

Shein

THERE are many among Dr. Benzion Shein's friends in this country, who regret that he has not yet been permitted to continue his medical career. This brilliant young propagandist left South Africa some nine years ago for the purpose of studying medicine and duly reached his goal. His main idea, of course, was to settle in Eretz Israel. But no sooner had he arrived in that country when national emergency influenced him to take up his propagandist "wand" again and he went on a tour to Australia and the Far East.

Shein wrote to his friends in this country that he was looking forward, upon his return to Palestine, finally to settle there. But, lo and behold!—he is, now in Johannesburg, having flown from Eretz Israel in order to undertake an important National Fund tour here.

It would appear as if once a propagandist—always a propagandist. Benzion Shein is certainly one of the most brilliant men who have ever toured South Africa in the National cause. In the years since he was here, he has developed enormously in the maturity of his powers as an orator and cultural leader. I feel sure that he will leave a deep impression as a result of his present visit here.

Afrikaans

I NOTICE that the late Senator Langenhoven's well-known song, "Die Stem van Suid Afrika," has just been chosen by the Federation of Afrikaans Culture Societies as the Afrikaans National anthem of the Union.

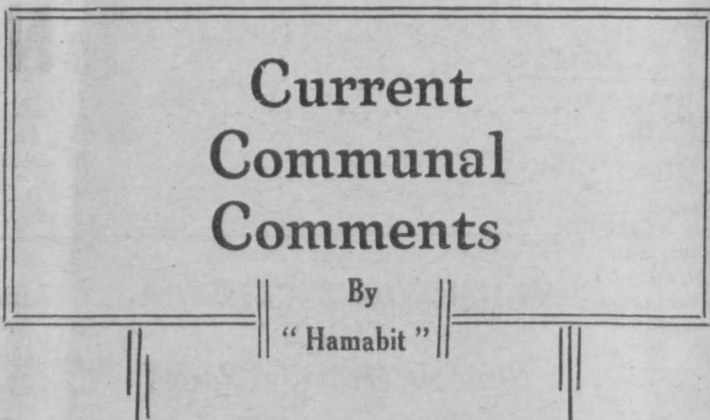
But "Die Stem van Suid Afrika" lacks a suitable tune for popular purposes, and, with the aim of providing the anthem with a presentable one, the premier Afrikaans cultural organisation is, at the moment, conducting a competition, which closed last week. I am certain that several of my musically-inclined readers will have entered this competition.

Few people are aware of the fact that one of the late Senator Langenhoven's closest co-workers is a Capetown Jewess, Miss Sarah Goldblatt, who is prominently associated with the development of the cultural side of Afrikaans. The late Senator was a great champion of Afrikaans rights. He was also one of the most distinguished writers in his mother-language. Shortly before his death, he appointed Miss Goldblatt as his literary executrix.

A Tragedy of Books

IS there anyone here who wishes to purchase 500,000 Hebrew books? The Soviet Government has offered to sell these. It appears that a certain bookseller, of Baltimore, was offered the books while he was recently in Moscow.

For many years there has been conjecture as to what will be the ultimate fate of the notable collections of books from the great Jewish libraries and Jewish institutions of learning in Russia. The institutions themselves are now but a memory. It is difficult, of course, to destroy books un-



less you burn them, and the Soviets do not seem to have been guilty of this "cultural" tendency.

The Soviet Government is very keen that the world should know that these libraries were not "stolen," but came into their possession legitimately. As proof of this declaration, it brings the evidence of a number of rabbis. As the latter are "independent, free and happy persons," in Soviet Russia, we must assume that they do all this of "their own volition."

As a matter of fact, what the average Jew who stills remains a Jew in Russia must feel is that the taking out from that country of these most wonderful collections of Hebrew lore is the final liquidation of Judaism.

What a tragedy! Five hundred thousand precious books being offered to the highest bidder. If the Soviet Government feels that the retaining of these notable volumes is a thorn in its side, I think it would be a fine international gesture if the collection were placed in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Are the present leaders of Soviet Russia big enough to perform so fine an action?

An Incursion

I HEAR that an orthodox rabbi in Texas has been appointed to the chair of neurology in the university of that city. To us here such an appointment appears rather strange, for we expect our rabbis and ministers to devote themselves exclusively to the work of the synagogue and of the community. The idea of permitting a minister to study is not part of the mental equipment of the average congregational member.

Yet the Texas rabbi, who has just won his spurs in the realm of medicine, has but taken a leaf out of the pages of Jewish history. He is re-living the age when theologians supplemented their work with scientific pursuits. A number of illustrious scholars of the golden age of Jewish learning were physicians. One has only to think of Yehuda Halevi, to say nothing of Maimonides.

Of course, one has not heard yet what the Texan doctors have to say about this incursion of a rabbi into the domain of their own sacred science.

"A People's Artist"

I HEAR that an interesting personality has just passed away in Moscow. He was Robert Adelheim and was run over by a motor car at the age of 74. He and his brother Raphael were on the stage together for nearly half a century. They devoted themselves exclusively to classic plays.

During his career Robert played the title roles in "Hamlet" and "Othello" and had starring roles in dramas by the great masters from the days of ancient Greece onward. The brothers made it their aim to bring the highest theatrical art to the masses. There was no place, however small, in either the Russia of the Czars or of the present Soviet Union, where the Adelheims were not known.

In addition to their theatres in Moscow and St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), they toured the cities, towns and villages in every corner of the country. At the time of the Revolution they played for the Red Army at the front and in the factories.

On the forty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of his career, both brothers were awarded the title of "People's Artist in the Soviet Republic," the highest title open to Russian artists under Communist rule.

The Adelheims were members of a Jewish family, although they showed little Jewish interest throughout their public careers.

Not Responsible

THE people of a certain country suffering from the effects of Nazi rule are not allowing circumstances to crush them altogether. Their sense of humour is coming to the fore and is enabling them to meet the strenuous physical and mental pressure with some measure of philosophy. Here is the latest story which has come out of that country:

A confidant explained to the Fuehrer that the stories being circulated about him emanated from the brain of a certain Jew, whose name was Freimann. Desiring to "purge" this evil, the Leader sent for Freimann and closeted himself with him in the Chancellory. The Fuehrer repeated to Freimann a certain joke and the latter admitted its authorship. Thereupon the Fuehrer repeated another joke and Freimann again admitted responsibility.

The Leader then jumped up: "How dare you ridicule me!" he shouted. "Don't you know that I am Dictator of sixty-five million people?"

"For this joke," replied Freimann quietly, "I am not responsible."

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