

America Must Take on the Job

By LORD WEDGWOOD

THE chief merit of Chaim Weizmann is that he seeks to restore or create the self-respect of the Jewish people. I think the creation of self-respect is the great aim of all statesmen everywhere, and that for Jews and for all lovers of wisdom it is obvious and pre-eminent. In Palestine the Jew is on horseback—head up—free from the cares of what others may think of him at home.

I used to think, being fathered on the doctrines of Henry George, that the first step towards freedom was to get the land. Give me the land and I will produce the men. In 1942, in a worse world, I must reverse the order. Only, the men must be armed. In 1942, men without arms don't count and have no rights—presently they have no food and live no longer. That's why Victor Cazalet and I, and that handful of God's good Englishmen who still put duty and conscience before subservience to any government, have formed a committee for concentrated collective action for the arming of the Jews of Palestine.

The arguments are mostly obvious—the more people there are to help us destroy Hitlerism, the better—none are more anxious to try to kill Hitlerism, than the Jews. Not to allow them to fight for their own land, their own skins, by our side, is inhuman, and treachery to all we fight for.

These reasons I have given are obvious. Yet why is it forbidden to arm? Let's be frank! We have nothing to conceal any longer! Our enemies know already why we want the Jews of Palestine armed and why the British forbid it. We want the Jews of Palestine armed in the sure and certain conviction that once armed they will never surrender these arms save with their lives.

Yoked for twenty-five years in double harness—the end has come. Twenty-five years of what should have been cooperation have been twenty-five years of jealousy and malice and uncharitableness, ending in the mass massacre of the Struma. The British Administration have been too strong for the British parliament and conscience. The whole administration in Palestine, from the top to the police, are against the half-million Jews



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of Palestine. They will never let them have arms, nor land, nor free immigration, nor a refuge, nor a home. Never! They don't like the Jews. There are enough anti-Semites and crypto-fascists still in Great Britain to back up that policy and spirit.

Some think it will be all right at the end of the war—that the Struma and Patria and the shootings and concentration camps are all forced upon the British Government to prevent the Arabs' making trouble just now. Wishful thinking! The Arabs are an excuse, not a reason! Any change now must involve the whole administration—they all have a vested interest in proving the Balfour Declaration unworkable—in proving themselves right.

There is no longer any hope from any British administration. The bomb that blew up the Struma blew too deep a gulf between. It was the logical and inevitable end of the

policy. Therefore, seek to get your America to act—to press for arms and justice—to accept the Mandate—to build another free land with open doors and open hearts.

I am speaking to you, Stephen Wise, and to you, Hillel Silver. I have tried to save for my own countrymen the

glory of rebuilding Jerusalem—of doing justice and creating freedom. It's no use. They won't do it! I can't help. You must turn to America and take on the job yourselves. Ask no more from Britain. We prefer King Ibn Saud and King Farouk and veils and fezzes of the Middle Ages.

I speak also to you, Senator Wagner—you are as devoted to your people as I to mine. You are as proud of America as I

am of England's past. Will you see where lies America's duty? Can you take on the job from our enfeebled hands? The responsibilities of the world have laid on our shoulders long enough. It's your turn now. The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha—not only in Palestine. It is your rendezvous with destiny.

And if it should ever occur to you to think poorly of the way in which we have acquitted ourselves, if you see too many black pages in our history—reflect that all nations of the world have such black pages. But see

SHOULD HAVE BEEN CENSORED!

Such was the verdict of British authorities, after Lord Wedgwood addressed the dinner of the American Palestine Committee in Washington on May 25, via radio from London. The broadcast was a "serious error in judgment on the part of the official whose duty it was to scrutinize the script," the British Broadcasting Corporation declared.

at the same time in our history, as in America's, that at least there have always been men to denounce the crime of their own government, to seek to right the wrong. You and I, Senator Wagner, may not succeed; but we can keep our country's name clean by daring to be in the right. We may all look forward to the day when

there will be no leaving it to England or leaving it to America—when joined in a Federal union of the free, the Jews of Palestine may be partners, and neither isolated America nor isolated England shall any longer be afraid to do their duty.

As we used to say in the gunners—Jews, stand your horses, forward march!

The "Dreamer of the Ghetto"

By DR. S. BERNSTEIN

ONE finds it a painful task to write about the death of an intimate friend with whom one has been closely associated for over two decades. It is difficult to become accustomed to the idea that Abraham Goldberg is no longer among the living. He was the very incarnation of life, the *perpetuum mobile* within a sphere of permanent restless activity. Moreover, it is not an easy task to set down on paper a eulogy for a man who, throughout his life, was an unusually colorful figure, possessed of a many faceted personality.

Goldberg began his career as a Hebrew writer. It is significant that as a mere youth of twenty he had an article accepted for publication by the great Achad-Haam, who then edited the monthly magazine, *Hashiloah*. This fact is amazing when we consider that representation in the columns of *Hashiloah* was a rare privilege even for seasoned writers. The magazine was considered a sanctuary to which only the "high priests" of Hebrew letters were admitted. Learned in Bible, Talmud, and modern Hebrew lore, saturated with the spirit of Chassidism, Goldberg, had he remained in Russia, would surely have become one of the luminaries of Hebrew literature. Similarly, as an orator, he might have become one of the great *Maggidim* or preachers.

But fate decreed differently. As a young man he came to America where he was compelled to adjust himself to different spiritual and economic conditions. And yet, remarkably enough, he found himself in the same atmosphere as in his native Ukraine. As he once expressed it, he ran away from Berdichev to America, only to find himself back in Berdichev.

Soon after his arrival in this country, when he became a factory worker, but still eager to continue his labors for Zionism, he hit upon the idea of organizing here a Socialist Zionist Labor movement. He felt this was the correct way of winning Jewish labor in America for Zionism. For whether he was at the factory or at the university where he pursued his studies, Zionism was the soul of his soul and the life of his life. He expended a great deal of energy and time in helping

to found the Poale-Zion, only to discover later that it was, after all, not "his party." He then enrolled as a member of the Zionist Organization of America and soon assumed a position of leadership. He thus became what is known today as a general Zionist, though, as a matter of fact, he was more than that—he was a "general Jew."

Goldberg could never understand why Jews argued so much over problems. He refused to recognize the existence of problems for which there was no immediate solution. Probably this was a result of his training at the Yeshivah and the Beth-Medrash. For does not the Talmud, so full of problems and difficulties, always find an answer and a solution? He argued that American Zionists needed instruction in Talmud, which would enable them to find a way out of their difficulties.

He was an incurable optimist, whose optimism knew no limits. In this respect he allowed no one to get the better of him. This is best characterized

by an episode of his early years in America. During one of the stormy sessions about Uganda, which he favored at the time, he was asked by an opponent how he could approve of a country on the equator, where the heat is unbearable. He countered with self assurance: "Jews will find a way to handle the equator, too."

He had a profound faith in the Jewish future, a sort of a Messianic instinct that the salvation of the Jews was inevitably bound to come. In Abraham Goldberg we have lost the most interesting type of the Jewish *Folksmensch*, perhaps the most interesting type of the "Dreamer of the Ghetto" and of the brilliant Bohemian of the first epoch of Herzlian Zionism.

Yet this cultural Bohemian was, in the circle of his own home, the old Berdichever *Baleboss*. There, in his house, one saw a different Goldberg, perhaps the real man, the old-time Jewish host, who regaled his guests with Biblical and Talmudic quotations and his own inimitable wit. And through his travels about the country, thousands learned to know him. Abraham Goldberg will remain unforgettable in American Zionism.



ABRAHAM GOLDBERG