

The Turmoil that is Tel Aviv.

"Peace!" cries the Tel-Avivian in despair, "my kingdom for some peace! Where can I escape from this ghastly, never-ending din, this noise and turmoil which is Tel-Aviv?" But the chances are that he never escapes. Beginning at about five in the morning the clamour gathers momentum during the day and dies only after midnight with the sound of the streetsweeper's broom.

It is noise made up of a variety of features, but like a sub-dominant to them all is the sound of moving feet. Ceaselessly the crowds walk up and down the streets and the sound of shoes on asphalt becomes a maddening obsession to the man indoors trying desperately to concentrate on work that needs quiet above all things. He knows them all—the feet that move quickly, the feet that tread heavily, the feet that march briskly and the feet that trudge wearily. Feet, feet, feet. . . If only, he thinks, they would stop for a moment. If only I could go deaf for five minutes. But they go on, heedless of his cries and his invectives. This sound of moving feet is, of all things in this extraordinary city, perhaps the most symbolic of its restless, tireless spirit.

And added to it is the rhythmic sound of the anvil on stone, of the hammer on girders and the other instruments of building. For building goes on without end and contributes its quota to the noise of the city.

And one must not forget the jazzbands whose shrieks from every restaurant and cafe pierce the air, and the radios whose echoes vibrate within a large area and the gramophones which find a place in almost every Tel-Aviv house. There is nothing to prevent the radio or gramophone (it is called pataphone there) from being

turned on at any hour of the day or night, and not all your piety nor wit can save you from them even at six o'clock in the morning if your neighbour has longings for the Carioca or the Blue Danube at that hour. You do not escape them even when you have left your home to go to work. You have merely to walk down any business street to know that you can never get away from either of them. On all sides they shout at you with a terrible insistence. For most shops in Tel-Aviv are still on the small side, and music shops, of which there are a fairly large number, are unable to provide special apartments in which gramophone records may be tried out by prospective purchasers. So the records are played in the shop itself, and the strains are carried out to the crowds in the streets who never fail to gather when a free concert is in progress.

The radio shops, too, advertise their goods to an appreciative audience outside and you will often hear the strange mingling of Rovina's lamentations from the Habimah's production of *The Eternal Jew* (recorded) with the latest jazz number on the wireless next door. Ecstatic crooners compete for popularity with lusty chalutzim singing "Emek, Emek Avodah" or with singers of that much loved Yiddish melody, "Oi, oi, oi, shikker is a goy." And the result is a little odd, to say the least of it, when "The More We Are Together" reaches the air in company with "Eli, Eli."

There is a deafening noise from motor horns, bicycle bells, bus signals, and added to them is the alarming sound of the engine whistle if you live near enough to the station. Often a donkey or a horse will

lift its voice in a friendly neigh and add to the clamour, and from time to time a team of camels will walk across the street, the bells of the leader tinkling musically as they move.

Suddenly the eerie, melancholy cry of a siren raises itself above the din, and Tel-Aviv knows that a fire is in progress. Or a similar noise, though less intense, announces that the ambulance of the Magen David Adom (the Palestine equivalent of the Red Cross Organisation) is on its way to administer relief to the victims of an accident.

And there is the less alarming, more human cry of the newsboys whose monotonous sing-song of "Davar," "Haaretz," "Doar Hayom," "Palestine Post" is familiar to every Palestinian, and the cries of the flower-sellers and peanut sellers. There are the cries of ragged street urchins selling bootlaces and matches. There is the shouting of children for whom there are no public gardens or secluded spots in which to play, and the cries of the babies whose numbers are countless. And other noises impossible to define or single out in the greater noise of which they are part.

Is it surprising, then, that Tel-Aviv longs for peace? Often enough it has raised protests, and some time back an anti-noise campaign was initiated. Actually the campaign was begun in Jerusalem with the slogan: "Don't use your horns, use your brains," and Tel-Aviv, quick to sense a slur on its much-vaunted intelligence, responded with: "Are we less intelligent than Jerusalem?" And, difficult as it may be to believe, no hooters were heard in Tel-Aviv for a little while and relief was afforded to its quiet-loving inhabitants. But for a little while only. . . Often, I am inclined to believe, Babel must have been a Paradise in comparison to Tel-Aviv. M.G.

High Commissioner for Refugees.

SIR NEILL MALCOLM RE-APPOINTED.

Geneva.

A private meeting of the Council of the League of Nations reappointed Sir Neill Malcolm as High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany. Sir Neill will serve until 31st December, 1938.

The Council defined his tasks as, first: To induce the Governments to ratify the agreement provisionally fixing the status of refugees from Germany and to convoke an inter-Governmental conference to fix an international convention for German refugees; secondly: To assist private organisations and to study projects with interested Governments for colonisation and emigration; thirdly: To maintain contact with private organisations; and fourthly: To prepare a report to the League Assembly of 1938 continuing concrete proposals with regard to the refugee problem for the future.

To assist the High Commissioner, the Assembly approved the proposal of the Second (Economic and Financial) Commission for the establishment of an Administrative Council of representatives of interested Governments.

Assembly Approves Report.

The Assembly approved the report of the Sixth (Political) Commission on German

refugees and adopted a decision to recommend to interested Governments the ratification of the convention of 10th October, 1933, on the status of refugees as well as the provisional convention of 4th July, 1936, for German refugees.

It further decided that the whole refugee question should be considered by the League in 1938. The Assembly allocated the sum of 82,500 Swiss francs for the High Commission for German Refugees and, owing to the opposition of England and Bolivia, reduced the allocation of 400,000 Swiss francs proposed by the Political Commission for transportation of two hundred Saar refugee families to Paraguay to 200,000 Swiss francs.

The Assembly also adopted a resolution requesting all Governments not to deport refugees before they obtained visas permitting them to enter other countries.

The decision to continue having a High Commission for Refugees followed a strong attempt in the Sixth Commission to separate the Commission from the League of Nations. —J.T.A.

(Continued from Third Column).

During the afternoon Mr. Padowich, the Zionist propagandist, delivered an interesting lecture on the origin and development of the "Oneg Shabbat." Mr. Arenstein thanked the speaker and all those who had participated in making the function a success. The proceedings terminated with the singing of Hatikvah.

Oudtshoorn Young Israel Society.

(From a Correspondent).

An "Oneg Shabbat," the first of its kind to be held at Oudtshoorn, was held under the auspices of the Young Israel Society on Saturday afternoon, 17th October.

The "Oneg Shabbat" commenced with the Mincha Service, which was very ably conducted by Mr. S. Weinstein, in the Queen Street Synagogue. The service was attended by a large number of parents, elders and members.

After the service the audience proceeded to the Hebrew School Hall. Mr. B. T. Arenstein presided and welcomed those present. He gave a brief outline of the "Oneg Shabbat" and expressed his hope that this attempt would lead to many more in the near future.

Mrs. Sladowsky related a beautiful Talmudic story which was very ably delivered. The Chairman thanked the speaker and paid tribute to her devotion to the work of Jewry in general, especially to this Society.

Hebrew songs were then sung by the members of the Society conducted by Mr. Z. Lison. Master S. Miller recited a poem by Bialik, and Mr. S. Weinstein one of Bialik's legends.

(Continued in Second Column).