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"My Credo" pages 234-450. undated.

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CHAPTER TWO

Section 14

I may have become a civilian in the eyes of the U.S. Army, but not in the calculations of the Haganah, whose commander in the United States was Teddy Kollek, the beloved aide to Ben-Gurion, later to become the Director-General of the Prime Minister's office, and ultimately the world-famous Mayor of Jerusalem who developed it into a remarkably beautiful city through his extraordinary energy and fund-raising ability. Teddy was headquartered in the Hotel 14, next door to the Copacabana night club on East 60th St. in Manhattan. Some said that the Hotel 14 served as the location where the beautiful showgirls plied a separate trade in addition to their dance routines on the nightclub stage. Whatever the case, there always seemed to be a steady flow of male visitors in and out of the hotel, and all the traffic headed for Teddy's suite of rooms was buried anonymously in the general stream.

One day after my return to Denver, following years of absence, one day, mind you, he telephoned from New York ordering me to proceed to Mexico City on a special mission. He did not add "if you care to undertake it", as was done in the TV show "Mission Impossible", but quickly outlined what had to be done, and hung up. It seems the Haganah had taken an option to purchase a tramp steamer in the port of Tampico, and had 4 days left in which to exercise the option, at a cost of \$400,000, or lose the deposit and the ship. The vessel was to be used for the transport

to Palestine of military equipment and supplies then being accumulated throughout the United States via the Sonneborn Institute and other less respectable means. I was given the address of another Haganah operative already in Mexico City, a certain Avram Fein, a carpenter from the kibbutz Ein Ha-Shofet, named after Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, the ardent Zionist. Avram and I were supposed to perform a blitz fund-raising miracle in the time allotted, and he would take the money to Tampico to complete the details of the purchase. Teddy also gave me the names of two prominent leaders in the Jewish community who were willing to help - one was Elias Sourasky, the banker, and the other was Arturo Wolfowitz, the PepsiCola distributor.

I met Avram, we went to Sourasky's office, and as we entered the lobby of the building, received a terrible shock. Embedded in the center of the marble floor of the lobby was a huge swastika, beautifully made of pieces of colored stone, like a mosaic, set in a strong black circle. What wierd symbolism was this for a proudly Jewish banker? We could hardly wait to confront him with the question, and he was quick to explain. This whole building had been the Nazi Central Bank, and after the outbreak of war, the Mexican Government had expropriated it as enemy alien property. Sourasky had bought it from the government, because he wanted to walk into his building every day and wipe his feet on the swastika in the floor. Psychological revenge, when no other kind was possible? Who knows - but it did give him great satisfaction and he steadily refused to remove the hated

symbol.

He called Wolfowitz and some other men. We went to work very quickly, they having decided that the best approach would be through the 23 separate Sephardic synagogues (if I remember the number correctly). From experience they knew that it was impossible to get them all together because of ancient rivalries, petty personality squabbles, national origin animosities, the Syrian Jews wouldn't associate with the Lebanese Jews, etc., etc. Therefore the only productive way to work was to approach each group separately, to convince each one that the fate of Palestine rested solely and exclusively on their heads, that if they failed to raise their quota, which was assigned to them on the spot, doom would result and they would be cursed in this life and for eternity. The four of us raced from synagogue to synagogue, another team working ahead of us to get meeting after meeting set up. We kept this up far into every night, and started as early as possible the next morning. We asked for cash, not pledges or promises. In some cases, where a particular person had a momentary cash shortage, and Sourasky knew that person, he would offer to advance from his bank. By noon of the fourth day, the requisite amount was in an attache case, handcuffed to Avram who flew off to Tampico. Mission accomplished. It was a remarkable display of national Jewish solidarity, combined with local communal pride. They were proud that a Mexican ship would carry ammunition to fight for Jewish independence. They were proud that they alone had been summoned to the duty of financing it. This

was not an international campaign of which they were a small part. They had the sole responsibility, and were determined to succeed. Sourasky later became a major contributor to many projects in Israel which bear his name, particularly at Tel Aviv University and a Tel Aviv hospital. I have always found that Diaspora Jews respond well to challenge, if some careful thought is given to their local psychology and the approach to them is based on what their local leaders recommend. The challenge can well come from Israel. That is acceptable, even welcome, but implementation cannot be dictated from afar. An official from afar, who is also conversant with local customs, represents the very best combination of Israeli moral authority blending in with local conditions. When Avram and I met in his kibbutz many years later, we reminisced with pleasure over that Mexican episode.

Teddy's next assignment lasted more than four days. To be precise, it was a process which encompassed the balance of 1947 and almost all of 1948, involved many co-conspirators, complicated logistics, some physical danger, strong nerves to fend off federal investigators, and a risk of imprisonment. The above list sounds formidable, and it really was. Yet I undertook it without hesitation, for I was convinced in my own mind that it was not some quixotic adventure, but a life-and-death matter. I believed that a War of Independence was inevitable and mandatory. We could not get a State without such a war. I knew that we had almost no heavy arms, and thus could very well lose that war. Such an outcome would absolutely shatter the people waiting in

the camps in Germany and on Cyprus. Waves of suicides were also waiting to happen. Therefore, anything I was asked to do to strengthen the Yishuv's fighting capability was legitimate, even if the law of the U.S. said no. When Teddy outlined the project to me, I simply started to plan its implementation.

There was no heavy artillery in Jewish hands in Palestine. There were four guns, relics of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, called 25-pounders, I suppose, because that was the weight of the projectile fired. Jumping ahead of the story, for a moment, there was a historic argument on April 1, 1948, six weeks before the Declaration of Independence, between Ben-Gurion and General Yigael Yadin, Chief of Operations, as to the placement of those four antiques. For Ben-Gurion, Jerusalem was the heart of the Jewish people, the future capital of the State-to-be, and was to be defended no matter what else might be lost. He wanted the four guns rushed to Jerusalem. Yadin knew that the strongest attack would come from the north (as every geopolitical strategist including Isaiah and Jeremiah warned), and tried to convince B-G that the guns must be placed in the Galilee to fight off the Syrians and Iraqis. The argument between the two men, which took place in the presence of many witnesses, and was told to me by Yadin, raged bitterly for seven hours. The typically Jewish solution was finally accepted - a compromise, two guns in the north and two guns before Jerusalem. How strange - how pathetic - how scary - an argument over symbolic power, not real power. Was there some fantasy that David's slingshot against

Goliath's armor would prevail again in the middle of the 20th century?

Coming back to the realization in mid-1947 that there simply was no heavy artillery, the Haganah experts experimented and came up with something called a "satchel charge". This consisted of assembling two stacks of dynamite bricks, 3 bricks to a stack, wiring them together, attaching a detonator cord of whatever length was desired, and placing the assemblage inside a standard knapsack for easy carrying. One soldier could easily carry a neat package of six bricks in each hand. In combat conditions, placing these packages, or satchels, against a stone wall or an iron gate or any other obstacle, could blow a hole large enough for troops to charge through. It was a substitute for a large caliber artillery shell. The satchels were much more powerful than ordinary land mines, and could be buried in the path where oncoming tanks might be expected. It was a versatile weapon, cleverly improvised, very functional, easily assembled. There was only one problem - obtaining the dynamite bricks. They were manufactured in Wilmington, Delaware, at the plant of E. I. du Pont de Nemours et Cie, known simply as Dupont, and their export to the Middle East was forbidden under the terms of the U.S. Government current embargo against sending weapons to that inflamed area of the world. Although President Truman was extremely sympathetic to the Zionist movement, and the idea of a Jewish State, which he ultimately recognized within three minutes of its being declared, still there were very strong forces in the

State Department and in the Congress which preferred that the U.S. remain neutral in the impending armed conflict. An embargo on arms signified neutrality. It is hard to believe that the first weapons that might accurately be described as offensive were sold to Israel only in 1964 by President Johnson. At any rate, in 1947, embargo or not, these dynamite bricks, and many other items, had to be obtained and shipped, whatever the cost or risk. Teddy Kollek's plan evolved, after discussion and tinkering, into a successful operating system.

I was to set up a mining company in Denver, all carefully documented, with appropriate permits, quit claim deeds, a full set of journals and ledgers, balance sheets, profit and loss statements, even down to paying taxes on the profits my company was making, if any. Reading through all this paper, one could well be satisfied that it described a living and breathing operating company. This was all executed by two skillful lawyers, selected by me for their loyalty to the cause and discretion, in addition to their technical expertise. The set of books was physically in a locked safe in my office in Temple Emanuel.

Next, my company started ordering dynamite bricks from Dupont, for shipment to its office in Boulder, Colorado. A vigorous search, plus a lucky tip, had uncovered an abandoned mine shaft a couple of miles outside of Boulder, with tracks and ore cars still intact, running about a half-mile deep into a mountain. This was a marvelous storage place. The Dupont shipments would arrive by freight car. A wonderful man, Sam

Sterling, and his gang of Jewish War Veterans as stevedores, would unload the crates in the railroad yard, truck them to the mine shaft, and roll them deep into the mountain on the little ore cars. Sam was devoted, efficient, loved the idea of what we were doing, and his men loved him. There wasn't a single mishap during all the months of the operation, except one. Through some error in the Dupont shipping department, several of my orders got clogged up, and instead of being sent in the smaller quantity which each order called for, many orders were bunched together. One day the sheriff of Boulder County bellowed over my phone that 33 freight cars full of dynamite were in the railroad yard, enough to blow all of Boulder off the map, and if I didn't get them unloaded by nightfall, he was declaring an emergency, which would give him the right to send them back to Delaware, or turn them over to the Rocky Mountain Arsenal nearby. Within minutes Sam Sterling was rounding up his crew, I was cancelling the confirmation class and all other appointments, and believe it or not, working through the afternoon and all night long under lanterns, we got the stuff tucked away. At daybreak, I brought the sheriff over to the freight yards to show him the empty cars. Crisis averted!

To me, this whole thing was a re-play of the Stettin-Berlin situation. Once we had the DPs in, we had to get them out. Same here, with the bricks safely stored, we had to get them out, to make room for more to come. The basic concept was to ship them south to the port of Tampico in Mexico. Remember the Sourasky

story? But concept does not necessarily include specific details on every little step, and this step was crucial. Before we even started ordering from Dupont, I had decided that the best way to transport south was to create another "commercial" operation. So we formed an export corporation for the selling and shipping of canned fruit to the Far East. After measuring various cardboard cartons, we discovered that our bricks fit exactly into Del Monte cartons, with no space left over, so that nothing would be loose or banging around inside. How could we get thousands of cartons? Only one way suggested itself to our already corrupted minds - to go to Del Monte, California and steal them - which we did. It took only one foray, and we had enough.

The final step, repacking dynamite so that it appeared to be peaches or fruit salad, required a working space. There was obviously no room inside the mine shaft, nor could we do it outside on the open ground. A perfect solution suggested itself. The president of the congregation, Mr. Philip Milstein, owned a bonded warehouse. There was no need to ask him for space inside. He would never unlock it for us, nor should he. All we needed was the large yard for our trucks, and the loading dock, where we could unpack crates and repack cartons. The loading dock even had an overhang, so that a rainy night would not disrupt the process. It was perfect. Phil was a friendly, jovial fellow. Tall, lean, himself a former army officer, he had the breadth of vision to understand what was at stake. As a result of his social standing in town, and long time family connections, as well as those of

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his wife, he had a natural linkage with that group of people in the congregation who were opposed to Zionism and Statehood. Yet, with his logical mind, sense of fairness, and awareness of the DP plight which he had heard from me in tremendous detail, his opinion was swinging away from that of his social peers. I gave him great credit for that, and felt comfortable taking him into my confidence. It was a risk, for if I was wrong in my assessment, it would mean difficulty for Operation Bricks, but more importantly it would mean difficulty between him and me. He was the President of the Temple, and I was breaking the law of the U.S. Once he knew what I was doing, how could he permit it? My arrest would be a public scandal which would besmirch the Jewish name, or at least the congregation's name. He would have the right, at very least, to ask me to dissociate from the Temple immediately, so that any risk or scandal would be mine personally. Such were the mental calculations, but in the end I decided to put my cards on the table, for I had innate faith in his intelligence and basic Jewish loyalty, as well as our friendship. His answer was simple and swift. He agreed, on one condition - that I inform him immediately if any crisis loomed - otherwise he wanted to observe the "need to know" rule. That is, he had no need to know details, therefore he did not want to know details.

And thus it went. The dynamite came in - the mine shaft - the loading dock - the peaches went out. Periodically I went to the Hotel 14 in New York, got a whopping amount of cash,

deposited that to the special account in my Denver bank, and paid taxes on the non-existent profits of my two companies. There is one last footnote, having to do with the FBI. Two clean-cut gentlemen in white shirts began to visit me in my Temple office. I have no idea where they picked up the trail - perhaps from Dupont, or the Boulder sheriff, or just any anonymous person who happened to be wandering past the freight yards. I received them courteously, answered what I chose to, dodged other questions, and kept repeating my quiet request to know what they were looking for. They dodged that one, for they had no hard evidence. They never charged me with anything, but kept coming back. I insisted that they take my books for inspection, which they finally did, in a rather resigned fashion, for they knew that the books would show a genuine industrial operation, and they returned the books on their very next visit. Sometimes they would veer off on an apparently unconnected line of questioning, such as the curiosity of a clergyman being so heavily involved in a big mining operation. Did the Jewish religion permit this? Then I would go off on the Talmudic line of reasoning that no one is supposed to make a living from the Torah, but that every rabbi should have a legitimate occupation, the famous Rabbi Akiba was a shoemaker, etc., etc. We were toe-dancing around each other, and eventually they desisted. I am certain they had the feeling something was wrong, but they could not put a finger on any fact, and so they had to give up. I never told Phil about it, because there was no crisis. Years later, I told him the whole operation,

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and his sincere comment, accompanied by a gentle smile, and a pat on the back, was "Well done."

There were many heroic persons working all over the U.S. in this desperate Haganah operation to strength the military capability of the Yishuv to meet, first the guerilla warfare under the command of an Iraqi general, Fawzi bey el-Kaukji, and later the regular armies of the five Arab states who joined the formal war against Israeli independence. Some of these heroes became well-known, others remained anonymous, all were motivated to undergo the risks by a fierce sense of history which dictated that the only meaningful reply to Hitler's attack would be the rise of the Third Commonwealth. One who started his work in the pre-state period, and remained connected with the defense establishment for the next 40 years was Al Schwimmer. A great feat of his resulted in three huge B-17s, the bombers known as Flying Fortresses, being lifted from Tinker Field in Oklahoma, and flown in stages to Israel, without adequate navigation aids or proper radio equipment. Some observers thought these gigantic predators were worth more in the psychological area of building Israeli confidence and causing Arab fear than in the actual military area. Be that as it may, it was a great demonstration of the ingenuity, daring and "long arm" attitude which was to mark so much of future Israel Defense Force (IDF) methodology. Schwimmer organized and built the entire Israel Aircraft Industry during his lifetime of work, even up to the capability of producing a supersonic jet fighter plane, named Lavi. This was

later scratched, due to economic considerations, but it was thrilling to know that such technical and industrial capacity existed in the nation.

Another instance in the Haganah operation started less happily, but ultimately ended well. A young daredevil from Las Vegas, Nevada, named Hank Greenspun, liberated a boatload of .50 calibre machine guns from a U.S. Navy warehouse on Treasure Island, off the coast from San Diego. While running down to good old Mexico, he was caught by the Coast Guard flat-footed. There was simply no way to wiggle out. The goods were stolen and the embargo violated. He came up before a Federal judge in Los Angeles named Isaac Pacht, who sentenced him on a felony charge to a year and a day in penitentiary and a \$10,000 fine. The jail time was suspended, the fine was paid by the Haganah, but Hank's American citizenship was revoked. A private member's bill, introduced in Congress, as a direct request from President Kennedy in 1961, restored that citizenship, but Hank lived in limbo for 13 years without it. He died recently, having achieved prominence as a newspaper publisher and public figure, fighting for many liberal causes in general, and for Israeli defense causes in particular. To men like Greenspun and Schwimmer, and to hundreds of others, anonymous collectors, packers and shippers, who took risks, yet who looked back with pride and nostalgia to those hectic months as a high moment in their lives, when they felt connected to a cause greater than self, we send a salute of gratitude for their posture of bravery and idealism.

CHAPTER THREE

Section 1

After settling in, and adjusting psychologically, first to the civilian environment and then to the congregation, I began to develop a pattern of work which broke naturally into three components. There was the Haganah duty, which consisted mainly of the "mining operation", plus other small chores which Teddy Kollek occasionally assigned. I truly liked him, for his energy and good spirits. When he called my own spirits rose, my heart and will responded, I was cheered by his positiveness. And above all, I was buoyed by a strong sense that I personally was riding on the crest of a surging wave of history which was shaping a new future for the Jewish people. This moment was not 1776, but 1947 was as close as I was ever going to get to the creation of a new state, and the thrill of participation in the birth accompanied the dawn of each new day.

The second element of work was the UJA segment, both local and national. Reinforced by my knowledge of how important the money was, and recollecting the times I had turned to the Jewish Agency and the JDC for large sums for my work in Germany and Europe, I had returned to the U.S. with a feeling of obligation to help raise those sums which I knew would be continuously needed. When the local leaders in Denver asked me to serve as chairman of the 1948 campaign, I accepted eagerly, for I knew that the birth of the state was coming to term. It was also clear to me that the birth would occur only through war. As in nature,

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all birth is accompanied by blood. To possess a role of leadership at such a moment was to stake a claim for oneself, to earn the right to say to one's children in the future that one had measured up and not been found wanting. How many times in a millenium does the door of fate swing open to reveal an absolutely new era, a totally different opportunity. To be alive and functioning at such a rare moment! How blessed could one be?

I remember clearly the excitement, the elation, the incredible emotion of bringing to Denver the woman who epitomized the independent spirit of the new Jew, the proud, self-reliant, heroic yet modest pioneer, who, by a weird coincidence, had once lived in Denver, before going off to a kibbutz in Palestine. So, it was a homecoming, in a way, and the population of the city, non-Jewish as well, turned out in massive numbers to welcome her. Golda Myerson she was called then, and her strong voice, bouncing off the walls of the large high school auditorium, told in simple words the saga of an ancient people seeking to be free so it could express its own soul in its own homeland. As she spoke, the War of Independence was raging in mid-1948, and her audience was transported and swept up in the events she was describing even as they were taking place eight thousand miles away.

Following the great rally, there was a fund-raising meeting at the home of Jesse Shwayder, the patriarch of the family which created Samsonite luggage. It was hugely successful, and there remains as a souvenir of that meeting a wonderful photograph of Golda sitting on a chintz sofa between Jesse and Adolph Kiesler,

the most generous single contributor in the community. The two men look serious and she was smiling. Before leaving, she gave me a precious token - Vol. I, No. 1 of the Official Gazette of the State of Israel - autographed in Hebrew with her old name. Her short tour of the American communities helped to raise about \$50 million, giving an enormous boost to the morale of the fighters back home, and strengthening the determination of American Jews as well.

As for the UJA work outside of Denver, I was called very frequently by the national office to speak all over the country. It made no difference to me whether the destination was metropolitan large, or backwater small. I went to Boston or Lincoln, Nebraska; Dallas or Duluth; San Francisco or tiny Tucson. I went alone or in tandem with some famous person whose presence would draw the maximum attendance. I remember travelling with Eddie Cantor to several places. He was a favorite of Jewish audiences, and his stories and jokes would put the audience in a wonderful mood, following which I gave the serious talk designed to help them understand what their response must be to the demands of the moment. I recall an evening in the Far West with *at home* Vice-President Alben Barkley, a devout Christian who believed firmly that the re-establishment of the Jewish Commonwealth would help hasten the coming of the Messiah, and who spoke often to UJA audiences on that theme. We finished the evening late, and as we sat in his hotel room, eating an apple and chatting through a post-mortem of the day's events, he started puttering around the

room, gathering his belongings into a suitcase. I asked him where he thought he was going this time of the night, and he replied very sweetly that he was catching a red-eye back to Washington in order to have breakfast with his new wife. And he further explained that when an older man had the opportunity to spend a lovely morning hour with a beautiful younger woman, he would be a damn-fool to pass it up. Having delivered himself of that irrefutable logic, he left for the airport.

I became the Chairman of the Speakers Bureau of National UJA, remaining in this position for seven years. That impressive title gave the officials in New York the right to call me at will, and further obligated me to prepare briefings for the 40-50 other persons who carried most of the speaking load in the thousands of meetings which took place constantly all over the country. I kept myself up-to-date constantly through extensive reading of Israeli papers, talks with Israeli leaders, visits to Israel, and links with the Embassy in Washington. I maintained also a tight connection with the JDC, so that I knew what was happening with Jewish communities all over the world. This data, factual and interpretive, was always the solid basis of any speech; and to this was added the emotional element of war, or danger, or solidarity of the scattered people, compounded with the theme of historic necessity and obligation. We held an annual meeting, at the start of every year's campaign, for all the speakers, wherein I laid down the line, which we discussed in detail. And in between, I sent occasional up-dating papers. It

was interesting, stimulating, challenging work, for these speakers were all strong personalities, intellectuals, believers in the cause they were espousing, and dealing with them required one to be at least as alert as they were. I loved it.

The third element of work involved the congregation itself. The membership was large, about 700 families, so there were the usual number of weddings and funerals, pastoral calls and hospital visits, as well as a large school, active young adult program, and adult education courses. We acquired an associate rabbi, Joel Zion, but the load was still heavy. Above and beyond all this, however, I had one major objective, which was to teach my members the historic meaning of the land Israel in the existence of the people Israel. I took every opportunity to press this message home, to interpret, diagnose, advocate, propagandize, if you will. Mostly, it was a matter of teaching, by drawing examples from our literature and history, to show the crucial link between land and people, between religion and land, between all three, as the triangle of forces which ensured the continuity of Jews and Judaism.

In searching through my papers, I found a sermon given on December 5, 1947, just a few months after I returned to the pulpit, on the subject: "PARTITION OF PALESTINE: What Does It Mean to an American Jew?" The occasion for this was the vote in the United Nations a week earlier. That vote called for the division of Palestine into two states, one Jewish and one Arab. Finally, two and one-half years after the war ended, the

conscience of the world had moved toward a solution, and made its compensatory gesture to the horror of the genocide. We should recall, by the way, that this "sense of guilt", as it has been termed by some, was only strong enough to win the vote by a count of two. The UN by-law was that a vote on such a subject must obtain a two-thirds majority of those nations present and voting. Forty-three countries were present and voting. An additional thirteen were present, but abstained, so they didn't count. With forty-three voting, a bare majority was thirty-one. The final vote was thirty-three in favor and ten opposed. We won by 2 votes! Those two were Guatemala and the Phillipines, both persuaded through the personal intervention of President Truman with two liberal statesmen, Garcia Granados of the former country and General Carlos Romulo of the latter. How strange that the fate of the Jewish world at that moment in history should have depended on two such small and unexpected allies.

The incredible significance of that cliff-hanging vote served as the platform, from which I dived into my teaching mode.

The outline of that sermon was as follows:

1st 1/2 page private notes
1st 1/2 page 1. Jewish State from

I. Meaning of a Jewish State

A. For present residents of Palestine

1. Self-government, control of immigration, own army, schools, finances, etc.

B. For DP's in camps in Europe and Cyprus

1. A home, at last.

C. For Jews in the Diaspora

1. A political center? No. They will have no political allegiance, citizenship rights or obligations.
2. A religious center? Also no. Diaspora Judaism is already pluralistic, has created various forms which serve its needs.
3. A cultural center? Perhaps. Jewish culture finds it difficult to flourish in modern emancipated countries. Hebrew creative spirit will flourish best in a Jewish state, and those creations may inspire the Diaspora to create.
4. A spiritual center? YES. The role of a Jewish state is to warm the spirit of the Diaspora and keep its parts connected.

D. ACHAD HA-AM (pseudonym, meaning One of the People), foremost Hebrew essayist almost one hundred years ago, wrote an essay entitled "Imitation and Assimilation", in which ^{he wrote} he said:

"Assimilation, then, is not a danger that the Jewish people must dread for the future. What it has to fear is being split up into fragments. In the end Israel will be no longer one people, but a number of separate tribes, as at the beginning of its history.

There is one escape - and only one - from this danger. The different sections of the people can be welded together, in spite of

through

national

their different local characteristics, through the agency of a spiritual centre, which will possess a strong attraction for all of them, by virtue of its own right. Such a centre will claim a certain (emotional) loyalty from each scattered section of the people.

Each section will continue to develop its own individuality along lines determined by imitation of its own surroundings; but all will find in this spiritual centre a purifying fire and a connecting link.

II

III. PERORATION

A. Thus, what will the new Jewish State mean to the American Jew?

It would present the Jewish mind

It will be a spiritual centre which will make him proud of its achievements; will give him something in common with other Jews in the Diaspora; will be an object of his continued philanthropy until it becomes financially independent; will be a land to which some colonists may go from America, but probably not many; will be a source-spring of Jewish learning which will nourish the Galut and inspire it.

All of this is the role of a Merkaz Ruchani - a Spiritual Centre.

Long may the new State live and well may it prosper!

This indoctrination on my part was considered by many to be "brainwashing", or whatever the word was a half-century ago. It was felt by the old-timers, especially, to betray and reverse the classical reform ideology they had been taught in earlier generations. And they resented it. A nucleus of discontented families began to gather, and gradually a spirit of rebellion was born. Then other items were added to the list of grievances. They did not like my emphasis on ritual, such as candles and wine on the pulpit Friday evenings, or wearing a kipa and tallit, or introducing Bar Mitzvah ceremonies for all boys, which placed a greater importance on Hebrew in the school curriculum. And then more Hebrew began to creep in to the Shabbat services, both evening and morning. And then we began to persuade the children to ask for Kiddush at the Friday evening dinner table at home.

In the minds of this group, among whom were some of the original founding families of the 1880's and 70's, I was simply destroying the foundations of their faith. Both Zionism and ritual were attributes of orthodoxy, and I was twisting their beloved Reform Temple into a distortion. Marjorie Hornbein, herself a descendant of one of those aristocratic families, but not in agreement with their sentiments, wrote a Centennial History of the congregation in 1974, in which she encapsulated well the dimensions of the problem:

"Zionism was a crucial issue which raised sharp differences in the congregation. In 1944 the Denver rabbis organized the Colorado Emergency Council to aid the European Jews. Temple Emanuel supported the Council's

efforts...But a few months later (September 1944) when the Council adopted a more militant Zionist position, Emanuel withdrew, announcing through its board of trustees that the Council's purpose has been changed....

Meanwhile, Herbert Friedman, Emanuel's rabbi-on-leave, was becoming an even more ardent Zionist. He attended the World Zionist Congress in Basle, Switzerland and addressed the gathering on the pitiful plight of the Jewish refugees. He wrote to the congregational bulletin: 'Just suggest to the Jews in the camps that they should settle in Europe and forget Palestine. See what will happen. You will plunge them into the darkest despair, because you the American Jews will be betraying them.'

At the same time that Friedman was so eloquently asking help for the European refugees, Emanuel's president was cautioning the congregation that it must not become divided on the issue of Zionism....At the annual meeting in 1946 the congregation voted to maintain a neutral position on Zionism...

Zionism continued to be a sensitive and controversial issue. Closely related to the question of the reform ritual, it caused the defection of a certain small group of members who were anti-Zionist and favored a reform ritual devoid of all ceremonials."

In this understated manner, the author indicated that the congregation had split, because of my stance on two fundamental issues. I was overjoyed, for now each group would be homogeneous. No longer would I have to deal with grumbling dissidents; no longer would they have to listen to sermons or statements which made their blood boil. As I recall, about 100 families split off.

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and our membership grew, in a few years, to
1,000 families.

The great majority remained, I believe in such partitions. Freed from friction, each group can grow and flourish according to its own bent and ambitions. The fact is that the offshoot, to whom we gave a Sefer Torah to get started, grew quickly and became stronger. This was good, for the whole argument, ^{about Zionism} became meaningless after the State of Israel was declared, and the new congregation could then absorb many more members from the hitherto unaffiliated.



CHAPTER THREE

Section 2

The attitude of President Harry Truman toward the Zionist thrust for statehood in Palestine was wonderful. He understood the passions, motivations, and above all, the humanitarian needs behind the movement. This understanding was due simply to the natural instinct of the man to veer toward what he considered, in a very uncomplicated way, to be right. In the delicate period between November 29, 1947, when the United Nations partition resolution was passed, and May 15, 1948, when the British planned to terminate their mandate and the new states were to be declared, the President faced many critical moments requiring his calm judgment. One such involved Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the foremost Zionist leader, destined to become the first President of the new Jewish state.

Weizmann was in the U.S. undergoing treatment for his eyes, which were threatened with blindness. Negotiations were continuing around the question of whether the Negev desert in the south should be included in the territory allotted to the Jews, and other similarly delicate questions. Weizmann felt it was imperative that he hold a personal conversation with Truman to convince him to intervene with Warren Austin, the US delegate to the UN, who was being influenced by the Arabists in the American State Department. Truman was refusing to see Weizmann on the ground that fairness would then require him to see the heads of

the Arab delegations whom he had also been refusing because he did not want to make any concessions to them. Weizmann's desperation overcame his appreciation of Truman's logic, and he pushed for an appointment.

The key was a man in Kansas City, Eddie Jacobson by name. He and Truman had been partners in a haberdashery store which they set up after Captain Truman returned home from World War I. The business went bankrupt. Truman wanted to run for a local judgeship. Jacobson encouraged him to do so, promising that he, Jacobson, would stay with the store, work it out of debt, pay off every creditor to the last dollar, thus protecting the honor of both their names. Truman won the judgeship, and started on the political career which ended in the White House. The two men remained life-long friends, and Truman's feeling of obligation to Jacobson maintained an open-door relationship between the two. The knowledge of this relationship was passed on to Weizmann, who importuned Jacobson to obtain an appointment.

Eddie Jacobson called Harry Truman to say he was coming for breakfast two mornings hence, which delighted the President, who was canny enough to interject a warning that they could talk about anything under the sun except Weizmann. Jacobson didn't argue over the phone, saving that for later. After breakfast, they sat in the Oval Office and Eddie made his pitch. Harry gave his reasons for refusal. It seemed like an impasse. Jacobson's eye caught a glimpse of a bronze bust of Andrew Jackson on Truman's desk, and turned the conversation to that subject.

Truman explained his feeling of hero-worship for the man, his personality, ideals, manner, politics. And that gave Jacobson the opportunity for his coup-de-grace. Describing Weizmann in the same terms Truman had used vis-a-vis Jackson, Jacobson said that Weizmann was his hero; that this tired, old, almost blind man had struggled all his life toward a goal which was now in sight, but which, in its final weeks, needed the steering hand of the sympathetic President to make sure that no fatal errors crept in. His plea was warm, personal and irrefutable. Truman surrendered, in words which Jacobson himself quoted to me years later as he told me the whole story: "Okay, you bald son-of-a-bitch, you win. Tell him I'll see him."

Shortly thereafter, the famous photograph was taken on the White House porch, showing Weizmann presenting a Sefer Torah to Truman. The Negev remained within Israel, and the Torah remains in the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri.

In 1948 both Truman and Israel faced survival tests - one through an election and the other through a war. Truman's election was a matter of serious concern to the Jewish community in the US, not only because of internal American domestic considerations, but also because of his foreign policies in relation to Israel. Conventional wisdom gave him no chance of winning. The very popular Republican candidate, former District Attorney and Governor of New York, Thomas Dewey, was an odds-on choice. There was no money available in Democratic coffers for an expensive campaign. Even the Cabinet members who might have been

counted on for support could not or would not generate any major help. The exception was Charles Brannan, Secretary of Agriculture, citizen of Denver, coincidentally, who was devoted and loyal to Truman. He was not a money man, nor did he move in such circles, but he did ride the campaign train with Truman right down to election day.

Truman's strategy was based on going directly to the people, in person. The best way to achieve this was to organize a campaign train, carrying politicians, reporters, family members, and local supporters, who would embark and disembark, as the train made its whistle-stops across the country. When Truman left the train for the last time on October 31, on the eve of election day, he had travelled almost 32,000 miles, been on board for 35 days, during which he had made 356 speeches to audiences totalling 12 to 15 million people gathered alongside the tracks. At each stop he came out onto the back platform of the rear car, and the thousands present felt they had actually gotten close to him. He was not a boring image on a ghostly screen, but a living human being. Incidentally, 46 million votes were cast in that election, not much less than a presidential vote today, when the population of America is almost 100 million more. The validity of Truman's strategy to go directly to the people was certainly demonstrated.

The problem was to keep the train running. The leaders of the Jewish community mobilized every resource. I received a call from Henry Montor, director of the UJA, asking if I could assist.

I received a second call from Abraham Feinberg, a top leader in Democratic Party politics, asking specifically if I would work in towns along the train route, raising cash money and bringing it to the train each day. It was clear to me how high the stakes were. If Harry Truman was elected, Israel could count on major financial support. Talk of a possible \$100 million loan was in the air. I quickly agreed to help. My first assignment was to go to Kansas City (right after Rosh Hashanah) a few days before the train was due, visit a carefully crafted list of people, explain the purpose of the project, and ask for money. It was not the usual system of first soliciting a pledge, with the check to follow sometime later. This was cash money in a brown paper bag, and one who carries such a receptacle is sometimes known as a "bag man". In criminal circles this is a pejorative designation. In our circles, I considered it a title of honor.

That first foray produced about \$25,000, which was a great deal of money in those days. When the train pulled in, and I boarded with my paper bag, feeling very proud, the first person to greet me was Secretary Brannan. He took the bag, I felt relieved, and went over to meet the President. In the course of the next many days, as the process was repeated, I grew comfortably into a member of the team. I would listen to a speech, talk to a reporter, jump off, hasten to the next town on our list, do my collecting for a day or two, jump on with the bag, and gradually developed an easy relationship with Mr. Truman. We had many conversations about Germany, the Marshall

Plan for European recovery, the Nazi genocide, the rebirth of Israel, his hopes for the strengthening of the American economy, the new nuclear sword hanging over mankind. Only one topic made him angry - the assassination of Count Folke Bernadotte by the Lehi underground group. He couldn't understand the necessity for such an act. He wanted the Jews to live up to the high moral standard which the religion promulgated. As far as the loan to Israel was concerned, he felt no inhibition against talking about it, saying frankly that if he were elected, he would be in position to execute it. We also spoke frankly about the fact that this Jewish effort to keep the train going from town to town was about the only serious fund-raising taking place on his behalf. He was not embarrassed to say how much he appreciated it.

And so it went - through Denver and Salt Lake City and the West Coast and up to Seattle and then eastward across the continent - with others in our little group getting on and off the train - each of us contributing as many days as possible - finally reaching that climactic day when the Chicago Tribune printed its notorious headline in huge type DEWEY WINS, which was so neatly contradicted by the next day's tally.

In his memoirs entitled "Years of Trial and Hope", Mr. Truman has included a letter he wrote to Dr. Weizmann, responding to the latter's message of congratulation. The letter sums up Truman's personal feelings and attitudes toward the plight of the Jews and the emergence of the new state, as follows:

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November 29, 1948

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Mr. President:

Today - the first anniversary of the Partition Resolution - is a most appropriate time for me to answer your last letter, dated November 5th.

As I read your letter, I was struck by the common experience you and I have recently shared. We had both been abandoned by the so-called realistic experts to our supposedly forlorn lost cause. Yet we both kept pressing for what we were sure was right - and we were both proven to be right. My feeling of elation on the morning of November 3rd must have approximated your own feelings one year ago today, and on May 14th and on several occasions since then.

However, it does not take long for bitter and resourceful opponents to regroup their forces after they have been shattered. You in Israel have already been confronted with that situation; and I expect to be all too soon. So I understand very well your concern to prevent the undermining of your well-earned victories.

I remember well our conversations about the Negeb, to which you referred in your letter. I agree fully with your estimate of the importance of the area to Israel, and I deplore any attempt to take it away from Israel. I had thought that my position would have been clear to all the world, particularly in the light of the specific wording of the Democratic Party platform. But there were those who did not take this seriously, regarding it as 'just another campaign promise' to be forgotten after the election. I believe they have recently realized their error. I have interpreted my re-election as a mandate from the American people to carry out the Democratic platform, including, of course, the plank on Israel. I intend to do so.

Since your letter was written, we have announced in the General Assembly our firm intention to oppose any territorial changes in the November 29th Resolution which are not acceptable to the State of Israel. I am confident that the General Assembly will support us in this basic position.

We have already expressed our willingness to help develop the new State through financial and economic measures. As you know, the Export-Import Bank is

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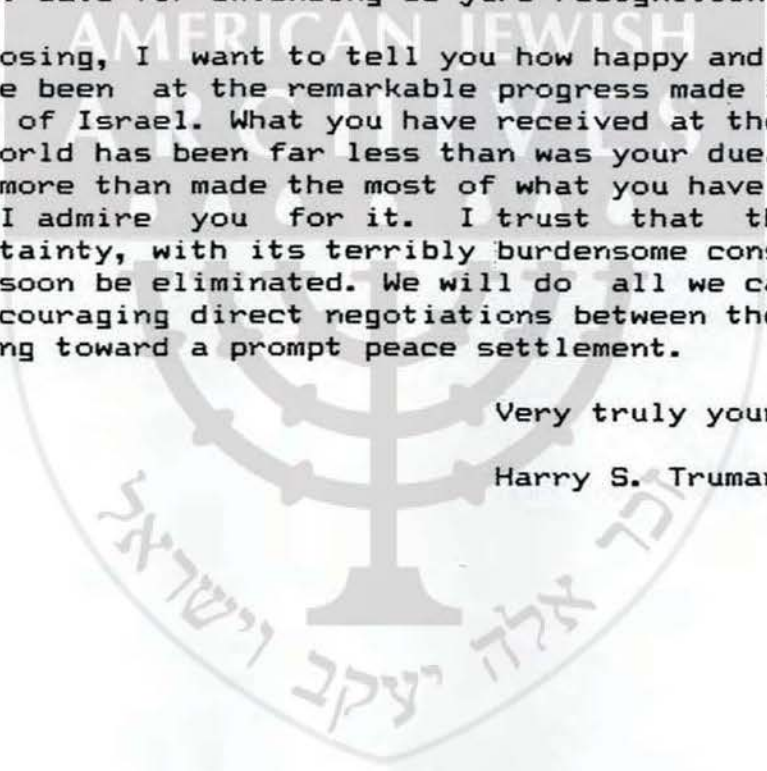
actively considering a substantial long-term loan to Israel on a project basis. I understand that your Government is now in process of preparing the details of such projects for submission to the Bank. Personally, I would like to go even further, by expanding such financial and economic assistance on a large scale to the entire Middle East, contingent upon effective mutual cooperation.

Thank you so much for your warm congratulations and good wishes on my re-election. I was pleased to learn that the first Israeli elections have been scheduled for January 25th. That enables us to set a definite target date for extending de jure recognition.

In closing, I want to tell you how happy and impressed I have been at the remarkable progress made by the new State of Israel. What you have received at the hands of the world has been far less than was your due. But you have more than made the most of what you have received, and I admire you for it. I trust that the present uncertainty, with its terribly burdensome consequences, will soon be eliminated. We will do all we can to help by encouraging direct negotiations between the parties, looking toward a prompt peace settlement.

Very truly yours,

Harry S. Truman



CHAPTER THREE

Section three

Family life in Denver was very pleasant. The city itself was small, clean and beautiful. There was nothing, in those days, to pollute air or water; the incredible beauty of the Rocky Mountains, against whose foothills the city snuggled, provided to the inhabitants a sense of nature's awesome power. One's spirits soared; almost every single day of the year was filled with bright sunshine. The grass was very green and the sky was very blue. A general feeling of well-being pervaded and courtesy prevailed in human relations.

We had a neat brick house, brand-new, drawn along modern lines, three bedrooms on a corner lot and a large backyard fenced-in for privacy. It cost less than \$20,000, and the mortgage payments were quite manageable on my monthly salary of \$800. Friendly neighbors abounded, including one of my Sunday School teachers, Minna Mae Jacobson and her husband Jack, who lived at the other end of our tidy block. We have remained friends down the decades, and still see each other although oceans and continents have separated us.

The house lacked children, and the difficulty in conceiving them had become a matter of concern. Elaine and I had been married for seven years. We had been apart for the better portion of three during the post-war period. Even though she had gone to work for the JDC and had been sent as a social worker to a DP camp in Germany, still her camp was across that country, on the

Czechoslovak border, and we were not together very often. Medical knowledge concerning infertility was not very advanced in those days, and the doctors could suggest nothing better than careful recording of the calendar and female temperature in order to determine the day of ovulation.

A good personal friend, as well as a loyal member of the congregation, was Dr. Ray Gottesfeld, one of the city's leading obstetricians. Aware of our problem and really eager to help, he suggested that a possible cause might be nervous tension due to anxiety, which might be alleviated by adopting a child first. This might then open the channels for normal conception later. At that time it was quite a novel theory. We accepted it, and bespoke his help in implementation. We wanted a child born of Jewish parents and in perfect health. While warning that this combination would not be easy to find, he agreed to try.

One day he called with the news that he had a possibility. A young couple, married, both students, both Jewish, had conceived and the putative mother had come to him as a patient. Gradually they confided to him that they did not want a child at this stage in their lives. Only 19, they felt ill-equipped to care for an infant, did not want to interfere with their studies, but did not want an abortion. It was a perfect case for us. He slowly introduced them to the thought of giving the baby away for adoption, promising them that he would find a perfect home for the child. They trusted him, reconciled themselves to this as the best solution, and finally permitted him to sound out the

prospective adoptive parents. When he told us the news that he would have a baby for us in about four months, we were overjoyed, and then, of course, the miracle happened. Elaine became pregnant.

Now came the dilemma. Tell Dr. Gottesfeld to give away the adoptive baby to someone else? Take a chance that our own fetus would grow to term in a normal healthy fashion? What would be the "worst" scenario - acquiring two babies? My wife and I were of separate opinions. She was so delighted with her own pregnancy that she saw no need to continue with the adoption plan. I preferred that we work on both tracks, and could think only of what a blessing it would be if we did wind up with two. We were both 30 years of age, and while we had never thought of a very large number of children, still three or four sounded just about right. With the clock running, if we had two by the time we were 31, there was still time (assuming the infertility block was now removed) to have a third by the time we were 35, and that would be it.

Although opposed, Elaine did not attempt to force her opinion on me, and when we discussed the dilemma openly with Gottesfeld, his advice was unequivocally in favor of taking the adoptive baby. He said that it was a rare opportunity to find such a combination of circumstances wherein a young healthy Jewish couple made a rational unemotional decision to give up a child now, knowing they would have others at a more propitious time in their lives. They would not change their minds in the

remaining short period to birth, and this was a bird in hand we should not reject. Elaine agreed, for she had great faith in Ray Gottesfeld, whose patient she herself had now become.

One night the call came, and I went to Mercy Hospital, to be scrubbed and robed, then admitted to the delivery room, for Dr. Gottesfeld wanted me to be present at the very birth. I never saw the mother's face; the birth was fascinating and unexceptional; the infant was left in the hospital until the legalities were completed. The paper-work was properly attended to by Dr. Alfred Neumann, director of the Jewish Family and Children Agency, who steered the matter through the Family Court. We named her in Temple, Judith Rae Friedman, her middle name after my mother, date of birth October 27, 1948. She was born the same year as the State of Israel.

Seven months later, her brother Daniel Stephen Friedman, entered this world on June 2, 1949, a robust healthy boy, who came to live in a newer, bigger house, with more yard to run around in, and another room for grandparents who came from the east to visit. Dan's middle name honored the memory of my revered teacher, Rabbi Stephen Wise. Both babies got along well together, provided great company for each other, and great joy for us. It was a very busy, happy time in our family life.

There was one man in Denver who filled the role of guardian angel. I have referred to him before. This was Sam Rose, executive director of Temple Emanuel. He was mentor, friend, protector; political advisor and financial supervisor; smoother

of quarrels and appeaser of irate members. Sam warned me of impending storms and advised me on how to avoid mistakes. When trouble loomed, because I had been out-of-town on a UJA speech and therefore missed an "important" funeral, Sam told me what to do in order to minimize damage. When I was about to announce a position on some public issue, Sam would beg me to rehearse the whole issue with him in private, to determine if I was making any mistake. I hated making hospital visits, and Sam would nudge me gently toward those visits which his politically sensitive nose told him were mandatory. Without Sam Rose my professional life would have been filled with more controversy and less achievement. And since a rabbi's professional life is also his personal life, because of the manner in which there is maximum intrusion and minimum privacy, Sam also made some private life possible. I have been grateful to him all my life for the lessons he taught me regarding balance, damage control, and independence. His was a rare personality - gentle, but strong; self-confident, but shy; always respectful of others, but possessed of his own unshakable convictions. Sweet Sam, with his soft southern accent, gave me a marvelous support in my congregational career, whose lessons I took with me through my later public life. Thank you, dear Sam.

CHAPTER THREE

Section Four

In the spring of 1950 a major problem for Israel began to develop out of the confluence of several events:

- no funds*
1. massive immigration, sometimes at the rate of 10-15,000 per month, coming from the DP camps in Germany and Cyprus, Iraq, Iran, Rumania, and other European countries.
 2. rapid and continuous drop in UJA income.
 3. austerity and rationing beginning to appear in the Israeli economy.

These factors began to lead toward a conclusion that some new method of financing would have to be created. Henry Montor, the director of the UJA, reported the loss of optimism on the part of some members of the Israeli Government as a new phenomenon, using words such as "sense of panic" and "possible doom."

After lengthy consultations with Eliezer Kaplan, Finance Minister, and other officials, the UJA decided to join in the calling of a meeting of top American Jewish leadership in Jerusalem to decide on a solution. The date was fixed for September 3-7; the invitational list of 50 persons was chosen; and a preparatory meeting of a much smaller number was arranged for August 4-5 under the chairmanship of Rudolph Sonneborn, the same man who had taken Haganah leadership five years earlier.

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Montor's analysis of the reasons for the drop in UJA income set the tone for that meeting, and it was bizarre, in a way, to hear such predictions of doom and failure coming from the man entrusted to run that campaign. In another way, however, it might have been expected, for the outstanding characteristic of the man was his fierce intensity. He was by nature immovable. Once an idea seized him, he seemed to have lost control over it. Rather, it led him, and he convinced others, through his fanatical concentration on it and it alone, that he was right. His driving energy derived from a total unswerving loyalty to Israel which brooked no disagreements. He was dictatorial in his determination to follow whatever particular plan of operation captured his imagination. This characteristic, incidentally, was both his genius and his downfall. But more of this later.

Right now, he gave to the Sonneborn group his list of reasons why the UJA was failing, and why its funds would continue to diminish:

1. Local community needs were taking a greater share of the funds raised. The UJA was receiving less for Israel. There was almost no one fighting hard within the local community for a larger UJA share.
2. The Zionist groups (ZOA, Hadassah and Histadrut) constituted a handicap for the UJA. They had their own aims and campaigns.

3. There was a growing isolationist trend in America, and the mood of the Jewish public conformed to this, with regard to foreign aid.
4. There was a general failure to tie the average American Jew into the Israeli picture. ZOA has failed. Many Zionist organizations are frustrated in their activities, now that a State has been established. They have to revise their purpose and programs, and they take out their frustrations unconsciously against Israel.
5. Criticism from the various organizations that Israel is too socialistic, or too theocratic, or too irreligious doesn't help.
6. There is no channel for direct contact between American Jews and Israel.

Having made this analysis, Montor went on to give some statistics in support of his thesis. In the calendar year 1949, UJA had received \$79 million. So far (July 31) in 1950, UJA had received only \$60 million, with not much more to come in. Almost \$30 million was being used for absorption of refugees into the U.S. And local community needs were going up. Therefore, if the UJA was receiving approximately \$60 million, which had to be divided between the JDC and Israel, then the bottom line for Israel could be as low as \$25 million, and if that turned out to be the case in 1950, then 1951 could result in ZERO. It was a startling conclusion.

antecedent?

He asked the rhetorical question whether anything could be done to alter this prognosis, so unfavorable to Israel. And he became further provocative to this group of Israel's staunchest friends by reminding them that the appeals in the local campaigns were all based on Israel's needs; the promotion, advertising and general campaign atmosphere all centered around Israel's predicaments; yet Israel was receiving a shrinking percentage of the proceeds. He then suggested, perhaps mockingly, that the only remedy might be for the Zionist organizations to fold up, and merge their efforts into one great aid-to-Israel campaign. He knew this was no solution, yet he wanted to raise and at the same time rule out all other possibilities, for he did want to clear the field, in order to make it receptive to the new idea which was the solution arrived at by Kaplan and himself.

He evoked the expected response from both Rose Halprin, the head of Hadassah, and Nahum Goldmann, the leading Zionist. Goldmann did admit that perhaps the Keren Hayesod and Keren Kayemet were unnecessary and could be eliminated, but he did not see that dissolving or merging the Zionist memberships and staffs would add much strength to the UJA campaign, for these Zionists were not the money people in their communities. Mrs. Halprin protested vigorously against any merger or dissolution, stating passionately that Hadassah's role in teaching Jewish values to 300,000 women was too important to relinquish.

Having laid his groundwork well, Montor then sprung the new idea - namely, that the State of Israel should issue government

*Footnote
explaining what
they are - Keren
what they are
today*

bonds, just as many sovereign governments in the world do, including the United States, to finance their operations. The idea was not entirely unknown to this audience, for there had been rumors and whisperings in the top circles for weeks already that such a thought was being mooted in the Finance Ministry in Jerusalem. But this was the first exposure that the idea was being considered by the UJA. Normally, one would have thought that the UJA would be violently opposed to such powerful competition. But here was the director of the UJA suggesting that his organization was about to fail, and because of his love for Israel, was demonstrating there was no other possibility than to pick up the new idea. It took some time for this anomaly to sink in. Much feverish discussion ensued. The meeting ended with the decision that, since the Government of Israel was requesting a cross-section of American Jewish leadership to consult with it in Jerusalem on financial problems concerning the 1951 campaign, those men and women gathered here would certainly accede to that request, and would attend that meeting in Jerusalem, bringing with them the following tentative opinions:

1. The UJA would remain within the framework of the local community welfare fund campaign.
2. The UJA would make vigorous efforts to secure better understanding of Israel's needs, thus a better percentage of the local campaign.
3. Should Israel decide to float a large bond issue, all pro-Israel forces would lend their support.

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4. Should Israel decide to seek financial aid from the U.S. government, the same forces would lend their support in the political field..
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AGERDA

CONFERENCE WITH AMERICAN JEWISH LEADERS

Sunday, September 3, 1950 - King David Hotel - 3:00 p.m.

David Ben-Gurion, presiding

Teddy Kollek, secretary

Greetings - Mr. Ben-Gurion

Message - President of the State of Israel

Greetings - Mr. Berl Locker, Chairman of Jewish Agency

Address - Mr. David Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister

Adjournment

7:00 p.m. - Buffet Reception at home of Prime Minister

9:00 p.m. - Resumption of Conference at King David Hotel

Monday, September 4, 1950

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Entire day devoted to visits, in small groups, to various sections of the country.

7:00 p.m. - Dinner at Sarafand Military Camp as guests of Major General Yigael Yadin, Chief of Staff.

Tuesday, September 5, 1950 - 9:00 a.m. - Meetings at Hotel.

Wednesday, September 6, 1950 - 9:00 a.m. - Meetings at Hotel.

8:00 p.m. - CLOSING DINNER.

A press conference was held just before the meetings commenced.. Mr. Moshe Sharett, the Foreign Minister, presided. In his opening statement he made it clear that the purpose of the gathering was long-range financial planning not short-range emergency. His was the strongest intellect in the new government. Master of many languages, precise in all of them, thoroughly international in outlook, civilized in manner and bearing, quiet and dignified in presentation, yet sparkling rather than stuffy, his presence enlarged the image of the State he represented, especially to those journalists and diplomats from the outside world who were his audience.

"As you are aware, about 50 prominent representatives from America are already here to attend the Conference. Delegates have arrived from Great Britain and South Africa. On the Israel side, all members of the Cabinet and of the Executive of the Jewish Agency, assisted by a number of high Government officials, will

be in attendance. It will be a weighty and representative gathering.

Let me make it clear beyond any possible doubt or misapprehension what the Conference is not expected to be concerned with. It should have nothing whatever to do with any of the temporary difficulties with which Israel may now be grappling. The present emergency - by no means the first, yet not the last of the series of emergencies with which the path of the Government of Israel is strewn - does not form an item on the Conference's agenda. The Conference has not been called together at the hasty spur of a grim moment and its task is not to extricate Israel from any well-advertised crisis. It has been planned for months. It took weeks of active preparation. Its purpose is to provide the Government of Israel with a basis for laying down a well thought out long-term policy, not to improvise a haphazard measure of momentary relief.

The Conference will be concerned with the future, not with the past or the present. Its business will be to face the tasks of new construction, not the problems of present-day adjustment. It will deal with new immigration and settlement, not with the current needs of the existing population. Its keynote will be how to accelerate production, not how to alleviate the present hardships of the consuming public.

Israel as a going concern, with all its assets and liabilities, is the exclusive preoccupation of its government. Israel's mission in Jewish history and in contemporary Jewish life is a responsibility in which Jews everywhere must actively participate.

The revolutionary transformation which has occurred in Israel, with its tremendous impact upon the world Jewish position, must transform the conceptions of world Jewry as to its moral duty and practical performance. It is urgently felt that the hour calls for a new approach, a new inspiration, and a new driving force. That the Conference will provide all these is our confident hope."

Mr. Berl Locker, Chairman of the Jewish Agency, in his greetings, set out before the entire assemblage the same basic facts which had been laid before the small Sonneborn group a month earlier: huge immigration; reduced UJA revenues; possible decline to zero; the need for a new financial approach. The immigration figures were startlingly summarized as follows: in fewer than 28 months (May 1948 to August 1950) more than 460,000 Jews had entered Israel, compared to 470,000 who had entered in the entire 28 years of British rule, and compared to the base population of 600,000 at the time of Independence. Two new Jews had come in the past two years for every three Jews already there.

David Ben-Gurion's speech was a tour-de-force. Though lengthy and over-filled with statistics, it gripped the attention, held its listeners in a vise of fascination, as he ranged across the widest horizons. He told of war and armaments, war and independence, war and the British; made a dazzling display of the history and geography of the Jewish centuries, the Arab Middle East; spoke of the flight of Arab refugees going out of Palestine, and the flood of Jewish refugees coming in to Israel; detailed the plans for new agricultural settlements in the coming three years and new housing; and spoke of the reservoirs of future immigration and the scenarios of future wars. It was brilliant, mind-boggling, B.G. at his pedantic, inspirational best. The white plumes of hair streaming off the big head in all directions, the short arms chopping the air in deadly emphasis, the high voice attracting concentration rather than repelling, all came together to mesmerize, seduce, overwhelm, and the audience surrendered to an authentic powerful leader who made them proud of him and themselves. His success lay in the magnitude of the challenge he set before them. Listen to *this conclusion* the final paragraph:

"We are placing before you not an easy task. We here in Israel fear that we are facing a supreme test. We are willing to do so; and it is my belief that every Jew in the world is facing the same test....We built and were not disappointed in our belief that the best way to help the Jews is to tell them to help themselves. We believe that

every one of them, even the most miserable Jews in Yemen or Morocco, who were oppressed for centuries, and who were devoid of any material or intellectual means, are capable of being partners in the great work of self-emancipation, of building a new life for ourselves....We are free to build a new country, to shape a new life, to become a free independent people and to become a moral factor in the world. To become a people who will enhance the name of the Jews throughout the world. We believed, and we did it, and there were two forces behind it.

The first was dire need, and the other was vision. The need by itself could do nothing. Misery alone, privation and degradation alone can only engender more of same. Just as vision alone can do nothing. When vision is not rooted in reality, it can become a mere chimera, an idle fantasy, mere words. But when you join the dire need and suffering of a people with a great vision of self-help, they can change the face of the world. This is the secret of our victory. We fought with our backs to the wall but we fought for a great thing and we had to win....We did it but it is not yet finished. The task we are asking you to participate in seemed almost impossible, but it was done. I tell you in this great hour in our History, in this hour of our triumph and supreme tests, we must not fail."

Eliezer Kaplan, Minister of Finance, made a technical speech, in which he analyzed the Israeli budget, the gross national product, the rate of savings which could be poured into productive investment, the costs of immigrant absorption, and various other relevant data. It was not intended to be inspirational, but informational, and it certainly was that.

Dr. Nahum Goldmann, the veteran Zionist leader, who had already started planting seeds in Germany, in his innovative manner, regarding material reparations for Hitler's genocide, made an interesting speech based on the morality of the situation. He said:

"I want to criticize a little bit the two previous speakers (Ben-Gurion and Kaplan). They were, in my opinion, a bit too gentle. I can be more frank and brutal....American Jewry has not risen to the occasion of the last two years. I must say that Israel has done a colossal job, and we Jews outside have done a very far from splendid job. This period can end either with success or tragedy. We Jews outside want all the pride and joy and happiness and enthusiasm, but take very little of the anxiety and worry...The time may come when Israel may be forced not to admit Jews. This will be a moral breakdown for the Jews of Israel, and for the Jews of the world as well....I am convinced that this conference will be a success if the fifty Jews around this table, with all their devotion and intelligence and loyalty, will make up

relax

their minds to do the right thing. The Jewish people will follow good leadership."

Then followed, in succession, Mr. Stanley Myers, for the CJFWF, (Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds); Judge Morris Rothenberg, for the UPA (United Palestine Appeal); Mr. Monroe Goldwater, for the JDC (Joint Distribution Committee); and lastly Mr. Julian Venetsky, Chairman of the National Campaign Committee of the UJA, who made the striking statement which highlighted the central issue of the Conference. Speaking in his official capacity, he said "I see absolutely no possibility of getting this huge sum of money through the UJA as it is at present constituted. I believe a new project of the UJA in the American community is necessary."

After the day of travel, whose purpose was to show the delegates the army, new settlements, tent cities of immigrants, the new one-room huts, everyone reconvened for two days of serious, soul-searching discussion. There was plenty of time for every person to speak as often as required. Since the King David Hotel was right on the edge of no-man's land, and the room housing the meeting was on the east side of the hotel, directly facing the wall of the Old City, which was in Jordanian hands, anyone growing bored with the discussion could peek through the steel shutters and look at the Jordanian soldiers standing at each of the firing positions on the parapet. The distance from them to us was less than 500 yards. Each peek had a sobering

effect. We all knew this was a deadly serious moment, perhaps even determinative of Israel's existence, but at least determinative of one of the raisons d'être for that existence, namely, an open-door immigration policy. If that were not to be maintained, much of the lustre surrounding the country's birth would be diminished.

Ben-Gurion sat in the chair through the entire two days, as did most of the key Israelis. For them, this conference was crucial. Dialogue among the Americans was sometimes quiet and reflective, sometimes loud and recriminatory. Henry Montor, usually ice-cold and tightly reined-in, exploded at one point in the discussion. He railed at the weaklings who were afraid of a bond drive and were hiding that fear behind a pious concern for the health of the UJA. He recited the cash income figures for the first 8 months, January through August, of each of the years:

1948	-	\$122,540,000
1949	-	84,000,000
1950	-	64,419,000

This last figure would result in about \$30 million for Israel, after allocations were made to the JDC, HIAS and NYANA. He went further and made the shocking prediction that the entire year of 1951 would produce \$75 million, of which Israel would get one-third, and thereafter the UJA would dwindle to nothing. He inveighed against those who put local needs before Israel's needs and attacked American Jewry as not being prepared for the same austerity in their communities as Israel was in hers. He shouted

that those present at this conference should shed no crocodile tears for the UJA, which was being raped and raided. He demanded of his hearers that they not object to a bond issue on the ground that it would hurt the UJA. The UJA has already been killed by communal complacency and we must find a new way to bring in money.

Robert Nathan, a foremost economist who had assisted President Roosevelt in the War Production Board, and now headed his own consulting firm, was invited to this conference because of his professional skills, but also because he was a caring Jew and a passionate supporter of Israel. He entered the debate at a critical moment, to restore calm, and made a very helpful speech. He said that this conference was the first time Israel's total needs were being exposed in their full magnitude, and it was healthy to see the total perspective. There were two sides: relief and economic development. Relief money was necessary, of course, but it was non-productive. Also, the money collected so far has not even been sufficient for relief. American Jews do want to provide relief, and perhaps they will improve on that score, but they do not understand the development side of the problem. Development is so very expensive because it involves housing, public projects, public utilities, transportation, irrigation, etc., in order to build the general economy so that new immigrants can be absorbed.

The normal method of developing a country and providing an income for an enlarging population is out of the savings of

people which can then be invested in new projects. But the settled population of Israel cannot save enough to absorb the immigrants. Arabs who fled left housing behind, but that has all been used up by the huge waves of the first two years. The sterling pound balance is practically gone. These facts make the problem even more difficult. Is the three-year plan feasible for Israel? Can she take in the estimated 600,000 people additional? Absolutely yes. There is no doubt. The settled population are self-supporting. The main asset of the country is creative talent. Even without rich natural resources, the people, with tools and machines, can and do produce. "I foresee a prosperous economy here", said Nathan.

Calculating on the basis of 600,000 immigrants during the next three years, costing an average of \$2500 per person for absorption, we need to provide 1 and 1/2 billion dollars. Ben-Gurion said in his opening speech that Israel would provide 1/2 billion. Can she do it? Yes - with more austerity and a lowering of the standard of living. If she does, her Jews will be so far out of line from Diaspora Jews that there will be no comparison whatsoever. What is the feasibility of getting 1 billion in the U.S. from four sources - Contributions to UJA

Private Investments

U.S. Government Aid

An Israeli Government Bond Issue -

The U.S. national income is about \$5000 per family. The Jewish level of earning, on the average, is slightly higher than

that. Jewish contributions out of earnings have been good. Giving out of current savings and accumulated capital has been almost nil. Five (5) % of accumulated capital wealth or Ten (10) % of current savings of U.S. Jewry would do the job. The money is available. The American economy is in the most liquid condition ever.

Can Israel repay if she borrows? Yes - if she has enough working capital to produce and earn enough. With a daring immigration policy one must have a daring financial policy. The U.S. has a debt of \$260-270 billion and will never pay it off completely, but will continually *refunded* refund. This is perfectly feasible. With a continual flow of capital, new wealth will be produced, and bonds can be redeemed. The real question is whether US Jewry will have faith and confidence in the future of Israel. A new orientation is needed - not charity alone, but constructive development: not out of earnings, but out of capital. We need vision. The question is not, can we do it - but, are we willing to do it?

Julian Venetsky made the suggestion that there should be one Israel campaign, with all other Zionist campaigns subordinated, and the Israel campaign should be separated from local Federation campaigns.

I made the suggestion that:

1. It would be difficult to have a separate philanthropic campaign for Israel and to sell bonds for Israel at the same time.

2. Retain the local campaign for local needs, plus the humanitarian overseas needs of the JDC.
3. Create one mass bond-selling effort with the total manpower pool of all the pro-Israel organizations.
4. Concentrate on the approximately 400,000 Jewish children in the US - sell a \$100 minimum bond to every child every year from birth to college.

Moses Leavitt of the JDC suggested a restriction of immigration. He felt that the State of Israel was more important than the lives of another 100,000 Jews, more or less.

Harry Sachar of London, once the secretary of Dr. Weizmann, also questioned an unrestricted immigration policy. Perhaps it should be moderated, or the flow controlled.

Dr. Joseph Schwartz, also of the JDC, and a year later to become the chief executive of the UJA, disagreed strongly. He said that a fully open immigration could not be stopped unless the Israel Government were actually willing to turn back ships and planes carrying Jews.

Fascinating insights were gained from a dialogue started by Stanley Myers of the CJFWF, in the form of several questions he posed, which Robert Nathan was delegated to answer.

SM - What will be the impact of a popular loan (i.e. bond drive) on intergovernmental borrowing?

RN - This depends on political considerations, not financial. A popular loan will not interfere, if political relations between Israel and the US are good.

A military aid program could be obtained from the US, without reference to a popular bond sale. More money could be had from the Export-Import Bank also.

SM - What will be the impact of a bond issue on private investment?

RN - This is hard to tell. The flow of risk capital has been very slow. The bond issue won't interfere, and may even stimulate private investment.

SM - What will be the impact of a bond issue on philanthropy?

RN - Adverse. (Author's note - Nathan was wrong in this judgment, as was Montor.)

SM - How successful will the bond issue be?

RN - Some people say it will produce only \$50 million annually. I disagree with this. It will produce much more. (Author's note - bond sales in 1989 reached almost 3/4 of a billion, and the 1990 goal is \$1 billion.)

SM - What will be the effect of the bond issue on bank loans?

RN - Israel probably will not be able to borrow short-term money from commercial banks if it has bonds outstanding.

SM - How secure will these bonds be, as to redemption?

RN - These bonds can be repaid on time and new ones floated continuously if Israel uses wisely the money it takes in.

Abraham Feinberg, one of Israel's strongest supporters over the longest period of time, a man of firm convictions, yet moderate in thought and speech, was a man who personally practiced his own four-point program through generosity in his UJA gift, purchase of bonds, private investment (in the Coca-Cola plant in Israel), and political influence in the Democratic Party for US government aid. He summed up his own opinions at this conference, and probably expressed a widely held consensus, with these conclusions:

1. Unrestricted immigration must remain as the policy. We cannot promulgate an American Jewish White Paper of 1950.
2. We must recommend the issuance of an Israel Government Bond on the international market, and float it in the US with the cooperation of all Jewish organizations.
3. We must seek financial help from the US Government.

4. We must continue to seek increased charitable dollars through the UJA.

At the closing session, prior to the passage of the Resolution, Mrs. Golda Myerson, Minister of Labor, vigorously rejected any suggestion for the restriction or "regulation" of immigration, and compared the present economic and absorption problem with the military problem in 1948. If we recognize today, as we did two and a half years ago, she said, that we have no alternative, the problem will be solved. She expressed the conviction that Israel would achieve prosperity and would repay any loans she received. She urged the adoption of a bond issue, but called for the continuation of the UJA.

On 6 September 1950 the Conference adopted a three-point program to obtain *one billion* \$1,000m. in the United States for the support of the immigration of hundreds of thousands of Jews and to help make Israel economically self-sufficient in the next three years. The full text of the resolution was as follows:

MEETING IN THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM in the free and democratic State of Israel which has admitted more than 450,000 homeless Jews in the last two years, and which has triumphed against all dangers and difficulties in establishing its independence, we, the fifty members of the delegation from the United States invited by Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion and by Mr. Berl Locker, Chairman of the Jewish Agency, have been privileged to meet with the Prime Minister and other members of the

Government to consider the economic situation of Israel and a three-year program for the development of the country.

After a comprehensive and frank discussion, we have arrived at the following conclusions:

1. That the people of Israel are dedicated to keep the doors wide open for all the hundreds of thousands of Jews fleeing from persecution and misery; and that they are ready to make every sacrifice to preserve the democratic way of life which is the moral essence of their very existence and that Israel is striving for peace so that it may give the full benefits of a free and productive life to all its people.

2. We have come to realize that the full magnitude of the tasks of absorbing hundreds of thousands of new immigrants in Israel and consolidating its economy on a sound basis is far beyond any conception which the Jews of America have so far entertained, and calls for a new approach to the scope of the cooperation between the Jews of the United States and the people of Israel.

3. In the light of the tremendous achievements already made in rehabilitating the land and developing industrial activities, we are confident that if the tools and capital are made available

Israel will not only become self-supporting, but it will also serve as a dynamic and democratic force in the development of the entire Middle East.

4. The interest of American Jews in the future of Israel has been manifested by a high degree of generosity, and the flow of contributions to the UJA has made possible the outstanding accomplishments in mass immigration and settlement. However, the State of Israel has reached a crucial point in which contributions are not adequate to meet long-range economic needs, and the Jews of America must recognize that new methods must be found to provide the far larger resources required in this vital transition period.

5. Far above the needs of financing this immigration is the program of complete absorption of many of those who have reached Israel in the past two years, and the hundreds of thousands who are expected to come in the next three years. To make this vast number of newcomers fully productive and integrate them into the economy of the country, Israel will require \$1,500,000,000 for the next three years. The people of Israel are ready to make the utmost sacrifice to assume the

fullest share of this responsibility. But \$1,000,000,000 must come from the United States. requirements of such scope cannot be provided in full through voluntary contributions alone, and consequently additional channels must be found to discharge this obligation.

Therefore we believe

A. That the United Jewish Appeal must be continued on an enlarged scale to elicit the widest possible response.

B. That should the Government of Israel decide to float a public loan in the United States as a means of obtaining funds for the financing of constructive programs, American Jewry will extend its fullest support and we pledge ourselves to render maximum service in the attainment of this objective.

C. There are many opportunities for private investment in Israel in productive and profitable projects. To realize the potentials in the field of private investment, more intensive efforts should be undertaken, both in the United States and Israel.

Appreciating that the exploratory conference between America and Israel leaders will be productive to the degree that all of

American Jewry will share in its conclusions, we of America urge the convening in the United States, at the earliest possible date, of a fully representative, national conference of the Jews of America, at which the conclusions reached here may be presented for the understanding and sanction of American Jewry, so that, with full knowledge and determination it may go forward in accomplishing the most constructive enterprise in the history of our people."

Every person present knew that he or she had become a part of Israel's future destiny, had participated in an act of birth, was witness to a step so bold as to cause a shiver. Failure would have been fatal. There was nothing prudent about stepping off a cliff, but the inner compulsion to seize history and make it serve the cause of the Jewish people was so strong that this group of fifty sensible successful leaders could not resist it.

Once the die was cast, events moved very swiftly. Henry Montor left the UJA to organize the new campaign for Israel Bonds. Dr. Joseph Schwartz was persuaded to leave the JDC and take on the onerous task of revitalizing the UJA. Registration of the bond issue with the Securities Exchange Commission was completed with record speed. Offices were opened, people were hired, advertisements were written, a big machine emerged, literally within weeks. . In May 1951, exactly nine months after the Jerusalem Conference, the Bond Organization was born. David Ben-Gurion came to the United States, and kicked off the campaign in Chicago, with a huge rally of 100,000 people at Soldier's

Field and a ticker-tape parade down State Street. By May 1991, at the 40th anniversary of the Bond drive, it is expected that more than \$10 Billion worth will have been sold. Not the most visionary thinker at that 1950 meeting would have predicted such an incredible outcome. What was launched in a combined mood of desperation and conviction, resulted in the proud performance of a people galvanized by the desire to turn an evil century into a huge rescue of its sons and daughters plus the rebirth of its sovereignty.

Incidentally, the gloomy prediction 40 years ago of the demise of the UJA was also wrong. At this writing, about 3/4 billion dollars is being raised in the annual campaign, of which \$325 million goes to Israel, and an additional \$420 million is being launched, all for Israel's absorption of the current wave of immigration from the Soviet Union.

While there are hundreds of wonderfully capable and dedicated leaders responsible for the twin miracles described above, and it may be considered unfair to single out one, still, great sweeps of history are often best understood when viewed through the actions of one person. I should like to quote the words of Mr. Joseph Meyerhoff of Baltimore at the conclusion of that Conference in 1950. He said something like this: Why are we fussing around about conflict and competition between UJA and Bonds? The leaders have to do both, and if we do, the people will follow. I am one of the top UJA leaders in Baltimore. I will take the chairmanship of the first Bond Drive, and then I will take

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the chair of the very next UJA campaign. This will demonstrate our double responsibility. It's very clear and very simple. He went home, did what he said he would do, and succeeded at both. The example of this wonderful man set a tone for almost all of American Jewry.



CHAPTER FOUR

Section One

As a result of all the cross-country travelling on behalf of the UJA, I became known to a large number of lay leaders in various cities. My basic beliefs also became known, since these served as the basis for my fund-raising appeals. I felt that the strongest appeals were those which rested on an ideological base, and mine was simple and fundamental: the sacredness of Jewish survival, both for its own people, and for the world at large; the value of every single Jewish life, especially now, in view of the genocidal attack; the inestimable value of Israel as a physical and spiritual center; the responsibility of every Jew for every other one and for the homeland. That rubric, short and sweet, had to be established, and repeated, and woven over and over throughout every speech, for once that ideology was accepted, all that remained was a negotiation over the amount of the contribution. Raising money was really an exercise in educating the listener. Throughout my entire professional career, whenever I was asked for the secret of fund-raising, I answered that the clue rested in raising people. People raised money, and if there existed a corps of people knowledgeable about and dedicated to the cause they espoused, they would succeed in raising money. Therefore, my task was to teach the basic ideology, to enthuse, to inspire, to explain what the money would accomplish.

One of the people who heard me speak several times was a UJA leader from Milwaukee, Mr. Benjamin Saltzstein, who also happened to be the President of Temple Emanuel B'nai Jeshurun, a large congregation in that city, old, prestigious, influential, and classically Reform. He approached me with the request that I entertain the notion of accepting a call to become the rabbi of his congregation. He explained that he had observed from afar how I was succeeding in changing the nature of the Denver congregation, and this was exactly the same medicine he needed in Milwaukee. His challenge appealed to me, especially because it was so crucial to bring this upper-middle-class group of Jews back to its roots, back to a sense of participation in peoplehood and nationhood, back to a more traditional form of religious observance. As he described what he felt was needed to re-orient his congregation along the lines in which I believed, and to which he enthusiastically subscribed, I grew increasingly interested. And when his vice-president, Mr. Edward Prince, joined in the invitation, also accepting the new credo to be established, the whole idea became attractive.

I loved Denver - I really did - and have been infected my entire life with a fascination for the Rocky Mountain West, as a result of that happy experience at the beginning of my professional career. I remember with joy the horseback riding in Estes Park; the phenomenon of strong sunshine almost every day in the year, particularly when there was snow on the ground; the symphony concerts out in Red Rocks Park; the powerful influence

of nature in daily life. All of this, in addition to the sheer joy of shaping the congregation in the image I desired, made it very hard to contemplate leaving. And on the personal side, I knew it would be painful to leave the key people who had supported me in all the changes I had introduced, who truly loved me as I did them. Yet, the pull existed, to work in a larger city, to "save" another congregation for Zionism and a richer Judaism.

As I struggled with these conflicting emotions, and realized I was coming ever closer to a decision, it occurred to me that I must make certain of one key factor. In one of the series of continuing conversations with Ben and Ed, I indicated that I had a major condition, which they interpreted to mean a financial matter. Quickly disabusing them, I talked about the necessity of having several mid-week days free to take on UJA assignments, should I continue to be called upon. They understood immediately, agreed in principle and promised to clarify the point to the entire board. The financial matters, incidentally, never did get settled in advance, because they were not really determinative in my decision-making process. I knew the Milwaukee people would be fair, and I didn't think twice about it. There never had to be a detailed financial discussion for another reason. I did not believe in contracts, and never had one in my entire life. I felt they were meaningless, as between rabbi and employer. I can think of nothing more indignifying than a contract fight. The most important condition in the world is freedom, and contracts

restricted freedom. I wanted freedom to say, do, act in any manner which seemed fitting to me, as I interpreted the mandate of my profession. That I had learned from my mentor Stephen Wise, as well as my own life experiences to date. This freedom, on my part, might run counter to feelings and opinions of officers or members of the congregation. If they were opposed to what I proposed, and if I could not persuade them, why should I remain? Why should I invoke some clause in a contract to force them to pay me off, in order to get rid of me? Such a scenario is degrading and insulting to all parties concerned. Conversely, in order to avoid giving humbrage and getting fired, why should I muzzle myself. This scenario is even worse. A craven rabbi should be a contradiction in terms. Relationships should be simple - if either congregation or rabbi were alienated from each other, they should quietly and simply separate, without the enormous trauma of a congregational fight. After I took the job in Milwaukee and actually moved there, I found out what my salary would be when I received my first pay check. It was quite fair, and so was the temporary house they offered, while they embarked on building for us a modern brick and glass structure on staid old Lake Shore Drive according to the plans of the Denver house we had loved so much.

After tearful farewells, we moved to another city which was so fundamentally different as to seem like another country. Milwaukee was conservative, almost Central European in its German-Polish characteristics, yet possessed of a socialist

mayor. There was a tremendous liberal tradition in the heritage of Senator Robert LaFollette, an early Progressive; yet an even more powerful conservative tradition which had sent its present Senator, Joseph McCarthy, to Washington. The architecture would have been at home in Dresden or Breslau, and the restaurant menus would have seemed familiar to any citizen of those cities. Daily life was paced, schedules were orderly, interruptions infrequent, the unexpected frowned upon. It was all a bit strange, yet we accommodated rather quickly, as I recall. The children were young, but mobile, and were soon exploring the parks and clambering around in the delightful chaos of the new house arising. My wife plunged with full vigor into the pleasurable task of planning the interior furniture and fittings. I went from meeting to meeting, learning the key players in the various committees and functions of the congregation, as well as in the broader community. Actually, in spite of its initial strangeness, Milwaukee quickly became home, and the transition was relatively painless.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Section Two

We arrived in the midst of Wisconsin Senator McCarthy's national witch-hunt to root out subversives. I was drawn immediately into that event, for this man and his tactics represented to me the highest form of danger to American democracy. Samuel Eliot Morison in his "Oxford History of the American People" labelled McCarthy as "one of the most colossal liars in our history." His method of broadside condemnation, hurling accusations of communism and treason against individuals, without any evidence or documentation other than a sheet of paper he would wave in the air, claiming that he held a list of 203 or 120 or 6 or whatever number of card-carrying communists eating away at the heart of America by their communist tactics, was creating in this country a terrible mood of fear. No target was beyond his reach. He would attack teachers, for example, by holding up a sheet of paper to the television screen, announcing in nasal tone his dreadful formula: "I'm holding in my hand a list of members of the (teachers union or whichever organization he was smearing) who are teaching communism in their classrooms....." No one ever saw the list, no names were ever made public, but the pall of fear began to spread among teachers, and slowly they began to immobilize themselves. They watched

their every word, lest it be misinterpreted; they thought carefully about every book brought into the the classroom, lest it be scrutinized by some McCarthyite parent; they ceased intellectual analysis which usually was enriched by looking at both sides of a question, because one of the sides might be considered by someone as disloyal. The basic constitutional premise of innocence was turned upon its head, and a mood developed in the country that caused people to fear being judged as guilty, and then having to struggle to prove their innocence, which was very difficult. The very air of freedom was poisoned by the corruption which typified McCarthy's form of attack.

He went after the theatre and film industries with especial viciousness, destroying the careers of hundreds of talented people through nothing more than innuendo as his major weapon. Artists are usually liberal people, their very creativity stemming from their open-mindedness which enables them to explore all possibilities, on a stage or a canvas or before a camera. And their liberalism usually extends to other areas of life, including social and political arenas, literary and musical concerns, international affairs, poverty and homelessness. The senator and his staff would pursue particular individuals with bulldog tenacity, digging in to their personal lives to seek any memberships in organizations, or sexual conduct, or financial irregularities which could be exposed publicly and thus ruin the reputation, even the livelihood of the person involved. This was terrorism, plain and simple, perhaps even a form of murder.

One of the very first of his targets was the Department of State itself, which he accused of being soft on communism, his proof consisting of a "list" of "known" communists in the very employ of the Department. After most intensive investigations, not one of the hundreds of employees named by McCarthy was found to be a card-carrying communist. Among his last targets was none other than General George Marshall himself, one of America's choicest soldiers and diplomats, the man who appointed Eisenhower as Commander-in-Chief in Europe, the man who fashioned the post-war plan for the reconstruction of that destroyed continent. What was the ordinary person to think if an individual as exalted as Marshall could come under attack, with no proof, and with no defense, for President Eisenhower did not speak up on behalf of his mentor, let alone condemn McCarthy. It seemed that America was being cowed into silence and submission. It was a fearful time. A fog, a miasma of suspicion and fear spread over the landscape. People were afraid to express opinions, were worried whether next-door neighbors might overhear, or co-workers in the office might misinterpret. People were afraid to write or publish. People stayed away from performances, uncertain whether a particular actor or playwright was on a forbidden list. McCarthy's methods turned America paranoid. The very few who dared criticize this infamous politician suggested a frightening comparison between him and Hitler, with regard to the terrorization of an entire population.

Of course there were brave exceptions. When McCarthy finally went over the edge by actually accusing the United States Army of being communist-infiltrated, a Boston lawyer, Joseph Welch, defended the Army with arguments drawn from the bed-rock principles of democracy and in a manner reminiscent of the sounds of freedom in the Massachusetts air of two centuries ago. And when these Army-McCarthy hearings went on the air, the news commentator Edward R. Murrow performed heroically to explain to the American public what a dangerous criminal this senator was, and to urge resistance against the psychological attitude of compliance.

There was another such heroic journalist in Wisconsin, with whom I had the honor of working closely, in an effort to unseat our unloved senator. This was _____, the editor of the Madison Capital-Times, who was circulating petitions around the state against McCarthy, and who was pretty much alone in this effort. The major newspaper in the state, The Milwaukee Journal, was anti-McCarthy, but _____ was actually running around collecting signatures. I joined him in this struggle, raising my voice, in public, constantly seeking opportunities to explain why McCarthy was evil and why we should not be terrorized by him. I used my own pulpit for the widest possible dissemination of my views. Whenever I would announce a sermon about McCarthy, the Friday evening audience would fill the 1500 seats, and the Saturday morning newspaper would carry the story on its front page. The headline I loved the best looked like this: RABBI CALLS

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MCCARTHY STORM TROOPER! And my next favorite was: RABBI SAYS
MCCARTHY USES SLIPPERY ELM CLUB INSTEAD OF RUBBER TRUNCHEON.

We collected about 100,000 signatures. One day I was visited in the temple office by three friends of the Senator, who offered "friendly" advice that I should desist from these attacks, or I would surely be unhappy with some consequences which might unfortunately occur. I carefully wrote down their names and official positions, indicating that there were still laws in this country which protected citizens against threats, and if they ever dared to annoy me again, I would seek their arrest. What I deemed a more serious problem arose from another quarter. An officer of the temple came to warn me of unhappiness among certain board members with my "mixing religion and politics." They were displeased with such headlines, with such a visible position, with the generalization which could be drawn that all Jews were anti-McCarthy, thus possibly provoking a wave of anti-semitism from the German-American farmers who supported McCarthy. Some of my board wanted me to withdraw to a quieter posture. These vague rumblings became more concrete during a visit from the treasurer of the congregation who informed me that several members had resigned in disagreement with my stance. I stated firmly that my position came directly from the biblical prophets who inveighed against falsehood and immorality, who thundered for justice and truth. I quoted the sacred Holiness Code in Chapter 19 of Leviticus, which lays down the moral basis of Judaism, and says in verse 16: "Do not go about as a tale-

bearer among your fellows." McCarthy's entire approach was based on gossip, rumor and innuendo - exactly what Leviticus was condemning.

On the other hand, I admitted, it was not fair of me to be the cause of financial loss to the congregation. Therefore I offered to make up any such loss by obtaining an equivalent number of new members to compensate for those who left. I told the treasurer to supply me each month with the dollar amount of the loss, and to give me 30 days in which to replace it. In return for this obligation on my part, I never wanted to hear another word from him or any other board member concerning this or any future public position I would take on an issue which I felt was against the high moral and ethical standards of our religion.

McCarthy's goons returned once more, demanding that we give them the rolls of signatures so they could check whether all these people were really voters and not just false names and addresses. We rejected this, of course, but considered the request as fair warning that they would seek to steal or destroy the papers. The next day, we took the lists across the state line and placed them in a safe deposit box in a Chicago bank. Soon Welch and Murrow finished him off. Morison concluded the account in these words: "When McCarthy demanded that he be allowed to fish in FBI files for the names of new victims, Eisenhower denounced him as one who tried 'to set himself above the laws of our land' and 'to override orders of the President.' The Senate

then censured him with an emphatic vote. McCarthy himself collapsed, but the poisonous suspicion that he injected into the body politic will take many years to leach out." America slowly returned to normalcy and democratic safety, having learned, one hopes, how close one man can come to destroying freedom, and how vigorously the nation must fight to prevent demagoguery which can so easily lead to fascism.



CHAPTER FOUR
Section 3

Life in the community at large was inviting in its richness. I was welcomed on committees of clergymen, dealing with moral and social issues. The president and faculty of the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, which was located just across the road from the Temple, invited me to meetings and seminars in that open friendly manner which characterized the American mid-west. Local politicians opened their doors to make my acquaintance and ask my advice. Daily existence was never dull, the calendar always had something interesting on the next page, and aside from the McCarthy plague, life was actually genteel, civilized and satisfying.

Inside the congregation, there was a continuous bustle of activity. The services were well attended, and therefore required careful preparation in all details. I developed the habit of reading the Torah portion on Saturday morning phrase by phrase, first in Hebrew, then in English, articulating the Hebrew slowly and clearly, so that those who had even a slight familiarity with the language could somehow feel that they were actually understanding the original. Also, I made many explanatory interpolations, providing historic background, or anecdotes, or parables about the personalities and events in the weekly portion. The reading assumed the nature of a dramatic presentation, and the congregants loved it. It was the central feature of the Shabbat morning service, containing references to commentators, Midrash and other sources, so that no additional

sermon was necessary, nor desired. To hear the loyalists who attended every Saturday say that they could hardly wait for the next week's portion was all the satisfaction that a rabbi could desire. And to have the 14-15 year-olds in the confirmation class, whose Sabbath attendance was a compulsory part of their curriculum, express the same sentiments was an even greater reward.

The congregation was large, almost 1000 families, bustling with all manner of activities. The major organizations required constant programming attention. The Men's Club wanted outside speakers every month, usually on current events, Jewish and general. The Sisterhood wanted book reviews several times yearly, and that task fell to me. I took it seriously, selected the best literature, current and classical, and worked hard in preparation. Everything took time, of which there was always a dreadful shortage, but the intellectual pleasure quotient was high. Thus life consisted of trying to beat the clock, but the satisfactions garnered made the race worth while.

We formed a Young People's Club, consisting of the most interested, most alert, most attractive young members, who would obviously form the basic cadre of the congregation's future strength. They wanted open discussion, welcomed combative disagreement, enjoyed the stimulation of my iconoclastic opinions, and then relaxed in a social-bonding atmosphere to wind up the evening. Discussing the future of the congregation meant opening up the wide subject of classical Reform and its unsuitability to meet the needs of Israel today, or the desire

for more ritual and a warmer home observance of holidays, or the necessity of more knowledge of tradition, or a deeper understanding of K'lal Yisrael. These subjects provided me with the natural opportunity to explain my basic beliefs, and to urge them to help take the Temple into new directions. They came gradually to understand that the 19th century doctrines which had been fashioned to bring Judaism into the modern world, were themselves now outmoded, and today's modernity demanded other practices, standards and values. Such work gave me the deepest joy.

The educational aspect of rabbinical activity gave me the greatest satisfaction, so I gave it a great portion of my time and creativity. The school contained hundreds of children, in mid-week and week-end classes. We had a fine faculty, excellent director, perfect administration - yet I retained for myself the position of principal, for I wanted control of the policy decisions. I increased the time devoted to learning Hebrew, for example. I organized visits of the upper classes to Conservative and Orthodox congregations, something unheard-of previously. I made Bar Mitzvah ceremonies standard practice for everyone. I taught the Confirmation Class myself, for I wanted these youngsters to become imbued with my ideals and goals.

I became involved in the local Federation campaign, because I wanted to. The executive director, Elkan Voorsanger, whose father had been a Reform Rabbi in San Francisco at the end of the 19th century, and who was a kind man with a good heart, but not possessed of great fund-raising skills (as who was in those

days), welcomed any help offered. The campaign, in this prosperous community of 30,000 Jews, had dropped far below the million-dollar mark, with a rather incredible indifference to the fact that the State of Israel was born only a few years ago, after millenia of prayers and suffering. The campaign during the year of birth, with all its blood, had been good, not remarkable, and then immediately dropped the next year, as though this almost messianic event was already old news. What happened in Milwaukee was not atypical. The same story was being repeated throughout the nation.

In the course of trying to reinvigorate the spirit of the community leaders, I met a wonderful person, Albert Adelman, who felt the spirit of the campaign in his bones. He carried a sense of pain regarding the Holocaust, although he himself was American-born and lost no family members in Europe; and a sense of joy that there was now a sovereign Jewish state which could provide strength, pride and protection. He had boundless energy, had been an athlete when younger, and exuded vibrations of enthusiasm as he spent days and evenings whipping up a team spirit to improve the campaign. His success as a volunteer carried him to the very top of the lay leadership ladder on a national basis. He was directly in line, in the late 1960's, to become the General Chairman of the National United Jewish Appeal, when an unexpected financial situation triggered his resignation. He was typical of the handful of the very best American Jewish lay persons, men and women, who held the fate of Israel's future in their hands. His wife Edie, a strong, intelligent woman, who

had converted to Judaism way back at the beginning of their married life, and was one of the most loyal Jewesses ever to be found, comforted him at the moment when the Chairmanship was snatched away, and encouraged him to continue working in the ranks for additional decades to come. There were others in Milwaukee who made their mark, but "Ollie" Adelman was the outstanding local boy to make the national scene. More leaders were developed, the campaign slowly matured, gradually the community rose to the level proper for its size and status. It was hard work, but always gratifying.

I was not very good as the pastor. The reader will recall I made the same confession regarding my Denver rabbinate. Certain things I could do well, for I sensed they were crucial to the individual concerned who had come seeking help. There was once a high school student, threatening suicide, who would wait on the steps outside my study door, sometimes for hours, in all kinds of weather, to pour out his agonies. Parents, counsellors, psychiatrist could find no way to help. I broke appointments in order to give him time, and listened patiently, and occasionally was able to help, but more often not. The story has no happy ending - he hanged himself in his room at home one night when his parents were out. But I knew that I had tried, at least in the sense that I had never turned him away, was always available.

The same feeling of pastoral obligation overtook me in the case of persons seeking to convert. When someone sat across my desk and convinced me of the sincerity of his or her feelings regarding the assumption of a new identity as a Jew, articulated

carefully what had brought them to that conclusion, understood what they were doing, knew what fate they might be entering (this was only a few years after Hitler), explained why they were doing it, and I was certain that the person should be assisted to make that conversion, intellectually and spiritually, I accepted the task with an overpowering sense of duty. The process took at least a full year, sometimes more, on the basis of one appointment every week. It was terribly demanding. Preparing for a class of 20 would have been no more difficult than preparing for the one. In the nine years of congregational ministry in the two cities, Denver and Milwaukee, I prepared eleven persons for conversion, and each one was a major commitment of time and energy.

I was not very good at consoling people when death occurred. I could not think of things to say which were not banal. It did not seem logical to me that God had anything to do with the particular death of any one person, or that any great cosmic scheme was being served by that death. The complex mechanism of a human body had faltered or failed in some significant manner, or had simply worn out. The only useful act was to try to analyze the meaning of the person's life and to extol whatever virtues could be discovered. That I had already done to the very best of my ability in the eulogy prepared for the funeral service, which task I always took very seriously and was never perfunctory. So, what more could I say? Thus I seldom went to a house of mourning during the subsequent week, unless I was needed for a minyan.

Hospital visits were my bete noir. I tried doing them in a

hurry, with a long list in my hand, dashing in to say hello to Mr. Cohen, wishing him well, explaining that "17 other members of the congregation are resident in the hospital at this very moment and I have to get to every single one, because you know how angry they will be if I don't drop in, and so goodbye, I must run." That is a very unsatisfactory visit for Mr. Cohen and for me. I didn't do anything for his morale or his pain or anything. And it made me feel like a hypocrite. So I tried a different system - namely to allocate a fixed time for the hospital, say 90 minutes, and a fixed time for each person, say 15 minutes, which meant I could see 6 persons, no more. How to select them? Whom to omit? Who would benefit the most? Who would be most offended? It was a conundrum with no solution. Finally I solved the whole problem by writing an article for the Temple bulletin saying that a new policy was being instituted. Henceforth I would make no hospital visits, as a matter of course, but was immediately available to anyone who felt the need for my presence, for any reason whatsoever. Therefore, please call the Temple office, and I would be there within twelve hours if I were in town. It worked, more or less.

All the efforts I kept making, in the ideological realm, to bring the congregation around to acceptance of my doctrines and concepts slowly began to bear fruit. I could feel a gradual understanding beginning to dawn upon an ever-increasing number of members. This was an enormous satisfaction, for I was investing tremendous energy explaining nationalism, peoplehood, pluralism, ritual, language, and liberalism. And this energy was being taken

away from other areas of my life and work - from family, friends, correspondence, studying, recreation time, and wider communal projects. Yet I was getting the feeling that it was all worthwhwile, when an episode occurred which was both disappointing and yet had a silver lining, in that it energized me even further to complete the work of indoctrination. The triggering incident seemed trivial in itself, yet it was symbolic of the struggle I was waging.

A fight broke out over the date of Confirmation, which was a sacred event in the calendar of the early Reform movement. I had no objection to the ceremony of Confirmation, which had no religious basis, nor traditional support, but which did serve to keep the kids in religious school until age 15, which was an advantage, in that it provided at least two more years of study than we otherwise would have had at our disposal. Thus it developed the sacredness and solemnity of a graduation ceremony, and in time gathered unto itself its own set of traditions, including a flower offering by the girls, and sometimes an original cantata written by the class, and a class photo taken on the altar which graced many a mantelpiece for many a decade, and much competition for the choice parts in the program. Since it was held at the end of the school year, usually late May or early June, it fell reasonably close to the festival of Shavuot, which holiday, as you know, memorialized the Revelation at Sinai, the giving of the Ten Commandments, or, as tradition says, the whole Torah. In Temple Emanuel B'ne Jeshurun of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for 10 these tens of years, Confirmation had always been held on

a Sunday, close to Shavuot, if possible, and if not possible, some weeks before or after, and attendance ran well over 1000 people, sometimes 1500. It was a close call as to which holiday drew more - Rosh Hashanah or Confirmation. It was a huge social occasion with parties, presents, new clothes, all of which really marked the beginning of the summer social season, as well as a tribute to the children.

I insisted that, since the ceremony was linked to Shavuot, it be held on the very day, whether it be Tuesday or Thursday or whenever. My reasoning was that Reform mandated many changes in order to conform to the modern world in which we lived, and I was certainly in favor of this approach, but one thing which did not require change was the dates of the festivals and holidays. I explained carefully that I did indeed understand the preference for Sunday, when all the Daddys and Uncles and the few working Mothers found it more convenient to attend. Nor was I trying to downgrade the ceremony (this argument was advanced as being my secret motive because I was trying hard to upgrade the ceremony of Bar Mitzvah which was not yet universally accepted) by transferring it from a free Sunday to an inconvenient week-day. I was simply saying that a holiday was to be observed on the day it occurred, neither before nor after. Would anyone dream of observing Yom Kippur on the nearest Sunday? In pursuing my point-of-view I stressed all the ideological arguments and belief system I had been trying to inculcate - pride in Judaism, open practice of our religious tradition (nothing "peculiar" about 1000 people coming to Temple on a weekday morning), joining with

other Jews all over the world doing the same thing on the same day, celebrating the birth of the Jewish nation in the ancient desert, as well as the graduation of our own children into adult Jewish responsibilities, and many similar arguments.

The fight raged for months. Majority opinion began to coalesce around scheduling confirmation "on the correct date". A parents' committee was formed which urged a strike on the part of their children, and a boycott of the ceremony. Children were pressured and lobbied by their parents. Friends split and families were divided on the subject. It grew ugly. The solution, in the end, could only be what it must always be in such situations - a compromise, which, in the case of a congregation, as in the case of a nation, means partition. The great majority agreed - a small minority disagreed - they must have their rights also, which meant that they would split off, form their own congregation and keep whatever customs they wished. Thus it came to pass, and a second Reform congregation was born in Milwaukee, which has grown and flourished over the decades. Begun in dissent, it has prospered in conformity. It is today strong in its Jewish identity and practices, observing its confirmation on Shavuot. I have served only two congregations in my career, but gave birth to two more. Not many rabbis can beat that record.

Speaking of birth, our third child, Joan Michal, was born in Milwaukee in 1953. She was a delightful baby, pixie-ish even then, as she has remained all her life. Fey, fanciful, pursuing fantasies in the stories she performs in the childrens' theatres in which she works, she is still delightful today. Her older

sister, Judy, is mother of two girls, serious, hardworking, divorced, maintaining a single parent household, still hoping to build a new life for herself. Her older brother, Dan, is an assistant United States attorney, deputy chief of the Felony One section of the Criminal Justice division of the Department of Justice in Washington. Each of the three is separate and distinct from the others in personality, character, looks and outlook. They live in widely separate locations, yet feel the unity of a family.

Toward the end of 1952, after I had been in Milwaukee less than six months, two of the most esteemed leaders in the American Jewish community, two of the old German-origin "aristocratic" families, Mr. William Rosenwald and Mr. Edward M.M. Warburg, invited me to assume the responsibilities of Executive Vice-Chairman of the National United Jewish Appeal. It was the highest post in the Jewish civil service of America. I was really overcome. There was no false modesty on my part. I knew that for the past five years I had been one of the most effective speakers in the country on behalf of the UJA. And I was also familiar with hundreds of the key players, both lay and professional, in dozens of communities. And I was steeped in the two major themes of the campaign: the Holocaust and its aftermath, as well as the birth of the new State of Israel, having touched the former at its fringes and the latter at its very core. All these factors did make of me a reasonable candidate for the job, but there were so many other facets to the position of Chief Executive Officer, with which I had neither experience nor knowledge, that I felt

uncomfortable. What did I know of administration, banking, advertising, labor relations, and many similar subjects? One could brush off objections by saying that experts in these fields could be hired, but I felt that a CEO who would be utterly dependent on others, who was totally ignorant in these matters, would never be truly in control of his organization.

My two sponsors agreed to this analysis, but countered that I was describing a temporary situation. They expressed certainty that I would be a quick learner, and would soon be at ease in all matters which seemed at the moment to be arcane. They explained further that the incumbent in the position was desperately eager to be relieved, because he simply did not feel temperamentally suited for the job. He was a truly remarkable man in many ways. Dr. Joseph Schwartz was a former Orthodox rabbi, scholar, and social worker, who had been recruited as the European head of the American Joint Distribution Committee (the JDC, or "Joint"), that legendary organization which distributed relief to Jews and Jewish communities all over the world throughout most of the 20th century. His office had been in Paris, and when the Nazis occupied France in 1940, he got out one step ahead of them, and established the Joint headquarters in neutral Lisbon. For five years, during the war, he created and discovered opportunities to bring help to beleaguered communities. He helped rescue individuals, set up contacts behind enemy lines, supported links with Jews in the Soviet Union through Jewish agents from Palestine who infiltrated deep into Soviet Asia. His achievements were heroic and epic. When the war was over, he returned to Paris

and plunged into the overwhelming task of organizing relief for the remnant of surviving Jews in Europe, wherever it was possible to function in the chaos. Both in Lisbon and Paris he was happy and useful.

When the Israel Bond Organization was established, as I told in detail in an earlier chapter, the incumbent CEO of the UJA, Mr. Henry Montor, left that post in order to take over the Bonds. It was necessary to find someone quickly to take over the UJA, and Joseph Schwartz was called back to the U.S. for that purpose. Everyone knew and admired him, but, in retrospect, it could have been predicted that this was not a job for him. This job required a fighter, on many fronts simultaneously, which was not his metier. He was an introspective, quiet, sometimes shy person. He was deeply intellectual, contemplative, careful in thought, slow to act. As hard as he tried, he simply could not confront the constant battles of the campaign. He had no stomach for the fray. The fights between the UJA and the individual communities regarding the division of the funds raised were sometimes brutal. and if the UJA executive had no stomach for the fight, millions could be, and were, lost. Feuds between individual lay leaders in the same community, who took opposite sides of the above-mentioned battles, required a firm hand to avoid escalation which could cause the disillusionment of valuable personnel. Arguments between the founding partners of the UJA itself had to be resolved whenever there was disagreement as to how much money should go to the Jewish Agency for Israel, and how much to the JDC for relief in European or North African countries. Almost no

single day passed without a dispute of some sort requiring the strong decisive hand of the chief executive. All of this wore him down, was distasteful, seemed unproductive to him, in terms of what he wanted to do with his life. He was a good soldier and would stay until a replacement could be found, but he begged that this be done quickly. Such was the argument of Warburg and Rosenwald.

After careful thought, I demurred. My reasons were based purely on the local situation in Milwaukee - not that I compared this one congregation to the world-wide service which the UJA represented - but good manners, civility, and common courtesy made it impossible for me to leave at this moment. I had arrived only a few months ago, and already the congregation was building a house for our family according to our specifications. Every effort was being made by them to conform to the new ideas I was throwing at them - hiring a cantor (unheard of previously), the Confirmation brouha referred to above, freedom to be away on UJA work and speech-making any time the organization called, a friendly tolerant attitude toward my anti-McCarthy activities, and on and on. I felt it was a matter of simple fairness. It would not be fair of me to leave them so quickly and suddenly, when all the activity in the congregation was filled with such promise for the future. They had hired me to create just such excitement and a new set of values - it was happening - and it would surely deflate if I left before all the new practices were firmly locked in place and the congregation had become happily habituated. Take the matter of the cantor, for example. I

wanted to introduce the richness of traditional music to the service, and Torah chanting, and Hebrew songs into the school curriculum, and Bar Mitzvah ceremonies, and all the added dimensions which these functions represented. To many in the congregation these additions represented a return to orthodoxy, To others they were most welcome. I pushed and forced. The Board finally agreed, and we obtained a jolly, friendly, chubby tenor, Sol Altschuler, who quickly endeared himself to all ranks. He was a wonderful addition to our congregational life, but he wasn't yet fixed in concrete, so to speak. I felt uneasy about leaving him behind, for who knew what the attitude of the next rabbi would be. The longer I stayed, the more permanent he would become.

I felt in my heart that I was making the correct decision, and urged the two gentlemen to search for someone else. I am not certain they bought my explanation, but they were seasoned with experience, and could sense that the struggle was over, at least for the moment. We parted with the same sense of mutual respect as before.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Section Four

The major emphasis in my speeches for the UJA rested on the new State of Israel, its internal problems of creating an administration, the security problems of controlling fedayeen raids across its borders, and the absorption problems involving a doubling of its population in the first 30 months of its existence. This massive influx included the quarter-million DP's from the camps of Germany and Cyprus, and the near quarter-million from Yemen and Iraq. But in addition to this concentration on the great issues facing Israel, there was another fateful condition to be faced - namely, the status of Jews in other Moslem countries of North Africa and West Asia. Someone had labelled these people "The Forgotten Million". Of these groups, the most numerous and one of the most needy resided in Morocco. My attention was drawn to them, and I decided to travel there in order to familiarize myself with their situation, so that I could begin to sensitize my audiences to the basic fact of their existence. It was a far-sighted attitude in 1953, for Morocco then was under the control of the French, and almost no one thought that within 20 months the French would be out and an Arab independent government would be running the country, with obvious implications for the safety of the 400,000 Jews living there. My mind, somehow, always seemed to work with a certain part of it focussed on the future, as I tried to forecast areas of future trouble or need. Hence it was natural, according to my own customary thinking, to throw a spotlight on a part of

the globe outside the normal range of concern. I made the trip, and delivered a report to the congregation on November 13, 1953, entitled "THE JEWS OF FRENCH MOROCCO". The text follows.

rewrite in 3rd person by anecdotal

"Tucked away in the northwest corner of Africa is the neediest Jewish community in the world today. In a strange and far-off place called French Morocco, remote from the travelled highways of the world, there exists a community of more than one-third of a million Jews living among 8 million Moslems, Arabs and Berbers. They are spread across a territory from the Atlantic Ocean to the Sahara Desert. They live in crowded filthy quarters in the large cities, as well as in distant villages in the Atlas Mountains. They are mainly the descendants of those Sephardic Jews who were expelled from Spain in 1492 and found their troubled way from Gibraltar across to North Africa. In the city of Marrakesh, far to the south, an exotic place of strange flowers and huge walls, where Winston Churchill often goes to paint, we calculated the Hebrew dates on the stones in the cemetery and found the oldest to be of 1559, although local legend has it that there are others still older.

end of 3rd

Travelling, talking, looking, learning - making our way through this fascinating and troubled part of the Jewish world - was like exploring a different planet. It hardly seemed real - hardly seemed related to the Jewish life with which we in the West are familiar.

The basis of the problem in Morocco stems from a triangular situation - French, Arab and Jewish. Casablanca today is a

bustling, modern port city of almost a million people, well-known because of the meeting held there ten years ago, in 1943, between Roosevelt, Churchill and DeGaulle at the Anfa Hotel. But 40 years ago, Casablanca was a primitive walled town of 50,000 ragged inhabitants. The transformation occurred in the four decades since France assumed the protectorate. The French arrived in 1912 and started to develop and exploit. Let us not here go into the general problem of colonialism. The western liberal stereotype that all forms of colonialism are evil per se does not always hold up in the face of realities. The French brought much to Morocco, and while it is true that the area has served as a source of great wealth for France, still the local population has benefitted greatly through the introduction of schools, hospitals, roads and factories.

At any rate, colonial empires are being broken up all over the world today, and Morocco is no exception. The Arabs want their independence from the French and are pressing hard for it in the United Nations. It is inevitable, with the precedents of India, Indonesia, Egypt and other areas in the past few years, that they will achieve it, at least in some measure. But the struggle is bitter and difficult.

The Arab nationalist party is called Istiqlal, and its members fight the French with terror as well as by political pressure. There are shootings and incidents daily. While we were there, on a Monday, the French arrested 20 members of the Istiqlal on charges of being terrorists in possession of arms and munitions. On Tuesday, the Istiqlal struck back by murdering, on

a busy downtown street, an Arab who had spoke favorably of the new pro-French sultan. This type of thing occurs every day. There is a constant sense of tension in the Arab struggle against the French.

The Jews are caught, as the third party in the triangle, right in the middle. There is little question that the fate of the Jews is tied to the fate of the French. While the French are in power, the Jews feel more or less secure. If the power and prestige of the French declines, the security of the Jews will grow more doubtful. Hatred between Jew and Arab is a matter of ancient tradition, long antedating the establishment of Israel. It is a mistake to assume that the sting of defeat in the Arab-Israel war of 1948 touched off new animosities. The antagonisms are old and deep. Let me give you an example.

In the old bazaar of Marrakesh, there is a quarter of Jewish artisans who make copper trays by hand, hammering out really beautiful patterns. They bend over the anvils in little cubby-holes for 15 hours daily, sitting on mud floors, the youngest children already learning the craft. We witnessed a scene in which an Arab was bargaining with a Jew over the purchase of a platter. The conversation went something like this ---

Arab: I love this beautiful tea tray, made by your unworthy Jewish hands. How much must I pay to free this lovely thing from your dirty grasp?

Jew: It saddens me to let this object of my labor pass into your lecherous fingers for any price.

Arab: Don't be so moral. You would sell your mother for

money.

Jew: Give me your filthy money - and may the beautiful tray be soiled by your filthy use.

This was not merely Oriental bargaining - although it was undoubtedly partly that - but a symbolic representation of underlying tension and bad blood.

In all quarters and circles, we were made to feel that the Jewish future in Morocco under an independent Arab rule, without the restraining hand of the French, would be disastrous. We heard this from responsible leaders of the Jewish community; from ordinary people on the streets; from officials of the JDC; from Jewish businessmen whose roots went back several generations. One merchant, who was financially stable, whose children had received European educations, whose social status was relatively very high, started to perspire visibly when, at tea in his home, we put this question about the Jewish future. He admitted without hesitation that Jews would simply find it untenable if the French withdrew, and that actual physical safety would lie only in emigration. Emigration from Morocco, incidentally, means only to Israel, since the masses would be inadmissible to the United States.

How do these masses of Jews live? Of 80,000 in Casablanca, 50,000 reside in what is called the Mellah. This is a ghetto worse than anything I have ever seen in my life. The DP camps of Germany and Austria after the war are very familiar to me. The tent encampments in Israel of 3 years ago are equally familiar. I have seen slums of the meanest quality in American and European

cities. Absolutely nothing can be compared to a mellah. There are crooked little alleys, often no more than a yard wide, containing low doors through which one crouches to emerge into a courtyard around which are dozens of little openings that are literally holes in the wall. In each hole or room, which has no lights, water or air, there are living unbelievably large numbers of people. Families are huge - birth control is unknown. Usually there is one bed, on, under and around which, sleep 6 to 10 people. There are often no chairs or table. Cooking is done on the floor, as is eating. There is no question of sanitation. Water in the mellah is obtained by buying it from water-sellers. The average earnings of the head of a family with 7 or 8 children is about \$1.00 per day.

It is fantastic to realize that people go through the mellah walls each day, work outside, see life outside, and then return to this festering stinking place to sleep each night. We saw pretty young women, dressed in presentable western clothing, going out to work in shops and offices, and coming back at the end of the day. We saw others, who, having made the break, swore they would never return, and found a room on the outside, although that meant separation from family. There is a social ferment going on at the moment, which will eventually lead to the dissolution of the mellah, unless there is a forced emigration first.

The social ferment is partly due to the expanding horizons of the younger generation, and partly due to the extensive program of health, education and welfare which is being supported

by outside agencies such as our own AJDC. When you bring health, welfare and modern education to people, you make them unhappy and dissatisfied with the cubby-hole. Let us not go into the question whether we do them any favor or not. There are those who would say, "Leave them in the cubby-hole, they know no better." Yet, I think few would subscribe to that. Progress means irritation, agitation, excitement, advancement in the face of all kinds of difficulties. And I, for one, feel it is right and proper to teach them to be dissatisfied with what they have, so that they may strive for better.

Let me give you a few examples of the kind of programs and projects that are going on to increase the rate of dissolution of the old pattern. We saw a large polyclinic of four stories. The place was a beehive of mothers and children. One of the nasty diseases of Morocco is PARCH, (favus, tinia). It invades the scalp of children and causes running pussy sores. At the clinic a mass attack is being made on this scrofulous disease. A battery of X-ray machines has been brought in. The child's head is placed under X-ray and after several exposures, the hair falls out. In the next room there are about 25 nurses, locally trained (which was no small task), plucking individual subcutaneous hairs with tweezers, to get every single follicle. The skulls are swabbed in many successive treatments with a thick greasy paste containing various medicaments. Bandaged heads or egg-bald heads of children are a most common sight in the Jewish parts of the mellah. Gradually the hair grows back, free of the parasites, and the clean curly locks are matched only by the smiles on the faces of

the emancipated boys and girls.

In this same clinic, there are departments for many other things, such as care of new-born babies, how to wrap, feed, take temperature - all routine matters which seem so commonplace to us, but which constitute a very real revolution to people verewit of such benefits until 4 years ago. Down in the basement of the clinic there is a modern sanitary milk plant, under the supervision of a young Dutch boy. Machinery has been brought in to sterilize the bottles, fill them automatically, seal them hermetically, and then, of all miracles, pasteurize them. Every mother, bringing a baby or child to the clinic for any kind of treatment, gets four pint bottles at each visit. Medical care and milk are free. As an aside, let me say that it was quite a thrill to see, in the large mixing room containers of powdered milk, with the stencilled emblem - Donation of the U.S. State Department, from the depot at Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

You have all heard of the dread eye disease called Trachoma. In Africa and Asia millions are blinded by it. It is most common to see blind beggars sitting in the hot sun, their eye sockets crawling with flies while they cry out for a pittance. An experimental clinic has been set up by the JDC right inside the mellah for the cure of trachoma. In one area which approximated two square blocks, 2200 people were tested. Of these 1600 had some form of trachoma. The results of treatment were startling. More than 400 were completely cured, another 400 showed an improved condition, and the last third were too far gone for any change.

The eye clinic was located in a sort of cellar. Children were brought there four times daily. The dose each time was aureomycin, 1% in solution. We looked at the cards of two children who happened to be there at the moment. The doctor was a woman, 50-ish, herself a refugee from Siberia, of all places. She explained that one child had been to the clinic 167 times, and the other 205 times. This indicated a period of treatment from 40 to 50 days. Both children, screaming vigorously, held in tow by a barefooted grandmother, were practically finished with their cure. Four precious baby eyes were saved from the scourge. The doctor told us that shortly they were moving the clinic two blocks further into the mellah, to tackle another 2000 people. The fight for life and health goes on steadily and encouragingly.

There are many schools, all subsidized in one way or another by the JDC. There are the schools of the Alliance Israelite, where thousands of children receive secular and religious education in both French and Hebrew. An organization called Otzar-ha-Torah operates a school for 800 boys. There is even a normal school, under the direction of a French rabbi, an army chaplain, where teachers are prepared to staff the expanding school system all over Morocco. There are many kindergartens where the children are taught to drink milk (which they disliked intensely at first, never having had any) and to play constructively. One such kindergarten was being operated by a young woman who had been sent to Switzerland to get her own education and training.

At all the schools, a free lunch is given the children, the

only hot meal they receive in the day. At Marrakesh we stumbled across quite a scene. A young woman, who turned out to be 22, was literally fighting with the principal at the entrance to the school. She was the mother of 5 children. She was trying to register her boy, 4 years old. The principal was trying to explain that the boy was too young for the school. The mother was shrieking that she wanted him enrolled, so that he could eat. It was pitiful - and at the same time indicative of the very real help being offered by the school and lunch program.

In addition to health and education, the third aspect of the JDC program is economic rehabilitation. If people can be trained or encouraged or aided to improve themselves economically, they can hope to make a break from the mellah. For there is no law which keeps them inside except the law of poverty. Once they gave a specific trade or skill at their command, young men and women could always find work in an expanding labor market. The fixed job is the key to freedom.

ORT has a large and wonderful vocational training school in Casablanca. 400 boys are accommodated in a boarding school. A large workshop provides for metal working, welding, woodworking, motor mechanics and other special skills which the boys are learning. There are dormitories for sleeping, classrooms for study, dining hall for meals. The lunch we saw consisted of fish, vegetables, beans and zucchini, with dates for dessert.

Just a few months ago, the first cooperative loan society was opened. Here small loans are available, up to \$150, to enable a craftsman or artisan to purchase tools which will enable him to

earn more. These loans are given interest-free, repayable in 12 months, and must be approved by a board which determines the merit of the applicant. The original capital fund was \$10,000, and chosen from thousands of applicants 147 have been approved so far. Most of the original money is therefore out in circulation, and the rate of repayment is so successful that the JDC plans to put an additional sum at the disposal of the society.

We read through one typical history. A printer's apprentice requested the maximum loan of \$150 to buy some type to set himself up as a printer. He made so much more than he expected the very first month that he volunteered to repay his loan in 1/2 year instead of taking the full time. In the long run, this kind of assistance is better than all the charity in the world.

What is the ultimate solution for these third-of-a-million Jews in French Morocco (and, incidentally, their brethren nearby in French Tunisia, whose situation is identical?) What can and should be done? What conclusions did we reach?

It seems to me that the picture is clear. It might be very clear, I admit, because our visit was short. Had we stayed longer, the answers might have grown more complex. But we talked to lots of people and got very clear answers which seemed to fall into neat categories. Three major conclusions emerged:

1. The future of the Jews in Morocco will be difficult, if not impossible, as the Arabs continue to win more and more independence from the French.
2. Their immediate emigration is also difficult, if not impossible, for Israel cannot take them now, unless

there should be actual pogroms. I shall explain this in detail when I report on Israel in two weeks time.

3. It is therefore obvious that we must use this interim period, however long it should be - 5 or 10 years (NOTE - it actually took only 2, for the first pogrom occurred in 1955) - to continue to improve health, education, and economic conditions, with an eye toward ultimate emigration. Life itself will thus become more bearable inside Morocco, and Israel will ultimately receive a population whose general standards will be considerably higher.

One last matter. At the JDC International Conference in Paris, which it was our good fortune to attend, someone asked why we should be concerned about these Moroccan Jews. Haven't they always lived in squalor and poverty? How far can we go to rescue every remote remnant of the Jewish people in the world? The questioner went on in this vein, expressing the mood, apparently, of many American Jews who wonder why their UJA money should be used in this fashion.

My answer to this comes from the heart. I am convinced that these Moroccan Jews are good human material. They have been ground down under brutal poverty and ruthless Arab oppression for centuries. We have found them now in this condition. Miracles have been wrought in the 4 short years that organized help has been brought to them. They constitute a small replacement for the six million murdered in Europe. If we have found this reservoir, let us not be dismayed at the temporary burden it represents, but

let us rather rejoice that here are some who can be gathered in to enlarge the fold. Why should we be concerned about them? Simply because they are ours - brothers and sisters.

In one of the villages near the Sahara Desert, in the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, far from Warsaw and Berlin and New York and Jerusalem, a car with American visitors stopped. The visitors talked to two young boys, and asked, with love and kindness: "What do you need? What can we send you?" Out of the poverty and the want and the fear came the strong simple answer: "Please send us a few Hebrew books."

Across many centuries and wide, wide spaces, Jew was speaking to Jew.

I spent many months, travelling around the United States, telling the story of Moroccan and other North African Jewries. This was all new, and involved the recital of much historical background, to sensitize the basically Ashkenasi audience to this phenomenon of a relatively large Sephardi population of brethren in need. The audience was curious, cautious, fairly slow to react, but I could feel the gradual acceptance of responsibility. It was adding a new layer to the two already accepted ones of Holocaust and Israel. I felt it was important to accomplish this familiarization process before some dire actual problem exploded, which did indeed occur sooner than even I anticipated.

In the middle of 1954, two years after they had first approached me, Messrs. Rosenwald and Warburg re-appeared, with the same request. They had been searching all this time; had

found no one possessed of the qualifications which were mine; were even more impressed by my reputation which continued to grow in the many communities I kept visiting; and Dr. Schwartz had reached the end of his endurance. Their arguments were strong, and echoed in my ears with greater urgency this time, not only due to the Moroccan trip described above, but because of a small cloud appearing on the international scene, which bothered me, but was invisible to almost everyone else. The French had just lost the battle of Dien Bien Phu in Vietnam. It was incredible to realize that this powerful European nation had been defeated by some pajama-clad jungle guerillas. But it had happened. And as the French prepared to withdraw from southeast Asia, I could see them, in my mind's eye, withdrawing from North Africa as well. And so I could see a period ahead in which a huge transmigration would begin across North Africa, from the Atlantic to the Nile. This would have tremendous repercussions in Israel as well, for war was looming there as well. All in all, it seemed harder to refuse now than it had been before. My reasons of two years ago appeared to me less valid now, in the face of current and near future historic imperatives. Further, Warburg and Rosenwald were joined by Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Zionist Organization, who urged me hard to assume the role for which he felt I was destined. We had a friendly relationship, and I respected many, if not all, of his judgments.

I talked the matter over with Ben Saltzstein and Ed Prince, the two men who had brought me to Milwaukee in the first place, and I record here my respect for their broad-mindedness. They

were enormously pleased with what I had accomplished in the Temple in a few short years; were genuinely sorry to lose what they could foresee as great additional benefits if I were to remain; yet agreed that they should not stand in my way. Seldom does one find lay leaders capable of putting their own projects aside for what they understand to be some larger communal good. But that quality is exactly what attracted me to them in the first instance.

My wife had been happy in Milwaukee. The two older children were growing nicely, the new baby had been born here, the new house being built had occupied great attention and energy, and many new friends provided enjoyable social outlets. All in all, time passed swiftly and pleasantly. When we discussed the UJA position, she understood the historic dimensions, and while Milwaukee had offered a happy experience, still the prospect of returning to the East Coast was very pleasing to her. Having lived most of her life in Connecticut, she looked forward to returning. She knew the office was located in New York City, but one did not live in the middle of the city with small children if living in the suburbs was financially feasible. And she probably had that in mind, for when we eventually made the move, she found a house for us in Westport, Connecticut and I commuted by train.

These matters having been settled, I accepted the UJA offer (salary was never discussed) effective one year hence, i.e. in June 1955, when the Confirmation Class would have been brought to completion, the year's synagogue calendar ended, and enough time elapsed in between to enable a search committee to find a

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successor. All parties were satisfied with that time-table, so it rested.

But life has a way of setting its own momentum, and the conditions in North Africa continued to deteriorate. The immigrant absorption picture in Israel was also showing strain. A report given to the UJA National Conference on December 10, 1954 provided a look at the international situation:

"On August 3, 1954, in the Moroccan town of Petitjean, there was a flare-up of mob violence...six Jews were dead. There has been no recurrence since then, thanks to the vigilance of the French authorities. However, the memory of it cannot be erased. The vast majority of Jews live on the thin margin of a crumbling economy. In a depression, such as the one currently plaguing Morocco, the Jews are pushed to the very edge of starvation and despair. Thus emigration becomes a compelling necessity.

The Jews are caught squarely in the tightening vise of the struggle between the Arab nationalists and the French. If Morocco and Tunisia become theocratic Moslem States the position of the Jews will be untenable....Present plans call for the transfer of about 22,000 Jews from Morocco and 8,000 from Tunisia. Priority will be given to those in outlying districts where the control of French authorities is not strong.

According to social workers on the scene, this North African influx promises a higher percentage of social problems than earlier waves of immigration...Many will be undernourished

and ill, bearing scars of ghetto life. They will require the utmost help to heal and absorb them...A few years ago almost a quarter million persons were living in the primitive conditions of tent camps and tiny huts. When winter storms broke, these camps became scenes of disorganization and despair exposed to biting cold, lashing rain, flood and mud and the ever-present threat of epidemic. Now - fewer than 80,000 live in the temporary settlements - none of them in tents. So, it will go a bit better for these new North Africans.

Shadow of the Gun

Politically, Israel is in serious straits. The expulsion of the British by the Egyptians from the Suez Canal Zone; the projected supply of Communist arms to Arab countries; the provocative acts along Israel's borders and the whole paraphernalia of hostility and aggression, have affected every sphere of the country's life. The Arab neighbors, in their official government budgets, show a total of \$500 million for military allocations alone - exceeding Israel's entire budget.

Thus the menacing shadow of the gun has fallen across Israel's plans and works ahead, centering about the North African immigration. (Author's note: David Levy, now Israel's Foreign Minister, came as a young boy with his family in this wave.) The air is filled with threats of a "second round" by which the Arabs hope to drive the Jews into the sea.

Israel has made forward strides at great cost in personal sacrifice, belt-tightening and hard gruelling work. American Jews have helped make possible these advances by

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tremendous contributions or resources and energies. Today's immigrants, unlike three years ago, will avoid the discomforts and degradations of reception center and camp living. Instead, within five hours of their arrival, newcomers will find themselves in a ship-to-settlement operation that transfers them quickly to homes and jobs in new settlements. Of those who entered the country in the final months of 1954, some 44 percent went directly to agricultural settlements, 52 percent found employment as manual laborers in rural areas and only 4 percent went into reception centers.

This process is possible now only because Israel is beginning to reap the benefits of years of hard work and planning. In the last six years, 420 villages were founded...One of the single most dramatic accomplishments of Israel today is the huge pipeline which is diverting the course of the Yarkon River down to the thirsty settlements of the Negev. Thus, while the immigrants converge on Israel, the giant pipeline pushes southward opening for them new settlement areas which, for past generations, had been arid, desolate and uninhabitable.

It must be realized that the decision to receive a minimum of 30,000 North African newcomers in 1955, plus a minimum of 5000 immigrants from other areas, is based on a calculated risk. As Dr. Giora Josephthal, Treasurer of the Jewish Agency, has said: 'We will take them in. This is our raison d'etre...but this immigration can wreck the whole achievement of the last three years.' Whether it does or not, will depend to a great extent on the Jews of the United States and the funds they

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provide."

After reading this prognosis, with its dire closing paragraph, I sat back and started to think, in very graphic images, for the first time, of the job to which I had committed myself. Up to now, I reflected, my thoughts had been conditioned by abstractions and ideology. Suddenly, a great wave of anxiety almost drowned me, for the reality came alive - not "nationhood" and "peoplehood" - but a living land, with roads and water and guns and sick children coming from a place of fear to a place of safety. They needed a house, not a tent, and a house cost lots of money. I now had to lead the effort to get the money. Suppose I failed? Suppose I didn't know how? Suppose I got some, but not enough? Suppose a war broke out in my first year on the bridge, and tons and tons of money were needed? My God, what had I done to myself?

Slowly the anxiety attack dissipated itself, the sweating cooled down, and I began to think in that linear logical manner which always gave me comfort, and provided the modus operandi by which to solve the particular problem. First, gather all the facts - go out in the field to get them, if necessary. Anywhere in the world is only an airplane ride away. Be absolutely armed with reliable data, immediate and certifiable as to source. Second, add a strong dash of opinion to the recipe. Facts are sometimes dry, and opinion is the spice. Those who eat the dish might sneeze, but at least they are awakened by the sharpness. Third, add the magic ingredient called inspiration, so that the

consumer is thrilled and challenged and adrenalized. And lastly, set the target and turn the hunter loose. Calmed, and once again in control of my thoughts and mood, I began to make notes of what had to be done in the half-year or so before I stepped out to what I was now beginning to relish as an incredible, enormous opportunity. Of course, events once again grabbed the reins of history, as a major communal crisis exploded which, before it was over, changed my timetable considerably.

Henry Montor, whom I have described as a flawed genius, once again manifested the paradoxical characteristics of great creativity, followed by equally great destructiveness. He it was who pushed for the establishment of the Israel Bond Organization. He persuaded the Israeli Government to issue the Bonds, convinced the UJA leadership not to fight the decision, established many offices in the larger cities of America which penetrated the consciousness of the local lay leaders as another means of helping Israel grow stronger, and, all in all, he should have been happy to watch the new tree bear its fruit, slowly but surely.

Four short years after the launching of the new campaign, he was already deep in a controversy which ended with the destruction of his career, the defection of a dozen key lay leaders from both the Bonds and the UJA, and a setback for the Bonds which took a decade to overcome. His impatience and impetuosity were the twin catapults which once more hurled him to defeat. The issue was neither grand nor complex - rather simple, as a matter of fact. The issue was timing. The local Federations,

which conducted the annual campaign in each community, on behalf of both the UJA and the local needs budget, now had to adjust to the fact that there was another large campaign which would take place on their turf. These Federations would not be sharing in the proceeds of the new campaign, which was entirely for Israel. Some Federations were broad-minded, and understood that fund-raising was essentially consciousness-raising, so that any new stimulus or impetus which increased an individual's willingness to part with money would probably redound to the benefit of many other causes which would come in the future to solicit that individual. Other Federations had a narrower scope, worrying about competition, basing their judgment on the theory that there was only a limited amount of money available for charitable purposes, and while the Bonds were an investment in Israel, not a contribution, still their sale in the community might have a negative effect on the annual campaign. These attitudes, whether broad or narrow, shifted from time to time, often in the same community, and depended, often, on who the Bond Chairman or the Federation President was. Two friends in these two offices created an atmosphere of cooperation, while two ideologues in these offices created conflict. Over the years, a gradual peace, or at least modus vivendi, developed through the pragmatic application of the typical compromise, which involved partition - not of space, but of time. Partition the calendar, and let the two campaigns function, each in its own time slot, which would give each the maximum opportunity to succeed. Generally speaking, this division allocated the first half of the year to the

Federation, and the second half to the Bonds.

War erupted in Detroit, where Montor refused to accept the partition principle, and insisted that his Bond office would function all year round, would not be restricted in any fashion, would not engage in any process of "clearing" names (a mechanical system whereby the two campaigns informed each other when a big donor had done his duty by one, so that the other could then approach him after a decent interval), would not clear calendar dates for the holding of big gift functions, and if there were two dinners being held in two consecutive weeks, so be it. His declaration of war was incorporated in a memorandum entitled "THE NONSENSE OF TIMING", which was published throughout the United States. It had the same effect as the firing of the British muskets on the green in Lexington. The communities rose in a roar of protest.

Since the immediate fuse was Detroit, the fight against this Montor broadside was led by Isadore Sobeloff, the executive director of the Detroit Federation, one of the most respected and senior executives of that generation. In the acrimony of the ensuing weeks, much speculation was wasted on the question of whether Sobeloff really cared about Israel at all. How could he fight against the Bonds, upon which Israel was dependent for capital expansion? How could he possibly think that the local needs of Detroit Jewry were more important than Israel? How could he believe that the UJA-Federation campaign (out of which only half the money went to Israel) had greater significance than the Bond campaign? These and similar questions formed the barricades

erected by the Montor supporters. The rationale offered by his opponents was based on the fact that two campaigns had to learn to live with one another, so that neither would suffer and both would prosper. Then Israel would enjoy the proceeds of a larger Bond result, plus a larger UJA result. It was not a matter of who loved Israel more, but simply how to increase both results. If these two campaigns were scrapping with each other all year long, fighting over dates for functions, or lay leaders, or competing for big-name speakers, or pressuring Israeli personalities to appear on their behalf, such constant guerilla warfare would absolutely damage both. The Montor opponents based their case on the argument that it was nonsense to think that the disciplined corps of big givers would agree to such anarchy.

As the weeks went by, early in 1955, the sides hardened, and the demands escalated. The communities coalesced, more and more adopting the anti-Montor position, to the extent of demanding that the Israel Government rein Montor in. The confrontation was inevitable and in March (?) the climactic meeting took place in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The Israeli contingent came over; the Montor contingent of his devoted and loyal supporters, led by Sam Rothberg, probably the single most powerful and effective lay leader in the entire country, gathered in all its strength; and the local Federation forces assembled a representative gathering from across the country. It was interesting that the UJA itself was not a factor in this equation. Many UJA leaders were present, but as individuals, not as an entity in the dispute.

Levi Eshkol, Finance Minister of the State of Israel, the senior official immediately responsible for the State Bonds, was in the chair. He knew that the final decision would be his to make, and he knew further that he would have to decide on backing the communities or Montor. It was a tremendously difficult decision, for Montor's whole life to this point had been spent serving the cause of Palestine and Israel, and he had enormous achievements to his credit. Now the Israeli chief would have to decide his fate. There was no compromise possible. Montor's resignation was being demanded, and he himself was offering it. The other senior Israeli present was Dr. Giora Josephthal, a noble son of the German community, migrant to Palestine shortly after Hitler's ascension, now Treasurer of the Jewish Agency, thus custodian of the UJA philanthropic dollars. In the background was Dr. Nahum Goldmann, mastermind of the German reparations agreement, and President of the World Zionist Organization. His presence was a symbol of the fact that there might be construed in this whole controversy some Israel-Diaspora conflict that would require his intervention.

The discussion went on for hours, all the arguments on both sides were presented, over and over, emotions ebbed and flowed, the opponents held firm, neither side budged. Montor said he would conduct his campaign as he saw fit, and the community representatives said this was not acceptable to them. In the early hours of the morning, the three Israelis retired to an upstairs room in the hotel, to make their decision. At one point they called for Dr. Schwartz to join them. I presume they were

confirming with him the fact that he would be prepared to take over the management of the Bond Organization if they accepted Montor's resignation. I presume he gave them that assurance. Shortly thereafter they summoned me, to make certain that I would be available for the UJA. There was an awkward moment, for I told them of the timetable I had agreed to, namely, to remain with the congregation until June, giving me time to finish with the confirmation class, and giving the Board time to find a replacement. After that Schwartz was to remain with me from June to December, in order to give me a proper briefing and break-in period. Eshkol said that this was impossible, for events were moving much faster, and I had to be available much sooner. He and I were good friends, so he was not pressuring me, rather was he pleading. Giora took me aside, trying to strengthen me by paying the compliment that I did not need a lengthy break-in, further that I was the key link that would complete the circle. The Israelis could make the hard decision about Montor, if they were certain that the crucial bases of Bonds and UJA were covered. It was clear that this was no time for me to cavil nor to create obstacles. Without further thought or discussion, I agreed to be available whenever they needed me. I left to go back downstairs, and the Israelis followed almost immediately. They announced their willingness to accept the Montor resignation; the Federation people pledged their best efforts to make the Bond drives in their cities as successful as possible; the Montor people marched out in disappointment and defiance.

As a post-mortem note to this potentially explosive moment

in Israeli-Disapora relations, may I record the fact that the ensuing decades witnessed a steadily calmer and quieter environment, with increasing cooperation, constantly rising results in both campaigns, friendly relations between local Bond city managers and local Federation executives, a sense of common cause, and, of course, the occasional flare-up in one city or another, which only proved that mainly all was quiet on the western front. It is interesting to note that the original cause of the quarrel has long since faded into dust, for today there are no arguments about timing, and if such a question were to arise, everyone would agree it was simply nonsense.



CHAPTER FIVE

Section One

Quick alterations in the timetable were required. Everyone involved cooperated beautifully. The confirmation class agreed to a late March ceremony, which was probably most welcome to many of the kids who saw the advantage of eliminating the extra months of study. The family plan was for me to go ahead to New York, live in a hotel, get settled in the job, while Elaine would come along later, with the children, after she had found a house for us. She was quite firm on the matter of locating us in a pleasant suburb, for mid-Manhattan was no place to bring up three small children. She insisted that they needed grass, trees, space, schools - none of which were to be found in the canyons of tall apartment buildings.

She searched diligently, and one day took me out to Connecticut on I-95. We left the highway at an exit marked Westport, and entered this small quiet lovely village, whose precise location became known to me only when we found the small station of the New Haven Railroad, and a posted schedule revealed that the ride to Grand Central in New York was 1 hour 6 minutes. The house itself was large, set on three acres, mostly trees, on an unpaved road off Bayberry Lane. The school was not far, but station wagons and car pools were the order of the day. In 1955 most women had not yet entered the labor market, and the mothers were the family chauffeurs, taking husband to train, kids to school, shopping, household chores, kids back from school,

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husband back from train, one more day done. The Temple was nearby, for there was already a growing Jewish community, as more and more emigrants from the city chose the bucolic beauty of this delightful country town. The people who came here were largely literate and sophisticated, engaged in advertising, publishing, public relations, major corporations, academia and the arts. The town boasted a good summer theatre, even that early, excellent parks and beaches, a wonderful rural hinterland, and was still quite small. It is no wonder that Westport, over the years, developed into one of the most desirable destinations in Fairfield County. Today it is probably very overcrowded, but then it was pristine, and a good choice for our family. I commuted for seven years, until a divorce and remarriage took me to New York City, but Elaine and the three children remained in that house for many more years.

As for the office, and its working conditions, the beginning was quite a shock. Instead of receiving help and advice from my predecessor, I was quite alone, not even knowing how to work the buttons on the telephone. The UJA was housed at 165 West 46 street, an old building right on Times Square. It was owned by Columbia University, the rent was \$2.00 per square foot, and the electric current was D.C. It was impossible to operate an electric typewriter, or air conditioner or pencil sharpener without a converter. I vowed to move us out, and started looking. Sixth Avenue was just starting to become built up, north of the Rockefeller Center towers. Eventually I took us into the second

completed office building, named Sperry-Rand, occupying the entire 29th floor (30,000 sq.ft. at \$8.00 per foot). One of my lay leaders, Jack Weiler, a renowned real estate developer, at first was critical of the deal I had made, but as prices escalated at the turn of the decade, and we were offered a half-million dollar profit on our 20-year lease, he called me a real-estate genius. Jack is one of the most generous, warm-hearted, devoted Jewish leaders in New York. He constructed a 50-story office building on the corner of Sixth Ave. and 42nd St, named the Grace Building, and outfitted the roof so that a tremendous Sukkah could be erected each year. It has become famous as the Sukkah-in-the-Sky, and every year, it is booked solidly by all the Jewish organizations in the city who are eager to enjoy the excitement of a meal and a meeting up there in heaven. Jack is a willing host.

Another "first thing to do", beside the physical space item, was the matter of the payroll. I had no background knowledge whatsoever, no idea of how the staff grew, no real understanding yet of what staff was needed, but from my years of travelling around as a volunteer speaker, I had seen most of the field staff in operation, and had talked with them about the details of their jobs. My intuition told me, and my impressions also dictated the conclusion that the organization was not lean. As I moved around the office, I began to develop the same feeling about the internal staff. I resolved to begin cutting staff, slowly and methodically, carefully, not to engender any panic or crisis in

morale, but still to reduce the payroll. I discovered there were two persons who considered themselves to be the keepers of the keys to the executive office. One was Irving Jacobs, the comptroller, and the other was Melvin Goldstein, the former amanuensis of Dr. Schwartz, having served him as private secretary for 15 years, since Lisbon. Jacobs and Goldstein, tall and short, light and dark, were an inseparable pair, always appeared together, no matter what the agenda item, and always presumed that their combined seniority entitled their counsel to automatic acceptance by me, or anyone else to whom they offered it. There was a certain arrogance about their assumptions and manner. On the other hand, these were exactly the types whom one did not wish to antagonize, for their enmity could be disastrous. I was always willing to listen to their opinions and advice, sometimes accepting it even when my own judgment differed, simply for the sake of allowing them to win a point now and then. At the same time, I found a way of letting them know when I was particularly firm on some point, so that they would realize there was no sense in trying to push me. Such a point was my determination to reduce the staff. I seem to recall two numbers: total staff I found when I entered the job, 250 persons; total staff one year later, 150 persons.

Relations between us were perfectly normal, and the organization did not suffer because of the tension I have tried to describe. But I knew that there must always be a sense of wariness, for these gentlemen were determined to control me. Five

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years passed, and an issue arose on which they apparently decided to stake all. I wanted to employ, as my administrative aid, a man with whom I had worked long ago in Germany, a Major Abraham Hyman, for whose abilities and intellect I had great respect, and whose skills as lawyer and administrator would be most useful. Jacobs and Goldstein refused to agree. They saw in him a person who might interpose himself between them and me, who might become a threat to their hegemony. I was shocked at their nerve and the magnitude of their challenge to my authority. I was the Chief Executive Officer. I had the ultimate power. What were they trying to prove - that they had the ultimate veto? Such conduct was insubordination, and I was tempted to dismiss them both. Instead I tried to reason with them. This failed, for they escalated the fight to the lay leader level. They suborned as their champion Mr. Edward Warburg, by appealing to his loyalty as JDC Chairman (Jacobs and Goldstein offering their loyalty to the JDC over decades as proof of their higher fidelity to the UJA, whereas my loyalty was based on my less desirable record as a Zionist [shades of the old JDC-Zionist struggle]). Warburg and I were then, and have remained to this day, good friends, with a high degree of mutual respect, based mostly on an intellectual rapport. But he sided with them, and told me that their record with the UJA entitled them to be considered part of the management team, so I could not impose a decision about hiring someone for a senior position whom they opposed. I told my friend Eddie that there was not going to be a "troika" running the UJA.

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Either I was the boss, or I was not. If he wanted my resignation he could have it in 5 minutes. No - that was not what he wanted, nor did he want their resignations either. Dewey Stone, the head of the Zionist organization partner in the UJA corporate structure, was called in to the act, which, by now had become widely known throughout the lay leadership ranks. And most of the laymen, non-politicians by temperament, looked at the matter from a simple management perspective. I had done a fabulous job for the past five years - the communities sensed the strength I brought to the job, the Israelis were happy, even the JDC, whose integrity Jacobs and Goldstein were presumably attempting to defend, were more than pleased with my work. So what was this squabble all about? If we have to decide who is more valuable to the organization, those two men or Friedman, there is no contest. And so it ended. The two men left, with handsome severance arrangements, and the palace revolution, the only such episode in my entire career, was over.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Section 2

On the weekend of June 3-5, 1955 an extraordinary National Conference of the UJA took place in Washington, D.C. Its purpose was to commemorate the 10th Anniversary of liberation from Nazi tyranny and to celebrate a decade of unprecedented humanitarian victories, 1945-1955. The very top leadership of the organization gathered in their hundreds from across the nation, and a unique array of America's wartime military leadership accepted the invitation to be present. This was the first time since the war ended that such a group of three and four-star generals had been presented to an American Jewish audience. In addition, the six civilians who had been appointed as the Adviser on Jewish Affairs to the Commanding General were all present, as were the two former DP's who had been chairmen of the Central Committee of Liberated Jews in Germany, as well as the one man who had been Director-General of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). Israel was represented by both its Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. This was the first and last time that such a powerful and comprehensive assemblage ever sat at one dais. The collection of their speeches, preserved for posterity, embraces all the emotions, from horror at the memory of what they had seen, to elation at the victory of the human spirit in today's renaissance of the Jewish people and the Israeli state. It was truly a singular event.

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The Program Participants

GENERAL JOHN H. HILLDRING

Assistant Secretary of State, 1946-47

GENERAL JOSEPH T. McNARNEY

Commanding General, U.S. Forces in Europe 1945-46

Military Governor, U.S. Occupied Zone, Germany

GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY

Commanding General, U.S. Forces in Europe 1947-49

Military Governor, U.S. Occupied Zone, Germany

GENERAL MARK W. CLARK

Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Forces of Occupation

Austria, and U.S. High Commissioner for Austria

1945-47

GENERAL CLARENCE R. HEUBNER

Acting Commander-in-Chief, European Command 1949

Acting U.S. Military Governor, Occupied Zone,
Germany, 1949.

HON. HERBERT H. LEHMAN

Governor, State of New York

U.S. Senator, State of New York

Director-General UNRRA, 1943-46

JUDGE SIMON H. RIFKIND

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1945-46

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RABBI PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1946-47

JUDGE LOUIS E. LEVINTHAL

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1947-48

DR. WILLIAM HABER

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1948

MR. HARRY GREENSTEIN

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1949

MAJOR ABRAHAM S. HYMAN

Advisor on Jewish Affairs, 1949-50

DR. ZALMAN GRINBERG

DR. SAMUEL GRINGAUZ

Former Chairmen, Central Committee of Liberated
Jews, Germany, U.S. Zone

HIS EXCELLENCY, ABBA S. EBAN

Ambassador of Israel to the United States

MR. REUVEN SHILOAH

Minister Plenipotentiary of Israel to the U.S.

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Acting Chairman, Jewish Agency for Palestine

MR. WILLIAM ROSENWALD

General Chairman, United Jewish Appeal

MRS. HAL HORNE

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Chairman, National Women's Division, UJA

MR. MORRIS BERINSTEIN

MR. SAMUEL H. DAROFF

MR. JOSEPH HOLTZMAN

MR. SOL LUCKMAN

MR. JACK WEILER

National Chairmen, UJA

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DR. JOSEPH J. SCHWARTZ
Retiring Executive Vice-Chairman, UJA
RABBI HERBERT A. FRIEDMAN

Executive Vice-Chairman, United Jewish Appeal

The weekend program began with an extraordinary ceremony in the Rose Garden of the White House on Friday afternoon, June 3, 1955. President Eisenhower graciously received a delegation of UJA officers, in the presence of top officials and the media. He reminisced about his personal experiences in visiting liberated concentration camps with his Chief of Staff, General Walter Bedell Smith, and described his emotions of shock and horror in viewing the few survivors. Those early visits conditioned his attitude toward the role of the army in providing relief and succor for the next several years to the swelling DP population. He recalled his decision to find someone who could counsel the Commanding General on the needs of this surviving remnant, and his appointment of an army chaplain, Major Judah Nadich, a

conservative Rabbi from New York, to act as Eisenhower's own adviser for the next few months. This established the precedent which resulted in a series of six such advisers serving during the course of the ensuing five years. The truly amazing relationship between the United States Army and this band of Jewish men, women and, yes, even babies, who managed to slip through the death net and were alive through luck, ingenuity, accident, help from non-Jews, and miracles, was one of the bright aspects of post-war life in Germany. That a battle-hardened army which had experienced the brutality of the hard fight against the Nazis should have accepted the responsibility for the tender care these survivors needed during the next several years until their fate would be determined politically is magnificent testimony to the American tradition of decency, fair play, tolerance and kindness. All of this was put into play by General Eisenhower's automatic reaction to what he witnessed. The encounter in the Rose Garden was historic.

At its conclusion, Mr. William Rosenwald, the UJA chairman, tendered to the President a glass bell jar, under which was a small clay oil lamp. An inscription read:

To Dwight D. Eisenhower

President of the United States of America
who has kept the Lamp of Freedom burning

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Presented in deepest gratitude by
the United Jewish Appeal for his

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distinguished humanitarian service
to victims of Nazi tyranny.

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This antique lamp from the Land of
the Bible, dating from approximately
50 C.E., symbolizes 20 centuries of
Jewish history in which each generation
renewed its devotion to freedom's ideals.

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Among those in the delegation to the White House, in
addition to Mr. Rosenwald and myself, were Samuel Daroff of
Philadelphia, Sol Luckman of Cincinnati, and Abe Kaye of
Washington.

One of the incidental purposes of this weekend conference
was to take note of the retirement of Dr. Joseph Schwartz as
Executive Vice-Chairman, and to install me in that position. When
Rabbi Philip Bernstein was called upon for his address, he said
some kind things about both of us:

"It was a matter of historic significance and something for
which we have the greatest gratitude that Joe Schwartz was
the head of that job (JDC in Europe, later UJA in America).
Because of Joe's early rabbinical training, because of his
closeness to East European Jewish life, because of his
innate kindness and warmth of heart and sympathetic
understanding and vast competence and ability to get people
to like him, these made him ideally equipped to do the job

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he had to do, and it was, I repeat, a historic job.

I for one, and here I speak with strong feeling and personal knowledge, am highly gratified that Herb Friedman is now going to take his place. I hated to see him leave the rabbinate. We need men like him in the active rabbinate in America, but apparently - and this is his judgment and yours - you and our people need him more. In a sense I can say that Herb is my boy. I helped to guide him into the chaplaincy. I helped him to get an assignment in Europe so that he could serve both in his military capacity and at the same time become one of the succorers of his people, and so it worked out to his great gratification and to theirs, and I came upon him in Berlin in early 1946 doing a tremendous job there.

I asked him to come with me to Poland in the summer of 1946, immediately after the Kielce pogrom when 42 Jews were done to death in cold blood by people who didn't even know them, and thus made perfectly clear that there was no future for the surviving Jews in Poland, and he went with me. I persuaded him later to leave his exciting job in Berlin and come back to Frankfurt with me to be my aide and my colleague in the unique responsibilities that were ours. I watched him grow step by step as he undertook new responsibilities, and I tell you that in all America, the Jewish

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community, you could not find a better person for this job than Rabbi Herbert Friedman. He has energy, he has drive, he has vast abilities, he has the capacity to get people to work with him. He has a selfless devotion and consecration to the welfare of our people. The work of the United Jewish Appeal is again in good hands."

Bernstein talked about his mission, his appreciation of the US Army, and above all, his respect for the indomitable Jewish spirit. His was a ringing voice, eloquent with love for his subject, impacting because of his sincerity. He continued:

"I went to Europe in the spring of 1946 to be the adviser to General McNarney, Eisenhower's successor...I have never known a finer human being. I have never known a man with more genuine goodness of heart. I have never known a person in a position of historic responsibility with so much innate humaneness and kindness as General McNarney displayed...I had a feeling that I was going to encounter a beaten people, an abnormal people, a neurotic people, and after a few weeks of listening and coming close to their lives and hearts, I found I was dealing with a vital people with perennial, unquenchable sources of faith and hope and courage...Herbert Friedman and I went to Warsaw and stood on the ruins of that ghetto. Looking out at what had been the teeming center of Jewish life in eastern

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Europe, we saw there wasn't a single building standing. There was every reason to despair as we looked out on that terrible destruction. Tonight our mood is not despair but gratification, because AM YISRAEL CHAI, the Jewish people live. Somehow they found hope and courage, somehow they retained their faith, somehow they went on toward a better life, a freer, more dignified life, for themselves and for all mankind.

Tonight, it seems to me, we go beyond rescue and physical rehabilitation. The establishment of the State of Israel was an attempt to right an historic wrong. It was an investment of the conscience of the world in the future of the Jewish people. It was an attempt to establish democracy in a backward feudal part of the world, and because this is the ultimate meaning of the State of Israel, our gratification tonight goes beyond the rescue of those people. I believe we have a spiritual significance on this occasion. We salute tonight the Jewish will to survive. The Jewish people is indestructible so long as there are Jews who have faith in it. The late and very much lamented Rabbi Stephen Wise summed it up: 'True redemption will come to the Jew if he bear his name and every other burden imposed upon him by destiny with gleaming courage and radiant nobleness which, whether or not they evoke the love of the world without, will justify the Jew in his

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own sight and hallow him anew in the presence of the Eternal, to whom alone he is ultimately accountable.'

Yes, tonight we salute the destiny, the essential decency and goodness of the American people and their leadership. We reaffirm the inner kinship of Israel and the United States, the oldest and the newest of democracies, the greatest and the smallest of democracies, held together by a common faith in the free and dignified way of life.

Tonight we reaffirm our faith in the future of mankind. If a little decimated people such as that we encountered just ten years ago could rebuild its life, could so quickly establish something so new and wonderful out of the ashes of the old, could so soon bring a functioning democracy into existence, why should we despair of the future of mankind? Why should we despair of the future of peace and freedom? Israel points the way, Israel holds out, not to Jews alone, but to all mankind, the beacon and the promise and the hope of what men can be. Yes..hope.

Herbert Friedman took me to the bunker where Hitler met his death, and we looked down into what had been the heart of evil. Then we looked not many hundreds of yards away to the balcony of the chancellory, where only two years before he proclaimed that he had destroyed Jews and Judaism forever. Now he

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was gone. God got tired of him. Mankind's common sense caught up with its problems. We do not need to despair. We can move forward with hope and courage."

General McNarney, visibly moved by Phil Bernstein's oratory, rose in his usual quiet, almost somber mode, shaking his head slowly, as though recalling those days a decade past, and then snapped out of it, to bring himself back to the present. In a prelude, before starting his speech, he acknowledged my presence in his gentle, kindly manner, referring to an episode 8 years earlier. He reported:

"As I recall it, I was on my way to address a UJA conference in Wernersville, Pennsylvania when the weather closed in and my plane was grounded...You called on a young man who used to do some work for Phil and myself in Germany, and who had also just arrived from there, to say a few words in my stead. He made such a remarkable impression on you then - and has continued to do so for the past several years - that you have just elected him to be Executive Vice-Chairman of your great humanitarian organization. I refer to my friend and former associate in Germany, former chaplain and captain in the United States Army, assistant to the Adviser on Jewish Affairs, Rabbi Herbert Friedman. Along with all of you here, I want to express to Rabbi Friedman my heartiest congratulations on his new

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assignment and to wish him that full success which I know he will attain."

He then went on to make a remarkable speech, so sensitive, so understanding of the Jewish spirit, so deeply spiritual as to reveal that the true nature of the American-Israeli nexus is based on religious and moral themes. He actually said that the Bible played a major role in the upbringing of Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, thus creating an atmosphere of understanding on their parts. The speech, crafted by a military man, surprises one temporarily, until the realization dawns that the men who rise to the very very top of that profession must be thoughtful, even philosophical, who believe it is possible for humankind to transcend its more primitive destructive instincts. If they did not believe that, they would be brutes, and they are not. Listen to McNarney, and then decide what you think of him. Portions of his speech follow:

"I look, and today there are no displaced Jews left in Central Europe.

Meanwhile, on the far rim of the Mediterranean, on the soil where thousands of years ago their forebears worked and built and thought of God and created the Book of Books, there exists the young democratic state called Israel. And in this new Israel, peopled by a proud and freedom-loving citizenry, every fifth person was once an inmate of a DP camp, and thousands bear as a badge of remembrance the number which the Nazi

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tyrants tattooed on their arms in the death factories and concentration camps of Hitler's Germany. Finally, I know too that it would not take me very long to discover in any large city of our own country many industrious, useful, well-integrated and loyal Americans whose address but a few short years ago was Feldafing, Foehrenwald, Landsberg, or some other DP camp in the heart of Germany or Austria. For example, I note with pleasure the presence here of Dr. Samuel Gringauz, who so ably led the Central Committee of Displaced Jews when I was in Germany.

There are words in the English language that have lost their original freshness because, like a worn and dull coin, they have been passed around too often. One of these is the word 'miracle'. But if you have stood, as I have stood, in the midst of a just-liberated hell of hells called a Nazi concentration camp; if you have seen, as I have unbelievably seen, the unburied Jewish dead stacked like cordwood in such terrible places; if you have been, as I have been, numbed beyond words before crematoria in which tens of thousands of innocent people were gassed and their bodies burned; if you have gazed, as I have gazed wonderingly, upon those who remained alive, those living skeletons we found in the camps who seemed about to draw their last breath; yes, if you had witnessed all these things, then you

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would know the full and awesome meaning of the word 'miracle' as you contrasted them with what has since come to pass.

As we broke into such death camps as Ohrdruf, Dachau and many others in 1945, who would have thought it possible that in a matter of a few short years the Jewish DP problem would be well on the way to solution. When I served in Germany the DP's adopted a decorative symbol which expressed their innermost hopes. This symbol showed the stump of a mighty tree which had been cut down, and out of this stump there sprouted a lone but living twig. Today, it is obvious that the twig has grown again into a sturdy trunk fed by roots that are deep and undying.

I have often asked myself 'How did this come about?' I believe the answer rests, in part, with the fact that the American people and the American Army were led by men to whom it was a matter of the utmost moral responsibility that the fullest possible aid be extended to those who had suffered most at the hands of the Nazi tyranny. By understanding the problem, by issuing the proper orders, and by insisting on their fulfillment, they set the pattern of humane and helpful treatment of Jewish DP's that was to prevail in the American Zones of Occupation. Perhaps it was more than an accident, too, that Presidents Truman and Eisenhower

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are men who, among other things, were brought up in an atmosphere where the Bible is an important symbol of man's finest hopes and aspirations. For my own part, I regard it as a great privilege to have been able to make a contribution to the work of saving and restoring the Jewish displaced and persecuted. I was happy to be able to recognize and give official status to the Central Committee of Liberated Jews in Germany. I am happy that I was able to issue the order that Jewish persecutees from Eastern Europe would be admitted to haven and sanctuary in the American Zone of Germany. I am happy that, with General Clay, I was able to help make possible the publication of the Talmud in the land where Hitler once ordered it burned. And I am happy that the army was able to help in the material sense of providing housing and food.

But with all that it was possible for the army to do, you, through the UJA, played a major role. The army gave the people in the DP camps 2000 calories per day, but you raised it well above that with your vast transports of food. You sent in the teams of social workers and teachers who could counsel the people, retrain them in workshops and classrooms, provide recreation and reassurance. And when the time came that the DP's could go of right to the State of Israel, you provided the passage and helped to settle the people in

their new homes and occupations. It seems to me that what the army did in Germany through its humane treatment of these people, and what you have done since that time, represent very real contributions to the winning of the peace. The army and the American people demonstrated to millions of Germans, in a manner which I believe they will never forget, that democracy is more than a word and the United States is more than a mechanized civilization but affords the average man the opportunity to live in dignity, safety and to share in the good things of life.

Yes, as the works of peace grow, especially in turning Israel into a garden, and turning people who were once terrorized into free and self-sufficient citizens; as the people of Israel learn to deal with their barren, difficult land, and knowledge of their advances in agriculture and industry spread through the Middle East, the neighbors should discover that they can gain much by working together and assisting each other. This goal of peace, of harmony and further development cannot sound implausible to you who have shared in the miracle of the last ten years. Perhaps another ten years from now, it, too, will have come to pass. You have every cause to be proud of it and want to advance it. For in it, you are making a great contribution to your country, to your religious

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heritage, and to humanity. Thank you."

(The audience rose and applauded.)

General John H. Hilldring was appointed in 1946 Assistant Secretary of State in Charge of Occupied Areas. In late 1947 he was alternate delegate to the United Nations when the Palestine partition vote came up, and in the spring of 1948 he became a Special Assistant on Palestine Affairs. In all of his posts General Hilldring became one of the strongest supporters of emigration to Palestine and of the rebuilding of a sovereign Jewish State. His words epitomize his convictions:

"I was whole-heartedly in favor of a solution which would mean that the homeless Jews of the DP camps and the pioneer Jews of Palestine would be given an opportunity to live their lives in a country they could call their own. I told you at your UJA Conference in Atlantic City in December 1947, that I was confident that this new State 'would emerge a virile, prosperous and happy land', and I believe that history has borne out the rightness of my views. Prosperity and happiness are relative matters, of course, but I still marvel with what record speed, how efficiently and with what moral courage the people of Israel squared their shoulders and set to work fashioning their land into a

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full democracy.

Therefore, I pay tribute to you, and to the courageous citizens of Israel, for what they have done and what you have helped to bring about. And I am proud that the Government of the United States has done its part in granting great material aid to democratic Israel. Since the prediction I made in 1947 has turned out so well, I will dare venture another tonight: that Israel's people will reach their goal to stand on their own feet, stable and self-sufficient within their borders, and they will do it with your help. I feel confident that Israel's present leaders will work unceasingly toward the establishment of peace in their part of the world. I trust that the other leaders in that area will reciprocate.

Meanwhile, as men and women of conscience, you know your job and you will do it as well as you have always done. I am glad to pay tribute to you, the leaders of this fine united effort."

(The audience arose and applauded.)

The next person to be called to the podium was Ambassador Abba Eban, whose oratorical genius had earned him the sobriquet of "The Voice of Israel". No speaker, in any language on earth, could summon the glory and the grandeur of Israel's rebirth as could he. Audiences everywhere were overwhelmed by the flood of

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vocabulary, intricacy of grammar and sheer excitement unleashed by the power of his tongue. Whenever he rose to speak, every listener's adrenalin started to flow. This evening, because of the unusual accumulation of American military and diplomatic personalities on the platform, Eban devoted his major thrust to the matter of American-Israeli relations, but began with an overview of the decade just past.

"This decade has been the story of a spasm in the life of a people which counts its generations in thousands of years. Never will it find any period which can compete with this, in the poignancy of its suffering or in the sublime heights of its exaltation. Nor was this a period in the history of the Jewish people alone, for the international conscience was actively engaged in the problems of Jewish massacre and of Israel's emergence. The conscience was agitated, was discussed and sharply debated as a theme of the moral conscience of a whole generation.

The United Jewish Appeal has not been an idle spectator of these great events. It has attended all of these turbulent changes with its vigilance, its sustenance and its love. It has mourned the dead, consoled the

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bereaved, lifted up the fallen, healed the sick, sustained and revived the ancient pride of the Jewish people, laid the foundations of a homeland, guided and reinforced its infant steps. It has brought the Jewish people from the threat of its total extinction into the absolute certainty of a proud and sovereign survival, amidst the dignity of statehood and the youthful exuberance of its newly won freedom....

It would be wrong, however, to recall the liberation of Europe by Allied Armies as the only turning point in this dramatic and turbulent story. The military victory was not the end of the danger. As the nations of the world gathered in your great city of San Francisco in the aftermath of the war, the world came perilously near to a disgrace more heinous than any which had been overthrown in the successful assault upon Nazism. It came perilously close to the following moral paradox: that all the nations of the world would be established in freedom except the people which had suffered the most.

Many countries, including those who have suffered little and given nothing upon the

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altar of the revived human freedom, were to be recognized in the full panoply of emancipated sovereignty, while inferior and banished outside the gates there stood the people which had given the most abundant and immeasurable sacrifice of blood and anguish upon the very cause which the international community had assembled to celebrate. This was the moral danger to which the world came perilously close in the Second World War, that the blueprint of the new international order would be based upon the purposeful exclusion of that people upon whose very blood and tormented flesh the edifice of human freedom had been constructed.

From this reproach the civilized world purged itself, perhaps belatedly, in some cases a little too grudgingly, but nevertheless decisively, when within a few years it consecrated and recognized the right of the Jewish people to its Homeland. The memories of this anniversary of Jewish frustration, inferiority and exclusion, crowded upon us with special acuteness this month. Ten years ago at San Francisco it appeared to be that freedom and sovereignty

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were the inheritance of all people except ours. Next month the United Nations again reconvenes in San Francisco, but this time the international community has gained a new dimension. This time we shall be there and the fact that this flag now takes its place among the banners of free nations - (applause) - symbolizes one of the few genuinely moral achievements..of these past ten years. The UJA was not merely the architect of survival for hundreds of thousands of individuals; it was also the builder of a state, the architect of a nation. (Author's note: Mr. Eban today, at age 75, is the last person alive from among those who raised the flag of Israel in front of the UN headquarters in 1951.)....

We have passed in a single decade from a world in which the existence of a free Israel seemed inconceivable, into a world which is inconceivable without its existence. (applause).....

In my recent consultations in Israel, I elicited as the main conclusion of our governmental and public mind, the fact that we are passionately dedicated to the primacy

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of American friendship as the central focus of our aspiration...Partnership and friendship between these two peoples who hold so many ideals and purposes in common is in the interests, the welfare and to the advantage of both...We attach great importance to the treaty which Israel and the United States initialed yesterday and which makes them partners in the peaceful use of atomic energy. Ever since President Eisenhower took his statesmanlike initiative in this question a year and a half ago, our people, our government, and especially our scientific community have been exhilarated by the thought of what this uncannily compact and transportable fuel might mean in terms of an accelerated strength and solvency for Israel. Here are vast and abundant energies which modern science has bequeathed to our universal potentiality, and it is, I think, fitting that in the peaceful politics of this awesome power our two democracies should be formally associated....

We must begin to testify in our national life to the universal visions which should inspire a Jewish society, visions evoked from

the glorious Hebrew past, the true credentials of our nationhood, the real claim to Israel's aristocracy, to the spiritual annals of the world. For century after century, the mind of the Jewish people has revolved around the great issues of human destiny and progress. To those issues we must now set our gaze as we advance into the challenge of the next decade. May the rich achievements of Israel in these past ten years be the monument for those millions whom we mourn and with whom we enter a covenant of remembrance. We could have wished for no better monument than the freedom of modern Israel, than the verdure of its valleys and fields, than the reviving and buoyant enterprise, than its great exaltation of freedom, than its devotion to ancient and imperishable Hebrew ideals, than its reverence for its Biblical past, than its robust democratic impulse, than its infectious generation of Jewish pride in all the lands of our dispersion.

Look back with gratification upon the rich tapestry of this achievement. We advance with bold steps to the toil and challenge of

the future. You have lingered piously and reverently tonight in the avenue of memory, but after all, the Jewish people has now become far more than a memory. It has a monument, it has a citadel, it has the pride and the opportunity of a home over that citadel. Across the monument and above the roofs of our home flies the banner of David, the proud symbol of Israel's resurrected statehood. Let us assemble at the foot of that banner. Let us hold it aloft. Let us strengthen its honor. Let us permeate it forever with the love and grace of our undying devotion."

(The audience rose and applauded.)

The evening concluded with the presentation by the Honorable Herbert Lehman to the Generals and Advisers assembled of the two-thousand year old oil lamps similar to the one which had been presented to President Eisenhower the day before. Senator Lehman had been Director-General of UNRRA, and after invoking Eisenhower's name, recalled a story about the President and UNRRA.

"In 1945, when we were seeking the appropriation of the second U.S. contribution of \$1 billion 350 million, which we were morally obligated to the 43 other nations in UNRRA to do, we were held up for a considerable time

*I'm not sure
I like
speeches*

in Congress in securing these funds which were so sorely needed for the suffering millions of refugees who depended on our help. I was not then a member of the Congress nor did I at that time know as much about Congressional Committees as I do now, but day after day my associates and I appeared before committees with please for prompt action. The situation was critical. Our resources were nearly exhausted.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1945 General Eisenhower left a sick bed to appear before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. I recall that day very well indeed. It was a mean, cold blustery day. General Eisenhower was sick, but he came and dramatically told the story of the displaced persons camps and the great help that UNRRA was giving in repatriating millions of people to their homes, if they had homes, and of caring for those who no longer had any homes. It was a powerful appeal to the Congress and the nation and it greatly helped to bring about early and favorable action by the House. My friends, I shall never fail to be grateful to General Eisenhower for the humanity he showed on that and many other occasions."

It was a long, full, emotionally exhausting evening, yet so rich in its evocations, so precious in the memories stirred, so authentic because of the actual participation of the honorees, that all in the audience that night knew they had been witness to

a never-to-be-repeated spectacle of the makers of history laying bare the living bones of a story, which ever thereafter would only be a page in a history book. All present were awed by the magic which their eyes had seen.

The conference resumed the following morning in a more prosaic mood, with a long line of delegates at the microphone proffering their checks and testimonials as to campaign progress in their communities. After the incredible emotions of the evening before, this was a welcome change. But not for long. When the money matters were done, and questions from the floor all answered, a new mood was created through the introductions of two individuals who were living reminders of the dead. These two, each an outstanding leader, each a former chairman of the quarter-million Jews in the DP camps, offered their personal stories, laid bare their own fears and hopes, exorcised their demons, extended their thanks for what had been done a decade earlier to bring them back from the edge of the abyss. The first to speak was Dr. Zalman Grinberg, a physician, liberated near Dachau, elected first chairman of the Central Committee of Jews in Germany, and now director of the Beilinson Hospital in Israel, the largest in the country.

"My friends, I come to you as a living witness. It is not difficult to recall the hour of liberation when the dedicated forces of the American Army broke open the notorious Dachau Concentration Camp...The noise of the oncoming American troops visibly disturbed our German

guards. As the noises grew louder, the master race tightened up with fear. They couldn't decide on a course of action. Finally, in a frenzy, they started to flee, but opened a last reckless burst of machine-gun fire, and in the very last minute before the Americans crashed in, there were 136 more Jewish victims of German bullets.

A group of us, physicians, started to give first aid to the prisoners still living. We gathered the sickest and wounded and carried them off to a nearby monastery, St. Ottilien, where there was a German military hospital. We turned this into the first Jewish DP hospital with a capacity of 1600 beds. Liberation takes time. You fed us and made us physically well. You clothed us, not merely with garments, but with dignity and self-respect. You lifted our eyes, so that we could see the sun once again. You set out to destroy the odor of the concentration camps that tenaciously held on to the membranes of our nostrils. Before too long, we had a book on our shelves, a newspaper in our pockets, and an argument upon our lips. We were once again swirling in the world of thoughts and ideas, on the way to a full and complete liberation...

We came home, home to the land of Israel, home to a new beginning. It was a difficult beginning but then we learn in life that birth and creation bursting forth to

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the new horizons, tackling dreams, these are the most difficult of man's enterprises. We began, and with you, to build the land and at the same time we built our own liberation. The fields themselves must have heard of our coming. They gave up their desolation and flowered with grain. Waters were harnessed, power was extracted, wheels turned and the city dreamed. Each bit of progress was a source of satisfaction and inspiration. I remember the day the first automatic traffic light was hung in the street of Haifa. I was intrigued. I had seen many traffic lights before, but not in Haifa. I drove around the square two or three times to watch it blink and to rejoice even in this bit of progress. My dear friends, we have come a long way, a distance not to be measured in cubic feet or gross tonnages, but in liberation. We have become free. The rays of the sun now warm us. The horizons excite us and the language of the waters of the Mediterranean against our shores is music to our ears. The liberation of our people must continue. We are now free, made free by what you are and what you have done. We join hands with you in the task that remains to be done. At this time, however, let my purpose be merely to bring to you, from the desolation and despair of Dachau 1945, and now from the life and hope of Jerusalem 1955, a humble word of thanks to you Americans, and to you, my Jewish brethren

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of America, for a decade of humanitarianism which is our liberation."

The second representative of the DP's and survivors was Dr. Samuel Gringauz, a former judge in his native Lithuania, and former chairman of the Central Committee of Liberated Jews in Germany, who signed the charter of recognition together with General McNarney. Living today in the United States, Dr. Gringauz, by training and experience an author, lecturer, intellectual, spoke of the ideology of the DP's, the "shearit ha-pleitah", the remnant of the refugees, and compressed their point of view into five elements. He began by briefly paying tribute:

"I personally had the privilege of working continually with Rabbi Philip Bernstein and his wonderful team of Abe Hyman, now director of the World Jewish Congress, and Rabbi Herbert Friedman, now your Executive Vice-Chairman. The names of Bernstein, Hyman and Friedman are connected with the greatest achievement in the field of refugee policy, the opening of the gates of the American Zone of Germany to the infiltrates. By this act about a quarter million of Jews were saved...In this connection I deem it appropriate to mention the splendid work accomplished by the field workers of the JDC. Their work in the years after the war adds a glorious page to the history of this humanitarian organization...

And now some words about the DP's themselves. They

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dissolved themselves through emigration to Israel, U.S. and other countries. However, out of the deep experience of oppression and injustices, we developed certain emotional and intellectual ingredients of an ideology...which we brought with us into the new countries of our settlement, and these are the five articles of faith of the "shearith ha-pleitah" as they emerged in the years after the liberation.

First, we wanted to preserve the memory of the great catastrophe as a source of awesome respect to the magnitude of suffering, as a source of moral edification and purification for generations to come, intending to strengthen the unity of Jews and to foster understanding and sympathy among all people of good will.

Second: From the first days until the liberation, we were devoid of inspiration from the totalitarian world of Eastern Europe. We knew from our experience that where Communism rules, Judaism must die. We bent all our efforts to save as many Jews as possible from the Communist organ, subordinating in the first years all our endeavors to this paramount objective.

Third: It was our deep conviction that the great catastrophe was not an ordinary link in the chain of Jews, but a structural upheaval, bringing about a complete transformation of the Jewish global set-up, a

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transformation requiring particular responsibility on the part of Jewish leadership.

Fourth: Out of the depth of their tragic experience, the "shearith ha-pleitah" brought home an ardent desire for Palestine. This desire was irrelevant to previous affiliations and sometimes even independent of personal determination to settle in Israel. The adamant attitude of the DP's in breaking all legal administrative obstacles, aroused the Yishuv (population in Palestine) and finally brought about the withdrawal of the British and the acceptance of the idea of the Jewish State by the great majority of nations.

And lastly: The experience of totalitarian persecution developed among the "shearith ha-pleitah" the belief that the old moral tenet of not doing as you are done by, is inadequate at a time when evil doing is being perpetrated by totalitarian mass movements concentrating overwhelmingly, politically, militarily and ideologically in their power and tending to world domination. At such times moral attitude cannot but mean resistance to evil, and that is exemplified by the heroic uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto, by the noble rescue operation of the Danish people, and by the active fight for cooperation and mutual respect among the people of different descents, with different cultural tinges. The "shearith ha-pleitah" brought home

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the conviction that the propaganda of hate, discrimination and prejudice, if untrammelled, tends to lead to horrible crimes. Free society has to defend itself against this propaganda in the same way as it defends itself against other crimes, by national and international laws entailing individual punishment, collective indemnification and moral turpitude.

These are the articles of faith set forth almost a decade ago. I daresay that they have retained their validity for the present days and for the years to come.

Ladies and gentlemen, we express the hope that American Jewry will face the years to come with the same firm determination to continue contributing to the welfare of the Jewish people and of the free world at large. I thank you."

The audience felt itself to be in the presence of the quiet civilized intellectual, the man of reason, of belief in the rule of law, the quintessential Jew - yet the man who would urge resistance and uprising and war, once quintessential evil showed its face on earth. Gringauz was a powerful example of the dynamic required when a man of thought must become a man of action. No paralysis here.

Two final items remained on the agenda of the Conference. One was the parting word of Dr. Joseph Schwartz, and the other was the incoming word of myself. Schwartz was introduced by

Morris Berinstein, a lay leader from Syracuse who later became the general chairman of the UJA, who admired Joe very deeply, and presented him with overflowing praise. Schwartz spoke about his flight from the Nazis, setting up shop in Lisbon, returning to Paris after the war, aiding the DP's and ended with a passionate, prayerful coda about the meaning of the new State of Israel. His words are memorable:

"You know, as I listened to Dr. Grinberg, whom I have known and admired over the years, I heard him use an expression which impressed me. He said the DP's were looking for a place in addition to medical assistance and help of all kinds. They wanted a place, and it occurred to me that in the Hebrew language, which has many words and expressions for the Deity, there is one which employs the term "Ha-Makom", which means "the place." The Hebrew word for place is also a name of God.

To those people in Germany it certainly had a Divine ring. This place we are building, this home is not just a new territory. It is not just a new political entity. It is not just a monument. It is a place which is important, because in addition to everything else, it has a deep spiritual role to play and is in harmony with the Divine pattern. That is the significance of this name of God which we pronounce upon the soil of Israel, which is a place and yet more than a place,

something that is important to the preservation of everything that is dear and holy to us in our long history...

In these days when we are commemorating this great historic episode of liberation, we must not only look back upon everything that happened, but we must at the same time look forward to see to it that that edifice which we have started to build is completed, that that work which we have undertaken with so much dedication in 1945 is continued without interruption, until it is brought to a successful conclusion, that that place upon which we put so much hope and so much of ourselves and our souls, that that place become really a place where the Divine will, the Divine will with respect to the future and the survival of His people will be carried out to the full. When we are looking back, I know we also look forward and I know that same determination that swept across us in 1945, that it shall not happen again, will continue to drive us, all of us, until the job is brought to a full and successful conclusion.

For whatever part I have had in this effort, I am deeply grateful. I am grateful to the Jews of America and to the JDC which gave me this opportunity to serve. I am grateful to the American Jewish community which had the confidence to take me and give me this

opportunity of serving in the UJA, and I am grateful to the Jews of the United States and to the people of Israel for having placed this additional burden (Bonds) upon me, which I hope with your help is a burden that can be lightened. And, finally, I am deeply grateful to all of you in this room and to my dear friends around this table for this token of friendship with which they have presented me. Everything that has happened in these sessions deals in symbols, and I suppose it is symbolic that others have received an ancient lamp but I received a desk set. It means that I am expected to continue to work and I look forward to the fact that you will work along with me. Thank you very much."

Mr. William Rosenwald retained for himself what he called the "honor" of introducing me, and did so in his usual style of starting with a joke. He told the story of a high government official who was asked why a particular man was applying for a certain government position. The answer was, "I think he needs the money and I don't think he knows what he is getting into." This opening enabled him to say that neither condition obtained in my case. He described me as being "one of the most sought after young rabbis in this country", and a person intimately familiar with the work of the UJA after serving as a volunteer for eight years, to say nothing about three years in the chaplaincy working with the Holocaust survivors and the Haganah in Europe. "He is also very familiar with Israel. I met him there

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in 1951, heading a group of rabbis. Before that he attended the Jerusalem Conference in 1950 which eventuated in the Bond Drive, and he was again, as a representative of the UJA, at the Jerusalem Conference in 1953 from which flowed the Consolidation Loan. He also knows our campaign very well, because he has travelled all through this country making speeches for us as National Chairman of our Speakers Bureau.

It is quite striking that at the age of 37 he is the youngest person ever to head our campaign. He shows a wisdom far beyond his years, and we already know his fine personality, his contagious enthusiasm and his great talent of presentation. I should like to read a cablegram we have received from the Prime Minister of Israel: 'To know Herbert Friedman is to know that the UJA has in him a devoted, able and inspiring man, whose work is guided by an encompassing knowledge of Jewish affairs and by a passionate responsibility for the welfare of the Jewish people. Looking forward to cooperation with Rabbi Friedman and to his forthcoming visit to Israel, my warm regards to all associated with you in the magnificent work of the UJA.' signed Moshe Sharett."

I thought it a good idea to respond to his opening joke with a feeble attempt of my own. "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, when Mr. Rosenwald said I knew what I was getting into, he was wrong. In the course of only six days in office I have apparently put a whole year on my life. In truth I am still 36.

I am glad to be getting into this and to be put into

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this by his hands. The General Chairman of the UJA is a person who sits at the summit of Jewish life in America, and for us to know that we have one such as he is a reassuring thought. The knowledge that he is possessed of the strength and conviction which are his gives us the firm feeling that we are under the captaincy of a man who knows he is involved in the major enterprise of American Jewish philanthropy. To have been installed in office by him is something which I shall not forget.

I will try to bring a message to the young Jews of America, try to explain to them the meaning of the 17 years of work since the UJA was created, the billion dollars of money which was raised, the two and a half million people who were helped, the million people resettled. I don't know if anyone can understand or grasp what such huge figures as these really mean. Try to think of one family settling into one house, and then a whole village of 80 families, and so on. Think of all the Jews of Morocco who must be brought from the mountains of the Sahara to the mountains of Judea. The UJA has had a record of standing at historic moments and assuming historic tasks. For this year and next the task will involve the Jewry of French North Africa, They will come from the fastnesses of the Atlas and the squalor of the Casablanca mellah. They will come

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because there is an irrepressible urge to be resettled in the land of their forefathers. They will come because history has its own dynamics and the Jews are starting to leave. Momentum will accumulate, the tempo will only increase. And the role of the UJA is to stand at the side of any man or woman who says they want to or need to go to Israel. There we shall resettle all who ask.

What of the Israel to which they go? This gallant beleaguered nation has, without a moment's hesitation, taken every single person who knocked at her doors. This Israel has problems which are continuous. This Israel cannot endure a sporadic or erratic response from us. If the problems are continuous, our response must be continuous. It is the height of immaturity and irresponsibility to make one or two gigantic spurts of response at one or two peak years, and then to slough off the job undone, partially done, done well up to an extent, but by far, not really done.

If the record of service of 17 years has any meaning at all, it means that there is within it the seed of 17 more, should that be necessary, and pray God it will not be. There is no peace, there is no war, there is only that uncertain, restless, insecure, nervous condition in which a country can be worn down by attrition, and a supporting people on the side, such as

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we profess to be, can also be worn down by attrition. Let this happen in neither case. Let not the people of Israel in the land, nor the children of Israel outside the land ever be worn down. Let us go on, day by day, year after year, building settlements on the borders that will house the newcomers, flinging pipe across the land that will bring water, for water brings life. We will build houses and seat people at the tables in the houses, whether the question of war or peace is settled or not.

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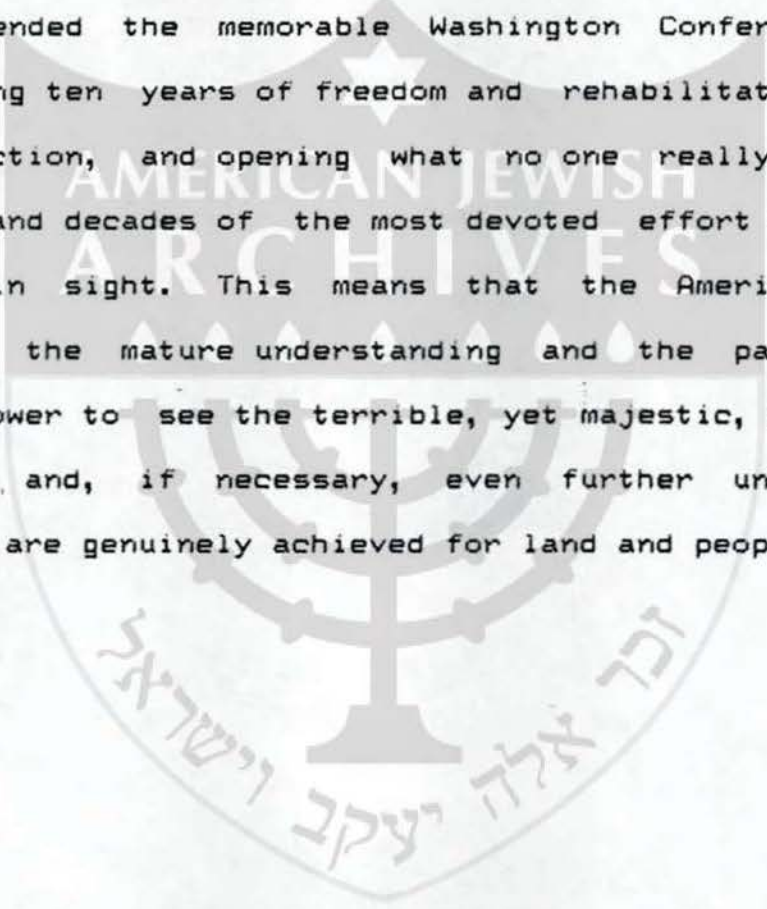
There was a beautiful custom among the medieval rabbis in France. They used to study at long tables, and when they died, those very tables were fashioned into coffins. This was their immortality, their resistance to death. I should like to reverse this procedure. I should like us to fashion tables to put in the houses for our children of the future, out of the coffins of our martyred dead of the past. Each generation has two responsibilities - backward toward its predecessor and forward toward its successor. Our predecessor generation has gone to its coffins. Our successor generation shall go to its tables to live and work and eat in peace, and by their side for whatever time shall be necessary will stand this pious and devoted fraternity, as Mr. Eban characterized us last night, this UJA from whose constituent strength shall flow the

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love and the emotion and the life which will keep the people of Israel and the land of Israel surviving for all eternity. So shall it be, with your will. Thank you."

(The audience rose and applauded.)

So ended the memorable Washington Conference of 1955, celebrating ten years of freedom and rehabilitation, repair and reconstruction, and opening what no one really dreamed of - decades and decades of the most devoted effort - whose end is nowhere in sight. This means that the American Jews have developed the mature understanding and the patience and the staying power to see the terrible, yet majestic, 20th century to its end, and, if necessary, even further until peace and stability are genuinely achieved for land and people.



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CHAPTER FIVE

Section Three

French colonial rule in Morocco came to an end in July 1955, and as the French flags slowly came down, so the fate of the Jews slowly drifted toward the danger zone. The day that Sultan Mohammed V returned from his exile in Madagascar to Casablanca in a white DC-3, containing 20 ladies of His Majesty's Royal Harem, the flag of the Moslem Istiqlal (Independence) Party went up the flagpoles, and rioting started against the Jews. The Sultan tried to discourage such excesses, but the political and religious passions of the celebrating Moslem nationalists overcame his plea for moderation. The French were no longer in control, and their efforts to maintain order were ineffective. The crowd sought Jewish blood, and found it. More than a thousand wounded were removed from the Mellah and brought to the more secure grounds of the Talmud Torah, where the doctors and nurses gathered to help.

I spent the first two weeks of July in Morocco, travelled to many cities where the same story was being repeated, talked to scores of professional people on the staffs of JDC, ORT, Lubavitch, Alliance Francaise, and other organizations, including the Jewish Agency people from Israel who were functioning clandestinely, and who began immediately to form small groups of young men to receive training in self defense with the long staves so effective in the Asiatic martial arts cadres. All these kind, caring outsiders who were devoting their lives to improve the well-being of the local Jews came to similar conclusions: the

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future safety and security of this community was to be found only in migration. Moslem nationalism of the Istiqlal Party was not compatible with a large Jewish presence in Morocco. The lesson was clear to all, and was brought home to me through my own first-hand observations and interviews with hundreds of plain people at every level. There was a thin layer of wealthy, socially assimilated families, living in luxurious circumstances, and even they agreed with the diagnosis. Many of them admitted to feeling more at home with French culture, language and citizenship than with Israeli, and for them the destination was Paris, or even the alternative of remaining in Morocco if they felt close enough to the Royal Palace and family. But they agreed that the solution for the masses, who held to traditional Judaism, was to be found in the new Jewish State. I went back to New York convinced that we must work immediately toward this solution. Further Jewish casualties would be unconscionable.

The historic flow of this narrative must be interrupted by an explanation of how the UJA received its funds, for the Moroccan issue now burning, required a large injection of new money in order to sustain a large new wave of immigration. The UJA was a partner with the local community in sharing the proceeds of the annual campaign. When the national UJA campaign was started in January 1939, following the infamous Kristallnacht in November 1938 when all the synagogues in Germany were ravaged and burned, the strong emotional desire of the American Jews was to offer aid to brothers and sisters under siege, and to offer

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assistance to the small community in Palestine which was the natural haven of those fleeing from Europe. It was intended from the very beginning that the great bulk of the funds raised in the local American Jewish community would be designated for these overwhelming purposes overseas, and this was understood by the contributors and the local campaign committees. As the years went on, the funds raised each year were divided between the local community and the national UJA (for use overseas) in the ratio of approximately 70% for overseas and 30% for local needs. This ratio prevailed for approximately a decade, but by the early 1950's, shortly after the State of Israel was established, a deterioration set in, and the ratio began to slide closer to a 50-50 split.

When I took over in 1955 as chief executive officer, the situation I found concerning this problem was quite delicate and even dangerous. A brief study, for I was already with one foot out the door headed for Morocco, uncovered four basic reasons by which to account for the unhealthy state of affairs:

1. The local community was developing a growing desire for a stronger infrastructure - new synagogues, day schools, community centers - all of which required additional capital fund campaigns.

2. A peculiar mis-reading of history, namely, now that the State of Israel was established, and the miracle had finally occurred after two thousand years of praying for it, the

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struggle was over, and less money was being raised in each year's annual campaign.

3. Further, the State now had a new financial instrument at its disposal, the Bond Organization, which could stimulate a new source of income for overseas needs.

4. A sense that the UJA would not fight hard for a greater percentage of the local campaign, since it was clear the Dr. Schwartz had no stomach for the hard politicking necessary to conduct a vigorous, even controversial effort in a real struggle over the money.

A very keen awareness of this problem, and the reasons which caused it, remained with me throughout the days and weeks in Morocco. How could I possibly plan any effective financial support for a large emigration, if the facts showed a steady diminution in the amount the UJA was receiving from the community campaigns? It was quixotic and whimsical on my part, pure wishful thinking, to agitate for migration plus highly increased interim social services on behalf of Moroccan Jewry if I had no plan with which to obtain the additional funds. As I mulled over the puzzle, a solution gradually evolved. It was really quite simple. I would have to devise a method of raising money without sharing it in the normal communal fashion. Why not call into existence a Special Fund which would be utilized

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exclusively for Moroccan Jewry, to assist them inside Morocco and to migrate to Israel. The two major organizations spending UJA funds were both working in Morocco, and therefore, nothing unusual was required other than to place all the extra money at their disposal. Both of them, the JDC and the Jewish Agency, enjoyed the confidence of American donors, and this natural familiar manner of handling the money would facilitate the raising of it. There was only one big hitch in my brainstorm. Would our partners, the local Federations, agree to the organization of a special campaign in which they would not share? That was the key question. What plan would we have to construct in order to obtain community agreement to this new invention? One thing was very clear to me. Whatever energy, ingenuity, creativity was required to be invested in this effort was not for the one-time purpose of assisting Moroccan Jewry. I felt in my bones that future events would require this same solution, and therefore it was worth any exertion to establish this new pattern. Of course, the method should be used only for genuinely difficult situations, infrequently, and the fact that I was thinking about the future need not be revealed now. All these thoughts swirled around as I visited hospitals and schools, talked to the wounded about their fears, talked to the mothers in the child-care clinics, talked to the Israeli teachers, to the French military, to the American Embassy officers. Out of that melange of impressions, a sense of order emerged, and I saw clearly the steps to be taken, one by one.

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A one-day national conference was called for November 18, 1955. Three hundred and seventy top leaders from communities across the entire country attended. One of the most prestigious Jewish personalities in the nation, Senator Herbert Lehman, was in the chair. The Foreign Minister of the State of Israel, Mr. Moshe Sharett, made a special trip, to lend his prestige and stress the seriousness of the meeting. His words were brief but telling: "The government had been planning to step up our appropriation on behalf of the North African immigration. We now find ourselves utterly unable to cope with that increase... because of the second emergency into which we were flung... when Egypt found itself assured of a vast, overwhelming superiority of arms." He left his listeners in a stark and somber mood. The architecture of the meeting was simple, hinging on two presentations - one by Edward M.M. Warburg, president of the JDC, and the other by myself - followed by questions and discussion from the floor, culminating in a vote approving the establishment of a Special Fund on behalf of Moroccan Jewry, entirely earmarked for the UJA. An extra gift was to be solicited from each donor, so designated on a separate pledge card, or on a second line to be printed on the regular pledge card. Each community was to make its own decision whether to employ a second card or a second line. The national goal was to be 25 million dollars for the Special Fund. Let it be noted that the total for the regular UJA campaign in 1955 was less than 50 million. Thus, the goal for the extra fund was a very bold assertion. But if I had learned one

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thing about fund-raising, it was the fact that there was a definite relationship between the amount sought and the amount obtained. Obviously, one could not be crazy, and the amount sought had to be related somehow to the donor's previous record, financial capability, emotional identification with the cause, and many other factors, but all these considered, the larger the amount being asked for, the larger would be the ultimate contribution. The constant application of this principle, especially among those designated as "big givers", resulted in the constant increase of campaign totals as the years went on. It is an interesting fact that the number of big givers in 1955 (denominated as those whose annual contribution was \$10,000 and higher) totalled 400 in the entire nation, that is all. That pool in 1990 has reached almost 9,000.

In order to create some excitement, to interject some controversy, to present our case in an unusual format, Mr. Warburg and I decided to play a role-reversal game. He was publicly known as the JDC president, who strongly advocated support for Jews in need in many countries around the globe. It would have been the most natural stance for him to be the spokesman on behalf of the Jews in Morocco. I was publicly known as the fiery Zionist, the pro-Israel advocate, the one who should have warned that the effort to divert funds to Morocco must not occur at the expense of Israel. Instead of playing the roles expected of each of us, we decided in advance to reverse positions. It was like playing the good cop - bad cop routine,

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and did indeed succeed in keeping the audience alert and interested. Warburg launched his attack by asking why we were deliberating on raising so much extra money for Morocco when Israel was in such deep trouble and needed money much more desperately. Fedayeen (terrorist guerrillas) attacks were daily fare on Israel's borders. Kibbutzim were forced to divert manpower for guard duty. Casualties occurred every night. All of this, incidentally, in mounting crescendo, was the cause of war by a year later. A convincing speaker, coming from that segment of the German-Jewish community whose earlier position had been anti-Zionist, he made a striking impression and really shocked the audience.

My response was to attack him. Rather than attempting the usual exhortation of an audience whom one was attempting to convince toward a certain vote, I seemed to ignore the audience and direct my anger at my opponent. I agreed with him that Israel was worthy of support, but based my argument emotionally on Jews in danger of pogroms, whom I had just seen a few weeks earlier, whose bloody plight could be avoided only by getting them out of a place in which they had no future and no present safety. I talked about babies who needed milk, and children whose scalps were crawling with tinia. He responded he was worried more about the nation of Israel, than a population of Jews in trouble in any one country, and I rebutted that immediate danger had priority, and back and forth we went. The escalation of argument found us almost shouting at each other, he asserting his JDC loyalty, but

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placing his Israel concern even higher, and I asserting my Israel loyalty, but placing my concern for the weak and downtrodden even more demanding at that moment. The effect of this dialogue was startling. It became obvious to everyone in the audience that both positions were correct, of course, and our underlining of the dilemma steered them toward the conclusion that a "normal" campaign in 1956 would not satisfy both sets of needs. A different, unusual approach was required, and that was exactly what we were proposing in the Special Fund method. The select audience approved it, without realizing that they had just changed the course of major fund-raising in America. To complete this part of the story, let me report that the Regular Campaign in 1956 raised more than the previous year, and the Special Fund for Morocco raised about \$15 million. The new venture was clearly successful.

Two additional values emerged from this new approach. I introduced a department in the UJA which had never existed before called PCB, pre-campaign budgeting. The procedure involved sending a team of UJA people, lay and professional, to meet with a similar team of local Federation people, in advance of the next year's campaign, to argue out the division of funds. The discussion was theoretical, in the sense that no one knew exactly how much would be raised, so the decision was made on the basis of percentage. Sometimes these meetings were cordial and easy. The local people did not attempt to exaggerate their needs, and the UJA people did not seek to fight over every last percentage

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point. On the other hand, in some communities the meetings were bitter, even to the extent of threatening divorce, and holding two separate campaigns for the two separate purposes. I recall with great clarity that such brinksmanship occurred in both Chicago and Los Angeles for many consecutive years. I was perfectly willing to go my separate way in both cities, for I firmly believed that the sentiments of the largest contributors were in favor of Israel and world Jewry in need, and a campaign exclusively intended for these two causes would raise more than UJA was currently receiving from a joint campaign including the local needs. The eventuality never came to pass, because my lay leaders as well as the local leaders always hesitated at the brink, and settled on a formula which both sides accepted, albeit reluctantly, when each compromised a bit toward the other. These PCB meetings took place in 30 or 40 of the major communities in the country during a hectic period in October and early November, in preparation for the next year's campaign. They required an extraordinary amount of work, mobilizing lay leaders to do the travelling, teaching them the arguments to be used, and arranging the logistics, but the results were worth it. After several years of this effort, we had brought the UJA share of the national campaign back up to 55%, every percentage point translating into millions of dollars. This whole process was one distinct value which emerged from the Special Fund concept.

There was a second value, closely linked, of course, and that was the ideological, having to do with a definition of

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priority. In the simplest terms, the question in every PCB meeting was - what is more important, Israel or our local Jewish community? - and that question was thrashed out over and over, in city after city, year after year. The cumulative effect of these discussions, seemingly revolving around money, but really revolving around philosophy and belief, was to lead hundreds and hundreds of top leaders to come to a conclusion as to what they thought and felt about the historic demands of the times through which we were living. And that was my goal! My whole purpose was to educate a lay leadership into an understanding of Jewish history. The only successful way to raise money is to raise people who are thoroughly and passionately convinced that they are serving the destiny of the Jewish people. And to bring them to such a state of understanding and conviction, I felt it my responsibility to utilize every possible occasion to teach, interpret, explain, convince. I placed the whole struggle on the highest level, the historical level. I explained that I was not fighting for UJA organizational prestige, which is a petty motive; nor was I seeking to win points (money), as in a football game. I confessed that I was trying to get them to understand that if they guaranteed the building and strengthening of the State of Israel, as well as the ingathering of the beleaguered Jews of Africa, Asia, hopefully the Soviet Union, and wherever else necessary, they would be guaranteeing their own survival here in the United States, because they would become linked to a transcendent cause, so much larger than themselves as to draw

their strength from it. If we lost overseas, whether in Morocco or in Israel, and were left alone here, we would be small, diminished, depleted, disgusted with self, and with no pride to transmit to our children, so that in very few generations we would probably dwindle to a tiny sect. And on the contrary, if we won on the larger stage of Jewish destiny and historical survival, we would flourish here, filled with a sense of self-worth and strong determination to build our own American-Jewish community into a fantastically creative apparatus. The more money we poured into Israel and world Jewry, the more we would raise for our local needs. Giving more and more money each year becomes easier and easier as people grow more and more accustomed to the mitzvah. There are always dips, due to temporary changes in the national and individual economic conditions, but these straighten out. When one speaks and thinks in terms of decades, as I always did, one sees only growth. The history of fund-raising, while I was directing it, and after I left it, attests to the accuracy of that prediction.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Section Four

It is appropriate at this juncture to speak further about the intellectual and philosophical concepts which motivated me, but I prefer to do so using practical examples, rather than elaborating with abstractions. In other words, let me speak of objectives and long-range goals which I planned to introduce into my work, all of which required a combination of creative planning plus energetic execution, and almost all of which were very successful, some in the very short run, and others over a longer period. I shall present them in the past tense, based on their accomplishments, although these ideas existed at the beginning of my incumbency.

1. The UJA taught American Jews how to give money, and all causes benefitted.

I remember an interview with Howard Sachar, the brilliant historian, whose two volumes on the history of Israel form the bedrock of knowledge concerning the new state, and whose other volumes on Diaspora Jewry round out the story. To understand the modern Jewish world one must read Sachar. He was asking, in this interview, for an elaboration of the point above, and I decided to answer using the example of his own father. Dr. Abram Sachar, himself a formidable historian of the entire

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epoch of Hebrew existence, was the President and now Chancellor of Brandeis University for many decades. "Abe" Sachar, as he was affectionately known by the thousands of people whom he solicited, was the person who built the University. He personally raised tens of millions of dollars - one of the most remarkable individual success stories of 20th century fund-raising. Certainly there were lay leaders, board members and others who helped, but his was the energy which fueled the engine. One of his favorite techniques was to urge the prospect to think of him/herself as a graduate of this new university, and to make an "alumnus/ae" gift of \$1000 annually. First of all, that was a very large gift in the 50's and 60's to an untried venture, and secondly most of the people solicited had graduated from other schools, long before Brandeis was ever founded. Thus there was a double chutzpah in his request. Yet, he once told me, he was encouraged to take such an approach because the UJA was teaching people how to give money, and nobody was shocked at receiving such a request, Not everyone would or could

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give it, but the climate had been created for this level of challenge. And once the climate had been set for thousand-dollar instead of hundred-dollar bills, so the climate was also set for hundred-thousand instead of one-thousand with those few selected candidates who could afford such sums. Universities, hospitals, schools, community centers, homes-for-the-aged, every necessary institution benefitted, as the UJA raised the levels on behalf of Israel and overseas. Courage was given to asker and donor alike.

2. The UJA taught Zionism, without calling it that.

a. The centrality of Israel

We stressed in every way possible the fact that Israel stood at the center of the corporate existence of the Jewish people. We were born there, and would end there with the coming of the Messiah. Love of that land, dependence upon it for our spiritual dimension, reliance upon it for physical security, all blended together in the mega-image that people, land and faith were one.

The main tool by which to demonstrate that image was to take people to Israel on what we called "missions". The very first mission was

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sent in 1954, a year before I entered office. It was small, experimental, yet deemed a success, when measured by the reactions of those who went on it. I determined to expand that program just as far as possible, for I felt intuitively that if we did it properly, we could create links between thousands of people, over time, which would, in itself keep producing more missions to meet more people in an ever-increasing web of relationships, which would produce future students coming to Israeli universities, or spending vacations, or even making aliyah. Once an individual was caught up in that web, once American Jews had a clear picture in their heads of a likable person whom they had met on a kibbutz, or a squad of soldiers they had met patrolling the border, or a new immigrant from some distant country struggling to learn Hebrew, or a bus driver who pointed out every Jewish cow along the road, once all these experiences sunk in, these American tourists had fallen in love with the Israelis. The same happened with the land itself, for it is truly beautiful, with an incredible variety of scenery which could

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be seen in just a few days, including desert, sea, mountains, wilderness, panorama, plus many forms of rural and urban dwellings. After some days of travelling, the onlookers fell in love with the land. Most especially did this occur when the guide was knowledgeable and charismatic enough to tie the land of today to the land of the Bible and the Kings and Prophets and Temples and Romans and Maccabees, so that it all came alive and the overwhelmed tourist did not know in which century he stood at the moment, but he did know that this was his, part of his heritage, homeland of his people, going back almost 4000 years. As though meeting the varieties of people and landscape were not enough, the mission member was exposed to the problems of the day. This meant taking them to the army and borders; seeing planes and tanks and hearing military explanations of the possible next war. This meant taking them to a reception center for new immigrants, and listening to the stories of the most recent wave, and hearing their worries about obtaining housing and jobs. This meant visiting an old-folks home or hospital, to

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hear the tales of escape from the Nazis, or the pleasant tales of those ending their days peacefully, in the midst of flowers and gardens.

The missions sold Israel, its importance, its people, and its problems. After a few years, when the mission program was solid and as many as a thousand persons were going on the three or four trips per year, I decided to take a risk. I was convinced that if we did actual soliciting during the days of the mission we would obtain much better results under the emotional impact of what the people were seeing and hearing. Other voices warned me it was a mistake, for word would spread and mission recruitment would suffer. People would not register for fear that they might be high-pressured. Realizing that such might be a possibility, still the potential gains outweighed the possible losses, and I arranged a procedure involving two elements: the "back-of-the-bus" and the "caucus". Solicitors invited prospects to come to the rear bench of the bus, which had carefully been left vacant, at a fitting moment during the day's journey. In a conversation which

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was not overly long, the prospect was asked for the requisite amount which had been decided upon in consultation with his peers back in their hometown. This was called the "rating" which would contain the type of increase deemed to act as a bell-wether for others to follow. If the solicitee was prepared to reply immediately, the solicitor called the next person to the back of the bus and used the former person's generous response as an example to the new person. If the solicitee asked for time to think it over, such was graciously granted with the hope that a reply be forthcoming before the mission ended. So it went, hour after hour, on bus after bus, with the jungle telegraph whispering the news through the hotel lobbies at the end of the day as to who had done what.

The causus was simply a meeting, or more than one meeting, if the mission was very large, held on the next-to-last day, in order to give an opportunity to any person who wished to express emotions, opinions, impressions, personal feelings, ending up with an announcement of a pledge. It was an

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unpressured meeting, no one was called upon, only volunteers, and yet these caucuses took hours, three or four, at least, for almost everyone wanted to speak, to ventilate, some people cried publicly when reciting a particularly poignant experience they had had during the week. Almost every contribution was degrees higher than would have resulted from a normal solicitation back home conducted in the normal fashion. The caucus became a sort of therapy session, in which the participants gave money, to be sure, but that was merely the way of reasserting their identity, tightening their links with land and people, restating their loyalty and reaffirming their very existence. The whole system was a brilliant success which has continued for more than thirty years. As for the original fear that we might suffer a loss of attendance, during all these thirty years, attendance on missions has increased to the level of many thousands per year, sometimes as many as ten thousand. There are ups and downs, of course, but not even years of war or postwar have lowered the numbers substantially. When Jews believe in something

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they are very stubborn. Everyone knows that. Apparently they believe in missions, are willing to go to the back of the bus, and actually like caucuses.

b. The unity of the Jewish people - we are one

c. The responsibility of each Jew for all Jews.

These two additional principles as part of what I define as Zionism are self-evident from everything I have said above. If we have successfully espoused the concept that Israel's welfare, status, dignity, security are central to every Jew, then the corollary propositions, as listed here, require no further explanation.

3. The UJA helped build community strength in the United States.

Aside from the negotiations with the communities over the share of the campaign, I had no quarrel nor ideological difference with the local Federations. On the contrary, I was interested in strengthening them, for the better they were, the more money would be raised. Better is a vague word, but it can be analyzed to refer to better leaders, clearer

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goals, more inspiration, greater emphasis on Judaic values, more cooperation with local synagogues and rabbis, more effective speakers, and any other items in this genre. I had no right to become involved in internal community problems, nor any mechanism to do so aside from my own brain and mouth, but whenever I was invited to express an opinion on how a community could improve its performance (and sometimes when I took the initiative to do so even without an invitation), I gave my judgment as to priorities. Fighting anti-semitism was relatively low on my list; day school education was high. Major support to hospitals was low; community-supported summer camps was high. You can see the drift. I was urging communities to spend their money on helping to educate their citizens in Judaism, for this would guarantee continuity, future, and serve as the only antidote to assimilation and disappearance. If we still need community campaigns 25 years from now, we had better educate that next generation in the values of Judaism, and provide answers to the basic question as to why we should bother

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to survive as a separate and distinct people. Communities which have constructed a good educational system, embracing children to mature adults, will be stronger and more productive for a longer time than other communities which neglect this basic fact. I believed this, preached it, and offered to help achieve it wherever I could.

4. The UJA built a leadership cadre through a specific training program, for both young and older leaders.

I will leave for later narration the whole story of the Young Leadership Cabinet which I started a few years after coming into office. Suffice it to say now that the obligation to identify, recruit and teach those individuals possessed of leadership ability and motivation was a matter of primary importance on my list of things to do. One of my absolutely fundamental beliefs was the axiom that people raise the money and the primary task of a fund-raiser is to raise the volunteer people who will take on the task. Raising people demanded an intensive tutorial approach to one individual after another, to inspire, coax, teach the nuances of

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salesmanship, create an esprit de corps - all in all a retail operation, similar to handling football stars or army officers or Rhodes scholars. I took this to be a basic obligation of the National UJA, and started to work on it immediately. Some say that the Young Leadership Cabinet was the single most significant achievement of my career. More about that later.

5. The UJA emphasized long-range and long-term historic goals for American Jewry.

Let me give you an example. I had started thinking about the matter of Soviet Jewry in 1954, a full year before coming in to the UJA post, as a result of a conversation with Moshe Sharett, then Prime Minister of Israel. Sharett's brother-in-law, Shaul Avigur, formerly with Aliyah B, whom I had met once in Germany, was now posted to the Mossad, in charge of the effort to get Jews out of the Soviet Union. This involved a two-pronged project of maintaining the spark of Jewish identity in the heart and soul of activists inside Russia, as well as directing a propaganda effort outside Russia to "let my people go". One of Avigur's men in Moscow was

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a second secretary in the Israeli Embassy named Aryeh (Lova) Eliav, with whom I became quite friendly over the years as our paths crossed on various projects. P.M. Sharett used to tell me stories of how Avigur worked. A hand-written calendar, with the dates of the Jewish holidays, was a precious object, and a dangerous one, for it was considered an object of "anti-state propaganda" by the Russian secret police. Such calendars were smuggled by the Mossad into the labor camp at Vorkuta, in Siberia, thus enabling the Jewish activists to celebrate holidays secretly. Similarly, tiny Bibles, prayer books, Psalm books (such as Sharansky was to cherish decades later during his years in prison) were smuggled in, and served to maintain the flame of Jewish identity and loyalty. It is incredible, in a way, to think of something the size of a match-box containing that much power. But the first atomic bomb was very small also, wasn't it?

I received a letter once from a dear friend, Rabbi Morton Berman, formerly of Chicago, now lying in the cemetery on the Mount of Olives. He was writing a book of

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memoirs, and asked me the following question:
"Was your decision to accept the UJA post
motivated by your desire to help Jews get
from Russia to Israel?"

My reply to him was: "My main motivation was
to help build the new State of Israel and to
expedite the ingathering of immigrants from
many countries. In my acceptance speech I
touched on the subject of the ultimate dream
of re-uniting the Jews of Russia with Israel
and the entire Jewish people, but it was a
speech of pure vision. There was no shred of
empirical evidence at that moment (1955) to
believe that such a possibility could come
true, but the thought of rescuing that most
important segment of the Jewish nation was
uppermost in my mind from the beginning."

In addition to expressing these thoughts to
Berman, I recall another conversation with
Rabbi Ely Pilchik of Short Hills, New Jersey,
who asked me, in 1955, why I had left the
practicing rabbinate to take a "mere" fund-
raising job. I tried to explain the history-
making possibilities inherent in the position
and used the example of bringing millions of
Jews from Russia to Israel. He looked blank

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at first, but slowly his facial expression changed, as he caught on to the incredible notion. He asked if I thought it was really possible and I told him what Shaul Avigur was doing in that amazing secret operation, then stated my faith in that tiny program. Pilchik realized this was a dream on my part, but many times in later years, when migration began, he complimented me for such far-sighted vision.

The value of setting up a long-range goal, such as that of liberating Russian Jewry, and keeping it constantly before the consciousness of the Jewish public relates to the psychological fact that giving people an ideal in which to believe, and which may come to fruition only in a distant future, provides a sense of security that we will all live to see that future, and prepares us to make the necessary sacrifices when indeed the time for action does arrive. Keeping an idea alive also keeps hope alive. I was always reminding the audience, as we proceeded, year after year, to clean up country after country, that someday we would get the chance to rescue Soviet Jewry. The essence of the

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speech was: Some day Russia will open. It must happen. You will have to be responsible at that time. I warn you. The Jewish spirit is alive in Russia, smothered, but alive. The instinct for survival burns. The chance will come. Can I prove it? No. It is an act of faith. Get ready. You think you are being asked for a lot of money now. Wait until 1975 or 1985 or whatever year they start coming. Then you will be asked for ten times as much.

Well, in 1990 "then" has come, and the Jews of the Disapora, as well as the Israelis, are responding marvelously, with no sign of weakening. We see a magnificent display of Jewish solidarity and awareness and determination not to fail.

It is time to set new long-range goals, looking ten and twenty years ahead: atomic energy for water desalination and electric power in Israel; five more universities to accomodate a population which will outstrip American Jewry in the next quarter-century; intensive R & D to fashion great new industries and create a GNP which can offer the needed jobs for a population of 6 million or more. American Jewry needs its own long-

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range goals: a network of communally organized day schools in every city in this country; a similar network of Hebrew high schools, which are in such short supply today; casting JCC's and synagogues in a new role of adult education centers; importing thousands of Israeli teachers to provide Hebrew literacy to hundreds of thousands of American Jews; the list is almost infinite. Long-range goals will contribute to the maturity of the American Jewish community and switch its thinking away from the questions: "What is this year's crisis? What are we giving our money for?" There may very well be a "this year's" war or immigration or housing crisis, and that must be handled in stride. But the long look is guaranteed to maintain a posture of long attention, and I find that a healthier stronger attitude.

From time to time I shall be referring to a series of interviews, calling them by the title "Kaufman interviews". These were done in my office in the Hebrew Union College in Jerusalem, between December 1975 and April 1976, at the request of the Institute of Contemporary Jewry, Section for Oral Documentation, of the Hebrew University. The interviewer was Menachem Kaufman, assisted by Rosalie Lurie, and the talks were wide-ranging,

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unstructured, covering his questions, which always led into lovely digressions, taking us into unanticipated canyons and arroyos, some of which were dead-ended, forcing us to backtrack to familiar ground.

In one of the early Kaufman interviews, I was trying to explain to him the necessity of basing fund-raising on long-term goals, which would require lots of education of the donors, lots of repetition, lots of concentration on the goal as a piece of history which had to be shaped, or solved. Long range historic objectives might not start the adrenalin running, might not seem "sexy", might not even be understood at first - but they were the only basis, in my opinion, for building a long range sense of obligation. And in the long run, they would yield the satisfaction which could come for the American Jew only when he realized that he was a partner with the Israeli Jew in building the land and re-shaping the destiny of the people Israel. To illustrate my point, I was using the example of Moroccan Jewry and its fate, subjects totally unfamiliar to American Jewry.

He asked a question: "You really felt that it would be more successful to tell the story of what was going on with the Jews in Morocco than to tell the story of what was going on with the Jews in Israel at the same time (referring to the fedayeen cross-border raids so prevalent in late 1955 and spring 1956)?"

I replied: "It wasn't a question of more successful. I never look at it from the point of view of what is more successful at the moment, because that's like looking for a gimmick and I'm not

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that way. I didn't run the UJA that way. What I tried to look for were historic trends, and to teach the people what I knew they had to learn in order to give long-time support, never just quick, immediate support. I believe, that from a long-term point of view, the most important problem that I had to bring to the awareness of the Jews of America was the security of Israel, that we were in a war that was going to be a hundred years war. I always taught them what I believe, and if they didn't want to accept it, they didn't have to. But I had the responsibility to be a teacher and to try to interpret history for them - at least that's how I defined my responsibility. Nobody ever told me what my responsibility was, so I decided for myself."

He seemed astonished. "This really was a fact? Nobody in the framework of the UJA decided what should be told to the Jewish community?" My reply: "No." He continued: "You, yourself, decided about that?" My reply: "Yes, that is right, sir." I went on to elaborate that sometimes a few of the lay leaders would come together for a discussion on publicity or seeking a slogan or developing a line for the speeches they had to make, but the policy decision as to the basic line was expected to come from me. The transcript shows that I continued, as follows: "I think it is always this way when the person sitting as a leader gives a lead, people are very happy to accept the lead. If you don't give them a lead, there's a lot of fumbling around. I was always a strong person and always came in with my own opinion. I sometimes had arguments and differences with other people, but most of the

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time nobody challenges a leader. That's a fact of life."

He: "You didn't discuss your policies with Israeli leaders coming to the United States? With Eshkol?"

I: "No. I can't recall any discussions with Israeli leaders on the policies of the UJA approach (to American contributors)."

He: "This was your own initiative, your own idea and your own way?"

I: "Yes."



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CHAPTER SIX

Section One

This year, 1956, was to be a busy one, a year in which I learned what it meant to work under pressure, a year in which events of major historic importance followed one another relentlessly. The sweep was exciting, nothing was normal, happenings were larger than life, one was simply carried along with not much time to think or plan. There was war in October, followed by the Hungarian Revolution in November, capped in early December by the flight of refugees whose story was told in a later book by John Hersey entitled "The Bridge at Andau". And the year ended with Egyptian passenger liners dropping tens of thousands of Jewish refugees in Athens and Naples.

The year began normally enough with the intensive job of raising the extra funds for the Moroccan Special Fund. We all worked hard, travelled widely across America, explaining this new animal, thrilling to the response which was slowly gathering momentum. No one could describe it as electrifying, or mammothly generous, or overflowing with sympathy - but clearly it was getting across to the communities that this campaign represented duty, if not enthusiasm, and I was enormously pleased for that was exactly the attitude I wanted. Inculcating the hundreds of key workers and thousands of donors with a sense of duty, which would endure year after year, which would sustain a long continuous effort, was the most important objective to be

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achieved, more important than the amount of money raised in any particular year or crisis. This first, novel effort was succeeding, and that augured well.

We held a large Inaugural Conference for the 1956 Campaign and Special Fund, and invited Dr. Giora Josephthal, head of the Immigration Department and also Treasurer of the Jewish Agency, who had a very special capacity to inspire people with his simplicity and sincerity. He began thusly: "The message I bring you is one of extreme urgency and emergency, not comparable to any situation we in Israel have experienced since the 1948 War of Independence...Everyone in Israel knows Nasser's announcement that Egypt will be ready to fight eight months after they have received Communist arms. Five months have already passed... The Arabs will not occupy our country. We will fight for every dunam, for every inch of our precious water pipeline. The Arabs may bomb us in sneak hit-and-run attacks, but they cannot invade Israel...We in Israel are not panic-stricken; far from it. But there is a feeling of loneliness. Except for you, we are quite on our own. We turn to the Jews of the world who wanted Israel, just as we wanted Israel, and we are sure there will be a response."

He went on to explain there was a five-point program being put into operation in Israel, as an overall preparedness plan, in case war breaks out. The total cost of this program ran to something more than 50 million dollars. The five points were:

1. Accumulation of reserves of fuel, wheat and raw materials - for at least a six-month stockpile - in

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case the country is cut off from the outside world.

2. Construction of storage facilities for these reserves in a pattern of dispersal throughout Israel, so that various localities can be self-sufficient, in case the country is cut apart.
3. Construction and dispersal of electric power stations, in case the two main stations at Haifa and Tel Aviv are destroyed. Electricity is necessary not only for industrial and civilian use, but also for water distribution. The pumps which circulate water throughout the country require electricity. Therefore, there must be many small power plants in all parts of the country.
4. Building of air-raid shelters and slit trenches. At least some minimal protection must be provided against aerial bombardment.
5. Increasing production of Israeli-made weapons.

He closed with these words which sank into every heart:

"In 1948, I doubt whether you really believed that we could beat the Arabs; 650,000 Jews against 40 million Arabs. It seemed fantastic at the time. Nevertheless you gave us the benefit of the doubt. You stood with us and we were victorious. You must give us this chance again.

Three months have passed since the Special Fund was established. Since then the situation in Israel has deteriorated progressively. You have made a good start on this Special Fund

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but it has not kept pace with the ever-growing emergency.

I have never pleaded. It is against our nature. Today I beg of you. Let the facts speak for themselves and you must be convinced that this is the greatest Jewish emergency since 1948. And then you must act accordingly. Together we will demonstrate to the world our capacity to survive in freedom."

The security situation in Israel was heating up. Small bands of Arab guerilla fighters were constantly harassing kibbutzim and moshavim along the borders, and making even deeper raids, so that no farm or village felt itself to be completely beyond the range of suicidal attackers. Isolated bus routes were vulnerable; small development townlets posted guards around their perimeters; watch towers were erected, especially along the edge of the Gaza Strip; farmers never went to their fields unarmed. The big cities were beyond the reach of these fedayeen bands, thus urban dwellers felt only a momentary frisson when they read the newspaper. The rural people carried the actual, not only the psychological burden. Wedding celebrations were invaded, casualties mounted, sentry duty at night became an additional chore for already tired farmers who had worked all day.

The program Josephthal had described went forward. The Israeli media did its best to show the world what was happening. Ben-Gurion himself, as well as General Moshe Dayan, the Chief of Staff, and other government and army officials, spent a whole day at a border settlement strengthening the defenses. Newsreel cameras all over the world showed Ben Gurion stringing barbed

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wire on stakes for a perimeter defense system. Haifa had a full-scale air-raid drill, in which all traffic stopped, people took shelter, the wardens took charge, and the civil defense apparatus was tested.

I wrote a letter to the national leadership and the top local community officers: "We must raise as much money as we humanly can. Money can mean the reduction of suffering; the maintenance of new villages on the border; the quicker absorption of immigrants. Money can prevent break-down and can sustain courage."

We have made a good start, yet we cannot relax for a single instant. We have not attained anywhere near our maximum effort. More work, more attendance at meetings, more solicitations, more contributions must be the order of the day for the leadership. The people will follow, I am confident, if the leadership is vigorous, assertive, demanding. Let us never forget that Israel's very life may depend upon the events of the next few weeks."

In the midst of this stress and danger, a new emergency developed. On June 11, the Moroccan authorities ordered the Jewish Agency, which operated under the name Kadima (translation: forward march) in Morocco, to suspend all its activities, close its offices, its staging camp outside Casablanca, and destroy its files. Further, the Moroccan Internal Security office refused to renew the visas of 20 Israeli personnel who were running the immigration. The pressure for this decision came from the Arab League, which did not want large streams of Jews going to Israel

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to strengthen "the Jewish enemy." The Moroccans said they would permit individual emigration, with each person processing his paperwork himself. This was tantamount to reducing the emigration to a trickle.

The day before, on Sunday, June 10, a French ship of Compagnie Pacquet which had already sailed with 1100 Jews on board, was radioed by Moroccan police to return to port with the people. Since the vessel was already outside Moroccan territorial waters, the French captain ignored the orders, continuing to steam toward Marseilles where there was a Jewish Agency camp which could receive the emigrants. The Moroccans were furious and issued orders to police at all ports and airfields forbidding any further mass departures, with instructions to turn back all Jews who tried to leave the country. The scene at the camp near Casablanca, which contained more than 7000 people, nervous, panicky, uncertain whether to remain sleeping on the ground or to try returning to the mellahs and villages from which they had come, worried about getting food and water - that scene was reminiscent of the old DP camps in Germany ten years earlier. And, of course, the solution in Morocco would be found through the use of the same techniques as we had used then. Whenever Aliya Aleph becomes impossible, then Aliyah Bet must be crafted. And so it was.

In a letter which I wrote from the King David Hotel on July 14 to my constituents in the U.S. I described the status of that moment, that day, which was the French National holiday, Bastille

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Day, Quatorze Juillet, commemorating the French Revolution of 1789. The French had been delivering aircraft to Israel, and we celebrated the day by visiting an air base. I wrote: "I saw the new French jets in operation, talked with the pilots and ground crews, saw how hard they were working to master this equipment. The intensity of effort was remarkable and thrilling. Then came the paradox of watching a pilot who had just climbed out of this electronic marvel of a plane, stripped off his G-suit, and turned in his automatic film of the mission, walk out to the main road to hitchhike into town, because there were no jeeps on the base to give to the personnel. This sleek jet pilot became just another anonymous hitchhiker without any frills or privilege.

I revisited Lachish in the northern Negev - having been there a year ago when the first immigrants were brought in. At that time they were housed in wooden huts. Today the huts are for tools and chickens. The people now live in two and-a-half room concrete houses, have learned some Hebrew and send their daughters to school..Frankly I cannot believe my eyes. There is water, grass and electricity; cotton, gladioli and sorghum; schools, synagogues and workshops. Here too a victory is being won - against unemployment, fear, newness. Settlement and integration are proceeding at a wonderfully satisfying pace.

I have just returned to the hotel from a long visit with David Ben-Gurion. There had been another murder during last night by Arab infiltrators and his eyes were red from sleeplessness. He spoke about the wonderful morale of the people of Israel under

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this ceaseless harassment; then asked about the morale of Jews in the United States. 'I believe they are with us,' he said; and I assured him we were."

Back in New York, we went forward with the planning of a Study Mission for October, not having the slightest notion that we were walking into a war. We knew the value of the mission technique, and were learning how to mobilize people in many communities to join, so that we could honestly allege this to be a national mission. If its results in money and enthusiasm were to be substantially greater than the year before, then we could honestly publicize those facts as being representative of a national mood. Optimism is contagious. Therefore it was vital that this mission succeed. We set a \$10,000 minimum as a criterion for participation, and, knowing that there were under 500 such contributors in the entire country, we nevertheless sought a mission membership of 100. It was a bold target. As the departure date approached, we achieved the goal and enthusiasm mounted.

Other events that summer had gathered an ominous momentum:

June 4 - Gamal Abdul Nasser announced there would be no renewal of the Suez Canal Company concession after its expiration.

June 13 - The last British troops left their Suez Canal base.

July 26 - Nasser seized the Canal, and outlawed the Canal Company.

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August 2 - British and French nationals left Egypt.

August 16 - Nasser boycotted the London Conference, called to negotiate the Suez crisis.

September 10 - Nasser rejected the 18-nation proposals.

September 23 - Britain and France submitted the Suez dispute to the UN Security Council.

Behind the scenes, in the greatest secrecy, other moves were being made. One of the most experienced and reliable Mossad agents, Asher Ben-Natan, whose code name in the Aliyah B was Artur, with whom I had worked many years ago in Austria where he was in charge, was called to the defense ministry in Tel Aviv for a new assignment. The young director-general of the ministry, 33-year old Shimon Peres, a favorite of Ben-Gurion, gave Ben-Natan the following instructions (according to an account in the excellent book "Every Spy a Prince" by Dan Raviv and Yossi Melman): "The Old Man wants you to leave for Paris immediately to renew your contacts and to serve as a special representative of the defense ministry for all of Europe. It is better that you do not ask too many questions. Everything will be clarified in a very short time."

Within a month, Peres and Ben-Natan having done their preparatory work well, a secret meeting took place, on October 22, under the tightest security precautions imaginable, in a

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private villa in the Paris suburb of Sevres. About a dozen men sat around a large wooden table, including David Ben-Gurion and General Moshe Dayan for Israel; Prime Minister Guy Mollet, Defense Minister Bourges-Manoury and Foreign Minister Christian Pineau, for France; Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd for Britain. These men were planning a war, which would be known in Israel as the Sinai Campaign, and worldwide as the Suez Campaign.

The objectives of the three allies differed, but all had in common the goal of breaking Nasser. Raviv-Melman offer a tightly condensed summary:

"Israel's aims in the war were to destroy Egypt's Soviet-equipped army, while breaking President Nasser's declared blockade of the Red Sea route to Eilat. There was also the publicly stated aim of stopping Palestinian terrorist attacks from Egypt's Gaza Strip.

Britain's prime minister, Anthony Eden, motivated by his visceral hatred for Nasser, hoped to restore British control over the Canal, which the Egyptian leader had nationalized. Eden expected that the humiliation would topple Nasser, who was riding a wave of Middle East radicalism directed against Western interests.

France was primarily concerned with stopping 'Nasserism' because it provided inspiration to the FLN - the National Liberation Front in Algeria, which was fighting the French occupying forces.

Even before the Sevres Conference, France had begun to arm

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Israel for the war to come. From April, French cargo planes and ships arrived in the darkness of night and unloaded an abundance of weaponry: tanks, fighter planes, cannon and ammunition."

This was drama on the highest level, about which we, of course, knew nothing at the time. While they were preparing to meet in the Parisian suburb, our UJA mission was flying to Israel and starting its itinerary, which was to culminate with the exciting event of a State Dinner in the King David Hotel, hosted by Prime Minister Ben-Gurion himself on Thursday evening, October 25. The mission itinerary was emotionally rewarding. The Iron Curtain was opening a chink, and we saw 65 immigrants alight - mostly Polish and some Rumanian Jews. A relative would shout when he saw the long-awaited family descending, then the surge of reunion, then the kissing and hugging and crying. Our people were never immune - they cried also. Another day we went to an agricultural school where hundreds of children performed, some in chorus, others in ballet, some with flute and timbrel, other distributing flowers. No immunity here either - only heartfelt identification. And so it went for most of the week - the general atmosphere of the country at large replete with rumors of war; the immediate environment of the mission members replete with emotional homecomings and immigrant absorption. We headed toward the climax of the week, the Thursday night dinner.

The King David Hotel dining room was done up to the nines. The management and staff had performed to the maximum of the young country's ability, searching everywhere for the crystal

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vases which were then filled with the gorgeous flowers which Israel's sun always produced; starching the table linen and polishing the silver which had been borrowed from a dozen of the richest private homes; dressing and rehearsing the staff so that one felt that perhaps this was an old experienced Swiss cadre. The chandeliers were glistening and the candles on all the tables gave the room an 18th century feeling. The atmosphere was really exquisite. And the people were also dressed to the nines. All the jewelry was worn, having been brought long distances for this one evening only, as were the three-piece suits of the men and the most brilliant ties. Every person looked polished, expectancy made it difficult to sit, so there was much nervous table-hopping, and the sense of excitement in the air was palpable. How often, after all, does one dine with a Prime Minister?

The presiding officer for the evening was Mr. Zalman Shazar, Chairman of the Jewish Agency, later in his career to become the President of the State of Israel. He was a school teacher by earlier profession, kindly, chubby, twinkling of eye, baldish of pate, late middle age, completely friendly, non-august. Urging, but never commanding, he tried to get his flock seated, and slowly succeeded, for protocol required that all persons be seated and all movement cease, before the Prime Minister and his party would enter the room.

But before the Prime Minister could enter the room, he first had to re-enter the country, and that very afternoon he was flying back from France. As the UJA people were gathering in the

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hotel dining room, his plane was landing. His mind was crowded with many complicated plans. No one knew better than he the seriousness of war, the fact that the opening moves could be planned, but not the subsequent ones, nor how it would end. And his emotions were aroused as well, for this taciturn, composed leader knew how fragile his young state was, and what a dangerous game this was for its very existence. To add a burden to his already overwrought mental and emotional condition, he was suffering from a high fever, which had attacked him a day earlier as the awesome decision-making was reaching its climax. His common sense should have taken him home to bed and the doctor. His duty sense took him straight to the King David Hotel. Entering the room, with his short steps, rapid stride, he made for the empty seat at the head table which was obviously his, placed himself between Mr. Shazar and myself, nodded perfunctorily to one or two of the top leaders seated nearby, and immediately ordered Shazar to start the meal. The absence of grace, or even good manners; the abruptness of behaviour; the obvious preoccupation with something other than the present moment; all these left the onlookers slightly bewildered. He beckoned for the waiters to begin their work; he was obviously in a hurry. Lifting spoon to soup, he growled to Shazar and myself that we were to ask him no questions, discuss no politics, and if we were compelled to talk, then confine ourselves to philosophy or something equally abstract. His mood was so detached, his face flushed with the fever of which we were unaware, that we sensed

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something most unusual was in the wind.

The meal was eaten hastily, and tension rose in the room, as everyone gradually realized that something was wrong. The audience awaited clarification, which was not forthcoming. Shazar started with an introduction of B.G. which was clearly going to be long, even elaborate, in describing the virtues of Israel's George Washington. Ben-Gurion tugged at his coat, and curtly ordered him to finish. The Prime Minister's long awaited speech to the mission consisted of one full sentence, in which he stated that the visitors should note well the condition of the nation at this moment, should have confidence that the people of Israel would rise to their duty and perform it heroically, and that they, the visitors who had come on the mission with love, should return home immediately and do their duty with equivalent fervor. Once again tugging at Shazar, he commanded him to start the singing of the national anthem. Neither Shazar, nor Ben-Gurion, nor I was capable of carrying a tune properly - but, as our first wavering notes came out, the audience rose and "Hatikvah" swelled mightily through the large dining room. Almost before it was finished, expecting no applause and not receiving any, the Prime Minister strode from the room, surrounded by aides and guards, leaving behind a totally bewildered audience. They had no idea of what he had so guardedly attempted to warn them. The crowd moved out to the hotel lobby, excitedly asking each other, and those of us in authority, what his words and appearance connoted. We could offer no explanations, because we had none. Bewilderment turned

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into resentment among small numbers of people, but that was enough to take the edge off, and an evening which had begun with such expectations ended with a certain annoyance and disappointment. Our staff made the requisite announcements concerning luggage and the next morning (Friday) departure for the airport. The crowd slowly dispersed to the bar or to bed.

Around midnight I received a telephone call from Levi Eshkol, suggesting we meet immediately. He then told me what was happening, explained Ben-Gurion's behaviour, and urged me in the strongest terms to make absolutely certain that all the American visitors leave the country on the morrow, for Saturday there were no flights which could accomodate them, and Sunday might be too late. A Cabinet meeting was set for Sunday morning which would discuss and ratify the plans made a few days ago in France. War would start on Monday. The government did not want to worry about the fate of this important group of Americans Jews, and it was my responsibility to make sure they were transported to safety. Once I knew what was happening, the rest was easy. The great majority left Friday morning. A few stragglers, who had made plans to stay a few more days, visiting Israeli friends or other institutions in the country, were tracked down and urged to depart. I found the last mission member, a Mr. Ike Schine of Bridgeport, Connecticut, at the Technion in Haifa, on Sunday morning, and peremptorily escorted him and his family to Lydda Airport, promising him faithfully that by the next day he would understand. He was very annoyed, but a week later, when I was

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back in New York, and the shooting was all over, he called to apologize for his anger.

Linked to the Israeli-French collusion in planning the Suez War is a matter of transcendental significance - the emergence of Israel as a nuclear power. I have never seen evidence to indicate who initiated the collusion, France or Israel. Each had her own motive for doing so, but in all probability the idea came from the fertile brain of Shimon Peres, director-general of Israel's Ministry of Defense, and golden boy of Ben-Gurion's entourage. Peres knew that his mentor's fondest hope was to obtain nuclear capability for the fledgling state. Ben-Gurion had fashioned Israel's army out of the conglomeration of pre-state underground forces. He had broken the individual militias, including his own Haganah, and harnessed them into one command. With that he had won the War of Independence. But no one knew better than he that the future would contain many more wars which would cruelly test the strength of the little country beyond all reasonable limits, and it was not automatically guaranteed that she would survive them all. The magic weapon, newly created in the world, the ultimate deterrence, was the atomic bomb. Ben-Gurion's preoccupation with the thought of obtaining this weapon for Israel obsessed him even in the midst of the War of Independence. He met, in December 1948, with a certain Russian Jewish chemist, Maurice Surdin, then living in France, working with the French Atomic Energy Commission. The talks came to nothing, but were an indication of how early he started on the track.

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Two other key people supported the Old Man in this pursuit. Moshe Dayan was extremely enthusiastic, for he too saw future wars, and was afraid that Israel might come to require a large standing army, which could bankrupt the economically struggling state. While the acquisition of nuclear power was also frightfully expensive, still, in the long run, once the initial investment had been made, it would cost less than the permanent standing army. And more importantly, it would be a much stronger deterrent, thus defense. The other key person was one of Israel's greatest scientists, German-born Ernst Bergman, chairman of the Israeli Atomic Energy Commission, established in 1952.

The window of opportunity suddenly opened in 1955, when President Eisenhower announced his program called "Atoms for Peace", which was another American idealistic effort, like the earlier Marshall Plan, to provide assistance to developing countries in the form of cheaper energy. Under that program, the United States provided for Israel a small 5-megawatt research reactor, located on the sea, where the brook Sorek entered the Mediterranean, a few miles from the Weizmann Institute. Now Israel could begin training technicians in the new intricate art.

Immediately thereafter Shimon Peres started pursuing the French for a larger reactor. He exploited the fact that Guy Mollet, the head of the socialist government then in power, was a friend from their common membership in the Socialist International, whose meetings Shimon attended faithfully, and through which he developed personal relationships with all the

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powerful Socialists in Europe. Mollet was sympathetic, and introduced Peres to the various layers in the French bureaucracy. The energetic Israeli pushed and pushed, to such an extent that many French officials began to think of him as Israel's Foreign Minister. This fact brought him into direct conflict with the actual foreign minister, Golda Meir, who took a serious dislike to him and protested his conduct vigorously to Ben-Gurion. In addition Golda was passionately against Israel going nuclear. Her reasons were not based on morality, but rather on economic and geopolitical considerations. Peres, however, had Ben-Gurion's unqualified backing, and continued building support in France for the project all through the year 1956.

And here came the linkage between the nuclear objective and the collusive planning for the Sinai Campaign. As I said, it is not clear who suggested to whom that Israel would join the attack. The French and British had been discussing it between themselves. Suddenly the Israelis were in the picture, probably because they offered a powerful incentive - namely a strong ground force plus air force thrust across the desert, southwestward, enabling the French and British to make their thrust from the north, thus hitting Egypt from three directions at once. Israel became a most attractive partner, and as an added inducement for her to join the conspiracy, even though she had sufficient other reasons of her own, Bourges-Manoury, the French Minister of Defense, offered on September 21, to give Israel a large reactor. On October 3, just a few weeks before the

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invasion, Bourges-Manoury, elevated in the interim to the prime ministership, and Foreign Minister Pineau, signed a top-secret agreement to supply a large 24-megawatt reactor, including the necessary technicians, know-how and enriched uranium.

The war came and went, as described above. Construction of the "textile factory" started near Dimona, in the Negev. Work took three years, during which rumors swirled worldwide, but it was not until 1960 that concrete evidence became available. An American high-flying U-2 reconnaissance plane eluded Israeli radar and took the photographs which proved that the factory was indeed a reactor. The pictures were published worldwide and the U.S. Government demanded the whole truth from the Israelis. Much more strongly annoyed was Charles de Gaulle, who had become president of France two years earlier. He had been working on a policy of attempting reconciliation with the Arabs, even offering independence to Algeria (which did indeed become a fact in 1962). Knowledge that France had provided Israel with nuclear capability was not calculated to endear her to the Arab world. Further, his attitude toward any additional country in the world possessing a force de frappe was totally negative. He therefore immediately threatened to cease supplying any further uranium, which would shut down the reactor when its present fuel rods were exhausted. In June, Ben-Gurion went to Paris, to attempt to reason with him, but was asked bluntly why Israel needed a reactor at all. He replied that it was only for research and peaceful purposes, and that no facility would be built at Dimona for producing weapons-

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grade plutonium. In December 1960, Ben-Gurion announced publicly in the Knesset that Israel was building a second nuclear research reactor for peaceful purposes only. This mollified DeGaulle, who agreed to supply the final parts required to complete the installation.

Later, Francois Perrin, the scientific head of the French Atomic Energy Commission, indicated that a reprocessing plant capable of extracting plutonium from spent fuel rods was part of the original agreement signed back in 1957 by the then prime minister. Since DeGaulle had refused to do this, Perrin's board permitted a private company, St. Gobain, which built such plutonium reprocessing plants for France's own military reactors, to sell its technology and plans to the Dimona project. Raviv-Melman, in their volume, concluded: "The 24-megawatt heavy-water reactor at Dimona could produce enough plutonium for at least one Hiroshima-sized 20-kiloton bomb each year."

Why did they
permit it?

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CHAPTER SIX

Section Two

The war was short. A combined force of paratroopers and armor moved out on Monday morning, October 29, 1956. The paratroopers were dropped far across the Sinai Desert at the Mitla Pass, while the armored personnel carriers and the tanks raced westward to link up with them, and both elements carried on toward the Suez Canal, which was reached within the first 24 hours of the operation. The pre-arranged tri-partite collusion called for the French and British to issue an ultimatum at that point to Israel and Egypt demanding a cease-fire. This occurred on the 30th; the Israelis accepted and withdrew 10 kilometers eastward from the Canal; the Egyptians refused. This provided exactly the hoped-for basis permitting French and British intervention. The following morning, Oct. 31, these two allies bombed Egyptian airfields, and five days later British paratroops landed at Port Said, the northern terminus of the Canal, to recover control of the vital waterway which Nasser had earlier nationalized.

Moscow threatened to let loose intercontinental ballistic rockets on London if the parties did not immediately cease firing. The world went into shock. This was the first real possibility of several major world powers becoming involved in a nuclear missile exchange. The Cuban missile crisis was still five years in the future. The Russian threat was taken seriously, and the three allies, whose main objectives had essentially been