

Joyous New Year for Refugees

SHeltered Beneath "Old Glory"

Rosh-Hashonah Opens New Visa to
Hundreds of European Jews Just
Arrived From Eastern Europe
to These Friendly Shores.

(Special to B'nai B'rith Messenger)

"They are coming" someone shouted, and all eyes were turned up East Broadway along which the guides of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America were conducting a group of immigrants, who had just been discharged from Ellis Island, to the Home at 229 East Broadway.

The day was Sunday, August 22. Since Friday, the 20th, four Atlantic grayhounds had arrived at the port of New York. On Sunday morning the S. S. Rotterdam with 1600 steerage passengers, 80 per cent of whom were Jews, came into the port as well. The news soon spread that Jewish refugees, the majority of whom were women and children, had succeeded in leaving the terrors of Eastern Europe set sail to the land of their hopes and yearnings, where dear ones had been waiting for them these many years past.

The writer, too, had heard the report. He wanted to see these new immigrants, not so much to hear their stories, but to study them and learn what sort of people these immigrants are, what these Polish Jews are and what there is to be afraid of in them.

And he stood in line with the hundreds crowded outside the doors of the Immigrant Home and watched these new arrivals. As has been said the majority were women and children, but there were many among them who were fathers of the older settlers here—and fine looking men they are. Many of them, although past middle age, are steady, firm and erect. They had upon them the stamp of dignity. As for the women, real mothers in Israel, they are solicitous of the little ones who were with them. The girls, fine looking, everyone of them clean of body and undoubtedly just as clean of soul. And into the building the writer followed them.

He went down into the dining room where the immigrants received their first meal on American shores, not as a matter of charity, not as a gift, but in the old beautiful, sublime spirit of Machniss bruch, of welcoming the strangers. They were not strangers, but were brothers and sisters whom cruel circumstances and rabid hatred of the Jew had driven forth from home and hearth. And when the husbands and fathers and children came, oh! how touching was the reunion.

Here was a boy whom the father had left at home a little lad now grown into sturdy boyhood and here was a girl who had blossomed forth into maidenhood.

One cannot describe the scenes of the gathering together of dispersed members of the families. One must see it and then realize what all this marvelous work of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, through its European Commission, means, not only to American Jewry but to the whole house of Israel.

And here is a tragedy. A young woman with her child; her husband could not come, he could not get away from work and so the sister came and because of the years that had past since last they met, the sisters did not recognize one another. Yet they were flesh of one flesh, bone of one bone.

And the stories these Americans of tomorrow, aye, already Americans of today, have to tell.

"If it had not been for Hias, we never should have been able to come," exclaimed a girl; this was repeated by the others. "Hias" is the name by which the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America is known across the seas.

Quickly the work of distributing the immigrants began.

The head of the department of distribution sent telegrams to the relatives informing them that their people had arrived, called others at the phone, arranged for transportation to various parts of the country, seeing that the immigrants destined to out of town got their lunch baskets so that they may have plenty to eat while on their jour-

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