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Observations - trip to England, 1942.

599

OBSERVATIONS -- TRIP TO ENGLAND

By
Dr. Abba Hillel Silver

At The Temple

On Sunday morning, April 5, 1942 My dear Friends:

I am very happy indeed to be back here. Since I saw you last I have traveled considerably — some ten thousand miles by air and some two thousand miles by land. It is nice to be back among my family, friends, community. I am sorry that I missed being with you for the Seder the first day of Passover as I had planned to be. My plane was delayed four days in Lisbon and I was unable to get here in time. Four days delay these days on the Clipper is just nothing. I spoke to people who had been wating in Lisbon for four months and over. Fortunately I had what they call priority, and I was able to get a seat on the first plane out. It was only a seat. It took us four and a half days to get back whereas it took only two days to go over. Two nights of the four we spent on the plane and the other two nights at some of the stop-overs. The first night on the plane I sat up all night and it took me some time to get the kinks out. The second night I had the extreme privilege offered me to sleep on the floor. I stretched out my seary bones.

I had my dreams too. Father Jacob saw angels. (I, too).

While I missed the Seder with my family and the congregation, I did have Seder. On Wednesday afternoon, our plane stopped at a city where I never intended to stop or never wanted to stop — a city in Brazil I didn't know existed — a place called Belem. We were told that we would spend the night there. As I stepped out of the plane, I asked the officer representing the Clipper whether there was any Jewish community there. I tried to explain to him, and it was very difficult to explain. He didn't speak English, and I didn't speak Portuguese. But you know, with a little — — I made it clear to this goy that it was Passover night and that I should like to go to a synagogue. Were there any Jews in Belem? He thought there were and he would make sure.

That afternoon, at five-thirty, he came with the leader of the Jewish community and with a delegation of the shool and he invited me to come to services.

I was very happy to attend. After the services this Portuguese man invited me to his home for Seder. It was the first Sephardic Seder I had ever attended. It differs from ours, but in the main it was a beautiful Seder spent in the circle of his family. About nine o'clock we were sitting around and chatting when there was a knock on the door. I expected Elijah to come in. Instead of Elijah it was a delegation of Jews. They said: Rabbi, we just heard you are in the city. We represent the Ashkenazi Jews. We have a synagogue and we are celebrating Seder. We would appreciate it if you would come to our Seder, too. And I said: It is up to my host. If he will excuse me, I will be very happy to go. Of course my host graciously allowed me to go. So I had my second Seder.

Important little city at the mouth of the Amazon, with a Jewish community of two thousand souls.

But I was destined to have more than two Sederim, for the next morning we traveled on to one of the important islands of the Carribean I was informed that I should not mention the name of the Island. When I arrived there late Thursday afternoon, I picked up a newspaper and read that services would be there the second night. So of course I went to the services. I was welcomed and I met quite a number of our boys, American soldiers in uniform at the services. After serices I was invited to my third Seder. And I sat down with 200 American Jewish soldiers and we had a most glorious Seder. Matzoth were sent to that city by the Jewish Welfare Board. A representative of the Jewish Welfare Board conducted the Seder. These splendid American boys joined heartily in the spirit. Among the 200 kmm boys were some from Cleveland. I was happy to take messages to their folks. So I had three Sederim. And as a gift, they gave me to take along with me a package of Matzoth. When I got to New York at Customs, the officer in opening my package -- and he was a fine looking Irish lad -- looked at me and winked and said: These Jewish knamex biscuits have certainly traveled some.

It is yet difficult for me, good friends, to collect and to organize all my impressions and all my experiences which I had in that very crowded visit to England. These impressions came on thick and fast and overlay one another. It will take some time for me to bring them in to focus.

During my short stay in England I visited ten cities, nearly all of them the principal cities of England — London, Liverpool, Machester, Birmingham, Pristol, Leeds, and others. In every city, I addressed a gathering, a meeting, a juncheon. I met people, interviewd people, was interviewd, saw the sights of the city, visited institutions, munitions factories — a very crowded experience. And some of these experiences, some of these impressions I should like to acquaint you with, and I should like to share them with you this Sunday morning and on other Sunday mornings.

I came to England perhaps at the most distressed and despondent hour in the experience of the English people. The Empire was staggering under the terrific blow which it had recently received in the Far East. The wounds of Malay, Singapore, Rangoon, Java, Burma were fresh. The enemy was knocking at the gates of India, and were threatening the invasion of Australia. The English people I found to be baffled, wounded, somewhat humiliated that this had come upon them after two and a half years of war. For them this was not were the beginning of the war. They was asking themselves what was wrong. There was heart-searching everywhere. What was wrong? Was there anything wrong with them, their people, their government? At public meetings, in public places I sat and chatted with people.

The country, I was told did not have the same morale as it did after Dunkirk. The mood which prevailed was somehow not the same. That mood, the mood which prevailed after Dunkirk was a mood of exaltation. Nor was it the mood which prevailed during the terrific bombings over the **mitty** country.

The mood in England which I discovered now was not one of vast, marvelous and amazing spiritual fortitude, but it was a mood of depression. I found life hard in England. Life was being restricted to the most basic necessities. The few remaining comforts of life are rapidly vanishing. A spartan mode of living was steadily being self-imposed by the people on themselves. Everywhere your turn you come face to face with restrictions on travel, railroads, traveling by automobile. No man in England is allowed more than five gallons of gasoline a month. The prospect of all private cars being off the roads of England is being discussed. Food is not plentiful though no one is starving. Bread is abundant. Fish may be had. Meat is scarce. So is sugar. Butter is rare. Eggs are almost non-existent. One egg a month per person.

I remember speaking one night in Southport, one of the smaller cities of England and putting up in a small hotel. It happened to be operated by a Jew. This man attended the meeting in the evening which I addressed. In the morning at breakfast, I had my first and only poached egg in England. When I mentioned it I was told: Rabbi that was the greatest tribute paid to you in the whole of England. There is very little fruit in England. The sight of an apple or an orange is rare. Whatever oranges there are are reserved for the children you see. Food rationing in defense industries is supplemented so that the workers in heavy industries have enough to eat. No one is hungry in England. But there is very little variety in food even in the most expensive hotels. You are allowed so much—if you have a lot of money you can by so much only perhaps of a better quality, but no more.

Newspapers in England had to be reduced in size and in circulation.

There is a penalty in England for wasting paper -- any paper -- even bus tickets must be saved. Most articles purchased in the stores are given to you without being wrapped.

In the wealthier homes, the women of the household are now doing their own housework, their own cooking, cleaning, or serving at table. And they do it in fine spirit. Servants are now wrking in munition factories. Larger homes are closed down. People have moved into apartments and flats first because of the lack of servants, and secondly because of the high cost.

Taxes are exceedingly high, both income tax and sales tax...Yet with all these restrictions which touch everyone in almost every situation in life, I found absolutely no grumbling, no grousing — and among all sections of people. They take it in their stride. They realize that it is necessary. And the English race has character. And that character manifested itself in these magnificent ways under the stress and tension of this terrible war.

They possess a deep quiet patriotism, the life of which is not the same anywhere in the world. It is not the flamboyant, breast-thumping kind of patriotism. They don't talk patriotism. They don't wave the flag. They seem to have a deep pride in their country and are making every sacrifice to save England. And when a new law is passed imposing further restrictions — and they are constantly piling up further restrictions,—the average Englishman asks himself: How best can I obey that law? Not — How readily can I get around it?

During two and a half years, I found that England has suffered physically a great deal in air attacks. These blitz attacks upon English cities are most devastating. What we read in the newspapers during the past few months and what we heard over the radio fail to give full evidence of their devastation and attacks. I came there nearly ten months after the last great blitz attack. Much of the rubble and debris had been cleared away. Yet in a city like London, you can stand in the heart of the city where once were fine buildings, shops, stores, banks, public institutions, look about you for quarter of a mile and see nothing

but space covering an area as from Ninth Street to Twenty-second Street -- from Euclid to St. Clair Ave. I saw that in the City, on the Ast End and along the docks. In some cities where the wreckage has not been cleared away, you feel as thaough you are walking through the ruins of Peompey. Sometimes the facades are still there, but looking within you see nothing. The cities have been burned far more by fire than by bombs. There were times when the Nazis sent over 1500 planes at once, dropped incendiary bombs from dusk to dawn. The watner supply was inadequate to cope with it. Fires raged for days on end. Today they are far better able to cope with this type of attack. Emergency water supplies have been established. There are water tanks, water pools at almost every block. The whole country is now organized into a vast system of fire-wardens. The stations everywhere are adequately equipped. English men and women stand watch twenty-four hours a day for a repetition of such an attack. So that physically, the cities of England look bad, badly done up. Many houses are boarded up. Many windows have been smashed. There are brick and concrete shelters in the middle of the streets.

You miss seeing children in cities like London and Manchester. The children have been sent away to the country-side to be safe from air attacks. Yet, the cities of England carry on.

Those who have been bombed out find lodgings elsewhere. Factories before the war were congested into restricted areas. Now the factories are more widely distributed and their production today is far higher than a year or two ago. Shops, theatres, cinemas, concerts, lectures go on as usual. Life goes on even during black-outs which take place every night in every city in England.

And your first experience with a London black-out is unforgettable - ghastly. London at best is not a bright, brilliant city. When you add to this

every window blacked out. It is a frightening experience. When you walk into the darkness you feel all around you that life is moving swiftly but unseen. You see dim pencil lights streaming from automobiles - this tends only to accentuate the darkness. Yet groups carry on. Every meeting I addressed in England in the evening was assembled from people who came from their homes, most of them on foot through the blackout to the meeting.

England is prepared to receive additional hammerings from the skies.

They realize that they are only twenty miles from the from the front, that a bomber can fly from France to England in five minutes. They are prepared against invasion. There is less talk and less thought of invasion in England, but thought of invasion is not discounted. The island is prepared in is one vast fortress. Soldiers are everywhere. And the invader who would attempt invasion of England will have to be prepared to pay an appalling price for such invasion.

Yet in spite of these depredations, the crimping of life, the morale of the English people is good. It is the average Englishman who had from time to time to keep up the morale of the government and to save the officials at times from fumbling. The average Englishman is prodding on his government at this time to action. The English people have grown impatient. What they have come to fear is the incompetence in high places, impatience with a long series of disasters and defeats. Official explanations no longer explain things satisfactorily to them. While I was there they were demanding for an explanation of why one hundred themselve British troops had to surrender in Singapore. I heard it said more than once that one hundred Russian troops in Singapore would never have surrendered. People are disgruntled with the bureaucracy. They are impatient with what their nation is doing in the war strategy — the lack of imagination and during of their leaders in their war strategy. They can no longer be consoled that time is on their side. Somehow they feel that they are being tied up. And I found that to be a good sign.

The hero of the hour in England is General Douglas MacArthur. And his appointment to Supreme Commander was hailed with joy and relief by the British. Here at last, they said was a general who would fight, who does not interpret an evacuation as a victory.

I found a great reliance in England on America's production. The landing of our troops in Ireland, in Australia did a great deal to hearten the English people. There was also great reliance on the Soviets, the Russians. I was rather startled at first to find picture placards of Churchill and Stalin. I saw many placards of Roosevelt and Churchill. That was understandable. But the placard of Churchill and Stalin - that was rather strange considering what the Tory attitude towards the Soviet was.

The gallantry of the fighting forces of Russia, the high resolve to win or to die -- which is the only spirit that will ever win this war -- that has caught the spirit of the average Englishman.

I found in England a great demand for more intensified girding for war, the sort of thing we have here in this country, a still further revision of peacetime economies set up to expedite production for war purpose. They demand that government take more and more control and responsibility of the vital industries and the distribution of income in England. There is a fine and wholesome demand for a government truly national in character in place of the coalition government at present. Everywhere there is demand for an end to compromise and procrastination. They want speed. These three motifs you find in England in their speaking, thinking and writing.

I found also -- and it is not surprising -- a demand for a clearer defintion of war aims. The day I arrived I read an editorial in the London Times called "The Inspiration of a Plan." The time has now arrived where the fighting nations -- the united nations should be given a clear and concrete plan for world reconstruction

after the war so that the fighting peoples will know exactly what they are fighting for. What new world are we fighting for? The Atlantic Charter is too vague, is too abstract. The Four Freedoms of which our President spoke are too vague and too abstract. They want a more specific plan. You cannot keep a people fighting long making sacrifices for long merely on propagand or on hate of their enemies. You must offer them something positive, the feeling of fighting for a nobler and juster order for themselves and their children.

What about the British Empire after the war, they are asking themselves? They have been shocked by the fact that the colonies in the British Empire evidenced absolutely no loyalty in this war for the British Empire...And I must say for the English that they are given to self-searching, to self-criticms....Self-criticism is the first step to self-help. They feel that the type of imperial organization before the war will no longer be vali after the war and that it can't be maintained after the war rega dless of what happens. What new concept will there be in regard to national sovereignty after the war? What about the economic stabilization after the war? What about the individual? How will he be made more secure? What charter of liberties and what economic security will men have after the war?

As yet no clear answers have been given. The people are worried about it.

I am inclined to believe that we in the United States will be asking ourselves the same questions and demanding concrete answers.

One incident happened during my stay in England which answered the question whether war ever destroys freedom, if war destroys all freedom and all rights. But England gave a clear-out negative answer. After two and shalf years of war you find not an essential human liberty invaded by political action in war. The English people still speak up. Their criticism would make some of our Congressmen envious... When I was there the Daily Mirror, something like our Hearst Paper was particularly indecent in its cartoons and editorials in attacking some form or another of the government. So much so that an official of the government was going

to invoke the emergency power of the government and shut down the paper. And within twenty-four hours every newspaper in England, competitors of the Daily not Mirror, every important leader spoke up/in defense of the Daily Mirror but at the thought that the suppression of free speech would be resorted to by Great Britain. Mind you, this was the time when the British Empire seems to be breaking up — the darkest hour in British History. They know that in our eagerness to defend liberty, we must not destroy it. That was a very heartening experience.

There are many other things that I should like to tell you. But I must leave it for the hour is late, until next Sunday morning. I should like to tell you about my mission to England, the personalities I met, what they said to me and what I said to them. Of course what they said is more important than what I said to them.

I am happy to say that I carried with me the feeling that I was proud to be associated with such a people, that I was proud to have my country associated with such a people. I came away feeling that that people is entirely dependable in this great struggle and that in linking up our destiny with the destiny of that people we have done wisely.

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