

to Palestine. One of the ships has just returned for a third cargo.

In the ex-Gestapo villa in Toulouse, Tante Giselle has more than a hundred children, waiting—for they can now wait legally and openly in France, though there are as yet no oranges and bananas.

All of them are children of deported parents; if their parents are by some miracle alive, it will be a long time, yet, before they are found; and they can be reunited in Palestine as well as elsewhere. In most cases, the children must be considered as orphans, and Tante Giselle believes a life in Palestine is the only constructive solution for them. Only, at the moment, it is impossible to send them there; the French side of the Spanish border is closed for a space of thirty kilometres, due to that tense Spanish political situation. The children must wait.

The work of gathering up the children and bringing them back to health and preparing them for the future will go on a long while, and the house of the Service de Evacuation et de Regroupment des Enfants, on the rue des Martyrs, of Toulouse, will be filled with children, coming and staying and going, for many months beyond winter.

The time for adventure is passed, and Tante Giselle is glad to work in the open daylight. She has already begun on her new job.

Serious and Otherwise

* by ben dor *

Music Comes to the Balkans

RAYMOND DAVIES, well-known Canadian journalist, was the guest of a meeting of the Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow. There he met members of some special "cultural brigades" who had been sent out to various liberated communities on a concert tour. In a cable to the "Zionist Record" he records his interview with a Jewish member of one of these brigades. This is what he writes: Just before Victory was announced in Moscow I was given the opportunity of a chat with the Jewish artist Kaminka, who had visited the liberated Balkans as a member of two Soviet "cultural brigades" consisting of singers, violinists, pianists and other

artists. Three Jews were among the members of one of the brigades. Oistrach, the famous violinist, who has been likened to Kreisler, accompanied Kaminka in his brigade.

In Bulgaria, Kaminka told me, the reception of the people was extraordinary. "In Sofia, Plovdiv and Plevna thousands upon thousands of people came to meet us at the station. They congregated in front of the theatres and hotels, where the group stayed.

Kaminka estimated that about 50,000 Jews have survived in Bulgaria. Their life was not easy. In past years many had to escape to forests. Some joined the partisans and others lived in Ghettos. Jews were not permitted to walk in the streets during certain hours or to visit the cinema or restaurants. Many lost their lives.

Conditions have now changed. A new life has begun, and the pace is being increased daily. There are two newspapers now—one Zionist and the other published by the Jewish Section of the Patriotic Front.

"The people asked us the strangest of questions," continued Kaminka. "They wanted to know whether Jews were allowed to study in colleges; whether they could attend theatres and whether they could occupy any special positions. The Bulgarian Fascists had told them that every Jew in Russia had been exterminated . . . by the Russians."

Kaminka and his friends were besieged in their hotel and kept being asked more and more questions. The Sofia Jewish community asked Kaminka and Oistrach to give a concert at the Jewish People's Home. When they arrived at the theatre there were so many people massed up against every entrance that the concert could not start until late. The reason was that the people unaware of the artists' identity would not let them pass through, and of course the concert could not start until the crowd outside had been convinced that Kaminka and Oistrach were the artists that were going to perform for them that evening.

The proceeds of the concert were in aid of the children of Jewish partisans, and although many tickets were deliberately high-priced as a result, two thousand people crowded into a hall that was built to accommodate 800.

In Belgrade they were received by Marshal Tito. He smiled his welcome to them.

"What struck me most in Yugoslavia," said Kaminka, "was the fighting character of the people. People go about in their partisan uniforms with guns at their side. They seem to be in no mood to stand any nonsense. Even the conductor mounted the platform with a revolver strapped onto his belt."

Bucharest was different. Thousands of well-dressed Rumanians, some of them Jewish intellectuals, flocked to the theatre. One still sees in Rumania the remnants of the past, but the new in the life of the country is clearly discernible.

Kaminka remarked that the Jews of the Balkans, who had suffered so terribly, were eager for culture of any nature . . . they seemed to find in it some sort of consolation.

* * *

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The Magistrate expressed surprise that they should have been brought to Court.

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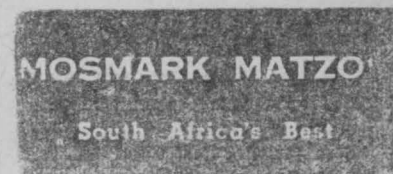
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From REVIN

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Admires of Mr. Pimsenboltz

How Bought Tickets

By L. MALOON

"That Thursday evening . . . last night . . . my wife and I hurried over our supper, put the children to bed, dressed ourselves nicely and proceeded to Corporation Hall. There was a fair attendance at the Hall, and I noticed that the people present were, mostly, elderly men and women. Beards . . . there were plenty! . . . some long, some trimmed . . . evidently all Yidn. We occupied our seats not far from the platform and waited patiently for them to announce the start of the card party. Before long, one of the five gentlemen who were sitting on the platform, wearing Yarmelkes, stood up and declared the meeting open.

"I don't see any card tables," grumbled my wife. "Where are we going to play? On the floor?" "Have a little patience, Gwendel," I said. "How long does it take to arrange the card tables! Let's hear, first, what they've got to say. You know, doch, it's for charity."

"The speaker then began to explain, in the warmest and most expressive words, the mitzvah of observing Shabas and . . . 'how blessed are those who carry this out.' He also made clear to everybody, the necessity of an 'Oneg Shabas' because . . . 'there is no greater reward than that given to those who observe the solemnity of Shabas.'"

"After this speaker, others also spoke on more or less the same lines: all about the solemnity of the Shabas."

the observation of Shabas, and not one of them mentioned anything about the card party for which, after all, my wife and I specially came. I thought to myself, 'Something's wrong somewhere. I'd better check up.' So, when my wife was looking somewhere else for a moment, I quietly took the tickets out of my pocket and, covering them with the palm of my hand, began to read them carefully."

"Well, here it is . . . Thursday the 8th . . . THE 8TH!!! The 8th! The 8th! But to-day's not the 8th! To-day's, doch, the 22nd! So that means that the card party took place a fortnight ago! These thoughts, of course, I kept to myself, but as much as I tried to control myself, I couldn't help muttering, 'What a cheek from a blonde! For four shillings to make me feel such a fool! What a cheek from a blonde!'"

Fooled!

"My wife must have heard these last few words and she immediately became inquisitive. 'Blondes!' she whispered furiously. 'Blondes! What have you to do with blondes? Where do you see blondes here? They're talking about Shabas and you're thinking about blondes! Listen, Louis! You musn't forget that you are the father of three children! You are the last one I expected to think about blondes! What will the Fox Street people think about you! Tell me the truth! What's going on here?'"

"Well, to cut a long story short," said Mr. Pimsenboltz, "I had to tell my wife all about it. I had to tell her how I was fooled . . . how I never think of blondes . . . that I'm always thinking only of her . . . and, on top of it all, I had to promise that when I bought tickets from a nice blonde girl again, I wouldn't get excited and would examine the date properly and not throw out money for nothing."

"You know, Louis," said my wife when we left the hall. "We are still lucky that we bumped into a meeting at all. What do they call it? . . . What do they call it there? . . . Chevra ein egg a Shabas . . . otherwise we would have wasted a whole evening for nothing."

"Certainly, certainly," I agreed. "We have, at least, earned Schar Halicha! It's alright! One night without cards . . . a terrible thing!"

"Nu! Isn't it a nice story," concluded Mr. Pimsenboltz. "And you people only know about one thing! Politics! That reminds me of King Saul who went to search for his father's mules and found a kingdom instead. Me and my wife went to search for a game of cards and found that there was a Chevra of Oneg Shabas in existence. Wonderful how history repeats itself!"

Something Wrong

"In the interval between the third and the fourth speaker, my wife started on me again. 'I would like to know who are going to be the players here . . . these Shabotniks? Not a bad school you brought me to!' she yawned. 'I'm sure that the whole lot of them don't know the difference between a joker and a stopper! Mrs. Ruminowitz begged of us to come to her place to-night for a game and here is a fars-lepte kreink! They'll never finish talking . . . !'"

"I tried to console my wife, who was getting more and more fidgety. 'You can never tell,' I said to her. 'You might find good players amongst them too! Who knows!'" "During the speech of the fifth speaker, I started to worry myself. All the speakers were talking about