

# The Jewish Post

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## Deserving Of Support

It is heartening to note that the petition which is being circulated throughout the Dominion by the Canadian National Committee on Refugees, has been endorsed by a number of influential publications. Among them is the Toronto Globe and Mail, which stated editorially: The move to secure signatures to a mass petition to the Federal Government asking adoption of a more generous attitude towards the admission of the thousands of refugees from Nazi tyranny who are eager to escape to the free air of this continent is deserving of public support.

The Committee on Refugees, of which Sir Robert Falconer is honorary chairman, and Senator Cairine Wilson, chairman, seeks the signatures of 500,000 Canadians. We know that every Jewish citizen of this Dominion who has a conscience will want to place his name on this humane petition. We are confident that the Committee will obtain and surpass its objective.

## Betrayal

If it were not for the fact that even a fly can do harm, the action of the American Jewish Committee in seceding from the American Jewish Conference at this critical juncture, at a time when a real effort at unity had been achieved, the entire incident could be dismissed as an act of pettiness on the part of a few individuals who, in reality, are the American Jewish Committee. As it is, this reprehensible action must be roundly condemned and the true nature of the American Jewish Committee's structure revealed. "The Committee is a self-constituted and self-perpetuating body representative of no one except a few individuals, and responsible to no one at all." These facts were made known in a public statement issued by the Zionist Emergency Council. The Committee was but one of 65 national organizations represented at the Conference. Of the 502 delegates at the Conference, 375 were democratically elected in public elections in every major community.

In judging the step taken by the Committee it should be remembered that at the time the resolution on Palestine was adopted, Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, chairman of the American Jewish Committee, announced that his group would remain with the Conference and abide by the decision of the overwhelming majority. As the statement of the Zionist Emergency Council points out, the Committee refuses to accept the will of the majority, and adds significantly: "It (the Committee) has always preached unity, but evidently on its own terms. The Committee must rule or ruin." Time will show that the Committee, once it has become obvious that it cannot rule, will find that it has brought ruin upon its own head. With the withdrawal of one affiliated body after another from the Committee, it is difficult to see how the organization will continue to function other than as a reactionary little group composed of a few individuals speaking for no one but themselves.

A lengthy statement issued by the Committee attempting to justify its action mentions that (Cont. on page 8)

# "See What I Mean"

Smoke the Anti-Semites Out of Their Holes!

By LAWRENCE LIPTON

THAT anti-Semitism is rapidly on the increase in the United States is a fact that should be plain to all by now—even to Mr. Lessing Rosenwald and his little Philadelphia band of incorrigible invisibles. Books have been appearing recently analyzing the situation, and recommending counter-measures. Some of these books are very sound indeed, and merit more attention than, unfortunately, they are likely to get at the hands of "responsible leaders."

But, good or bad, these books all suffer from one serious shortcoming: either they are addressed to the Jews themselves, or they are addressed to liberals, both Jewish and Gentile—in short, to the very people who are the least in need of them.

Many of us have been saying for years that what is needed is not a moral tract or a scientific treatise, but a book written in the language of the typical sucker who falls for the Fascist-anti-Semitic line. The moral tracts are a good deal like those Good Will dinners and inter-faith powwows, where everybody butters everybody else with expressions of brotherly love, and then goes home feeling nice and shabodig.

As for the scientific tracts, when they are readable at all by more than a handful of special students of the subject, they are usually so aloof from practical questions that no organized action can be expected to result from them.

A book of a very different sort is "See What I Mean?" by Lewis Browne, well-known author of such best sellers as "Stranger Than Fiction", "This Believing World", and "How Odd of God". Mr. Browne, who is widely known not only for his books but also for his radio appearances on "Town Meeting of the Air", and for his forum lectures all over the country, has, in this book (Random House, N.Y.), turned to fiction to explore the dark underworld of Fascist anti-Semitism in America and smoke the rats out of their holes.

In plain everyday Americanese that can be understood by any juke-box tavern addict, Dr. Browne tells the story of a typical home-grown Fascist and his yokel following. The story is told in the words of Clem Smullet, a blacklisted Hollywood press agent, writing a confession in his cell as he awaits trial on charges brought against him and other members of "the movement" by the F.B.I. The result is an Under Cover story of American Fascism, and that indispensable ingredient of all Fascism, anti-Semitism, that is truer than life and stranger than fiction.

At first, Clem Smullet shies away from John Christian Power—the Jew-hating, Room 401-hating, tobacco-alcohol-and-sex-hating prophet of white supremacy, carrot juice, peanut cutlets and colic irrigations—but "Doc" Gribble wises him up to the money-making possibilities of "The Power". Together they give "The Power" the old publicity build-up, and before long they have a following of the most unsavory lot of dupes, rogues, under-cover operators, and plain ordinary suckers that ever flocked to the banners of a "Crusade".

"The Power" himself is a kind of egocentric dervish. Believing with pathological sincerity in his own infallibility, he has only to utter a lie (which he knows to be a lie) and it becomes, for him, the truth. Thus he keeps forever spinning in the centre of a vicious circle. Into this circle are drawn the illiterate, the lame-brained, the hate-ridden, the neurotic, the maladjusted, and those dowdy dizzy-dillings who gravitate to all the crackpot "causes" that exploit this underworld of the hind-brain.

It was once the fashion for men and women of intelligence, Jewish and non-Jewish alike, to regard such "movements" as the harmless antics of a few demented suckers—the "lunatic fringe". It was just a tempest in a crackpot, and therefore beneath the notice of cultured and civilized people. But that attitude is no longer the fashion. It went out with the Nuremberg Laws and the Nazi extermination squads. The funny little Austrian

with the trick moustache began as a comic paper-hanger, but how long was it before he turned into the most tragic crepe-hanger of all time? These comic opera buffoons have a way of developing into inhuman monsters, and the sooner they are crushed the better for everybody.

The story Clem Smullet tells is as exciting as any in recent fiction, and the characters are among the juiciest that have been shared between the covers of a novel in many a moon. "Ma" Gunderson, Clem's widowed landlady, afflicted with lumbago and fuelver-worship; the myopic little Mr. Peavey, who sees in "the Crusade" a chance to knife his Jewish drug store competitors in the back; Capt. Cleaver, a would-be Storm Trooper; Kronkhite, the Bundster with Nazi connections; Flannahan, the millionaire "angel" of the movement, whose silver mines, it turns out, yield nothing but Nazi gold—these are only a few of Mr. Browne's gallery of home-grown Fascists and their victims.

None of the heavily documented exposes and tell-alls, for all their naming names and their impressive photostats, give half so life-like a picture of Fascism and anti-Semitism in America as does this fictional "confession".

"See What I Mean?" holds up the mirror to the yokel and shows him how he has been played for a sucker by the Coughlins and the Pellays. That's what makes it the best anti-toxin yet concocted for that type of patient. A few hundred thousand paper-back copies of this book, slipped in between the westerns and comic magazines on the nation's news racks, would do more to counteract anti-Semitism than a anything else that could be imagined.

The suggestion is offered, gratis, to the Anti-Defamation League or any other organization that is interested in doing something more about anti-Semitism than viewing with alarm, writing cautious little letters of polite inquiry to suspected anti-Semites, or telling their fellow Jews to hush and pretend it isn't there and maybe it will go away. — American Jewish World.

## Twenty Years Ago This Week J.T.A. NEWS

Munich — Two hundred Jewish families have already been expelled from Bavaria and many others are awaiting deportation as a result of orders by Dictator Von Kahr who is ousting all "aliens" ostensibly, although the vast majority of the deportees are Jews. Houses of the Jews have been requisitioned. Bavarian Jewry is pan-stricken. Meanwhile, the Voelkischer Boebachter of Adolf Hitler continues to print names of Jews who have not yet been deported, demanding their expulsion. The Hitler spirit dominates not only the government, but a good section of the population.

New York — Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, told a reporter for the New York World that the Ku Klux Klan's program of denying citizenship to Catholics, Jews and Negroes is an assault on the Constitution. He added that he had so much confidence that the American people would reject the Klan program that he would continue his attitude of indifference to Klan activities.

## The Jewish Calendar

Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Nov. 28
Chanukah, 1st Day	Dec. 22
Chanukah, 2nd Day	Dec. 23
Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Dec. 28
Chanukah, 8th Day	Dec. 29

\* Also observed previous day.

## A Jewish Villon

# Velvel Zbarzher

By HARRY E. WEDECK

A RESTLESS poet who, although not tainted like the French Villon with such violent amoralities, still hungered for personal freedoms, was Benjamin Wolf Ehrenkranz, the Yiddish folk-poet.

Born in Zbaraz, Galicia, in 1819, he later assumed the pseudonym by which he is most popularly known—Velvel Zbarzher. He died between 1878 and 1884, in Istanbul—a fitting, exotic deathbed for a poet and a wanderer. In the interval of these two dates of birth and death, Zbarzher led a wild, colorful roving life, echoing with song and music, touched with irony and passion, and always accompanied by the wine-god. Through Rumania and South Russia he roamed, chanting his own songs—set to his own music—in inn, farm, and restaurant—like a mediaeval Jewish troubadour.

The blond, tall poet, with his eyes afire and his gait none too steady, would arise in the intervals of the audience's interruptions, applause, and comments; and he would declaim God's bankruptcy—an ironic, blasphemous piece in which God, urged to distribute the 310 worlds to each of the angels, finds himself bankrupt. Or he would launch into extemporaneous verified attacks on the Chassidim and their miraculous pretensions. Or on the joys of the West came urgent to him like a pleading, glamorous wanton. He became numbered among the Maskilim, the enthusiastic supporters of the Enlightenment. He was, in

most effectively:  
The moon—like me—is full tonight;  
Darkling now, but lately bright.  
She yearns for flowing cups galore;  
But has, alas, no means for more.  
Ashamed as well, before my eyes,  
She covers o'er in modest wise.  
Come forth, O moon!  
Nor think that soon  
The world will cease to whirl at  
noon!  
Here is my advice to you:  
Listen and without ado  
This welcome inn just step into  
And put in pledge a star or two.

Sometimes Zbarzher would compose his ballads extemporaneously—even in his cups—while his audience wrote them down for his later revision. Strange audiences—carters and ploughmen, students, peddlers, dubious women and nondescripts. The poems and occasional pieces—catching on rapidly—spread from inn to townlet. Even now, in Eastern Europe, his folk songs are chanted nostalgically in the tragic ghettos.

It is true that from childhood on Zbarzher was inducted into orthodox, traditional Judaism, his father being a shochet of rigid orthodoxy and learned repute. But the Renaissance, the Haskalah, the Yiddish Enlightenment was sweeping over Europe. Zbarzher felt the hot, sinful breath of it in the cities—in Brod and in Ternopol. The culture of the West came urgent to him like a pleading, glamorous wanton. He became numbered among the Maskilim, the enthusiastic supporters of the Enlightenment. He was, in

ascetic, orthodox eyes, doomed.

There was an early marriage—at 19; sudden abandonment of married life; and a trek into Rumania. Domestically could not hold him. Like Rimbaud, like Verlaine, he had to be always on the move, drifting as a cosmopolite toward the remote horizons. Rumania was then the land of the Golden Fleece, a haven for Galician and Russian Jews. Zbarzher plunged into business—just as Rimbaud did. He tried to write and teach—as Verlaine did—a combination usually fatal to the gift. Luck was against him. Always the hostility of the Chassidim loomed assautingly. Zbarzher vented his resentment in satirical pieces—both Yiddish and Hebrew.

A great mass of writing followed—folk-songs, lyrical ballads, palinodes—published in Russia, Galicia and Rumania—occasionally with Hebrew translations. Among them were of course fugitive pieces, sudden versified outbursts, lyrically expressed enthusiasms, drinking melodies. But it is remarkable that—as is the case of Villon—so much substantially good and lasting material was achieved under errant circumstances.

In his later years Zbarzher made Vienna his headquarters—wasward, precarious years, in which he got to know all the cafes, and taverns and like his forbears, Catullus, Villon, Marlowe and Burns—knew wine when it was red and glowing and knew too the other concomitant associated inevitably with wine.

Driven from Vienna, he finally reached Istanbul. There—his body exhausted by lung trouble, his talent and spirits spent—he died. He was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Galata. As in the case of that Jewish-Italian Bohemian, Amadeo Modigliani, the last kindness shown to Zbarzher was that of his handsome

(Cont. on page 5)

# « NEWSY NOTES »

By BORIS SMOLAR  
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**THE JEWISH FRONT** — The withdrawal of the American Jewish Committee from the American Jewish Conference may be just the first step in the direction of independent action by the Committee on Jewish matters concerning which no unity can be achieved. . . . The storm raised by the withdrawal will not subside for a long time. . . . This at least is what Zionist leaders believe. . . . Zionist groups are determined to extend the fight against the American Jewish Committee throughout the country. . . . The American Jewish Committee an issue in each of the local Jewish communities. . . . The situation may become even more aggravated should the Jewish Labor Committee follow the example of the American Jewish Committee and also withdraw from the American Jewish Conference. . . . Such a possibility is not excluded, since the Jewish Labor Committee has for the time being refused to be represented on the executive body of the Interim Committee of the American Jewish Conference. . . . Though not opposing Palestine, the Jewish Labor Committee is chiefly interested in the situation of the Jews in Nazi-held Europe and in what must be done immediately to alleviate their situation. . . . This, Jewish labor leaders say, was not dealt with sufficiently by the American Jewish Conference. . . . The final decision of the Jewish Labor Committee is to be expected within the next week or so. . . . The eyes of everyone interested in these developments are, naturally, directed towards the B'nai Brith. . . . Meanwhile, the fight between the American Jewish Committee and the American Jewish Conference is attracting unprecedented attention in non-Jewish circles. . . . One can say that the full-page advertisement in the metropolitan press by certain Jewish organizations have not attracted as much attention among non-Jews as the publicity given to the present internal Jewish strife.

**MISSION TO PALESTINE** — The Hadassah convention which just concluded in New York discussed many subjects relating to its work in Palestine. . . . One subject, however, was not revealed to the delegates. . . . We mean the resignation of Dr. J. L. Magnes from his post at a sort of a high commissioner of the American Hadassah in Palestine. . . . Few persons in the United States know that Dr. Magnes is the head of a committee in Palestine authorized to supervise the distribution of Hadassah funds there. . . . Even fewer know that some leaders of the Hadassah in America have indicated to Dr. Magnes that some leaders of the Hadassah in Palestine are ready to agree to opening Kimberley for Jewish colonization. . . . This letter, however, was not brought before the Hadassah board for decision, though the Hadassah board discussed it. . . . Can it be that the proposed trip to Palestine of Mrs. de Sola Pool has something to do with Dr. Magnes' offer to resign? . . . We understand that travel priorities for Mrs. de Sola Pool were sought even before the national board of Hadassah decided to send her to Palestine. . . . Speaking of Mrs. de Sola Pool we want to emphasize that many Hadassah delegates regret the fact that she is no longer the president of the organization. . . . It is acknowledged by all Zionists that she has done a very good job during her term of office. . . . Dr. Steinberg, who will remain in this country for two months only, has certainly done a fine job in single-handedly convincing the Western Australian Government to agree to opening Kimberley for Jewish colonization. . . . So few governments allow themselves to be convinced that their huge empty spaces can benefit from Jewish mass-immigration. . . . The Inter-American Conference on Post-war Immigration which just concluded in Mexico is the best example. . . .

## American Keepsake

America's democratic front will long  
Keep her glad memory seething  
With provocative realities  
Encountered, mullied over, tested  
Of long days whittled down  
Made intimate with me who  
Speak various tongues but  
An Americana brought home.

Realistically we probe  
Some with forethought  
The tangled coils of our skein  
Down through ageless communities  
Hulk and symmetry of our being  
For war to men everywhere brings  
An insufferable ache for perspective  
For knowing as one must know his  
where

A quest that sifts human spaciousness  
A reconnaissance for little heard of  
Nuances however shabby or eloquent  
the source

To quicken the heart busy with its loyalties  
To reclaim for her own staunch loves  
—heroic truths:  
For bigoted idols break as we worship  
Vastnesses wane and wax intimate  
Where bias and warped parochialism  
Give way and die and they must.  
—Cpl. Max Greenberg.

## Weekly Giggle

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

A German-Jewish refugee, while bathing in the Mediterranean at Tel Aviv, began to drown. "Hatzilul Hatzilul!" (Save! Save!) he began to scream in Hebrew.

A Polish Jew jumped in and pulled him out. "Shotek! (fool)," the Polish Jew said in Yiddish. "Instead of learning Hebrew, you should have learned to swim."

## B'NAI BRITH GIVE BUS TO ARMY



Brigadier W. H. S. Macklin, on behalf of Pacific Command, thanks Jules Ablowitz, chairman of the War Effort committee of Vancouver B'nai Brith, for his gift to the Army Auxiliary Services of a \$3,000 bus to be used for transporting members of army place Wednesday afternoon at Vancouver Barracks. Standing before the 20-passenger bus are, from left, J. B. Jaffe, grand lodge representative; Gordon Angle, co-chairman of the War Effort committee; Jack Koffman, president of B'nai Brith; Mr. Ablowitz; Brig. Macklin, and Capt. G. A. Umpleby, Auxiliary Services chief.