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RAYMOND S. McLAIN

COMMANDING GENERAL

LOREN T. JENKS

CORPS CHAPLAIN (PROTESTANT)

STEPHEN P. KENNY

ASS'T. CORPS CHAPLAIN (CATHOLIC)

SAMUEL BLINDER

ASS'T. CORPS CHAPLAIN (JEWISH)

Behold, the day cometh . . . And all that do wickedly, shall be stubble . . . It shall leave them neither root nor branch.

But unto you that fear my name, shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in its wings.

Malachi 4

”And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,
And their spears into pruning hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.
But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree;
And none shall make them afraid.”

Micah 4:3

I am fighting to return to the warm personal world of my loved ones, my home and the things that are familiar. And I am fighting because I believe that every man, no matter how stupid or poor, no matter what his race, creed or color, is a precious thing, whose life and integrity are vitally important.

By A G. I.

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

With this issue we bring you our third publication of the XIX Corps Scroll.

Much has happened since it was last brought to you March 28th. We crossed the Rhine, moved up to the Elbe, some of our corps units crossing it and joining up with the Russians, peace has been declared, V-E day celebrated all over the world, lights went on again.

During this period too, many of the Nazi horrors, concentration camps, long known to the world, were uncovered in all their horror and bestiality. Bergen-Belzen, Buchenwald, Langenstein, to mention only a few.

In these Vernichtungs Lagers were men, women, children, of all nations. The whole world suffered. But Israel suffered perhaps the most. The Stars and Stripes (June 12th, '45) reports that 80% of Reich's Jewry were killed. The concentration camps with their hard labor, starvation, torture, gas chambers and crematoria, went on methodically, exterminating innocent people right and left.

The number of Jews killed on the continent reaches into millions. Very few have remained. And the remnant, that has been saved by our allied armies is anxious, confused, doubtful. Their families killed, their homes destroyed, they don't want to return to their former countries. Where then are they to go? No one can answer them, which does not in any way lessen their plight. Many would like to go to Palestine. But Palestine too is closed. "Where are we to go" these people constantly ask. This is a problem, which we hope will soon be solved.

Not only have the Jewish people been devastated, but their institutions as well. Schools, hospitals, libraries, synagogues. Of the latter, very few remain in Germany. Most of them have been burned, razed to the ground, and the few that remained were used by the Nazis for warehouses, shops, or as a dumping place for all kinds of junk.

Because of this fact we are particularly happy, to celebrate today the Dedication of the restored Synagogue in Bad Nauheim. Though none of the Jewish community remain, it will serve as a House of Worship for American Soldiers of Jewish Faith. And if ever a Jewish community returns to life here, then they will have this synagogue for their use.

This dedication service is a Symbol of the Spirit for which our Allied armies were fighting. Freedom of worship is one of the freedoms for which many have fought, and bled, and died.

Now we see it established again on German soil. Our sacrifices therefore, were not in vain. "Proclaim ye liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof". The voice of our Liberty Bell is once more heard. Once more it lives. Even in Germany.

May this synagogue be the symbol of the new era that is to come in Germany. An era where men will feel secure, and free, and unafraid. An era where men will work, and build, and live in peace.

Samuel Blinder

THE SYNAGOGUE AT BAD NAUHEIM

In the year 1913, the Jewish community of Bad Nauheim decided to replace the old synagogue, built in 1865, with a new one. The money was raised through the Jewish visitors to Bad Nauheim and by existing welfare arrangements. The plan to erect a new building received a new stimulus by the buying of a building site by the Hessian state in 1920. In 1926/27, a visitor to Bad Nauheim, Albert Kaufmann, a Jew from Munich, gave a large sum of money and at the same time made the generous offer to put at the disposal of the community, the sum of 40,000 Goldmarks, free of interest, for a period of 5 years.

On Oct. 3rd, 1928, the foundation stone of the synagogue was laid with a solemn speech by the provincial rabbi, Dr. Hirschfeld of Giessen, in the presence of the authorities and the clergy. The expenditures amounted to roughly 100,000 Reichsmarks. That did not include the interior furniture. The artistic planning and the general management were laid in the hands of the Frankfurt architect, Richard Kaufmann, also a Jew. Anton Hauer, a Jewish architect from Friedberg, was entrusted with the local management. According to a document, which is still in existence, the ideas and intentions of Kaufmann, the Frankfurt architect, were as follows:

"In olden times, beautiful synagogues were built in Europe, after the styles which had grown naturally from the artistic conditions of those periods (Moorish Synagogue style). The 19th century brought the period of artistic wavering and the struggle for new and more modern forms. That is how a more modern building was erected. The synagogue had a ground floor and a woman's gallery.

The interior of the building is in accordance with the simplicity of the exterior. Between the two pillars of the middle nave, is the Almemor (Bimah-the place where the Torah is read) and behind it on the pulpit, the Oran Hakodesh (the Holy Ark) where the Torah is kept. Both were of genuine German marble".

In 1933, the Jewish community consisted of 350 members. Between 1933 and 1936, about 250 emigrated, the remaining 100 were confined to the so-called "Judenhaus". This "Judenhaus" was a generous endowment by the Baronesse V. Rothschild and had been used as a home for Jewish children and men. Up to 1933, well-known German Jewish authorities on heart diseases had been practising at Bad Nauheim. One, Prof. Theodor Schott, brought English guests here and Prof. Groedel brought American guests. Both these gentlemen today, enjoy the highest reputation abroad.

When Synagogues in Germany were being burned in 1938, several courageous men were able to smother the fire of this one when there was still time to do so. All the furniture of the Synagogue at Bad Nauheim, however, was destroyed by the rabble and precious objects of worship, standing on the altar, as well as carpets, generously given to the community by foreign Jewish visitors, were taken away. On that day, a few important Jews with notices hung around their necks, were made to run through the streets of the town, as the laughing stock of the scum of the people. (Dr. Gruenbaum, Florsheim.) The same day, the property of all Nauheim Jews, was destroyed or taken away.

After the victorious American Army had entered the town of Bad Nauheim, the Mayor asked Mr. Peter Busse, a German Jew originally from Berlin, but hiding out in Bad Nauheim from the Gestapo since Nov. 1944, to take charge of the restoration of the synagogue. On visiting the synagogue for the first time, he found it as a storage place of iron, hemp rope, steel rope, and other heavy material. The walls were covered with faecal matter, the windows were broken, the floors damaged and torn up. There were no pews left at all, the Almemor and pulpit were destroyed. In all, there was a picture of the most atrocious vandalism. Within 8 days, the iron store had been removed and on April 27th, the first divine service was held by the American Chaplain Feldheim. The building was restored by different master workmen. The Almemor was built, electricity was installed, objects for the altar and carpets were provided so that the synagogue became, to a certain extent, a tolerably adequate place for worship. Notices and warnings were given through the papers to the population, reminding them of their duty to give it the respect and veneration to which a House of Worship is entitled.

On May 7th, Chaplain S. Blinder, for the first time visited the Synagogue. Under his management and supervision the further work of restoration was carried out, in order to provide a place of worship for American soldiers of Jewish faith and later to return it to the German-Jewish community that may re-establish itself.

Peter Busse. Bad Nauheim, 2nd June 1945

The following two announcements appeared in the Bad Nauheim German paper. One asks the neighborhood to give local synagogue the respect due to a House of Worship. The other, requests the return of stolen synagogue articles.

DIE JÜDISCHE SYNAGOGUE

in der Karlstraße wird wieder ihrem früheren Zwecke übergeben. Die saubergemachten Gartenanlagen können nun nicht mehr von Kindern als Spiel- und Tummelplatz benutzt werden; auch dürfen die neueingesetzten Fensterscheiben nicht mehr als Zielscheiben für Steinwürfe dienen.

Es ist eine Selbstverständlichkeit, daß die Eltern ihre Kinder dementsprechend belehren und erziehen, und es sollte keiner besonderen Betonung bedürfen, daß die Einwohnerschaft dem Hause nun wieder die Achtung, Würde und Ehre zuteil werden läßt, wie solche einem Gotteshause zukommen.

RÜCKGABE VON ENTWENDETEN GEGENSTÄNDEN

Aus dem Synagogengebäude in der Karlstraße sind bei früheren Aktionen Wertgegenstände wie Teppiche, Silber, Altarzubehör usw. abhanden gekommen. Die jetzigen Inhaber solcher Gegenstände werden hiermit zur Rückgabe aufgefordert. Wer von ihrem Vorhandensein weiß, wird bei Zusage von Diskretion um Angaben gebeten.

DEDICATION OF ANOTHER SYNAGOGUE IN ANGENROD, NEAR ALSFELD, GERMANY

By Members of the 258th Field Artillery Battalion

Submitted by
GEORGE HIRSCH
1st Sgt, Btry B, 258 FA Bn.

The Jewish Synagogue of Angenrod was built by the one hundred (100) Jewish residents of Angenrod and neighboring villages. It took seven years for the people to finish this project using their meager savings which they earned as agricultural workers.

This Synagogue was completely destroyed by the Nazi Organization in 1940. The Jewish population were stoned in the Synagogue and those that were not killed were sent to Buchenwald and other notorious concentration camps.

In April 1945, when the first United States forces passed through this sector, the son of one Jewish family, who was serving with the United States forces, inquired as to the whereabouts of his family. He learned that they were either all dead or in a concentration camp. Upon hearing this, he vowed to return, but this soldier, named Spier, never did return.

On June 10th, 1945, while holding a service for our unit, in a crowded room, in Alsfeld, Chaplain Blinder asked that we do something about having the Synagogue rebuilt. With the assistance of T/5 Leskowitz and T/4 Diamond we located the Synagogue in Angenrod. It had been completely destroyed with the exception of the four walls and an inscription above the Ark. We inquired of people

if any of those Nazis responsible for this desecration, were still around, but received evasive answers. We then proceeded with the work of restoring the Synagogue.

The cemetery not far from the Synagogue, was likewise found in a disgraceful condition. The fence, walls, gates, tombstones, were broken, destroyed and thrown around. The gate had a tablet which read as follows:

„Am hunderjährigen Jubiläumstage, der hiesigen Synagoge, von Frau Regina Brill, New York, Tochter des Meier Hochster I. und dessen Ehefrau Karoline, und zum Andenken an ihre hier ruhende Frä. Mutter der Israel Gemeinde Angenrod. Gewidmet am 27. Februar 1897”.

Steps were taken to have the cemetery put in order.

PETER BUSSE

Upon request to give us a brief sketch of himself, Mr. Peter Busse gave us the following statement. Appointed by the mayor (through Military Government) to take charge of the restoration of the Synagogue, he worked under the direction of Chaplain Samuel Blinder, and accomplished his task very successfully. (Editor)

”Before Hitler’s advent to power, I was a star of the movies and the theater. I worked in pictures and on the stage with many well known stars now living in America, such as Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, McLaglen, Lubitsch, Peter Lorre etc.

I am married to Carmen Ella, nee Nacht, who descends from an old and well known Jewish family of Rumania. In 1933 I was expelled from the theater and films.

The tragic history of the Jewish People in Germany is known all over the world: seizure of fortune, expulsion from home and country, concentration camp etc.

When the Gestapo was about to take Mrs. Busse to Theresienstadt and me to Buchenwald, I was able, with the help of a doctor friend, to escape the Gestapo trap, and arrived in Bad Nauheim where I lived under another name. Though warrants of apprehension were sent throughout Germany in search of us, the Lord saved us from further sufferings and gave us back our lives.

Now, the darkness is behind us. Ahead of us is the radiant and beautiful future which gives me the wish to help, by artistic and social activity, people forget the suffering and the agony of the past and to make life worth living again”.

POEMS AND LETTERS FOR JOE

JOE REQUESTS

My name is Joe, plain G. I. Joe,
I'm a lot of guys in one . . .
I've been in every place you know
Where fighting must be done.

From Bizerte to Cassino,
To Europe's western shore.
From Tarawa up to Iwo,
To the Japanese Front Door.

I've hit the beach through whistling shell,
I froze in snow and rain,
And I found out that "War is Hell,"
As I cried in mortal pain . . .

That I've been scared I won't conceal,
I've shown great courage, too.
I've thrown my flesh 'gainst rock and steel,
It was my job to do.

I slept in foxholes, crawled in mud,
So tyranny would cease,
And all I ask—it's not much, bud—
Is a voice in making peace!

G. I. Joe

AMERICAN STRENGTH

BY H. PHILLIPS

(Three American airmen, Edward Mallory Vogel, Tennessee; Izzie Goldberg, the Bronx, New York; and Edwin J. Sipowsky, Waukegan, Ill., killed in a take-off in San Juan harbor, were buried side by side with a Protestant chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest, and a rabbi officiating. The flag for which they fought flew over them—news item.)

I

A Chaplain, a priest and a rabbi —
Protestant — Catholic — Jew —
Three Yanks in three simple caskets —
Three colors, red, white and blue . . .
A hush on tropic island
As notes from a bugle fall —
Three rituals slowly chanting —
Three faiths in a common call!

II

A lad from the Bronx; another
Who joined up in Tennessee;
A third one from far Waukegan —
A Typical bunch, those three!
A crash in a Naval airplane.
A rush to its crumpled side.
And nearby Old Glory marking
The reason the trio died.

III

They answered a call to duty
From Church and from Synagogue
From hillside and teeming city.
Three names in a Naval Log!
Each raised in his separate concepts —
Each having his form to pray —
But all for a faith triumphant
When rituals fade away!

IV

A prayer in Latin phrases —
And one with more ancient lore
A Protestant simple service —
All one on a distant shore!
"Qui Tollis Peccata mundi"
And "Enter ye unto rest"
A blessing from ancient Moses
For three who had met the test!

V

This is the story mighty
Making our sinews strong:
Boys from many altars
Warring on one great wrong!
This is the Nation's power.
This is its suit of mail;
Land where each narrow bigot
Knows that he can't prevail!

VI

L'ENVOI

A Chaplain, a priest and a rabbi —
Protestant — Catholic — Jew —
Knowing that forms are nothing
If but the cause is true:
Challenge all craven bigots!
Tell them as brave men die
Fighting for fullest freedom —
Tell them they lie!! they lie!!

EPITAPH TO MY SON, MICHAEL

By Belle S. Vankin

I, Dorie Miller, brown-skinned and eyed
My heritage that of the Robesons, the Carvers, the
Douglasses,
My forebears the once proud citizens of a proud Africa.
I, Dorie Miller, laid down my life
Fighting the lynch laws that threatened all mankind.
Now that my job is done, are you with me brother?
I manned a gun that was not meant for hands like mine,
For Liberty is dearly-bought and once man struggles for it
It's his who pays the bitter price.
My people are richer by those moments of battle,
Their march is ahead, their destiny inevitable.

I, Meyer Levin, olive-skinned, dark-eyed,
Growing up in a world where power-hungry men toyed
with our fate,
Loving the instruments of flight which were created for
progress
But which they in their greed turned into missiles of death.
Now that my job is done, are you with me brother?
I felt the roaring motor under my eager hands,
And my missions were many and rewarding
Against the fascist enemies.
As I saw the bombs drop, I exulted
For I was bringing an end to the beasts

Who had vowed extermination to my noble people.
Einstein, Heifitz, Heine,
I cried your names in defiance
While the shrieks of those who would enchain us
Died away in the distance.

I, Colin Kelly, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, Irish,
Mind with but a single purpose,
Having all to live for, wife, baby, joy.
Gave it up so that they might not be enslaved,
Now that my job is done, are you with me brother?
I saw that battleship, Haruna,
I saw it only as a triumph of force over democracy.
So I dived straight at its heart and force and democracy
Went up in flames, only democracy
Rose victorious from out the bitter ashes.

Miller, Levin, Kelly,
Dorie, Meyer, Colin,
All are fused in one, the dark skin, the brown eyes, the blue.
And the face that appears is the face of Freedom
Forever enshrined in the hearts of all men.
Sleep well, little brothers,
We're with you.

DEAR JOE:

The other night I was on a radio quiz program in which a girl named Naomi Horowitz revealed a dazzling knowledge of international affairs and walked off with the prize. Naomi is a senior at Hunter College and editor of the weekly Bulletin. She is also a very good looking girl — somebody I thought you would like to know. So I went over to Hunter College the other day to interview her for you.

Hunter, as you know, is that city owned girls' college on Park Avenue between 68th and 69th Streets. It is a handsome modern building sometimes affectionately referred to as the 1000-window bakery. In huge letters on the outside north wall of the building are these words from Emerson:

WE ARE OF DIFFERENT OPINIONS AT DIFFERENT HOURS BUT
WE ALWAYS MAY BE SAID TO BE AT HEART ON THE SIDE OF TRUTH.

Some 5000 girls attend Hunter College and maybe you would have started a riot just walking along the corridor to the office of the Bulletin, but nothing happened to me. I found Naomi sitting at her desk, looking pretty and calm in a lime green blouse and brown skirt. She has clear brown eyes; her hair is light brown-or, as she describes it, "dirty blonde" — and she has a good broad smile. She is 19 years old, five feet six inches tall unshod, and weighs 118 nicely distributed pounds.

I was surprised to note the red lacquer on her fingernails. I had supposed that the modern serious minded college girl probably wore her nails bare. Apparently not.

Naomi told me she was born on Dec. 28, 1925. I said that seemed like yesterday. "It doesn't seem very long ago to me, either," said Naomi coolly.

She showed me some of her editorials. I found them liberal and literate, but cool. Her editorials on controversial subjects were not calculated to raise anybody's blood pressure. Naomi explained that since there was only one Hunter College paper, it would not be practical for that one paper to take a passionate stand on a question on which the student body was divided. For instance, the paper came out for Roosevelt last Fall, but quietly, and conservatively — and considerately of the feelings of Dewey fans.

* * *

Naomi is a liberal, but not the crusading type. She is a well brought up, well balanced young woman. Her family has always been reasonably well off — she is of the famous Horowitz Bros. & Margareten matzoh manufacturing family. There has been one tragedy in her life, the death of her father four years ago. She was very close to him and his death was a painful thing for her to bear.

Because matzohs are connected in my mind with Passover, I asked Naomi if she was religious.

She said, "Well, I am not devout, not as far as observance is concerned, but I tend to think that religion — that is, not nationalist or social but belief religion — is pretty important." She said that she thought it was important for people to believe in God "but sincerely and with a little energy and not just because of social contacts or because you have been told to."

As the interview went on, I realized that Naomi was nervous but her nervousness was expressing itself in extreme self-control and poise. She never stammered or blushed and never answered a question carelessly. She went to the opposite extreme and made quite involved and highly intellectual and erudite speeches to me. I only mention this as evidence that all nice people are a little self-conscious and their self-consciousness reveals itself in different ways.

When I mentioned that she seemed pretty well balanced, she said:

"Oh, I suppose I have the usual adolescent conflicts on occasion." She said that her good disposition was probably due to the fact that "I don't have to cope with an undue amount of supervision at school, and at home I have a kind of modified laissez-faire."

Then, with a lazy sort of laugh that would have bowled me over as a young man — "The family is sure that I am too lazy to get into important trouble." She said that by "the family" she meant her mother but she used the term "the family" because she liked to give it a "corporate aspect."

At this point, I noticed the Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from her charm bracelet. There was also a gold medal, the size of a half dollar, on which I could see the word scholarship. She said it was her mother's; had been awarded to her mother in 1914 when she was a student at PS 170.

I asked her why she wore it.

"Because I think it's pretty." I asked her whether it wasn't also because she was proud of her background. She said she probably was, adding, "You can't inherit intellectual curiosity, but it is a help if there are stimuli." As a child, she became accustomed to good music, good books and political discussions, she said.

I asked her what her IQ was and she said "I am not sure — somewhere in the 150s — but that was a while back; in public school."

We agreed she had had a soft life and she said she occasionally felt guilty about it "though I don't know why I should. Middle class Americans have the all-around softest life of anybody in the world." I asked if she considered herself a soft person. She said she did not think soft lives and soft persons necessarily went together. (Neither do I.)

I asked if she considered herself a soft person, again. "I don't know how I would stand up against any real test," she said. "I have a recurrent dream; I have been having it for five or six years. In it I am being subjected to some kind of test, maybe in connection with the war, the Germans or the Japs — but I always wake up before I find out whether I knuckle under."

* * *

We went from this to the topic of fun. She said she liked to dance, especially the rumba — "and I enjoy night clubs, concerts, and conversation." She added that she was very much interested in "the Arts." As for sports, "they are a moot point. I am a good swimmer but mostly I think sports are — you know, in the Veblen analysis — definitely conspicuous waste."

I asked her what she thought people ought to do for exercise. "Oh, scrub a floor." I asked whether she did much floor scrubbing. "Very occasionally." What she was really trying to say, I discovered later, was that some people knock themselves out in sports or in dieting in order to keep their figures whereas well balanced living and a sufficient amount of work would do the same thing much better, which is a sound enough position to take.

Her lack of interest in sports, she said, grew out of the fact that "what competitive instincts I have are so attenuated they really don't matter, which you can see makes me pretty bad at parlor games or even at chess." Her lack of the competitive instinct she attributed to her early upbringing. "I was not constantly seeking to reassure myself."

I asked her if she might acquire a strong competitive instinct if she were in love with a man and had to pry him away from another woman. She said she thought not.

"I always expect that the gentleman I am in love with will be sufficiently interested in me so that I won't have to indulge in any monkey business to get him."

She would hate to campaign to win a man because in later years it would be bad to look at her husband and think, "Oh, that poor fish, I certainly hooked him."

She said she would like some day to marry and have children and that she thought she would make a good mother because she was very patient. We both agreed that her patience had probably never been tried in quite the same way that motherhood tries it.

Of course I asked her what kind of man she wanted to marry. She didn't like to answer so patently naive a question, but she wanted to be obliging, so she said, "I guess an intelligent person. Someone who is emotionally adjusted." After a pause, she said, "I suppose that if you fell in love with a misfit, though, his misfitting would endear him to you."

* * *

We talked a little about returning servicemen and the influence that their girl friends would have on them, especially in the area of politics. She said she thought "the tendency is to look up to your man. I don't think many girls are going to make an effort to influence the opinions of their men."

She would like to have a career as a journalist when she gets out of school, preferably on a liberal political publication. I asked her what she thought of PM. "I don't disapprove of it," she said. "Very frankly, I don't read it every day."

A good deal of our conversation had to do with trouble, and hardships, and "the soft life." I said that I thought she sounded a little snobbish and that I supposed it was defensiveness; that she actually did feel guilty about having had a much easier life than most people and that this tended to make her feel antagonistic toward those who had been less favored. Anyway it was something she ought to look out for, I suggested.

"I don't believe suffering ever improved anybody," she answered, frowning.

When my mouth dropped open in amazement, she frowned harder and said:

"I mean, I don't believe in seeking or worshipping trouble. I believe in taking it when it comes. The point of a problem is that you solve it. Either you fight like hell or you go away from it. Lots of people enjoy creating problems for themselves. Why? Because it puts you in the position of Juliet or Napoleon instead of John Smith."

We had lunch at this point and after lunch we talked some more. The most revealing thing she said in this second session was that as a child she had always been upset or worried about something. "I felt that I was having a hard life. That things were going to pot. I remember when Hitler came in. I was eight. I felt that it was a very bad thing. As a little girl, I was pugnacious and tomboyish, always getting into fights."

Well, that's what I found out about Naomi Horowitz. Allowing for the fact that it is no lark for a girl of 19 to be interviewed by the press, I think Naomi came through pretty well. She may be an intellectual snob now, but I think this is something she will outgrow and that she has great intellectual clarity and the beginning of an excellent educational background; and, more important than all this, I think she is kind, and sensitive, and when she outgrows her surface coolness, she will be an extremely good person as well as an extremely good looking one.

yours as always,

Bill,

William McCleery

(FROM P. M.)

IN JEWISH BOOKLAND

"Let thy shelves . . . be . . . thy gardens"Juda ibn Tibbon

ISAAC LEIB PEREZ

(1852—1915)

THIRTY years ago, a great Jewish writer died. His name was Isaac Leib Perez. He was born in the Polish city of Zamosc, and died suddenly in Warsaw, in the midst of writing a poem for little children.

Perez' Love of Israel

In one of his most inspiring stories, called "If Not Higher," Perez expresses his love of Israel and his fellowmen, and his admiration for their piety and their capacity for warm, human sympathy. A Lithuanian doubter decided to investigate the renowned piety of the Tsaddik of Nemirov. One night in the Selihot season he followed the Tsaddik to the forest, saw him chop down trees and make kindling wood. He quietly observed him go to the house of a poor, sick widow. The Tsaddik, dressed as a peasant, offered her the wood for sale. Though she had no money, the Tsaddik persuaded her to take the wood. He even lighted the fire for her, while he said his Selihot prayers. When the house was filled with warmth, the Tsaddik left. Thereafter, whenever the Lithuanian heard people say that the Tsaddik ascended to heaven every Selihot morning, he was sceptic no longer, and used to add, "if not higher."

A Founder of Modern Hebrew Literature

Perez was one of the three famous writers who laid the foundation for modern Yiddish literature, the other two being Mendele Mocher Seforim and Sholom Aleichem. Many believe that he was the greatest of the three in his warm, human sympathy, his enduring hopefulness and love for the common people of Israel, and in his wonderful literary gifts that used the forms of modern world literature to embody the ethical and spiritual richness of Jewish life in parables and folk tales of immortal beauty and worth.

BY-PATHS AND ODD CORNERS

THE WISDOM OF ISRAEL, edited by Lewis Browne, will be published by Random House early in June. It is a companion volume to The Wisdom of China and India, and will contain more than 1000 pages, with notes, glossary and index. The publishers say of it, "A magnificent anthology of the great writings of the past 5000 years that are the rich heritage of the Hebrew people and of the world."

*

THE NAME OF Dr. Simon Dubnow, great Jewish historian, has been added to the long roll of contemporary Jewish martyrs. If the report is true, he was the victim of a onetime pupil who became a Gestapo leader. The names of Heinrich Graetz and Simon Dubnow are associated as two of the greatest historians of the Jewish people, each representing a different historical approach and interpretation of Jewish events, but both devoted sons of their people. Dubnow's great history ought to be translated into English.

*

IN HUNGEN, Germany, the first cache of priceless Jewish manuscripts, paintings and other cultural objects, stolen by the Germans all over Europe, was found by soldiers of the American Fifth Division. The Jewish collection had served as the basis for the pseudo-scientific attacks made by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, notorious German propagandist, against world Jewry. Most of the manuscripts and books were believed to have been taken from the Oppenheim Museum in Frankfort, the Jewish Historical Museum in Amsterdam and museums in Paris.

*

HUNDREDS OF European libraries, including some of the finest institutions of their kind, have been devastated by the Nazis. Many of the libraries were deliberately ruined by the Germans as reprisal or punishment. The Royal Society Library in Naples was burned because a German soldier had been shot. The Louvain Library, a collection of 900,000 volumes, was destroyed because each

book had a bookplate representing a German setting a torch to the University. The Jewish Theological Seminary in Lublin was put to flames while Jews wept and Nazis cheered. Dr. Grayson N. Kefauver, in cooperation with Dr. Carl M. White, Director of Libraries and Dean of the School of Library Services at Columbia University, has made a thorough report of these library tragedies for the State Department. It is a report that makes the blood run cold at the horror that men can perpetrate. Replenishing these libraries will constitute a new problem for the civilized world.

*

DOCTOR JACOB SCHATZKY is writing a history of the Jews of Warsaw. The remarkable thing is that he is writing it simultaneously in four languages: Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Polish.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN

BLACK BOY. By Richard Wright. 228 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1945.

In this record of his childhood and youth, Richard Wright, author of *NATIVE SON*, has written a powerful indictment of social injustice and of man's inhumanity to man. In its treatment of the Negro, the whole United States is faced with a searching test of the genuineness of its democracy. We must not, however, overlook the fact that in the same America that could prove so cruel, Richard Wright found the means to make of himself a distinguished writer and an outstanding American.

Attitudes Toward Jews

As Jews we cannot but be disturbed deeply by what Wright describes as the attitudes toward Jews that are found among his people. He writes: "All of us black people who lived in the neighborhood hated Jews, not because they exploited us, but because we had been taught at home and in Sunday school that Jews were 'Christ killers.' With the Jews thus singled out for us, we made them fair game for ridicule." (p. 53). He tells of the folk ditties, "some mean, others filthy, all of them cruel," the Negro children would sing about Jews, and then writes: "To hold an attitude of antagonism or distrust toward Jews was bred in us from childhood; it was not merely racial prejudice, it was a part of our cultural heritage." (p. 54).

Later he found employment, and felt keenly "white" contempt for himself. Among the men who worked in the office with him was a Jew, named Don. Again, it is disturbing to read what he felt was this Jew's attitude toward him. "There was Don, a Jew; but I distrusted him. His position was not much better than mine and I knew that he was uneasy and insecure; he had always treated me in an offhand, bantering way that barely concealed his contempt. I was afraid to ask him to help me to get books; his frantic desire to demonstrate a racial solidarity with the whites against Negroes might make him betray me." (p. 214).

Problem of Social Justice

Black Boy underlines the need for Jews as well as other Americans to face seriously this problem of social injustice. The thwarted lives, the human abilities lost, the failure of democracy—these are the penalties of prejudice. In America's mistreatment of the Negro, as in the case of her other minorities, the basic values of democracy are challenged. The Negroes provide a fertile field for the agitator and the hate-monger to spread anti-semitism. Jews must seek to understand discrimination against the Negro, and must share in the struggle to overcome it. Negroes, too, must seek to understand the Jewish situation. For all minority groups suffer together the outrages of injustice in the community.

Jewish tradition, with genuine religious insight, unites the destiny of Jews and Negroes, and considers them both children of God. From Noah came not alone Shem, but also Ham, the father of the dark-skinned peoples of the earth. The prophet Amos proclaimed the equality of races in the eyes of God: "Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto Me, O children of Israel? saith the Lord" (Amos 9.7). And was it not a Negro officer, Ebed-melech, in the king's palace, who rescued the prophet Jeremiah from the pit into which he had been placed? (Jer. 38.7-13).

(From "In Jewish Bookland")

NOTES AND QUOTES

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE

From the Talmud

"Go to the market place and bring to me something good," said Rabbi Gamaliel to his servant.

"Yes, Master," he replied and went to the market place returning with a tongue.

On another occasion, to test out his servant, the Rabbi said, "Go to the market place and bring me something bad."

"Yes, Master," the servant replied, and again he went to the market place and again he returned with a tongue.

"Why," asked the Rabbi, "did you bring a tongue on both occasions?"

"A tongue, my Master," replied the servant, "may be the source of either good or evil. If it is good, there is nothing better. If it is bad, there is nothing worse."

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Russia's Policy On Anti-Semitism

The following statement of Soviet policy, asserting that anti-semitism anywhere is the concern of all countries, was recently published in the information bulletin issued by the Soviet embassy in Washington:

"Anti-Semitism, as an extreme form of racial chauvinism, is the most dangerous survival of cannibalism. In the USSR, anti-semitism is prosecuted most severely as a phenomenon profoundly inimical to the Soviet system. According to the laws of the USSR, active anti-Semites are punished by death." (The statement goes on to charge that the mass extermination of millions of Jews in Poland was the end-product of a policy that began with "stupid anti-Semitic jokes in the beer halls of Munich.")

"This is why our attitude towards racial hatred today is different from our attitude in the days of our youth. In those days we merely felt like turning our backs on an infamous and vile spectacle. Today we shall not turn our backs on it until we have stamped it out, pulled it up by the roots and taken all measures against its recurrence.

"When any country gives shelter to the Hitlerites or their ideals in the form of discriminatory legislation, in the form of racist organizations or a racist press, it is no longer an internal affair of that country. If your neighbor uncovers in his backyard a container of poison gases that threaten to spread over the entire town, you do not waste time by asking permission to enter his backyard and thus avert the death of thousands of people. Racist ideas are more dangerous than any poison gas. It is our generation's great duty to the future, to the cause of progress, civilization, and humanity, not only to put out the smoking bonfire of Fascism, but to uncover and extinguish every one of its smoldering coals."

*

JUST AVERAGE

If your ability is just average, don't worry about it. You can still be more of a success than many a genius. All you have to do is pick a combination for your "average" ability from the list below. Try it.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus boundless energy.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus constructive imagination.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus sound judgment.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus the desire to learn and the will to pay the price of learning: hard work.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus the ability to make the best use of it.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus the ability to create your own opportunities without sitting back and waiting for them to appear.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus courage, optimism, and faith in your fellow men.

AVERAGE ABILITY — plus a body kept strong and healthy, a level head, and a generous heart.

* * *

Success: The ability to get along with some people — and ahead of others. Howitzer.

KIBITZ CORNER

A sociable group in the smoking compartment of a Pullman included a Jewish prize fighter and his companion. Their agreeable conversation was interrupted by a stocky individual who stood in the doorway and asked abruptly, "Ary there any Jews in this car?" The prize fighter was noticeably irritated. His companion, sensing danger, whispered, "Don't pay any attention to this guy; he looks nutty."

But the stranger in the doorway, concentrating his gaze on the fighter, repeated his question, "Aren't there any Jews in this car?" Whereupon the pugilist jumped to his feet, and said, "I am a Jew. What difference does it make?" "Why, I am having Yahrzeit today, and am getting a Minyan together in the club car. I'm short only one more man".

MODERN GEOMETRY

Given: I love you.

To prove: You love me.

Proof:

1. I am a lover.
2. All the world loves a lover.
3. You are all the world to me.
4. Therefore you love me.

Marriage License Clerk: "Have you been married before?"

Screen Actress: "Yes."

Clerk: "To whom?"

S. A.: "What is this — a memory test?"

Comment of a Dutch Indian native as he watched a U. S. bulldozer at work: "Aussie, him good jungle fighter, Jap him good jungle fighter. American, he come, jungle go."

Timid Yeoman: "May I kiss you?"

There was no answer.

T. Y.: "Please, may I kiss you?"

Blase Bertha: "What do you want me to do — promise not to bite?"

CHOW MAESTRO

I sing of the fellow who serves me my food
And the way he dumps cake on my pork
Such finesse is a dream, what an artist supreme
Did he learn at the Waldorf or Stork?
Not a surgeon can equal his delicate touch
As he sprinkles beans on my pie.
With one swallow-like swoop, my dessert's in my soup —
How unerring, how steady his eye.
Like your salad with gravy? Or stew on your fruit?
He will fill your tray to the brim
So three cheers and a bow, to this maestro of chow
They named the word "mess" after him.

Knowing that the minister was very fond of cherry brandy, one of the church elders offered to present him with a bottle on one condition — that the pastor acknowledge the gift in the church paper.

"Gladly," responded the good man.

When the church paper came out a few days later the elder turned at once to the Appreciation column. There he read: "The minister extends thanks to Elder Brown for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given."

TRY AND STOP ME

Daily Short Story From the Best-Selling Book
BY BENNET CERF

CHARLES MACARTHUR, the playwright, once fancied himself as a chess expert. He had ridden roughshod over feeble opposition at the West Side Tennis Club in Los Angeles and was growing pretty insufferable about it. He took to speaking in what he fondly believed was a Spanish accent and telling newcomers that he was Jose Capablanca, the champion.

When Capablanca himself visited Los Angeles, MacArthur's companions sensed the opportunity for a beautiful revenge. They introduced the champion to MacArthur as Mr. Spelvin. "Spelvin plays a good game of chess," they said. "Indeed," beamed MacArthur. "I, senior, am Capablanca. We play a game or two, eh?"

Of course MacArthur was in the soup by the sixth move. To make matters more embarrassing, the champion would make his move in one second flat and then dart off to the swimming pool, leaving MacArthur to sweat over his next move for 20 minutes. MacArthur, perspiring freely, demanded a second game. There is no telling where the gruesome scene would have ended had not MacArthur's wife, Helen Hayes, arrived, learned what was afoot and then called him from an outside phone. "You're playing the real Capablanca, you loony!" she cried. "The whole club is laughing at you."

MacArthur claimed feebly that he had known all the time whom he was playing against. "Anything to give you fellows a laugh," he said. But he never impersonated Capablanca again.

PERSONAL ITEMS

We want to congratulate Chaplain Loren T. Jenks, on becoming the XIX Corps Chaplain. He comes to us from the 70th Division where he served as the Division Chaplain. The officers and enlisted men hated to see him go, but realized that the new assignment meant greater opportunities. We extend to him our blessings, and our best wishes in his new post. May your work, Chaplain Jenks, be pleasant and successful.

* * *

Chaplain S. Kenny, the assistant Corps Chaplain, recently received his promotion to Lt. Colonelcy. Shortly after, his promotion, he was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement. He deserved both, as he is a hard working man. Chaplain Kenny (Steve as he is known to his fellow officers) is esteemed by all who know him. Our best wishes to a grand fellow and an excellent Chaplain.

* * *

Congratulations to Cpl. Melvin Miller, on the birth of his first born baby girl. Not only do we give you, Melvin, our heartiest Mazol Tov, but also 12 points.

* * *

Cpl. George R. Rowen, of Psychological Warfare, had his mother in Theresienstadt Concentration Camp. Recently he was placed on orders to do some work in that area. He visited the camp, and found his mother. Though ill, "it was a glorious reunion," he remarked.

* * *

Cpl. Isaac Shaw, of the 3252 Signal Service Co, has been helping the Chaplain for the last few days, especially in preparing this Bulletin. Cpl. Shaw, or Whitey, as he is called by his friends, is a good worker. Our thanks and appreciation to you, Whitey.

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Congratulations to Harry Arend DeVries. From Pfc. he was promoted to T/5. The entire Chaplain Section extends best wishes, Harry.

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Cpl. Joseph Yudin, should be on his way home soon. Awarded the Silver Star Medal, and Purple Heart Medal with a cluster, he has enough points to make him eligible for discharge.

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First Sgt. George Hirsch of the 258 FA Bn., has awards of the Bronze Star, and Purple Heart. He looks after the religious needs of his outfit, and is highly respected by his officers and enlisted men because of his sincerity and good soldierly qualities. He discovered a Synagogue in Angenrod, and has taken charge of its restoration. Good work George.

* * *

Cpl. Alex Schwartz of Hq. Co. 3rd Armored Div. is doing good work in the Chaplain Section. Through his efforts the Jewish men are notified of time and place of services. Our thanks and appreciation to you Alex.

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Pvt. Robert Garfield, of the Medics in the 3rd Armored attends regularly the Friday services. When he was unable to attend one service, he explained: "Several G.I's needed a Mohel. The doctor ordered me to do the job." There is a new field for you Robert.

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Congratulations to our good friend Mortimer Getzels. He was promoted to T/5. He certainly deserved it. Good luck to you, Morty.

LARGE HEBRAICA FOUND

While holding a service in Bad Wildungen, near Kassel, we discovered in Friedrichstein's Schloss (a medieval castle), a large Hebraica, Sifre Torahs, books and records.

Military Government was informed, and they were cataloguing the material. Most of the books carried the stamp „Bücherei der Synagogen Gemeinde Cassel." A partial list of the books follows:

1. The Jewish Encyclopedia (In English) seven volumes
2. Concordance — Mandelkorn
3. Der Babylonische Talmud nach der einzigen vollständigen Handschrift München Codex Hebraicus 95, Volumes 1 and 2
4. Seminar-Bücher (Theologie)
5. Wissenschaftliche Werke, Monatshefte und theologische Schriften
6. Religiöse Schulbücher
7. Bibel-Lexikon
8. Bücher für Synagogen, Gesangbücher und Predigten, und Sprüche der Alten
9. Unterhaltungsliteratur, Romane, Streitschriften und Zeitfragen der jüdischen Geschichte
10. Jüdische Geschichte
11. Hebräische Schriften (alte und neuere Ausgaben)
12. Torah-Rollen (vollständige)
13. Torah-Rollen (beschädigt)
14. Israelitische Bibel.

Two of the Torahs which were in good condition were brought to the Bad Nauheim Synagogue where they are being used whenever Jewish services are held.