

Echoes

"TO-DAY I, representative of an American Government office, had an interview with the Swedish Vice-Consul, at the suggestion of the French military security, about a man who was born in Berlin, Germany, but who is of Polish origin because of his Polish parents, and who is therefore (because he is a Jew) Apatride, but is claiming Ukrainian nationality and has been claimed for the Russian Government for repatriation and service in the Red Armies."

From a letter published in the bulletin of the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers).

GENERAL PIERRE KOENIG, commander-in-chief of the Free French troops in Italy, is an Alsatian Jew . . . He was the hero of the famous battle of Bir-Hakim in the African desert . . .

THE Palestinian Jewish artist, Ludwig Blum, of Jerusalem, sent an oil-painting of Jerusalem to King Gustav of Sweden at the beginning of November, showing a view of the Holy City as seen from Mount Scopus. The gift was made by the artist in appreciation of the King's splendid attitude towards Jewish refugees from Denmark.

"This is a painting of the city of peace and divine love," the artist wrote to the King. The reply, now received, by the King's private secretary states that His Majesty was greatly appreciative of the gift, for which he sent his heartfelt thanks.

Jew Writes Chaplain's Song

The official marching song of the Army Chaplain Corps, "Soldiers of God," was written by Private Hy Zaret, author of "My Sister And I" and other popular lyrics. Private Zaret told an Independent Jewish Press Service reporter that he is now preparing to "write on a Jewish theme."

were the days of conspiracy, secret organisations, furtive meetings, underground presses. The air of Russia was quivering with the preparation for the great overthrow. And Teyveh knew it. But he stood between two worlds. He was rooted in tradition; his habits and affections belonged to the old folkways, to the prayers, the ritual, the Sabbaths and festivals, the sacred books and the sayings of the sages.

The justice of the revolution appealed to his instincts, but its technique was utterly foreign to him. What should he be doing among the fierce, irreligious youngsters who flooded the countryside? How could he start talking Marxism at his age? Now, if the revolution had started from his home grounds, as it were, basing itself on Amos the priest-hater and Elijah the king-hater, and conducting itself with due regard for kosher meat and Passover matzos, and with a proper respect for the subtle sages of Israel, it might have been another matter. But since he knew that this could not be, and since he saw all that made up his culture disappearing in the change, he put up a sort of fight, half-hearted and confused, in which he betrays a more than passing affection for the "enemy."

(Continued next week)

Serious and Otherwise

by ben dor

Ben Hecht's New Play

BEN HECHT, £5,000-a-year American playwright, the man who wrote "The Front Page" and "Twentieth Century," has written a new play which the "Palestine Post" describes as "both front page and twentieth century." He put it on with three thousand performers at Madison Square Garden, New York, and 16,000 New Yorkers filled every seat.

The name of the play is "Battle of Warsaw Ghetto," and has now come to London. The Maccabi, an association of young British Jews and Jewesses, have adapted the play for production. Owing to the fact, however, that The Maccabi could not procure an arena, nor 3,000 artists, they dispensed with characters altogether, rather than use a couple of dozen people to represent Hecht's thousands.

Two narrators and off-stage sound effects make up the play. One hears the voice of Goebbels fanatically shouting: "The extermination of the Jewish race is of historic importance," the tramp of the storm-troopers, the boom of the German guns, the crack of rifles supplied to the Jews by the Underground.

The Underground radio issues its last communique: "Women and children are defending themselves with their bare hands. Help us!" That is the end. The fighting Jews leap down from the Ghetto walls against the German tanks. And in the distance the strains of the "Hatikvah" are cut off by the rat-a-tat of machine guns.

Our Daily Bread

If you want to learn interesting facts about the Jewish contribution to the development of bread, read the extremely interesting book, "Six Thousand Years of Bread," by H. E. Jacob, just published by Doubleday, Doran and Co.

The author, giving the history of bread, establishes that the people of Israel learned to know of bread through their intercourse with the Egyptians.

Before coming to Egypt they had no ovens because they lived in tents. The author surmises that under Abraham, the Hebrews either parched their grain, or they set flat cakes to bake between layers of stones. In Palestine they turned out to be the best bakers. Their best bread was "Kemach soleth," made of wheat from a specially sifted flour. Another excellent bread was baked of white spelt. Barley was used only by the poor Jews.

When the Jews settled in Palestine, they established in Jerusalem a "bakers' street," where all the masters of the trade were located in one quarter. The loaves at that time resembled flat stones. They were so small that at least three loaves were necessary for one man's meal. Because the bread was flat, the Jews at that time broke it rather than cut it. The author says that Jews ate matzoth years before the Exodus from Egypt and claims that the custom of eating matzoth was older than Moses.

The remarkable reverence towards bread which the Jew is characterised by the fact that

he blesses it each day before breaking it, the author points out. The author has much praise for the Jewish laws which eliminated speculation in land by the legal provision that all debts on land would be wiped out every fiftieth year when all debtors and tenants were freed of their obligations. It was a law that no other people possessed and the lack of which gives the agrarian world plenty of trouble to-day, he emphasises. It took Mr. Jacob twenty years of research to do this unique book. —"Between You and Me"—B. Smolar.

Wedding Gift

VISAS for refugees from Nazism is what Flor Trujillo, daughter of the President of the Dominican Republic, has requested of her father as a wedding gift. In a letter to Elsa Maxwell, "New York Post" columnist, she wrote:

"I was very deeply touched by your article describing the plight of the Jewish refugees in Europe. Several years ago, my father, President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, began a similar project. Owing to circumstances beyond his control he was unable to carry out the plan in its entirety, although a large number of refugees did come to Santo Domingo, and are now constructive citizens.

"As I am going to be married at Trujillo City, I thought I could ask my father for special permission as a wedding present, so that your proteges could find temporary refuge in the Dominican Republic."

Major Hitler, U.S.A.

John Sills, Jewish Welfare Board representative in England, reports that when he crossed the Atlantic last month he had the company of a certain Major Paul Hitler.

Major Hitler, who is, of course, Jewish, as well as a Mason and a member of the Army Square Club, was serving as Provost Marshall for a large troop transport.

Mr. Sills said he couldn't help admiring how, under most trying conditions, Major Hitler "avoided any instance of bad conduct or trouble of any kind, and kept everything under perfect control."

Major Hitler served in the last war, too—as a matter of fact, he has a good conduct medal, a World War medal and the Emergency Medal to show for it.

And, just to make the whole coincidence as painful as possible, the Major's wife is now living with a Mrs. Reich in New York City.

"If I can dig up a Goebbels in the family," Mr. Sills wrote, "I'll let you know."

The Shadchan

"THE house may seem a little shabby, but the people are well off," said Shadchan to his prospective but hesitant client. "Observe the furnishings. Examine those fine china dishes. Look at this elegant silver service. Feel these fine linens—"

"But," interrupted the suspicious young bridegroom-to-be, "they may have borrowed those things to make a good impression."

"Borrowed!" echoed the Shadchan scornfully. "Borrowed! Who'd lend anything to such paupers!"

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