

the mental strait-jacket and seek the fresh air of freedom of speech and all the other freedoms.

Aunt Etta is here. She came yesterday noon and she is taking the 5:15 train back today and she and Mother are having a great talkfest. Helen is fine and everything is going along nicely except the campaign which is meeting opposition because of the terrific quote placed upon us. Uncle Louis is general chairman and is still optimistic. More power to Dear Summer!

It was interesting to read that part of your letter where you described your meeting the Colonel and giving him your impressions. When I learned that he was not a member of the High Brass but was a college professor, I could readily appreciate the natural affinity between you two. Of course, I enjoyed, too, your sang-froid. I could just see in my mind's eye the others who stood in awe and in fear and in trembling. This matter of mental poise is certainly a valuable possession, because it must come from an inner feeling of confidence based on not only the tangible things that go into the making of a person's character but the intangible, the indefinable. I don't think that type of a mental attitude can be taught. There must be an inner sponge that absorbs those things and that gives out that feeling of confidence at the right moment when with the right people. This is rather a vague bit of psychoanalysis, but I think you grasp what I mean. And that you possess this attribute pleases me no end because it will definitely stand you in good stead on many an occasion.

The other day I received one of those hundreds of telegrams that were sent all over the country by Rabbis Hillel and Wise urging the local Zionist leaders to come to a conference in Washington, where no doubt all that the delegates will do is ratify resolutions of condemnation and adopt others demanding vigorous action. Then at the end of the telegram was a word or two about taking action also on the hundred thousand. My reaction in this regard is exactly like yours and I am sending you a copy of my letter which expresses in a word just how I feel and have felt towards our American Zionist leadership. I have couched my feeling in far more gentle phrases than what I really feel. I would like to have said that Zionism has failed in the past decade in the practical results of the abrogation of the White Paper and the bringing in of thousands upon thousands of immigrants because of the intransigence and truculence of our leaders who put personal careers above the cause. They just refuse to sit down and work together with those who could and would go along with them up to the point of the Commonwealth; and because those people will not accept political Zionism our leaders go their own way in everything and thereby give the definite impression that even in the immediate vital things, in which all American Jewry could unite, there is schism. This is the real tragedy.

I don't want to end on a sour note. Let me tell you that I am reading "I Chose Freedom" by Victor Kravchenko, a former member of the Russian Purchasing Commission stationed in Washington, a member of the Revolutionists Party since 1918 when he was a mere kid, an active Communist since then, the son of a Revolutionist. In 1943 he left the Commission and the Party because, in a word, he chose freedom, at the risk of being put to death any moment by some Russian delegated to do the job. In this book he reveals the inner workings of the Communists in Russia. I haven't got far enough in the book to go into detail. But he writes fascinatingly and seemingly convincingly. Whether he is telling the whole truth or not I cannot know; but it would seem from his background that he could have no personal motive other than the urge to escape



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