know why, in the light of President Eisenhower's illness, Vice-President Nixon didn't act upon the demand.

American Jewish Congress

In an article on *The New Year* (*Congress Weekly*, Sept. 12), Dr. Israel Goldstein, president of the American Jewish Congress, wrote: "At no time have the peoples of the world sought more intently for signs that the leaders of the more powerful nations in the world have grasped the need of reducing international tensions and of finding some formula to settle their differences without resort to armed conflict. . . . We have reason to rejoice that in the past year an increasing number of Americans have become alerted to the dangers that lurk in the encroachments on their basic rights and liberties. That a growing body of Americans have evinced their determination to repel these undemocratic invasions is an occasion for heartfelt thanksgiving."

Jewish Labor Committee

During September the Jewish Labor Committee, which specializes in anti-Sovietism, approached Soviet Ambassador Georgi M. Zarubin at the UN with questions regarding the "fate" of 68 Soviet Jewish writers. The ambassador in the presence of

Foreign Minister Molotov stated that he hoped a rabbinical delegation would soon visit the Soviet Union and suggested that the Jewish Labor Committee likewise send a delegation to get the information it seeks first hand in Moscow. Since the Jewish Labor Committee professes such heartrending concern for the Soviet Jews, one would think that the invitation would be accepted with reasonable promptness.

Instead, Walter Kirschenbaum, the head of the committee that brought the JLC message to the ambassador, when assured that this was a definite invitation, mumbled something about the matter having "to be discussed very thoroughly" and the answer being "predicated" upon the well being of the free labor movement and the Jewish community as a whole."

Up to date of this writing, the invitation has not yet been accepted. Will it be, when the Jewish Labor Committee realizes how bankrupt it will appear among the Jewish people if it refuses to send a delegation to get the information it has often claimed is of such vital import?

Int. Ladies Garment Workers

At the convention in September of the California State AFL, the ILGWU introduced resolutions greeting the Geneva summit conference for easing world tensions. The executive council of the California

AFL called for the banning of atomic and hydrogen bombs.

Amalgamated Clothing Workers

Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, CIO, made a proposal in September that the big powers cut their budgets for atomic weapons by five per cent and that this saving go toward development of peaceful uses of atomic energy. He stated that the present time is propitious for a struggle to advance the peaceful uses of atomic energy. He also asserted that the trade unions are for a world system of atomic weapons control.

Rosh Hashonah Sermons

Dr. Julius Mark, senior rabbi of Temple Emanu-el, New York: "When we met on Rosh Hashonah a year ago our world was tense and anxious. . . . Our own free America seemed caught in a vise-like grip of suspicion and fear, which demagogues were not slow to exploit. The reputations of decent citizens were ruthlessly besmirched. . . . The word 'coexistence' was interpreted as treason and even peace was painted with a subversive tinge. . . . The dramatic change in the climate of our thinking and feeling which occurred during the last few months

has, in truth, made this a year of wonders. Who could have believed, a year ago, that a meeting on the summit such as took place in Geneva a few short months ago could possibly have occurred? . . . Today—unlike a year ago—the East and West are talking not of inevitable war, but of permanent peace in the world."

Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis: "This Rosh Hashonah . . . comes when a great change of mood is overtaking our world and filling us with the hope that 'Peace in Our Time' may become a reality. . . . In place of watchful waiting, suspicion and fear, a new mood has been generated—one of coexistence and conciliation. . . . This, then, is the Miracle Year, the year at the Summit, the year of man's learning that we must coexist with the atom as well as with one another if we are to survive."

Dr. Ira Eisenstein, Anshe Emet Synagogue, Chicago: "Looking back upon this past year, we find evidences of unusual progress, in relieving international tensions, in reducing the temperature of some of our political leaders bent on 'security' at any price, in restoring some of our cherished American ideals, such as racial and religious equality. . . . The course of world history is not predetermined. . . . People make things happen. If they will it, there is peace, and freedom, and equality. . . ." S. P.

Observation post

By Sam Pevzner

Hello: How do you like our new little mag? We want to hear from you. Tell us what you like—and don't like. Little mag makes this a little column. Will have to learn the staccatto technique of column-writing. Will try.

Music Tra-la: The JEWISH LIFE Festival of Music on Jewish Themes on December 2 at Brooklyn Academy of Music promises to be outstanding cultural event. Read the ad on back cover and get tickets from our office pronto.

Chicago OK: The Windy City deserves a hand for the emergency job it did to help out in present J. L. financial crisis. Lester Blickstein was out there for one week and brought back \$800—raised from individual well-wishers. Thanks, Chicago!

What's Situation?: Mag needs real effort on part of all committees, organizations and readers to get it out of the red. Opportunity presents itself now to get more friends—and circulation. Our new mighty mite of a JEWISH LIFE will get better and better as it goes along. So let's or-

ganize parties, affairs, get-togethers to introduce the new mag and raise funds for it. New currents in Jewish community require sturdy fighting clarity of J. L. more than ever. Most important—every reader to get a new subscription or two.

Peephole Barry: Don't know what peepholes Barry Gray, columnist for the *New York Post*, has been looking into lately but it is apparent that the erstwhile "liberal" has what is called in the boloney trade "Astigmatism-hysteriacus." Twice within two weeks his column claimed that the Jewish daily *Morning Freiheit* is giving up the ghost for lack of funds. Of course we know that the *Freiheit*, like JEWISH LIFE, depends on its readers and not big advertisers for its continued existence. It is the appeal for its reader support that probably gave babbling Barry hallucinations. For 33 years the readers of the *Freiheit* have staunchly supported their newspaper and there has been no scintilla of evidence that their ardor has decreased. Just the opposite. In the past few years their efforts have been even more determined because greater love for his newspaper hath no man.

MAGNES

(Continued from page 21)

tions in the field of organizing research, Jewish education, the work of combating Jewish juvenile delinquency and of labor relations. The last again brought him into close contact with Jewish workers. In the men's clothing and fur industries he became popular among the workers as a mediator, serving as Impartial Chairman in fur from 1912 to 1922.

The Firm Anti-Imperialist

The war became a crucible in which to test and refine his ideals. To his essential pacifism (which only Hitlerism later made him relinquish), he added an anti-imperialism derived from his contact with the socialist movement. Although he remained a "cultural Zionist" under the inspiration of Ahad Ha'am, Magnes broke with the Zionist movement on the issue of its ties to imperialism. "His uncompromising anti-imperialism made him resist the move of the leadership in England and America," writes Dr. Bentwich, "to associate Zionist hopes with the war aims of the Allies." He saw through the imperialist motives of the Balfour Declaration in 1917 and denied the right of the Versailles Peace Conference, which he understood to be a conference of victorious imperialists, "to give any land to any people, even though it be the Land of Israel to the People of Israel."

He took a conspicuous part in the anti-war movement, to the hor-

ror of the American Jewish Committee and other patrioteers. As Morris Hillquit, the socialist leader, wrote, Magnes "threw himself into the fight headlong," and, it should be added, with more consistency than the vacillating Hillquit showed. He became a target for what Dr. Bentwich calls "the mischief-making of spy-mongers" and was investigated by the Department of Justice.

"The Russian revolution aroused his enthusiasm" and Magnes got a reputation as a "friend of Bolsheviks." With socialists, pacifists and trade unionists he helped form the People's Council for Democracy and Peace in May 1917 and led in the active anti-war work of that mass movement. He opposed Allied and United States intervention against the new Russia and denounced the counter-revolutionary forces of Denikin and Kolchak and took conspicuous part in Russian relief.

As part of his anti-war work he threw himself into the struggle to defend the civil liberties of war resisters, helping establish the National Civil Liberties Bureau in 1918. After the armistice he was outspoken in the campaign for amnesty for over 1,000 political prisoners, headed by the revolutionary socialist, Eugene V. Debs. Magnes' response to the post-war terror we have noted.

His Life in Palestine

One of the reasons he decided to settle in Palestine in 1922 was, Dr. Bentwich states, that "he wanted

fuller liberty than he had in the Land of Liberty." He had broken organizationally with the Zionist movement and ideologically with the American Jewish Committee. The *Kehillah* was in ruins and the tide of reaction was high. In Palestine he would build a University at Jerusalem and he would also try to become the architect of that more difficult structure, Jewish-Arab cooperation. He was more successful in the first enterprise than in the second. But it is symbolic and ironic that the Hebrew University buildings on Mount Scopus, now in Arab hands, will not be used until Jewish-Arab cooperation is achieved.

In Palestine, away from the pressure of the American Jewish workers, Magnes was not a socialist, even in the general, non-party sense in which he had been one in the United States. (Only to this extent is there any truth in the statement of Zvi Lurie of the Jewish Agency and Hashomer Hatzair, that Magnes "was never a socialist"—*Israel Horizons*, January 1955, p. 12). But Magnes did become outstanding, outside the organized Palestine left, as a force for Jewish-Arab cooperation, for real internationalism. He understood why the Arabs regarded the Jews "as interlopers . . . seeking favors . . . of the imperialist forces of the world." He was "alive to the dangers of foisting one privileged population, and that one a minority, upon the country of another people" (p. 174, 176).

After the pogroms of 1929, Magnes insisted that "the supreme moral and political task of the Jews in the country was to win understanding with the Arabs." A Jewish National Home built "upon the bayonets of some Empire," he said, "is not worth while." In the face of the curses of Zionist leaders, he replied, "I am not ready to try to achieve justice to the Jew through injustice to the Arab. . . . If I am not for a Jewish State, it is solely for the reason I have stated; I do not want war with the Arab world" (p. 178, 183, 188).

When a state became a practical issue, Magnes formed *Ihud* (Unity), a small political association, to promote a bi-national Jewish-Arab state. This was the program he advanced in his bold testimony on March 14, before the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry into Palestine.

Judah Leib Magnes left his imprint on two countries, the United States and Israel, and he served the cause of progress among the Jews of both. In embattled Israel the path he pointed of Jewish-Arab cooperation is still the only path to peace and security. In the embattled United States, where the Spirit of Geneva has not yet evoked the Spirit of Jefferson and where the Bill of Rights is imprisoned with the victims of the Smith act, the fight of Magnes 35 years ago for amnesty for political prisoners can still inspire. For again "America needs to be re-Americanized."



FROM THE JEWISH PAST

Peretz and the Full Dress Ball

By Dr. S. Eisenshtat

On this 40th anniversary of the death of Isaac Leib Peretz, it is appropriate to relate a little-known episode which clearly reflects the spirit and character of the writer.

It happened in Czernowitz in the fall of 1908 soon after the historic Yiddish Language Conference at which I met Peretz and his wife. I arrived at Czernowitz a few days before the opening of the conference. I had been sent as a delegate by the Yiddish Academic Society in Berne, Switzerland, where I was a student, and at the conference I read a paper on Yiddish orthography.

Isaac Leib Peretz, who was one of the most spirited speakers and one of the most prominent personalities at the conference, arrived early.

As Peretz and his wife came off the train, they greeted us warmly. Peretz was dressed in sport clothes. His face beamed as he spoke to each of his friends earnestly but happily,

inquiring about the arrangements for the conference. With special warmth he received the student youth who presented him and his wife with beautiful white roses. The students were from the Vienna Jewish Cultural Institute, which had done the organizing work for the conference.

The sessions lasted four days and four nights. There were fiery speeches, practical reports, serious debates about Yiddish as a national language versus Yiddish as a people's language. Often the debates verged on the point of splitting the conference. Committees were formed to try to iron out the differences, draw up general conclusions, formulate resolutions; poetry and prose flowed and mingled freely for four days and nights.

During all this time Peretz softened the antagonism between the opponents, brought the delegates closer together and enlivened the conference with his wise and friendly smile, his proposals springing from love for the people, his humor-

DR. SHMUEL EISENSTADT is an Israeli scholar who is one of the leaders of Israel's peace movement.

ous remarks. Especially interesting were the sessions which Peretz chaired so calmly and wisely.

The final general sessions of the conference ended late at night. The weary delegates retired to their hotel rooms.

The next morning the Viennese students made arrangements for a grand ball in honor of the conference and its delegates in one of the most beautiful concert halls in the city. They prepared everything in grand style and sent invitations to the "best people" in town. Each invitation contained a discreet note, as was the custom, advising the guests that this was a "formal" occasion and that they should dress accordingly.

The evening of the ball arrived. The concert hall, situated in a beautiful garden, was resplendent in the holiday atmosphere. At the entrance stood a guard of honor composed of properly attired students of the Jewish Cultural Institute, all wearing gaily colored caps and ribbons. Groups of elegant guests arrived in high spirits. Everything pointed to a gay affair of song and dance.

Suddenly, like a thunderstorm, came unexpected trouble. A group of 20 or 30 men were stopped at the entrance by the Viennese student-honor-guard. Every one in the group was an accredited delegate—but the poor fellows were wearing plain working clothes instead of the long black frockcoats. Some even sported the "Russian style" blouse and belt.

They were delegates of various Jewish workers' organizations from Galicia, Bukovina and Rumania and their wardrobes contained no black coats!

A heated dispute took place between them and the students as they insisted on their right to attend the ball. The students, however, stood their ground too and the workers finally threatened forcibly to enter.

In the midst of the disturbance Peretz and his wife arrived, both formally dressed. Peretz, of course, noticed the excitement and found out from one of the leaders of the protesting workers what was wrong. "Come to the hotel with me for a few minutes," Peretz whispered.

At first the worker did not understand what Peretz was up to. Perhaps he wanted to lend him a dresscoat. But he followed Peretz and his wife back to their hotel. There, Peretz removed his coat and put it on the worker; then he changed into his own sport clothes—including knickers and long socks! Then the three of them went back to the hall.

The students and the group of workers were still arguing hotly at the entrance. But when they saw Peretz and his companions, they all burst out laughing. Arm in arm, Isaac Leib Peretz in a sport jacket and the worker in a black dress-coat marched into the concert hall.

The "snobbism" of the students suddenly melted away and the doors of the hall were opened wide for the delegates of the workers' groups.

GOOD BOSS

(Continued from page 27)

blackjacks and brass knuckles. The girl on the ground screamed when someone stepped on her. Twenty-three workers were arrested for rioting and assault. They did not arrest Uncle Haim, he was unconscious, ribs broken and face battered. They brought him home. My mother looked at his bloody face and caught her breath.

The strike went on but there were too many cops, too many gangsters. The workers had not yet found their strength. The strike was broken.

It was months before Uncle Haim was well enough to look for a job. He walked around Canal Street, Lispenard Street, one shop after another. "I told you so," my father said. "Where is your union? What good did it do you? Stop worrying about the whole world. Look out for yourself for a change."

Uncle Haim sat and listened. He was worn out with tramping stairs, looking for a job. "Remember what I'm telling you," he said, wearily letting go each word. "There will be a strong union yet. There will be more strikes yet, bigger strikes that will force a living wage, decent working hours, human conditions."

And my father, sitting back in his chair with a small smile on his face, listening to Haim hammering out words with a closed fist, "Go on, save, open a business. Remember you're living in the same world. It's always the boss against the worker.

Good boss, bad boss, you have to sweat your workers to stay in business. You have to step on other people to climb up or else you'll go down."

FOURTEEN YEARS MY FATHER WORKED in the same shop. And then he opened a business.

The war years were good years.

WHEN THE DEPRESSION CAME IN 1920 my father had a shop on 38th Street. He had 40 workers and we lived in the Bronx. Uncle Haim came to see us, but very rarely. We had not seen him for almost a year when my mother met him on the East Side. He was tired, sick, he had been out of work for three months. Uncle Haim was not a young man, he must have been close to 50 then. She came home and told my father. "What can I do?" said my father. "In my shop I won't have him. He has been thrown out of one shop after another. Everybody in the trade knows him. In my shop I can't have him. I can't afford a strike. If my shop goes out, I'm through for the season."

My mother said nothing.

"What do you want me to do?" my father said angrily. "You want me to go to him and ask him to work for me? I would rather pay him every week for nothing, just to keep him out of my shop."

"He won't take money from you for nothing. He's your own brother."

"All right, all right," my father

yelled behind his shoulder, "but he'll have to promise me to act like a human being."

Uncle Haim went to work for my father. He made no promises. They only shouted at each other again. "Maybe you treat your workers better than other bosses. Maybe they would rather work in your shop than in somebody else's. But you have to cut prices to stay in business. You have to cut wages to meet competition."

My father had heard it all before, he didn't listen. "You're my brother," he said, "and you're my enemy."

"I'm your enemy?" Haim yelled angrily, "I? You don't understand who your enemy is. You don't want to understand. It's the big manufacturers. You're a cockroach. When they don't need you any more, they'll squeeze you out. They won't let you be a good boss. You can't be a good boss and stay in business."

MY FATHER WAS A GOOD BOSS BUT business was bad, getting worse every day. Wage cuts. "There was no way to help it," he said. He came home dead tired; outside looking for business during the day, working in the shop at night. He didn't talk, but you could see what was happening to him. His shop was closing in on him. He was frightened but there was nothing he could do about it. He was a boss, he was part of a machine and the machine was slowing down. Cut down the over-

head. Wages went down again and again. Workers were laid off. We lived from day to day. It was almost like dead things coming to life, the years that had passed since the winding staircase of Hester Street.

Uncle Haim was a leading member of the union. The workers in the shop respected him. The whole trade told stories about him, strike after strike, beaten up, jailed, but he never stopped fighting. But to strike now, when workers were being laid off by the dozens. It was crazy. A worker was lucky to have a job at all, any kind of job.

But times were getting worse. Luck to have a job, but it was impossible to live, to support a family on eight, nine dollars a week. When the union called a strike against further wage cuts, my father looked on while Uncle Haim called the workers down. Uncle Haim looked back at him. They were each holding opposite ends of a long thread and pulling. They looked at each other's faces, my father bewildered, his shop was going, his whole world was crumbling about his feet. And Uncle Haim rooted like a tree—a year, ten years, 20 years, but it was certain, the proletariat—and when he said the word you could see a man, a worker, who covered the horizon, who stood solid on two feet waving a flag over the world.

My father came home. His eyes were dulled. "They went out," he said, "my own brother put me out of business."



AT HOME

85 prominent Americans signed an "Open Letter to the American People" issued on Sept. 25 asking the Senate Subcommittee on Civil Rights to "probe every area of constitutional violations boldly. . . . Perhaps for the first time in our history have such savage assaults been levelled at our constitutional liberties." Among the signers were ACW president Jacob Potofsky, composer Marc Blitzstein, AJ Congress President Dr. Israel Goldstein, Prof. Horace M. Kallen, Rabbi Edward E. Klein of the Stephen Wise Synagogue, B'nai B'rith President Philip M. Klutznick and Newark Rabbi Joachim Prinz.

134,000 Negro children are now enrolled in desegregated schools in eight former segregation states and the District of Columbia, said a report released on Oct. 1 by the Southern Education Reporting Service at Nashville. The service has tabulated 27 segregation cases pending in lower courts. However, the report adds that "Where petitions were filed in some states, Negroes seeking desegregated schools continued to withdraw their

names either voluntarily or under economic pressure."

Segregation exists in 40 per cent of the public housing projects in Connecticut, the State Commission on Civil Rights reported on Sept. 22. Integration has been carried through in 40 per cent of such projects and the rest have too few Negro families to show any pattern.

Several newly-purchased Negroes' homes in Detroit were stoned in August without intervention by the police.

Second prize of \$2500 in the Fund for the Republic contest for TV and radio scripts on civil rights and civil liberties was won by Jo Sinclair, author of *Wasteland*, best-selling novel a few seasons ago on Jewish life. The script dealt with a Jewish family in a two-family house in an Ohio city which grapples with the problem of renting the other half of the house to Negroes.

Another sign of retreat of witch-hunters: nine Miami residents who

received subpoenas from State Attorney George A. Brautigam to appear before a grand jury investigating "communist activities" had their subpoenas annulled on Sept. 24. They were first served in Nov., 1954; each month for nine months their appearance was deferred but they were not permitted to leave the city. Now they are free again.

ABROAD

Rioting and devastation in Istaubul caused by Turkish organized mobs on Sept. 6 over the Cyprus situation has the 45,000 Jews of the city worried. The mobs damaged property of Greeks, Armenians and Jews. Over \$100,000,000 loss of Jewish property alone was inflicted and a few Jews were injured. There is strong suspicion that the rioting was government-inspired.

About one in eight marriages of Jews is mixed in Canada, a survey by the Canadian Jewish Congress released in September revealed. Twice as many Jewish men intermarry as Jewish women.

Yom Kippur was observed in 50 crowded synagogues in Bucharest on Sept. 26, reported Jack Raymond in the *N. Y. Times* on Sept. 27. "Yiddish culture and language appear to have been maintained" in Rumania, adds Raymond.

Leonid Ilyichev, Soviet press officer of the Soviet UN delegation in New York, told newspapermen at a reception on Sept. 29 that Peretz Markish, a leading Soviet Yiddish writer, was in Moscow. He said that he had often seen Markish in the office of *Pravda*. . . . Harry Schwartz reported from Moscow in the *N. Y. Times* (Sept. 27) that more than 5,000 persons tried to crowd into Moscow's 2,000-capacity Great Synagogue on Yom Kippur. He was told by Rabbi S. Shlifer that it was hoped that a Yeshiva might be opened soon to train young rabbis.

Alina Shaposhnikoff, Jewish woman sculptor, was awarded a Polish state prize on Polish Liberation Day, July 22, for her sculpture of a Jewish family group in commemoration of the Warsaw Ghetto. . . . At a ceremony held recently at the Polish Writers' Union the Jewish poet and prose writer L. Elitzki was given a gold medal by decision of the Polish State Council for his services to Jewish literature and people's Poland.

More than half or the readers of the London *Daily Herald*, Labor Party paper, said in response to a poll conducted by the paper in August they liked all Jews. More than half of those who responded to the poll said that they would approve of their children marrying Jews, Twelve per cent replied that they were prejudiced against Jews. L. H.

letters



FROM READERS

Response to our Appeal Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

So many, many calls to be answered that what we have has to be spread out pretty thin—but perhaps even a dollar bill will help a little! Thank you very much for the wonderful poems of Yuri Suhl.

Los Angeles MADELEINE BURROUGH

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

Am enclosing \$5.00 to cover the cost of two gift subscriptions. This seems to me the best way to help JEWISH LIFE—to make it known to more people. Wishing you and the magazine a Happy New Year.

Berkeley, Cal.

R. K.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

I wish we could afford more than the enclosed \$5.00 but we can't even afford this amount. I hope it will be of some help. Thank you for the gift of the Suhl poems. You should send some copies to the President and his administration to remind them of the terrible things humanity suffered in the last war so that they should work harder toward a permanent peace. Good luck to you and your magazine.

Glendale, Cal.

Mrs. D. B.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

This morning I received a check for \$20 from the liquidation of the bail fund of the CRC. My wife and I decided to use this money in the service of America's best interests and are therefore dividing it between the important "free presses." We are enclosing a check for \$5.00.

Flushing, N. Y.

A. R.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

Here is one dollar. Am at present unemployed. Hope to help more in the future. *Shalom.*

New York City

S. P.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

Thank you for the Yuri Suhl poems. Enclosed please find five dollars with best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Detroit

R. B.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

Enclosed check for \$10. Appreciate JEWISH LIFE more and more.

Monticello, Iowa

K. L. G.

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

We want JEWISH LIFE to live so we'll try to do what we can to get contributions. Enclosed is \$10.

West Haven, Conn.

T. V.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED
BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933,
AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United
States Code, Section 233) SHOWING
THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
AND CIRCULATION OF:

JEWISH LIFE, published monthly at
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1. The names and addresses of the pub-
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22 East 17 St., Room 601, New York 3,
N. Y.

Editor, none.

Managing editor, Louis Harap, 22 East
17 St., Room 601, New York 3, N. Y.

Business manager, Lester Blickstein, 22
East 17 St., Room 601, New York 3, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a cor-
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stated and also immediately thereunder
the names and addresses of stockholders
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corporation, the names and addresses of
the individual owners must be given. If
owned by a partnership or other unincor-
porated firm, its name and address, as well
as that of each individual member, must
be given.)

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