JOURNEY OF MY LIFE

by

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(A Book of Memories)

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This volume is dedicated to the memory of my late lamented wife, Sarah, who departed this world May 9, 1941. May her memory be ever an inspiration to our children and our children's children.

Having compiled these my memoirs at an age when one feels that one is "on the way back", I wish here to remember with love the names of my children, and to express the hope that they will continue the traditions of our family in the spirit of Judaism.

I mention first my oldest son Felix, and his wife Riva, and their children Goldie, Jacob, and Judah; then my son Daniel, presently the actual director of both our journals, "The Jewish Daily Eagle" and "The Canadian Jewish Chronicle", with his wife Edith and their children Esther and Leib; my son Max, of New York, his wife Freda, and their children Leila and Merle; my two youngest sons, Moe and Saul, both on Active Service in the Canadian Army. May the Lord protect them and save them from all evil, and may they return soon, unscathed and victorious, Saul to his wife and child, and Moe to a reconstituted life.

I mention with love my daughters, Sophie with her husband Leon Crestohl, K.C., and their children Myra and Harvey; my youngest, Miriam, with her husband Captain Abe Cooperberg, presently on the battlefront. May he soon return to his family to rejoice in his first-born Peter, whom he has not yet seen.

For myself, I pray to the Lord that it be granted me that I may together with my children and grandchildren, indeed together with all of Israel, rejoice in the discomfiture and defeat of those our enemies who rose up to destroy us.

Finally, I wish to record my gratitude to my beloved, young friend, A. M. Klein, who has translated these pages with devotion and generous interest.

PREFACE

For some time now, many of my friends have been urging me to put down in writing those reminiscences of mine which so frequently revealed themselves in my conversation. At first I took these suggestions as but subtle references to my advancing years, and with challenging obstinacy delayed their writing until I should be really old. A sense of modesty, moreover, held me back from giving importance to the details of my life by raising them to be the subject matter of a book. What could I have to tell which would add either to the gayety or wisdom of nations?

It was, however, merely a matter of time before I would surrender to the importunities of my friends. No part of man, indeed, is so vulnerable as that in which resides his desire to perpetuate the incidents of his life, the desire to make history out of autobiography. Moreover, as time went by, the infirmites to which the flesh is heir overtook me; an illness incapacitated me from my usual hectic routines, and I could think of no better way to spend the time of my recuperations than by devoting it to a remembrance of things past.

I would, however, be doing myself an injustice if I gave the impression that the only motives behind the penning of these memoirs was a desire to flatter my vanity, or an attempt to while away my convalescent hours. Of fame I have not a very exalted opinion; as the editor of a newspaper, I have seen how it is manufactured. As for pastimes, I could think of activities more pious and more becoming to my age and status than mere *belles lettres*. There was yet another reason, perhaps the impelling motive, which persuaded me to put the days of my years in print.

For a number of decades it has been my good fortune to be associated with the developing Jewish communal life of Montreal. When I first came here, I found but the nucleus of a community; with the passage of time that nucleus has developed into the flourishing entity it is to-day. History, I felt, should know what influences brought about this development, what personalities achieved it, what

tribulations that community suffered and what triumphs it enjoyed. Because I had been the editor and publisher of the Jewish newspapers during those crucial years, and therefore intimately connected with this development, my life, and the reminiscences of my life, I felt could throw considerable light upon these pages of our community's chronicles. Thence might the children of the pioneer generations of our community derive inspiration, thence might the future learn from the past.

I felt, moreover, that if I could indicate the manner of living in Europe in the days of my youth, it would constitute an interesting prelude to the symphony of the New World. These recollections, therefore, begin from my earliest days, and stop, temporarily I trust, in the years of the present.

These memoirs, therefore, like all memoirs, are intended not as history but as materials for the historian. I am not a writer of chronicles. If anywhere in the following pages I have erred, to be sure without intent, in chronology, may the historians forgive me. I never kept a diary and my calendars I threw away from year to year. Nor have I intended, despite the number of names which stud these pages, to compile a who's who. Only those whose names occurred to me as memory prompted and as subject suggested, are mentioned; I trust that those whom I have overlooked will pardon my unmalicious forgetfulness. As for the general reader, I feel that if he can glean out of the record of events here recounted some insight into the forces which brought so many of our institutions into being, some inspiration from those who moulded our past, and some lessons to guide our ever-developing community, in the days to come, I will have been amply rewarded.—H.W.

Childhood and Early Wisdom

It would appear, according to family reminiscence, that I was born dead. My parents were both over fifty years of age at the time; my entry into the world was characterized by no extraordinary signs of life; I was taken for dead. Unceremoniously my little body was put aside, a parcel awaiting the undertaker.

My mother — may she rest in peace!—was wont to recount the miracle of my birth in this manner. It seems that on the historic day she dreamed a dream. In the dream she beheld her father, who thus addressed her: "Shifra, my daughter, what has come over you? The child is alive; you will yet derive from him great pleasure and pride. Send for a doctor." Waking, my mother obeyed; the doctor barely anticipated the gravedigger — and that long series of events was set in motion which makes it possible for me to-day as I near the age of seventy to narrate the marvel of my birth . . .

This miraculous resurrection, I believe, throws considerable light upon the social customs of the day, when parents who at fifty, having already brought ten children into the world, could still afford the adventure of an eleventh. When the midwife found it stillborn, there was no great to-do; it was simply reserved for a little grave instead of for a little cradle. It was only through the intervention of a dream that one was put in mind to call a doctor. How many children, however, passed into the great beyond for want of a saving dream?

When I was barely three and a half years old, my mother wrapped me in my father's prayer-shawl, and took me to my first *cheder,* where Reb Leibish Mega showed me my first *aleph* and *beth.* At this moment there fell upon my book a shower of raisins and almonds. It was understood that this was an angel's reward to me for coming to school.

Pedagogy, those days, consisted of the simple precept: Spare the rod and spoil the child. The *kantchik* (a child's cat-o-nine tails, a kitten-o'-nine tails) constituted the cornerstone of the educational system. It was a method which struck terror into my little heart, and I have no doubt but that my swift progress was motivated by a desire to promote myself out of this apprenticeship. I did not remain long with those disciplinarians of my infancy. I soon was transferred to a teacher who gave instruction without

benefit of chastisements. One, indeed, held me up as a paragon, an example to be followed, and entrusted to me the task of helping him by going over with the other pupils the *Rashi* lesson.

One hour a day, a Jewish teacher, as distinct from a *rebbi,* taught me Bible. He did not continue in his profession for long. His rivals of the "*kantchik* school" soon bruited it about that all he educated were apostates and not children of Israel. I had to leave his school. It was impossible for me, as son of the man who occupied in the town the position of quasi-governmental Rabbi, to continue to take instruction from one who had achieved such a reputation, no matter how undeservedly. Accordingly, I became a pupil of Reb Chaim "Gander."

Reb Chaim was a man of parts. He was, first of all, a great scholar; moreover, he wrote Hebrew very well, and was employed by women to write for them those tropical oriental petitions one sends to miracle-working rabbis. He was also able to address envelopes in English and in Russian. A man of parts!

The name of his wife was Sheba, commonly referred to as "Reb Chaim Gander's Sheba." She was the proverbial termagant; she so nagged her husband, that our love for our teacher was further increased by our compassion for a continually-persecuted victim. Even his surname Gander, he had won for himself by virtue of Sheba's shrewishness. The Rebbe's wife sold fowl in the market-place; on one occasion a gander escaped from her care. Disregarding school discipline, and oblivious to the sacred instruction which was being given in the *cheder,* Sheba ran to the *cheder* window, knocked upon it, and shouted: "Chaim! Chaim! May the devil take you, go catch the gander!" And ever thereafter Gander was he called.

It was this same Reb Chaim Gander who gave me my first lesson in practical wisdom. When I was his pupil, I was quite an adept at blowing the *Shofar.* I used to give the *shamash* my daily penny for the privilege of using his ramshorn, and after a while became such an expert that I could blow two ramshorns simultaneously. Once as I was demonstrating my virtuosity with the ramshorns, Reb Chaim approached me, complimented me upon my skill, prophesied that I would yet become a Master of the Horn, and invited me to his house so that he might that very Sabbath afternoon teach me the laws and procedure pertaining to the blowing of *shofar.* I walked as if on air.

Returning to keep my rendezvous with Reb Chaim, I had to climb a

hill. At its foot I found a coin of the value of three kopeks. A treasure! Particularly since the last week I had been depriving myself of my daily kopek, for the rental of the *shofar*. I thought, at first, that a benevolent angel had rewarded me for my self-abnegation in the cause of ramshorn-blowing. But then I remembered that it was the Sabbath! And a Sabbath in the month of *Elul* when the very fish in the river shiver before the approaching doom of the High Holidays! Could I, then, a coming Master of the Horn, desecrate the Sabbath for three kopecks?

My foot playing with the coin, the thought occurs to me that Satan has thus disguised himself to tempt me away from the path of righteousness. I decide to go on my way. Perhaps I should make a compromise — keep two kopecks, and vow to donate the third to charity? I tarry again. I decide against this procedure; it is unworthy of a future *shofar*-master to do his good deed at the expense of a sin! Finally I fall upon a plan which will both preserve the Sabbath and the coin. With my foot I push the coin up the hill and into a corner against the cheder-wall, and cover it with a stone. After *maariv* I will go and retrieve treasure-trove.

I came into the *cheder*, all hot and perspiring. When Reb Chaim asked me the reason for my wearied condition, I told him of my find, and my problem. All he said was, "When you will grow older, you will grow wiser!"

That same evening, I rushed to my secret hiding-place, and found the treasure gone! I was convinced that the whole thing had been arranged by Satan who had sought to snare my soul.

Years later, before I was about to leave for Canada, I went to say my farewells to Reb Chaim, then an octogenarian. He reminded me of the "treasure." "I still would like to know what happened to that coin", I said. He laughed. "You see," he said, "I, being your teacher, couldn't tell you at the time that it was perfectly alright for you to pick up that coin. That's why I told you, you would grow wiser, as you grew older. And it was I who took that coin from under its stone — to emphasize the lesson."

And I had so unjustly accused Satan!

SAINTS AND SINNERS

One of my earliest recollections, dating back to my *Beth-Hamedrash* days, has remained engraved in my memory throughout the years. Our town, it appears, boasted not only its scholars, but also its thieves. They were organized into a definite band, under the leadership of Yankel Krayofsky, who, as a matter of fact, held the whole district in fear. According to Yankel, pickpocketing was the best profession known to man. "All one has to do is insert two fingers into another's pocket," he used to say, "and extract therefrom whatever luck would bring. No great effort is required. Yet one can make, thank God, a decent living. Only one drawback does the profession have — every lout, every dolt, can become a thief. The vocation is being usurped by upstarts!"

When Yankel approached one of the townsfolk for a "loan", no one ever thought of refusing. Yankel's gratitude, moreover, was determined by the manner in which the loan was extended. Was it made willingly, and with a drink of *shnapps* to boot, the lender could rest assured that for some time to come he would be immune to burglaries and thefts. If, on the other hand, the lender showed some reluctance, his future days were bound to be beset by mysterious mishaps and unaccounted losses. His fur-coat would suddenly disappear; his wife would fail to find her jewellery; his children would be waylaid and beaten. To give Yankel his demand, and to give it willingly, constituted an infallible insurance policy against burglary and accident.

One Saturday, the service in the *Beth Hamidrash* was interrupted so that a meeting might be held to determine ways and means to cope with the crime wave. It was decided that a petition should be addressed to the Governor requesting him to free the city from its thieves and robbers. Immediately after the meeting, however, when the burghers returned to their prayers, and the *Chassidim* to their congregations, the young men of the town sallied forth and mercilessly beat up every one of the band whom they encountered on the streets. The older folk were so enthusiastic over this display of spirit and its success, that a clamor arose among them: "Let us get Yankel Krayofsky! Let us teach him a lesson he'll not soon forget!"

I followed the crowd as it surged towards Yankel's house. When Yankel's wife however, heard the noise of the avenging mob, she barred the door, and

with a stroke of genius, got rid of the encircling *chassidim*. She simply stood herself stark naked in her window. When the pious folk beheld this abomination, they fled in all directions, as if from a devastating fusillade . . . Thus Yankel saved himself, as is the wont of thieves, by hiding behind a woman's skirt.

I recall, too, the strange case of Berl Kotzker, the butcher. One Friday night, as the townsfolk were entering the synagogue to greet the Sabbath, they found him, stretched out upon the threshold of the *Beth Hamidrash*, shouting: "Jews, trample me under foot! I have sinned! I have fed unclean meat to you!" He was lifted from the threshold, and practically had to be carried home. That Saturday another meeting was held, and the Rabbi decreed that all those who had bought meat from Berl Kotzker would have to have the *Kashruth* of their dishes investigated. Berl Kotzker thereafter, became a true penitent, fasting every Monday and Thursday, continually reading the psalms, and making a living out of teaching little children the rudiments of learning. He lived in great poverty all the days of his life. When he died, the town made a point of coming out to give him a great funeral.

When I read to-day an announcement of the *Va'ad Ho'Ir*, proclaiming that so-and-so is selling *trefah* meat for *kosher*, I am put in mind of Berl Kotzker, the repentant, and I wonder: "When will these carcass-vendors bethink them of penitence?"

Upon the death of Berl Kotzker, the community, out of compassion for his widow and orphans, provided her with some small funds so that she might be able to take up her position in the market-place, with similar unfortunate merchantesses, and sell her cakes and biscuits. To overcome the rigors of winter, those women had invented an ingenious brazier, a "fire-pot", which was placed at the feet, frequently right under the skirt. Misfortune dogged the Kotzker widow's steps; her dress caught fire from the brazier. She cried out in alarm, but her neighbor, it appears, budged not; a competitor eliminated was a competitor less. Other women of course, came to the rescue, but not till she had been so badly burned that she was confined to her house for several weeks. The misfortune, however, was not without its blessing: as a result of the neighbor's refusal to come to Mrs. Kotzker's help, the women in town decided to boycott her. She was in fact so boycotted, and her custom given to the Kotzker widow. The boycott was lifted only when the neighbor's husband was murdered by a

drunken peasant. That made her a widow, too; and widows one does not boycott.

There were in our town quite a number of wealthy men, dealers in lumber, grain, iron, who, seeing that there was then no stockmarket by which they might become impoverished, retained their fortunes to the end of their days. Yet they did not live for themselves alone. One tycoon, for example, adopted as his eleemosynary vocation that of a gratuitous circumciser. If the parturient mother was particularly poor, he would even add, to his free services, a bonus of some *guldens*. Another Mæcenas devoted himself to the welfare of the frequenters of the *Beth HaMedrash,* seeing to it that the students of God's word did not lack for food. On holidays, he would donate clothes and shoes to the impecunious scholars.

A third was the accredited Reader of the Scroll in the "cold synagogue." The place of worship was so called because it was unheated; there during winter one served the Lord, if not with fear, at least with trembling. Nonetheless, the monied *Ba'al Kora,* albeit with chattering teeth, persisted in his sacred function, and this despite the fact that most of the congregation had removed to a warmer synagogal climate.

A fourth potentate of wealth served, his ignorance notwithstanding, as *Gabbai* in the *Beth HaMedrash.* When this Jew was later impoverished, the congregation still retained him in his office, even going so far as to pay him — secretly — the sum of ten *gulden* per week.

One *Simchas Torah,* it fell to this *Gabbai* to award the honors of "*Hakofos*". This is an ecstatic procedure which consists of circling the central synagogal platform, bearing Scrolls of the Law. The *Gabbai* had already named for the purpose as many Jews as there were Scrolls. Desiring to tell the cantor that he could begin his singing and that the march should start, he shouted: "Cantor, dalye yazde!" This, in Russian, is a cry of teamsters, as if one were to say "Giddap!" The congregation was dumbfounded at the *Gabbai's* dubiously-chosen expression. He was removed from office; his stipend, however, was continued. Out of mortification, the *Gabbai* took to his bed. Another meeting was called and it was decided to let giddaps be bygones, and re-appoint him. He never was *Gabbai* again. Not long thereafter he passed away, departing on his last *Hakofa.*

JUSTICE AMONG TOMBSTONES

Shidlavtza was extremely fortunate in its rabbi, Rabbi Nathan David, of blessed memory, grandson of the *Yud Hakodesh*. Accordingly, the town was always full of *Chassidim*. When, however, Rabbi Nathan was gathered to his fathers, his children went their different ways; each became a rabbi in some different town, and only Reb Zemach was left to minister to the spiritual needs of Shidlavtza.

On Rabbi Zemach was visited that calamity of which one reads in legends. His son, Zechariah Chaim, suddenly disappeared, and none knew of his fate. Some said that he — may the Lord forfend — had come to an untimely end, and others averred a worse fate, saying that he had turned apostate.

To many the details of this incident are no doubt familiar from a reading of I. J. Singer's novel, "Yoshe Kalb", which is in fact the tale of Chaim, the son of the Mirover Rabbi, who vanished without trace, leaving his wife neither widow nor yet spouse. Rabbi Zemach took his misfortune so much to heart that his mind was affected, and for many years the community had to suffer his lunacies in silence. After all, he was the son of Rabbi Nathan David, the grandson of the *Yud Hakodesh*, and brother to rabbis in the cities of Poland! Such a one, one does not send to the asylum at Warsaw.

So I remember one of the exploits of the daft Rabbi Zemach. My father, as was already indicated, served as a quasi-governmental rabbi. One of his functions was to keep the registers of civil status, noting with statistical precision, the births, deaths, and marriages in the community. Once a year the register was brought to the magistrate for verification. My father used also to travel every year to the chief-place of the district for the examination of conscripts; in fact, when the doctors and officials were divided on the question: "To conscript or not to conscript," it was he who had the deciding vote.

One day a Jew of a neighboring settlement came to town for the purpose of burying his child, and required, accordingly, a certificate from my father. It was given, and an entry made, indicating that the child was to be buried over its grandfather's grave. A year passed, and my father found

himself again in the chief-place of the district for the annual conscription business. Suddenly there arrived a complete commission of doctors, officials, and police. They had come to investigate a report that the father of the child had himself murdered his infant. They wished to exhume the babe, and perform an autopsy. They turned to my father to find where the child was buried.

I was then about eleven years old, still went to the *Beth HaMedrash*, but, in my father's house, I was the registrar de facto. When I came home that day, I discovered the house full of waiting officials. I quickly got out the Register of Deaths, and indicated that the child was buried over its grandfather, whose grave boasted a monument, and that it was located in such and such a place.

The commission repaired to the cemetery. The mother of the child followed, weeping. The whole town was out, including the mad Rabbi Zemach who turning to the weeping mother, shouted: "Woman, why do you weep? Look aloft, and see your child flying in heaven. He has fled his grave wherein the commission will find only death!" The grave was dug, and was found empty. Nonetheless, the gravedigger swore that he distinctly remembered burying the child in that spot.

Among the doctors of the commission was one reported to have been an apostate. He it was who ordered the neighboring graves opened. Perhaps the gravedigger was in error. Accordingly, several other graves were disturbed. Still no child! Continue, ordered the apostate. At this juncture Rabbi Zemach intervened. "*Meshumod*", he said, "have I not already told you that here you will find death, but no child!" Hardly had he spoken, and a huge stone tore itself away from the wall of the cemetery, crashing on the doctor's skull. He died the same day. The government officials ordered the cessation of further gravedigging, returned to our house, made a record of their proceedings, and departed, taking with them the registers.

Further details touching the apostate doctor's death were revealed later; and now they can be told. It appears that Krayofsky, the leader of the local thieves, was a descendant of Aaron the high-priest, a *Cohen* — and a *Cohen*, even a thief, will not pollute his hereditary holiness by treading on cemetery-ground. Accordingly, when the gravedigging took place, he stood watching, together with other *cohanim*, from the unpolluted side of the cemetery wall.

What happened was that when the apostate-doctor ordered the continuation of the digging, Krayofsky vehemently kicked the wall — with

sad results for the *meshumod*. Many knew at the time the true circumstances of the incident, but did not dare repeat their knowledge. They preferred rather to interpret the whole affair as a miracle, a divine intervention visiting poetic justice upon a wanton disturber of the dead.

After the lapse of a month our registers were returned, with a letter urging greater circumspection in making the entries. The father of the missing child, of course, was vindicated. But Rabbi Zemach was ordered by the Government to an institution for the insane. There, in Warsaw, he passed on to the Great Lucidity, escorted to his last rest by a host of relatives and *Chassidim*, to whom his aberrations in life were no reason to deprive him of his honors in death.

CHASSIDIM

Our town boasted *Chassidim* of all kinds, types, and varieties, including the *Chassidim* of Radzimin who wore *tzitzith* with a blue pendule. Each group of *Chassidim* constituted almost a separate sect; and consequently, the town was never dull for want of a dispute. The quarrels usually reached their height when a rabbi or a *shochet* had to be chosen. Each group put forward its own candidate, or better expressed, the candidate recommended by its *Rebbe*. The disputations, indeed, became so violent that frequently the Governor would have to intervene, setting up a regular election machinery, supervised by the Mayor and police. After the election, it would be the Mayor who would proclaim that so-and-so had been duly chosen as rabbi or as *shochet*. This was rare in the case of a *shochet*, however, because usually the latter would owe his appointment to hereditary right.

The political fervor usually subsided after the elections, although it never did happen, within my memory, that all the Chassidim were content with the outcome, particularly in view of the fact that the average Jew, the hoi polloi, *amcho*, also had its vote, and their taste in rabbis never coincided with that of the *Chassidim*. Accordingly, the latter were invariably disappointed while the former, the working-class, arranged festivities to celebrate their victory over the *Chassidim* and other "spiritual snobs" who segregated themselves from the masses. It was, in fact, a veritable class-war!

There was, of course, a third group in the community, neither Chassidic nor proletarian. It consisted simply of unattached respectabilities, men of property and of substance. Among those was the father of Chono — the well-known Chono, notorious for his ubiquity at Zionist Congresses and for his big feet, unparallelled in Jewry. Chono's father, Reb Levi Moses Majewesky, owned a weaving-factory, where the peasants brought their wool to weave into cloth and checkered aprons. He was a worthy of the town; he prayed in the Great *Beth HaMedrash* and owned a *Mizrach* seat. He was the proud possessor of a silk *capota* which he wore on Sabbaths and Holidays. In fact, he dominated the synagogue, even as his son later dominated Zionist Congresses. When I returned to Shidlavtza in 1921, Reb Levi Moses was my principal advisor and counsellor. It was he who apportioned my little philanthropies, determining who should get more and who less; and

giving reasons. Although newspapers were rarely seen in our home town, still one could always find in Reb Levi Moses' possession, a copy of *Ha-Tzefirah,* full of revelations as to what was happening to Jews throughout the world. When I first saw that journal — at that time still considered somewhat taboo for the pious — a great desire rose in me some day to be a contributor to it. I did not then imagine that I would end up as a newspaper proprietor. Perhaps it was out of the *Ha-Tzefirah* belonging to the father of Chono of the big feet, that there was born that ambition which realized itself seven years after I came to Montreal.

OF SABBATHS AND OF HOLY DAYS

Apart from Chassidim, workers, and men of property, our town had yet another caste — Jews who went idle all week long, waiting only for Wednesday, the fair-day, when they could go to the market and negotiate some little profit on a transaction involving wheat, or fowl, or a bag of potatoes. With the few pennies which they earned in this fashion, they supported themselves all week. Others there were who were too impatient to wait for the financial Wednesdays; those went travelling from village to village, buying a calf or hides from the peasants, and bartering them for clothes or a pair of pants. Thus, they spent the whole week in hustle and rush, returning tired and weary to meet the Sabbath. The spirit which motivated them is best expressed by Heine—"All week a dog; on the Sabbath a prince!"

These village-merchants were called "runners". It was, considering the territory they covered for the little they earned, an apt name. Yet, when the Sabbath arrived, these were changed personalities. Who to-day can evoke that Sabbath atmosphere, the holy Sabbath pleasure which enveloped the two hundred and forty-eight organs and the three hundred and sixty-five nerves of the Jewish body?

On Friday, as soon as the bath-house "whistler" whistled his call to ablutions, one could see them hurrying, the "runners", hastening to steam themselves for the greater glory of the Sabbath! Some brought along their own pails and besoms; others rented the paraphernalia for a *kopek*. What ecstatic steaming and vaporizing went on upon the lofty bath-house benches! Certainly he who has not heard a Jew groan from behind the clouds of steam, has never heard a groan of pleasure. And then the scratching and the whipping with the besoms! Purified, anointed, cleaned of all dross, one emerged, ready to receive the Holy Sabbath.

Returning home, one took a snack of *tzimes*, or of fish (if available), partook of the festive meal. On the Sabbath day the procedure is repeated—an early visit to the *mikveh*, synagogal service, and meals worthy of the descendants of King David, followed by the singing of *zemiroth*, in Hebrew. When the song reaches its height, one breaks into Yiddish, clapping one's hands, and crying: "We thank you, thank you, our sweet Lord!" The climax is reached in the afternoon nap.

Rising from one's sleep, one repairs again to the synagogue, this time to catch up on the latest news. Some sit intoning over a holy book, or reading the psalms. Others listen to the Rabbi, expounding the *Sedra* of the Week, or the Ethics of the Fathers. *Chassidim* go to their chapels, if I may call them such, to relate each the wonders of his own *Rebbe.* This competitive narration goes on until the Sabbath dwindles into evening. In heaven, the cry already goes forth: "Return, ye wicked, to your hells! The Sabbath is over!" And those below upon the face of the earth, return also from their Sabbath Eden to their weekly gehenna. Vanished is princeliness, slavery is their lot once more . . .

The same spiritual uplift which characterized the Sabbath, also characterized the High Holidays. Who can forget the feeling of awe and impending justice which took hold of all Jewry during the preceding month when, to the accompaniment of the *Shofar* blast it was announced: "Jews, the month of *Ellul* has arrived! Repent!" The cemeteries were suddenly full of people who came to the graves of their ancestors to ask them to intercede on their behalf before the Heavenly Throne. The fear of the Day of Judgment grew with the passing of the days of *Ellul.* And there were many things, touching the new year, which evoked fear and anxiety: the possibility of new laws passed by the regime against Jewry; the reality of the cold winter; the necessity of woollen clothes for the coming days of frost. Even the rich trembled at the approaching Doomsday. If ever they could be persuaded into extending loans and giving charity, this was the month.

Yet upon the arrival of the Holy Day itself, all personal worries, even communal worries, seemed forgotten. One was no longer a denizen of the earthly sphere; one had to do with celestial justice. When the cantor began his, "Lord, behold me, Thy poor servant," a great cry and ululation rose from women and children. Upon the incantation of the *"U'nsaneh Toikef"*, it veritably rained tears. It was a weeping which was thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, after the completion of the afternoon service, one did not rush home, as some are wont to do nowadays, but one stayed until after *minchah,* and then departed, for the holiday meal, which was both pabulum and ritual.

Nor did one eat of one's blessings alone. Everybody had guests for *yom-tov.* There was such a pilgrimage of guests to our town for the period of the Holidays that business during these weeks appreciably improved. The "runners" did not have to go coursing over the countryside to make their world-shaking transactions; they could stay at home, right through the Ten

Days of Repentance, and even until after the Feast of Tabernacles, and deal with the rustic guests in fowl, chicken-fats, eggs, vegetables. But after the feast of The Rejoicing in the Law everything went back to normal again. Again the daily anxieties, again the continual pursuit of an ever-elusive *parnasa*. Yet one lived, one married off children, one passed one's days. In the teaching and doctrine of God's Torah, one even luxuriated. So a generation came, and so it went. The forms of life remained the same.

MY FATHER REFUSES TO DRINK WATER

A new era was dawning. Young folk began to use such strange expressions as "liberty", "modernism". The able youngsters of the town went off to Warsaw or to Lodz; some thought of England and America. From their new homes they would send to their parents the few roubles which they could spare; when they came back for a visit, they were a marvel to behold—they were dressed as if they were somebodies, and they spoke only of socialism and the new world. Into the homes of their elders they brought a feeling of awed perplexity.

There would come a time, when I too, would go to seek my destiny in Warsaw. For the time being, I was the one who actually performed my father's duties of registrar of acts of civil status. My studies, of course, were neglected. But I was, so to speak, my father's right hand. I would, of course, wish that this record and these memoirs be as impartial as it is humanly possible. Yet, among so many interesting personalities, I would be remiss in my autobiographical, if not in my filial duties, if I did not say a word about him who gave me life, who was himself no mean scholar, and to whom I owe whatever journalistic talents I may have.

In his youth, my father was a *Chassid* of the *Radshitzer Rebbe,* Reb Ber. Periodically he would go on pilgrimage to his court, getting to his destination not on any vehicle, forsooth, but literally on foot. And when he arrived, after the long peregrination, he would, as would every other *Chassid,* be full of awe and misgivings even before he turned the bolt on the *Rebbe's* door. Didn't the *Rebbe* know the inmost thoughts of the human heart? Was he not aware even of the most secret of transgressions? One stood at his threshold, and trembled.

My father was not wealthy. When he married my mother he did not receive the usual dowry. My mother was of the stock of the *Rebbe* of Radishetz, and it was considered that her pedigree was sufficient dowry. After his marriage, my father tutored adult boys, but seeing that his pupils were *Chassidim,* his knowledge of Hebrew and Russian was held a handicap rather than an asset. He also acted as cantor for the High Holidays in the nearby villages; as a matter of fact, he settled in one of these hamlets, and there I was born. When I was two years old, my father was named Crown Rabbi.

The fact was that he did not really hold that quasi-governmental office, but he actually performed its services. No doubt a compromise was made when he was titled the "Magisterial Beadle". Part of his salary was paid by Government, about one hundred gulden a month — seven dollars and fifty cents in contemporary exchange — and a similar amount he earned by way of fees for entries made in his registers. He was appointed to the office for three reasons. First, he was a scholar; secondly, he knew Polish and Russian; and thirdly, the lay religious leader was a friend of his youth. They had both studied at the same *yeshivah,* had both starved together. When the community *gabba* rose to his high eminence, he did not forget the companion of his early days.

Towards the end of his life, my father had ceased to frequent the court of the *Rebbe.* Often I had tried to query him about this, but he always evaded my question. One Saturday afternoon, as we were studying *Midrash* together — all week I studied at the school, but on Sabbath afternoons, after his nap, my father would teach me a piece of *Midrash* — I put the question to him again. Why, when he was young, had he travelled to the *Rebbe,* even on foot, and to-day, when he could afford conveyance, he did not make his pilgrimages any more?

"You know, my son", he answered, "it is better not to discuss such matters, because out of much discussion comes much foolishness." He then continued with a parable. "Sometimes it happens at a festivity, a wedding or a bethrothal, that when the *shnapps* has been all consumed, a practical joker fills an empty shnapps-bottle with water, and goes to the table to stand treat. Who wants a drink of shnapps? he says. Somebody extends his glass, and the prankster fills it with water out of the bottle. Then, if the duped one is clever, he will after he has quaffed his glass and realized that it was water, cry out "*L'Chaim!* A splendid shnapps!" The fool, however, will spit it out, spluttering: "Phew, its water!" When I used to go to the holy Reb Ber, I knew he was a *zaddik,* a saint; to-day, however, most of the *Rebbiim* are — water. I don't care to come under the category of the fool who announces to the whole world that he has been duped. I prefer to swallow what I am told. But to go expressly to drink what I know beforehand is mere tasteless water — that I will not do as long as I have shnapps to drink!"

My father was physically a weak man, and towards the end of his life, he was bed-ridden practically every winter. This, indeed, was one of the

principal reasons for my assumption of his governmental prerogatives. When he passed away I was only fifteen years old. It was then that I decided to fare forth from my home-town, leaving my mother in the care of my older brother — who is to-day a resident of Palestine — and to go to the great metropolis of Warsaw.

MEN ABOUT TOWN

My townlet was, taken by and large, no different from hundreds of such which dotted the plains of Poland. Each had its "characters", individuals who emphasized in their personality either some excessive virtue or some inordinate vice. Thus there were very pious Jews, so remote from worldly affairs, they knew not how to distinguish one coin from another, and there were also thieves to whom their profession, chosen by dint of poverty, had become an art by reason of talent.

There was, for example, Simchah the Thief. When I knew him, he must have been already over sixty. All day he would spend in the synagogue, praying, reading the psalms, going over a chapter of the Pentateuch. As the cantor sang out his antiphonies, he never failed to reply with an enthusiastic "Blessed is He, blessed is His Name!" On Sabbath he was dressed in all the silks of piety, a saint.

This was in the day-time. But when the sun set, he was a thief. No man could pick a lock like he. If there were no locks to pick in town, he went into the village. On several occasions, as a matter of fact, he spent time in jail, both days and nights; but as soon as he was liberated, he was always, back at the old routine — sunshine for Torah, moonlight for theft.

When he was reproached because of his exploits, "Simcha, how can you permit yourself such things, a pious Jew like you an ordinary thief", he would always answer, "Tell me, who has a better way of earning his livelihood than I? The Lord in His infinite wisdom, ordains every year, at its beginning, who shall earn a living and who shall lose it, and no doubt for me He has written down that I should earn it from those who lose it. Really, I only perform a heavenly mission."

There was also the unforgettable Reb Kalman. While his wife hustled and bustled in the market-place, earning a meagre living for her husband and children, he was concerned with loftier things; he looked after charity. Immediately as he was through with his morning prayers, he began circumambulating the town in quest of alms for the poor. All day long he would be engaged in his holy mission, and at night he would dispense the collected alms to the poor and the needy.

A strange custom Reb Kalman had. The first two kopeks which he

collected every day for charity, he would spend to buy a drink of shnapps — for himself. Nor did he keep this misappropriation of public funds a secret. Everybody knew how Reb Kalman got his *"l'chaim"*.

Folks would reproach him: "Reb Chaim, how can you do such a thing? The money, after all, belongs to the poor, and you drink away two kopeks of it daily! How can you permit yourself such a breach of trust?" And always he had the same sincere and ingenious answer. "You see", he would say, "I have a special reason for this procedure. Everybody knows that I don't work, and I live on my wife's earnings. I wouldn't be surprised, therefore, to learn that people suspected me of using public funds to meet my household expenses. But if people really did entertain such a notion, they would be committing the heinous sin of "suspecting the innocent", a sin for which Heaven assigns great penalties. Rather, therefore, than have a whole community fall into such an error, I actually do appropriate for my own purposes two kopeks per day. It's true that I myself thus commit a minor transgression, but I save a whole community from heavenly punishment!"

Every town, it appears, must have a town-fool, a municipal lunatic, a communal half-wit. Shidlovtza, however, had to share its half-wit, Mordecai, with the neighboring hamlets. The fact was that this Mordecai was restlessness itself; he never would remain for long in any single place. Wandering from village to village, he was soon notorious throughout Poland — that is, throughout the hamlets of Poland — the large cities he carefully avoided. He couldn't stand their modern inventions. Under no circumstances would he drink water from a tap; it was a contraption he could not understand. For him, only the spring water, pure and undefiled! Several miles outside of town there was a well, much favored by Mordecai. In the hot summer days he would repair thither to quench his thirst. Returning, his throat would go parched again, but instead of coming into town for a drink, he would walk back to the well. It was not uncommon for him to spend a whole July day, walking to and fro between the well, raising a thirst, and quenching it, over and over again!

Such his drink; his food consisted of the handouts of the charitable. As for clothes, he couldn't tolerate whole garments. When somebody perchance gave him such a suit, unpatched and untorn, his first job was to tear it to tatters. "Whole garments", he said, "suited only the snobs of Warsaw."

And what he left untattered, was completed for him by the street-gamins, always to be seen following his peripatetic course.

From his peregrinations through the villages of Poland, Mordecai invariably returned with new cantorial tunes. He had a good voice, and upon the slightest provocation would trill forth with some fancy tremolos picked up in remote parts. It was uncanny, sometimes, to hear him, in the dead of night, singing in the synagogue court, at the top of his voice.

The manner of his marriage, was macabre. An epidemic had spread through the town. It was felt, by virtue of some immemorial superstition, that if Mordecai was married to a half-wit like himself, the epidemic would cease. The wedding ceremony, according to tradition, took place on the cemetery. It was a grim business, with the whole town turning out to see Mordecai declare his spouse sanctified to him, according to the laws of Moses and of Israel. But in defiance of that law, Mordecai left his wife soon after, to set forth again upon his periodic wanderings. His wife died. When reproached, Mordecai would say: "No, she's not dead, I don't believe it." There was always method in his madness.

MY ARRIVAL IN WARSAW

It is now more than fifty years since I arrived in the great metropolis of Poland, then a hive of activity, and not the charnel-house to which it has been reduced to-day. After a number of vicissitudes, I finally picked the business which was to give me sustenance for many years, a wine-emporium. It was not long before I knew about brands and ages, and tastes — a veritable vintner and connoisseur!

Nonetheless, despite my pre-occupation with mercantile pursuits, the longing for the old life never left me. I was always beset by a nostalgia for the beauty and holiness of the Sabbath and Holidays of Shidlavtza. Nor was I alone in my desires. Others there were to whom the theatres, the cafes, and the clubs of Warsaw held no charm. Together we discovered a little synagogue on a side street, known as the "Congregation of the Students of Torah", where young men would pass the evening hours in study of Holy Writ. Some murmured over pages of *Gemora,* and others read the Pentateuch and the commentary of Rashi; both groups were instructed by two brothers. I became a member of the congregation. A peculiar characteristic of this synagogue was that its charter did not provide for the right to study. Whenever the police would pass by, all the students therefrom would change from *Gemora* to the Book of Psalms, and begin the intonations of prayer. Apparently, under the regime, one was allowed to pray, but not to think.

The Great "Chafetz Chaim", outstanding scholar of his generation, used to stay, when he would come to Warsaw to have his books published, at the home of one of our teachers.Naturally, he would go for synagogal service to our Congregation. It was here that we young men once sought to interest the scholar and saint — in a sweepstake! Lotteries were common in Warsaw, and we felt that if we had the heavenly merit of the Chafetz Chaim sharing our ticket, we would surely win. The Chafetz Chaim was most reluctant. "I don't want to win," he said. Nonetheless, we persuaded him to contribute twenty kopeks. We lost. On the following day, we harrassed him again into becoming a partner. We lost again. On the third day, he said: "Leave me in peace, children, you see that you are losing because lucky number!

Warsaw was at that time a great city, not only in Poland, but in Israel. It was dotted with synagogues, houses of study, philanthropic institutions. On the other hand, it had its seamy side, too. Jewish Warsaw did not lack for thieves and charlatans. Even as our home town had had its gang-leaders, so too, Warsaw had its Chatzkel Spiegelglass, and his retinue of thieves and blackmailers. Their favorite technique was to approach a man of substance, and tell him: "Sir, you have insulted us! The insult will cost you 'so much and so much'." If the victim paid up willingly, there was an end of the matter; if, however, he was reluctant, he was made to pay for his "insult" by injury, and finally, beaten and bleeding, would pay the stipulated sum. Warsaw, indeed, was a conglomerate city, with its Chafetz Chaim, and *l'havdil*, its Chatzkel Spiegelglass.

In the rear of my wine-emporium, there was the Saxon Garden, in one of whose booths there was sold a certain mineral water which attracted many invalids who every morning would get their drink, take their stroll, and then rest on the park-benches. The venerable Chaim Selig Slominsky, the editor of the *Hatzefirah*, and the late Nahum Sokolow, then a young man, were frequent visitors to the park. I loved to listen to their conversations, and often, I would bring them some soda-water, for which gift they would let me eavesdrop upon their discussions. It was, indeed, in one of these sessions that I heard Sokolow say that the *Hatzefirah* had to get rid of Chono of the big feet. Chono, it seems, was employed at the *Hatzefirah* to turn the rod of the printing-press; he substituted for electric power. Slominsky's idea was to send, as a delicate form of dismissal, Chono to Palestine. It was here that I applied for Chono's job, "Not because I so envy his vocation, but because I hope that I too, will be dismissed and sent to Eretz Israel." Sokolow was at that time an opponent of political Zionism. "You will get there, anyway," he replied, "the wine-industry needs your help."

As a matter of fact, I did acquire in the course of the years a certain expert knowledge about the wine-business. But my ambitions still ran in the direction of journalism. I envied with all my heart the two great pillars of the *Hatzefirah;* I even envied its minor contributors. I still remember the patriarchal visage of the hoary Slominsky, and the fine youthful countenance of Sokolow. Vividly do I recall his first article about Herzl, whose policies he did then oppose; he dubbed him dreamer; he almost went so far as to term him a "false prophet" for maintaining that political Zionism could solve the Jewish problem.

"Tell me, young man," Sokolow once asked me, "do you read *Hatzefirah*?

"Certainly, I only do not read it on those occasions when for circumstances beyond your control it does not appear." The *Hazefirah* frequently missed its deadline on account of financial difficulties, and sometimes even as a result of internal dissension over policy. Sokolow smiled at the innuendo. "Then which of its articles has made the strongest impression on you?"

It was with pride that I relayed to him, almost verbatim, an essay which Slominsky wrote, treating frivolously one of the traditional miracles. The editor of *HaMelitz* took offense at this sacrilege, commenting severely about Slominsky's heresy, and published in his paper the offensive article of the editor of *Hatzefirah*. He titled it, using a locution out of the Talmudic Tractate, *Baba Kama*: The Goring Bull by the Gored One Held! I went on to quote one of Sokolow's own *feuilletons*, a little essay, the point of which was that if Jews had to live on Jewish trade only, they would perish. This venture into ethnological economics aroused much criticism at the time. I made a good impression, but still my writing days belonged to the future.

Nor did my business ventures fare much better. Despite all my expert knowledge, I had to cease operations. The wine-business had soured, and where there should have been profits, there were losses. So I closed up shop, and removed to Lodz. My arrival in that city was not beset by the same difficulties which I had encountered in Warsaw. After all, I was no longer a small-town boy coming to the big city; I was a metropolitan merchant beginning operations in a provincial town. Moreover, I was older; I was already at the wise age of eighteen, when a young man, according to Talmudic injunction, is ready for the marriage canopy. As a matter of fact, many were those who sought to interest me in the practical application of this piece of Talmud.

In Lodz, I followed the example of Warsaw, and organized a society like our "Congregation of the Students of Torah". About a score of young men joined for the purpose, and we studied together on Sabbaths and Holidays. We established also a free-loan organization, where members could borrow money for their needs, and this without the obligation of interest. Unfortunately this venture failed; three-quarters of the money was never returned. I was persuaded to leave my "Congregation", by a friend who was a *gabbai* in a Chassidic synagogue; there I became a "*baal kora*" — a reader of the Torah.

A TALE OF JEWISH REVENGE

As a result of my association with the "Students of Torah" and out of the recollection of my father's *bon mot* concerning the drinking of water in place of *shnapps,* I had become less and less of a *Chassid.* The instruction which I had received from the two Lithuanian rabbis of the aforementioned "students" — all Lithuanians are notoriously *mithnagdim* — protestants against the doctrines of the Baal Shem Tov — increased still further my alienation from an approach to life which had guided my youth. Nonetheless I was attracted by the notion of becoming a *"Baal Kora",* a Reader of the Scroll, even in a Chassidic synagogue. Moreover, some of my dearest friends were members of its congregation; with them I spent many happy hours in discussion, and often on matters far removed from Chassidism.

I was at home, therefore, in the Chassidic assembly. My contentment with my new environment,however, lasted only until Purim, when an incident occurred whereby I felt myself grievously insulted. The reading of the scroll for Purim — the Book of Esther — was justly my prerogative; it was I who was the *Baal Kora.* Nonetheless, upon this particular occasion, Reb Samuel Warshauer, one of the cronies of the *Rebbe,* a pompous *Chassid,* arrogated that right to himself, and it was he who read the *Megillah.* I felt hurt at the slight; but I said not a word. I bided my time.

My time came on *Rosh Hashanah.* This Reb Samuel was the acknowledged "Blower of the Ram's Horn" in the synagogue. That was his prerogative. Came the New Year, and the old Reb Samuel lifted the *shofar* to his lips to cause to issue therefrom the usual blast. All he managed, alas, was an unearthly noise. Satan, apparently, had introduced himself into the ram's horn and was confounding Reb Samuel's mightiest efforts.

He blew and he puffed. He struggled, seeking a convenient angle for his blowing. He perspired. But still no clear shofar-blast issued. The congregation was growing more and more impatient with every one of his asthmatic wheezes. The more Reb Samuel tried, the more stubborn the *shofar* became. It positively refused to lend itself to Reb Samuel's will. In the synagogue, a great murmuring arose, and people began pointing at me to take over the *shofar.* My prowess with the ramshorn was known; my ability to blow two of them simultaneously was no secret. I, however, ignored these gesticula-

tions and pointings, my face studiously turned to the wall. Finally someone threw a prayer-shawl over me — unmarried men do not wear *tallithim* at prayer — and with half-words and undertones — so as not to interrupt the service with speech — pushed me towards Reb Samuel. Reluctantly, he handed his *shofar* to me.

The *shofar* obeyed my command. I blew forth a clear, loud, unbroken blast, like a trumpet of jubilee. The synagogue revived.

During the second half of the shofar-blowing, Reb Samuel took over the recalcitrant ramshorn. With great difficulty and after many attempts he finally negotiated the *tkiah, shvorim, truah,* but when he came to the *tkiah-truah,* he was foiled again. Again the hesitation, the trials, the synagogal murmurings. And again the *shofar* was handed to me. I blew him out, the Satan, who seemed to make his habitat therein, out with one blast, long, clear, resounding. I had had my "revenge".

That evening, after *Tashlich,* Reb Samuel invited a number of people to his home, myself included. Everybody was talking about the shofar-blowing, bantering kindly jests at Reb Shmuel's expense. I volunteered the explanation as to why I was a superior "Master of the Horn"; I tried out, I told him, the *shofar* before *Rosh Hashanah,* and if Satan sneaked into the ramshorn, I locked him up in it, and was rid of him until after the holidays. I admitted, moreover, that I was more familiar with Satan and his ways than Reb Samuel, and therefore he troubled me less than his bitter and disobedient opponent, Reb Samuel . . .

"No," Reb Samuel interjected, "you are a better shofar-blower, but not for the reasons which you have given. I'll give you two reasons to explain your superiority. The first is a parable. There was, upon a time, a king who possessed a priceless diamond, heirloom of his ancestors. In constant fear was he lest he lose this jewel beyond value. He decided therefore to have a hole bored through its centre, and keep it on a string. Whereupon he summoned all the smiths and jewellers of his realm, offering them the ticklish assignment. Whoever succeeded in boring the hole through the diamond without breaking it, could name his own reward. But woe betide him who split the precious heirloom. He would pay with his head. Finally, a brave jeweller undertook the king's proposition. He took the jewel to his shop, and entrusted the assignment to his chief worker. He did not, however, inform him of the conditions of the royal mandate. For the jeweller calculated, thus — if he succeeded, he would receive the credit; if his worker failed, he would

indicate who was responsible for the loss of the jewel. The worker, doing his job without any extraordinary sense of fear or responsibility, naturally acquitted himself well."

"And," added Reb Samuel, "it is also so with reference to shofar-blowing. He who appreciates how holy a function it is, is overwhelmed by the sense of responsibility, almost paralyzed by the heavenly dangers; accordingly, he performs his task only with difficulty. But he who does not know the secrets of *shofar,* why, he goes through it with the greatest of ease . . ."

Reb Samuel continued. "And if you want yet another reason, it is again with a parable that I will explain your superiority in the art. Often have I wondered how a *mithnagid,* and half-Germanized at that (that was a particular dig at me because I wore a white-pressed collar) could be such an excellent shofar-blower. I have found the answer. For I was also once curious of what kind of a New Year the trees celebrated on *Chamisho Osor B'Shvat.* So I went forth into the woods, and behold it was splendid! The trees were attired in their prayer-shawls of snow; they moved and murmured with great enthusiasm, and at a given moment, the wind blew forth his trumpet-blast, and the whole forest bowed in worship. Here, I said, was a real Master of the Horn, the shofar-blower *nonpareil!* But when I left the wood, and came back into town, I met him again, this shofar-blower, the wind, but how changed his holy functions. He pushed down old women, he tore the hats off Jews; he frolicked with the girls. I recalled," he concluded, "this incident as I listened to your shofar-blasts."

"On the contrary," I replied", the story explains your own failure. Who, indeed, could ever blow a *shofar* and at the same time entertain such evil thoughts as you have revealed." It was a pleasant good-humored session, after the agony of the morning humiliation.

THE CONFOUNDING OF AN ATHEIST

The following year Reb Samuel again read the *Megillah,* but I was not aggrieved for I had gone to visit in Warsaw. I had read in *Hatzefirah* that a lecture was to be delivered by one whose name I have now forgotten, but who was currently referred to as "the iron head"—a tribute to his great intellectual qualifications. He had been a profound scholar of Holy Writ, but had become a freethinker who had made it his mission to preach against the so-called exaggeration and falsehoods of the Talmud. I knew, too, that many Hebrew scholars would be at his lecture, and I did not wish to miss this event.

The lecture was held in one of the largest halls of Warsaw, and the late Nahum Sokolow was on hand to espouse the cause of the Talmud. It seems that it was the fables of Abba bar Huna, recounted in the Talmud, which evoked the special criticism of the modern Epicurus. He cited first of all the story which related how Abram shouted at his slave Eliezer so mightily that Eliezer's tooth fell out, and how an ivory bed was made for Isaac out of that tooth.

"So," the "Iron Head" queried, "if Abraham, as the *Midrash* has it, was a giant, then Isaac, too, was probably no dwarf — how then was it possible to make a bed for him out of a tooth? It will perhaps be argued that Eliezer was also a giant; if so, how do you explain the falling out of his tooth as a result of Abraham's shouting?"

Sokolow rose to reply. "You are no scholar", he said, "but a mere superficial reader. Anybody could see that the story is not to be taken literally, but symbolically. Abraham wanted Eliezer to bring for Isaac a wife, hence the "bed" image. The freeing of a slave was accompanied by knocking out his tooth. All that Abraham said to Eliezer, therefore, was: 'Bring my son a wife, and I will free you'. About the simple statement Abba ben bar Huna wove the charm of his imagination."

To this the "Iron Head" had no retort. He sought refuge in another anecdote attributed to the same fabulist, bar Huna, in which he tells how travelling upon water, he saw a bird, so huge, that the water reached only to its ankles and its head touched the sky.

Bar Huna, seeing how low the water reached upon the bird's legs,

sought to jump in for a swim, but was warned away by bystanders who told him that someone had once dropped an axe into that water, and it had taken seven years to reach the bottom. This, moreover, was not due to the fact that the water was so deep, but because it flowed so fast. Epicurus turned to his audience: "Is that possible?"

Nahum Sokolow did not take long to reply. "What bar Huna had in mind," he said, "was just such a soul as yours. Water, as all know, is a symbol of Torah, but with such a bird as you, it reaches only to the ankles. Your head, however, stretches itself impudently to the skies. Your position, moreover, like the pool of bar Huna's tale, only gives the appearance of depth, but is not deep. It is, as he says, because the water moves too fast, without pause for reflection!"

The lecture of "Iron Head" was not the success he had planned. He left Warsaw in discomfiture.

THE JEWS OF LODZ

The Jews of Lodz constituted a proud and independent community. No one could insult them with impunity. I recall specifically the notorious tramway incident in Lodz. A company had just been organized for the purpose of building in that city a system of municipal transportation. The promoters, apparently, had decided that the venture was to be a completely Christian one. When the great philanthropist and industrialist Posnanski wanted to buy himself some shares in the new company, they refused to sell. They wanted no Jewish shareholders.

Lodz Jewry was incensed. Without organization, spontaneously, as if it were the result of a telepathic and universal resentment, a movement manifested itself not to use the Lodz tramways. On the very first day of the functioning of the tramways, it was apparent that a boycott was being practised. The cars were empty; it could not be otherwise; Jews constituted the majority of the Lodz population.

Alarmed, the tramway authorities directed themselves to the chief of police with a complaint to the effect that Jewry had "excommunicated" the tramway. Whereupon the chief of police went to the Head Rabbi, Elijah Maisel, of blessed memory, and warned him that such a boycott was illegal. The Rabbi firmly took the stand that there was no boycott on the part of the Jews; that Lodz Jews merely refused to use the services of a company which boycotted them by refusing to sell them shares; that no cherem or excommunication was in force; and the law could not compel Jews to give their custom to their avowed enemies.

The police chief then insisted that the Rabbi himself board a tramway to prove that no excommunication ban had been uttered. The Rabbi complied, riding in an open tram through the main street of Lodz; but still no other Jew used the trolleys. The "boycott" lasted for two weeks; after which the tramway promoters capitulated. They made their peace with Posnanski, sold him stock in the company, and contributed ten thousand roubles to the Jewish community. In fact, Posnanski was elected a director, and the tramways thereafter were crowded.

A similar incident occurred in the case of the German, Anstadt, the brewer, who owned a large amusement park in Lodz. One evening

this Anstadt in conversation with another German reported the opinion that the Jews who frequented his park, "not only drank his beer but also swallowed his glasses". This imputation of theft was overheard, and suddenly there was a great falling off in Anstadt's clientele. No Jewish restaurant sold Anstadt's beer. Even Christian tavern-keepers avoided the beverage. The boycott was so strong that Anstadt sought to change the name of his beer. This availed him little. Finally the brewer appealed to the Rabbi. Through the intervention of the police chief this matter was settled; Anstadt, by way of an apology, paid for the rebuilding of one of Lodz's old synagogues, and contributed several thousand roubles to Jewish eleemosynary institutions. And Anstadt's beer flowed again.

Such was the pride and vigour of the Lodz community, and this at a time when Poland itself was subject to the Czar's sovereignty. Yet when Poland regained its freedom, its Jewry lost its independence of spirit. Indeed when I visited Poland in 1921, I was convinced that the discrimination exercised against Jews at that time was much greater than that which prevailed in my time. I recall specifically my visit with Dr. Rosenblatt who was then a member of the Polish Sejm. His office was full of Jews, each heavy with some complaint; one had had his side-curls torn off by hooligans; another had been flung off a moving train; a third had been fined for being a Jew. One old woman was in tears because she had been sentenced for selling beigel without a license. Her punishment was alternative; she could either pay a fine of two hundred marks, or spend a month in jail. Marks she had not any, and to spend a month in jail meant to leave her four orphan children motherless and alone. Dr. Rosenblatt, when I came in, was engaged in dictating a letter to the judge, begging the judicial clemency to permit the accused to pay her fine in instalments of five marks a week.

I turned to Dr. Rosenblatt and suggested he let me pay the fine. After all two hundred marks, in Canadian funds, amounted to only ten cents. So what was the use of going through petitions and pleas and requests, all for a dime!

"That is true", said Dr. Rosenblatt, smiling tolerantly as to one who knows not the custom of the land, "that is true, but if you were to exoner-

I gave the "criminal" a thousand mark note, and have never forgotten her expression of ineffable joy. It eliminated not only her immediate

calamity; but it also served as a means to find herself a more legitimate profession than bootlegging beigel.

Such was the lot of Jewry under the Polish Republic. Naturally, there were Jews who made themselves a living, and some who were wealthy; but the majority consisted of the exploited and the persecuted.

Shortly after my marriage—to return to my story—I lost my wine-license. It was taken from me and given to a Pole. This injustice, and others which I witnessed daily, persuaded me to leave this land of oppression. My wife consented that I go to Hungary to see whether I could negotiate a wine-agency from the people with whom I had dealt in the wine business. In any event, that was the story I told my wife. I sold all my possessions; I paid all my debts; and I made ready for the journey. But I had decided to go, not to Hungary, but to England, where my brother Chaim,—may he rest in peace—had preceded me to Birmingham.

I stayed in Birmingham for a period of about six weeks. Then, I received a telegram from my brother Aaron in Montreal informing me that he was sending me ship's passage to Canada, even if only for a visit. I decided to make the journey, taking with me enough money for the return fare. On the first day of Ellul, 1900, I boarded my ship at Liverpool. The voyage took fifteen days, Liverpool to Quebec. The conditions on board ship were atrocious. After six weeks of study of the English language, I had qualified unofficially as interpreter for the passengers, relaying their complaints to the officers of the ship. They were not few. The food was meagre and unappetizing. When buns were distributed, a special system was adopted to see to it that no passengers got more than one bun. Black bread, a piece of herring, and some coffee, constituted our principal food for a fortnight. Those who did not mind eating unkosher food could have gotten some meat and soup. It must not be forgotten that the fare from England to Canada was only $30.00—at that rate one can readily see that the steamship company did not operate a luxury-liner.

Yet the spirit on board was good. It was immediately after the Rumanian pogroms, and many immigrants—they were not yet called refugees—were escaping from the European gehenna to build their lives anew on this continent. They complained about the food, yet they whiled away their time, composing and singing songs full of anticipation and optimism.

MONTREAL AND ITS EARLY SYNAGOGUES

Arrived in Montreal, I there again encountered some of my fellow passengers. Their ship-board optimism had not yet been fulfilled. One was shovelling snow for sixty cents a day, another laboured in a sweatshop, working for four weeks without pay so as to be able to earn at the end of the probationary period the magnificent sum of two dollars per week!

There were at the time about five thousand Jewish souls in the city of Montreal, and no more than nine thousand throughout the Dominion. This poverty in population existed despite the generous proclamation of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, broadcast throughout the length and breadth of Europe that Canada sought immigrants, would give them free homesteads, and would even lend them money to tide them over during the initial stages of pioneering. At that time, too, the Baron de Hirsch was negotiating with the Ottawa Government toward the settlement of the still wide open West. But the time had not yet come.

In Montreal I found myself much more at home than in Birmingham. Landing in the city two weeks prior to Rosh Hashanah, 1900, my brother Aaron, a resident of ten years standing, invited me to the synagogue of which he was Gabba, the Chevra Kadisha, then located at the corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Boulevard. Even at this early stage of Montreal Jewry's communal development there was that division commonly described in the terms "Uptown" and "Downtown". The geography of this division was different from what it is today, but its principle was the same. Ironically enough, many of the pillars of the contemporary "uptown" were residents of Cadieux and that pre-eminently Jewish street, still known as Leduc Lane, an alley connecting St. Lawrence Blvd. and St. Dominique Street where the St. Lawrence Market stands today. The principal synagogue in that area was the Bnai Jacob, at the corner of Craig and Cadieux Streets.

There was also the "Roumanian" synagogue, the Beth David, which held its services on Chenneville Street not far from Dorchester Street and which had originally belonged to the Spanish-Portuguese Congregation, then removed to Stanley Street.

The Square located near Chenneville Street deserves a historic note Facetiously known as "Peanut Square"—its frequenters used to spend whole

days there, cracking peanuts and solving the world's problems—it constituted the "tailor-exchange" of the day. Every Saturday afternoon would see a meeting there of employees seeking labour, and workmen seeking jobs. It was a clearing house for the labour-market in the tailor industry. Here, too, were solved many an industrial dispute, in fact, here was founded the first union in the garment trade, a union which subsequently helds its meetings in Coronation Hall, Main near Lagauchetiere, and in the Labour Temple opposite St. Lawrence Market.

The Chevra Kadisha, today on Hutchison Street, had not yet at that time its own synagogue. It met in a rented flat on Main Street. Its principal function in the Jewish community was, as its name literally indicated, the providing of burial ground and funeral service to the deceased. While to-day almost every synagogue and society has its own plot of cemetery-ground, at the time whereof I speak it was the Chevra Kadisha which monopolized this form of real estate.

The well-to-do of that era, the "West-enders", had their synagogue on McGill Street; the "Shaar Hashomayim", then known as the "German Synagogue". As indicated above, the original location of the congregation was the synagogue on Cadieux Street, sold to the B'nai Jacob.

The oldest synagogue in Canada is the Spanish Portuguese, on Stanley Street. Scions of the sephardic aristocracy, the de Solas were the leaders of that congregation, Rabbi Meldola de Sola, inheriting his leadership from his father who was Montreal's first rabbi, and Clarence I. de Sola, president of the Zionist Organization of Canada, and a Belgian Consul.

The Chevra Shaas was also constituted as a synagogue although it did not own, as yet, its own premises. In addition there was at that time a number of minor congregations, meeting in flats, and for the High Holydays there usually appeared temporary synagogues. The largest of these was the three-day synagogue held at the Monument National, organized by the late I. Mitnick who throughout the rest of the year acted as promoter for various visiting actor-troupes.

The communal area of Montreal extended mainly along Craig Street up to St. Antoine Street and north as far as Sherbrooke. Sherbrooke, however, was "uptown". I remember that when a number of Jews began to build the "Austrian Synagogue" on Milton Street, there was consternation in Montreal Jewry. Who would attend services in such a remote suburb? To-day, however, one is concerned about a minyan in the Austrian Syna-

gogue not because it is too "uptown", but rather because it is too "downtown".

When I state that the real municipal limits went no further than Ontario Street, I am not forgetting that even that block on Main Street near Demontigny consisted mainly of vacant lots. As a matter of fact, the first modern building erected in that area was at 508 St. Lawrence, where the Canadian Jewish Eagle established its first editorial offices. Subsequently Carl Rosenberg built the Eagle Building; the Rabinovitches constructed the edifice at the corner of Ontario and St. Lawrence Blvd. By this means that side of the street was built up as far as Sherbrooke, the other side had already been covered with buildings before I arrived in Montreal.

The only contemporary Talmud Torah, which is about to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, was then located on St. Urbain Street. Its budget, as I note from an annual report forty-one years old, was very small indeed. I read in this report the names of individuals who then contributed a dollar or five dollars per year. These people to-day support the Talmud Torah to the extent of hundreds of dollars. The biggest revenue for Talmud Torah, however, came from the collection plate. There hardly, if ever, was a Jewish gathering or party at which a collection was not taken up for this educational institution. I note with pardonable pride that the largest sum collected by this method was garnered at the Brith of my son Daniel, presently manager of The Canadian Jewish Eagle. It was a sum of $18.75. This was at the time when Moses Elemelich was principal of the Talmud Torah, and B. M. Weiner, to-day active in Zionism and Talmud Torah affairs, one of its teachers.

Subsequently a building on St. Urbain was bought to house the Talmud Torah. The principal participants in Hebrew educational work were, apart from Rabbi Ashinsky and Rabbi Cohen, the late Lazarus Cohen and Eliezer Rosenbloom. After the decease of Lazarus Cohen, his two sons, Lyon Cohen and A. Z. Cohen, continued in the tradition he had established. The late L. Weiner and Leib Solomon also stood in the forefront of this activity.

As the population moved uptown, the Austrian Synagogue on Milton Street, I believe in 1905, also established a Talmud Torah. There were too, a number of Talmud Torah classes in the Baron de Hirsch Institute, recently erected. In this school, the principal was a certain Mr. Gordon, and the superintendent, a non-Jew by the name of Baker who established the first Jewish scout group. The Baron de Hirsch, as a matter of fact, always had

non-Jewish superintendents to look after Jewish philanthropy. Baker was followed by Horsfall who was in turn succeeded by the present incumbent, E. G. F. Vaz.

In any event, the Baron de Hirsch Talmud Torah had very few pupils, and these of the very poorest class. When Talmud Torah spread all over the city, the Baron de Hirsch Institute closed its Hebrew School. By 1910 there were already a number of Hebrew educational institutions, which, at the suggestion of the late Sir Mortimer B. Davis, were amalgamated as "The United Talmud Torahs of Montreal".

EARLY PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTIONS

The principal philanthropic institution of the time was an organization known as "The Young Men's Benevolent Society." It had its office somewhere on St. Elizabeth Street and to its activities were recruited the communal-minded young men of that decade—the late Harris Vineberg, Lazarus Cohen, the Rubenstein brothers, L. Holstein, and many others. Every Sunday the committee would gather at its St. Elizabeth office, its eleemosynary funds lying before it. This was literally so, for the pioneer philanthropists, in their wisdom, saw fit to adopt the wicket technique of a bank—five dollar bills in one pile, two dollar bills in another, and silver neatly heaped up according to denomination. The needy would come thus to the dispensers of charity, and explain their difficulties. Then and there the decision would be made, and a five dollar bill would be taken off one pile, or a quarter off the other, the whole depending upon the persuasiveness of the petitioner and the sensitivity of the cashier! . . . Subsequently this modest beginning in social service gained added impetus through the help of the Baron de Hirsch through whose generosity there was established the institute which bears his name.

Another contemporary institution of social welfare was the old and humble little building which still stands today in Prefontaine, hard by the noble sanatorium for the Tubercular. It then served as a hospital for the sufferers from the dread disease. Later, under the initiative of Sir Mortimer Davis, Mark Workman and Jack Jacobs, the edifice in the back of today's was planned and built.

I remember, too, as of about the same time, an orphanage and an old people's home which found themselves under the same roof on Evans Street, near Ontario. It is not difficult to imagine the little hell on earth that must have been created by keeping a score of very active orphans and a dozen most fastidious oldsters in the same institution! Years later, the orphans were removed to the Home in Westmount; and as for the Old People's Homes, of which there were several, they were, through the efforts of this writer, amalgamated and united, and the great building on Esplanade Avenue was erected to serve this need.

The Hebrew Sick Benefit Society was already in existence, too, under

the very able and devoted leadership of the late Mr. Feigelson. Its function then, as today, was to come to the help of a brother in need, tide him over a period of difficulty or sickness, and as a last and final act of fraternity, to provide decent burial and resting-place. The Malbish Arumim Society also saw its birth at about this time, and has since continued in its highly laudable work.

I must say here, by way of interruption and apology, that it is not my intention nor design to write Canadian history. I can leave that subject to the sure and meticulous hand of B. G. Sack, historian of Canadian Jewry, to whom no dates are hidden, and no museum secrets unrevealed. My purpose rather is to record my reminiscences, to set down those things which remain for one reason or another, after the lapse of years, still imprinted upon the memory. It may happen, therefore, that a "date", according to the strict standard of the historiographer, may be inaccurate, or a name, which an encyclopedist might include, is omitted. For such ommissions and errors, my memory, free and unaided, is to be held to blame. Fortunately, since 1907, one does not have to rely upon personal memory alone; there are the files of The Canadian Jewish Eagle for the last thirty-eight years which constitute the most complete record of Jewish communal activity. Indeed, there are some who maintain, and I am not one who will contradict this viewpoint, that Jewish communal history, as such begins with the establishment of The Eagle. Before it, there was, to be sure, a Jewish settlement; after it, a Jewish community.

Nothing so illustrates this transformation as the "political situation" in Montreal Jewry, if it can be described with so dignified a *title*. At the time of which I write, there did, indeed, exist a political club, headed by Joe Miller who was very friendly with the Prime Minister, the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The activities of the Laurier Political Club, however, seem to have been confined to the "naturalization" of the immigrants so that their votes could be assured to whatever candidate the club-leaders approved at the moment. It is hardly necessary to indicate that a definite policy for the Jewish voter was still unknown; it was only with the establishment of The Eagle that something concrete was achieved when the late Abraham Blumenthal was elected as alderman to the Municipal Council.

SOME ECONOMIC NOTES

The principal occupation of Montreal Jewry was, as has been indicated, in the needle trades. There were also a number of small storekeepers, located mainly in the Jewish district. Peddling in the country, too, attracted the private enterprise of the early immigrant, who with good commodities and bad French, soon spread the urban merchandise to the rural consumer. It was in this manner, for example, that many farmers were fitted with spectacles, a tribute, if not to the scientific vision of the optician, at least to the economic foresight of the peddler. It was in this period that there were laid the foundations for the gigantic dress and cloak industries in which Jews were so prominent, and which supplied economic opportunity for so many thousand of the hitherto unemployed and unproductive.

The cost of living, it seems in retrospect was very low. Meat sold for six cents a pound, while lung, liver, and sundry other tid-bits were thrown in free. A spring chicken could be bought for a quarter, two for forty-five cents. Fish was not purchased by the pound; one went down to the river-front, and one picked up, every Wednesday and Thursday, fish still struggling in groups upon their strings. Gin, to ascend the gourmet's ladder, gin cost only eighteen cents a bottle. Beer was fetched from the saloon in "pitchers", at five cents each.

Rent was also comparatively cheap, four and five room flats renting from eight to ten dollars a month. It is true that these dwellings were not sumptuous apartments fitted with all modern conveniences, but they suited their purpose. It is to be noted, lest anyone imagine that with such low cost of living it was easy to become wealthy, that earning capacities were in direct proportion. The scale of wages was such that six cents a pound for meat did not appear as an extraordinary bargain. Support for public institutions, of course, also followed these modest standards, beginning with pennies and barely rising above a couple of dollars.

Even the mohel did his work gratis. Thus it was as an act of piety that the late Mr. Kirshenberg introduced a generation into the rite of Abraham; his livelihood he earned from the sale of furs. His principal competition in the solicitation of this very fundamental mitzva was Rabbi Ashinsky who also offered his medico-religious skill free of charge.

THE ZIONIST ORGANIZATION

At this time, there was founded the Zionist Organization of Canada, which saw its birth at a meeting held in the B'nai Jacob Synagogue, convened under the leadership of the late Clarence de Sola. Active with him in these labours were A. Levine, J. Jospe, Leon Goldman, A. Harris—the vanguard of Zionist veterans. It is true that the organization was then new and of very modest proportions; a man's contribution to the redemption of Zion did not, in many cases exceed more than three dollars and a quarter per annum, three dollars for general funds and a quarter for the shekel. It was only with the Balfour Declaration that the Zionist movement took on an added impetus, and grew by leaps and bounds, to become the great national institution which it is to-day, covering a period of development and expansion co-extensive with the leadership of its present President, Mr. A. J. Freiman, and that of the late Lillian Freiman.

MASS IMMIGRATION

The first mass immigration which I witnessed after my arrival here occurred immediately subsequent to the Kisheniff pogroms which brought to Canadian shores several hundred Bessarabian refugees. No organized immigrant aid was ready to receive them; the hospitality of Canadian Jewry, however, rose to the occasion, and temporary quarters were provided for the immigrants in an improvised hostel on St. Lawrence Boulevard above Mount Royal. With the help of funds supplied by the Baron de Hirsch Institute, and supervised by the late Mr. Ansell, the immigrants were supported until gradually, one by one, they were absorbed into the economic life of the country. It was realized even then, however, that these were makeshift measures; what with the open invitation to immigrants extended by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the colonization funds established by the Baron de Hirsch, Jewish immigration, it was expected, would assume still greater proportions.

My memory of the Mr. Ansell who acted as reception committee for the immigrant is a very vivid one. He was, I think, a British Jew who spoke very little Yiddish, but his heart was in the right place. His kindly temperament is aptly illustrated by his annual Simchas Torah custom, on which occasion he would gather all the children of the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, distribute candies, and then join them in a dance. He was one of a group who already were leaders in Jewish communal life; with him were associated the late Lazarus Cohen, brother of our Rabbi Cohen, and father of the late Lyon Cohen, and the late S. W. Jacobs, then a young lawyer, and secretary of the Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Society. Together with Lyon Cohen, Sam Jacobs was already publishing the Anglo-Jewish weekly, "The Jewish Times" which was later metamorphosed into "The Canadian Jewish Chronicle." Its editor whom I first met at the opening of the Milton Street Synagogue whither he had come as a reporter, was strangely enough, an Irish Catholic.

An anecdote touching the editorial policy of the Jewish Times, told to me by Jacobs, I cannot forget. It appears that an important pillar of the community was lying on his death-bed, his departure expected from hour to hour. The Jewish Times, which ordinarily appeared on Fridays, decided to

wait over the week-end so that the paper might publish the "scoop" of the man's death. In due course the sick man did, on Monday, give up the ghost, and the *Times* appeared with the news. The editor, however, had forgotten to alter the date-line of the paper, so that the *Times* appeared to be announcing prophetically on Friday what was to occur only the following Monday!

The publishers, Cohen and Jacobs, it must be stated, did not publish their journal for profit-making purposes. It was rather to serve as a communal organ, dedicated to the advancement of cultural and philanthropic causes. Simultaneously there was felt in the Jewish community a need for a Yiddish paper; it is true that the Tageblatt and other New York journals made their appearance in the city, but they certainly did not satisfy local needs.Certainly no imported newspaper could serve as an instrument towards building up that home-town feeling and communal solidarity which goes with a local paper. Yet another circumstance too, contributed to the establishment of a Yiddish daily. It appears that there was a suggestion that the Government was going to put a tax on imported newspapers. This would have had the effect of doubling the price of a Yiddish paper from one cent to two, and that penny, moreover, would be paid for news which was already two days behind the times, and did not in any way touch upon local interest. Here therefore was an opportunity for the creation of an industry which would at one and the same time, answer a crying intellectual need of the community, and be "protected" by government legislation. There awoke in me, again, the great longing for the publishing, if not the literary, life.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CANADIAN JEWISH EAGLE

But the thing did not come off as a result of mere longing. The early trials and difficulties of the paper, amusing in retrospect, seemed almost insurmountable at the time. But I persisted. As a matter of fact, a few weeks prior to the publication of The Eagle, a local printer issued a weekly paper in the form of a circular, and its issues sold like hot cakes. This to me was a most encouraging sign. I called together a meeting of people who might be interested in my project. The historic gathering took place in the home of the late Mr. Wilanski who was supposed to be an "expert" in the publishing business. It later transpired that his expertness consisted of being able to paste the addresses onto the newspapers.

Seven we were who attended that meeting. Two immediately fell out, their optimism being unequal to the prospects of the paper. The five who remained—myself, Wilanski, Sam Greenford, Jacob Lecker, and Sam Sternklar—decided to contribute each a thousand dollars, and with the capital of five thousand to proceed to the publication of a journal to be known, in accordance with Rabbi Glazer's suggestion, as The Canadian Jewish Eagle. Within a month, The Eagle was a functioning journal, located at 508 St. Lawrence Boulevard, and boasting the first Jewish linotype machine in Canada.

When I consider to-day what a paltry pittance a sum of five thousand dollars constitutes in the publishing business, I am amazed at the temerity of the five entrepreneurs. We were, as a matter of fact, like tyros undertaking to swim across a river, little realizing either its width or the perils of its currents. Indeed, apart from Mr. Sternklar, who remained as the last of the Mohicans, all the other shareholders never reached the other side of the river.

And so the first issue was about to appear. We had calculated that The Eagle would swoop down upon the world, under the direction of Mr. Aaronson, our first editor, on the seventh of August, but such was the skill and prowess of our first compositor, whom we had imported from New York, that we barely appeared on the thirtieth! When the pages were taken over to The Herald for printing, there wasn't a cent left of the

original five thousand dollars. We each had to contribute an additional fifty dollars to meet unexpected expenses.

It was when I came to the Herald printing presses that my dreams received a terrific shock. There I saw what machines and equipment required to put out a paper, really looked like; when I reflected upon our meager capital I almost gave up in despair. It was only an incident, half-comic and half-serious which made me forget my feeling of hopelessness. For as the machinists took the pages of The Eagle off the presses, a peculiar monster appeared. Where the first page should have been, the last page showed its type, and vice versa. No matter how the pressmen worked and manipulated, the topsy-turvy journal could not be set straight. At last I fell upon the secret. "Where you put your first page of The Herald," I told the pressmen, "place the last page of The Eagle, and the rest accordingly." The fledgling Eagle thus appeared, correct and proper, orderly and without defect.

That first issue was snatched up, as at a fire-sale. Its reception was enthusiastic; a new spirit entered the community, and we were encouraged to plan a future for the new-born babe.

As we perceived after the third issue of the Eagle that our finances were fast disappearing, a meeting was held which formally decided that we had had enough of publishing, and that our project should be abandoned. I alone vigorously opposed this decision; in fact, I exonerated my partners from their obligations, and determined myself to issue the paper. For some time, thereafter, I did publish the Eagle, but now as a bi-weekly.

At the time, Mr. Carl Rosenberg was engaged in constructing a new building but two doors away from our office. He proposed that he build a place for us, and undertook to finance us to the extent of ten thousand dollars, taking as security my house and all my shares. With this capital I set to publishing again a daily. Mixed feelings take hold of me when I reflect upon my temerity in staking all I had in the world upon a venture of this kind, particularly after the first two inauspicious beginnings.

The beginnings were beset by difficulties, at once amusing and heart-breaking. Hardly had I got into the swing of things, when in five days I discovered that our plant was without gas or electricity; the company had discontinued the service for non-payment. Nor was there a dollar in our bank-account to meet the emergency. Moreover, engrossed in the heavy routine of the business, overcome with my own anxieties and the anxieties

which Jews gratuitously brought into the office every day, I suddenly lost my speech. I couldn't utter a word. I was rushed to the General Hospital.

When I heard the doctors express the opinion that my speechlessness would last but a couple of hours, I felt much better. Later when I completely recovered, I referred to this period as the one in which our paper was "powerless, penniless, and speechless."

Another indication of the financial hopes entertained for my enterprise was the attitude of the late Jacob Lecker. We required coal at the time, but he insisted that we purchase our requirements by the pail, and not by the ton. He did not think we would last another ton's worth! Our bookkeeper, too, entertained the same optimsim. He earned twenty-five dollars a week, but he sold me his whole month's salary for fifty dollars! The following month, of course, impressed either by my energy or the miraculous intervention whch seemed to follow me, there was no sale.

In comparison with the daily expense of running a paper to-day, even the weekly expenses of that time were not much. Times have indeed changed, and so did the editors, from Michael Aaronson to Wolihner, then to Westman, later Reuben Brainin and H. Hirsch, until to-day our editorial staff both in local writers and foreign correspondents, can hold its own against any other Yiddish publication.

In 1912, after the Eagle had been in existence for five years, Montreal witnessed a real estate "boom". Our business, too, prospered, until I was able to pay back Mr. Rosenberg his investment, and remain owner of the publication. The war, however, again altered our financial condition, whereupon the late Mortimer B. Davis, still a mere esquire, financed the paper to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars. After a while, he sought to control our editorial policy; when he found this impossible, he not only ceased his help, but threatened to shut down the journal.

Methods were accordingly adopted to put our business upon more solid foundations. The price of the daily paper was increased to three cents a copy, and economies were introduced. Sir Mortimer—he had already won his title—was paid off. Subsequently, in 1918, the Eagle published its famous edition of the Babylonian Talmud, a publication which not only raised the prestige of the Eagle, but also—since the edition was known as the Montreal *Shas*—brought renown to our city.

I am proud to say that throughout its existence the Eagle has been

an influence for good in our communal life. Many an institution and many a philanthropic enterprise owes its origin to the movements and support initiated by The Eagle. Thus, hardly had a year passed since the founding of the paper, when in 1908, the Eagle undertook to launch a campaign for the construction of a new building for the Sanatorium, to replace the utterly inadequate quarters which existed at the time. With the co-operation of Sir Mortimer B. Davis, Mark Workman, and Lyon Cohen, the project was realized. In that year, Lyon Cohen was elected president of the Baron de Hirsch Institute, much to the gratification of the needy of the community who knew in him a conscientious and philanthropic soul.

With the increase in immigration, poverty, indeed, had assumed frightening proportions. Through the initiative of The Eagle, a conference of communal organizations was convened at the Baron de Hirsch Institute to cope with the problem. A committee was appointed to devote itself to collecting funds for local relief, and to establish a community kitchen. This kitchen, located on Ontario near St. Lawrence, was supplied by the merchants of the community, and serviced by volunteers, who looked after several hundred people for a period of more than a year.

At this time, St. Lawrence Division was represented in the Provincial House by the late Dr. Finney, and St. Louis by Mr. Langlois. On the thirtieth of January 1905, Dr. Finney introduced a bill in the House which would make a seat on the Protestant Board of School Commissioners subject to election, and not appointment. The Protestant Board under the impression that the bill was intended for the purpose of providing seats on their board to Jews, issued an unfriendly circular. On the 27th of April the bill was defeated. Thereupon the Montreal Jewish community, called a meeting to discuss this anti-Jewish circular, and in general, to consider what was already known as "the school question."

Some time previous, Lyon Cohen and Maxwell Goldstein had, on behalf of the Jewish community, entered into an agreement with the Protestant Board which provided that Jews would pay their school-assessments to the Protestant panel in return for tuition of Jewish pupils. The contract declared specifically, that Jews, for purposes of education were deemed Protestants.

When, however, a Jewish pupil led his class, the scholarship to which he would have been otherwise entitled, was refused on the ground that this

privilege was not extended to Jews. This, in fact, was the real motive behind Dr. Finney's bill. If Jews would not be able to elect a Jewish representative for the Protestant Board, they would at least be able to elect one who would see to it that such unfair practices be discontinued. The bill, as I indicated, was defeated, and the question of a separate Jewish panel already began to be mooted.

ANTI-SEMITIC HOOLIGANISM

In those early days there were ruffians who considered it quite a sport to sally forth into the streets for the purpose of assaulting Jews. They would pull beards, throw stones, and indulge in any other form of mayhem that suggested itself. On one occasion we received a telephone call at the office of the Eagle informing us that a battle royal was in progress on Cadieux street near Craig. I immediately proceeded to the scene, and was met with the sorry spectacle of what practically amounted to a pitched battle. I called for police, who immediately set to arresting whomever they could pick up, Jew and Frenchman. At the trial, Jews brought witnesses to prove that they were assaulted without excuse or provocation. The judge, however, seemed to have fixed ideas about "foreigners"—he issued a Solomonic judgment in which he acquitted the hooligans, condemned the victims of the assault to several days in jail and fines, and even went so far as to impose penalties upon the witnesses who testified in favor of the Jews. As I was one of the witnesses, his Lordship inquired of me what I knew about the affair, and I informed him that I came practically after the event, and that my job was confined to the calling of police. The judge checked up this vital testimony by putting the same questions to the policeman who arrested me. It was his corroboration, indeed, which saved me from the fate of the other witnesses.

Returning from this scene of justice, no other idea so took hold of me as the necessity of having a Jewish representative in the City Hall to see to it that incidents such as I have described should not happen again. A meeting was convened in my editorial offices and it was decided that at the next aldermanic election a Jewish candidate should be put forward. As a matter of fact, this decision eventually led to the election of the late Abraham Blumenthal as the first Jewish alderman. With his term of office, the hooligan excursions somewhat abated, Blumenthal seeing to it that the local police fulfilled their function of maintaining peace and order.

I recall particularly two instances which throw some light on the methods adopted by Jews to defend themselves against this antisemitic ruffianism. On one occasion, a Jew, recently arrived from Austria, and unmistakable for the badge of his race—a wide full-grown beard—was strolling

along St. Lawrence Blvd., not far from St. Catherine Street when he was set upon by a ruffian who struck him so hard a blow upon the head that his high hat sank over his eyes; whereupon the assailant threw him to the ground. The Jew, however, rose quickly, and a compatriot who was standing hard by, pointed out the aggressor, hitherto unseen by his victim. The Austrian Jew, several feet shorter than his attacker, thereupon so beat and mauled the man that he barely escaped, whole of limb. A policeman appeared upon the scene, and took both to the station. On the morrow, I made it my business to appear before the court, together with Alderman Blumenthal, and explained to the judge the circumstances of the assault, and how this was but one of many such incidents to which law-abiding Jews were being daily subjected. The judge—a lordship other than the one already mentioned—gave the accused a lecture, and "fifteen days" in which the moral could sink in.

Another incident: Among the first Jews to come to Canada after the Kishineff pogroms was one called Buladubrofsky. He was a tall husky man—a veritable giant—and as powerful as his appearance was ominous. As a matter of fact, it was because of his similarity in appearance to a well-known Russian general that he was nicknamed Kuropotkin. Now "Kuropotkin", despite his humble calling and lack of erudition, was a Jew of pride, with a heart proportionate to his size. Upon a time—I believe it was in Ellul of 1906—I was walking along Main Street early one Sunday, coming from the service of Selichoth when I saw Kuropotkin jump off his express-wagon and run toward a man who was very evidently maltreating a Jew, tugging at his beard, and generally belaboring him with blows and punches. The assailant, seeing "Kuropotkin" on the run towards him, and very obviously impressed by Kuropotkin's size and purposefulness, took to his heels and ran into a neighboring doorway. Kuropotkin followed, and disappeared behind the door. I waited. A few minutes thereafter, Kuropotkin came out again, not a hair touched on his head. But the ruffian did not make his appearance. I decided to wait and see what happened to him. Several minutes later an ambulance drew up to the door.

Later, I asked Kuropotkin what had happened in that fight. "What should happen?" he said, "I followed him inside, I caught his leg as he was running upstairs, I gave him a couple, but good, and I went away."

This Kuropotkin was also somewhat of an orator. At political rallies called on behalf of Alderman Blumenthal he would address the audience,

and what he lacked in forensic skill, he made up with a homely sense of humor and a fund of proverb and anecdote. I recall when Blumenthal ran for re-election, opposed by another Jew, Steinman by name, also a refugee of the Kishineff pogroms. Steinman, in support of his candidature issued a broadsheet called "The Rooster". Kuropotkin, addressing a Blumenthal meeting took this "Rooster", circled it over his head, and intoned, in the manner of pre-Day of Atonement Service: Zeh chalifosi, zeh kaporosi!" Blumenthal was elected by a victory which was a tribute to the popularity which he had won himself by his efforts against the hooliganism which has been described above.

Eventually the "resignation" of Alderman Blumenthal and the election in his stead of Lyon W. Jacobs was also the result of an "incident". It happened that one Rosh Hashanah, a service was arranged in Prince Arthur Hall. At the same time, a mission dedicated to the purpose of converting Jews to Christianity, and located right opposite the hall, announced itself as a place of worship, and invited all and sundry to come and hear the great preacher, Rev. Neugewirtz. This excess of zeal greatly incensed the Jews gathered for prayer in Prince Arthur Hall who considered the technique of Neugewirtz a piece of provocation; a brawl ensued between the visitants of the two places of worship which was halted only by the intervention of police.

The English and French newspapers of the day naturally considered the whole affair as front page news. One journal, playing up the sensation, interviewed Blumenthal and asked him what he had to say about the incident. Instead of replying, as indeed was the fact, that the High Holiday Congregation had been provoked into this demonstration he replied "that he taught, and argued with his Jews, but could not control them." The local papers immediately published the self-condemnatory answer; the Eagle, incensed at this piece of reckless and untruthful irresponsibility, forthwith published the facts as they were, and denounced Blumenthal as one unworthy to represent the Jewish population. The candidature of Lyon W. Jacobs was immediately put forward, and Blumenthal as a matter of fact, withdrew from the contest. The field was fought out between Jacobs and Shubert, who was then running for the second time as a labor candidate. In that election, in addition to Jacobs, Louis Rubinstein also won an aldermanic seat, representing a division in which there were not many Jews, but in which he drew an overwhelming majority because of his great personal

popularity. Rubinstein, in addition to his political interests, was also a great sportsman, being for many years Canadian world champion skater, a championship which he won in St. Petersburg, Russia. He was also president of the Y.M.H.A., and active in many fields of communal endeavor.

REPRESENTATION AT OTTAWA AND AT QUEBEC

In 1916 Peter Bercovitch was elected to the Quebec legislature, replacing M. Langlois, and in 1917, S. W. Jacobs took his seat at Ottawa as representative of Cartier. These two elections were the culmination of many years of effort; as early as the days of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the question of Jewish representation had arisen, and was favorably considered by Sir Wilfrid. A friend of Jewry, Sir Wilfrid had himself led the protest in the Canadian House against the pogroms of Kishineff. Subsequently he spoke with great sympathy toward Jewry at a mass meeting held in Ottawa. It was there that he said, "The doors of Canada are open to persecuted Jewry; let them come and help us build our country."

Sir Wilfrid himself, indeed, proposed that Jews should have representation both at Ottawa and at Quebec. In a letter addressed to Mr. Bercovitch, he suggested that the latter contest a federal seat; in the meantime, however, Bercovitch was elected to the provincial house. In the following year, when Jacobs was about to be married, and a banquet was arranged in his honor, he was given the nomination for Cartier Division. Immediately as the news was known a wire was received from Laurier, then leader of the opposition, extending congratulations to the prospective candidate. Mr. Bickerdike who represented Cartier at that time, resigned on account of age, Jacobs was elected.

Mr. Bercovitch represented his division for many years, popular among his electors, regardless of race. Only on one occasion did we come into conflict with him and that was with reference to the "school question." A great part of Montreal Jewry had become wearied of the continual discriminations which were being practised against Jewish children in the Protestant schools, and a movement for a separate school system resulted. The then Premier, L. A. Taschereau, showed himself friendly to the suggestion, but Bercovitch was convinced that it was against the interests of Quebec Jewry. We fought his point of view vigorously; apart from this conflict, however, his tenure of office was marked by dignity and service.

Sam Jacobs, although born in this country, was steeped in Jewish tradition. His great distinction as a lawyer was equalled only by his distinction as a Member of Parliament. When he rose to address the House, he

was sure of a hearing, all the members, regardless of party allegiance, being attracted to his manner of speaking, at once learned, full of biblical quotation, and sparkling with humor.

I recall a debate which was held in the House touching "selective immigration", a debate which concerned itself mainly with discussing what trades and what nationalities one was not to admit into Canada. For the main part, the provisions of this selective immigration were mainly directed against Jews. Rising on the subject, Jacobs said: "If a Jew as such is undesirable, and if carpentering is among the unwanted trades, then I must come to the conclusion that if the father of Jesus, a Jew and a carpenter, were to apply for admission to this country, he would be turned from our doors!"

Humorist though he was, Jacobs also had a capacity for high seriousness. I remember, in this respect, what occurred when the ICA of Paris, immediately after the last war, requested us to make representations to the Canadian Government for the entry of five thousand refugees. Jacobs immediately phoned me, and when I came to his office, I already found Lyon Cohen there. The three of us decided to go to Ottawa to see the Minister of Immigration, and if necessary, also the Prime Minister. When we arrived at the office of the Minister, I described the general condition of European Jewry, and dwelt in particular detail, upon the plight of the refugees. Tears stood in my eyes. Lyon Cohen, full as he was of the milk of human kindness, intended to complete my appeal, but before he could finish, he too burst into tears. Jacobs then turned to the Minister, and said: "Do you want me to weep, too?"

The Minister did not insist. He had himself, he said, been brought almost to tears. He ordered the issue of five thousand blank permits, deliverable a thousand every two months. The committee of course guaranteed that the immigrants would not become a burden upon the country, and that they would arrive in good health. The future Canadians did indeed arrive. Many of them have made their contribution to the country of their adoption; their sons serve in the military forces of the land which received them in the day when they asked for sanctuary.

A similar incident occurred at the time when the United States announced its quota-system of immigration, permitting entry beyond the quota only to those who already found themselves on the high seas. At a given moment, however, the term for non-quota immigrants expired. But a shipload of 650 Jewish immigrants, who under ordinary circumstances

would have been receivable, found themselves beyond the law because the ship was twenty-four hours late. The American Immigration Department would not allow them into the country. After the intervention of Louis Marshall and Joseph Barondess, the Department conceded that these would be given priority the following year, but that in the meantime they would have to return to Europe. Even an appeal to President Coolidge availed not. Accordingly Mr. Barondess came to Montreal to see if anything could be done to prevail upon the Canadian Government to give these 650 souls temporary asylum in the Dominion, until the year expired and they would be eligible under the U.S. quota. The same committee as before—Jacobs, Cohen, myself, and A. J. Freiman subsequently co-opted, presented itself before the Prime Minister. It deserves to be recorded to the credit of our country that this request for hospitality was generously accorded.

Outside of the Parliament Building, Barondess impatiently awaited the result of our interview. When I told him the good news, I also suggested that now would be a proper time for himself and Mr. Marshall to approach the President again, pointing out to him how unreasonable it was to allow individuals who would eventually become American citizens always to have the memory that in their hour of need it was another country—Canada—which came to their rescue while their own remained indifferent to their plight. Barondess took my advice, and as a matter of fact, special legislation was passed by Congress permitting the immediate entry of the six hundred and fifty immigrants.

No portrait of S. W. Jacobs would be complete without an indication of the role which he played in the famous Ortenberg-Plamondon case. In 1908 a certain notary by the name of Plamondon, together with a priest, began to carry on against the Quebec Jewish population a vigorous anti-semitic campaign. They issued pamphlets, for example, which reiterated the old falsehood of the ritual-blood accusation. The Jewish population of Quebec City was most disturbed, an uneasiness of feeling which was not without foundation inasmuch as the propaganda of Plamondon had already manifested itself in an attack upon the store of Mr. Ortenberg, Sr., an old Quebec resident. There remained nothing to be done except to bring the inciters of this race-hatred before the courts of the land.

Jacobs, with Louis Fitch as assistant, appeared for the plaintiff. Rabbi Abramowitz acted as an expert, pointing out all the Talmudic misquotations and garbled citations with which the anti-semites had

sought to bolster their iniquitous propaganda. Two weeks the case lasted. The lower court, maintaining that no single individual, could sue on behalf of a libelled community, dismissed Ortenberg's suit. The decision was taken to appeal; the higher court maintained the contentions of plaintiff, and seeing that Ortenberg and another, Lazarovitz had personally suffered injury as a result of the mass-libel, awarded damages of several hundred dollars, to be paid by Plamondon and his printer Leduc; and failing the payment of which amount, the defendants were to be imprisoned. The defendants, were, in fact, unable to pay; plaintiff, however, did not insist upon their going to jail. As stated above, it was in this cause that Jacobs won himself a national reputation.

THE FREIMANS OF OTTAWA

It was Chanukah, in 1910, when I was present at a benefit concert given by the Freimans for the shamas of the synagogue who was about to leave for California to recuperate from an illness. At the concert, Archie Freiman presided, and Lillian moved among the audience, selling chocolate and ice-cream. The sales she made were of a most profitable kind; the price of her merchandise consisting of a sum in payment for the article itself, plus a bonus or contribution to the fund required by the shamas. At a given moment, the shamas's little boy stood near her. Said she to her husband: "Archie, is this not a nice little boy. Buy him an ice cream." Archie gave her a five-dollar bill. "Do you want any change?" she asked him tauntingly, "for you're not going to get any. Here is where it goes." And into the shamas fund box it went.

I asked a woman who was near me whether Mrs. Freiman was always as active in charitable work. "What do you mean," she said, "she does not rest even for a moment, she is always busy with other people's worries. She has a horse and buggy which she uses to visit the poor and the sick. Well, her horse himself already stops before the proper houses, so frequently has he been there."

I was at that time engaged in writing a series of articles about notable Jewish women. When I returned to Montreal, I decided to lead off the series with an essay about Lillian Freiman, the lady who despite her own wealth and comfort, had time and inclination to concern herself with the fate of those who had not been so happily blessed. Her qualities, in fact, were recognized outside of Jewish circles who had witnessed and had received of her benefaction. Her own people admired her observance of the Sabbath, her warm Jewish heart, her loyal identification with her race. All of this I indicated in my article. Some time after she came to me to tell me that the article had been read to her, that she had been deeply moved by it, and that she certainly would try to be worthy of all the fine things I had written about her. She was as good as her word. There began in her career a series of undertakings which are still remembered. She was already President of Hadassah, but even this did not consume all her energy and zeal for good works. Immediately after the last war

she began a campaign for the poor of Palestine, those who were not covered by the Zionist funds which were primarily constructive, and not eleemosynary. She journeyed to Palestine; and returning she visited every city and hamlet of Canada in the interests of the campaign. As a result, one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were sent to the Homeland, together with a great shipment of clothes and shoes.

"Archie" Freiman, too, had already been elected as President of the Zionist Organization of Canada. The very first twenty-five thousand dollars received by the Keren Hayesod were given by him. It was in Canada, indeed, that this fund was first inaugurated. At a convention in Montreal, in the presence of the late Schmarya Levin and Dr. Weizmann this first example was shown. Subsequently, the United States also adopted the Keren Hayesod as one of the Palestinian funds.

Not much later, Lillian Freiman was again concerned with a philanthropic endeavor of considerable scope. After consultation with this writer, a campaign was launched to bring to Canada several hundred war-orphans. Lillian travelled across the country with Mrs. Ann Raginsky, collecting funds, and arranging for homes for the prospective newcomers. Mr. H. Hershman was sent to Europe—the Ukraine—to select the children. Subsequently, Mrs. Freiman left for Europe. When she returned, she brought with her a hundred and ninety Jewish orphans, rescued from the gehenna of that post-war continent. It may be noted here that all of those children are to-day fine Canadian citizens.

Lillian Freiman's social service went beyond race and creed. During the Spanish influenza epidemic, she took a prominent part, together with the elite of Ottawa, in rendering those charitable services which such a catastrophe calls forth. She was active on behalf of the returned soldier. There was not a worthy cause, or a noble enterprise which left her unmoved. Membership in the Order of the British Empire which was bestowed upon her by the King was a just tribute to the worthy endeavour of a noble woman.

Immediately after the war I received a letter which apparently had been surreptitiously flung out of a military prison camp in New Brunswick and was addressed to the editor of the Jewish paper. It appeared that a number of young men who had deserted from the Austrian Army were interned here as enemy aliens. They had spent four years in prison camps and were now in danger of being deported back to Austria.

When I received the letter, I communicated with the then Minister of Justice, Mr. Doherty, and explained to him that although these boys might be termed aliens, they certainly were not enemies, inasmuch as they had refused to fight against England which had issued the Balfour Declaration. I accordingly asked that they be liberated.

A few days later, a reply from Mr. Doherty informed me that he would do all he could in the matter; nonetheless, to avoid too much delay, I dispatched also a note to Mrs. Freiman requesting her to refresh the memory of the Minister of Justice. Within a week, I received a phone call from Mrs. Freiman. It was on a Saturday, and she was asking whether it was permissable for her to break the Sabbath, and take the train to Montreal to concern herself over the fate of the four boys who were already on their way from the camp to Quebec, thence to be deported. Naturally, I assured her on that score, holding that the salvation of life was greater than the observance of the Sabbath. When she came, she informed me that she had gone to see the Justice Minister several times, but on each occasion he was busy, and now she had heard that the unfortunate lads were already on their way out of the country. She suggested we go to Quebec to see what could be done.

I really did not entertain any great hopes for our mission, but seeing that she insisted, I felt we should at least try. To tell what transpired in Quebec is a long and detailed story; suffice it to say that we succeeded in taking the boys off the boat, whence Mrs. Freiman took them to her home where she treated them with the greatest of kindness.

Lillian Freiman's activities were indeed varied; she was head of the Red Cross in Ottawa; she was a tower of strength to the World War Veterans; she saved hundreds of immigrants from imminent deportation; she was instrumental in obtaining permits for many future citizens of the Dominion. Her activities for good did not cease until the very end of her days; she was a splendid person, a noble soul, a Mother in Israel.

SIR MORTIMER B. DAVIS

I first became acquainted with Sir Mortimer long before he received his title. One of our agents had addressed himself to him for the purpose of obtaining an advertisement from the Imperial Tobacco Co. of which Davis was then president, and the latter suggested that I myself come down to see him as he was keenly interested in our Yiddish paper.

When I saw him, he outlined to me what he considered to be the purpose and function of Yiddish journalism in Canada: to make good citizens out of the newly-arrived Jews, and to help in the reconstruction of Jewish communal institutions with a view to their eventual unification. I happened to have at the time an issue of The Eagle which contained an appeal concerning the Malbish Arumim Society which had existed for a number of years and then had suddenly ceased to function. The heading of the article read: Lost, An Organization. The gist of the appeal was a call for the revival of that organization; the poor of the community were in dire need of its services. Sir Mortimer was obviously touched by the item, and ordered his secretary to give me a contract of advertising for one thousand dollars, remarking that if I would also issue an Anglo-Jewish journal to address itself to the English-speaking part of the Jewish community, he would not only favor us with advertising, but also with definite financial support.

I told him that such, for the near future, was indeed my intention. Thereupon he instructed his secretary to make another contract. "Do you know the name of the English periodical you contemplate?" "Canadian Jewish Chronicle". The contract was one for advertising for three thousand dollars.

It was in this fashion that the Canadian Jewish Chronicle, successor to "The Jewish Times" of Cohen and Jacobs, was founded. The Times had undergone a series of editorial and financial vicissitudes until it had entirely disappeared. The Chronicle which was established in its stead has had a continuously progressive existence, and today is the leading Anglo-Jewish periodical in the Dominion.

I then began an agitation in my paper for a union of all the local philanthropic organizations. The most important of these organizations

was of course the Baron de Hirsch Institute which concerned itself with a variety of charitable services; there were in addition the Mount Sinai Sanatorium; an Old People's Home and an Orphanage. Sir Mortimer was one of the most important supporters of all of these institutions; his contributions to each frequently exceeded more than ten per cent of the budget. The only institution which did not receive his help was the Talmud Torah; somehow, with regard to this institution, he suffered from a blind spot.

At about this time, I was issuing a broadsheet called "The Hammer". Here we presented a cartoon showing two masons working on a monument purporting to represent Sir Mortimer's communal activities. Each of the stones represented a different institution which had received his support. But the monument was not complete. Two stones still lay on the ground, one marked "Talmud Torah" and the other "Federated Charity." Beneath the cartoon, a mason was represented as saying to his companion, "Hand over those two stones, and the monument is complete!" The cartoon was reprinted in both The Eagle and The Chronicle, and copies of all these publications were sent to Davis.

A week later I was at the station in Ste. Agathe, about to take the train to Montreal, when I encountered Sir Mortimer. He invited me into his private car as he wished to have a talk with me. Referring to the cartoon, he said: "Insofar as the federation of philanthropies is concerned, I am with you one hundred per cent. Have you a plan for such a federation?"

I told him that I had just written a pamphlet on the subject, and it was understood that I was to send him a copy as soon as I arrived in Montreal. Continuing about the cartoon, he said he understood the suggestion about the Talmud Torah, but: "What is the use of Talmud Torah? Is it to instruct our boys to do *this?*"—And he gestured as if he was binding tfillin on his arm . . . When he was young, he said, he used to do *that,* even when he travelled for his father, he used to "bind the leather" on his arm. "But who does that to-day?"

Smilingly I told him that it was precisely because of that "binding" that he had bound himself a good heart, since those who did not have a good Jewish education could not be good Jews. He didn't agree.

At that moment we passed the Shawbridge Boy's Farm. How many Jewish boys do you think there are there?" he asked. "About 12 out of 180". "Is that not too many?" "Well," I replied, "we constitute 45 per cent

of the children attending Protestant schools, so 6 per cent in a reform school is not too many!" He agreed. "But," I added, "children who attend the Talmud Torah never graduate into the Boys Farm." "Really," he replied, "Is that a fact? Have you the proof? If you can show me authority for your statement that Talmud Torah is a preventative of crime, then I will perhaps change my attitude about this institution." I undertook to get him the evidence.

Monday morning I received a phone call from him. He wanted my pamphlet about Federation as he had to discuss the matter with Maxwell Goldstein. I sent it to him by messenger. I also took the occasion to tell him that I was visiting the superintendent of the Boys Farm to inquire as to the educational background of his Jewish wards.

The reply of the superintendent confirmed my statement. "I have been," he wrote, "in charge of the Farm for 18 years. Only once did we have a boy who had gone to Talmud Torah; and he, as a matter of fact, conducted himself so well, that I obtained his release. I frequently inquire after him. He is presently attending college, and is a very good student."

I immediately forwarded the letter to Davis who phoned me to come to his office. There he had ready the very first cheque he gave to Talmud Torah,—five thousand dollars. At the same time he expressed a desire to see the Talmud Torahs united, a consummation which was subsequently achieved. Since that time Davis contributed his five thousand dollars every year, and promised, moreover, that he would donate fifty thousand dollars toward a Talmud Torah building. Unfortunately he passed away before the construction of the building was begun; and his will made no provision for it. When the campaign for the building fund had been contemplated we had relied upon his promise. And this was the reason why, although we already had in our midst the Bronfman brothers who gave the Talmud Torah ten thousand dollars and underwrote the mortgage for another ten—we had such difficulty with that campaign.

Concerning my pamphlet on the amalgamation of local charities, Davis informed me that he had handed it over to Maxwell Goldstein from whom I would hear in a few days. I was later told that both he and Mr. Davis were impressed by the memorandum, and would do all in their power to bring its recommendations into effect. After a discussion which I had with them, it was decided that we should invite to the next annual meeting of the Baron de Hirsch Institute all officers of local com-

munal and charitable organizations, and that there and then one should move for their federation.

The resolution which was drawn up by Mr. Maxwell Goldstein read as follows: "Moved by H. Wolofsky, seconded by Maxwell Goldstein, that an amalgamation of all charitable institutions should be effected and should bear the name "Federation of Jewish Philanthropies." I suggested a reversal of the order, and in the final drafted resolution I appear as the seconder of the motion. After some discussion the resolution was accepted, and a committee was nominated to implement its purpose. In this fashion there was made a beginning toward that project of federation which several months later became an actual fact.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The Eagle also played its proper role during the years of the First World War. Mr. Davis at that time was very active in organizing a Jewish battalion. To this end, considerable material, financed by Davis, was issued; mass meetings at which Ministers of the Crown were present, were called; in general an enthusiastic patriotic movement was set on foot. Unfortunately, the battalion dwindled to a company. The principal reason for this was that at that time the Jewish Legion was in process of formation, and Canada was its rallying centre for Canadian and American recruits.

When the Union Government was about to be formed during the final years of the last war, Sir Mortimer insisted that we throw our support to a Union candidate. To this suggestion I was vigorously opposed; Mr. Jacobs was then the sitting member, and he was a Liberal. As a result of this difference of policy, a certain coldness came into my relations with Sir Mortimer, further aggravated when Sam Jacobs was in fact elected with an overwhelming majority. His resentment lasted until the day when he received a cable from Lord Rothschild asking him to launch a campaign for Jewish war-sufferers. Sir Mortimer then personally invited me to a dinner at the Montefiore Club which was to open the campaign.

At that time the "downtown" Jews had a club of their own, located in the building in which the Jewish People's Library finds itself to-day. Sumptuously decorated, it was an amalgam of style and orthodoxy; its cuisine was kosher, its doors all boasted *mezuzahs*. The Maimonides Club, as it was called, was pretty exclusive, and in its time it entertained such distinguished personalities as Chaim Weizman, Shmarya Levin, and others. Well, even before Davis had called his meeting in the Montefiore Club, we had already anticipated him with a dinner at the Maimonides Club, also arranged for the benefit of war-victims, for whom the sum of fifty-two thousand dollars was there collected. This constituted a considerable encouragement to Davis; at his meeting the sum was raised to eighty-five thousand dollars, and finally Montreal remitted a total of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A committee thereupon was organized which consisted, after the manner of the Joint Distribution Committee, of three sources of representation—The Canadian Jewish Committee, representing the "uptown" Jews; the

Central Relief, supported by the orthodox and the middle class; and the People's Relief, which represented the working-class contribution. President of the federated committee was Lyon Cohen; its treasurer, David Friedman —in fact, the head office of the organization was located in the premises of Freidman Bros. On behalf of the Central Relief, whose treasurer was Mr. Sloves, Rabbis Cohen and myself introduced a form of contribution via certificates which resulted in a collection of about fifty thousand dollars. The People's Relief made its house-to-house collections, and the Canadian Jewish Committee made its contribution as a result of special appeals.

THE MONTREAL EDITION OF THE TALMUD

During the first World War, I fell upon the idea of publishing, for the first time in the history of the New World, a Canadian edition of the Talmud. I went to New York to inquire how many sets of Talmud were sold annually in the United States, and I discovered that already there was a demand for about eight hundred sets, which demand could not be filled. It was felt, indeed, that a substantial new edition could be sold out within a period of two years. I then inquired of the Council of Rabbis whether, according to Jewish law, one was permitted to photograph the Vilna edition of the Talmud, without infringements of the rights of private property. Further, I wanted to know, what co-operation I might expect from the organized rabbinate.

After a meeting of the executive of the Council of Rabbis, held jointly with the executive of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Yeshiva, and after lengthy negotiations and proposals, it was decided that the enterprise should be undertaken on a partnership basis, between myself and the Council of Rabbis. It was calculated that the expense would run to about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars for 2500 sets; and the Rabbis undertook to finance fifty percent thereof.

If the establishment of the Canadian Jewish Eagle was an enterprise requiring courage and vision, the attempt to publish the Talmud made it appear small and easy in comparison. I knew the difficulties; I also knew how trying it is to deal with "rabbis turned financiers". As a matter of fact, after the publication of two tractates of the Talmud, I had to dissolve the partnership. Finally, after much trouble, and many anxieties, I succeeded in completing the task which I had undertaken. I had expected to derive some profit out of this enterprise, but as soon as the printing was completed, the war stopped, and Talmud editions could again be imported from Poland. A set of Talmud could indeed have been purchased for a million mark, which meant but a few dollars in Canadian currency. Accordingly, I lost several thousand dollars on the venture; but I have never regretted it. I didn't make a profit; but I made history. At the annual meeting of the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, Lyon Cohen paid tribute to my enterprise, and termed the publication of the Talmud the

most important event in the annals of Canadian Jewry. He also made a point of the fact that the edition of the Talmud, wherever it was circulated, was known as the "Montreal Talmud".

When shortly after the cessation of hostilities, I travelled to Europe, I was everywhere greeted as "the publisher of the Canadian Talmud". When I consider in retrospect, the dangers which lurked in this enterprise, I am amazed at my temerity. It is, as I once had occasion to express it, as if a man undertakes to swim across a river, little aware of the eddies and currents which may snatch him down. When I first began the project, I little realized the difficulties which would lie in my way, what with problems of budgets, and temperamental rabbis, and foreign exchange, and a hundred other pitfalls. But I came through; and I was the fifth publisher in the history of Talmud publications. The thing had been attempted before, in England, and in America, without success; to me it was given to bring the task to fruition. Of nothing in my record am I as proud as of this achievement.

REUBEN BRAININ IN MONTREAL

Montreal Jewry justly deemed itself honored when in 1912, the distinguished Hebrew author and critic, the late Reuben Brainin, was appointed editor of the Jewish Daily Eagle. During the three years in which he held that post, Brainin contributed greatly to the cultural and social development of the Montreal Jewish community. The high literary standard which he introduced into the journal effected a veritable renaiscence, and the influence which he exerted upon the intellectual life of the community is felt even to this day, and not least in the Jewish People's Library which he helped to found.

With the outbreak of the World War, and with the new responsibilities which stood before Canadian Jewry, certain serious differences of opinion, touching questions of policy, arose between Brainin and the publishers of The Eagle. The matter was further complicated by other disagreements, which prompted Brainin to resign and establish a journal of his own, "Der Weg", which lasted for a period of nine months. Finally Brainin left for New York; his family, however, remained in Montreal. From time to time Brainin would spend his vacations in the city. When he passed away, his body, according to testamentary provision, was brought to Montreal and his remains were interred, hard by the resting place of his wife and his daughter Miriam Brainin-Ortenberg, in the Shaar Hashomayim cemetery. The procession which followed his hearse was one of the largest ever seen in Montreal, and was a sincere and heartfelt tribute on the part of the Jewish people for a distinguished career and an outstanding personality. Brainin's archives and his books were brought to Montreal, and are to-day in the possession of the Jewish People's Library.

ROME AND MONTREAL

In 1910 a Jew by the name of Ernesto Nathan was elected Mayor of Rome. When the news was brought to Montreal, the impression it made upon certain clerical circles, it soon appeared, was far from favorable. After considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon the local aldermen, a resolution was introduced in the Municipal Council protesting against the election of a Jew to be mayor of a city neighbor to the Vatican. The aldermen, it seemed, considered the election to be a singular affront both to His Holiness the Pope, and to all Catholics. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and a copy thereof was sent to the Municipal Council of Rome, where Nathan was already the first magistrate.

In the month of Novemebr 1910, a reply was received by the municipality from the Jewish Mayor of Rome, which read as follows:

"To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Montreal: The Archbishop and other clerics of your Catholic Church have condemned me for so-called blasphemy. Accordingly, I wish to send you a verbatim copy of the address which I delivered which you will find herein enclosed.

My speech, as you will note, concerned itself only with a political organization which fosters civil strife and seeks to break the unity of the Italian people. People in public office have a right to criticize hostile activity on the part of their opponents, and to demonstrate how different was the previous rule of the Pope from the present municipal government. That is all I said about the question in the speech where I mentioned the Pope. Yours devotedly, Ernesto Nathan, Mayor of Rome."

The letter was read before the Municipal Council, but the whole text of Nathan's speech was ignored, nor was it published anywhere in the local press. An English journal, however, took the occasion to remark that our aldermen would be wiser to concern themselves with the affairs of Montreal, rather than of Rome. With that the incident closed; it indicated clearly, however, what was the attitude of the then municipal government to Jews.

THE JEWISH PEOPLE'S LIBRARY

It was in 1913 that Reuben Brainin, the editor of The Eagle, founded this institution, under the somewhat grandiloquent name of "Jewish People's Library and People's University". Time, however, has justified the grandiloquence. For years, the institution has been, both in name and in fact, a people's library; and recently with the advent of Melech Ravitch who instituted a regular curriculum of evening courses, the library has taken on also the character of a modest university.

Originally, the library was located on St. Lawrence Boulevard between St. Catherine and Demontigny, but after two years, the premises were found inadequate for its growing needs. Later the library found itself on St. Urbain near Cuthbert from which it removed to another locale on the same street, between Rachel and Duluth. It was in 1929 that its present premises were acquired from the Maimonides Club by a committee with whom I actively co-operated. When the new library was officially inaugurated, I was given the honor of opening its doors.

"RECIPROCITY"

Even before we had managed to elect a Jewish alderman to the Municipal Council, or a Jewish member of the provincial and federal Houses, the Laurier Government displayed towards the Jewish community a most friendly attitude. I distinctly remember the famous "Reciprocity" election of 1911. Already the Jewish vote counted for something, so much so that a few days before the election, Sir Wilfrid, finding himself in Montreal, took the occasion to come to the editorial offices of The Eagle, and from the front of our building addressed the Jewish voters assembled there. At the same time, Sir Robert Borden called a mass-meeting in "The Monument National" also in the heart of the Jewish centre. He there reproached The Eagle for declaring that a certain antisemitic speech delivered by Henri Bourassa had been supported by him. The truth was, said Mr. Borden, that the Nationalist party of Bourassa was supporting the Conservatives on the question of reciprocity, but this did not mean that Conservatives were to be associated with Bourassa's antisemitism. Borden went so far, indeed, as to promise that after the election he would institute legal proceedings against those newspapers which had directed this calumny against him.

"Reciprocity" was defeated; and the Conservatives came into power. But Sir Robert never took any legal proceedings against the paper; in fact, he showed himself very friendly to Jews in general, and to The Eagle in particular.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN THE SYNAGOGUE

From time to time, the bitterness of the class struggle found its utterance in the very midst of Jewish life, and sometimes even threatened Jewish unity. Such an incident is recorded in a report which was published in The Eagle on January 15th, 1917:

"Yesterday there was held the Chanukos Habais of the new uptown synagogue, The Adath Yeshurun, at the corner of St. Urbain and Mount Royal. Cantor Plotkin and J. Rosmarin conducted the musical program, Rabbi Cohen addressed the congregation in Yiddish, Rabbi Abramowitz in English. Mr. Fromson, in introducing Mr. Lyon Cohen, paid tribute to the board of officers and the executive on the achievement of the construction of the new synagogue."

Mr. Lyon Cohen, however, did not deliver his address due to the disturbance caused by numerous strikers who were present at the ceremony. (A strike in the needle industry was then in full swing; in view of the fact that Mr. Cohen was Chairman of the Manufacturer's Association, the full wrath of the striking workers was being directed against him.) Mr. Wolofsky was then called upon to calm the gathering, after many other attempts to address them had failed. Mr. Wolofsky who through his journal had thrown his support in the industrial dispute to the side of the strikers, succeeded in bringing order to the assembly, persuading the strikers that it was not fitting for Jewish workers to disturb a religious ceremony."

And the strike was won by the workers, but on other battlefields!

A RUN ON A BANK

It is not my purpose here to narrate the facts and circumstances of the Beilis case; I am concerned, however, with an incident which indicates the repercussions which this *cause celebre* had upon Montreal. It was in October of 1913, when all of Jewry, everywhere, waited with bated breath for the verdict. Would Beilis be vindicated, or would another miscarriage of justice be added to the heavy docket in which Jews had been victims? A large crowd gathered in front of the Eagle Building, awaiting the latest news releases. When finally the announcement was made that Beilis had been freed, the excitement among the people was indescribable. They congratulated each other, they shouted, they embraced, they kissed each other. All sought to get into the editorial office, the sanctum from which had emanated this sacred news.

It happened that immediately opposite the entrance of The Eagle, there was located a branch of the Bank of Toronto. The manager of the bank, curious to know what all the excitement was about, inquired, and was told that a Jew by the name of Beilis had been tried on a ritual-blood-accusation; and that if he had been found guilty, the verdict would have established the fact that Jews use Christian blood for religious purposes.

The manager, who apparently was neither diplomat nor scholar, replied: "And so with the exoneration, it is established that Jews do not use Christian blood? Strange, but I was always under the opposite impression!"

Unfortunately for the manager, this statement was overheard; before morning, the bank manager's opinion with reference to Jewish religious practise had been spread to the entire Jewish community. On the following day, hardly had I arrived at my office, but the bank-manager was admitted, pale and trembling.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Already six Jewish depositors have withdrawn their accounts from my bank; and a long line of others is waiting to do the same. I did ask one depositor what was the reason for all this and he told me that I was an anti-Semite! That I believed in the ritual blood accusation!"

"Did you ever say so?" I asked.

"Yes, because so I was told; and I thought it was true. But if you

tell me it is a lie, then it is a lie. These people, however, will cause me to lose my job, should the story ever get to Head Office."

I explained to him how much we Jews had already suffered as a result of this base calumny. Nonetheless, I went across to the bank and pacified the assembled depositors, making clear to them that the bank-manager's remarks were prompted by no malice whatsoever. In a few days, the storm-in-a-branch-office subsided.

LORD BALFOUR IN MONTREAL

On the thirtieth of May, 1917, there arrived in Montreal Lord Balfour, the author of the famous Declaration which bears his name, accompanied by Sir Cecil Spring, then British Ambassador to Washington. Mayor Mederic Martin proclaimed the day an official holiday; a luncheon was tendered at the Canadian Club in Balfour's honour; and McGill conferred upon him an honorary LL.D.

Clarence de Sola, who was then president of the Zionist Organization of Canada interviewed the distinguished guest. The subject of the interview was still an official secret, but I was able to elicit from de Sola the fact that Balfour was preparing a declaration which would promise the creation of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine under British protection, and with international sanction; Lord Balfour had communicated the news to Canada, and had said nothing about it in the United States, because, as he explained to Mr. de Sola, a statement of that kind he could properly make only to Jews living under the British flag.

PARLIAMENT DISCUSSES POLISH POGROMS

Shortly after the end of the first World War, Polish Jewry began to endure a new chapter of suffering, and this in liberated Poland. Echoes of the agony of Polish Jewry were heard, in fact, in the Canadian Parliament. A bill was before the House, touching a trade-agreement which was to be consummated with both Germany and Poland. After Mr. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, had spoken in favor of the bill, Mr. Jacobs rose to ask whether Parliament was aware of the fact that Poland had been converted into a Gehenna for its Jews? Reading from a report in "The Nation", describing in detail the Polish pogroms, Jacobs asked: "Can the government of Canada negotiate a treaty with such a country, and thus, even if only indirectly, give its approval to the Polish atrocities?" Whereupon, the Hon. D. D. MacKenzie moved that Poland be eliminated from the terms of the treaty. (No one then suspected the anti-Semitic potentialities of the Germans).

Replying Mr. Doherty pointed out that in negotiating a treaty with Poland, an instrument was created whereby one could exert some influence upon that country; whereas, without a treaty, we could not even properly protest against the treatment of Jews. He furthermore promised that Canada would see to it that the League of Nations put a stop to this ill-treatment of Jews and other minorities.

When finally the trade-treaty was completed, it was made subject to a series of clauses in which Poland recognized the rights of her minorities; and pledged herself to the fulfilment of all those duties imposed upon her by the peace-treaty.

THE UKRAINIAN POGROMS

The report of the horrible atrocities which were perpetrated in the Ukraine immediately after the war both saddened and enraged Jewry in general, and Montreal Jewry in particular. Something, it was felt, ought to be done, to move the conscience of the world against this recrudescence of barbarism. November the twenty-fifth 1919, was set aside as a day of sorrow and protest. All Jewish stores were closed; Jewish workers left their shops; old and young participated in the mass-demonstration. A protest-march was organized which, followed by thousands, wended its way through the streets of the city—along St. Lawrence Blvd., St. James Street, up Beaver Hall Hill, along St. Catherine Street, and back to the Monument Nationale, where a giant mass-meeting was held. In the demonstration there took part the Polish Verband, the Rumanian Verband, all Sick Benefit Associations, Unions, and returned soldiers. The local Ukrainian Christian community joined with resolutions protesting the shame which had been brought upon their native land. About twenty thousand people participated in this memorable occasion.

The procession was led by a band, playing suitable music. There followed the representatives of the Canadian Jewish Congress: Lyon Cohen, S. W. Jacobs, H. Wolofsky, H. M. Caiserman, Alderman Lyon W. Jacobs, Alderman Rubinstein, Rabbi Cohen, other members of the rabbinate, and hundreds of pupils of the Talmud Torah. Under the chairmanship of Lyon Cohen the meeting was opened, and Rabbi Cohen expressed his pride and satisfaction in the fact that twenty thousand Jews were not ashamed to march through the streets to manifest their sorrow and anger at what had been perpetrated by the Ukrainian hooligans. The Mayor sent a message of sympathy. Addresses of protest were delivered by S. W. Jacobs and Louis Fitch, the latter reading the formal resolution which was in due course communicated to the Canadian, American, and British governments.

THE FOUNDING OF THE VA'AD HO'IR

For some time the writer of these lines had been carrying on a vigorous agitation for the establishment of a Jewish Community Council in Montreal. The name under which it finally came to be known—the Va'ad Ho'Ir,—I had brought back with me from my travels in Palestine which had already afforded some excellent examples of this type of internal communal administration.

Certainly the need was a crying one. The condition of disorganization in Montreal Jewish life was appalling. Between the rabbinate, and the shochtim, together with the lesser "sacred vessels", there was no real affinity, either legal or spiritual. Every rabbi or shochet, for example, had a private contract with some wholesale butcher who dictated to his "employee" both the manner of his services and the quantum of his remuneration. The result was that shochtim received such pitiably small wages that they could barely earn their livelihood. The whole chaotic situation reacted unfavorably also upon the status of the rabbinate; to make confusion worse confounded, there was between the rabbi and the shochtim, a conspicuous absence of *esprit de corps.*

I felt, therefore, that the only way to bring order out of this chaos, to establish the religious services of the shochtim and the rabbi upon a dignified basis, was to elect by popular vote, a community council in which all sections of the population would be represented, and through which the standard of living of those affected might be appreciably raised, kashruth maintained, and a fund created for the support of all Jewish educational institutions, irrespective of their particular sectarian persuasion. Both in my newspaper and through pamphlets I sought to propagandize this idea, until finally a meeting of representatives of synagogues, fraternal organizations, and unions was held at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. Here it was decided that an attempt should be made to translate my plan into a living reality; that elections should take place on the basis of a popular franchise, and that the voting bodies should be divided into three groups—synagogues, sick benefit societies and kindred organizations, and labor groups.

The first election to the Va'ad Ho'Ir took place on the seventeenth of December, 1922. The vote was granted to all persons, male or female,

over twenty years of age. About seventy-five candidates were presented by the three above-mentiond groups, and out of them 33 were chosen. Those who obtained the largest number of votes automatically became members of the praesidium. The voting places were located in all the synagogues and Jewish schools of the island, and the final counting of the ballots took place in the office of The Eagle, in the presence of representatives of the three categories. Over ten thousand votes were cast in that election.

The crowd which assembled outside The Eagle office to listen to the election results was easily as large as those which usually congregated after a provincial or federal election. When the final count was made, it was discovered, apparently to the great gratification of the assembled people, that the largest majority had been won by Lyon Cohen who represented thereafter on the praesidium, the orthodox wing, H. Wolofsky, who represented the middle class, and Joseph Schubert, labour.

Subsequently, we set to organizing the shochtim. When the first meeting for this purpose was called at the Adath Yeshurun Synagogue, we encountered a most enthusiastic group. Whatever we would decide, they said, was satisfactory to them; they would be happy to be under the Va'ad Ho'Ir. All they wanted was to be released from the bondage to the butchers.

A similar procedure was adopted with reference to the rabbinate. All the rabbis of the city assembled at the Chevra Shaas Synagogue, there established the Rabbinical Council, elected Rabbi Cohen as its president, and rejoiced that at last there would be an end to the internal strife and communal disorganization which had hitherto reigned supreme.

Only one shochet remained obstinate, refusing to give back his contract to the wholesale butchers. He, too, had to surrender to the popular will, after pressure had been brought to bear upon him, both by the butchers themselves and by his fellow-shochtim. It was only after an arrangement was arrived at between the shochtim, rabbis, and butchers, that system appeared where chaos was before. Out of the first week's revenue, all the rabbis were paid their salaries, each according to his seniority, and the shochtim received a wage of $40.00 for the week. Everyone was satisfied; such peace and harmony was unheard of. Every butcher, moreover, was given a sign which announced to all and sundry that he was affiliated with the Va'd Ho'Ir, an association which obligated him to permit on his premises the supervisors of the Va'ad. In the event of a breach of the regulations, the butcher's sign of affiliation was removed and he himself denounced in the

paper as a non-observant of the laws of kashruth.

Some few weeks later, the butchers, unable any longer to tolerate the new system which had been introduced into their business, went out on strike. For several days, Montreal Jewry remained without meat. Finally the Va'ad decided to open its own butcher-shops. Upon the Sabbath evening when the Jewish Community Council first set itself up as a meat-vending organization, there was such a crowd of customers clamouring at the doors of the communal butcher-shops that police were necessary to maintain order. It was a unique sight. Men who had never been privy to the distinction between a chop and a cut—members of the Va'ad—stood behind the counter supplying meat. A roaring business was done. The striking butchers looked on the bustling scene from empty shops. Their strike lasted for a few more days, during which I received threats that both my home and The Eagle would be dynamited. But the butchers capitulated to the Va'ad Ho'ir.

Subsequently, the shochtim, too, decided to strike for higher wages. Their "strike" suffered the same fate as that of the butchers. Even the rabbis once made a demonstration of recalcitrance which was of short duration.

To-day the example of the Montreal Community Council has been followed in many American cities. Even the remote Argentine sought to profit by Montreal's organizational innovation. Not all the municipal disciples of Montreal, however were as successful as the teacher.

For the Montreal experiment has proved an indubitable success. The great social advantages of this scheme have already been indicated. In addition, the Va'ad Ho'Ir has been instrumental in disbursing, in the years of its existence, many thousands of dollars for the Talmud Torahs, the People's Schools and other educational institutions.

On the fourteenth of January, 1923, there took place the official opening of the Va'ad Ho'Ir. The first official meeting of the executive which was held on the following day was a most enthusiastic one. H. Wolofsky, as member of the praesidium, took the occasion to note that with the founding of the Community Council and its support of educational institutions, the School Question, then on the agenda of the day, would find a new instrument of solution. These sentiments were reiterated by Rabbi Cohen, Joseph Schubert, Rabbi Abramowitz, and Peter Bercovitch, all of whom expressed the hope that the Community Council would be a tower of strength to the cause of Jewish education.

MY FIRST EUROPEAN TOUR

The year 1921 found me tired, and desirous of a change of atmosphere. In the first place, the strenuous tempo of the war years had taken its toll; in the second, the troubles and anxieties connected with the publication of the Talmud had sapped me of much of my energy. I decided that a voyage would do me good. I wanted, moreover to see what Europe looked like after the ravages of the last war; to be present at the forthcoming Zionist Congress which was to take place in Carlsbad in the recently constituted Czechoslovakia; and I longed also to see Eretz Israel. It might be possible, I further reflected, to leave part of my Talmud edition in Europe and Palestine.

From the moment I boarded ship until the time I returned, the trip was of an engrossing interest to me,—so much so that I was moved to write a book about my experiences under the title "Europe and Palestine After the War." My first encounter was with a group of Jesuits whom I met on board ship and among whom I discovered an apostate Jew. This discovery, and its gradual revelations, kept me busy for all the six days until we arrived in England; every day, indeed, I sent on to The Eagle a correspondence describing the autobiographical instalments which I was eliciting from the Jewish Jesuit.

There were also on board ship four young Jews who had been deported as "undesirables." I found them engaged in shovelling coal to feed the furnaces and I succeeded in persuading the captain, whom I convinced that the young men were themselves the victims of a group of swindlers, to promote them from their sorry lot as deportees to the somewhat improved status of third class passengers. These young men, it appeared, had had enough money to pay for their fares from Europe to Canada when they met up with some confidence men who duped them of their possessions and arranged that they ship as stowaways. Naturally, they were discovered. One of them, indeed, had had a steamship ticket and a draft for several hundred dollars but he was turned back as an "idiot". He had, in fact, relatives in the United States who could do nothing for him. In truth, he had already once before been turned back by the American immigration authorities, and so his relatives had decided to try their luck via Canada.

When the Canadian authorities asked him to count from one to ten, forward and backwards, he was unable to do so. To some of the questions which I put him, he was unable to give a reasonable reply. Finally, he burst into tears, and sobbed out his story. His father had left for America prior to the outbreak of war. Then his father had brought his mother to the United States. He himself had been rejected. He had wandered all over Poland, associated with beggars, had never seen the inside of a school. How, then, should he know how to read? He did not even know that the piece of paper which had been sewn into his clothes was a draft for three hundred dollars. He had kept it because his father had written to him saying that he keep it until he came to Canada. He never knew it was money. He had been afraid to mention it to the police, meaning the immigration officers. When I told him that the piece of paper was worth about a hundred thousand Polish zlotys, he began to cry all over again. "Now I will be robbed," he said.

What with giving whatever help I could to these boys, arranging that they be handed over to the Rabbi at Antwerp, and what with my conversations with the Jesuit, I was busily engaged on that ocean voyage. Finally our ship The Empress of Britain, docked in London. Then I visited the head office of the Zionist Organization, and had some talks with Dr. Weizmann and other Jewish leaders. My visit to the home of the late Max Nordau made a most heart-breaking impression upon me. I found him living alone, in an attic, where the only light came from a little window in the ceiling. Could not the Zionist Organization, I reflected, which owed so much to Nordau, have provided better living quarters for its great intellectual mentor than this darkened cubicle? I cannot forget this dismal picture; even from the Congress in Carlsbad, Nordau was absent.

The political situation in England, as I indicated in my articles at the time, was a strained one. I even went so far as to prognosticate that Britain would shortly have a Labour Government. The newspapers, which hitherto had concerned themselves with the social doings and hunting activities of the upper classes, now gave space and prominence to the utterances and policies of labour leaders. A new spirit was in the air.

Travelling from London to Paris together with H. M. Caiserman, we found in our cabin two young Indian students who had graduated from the universities of England and who were returning to India. From their conversation we gathered that no good was brewing for Britain in that sub-

continent, and that these students were determined to use their British education to fight the British raj in their country.

I told them that we Jews were grateful to England both for the issuance of the Balfour Declaration and for its democratic institutions. "Oh yes, one of them replied, "you ought to be grateful. Grateful for the democratic students in British colleges who informed us that Jews use Christian blood for religious purposes. That was something we had not heard in India. We had to come to democratic colleges to get that information."

The conversation convinced me of two things. First that there was among certain of the British upper classes, a considerable amount of anti-Semitism which no doubt finally found its way into the colonial administration and served to explain our bad luck with British officialdom in Palestine. I also got the impression that much trouble awaited the British Government in India from the very products of its culture.

My first visit in Paris was at the home of the late Dr. Motzkin. We discussed the forthcoming Congress, whereat Dr. Motzkin complained bitterly that the Committee for Jewish Rights, of which he was chairman, received absolutely no financial support from American Jewry. I also visited the head office of the ICA and had a talk with Mr. Ungar whom I had first met in Canada. When I offered him the reproach that the ICA did so very little for Palestine, he showed me reports and documents to contradict my assertion. He explained my impression, however, by stating that the ICA did its Palestine work without benefit of publicity. Although it cost the ICA three times as much to establish a Jewish centre in Palestine as elsewhere, nonetheless, Palestine colonization played an important part in its programme, and much capital was there invested for that purpose.

Paris as a whole bore a sombre appearance. Almost every second person was clad in mourning black. The casualties of the war had been very high, indeed. In Germany, on the other hand, I did not notice such ubiquitous mourning, not because the Reich had not suffered its share of casualties, but because an order had apparently been given prohibiting such mourning. Already the reactionary forces were planning the new war of revenge.

The Jews of France seemed happy and contented. The condition of their Judaism, however, did not seem to be of the healthiest. They did, in fact, have the most peculiar notions of the religion which they professed. On one occasion I entered a book-store in Paris with the intention of selling some sets of Talmud. "Do you really expect to sell the Talmud in France?"

the book-seller asked incredulously. "Better forget about it. You don't know French Jews."

To illustrate his point, he told me of the custom of local Jews who bought their meat from gentiles throughout the year, buying kosher meat only before Rosh Hashanah. Once the young son of one of these Rosh Hashanah observers asked his father why all year he bought from gentiles and before the Holidays from a Jew. The answer which the father gave his son was that the Jewish meat was fit and proper for Rosh Hashanah since it was circumcized!

From the point of view of the national movement, too, French Jewry was weak. This was due, first of all, to its religious laxness, and secondly to Nordau's and Marmoreck's criticism of the Zionist leadership. In fact, French Jewry was conspicuous by its absence from the Eighth Congress.

MY TRIP TO GERMANY

Travelling a few hours out of Paris, we could readily see the tangible mementos of the havoc which the Germans had wrought on French soil. Everywhere one beheld ruins; entire villages reduced to rubble and dust; and the earth itself everywhere scarred with trenches. Houses which did remain standing, still showed, however, their gaping wounds where German shells had pierced their masonry.

I observed as I sat on the train which was bearing me to Germany, that whenever any Frenchman looked out of the window upon the ruins of his country, he was invariably visibly affected. Germans on the train did not even dare to look through the speeding train, lest gloating thoughts be suspected. One of the German passengers even made so bold as to address me, no doubt reading my thoughts, to say that if we Americans or Canadians knew the Germans better we would know that they were not as black as the French would paint them.

"It is true," this German said, "that during the course of hostilities we were a destructive force. That, indeed, was why we won at first. Victory is to the most destructive; the vanquished naturally suffer. But now after the cessation of hostilities, and after our defeat, we are the sufferers. Why, then, is it still necessary to persecute us, to invent all kinds of slogans of French "security" against us. To complete the picture, we are systematically maligned and slandered—all in the name of security against the vanquished! I am glad that you are going to Germany; you will be able to see all this for yourself."

I did observe during that trip that the Germans seemed to have changed. I did not recognize in them the once-arrogant Prussians. Their courtesy to strangers, even to Jews, verged on the effusive. One could never suspect that behind their excessive politeness there lurked the pent-up desires for revenge. Nonetheless, I did feel, perhaps instinctively, perhaps from some ill-concealed gestures which registered on my mind without me even realizing it, that the Germans were secretely cherishing their hopes of *rache*. I did, as a matter of fact, prophesy in the book which I then wrote that despite all the recently acquired courtesies of this people, they would yet be guilty of the worst pogroms against Jews and liberals.

It was difficult to get accommodations in Berlin. Caiserman and myself, did, however, succeed in renting a room, and when I was about to leave for Poland, it was agreed that Caiserman would retain the room until I returned. Equally difficult, moreover, was the obtaining of train accommodation. With the necessary *baksheesh* — then the most important lubricant of European officialdom—this obstacle was also overcome.

POLAND

As a result of an incident which had taken place in Montreal, I had obtained from the Polish consul, letters of introduction to Polish officialdom. I never asked for those letters as I had no particular desire or reason to meet the Polish ministers. The letters, however, were useful to me in other connections.

It was as a result of the affair of the five hundred immigrants that I had established contacts with the Polish consul from which had developed later the issuance of the friendly letter of introduction. At that time many immigrants entered Canada with the view of eventually taking up residence in the United States. The quota-system had not yet been introduced, and all the immigrant required to be allowed to enter the United States was that his passport be visa'd by his consul.

At one time there appeared in Canada five hundred immigrants who had smuggled themselves out of Poland, and who now wished to join their relatives in the United States. The Polish consul refused to visa their passports.

It was then that Rabbi Zlotnick communicated with me to tell me that he had been at the Polish consulate, and that the consul had expressed a desire to meet me, because I was born in Poland, was a publisher of two journals, and president of the Verband of Polish Jewry. Inasmuch as I was then concerned over the fate of the five hundred immigrants, I was glad to have the opportunity of meeting with the consul.

He did receive me with the greatest cordiality. His vice-consul, an assimilated Cracow Jew, followed my every word, most obsequiously. We discussed a number of matters until finally I brought up the subject of the stranded immigrants.

"What do you do in Poland?" I asked, "when you catch someone who is trying to smuggle himself out of your frontier? Do you sentence him to death?"

"Not at all," he replied. "We fine him a hundred zlotys, about five dollars in your currency."

"If that is so," I followed up my argument, "why do you doom the five hundred immigrants to what is tantamount to economic death? All

you have to do is to fine them five dollars apiece, and visa their passports permitting them to join their relatives."

"Yes," interjected the vice-consul, "and then you will write in your journal that the Polish consul robs the Jewish immigrant!"

"Would you prefer that I write that the Polish consul keeps families separated, and is instrumental in dooming five hundred immigrants to economic limbo?"

"Well," replied the vice-consul, "if it were at least a question of one thousand dollars per immigrant."

This definitely angered me. Rising to go, I said that if this was the purpose for which I had been called by the distinguished consul, I now knew what I had to do.

The consul attempted to pacify me. His vice-consul did not really mean what his words implied. But the fact did remain that he had received instructions from Warsaw not to issue any more visas to those who had smuggled themselves out of the country.

"You ought to inform Warsaw," I told him, "that local indignation is mounting against this order; but that if the five hundred will be visa'd then you could inform all the shipping companies that no more visas would be issued by you. Then immigrants would cease coming through Canada.

Upon the following day, the consul telephoned me to put an announcement in *The Eagle* in accordance with my suggestion. The five hundred immigrants obtained their visas.

Accordingly when I had made up my mind to visit Poland, I phoned the consul concerning my own visa. He was very glad to hear from me and of my project and wanted me to visit his office before I left. When I came to him with my passport, we discussed the current news coming from Poland which was mainly of maltreatment of Jews. He denied these reports and said that the Polish *sejm* had even gone so far as to pass legislation which would permit those Jews who had left Poland for Palestine, abandoning their Polish citizenship, and who now found themselves in the midst of an economic crisis in Palestine, to get back their Polish citizenship. He gathered from my look that I was incredulous. It was for this reason that he offered me two letters of introduction, one to the Polish Minister of Immigration who would show me the Palestinian resolution, and the second to the Minister of the Interior which would treat me as a foreign correspondent, and accord me all the privileges of that capacity.

He then gave me the two letters which he had apparently drawn up in advance. I never used them in connection with the ministers, but they were as I said before, most serviceable to me on other occasions.

It was on the train from Berlin to Warsaw that I had my first indication of the temper of the Pole of that era. Then I met a Pole who turned out to be no mean Antisemite. As I stood at the train-window, withdrawing a cigarette from a package, he approached me, and pointing to the cigarettes, said: "You must be an American." I told him that I was a Canadian and offered him a smoke. We began to discuss Polish affairs.

"There are not enough tourists," he complained.

"That must be," I replied, "because Poland has not won herself a very good reputation abroad. Everybody knows of her treatment of the Jews."

"Yes," he said, "the Jews are responsible for everything. In Poland they are all communists."

"Even if that were true, it must be because you yourselves by your outrageous treatment turn them into Communists. That harms Poland; it has reverberations even in Canada."

And I explained to him that when Poland sought to negotiate a loan from Canada, and the Polish consul requested me to help him with the sale of bonds, I replied that not only would Jews refuse to buy, but Christians also would be cold to the flotation.

He seemed dubious about the Consul's turning to me for help. It was then that I showed him the two letters of recommendation which I had received from the Consul. Their effect was instantaneous; the Pole's attitude immediately changed.

When we came to the Polish frontier and stopped for the usual customs examination, the Pole had disappeared. I approached one of the wickets behind which sat an official, wearing a red band on his hat. His courtesy overwhelmed me. He was milk and honey. He stamped my passport as if this was to him the greatest pleasure in the world. He even instructed a policeman to carry my luggage for me.

Another official then inquired as to how much money I carried with me. I was about to show him. "No, no," he said. "Your declaration will be sufficient." The same procedure with reference to my baggage. No examination; the word of a Jew had suddenly become sacrosanct to the Polish bureaucracy.

I was amazed at this avalanche of politeness. When I returned to my

train, I passed one of the windows of the customs offices, and there I noticed the Pole with whom I had had my discussion. I then understood who had effected the change of climate in the customs-bureau.

Indeed, when we were in the train, the Pole took pleasure in asking me whether the devil was as black as he was painted. I told him that I had been treated with the greatest of consideration, and that moreover I had observed him in one of the customs rooms.

LODZ AND WARSAW

I noted that in Germany one was received with great politeness. In Lodz precisely the reverse was the case. Everywhere one observed a constant ill-will, in the press, in the street, in official circles.

Encountering difficulty in finding hotel accommodation, I turned to Dr. Rosenblatt whom I had met in Montreal when I helped him obtain ten thousand dollars from our Central Relief Committee for Polish educational institutions. He forthwith obtained a room for me, as well as a ticket to Warsaw.

In Lodz, spending some time with Dr. Rosenblatt, I saw a clear picture of the misery of Polish Jewry. The picture, moreover, repeated itself in Polish-Jewish newspaper offices, and in the local institutions. Everywhere discrimination, everywhere animosity short of violence.

There was, for example, the incident of the three tickets. It appears that there were no special tickets for first-class accommodation on trains. Instead, if one wanted to go first-class, one bought three tickets; second-class, two tickets, and third class, a single ticket. As I indicated, Dr. Rosenblatt had obtained for me first-class accommodation on the train to Warsaw. When I entered the first-class coach, however, it was all full. I repaired to second-class—the same. I went into the third-class train and found a place to sit. When the conductor came by, and asked for my fare, I showed him my three tickets.

"That," he said, "is for first-class. This is third."

"There was no room in first-class."

"Well, then, you will have to pay a fare for third class."

I was astounded. "But," I agreed, "if I had shown you one single ticket, everything would have been alright. Because I showed you three tickets, you now demand a fourth?"

I sought to expostulate further, but my fellow-passengers restrained me. They were Jews, and did not want to enrage the conductor. (At that time, flinging Jews out of moving trains was a popular Polish sport).

So I paid for a fourth ticket. When, later, I complained to a higher official, I obtained the same obstinate answer. When I told him that the amount involved did not concern me—180 marks meant only a cigarette

to me—he replied that American Jews were rich enough, and that he hoped that all of Polish Jewry would move to America!

I visited also my birth-place, Shidlovtza. There I met my relatives and friends whom I had not seen for thirty-five years; did my duty to the local institutions, and barely escaped—so great was the need for charity—with enough funds to continue my trip. My feelings as I visited the scenes of my childhood and my youth were not the usual ones so beloved of the literary folk; I did not stand weeping before the river of my nonage-days; I did not embrace, with love and affection, every tree which had sheltered me in my youth. On the contrary, as I beheld the house in which I was born, the two rooms which had been home to nine people, I could not help but experience a feeling of humility. Is this really where I came from?

After some difficulty—for a transportation strike had broken out as I was about to board train—I finally reached Berlin. From Berlin, I was to go to Carlsbad. On the train I met Mrs. Weizmann, the late Nahum Sokolow, Louis Lipsky, and others, all on their way to the Twelfth Zionist Congress. Indeed, a Congress atmosphere immediately permeated on the train.

This was the first Congress since the Armistice, and it was rumoured that there would be about fifty delegates from Soviet Russia. "How will they get out of the country?" I asked.

"You are very naive," said Sokolow. "I always wonder only how Jews can remain in one place. How they get out, is never a marvel to me."

As a matter of fact, fifty-two Russian Jewish delegates were present at the Congress. How they did manage to leave their own frontiers, and arrive at Carlsbad, is a tale which must be left for some other occasion. Sufficient it is to remark that the fifty-two delegates never went back to Russia.

One of the most interesting phenomena of the Congress was the manner in which delegates coming from the same country, had to go to the Congress to meet. Throughout the war-years they had not seen each other. Here they revived old friendships, talked over old times, and planned the future. It was more than a Congress; it was a literal reunion of Jewry.

Most of the delegates to the Twelfth Zionist Congress divided themselves into two groups, Brandeisists and Weizmannites. While the latter insisted upon the development of the Homeland through the agency of the Keren Hayesod, that is through public funds, the followers of Brandeis were equally convinced that only through private enterprise and private

investment could the economy of the country be built up. For myself, my leanings were somewhat in the direction of the Brandeis group; I made, however, an attempt to achieve a compromise between the conflicting parties, seeking a *modus operandi* which would be a composite of both public and private initiative. Unfortunately compromise was impossible; both groups were adamant. It was then that I realized that with the best will in the world, the Zionist leadership, eager to find a solution for the problem of a harassed people, was still handicapped by "the single track mind." It is this same state of mind, moreover, this subservience to an *idee fixe,* which operates also in the language question, operates in such manner that no Yiddish publication will be permitted in Eretz Israel, even though hundreds will languish for a print in the tongue which they best understand.

In Carlsbad, I attended also the Mizrachi Convention. I was, in fact, kept very busy. What with serving on committees, and running from session to session, and writing my daily article for my paper, Carlsbad was for me far from a leisure-resort.

I determined, moreover, to leave, immediately after the Congress would be ended, for Palestine. The boat for the Homeland left Trieste only once a week on Fridays. As I wished to arrive in Palestine at least two weeks before Rosh Hashanah, I was, among all the delegates to the Congress, the first to reach Eretz Israel.

ON THE WAY TO PALESTINE

The boat trip from Trieste was memorable for distinguished company. Invited to the table of Sir Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, were ben Yehuda, the immortal Hebrew philologist, Rabbi Fishman, and myself. To me, ben Yehuda insisted on talking only in Hebrew. Once when he caught Rabbi Fishman and myself engaged in Yiddish conversation, he seemed terribly peeved. "It is a shame," he cried out to Rabbi Fishman, "it is a shame not to talk Hebrew on the way to Palestine!" When the Rabbi sought to explain that Mr. Wolofsky did not speak Hebrew, he replied, "That is false. I always talk Hebrew to him."

Sir Ronald Storrs had also, by that time, acquired a smattering of the Holy Tongue. As we stood on deck, watching the calm sea, he turned to me, and said in Hebrew: "What do you think of *our* sea." As he said our, he indicated both himself and myself. Apparently we were partners in *Nostrum Mare.*

As the boat passed the mouth of the Nile, whose waters fascinated me, Sir Ronald wanted to know why I was looking so intently in its direction. "I am seeking," I replied, "a new Moses among the bull-rushes, a leader so urgent for our times." Sir Ronald took this as a reflection upon the leadership of Dr. Weizmann, a suggestion which I repudiated. Weizmann was a good leader, I said, but not quite up to the mark of the one who rose from the Nile.

From the conversation with the Governor of Jerusalem I further discovered what it was in the character of Sir Herbert Samuel which so impressed his gentile friends. "Sir Herbert Samuel," said Sir Ronald, "is a very great man. Every year, for the High Holidays, he goes to the synagogue of Rabbi Yehuda Hachosid to pray. On the New Year, he walks from Mount Scopus, but the night of Yom Kippur, he sleeps at my home. Will you believe it, that in that day he does not eat a thing for twenty-four hours? An unbroken fast for the complete day?"

Sir Ronald, it appears, was overwhelmed by this feat of self-abnegation. I could not help but feel that if this was Sir Herbert's qualification for his high office Jewry was full of potential High Commissioners . . .

I arrived in Jerusalem on my birthday, and was met by some friend

who immediately conducted me to my hotel. It was about two in the afternoon, so we repaired to the Wailing Wall for *Mincha* service and then lunched together.

My arrival in Jerusalem I will never forget. The sight of the sign on the railway station—*Jerusalem,* in Hebrew letters, so overwhelmed me that I was in a daze for the rest of the day. I walked on air. I felt like one who has after many years seen a long-cherished vision, actually realized.

On the first day of Rosh Hashanah, I made the acquaintance of Sir Herbert Samuel. This was in the synagogue of Reb Yehuda Hachosid; after the service we went to the Amdursky Hotel for *Kiddush.* Rabbi Kook made a speech, and then I was called upon to say a few words.

I spoke in English, and an interpreter immediately translated my sentences into Hebrew. I recalled how Sir Herbert had visited Montreal in 1911, when he was Postmaster-General of Britain, and how the Montreal Jewish community had arranged a reception for him at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. There a pupil of the Talmud Torah had presented him with flowers, and had expressed the wish that the time should come when Sir Herbert would be a Governor in Palestine. "As you see, the blessing of Canadian Jewry has been fulfilled!" I expressed the further hope of Canadian Jewry, as of that of the whole world, that the gates of Palestine be kept open so that the promise of the Balfour Declaration, sanctioned by fifty states at San Remo, might be fulfilled.

In his reply, Sir Herbert pointed out the difficulties which lay in the path of unrestricted immigration. He told me how but recently as he was troubled over the situation in Palestine, his wife came to his office and opened a bible, looking for some omen. Thrice she opened it at random, and thrice she fell upon the verse, "Fear not, neither tremble!" He wished with this anecdote to indicate that his task was no easy one, and that in many respects it was more difficult even than that of Moses and Aaron, for the latter had all the Jews with them, which unfortunately was not the case today. He assured us, nonetheless, that everything possible would be done to implement the Balfour Declaration.

I travelled throughout the length and breadth of Palestine. The fifty days that I spent in the Holy Land were the happiest of my life. It is true that I visited Palestine again in 1929, and 1936, but it was not the "first fine careless rapture."

Concerning the synagogue where I met Sir Herbert Samuel, the synagogue of Rabbi Yehuda Hachosid, also known as The Ruins, I heard an interesting anecdote. It appears that this place of worship was of great antiquity, and had throughout the years fallen into architectural decrepitude. At one time, it even lacked a roof. When the Emperor of Austria, Franz Joseph visited Jerusalem, his consul, a Mr. Friedman, father of the contemporary Friedmans associated with the wine-cellars of Rishon l'Zion, conducted him through Old Jerusalem, and showed him the ruined roofless synagogue. When the Emperor inquired as to why the synagogue was roofless, the quick-witted Friedman replied: "The synagogue has doffed its cap for Your Majesty!" So pleased was the Emperor with the courtly compliment that he ordered the roof repaired at his own expense.

And speaking of royal personages, it is told that when Kaiser Wilhelm came to Mount Carmel, and regarded the beautiful landscape which stretched before him on all sides, he expressed a desire to his counsellors that he leave the scene as quickly as possible, "fearing that he might become so fascinated by the country that he might seek to acquire it for himself."

My sojourning in the land was most pleasant, and my travelling to and fro upon it most thorough. I saw antiquities which many old residents, as is usual, had failed to see. I visited the old; I inspected the new Palestine. Ruins, institutions, colonies,—I could not see enough. I gorged myself with the sights of the Holy Land; I sated myself with vision.

CENTENARIANS AND CEMETERIES

My visit to the Old People's Home at Jerusalem was a thought-provoking occasion, in a gruesome sort of way. I was particularly interested in knowing what the occupants of the ward in which there lived those who had reached the century-mark thought of death.

One youngster of one hundred and ten was of the opinion that the Angel of Death had lost his place in the book of life, had skipped over a number of pages which included his name, but that it wouldn't be long before he realized his mistake and would retrace his steps. Another inmate, an old woman who already looked like a corpse, proudly showed me her winding-sheets, ready since the last quarter of a century, a wardrobe always in style.

A philosophically-minded centenarian added that he felt just like a wage-earner, who had laboured all day, and who now was so weary that he could not even eat his well-earned meal. All he desired was rest and sleep. I, too, wondered whether it was worth while living so long solely for the doubtful pleasure of laughing at the Angel of Death. Nonetheless, I have noted that most old people, no matter how cynical about the ills to which the flesh is heir, cling on to life, as if it were really something inexpressibly happy.

My guide of the day also escorted me to the old cemetery on the Mount of Olives. We arrived there just as the sexton was digging a grave. There I beheld the last resting place of remembered rabbis and of venerable saints; there I saw also the Hand of Abraham, a tombstone beneath which the son of David is reputed to have been buried. In the distance you can see Mount Scopus. The sun shines, and the gravedigger digs. Everywhere,—clean white sand, where no worm thrives. I could not help but recall, as I looked at this clean soil, the occasion when at the interment of a prominent Montreal Jew, it was necessary to introduce a pump into the freshly-dug grave to rid it of its water. Still when the coffin was lowered, a splash was heard. Seeing the beautiful sun and the shining sand, here on the Mount of Olives, I felt—and said so to my friends—that it must be a pleasure to die in Palestine.

The cemetery had its own memorial-book. Herein there were recorded

a number of miraculous happenings and wondrous deeds. One of these I found particularly fascinating. To fully grasp its significance it is necessary to know the customs of sepulture in Jerusalem. Interment in the Holy City takes place almost immediately after death; the sexton, accordingly, used to sleep on the cemetery every night, except on the Sabbath. As soon as a death is announced to him, he immediately sets to digging the grave; often the body was brought to the cemetery even before he was finished with his dismal work. As for winding-sheets these are always to be found in readiness in the possession of the sexton.

In the memorial-book, it is writ as follows. Upon a time, on a Saturday night, as the sexton came out to the cemetery, and stood there smoking his pipe, he noticed a funeral approaching. He could not understand this; why had he not been told? On looking closer, he noticed that none of the pall-bearers were known to him. Frightened out of his wits, he fell in a swoon, remembering later only that one of the unknown coffin-carriers had said: "The Gaon of Vilna will rest in precisely this spot."

It happened, moreover, that someone had actually passed away in the town, and a message had been sent to apprize the sexton of the fact, so that he might prepare the interment-ground. Discovering him unconscious, the messengers revived him, heard his story, and took him to the rabbi. Insofar as the town and its rabbi knew, the Gaon of Vilna was still alive. An examination of the cemetery was made, but no signs of a fresh grave were found. Several days later, however, Jerusalem received the news that the Gaon of Vilna had passed away on the preceding Sabbath.

Pious Jews, I discovered, believed this marvellous tale imlipcitly. They were convinced that angels bore the bodies of the saintly to Eretz Israel and gave them their resting place in graves for which those unworthy of such sacred burial are expelled. It is no doubt a riddle of spiritualism or mental telephathy—this knowledge on the part of the sexton that the Vilna Gaon had passed away. I will not seek to explain it; I only record it here, as I recorded it in my book on Palestine.

In Hebron, my principle guide was a twelve-year-old lad who worked in the local hotel which belonged to the Friedman family. He was a very precocious youngster, this Abie, and there was little he did not know, either about human psychology or local archaeology. He it was who showed me "Sarah's Well"—presumably the body of water in which the Matriarch performed her ritual ablutions. At the time I visited it, it

was a gathering-place for the elders of Hebron, the sheik and his counsellors who sat there estimating the girls who came to the well for water, estimating them in terms of dowry. The price they set apparently constituted true market value.

We also visited the Cave of Machpela. Here Abie told me that when the English invaded Palestine, all the Arabs fled, including the wardens of the cave, and he took the opportunity to enter it.

"What did you see?" I asked.

"You have read, no doubt," he replied, "that whoever enters the Cave of Machpela may hereby escape therefrom with his life. It is true. The odour—I suppose the odour of sanctity—is so fatally strong. Otherwise, nothing remarkable."

Abie took me also to the "Grove of Abraham." This was a single venerable tree, reputed to have been planted by the great Patriarch himself. "How come," I asked, "that this grove is located in Hebron? Is it not written that Abraham planted his grove in Beer-Sheba?"

Abie had an answer for everything. "These matters," he said, "are not to be questioned. It is a matter of faith. Even if it were said that this tree was planted by Moses, who was never in Eretz Israel, you would have to believe it. Faith!" To climax his point he led me up a narrow street to a high terrace which commanded a view of the surrounding country. In the distance, he pointed out an old orchard. "If you wish to believe it," he said, the spies sent forth by our ancestors to spy out the land took their fruit and grapes from that very orchard."

These pleasant peregrinations, however, were interrupted, on the eve of the Day of Atonement, by a cable which I received from S. W. Jacobs: *Advise you return immediately. Federal election announced. School question serious.* I received also another cable from my son Daniel to the same effect.

I immediately made preparations to leave. The people whom I had met and with whom I had developed a very warm friendship were very loath to see me go. They consoled themselves, and me, that I would be back shortly, and perhaps take up permanent residence there. That last night was a very remarkable one; it was spent in conversation and discussion, as if we were trying to catch up on time stolen from us by the cable. And in the morning when I went to the station, they escorted me. They would not let me go. The Jewish station master was importunate—the

train had to leave. I delivered a farewell address of which I remember only the conclusion. As I saw again the Hebrew sign over the station, I pledged anew: If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning!"

THE POWER OF A MELODY

Some time ago the distinguished musicologist, Mr. Israel Rabinovitch, commenting upon a tour which the famous Cantor of Warsaw, Koussewitsky, was making to the battle-fields of Russia, took occasion to remark upon the hypnotic effect which the Kol Nidrei tune had, not only upon Jewish soldiers, but also upon non-Jewish ones. There was, it seemed, some secret power, some inscrutable association evoked by this melody which infused its hearers with courage and determination, which instilled in them a spirit of vengeance against the murderers of the Reich.

No doubt the purpose of Mr. Rabinovitch's comment was a two-fold one: in the first place, to show the intrinsic power of this memorable melody, and in the second, to indicate that in a country where Jew-hatred does not exist, and where harmony between the races reigns supreme, the song even of a language which one does not understand has the capacity to create the necessary mood of holiness, and to arouse a feeling of respect for its creators.

I could not help, as I read these lines, to recall the occasions when I had discussed the Kol Nidrei music with non-Jews. Once, when I was still a young lad, my mother—may she rest in peace—left me at home on the eve of Yom Kippur while she repaired to the synagogue. She bade me to meet her there later and not to forget to lock the door when I left.

As it happened, I did forget to lock the door. When I arrived at the Beth Ha-Midrash, I suddenly remembered my oversight; I told my father, and asked him if I should return to lock the door of our house.

"It does not matter," he replied. "On Yom Kippur Eve, even the Jewish thieves find themselves at divine service; and as for non-Jewish ones, they, on this day will not burgle a Jewish house. They are, as a matter of fact, terribly afraid to visit a Jewish house on the Day of Atonement. They fear the Jewish God; they see the great big Jewish candles, all kindled; they see Jews hurrying to the synagogue; and they stand in awe of all this holiness. Indeed, the peasantry believes that on the Day of Atonement,—at least—it is very dangerous to annoy the Jews or their God."

I recall, too, another incident, touching the Kol Nidrei liturgy. When

I visited Jerusalem in 1921, I stayed at the Amdursky Hotel, and there found myself in the company of two Englishmen. Returning that Yom Kippur from the synagogue, one of them evinced curiosity about the Kol Nidrei prayer. He had heard it sung at concerts, and was curious to know the meaning of its words. He wondered what language it could be that could bear the heavy burden of such song.

For the sake of brevity, I did not enter into a verbatim translation of the Aramaic vocabulary of Kol Nidrei. I told him merely of the sufferings which our ancestors had to endure under the Spanish Inquisition; of how they were subjected to compulsory conversion; of the many who died martyrs to their creed; and of those who, to preserve their lives, consented to baptism, but at heart remained true Jews. These latter would meet secretely on Yom Kippur, in some cellar or other hiding place, and would pray to the Lord, begging his forgiveness for the apostasy which they had perforce committed. Therefore they indited the Kol Nidrei liturgy which asked that all the oaths and undertakings to which under duress they had pledged themselves be considered null and void and of no effect. Today, so as to recall the agony of their persecution and the holy fire of their determination—I told the Englishmen—we repeat this prayer. It is true that the explanation which I offered them may not have been historically correct in all its details; nonetheless, I preferred to speak to them of Kol Nidrei in the manner which the folk-imagination has conceived it rather than in the dryasdust terminology of musical investigation. That I chose the more fundamental way of explaining this prayer was evidenced by the fact that tears stood in the eyes of the Englishmen.

Indeed, when after the Day of Atonement services we returned from the synagogue we discovered that the Britons had not eaten that day. They, too, wished to fast, in sympathy with the millions of Jews throughout the world.

As it happened, too, when I left for Tel Aviv, on the Feast of Tabernacles, the Britons accompanied us. We all took accommodation in the Herzlia Hotel. As was his custom, the hotel-keeper had built a succah, a tabernacle constructed of twigs and branches and palm-leaves, rustically decorated with citrons and other fruit of the land. The Britons wanted to know if they were permitted to enter this place. "Of course," I said, "we have no secrets; we would be pleased if you would spend some

time with us in the succah." They soon felt quite at home: I had, in addition to the Christians, three Jewish guests; when the wine was sanctified the Englishmen donned their hats and stood up with their beakers in their hands, even like the rest of us. At table I had occasion again to speak of the customs and ceremonies of Succoth, and one of them, no doubt prompted by association of ideas, referred again to the tale of the Kol Nidrei prayer. He averred that what I had told him did not let him rest; and that he felt personally grieved both because of the injustice which had been perpetrated against Israel of yore, and the injustice which was still rampant today.

I recall apropos of all this the last request of the great leader of the Revisionists, the late Vladimir Jabotinsky. Knowing that he was on his death-bed and about to breathe his last, he asked that the Kol Nidrei services be sung. With its conclusion, it is reported, he expired.

I have cited all of these instances to illustrate the latent potency of a piece of music, sanctified by tradition, hallowed by memory. Its effect upon Jews is, of course, apparent; its effect upon non-Jews is also not to be wondered at. Indeed, there have been apostates, who forsook their religion, who stood aloof from it for many years, and who, upon hearing the Kol Nidrei melody, have been filled with nostalgia and repentance. For it is a prayer which born in our exile, has walked with us all the days of our exile.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

When I returned from my trip, I found the agitation over what was to be known as the school question in full swing. The Protestant Board of School Commissioners, it seems, had declared bluntly that it did not care to have Jewish children in its schools. After a conference held in the office of The Eagle, it was decided that a Jewish delegation should meet with Premier Taschereau and attempt to find some solution to this complicated problem. When the delegation which consisted of Lyon Cohen, Rabbi Cohen, Peter Bercovitch and the writer of these lines, had explained to the Premier the situation which then prevailed — how Jewish pupils were unwelcome at the Protestant educational institutions, he replied: "If that is the case, you have no other alternative but to ask for separate schools for your taxes, and the Government will very probably see to it that you get what you are entitled to from the 'neutral panel'."

Mr. Bercovitch, however, was implacably opposed to separate schools. We, too, were not infatuated with the notion, but we felt that if our point were gained, the Protestants might then come to an understanding with us. When the matter was again brought before Mr. Taschereau, he decided to submit the question to the courts so that they might decide once and for all whether it was legal for the provincial government to establish a separate school system, and also that a judicial opinion might be given touching the rights of Jews in the Protestant schools. The legal doubt in the matter arose out of the fact that at the time of the British North America Act there were not many Jews in Canada, and that those who arrived subsequently sent their children to Catholic schools. In 1903, it is true, a contract was entered into between the Jewish Community and the Protestant Board of School Commissioners whereby Jewish children were admitted to their schools and Jewish taxes assigned to their panel; but the jurisdictional question, in the light of the constitution, had never been determined. According to the terms of the above-mentioned contract, Jews were deemed Protestants for educational purposes; this arrangement, moreover, was satisfactory also to the Catholic School Commission.

The hearing before the court took place in Quebec City, the costs of the case being financed by public contribution, of which I was treasurer.

Two Jewish viewpoints were presented before the court: the Hon. Louis St. Laurent (now Minister of Justice) and Peter Bercovitch declaring themselves against separate schools; and Louis Fitch and Michael Garber presenting the case for a separate Jewish school system.

As Louis Fitch was developing his argument, the president of the court, Judge Greenshields, interrupted him to say: "Why these arguments? If you wish to state that Jews have a right to private schools, your argument is superfluous. They most certainly have such a right."

When Judge Greenshields turned to Bercovitch for his argument, the latter stated that he was opposed to separate Jewish schools, and that if the Protestants did not want to teach Jewish children, then let them dismiss their Jewish pupils, and the Jewish community would then know what it had to do."

"That," replied his Lordship, "is good material for a political speech. But here we are before a question of law. The question is: has the Provincial Government the right to establish separate schools, or has it not that right?"

I must mention here that before the matter was taken to court, a hearing was held before a governmental commission which consisted of nine persons: three Protestants, three Catholics and three Jews—Sir Lomer Gouin, former Premier of Quebec; Sir Arthur Currie; E. W. Beatty; Aime Geoffrion; Hon. Walter Mitchell, K.C.; Michael Hirsch; S. W. Cohen, and Joseph Schubert. Its first sitting took place on September 30th, 1924, and there it was that Mr. J. J. Creelman, Chairman of the Protestant Board, declared that the education of Jewish children was a heavy burden to his board, and that he would heartily desire the end of the contract of 1903. Already, he complained, the Protestant Schools were suffering from a too great Jewish enrolment, and its curriculum from too many Jewish holidays. For the latter reason, he felt, it might be necessary to segregate the Jewish pupils in separate classes. (In other words, a school-ghetto, under Protestant supervision). The Protestants, he added, were prepared to fight with all their energy against the admission of non-Protestants to their board. Other Protestant speakers followed in the same vein.

The Jewish representatives before the commission presented the two-fold view. One group appealed for tolerance and Jewish right within the Protestant school system, and the other declared that since the Protestants did not want us, we might as well establish our own schools, and that it was better to be separated and friendly, than united but merely tolerated.

I, naturally, was of the latter opinion; in my address before the Commission I suggested a compromise. I suggested that in view of the fact that the Protestants were not ready to give Jews equal rights in education, and in view of the fact that Jews themselves were divided as to the best modus operandi, it might be advisable to set aside 7 or 8 schools in the Jewish district, and put them under the supervision of a Jewish subcommittee. In this manner, the Protestant Board would still retain complete control over the finances, while in the specific schools affected, educational guidance would be Jewish.

A number of other speakers addressed the Commission, but all of the addresses resolved themselves into one or the other of the two Jewish opinions which divided the community. The result of these argumentations was that the Commission issued not one report, but four. The Protestant members expressed themselves as being against separate Jewish schools, and also against admission of a Jewish representative to the school board; the Catholic members concerned themselves with specifically Catholic questions, and with the disposition of the funds of the neutral panel, while the Jewish members issued both a majority and a minority report. The majority members Michael Hirsch and S. W. Cohen insisted on the status quo, while Schubert in a minority report, presented the view that since the parties could not honourably co-operate, they might as well honourably separate.

It was as a result of these reports that the Government decided to leave the matter to the courts. The decision of the Court of King's Bench, however, also was not unanimous. Unanimous the five judges were only in the opinion that Jews had no rights within the Protestant schools. With reference to the question as to whether it was intra vires of the provincial government to establish separate schools, two judges replied in the negative and three in the affirmative.

In 1927 there took place the provincial elections in which the St. Louis seat was contested by Louis Fitch and Peter Bercovitch, and in which the principle issue was the Jewish school question. Bercovitch, a vigorous opponent of the plan for separate schools, emerged from the campaign as victor.

It was then that Prime Minister Taschereau suggested the formation of a special school commission, consisting of six Jews, six Protestants, and a chairman appointed by the government, which should consider the vari-

ous arguments of the parties involved, and which should explore the possibilities of a new contract between the Jews and the Protestants. The Government, moreover, would help solve any financial difficulties which might be encountered. If, however, the sittings of the commission resulted in no agreement, then the way would be open for the establishment of separate schools.

There was some difficulty concerning the Jewish representation on the Commission. Mr. Bercovitch had suggested six names, and I had suggested six other names. Mr. Taschereau insisted that Bercovitch and I agree upon one set of half a dozen representatives. Finally, I suggested three individuals and Bercovitch named his three. My nominations, of course, were of persons known to support the notion of separate schools; they were Michael Garber, Dr. Max Wiseman and Joseph Schubert.

The Commission finally negotiated with the Protestant authorities who were now not as adamant as at the beginning. A contract was entered into which has already been in force for fifteen years.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

On the fourth of August 1914, headlines in the newspapers announced the outbreak of the war, a war which was to last for four years, and in which Jews were to participate in the armies of all the combatants. Jewry which was bound with the greatest ties of loyalty to Britain, had, however, but small reason to be friendly to Czarist Russia, a regime which was justly associated in the Jewish mind with memories of persecution and oppression. Jewry, therefore, was in somewhat of a dilemma; on the one hand, the desire to manifest its loyalty to the British Empire was an ever-present urgency; on the other hand, there was a natural reluctance to come to the aid of its "ally"—Russia.

The American Jewish newspapers were not inhibited in the expression of their opinion; the United States were not yet in the war, and these journals were most outspoken at the expense of the government of the Romanoffs. These periodicals, moreover, were circulated also in Canada. Our journal, however, maintained throughout a more realistic sense of proportion.

Accordingly, although the situation of Jewry in Russia was a constant source of anxiety, Jewry rallied to the cause with unquestioned patriotism. Particularly strong were these sentiments of solidarity when Britain issued the famous Balfour Declaration. American Jewry, too, altered its unenthusiastic attitude, and flung itself with might and main, into the conflict against the Hun.

One of the first military steps taken by Jewry of this continent was the founding of the Jewish Legion for Palestine. The central recruiting point for both Canada and the United States was Windsor, N.S., where there was located not only the Jewish Legion but also a woman's auxiliary organized into a "Red Mogen David" after the manner of the Red Cross.

Desirous of keeping our readers informed of the progress of the war and of all activities touching the interests of Jewry, we decided to issue our paper twice a day. Inasmuch as both a morning and afternoon edition constituted for us an additional financial burden, we increased the price of the paper from one cent to three cents. Even this increase, however, hardly covered the additional expenditures. Nonetheless, we persisted in our intention; the circulation of the paper, even at the increased price,

demonstrated that the people were eager for news, and that the extra edition actually answered an existing need.

For the function of the paper was more than merely journalistic. It was a sort of communal institution. There did not exist then, as now, a Canadian Jewish Congress with its ramified war-committees, to look after the varied problems which arise from day to day. All such problems then fell upon the shoulders of individuals and in these responsibilities The Eagle played no mean part. Financial aid there came from Sir Mortimer Davis; the political work was looked after by Sam Jacobs and Lyon Cohen. In view of my friendly relations with the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Mr. Doherty, I, too, had frequent communication with Government.

But to return to the Jewish Legion. Once I received a telegram from the major of that battalion requesting my presence in Windsor. When I arrived, he was full of complaints about the Jewish volunteers. Among those volunteers, there were many who later became leaders of the Yishuv, such as Ben-Gurion, Ben-Zvi and others; and many of the youths of the Poale Zion.

Particularly the major complained that the legionnaires held too many meetings, a phenomenon which was most harmful to military discipline. Moreover, they were always coming to headquarters with "demands." On the very day when he had sent me the telegram, their latest request was for kosher cutlery and dishes. He did not know how to reply to this request. He did not know whether the granting of such demands was in accord with military law; furthermore, he had no funds wherewith to meet the expenditure which would necessarily be entailed; and finally, he wondered what new request could follow upon the heels of the granting of this one.

I assured him that I could persuade the volunteers not to insist upon their meetings. As to the kosher dishes I felt that the Red Mogen David could look after the expense; and that from a military point of view no great inconvenience would be caused by this institution, inasmuch as all his recruits were Jews.

I then went into the camp, where my oldest son Philip, was also a volunteer. I persuaded the leaders that they could hold their much-desired meetings at the usual Sabbath services, and informed them that the kosher dishes would be sent from Montreal. I urged them not to molest the Major with daily committees; as a military man, he could not under-

stand such a routine, and it served only to leave a bad impression of the Jew as a soldier.

I had no difficulty with them at all. They even abandoned their insistence upon kosher dishes, declaring that they had so cleaned and polished the dishes they had, that these were now sufficiently kosher. The Major, who although appreciating the alertness and intelligence of the men under his command, was somewhat harrassed by their democratic notions, was very gratified, indeed, for my effort, so much so, that I soon heard that he had promoted my son to lance corporal and post-master for the battalion. In the letter which he wrote me subsequently, he expressed his appreciation for what I had done, and his surprise at my not having mentioned the fact that my son was in his camp.

Our journal was favorably known to the Government for its patriotic endeavours and I too, had established contacts with military authorities. As a result of this, I was able on several occasions to come to the help of Jews who were about to be interned. One of these, a well-known communal worker of Montreal, was already at the camp with his belongings, ready to be shipped off, when I arrived to ask for his liberation. He was, as a matter of fact, innocent of the accusations levelled against him, but I had a difficult time, nonetheless. I went so far as to guarantee his innocence; and he was, finally, freed, practically a minute before he was to be sent to the internment camp.

THE MONTREAL JEWISH GENERAL HOSPITAL

The necessity for a Jewish hospital had been a long felt need in the community. A number of factors, indeed, emphasized this urgency. In the first place, many Jewish patients in the general hospitals of the city were made to feel as if their illness was an imposition and their presence an intrusion. For immigrant Jews, unable to speak English, and for those unwilling to eat trefah meals, disease was but a prelude to a spiritual ordeal. As for Jewish doctors, they found it extremely difficult to obtain an interneship in the local hospitals. In one instance, where a Jewish graduate was admitted to a French hospital, his "colleagues" went out on strike for two days, leaving the patients without medical care, and bringing such a condition to pass that the Jewish doctor resigned. It is true that this peculiar strike met with the disapproval of even non-Jewish medical men; nonetheless, the whole affair was symptomatic of an unfriendly attitude which actually existed and which could not be denied. It is interesting to note that as a result of the publicity given to the strike, the particular doctor whose semitic presence had been the cause of the medical walk-out, received numerous offers from American hospitals, and did in fact, accept one of those protest invitations.

It was felt, therefore, that a Jewish hospital was an imperative necessity. Our paper, in fact, had carried on a continuous agitation for the idea; finally, a meeting for this purpose was held at the home of Dr. Norman Viner. At that meeting there were present, apart from representatives of the medical profession, Jack Jacobs, Maxwell Goldstein, Peter Bercovitch, his brother Dr. A. Bercovitch, Samuel Bronfman, Allan Bronfman (the Bronfmans had already begun their record of untiring local communal activity), Lyon Cohen, Sam Jacobs, Asher Pierce, and H. Wolofsky. The meeting decided to raise half a million dollars for this project; towards this objective the Jewish doctors pledged fifteen thousand dollars. However, the idea for a Jewish hospital was not immediately put into action; opposition arose among those whom communal duty and social pressure would have forced to donate larger sums.

At that time there was in Montreal a veritable plethora of "loan syndicates". One of these boasted a membership of 2500 persons, individuals

who had invested various sums of money in the syndicate and who drew dividends frequently amounting to fifteen per cent of their money. Nor was this an isolated and solitary example. Their number was legion. People borrowed and paid heavy rates of interest, while the officers of these loan syndicates, many unable even to sign their names, conducted themselves like "bankers of the Jewish street."

Once I had occasion, together with Dr. Wiseman, to address a meeting of the shareholders of the Hebrew Loan Syndicate. There I explained the necessity of a Jewish hospital, and declared that the movement for its realization ought to come from the people, and not from the wealthy maecenases of the community. The idea found favour in the eyes of the assembled, and a special meeting with this purpose in view was called.

Here it was suggested that the Hebrew Loan show the way, and other syndicates would be sure to follow its example. Accordingly, it was decided that every member be taxed $25.00 for the Jewish hospital, payable in two years; in this manner, a fund of $50,000 would be assured, and, if necessary, the syndicate would advance this sum.

When the "West End" heard news of this move, and felt certain that these initial steps were serious, it was prompted to act. A second meeting was called, and it was decided to launch a campaign for one million dollars. Mr. Allan Bronfman acted as chairman, and in Europe, where I was then on tour, I heard that the campaign had been a great success raising a million and a half dollars. The largest contribution was that of the Bronfmans, seventy-five thousand dollars.

Several months after the termination of the campaign, there occurred the memorable stock-market crash of 1929. Nonetheless, of the pledges one million dollars was received. As for the loan syndicates, hardly had they paid their first few thousand dollars on their pledges, when bankruptcy overtook them. Nonetheless, a sort of negative credit is due them for having started the ball rolling; great positive credit is due to Mr. Allan Bronfman who with his brother Sam, and indeed all the Bronfmans, made this great undertaking the success which it was. To this day the Hospital is one of Montreal Jewry's proudest boasts, a "Tribute Everlasting."

The progress of the hospital, moreover, has been consistent. While its expenditures have increased, the response of the Montreal community has always met them. Moreover, the mere existence of a Jewish hospital has favourably changed the attitude of non-Jewish hospitals to Jewish patients.

It is a phenomenon, which is full of implications even for the wider sphere of international relations. If we had a Homeland of our own, the attitude towards Jews in all parts of the world would appreciably change for the better.

THE YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION

In September 1926, some time before he was to leave for his winter home in southern France, the late Sir Mortimer Davis called together a number of Montrealers—Sol Kellert, L. Solomon, and Alderman Louis Rubenstein—and informed them that he was ready to contribute three hundred thousand dollars for a Y.M.H.A. building; and that if the Jews of Westmount wanted a similar building in their part of the town, he would contribute for that purpose an additional fifty thousand dollars.

This generosity was enthusiastically hailed, not only by Y.M.H.A. members but by all of Montreal Jewry. For many years there had been felt a need for such a building, where the Y.M.H.A. program, both athletic and educational, might be the more easily facilitated.

Unfortunately, Sir Mortimer never returned from that trip. Breathing his last in Europe, his body was brought for interment in Montreal. His passing was mourned by all Jewry.

It was as a result of the efforts of Alderman Rubinstein and others that the executors of Sir Mortimer's estate were persuaded to implement the deceased's promise with reference to the Y.M.H.A. building.

It will be remembered that Sir Mortimer had had something similar in mind with regard to the Talmud Torah. Unfortunately, this was not mentioned in his will. Accordingly, the Talmud Torah committee which had relied upon the possibility of a fifty thousand dollar contribution from Sir Mortimer and had with this calculation approached the construction of its building, finally had to assume a mortgage of seventy thousand dollars.

Sir Mortimer Davis was in his generation a unique philanthropist. Not only was he extremely generous in his financial support of communal institutions, but he was singular also in that he sought no honours for his activities. Nonetheless honour pursued him, and overtook him when the British Government conferred upon him his title.

MY SECOND TRIP TO EUROPE AND PALESTINE

In July of 1929, I decided once more to go abroad. I wanted, first of all, to be present at the Zionist Congress which took place that year at Zurich; and I wanted also again to satisfy my nostalgia for Eretz Israel. That Congress is remembered as having been the instrument for the fashioning of the "extended Jewish Agency," so extended as thereafter to include also non-Zionists. It was a Congress which was at once constructive and dramatic; constructive in that it saw a further development in Zionist administrative machinery, and dramatic in that Dr. Weizmann's proposal for this extension of the Agency elicited vigorous and eloquent opposition. To this Congress, Canada sent twelve delegates, including A. J. Freiman, president of the Zionist Organization, and the late Lillian Freiman, president of Hadassah.

I still remember the very effective and pointed address delivered by Dr. Stephen Wise against the project. I recall also the occasion when Isaac Greenbaum interrupted Dr. Weizmann to ask him whether the intended partnership between Zionists and non-Zionists being effected, either party could subsequently withdraw from the agreement. "No!" Weizmann replied categorically. "Then we may as well," retorted Greenbaum, "say a *Kaddish* for Zionism!" The impression which this interpellation and Greenbaum's interjection made was very dramatic; many were heard to sob.

At the last session of the Congress, when the extended Jewish Agency question was to be put to a vote, the debate lasted all night. Finally, every delegate was called by name, for the purpose of voting Yea, or Nay. Dorothy Freiman, despite the fact that her parents had voted in the affirmative, was opposed on principle to the extension of the Agency. When her name was called, however, she announced that she refrained from voting. It was a reply which elicited both amazement at an absence of unanimity among the Freimans, and applause at Dorothy's independence of spirit.

When we returned to our hotel in the morning, there had already arrived the delegates of the new partners, the non-Zionist party of the second part, led by the late Louis Marshall. Leon Blum, who was later to be Premier of France, also formed part of this group. That same afternoon, Louis Marshall presided over the first session of the "Extended Jewish

Agency". To sign and seal the contract between the Zionist and the non-Zionist each country was represented by members of both groups; thus the leading signatures were those of Chaim Weizmann and Louis Marshall, and so on down the line. When it came to Canada's place on the document, the sole signatory was A. J. Freiman. Said he: "In our Dominion there are no non-Zionists; and certainly no anti-Zionists!"

I was then elected a member of the Agency, together with Mr. Freiman and Mr. A. Levine. After the first enthusiasm had waned, I asked Isaac Greenbaum as to whether he had changed his opinion. As I put him the question, Leon Blum passed by. He interrupted in French: "Don't worry, it will all turn out all right." "I hope so," replied Greenbaum.

I do not wish here to discuss the question as to whether the admission of the non-Zionists really brought benefits to the cause or not; certainly the hopes and enthusiasm which accompanied the signing of the contract will forever remain unforgettable. Thus one Serbian delegate, an elderly Jew, called upon for a few words as he signed his name was so overcome that he could utter nothing beyond a prayer that with the aid of the Almighty everything turn out for the best.

After the session of the Congress, many delegates travelled to Carlsbad for a rest, I among them. There I received a letter from Rabbi Shapiro, the Gaon of Piotrkow, requesting me to attend the convention of the Agudath Israel which was to be held in Vienna in a few days. The Gaon of Piotrkow had, several years earlier, been in Montreal in the interests of the Yeshivah of Lublin, and through this work, we had become very friendly. In our many conversations I had often suggested that the Agudath Israel affiliate with the Zionist Organization, and then, within the organization, seek to propagate its religious ideals, even as was done by the Mizrachi. Rabbi Shapiro's answer was that the thing was possible, and that perhaps an occasion would present itself when it could be put into practice.

Now when Rabbi Shapiro had heard that Louis Marshall, in his opening address before the Agency, had expressed pleasure in the fact that the Zionist Organization had shown a positive attitude to religion, particularly in its insistence upon the observance of Kashruth and the Sabbath in the colonies, he believed that perhaps now was the time for Agudah to seek to co-operate with the Agency. Accordingly, his purpose in sending me his letter was to enlist my aid toward such a move. I wired him that I would leave Carlsbad for Vienna.

That very evening I was to have as my guests for dinner Shmaryahu Levin, David Yellin, Menachim Ussishkin, all of blessed memory, and Leon Blum. It was in the course of that dinner that we received the terrible news: "Pogroms in Palestine." Immediately thereafter there arrived cables urging all delegates to come to London for consultation about the emergency.

I discussed my problem with my guests—London or Vienna?—and all agreed that it was much more important that I go to the convention of the Agudath Israel. At the station in Vienna I was met by the "Eagle" foreign correspondent, Isaac Brainin, a brother of the late Reuben Brainin, who brought me the news—already a commonplace in my European journeyings,—that no accommodations were to be had. Vienna was full of conventions and delegates, and all the hotels were crowded. He suggested, therefore, that I go to Baden, a resort-town but a half-hour's drive from Vienna; there, it being the end of the season, I should have no difficulty in finding lodgings. The which we did.

Returning to Vienna, we came in time to hear Rabbi Shapiro's opening address before the Agudath. When he had finished, he noticed my presence, and descended from the platform to greet me. He informed me that on the morrow there would be a meeting to discuss the possibility of co-operation with the Zionists and that I was invited to be present at that meeting. The time, he felt, was auspicious for such a move. The presidency of Louis Marshall was a favourable factor. Moreover, now that evil days had come upon the Yishuv in Eretz Israel, unity was of paramount importance.

On our way to the session the next morning, Rabbi Shapiro insisted that I address the committee, discuss the peace-plan, and say a few words of Torah. I demurred, telling him that I could bring but little Torah to such a gathering of theologians and scholars. Rabbi Shapiro felt, however, that it was necessary to show the members of the Agudah that not all Zionists were ignoramuses, and that they could, when the occasion required, cite the dicta of our illustrious rabbinical forebears. The argument was irresistible.

After a rather flattering introduction by Rabbi Shapiro, I began with a Biblic parable. Why, I asked, is it so ordained that in the phylacteries worn on the forehead, the Biblic quotations are contained in four different places, whereas in the phylacteries for the arm, they are all found together? It appears to me that herein lies a symbol, a guide to human conduct. As long as a matter remains in the realm of mere academic discussion,—in

the head—then one may think in as many different ways as possible. One may be a member of the Mizrachi, or of the General Zionists, or even of the Poalei Zion. But once action is required, once one has reached the stage of the "mighty hand,"—when our brethren are being murdered even in Palestine,—then it is necessary for all four quotations to be found together, acting as one, in the phylactery of the arm . . ."

After I had finished my talk, to which Rabbi Shapiro had listened with very evident satisfaction, I left the session while the delegates still continued to discuss the pros and cons of joining with the Agency. Finally a young man came to me with the news that a vote had been called for, and that it appeared as if the yeas would have it.

It was then that Rabbi Shapiro greeted me with a Mazel-Tov. The committee, he informed me, had decided to put the whole matter before the plenum of the conference, with a recommendation in favor of uniting with the extended Jewish Agency, subject, however, to a number highly Mr. Marshall's sincerity, and placed much faith in his respect for was now the president of the Agency. The Agudah, it appears, estimated of provisos which would be surely accepted, seeing that Louis Marshall religion.

I returned to my hotel in Baden, highly elated. I felt that I had really achieved something in Vienna. But on the following morning I received a phone call from Isaac Brainin. "Terrible news," he said, "Louis Marshall died last night in Zurich!"

I was dumbfounded. I ever forgot to ask about the latest news from Palestine. I decided immediately to return to Vienna. The Agudah conference was all astir. The death of Louis Marshall was received as a cruel and untimely blow. When a young Chicago rabbi read the resolution of the committee, together with its recommendation for union with the Agency, a great murmur arose among the delegates. Soon the session was broken with cries of "No! no!" One delegate rose to declare that the sudden passing of Louis Marshall was a sign from heaven, signifying opposition to the union. Despite the talk of Rabbi Shapiro, who himself already seemed to be impressed by the argument of divine intervention the resolution was unanimously rejected.

I bade the Rabbi farewell, and set to making preparations for my trip to Palestine. Arriving in Alexandria from Trieste, I met a young man and his wife, who were just returning from Eretz Israel. I gathered from

their story that they had been quite active in repelling the Arab attacks, and had accordingly taken the first boat out of the country. Their description of the pogrom conducted by the Arab hoodlums was horrifying; nonetheless I hastened to get to Palestine.

What I saw in Hebron could shock the most callous. The floors of its Yeshiva were still stained with the blood of the seminary-students who had been martyred there. Its windows were broken, its holy books torn to shreds. Escorted by a military guard, we passed through the streets of Hebron. Here too all was ruin and detruction. No Jews could be seen; the survivors of the pogrom had fled to Jerusalem. As we looked about the desolate city, we wondered whether it would be advisable ever to bring Jews back to Hebron. Mr. Ussishkin, however, insisted that it was imperative that the Jewish community be re-established; otherwise the Arabs would be left with the impression that the pogrom was an excellent means of getting rid of the Jews.

At one time, someone suggested that a huge apartment building be erected for the Jews of Hebron, which would be so constructed as to serve both as a dwelling and a fortress. Nothing came of this plan, however.

In the meantime, the need for immediate help was great. Rabbi Berlin expressed a desire that I form part of the emergency committee representing Canadian Jewry. He informed me that shortly there would arrive from America Judge Jonah Goldstein, and his wife, sent by Mr. Felix Warburg to represent American Jewry. When I remonstrated against his suggestion that I had no authority from Canadian Jewry to act on its behalf, they sought to convince me that certainly no valid objection could be raised against my serving in that capacity. I was a member of the Zionist Executive, a member of the Jewish Agency, and I was moreover, a man on the spot, in Palestine. I finally agreed to form part of the committee.

From Hebron, we left for Jerusalem where at the office of the Zionist Organization, we held our first meeting. Two days later Judge Goldstein arrived and together we set out to see what was happening in the older section of the city. Near the great synagogue of Reb Yehuda the Saint there is a courtyard fronting a Talmud Torah. It was full of refugees who had escaped from the Hebron pogroms; the disorder was frightful to behold.

Returning to my hotel, I phoned the wife of the late David Yelin, and expressed to her my surprise that the women of Jerusalem were doing

nothing for the unfortunate who had sought refuge in their city. At my suggestion, Mrs. Yelin together with the wife of Rabbi Kook decided to call a meeting of women to organize relief for the refugees. Being a member of the Emergency Committee, I promised its fullest co-operation, assuring them that the committee would cover all expenses incurred. As a matter of fact, immediately thereafter, lodging and accommodation was found for all of these unhappy souls whom I had seen huddled in the Talmud Torah courtyard.

From the United States, and from Europe, funds came pouring in for the victims of the Arab pogroms. Only Canada had not yet sent its contribution. In the columns of *The Eagle* I had read that one hundred and ten thousand dollars had been collected for this purpose; but as yet it had not been remitted to the Emergency Committee. I called Rabbi Zlotnik, the executive-director of the Zionist Organization, but for several days the cable went without reply. Whereupon I sent a more insistent communication, to which I received answer that the one hundred and ten thousand dollars had already been sent to the Head Office in London. The story which I here indicate in brief deserves a chapter of its own; I omit it, because the details are really not necessary in this book of memoirs.

During the day, we of the Emergency Committee worked feverishly to meet the needs of the pogromized; in the evening, we sat as a committee to determine upon the extension of loans to those who had been ruined by the rioting and who now wished to re-establish themselves. Already a rumor had been spread that I was an easy target when it came to negotiating a loan, and so I had more applicants addressing themselves to me than to any other member of the committee. Most of my stay, therefore, was in Jerusalem; I went to Tel Aviv only for the Sabbath and for the holidays.

The slaughter-house for cattle which served the city of Tel Aviv was located in Jaffa. Now, after the riots, the Tel-Avivists wanted an abattoir of their own. In the first place, they were really afraid to venture into hostile Jaffa; and in the second place, they were not anxious to employ Arab labor, seeing how Arab labor had repaid precious favors done. The High Commissioner, however, persistently refused to grant a license for a Tel Aviv abattoir.

At the request of Rabbi Aaronson, I spoke to Colonel Kisch, who was then executive-director of the Zionist Organization in Jerusalem. I

reproached him for not arranging an appointment between the rabbis interested in the project and the High Commissioner. He acceded to my request, and an interview was arranged as a result of which a temporary slaughter-house was permitted in Tel Aviv. Typical of the enthusiasm which the granting of this right evoked, was the fact that the first opening of the abattoir took place to the accompaniment of music, arranged by the meat-vendors of Tel Aviv.

I must recount here yet another incident. Its hero was the late Chief Rabbi of Palestine, Rabbi Kook. Mrs. Yelin had complained to me that the venerable rabbi had a saintly but most undomestic habit of distributing whatever money he received for philanthropic purposes, forgetting in his generosity the need of his wife and his household. In fact, in his munificence, the Rabbi often trespassed even upon his wife's almsgiving. Thus the Rebbitzin was wont to bake for every Sabbath twelve white Sabbatical loaves of bread which she distributed to a dozen poor. If, however, a poor man happened to see the Rabbi first, he invariably let him have most of the loaves.

Now Mrs. Yelin had come to me with a tale that the Rabbi had received about one hundred pounds from the community, but the Rebbitzin was worried, lest as a result of Rabbi Kook's philanthropies, the funds would be dissipated and she would not have the wherewithal to tide her over the High Holidays. Indeed, every time the Rebbitzin asked her husband for money, he invariably replied that there were people in greater need than she was. Accordingly, Mrs. Yelin wished me to intercede with the Rabbi to obtain at least twenty-five pounds.

I was somewhat embarrassed with this strange mission, but I decided nonetheless to see what I could do. Dr. Levin, the author of "Otzor Ha-Gaonim" had asked me to request the Committee to loan one hundred pounds which he required for some books about to be published. I succeeded in the request; when I informed Dr. Levin that he would receive the required sum within three days, I asked him to go up to Rabbi Kook's to borrow from him a sum of twenty-five pounds and return it to the Rabbi. In any event, I was to be responsible for the loan.

When I received the twenty-five pounds from Dr. Levin, I immediately telephoned Mrs. Yelin to tell her that I had money for the Rebbitzin.

On the eve of Rosh Hashanah, when I was at the Rabbi's—he had invited me for prayer-service at the Yeshiva in his house—he asked me

whether I had negotiated the loan for Dr. Levin. "Certainly," I replied, "and I deducted the twenty-five pounds he owed you, and gave it to the Rebbitzin."

"Well," replied Rabbi Kook, "you played me a proper turn. The Rebbitzin would have got along with less; I have paupers who with me enjoy priorities for Yom Tov."

SOME FURTHER INCIDENTS

One day there arrived at the office of the Emergency Committee a Jew seeking a loan of five hundred pounds to build an additional storey on his three-storey building.

"Are all three flats rented?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but that does not bother me. I want to continue building solely for the purpose of showing the Arabs that nothing daunts us, and that we continue the rebuilding of our land!"

Thursday a rumor was current that the Arabs intended to attack again on the morrow, Friday, "their day of rest." I felt like a hero and decided not to leave Jerusalem for Tel Aviv, as was my custom. Moreover, Mr. Goldstein had informed us that he knew where to purchase revolvers at one pound apiece. Although I had never in my life laid finger to a trigger, I gave him a pound to get and pass the ammunition. Other guests did likewise. As it turned out, however, neither did Mr. Goldstein purchase the arms, nor did the Arabs attack again.

When Mr. Amdursky, proprietor of the hotel where I was staying joked with me about the revolver incident, wagering that I had never held a revolver in my hand in my life, and that in all probability if I had obtained a gun, I probably would have hid it in another room, I admitted that that was precisely how I felt, but that I intended, if the occasion arrived to stand out on the hotel balcony and shoot my revolver in all direction at Arabs visible and invisible. In a land which one knew to be one's own, I felt one was entitled so to act in one's defense.

I remember, too, how at one time, I had a religious problem to solve in Palestine. On Simchas Torah, I received a wire from the Emergency Committee, signed by Rabbi Meir Berlin, urgently requesting me to come to a meeting which was to take place at eleven that morning. I was in a dilemma. Simchas Torah was for me, a denizen of the exile, still holy day. (For Palestinian Jews Simchas Torah was no longer yom tov). Since I intended to leave Eretz Israel, it was incumbent upon me to observe the sanctity of that day. How then, could I travel to the meeting? I might not have been so finicky, but all the rabbis and the members of my group knew the Jewish law as well as I did.

I showed Rabbi Aronsohn the telegram, and asked his advice. He read the wire, and turning to me, he said, "Why do you need rabbinical opinion. You already have permission from a rabbi. The wire is signed by Rabbi Berlin."

Accordingly, I set out on Simchas Torah in an open car, and arrived in Jerusalem. I noticed, however, as I mounted the stairs of the Zionist building that one Jew said to another, "How can he ride to-day? Is he not going back to Canada?" The other replied: "No doubt he knows what he's doing." I interjected, "I don't, but a rabbi told me to!"

I must recall here, although somewhat unchronologically, my visit to the home of Mr. Ussishkin on the eve of Rosh Hashanah. It was on that day that he had phoned me asking me whether I had sufficient courage to attend service at the Wailing Wall. I most certainly did; Mr. Ussishkin, however, sent his secretary, a Mr. Cutler, a burly man, who escorted me through the numerous military watches, to the Wall. There Ussishkin cried out to me: "Now do you see in what a situation we find ourselves! On Rosh Hashanah, and at the Wailing Wall, we have to wait until a Jew comes from Canada to complete our *minyan*." There came to that service also Mr. Fishman, associate editor of The Morning Journal, and the well-known Chono. On their way to the Wailing Wall, however, they had been searched for arms.

After *Mincha*, we went for the *Mariv* service among the refugees of the Hebron massacre who were now in Jerusalem. I will never forget the impression which that service made upon me. The still bloodied boards which had been brought from Hebron were lying in the courtyard. The weeping and the wailing which transpired during the prayers must have broken right into heaven. It was pitiable; neither I nor Mr. Ussishkin could suffer it any longer, ant so we left for the latter's home. There we met Colonel Kisch and Mr. I. Fishman who had been invited for dinner.

At that time Jerusalem was under military law. No one was allowed to appear on the streets after eight o'clock of the evening. As it was very dark, Fishman and I could not find our way back to the hotel. As we were wandering, a group of soldiers came to meet us. Fishman wanted to run, but I persuaded him that we walk right on. I asked them to direct us to the hotel. The leader of the group informed me that it was after curfew; nonetheless, he ordered some soldiers to escort us back to the hotel.

Upon the first day of Rosh Hashanah I attended services at the Beth

Hamedrash of Rabbi Kook; and was most pleasantly surprised when the latter uttered a special benediction for the chalutzim, "who do sacrifice themselves for all of Israel." When I told him how pleased I was with this gesture, and that I intended to make his sentiment on the subject public in my newspaper, he assured me that he felt very kindly disposed toward the chalutzim. He cited the case of a number of orthodox Jews whose lives were threatened by Arabs and who were saved solely by the intervention of the modern pioneers of Palestine. One of these, in fact, a radical-minded man, was wounded during the conflict; when it was suggested that he be taken to the hospital, he refused to be moved from his spot until two other chalutzim came to replace him to protect the "Mea Shearim" quarter, scene of the riot.

On the second day of Rosh Hashanah ,I insisted on going to the old synagogue in Jerusalem, despite the danger of such a peregrination. I arrived safely, but I found there hardly more than a minyan of Jews, although the synagogue could seat hundreds. Terror, apparently, was still abroad. Every few minutes the services were interrupted by the arrival of members of the "Hagana" (self-defense group) who came to see that all was well. After the services, these defenders, indeed, escorted us back to our home. In fact, whenever a Jew was seen walking in the street there suddenly appeared at his side a member of the hagana. I reflected, as I saw these things, that Rabbi Kook was quite right in dedicating to them a special benediction; they had, indeed, offered up many sacrifices for their homeland.

By the time the Feast of Tabernacles came on, the disturbances had somewhat quietened. I had occasion, then, to witness the trial of three Arabs who were accused of participating in the riots of Hebron. Only two Palestinian reporters were allowed to the court-session, and one press-pass each was accorded to representatives of other countries. I was admitted as a Canadian.

The court-sessions were most impressive. The mood of the country was amply demonstrated by the fact that the court-room was full of soldiers, serving as guards. At almost every step, there was a man in uniform, with a gun. The three judges were all Englishmen, as was the prosecutor, and all wore the wigs of the British bar. The lawyers, too, were British, including a son of Lord Melchett. Only the attorney for the defense was

an Arab. But the interpreter, who was equally fluent in English, Arabic, and Hebrew, was a Jew.

The defense set up by all of the Arabs was that of an alibi. On the day of the riots, they were miles away from Hebron. The leader of the group testified, moreover, that on the day in question, he was ill, confined to bed, and attended by three friends, who came as witnesses.

It is an Arab custom that no man enters a house where a strange woman enters. When a woman does cross a threshold, she leaves her shoes outside the door to notify all and sundry that a female is within. This custom, however, is current in the cities, and not in the villages. The prosecutor apparently was not aware of this distinction.

"How big is your house " he asked in his cross-examination. The witness indicated a portion of the court-room.

"How many wives have you?"

"Four."

"What does your furniture consist of?"

"In a corner of the room there are four mattresses. That is it."

"What did your friends do in the house all day?"

"They were picking grapes out of cans. We were making wine."

"How was it that you, having four wives, you have only four mattresses. Where do you sleep?"

"Ordinarily one of the wives is punished, and she sleeps in the shed. Sometimes this happens to two of them. Accordingly, four mattresses are always enough!"

I watched the faces of the three aristocratic British judges. Manifest disgust.

"Now," continued the prosecutor, "since you have four wives, how was it possible for your male friends to stay there all day. Is this not against the Mohammedan law."

"Ha, ha," answered the witness, "this law avails only in the cities."

The noble efforts of the prosecutor had been in vain.

On the day when judgment had to be rendered, the military watch was doubled. One of the judges, moreover announced that after the verdict no one would be permitted to leave the court-room before ten minutes after the accused had been taken away. All of them were sentenced to death, but the great crowd outside the courtroom was not aware of what the verdict was until the prisoners were safely on their way to jail.

Obviously, my second tour through Palestine was no pleasure-trip. When I finally got on board ship on my way back, I was tired and exhausted.

Arriving in London, I met Vladimir Grossman, presently of Montreal, who was then director of the "Ort". I also had occasion to see the leader of the Revisionist Party, the late Vladimir Jabotinsky. I spent some time with him and we had quite a discussion about events in Palestine and about the trend of Revisionist tactics. On the following day, I received a phone call from Dr. Weizmann's secretary reproaching me for that, after being in London for two days, I had not yet visited the President of the Zionist Organization, and inviting me to the Zionist office. Then I presented my apologies to Dr. Weizmann. I had been quite busy, I explained, but intended at the first opportunity to make the visit. Dr. Weizmann told me that he was quite surprised when he read that I was in London, and he had to phone various hotels to discover where I was located.

I reported to him about my impressions of the current situation in Palestine. He requested of me a personal favour, that on my return to New York, I go to see Mr. Warburg, president of the Agency, and explain to him certain matters about which misunderstanding had arisen between them, the which, in due course, I accomplished.

THE MONTREAL OLD PEOPLE'S HOME, AND ORPHANAGE

As I have already indicated in a previous chapter, the Old People's Home, under the supervision of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, was located in a small wooden building in Evans Street. It shared its space moreover, with an orphanage. Some time later a committee was organized which established a fund for the purchase of an orphanage in Westmount, while another committee, representing the East Side, acquired another on Jeanne Mance Street, the Montefiore Home. The children of the Westmount Orphanage, it is to be noted, were not admitted to the Westmount schools; they had perforce to attend the schools of Montreal proper, taking their lunch at the Baron de Hirsch Institute. The Montefiore Orphanage, on the other hand, suffered from no such handicap; its children attended both the Protestant schools nearby, and the Talmud Torah. Both institutions provided summer vacations in the Laurentians for their wards.

I recall too, the incident of the Shawbridge Orphanage, which finally went down in flames, costing the lives of some children. It was at the time when Montreal was enjoying one of its periodic real estate "booms." The Eagle was then located in The Eagle Building which also contained some real estate offices, including those of the Rabinovitch brothers and of Joseph Brenner. One afternoon, as all the building agents were whiling away the time at a card game, I broke in upon them with the suggestion that since business was now so very good, it might not be a bad idea if they acquired a building in the Laurentians where poor city children, otherwise unable to afford a country vacation, might stay for the summer. The notion strongly appealed to them; the card-game was stopped; the matter was thoroughly discussed, and a fund of several thousand dollars was raised on the spot. Later a building was acquired in Shawbridge. This committee did not function for more than two years, after which time it was donated to the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. When the building was destroyed by fire, Federation bought another at St. Marguerite's.

After the first World War, the number of orphans increased and it was found necessary to have two orphanages. As time went on, however, the Montefiore Orphanage was closed, the Westmount Orphanage being large enough to cope with this social problem. As a matter of fact, the

latter institution now houses less orphans than were formerly to be found in either of the combining institutions. Moreover, since Federation has adopted the policy of having those children placed in foster homes, the number is continually decreasing.

The number of old people, however, who require a home is continually on the increase. There are no foster-homes for old people. Religious Jews, moreover, frequently find the houses of their children intolerable, even though these children are most eager to come to the help of their parents.

It was to meet this problem that Mr. B. Steinhouse, a pious Jew, bought a small house on Cadieux Street, to serve as a sanctuary for the aged. He and his wife—now both gone to their Eternal Reward—supported the institution alone for many years; subsequently they addressed themselves also to the community for aid.

Moreover, an organization which called itself "Nachlas Zkainim" was founded for the purpose of establishing yet a third home for the aged. Montreal was in danger of having three such institutions, all on an insignificant scale, and none even remotely meeting the problem.

The Eagle began, through its columns, an agitation for the amalgamating of all of these groups. What was required, it was felt, was one home for the aged, dignified and efficient. A meeting to achieve this federation was called at my office. After much effort, both the Steinhouse and the Nachlas Zkainim representatives were persuaded to join hands in the hope that their union would also induce the Federation institution on Evans Street to be included. This turned out to be not so easy a task. Here Mr. Michael Hirsch was the principal opponent. In the meantime we had bought the land on Esplanade Avenue, it being understood that if Federation would refuse to join in the enterprise, it would proceed, nonetheless, under the direction of the Steinhouse and Nachlas Zkainim people.

Being at that time a director of Federation, I declared at one of its meetings that if Federation refused to join, I would resign as I did not wish to be responsible for anything that might happen in such a fire-trap as the Evans Home.

I remember how Mr. Michael Hirsch then asked me: "Why did you go ahead without our approval and buy land on Esplanade Avenue, where the neighboring proprietors will surely protest your building?"

"We bought the land," I replied, "not with your funds. Whether you

will it or no, we have decided to build a Moshav Zkainim. As for the neighbors, we have a contract with them."

"What kind of a contract?"

"A contract that they can move from Esplanade Avenue if they don't like the Old People's Home."

Here Lyon Cohen intervened, and supported me in my stand on behalf of a united effort.

My fellow-directors then turned to me with a categorical demand: What did I wish they do.

My reply was: "We wish nothing from you. We believe that we can finance the construction of the building without touching your funds. We want only your agreement that all the needy aged will be found in one place—the Moshav Zkainim on Esplanade Avenue. Its budget will come from a united fund in part contributed by Federation, and part by the other two institutions. Its name will be The Old People's Home, and its directorate will consist half of members of Federation, and half of representatives of the two already-united institutions."

It was after many meetings and much heartache that agreement was finally reached. Moreover, a committee of downtown representatives visited Mr. Peter Bercovitch through whose intervention it was arranged that the Provincial Government contribute fifty thousand dollars toward the erection of the building.

The opening of the building took place during the week of Succoth, 1928. All of Fletcher's Field was full of people who came to witness this historic ceremony. The Government was represented through its Provincial Treasurer. There were present also representatives of Federation, including some who originally opposed the plan. That evening I tendered a banquet for all the representatives of the three old people's homes, held in the new home,—an assembly of solidarity. After the dinner, cars were sent out to bring from their old homes, the occupants of the new Moshav Zkainim. The splendor of their new home amazed them. They looked stunned. They did not believe that it was real.

I cannot refrain from recalling what I said at the banquet that evening. I wondered why in the Old Country, although one found Talmud Torahs and schools in every town, no matter how small, an old people's home was rarely seen. I thought that the answer lay precisely in the fact that Jewish education was not neglected. If one fostered Talmud Torahs,

I felt, one would never need "Old People's Homes." For one of the principle reasons drawing the old to seek sanctuary in these institutions, was the fact that they could not tolerate the pagan practices, the unkosher atmosphere of their children's home. If, however, these children had been properly brought up, in the spirit of the Jewish tradition, this problem would never have arisen. In other words, the man seeking a home for himself in his old age, was really paying the penalty for having neglected his child's education in his youth. They were spiritually childless.

Since those days, the Montreal Old People's Home has added another wing to its building. More than one hundred old men and women are now to be found in the institution; moreover, the need for expansion is very great, as many applicants are on the waiting list and, for want of space, cannot be accepted. The institution, as such, is a source of pride to Montreal Jewry; no visitor who sees it but is impressed by it. It also stands as a symbol of Montreal Jewry's unity, a unity which brought together the "uptown" and the "downtown," joined under the aegis of philanthropic endeavor.

MY THIRD TRIP TO EUROPE

Upon a day in 1934, I received a request from the Polish Consul that I come to his aid in a certain matter. It appeared that a trade treaty between Canada and Poland was being mooted, but negotiations were not going on as happily as they might. I gathered from the Consul's remarks that someone was putting difficulties in the way of the consummation of this treaty; and I seemed to feel that the Consul thought that Sam Jacobs was responsible for the situation. I recalled how, when Poland as early as 1918 sought to establish trade relations with our Dominion, it was Jacobs who objected on the ground that it was wrong to make a treaty with a government which was still indulging in mediaeval pogroms.

Nonetheless, I assured the Consul that this time he erred, and that he did Mr. Jacobs an injustice. I invited him to come with me to Jacobs, and we would freely discuss the matter. It was not necessary, he replied, because Mr. Jacobs had already gone with him to the Canadian Minister of Commerce, but to no avail. He felt, therefore, that I, as a publisher, and president of the Polish Verband, might be a great help in this matter. He was discomfitted, he said, before his own Government, at not being able to consummate the treaty. He let me know, too, that should I accede to his request, the Polish Government would be duly informed and that would militate considerably towards establishing better relations between it and Polish Jewry.

I was somewhat dubious as to what contribution I could make, but resolved my hesitations when I reflected that perhaps some good for Polish Jewry might ensue as a result of my intervention, and that, in any event, we had nothing to lose.

The Minister of Commerce, at that time, was a Mr. Stewart who had left the Conservative party, had become a Liberal, and now held this important portfolio. I had previously had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, and so I promised the Consul that I would prepare for the Minister a memorandum touching the advisability of the proposed treaty, and offering to come up to Ottawa for a personal interview. I informed myself through the Consul of all the technical details, what commodities and in what quantities the countries could exchange, and became convinced that the striking of such a treaty did indeed constitute an advantage for

Canada. It did seem to me that our Dominion ought not to lose a potential customer country of thirty million inhabitants.

A few days later, I sent on my memorandum, a document of about sixteen pages. A copy thereof was sent to the Polish Consul; the latter, moreover, invited me to his office where he wished to discuss with me some additional arguments in support of the treaty. When I saw Mr. Stewart, he told me that he was very impressed with the memorandum, and that it had already been communicated to the Prime Minister. It all depended on him. Mr. Stewart, furthermore, informed me that if I really wished to see a successful conclusion to my efforts, he would advise me to take a trip to Poland so I might be able the better to press my arguments with personal knowledge. At first the suggestion was not very attractive to me. Why a trip to Poland? And for whom?

When I returned home, I discovered that the Consul already knew the whole tenor of the interview. It seemed that one of the secretaries, with whom he had had telephone communication, had given him the gist of our talk. The Consul thereupon offered to pay all my expenses for the trip to Poland. I told him that I would consider his kind offer, and discussed the matter with my family. All encouraged me to go. Their interest was a family one; one of my sons who had made a trip to Europe two years earlier, after completing his college course, had landed in Soviet Russia and found the country so much to his taste, that he had remained there. My family, therefore, wished me to undertake the trip to Poland, and thence to proceed to Russia and bring my son back with me.

I decided, therefore, to make the trip to Europe. The Polish Consul made all the arrangements for me, obtained accommodation for me on a Polish ship, and cabled to his home country that I was on my way. In July of 1934, I boarded a ship which was to dock at Gdynia; thence I was to proceed to Warsaw.

It appears that the ship's captain had been apprized of my mission; I was treated at all times with the greatest of courtesy. The captain even went to the extent of giving a dinner for me. It was there that a priest, a member of a group of travelling Polish clergymen, waxed eloquent about the purpose of my mission, and exressed the hope that its success would persuade the Polish Endeks (an Antisemitic party) to restrain themselves in their unworthy attacks against the children of Israel.

When I arrived in Warsaw, I did not forthwith present myself to

the Minister to whom I had the letter of recommendation. I decided rather first to confer with leading members of the Jewish community. There it was resolved that Dr. Rosenblatt, a member of the Polish Sejm, and a personal friend of mine should notify the Minister of my arrival, and of my mission; and furthermore it was decided that when I saw the Minister I be accompanied by the leading members of the Jewish community. When Dr. Rosenblatt phoned the Minister, the latter informed him that he was already aware of my presence in Warsaw, and that he was indeed surprised that I had not yet put in an appearance at his ministry.

On the following day, when I produced a copy of the memorandum of the trade treaty in the office of the Polish Minister of Commerce, he smilingly drew out of his desk his copy. The Polish Consul at Ottawa had done his work well. We discussed the matter, in all its details, for about two hours; after we had exhausted an analysis of all the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed treaty, the Minister suggested that he would leave the final decision in abeyance, and would submit the entire question to the Board of Trade. The Jewish community leaders who were with me expressed a desire that the question be submitted to the Jewish department of the Board of Trade. The Minister agreed to this on the understanding that within the legal delay of fourteen days the entire Board of Trade would be given the opportunity to weigh the matter. Seeing that the next meeting was to take place within a fortnight, I requested that it be delayed for an entire month so that in the meantime I might be able to make my visit to Soviet Russia. There was present at our meeting the Director of the Gdynia-America Line, and it was of him that the Minister requested that he arrange a dinner at which both the Minister and his staff and the members of the Jewish committee would be present.

It was at this moment that there entered one of the secretaries of the Minister to make his farewell before he left on some diplomatic mission. The Minister wished him well, and kissed him. "See", said the Director of the Gdynia Line, a Polish aristocrat, "the secretary is a Jew, but the Minister kisses him as he would his own brother." "Yes," interposed one of the Jewish delegates, sotto voce, "that kiss he got by the grace of our visitor!"

That evening, at the dinner, the Minister inquired as to whether I already had obtained my visa to Russia. When I replied in the negative, he promised that one of his assistants, a Mr. Tannenbaum, who was very

friendly with the Soviet Consul, would lend me his services in this connection. On the following day, true to his promise, the said Mr. Tannenbaum, a Jew, appeared, and after introducing himself in a broken English and some German, he telephoned, in my presence to the Consul. On arrival at the consulate, Tannenbaum again repeated his linguistic efforts, introducing me, this time, in a mixture of English and Russian. Here it was that the Soviet Consul interrupted him, and in Yiddish! Mr. Wolofsky, he said, understands a good Yiddish. And, turning specifically to me, 'Don't you recognize me?" he asked.

I couldn't say that I did.

"You ought to," he said, "you published my picture in your *Eagle* and in "The Jewish Chronicle." It appeared that the Russian Consul had once worked in the New York office of the Joint Distribution Committee, and while on a tour through Canada, had visited our office. We had published his photograph, and we had entertained him. It also appeared that Tannenbaum was the son of a rabbi; as was the Consul. My application for a visa turned into a very friendly social visit. We exchanged Jewish jokes; we drank tea together.

Finally the Consul asked me for my passport so that he might wire to Moscow touching my visa. On the passport, he noticed that I was described as an "editor." It would be better, he said, if I was described as a "merchant." He could not assure me how long it would take before my visa would be granted. Sometimes it took 3 or 4 days, and sometimes weeks. In any event, if no answer would be received in a couple of days, he would wire again.

On the following day, Tannenbaum phoned to tell me that the Consul wished to see me, he had a new Jewish story to tell me.

"Let him keep his joke until he gets my visa. I will take them both at the same time." Tannenbaum, however, insisted.

When we come to the Consul, he was jovial. "I have a new joke for you," he said, "here it is." And he showed me a telegram from Moscow It read "Wolofsky is no merchant Stop. He is the publisher of The Canadian Jewish Eagle, and of The Canadian Jewish Chronicle. stop. Grant him visa one-five-two.

Of course, I enjoyed the joke immensely. It demonstrated Soviet efficiency; and it flattered my vanity. When I asked the Consul as to the meaning of visa one fifty-two, he explained that it was a special category

which entitled me upon payment of one hundred and fifty dollars, to a free trip to any part of Russia, together with free hotel accommodation for one month. Should I desire to stay for more than a month, the same privileges would be extended for another four weeks. "You obtained a real bargain," said the Consul.

I paid the necessary sum. "Now," said the Consul, "I suppose you would wish to stop over at Minsk where your son is located. Unfortunately we have no hotel accommodation for you until you reach Moscow or Leningrad. But we will phone Minsk and see what can be arranged." I thanked him, took my tickets, my passport, and my visa, and boarded a train that same night.

MY VISIT TO SOVIET RUSSIA

I did not have much baggage with me, my impedimenta consisting of a small valise and a club-bag. In these I took along a couple of suits and general raiment for a short journey. I also had with me — and I note this because of incidents which subsequently occurred—a number of cold tongue sandwiches.

On the train I managed to obtain an extra blanket. Certainly one could not compare our travel-comforts with the conditions which prevailed in the Russian pullmans of that day.

At breakfast, the conductress, apparently an old peasant woman, served me with a small cup of chicory-nut coffee. It tasted like dish-water; it was quite a problem for me to try and dispose of it without being seen. As a matter of fact, when I was still on the other side of the frontier, at the customs-clearing locale, there stood a buffet with an assortment of liquors. I chose some beer, and paid for it in Polish money, an amount equivalent to about twenty dollars. The beer was so warm, however, it was undrinkable. It was carefully explained to me, after I had complained, that ice was absolutely unobtainable.

When I arrived in Minsk, I was met by two government employees who regretfully explained to me that there were no hotel accommodations in the city; that all such accommodation had been taken up for a convention of young Communists which was taking place in Minsk; and seeing that I had to remain in Minsk for the next twenty-four hours, they would be glad to give me their own room in the station. If I had no friends or relatives in Minsk, I could, they furthermore suggested, take my meals in the station restaurant.

It would be idle for me to attempt to describe how I spent that night in the station-office of Minsk. The next day, however, I was conducted to the home of some people whose address I had been given in Montreal by their children. So as to break my fast of the day, I had taken along with me my tongue-sandwiches. I was most cordially received by the people, an elderly woman, her grown-up daughter who was an engineer, and other members of the family who had been called together for the occasion. Tea was served.

To make tea for such a gathering was quite an undertaking. In the first place, it was necessary to boil a considerable quantity of water, and in the second place, this could only be done on a small naphtha-stove. It took some time. In the meantime there arrived the father of the house who had been out fishing, and who had caught nothing. "The river," he said, "has followed Soviet order; it has not given enough." His daughter, however, reproached him for his poor witticism. It was then that I drew forth my tongue sandwiches, and placed them on the table. Apparently I had brought a treasure; the assembled ones regarded those sandwiches as if they were in dreamland. I broke with them some of their black bread, black as ink, but very tasty. When I left, leaving the sandwiches behind, I could hear a rush for this gourmet's dish. I was escorted home, and on the following day made a point of returning with the balance of my sandwiches, and some cake. They all felt that I had given them a grand treat.

When I came to the ammunition plant where my son worked, preparing the tools for this war, I discovered that he had left three days previously for Moscow. The plant management, however, wired him that I would be in Moscow on the morrow. In the meantime, a committee of three was appointed to entertain me and show me the town.

MINSK UNDER THE SOVIETS

As we promenaded through the Minsk parks, the three young men—all Jews — waxed eloquent about the wonders of Soviet life. They insisted on convincing me that the Soviet regime was most tolerant to religion. They illustrated this tolerance by citing to me the fact that when the municipal authorities had sought to convert an old cemetery into a playground, and objections had been raised by orthodox Jews that two great rabbis lay buried there, the authorities saw fit to fence the graves of these two rabbis, leaving the rest of the area for their athletic purposes. They took me, in fact, to this scene of tolerance, and I there convinced myself that not only were the graves fenced, but the tombstones, too, had been repainted.

Coming back to the station, I noticed two girls walking back and forth in front of my baggage, examining it, reading on my valise: H.W. Montreal. I was asked whether I was the Mr. Wolofsky, and when I replied in the affirmative I was told that my son had asked them to meet me at the station on Tuesday. I informed them that they were a day late, inasmuch as today was Wednesday. They were quite embarrassed. It appears that nobody there kept track of the day of the week; working five days a week, and resting on the sixth, they remembered only the day of the month. Only the orthodox Jews, anxious to properly observe the Sabbath, kept track of their Mondays and Thursdays.

Arriving in Moscow, I discovered at the station a man in the act of looking for someone. Upon being questioned, he told me that he was awaiting somebody from Minsk. He didn't know his name. Calling a policeman to his side to assure me that he was trustworthy, he asked me my name. "This is the man I am waiting for," he said.

Leading me to a beautiful Cadillac, he drove me through the Moscow streets, pointing, as we went along, to all the places of interest, until we arrived at the hotel, a beautiful building. I was told that it was the best hotel in the city located opposite Lenin's Mausoleum and the Kremlin. The rooms were very richly appointed, and it could match in conveniences with any hotel I had known. It was certainly a most pleasant relief after the station-rooms at Minsk.

That evening my son came to see me, and spending the night with me, we had a long discussion about his plans and future. The next morning I was visited by a woman, speaking English, who told me that she had been instructed to show me the city of Moscow, and that she had, for that purpose, a car and chauffeur in attendance. She showed me, moreover, a list of interesting places that we could visit—the Kremlin, the Court House, the Prison, the Women's Reformatory, The Museum of Atheism, and other similar points of interest. At the same time she informed me that she had an appointment for me with the Minister of Commerce, who was busy at a conference that day, but who would be glad to see me at my convenience.

THE REFORMATORY

The first visit we made was to the local prison, then dubbed a reformatory. We were received by the supervisor who immediately set to explaining to us the principles and objectives of Soviet penal practice. Throughout the audience, an agent of the Gaypayou was in attendance.

"This" said the supervisor, "is no penitentiary. It is an institution in which we seek to reform the criminal. No force is brought to bear against the inmates. We seek to persuade, not to compel. We give them instruction in ethics, in elementary decency, and we teach them a trade. The inmates, in fact, have their own internal administration. If one of them contravenes any of the regulations, it is by a committee of his fellow-inmates that he is judged. Their cells are not locked; one of their own acts as guard. Of course, all the inmates that you see now are the aftermath of the old regime. Our system does not produce criminals."

This introductory expose was rendered into English by the interpreter, and then we all proceeded to go through the institution. Throughout my trip through Russia, I had felt somewhat in a humorous, if not critical mood. This came to the surface again and again, and did not fail to catch the notice of the accompanying Gaypayou agent, who, strangely enough, was amused by my sallies. No doubt he preferred to deal with one who had brought out his reaction into the open, rather than with one, who was studiously polite but concealed his animosity behind his courtesy. Then when we came upon a group of criminals, consisting for the most part of young people, one old man among them, I requested from my escort the opportunity to talk with the old man. But alone. He agreed; he took it as part of my whimsy, and led us into a private room.

I explained to the old convict that I was a Canadian and that I wanted to know why he was imprisoned.

"You may be sure," he replied, "I am not here because I ate kugel on the Sabbath or for any other such innocent pursuit. When one is here, it is for good reason. Moreover, this you call a prison? It's a college, not a prison. You come out of here with education and character. Moreover, every week I get one day off and return to my family. Others get a week's and even a month's leave. It is wonderful!"

When I came out of this strange interview, the police agent was curious to know what the old man had said. "He must be an old liar," I replied, "he wants me to believe that he is here in a veritable paradise." I used those hypherboles precisely because I did not want the police agent to think that his prisoner had spoken out of turn. Apparently he did not think so; the Gaypayou agent also agreed that it was Paradise.

On our return to his office, the prison superintendent was eager to know our reaction. I contented myself with asking him a single question. According to the preliminary introduction which he was kind enough to make, I was given the impression that most of the criminals were an aftermath of the old regime. It appeared strange to me, therefore, that ninety per cent of the inmates should be so young.

The superintendent apparently did not know all the answers. He hemmed and he hawed, and he was visibly embarrassed. The Chekist came to his aid. Let me explain, he said. The point he made was that during the early years of the revolution, the state did not have much time or the means to interest itself in internal affairs. Its primary concern was defence against the interventionist attacks of the capitalistic countries. It was only after this menace had been disposed of that it could give itself over to real consideration of home affairs. It was then that it discovered this criminal population, young men, it was true, but nonetheless a legacy of the Romanoffs. He assured me that it would not be long before this problem would substantially disappear.

As we were about to leave, the Chekist indicated to the female interpreter that she should ask me to write something in the visitor's book. I was in somewhat of a dilemma, not knowing what sentiments to commit to writing, but the Chekist was insistent. There seemed to be no way out, so I inscribed the following bit of wisdom: "Your prisons are much superior to those of the capitalist countries; capitalist hotels, however, are superior to yours. Nonetheless, I still would prefer to spend my stay in your poor hotels rather than in your perfect prisons." The Chekist laughed uproariously; I saw that he understood well my sentiments. And after all, who should, better than he?

I must admit however, that the Soviet penal system has much to recommend it. The idea of imprisonment, not merely as a form of punishment, but as an occasion for education and self-improvement constitutes an extraordinary advance on previous notions.

I recall here the story told to me by a Moscow acquaintance about a wife-killer, and the effect which his imprisonment had upon him. Convicted of the murder of his spouse, he was sentenced to the maximum incarceration of ten years. Soviet penology knows no greater punishment except for political convicts. While in prison, the condemned man conducted himself well, showed a definite susceptibility to prison education, and from time to time was released for vacations and for visits to the factory where he had been previously employed. The change in him, in fact, made such a good impression upon his fellow-factory employees, and upon the management, that soon a petition was drawn up, asking for his release and return to the factory. It was granted, and after having served three years of his ten-year sentence, he was a free and better man.

It appears that after he returned to the factory an altercation ensued between some factory workers, two Russians assaulting a Jew. According to custom, it was the factory committee which sat in judgment upon such affairs. It was the defense of the two Russians that they had asked the Jew for a cigarette, that he had told them that he didn't have any, and so they detrousered him, in fun, to see if he was telling the truth. A good number of workers seemed inclined to accept the explanation. But the wife-killer and ex-convict insisted upon their conviction. A racial assault, he said, was abhorrent to the notions of a new society. Jews, he maintained, suffered sufficiently under the capitalist systems. Despite the fact that one of the accused was related to him, he felt, nonetheless that they ought to be punished. They were sentenced to three months imprisonment in the reformatory.

The young man who told me of the incident continued his narrative. After the case was over he had asked the wife-murderer how it was that he, who was so sensitive about other peoples' rights, could get himself to commit a murder.

"I served during the last war," he replied. "Killing to me was all in the day's work. I served in the war against Poland, and with the Ukrainian pogromchiks. It was only after I committed my crime that I realized the heinousness of my offense. I realized that there was a distinction between killing on the battlefield and killing in civilian life. All my life I will regret this deed which I perpetrated in a single moment of excitement."

IN THE KREMLIN

As is well known, the Kremlin is the headquarters of the present Soviet Government and was once the palace of the former Czars. There the members of the royal family lived; there they were crowned; there they are entombed. There you may still see the carriages in which the Czars rode to their coronations, and the robes in which the Tzarinas were dressed.

The throne upon which the last Czar, Nicholas II sat was an object of considerable amusement. When it was shown to us, I seated myself in it, struck a pose, and twisted my mustaches upward. It was a sort of Jewish revenge for all the agony which our people had suffered under his regime.

We were also shown the Romanoff tombs, including that of Ivan the Terrible. When in a bantering spirit I asked to see that of Nicholas the Second, I was told that he was not buried here, but that his spirit was definitely entombed in the Kremlin.

As I looked upon the gorgeous dress of the departed Tzarinas, I reflected: When before did a Jew have the opportunity of entering these sacred precincts? Although a cat might look at a queen, not so a Jew. He couldn't even dwell in this city, without special permission. The Soviet Regime had changed all that. It had in truth proclaimed the equality of all races.

The doctrines of the old regime are gone. Some of its symbols, however, still remain. The golden cross of the Kremlin is still there. Still there, too, is the church-bell, heaviest in the world, kept as a monument of the days of yore, and used not even for military purposes.

IN THE SOVIET COURTS

I found my visit to the Soviet courts most interesting. An appointment with the chief-justice had been arranged for me, and as I was waiting in one of the court-rooms, listening in on a case, my interpreter called me the justice's chambers. A young man, unostentatiously dressed, he did not have about him the aura which one usually associates with the judicial function. He was dressed in civilian clothes, and sat on a rough chair in a room, practically unfurnished, except for some benches.

"How long did one have to study," I asked him, "to become a judge?"

Only six months.

"And to become a chief-justice?"

"That does not require any special study. The chief justice is elected by his fellow justices on the basis of outstanding ability.

I noticed that the code which lay beside him was very small. I deduced therefrom that a great deal of discretion was left to the judge, and such a discretion could hardly exist unless the judge had been extensively trained. The interpreter hesitated to transmit this question; however, when she finally did the young chief justice smiled, and said: "Apparently my interlocutor has no great faith in our education. Perhaps it would be better if our guest witnessed one of our trials."

Accordingly, the judge mounted the bench. The case before him was quite interesting. A Russian was accused of being an "exploiter". His exploitation consisted of the fact that being janitor of several houses, he had engaged sub-janitors and not paid them their proper wage. As the accused gave his testimony, the interpreters were instructed to translate it for my benefit. The judge was particularly interested in the accused's past.

"How many houses did you own before the Revolution?" he asked.

"A farm and four dwellings."

"And how much rent did you extort from the poor peasants."

"I never exacted any rent at all. I lived in one dwelling; my superintendent in the second; my son in the third, and the fourth was given over to free lodging for transients.

"Why such philanthropy?"

"It happened once that in our village a peasant had failed to receive

the usual rouble which the Czar's officials handed out at Easter time. He was so mortified that he hanged himself in that house. In his memory, I dedicated the house for public hospitality."

I was eager to go to the other courts, and so signified my intention of leaving. Through the interpreter I expressed my appreciation of the courtesy which had been extended me, and assured the judge that now I understood that not all training came from books, and that there was such a thing as natural talents. The judge volunteered to let me know his judgment in the case. That evening, in fact, I received a phone call informing me that the Russian had been sentenced to three years imprisonment as an exploiter. He was an old man, it was explained, and he needed a rest.

All day long I was busy visiting, in the company of the interpretess, whom the authorities had assigned for me, the various points of interest in Moscow. In the evenings I visited people to whom I brought either the personal regards of their friends in Canada, or monies which I had for them. In this manner I was able to get a variety of opinions about the new regime. Yet the reactions were such as were to be expected; the poor, whose lot had been definitely improved, were unreservedly in favour; the rich, who had fallen to low estate, were naturally critical.

When I visited the Park of Culture, I had occasion to see something which throws light upon the marvellous resistance which the Soviets are putting up against the Nazi aggressors. Here I beheld a carefree healthy life, the charms of nature accessible to all, and not to the chosen few as heretofore; it was a vivid symbol; the people of Russia really owned their own soil. To the park there came many women; these deposited their children in a special nursery section where for the price of a rouble, the child was looked after for the entire evening by a trained nurse. Nearby, a band played music to which the young folk danced dances similar to the Palestinian hora.

Through the centre of the park, there flows a river. Suddenly upon this water there landed about a hundred airplanes. Into them there entered many of the young men who were promenading the park. The airplanes rose; and again suddenly—I did not know what to expect—the air was full of a multitude of opening flowers, parachutes widening against the sky, as all the young men descended. Some landed on the open space of the park; others in the water. The whole scene was accompanied with shouts and laughter. Everybody was having a good time.

"This is a wonderful sport," I said to one of the companions who had accompanied me to the park. "This is no sport!" she answered, seriously. She was a staunch party member. "This is no sport. This is preparation for the coming war. When we will be attacked, we will be prepared."

At that time, parachutists, as a fighting unit, were, if not unknown, still a military curiosity. Russia, as a matter of fact, was the pioneer in this form of warfare. I discovered then that in Moscow alone there were more than a hundred thousand parachutists, and that all over Russia the same kind of activity was going on, the airplane factories running at full pace, and the training of men in the same tempo. Such was the policy of the Soviet government when it first adopted its five year plan; and such is its policy still.

When I was in Moscow, some people requested me to make contact with the bandmaster of this park, or more specifically with his wife, from whom I was to obtain a signature required for winding up her family estate in Poland. I was told that I would find both the band-leader and his wife in the park. I completed my business with them, and from the general conversation I gathered that the band-master was not badly off at all. He earned 1000 roubles per month for his work in the park; another thousand as professor at the Conservatory of Music, and an additional five hundred for organizing a band which was to tour the country. I gathered, too, that despite this income, they lacked certain articles which could be bought only with foreign exchange. They lived, however, in a comfortable apartment house, which was served by an elevator, and which even had a doorman who prohibited entry to all save those who showed a special permit or a foreign passport bearing a Russian visa.

I was prompted to ask one of the persons who was with me during the conversation how it was that in a country where the principle of economic equality had been so triumphantly announced, one man could earn 2500 roubles a month while workers had to content themselves with much more modest incomes.

"The bandmaster," he replied, "is an artist. We need him; and we have possible advantage to our artists. So they have automobiles and apartment advancement of our culture, and we intend to achieve it by granting every dounds to the advantage of all. In our country music is a pleasure of the masses, not a snobbism of the elite."

On our way back from the park, I noticed how one of my guides

hurried to a certain cellar-window in our path, and stood before it, as if to conceal it. Naturally my curiosity was piqued, and I stole a glance into the half-hidden interior. There I beheld a number of people, all obviously very poor, sleeping on boards. I did not have to speak my thoughts. My escort knew that I was silently commenting on the Soviet paradise. He anticipated my query.

"The population of Moscow," he said, "is growing by leaps and bounds. It is impossible to cope with the housing problem, since so much of our manpower is occupied with war-work. We have to wait, therefore, until our safety is assured. Then we will look to our comforts and convenience."

This conversation took place, it must not be forgotten, in the halcyon days of the phony peace. The Russians were not only a people with vision; they were also a people with foresight.

One of the peculiarities of the Russian city scene that I observed was the great number of electric signs which adorned its shops and businesses. I was surprised to find, in the Soviet state, an advertising technique which I had associated only with capitalistic countries. I came to the conclusion that this was intended mainly for the tourist, although it also had its uses both in brightening up the street and serving as direction signs for its own inhabitants. Thus, the tourist from capitalist countries found himself perfectly at home on the illuminated Fifth Avenues of Moscow. But the similarity, however, was destroyed as soon as he entered one of these establishments. Here he found no personal business, none of that "private enterprise" so dear to his heart. Everything was state-owned. That the taxi services and other methods of transportation were under the control of the State goes without saying; but the selling of soda-water and the shining of shoes were also—public utilities. The man in a tobacco-shop, even as the worker in a munition-factory—both were civil servants.

My fixed impression was that Russia was a country of great social experiment. With some of those experiments I was in sympathy; with others not. As a result of some, much suffering had been brought upon these unfortunates dubbed "*declassee*"; but if the experiment succeeded, it would redound, I felt sure, to the advantage of all. Certainly no one ought to interfere with the work going on in this great social laboratory; for from its successes, the world had much to learn. I am convinced even now that after the war there will be a great intellectual exchange between Russia and the democracies, a spiritual free trade in which the Soviets may adopt

some of the techniques of our democracy, and we some of the technique of their economy.

I was also interested, during my stay in Russia, to see the notorious Institute of the Godless, a place where one presumably taught the people not to believe in God. I wanted to meet the wiseacres who believed that religion was opium, and see what narcotic arguments they used to make their point. I discovered, first of all, that the Institute was not government-owned, but was the special precinct of fanatical atheists and members of the Yevseksia. The government itself of course, is not opposed to this "cultural institution."

At the Institute I was greeted by a young man who was obviously a Jew. I came to this conclusion because first of all, he had a Jewish-sounding name, and secondly, because he knew nothing of Judaism. In addition he was a stutterer, like Moses.

The place was full of caricatures of religion. Thus, one work of art showed a corpulent priest pushing a peasant woman into church, the while he deprived her of the few kopeks which she possessed. Another showed a priest addressing his congregation; at the same time he held firmly by the hand a young girl who was attempting to tear herself away from him. I wondered why this museum did not contain any caricatures of Jewish religious life. I was soon disillusioned. I was shown a cartoon depicting on one side a group of Jews in prayer-shawls, and on the other some Jews herding swine. This was supposed to show the difference between the old Jewry and the new.

I was not very impressed by this contrast. I expressed the opinion that it might have represented the modern Jew as one who was, unlike his ancestors, engaged in tilling and agriculture. This porcine picture, I frankly said, was nothing more than a piece of inartistic swinishness.

I VISIT THE MINISTER OF TRADE

One morning I received a summons to present myself at the office of the Minister of Trade. A car was put at my disposal, but inasmuch as I was already provided with such transportation by my interpretess, I assured the Minister that I would come on my own locomotion.

For my interview, I required no interpreter. The Minister, I discovered was a Jew who spoke both Yiddish and English very fluently. He seemed to be familiar with my entire biography, and with every one of my latest moves. He was, for example, completely *au courant* with my mission to Poland, and he ventured to express the surmisal that if I did not have a son in Russia, I probably would not have made the Soviet trip. When I showed him my memorandum to the Canadian Government touching trade with Russia, he was again not taken by surprise; he stated, however, that the whole project was unthinkable as long as no diplomatic relations existed between Russia and Canada. The Minister furthermore took the trouble to tell me that he knew that I was no rabid supporter of the Russian regime, but at the same time he was assured that I was a man of tolerance. All in all, it was a most pleasant session.

BACK IN WARSAW

Time moved on. I had to be back in Warsaw. Accordingly, though there remained much that I still wanted to see in Russia, and for the seeing of which the government had afforded me every facility, I decided to be on my way. I left Soviet Russia with the distinct impression that here was a great social crucible, experimenting upon many things with which I definitely did not agree, but having in it also great potentialities for the future.

In Warsaw, I arranged with the Jewish division of the Chamber of Commerce that an export-import company should be founded for the purpose of advancing trade between Canada and Poland. In the Dominion, a similar organization was to be established and the two would work together for the advancement of the purposes we had in view. The company was to be called "Canpol," an amalgam of the abbreviations of Canada and Poland.

As a matter of fact, the Canadian company was founded immediately upon my return to Canada in January of 1935, when the trade-agreement between Canada and Poland was finally consummated. I did, as a matter of fact, return to Poland then with a representative of the Canpol for the purpose of making purchases. I was a vice-president of this Company, and so intimate with its workings that subsequently this venture cost me several thousand dollars. It was most difficult to deal with Polish merchants; and affairs were further complicated by the continual fluctuations in exchange. But my resignation did not take place until ten months later when the Canpol had already lost some thousands of dollars in purchases of salt which bought dry arrived wet.

THE POLISH VERBAND

It was in the year 1933 that the Polish Verband was resuscitated. News from Poland at that time was very melancholy, indeed; moreover, the Joint Distribution Committee, it appeared, was not in a position to cope with the situation. There were also complaints that the disbursements of the J.D.C. were not made in accordance with the wishes of the Polish Jewish population. Accordingly there came together in Warsaw a group of prominent Jews who sought to obtain aid for Polish Jewry through channels other than the J.D.C. Already the American Federation of Polish Jews had extended it some help.

At the same time Mr. Tigel, secretary of the Federation, came to Montreal for the purpose of reviving the Polish Verband in Montreal. Simultaneously, the Verband was established in Toronto. It was at the Montreal meeting that I reported upon the present plight of Jewry in Poland. Since that time the Federation has distinguished itself by the substantial sums which it has collected in its annual Kol Nidrei campaigns. It has, moreover, consistently maintained contact with Polish officialdom, and has generally been instrumental in bringing considerable relief to Polish Jewry. The same organizations played an important role in obtaining refugee permits from the Polish Government, and in facilitating the entry into Canada of the seminary students who had been stranded in Japan.

Last year, with the help of the Canadian Jewish Eagle, and of Mr. M. Ginzberg, there was also founded the Ukrainian, Lithuanian and Rumanian Verbands. Between all of them there is a fine *esprit de corps*, and all cooperate with the all-embracing objectives of the United Jewish Refugee and War Relief Agencies.

MY THIRD TRIP TO PALESTINE

From Warsaw I decided to go to Palestine. I was looking for reasons for my plan, and they were not hard to find. In the first place, I felt that I might perhaps be able to transact some business and thus advance Canadian-Palestinian trade-relations. It occurred to one, indeed, that "Canpol" might be also the amalgam of the abbreviations of Canada and Palestine. In the second place, I wanted to advance further some arrangement which I had made earlier in Palestine with reference to my edition of the Talmud. I had hopes that perhaps Rabbi Kook might wish to sponsor a Palestinian edition of my Talmud. Moreover, there already lived in Palestine my brother, Israel David, and his family; I wanted very much to see them.

I mentioned my desire to the director of the Gdynia Line. He was enthusiastic about the idea, and suggested that I might travel to Palestine on one of the ships of his line. Inasmuch as I enjoyed free travelling privileges in the Polish train, and now free passage was offered on the Gdynia Line, the last handicap in my resistance to the idea was overcome.

The voyage on the ship was uneventful except for a single incident which was to result for me in a most satisfying conclusion. The captain, whom I knew from my previous trip, had reserved seats at his table for a number of guests including the Polish Consul in Palestine, Meyer Dizingoff's business partner and myself. A distinguished German-Jewish surgeon, a Dr. Marcus, who felt that he ought also to have enjoyed the captain's hospitality, —and intrinsically he was not wrong—was seated at another table. Dr. Marcus was convinced that this was an example of racial discrimination. I was requested by the captain to disillusion him about this point, which I did. He could not deny that I looked more Semitic than he; yet the captain had invited me to his table; and this, not because of any discriminating standards of value, but solely because all of the captain's guests could speak Polish. The captain simply did not want to embarrass the doctor at the dinner table by having him listen to conversation of which he would not understand a word. Dr. Marcus, I must say, took the explanation with good grace.

As a matter of fact we developed quite a friendship. He recounted to me his plans and his hopes; he was leaving Germany on account of the im-

possible situation under Hitler; he was to assume a medical post in Cairo. Nonetheless, he wanted to see Palestine first. As it turned out, he was to remain in Eretz Israel. We had intended to stay together in Palestine, but our hotel reservations conflicted.

When I arrived in Jerusalem, I met Chona—the notorious—who gave me the news that my brother was very seriously ill. I soon discovered that he had undergone one operation, was due for another, but that the local doctors feared to perform the other because of my brother's weakened and complicated condition. I thought of Dr. Marcus. He came to see my brother, and after consultation with the other physicians, decided that it was necessary to proceed with the operation. He performed it himself. It was his skill and surgical courage which saved my brother's life. I was most grateful; and could not help but reflect upon the strange consequences of the seat at the captain's table.

Of all the motives which persuaded me to make my trip to Palestine, none bore fruit in any concrete results, except, of course, the trip to Palestine itself. My trade prospects came to nought as soon as I realized that the orange-growers would not sell for the market-price but wanted from me,—and not from the purchasers,—a definite price which might later suffer most disadvantageous fluctuations. The plates of the Talmud which I had intended to sell remained unsold, as a result of a lawsuit which put them under the hand of justice. Although I won my case against the Romm groups in Vilna, still I had to leave Palestine without having transacted this piece of business. Despite all of the mundane failures, I am nevertheless grateful that it was given to me by a kindly Providence to make all of these pilgrimages to the Holy Land. They were a blessing when they took place; and they are a delight forever. I pray only that it be vouchsafed to me to make that journey again so that I may be able to spend the rest of my earthly life upon Holy Land.

SOME COMMUNAL LEADERS

Upon my return to Montreal, I was drawn in again by the hectic daily life of a newspaper, by the thousand and one interests of communal endeavour. I soon realized, however, that in the latter activity, there had already appeared a distinguished group of communal leaders who were assuming more and more of the social responsibility.

Most illustrious among the men of goodwill who now shouldered the communal and philanthropic task were the Bronfman brothers. I remember vividly the devoted help which they gave, as early as 1929, to the Talmud Torah, then a-building. Even a more important role they played in making the Jewish General Hospital a living reality, a tribute everlasting. I first heard of their initiative in this respect while I was away in Europe in 1927, when I was informed that the leadership of Sam and Allan Bronfman was assuring the success of the campaign. It was a unique leadership in that it did not content itself merely with making the munificent donation, but dedicated itself also to the arduous daily tasks of plan and policy.

It is this spirit particularly which has characterized the leadership which Mr. Samuel Bronfman has given to the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, the Canadian Jewish Congress, and to the United Jewish Refugee and War Relief Agencies. Under these headings much good has been done both for the poor in our own midst, and for the refugee abroad. Several hundred refugee families, moreover, were brought to Canada under the Congress auspices. The War Efforts Committee of the Canadian Jewish Congress, concerned as it is with alleviating the lot of our fighting men, has been a particular object of Mr. Bronfman's interest. The national movement too, has invariably received his support. He is an honourary president of the Zionist Organization of Canada and the most generous contributor to its United Palestine Appeal. There is hardly a worthwhile communal and national activity which does not receive the impress of his personality and leadership.

Equally active for the public good is Mrs. Samuel Bronfman, an activity which embraces such varied interests as the Canadian Red Cross, Youth Aliyah and the Y.W.H.A. As a recognition for her signal service in com-

munal endeavor, Mrs. Bronfman was honoured by His Majesty the King who admitted her into the Order of the British Empire.

Since the days when he led the vigorous and successful campaign for the Jewish General Hospital, Mr. Allan Bronfman has with distinction presided over its destiny. Today that hospital ranks among the foremost on this continent. Like his brother Sam, Allan Bronfman has also been active in a great number of non-sectarian and patriotic activities. Another of the Bronfman brothers, Abe, concentrates his activity upon the Talmud Torah, of which he is honorary president, and on his leadership in the local Joint Distribution Committee. Harry Bronfman is active in Talmud Torah work, in the Jewish Hospital, and in the Y.M.H.A., while a brother-in-law of the Bronfmans, the scholarly Barney Aaron is prominent in connection with all our cultural institutions. The Bronfman family, consanguine and allied, it can be seen, has established a record in Jewish communal activity. Not only have they themselves devoted of their energy and time to public welfare, but they have also been instrumental in enlisting to this work a number of individuals who heretofore had been conspicuous by their absence from communal endeavour.

RABBI HIRSH COHEN

When I first came to Montreal in 1903 it was Rabbi Ashinsky, present chief rabbi of Pittsburgh, whom I found presiding over the spiritual welfare of the Jewish community. Rabbi Cohen was still a young man. He struck me then as a person of great wisdom; touching his scholarship, I am not the one to be able to express an authoritative opinion, but touching the former quality, even I could be appreciative. I particularly admired him as one who was not given to flatteries. I recall how at a meeting held during the last war, convoked for the purpose of obtaining relief for European Jews, a rich burgher rose to address the audience. His remarks were full of malopropisms and stupidities and were tolerable, it seemed, only in that they came from a man of wealth. But Rabbi Cohen, who was sitting hard by could stand it no longer. Suddenly he put his hand in his pocket and withdrew therefrom a number of coins. When asked for the meaning of his gesture, he replied: "If wealth can so stupefy as it stupefies the present speaker, I don't want to be in possession even of small change."

On behalf of war-sufferers, Rabbi Cohen was indefatigable. I have not been able to fathom to this day where he got the strength to go from one synagogue to another, addressing crowded congregations, some times as many as five during the day. The effect of his speaking, moreover, was shattering. Everywhere as he described the woes of Israel, and this before the open Ark of Covenant, he brought his audience to tears. These were the days when philanthropic campaigns were launched with fasting and with tears. Today another procedure prevails, banquets and witty speakers, and restraint; but then the campaign appeal made its way direct to the human heart, and like the tragedy of Aristotle, was content only when it purged with pity and with terror.

Typical of Rabbi Cohen is the following incident. In the old days there served in Montreal a Galician rabbi, Rabbi Blitz, a great scholar but not a very worldly man. Once he expressed to Rabbi Cohen resentment that he was not receiving as high a salary as he. "After all," he said, "I am just as good a rabbi as you are."

To which Rabbi Cohen replied: "I am afraid that you are not quite in my category. Suppose now that I would express a desire today to leave

Montreal, why, the local community would immediately raise a price of ten thousand dollars to get rid of its sincerest friend and severest critic; but you—why, nobody would pay you even a hundred dollars to leave Montreal!"

Space does not permit me here to recount the untold examples of his wit. There is no situation for which he does not have an apt quotation, a revealing anecdote, a perfect citation of scripture. As for his sermons, they are invariably classics, pointed and scholarly. His principle interests always were matters of Jewish education. Even now it is his abiding passion. This "even" may perhaps displease inasmuch as Rabbi Cohen does not like to regard himself as especially aged and venerable. When asked about his health, he invariably replies: "Not bad, thank you; I hope it will be no worse in my old age."

Of a piece with his natural wisdom is Rabbi Cohen's ready forgiveness. Sin, he maintains, is as much an intellectual as a moral deviation. If a man were not a fool, he wouldn't transgress the law. So, indeed, is it written in the Talmud: "Man sins only when the spirit of stupidity takes hold of him."

I remember how on the occasion of my sixtieth birthday, Rabbi Cohen in addressing a banquet given in my honor, sought to pay tribute to what he considered my intelligence. He declared that the Lord had two gifts which he could bestow upon man: money or wisdom; and he went on to say that when the Lord granted the one, He usually witheld the other. At the gathering there were a number of people who, if they were nothing else, were certainly moneyed folk. One could almost hear their interjection, And so we are fools? As if to reply to them, Rabbi Cohen went on to say that with regard to these who had money, they apparently did not lack wisdom. Their money talked; and answered all their difficult problems.

What with his wit and wisdom and fine sense of justice, Rabbi Cohen is altogether a lovable person. Throughout the years, I am happy to note, our friendship has never been marred by any of the differences of opinion we may have had. We could disagree upon various matters of policy; but always, after the debate was over, our personal relationship remained strong and unbroken.

I wish to recall here other rabbis whom I have known during my sojourn in Montreal. They have passed on to their reward; may their

resting place be in Eden! Then there was the late Rabbi Rosenberg, a great scholar who translated the Zohar into Hebrew; the late Rabbi Simcha Garber, erudite and profound, an intellectual giant; the late Rabbis Shpritz and Zalmanovitch and Blitz.

Amongst contemporary rabbis, I want to mention Rabbi Abramowitz who has been the guide of the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue for more than a quarter of a century, and who is universally esteemed as a man of both secular and religious learning, an interesting preacher, and an admirable spiritual leader.

Dr. H. J. Stern, of the Reform Temple, is to my mind the best reform rabbi we have had in Montreal. Unlike his predecessors, he speaks an excellent Yiddish; unlike his predecessors he is not subject to that peculiar snobbism which held them aloof from "downtown" Jewry. Indeed, Dr. Stern can wax as rhetorical and enthusiastic about Talmud Torah in addressing the East End Jews as he can in addressing his own congregation about the vistas of "liberal Judaism."

There have been in Montreal also rabbis who occupied no pulpit, and of these undoubtedly the most distinguished was Rabbi Zlotnik, now of South Africa. His departure from our city is deeply regretted; he is particularly missed now since Montreal has become a sanctuary for other scholars whom Rabbi Zlotnik might have led and encouraged to new intellectual undertakings. It is to be hoped that Montreal's good fortune may bring Rabbi Zlotnik back to the scene of so many of his achievements.

For it was in Montreal that Rabbi Zlotnik spent many of the most influential years of his life. Here he acted as the first director of the Canadian Mizrachi; here he served also as the head of the local Yeshiva. Subsequently, and for over a decade he was Executive Director of the Zionist Organization of Canada. A brilliant speaker, a profound scholar, a witty conversationalist, he made a deep impression both upon contemporary leadership and on the general masses of Jewry. After he resigned from the Zionist Organization, he served as director of the United Talmud Torahs. Later, he spent several years in Vancouver as its rabbi and spiritual leader; thence he left for South Africa to assume important educational duties there. If it were not for the war, Montreal Jewry might have been in a position to invite him back to our midst.

Mr. Simcha Pietrushka is yet another of these scholars who has recently enriched the intellectual life of Montreal. During the last four years

since his arrival in our city, he has served as director of Mizrachi, and he also found time to complete his two-volume Jewish Encyclopedia. Learned in Torah and in Jewish science, Mr. Pietrushka's participation in Montreal's communal life constitutes a definite intellectual contribution.

Among the refugees who came to our shores after the World War, and who have enriched our intellectual life must be mentioned the names of Melech Ravitch, poet and publicist; the distinguished writer, Jerachmiel Weingarten, Mr. Braverman and Mr. Grossman, pedagogues, and the journalist Naimark. Of a more religious cast were those refugees who came here from the various yeshivas of Europe, and who have succeeded in establishing in Montreal some of the spirit and atmosphere of old-world learning. Among these Rabbi Hirshprung, who is endowed with a marvellous memory which can recall practically all of the Talmud by heart, is erudition itself. His scholarship and his modesty have clearly endeared him to all with whom he has come into contact. There are also Rabbi Peretz Yogel of Slonim; Rabbi Eliyah Chazon, Rabbi of Grudek; Rabbi Chaim Ber Ginsberg, presently rabbi in Vancouver; Rabbi Aaron Kagan, the son of the famous Chofetz Chaim, who is here together with his mother, the widow of the illustrious rabbi; and Rabbi Hershberg, the young scholar, author of "Machsheves Ha-Kodesh". A part from these there are also in our midst many other scholars out of the yeshivos of Lubavitch, Kletzk, Lublin, Mir, and Bialystok.

It is to be mentioned here that after Rabbi Zlotnik left the Zionist Organization, his position was taken by Rabbi Schwartz, who during the eleven years of his tenure of office has made himself universally esteemed both by his undeviating loyalty to the cause of Zion, and by his amiable personality. The Zionist Organization too, has seen its leadership further strengthened by the addition to its personnel of the Rev. J. K. Goldbloom. A veteran Zionist, a collaborator of Herzl, Zionism knows no sincerer or more zealous worker. Nor is his influence confined solely to Zionism; Jewish education, of which in England he was one of the strongest pillars, benefits also from his advice and experience.

Similarly does Jewish education in Montreal derive decided advantage from the presence here of Mr. Weingarten. The author of a primer of Torah for beginners, and of an engrossing account of the impact of the Nazi attack upon Polish Jewry, Mr. Weingarten has already made his influence felt. Although Montreal boasts pedagogical leaders of a very high calibre—

Mr. Magid of the Talmud Torah, Mr. Shloime Wiseman of the Jewish People's Schools, and Mr. Jacob Ziper of the Peretz Schools, Mr. Weingarten's presence constitutes a definite asset to educational progress in our city.

I do not think, moreover, that the influence which the collaborators of The Canadian Jewish Eagle and The Chronicle have had upon the cultural life of our community can be overestimated. Among these worthies, I wish to mention first of all the late Chaim Kruger, a man of great talent and integrity. By profession a shochet, the Reverend Kruger was a profound scholar, learned in both religious and secular lore. Working with The Eagle until the very day of his passing, his writing showed an extraordinary versatility; in the same issue in which there appeared a signed article of his discussing some deep philosophic problem, there would appear also his anonymous reply to some reader asking for a solution to a personal problem. The replies, moreover, were distinguished by a fine common sense, a kindly tolerance, and a natural ingenuity akin to inspiration. He was also the author of a book on Maimonides, a work which he completed but two days before his death. I, and all who knew him, remember him with affection and esteem.

OUR COLLABORATORS

It was also the Canadian Jewish Eagle which attracted to our city the late Reuben Brainin who spent in Montreal a decade of his life and who exercised over the intellectual life of our community a most beneficent influence. Our readers will doubtless remember also Mr. H. Hirsh whose present whereabouts seem to be unknown. To Montrealers he was a most fascinating character. In fact, his personality presented an interesting paradox. There were times, for example, when he proclaimed himself definitely a freethinker, and at other times, he would forsake his atheism to espouse a religiosity which verged on fanaticism. When I first met him; he was in one of his sceptical interludes; nonetheless, I felt that he would be an asset to my paper. His journalistic talents were considerable; he could write with equal skill about art or politics. Then suddenly repentance struck him once again; he left Montreal to take on a position as editor of a religious publication owned by the late Cantor Rosenblatt. It was called "The Jewish Light" and with it, there went out also Rosenblatt's fortune. In New York, Hirsh became so much of a pietist that his editorials read like the litanies of an old woman.

Our oldest collaborator is Mr. B. G. Sacks, who is still with us today. Of an international reputation, Mr. Sacks acts as contributor to almost all of the important Judaic encyclopedias which invariably turn to him for information touching Canadian-Jewish life. His "History of the Jews of Canada" which is to be published shortly is being eagerly awaited.

Our present editor is Mr. I. Rabinovitch who has been with The Canadian Jewish Eagle for more than a quarter of a century. It surely will not be an exaggeration to state that he has been one of the most constructive builders of Canadian Jewish life. His comments, written with precise logic and a charming literary touch, are read with a great deal of interest, not only in Canada, but also abroad. Invariably on my travels through Europe and America I had occasion to receive compliments for the editor of The Eagle.

Mr. Rabinovitch is also a distinguished musicologist and the author of a book on Jewish music which met with the acclaim of critics. I. R. as

far as I know belongs to no political party; his approach to the problems of the day is an eclectic one; his tolerance is proverbial.

Another collaborator is the young poet and scholar, A. M. Klein, editor of the Canadian Jewish Chronicle. I regard him as a future leader in our community; apart from his learning, he is endowed with great literary and journalistic abilities. Recognized as one of the leading poets in the English language, he is highly regarded both in English and French literary circles. In addition, he possesses a fine Jewish background, and splendid oratorical gifts. His abilities assure him a great future.

The Eagle, like Napoleon's civil service, it appears, was always open "to all the talents". Thus Dr. A. A. Roback, the distinguished scholar and psychologist, began his literary career with The Eagle, serving once as editor of The Chronicle, and retaining with our journals a continuously warm contact. Here, too, in the columns of The Eagle, have appeared the works of I. I. Segal, recognized as one of the most distinguished poets of contemporary Yiddish letters.

I must mention in this connection both Mr. A. B. Bennett and Mr. Michael Garber, both prominent in communal endeavour and both intimately associated with "the written word." Years ago Mike Garber wrote articles for The Eagle, and acted as "calumnist"—as he preferred to spell it,—for The Chronicle. As for Bennett, he was in his student days, almost a daily contributor of The Eagle. He then began to write in English, and is today probably the most outstanding Anglo-Jewish publicist in the Dominion. Both today play important roles in The Canadian Jewish Congress, Bennett as president of its central division, and Garber as president of its eastern division.

When I consider all of these personalities, I can not help but arogate to myself some of the credit for their achievements. The Eagle, I feel, served for them, if for nothing else, as a sort of springboard into literary and communal life.

Outside the narrow confines of the editorial office, there were a number of other personalities with whom I came into contact for the sake of the communal interest, and whom I wish to mention here. Among those who have passed on, I would remember Mr. Abraham Raginsky, a zealous communal worker who devoted much of his time and interest to local orphanages, Talmud Torah, Old People's Home, and other institutions. He was for many years and until the day of his passing, the president of the

B'nai Jacob Synagogue. The late Louis Solomon too, was one who did service for his fellowmen. Vice-President of "Federation" Ho'Ir, a president of Talmud Torah, vice-president of The Jewish Hospital, president of the Sanatorium, there was hardly a worthwhile institution in which he was not active and to which he was not generous.

Today, I note as active in our community the Albert brothers, Abraham Albert, president of the B'nai Jacob Synagogue, and J. Albert, president of the local Mizrachi, to cite for each but one of his activities.

Mr. Lazarus Phillips, to whom the local Talmud Torahs owe much, has, as its president, done wonders on behalf of Talmud Torah's economic and spiritual welfare. Mr. Phillips is also president of the Polish Verband, and treasurer of the United Jewish Refugee and War Relief Agencies. His wife is active in war work.

Mr. Sternthal, president of the New Outremont Synagogue which owes its existence in no small measure to his efforts, is one of our leading philanthropists and active in a multitude of communal organizations. Mr. Isaac Gold, a former president of Talmud Torah, chairman of its educational committee, is primarily interested in the cultural progress of our community. He is also a member of the executive of the Jewish Hospital and of the Hebrew Free Loan, and a generous giver to all worthwhile causes.

B. M. Weiner, one of the most devoted supporters of Talmud Torah was formerly also one of the most active members of the Zionist Organization, and an indefatigable disseminator of Hebrew culture. Today he is chairman of the Education Board of the Talmud Torah, and devotes most of his time to Hebrew education.

Mr. M. Cooperberg is another of those communal leaders who are active in many philanthropic fields. His wife is a very active member of Hadassah, and devotes also much of her time to Red Cross and war relief work. Another man in the public eye is Mr. L. D. Crestohl, member of the Va'ad Ho'Ir, praesidium, and staunch supporter of Zionism and Talmud Torah. I wish also to mention Mrs. A. Raginsky, the present president of Hadassah, who is also active in many communal enterprises, and who is an "honorary" vice-president of Talmud Torah.

I could mention many more of these who have contributed to Montreal Jewry's communal progress. My reminiscences, however, are not intended as an encyclopedia or a directory. I cannot omit, however, certain individ-

uals who have for decades been associated with public and philanthropic work, and who still today make their contribution to the general welfare. Among these are the Kellert family, the Friedman family, the Cohens, and the Levinsons.

SECRETS OF THE EDITORIAL SANCTUM

There are many Jewish readers of the Eagle who believe that the local Yiddish newspaper is the highest court of appeal in all matters touching communal affairs. To editorial opinion they attach a certain sanctity, almost infallibility. So strong, indeed, is this belief in the wisdom of journalists, that those folk often turn to the editorial office for advice and counsel even in matters purely personal. When, as is often the case, the query put by the reader to the editorial oracle is impossible of solution, at least by a mere myrmidon of journalism, they leave in amazement and bewilderment. Some, in fact, imagine, that most of the editor's day is spent in rendering Solomonic judgments.

It is a rule with us, however, that since the individual has placed that much confidence in our common sense we ought at least to make an attempt to solve his problem. I recall a number of such occasions. Most of these memories go back many decades. It is a peculiarity of human memories that things which happened many years ago are more easily recollected than the events of yesterday and today, at least such is the case with men in advanced years. A doctor once sought to explain this phenomenon, using the argot of my own profession. The human mind, he said, is like a linotype machine, and as it ages in use, its impressions get weaker and weaker. The type collected from of yore remains clear and legible; today's however shows signs of usage and illegibility. Certainly in my case I know that while I may not remember as well as I would like incidents of several years ago, I can remember conversations that took place in decades past almost verbatim, and to the detail of gesture.

It was shortly after the First World War when there entered my office a short swarthy man. I would have sworn he was a gypsy—until he began to speak in Yiddish, and even then I could not quite overcome the outlandish impression he made on me. It appeared that he wanted to know when a certain ship was arriving at the Port of Montreal. I referred him to my secretary who was to make the necessary enquiries. As she was so engaged, he told me that he expected his motherless daughter whom he had left in Poland twenty years ago to arrive on that boat. His impatience

was indescribable. At this juncture my secretary informed me that the ship was late and was due to arrive only two days later.

During these two days the swarthy man was a most frequent visitor at my office. Then, on the following day, he arrived again, this time in the company of a most beautiful girl. Her beauty illuminated all things in her presence. I could not help but reflect how peculiar were the laws of heredity that so comely a creature should be fathered by so ugly a sire. He introduced me to her, and I noticed that the young girl did not appear very happy, certainly not as happy as she should have been at seeing a father from whom she had been separated for twenty years. "My daughter," said the dark man, "does not believe that I am her father, and is, in fact, afraid of me." The daughter then asked me if I understood Polish. I expressed surprise that she could not speak Yiddish. At this she burst into tears, and said, in Yiddish, that she wished to speak to me alone.

Alone, she reiterated her belief that the man was not her father. She was in mortal terror, fearing lest her benefactor turn out to be a white-slaver. From further conversation it appeared that she had relatives in Chicago, an aunt, and an uncle, her mother's brother, and that it was but a year ago that she had first heard of the existence of a father, who had sent her a ticket to come to Canada.

I sought to calm her, and assured her that a proper investigation would be carried out. In the meantime, it was arranged that she stay away from her father, and a room was rented for her in a respectable household. I sent a letter to her aunt in Chicago, and another to the editorial office of the Chicago Jewish Courier, requesting them to get us information about the aunt. In due course, I received a reply from the Chicago newspaper informing me that the girl's people seemed to be honest and respectable folk. At the same time there arrived a letter from the aunt confirming the fact that the man was indeed her father.

The girl, however, was not reassured. Accordingly, it was decided that she stay in Montreal a few weeks longer so that she might get better accustomed to her new-found father. In this period of time, he treated her with every kindness and consideration. Every day the girl would come to my office, declaring that despite the kind treatment she was still full of misgivings. Finally, tickets were bought, and in separate trains they both left for Chicago. She promised to write me from that city.

But I never heard from her again, and the whole incident escaped my

attention until 18 years later. It was in August of 1938, as I was leaving my office one evening that a rather distinguished looking lady approached me: "Are you Mr. Wolofsky," she asked me, in English. "Don't you remember me? Don't you remember a dark-looking man who bothered you some twenty years ago about a daughter who would not recognize him as her father?"

"And you are the daughter?" I queried. She was. She apologized for not having written to me, and gave me the resume of her adventure. It appeared that on the train to Chicago the man admitted to her that he was not in fact her father. He was her uncle, a widower, of some fortune, who had arranged with his sister that he was to marry the immigrant girl. This intention had been communicated to the other relatives, who all agreed that she was to travel as the daughter of her prospective bridegroom. She was not to come direct to the United States because then it would be impossible for him to marry one who was declared to be his daughter. Hence the arrival at Montreal.

"And when I heard that these were the facts," said the lady, "I felt much better. No one, I felt, could make me marry that creature. In Chicago, the whole family met us, and we went to my aunt's house. I was very tired, and lay down for a rest. It was then that I heard my aunt tell her husband that it was a shame to give such a flower to my "father." I thought: Don't worry, the flower will look after herself. On the following day my cousin took me for a walk, and we went into a store for some refreshments. The storekeeper's son, who was a dentist, happened to be there. We fell in love with each other. To make a long story short, we have been married these many years. As for my "father", when he passed away, he left everything to us. In fact, my husband's office is located in his property. Recently, I wasn't feeling well, and my doctor advised me to go for a few weeks to Battle Creek, Michigan. I decided then that I would also make a trip to Montreal. So here I am, and the riddle of the ambiguous father is solved."

TALE OF A PERSONAL AD

I remember yet another incident which was not without its revelations touching human relationship. Once, as I was standing at the front of the office, an elderly gentleman entered who wished to speak to the girl in charge of personal announcements. As she was engaged at the moment, I took his written notice, and his fifty cents, left it on the table for the girl, and gave the incident no further thought.

Upon the following day, as I entered the office, I heard a noise as of a vociferous argument. A young woman was standing in front of the counter, expostulating to all and sundry. "Why did you slander me? Why did you ruin my reputation? You know that what you wrote was a lie!" For some reason or other, these words conjured up before me the picture of the elderly gentleman with his personal notice of the previous day. I suspected at once that he had made us the instrument of his personal scheme.

Turning to me, the woman flaunted a piece of paper, apparently an excerpt from The Eagle. There I read that certain parents were announcing that their daughter had run away with a troupe of visiting actors, and prayed that anyone who knew of their daughter's whereabouts should communicate with them. The name and address of the unhappy parents concluded the ad.

"Look, Madame," I said, "We don't know you. We have absolutely no interest or desire to insult either you or your daughter. This trick must have been played upon you by some personal enemy. If you calm yourself, and tell us whom you suspect, we will help you discover the identity of this practical joker."

"I have no enemies," she replied.

"Well," I replied, "certainly he or she who did this was no friend of yours."

"Well," she weakened, "I quarrelled with my father-in-law, but I hardly think that he would perpetrate something like this to his child and grandchild."

I suggested that the young woman bring me a photograph of her father-in-law. I felt sure I would recognize my customer of yesterday. On the following day her husband arrived.

"Did you tell my wife," he asked, "that my father gave you this ad?"

"Not exactly," I replied, "I merely asked her whether she had any enemies to which she replied that she had quarrelled only with her father-in-law, so I asked to see her father-in-law's picture."

He drew it forth from his pocket. Sure enough, it was our man. I was, moreover convinced that the tale about the grand-daughter running off with the actors was a fact; nonetheless, I went to see my customer to make sure. When I returned to my office, his daughter-in-law was waiting.

"Why did you create such a to-do," I asked, "the story is true."

"Yes," she replied, meekly, "my daughter did in fact run away, but she's coming back shortly . . . "

MY DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT

A middle-aged woman enters my office, pauses, settles herself in a chair, and bursts into tears.

"I want to ask your advice," she sobs. "I am married to my second husband, and I do not know whether to bring my complaint before a rabbi or the court of the land. Neither is open to me." And she weeps again.

I seek to draw out her story between sobs.

"Your husband beat you?"

"He has to beat me yet!"

"He does not contribute sufficiently to your support? He's stingy?"

"Not at all. He gives me his unopened pay-envelope."

"So what are you crying about?"

"When we first came from the States, he was very good to me. Once when he came home late from work, and I had left his supper on the table, and myself lay down to rest, he absolutely refused to eat alone, and I had to keep him company. But now," she continued, "we have a child, and yesterday when he came home and I was sleeping, he ate by himself, and in the morning left for work without even saying good-bye."

I regard the woman. She must be in her forties, and her complaint seems ridiculous to me. At best it could be the complaint of a honeymoon couple. I reflect on her statement that she can't go to a rabbi or to the court. Certainly not, not with such a triviality. But, if a triviality, why such tears. I came to the conclusion that more is meant than meets the ears.

"Tell me," I say to her, "how long did you know your present husband while you were still living with your first?"

Without hesitation, she answers: "About eighteen months."

"Did you divorce your first husband?"

"Yes, after I had lived with my second."

I had guessed right. It was remorse of conscience, more than the solitary supper which had troubled her. The solitary supper, in fact, had become to her a symbol of her precarious position. The solution for her problem, which I suggested, is not important. I cite this incident only to illustrate what manner of problems and difficulties is brought into the editorial sanctum for solution.

EPILOGUE

The incidents and events which I have recited here and in previous chapters, have been necessarily sketchy and fragmentary. Often, I admit, I have failed to observe both the Aristotelian unities of time and of place. I doubt whether it was necessary. I was not writing a drama. I was merely recounting, out of a life of varied experience, the reminiscences of half a dozen decades and of several continents. Through this narrative there can be seen, here and there, the shadow of great movements which gave form and meaning to our age, but it was not those movements *per se* with which I have been concerned, but only on how they impinged upon myself and some of my contemporaries. I have written this account, therefore, in the hope that its pages might give to the reader in times to come some glimmer of the age in which I lived, some picture of its struggle and its aspiration. If in addition there will be some who will glean from these chapters not only scattered information, but also occasional edification, I shall be doubly content. In the meantime, I put a halt to recollection, and return again from this interlude of reminiscence to the current of daily routine, from memoirs to action, from the past to the historic present of our times.

THE END

POSTSCRIPT

Since I began the writing of these memoirs — and indeed since the date of their completion — many world-shattering events have transpired. As the sound of battle vanishes and as the dust and smoke rises from the European scene, I look in vain for my old home town. It, like the rest of the European scene, lies in ruins.

The war has ended in victory for our cause. It is with happiness that I record that my children have returned home safe from the field of battle. But as yet the days of peace seem far away, and further still, sanctuary and consolation for the surviving remnant of Israel. Still do the refugees languish in their Concentration Camps in a plight not much better than that in which they found themselves under the Hitler Regime. The only difference is that now they die "naturally" and not under the fatal persuasion of the firing squads and gas chambers. Nor is the condition of those Jews who have managed to return to their countries of origin much better. And the great hope which was entertained for so many years that these unhappy brothers of ours would at long last find rest and refuge in their own homeland, in Palestine, still glimmers in the distance.

It is in such a time that this book of memoirs appears: to the extent that these writing serve to immortalize the sacred memory of a way of life which has been shattered, to that extent are they the dearer to me. Let us hope that the full vindication of our cause together with the discomfiture of our enemies will come soon, in God's own time, and that soon our persecuted people will be redeemed and reestablished in their own homeland. Amen. — H.W.

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