

The Jewish Post

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Washington Letter

Speculation On Weizmann's Visits To The White House

Dr. Chaim Weizmann's frequent trips here, his comparatively numerous visits to the White House and his continued refusal to speak for publication have set speculation buzzing. Jewish circles, of course, have been wondering what significance his visits may have for Palestine. Others have sought to settle his place in the wider picture of the United Nations' war effort.

Will he get from President Roosevelt a promise of a Jewish army, or a guarantee of Palestinian independence after the war? Or does he have a chemical discovery in his pocket that will solve one of our great war problems? To those who recall the story of Dr. Weizmann's career, it seems likely that his interests still include both Zionism and chemistry. But it can be assumed that the president, despite his off-expressed interest in Palestine, has not received Dr. Weizmann twice or more in a single month to discuss immigration problems. Not in these times.

It was in 1916 that Dr. Weizmann saved the Allies' munitions program from disaster. The great artillery barrages on the western front used shells in astronomical quantities. Shells used cordite as an explosive. Cordite was made with acetone. Acetone was made with wood—but with so much wood that it seemed the forests of the world would be insufficient to supply the Allied armies. Dr. Weizmann, put in charge of the Admiralty Laboratories by David Lloyd George, almost overnight found a way of synthesizing acetone in sufficient quantities — from horse chestnuts!

For this accomplishment he refused all personal reward. What he got was the Balfour Declaration. But Josephus Daniels, who served in President Wilson's cabinet, points out that the Balfour Declaration is now practically abrogated.

Zionists find it tempting to hope that history is about to repeat itself, with a happier final result. When he came to the United States early this year, it was said authoritatively that Dr. Weizmann had again been working on the extraction of high explosives, this time as a by-product of gasoline. Later it was said that he was concentrating on the vital synthetic rubber problem—which he had been studying in 1916 and before. One version of the story was that he had developed an improved way of making synthetic rubber from grain alcohol, but that the British had turned it down as impracticable.

One thing seemed certain: Whatever large industrial plan he had, the United States would be a better place for its development than Britain, beset by shortages of every kind. But another thing seemed reasonably certain: Dr. Weizmann did not intend to disclose his plan just yet—and consequently a third was more than likely: The rival grain and petroleum schools of synthetic rubber experts would soon be working themselves into a quite irrational

fever about "which side" he might be "on".

Obviously, he would be on whichever "side" his researches had led him to—or on no side at all except the side of winning the war for the United Nations and assuring a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine. But so far as the domestic controversy in the United States was concerned, the hints appeared to indicate the direction of the oil people. They could note with satisfaction that Dr. Weizmann had been experimenting with petroleum by-products, and that one of these — refinery gas — is skimmed off in the making of high octane gasoline to make butylene, which is the raw material for budadiene, which is an essential ingredient of one of the best synthetic rubbers—Buna S.

Whatever his plan, one indication that it was far advanced appeared in the circumstance that Dr. Weizmann was scheduled to discuss it with Judge Samuel I. Rosenman of the New York Supreme Court. The rumors had nothing to say about his seeing Production Chief Donald Nelson, Petroleum Co-ordinator Harold Ickes, Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard, or any such adviser on technical problems. "Sammy the Rose" is one of the President's closest political and economic advisers, and his advent in the picture indicates that such questions were paramount—at least for the moment.

If discussions of Dr. Weizmann's project—whatever it is—has reached the "Rosenman stage", it is not unreasonable to expect that an important development may soon be made public—that is, unless the project is turned down. Should that happen, probably nothing would be heard of it again until after the war. Dr. Weizmann does not have the temperament that creates a hullabaloo over rejected plans, such as several of our native industrialists have lately raised. He would just go back to his laboratory and start over. But if his plan does go through, it might have tremendous significance for the war effort, if history is any guide, and the future of Palestine might be assured.

All this is speculation, of course — but the mysteries of a Dr. Weizmann invite speculation.

The Jewish Calendar
5702-1942

Rosh Hashonah.....	Sept. 12
Yom Kippur.....	Sept. 21
Suceoth.....	Sept. 26
Simchas Torah.....	Sept. 26
*Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan.....	Oct. 12
Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Nov. 10
Chanukah, 1st day.....	Dec. 9
Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Dec. 9
Chanukah, 8th day.....	Dec. 11
Fast of Tebeth.....	Dec. 18

*Rosh Chodesh also observed previous day.
NOTE—Holidays begin in the evening preceding the date designated.

Initial Victory

The granting of permission by the British government to the Jews of Palestine to enlist in Jewish battalions in the defense of their country must be regarded as a forward step in obtaining the ultimate aim of the Jewish people — a complete Jewish military unit. If we are not altogether elated with the belated statement of Sir James Grigg, British Secretary for War, we must understand that the action taken does mean the abandonment of the parity principle which had limited Jewish young men and women eager to participate in the war effort from taking their rightful place along side other free people fighting a common foe.

The immediate reaction in Palestine has been a rush to enlist. Major Victor A. Cazalet may soon see his great desire a reality.
(Cont. on page 11)

All For Norway

The epic struggle of the Norwegian people to regain their freedom and independence like that of the Czechs, Serbs and Poles, will add glorious chapters to the annals of these courageous peoples. The entire story of their valor and sacrifice will not be known until after the war but sufficient evidence is on hand, obtained through effective underground movements to give some glimpse into the daily feats of heroism performed by these various nationals to bring nearer the day of liberation.

While the people of Norway are fighting for their lives and the welfare of their country in the face of brutal Nazi tyranny the Norwegians outside of Norway have stood up to a man to lend their support to the unnamed heroes in Norway. This splendid support has played no small role in keeping up the courage of the oppressed people in Norway itself and has given them heart to carry on.

This note is prompted by the recent appearance of a volume dedicated to the Norwegians to the seventieth birthday of King Haakon VII, their beloved ruler, appropriately named "All For Norway", the slogan of the King. Scenes of their homeland published in the book explain, in part at least, why these indomitable people are anxious to drive out the Nazi war dogs and regain for themselves their beautiful little country. The Jewish people can certainly sympathize with the Norwegians as with all other nationals whose lands have been desecrated by the Hun. It is our fervent wish that they may soon see the fulfillment of their fondest desire and the return to their homes where they may once again live in peace and contentment.

- OBITUARY -

By AL SEGAL

I HEAR it reported that Josef Greenbaum is dead. Yet his name may not be Greenbaum. He may be Rosenbaum or Applebaum. His name doesn't matter anyway.

He lies in an anonymous grave somewhere in Poland. His grave isn't his own. He occupies it with some hundreds of others. They were all heaped together in one grave the day they were shot. They were made to dig it—a long rectangular hole — and then they were shot. They fell into the grave they were made to dig. Weeds already grow on Josef Greenbaum's grave. A long field of weeds.

All over Poland are long, long graves like Greenbaum's. They contain the 700,000 whom the Nazis have slaughtered.

True, Greenbaum may not be his name. He may be Greenberg or Greenblatt, or Greenspan. But the matter of his name is of no importance; all that concerns us is that he was one of the 700,000.

I thought he should not be allowed to go without any obituary. Nowadays men die in droves, like the sheep, and are buried in heaps like the dirt when it is thrown into their graves. There is no respect at all for the individual man, for the living he did, for his little virtues, for his small, pathetic dreams most of which never came true, for his hopes which always die so tragically.

Yes, the individual, Josef Greenbaum, must be noticed for the sake of the fact that once upon a time he lived; for the sake of our own self-respect which shudders horribly at the idea of people dying by the butcher's knife like the cattle and being disposed of like carrion.

Greenbaum shall be taken from his multiple grave and given the respect that generally used to be for man everywhere. Then there was at least a prayer for every man when he was buried; he was esteemed as somebody who had something to do with God. Even if he was a sinner he was thought not altogether alien to God.

An obituary for Josef Greenbaum: This was Josef Greenbaum. He was the tailor or he was the cobbler who had his shop around the corner from the synagogue in the village in which he lived, or he was the small merchant. By what means he used to earn his bread is of no importance either; for at the time of his death the earning of bread was only a matter of remote memory. With many thanks to God he remembered the time when, if a man worked hard all week, he could have a loaf of white bread for the Sabbath. In the evil new time bread had become only the crust that a man might

EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND FEATURES

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world that must come out of all this. The Law of God will be the law of all men in the bright new world.

Thank goodness, he said, he had a synagogue as well as the Torah in his heart. There he worshipped satisfactorily after the old one was burned down. Thank goodness, they can't take everything away. They take away a man's living and the roof from his head but the Torah and the synagogue which are in his heart they can't take away. There was still a way of living when a man had Torah and synagogue. Yes, he thought, when he kept Torah and synagogue in his heart he still had great dignity even in his rags. Greenbaum's coat was out at the sleeves but he was grateful that it was long enough to hide the big hole in his pants.

He was deep in the prayers of the morning when they came to gather him up for the slaughter. They were in a hurry; they wanted to have the matter over with before the full light of the sun was up. Greenbaum was at the moment reciting that part which praises God for quickening the dead. They took hold of him, and still wearing his phylacteries and his t'fillah, he was pushed into the truck. There, turning toward the east, he took up his praying again. "He quickeneth the dead with great mercy."

They brought him at last to the place where he and all the others who had been gathered there were to dig their immense grave. When he saw that he had been brought to his grave Greenbaum was thankful that he had his t'fillah and phylacteries with him. He would perish in the panoply of his dignity as a man who every morning and evening, nearly in all the days of his life, spoke to God. He would not be like the cattle dying.

As he dug his grave he said the words that must come out of all this. The Law of God will be the law of all men in the bright new world.

He thanked God then that the Torah remained in his heart and in the hearts of all good men of the village. This was only the parchment copy that was being destroyed. The Torah's righteousness and its loving kindness and its justice were everlasting, like the stars, and what hands could destroy it?

Yes, he thought, it will live when the guns have been eaten by the rust and when all this power has become only dust of bones in the wind. Men still will be carrying the Sacred Law in their hearts toward the bright, new

kaddish over and over: "Magnified and sanctified be His great name of Him. (He gives peace and rest after all the pain)" . . . How hard the earth was against the spade. How slowly the grave opened for him. The soldiers were saying hurry, hurry. The sun was already quite high. "Let the name of the Lord be blessed from this time forth and forever. (In good time He makes an end of a man's travails and shelters him beneath His wings)."

Three long rows of men were lined up for the machine guns. One row at a time. Greenbaum was in the first row. He was among the first to fall into the grave. At last Greenbaum was among the first.

(To the memory of each of the 700,000 murdered Greenbaums, Rosenbaums and Applebaums, Greenbergs, Greenblatts and Greenspans, this obituary is inscribed—for the sake of our self-respect as human beings.)

POLISH OFFICIALS CHARGE NAZIS PLAN EXTERMINATION OF WARSAW'S 600,000 JEWS

London (WNS)—Nazi authorities in occupied Poland have decided to exterminate the estimated 600,000 Jews in the Warsaw ghetto, it was charged here this week by leaders of the Polish government-in-exile, following the reported surprise visit to Poland of Nazi Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler.

Polish leaders stated that Himmler's visit to Nazi officials in Poland resulted in the decision to destroy the Jewish population of the former Polish capital. Bloody pogroms lasting several days in which hundreds of terror-stricken men, women and children were murdered broke out in the Warsaw ghetto soon after Himmler arrived.

The Nazis plan to conceal their extermination scheme by announcing that the Jews will be transported from the ghetto to occupied Soviet territories for forced labor. Gestapo agents have posted signs throughout the ghetto warning the population to be prepared for deportation to Eastern Europe.

Weekly Giggle

Inside Out

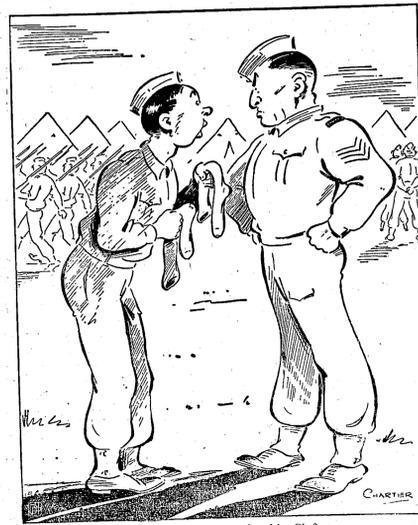
It was a practice of the good wives of Chelem while laundering their clothes to turn them inside out so that the right side might be kept clean. Before using a garment it had to be turned back to the right side.

A scholar of Chelem, an absent-minded man, habitually forgot to turn his shirt the correct way.

One day the worthy scholar was preparing to go to the public bathhouse for his weekly ablutions and asked his wife for a clean shirt. The wife, who knew from experience that reminding him to turn the shirt to the right side before putting it on would be of no help, turned it herself before giving it to him.

When he was about to put the shirt on, he suddenly remembered his wife's admonitions and turned it inside out. Of course he came home again with the shirt on the wrong side. His wife lost her patience and broke into angry words.

"I can't understand it," said the scholar of Chelem perturbed. "You turned the shirt on the right side and I turned the shirt to the right side and the shirt is still on the wrong side."



Can you help me fix this, Sir?