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# The Jewish Veteran



## *Good Will Issue*

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Anti-Semitism or Ulcers by Lt. Col. Bernard Segal.....	3
Brothers in Arms by J. George Fredman—Illustrated by Harry Shapiro.....	4
March of Brotherhood by Dr. Everett R. Clinchy .....	6
Building That More Perfect Union by Henry Noble McCracken.....	7
Going Home by A. F. Arnold—Illustrated by the Author.....	8
The Commander's Column .....	10
Renaissance in Jewish Music by Dr. Bernard J. Carp.....	11
An Open Letter to the British Ambassador.....	12
Post Pourri .....	13
Editor's Chair .....	14
Veterans' Service .....	20

**COVER NOTE:** General Bradley, Veterans Administrator, receives a copy of "Fifty Years of J.W.V." from the hands of National Commander, Maxwell Cohen.

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CHAPLAIN SEGAL

## ANTI-SEMITISM OR ULCERS BY LT. COL. BERNARD SEGAL

*Chaplains' Corps, A. U. S.*

In the early days of the war, when I was stationed at the Reception Center of Fort Dix, a group of Jewish servicemen came to me with a series of complaints against their First Sergeant. He was an anti-Semite, they said. I called upon the Commanding Officer of this sergeant, brought the charges to his attention, and wanted to know what, if anything, he could do, or advise, to be of help in this instance.

The C.O. listened to my complete story and when I was finished, he said:

"Chaplain, everything that you say is undoubtedly true. However, there is something else you apparently don't know and with which I ought to acquaint you. This sergeant takes it out not alone on the Jewish boys, but on others as well."

And he proceeded to call into his tent two Christian boys, who only that morning had come to him to complain about abuses from the hands of the same sergeant.

"I know that two wrongs don't make a right," continued the C.O. "And it so happens that I'm taking the necessary action to have this sergeant removed. However, you ought to know that the sergeant is a thirty-year man, with 27 years under his belt, is suffering from ulcers which he refuses to acknowledge, is simply a miserable cuss, and difficult to deal with. I say this to you, chaplain, because you are in error when you label it anti-Semitic."

I have long forgotten the name of this officer, but I don't think I'll ever forget the little lecture he gave me, because—whether he realized it or not—he struck at the roots of the problem dealing with anti-Semitism.

As time went on and boys continued to come to me now and then with charges of anti-Semitism against non-coms and against commissioned officers, I investigated all charges, and in the vast majority of cases, I'm sorry to say—or should I be glad to say?—I found confirmation of that

officer's little lecture. Far too many of our men were ready to label every cuss, every drunkard, and every bum—when victimized by them—as anti-Semites. Maybe that story about the anti-Semitic slot machine isn't so exaggerated after all.

I surely don't want to be "talking away" anti-Semitism. There is real anti-Semitism, and more than we can consume. But in considering a realistic program for dealing with anti-Semitism, we are doing our cause more harm than good when we permit ourselves to confuse the ordinary knocks and buffets of every day life with specific attacks against us as Jews.

A realistic program for dealing with anti-Semitism must take into account the various psychoses which so many Jews have developed, particularly in the last ten or twelve years, and which make them Jewishly hypersensitive to all ordinary evil and abuse, and sometimes even to mere criticism.

One Jewish boy once told me, "Unz is gut. When something goes wrong with us, at least we can fall back on anti-Semitism. But those poor *goyim*, when something goes wrong with  
(Continued on page 13)



THE CORPSMAN LIFTED HIS VOICE

# BROTHERS IN ARMS

BY J. GEORGE FREDMAN

Lessons for Brotherhood Week  
from Experiences of  
the Battle Front in World War II

page four

OUT of World War II have come stories of men and women who, in the tense midst of a global conflict, showed the way for all Americans—for all the world—to follow. They are all true stories. In their total they represent the greatest story of all time: the reality of men of all faiths and origins and inclinations who have stripped their immediate circumstances down to the essence of their common humanity. One story, perhaps epitom-

THE JEWISH WAR VETERAN

izes them all. It is a tale told me by a friend whose eye sparkled as he related it.

He had met a young sailor on a train coming from the West coast to New York and they had become chummy, exchanging the casual banter of conversation amid good-sized slugs of bourbon. Little by little, as they were sitting in the club car, they were joined by others until there were about seven or eight of them making small talk, bending the elbow and drinking down their toasts to an early victory over Japan.

But there was one rather stout middle-aged man in their company who seemed to have something else on his mind. Almost before anyone knew how it happened, the club car heard his muttered disagreeable comments about—*Jews*.

The friend who told me this story, was just about ready to let him have it. But he didn't have to. His sailor pal beat him to it.

Clearly, through the car his voice rang out; somewhat thick with bourbon, but resonant just the same: "Begging your . . . pardon, sir." He leaned forward: "That's German talk."

There was a silence in the room, as everyone turned toward the defamer who was now squirming uncomfortably.

"What do you mean?"

"Ah," continued the sailor, "Begging your . . . pardon. You know very well what I mean."

He went on, in a half drawling, slightly thick speech that held everyone's attention: "You know very well what I mean. You're an educated man. That's German talk."

"I haven't had any education to speak of. But I still can figure that one out," he went on.

"You see, when I was in the fifth grade of school, my pappy took me out and put me behind a plow. And until I got into the Navy all I saw every day, sun-up to sun-down, was the rear end of a mule." He held up his two hands in the expressive framing of the image.

"So I got into the Navy, see? And

I ain't kiddin' when I tell you that when one of these Jap planes comes down at you and you are workin' an anti-aircraft gun—you just don't give a damn whether the guy behind you is a Baptist, a Jew, a Catholic, or white or black. You're just glad right down to your toes that he's there to pass the ammunition."

There was a pause that crackled.

"Let me tell you something," he went on. "There was a Jewish boy on the boat with me. A swell sailor he was! We got to be good friends. Damn good friends. And he helped me brush up on my readin'. He helped me with my spellin'. And my writin'. And I don't mind telling you that because he did that, I now have got these." He pointed to the stripes, indicating his rating. He stopped for a drink.

"And let me tell you one more thing. This friend of mine was killed out in the Coral Sea. He got blown to bits and I was there to see it. Well, he ain't here to talk up but I am doing it for him. Because there was one thing that he taught me before he died that I am not goin' to forget.

*"He taught me that that kind of talk was German talk."*

I don't know what went on in the minds of those who heard the simple Texas sailor's talk. I think some of them felt that they were listening to the best speech it had been their God-given privilege to hear. Maybe some of them had read some of the stories that appear in these pages. Maybe if all of them had, the stout redfaced man would not have had to apologize for the poison that he was spreading.

Maybe some of them heard about the Americans who were caged in a prisoner of war camp in Germany when there was pandemonium one day in April, 1945. For word had come that the advancing and liberating American Army was not far off. The Nazi captors, soured and embittered SS men, were in a frenzy of despair! But they had one last gesture of death and viciousness. They gave out word that all the American Jewish soldiers

who were in the encampment were to be shot just before the captors themselves made their getaway. And they lined up the prisoners of war, read the instructions to them and commanded the Jews to step forward.

But at this command *all the American boys moved forward one pace; all American boys; the Jews, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Catholics, those with other affiliations and those with none.*

This stumped the Nazi captors for



a while. They had not met such a situation before. And they got together in a mad huddle on what to do next. Their decision was typical of the Nazi mentality: through the loudspeakers they announced that, since they could not select the Jewish soldiers among the American prisoners of war, they would shoot all indiscriminately.

The response was equally characteristic. It was a matter of a few minutes for the Jewish boys to step out and declare themselves; and to be marched off where the rat-tat of machine guns could soon begin its

(Continued on page 16)