

# JERUSALEM DIARY

By David Dainow

## Masters

THEY were business men from various parts of the United States. Their journey from the aerodrome in New York City to Luddin Palestine had taken thirty-three hours.

"Very shortly, it may not be necessary to stop in Cairo at all. We shall then come all the way direct to Palestine. The air journey should occupy not more than twenty-four hours."

This was told to us by the leader of the group, Dr. David Tannenbaum, at the reception given at the Jewish Agency offices in Jerusalem on the arrival of the guests. The party of business men had come to "spy out the land." In three weeks they had to see for themselves the economic growth of the Yishuv. Some of the visitors had come with plans for the erection of factories and the bringing out of intricate machinery so urgently needed in industrial enterprise here.

I liked the look of healthy expectancy on the faces of the newcomers—all self-made men in the hard competitive fight of a flourishing country. There was no doubt about the distinctive Jewishness of this group of industrialists, but they looked like masters of men, controlling the fate of thousands of others. We felt they could do this efficiently and with an underlying understanding of all aspects of proper human relationship.

## A Bostonian

I noticed one of the American visitors standing alone for a moment surveying the scene about him. The view of Jerusalem from the balcony of the Jewish Agency building is indeed a glorious one. The gentleman wore a tie of bright hue and his clothes hung loosely, but neatly on him. There was about him the character of a certain type of London Jew. I approached and asked him if he had ever been to the great Metropolis. He replied that he was born in Boston and lived there, but that both his parents had come from

London and had lived in the neighbourhood of Hounsditch.

My new acquaintance was the owner of a large store in the capital of Massachusetts and of a series of "chain" stores in smaller cities. A few other guests at the function came up to greet the Bostonian, who appeared in robust health. His eyes were twinkling with pleasure at being in the Holy City and meeting fellow-Jews in Eretz Israel. When asked about conditions in the United States, he spoke enthusiastically of the life of his brethren in that great country.

"We feel free. We can move about, and we do—five million of us."

Someone standing near me asked: "What about anti-Semitism there?"

My Bostonian looked the questioner in the eye and said: "So what? They don't like us, eh? We don't like all of them. We're just too busy working and doing our share for America to worry about those unhealthy guys."

## A New Road?

Another listener asked: "What about discrimination in clubs?"

"We build better ones for ourselves," was the reply.

"And the more fashionable hotels in watering places—is there not discrimination against Jewish patrons?"

"Who's going to have sleepless nights over it? We have now built wonderful hotels for Jewish patrons. You may not believe it, but we receive there a degree of Gentile clientele. They like our efficiency and they are partial to our food and cooking."

The optimism of this specimen of healthy manhood—an American but still pugnaciously Jewish—moved some of us strongly.

"Let me tell you," he said before moving away. "I've never been to Europe and I do not know conditions there. I've grown up free in America. I don't know what it is to fear being a Jew. There are millions of us who are fearless in our



The first cut flowers ever to be sent from Palestine to America were recently flown to an American Army Hospital. Photographed with patients at the hospital are Chaplains of various denominations and the Superintendent of the hospital.

Jewish consciousness. We are determined not to be corroded by any inferiority complex."

We let him go; we wondered if our Bostonian had discovered a new road of wisdom?

## "Air-Delivered"

It would be rather nice if friends throughout the world could receive flowers from Palestine. Lovely specimens are grown here in some of the agricultural settlements. Recently an experiment was made in high-class packing and expedition.

The settlement of Mishmar Hasharon sent off a trial package of gladioli, which a few days later reached the patients of one of the largest army hospitals situated in Staten Island in New York State. The flowers arrived in perfect condition and gave extraordinary pleasure to the patients, staff and visitors, besides creating a sensation in horticultural circles.

As for the gardeners and flower-growers of Ramat Hasharon, they were overjoyed at the success of their first experiment. Unfortunately, the cost involved, for the flowers must be sent by air and in most delicate and expensive packing—precludes the project from becoming a marketable possibility for a considerable time. The idea, however, is an attractive one. The flowers of Eretz Israel are beautiful in the extreme. How nice it would be if whilst they were still fresh, they could grace Jewish homes abroad. The soul of every florist in Palestine yearns for the time when this dream may become a reality.

Meanwhile for special ceremonious occasions, in which high expense and great trouble do not count and where an adequate amount of time is given for preparation, small bouquets of Palestinian grown flowers can be flown over the seas and safely delivered.

## A Dreamer

Once thought of, ideas in Palestine remain persistently alive. At present it is not an economic proposition to send flowers to countries abroad, what about the sending of seeds? There are flowers here which have flourished since the days of the Bible. There are all kinds of plants of sentimental value. So what about sending seeds abroad? A packet of these will take up but little space.

So up comes a visitor from abroad—a keen business man. He approached a well-known Kibbutz, in the gardens of which some beautiful flowers are being grown and distributed to florists in the neighbourhood villages and cities. In Palestine itself flowers are extremely expensive.

The promoter in the present instance is willing to invest a large sum of money for the scientific growth and efficient packing and export of seeds. He dreams of the day when such seeds, placed in gardens in countries many thousands of miles away will bring the sweetness of the Land of Israel to millions, who can never themselves hope to see the Holy Land.

The promoter, who happens to be an orthodox Jew, pictures synagogues in the Diaspora decorated on the Festival of Shevuoth with lovely flowers grown from Eretz Israel seeds. He has a vivid mind—has this business promoter. He is a dreamer, but one with a practical streak in him. Almost every day a dreamer and a realist meet here—sometimes they are to be found in one person—to create the foundation of a new idea in the widening life and economy of Eretz Israel.

## A Jewel

For over five months a gracious personality dominated the musical life of the Yishuv. Now she is reluctantly compelled to leave in order to carry out long deferred engagements on the operatic stage abroad.

The struggling Palestine Folk Opera received a jewel of a gift in the honorary guest performances of Edis de Philippe. Here is an artiste of exquisite grace, and an actress to her finger tips. Combined with these qualities, there is a singing voice of rare quality, reaching high range with unusual ease. Her performances in opera excerpts, assisted by members of the Folk Opera, drew crowded audiences and added much needed funds to an organisation fighting to keep "opera going" in the Yishuv.

## A Dream

The other evening in Jerusalem the visiting opera singer gave a farewell song recital. She was able to interpret ballads in many languages

(Continued on page 16)

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# Names & News of Survivors

## Details from Zionist Federation

SOLOMON PERETZKY, a tailor,  
living in Johannesburg, is sought by  
his cousin, Samuel Yankelowitz (son  
of Alter Yankelowitz, of Baranowitz),  
now living in Germany.

MAIDE MICHAIL, of Johannes-  
burg, is sought by Maide Stepan  
Mahailowicz, of Warsaw, now living  
in Odessa.

The brothers, BENJAMIN and  
ZEISEL SCHUROVSKI, are looking  
for their uncle, Baruch Schurovski,  
living in Johannesburg, and for their  
auntie, Rivka Glikson, also living in  
Johannesburg.

MOSES SERIN, son of Zvi Hirsch  
and Ethel, who came to South Africa  
about five years ago, is sought by his  
brother, Dr. Meyer Serinski, of  
Poland.

LINA GUMPLER (nee Berman),  
now living in Russia, wishes to get  
in touch with her brother and sister  
in Johannesburg.

ALTER SHWIDER, son of Mose  
Jaakov and Gittel, who came to South  
Africa from Poland about 33 years  
ago and is residing either in Johan-  
nesburg or Cape Town, is sought by  
his niece, K. Gelbart, now living in  
Palestine.

Fuller information may be ob-  
tained from the S.A. Zionist Federa-  
tion, Permanent Buildings, Commis-  
sioner Street, Johannesburg.

## What Business Have You to be Punctual?

(Continued from page 15)

number chose the hard way, by set-  
tling on the land, though a great  
proportion of them were middle-aged  
and unused to manual work of any  
kind. It is quite amazing to me how  
many of these have made good, how  
few have thrown up the sponge,  
though they have meanwhile become  
old men, and the work is terribly  
hard. They are also at a disadvan-  
tage as farmers for another reason:  
German Jewry was dying out, many  
of these people are childless, very  
few have half-grown sons to take  
over part of the burden.

Under these circumstances the  
"Yeckas" are doubly hurt by the dis-  
crimination shown them by certain  
groups, and this—apocryphal—story  
shows their state of mind: A Yecka  
sold his farm and prepared to return  
to Berlin. "Man," they said to him,  
"are you out of your senses? Why  
are you doing such a fat-headed  
thing?" "That's simple," said he.  
"I came here to be a Jew. But I find  
I am a Yecka. So I am going back  
where I shall be a Jew again."

This is a joke, if a sad one. Here

## WANTED KNOWN

MRS. SHNAPP DINES (19 Rue  
Monsieur, 7<sup>eme</sup>, France) asks Mrs.  
Ilsa Zimon, formerly of Landschul-  
kein Kaput near Potsdam, Berlin,  
now believed to be living near Johan-  
nesburg, to communicate with her  
and to give her news of her son,  
Steffen Schnapp Dines. Born in  
Dresden on April 4, 1923, he left  
England about June or July, 1940,  
and has been in Camp Seaton, Devon-  
shire.

## IS THIS LETTER FOR YOU?

### Details from "Zionist Record"

ZUNDEL DREISPUL formerly  
of Kovno is sought by his niece and  
nephew, Reizel and Ruven, children  
of Joseph Dreispul of Kovno.

JOHN ANISVELD, owner of fac-  
tory in Johannesburg, sought by  
Jonas Maurice (Janowski Francis-  
zek).

BRAND CHAIM, born in Jacob-  
stadt (Latvia), watchmaker.

BRAND SOLOMON, also watch-  
maker. His wife's maiden name was  
Hirschman, of Libau. Letter from  
Perc Brandt at Zeilsheim, Ger-  
many.

WESLEY, I. (YUDEL), or  
KWESKIN, letter from his brother,  
Chaim Joseph Kweskin.

SHATRASHUNER HENACH and  
MASHA of Johannesburg or Durban,  
letter from Chaim Joseph Kweskin,  
now in Italy.

HIRSCH JANKELLOWITZ, of  
Sabile, Latvia, would like to com-  
municate with his landsleit of Sabile,  
and particularly with Messrs. H.  
Hillman, H. Freedlander and the  
family of Adler of Talsen, Lithu-  
ania. Mr. Jankelowitz is now in  
Italy, and his address is obtainable  
from the "Zionist Record."

KNOCH, BERL, born in Latvia,  
sought by his nephew, Abraham  
Lgow, now in Italy.

is a true story, to illustrate the bias  
against the German-born.

Twelve years ago there was only  
one man who repaired fountain-pens  
in Haifa (to-day, to my knowledge,  
there are four special workshops,  
and countless stationers repair them  
also). My husband gave his pen to  
the man, a Russian Jew, who pro-  
mised to have it ready on our next  
visit to town. When we came to get  
it the pen was not repaired. "I'll  
have it here for you in two hours,"  
he said, but we had to catch our train  
and left without it.

A week later, we went to the shop  
immediately on our arrival—the pen  
was not there. But it was repaired  
—merely an oversight—he would  
have it brought inside an hour,  
pleaded the man. My husband said  
several hard things, adding that he  
would come for it in two hours. Ac-  
tually it was nearer three when we  
came again—the pen was not there.  
But the man literally caught my hus-  
band's coat tails and held him fast  
while the boy ran to the workshop  
and returned with the pen, in excel-  
lent repair. My husband paid, still  
grumbling under his breath. The  
man gave him his change and re-  
marked sorrowfully, shaking his  
head: "Oh those Yeckas, those  
Yeckas!" My husband, enraged as  
he was, brought his fist down on the  
counter: "I am not a Yecka!"  
"What!" said the man in genuine in-  
dignation, "you are not?" What busi-  
ness have you to be so punctual  
then?"—"Zionist Review."

## Jerusalem Diary

(Continued from page 10)

in a manner which stamped her as a  
great recitalist.

I met her afterwards in a private  
home where a reception was being  
given in her honour. Her eyes shone  
with the happiness of achievement.  
She—a Zionist from abroad—had  
sung her way into the hearts of the  
Yishuv. What greater privilege was  
there?

There were speeches of farewell  
and expressions of thanks. Sitting  
quietly taking it all in, this tall and  
really beautiful creature arose and  
in charming Hebrew, told of her  
ideas about the future of Hebrew  
opera. She was now returning to  
America, but she would come back  
again and again to Eretz Israel to  
give of her services freely until the  
day would arrive when her own eyes  
would see the rising of a Grand  
Opera House in Tel Aviv.

That opera house would gradually  
become equal to the Scala Theatre  
in Milan. From it would come forth  
great opera singers and fine com-  
posers, and a new music would be  
given to the world. Tears of joy  
came into her eyes.

Just another dream! Yet we all  
felt that this was a dream that must  
come true.

## "Stones"

Anyone who has visited Eretz  
Israel will remember the inexhaus-  
tible amount of stones to be seen in  
every part of the country. In Jeru-  
salem alone there are enough stones  
to last a few thousand years. Those  
in the know declare that throughout  
the centuries the supply of stones  
somehow increases, rather than de-  
creases. The idea has recently oc-  
curred to a visitor that good use  
could be made of this huge store of  
stones, providing they could be ex-  
ported in larger and smaller slabs  
to countries abroad. For what pur-  
poses? To build synagogues, Jewish  
institutions or private houses?

The idea is that Jews abroad  
would feel it a great privilege to  
pray in synagogues built with the  
stones of the Holy Land. And in-  
stitutions built from such stone  
would secure greater support. And  
lovers of Zion might be happier to  
live in homes built from Jerusalem  
stone. Behind the idea is also a  
project for importing huge hauling  
machinery and the building of suit-  
able shipping to take the stone away  
to all parts of the world.

This is another dream idea, you  
will say! I have it on fairly good  
authority, however, that a company  
will shortly be formed to attempt to  
carry out the project.

## A Knight

A high British military person-  
ality was reviewing a unit of Jewish  
soldiers born in Palestine. He stop-  
ped before a fine, young, swarthy-  
looking warrior—a Sephardi.

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Shmuel Yosef Ezra Mizrachi."

"Don't you know that when you  
address a superior officer, you should  
add the word 'sir'?"

The reply came swiftly;

"Sir Shmuel Joseph Ezra Miz-  
rachi."

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