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Andersonville by MacKinlay Kantor, 1956.

"ANDERSONVILLE"

by

MacKinlay Kantor

February 12, 1956

"It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

These words were spoken by Abraham Lincoln in his second Inaugural Address on March 4, 1865, shortly before the end of the Civil War which came about with the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865. At the time these words of Lincoln were spoken, the war between the States - the Civil war-~~which~~ had been going on for more than four years.- And every drop of blood which had been drawn with the lash from the backs of black slaves, had been more than paid for by the blood drawn with the sword from the bodies of free white men by whom the offense of American slavery had come. Hundreds of thousands had died in this war and many more were yet to die. Perhaps three quarters of a million, perhaps a million men, died in the Civil War. The flower of the nation's youth had been sacrificed. The price had been paid. Paid by the slain, wounded, maimed and by the anguish and suffering of myriads of bereaved families, and it was being heavily paid for by the privations and sufferings and the tortures of the prisoners of war,

both of the North and of the South, in the numerous prison camps and barracks and stockades - in Libby Prison, and Rock Island, in Johnson's Island and in Andersonville - especially in Andersonville!

There the real terrible payment was being made by those who had to bear the stripes for the collective sin and offense of a people which had tolerated human slavery for more than two hundred and fifty years. Andersonville was a Southern prison camp built during the closing years of the Civil War in Sumter County, Georgia. And there, in some twenty five acres of land a stockade for prisoners had been erected, built for some eight or ten thousand prisoners, into which some thirty thousand were at times crowded. Some fifty thousand Union soldiers were confined in this prison stockade during the fourteen months of its existence and one-third of them died in that prison. As many Union soldiers ~~that~~^{as} were killed, we are told, in all the battles of Bull Run, and Seven Days, and Antietam, and Shiloh, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellersville, and Chickamanga, and Chattanooga and Gettysburg combined. This stockade was built in a clearing of a pine forest - no barracks were erected, no huts for the prisoners - no provision was made for shade or shelter ~~and~~^{from} the scorching heat of the Southern sun or from the torrential rains which frequently descended weeks on end. The prisoners were scorched by the heat during the day and chilled to the bone by the bitter cold at night. The prisoners themselves had to improvise as best as they could their own shacks, or shabangs with whatever material they brought with them into camp. Perhaps a torn coat or a blanket or some branches or boughs of trees. A small creek ran through this camp which was used at the same time for drinking water, for washing and for sewage disposal. The food was uniformly poor, badly cooked, insufficient and at times moldy and wormy. There were never any fresh vegetables - hardly ever any meat. And so these soldiers lived - in this living hell of incredible filth and stench and muck and mire. And the malnutrition, and the lack of drainage and sanitation, quickly brought about rampant disease among the men - some of them hardly seventeen or eighteen years old. Diarrhea, dysentery, scurvy, hospital gangrene. And men died like flies. A report of the conditions in

the camp, written by one of the seven officers, includes the following:

"The origin and character of the hospital gangrene which prevailed to so remarkable a degree and with such fatal effects amongst the ~~pr~~ Federal prisoners, engaged by most serious and earnest consideration. More than 30,000 men, crowded upon twenty-seven acres of land, with little or no shelter from the intense heat of a Southern summer, or from the rain and from the dew of night, with coarse corn bread from which the husk had not been removed, with but scant supplies of fresh meat and vegetables, with little or no attention to hygiene, with festering masses of filth at the very doors of their rude dens and tents, with the greater portion of the banks of the stream flowing through the stockade a filthy quagmire of human excrements alive with working maggots, generated by their own filthy exhalations and excretions, an atmosphere that so deteriorated and contaminated their solids and fluids that the slightest scratch and even the bites of small insects were in some cases followed by such rapid and extensive gangrene as to destroy extremities and even life itself" (p.602)

There were not enough doctors or nurses. There was not enough medicine, and few hospital facilities. Men lay at the doors of the one camp hospital for days on end - and died there before a doctor ever reached them. Everywhere was the odor of death and dying and those who survived moved about like gaunt skeletons or ghosts in shabby rags. Men fought like beasts for an extra crumb of bread. All that was lowest in man came to the surface in that desperate struggle for survival and also all that was heroic. There were among these prisoners some brutes and toughs and hooligans who organized themselves into gangs and preyed upon their fellow prisoners, like a pack of wolves, robbing them of their pitifully few remaining possessions - terrorizing them to such a degree that other prisoners in self-defense had to organize themselves into secret bands of regulators and finally, with the consent of their jailors, they armed themselves with clubs and beat up these toughs - arrested some of them and tried their leaders and hanged five of them and sentenced others to various forms of punishment. Northern prisoners praying upon Northern prisoners. There were those who were driven to despair and who tried to escape. Very few succeeded. Some tried to escape by digging a tunnel under the stockade - others to pass out as 'dead men' to be taken to the dead house. But to no avail. Those who escaped were hunted down like animals. Rewards were

offered for their capture. They were persude by bloodhounds and when they were caught and returned to the stockade they were subjected to fearful punishments in feet-stocks and spread-eagle stocks, where the men were locked up and were forced to stay for days with their arms extended. To try to escape was a crime. To complain about the rations was also a crime. To insult a Confederate soldier or even to remonstrate with him was a crime and severely punished. And twenty feet inside the stockade small posts were driven into the ground to mark what became to be known in our language as a 'dead-line'. Anyone who passed that deadline within the stockade was shot down by the sentries who were perched in lookouts all around the stockades.

And presiding over this Inferno of human misery, as commander of the stockade, quite impervious to it all, was a warped little martinet of an officer by the name of Captain Henry Wirz, a naturalized Swiss, the only Confederate officer who was tried after the war for a war crime and was hanged. Captain Wirz prided himself upon being a very good and kind and considerate father and husband. But he looked upon Union prisoners as he put it 'as bears - and must be treated like bears in a cage'. He had himself been wounded earlier in the war and his wound had never healed and caused his frequent stabs of excruciating pain, by his unclosed wound and by his splintered bone, he vented upon his prisoners. His superior was Brigadier-General John H. Winder - the Confederate Superintendent of Military Prisons. This General Winder was an unspeakably cruel, monster of a man, who wished to kill as many of the prisoners as he could. It was as simple as that. When for example neighbors, led by a kind-hearted minister, out of sheer pity for human suffering, collected out of their own depleted stores, some fresh food and some vegetables and clothing for the sick and ragged, and brought it to the stockade to distribute it among its helpless prisoners, this General Winder told them in the coarsest language, to get out of there and called these men and women, many of whom had themselves suffered the loss of sons in the war, called them 'damned Yankee sympathizers'. I'd as lief the damn Yankees would die here as any where else.

This is Andersonville! MacKinlay Kantor paints all this woe and infamy, this human torture and degradation, with a master's brush. "Andersonville", the name of his book, is a fearful epic - a chronicle told with great elaboration, but with high integrity, true to the actual historical events which took place, but interpretive of these events, so that the reader sees with his own eyes, with his own anguished eyes, into the very heart of this appalling tragedy and into the very heart of its actors. In "Andersonville" a few prisoners are singled out for their life story and you get flash-backs into the homes from which these soldiers came - the farms - the cities - the villages of America. You get a flash-back into the childhood of these soldiers - their youth - their early manhood - their hopes - their dreams, before they passed through the gates of "Andersonville", through which some of them would never pass again except as corpses into the burial place. There are many such luminous portraits which gives you a picture of America in the years of the Civil War and of the human material which was thrown into this consuming maw of a Civil War. There is a very interesting portrait of a young Jew, among others, Nathan Dreyfoos, son of a wealth Jewish family, an educated and cultured man, a fine musician, who had no desire at all to enlist into the Civil War. His outlook was cosmopolitan - he had traveled all over Europe - his interests were not at all in politics -- nevertheless he enlisted and in Andersonville, where he helped to organize ^{these} ~~this~~ regulators, to break the gangs which were praying upon the prisoners. In Andersonville Nathan Dreyfoos is finally shot and killed by one of these young guards. One of these young guards wanted a life of a Yankee to his credit and took a pot-shot and killed this young soldier. Our sorrow and our compassion mount as we read the life histories of these individuals, typical of many others who composed the armies of the Civil War and we are forced to reflect upon these lives which are uprooted and ravaged and broken and some of them utterly destroyed in a war between brothers. A war which could have been averted but for the blindness and greed and stubbornness of men. Those who were engaged in this traffic in human bodies and in human lives, ever since the first small ship-load of slaves came to Virginia in 1619, if they reflected at all I believe that the only sufferers in this traffic were

the blacks and the blacks didn't count. The whites were the masters, dominant, secure, who could thrive and prosper upon the unrequited labors of these slaves. They didn't envisage, right after the Civil War, that the real people/^{who}would pay the ultimate price for this offense, for this crime against humanity, would be the whites themselves, who would have to kill one another ~~to~~ in order to ~~wipe~~ wipe out this infamy. Benjamin Franklin had urged, long before the Civil War that slavery be abolished in the new country which he helped to establish. It was inhuman - it was economically unsound - it would retard the States which maintained the slave traffic. It would bring about a condition of cheap labor and therefore in the long run a cheap and low standard of living for everybody. At the time of the Civil War the South was far behind industrially and in its economic development ~~and-in~~ ^{to} the North where labor was free. The practical men of the day couldn't see it and so this offense was permitted to continue and led inevitably to the battle fields ~~of~~ where hundreds of thousands of the finest young men of the North and the South were killed. Led to such horrors as "Andersonville." The white men suffered, for the sin of slavery!

Mr. Kantor does not write with bitterness or partisanship, though he often writes with an iron pen and with brutal frankness -- at times too frank -- too brutal. It is not at all necessary always to describe what may well be left to the imagination. An author should trust his reader to use his imagination and follow through with the suggestion. But he writes with no bitterness and with no partisanship. He is not a Northerner exposing a black crime of the South. In fact his most sympathetic characters are Southerners. People who are themselves caught up in this tragic web of war. Who are themselves suffering great loss and bereavement - who hate nobody and try to alleviate the said suffering which comes to their immediate attention, and direct notice in the case of those whom they are compelled to regard as enemies.

There is for example the notable portrait in this book of Mr. Kantor, of Ira Claffey, a Southern planter, whose home and land are not far from Andersonville, from this new prison. He sees what is going on and tries to help, but could do nothing about it. His own three sons are killed in battle, one after another. And his beloved wife,

Veronica loses her mind as a result. His whole life begins to fall apart. He comes in due course to be disillusioned about the South which he loved so much. To quote the author, "he felt as^{he} might have felt had he possessed an affectionate and beautiful sweetheart, and seen her take to drink, or narcotics, and thus deteriorate." In the end one finds him going North to Richmond, as if under some spiritual compulsion, ~~and~~^{to} intercede with the Government of the Confederacy to correct these terrible conditions in Andersonville. It cannot continue like this he says, I'll not let it continue. And so he goes to Richmond, which he never reaches. At that time he is caught up in a flood of refugees which are fleeing before the advancing armies of General Sherman and he watches the invasion of Georgia by the Federal troops under General Sherman. And he returns to his home a beaten and broken man. There is in this book characters like Dr. Elkins, Col. Chandler, Col Persons - historical characters - who write report after report to their superiors out of a sense of duty and humanity urging them to improve conditions in this camp. These reports are in the crumbling years of the Confederacy - the crumbling months - the Confederacy ignored - disregarded.

One comes upon, in this book, compassionate passages of priests and ministers who humbly tried to serve these unfortunate wrecks of humanity in the prison - giving them whatever comfort they can. There is a beautiful story included in "Andersonville" of a Confederate soldier, Coral Tebbs, who lost a leg at Gettysberg. A crippled soldier embittered, dehumanized, almost like an animal, who ~~allowed~~ while out hunting one day chances upon an escaped Yankee prisoner, starving, Nazareth Stricker, and his first inclination is either to shoot this Yankee or to turn him in for a reward. Somehow he gets into a conversation with Nazareth Stricker, this starving Yankee and he learns that he too was at Gettysburg, and that he too had been wounded and had lost an arm and finally something begins to glimmer in the dim recesses of this almost dehumanized cripple, Coral Tebbs. And he does not shoot him - does not turn him in for a reward, but saves him, feeds him and permits him to escape. And one gets an insight into the depths of human compassion, of common humanity, hidden in the souls of the humblest. A compassion which passes beyond the firing line, and

the front and the enmities of men and the engendered hatreds of men, to love in human sympathy. All this is in "Andersonville", a book of some seven hundred and fifty pages. Hard reading - terrible reading - but rewarding. And what consolation does the author hold out? Perhaps the words of consolation spoken by Ira Claffey towards the end of the book. He is revisiting Andersonville Prison, now emptied of its prisoners. The war is over. The South has been defeated. Those who survived the hell of Andersonville are on their way home. Ira finds himself alone in this deserted camp.

"Here was a truth to offer strength and - perhaps, later - courage. This truth: any creed for which men are willing to die achieves an historic dignity, and cannot be shamed, no matter how one hated it. I hated the North, said Ira. Hated the National Government. My sons warred against the Nationals, my sons were killed by the Nationals. Yet the youths who suffered within these walls have given the National Government a greatness it did not possess before; and in time that Government may be embraced, welcomed, respected, worshipped by those who once were unwilling to love it without stint."

The consolation which the author holds out is the thought that in the fires of the Civil War and in the horrible tragedies of the war, the spirit of the nation, the strength of the nation, is tempered, and a stronger people and a nobler nation would emerge. Or as Lincoln put it in the Gettysburg address:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The great task remaining before us -- in Mississippi the great task still remains -- in Alabama -- the great task still remains. A week ago, students at the University of Alabama rioted and threw rocks and eggs at a Negro girl student, Autherine Lucy, the first Negro student at the University, in order to prevent her from attending classes. And the authorities have barred her from further attendance in order as they said, to insure her safety. And student demonstrators, marched and drove about the campus and into town, Monday night and early Tuesday (I am reading from a newspaper account) shouting, Hey Hey, Ho Ho, Where in the Hell did the nigger go!

How far is Tuscaloosa, Alabama from Andersonville, Georgia? How many miles? How many years? It is now nearly one hundred years since the Emancipation Proclamation and we still have the unfinished work of desegregation. These things are still happening on the American scene. Clearly there is a great task still remaining before us -- both in the North and in the South. Some say time will take care of it all. Time does not take care of it all. Time, two hundred and fifty years, did not take care of slavery in the United States. It took a Civil War finally, to end it. Time will take care of it if MEN bring to the task, their devotion, their consecration, their thinking, their love, their determination. Then, in the course of time, the problem can be solved. The challenge is not the time -- the challenge is to teachers, and educators, and ministers and those charged with law enforcement, and those who mold public opinion, to devote themselves daily to this problem, with love in their hearts -- not with hate -- but with firmness in their hearts -- so that this offense will not endure.

We should be grateful for men who write the kind of books like "Andersonville" to remind us, not only what to place in the past, but what has remained of the past in the present, and what must be done in the present to assure for ourselves and for the future, a finer, better country for all men who will be united in brotherhood and in equal rights before the law. Equal opportunities to go as far as their talents will take them, in their work, regardless of race or creed. That was the dream of the founding fathers of this country. That dream will come true, if men do not tolerate conditions which they have inherited from the past and ^{do not} ~~have~~ become reconciled to them, but proceed to do what needs to be done to eradicate those conditions * * * * * (eradicate the evil from your midst).

One leaves the reading of such a book with a sense of challenge and with an urge to commit oneself to the great social task still remaining in our midst. Not merely in Mississippi or in Alabama, but here in Ohio - here in Cleveland.

Amen.

(Asterisks indicate the omission of the Hebrew)

~~Chinese~~ 14 months - in a 25 room prison & outside intended (2)
for 8-10.000. Within prison, where 30,000 were
crowded ^{at one time} ~~to~~ ^{some} 50,000 ~~men~~ ^{men} came to be ~~imprisoned~~
there ~~during the 14 months~~ ^{1/3} died while there - as many ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{as} were
killed the better. Ball Run, Seven Days, Antietam, Shiloh,
Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Chattanooga and
Gettysburg combined."

It was built in a clearing, a pine forest - no barracks
or huts for the prisoners no provision for shade or
shelter from the scorching heat, the farther sun - a prison
the ~~tormenting~~ ^{unbearable} sun which ~~tormented~~ ^{was} ~~drained~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~prisoners~~ ^{prisoners} ~~was~~ ^{was}
roughed in the day - and chilled to the bone at night
a small creek ran through the prison grounds.

The prisoners had to improvise their own shoes or
shoelaces with whatever material ^{they had available} ~~as available to them~~ -
torn coats & blankets - or hauled a bag of straw -
a small creek ran through the camp - where was
no at the same time for drinking water, for washing and
for sewage disposal.

The food was ^{badly cooked} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~insufficient~~ ^{insufficient}, at times moldy
and wormy - no fresh vegetables - little meat -

The men lived in a heavy hell, intolerable heat, stench,
muck and mire.

Was not in him and lost ^{to + drainage} ~~sanitation~~ ^{sanitation} ~~generally~~ ^{generally} ~~produced~~ ^{produced}
~~desperate~~ ^{desperate} ~~raucous~~ ^{raucous} ~~desires~~ ^{desires} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~died~~ ^{died} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~flies~~ ^{flies}
Diarrhoea, dysentery, scurvy and ~~hundreds~~ ^{hundreds} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~prisoners~~ ^{prisoners}
(p. 602)

There were not enough doctors, or nurses, or medicine. (3)
or hospital facilities. Men lay at the doors of the one
camp hospital for days on end - and died there before
a doctor even could ~~reach~~ reach them.

Everywhere was the odor of the dead and the dying.
and those who survived moved about like ghostly skeletons -
a shock in shabby rags.

Men would fight like beasts for an extra crumb
of bread - ~~all that was~~ ~~herbed~~
all that was ~~herbed~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ came to the surface
in that desperate struggle for survival - and also
all that was barbaric in them.

The brutes, the toughs among the prisoners organized us
into gangs and fought upon their own fellow-prisoners -
like a pack of wolves - robbing them, then pushing
few remaining prisoners - and terrorizing them.

Until other prisoners, in self defense, organized us into
a secret band, Regulators - and with the current, their
jailed - armed themselves with clubs. Beat them up - ~~altered~~
killed their leader - hanged 5 of them - and intimidated others
to various forms of punishment.

Drove to despair - men tried to escape - Very few
succeeded. Some tried to escape by digging in
tunnels under the boards - others to pass out as dead men.

and to his father to the dead - house - To no avail - (4)
Those who escaped ^{hunted - towards them} were pursued by blood-hounds and caught
and returned to fearful punishment in litt-stocks -
and spued-vayls stocks - wherein men were locked and
forced to stand for days with their arms extended

To try to escape was a crime - to complain about
the situation was a crime - to visit a Confederate soldier
or even to converse with him was a crime - but he had been with friend to make
20 feet inside Stocks - small parts - but he had been with friend to make
for all this the Dead-house - sentries perched on lookouts
whenever they came and threatened of harm, if then they
left behind -

4/ Prendy are the inferno / human misdeeds and
impressions to it all - was a warped, little man
of a Confederate of years - Capt. Henry Wirz - a naturally
Swiss - the only Confederate officer who was tried and
hanged for the war crimes.

He forced himself upon being a good and courteous fellow -
described his wife and children. But he looked upon them
prisoners as bears - who must be treated like bears in a
cage, ~~to the end~~. He had been wounded earlier in the war and
his wound had not healed - and his frequent stabs of pain
caused by his unhealed wound and spindling body - he
ventured upon his prisoners -

57. His superior was Kripke. General J. H. Winder - ^{Conf. Superintendent, Mt. Liberty, Pa.} a ~~captured~~ ^{an unsuspecting} ~~monster~~ ^{man} of a man. "Who wished to kill as many of the prisoners as he could. It was as simple as that!"

(a) When negatives - led by a hard-headed microbes - out, then but for human suffering - collected from their ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~deported~~ ^{deported} stores new fresh food - vegetables - clothes - stuffed by Gen. Winder - Told them in constant language very weak to get out there - Called them damned Yankees 1940s thugs - as if the damned Yankees would do here as any other one

61. Mac Kinley Kantor - ~~Painter~~ ^{Painter} - all this was, and in forming this human torment and degradation, there with a master's brush in 'Andersonville' - a peaceful office, a chronicle - told with great elaboration and high integrity from the facts - not interpretation, therefore, this was a man who put his mark on the very heart of this appalling tragedy - and its actors - a few prisoners are nyled out for their life story - a look back to the homes they came from - their childhood, youth, and early manhood - their hopes and dreams - before they crossed the threshold passed through the gate under at the, through which some, then went when they were again executed as corpses taken to the barren field -

149 than Dreyfus - son, wealthy J. family - enlisted a friendship of 2 Yankee officers - prisoners - young man "wanted a life for a Yankee to his credit"

and sees the invasion of Georgia. - ^{Repulse a battery and} ~~walked~~ ^{ran} ~~back~~ ^{forward} toward 17

8/ There ~~is~~ ^{is} Dr. Elkins, and Col. Chandler, and Col. Persons, ^{In. Joseph Jones}
who with self after self, art, severe, duty and
humanity, ^{making people make} to improve conditions - Threat, disregard

9/ There is the compassion of parent and minister - who
day after day - ^{- a cry of, deluging -}

10/ There is the story of Coral Tabbs - the Confederate, and
Nazareth Buckler - the Yankee. Finds the sacred
prison - a way -

He does not shoot him - as from here in for reward -
- saves him & permits him to escape -
Compassion & common humanity - as the humblest -

11/ What consolation? (754) as Sweden put it
at Helmsley, (287) - ^{by reading}

12/ The great task remaining before us - In Massachusetts -

In Alabama - A week ago - Students at the U.
Alabama rioted threw rocks eggs, at a Negro girl
Student - Anthony's Lucy - first Negro Student at the U.
to prevent her from attending classes - & Anthony's Lucy

Save her from further attacks - to rescue her safety (8

Demonstrators marched and drove about the campus
and into town Monday night and early Tuesday - shouting
Hey, hey, ho, ho! Where in the hell did the Niggers go!"

How far is Tuscaloosa Alabama from Andersonville, Georgia
How many miles ~~how many~~ ^{how many} miles
It is now nearly 100 years since "Emancipation Proclamation"

~~deception~~
Clearly there is a great task still remaining before us.
to try the North and the South,

Not wait upon them alone - education - ^{Minister - Teachers} ~~Churches~~
law-enforcement agencies - with finances - but

with love - not hate -
of fewer



Sunday Morning Service

10:30 o'clock

RABBI SILVER

will speak on

"Andersonville"

by

MacKinlay Kantor

**On the occasion of Lincoln's birthday, Rabbi Silver will speak on this
foremost novel written around the theme of the Civil War**

Friday Evening Services
5:30 to 6:10

Saturday Morning Services
11:15 to 12:00

Organist and Choir Director
A. R. WILLARD

Editor
SOPHIA LEVINE

A. M. Luntz President
L. W. Neumark Vice-President
A. J. Kane Treasurer

Published weekly, except during the summer vacation.
Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1931, at the
Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of March 3,
1879. Fifty Cents per Annum. Member, Union of American
Hebrew Congregations.

Ansel Road and East 105th Street
SWEETBRIAR 1-7755

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY

Organ	
Sonata III—Toccata	Fleuret
Scherzo—Sea Sketches	Stoughton
Lied	Dethier
Opening Psalm—I Was Glad	Moses
Bor'chu (Congregational)	Sulzer
Sh'ma - Boruch (Congregational)	Traditional
Mi Chomocho (Congregational)	Sulzer
Kedusha	Saminsky
Silent Devotion—Yihui l'erotzon	Algazi
Before the Address	
Toras Adonoy—Etz chayim	Spicker
Mr. Hakola and Choir	
Olenu—Va-anachnu	Goldstein

A GENEROUS BEQUEST

The Temple has received from the Estate of Mrs. Annie Lewenthal Einstein, who passed away recently, a bequest of \$5,000.00.

Mrs. Einstein is the wife of the late Emanuel Einstein, and both were honored members of The Temple for many years.

Mr. Emanuel Einstein was the Treasurer of The Temple for forty years, retiring in 1937.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The flowers which will grace the altar on Sunday morning, February 12th, are contributed in honor of birthdays of daughter, Sarane Cohn, and husband Edward J. Meisel, by Mrs. Edward J. Meisel.

mation of the State of Israel.

The Israeli and the Jewish people throughout the world will forever be grateful to Mr. Truman for the tremendous help which he gave to their cause in the decisive hour and for having been a consistent friend of the State of Israel ever since.

Mr. Truman refers in his Memoirs, deprecatorily, to the "extreme" Zionists. I do not know what he means by "extreme" Zionists. Presumably the reference is to those Zionists who worked for the establishment of an independent Jewish State, who urged our Government to assist in this work, and to grant recognition to Israel once it was established. The State of Israel was established and our Government *did* recognize it. In fact, it was Mr. Truman himself who, as President of the United States, gave the first recognition to the new State. In so doing he clearly endorsed the position taken by those whom he now calls "extreme" Zionists.

What was extreme about these Zionists was their unrelenting persistence and unflagging efforts without which their cause might never have succeeded. Mr. Truman himself calls attention to the fact that the Specialists on the Near East in our State Department "were almost without exception unfriendly to the idea of a Jewish State." He is sorry to report "that there were some among them who were also inclined to be anti-semitic" and that they almost succeeded in putting it over on him.

The responsible Zionist leaders suspected this all along. They knew the powerful forces which were lined up against them and the extent to which they would go to defeat the great moral cause which had received the endorsement of both political parties in our country and which was overwhelmingly approved by the American people.

When, under pressure from those same forces, our Government reversed itself in March of 1948, and requested

who by their redoubled efforts and powerful appeal to the citizens of our country, averted what would have been a political disaster and brought the policy of the Truman administration back to its sound and just course.

Needless to say that our State Department at the present time still harbors these same "specialists" on the Near East and that they are still almost without exception, unfriendly to the idea of a Jewish State. They are still trying to "put it over" on the President and our Secretary of State.

The State of Israel was established in spite of the unfriendly attitude of these people, in spite of the violent opposition and sabotage of Great Britain and the armed attacks of Arab Governments. I am strongly of the belief that the State of Israel, which is soon to celebrate its eighth anniversary, will, in spite of all these continuing oppositions and conspiracies, continue to grow and prosper. Its people are firm in their moral integrity and in their resolve to defend themselves and their country at all costs. They are steadily building for strength and security, while at all time seeking the ways of peace. They are learning that which is very difficult for a young State to learn—how to exercise restraint in the face of constant provocation, and how to keep on building under severe threat and danger.

We are reminded of the words of the Psalmist:

"Much have they afflicted me from my youth, says Israel, but they will not prevail against me."

In Memoriam

The Temple notes with deep sorrow the passing of

ANNA GOODSTEIN
FANNIE STERN
SAMUEL ROSENTHAL

and extends heartfelt sympathies to the members of their bereaved families.

BONN.....	19 Bahnhofstrasse, Bad Godesberg
Buenos Aires.....	San Martin 344
CAIRO.....	17 Rue Mahmoud bey Bassiouni
DUBLIN.....	14 Blackheath Pk., Clontarf
GENEVA.....	Villa L'Archette, Versoix
HAVANA.....	Refugio 106, Altos
JERUSALEM.....	Public Information Office
JOHANNESBURG.....	c/o The Star
KARACHI.....	Bungalow 15/2, Mhd. Ali Housing Colony, Drigh Road
LONDON.....	Adelphi Bldg., W. C. 2
MADRID.....	19 Castellon de la Plana
MELBOURNE.....	56 Walsh St., S. E. 1
MEXICO CITY.....	110 Avenida Morelos
MOSCOW.....	12/24 Sadovo Samotechnnaya
NEW DELHI.....	30 Nizamuddin East
OTTAWA.....	Citizen Building
PARIS.....	37 Rue Caumartin
RIO DE JANEIRO.....	Rua Senador Dantas 14
ROME.....	Via Della Mercedes 54
SANTIAGO, CHILE.....	Bandera 75
SINGAPORE.....	Finlayson House
STOCKHOLM.....	Grand Hotel
THE HAGUE.....	Vijverweg 1, Wassenaar
TOKYO.....	Asahi Building
VIENNA (S).....	Langegasse 8

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Edition.	1 Yr.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
*Daily and Sunday....	\$27.50	\$14.75	\$7.75
†Weekdays	13.50	7.25	4.00
Sunday	15.50	8.75	4.75

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THE NATURAL GAS BILL

Senate passage of the natural gas bill throws the issue squarely into the lap of President Eisenhower. Approval of this measure taking independent producers of natural gas out from under effective Federal price regulation is in our view a severe defeat for the consumer. It is also a major victory for powerful interests in both parties that will profit from this overturning of a 1954 decision of the Supreme Court.

Aside from its economic implications, the interesting thing about this measure is that it cannot be laid unequivocally at the doorstep of either party, though its inspiration clearly comes from the Democratic representatives of the oil- and gas-rich central Southwest.

The bill passed the House last year by 209 to 203, with 86 Democrats for it and 136 against, and 123 Republicans for, 67 against. It passed the Senate this week by 53 votes to 38, with 22 Democrats for it to 24 against, and 31 Republicans for, 14 against. Leadership was provided last year by the Democratic Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, and this year by the Democratic leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson—both from Texas. Now it goes before a Republican President, who we hope will be moved to veto it if he can be convinced as we are that it grossly favors the interests of specific local groups as against the interests of the nation as a whole.

It is generally agreed that regulation at the hands of

meted jobs and increased output, bringing a loss of jobs for those workers who off.

All this certainly sounds. But the apparent conflict between increased productivity and jobs has been peacefully resolved time and again—in the long run—through the business expansion made possible by the decreased costs. There is no reason to believe it cannot be again—if only the short-run adjustments for the workers can be eased.

MOB RULE AT TUSCALOOSA

Is it "white supremacy" that is being demonstrated when a mob of a thousand demonstrators turns on one mild-mannered little Negro girl, guilty of no other act than attending classes which the Supreme Court of the United States says she has every right to attend, and pelts with rocks and eggs the car in which she is being spirited across the University of Alabama campus? Is it "respect for law and order" that is being shown, when the trustees of that university, instead of standing up to this threat, vote to suspend not the instigators of the outrage but the Negro girl herself?

We are glad to note some opposition among the University of Alabama students to what has happened here, and we honor them for this opposition. They are better defenders of the good name of their university than the rock-throwers. For the rock-throwers themselves there is only this much to be said: they are not the real makers of opinion in this sorry business; they are merely immature young men who have taken a tip from some of their more irresponsible elders who happen to be in positions of high power. What does a man like Senator Eastland expect to happen, on the student level, when he declares that a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court is the result of "left-wing brainwashing" of that court? This is what he is asking for. This is what he gets.

KEEPING THE DODGERS HERE

The Brooklyn Dodgers are an asset and a credit to New York City. No one wants to see them take their franchise and go elsewhere. They are being kept here by a

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CONTROL

Resolution Urges City Unit to Deal With Operation of the Private Lines

The city would be urged to set up some form of control over the operation of private buses under a bipartisan resolution introduced into the City Council yesterday.

Majority Leader Joseph T. Sharkey, Brooklyn Democrat, and Minority Leader Stanley M. Isaacs, Manhattan Republican-Liberal, introduced the resolution. The measure was sent to the City Affairs Committee, which will consider it next Tuesday at a meeting beginning at 1 P. M.

Under the resolution, Mayor Wagner would be requested to appoint a committee to study the existing of franchised buses and to devise controls over this operation "for the protection of the public."

This protection would be provided, according to the Sharkey-Isaacs proposal, either by expanding some existing city agency or by creating "a new department or other agency of city government adequately empowered to deal with all phases of this problem."

The resolution complained that there was no city department charged with overseeing the operation of private buses. At the same time, it was argued, "there has been widespread complaint of unsatisfactory and inadequate service in many areas, of long delays, of overcrowding and of discourtesy on the part of employes of the bus companies."

Bus riders have no agency to appeal to when the companies fail to remedy conditions, the resolution held.

Sylvester B. Sheridan, director of the city's Bureau of Franchises, declared last night that the private bus companies have always been "most cooperative" about receiving complaints from riders, relayed through the franchise unit, and about remedying conditions as rapidly as possible.

The Council approved a home rule message to the Legislature urging passage by the state body of a pending measure that would authorize the transfer of Grant's Tomb to the Federal Government to be maintained as a national monument.

Another home rule message sent to Albany approved the proposed passage by the Legislature of an amendment to

as the Scroll of Lamech. The name of Lamech occurs in chapter five of the Book of Genesis as a son of Methuselah and the father of Noah.

From a fragment of the 2,000-year-old scroll that was detached in 1948, United States scholars concluded that this was the "Apocalypse of Lamech," a work known only from its listing in an ancient Greek record. Dr. John C. Trever, Prof. William F. Albright and Prof. Charles C. Torrey, all authorities in Biblical research, supported this view.

Ever since the discovery of the scrolls there had been doubt that the contents of this one would be known. In a recent book, "The Dead Sea Scrolls," Prof. Millar Burrows of the Yale Graduate School, wrote:

"Only very careful, expert treatment can ever unroll enough to recover any considerable part of the text, if indeed, this is possible at all." Professor Burrows had examined the scroll shortly after its discovery when he was director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem.

Scroll Has Been Unrolled

Today at Hebrew University, President Benjamin Mazar announced that the scroll had been unrolled. The work was done by an old German expert on handling ancient materials, Prof. James Biberkraut. He was supervised by two Hebrew University Professors, Nachman Avigad and Yigael Yadin.

Professors Mazar, Avigad and Yadin took turns telling the story of the scroll today. Professor Mazar suggested it should henceforth be known as the Scroll of the Patriarchs. Dr. Yadin suggested the title of Revelations on the Book of Genesis.

The professors said that what had thus far been deciphered of the scroll showed it to be an Aramaic version of four chapters of the Book of Genesis into which stories and legends about the Patriarchs are interwoven. These are some of embellishments:

In chapter twelve, which deals with Abraham's visit to Egypt and the taking of his wife, Sarah, by Pharaoh, the scroll adds a minute description of Sarah's beauty. According to Dr. Yadin, this "deals with her legs, feet, hands, hair and eyes."

In chapter thirteen, where the Lord tells Abraham to walk through the length and breadth of the land of Canaan, the scroll goes on with a first-person account by Abraham of what he saw on this journey.

Chapter fourteen, further

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