



HOLY LAND
BETRAYED

By Haviv Schieber
as told to Len Martin



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FORWARD

Of the six years I have spent in Washington, D.C. helping to expose the enemies of America, it was my good fortune to have spent four of those years living in the home of Haviv Schieber, a Jew - an anti-Zionist Jew.

During those four years, I observed how the atheistic Zionist Jews tried to stop Mr. Schieber from telling the truth about Zionism and the State of Israel - the Israel you won't see on a visitor's guided tour.

I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to write the story of Haviv Schieber's life which gives a far different picture of Israel and Marxism than that portrayed by the Zionist controlled newsmedia.

If America is to avoid getting involved in a Middle East war, misled Americans, Gentiles and Jews alike, had better heed the warnings of Jews like Haviv Schieber to stop blindly supporting Marxist/Zionist Israel and put the welfare of America first.

Len Martin

HOLY LAND BETRAYED

The problems faced by the nations of the world, especially those in the Middle East, are very disturbing to peace loving people. They are especially distressing to me because of my involvement and first-hand knowledge of the recent history of this Middle East area. I blame the Zionists, particularly the Marxist influenced Zionists, for creating these problems. The base of this Zionist power is the American Jewish community. It is this American backed Zionist power that has significantly influenced United States foreign policy. Anyone who has read about the true body of Zionism or has been politically involved knows this to be true.

Since the early years of my youth, I have been involved in Zionism - first in supporting Zionism and in later years fighting against it. To help the American people, who wish to live in peace, to better understand the dangers of Zionism, I offer my personal experiences - the story of my life - a Jew who has lived through the development of the Zionist beast.

To best present a complete picture, it is logical that I start at the beginning.

* * * * *

I was born and raised in the commercial city of Lwow, Poland by middle class Jewish parents. My family, while not truly orthodox, was nevertheless quite religious. I was educated in private Hebrew grade and high schools, and received biblical tutoring from a rabbi.

Even with two brothers and two sisters in the family, most of our material wants were satisfied. Until I was fourteen, the Boy Scouts and track took up most of my free time.

In 1972, at the age of fourteen, I joined a Jewish youth movement which changed my life radically, and irrevocably. It was called 'Betar'. The word 'Betar' is the combination of the Hebrew letters Be (B) and Tar (T), which stood for Brith Trumpeldor or the League of Trumpeldor. This international Jewish youth organization was named for Joseph Trumpeldor, a one-armed Russian Jewish hero who left the Russian army after World War One to help build a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Eventually, he was killed defending the Jewish settlement of Tel Chay against an Arab attack. "Tel Chay" was the salute of our group.

Betar was the youth "arm" of the Revisionist New Zionist Organization. We became fanatic in our efforts to secure a Jewish state in Palestine. Even our uniforms were symbolic: the dark brown of the soil of Palestine. The words to my favorite song were:

The two banks of Jordan must be ours.

The Arabs can shoot and blood can flow, But TransJordan,
TransJordan is ours!

TransJordan was the land now known as Jordan.

I was tremendously dedicated to the Zionist cause. During my high school years in Poland, I had but one goal: to graduate and then emigrate to Palestine.

One incident from my years with the Polish Betar stands out in my memory with great clarity. Soon after I joined the group, I participated in a mass rally with several hundred other Jews. The occasion was the anniversary of the signing of the Balfour Declaration, in which Britain promised a homeland in Palestine to the Jews. We all marched to the British Consulate in Lwow to cheer and voice out thanks to England for the favor they had done us Jews.

It was not until years later that I learned that the "favor" England had done for the Jews was just the British half of a bargain. In return for the support of Chaim Weizmann and the Zionist leadership in getting the United States to enter World War I on the British side, the British had agreed to throw their influence behind the establishment of the Jewish homeland in Palestine. With the Balfour Declaration, the English were just honoring their part of the bargain. But during the demonstration, I was blissfully unaware of all this. I was just happy that eventually we Jews would have a land of our own.

In my fanatical involvement with Zionist (Jewish Political Nationalism), I came to hate other religions. Once, I even spat toward a church while passing it. Strangely, in my zeal, I didn't hate the anti-Jewish Polish students because of an inner feeling that their anti-Jewish actions would help push Jews toward Palestine.

However, one thing I came to hate more at this time in my life was Communism. My hatred of the Soviets began in 1920 while I was still a small child. As Trotsky's Red Army neared my hometown of Lwow, everyone panicked in fear that the Communists would loot or burn our homes. My family hid their valuables. As I was trying to hide under a table, I gashed my forehead and nearly lost an eye. I carry that scar to this day.

Luckily, the Polish Army stopped Trotsky's Red Army before it reached us, but the scar had an indelible effect on my young mind and from that time on, I hated Communism.

As I matured and became more involved with Zionism, my hatred of Communism grew for it seemed to me that it threatened Judaism and Zionism. The following incident, which points this out most clearly, happened in my high school days.

Botwin, a Jewish Communist, had killed a Polish Policeman in Lwow. This act by a Jew could have provoked mob violence, a program against the Jews to avenge the death of a popular officer. Miraculously, it did not happen. But, the killing by this Communist Jew opened my eyes to the fact that the many Jews who were Communist had no concern whatever about what their actions would have on the rest of the Jewish community.

During my high school years, my Betar activities included recruiting students into the organization. It shocked me to discover that a large majority of the students and faculty were leftists over whom the Communists exercised great control. I demanded that our school principal investigate rumors about Communist cell activity in our school. Further, I insisted that if these rumors proved true, that the students involved be expelled.

At this time, it was Polish government policy to close private schools where Communist activity was found. Reluctantly, and almost too late, the principal yielded. His investigation disclosed that sixteen different Communist cells were operating in the school. The expulsion which followed included such leaders of Communist Poland as Scharf, Schyer, Istner, Zimmer and my cousin, Schieber. I must emphasize that at this time, the only Communist cells in Poland were found in Jewish schools. It is no wonder that the Polish people call the Polish Communist Party "Zydo Komuna" or Jewish Communism."

Through my involvement in high school activities, I discovered that nearly all of the Polish Communists were Jews. This puzzled me for some years until I came to realize that Communist activity in Europe was carried on primarily by Jews. Karl Marx, founder and major philosopher of Utopian Communism, was a Jew. After the Russian Revolution, Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Radik and Kaganovich (all Jews) held or rose to some of the most powerful positions in the new Soviet regime. The first Soviet Politburo was composed of three Jews and two Gentiles; and two Jews and one Gentile comprised the second. Also, Jews held many important positions in the Soviet bureaucracy.

Every Communist revolution in Europe was started and supported by Jewish Communists. Bella Kuhn in Hungary; Rose Luxemburg and Heinrich Liebknecht in Germany are only two examples.

But, still I was baffled, why was Communism the political faith of so many of my people? We Jews have traditionally been middle class capitalists - merchants, doctors, lawyers, and so on. It seemed impossible that so many of my brethren would support a cause so dedicated to the destruction of our traditional way of life.

It took me a long time to discover their reasoning which went far beyond the idealistic, "power to the people" propaganda, but it turned out

to be far less complex than I had originally thought. The appeal of Communism to certain portions of would Jewry is twofold:

First, Marxist Communism promised to destroy religion, "the opiate of the masses." During the 19th and early parts of the 20th centuries, some Christian Gentiles, especially in Eastern Europe, used the Christmas and Easter holidays for anti-Jewish activities. Some used words, others violence in attacking Jews as Christ killers or unbelievers. The ensuing mob scenes, as usual, made good cover for personal vendettas. These Jews reasoned that if Communism destroyed all religion, Christ would be discredited and Jews would have no more Christian persecutors.

Secondly, Jews are born internationalists, In Eastern Europe especially, Jews felt no nationalistic loyalties; they were Jews first and citizens second. Without a homeland, their first loyalty was to the race. Communism promised to create a one-world government with all allegiance owed solely to the world state. As the Jews saw it, Communism would eliminate nations - and thus eliminate national hatreds, national insecurity and the pressure for national loyalty.

The activity of the Jewish Communists in Poland was directly responsible for the distress that many innocent Jews suffered at the hands of the Polish patriots during the Second World War. There were two primary reasons for those patriots to hate all Jews indiscriminately:

First: Communist Jews greeted the Soviet Army with flowers during their invasion of Poland after Hitler had divided that country with Stalin. The Jewish Communists had joined with the Soviet Army in tearing down Polish flags and desecrating church alters in what was primarily a Christian country.

Second: These Polish Jewish Communists were in charge of denouncing patriots to the Red invaders. Those denounced were either executed or sent to labor camps in Siberia. These Communist Jews also "turned in" other Jews. One of my brothers, an anti-Communist like myself, was executed in Lwow prison in 1941.

Until June, 1941, when Hitler turned against Stalin, the Communist Jews worked hand in glove with both the German Gestapo and the Soviet NKVD. Understandably, the Polish people concluded that all Polish Communists were Jews; and conversely, all Polish Jews must be Communist. However illogical and untrue this may have been, few Jews, even non-Communist or anti-Communist ones, were favorably regarded by the Poles from then on.

At this point, it is necessary to clarify a word and a concept upon which the reader's understanding of the rest of this book depends. The word is 'Zionism/ Unless one is Jewish or has studied Jewish history, Zionism is only a word that appears in the news-media and most people associate

Zionism with Judaism. The true history of this movement is rarely seen anywhere.

Zionism, as defined by the 1975 edition of the New Webster's Dictionary is "a modern plan or movement to colonize Hebrews in Palestine, the land of Zion; a movement to secure for such Jews as cannot or will not be assimilated in the country of their adoption a national homeland in Palestine, part of which now forms the State of Israel."

The true history of spiritual Zionism begins with the Second Diaspora or dispersal of the Jews after the destruction of the Second Temple, an event recorded in the Bible.

For 2000 years, Orthodox Jews and religious Spiritual Zionists have maintained that the Jewish race has no business in the ex- Promised Land, the Holy Land, until the coming of their Messiah. During these 20 centuries, many pious Jews have gone to Palestine to pray for their brothers and for the appearance of their Messiah.

During the approximately 1300 years of Moslem rule in the Holy Land, these Jews have been granted substantial freedom of movement and religious movement in Palestine. They await the coming of the Messiah. The last Jewish group to abide by this philosophy is the "Neturi Karta" meaning "Guardians of the City." Although they exist in many lands, these Orthodox Jews mainly live in Jerusalem in an attitude of constant prayer, meditation and study. They are supported solely by contributions of other Orthodox Jews throughout the world in the tradition of "Halukkah".

Now to correct a common misunderstanding. For two millennia, Jews have prayed "next year in Jerusalem" during all major holy days. That prayer is for a Messiah to come to Jerusalem so that all Jews can return -not only the live ones, but also the dead ones.

The next oldest part of this movement was Practical Zionism. An organization called "BILU" (B'nai Israel Lechu" or "Children of Israel Go" to the Holy Land) was started by Russian Jews after the Kishniev Pogrom in 1880. These people fled Russia and went to Palestine to live near what they regarded as their Semitic roots.

These Pioneers built the first Jewish colonies in Palestine. Their achievements included the building of the new sections of Haifa and Jerusalem and the founding of the city of Tel Aviv. With nothing but a loan from the Rothschilds, and using free enterprise to gain economic independence, these few hundred men and women established the base which absorbed 95% of all later Jewish immigration.

Political Zionism was started by Theodor Herzl a totally assimilated Austrian Jewish journalist. While covering the infamous Dreyfus case in France, he became horrified at the tremendous anti-Jewish feeling the trial created in a supposedly civilized country. In 1895 he wrote DER

JUDENSTAAT (The State of the Jews in which he pictured in Palestine a safe haven for Jews. In 1897, he called the first World Jewish Congress in Basel, Switzerland. It was at this Congress that the World Zionist Organization was born.

Herzl approached Turkey, Germany, Italy, Britain, Russia and the Pope seeking support for his crusade, offering each the promise that the new state would become a power base for their Middle East interests. All rejected his offer, although Great Britain eventually agreed to grant the Jews sovereignty in what was then British Uganda. Herzl favored the British offer, but his fellow Zionists held out for Palestine. When Herzl died in 1904, Russian and Polish Jews took over the World Zionist Organization. During World War I a Polish Jew, Chaim Weizmann, became its leader.

After the Balfour Declaration in 1917, political Zionism began to gain strength among world Jewry. As they stepped up their promotion of Immigration to the Holy Land, Russian Marxist Jews took over political leadership in Palestine and began to dominate all Zionist institutions.

A major split occurred in the World Zionist Organization in 1933, Yladimir Jabotinsky, the man who had formed the Zionist youth organization, Betar, rebelled against the Marxist policies of the World Zionist Organization. His anti-Communist Revisionist Zionist faction formed the New Zionist Organization, But this anti-Communist movement collapsed. During World War Two, its members started the present-day right wing, Likud party in Israel.

Today's World Zionist Organization contains three major factions:

- A. The Marxist Zionists - This is the dominant force having the most members and most of the political power.
- B. The General Zionists - Not allied with any political ideology. This group contains the Religious Zionists.
- C. The Likud - This right wing anti-Communist faction is the remnant of Jabotinsky's Revisionist movement. It has the least power and fewest members.

All of these factions, in general, follow the Marxist/Socialist economic system in Israel making it a beggar state. This has led to economic and moral bankruptcy.

PALESTINE BOUND

In 1932, while still in high school, I was preparing to go to Palestine and was organizing a group of non-students from Betar to go with me, but by the time I had graduated, the situation in Palestine had changed.

The Marxist-leaning Zionists in Palestine had taken over leadership of the World Zionists Organization and the Jewish Agency, formerly a non-political philanthropic organization. One of their first acts was to refuse Betar certificates to emigrate to Palestine. To counter this I had to persuade my group to go to Palestine illegally. To set an example of unity of purpose, I turned down my opportunity to emigrate legally by enrolling in a technical school in Haifa, Palestine. Instead, I enrolled in Grenoble Tech in France and encouraged members of my group to do likewise. Of course, since they were not students, it was necessary for them to enroll illegally.

When we all had successfully enrolled in Grenoble Tech, we obtained French visas with special permission to visit French colonies, specifically Lebanon which was " by coincidence " next door to Palestine. Our official reason for the special visas was to take a "vacation" before starting school.

Our first stop on the way to Lebanon was in Vienna to participate in the fifth conference of the Revisionist movement. There I met Dr. Von Weisel, one of the movement's famous leaders. He gave me the address of a Jewish factory owner in Beirut, Lebanon, a Mr. Aldubi who was also a member of our Revisionist organization. Dr. Von Weisel told me Mr. Aldubi was in charge of the illegal immigration which went through Lebanon to Palestine. He assured us that Mr. Aldubi would make arrangements for us.

We left Vienna for Trieste, Italy where we were to board a small merchant ship. On our trip to Beirut, Lebanon, we stopped for a visit at Alexandria, Egypt. Our spirits soared when we passed the Palestinian ports of Jaffa and Haifa enroute to Lebanon.

When we finally arrived in Beirut, we were detained by Lebanese police who accused us of not being tourists, but illegal immigrants to Palestine. Within 10 minutes, our Lebanese contact, Mr. Aldubi, appeared and got us released. He had gotten advance news of our arrival from Dr. Von Weisel.

After finding us a hotel, Mr. Aldubi told us that a taxi would pick us up at midnight to take us just over the Palestinian border to Metula. There we would stay at a small inn run by a Jewish colonist, a Mr. Abraham. Mr. Aldubi told us that we should each give the taxi driver a dollar after reaching our destination.

At exactly midnight, we found the cab waiting in front of our hotel. When we arrived near the border, the driver parked his taxi on the Lebanese side. In the dead of night, he led us on a fifteen minute walk over hilly terrain across the border into Palestine. We were about to cross a road when we discovered that one of our group was missing; one who was carrying more luggage than the rest had somehow become separated from the rest of us.

The driver told us that we were in a very dangerous situation since there was an English police station nearby. He said it would be very unadvisable to stop and look for our friend. I agreed with him and urged my remaining companions to follow his advice.

When we reached the inn, Mr. Abraham, an elderly bearded Russian Jew, greeted us and registered us, listing our residence as Tel Aviv. We hadn't been there for ten minutes when there was a knock on the door. It opened to reveal a friendly Jewish Policeman, on duty with the British, who had come to warn Mr. Abraham that the British police were on the way to check his inn.

We all scrambled into our beds and pretended to be asleep. It seemed only moments before the Jewish policeman was back, this time with a British officer. They questioned the inn-keeper and checked the inn register. Finally, they got us out of bed and asked our place of residence, our business, and so forth. The British policeman was not satisfied that that we really lived in Tel Aviv and ordered us to accompany him to the police station.

On the way to the station, I walked next to the Jewish officer and quietly asked him, "How did the British find us so quickly?"

"Simple," he replied. "The missing member of your group accidentally walked into the police station."

"What will they do with us now?" I asked.

"Probably send you back to Beirut," he replied.

The authorities hadn't been fooled a bit, but at the police station we all stuck to our story about arriving from Tel Aviv. Incredibly, after the British authorities had consulted their superiors, we were released! Here we were, illegal immigrants who had been caught in the act and the authorities let us go back to the inn with just a warning to return to Beirut in the morning. Of course we had all come too far to pay heed to this slap on the wrist.

LIFE IN PALESTINE BEGINS

At six o'clock the first morning on Palestinian land, by arrangement a Jewish farmer picked us up and drove us to the settlement of Rosh Pina where there was a Betar organization.

After resting several days, I left to enroll in Haifa's technical school. It took me a few days to get settled in school. However, as soon as I could, I joined the Haifa branch of Betar. My first activity was to help organize the first Jewish fraternity in Palestine. It wasn't long before I had met all the leaders of the Revisionist movement in Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

During the years 1928-36, there was great tension in Palestine. The Marxist-Zionists and we anti-Communist Zionists were having daily battles in the streets. Unfortunately for us, the Marxist faction had the full support of the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency. Also, the Marxist-Zionists had the support of the labor organization (the Histadrut), and the commune settlements (the Kibbutzim) which were large and had substantial financial backing.

Because our organization was highly critical of British policies in Palestine, the English authorities tended to ignore the terrorism directed against us by Marxist-Zionists led by Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir.

In 1934, the Marxist-Zionists in Palestine were busy with a massive campaign to depose the anti-Nazi Austrian Chancellor, Dolfus. Our group opposed their collection of money in Palestine because it would be sent to the Schutzbund, the Austrian Socialist Party which, like most National Socialist parties, was dominated by Marxist Jews. Our opposition was also based on the fact that we had recognized Hitler as a terrible threat to the Jews. Dolfus was anti-Hitler.

In 1935, an Italian contractor based in Alexandria, Egypt, Carmine de Pasquale, came to Haifa to build the Carmelitan Plaza for the Catholics. This same man had contracted to build five buildings for Jews in Hadar Hacarmel, commonly known as Jewish Haifa. As a politically aware anti-Communist, Mr. de Pasquale knew that the Jewish labor market was dominated by the Marxist-Zionist Histadrut. I tried to provide him with an alternative.

Acting in my new capacity as Secretary of the Revisionist National Labor Organization, I approached him through one of our members who had studied in Italy. My friend introduced me as an anti-Communist labor organizer and asked him to hire our members to build the five buildings in Hadar Hacarmel.

It was fortunate that our organization's founder, Jabotinsky, was well known and widely respected in Italy. The Fascist government of Mussolini was very pro-Jewish and many of the high officials in the Italian

government were Jews. Jewish students who were turned away from other universities in Europe were welcome in Fascist Italy. Mussolini had given Jabotinsky and the Revisionist New Zionist Organization a charter and aided in building the first school for Jewish seamen at Civitavecchia, the seaport for Rome. Its graduates later would become the foundation of Israel's navy.

Through my translator, Dr. Lackstein, I informed de Pasquale that I belonged to the Revisionist movement. When he asked if our leader was Jabotinsky and I answered, "Yes", this elderly gentleman jumped up and gave an Italian salute. He also gave us the job.

In time, as the Histadrut became aware of our progress, it began terrorizing our workers, the contractor and his staff, and tried to sabotage the construction site. Immediately, de Pasquale sought help from the Italian Consulate, which cabled Rome, which in turn protested to London about the Haifa situation.

London's message to Haifa's British Commissioner, Kittroch, asked one question, "Who is in charge of law and order in Haifa, the British of the Histadrut?"

This cable prompted the Commissioner to warn that if order was not restored within 24 hours, he would declare the Histadrut outlawed and arrest its leadership. Faced with this ultimatum, the Histadrut abandoned its harassment, but not before it had disrupted a Revisionist meeting in Maccabee Hall, destroying furniture and injuring many of our members as a last act of defiance.

The British Commissioner's action brought peace to Haifa which lasted from 1935 until the mid-1940's. By then, hostilities between the Marxist-Zionists and our anti-Communist Revisionist group had resumed, but with a big difference: now the Marxists worked with the British to denounce and terrorize the right-wing Irgun and Stern Group, who in turn were trying to oust the British in order to gain an independent state in Palestine. It was a case of the leftist Jews hunting their own brothers.

These Red Zionists delivered a list of several hundred Irgun and Stern members to the British. Those on the list were promptly arrested by the British and sent to concentration camps in Africa. The Marxists further outraged public opinion when they demanded that convicted members of the Irgun and Stern group be executed. In their self-appointed capacity as the "official" leaders of the World Zionist Organization, these Marxist Jews were directly responsible for thirteen gallows executions of anti-Communist Jews. Even these terrible actions pale in the light of what followed.

MARXIST-ZIONISTS PLAY BALL WITH HITLER

It was the Marxist-Zionist organization in Palestine that was directly responsible for the many Jews who were killed or sent to the concentration camps of Europe during World War II. I do not make this statement lightly. It is one of the terrible realities of history that the Marxist-Zionists have succeeded in keeping suppressed.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the Marxist-Zionists' first action was to sign the "Transfer Pact" with him. They signed this agreement with full knowledge of what Hitler promised to do to European Jews. The terms of the pact were that any Jews wishing to emigrate from Germany would be free to do so, providing that:

1. They would only go to Palestine.
2. They took nothing but personal belongings with them.
3. The German government would appraise the value of all the emigrating Jews' remaining property.
4. Payment of the evaluation be made to the emigrating Jew in the form of German Government Bonds-30% in so-called "Blue" bonds and 70% in white bonds. The "Blue bonds were exchangeable or redeemable in metals, and "White" bonds were redeemable in ceramics and fabrics. Germany had a surplus of these products and was trying to export them to help finance its war machine.

In addition to negotiating the pact, the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency, both Marxist dominated, handled the financial aspect of all emigration of Jews to Palestine.

Faced with these conditions, few German Jews would agree to go to Palestine. Most of these Jews preferred to stay, blindly believing Hitler could eventually be bought. The Marxist-Zionists promoted this blind trust that Hitler could be bought, and spread this belief to Jews in other threatened European countries.

In opposition to Hitler's harsh economic treatment of German Jews, we anti-Marxist Zionists in Palestine proclaimed a boycott of German goods. Since we were such a small minority, our efforts and warnings were of little avail.

Terrorism carried on by the Histadrut in Palestine also discouraged many European Jews from emigrating. Since the Marxist-Zionist Jews obstructed immigration to any country other than Palestine, many Jews stayed too long in Hitler's National Socialist (Nazi) Germany and perished.

Simultaneously, in Palestine the Histadrut was provoking Arab laborers with the slogan "Only Jewish Labor", compelling Jewish employers to fire Arabs under threat of violence. They even tried to organize Arab labor against Arab employers.

This scheme ultimately backfired and caused Arabs to unite to fight Jewish immigration, the objectives of the Balfour Declaration, and Britain's rule in Palestine. This united front rose up against the Jews and the British in 1929, and again in the period 1936-1939. The latter uprising effectively halted all Jewish immigration in the crucial pre-war years.

MARXIST-ZIONISTS WIDELY INVOLVED

Wherever there is Communist activity, it can be expected to find Marxist-Zionist Jews, always acting against the best interests of world Jewry. The Spanish Civil War (1936-39) is a good example. The Marxist-Zionists joined the murdering Communists body and soul. They brought with them well-organized support in the form of money, materials and manpower from New York, Tel Aviv, Haifa and other Jewish centers.

While our anti-Communist Revisionist movement was engaged in defending Jewish rights in Palestine during the Marxist-provoked Arab revolt, the Marxists were busy denouncing us and helping the Communists in Spain at the same time.

It was most fortunate that Franco's nationalist forces won in this internal Spanish conflict. Despite the Jewish-Marxist support of the Communists, Franco's Spain provided refuge for thousands of German and other European Jews fleeing Hitler during World War II.

TIRED AND DISILLUSIONED

In 1937, exhausted from my duties as Secretary of the National Labor Organization, I resigned to start my own construction company. In Haifa, I was among the first builders of cooperative housing, or condominiums, where people could buy an apartment rather than an individual house.

By 1938, the Italian-Abyssinian War, the Marxist-Zionist policies and the Arab revolt had combined to stop all Jewish immigration. This brought construction to a halt, and caused a great economic depression in Palestine.

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Tired and disillusioned, I decided to go home to Poland to visit my family whom I hadn't seen in six years. I had been living in Palestine illegally, so while it was easy to leave, I had to obtain a passport under an assumed name because I wanted to return.

When I arrived home, I found the Jews in Lwow living in a very apathetic atmosphere. No one worried about the looming threat of Nazi Germany. In fact, my uncle who had visited Germany that year had brought back pictures of Hitler, Goebbels and Goering engraved on wood. He proudly announced he had become a representative of the German company that had patented the process. The attitude was 'business as usual'. Once, when I begged my father to leave Poland before the Nazis slaughtered the family, he nearly slapped my face.

The danger posed by the Nazis did not register with the Jews, partially because the leftist Jews were Socialist minded. They were lured and lulled by the name "National Socialist Part (Nazi)." Further, the Jewish Socialist flag was as red as Hitler's; their holiday, May 1, was Hitler's national holiday; and both the Jewish Socialists and Nazis were anti-Christian. It was almost natural to feel a political and ideological brotherhood with Hitler's Socialism, wasn't it?

Those Jews who were not politically minded were busy with their business dealings. With no anti-Marxist-Zionist leadership outside of our small organization, the great majority of Jews talked themselves into a state of false hope. Even in 1938, the year I arrived home, when Hitler was shipping Jews back to Poland, my people would not listen to warnings of developing danger.

While home in Lwow, I worked with our Revisionist movement's members to arrange to send Jews to Palestine illegally. When I set up a "tourist agency" in Lwow, I was astounded that 99% of my "customers" wanted to go to countries other than Palestine.

Meanwhile, the governments of Poland and Rumania were quietly helping us arrange the illegal immigration. This upset the Marxist-Zionists to the point they actually pressured Britain into protesting to Poland and Rumania, urging them to stop their involvement with our illegal immigration. In addition, the World Zionist Organization urged Central Intelligence Division agents from Palestine to gather evidence for the British government about our work. They did not want to have in Palestine anti-Marxist Jews to oppose their powers.

If these actions by the Marxists seem strange, never doubt that there was method in their madness. The World Zionist Organization, with their Marxist-Zionist majority, was happy to accept money from middle class Jews, but didn't want them in Palestine.

The middle class Jews were businessmen schooled in the free enterprise system; and the Marxist Jews feared they might thwart the Marxist plan for a Socialist Jewish state.

The slogan, "Jews without money and money without Jews" was popularized at that time in Israel. The Marxist-Zionist leadership wanted only the younger Jews whom they would fit into the Marxist plan, but our Revisionist organization was sending any Jew, rich or poor, young or old, to Palestine if they wanted to go. Because we were a threat to the Marxists, they used the Socialist-dominated British government to stop us.

About this time, Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization and later the first president of Israel, made this statement, "We don't care about the Nalevki Jews." He was referring to the Jews from the middle class Nalevki section of Warsaw, Poland; and the implications are clear - these Marxist-Zionists will sacrifice other Jews if it serves their purpose.

Besides stopping our efforts, Britain helped the Marxist-Zionists in another way. A certain number of permits to immigrate to Palestine were issued and Britain allowed the Marxists to choose who was to go. Naturally, the Marxists picked influential Jews of Marxist ideology, and youth for their kibbutzim.

In Poland, our illegal immigration centers were in Warsaw and Krakow. In early 1939, when I tried to switch my office to the Krakow headquarters, I was denounced to the Polish authorities by one of our disappointed Warsaw organizers. Detained overnight, I was released after surrendering my Palestinian passport. This was just a few months before the German blitzkreig into Poland.

Shortly after my arrest, the Marxist-Zionists and their Palestine CID agents succeeded in stopping the illegal immigration. Our last transport train was halted at the Rumanian border and the immigrants sent back. One of these was my brother. A few days later, the expected war started.

After Poland was divided between Germany and Russia, one of my brothers was executed in prison by the Soviets. The other survived and moved to Israel in 1948.

Never will I forget the night of September 1, 1939. While listening to my radio, I heard Hitler say in a speech, "Whatever the outcome of this war, I assure you of one thing; no Jew will remain in Europe."

Hearing this, I became mortally afraid. My Palestinian passport, so vital to me, had been taken away. I felt the end was near, not only for myself, but for all Jews in Europe. Personally, I felt the Communists were as great a danger as Hitler and there would be terrible reprisals against me for my anti-Communist activities and exposures.

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Fortunately, before the war when the Polish government was sympathetic to our anti-Communist cause, many of our Palestinian Revisionist members had come to work with the Betar movement in Poland. During the second week of the Blitzkrieg, I learned from them that the British were evacuating all British and Palestinian nationals from Poland. My good friend Mr. Uri Zvi Greenberg, the great anti-Communist Jewish poet, told me that the last train out of Poland would pass through Lwow shortly on its way to Rumania. He had a legal Palestinian passport and was to leave. Even without proper documents, I was determined to be on that train.

Seeing my Polish homeland collapse broke my heart. Words are not adequate to describe the terror and the dying. When I left my family, for what I was sure was the last time, I felt great sorrow. By this time they could not leave, but I had to take the risk or face certain execution.

The depot at Lwow had been destroyed by German bombers, so we had to walk five miles from town to board that midnight train. Once aboard, I was delighted to find many of my friends from Palestine who had been in our Polish organization. They all had legitimate Palestinian passports. When I told them my tale of woe - no passport, no papers, no nothing, and asked them to vouch for me, they willingly agreed.

At the Rumanian border, British representatives checked everyone and aided us in every way to get to Palestine, They did the same for the British going to England. When they questioned me, I told them that my belongings and papers had been lost when the train was bombed, which it actually had been. All I could produce was a necktie with a Tel Aviv label on it. But, with the help of my friends, I got through. My friends even put me in charge of the group.

While we were waiting at the Rumanian border for another train, I was instrumental in saving the life of my poet friend, Mr Greenberg. Since it was Rosh Hashana, the highest Jewish holiday, he decided to remain near the border with friends to celebrate and catch a later train. I, on the other hand, was convinced that we were barely ahead of the storm, and that no one could afford the luxury of a leisure holiday. When he started to walk toward the border town, I grabbed his suitcases and told him at least I would save his belongings. Angrily, he followed me back. The train arrived soon after.

The next day, Soviet forces occupied the Polish-Rumanian border. There were no more trains out. Mr. Greenberg, a former member of the Communist Party and now a very persuasive anti-Communist would certainly have been executed if he had been captured.

We finished our journey to Palestine with no other notable incidents. Upon arrival, however. I was arrested immediately by the British for my

illegal immigration activities and the fact that I had left Palestine with a false passport. But, there was one consoling thing - at least I was alive.

While awaiting trial, I was imprisoned in Jerusalem. Once in Jail, I met many of my friends from the movement who had been arrested for their role in fighting the British Mandate policies in Palestine.

Subsequently, I was found guilty and sentenced to six months hard labor, mostly crushing rick in Atlit prison. It was my good fortune that the Egyptian officer in charge made me responsible for the prisoners' water supply - an easier job.

Upon release in 1940, I settled in Jerusalem near one of my sisters who had moved there some time earlier. Here I started a construction company and sought work in the English military camps. Since Jerusalem was the headquarters of the British Administration, both civil and military, I was able to make contacts and help Jewish contractors from our movement to negotiate jobs. I was, also, able to bring Jewish and Arab contractors together on business deals that were mutually beneficial.

MARRIED

In 1943, I married and settled in Tel Aviv. After the end of the war, I went back to civil construction. During this time, I was almost totally inactive politically. I was content to pursue happiness with my wife and a successful business career.

Much of my construction business involved Arab businessmen, and in 1946 I was offered a partnership with an Arab Moslem and an Arab Christian. It was an attractive opportunity which I accepted.

Our first contract was to build shopping centers on five British military bases in southern Palestine. These military bases had been built to conform to the British "White Paper of 1939". This plan was to give Arab Palestine its independence. The security of the 30 percent minority was guaranteed. The Arabs hoped to hold the population of the Jews to that 30 percent of the total population by restricting further Jewish immigration.

Included in the "White Paper" plan, the independent state of Palestine was to give Britain the right to keep military watch over the Suez Canal and the Middle East from five military bases in Southern Palestine. These were the sites of the proposed shopping centers.

This plan was known to all Jews and the Marxist-Zionist Jews were in agreement with it. The only people to actively oppose this plan were the Irgun and the Stern group which were independent offshoots of our Revisionists movement. The Irgun the Stern group wanted a totally Jewish

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state. They terrorized the British troops and civil administration in an effort to push them out of Palestine completely.

I wish to restate a point made earlier. The Irgun and Stern group efforts were directed against the British. The Marxist-Zionists worked for the British against the Stern group and our Irgun. I say "our" Irgun because at the time, I was in great sympathy with the Irgun aim of a completely Jewish state. While I was not a member and did not participate in their terrorism, I offered them clandestine support and assistance.

During 1946-47, the years just prior to the partition of Palestine, it was not pleasant for me as a Jew to be working in the British military camps. The Irgun and Stern group were constantly harassing the English troops. I must say, though, that throughout this time the conduct of the British soldiers was admirable. Despite the attacks going on outside, there was no hysteria nor animosity shown toward the Jews inside the bases.

One persistent memory is of the day the Irgun hung two British sergeants. As was my usual practice, I invited the British captain in charge of the construction site to have a cold drink with me in my headquarters hut.

Angrily, he refused, shouting, "Your people are killing our Tommies and you invite me in for a drink! Why are you killing our soldiers?"

"Sir, if you wish to know, let us sit down," I answered, after hesitating, he seated himself and repeated the question, "Why kill our soldiers? Kill our King! Kill our Queen! Kill the Minister!-but not innocent soldiers!" he shouted.

The King, Queen and Minister are well guarded." I replied. "So by attacking the soldiers, the Jewish groups feel that the soldiers' parents will become aroused and pressure the British leaders to change their policies toward Palestine.

As if admitting I was right, he calmly took his drink and left the shack. It seemed this was the only way to change British policy. Later, I thought about our conversation. Had I said the same things to a French or American officer under the same circumstances, I probably would have been shot.

After the United Nations partition of Palestine in 1947, the British realized that their Mandate would soon end and promptly ordered all work on the shopping centers on the British bases halted. I lost my entire investment.

Even though the new state wasn't to come into existence until May, 1948, the partition of Palestine in November of 1947 precipitated an Arab revolt against the Jews. They were not about to accept the loss of their lands to a state called Israel without a fight. At the same time, the Jews

began a campaign to extend the territory allotted to them and cleanse it of Arabs.

A historical note: The Soviets secretly promised the Arabs that Russia would vote in the United Nations against the partition of Palestine. At the last moment, the Soviet Union and her satellites betrayed the Arabs' and voted for the partition. The Soviet satellite countries opened their gates for Jewish immigration to Israel providing much needed manpower.

In order to defeat the Arabs and save her only satellite in the Middle East (Israel), the Soviets delivered aircraft, weapons, ammunition and man-power through her European satellite, Czechoslovakia.

ISRAEL: DEMOCRATIC OR MARXIST

During the six-month period before Israel officially became a country, the British continued to be nominally in charge of law and order. The Irgun and the Stern group, which had earlier fought to force the British out, were still operating underground - but with a different purpose. Now, their objective was to obtain arms and ammunition by any means possible in order to oppose the threatened invasion of the new Jewish State.

Having made contracts within the British camps, I offered my services to the Irgun; to act as liaison between them and persons inside the camps having access to weapons.

A Jewish friend of mine, who had worked for many years in British camps, knew all the top officials and was familiar with camp conditions. One day, he told me that a Captain Harding from a British base near Tel Aviv wished to remain in the new Jewish state because he had married a Jewish girl. The captain wished to be put in contact with the Irgun to offer his help.

A meeting was arranged in the Katy Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv. Present at the meeting were Captain Harding, Gideon Feiglin (the right-hand man of Commander Menachim Begin, and in charge of all Irgun military operations known as Geidy Amechii), and myself.

The meeting was very emotional. Captain Harding promised to help the Irgun obtain military equipment in what can be described as a semi-legal manner. He then revealed that the British believed the new Jewish state would not survive. They felt that the Arabs would land in Jaffa after the British left on May 15th. That information prompted the Irgun to attack Jaffa one month before the British departed.

The attack was successful. It caused the Arabs in Jaffa to flee, and it prevented their forces from establishing a strong base from which to launch an invasion. Old Jaffa and new Tel Aviv existed side-by-side, separated only by a street. Had the Egyptian Army been able to land a force in the Arab city of Jaffa, it would have endangered the plan for the new state. The Irgun's preemptive attack eliminated the Arab threat before it had a chance to be carried out.

On the other hand, had the Egyptian attack taken place, the big powers - especially the Soviet Union, might have intervened under the United Nation's flag to save the new-born state. Ironically, the action by the

anti-Communist Irgun saved the Soviets from another confrontation with the Arabs. The Soviets continued to supply arms ammunition and manpower to Israel through their satellite Czechoslovakia.

In addition to the Jaffa intelligence, I had earlier provided the Irgun with enough information and contacts to enable them to succeed in two other operations. One was a raid on the British base of Qufar Witkin, and the second was the taking of the Benjamin train. These two raids gained the Irgun enough supplies to make possible the successful attack on Jaffa.

For an entire year after I had found out that the leaders of the anti-Communist Irgun had no political aspirations. I had worried about the fate of the future state. I was sure that it would fall into the hands of the Marxist-Zionists as everything else seemed to have done. I suggested to the closest friends of the Irgun leader, Begin, that the time was ripe to knock out the Mapai and their Histadrut as our group had done to the British. The political and terrorist activities of the Irgun had been the prime reason for the British withdrawal from Israel.

I clung to the hope that my friends in the Irgun would act to reduce the power of the Marxists and give the anti-Communist Revisionist spiritual Zionists a majority vote in the new state.

While the planned Egyptian attack on Jaffa was cancelled, the 1948 Arab-Israeli War started on May 15th, when the British officially withdrew from Palestine. Israel's army, the Hagannah, included units from the Irgun and Stern group. It moved to take more land from the Palestinians. The Arabs vigorously opposed this Israeli effort to extend the borders of the new state.

The Soviets once again came to the aid of their Marxist brothers. It sent many high ranking Red Army officers to train and lead the Israeli Army. The Soviets also opened the gates of her satellite countries for emigration of Jews to bolster Jewish manpower in Israel. The Soviet officers, mostly Jews, were sent to Israel with the understanding that after the war, they could either remain in Israel or return to Russia.

In this connection, it is interesting to recall that several years ago, a well-known Jewish writer accused Golda Meir, former Prime Minister of Israel, of delivering a list of Jewish Zionists living in Russia to the Soviet government. The truth is, the list she delivered contained the names of Soviet officers sent to Israel to help in the 1948 War who neither remained in Israel nor returned to Russia, but instead fled to the west.

During the 1948 War, a strange truce existed between the Marxist/Zionists who controlled the Israeli government and our anti-Communist Irgun. After May 15, 1948, the Irgun agreed to the integration, with all of its captured supplies and equipment, into the

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new-born Israeli Army known as the Haganah (Defense) Army of Israel. I call it the Red Army of Israel.

Originally, the Haganah had been the Jewish people's militia, but the Marxists had dominated it ever since the ideological split between the differing factions of Zionism in 1933. In the pre-state years, the Haganah was the underground which helped the Histadrut terrorize our Revisionists and the Irgun. The Irgun put aside those bitter memories in the interests of Jewish unity.

While the Marxist/Zionists were receiving military supplies from the Communist nations, our Irgun was collecting money and buying armaments from the west, especially the United States and France. Even though we of the Irgun were opposed to the Marxist/Zionist establishment, we loved Israel enough to join with our enemy Marxist/Zionist brothers to save the state. Our Irgun leaders had no intention of tearing Israel apart by using our military force as an internal political weapon - the effort to dismantle Marxist Zionism.

By the end of the first month of the 1948 War, the United Nations demanded and got a cease-fire from both sides. It was during this cease-fire, when I was traveling from Haifa to Tel Aviv, that I heard a radio broadcast about an attack on the Liberty ship ALTALENA which was carrying ammunition and nearly 1,000 volunteers for the Israeli Army. At first, of course, I thought it was Arab sabotage.

As I neared Tel Aviv, I heard that there were thirty-five dead, hundreds injured and that the ship had been sunk. Then I heard that the Arabs had nothing to do with the attack; that it was officially ordered by Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir. With typical arrogance, the Marxist owned radio station gave no reason for these actions.

Later, I learned the truth about the treachery done by Ben-Gurion, Meir and Company. The Altalena had sailed from Europe before the United Nations cease-fire had become effective. As it approached Israel, during the cease-fire when shipments were not to be made, Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir pondered the fact that the Altalena carried ammunition and volunteers destined for the Irgun. Only mildly concerned about the imminent violation of the cease-fire, but fearful that Irgun reinforcements would make that organization too powerful for him to control, Ben-Gurion asked Irgun Commander Menachim Begin to temporarily anchor his ship somewhere off the coast and bring it in at night for security reasons. Then, ringing the harbor with the Haganah forces, Ben-Gurion set the trap.

That night, after the Marxist troops were in position, Begin was asked to bring the ship into Tel Aviv harbor. The patriotic Begin, naive in his dealings with the Jewish Marxists, brought the ship in as requested.

Without warning, the Marxist troops opened fire on the unsuspecting volunteers for the Jewish state.

Begin, who was on the bridge of the Altalena when the attack began, started to cry and shouted, "Stop the firing!" His pleas fell on the deaf ears of the Red troops. Even after the white truce flags were hoisted, the attack continued mercilessly until the ship caught fire and sank.

This act was typical of those committed in any Communist takeover; the elimination of any political enemy, actual or potential - in this case, the Irgun. Even though Begin and most of the volunteers escaped, the Marxists had succeeded in a sense. Because of his failure to recognize that a trap was being set, and because of his tears during the attack, the prestige of both Begin and the Irgun hit rock bottom. The Jewish people realized that Begin was no leader.

With Israel under the control of my Jewish Marxist enemies, it was not in my heart to volunteer for the Israeli (Red) Army, but I was drafted. Because of my age and profession, I was put into the Corps of Engineers. Since I was on the government's black list, I was not given rank. Some of my superiors were exlaborers from my construction firm and who had been commissioned as officers.

While in the Army, I had another emotional experience which caused me to despise Ben-Gurion's Marxist oriented government even more. I had been placed in charge of building a minor road in a military camp. To do the job, I was given a truck, a civilian driver and twenty civilian Palestinian Arab prisoners. The plight of these concerned me. In my heart I felt that innocent peasants should not be thrown into a prisoner of war camp merely because of their nationality.

It was doubly galling to realize that the Marxist Israeli government was conducting a massive propaganda campaign in the Western world to the effect that Israel would be the "most democratic state in the Middle East" and that "the Jews would never make anyone suffer as they had suffered, especially Arabs."

With thoughts of Israel's false "human rights" promises dancing in my head, I loaded twenty Arab prisoners on the truck and we set out to tear down stone walls around Arab houses with which to build our road.

When the stone was loaded, the prisoners asked me if they might go to the gate of Jaffa's Arab ghetto a few blocks away to see their families. Seeing nothing wrong with such a simple request I told the driver to take them to the gate. He refused. When I demanded that he drive there and assured him that I would take all responsibility, he finally consented. His attitude was exactly the same as that of his leaders, David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir: Every act must contribute to the "cause" or his own ends, including acts that result in the death of Arabs - or even Jews, if

necessary. Actions serving neither purpose were not tolerated. His Marxist-Jewish heart was as hard as the stone we carried. I, on the other hand, knew what it was like to be torn from friends and family.

When we arrived at the gate, each Arab thanked me and went to visit with his family and neighbors through the barbed wire. This scene stirred my emotions and drove me to some serious thinking. Here were human beings who a few weeks earlier had been free in their city of Jaffa. Now, they existed in a ghetto surrounded by barb wire, cut off from loved ones who were prisoners of war.

First-the ALTALENA TRAGEDY-now THIS. How could anyone be so inhumane. My revulsion for the Marxist/Zionists grew daily as did the uneasy feeling that there was something terribly wrong about what was happening in Palestine-the Holy Land.

The driver of the truck reported my action with the Arab prisoners. As punishment for my decent, humane behavior, I was transferred from my comfortable base near Tel Aviv to the desert city of Beersheba.

After the cease fire ended in June 1948, the war continued for about nine more months. Since there was little for me to do and taking into account my age, I should have been eligible for release from the Army. Instead I was kept in the service.

With no work to do, I soon became bored. Boredom brought a growing interest in the well-being of the first one hundred Jewish immigrant families to settle in Beersheba. The city had been inhabited by Arabs, but since the start of the war it had been deserted due to the terrorist campaign against the Arabs as authorized by the Marxist government of Ben-Gurion. Israeli military personnel stationed near the city paid no attention to the new immigrants. No civilian administration was set, no postal service, and the street signs had been charned from Arabic to Hebrew names.

The military leaders in Beersheba belonged to the most extreme of all Marxist factions, the "Palmach". The full name of this group is "Plugot Marxist Calutziot" or "Battalion of Marxist proneers". It was headed by Yigal Alon S. Rabin. Rabin became politically powerful and is best known as one of Israel's former prime ministers. Most of his troops were fanatical members of "kibbutzim" the Jewish communal settlements.

The military leaders of Israel were too busy looting the almost deserted city to care about providing even the most basic services for the newcomers. So, these immigrants and I decided to do things ourselves.

Our first act, after setting a committee, was to start a post office. We decided to begin service on May 1, the Israeli holiday, to symbolize our opposition to the Marxist government. We contacted a restaurant owner whose establishment was also a bus terminal. IN front of the restaurant,

we placed a blue and white mail box for letter collection. The owner emptied our mail box daily and gave what was collected to one of the bus drivers for deposit at the nearest post office. We even made a Beersheba postmark. Using regular Israeli postage, we sent a total of sixty letters through our system - mostly protest letters to government officials.

The citizens' committee had elected me as the first Jewish mayor of Beersheba. As one of my first official acts, I decided to rename the three main streets of the city. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were the names decided upon by the committee.

The following day I was arrested on the ridiculous charge of stealing sidewalk tiles to make a platform for our mailbox. In a gesture of defiance, I took the mailbox with me as I was led away.

This arrest caused me a problem. Technically I was still in the Army, although I had received no orders for some time. I was eligible for release, but the authorities denied my appeal and transferred me to another army camp to await trial for my alleged crime.

I arrived at the new camp still clutching the mailbox and found one of my former carpenters in charge. When I told him my story, he laughed but was at a loss over what could be done. He felt the charge was stupid and should be dismissed. His advice was for me to go home and await my discharge from the Army. I followed his counsel.

I had been at home in Tel Aviv for two months and was beginning to enjoy the relief from strain when at 2 o'clock one morning, military police broke in and arrested me for desertion. I was shipped to a camp where hundreds of so-called deserters like me were interned. The fact that I had never received any orders from the military during my two months at home, plus the sudden arrest and charge of desertion, fueled my anger at the Marxist/Zionists like gasoline poured on a raging fire. The government's brazen action also cost me my new construction business.

Naively, I thought I would be released in a short time. In talking to fellow detainees, I found that most of the men had already been there for weeks and had no idea when their cases would be heard.

Among the so-called deserters were war heroes and men severely wounded in service to their country. Many of them told stories of being released or discharged from the Army by one officer, then labeled deserters by another. In general, most of these men were victims of Marxist mismanagement and "red" tape.

Never one to sit silently and wait, I soon contacted the leaders among the prisoners and learned that they had already started to organize and demand prompt action. Nearly all of the soldiers were subsequently proven innocent of all desertion charges. It was pure bureaucratic

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bungling, red tape and the typical Marxist lack of concern for human rights that had put them in prison.

The standard joke about Israel's bureaucrats is their membership in Union Local 804. They arrive at 8, work 0, and leave at 4. The reality of the joke still exists today-these bureaucrats arrive at 8, work 0, and leave at 4. This practice, plus the fact that 90% of Israel's Jews are directly or indirectly on the government payroll, has added to Israel's galloping inflation.

While awaiting trial, I proposed to the detainees' committee that they tell their parents and other relatives on visiting day to alert the newspapers that we, the prisoners, were going on a hunger strike.

On visitor's day, we put our plan into operation. We shouted news of our hunger strike to the visitors. Confronted with this mass demonstration, the military police opened fire, aiming over the heads of the detainees. The area was cleared of visitors and the detainees' committee was herded to an interrogation center in an isolated section of the camp.

After questioning us, all were allowed to join the other detainees - all, that is, except me. I was held in the guard house in solitary confinement. Of course I should have expected something like that since all those released were members of the ruling leftist parties. I was the only anti-Marxist of the bunch.

ISRAEL UNDER THE MARXIST ZIONISTS

May 1, 1949 was a red letter day for Israel. David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir issued a proclamation that in one year, on May 1, 1950, Israel was to become a full-fledged Socialist state with its capital to be Jerusalem. Ben-Gurion then sent Golda Meir and Mr. Namir to Moscow as Israel's first ambassadors. The choice was apt. No one in the entire government was a more fanatical Marxist than Golda Meir; and Mr. Namir was General Secretary of the Marxist Labor union, the Histadrut, which controlled Israel's economic and labor policies. In Moscow, in May 1949, this satanic pair made a secret agreement with Stalin and his right-hand man, Kaganovich. Israel's part in this agreement was:

1. Israel would not allow any Western country, especially the U.S., to build military bases in Israeli territory.
2. Israel would allow an official Communist Party to function freely.
3. Israel would NOT make agreements to solve the Palestinian refugee problem.
4. Israel would influence World Jewry, especially in the U.S., to have Western powers adopt a policy favoring Israel over Arabs.
5. Israel was to continue Marxist economic policies and prevent free enterprise tendencies.

To understand the reasoning for this madness, the treacherous mentality of the parties involved must be understood. The Soviets and Marxist Jews wished to prevent peace between the Arab countries and Israel until all the Arab countries adopted Socialism under Soviet leadership.

To help achieve this goal, Stalin agreed to:

1. Institute a pro-Arab policy solely as a camouflage for his true intentions, and as favorable conditions developed, to furnish SOME military aid to the Arabs, but NEVER ENOUGH to enable them to destroy Israel.
2. Open the gates of Soviet satellite countries for Jewish immigration to Israel. Should this be insufficient, Russia would then open her own gates for that purpose.

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3. Absolutely guarantee the security of Israel and the integrity of her borders.
4. Both the Soviet Union and Israel would exchange intelligence reports

COMMUNIST JEWS AND THEIR FUTURE

Here I wish to add a comment about current events. In the last several years, there has been increasing hue and cry about freeing Soviet Jewry. This presents two very serious problems:

First, since the Jews were the first to organize and participate in the Russian revolution, they have made their bed. Now, let them lie in it. World Jewry faces a deadly moral problem. Are we Jews going to go from country to country, communizing them and then, when the inevitable consequences happen, pack up and leave? I don't think we Jews will be allowed to continue this pattern.

In my opinion, it is up to Russian Jewry to fight Communism as hard as they fought the Czar. In that period they used all their time, spent most of their money, and even sacrificed their lives to build Communism. It is only right that these Marxist Jews repent and use their resources to tear Communism down and repair the damage they have done to the Russian people and to the world.

The second problem hinges on Stalin's second promise. If Soviet Jews are allowed to go to Israel en masse, most of them will not stay. This mass exodus could be used to infiltrate legions of totally-dedicated Soviet agents and agitators all over the world.

Today, with more Jews leaving Israel than coming in, and with the increasing pressure exerted by world Jewry on the U.S. to intervene, plus the official reestablishment of Soviet-Israeli diplomatic ties, Stalin's promise number two comes nearer to fulfillment.

Even if none of these pressures is sufficient, if the Soviets are successful in their imperialism in the Middle East, number two could still be used to spread Communism throughout that area of the world. Russian Jews would be an ideal base upon which the Soviets could build a new Communist administration in the entire Middle East. They know the language and customs of Russia and because most Russian Jews are bureaucrats already they know the system. Inevitably, they would be drawn to recreate the Russian communist system due to their Jewish nature and the hardships of life in Israel. After all, 60-70 percent of all Jews immigrating from Russia were Communist Party members!

MARXISM AND ISRAEL'S ECONOMY

In the 1950's, the policy of rapid Socialist expansion put a Marxist strait-jacket on Israel's economy. The government demanded immediate 51 percent control on all foreign investments which effectively stopped the flow of foreign capital. Like every Communist country, Israel prohibited currency migration. That discouraged trade. Restrictions were placed on the purchase of all goods within the country; all products from food to building material were put under strict regulation. This, of course, started black markets, created serious shortages, caused inflation to soar, and led to the drastic devaluation of Israeli currency.

In a few months, these Marxist policies ruined a potentially thriving economy. Israel was reduced to a "beggar state", profitable only to the international blackmarketeers who cooperated fully with Israel's Socialist government.

In this economic atmosphere, I attempted to survive as a contractor operating in the traditions of free enterprise. To show the Socialist government that private, free enterprise could solve their serious housing shortage, I rented a sprawling one story building in Jaffa. There I divided the attic into twenty rooms, using blankets as temporary partitions. These rooms were all filled immediately by elderly refugees from Rumania.

The government, in its usual fashion, started to interfere with my efforts to raise the roof to a comfortable height and finish building permanent rooms. Not only did I have to get permits to build, buy or sell, I was threatened with fines and arrest if I continued my capitalist ways. That was the official Israeli government position. Unofficially, Histadrut's bully boys were ready to destroy what I had already done whenever they got the "go-ahead".

In time, I grew tired of these scarcely-veiled threats and constant harassment and decided to fight. I organized the Anti-Communist League of Israel and the Democratic Party of Israel.

Oddly, in the midst of my rebellion, the government resurrected the mailbox affair. I don't think it was a coincidence, just another technique of harassment. Upon advice, I pleaded guilty to stealing a few sidewalk tiles. The judge fined me five Israeli pounds and then complimented me on my civic zeal.

In spite of all this activity and government interference, our organization, the Anti-Communist League and the Democratic Party had finished the big housing project in Jaffa. Everything but the last room was completed and occupied.

The group in charge of hampering our construction was called the Militia of Apotropus. This was the Israeli agency in charge of abandoned property. The day before Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, when I thought they would be busy elsewhere, we tried to finish the last room.

One of my men noticed a bearded man observing us and then making a telephone call. Shortly, a group of Apotropus thugs appeared and started destroying the work we had done that day. Extremely angered, I grabbed a concrete block and was about to hit one of the Militia men, when a strange thing happened.

I heard a voice say, "Put down the stone and come to me." Immediately, I felt I had heard the voice of Jesus. Call it hallucination, imagination of whatever, but to me it was very real. Whatever it was, it had an instant calming effect on me. I sat down and watched quietly, without anger or resentment, as the Militia destroyed our work.

The day after Yom Kippur, I went to the headquarters of the Militia and said to the Commander, "Thank you for your demolition of our work. In doing so, you have brought me to Jesus Christ.

A few days later, I was arrested for receiving money under false pretenses. To back up these false charges, the government had pressured two members of the Anti-Communist League to testify against me. Since I was released on my own recognizance, I felt that the charges were another form of government harassment and not too serious. I didn't even bother to consult a lawyer.

By now, my long suffering wife was fed up with the continuing trouble with the government. She asked for a divorce. Knowing there was going to be a long hard fight against the enemies of freedom, I cooperated in order to spare her prolonged hardship. After our divorce, she took the only course open to her under the circumstances and put our son in a kibbutz to be raised. Fortunately, he came through this Socialist upbringing as a normal person with a spirit for free enterprise.

ANTI-COMMUNISM AND RELIGION BECAME MY LIFE

After my experience with what I continue to feel was the voice of Jesus, my life followed two parallel courses; anti-Communist and religious.

In 1950, our Anti-Communist League of Israel, with membership including Moslems, Christians and Jews, tried to register with the government as all such organizations must. The officials in charge of registration tried to persuade us to call our League by any name but Anti-Communist. My argument against this was: We finally have, in the eyes of the world, a Jewish state. We should show the world that there are not only Communist Jews, but anti-Communist Jews as well. It took several months, but officialdom finally and grudgingly gave in.

Shortly after we officially received approval of our name, we held our first rally. Assembling in Zion Square in Jerusalem to proclaim the

organization publicly, we issued our Anti-Communist Manifesto written by Dr. Aba Achimeir. After the rally, we were all promptly arrested for parading without a permit, but a few hours later the police released us with just a warning.

We contacted many embassies in Israel from Western countries. I became a frequent visitor to the United States Embassy, The League also maintained cordial relations and exchanged correspondence with other anti-Communist organizations all over the world.

Our Anti-Communist League also devoted considerable time trying to help solve the Palestinian refugee problem and establish peace in the Middle East.

We could see that the major problem Israel faced was the dilemma of the Palestinian people - both those within the State and those who had been displaced. A second problem was the rising power of the official Communist Party in Israel. This threat is rather confusing to most people. so I will elaborate:

The Marxist group that controls Israel today is the same radical Jewish element that couldn't fit in with the Jewish Trotskyites in Moscow after the Bolshevik Revolution. Their solution: Migration to Israel. While this clique followed Marxist ideology, they were independent from Moscow. To the outside world, they identified their Communist/Socialist practices as not Communism but Socialist Zionism.

The independent status of Israel was threatened by the secret Namir-Meir pact with Stalin in 1949 which allowed a Moscow-controlled Communist party to operate in Israel. The secret agreement is still in force today. One of the prime functions of both our Democratic Party and our Anti-Communist League was to warn the populace of Israel about a Soviet takeover. (Israel's president, Herzog) recently attended the opening of Israel's Communist Party Convention.

Although I thoroughly detested the Marxist/Zionists, who were in the majority, I was still a Zionist who loved Israel and didn't want the Soviets to dominate our State. I fought both factions, but hoped to get the Marxist/Zionists to change their policies.

ARAB-JEWISH SOLUTION

Regarding the Arab-Israeli problem, we proposed a plan to admit back into Israel all the Palestinians who had property in what was formerly Palestine. Those who had lost money they had left in banks would be compensated. The Palestinian home and apartment owners would be given back their property. If Jews, then living in these places, wished to stay, they would pay rent to the Arab owners.

As far as land was concerned, there was no serious problem. In that period, only a small area had been grabbed by the Kibbutzim. This could have easily been returned to its Palestinian owners or compensation paid them. We delivered this plan to the Secretary of the Labor Party, the "Mapai".

From the beginning of this effort, I knew that the government would never accept such a simple, logical, and fair solution to the dilemma of the country. A Socialist government cannot give - it can only take. Since most members of our organization were new to Israeli politics, I helped with the proposal. I did so to prove to the newcomers that the Israeli government was blindly stubborn and selfish in its Marxist experiment and that it cared little for the real welfare of the people.

CHRISTIANITY IN MARXIST/ZIONIST ISRAEL

My experience with the voice of Jesus left me with a great thirst for knowledge. For the first time, I read the New Testament of the Bible. The Parallels between the time of Jesus and the modern day in Israel were amazing. There are as many Zealots and corrupt leaders in the Jewish establishment today as there were when Jesus walked the earth. (A Zealot was a member of a fanatical Jewish party - A.D. 6-7 in almost continual revolt against the Romans.)

While rereading the Bible, I began to attend lectures given in Jerusalem every Friday and Saturday by a Baptist minister, Rev. Robert Lindsey. In excellent Hebrew, he explained the tenets of Christianity. His logic and explanations of the New Testament made sense.

I began to ask myself serious questions:

- * Why, after 2,000 years, do we Jews still stubbornly reject and hate Christ?
- * Why did the Jews demand that Pontious Pilot, Commissioner of Rome, condemn Christ to death? It was strictly a Jewish affair and could have been done by Jews under their own law - by stoning.
- * Why haven't Christian missionaries converted more Jews to Christianity?
- * Why is it that we Jews, hating Christianity so much, fled to Western, Christian countries after the destruction of the Second Temple? Why did we not go East?

These questions, and many more that went through my mind, needed answers.

Once I started going to Rev. Lindsey's Friday and Saturday lectures, I became so involved that I traveled to Tel Aviv on Sundays to hear his message, delivered in a mosquito-infested shack on an orange plantation. One Sunday, I asked Rev. Lindsey if he had plans to move to better quarters. He told me he had arranged to buy an apartment in Tel Aviv. I said, "I don't think you'll get it."

"Why?" asked Rev. Lindsey. "I've signed all the papers. I've even made a down-payment."

"But how did you sign those papers-in your name or in the Church's name?" I asked.

"I signed them Southern Baptist Church."

"Now I know you'll never get the place," I stated flatly.

Sure enough, at the last moment Rabbi Unterman, Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv and former Chief Rabbi of London, forced the contractor to return the down-payment and break the contract. His actibn was based on the Israeli law prohibiting the establishment of any Christian church or Moslem mosque in Tel Aviv.

When I heard the news, I offered to let Rev. Lindsey use one of my top floors in the center of Tel Aviv. Even though, according to my contracts I had unlimited rights as to renting, I didn't want to appear dishonest, so I introduced Rev. Lindsey to the owner, Mr. Aginsky. After hearing the proposed use of his top floor, the owner agreed to the arrangement. We signed the contract, filed all necessary plans and started to build.

When the work was nearly completed, I received a "stop" order from Tel Aviv's Building Department. No reason was given, but I knew from experience what to expect. When I went to see the Chief Engineer, I took Rev. Lindsey and one of his co-workers with me to bear witness that I had done nothing improper. Glover, the Chief Engineer, sadly stated that he had no part in issuing the order. He had heard, however, of political and religious interference in our case, which he felt would be cleared up in a few days. Satisfied, we left his office feeling optimistic. But, the scoundrels higher up in the government weren't about to let me get away with anything.

Several days later, the largest afternoon paper in Tel Aviv, "Maariv", carried a smear story under the headline, "Christian Mission Being Build in Center of Tel Aviv by Schieber."

The government followed this by bringing up the "receiving money under false pretenses" charge which had been filed against me months before in Jerusalem. I then knew that I would pay dearly for building a mission. The mission itself was destroyed several nights later by Rabbi Unterman's thugs.

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These Socialist characters promised to pay Rev. Lindsey for the damage, but they never did - which is typical of them. Lindsey appealed to the U.S. Embassy and got no satisfaction because it was a touchy case. The real responsibility for the destruction lay with Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir - not just Rabbi Unterman, and America couldn't risk offending these people.

In 1954, before leaving Jerusalem to face my latest legal problem, I introduced Rev. Lindsey to a contractor friend of mine, Mr. Abner, who offered to sell the minister space in the center of Tel Aviv near my destroyed property. As it worked out, he was able to buy much more space than my room would have provided.

In Jerusalem, I was sentenced to three months "outside prison walls." I had not contacted a lawyer because, being purely a political trial, I felt legal counsel would make no difference in the outcome. In appealing the case, I faced three judges of the Supreme Appeals Court: Witkin, a Marxist; Goiten, a Zionist; and Silberg, a Talmudist. As expected, my appeal was rejected. Their interpretation of "outside prison walls" was to send me to the notorious Dimona Prison in a remote area of Israel.

In Dimona Prison, I was isolated and subjected to brutally sadistic treatment for six weeks. Undoubtedly, I would have spent the entire three months there had my friends not been able to force my release. I served the remaining six weeks "outside prison walls" according to the term of the sentence.

The terrible treatment during those weeks in Dimona changed my view of life and my future plans. I worked at construction often enough to provide my bare necessities. Most of my time was devoted to the Anti-Communist League. I was convinced that the threat of Communism in Israel and the world was critical.

We opened an office in Tel Aviv and reestablished close ties with the U.S. Embassy. We were able to relay to the Embassy new information gained primarily from new immigrants coming to Israel from behind the Iron Curtain.

We protested to the U.S. Foreign Aid Mission in Israel, pleading with them to stop all U.S. aid to Israel because it was only helping the Socialist government officials of Israel, not the people for whom it was intended. We offered proof to the Mission's head that U.S. goods being delivered to Israel was ending up on the black market.

My way of explaining to the U.S. Embassy officials that what the United States was doing was wrong was this: The only reason that the Jews in the desert received manna from heaven was to keep them alive long enough for Moses to give them the Ten Commandments. Jesus provided bread and fishes to keep the crowds' minds off their rumbling stomachs

and on His New Testament. When the U.S. gives handouts and preaches nothing, people become suspicious. When there are no visible strings to foreign aid, people are afraid of hidden ropes.

When Russia sends foreign aid somewhere, they send a few poor quality goods. With it, they also send a ton of propaganda. When the U.S. gives its products away, it doesn't even include a word about the system that made these beautiful goods possible.

When America gives foreign aid to Israel, the government sells the products on the black market. They never reach the poor people for whom they were meant. As far as the Arabs in Israel, they are excluded from U.S. aid, making them better targets for Communist propaganda.

The most valuable commodity that the U.S. can export is free enterprise. Explain the system to people to whom you are now giving aid, make loans with the strict requirement that they must be repaid. Additional loans would be made only after they have demonstrated that they recognize their obligation to pay off the first loan. Implement such a policy and the purpose of U.S. foreign aid programs will succeed and pay great ideological dividends. The best policy to follow would be people to people aid, not government to government.

TYPICAL ZIONIST ISRAEL TREACHERY

To display our pro-American attitude, the Anti-Communist League held a party of January 29, 1953 to celebrate the inauguration of President Eisenhower. It was attended by many Christians and Moslems as well as Jews.

Shortly after the party was over, forty of us were arrested and accused of bombing the Russian Embassy in Tel Aviv. At the time of the bombing, the forty of us had been waiting in a cafe for a heavy rainstorm to subside. Our explanation failed to satisfy the Israeli Police, however, and we were taken to jail where for several days they tried to trick us into accusing each other of doing the bombing. They tried to play old hatreds to pit Arab against Jew, but they failed.

I was "detained" for two weeks - longer than anyone else. The police administered lie detector tests, and torture in an effort to force a confession.

After that, they even tried to bribe me into admitting responsibility for the bombing. As it turned out, the bomb was placed in the Russian Embassy by Soviet agents with the full knowledge of the Israeli government.

The bombing was staged for two reasons:

First, it gave the Israeli government an excuse to arrest members of our group. The bombing, if it could be pinned on us, would have discredited us with the U.S. Embassy by labeling us as radicals. This would have dried up the glow of information from behind the Iron Curtain-information that the Americans were receiving through our group. Naturally, this would immensely benefit Israel's partner, the Soviets.

Secondly, it was done for propaganda purposes. While lovingly holding hands with Israel in private, the Soviets publicly held Israel responsible for the bombing and cut relations with her for a few months. This led the Arab countries to believe that there really was an official Moscow-Tel Aviv policy. The Arabs weren't aware of the secret Soviet-Israel agreement made in 1949 which I described earlier.

The bombing disrupted our relations with the U.S. Embassy for only a short time. Soon we were again supplying the Embassy personnel information. I made every effort to introduce, to the Embassy, people from all parts of Israeli society. I wanted the Americans to gain a broad view-point of our many problems and the potential solutions. There was mutual receptivity between the League members and Harold Williams and Stephen Koczak of the Embassy as to the problems and solutions in Israel.

Ordinarily, the relations of an embassy are with the government of the country. In the case of the American Embassy in Tel Aviv, there was considerable interaction with the common people. This worried the Israeli authorities-especially since the Anti-Communist League was responsible for most of the communication.

By 1955, our League had established close contact with the Russian anti-Communist movement headquartered in West Germany. They were sending information to people behind the Iron Curtain in novel ways. One was to put leaflets in Helium filled balloons and release them when the wind was right. Another was to throw bundles of pamphlets into railroad cars destined for Russia. This gave us an idea.

At this time, Israel and the Soviets were trading with each other. One of the commodities Israel was shipping to Russia was oranges. In cooperation with the orange packers, one of our members, Peres, replaced tissue paper around the oranges with our leaflets. When the Russians opened the crates, they found each orange lovingly wrapped in our Russian language anti-Communist literature.

Because of our scheme, Peres and I were arrested and accused of disrupting trade and relations between Russia and Israel. We readily admitted our involvement believing we had done nothing wrong. We explained that since the Soviets spread their propaganda in Israel and every other free country, this was the only way to retaliate because of their

own strict censorship. The police, not seeing things our way, jailed us for a week. Our trial was set for November 1956, ten months away.

News of the orange crate case was printed on the front page of the New York Times. Ironically, it portrayed Israel as being anti-Communist. The story was used to collect more money for the Marxist/Zionist government of Israel.

It was fortunate for Peres and me that international events took a drastic turn. Egypt's President Nasser enraged England and France by nationalizing the Suez Canal. At the same time, the Soviets were trying to suppress revolts in Hungary and Poland.

To avoid fighting on three fronts at once, the Soviet's only course of action was to manipulate England and France into attacking Egypt. With England and France so engaged, Russia would be free to deal with the Polish and Hungarian uprisings without fear of public condemnation.

Publicly, the Soviets supported and encouraged Nasser's nationalization of the Suez. They even hinted at military aid if Egypt was attacked. Behind the scenes, however, the Soviet's ideological ally, Israel, was assuring France and England that the Soviets would NOT step in if they took action against Egypt.

Late one night, David Ben-Gurion flew to Paris to meet with France's Prime Minister and defense officials to tell them of this situation and urge an all-out assault on the Egyptian forces. Ben-Gurion agreed that Israel would help by attacking the Sinai. British officials, who were also present at this meeting, relayed this information to Britain's Prime Minister. Anthony Eden.

In October 1956, the Israelis launched their assault upon Egypt and soon reached the Suez canal. President Eisenhower stepped in and saved Nasser by demanding the Britain, France and Israel withdraw to the prewar borders. Meanwhile, Russia was busy putting down revolutions in her own satellites. If Israel had not been a willing partner in the deception that drew England and France into attacking Egypt, world opinion would have been united against the Soviet aggression in Poland and Hungary. Since France and England were also guilty of aggression, the world anti-Soviet sentiment was relatively mild. But for Israel, the Hungarian revolution might have succeeded.

While the free world suffered because of these treacherous events, they did help solve my personal problem. When our "orange crate" case came up in November, it was dismissed, although it was not from lack of evidence or our confessions of guilt. It was because publicity surrounding the trial might have exposed Israel as all ally of Russia and her accomplice in the Suez debacle. The Israeli government didn't dare risk that.

The "orange crate" aftermath had a humorous side. After all the publicity surrounding it, the Anti-Communist League received a visit from a representative of the official Communist Party in Israel, Mr. Glick. He challenged me to a short debate, the loser of which was to make a donation to the winner's organization. His arrogance was almost tangible.

There was more behind this verbal duel than at first appeared. Mr. Glick was sounding out the strength and determination of the League. Had I seemed weak or indecisive, the Communists would have made short work of destroying our headquarters and of terrorizing our membership.

His first question to me was, "Does the Anti-Communist League of Israel believe in mass murder or individual murder?"

To this "Have you stopped beating your wife?" type of query, I answered, "That's a stupid question. The style of murder depends mostly on the weather."

Then he asked, "Is the United States behind the Anti-Communist League of Israel?"

"Again a stupid question," I replied. "What is the United States not behind? It's behind Stalin, behind Tito - who isn't it behind?" Of course my answer was calculated to give added strength to our position and imply that America was backing us. Nothing could have been further from the truth. We had spent hundreds of dollars supplying information and contacts for the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv and had not received one penny. We hadn't asked.

His last question, "Can you get my name off the U.S. blacklist, so I can go to America?" was asked almost timidly.

Later, when I related this story to an official at the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv, we both laughed. I then told him, "I was successful only because I had been in prison and had learned the criminal mentality of the Communists. Your American presidents are all honorable men. But, they will never learn how to deal with the Communists until they have personally known confinement in a Communist prison cell."

DEMOCRACY IN ISRAEL-THE BIG LIE

In 1953, in an effort to mount a drive to gain political strength, the Democratic Party of Israel entered a slate of candidates for the Knesset (Israel's Parliament) called "Ex-Servicemen and Newcomers". Since in Israel, all paper supplies must come from the government, each party was allowed only a limited amount for election publicity.

After we had all our posters and campaign material printed, our top candidates were falsely accused and arrested for selling some of our paper. This stopped our campaign before it even got started.

This experience finally convinced our Anti-Communist League that there was no possibility of changing the system in Israel from within. Every attempt to replace the Marxist/Zionist government in Israel with a free, democratic one would be frustrated. There was no political party existing in Israel that had a positive alternate plan to bring about political and economic change. All popular Israeli parties were fingers of the same hand. This is as true today as it was then.

Because our Democratic Party had failed, we increased our efforts in the Anti-Communist League. We proposed a plan to all the anti-Communist organizations in other countries with whom we were affiliated. The plan was suggested to me during a conversation I had with Mr. Koczak in the U.S. Embassy.

While talking with him one day, I said, "I believe that America will eventually stop the Communist menace of Russia.

"Of Course! It's only a matter of time," he agreed.

"But, what will you do with Red Square?" I asked.

"We'll rename it Liberty Square", was his reply.

"And what will you do with the school system, the factories, the mines, the collective farms, and the housing?" I pressed.

He sat there stunned. No one had made a plan for that time. The only thought was to win victory over the Soviets. Nobody had yet come with alternatives for the Russian people.

I went home and thought for a long time. I knew the existing situation in Communist Russia and Eastern Europe from talking with the new immigrants who came almost daily from these lands. Most of the Soviet citizens were heavily burdened under the Communist yoke. They were willing to die by the thousands in revolution while waiting to be saved by the Americans and the rest of the free world. I knew these people cherished the thought that one day, if they waited long enough, the Americans would invade Russia and the other Communist countries and free them. I also knew these ideas to be futile. America and the Western world feared the specter of nuclear war was too much to risk invasion. The only answer to these problems lay with the Russian people themselves.

Continuing this line of reasoning, I also came to realize why all the anti-Communist movements in the world weren't able to accomplish anything. The reason was: Governments. Most anti-Communist groups depend in some form or another on their countries' governments for assistance. The governments couldn't go too far with their help for fear of bringing on a confrontation with the Communists. Therefore, it was time to forget about government support and to work totally as individuals within a larger group; a world-wide organization.

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The plan that the Anti-Communist League of Israel proposed to all groups with whom we were in contact was this:

First, Create a world-embracing group called the Anti-Communist International. It would have no government affiliations and members would act only as private citizens.

Second, launch a massive propaganda campaign aimed behind the Iron Curtain. The campaign would be twofold. Primarily, it would tell the citizens of the "captive nations" not to depend on Western help in gaining their freedom. It would also suggest ways in which they could, clandestinely or otherwise, encourage the breakdown of the fragile Communist social and economic systems. Then, by showing the material advantages of free enterprise and democracy, we would hope to motivate people in the Communist Bloc to keep constant pressure on the totalitarian regimes.

As more and more people clamored for return of business from state control to private hands and demand more food and luxury items, we believe that Communism would begin to collapse without the need for a bloody, useless revolution.

In 1954, I moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and got married again. This time, my wife was fully aware of my political life. We agreed that if I should be forced to leave Israel, we would divorce. I had planned to continue my anti-Communist battle and didn't want her to suffer harassment by the Israeli police if my work took me outside the country.

As could be expected in any oppressed country, our Anti-Communist League was infiltrated by an agent of the Shin Bet, the Israeli police. Since all our activities were out in the open, and our accusations about Communist domination of Israel loud and clear, and because we had no terrorist intentions the Shin Bet had nothing to "expose" about us.

Interestingly enough, the agent who had infiltrated our League was later identified in the infamous case of Rudolph Kastner. The story is recounted in full in Ben Hecht's suppressed book, *PERFIDY*. Because *PERFIDY* has become virtually unobtainable, an encapsulation of the story is in order.

Rudolph Kastner, a Hungarian Jew who had become an important official in the Israeli government, was accused by a Mr. Greenwald of working with Adolph Eichmann and the Nazi Gestapo in delivering Hungarian Jews to the gas chambers during World War II.

Kastner, in turn, sued Greenwald for character defamation. Meanwhile, the court found evidence of Kastner's guilt. It was a total surprise that, in Israel, a member of the ruling party should be found guilty of working for the Nazis. Of course, this was very common for the Marxist-Zionists, but they never allowed the information to become public. In fact, during the

years 1939-1941, the leftist Zionists suppressed all attempts by the German Jewish ghettos to protest and revolt against Hitler. From 1941 on, the Marxist/Zionists were kept better informed about conditions in the concentration camps than were the German people, but, they did nothing to stop it.

The verdict stung Kastner into demanding that the Israeli government clear his name. Otherwise, he would reveal that he had cooperated with the Nazi executioners - that he had acted upon direct orders from David Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir and Moshe Shertock (later Sharret) who ran the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency.

Faced with possibility of public exposure, Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir ordered the Shin Bet to silence Kastner, permanently - and it was done. This clandestine killing was carried out, allegedly by the same man who had previously infiltrated our Anti-Communist League.

Growing wary of the atmosphere of casual murder and terrorism in Israel, and anxious to meet with anti-Communists in other countries, I applied for a passport and exit visa. To get them I had to have a long interview with an immigration official. He asked me many questions, among them, "Have you paid your taxes?"

"What taxes?" I countered sarcastically. 'The ones for going into prison, or the ones for coming out of prison?'

He passed this off and continued, "How do you make your living?"

I was in a rebellious mood and replied, "By begging. Please give me a lira for lunch!"

"What do you mean?" he persisted.

"I am like the government. Israel is a big beggar, I am a small beggar. Israel exists on handouts from United States and other countries - I too exist on handouts."

Stunned by my brazen attitude, he dropped the tax questions.

Later, I went to the U.S. Embassy to tell Mr. Williams that I was planning to go to Iran or Turkey in order to build the Anti- Communists International organization without fear of harassment. Mr. Williams was of the opinion that Israel would not give me an exit visa.

"Why do you think that?" I asked.

He replied, "When we Gentiles criticize Israel, we are immediately branded anti-Semites. But, since you are an Israeli Jew, a Semite, they can't label you anti-Semetic. Therefore, you are a potential threat to them.

I explained, "They are not afraid of a penniless man like me. With all the Jewish support from abroad, they feel they are too powerful to be threatened by the criticism of one person." To his surprise. I received my exit visa.

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Shortly thereafter I had a conversation with Dr. Altman, an important member of the Knesset, Israel's Parliament. Dr. Altman had just returned from his 1958 visit to Brazil on a government mission. He told me that he had received a phone call inviting him to the U.S. Embassy in Rio de Janeiro for an "important" conversation. When Dr. Altman arrived, he was met by an Embassy official who introduced himself as being Jewish. He asked Dr. Altman to please do something in the Knesset to discourage Jewish participation in the Brazilian Communist Party.

It seemed that out of a population of 60 million, only 100,000 Brazilians were members of the Communist Party. However, with a total Jewish population of only 200,000, there were 12,000 Jewish members of the Brazilian Communists. It seemed that these Jews made up the brains, money and leadership of the Brazilian Communist organization. The Jewish embassy official asked Dr. Altman if there was anything he could do to discourage this.

Dr. Altman said to me sadly. "What could I tell him? How could I answer that I could do nothing with the official government policy of Israel, which is to encourage Jews to actively participate in Communist movements.

We were both saddened to see our brethren so misled by the Marxists.

While preparing to leave Israel, I received an invitation to attend a conference in Mexico which would prepare for the formation of a world anti-Communist organization. Heading the conference was Mr. Charles Edison, former governor of New Jersey. Unfortunately, since my plans lay in other directions and I lacked money, I was unable to go.

Several weeks later another invitation arrived-this time from Guatemala asking me to participate in the Fourth Inter-American Anti-Communist Conference. This changed my mind about going to Iran or Turkey for the time being.

Eager to attend this conference, I asked a friend of mine, who ran a travel agency, what it would cost for a trip to Guatemala. The fare was high and far beyond my means. My friend, however, volunteered to arrange for two other Jews, Mr. Jacobow and Mr. Boms, to take me with them. They were two of the many newcomers who had quickly become disillusioned with Socialist Israel and were trying to leave by any means available. Me benefactors were going through Guatemala on their way to Brazil.

At this time, there was a joke making the rounds in Israel that can illustrate the local feeling of life in Israel. The joke went like this:

At an industrialist's convention in Tel Aviv, one of speakers was complaining about the red tape and Socialist policies in Israel.

A government representative defended his fellow bureaucrats by saying, "Just look at Israel's tremendous tourist business. We have enough tourists visiting everyday to make everyone happy."

The speaker replied, "One night a Jew, who was sick in bed, dreamed he had died. When he got to Heaven, two angels opened the Pearly Gates. They told him that as a tourist, he could visit both Paradise and Hell. They led him on a tour of Heaven which he found to be a very cultural, polite and refined place.

"When he asked to see Hell, an imp appeared and took him down to a huge party. It was an orgy of the senses. Girls, champagne and tables groaning with delicious food were everywhere. The Jew said, "This is the place for me! Then he woke up.

"A few weeks later the Jew really died and went to Heaven and was met by the Angels. He told them, 'Take me to my Hell!' The imp appeared again, pushed the Jew down a dark hole and slammed the cover shut. He finally landed in a burning pit and demons and devils started to beat him. He screamed, 'What happened? A few weeks ago it was so beautiful!' The imp popped up and answered him, 'A few weeks ago you were a tourist. Now, you're our citizen.'"

Newcomers to Israel found this joke to be more than just a joke - it was reality.

FAREWELL TO MY BELOVED HOLY LAND (Now occupied by Israel)

After what seemed like eternity, I was able to leave Israel - an Israel far different from the one I had envisioned when arriving in Palestine twenty-seven years earlier.

At the airport, I was searched completely and had most of my anti-Communist material confiscated. When I tried to exchange Israeli pounds for \$100 in American money, I was only allowed the minimum of \$10. Since all the Israeli delegates to Communist conferences receive unlimited cash privileges, I tossed the \$10 back at the man in a gesture of defiance and left Israel without a cent.

My departure was three days before the opening of the conference. Zurich, Switzerland was the flight's only scheduled stop. Before landing in Zurich, the plane's schedule was changed to include a one-day layover in New York. Seeing this as a good opportunity to distribute information about our Anti-Communist International around New York, I went to the U.S. Consulate in Zurich to obtain a transit visa.

The official in charge was impressed with our material and asked me to come back after he had contacted the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv. When I returned, the visa was ready. The officer was sorry I would not be in Zurich long enough for him to introduce me to some influential Jews who viewed the Israeli government as I did.

Upon arrival in New York, I called the NEW YORK TIMES to inform them who I was and where I was going. A reporter, who had come to interview me and to whom I gave some of our literature, shocked me by asking if I had come to beg for money. When I told him of my destination, he sneered, "All of you Jews from Israel come to America to beg for money."

I couldn't answer him because I knew that, basically, he was right.

At the conference in Guatemala, my two benefactors and I were well received and put up in a fine old Spanish hotel. Among the several hundred delegates to this anti-Communist conference, we were the only Jews.

At the time the conference was being held, 1958, there were three prime international hot-spots, Cyprus, Algeria and the Arab-Israeli-Palestinian refugee problem. The Communists were exploiting all three conflicts.

On behalf of the Israeli delegation", I introduced three resolutions. The first called upon Charles De-Gaulle to give independence to Algeria. The second stated that the Cyprus issue should be settled by the Greeks and Turks alone, free from outside interference. The third, coming from an Israeli Jew, was a bombshell. It read, "The Israeli-Arab problem is a moral one. The only solution is for Israel to allow the Palestinian Arabs to return and claim their homes and lands."

After I had introduced this resolution, Colonel John Kiefer, approached me, patting a bulge in his coat.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

"A gun," I replied.

In a friendly, knowing voice he warned, "You'll need two of them."

He wanted me to know that the Zionist Jews would be out to GET me.

When I brought up the Anti-Communist International proposal at the conference, there was great hostility toward the American anti-Communists. This was because an American had attended the Mexican meeting four months previously and had accepted money for the purpose of starting a world anti-Communist organization. After being designated Secretary, he had wasted the money and accomplished nothing.

Despite the fact that this American and I were both Jewish, the delegates gave me the power-of-Attorney to set up Anti-Communist International in their names. They believed my analysis of the Israeli situation was correct and had begun to trust me. I was handicapped, however, because there wasn't any money left with which to start an organization.

During the conference, I formed many friendships - especially with officials of the Guatemalan government. This created an unusual problem. After all the hospitality the government had shown us, I hesitated to inform them that I was without funds. I asked Dr. Valladares, Chairman of the conference and Chief of the Guatemalan Immigration Department, if there were any Jews in Guatemala.

"Oh, Yes!" he replied. "A very rich community of Jews. I'm very friendly with them."

In this community of Jews, there was an Honorary Israeli Consul - the official, but unsalaried local representative of Israel. I was very angry when I heard this news.

Historically, we Jews have stuck together. If a Jew visited a country foreign to him, the Jews in that country would extend him greetings, hospitality and money if necessary. This is part of our tradition of internationalism. We help each other in time of need.

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Despite the publicity about my benefactors, and about my attending the anti-Communist conference, not one Jew had greeted us. We had received nothing, not even an invitation to tea from the Jewish community in Guatemala. They had completely ignored our presence.

The Gentiles had treated us royally as representatives of Jewish anti-Communism. They had not realized that such people existed. Having just undergone a successful anti-Communist revolution, they had viewed Jews only as Communist organizers and sympathizers. The Guatemalans were very happy to see us. Evidently our Jewish brethren were not.

I went to the shop of a leader of the Jewish community, a Mr. Newman. There, I tested the behavior of the Guatemalan Jews toward us and demanded immediate financial assistance - informing him that the Gentiles had already done more than their share.

Mr. Newman's son excused his father and the Jewish people by saying that they had received instructions from the Israeli authorities and the United States Anti-Defamation League. The messages were similar, "Ignore Schieber and offer no help to him or his companions."

I told father and son that I had no alternative but to inform the Inter-American Anti-Communist Conference of these orders. It was unfortunate that the Guatemalan Jewish people didn't like anti-Communist Jews and refused to aid us in our anti-Communist mission. Since Mr. Newman was a German Jew, I reminded him that it was Jewish support and leadership in Germany's Communist revolution in the early 1920's which led to the hatred of the Jews and Hitler's rise to power.

At this point, Mr. Newman stood up, pounded the table and said, "you are right!" He then ordered his son to give \$500, a tidy sum in those days.

Later, I invited Mr. Newman to accompany Jacobow, Boms and myself while we delivered a miniature Torah (Holy scroll) as a gift to the President of Guatemala.

One of my new Guatemalan friends, the editor of an important weekly newspaper, printed three of my articles, one of which was. "Communism Invades Israel."

Jacobow and Boms changed their minds about going on to Brazil and asked me to help them get visas for the United States. When I went to the American Embassy in Guatemala to place their requests, I decided to ask for a visa for myself. My friends and I had our visas within 24 hours. Now, we all faced the problem of raising ticket money to New York. By now, we were without sufficient funds.

Again I approached Mr. Newman who said he would relay our request to the head of the Jewish community, a Mr. Engel. To my surprise, Mr. Engel flatly refused to help financially. I finally went back to Dr.

Valladares. Since he and Engel were good friends, their discussion of the situation was honest. Engel wanted nothing to do with me, and bluntly said so. Dr. Valladares countered by telling him that the Jews should be proud to have such a good, solid, anti-Communist representative as I. It took some time, but Mr. Engel was finally convinced, and so collected enough money for three plane tickets to the United States.

The attitude that pervaded the Jewish community in Guatemala is common to Jewish communities all over the world. In these tightly-knit societies, peer pressure is most effective. A handful of social leaders who support Zionist Jewish policies is enough to keep the entire community in line.

Ninety percent of the Jews may disagree or be totally uninvolved, but as long as pressure exists, they keep their opinions to themselves and support their leaders. One of these families, who felt as I did about Israel, secretly showed me a pamphlet written in Spanish issued by Israel's ruling political party, the Mapai (Labor Party). Combined on the cover of this pamphlet was the Star of David of Israel and the Hammer and Sickle of Russia. The tract boasted that Israel was now a better Socialist state than Russia.

Unfortunately, this family, like most other Jewish families in free countries, was middle-to-upper class. As long as their Zionist community leaders didn't demand that they emigrate to Israel, interfere with their business enterprises, or lower their standard of living, this family would bow to their leaders' dictates.

My two friends, Jacobow and Boms, were not involved in my brand of Anti-Israeli politics, so they left for the United States shortly after they got their tickets. I stayed, planning to hold a press conference and then tour Central America. By this time I had received prestigious courtesy visas to every Central American country.

My press conference was to be sponsored by the Guatemalan anti-Communist organization. Mr. Heineman, the Honorary Israeli Consul, had contacted Dr. Valladares and urged him to cancel it. This move surprised the good doctor. He simply told Mr. Heineman that the best way to expose me, if I were lying about Israel, was at the press conference in front of newsmen.

The day before the scheduled conference, a Guatemalan undercover policeman came up to me in the street and ordered me to follow him to the police station. At headquarters, I was told they were very sorry, but that I must leave the country no later than six o'clock the next morning. The police would supply no reason for the order. Mr. Heineman, the Israeli consul, had evidently found a way to prevent me from gaining publicity which the press conference would have given.

That afternoon, because of my friendship with high government officials, I was able to reach the Guatemalan President's personal secretary. He apologized and explained the situation. Guatemala had received an official complaint about me from the Israeli government through Shaltiel, Israel's Ambassador in Mexico. He demanded that I be thrown out of the country, threatening that there would be a "strain" placed on Guatemalan-Israeli relations if I were allowed to stay. The government was forced to comply. Israel always used the Jewish power in the United States to force other countries to comply with Israel's wishes.

Fortunately, my way to other countries was open. I had sent my anti-Communist materials to the United States and the (free) Republic of China Embassy in Central America. Also, I already had friends in these countries whom I had met at the Inter-American Anti-Communist Conference.

The next morning I left for Honduras to visit my contacts there. When I arrived, I found my friends had arranged a press conference for me. My Anti-Communist International (ACI) plans made the headlines in local papers the following day.

I was very low on money, so I lived very frugally while in Honduras so that I would not be forced to beg.

My next stop was El Salvador. My hope was to stay there until the next Central American anti-communist conference in Costa Rica, two months later. Through a thoughtful gift of \$150 from Mr. Nunez Aroy, a contractor I had met at a previous conference, I was able to make it.

It was in December of 1958, when I was spreading ACI material in El Salvador, that Castro took over Cuba. The day following the overthrow of the Battista regime, I visited the U.S. Embassy in El Salvador to voice the opinion that Castro's actions were not just another game of Latin American revolutionary musical chairs; that his government would pose a serious Communist threat to the Western Hemisphere.

When I arrived in Costa Rica in January 1959, I heard the usual announcement over the airport loudspeaker that people with diplomatic courtesy visas would be first through Customs. Since I had a courtesy visa, I took my place at the head of the Custom's line. After my name was checked, I was shuttled aside into a custom's waiting area where I had to remain until all the other passengers had passed through inspection. Then, one of the officers told me to go to the government office in another part of the air terminal. My "courtesy" card brought everything but courtesy.

In this office, when asked the purpose of my visit, I told them of my intention to participate in the anti-Communist conference. I was politely

warned not to speak out against Israel while in Costa Rica. One official coldly informed me that I would not be treated with courtesy - merely tolerated. At this time, my passport was taken from me.

After checking into a hotel, I went to visit the head of Costa Rica's Jewish population, Mr. Seltzer. When I asked him why he had caused the confrontation at the airport, as he obviously had, he was very sarcastic. He informed me, "Here in Costa Rica, you will not be recognized. You will receive no press coverage because the press is under the control of us Jews. The airport incident was only a sample of what you can expect while you stay in this country."

I left his office thinking that we Jews have often paid dearly for our arrogance. I actually began to feel sorry for Mr. Seltzer.

My next step was to visit the U.S. Embassy at which I had called, the personnel were always warm, friendly, and appreciative of my material. In Costa Rica, it was a different story. As I walked into the Embassy, a large man confronted me and in a loud voice asked, "You are Mr. Schieber?"

When I replied affirmatively, he called in another man and pointing at me said, "Here is the man who is spoiling relations between Israel and other countries - especially the United States."

This treatment from an American official shocked me. I told them the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv didn't think I was spoiling things - that they had arranged not one, but two U.S. visas for me, one when I was in Switzerland, the other from Guatemala. I pointed out that this was hardly logical treatment for a "spoiler".

The large man then accused me of obtaining the visas by trickery. I didn't bother to ask him what tricks I could have used to force the powerful Americans to grant two visas to a penniless Israeli contractor.

The mystery of this harsh treatment by a member of the U.S. Embassy was cleared up when I found out the man's name was Morris Cohen, a Jew. I tried to explain to Mr. Cohen that my mission was to criticize Communism. I couldn't very well condemn Soviet and Gentile Communism without attacking Jewish Marxist Communism in Israel. Further, I stated it was far better for a Jew to criticize Israel than to leave it to gentiles later on.

After this incident with Mr. Cohen, I was relieved to get out of the American Embassy. I began to think that my treatment at the airport could be attributed to Mr. Cohen as much as to the local Jewish community.

The Central American Anti-Communist Conference's main topic of discussion was Castro's takeover of Cuba. Two contradictory resolutions were proposed. The first stated that all Central American nations should prepare to intervene in the Cuban matter. The second urged a "wait and

see" attitude. The Conference voted to adopt the "wait and see" policy, privately, I warned Dias Verson one of the Cuban anti-Communist delegates that Castro was not to be trusted. He would soon turn Cuba into a full-fledged Communist state.

On the third day of the Conference, a startling story appeared in Costa Rica's largest newspaper. The front page of the paper carried a warning from an influential anti-Communist Jew, Mr. Ben Amos, that a Communist - one Haviv Schieber - had infiltrated the Anti-Communist Conference. His article went on to Condemn Marxist Israel, and told the whole story of the kibbutzim, the Histadrut. Israel's Socialist policies and the corruption of her leaders David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir.

I went back to Mr. Seltzer head of the Jewish community, showed him the article and said, "I thought you controlled the press! What happened?" Mr. Seltzer replied that Ben Amos was crazy, irresponsible and out of his mind, in that order.

As fast as my legs would take me, I went to see Ben Amos. When I introduced myself, told him I was anything but Communist and showed him my credentials, he dropped to the floor and tried to kiss my feet. After I picked him up, he apologized profusely and explained that because I came from Israel he assumed I was Communist.

The Next day, the front page of the paper carried a retraction of the previous story and accurately described my mission to Central America. That story produced an amazing change. Suddenly, Costa Rican officials gave me a warm welcome to their country and returned my passport. Mr. Amos' second article had made the government ignore the Israeli pressure.

After the Conference, I went to Nicaragua hoping to be able to return to Guatemala to see my friends and to complete the activities that had been ended so abruptly by Israeli meddling. But, in Nicaragua where I continued to publicize the ACI plan, I was suddenly arrested and ordered to leave the country. My problem was that I had a ticket to New York from Guatemala, but I had to get to Guatemala to use it. I begged the police to be allowed to contact friends to raise travel money. They refused.

I had been kept in a cell for more than a day before I was released to pack my luggage. Once out, I knew that I had to raise money quickly or risk being deported back to Israel as an indigent.

Not wanting to impose further on my Gentile friends, I visited the small Nicaraguan Jewish community. The head of the community was furious when he heard about Israel's actions against me through their influence in the various governments. He gave me what little he could spare and sent me to see Mrs. Reznik, widow of the Honorary Israeli Consul.

She received me cordially, heard my story and then gave me sufficient money for travel, saying, God bless you. You are right in your actions and I am ashamed of what the Israeli government is doing to you."

She asked me to keep confidential her part in helping me.

When I arrived in Guatemala, the official attitude towards me had changed again. I was greeted warmly and welcomed back. As soon as I could, I contacted my friends and thanked them for helping to change the government's position.

My special gratitude went to Dr. Valladares and Sisnego Otero. In private. Dr. Valladares showed me a document which the Israeli representative, Mr. Heineman, had given to him. It happened to be a list of all my arrests in Israel. The number was impressive.

After Heineman had presented him with the list, the good doctor had told him that Schieber was a better anti-Communist than Dr. Valladares himself. Dr. Valladares went on to tell me that when Heineman saw he was getting nowhere, he hinted that I would never reach the United States. This last remark of Heineman's troubled me, so I went to see Mr. Long, the Political Attache in the American Embassy in Guatemala.

When I told him about Heineman's threat, he replied, "You have a visa. No one can prevent you from using it." This bolstered my confidence, then received another surprise.

In appreciation of my anti-Communist activities in Central America, President Ydigoras was going to help the Anti-Communist International cause by giving me a ticket to New York. Needless to say, I was overwhelmed.

When I called the President's office to inquire about obtaining the ticket, I was told that the U.S. Embassy had requested that my ticket be withheld until they had cleared up a certain matter with me. At that moment, a warning bell rang in my head. Mr. Heineman's threat that I would never reach the United States appeared not to be idle.

When I went to see the U.S. Consul, I bumped into Mr. Long at the Embassy entrance. To this day, I think that meeting him just then was another in a long chain of miracles.

I related the story to him, and asked what I should do. He answered with six emphatic words, "Do not give anyone your passport."

It was noon when I made my way through a crowd to the Visa Consul's office. The Consul, a woman named Doris A. Gelle, recognized me immediately and shouted, 'I have no time to see you now! Go away and come back later.

I returned after 5 o'clock. Her first question was, "Where is your passport?"

Trying desperately to remain nonchalant, I answered, "At home."

She retorted, "Never mind. I have closed the borders of the United States to you."

Why? I asked. Her reply was an accusation I had grown used to hearing in Costa Rica: "You are spoiling relations between Israel and America."

"But," I protested, "I have just completed a successful tour of Central America. The President of Guatemala has just given me a ticket..."

She interrupted, "He just wanted to get rid of you."

I asked her to check with the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv as to the validity of my U.S. visa. Although it takes no longer than 24 hours to do this, she tried to intimidate me by saying it would take a long time.

"I'll wait." I said.

"What will you live on?"

I told her somewhat defiantly, "God has helped me to survive until now. I hope that He will help me through however long it takes to get the visa checked." With that I left.

Somewhat desperate, I began to question my friend. Was this woman's action legal. The Ambassador from Free China eased my inner turmoil considerably when he stated that he didn't believe an officer in one embassy could change the visa decisions of another embassy without official orders.

Hopefully, I prepared for departure. I had many things to do in New York to start a viable ACI movement. Also, I was under time-pressure since I had made reservations with a travel agency. Even though I was unable to get my gift ticket from the Guatemalan President (I had not waited for the matter with Miss Gelle to be cleared up), I still had the plane ticket that the Jewish community had provided several months before.

Dr. Valladares took me to the airport to be on hand in case anything unusual should come up. Nothing untoward happened and soon I was on my way to the United States.

HELLO, U.S.A.

At my entry point, Miami, Florida, I became very nervous. What if the Visa Consul had been able to close the border to me? Suppose they turned me back... My stomach had butterflies in it by the time I reached the customs line, the man who was checking my name in his book turned to me and asked, "What will you be doing in the United States?"

I replied, "I am going to organize a group called Anti-Communist International."

"God Bless you," he said. It seemed I was off to a good start in this country.

After several days of touring Miami, I proceeded to New York with just \$7.00 in my pocket. Upon arrival, I met with the U.S. representative of the Anti-Communist League of Israel and after finding a place to live, I started to contact leaders of every anti-Communist group in the New York area.

One of the leaders, Morris Giloni, was an old and dear friend. We had fought the Marxist/Zionists together in Israel during the 1930's. He had been head of our National Labor Organization in Tel Aviv as I had been in Haifa. Another man I met was Eugene Lyons, Jewish senior editor of the readers Digest. He welcomed me but was very pessimistic about success for Anti-Communist International.

"There is no hope. All is lost," he told me.

I replied, "No one has ever really tried to do anything. Every leader from Kaiser Wilhelm to Kaiser Eisenhower has played along with the Communists.

I tried to encourage Lyons, saying, "If anyone has a chance to destroy Communism, it is the Jews. After all, we are the ones who started and built it."

After giving my statement some thought he handed me \$50 and referred me to other anti-Communist leaders.

During our conversation, Mr. Lyons told me that he had been asked to do an article for the DIGEST about the Weizmann Institute in Israel. I warned him to be very careful in any writing he did about that institution. I told him that any work the Weizmann laboratories did was transmitted to the Soviets. I recall that once the U.S. Army had requested that the Institute do some experiments for it. The results of those tests were

delivered to the Soviets through Czechoslovakia almost before the Americans had them.

My visits to various anti-Communist organizations proved disappointing. Although they appeared happy to see me, they were all busy with their own little projects and resisted any suggestion of unification. They had yet to realize that only in unity is there real strength.

Rabbi Schultz, the head of the only Jewish anti-Communist organization in the United States, showed me the broken-down chairs in his dilapidated office. He cried when he said, "There is no understanding of our activities in the Jewish community. Soon we will be forced to close our office."

As was the case with so many anti-Communist organizations that fail, they had no plan. There was no action. They were against Communism but advocated nothing to replace it.

Evidently, after his anti-Communist organization folded, Rabbi Schultz made out well enough. The next time I heard about him was when he wrote a letter to my lawyer, Bella Dodd, some years later asking why she was mixed up with Schieber, the "notorious anti-Semite". Obviously, he had joined the other side.

There were many well-known activists whom I had met shortly after my arrival in America. First was Rabbi Elmer Berger, who then headed the American Council of Judaism which is anti-Zionist. Dr. Berger introduced me to Ben Freedman, a walking encyclopedia of American political information and famous champion of freedom. It was Mr. Freedman who introduced me to Bella Dodd. A remarkable woman, Bella was an ex-Communist lawyer.

Of all the people whom I had met, Bella Dodd was the only one who grasped the necessity of creating a world-wide organization if we were to be successful in fighting Communism. As an ex-Communist, she knew what weapons were needed to win the war against Communism. Until her death in 1969, she was deeply involved in my cause, helping ACI and me personally. Without her aid and the help of her partner, Jim Cardiello, I probably would not be around now to write this book.

Through my old friend, Giloni, I was able to rent a small suite in Times Square from a famous Hungarian, Rabbi Friedlande. At least there was an official head-quarters for Anti-Communist International.

The very first day that the office was opened, an elderly Jewish gentleman walked in and introduced himself as Mr. Schienfeld. He showed a deep interest in our plans and told me that our actions were very necessary.

Regularly, every Friday thereafter, he visited me at the office. He always invited me to lunch. This free meal became the only food I could count on

in those first lean months when meals were few and far between. The only price he asked for the lunch was that I recount the week's activities, what I had done, whom I had seen and so forth.

Of course, I had known almost from the beginning that he was a member of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the American arm of the Marxist/Zionists. I dealt with him as I had always dealt with the ever-present gatherers of information: openly and honestly. I had nothing to hide.

Just prior to Yom Kippur in 1959, I showed him a sample of the leaflets we were planning to issue. These were the first anti-Marxist/Zionist pamphlets that ACI had prepared. When he read the material he said, "These aren't anti-Communist, they're anti-Israel. Please don't give these out. You'll be very sorry if you do."

Even though I knew it would mean the loss of those Friday lunches, I had to follow my conscience. I started the distribution the next day.

Several days later, I received a phone call. The person on the other end, speaking English with a pronounced foreign accent, asked for extra copies of the new leaflet. Since I suspected that the man was with the Israeli Consulate, I told him not to be afraid to speak in Hebrew or Yiddish and jokingly added-or maybe, Arabic.

He said, "Arabic, yes," and introduced himself as the Egyptian General Consul in New York.

I met with him the next day to give him the extra copies, and we talked. One of the things I said is critical to understanding the Middle East situation. It was, "I realize that in spite of Egypt's diplomatic relation with the Soviets, President Nasser is anti-Communist. From personal experience, I know that all Arab nations are anti-Communist."

"Yes," he replied, "We keep the Communists under lock and key. Israel has the only legal Communist party in the Mideast."

Another interesting experience I had in the early days in New York was through Ben Freedman. One day he called me to ask if I would like to meet Gerald L.K. Smith who would be coming to New York City soon. Before I could answer, he warned me that Smith was considered to be the number one anti-Semite in the United States and that it might be the "kiss of death" for me to agree to meet with him. I ignored his warning and accepted the invitation. Jokingly, I told him that I thought of myself as an "anti-Communist doctor" ready to go anywhere, even into the middle of a plague, to see a patient.

Upon meeting Mr. Smith, one of the first things he did was to apologize for his anti-Jewish writings. He explained that while he had always been anti-Communist and anti-Marxist/Zionist, he had not always been anti-Jewish.

After World War II, I realized that Communism posed a special threat to all religions, he stated, "So I started to organize a joint religious movement to combat this menace. I received good response from all the Catholic and Protestant congregations, but heard nothing whatsoever from the Jews. I tried to reach the influential Rabbi Stephen Wise, figuring that if I could enlist his support, Many Jews would follow. But Rabbi Wise ignored all my letters and phone calls. One day, I read in the newspaper that this same Rabbi Wise, in an open statement, had said that Communism was the fulfillment of Judaism. I could then see in the Jews and in everything that Israel stood for, a threat to America and the whole free world."

Mr. Smith felt that Jews like Dr. Berger, Ben Freedman, Eugene Lyons and myself could be instrumental in the anti-Communist fight by informing innocent Jews that they were being harmed by the actions of their Jewish Marxist liberal leadership. I walked away from the interview feeling good.

In trying to gather support for ACI, I visited the American Jewish Committee. Here I met Rabbi Feinberg, author of a book criticizing Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, the spies who sold America's nuclear secrets to the Soviets. After I explained my anti-Israel stand, deploring their Marxism and kibbutzim, he replied, "The Catholics have their monasteries which are like Israel's communes."

I pointed out a significant difference, "In a monastery, the key is on the inside; in a kibbutz, the key is on the outside."

I got little support from that sector.

ACI's first official gathering was a protest against Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. in 1959. Most of the demonstrators were people from the "captive nations" of Eastern Europe who had been enslaved by the Soviet Union. Our organization started to grow and become very active.

Just prior to Khrushchev's visit, we helped a Polish seaman who had jumped ship to seek political asylum. Bella Dodd took the case and saved him from deportation. That case set a legal precedent which later gained asylum for an Estonian sailor who escaped from the ship that brought Khrushchev.

Becoming increasingly recognized as a growing anti-Communist force, ACI sent a telegram to Castro demanding that he release the anti-Communist labor leaders he had imprisoned. To our surprise, Castro replied with an invitation to Cuba. He wanted us to see for ourselves that Cuba had not gone Communist under his control.

As quickly as possible, I obtained a loan of \$1500 from New York Chase Manhattan Bank to finance the trip of our committee of three: Rabbi Hershberg, Robert Speller and ACI's Chairman, retired Colonel Charles Green.

They arrived in Cuba the same day that Mikoyan arrived from Russia. Mikoyan subsequently bought Castro with the promise of Soviet financial aid.

No one met our committee when it arrived. The official invitation to inspect Cuba was ignored by Castro's government. Our committee was not even allowed to visit the imprisoned anti-Communist leaders.

The committee's only accomplishment, if it can be termed that, was to bring back to the Central Intelligence Agency the first eyewitness reports that Cuba had indeed gone Communist.

As a result of this visit, ACI established contact with anti-Castro refugees and aided their efforts. Alexander Rourke was perhaps the best known of these. He was a journalist whose efforts against Cuban Communism were unceasing. Although ACI disagreed with his position that the United States will intervene in Cuba, we helped him to gain publicity for his flights over Cuba. On these trips, he would use his own plane to drop tons of anti-Castro leaflets and other materials around the entire island. In early 1962, he mysteriously disappeared while flying over Castro's domain.

Late in 1959, ACI held the first anti-Communist Youth Festival in the Western Hemisphere as an answer to the traditional Communist Youth festivals. It was a great success, except that it left ACI \$2,000 in debt.

ISRAEL EAGER TO GET ME

In 1960, my U.S. visa was due for renewal. In order to obtain such renewal, I had first to get the life of my Israeli passport extended. When I went to the Israeli Consulate in New York. I was told that the only thing I would receive from Israel was a one-way passport back. On my way out the door, I made one final statement, "In Israel you were the bosses ruling my life. Here I am free."

With that, I went to Bella Dodd to ask her to file for political asylum for me. Very shortly, I would be an illegal alien subject to deportation, and I wanted desperately to stay in America. I knew, however, that to get asylum approved in Zionist dominated New York might be an impossible dream. Yet, that dream was the only hope I had. If I was taken back to Israel, after the problems I had caused its government, there would be a far worse fate than a quick death awaiting me. To have fought the Marxists in Israel where they completely controlled the news-media was one thing. To expose them outside their own country was quite another.

Early in 1960, I received the first deportation notice, The Jewish National Post was quick to gloat. This paper carried a big article about my impending deportation, accusing me of being anti-Israel unbelievable, and anti-Semitic. Bella Dodd instituted a libel suit against them on my behalf. For several months I was successfully able to evade deportation.

In 1961, I met a lovely Jewish girl, a school teacher, and married her. Again the "Jewish National Post" attacked me. When they got wind of my marriage, they branded the marriage fraudulent and claimed I had married only to escape deportation.

The ensuing publicity disturbed my wife and her family. After two short, stormy years, when she could no longer stand the continuous harassment, my wife asked me for a separation. The marriage had made it impossible for them to deport me. But, I consented even though I knew I would again be vulnerable if she left me. For her sake, I wanted to end it cleanly so that she would not be bothered by the people who were out to get me.

Several weeks after the initial separation, she flew to Mexico for a quick divorce. When Bella Dodd heard I had signed the divorce papers, she became angry and called me stupid. I told her that I would rather fight the whole U.S. government than one little girl. Bella, who knew all the lawyers

in the area, informed me that the Jewish lawyers who were handling my wife's divorce case were Communist sympathizers. When they informed Immigration agents of the finalizing of my divorce, deportation proceeding began again.

When I heard of the new orders for getting me back to Israel, I consulted Bella who was very sick. She said there was virtually no chance of stopping the deportation in New York, where Immigration was totally controlled by Zionists. She told me that going to the West Coast was my only alternative. While the chances of success weren't great there either for the same reasons, I could perhaps delay things.

The year was 1964 and Goldwater was running for President. In New York, I had helped to organize a Captive Nations "Liberty Club" to support his efforts. Once in Los Angeles, I continued to work with "Goldwater for President" organizations.

When I arrived in California, I turned my case over to a lawyer specializing in immigration battles. He had only one comment, "You won't win, but I'll try to buy time for you."

He compared the situation in Los Angeles to that in New York. I asked, "You mean there is a little Tel Aviv on the Atlantic and a little Tel Aviv on the Pacific as well?"

"Correct," he answered.

As in New York, I sustained myself with construction. In 1965, after nearly a year in Los Angeles, I met a beautiful young woman through my political activities. We planned to be married and had even made a down payment on a house when she confessed that she had been convicted on drug charges. I suspected that she was still using them. My morality took over again. I wanted nothing to do with anyone who was involved with drugs.

Even though my deportation problem would have been settled had I married her, I fled to San Francisco. Several weeks later I returned to Los Angeles and heard the Immigration Service authorities had been looking for me. It seemed that my continued anti-Communist and anti-Israel work had drawn them to me.

I decided I would be safer back in New York in hiding. When I arrived, I called Bella. Happily, she had recovered from her illness. I hid for two months in complete isolation. Bella then made arrangements for me to stay with a friend of hers in Riviera Beach, Florida.

In Florida, I stayed for several months in a beach-front apartment, working only enough to pay expenses. After the hectic pace I had maintained for years, the peace of the beach made this period of time one of the most pleasant of my life.

I was very happy doing nothing, but gradually the temptation to resume my anti-Communist activities over-powered me. Upon the invitation of Dr. Norris and others, I traveled around Florida meeting with other anti-Communist leaders and organizations.

After this tour, Dr. Norris arranged for me to go to Savannah to see Mrs. Milton "Larry" Lent, Secretary of Georgia's Conservative Party. Mrs. Lent had heard of my activities and had invited me to her home for dinner. Under her dynamic leadership, the cogs of government began to move.

She organized a group to support me in my efforts to remain in America. Then, she contacted U.S. Representative James Utt and urged him to introduce a special bill in Congress calling for me to be given resident status.

The day I returned to my place in Florida is a day I shall never forget. On that day, October 5, 1965, I received a telegram from Mrs. Lent informing me that Representative Utt had introduced the bill. She had put me out of jeopardy. The message also said I should contact Immigration authorities in Miami. When I did, I was surprised to learn they knew everything about me - where I was living, the name I was using, where I worked and even the anti-Communist activities I was engaged in. They were friendly and wished me well. That was that. They would make no more effort to deport me.

I moved to Miami to start a construction business and a new life. My anti-Communist work included lecturing to groups about the Middle East, supporting the Republican Party and my usual leafletting. I even had a fifteen-minute radio program once a week on a Miami station.

The year, 1966, happened to be the 18th anniversary of the founding of Israel. The "Miami Herald" ran an ad containing congratulation and a picture of 18 prominent American Jewish supporters of the Zionist state. To celebrate Israel's birthday in my own way, I made a leaflet of this picture with the word "WANTED" printed at the top and a description of Israel's crimes at the bottom. I spread these leaflets all over Miami Beach, a primarily Jewish city.

During the early summer of 1966, a good Cuban friend of mine came from New York looking for me. The man, Senor Domingo, didn't have my address and it took him several days to find me. Quite by accident, he spotted me on the street and he rushed over and started to cry. It seemed he had been charged with dealing in stolen goods in New York. He thought I was the only person able to save him from prison. I had troubles of my own, but since he insisted, and I had not yet gotten fully established in Miami, I consented to go back with him. Actually, I was glad the decision to return had been made for me. I am more at home in New York than anywhere else in America.

After our arrival, I called a rabbi friend of mine who happened to know the judge handling Domingo's case. The Rabbi gave Senor Domingo a job at his temple. One day, when the judge was visiting the Rabbi, he saw Senor Domingo polishing the floor. The Rabbi was able to convince him that Senor Domingo was after all an honest, hard-working man and the judge was lenient with him.

Once back in New York, I stepped up my anti-Communist activities. During Captive Nations Week in 1966, Anti-Communist International organized the biggest demonstration against the Soviet Union that New York had ever witnessed. All the media was present to cover the event; yet, not a word was printed or heard, or a picture seen of our protest. Of course this is understandable - the news-media is controlled by the Zionists.

This is something that every anti-Communist group struggles with, even today. The Communists rate front page headlines with their day-to-day affairs, but a rally with participation of thousands of patriots is invariably ignored by the heavily Zionist-influenced American news-media.

My renewed construction business was successful enough to provide a fine office for ACI and comfortable quarters for myself. By now our organization had grown considerably and numbered many important personalities as members.

In 1967, Bu Diem was assigned as the new South Vietnamese ambassador to the United States. During the rising tide of anti-war sentiment, Anti-Communist International tried to win support for continued U.S. involvement and help for the anti-Communist movement by having a February dinner meeting at the Sheraton Hotel in downtown New York. The chairman of the event, Hamilton Fish, Sr., invited many top leaders of anti-Communist and patriotic organizations to attend. The featured speaker was to be Bu Diem.

Three days before the meeting, after all preparations had been made, the South Vietnamese mission to the United States called Bella Dodd to ask her to cancel the entire event. Bu Diem would not appear. It seemed that Israel had protested South Vietnamese participation at a dinner where Haviv Schieber was involved.

I called the South Vietnamese mission personally to tell them that the meeting would go on as scheduled that we would not cancel the dinner. It was to be for the benefit of the people of the United States and the support of the people of South Vietnam, not specifically for Bu Diem. He could attend or not.

The dinner meeting was a complete success, attracting much publicity for the plight of the South Vietnamese people. The South Vietnamese mission even sent a representative to stand in for the ambassador.

Later in 1967, Middle East developments indicated that war was imminent. I warned as many people and embassies in New York as I could. When I was no longer able to stand the feeling of impending disaster, I decided to call the United Nations Egyptian Mission. In what for me was an unprecedented move, I asked them to transmit specially prepared tapes of mine over Radio Cairo, which is one of the most powerful stations in the Middle East. The text of these tapes urged Israeli citizens to oppose their government and not fight in a war being waged solely to cover up Israel's bankrupt policies.

When the Egyptians heard my proposal, the Ambassador, Amin Hilmy was called to the phone. Deploring the deteriorating relations between Israel and the Arab countries, he sadly asked, "Why should the Jews want to fight the Arabs? We are from the same family, our languages are similar, even our religions are from the same origins. We have lived in harmony with the Jews in the Middle East for hundreds of years."

I told the Ambassador that my thoughts were along the same lines and for that reason I hoped he would accept my tapes and broadcast my message. I wanted to ask my Jewish brethren not to follow leaders into a disastrous war.

His Excellency asked me to bring the tapes directly to him, and assured me that he would personally attend to them.

I had prepared two tapes in Hebrew. One was delivered to the U. S. government by my friends, the other I took to Ambassador Himly on Friday, June 3rd. His Excellency told me the tape would be in the diplomatic pouch for Cairo the next day, Saturday, June 4th.

My effort was futile. On Sunday, June 5th, Israel attacked Egypt.

During our conversation, I had warned the Ambassador that even though the Soviet Union had supplied Egypt with arms and ammunition, they would not help Egypt to win any war against Israel. I told him of the secret Meir-Namir, Stalin-Kaganovich pact. I also voiced the opinion that the Russian fleet, then in the Mediterranean would side with Israel should this Marxist state begin to lose. On the other hand, if it looked as if the Arabs were beaten, the Russian fleet would do nothing. Sure enough, Israel won the Six Day War while these Soviet warships floated idly by.

The tale of the Six Day War would not be complete without adding the behind-the-scene Soviet treachery. Soviet Russia had encouraged Nasser to start a noisy propaganda campaign against Israel. He was promised all the Russian support necessary to win a war. The Soviets even pledged the removal of the U.N. peacekeeping force from the Sinai.

Israel used Nasser's bold assertions of war to start a propaganda campaign of her own. The Israeli government accused Nasser of preparing to attack Israel and called loud and clear for world assistance.

Abba Eban was sent as a special envoy to President Johnson carrying a message that Israel had proof of Nasser's intentions of war.

Johnson contacted Moscow to demand that the Soviets pressure Nasser to cease preparations for hostilities.

At three o'clock on the morning of June 4, 1967, the Soviet Ambassador woke Nasser at his home to ask him if he really planned to attack Israel. Nasser was then told to cease all plans and preparations for war.

In effect, the Soviets told Cairo to 'bark, but not bite'. Then, they told Tel Aviv to 'bark and bite'. Israel launched its war on Egypt on the morning of June 5th.

On June 8th, the U.S.S. LIBERTY, a lightly-armed American electronic surveillance ship was attacked and seriously damaged. Scores of U.S. personnel were killed or wounded.

When the first reports of the tragedy reached the U.S., I issued a press release to the effect that the attack was premeditated by Israel in hopes of blaming the Arabs, thereby gaining more U.S. support for Israeli's actions. I had seen the treachery of which the Marxist/Zionists are capable.

Subsequently, it was proven that Israel actually was at fault. Finally, Israel admitted responsibility, but called it an "accident". The Israeli fighter pilots had thought the LIBERTY to be an Arab vessel, even though Old Glory was prominently displayed - this was the excuse given by Israel for the 'accident'.

The attack was systematic and devastating. The only reason the ship was not sunk was because it had managed to radio a single distress message before their antennae was shot away. A U.S. aircraft carrier nearby had received the call for help and had dispatched fighter planes to aid the LIBERTY.

Strangely, the attacking Israeli aircraft and torpedo boats broke off the attack at the moment that U.S. fighter planes were taking to the air.

The whole affair has been completely documented and exposed. Yet, to this day, the Zionist controlled Executive branch of the United States government has cooperated with the Zionist controlled news-media to down-play public disclosure.

A HOLY LAND STATE

By 1968, my anti-Israel activities had put me in touch with many Arab organizations and American groups sympathetic to the Arab cause. One of these American groups was called the Holy Land Association. It numbered Jews, Christians and Moslems in its membership. They were trying to promote better public understanding of issues in the Holy Land.

After the 1967 Six Day War, I had come to the conclusion that Israel, as an exclusively Jewish dominated state, was incapable of surviving; too many Jews were leaving Israel for the United States after staying only a short time. This migration out of Israel had increased even after victory in the Six Day War. Israel now had too much land area and too few Jews. They had dispossessed tens of thousands of Arab Palestinians who were now huddled in relocation camps while towns in Israel were empty.

I also knew that the Six Day War had extended Israel's borders so much that they now encompassed a population that was more than half Arab. Given a large Arab birth rate and the relatively small Jewish one, the Arabs could outnumber the Jews in a single generation. Then, the minority would be ruling the majority.

Israel is a transplant, artificially embedded in the body of the Middle East. While the body of Arabs continually mount resistance. Israel can never survive. The great danger is that the "rejection" of Israel may destroy the whole body of the Mideast, and possibly the world.

Israel is also totally dependent on outside contributions of wealth to keep her economy from collapsing. She must continually start wars to generate more donations when her economy gets too bad. All these factors, together with the knowledge that Israel cannot afford to lose a single battle while the Arabs can lose a hundred, made me reevaluate my personal goals.

All my life, I had been passionately dedicated to the concept of a Jewish state in Palestine. By then the state had been a reality for 37 years, and I was sickened at what had developed. My dreams of that state had been ones of dignity, freedom and security. Instead, seen is every form of human degradation, corruption, vice and crime. The results of Zionism turned my stomach.

Oriental (Sephardic) Jews, who call themselves Arab Jews and are from Arab countries, made up the bulk of the Israeli population. They

had been middle to upper class in their Arab homes. Their children had been well educated and well cared for. Now in Israel, these Arab Jews had become second-class citizens. The jails overflow with their children who have turned to crime, and their women have become prostitutes in order to survive.

Jews living in the Marxist state of Israel are guaranteed nothing but perpetual insecurity within and war from without. As I contemplated the dreams of my youth, I found a handful of sand.

It was then, with my illusions totally shattered, that I looked deep within myself and reached the conclusion that only one solution would bring peace to Jews and the and the whole Middle East. The plan is not mine. I firmly believe it is GOD'S.

Throughout history, when a people who have ruled the Holy Land do not govern with justice and compassion, they have been thrown out. The Bible tells of the destruction of two temples of Israel. Both disasters were caused when we Jews broke God's laws. When we ruled in vanity and arrogance, we were dispersed. What took place in Biblical times is taking place today. However, today, the destruction of the Third Temple of Israel would affect the whole world.

THE SOLUTION - A HOLY LAND STATE

I believe God's plan is this: Israel should disarm, throw open her borders and adopt a free enterprise system. This is the only way that massive destruction, perhaps involving global nuclear war, can be averted.

If Israel were to open her borders and disarm, backed by international guarantees of security, the Arabs would not take advantage of the state of disarm. The Arabs do not wish to fight and die for a "cause" when there is no longer a threat to them. The Palestinians would return and, under a free enterprise system with international assistance, be given back what is rightfully theirs.

Under a free economic system, the port cities of the Holy Land would once again become centers of trade and would contain pipelines for Arab oil, as they once were. Foreign capital and investment would flow once again if the government did not demand 51 % of an investment enterprise. Finally, and most importantly. Jews would rule jointly with Christian and Moslem Arabs in the Holy Land. There would be complete religious, political and social freedom once again. Jabotinsky's famous prophecy in his song would be fulfilled in a Holy Land State. "In our country, a son of Nazareth a son of Araby and my son

will live in happiness and prosperity. This is the essence of my new dream. I am as dedicated to it as I had been to my childhood dream of a Jewish state.

In meetings of the holy Land Association, I met people who were encouraged by my new dream. In conversations with people at these meetings, a plan evolved: To start a Holy Land political party in Israel and Holy Land state Committees all over the world.

The plan became more than just a plan. It became a reality - the Holy Land State Committee U.S.A. was born. With support from HLSCs in the free world, a Holy Land Party in Israel is certain to be successful in winning elections.

A platform to end the threat of war would achieve great political victories in a state where there is continual tension and no other alternative.

ZIONISTS CONTINUE PRESSURE TO QUIET ME

Because I hadn't let up in my anti-Israel campaign, the bill in Congress to give me resident status was tabled in the House Judiciary Committee by Chairman Emanuel Celler, a Zionist Jew. He said his actions were due to a secret report from the State Department, probably referring to the old "disrupting relations between Israel and the U.S." charge. After the bill was killed, Immigration lost no time in renewing its efforts to deport me.

To try and block their move, I had to travel between my construction business in New York and Washington. On one of those trips, Dr. James Lucier, an aide in Senator Strom Thurmond's office, gave me a message that Stephen Koczak wanted to see me. Koczak had been Political Attache in the U.S. Embassy in Tell Aviv during the 1950's. He had been very friendly toward me.

Mr. Koczak urged me to file for a "Six Preference" with Immigration. This would have allowed me to stay in America because of need for my profession. My request was accepted by the Labor Department and, under the Polish Quota, by the State Department. However, Morris Roberts, a Zionist Jew in Immigration, opposed it on grounds of moral turpitude. He was referring to my "crimes" in Israel - the mailbox incident and the charge of accepting money under false pretenses, which I described earlier.

This time a large group joined in my defense. Many articles about my case, written by well-known columnists appeared in papers as prominent as the Chicago Tribune and the London Times.

This deportation crisis came at a time when I was busy with a big New York construction project - remodeling sixty apartments in three buildings for the FHA. It was difficult for me to commute from New York to Washington.

I engaged a top-notch Washington Lawyer whom I paid \$1500 for three hours work. He appealed to Attorney General Kleindeist to stop deportation proceedings. This was on a day when I had to hurry back to New York to make the payroll for my employees. In going, however, I risked arrest because Immigration agents were nosing around the construction site looking for me. My lawyer told me to go to New York, but to call him before I went to pay my workers. When I called him upon

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arriving, he informed me he had been able to stop deportation, but again only temporarily.

The "temporary" stoppage lasted two years. During this time, I continued to distribute literature and write articles for various Arab newspapers plugging my Holy Land State idea. In 1972, my Marxist/Zionist brethren went in for the "kill".

Despite support for me by senators and representatives and other people of note, the word to deport Schieber was out. Though I had a clean record in America for fifteen years, The Marxist/Zionists feared that even alone and penniless, I could spread enough information about them to spoil their carefully-laid plans. To them, Israel must survive regardless of the cost.

All of my legal appeals were based on the dissenting opinion of Judge Trenton when my case had been brought before the court of Appeals of the Immigration Department. Usually, a single dissenting opinion in such matters is grounds for the Attorney General to give residence to the person on trial. But in New York, all my appeals were rejected. In every case, the panel of judges included at least one Zionist Jew who dominated the proceedings. In New York, I could never win.

In 1973, I contracted to do some construction work for a man who regularly bought advertising time on radio station WHBI in New York City. He paid me by buying me air time for a half-hour radio show once a week on that station. My radio program was primarily concerned with the Middle East. I spoke about my anti-Communist and anti-Israel work and began to warn my listeners that war between Israel and the Arab countries was very near once again. Sure enough, before the year ended, war did breakout.

Though 52 shows had been purchased and scheduled, the station management cancelled my show after six months - without refunding any money. The Jews who owned WHBI bowed to the pressure of unregistered Israeli agents working for a certain powerful organization, which for reasons of law must remain nameless.

During the autumn of 1973, I received notice that I was to be deported on October 6th. Again, the turn of world events saved me. War broke out in the Middle East on that date. Even the Jewish Zionist heads of Immigration weren't powerful enough to flout the international law which prohibits the deportation of anyone to a war zone. I was safe, but again, just temporarily.

During the conflict, tapes of mine were sent to Baghdad and Cairo by the Arab League. From there they were transmitted to Israeli troops and citizens. The tapes contained substantially the same messages as had my others before the Six Day War. I tried to explain that the traitor to the

Israeli people was not I in making the tapes, but the Israeli leaders who caused the war.

I realized that these tapes might put me in a class with Tokyo Rose and Lord Haw-Haw and I wanted to avoid this if possible. I explained my actions thoroughly in one of my WHBI broadcasts.

Though the war had stopped my deportation temporarily, my lawyers and I appealed directly to Washington to have them review my case and hopefully grant me political asylum. My appeal was rejected and when the war in the Middle East ended, a new deportation was ordered for January 24, 1974.

Again I personally went to Washington seeking help. Senators Thurmond, Buckley and Helms, among others, asked Sol Marks, a Jew and New York Director of Immigration, to cancel the order. Also, Mrs. Clements approached Attorney General Saxbe, a friend of hers. He promised to look into my case.

Confident that developments were favoring me, I returned to New York on January 26th, two days after I had been scheduled for deportation. My lawyer had told me that there had been no new order issued for my arrest, so I didn't surrender as I had been ordered.

Then on Monday, January 28, at 6:30 a.m., there was a loud knock on my door. Fearing the worst, I was reluctant to open it. Quickly, I phoned Edward Hunter, my good friend and publisher of "Tactics" in Washington. I begged him to contact Attorney General Saxbe through Mrs. Clements to get a stay of execution. As I waited for his return call, I heard my neighbors milling about in the hall. The continued racket and pounding on my door had awakened everyone in the building's sixty apartments.

After what seemed like hours, Mr. Hunter called back. He had received Mr. Saxbe's message through Mrs. Clements. 'Israel didn't want me and apparently wouldn't take me back.' - At least that is what Israel said.

ARRESTED

Upon hearing that Israel said it didn't want me, I thanked Mr. Hunter profusely, opened the door and surrendered. One of the two Immigration detectives who arrested me was Jewish. Later, I learned that the Zionists who controlled Immigration didn't trust Gentiles alone to deal with me. For safety, they would always send along at least one Jew.

My neighbors got news of my arrest to my group of supporters. They hired attorney Bruce Terris in Washington to defend me. Then, they approached President Nixon and many representatives and senators to ask for their assistance. One representative, John Ashbrook became very supportive. He introduced my case several times in the Congressional Record.

After my arrest, I was held without bail in Immigration's Detention Center in New York City. Convinced that publicity could only help me, I went on a hunger strike. My Zionist nemesis, Sol Marks, used this as an excuse to transfer me to the West 4th Street Federal Prison in New York. A note went with me to the warden saying I was in my 20's and was tough and dangerous.

It was relatively pleasant in the West 4th Street jail. The food, the surroundings and the attitude of most of the guards was excellent compared with the Israeli prisons I had been in. One of the prisoners agreed to act as my secretary, and together we sent out a great deal of mail and made many phone calls. I took advantage of the fact that it was all paid for by the government.

One day, an officer of the guard told me he'd like to introduce me to the warden. He presented me, a 61 year old man at the time, to the warden saying, "This is the man in his twenties who is so tough and dangerous!"

The three of us laughed at the absurdity of the message. The warden proved to be a kind man. sympathetic to my plight.

Soon after, Nicholas von Hoffman, the well-known writer came to interview me for his syndicated column. The story of my case in his column turned out to be influential in future developments.

On February 28, 1974, I was told to prepare to be taken back to the Immigration Detention Center. Even though things looked promising, I

had a strange feeling that something might go wrong. Preparing for the worst, I took razor blades with me.

Once back at Detention, I was put in an isolation cell and my request to call my lawyer was refused. I felt these were signs that I was to be deported. In spite of the mass support and favorable public opinion surrounding my case, it looked as if the Marxist/Zionists were about to have their way.

I decided that the only avenue I had to keep from being deported was to slash my wrists. I knew that to have the proper effect, I would have to be in a crowd when I did it. Otherwise, my Marxist Jewish brothers would have stood by and watched me die like the Marxist Jews did when Ben-Gurion sank the "Altalena". They would be happy to be rid of me for good.

Steeling myself, I took off my coat and clutched a razor blade. Just then, a guard appeared and said that I could make my phone call. I hid the blade again. When I called my lawyer and told him of my plan to injure myself, he said that it was totally unnecessary. Von Hoffman's syndicated column about me had appeared in the papers and the Supreme Court had briefs for my appeal. Things looked good for me now.

Instead of being allowed to remain in Detention, I was transferred to West 4th Street Federal Prison again. I was secure in the hope that my release would come soon. The prison authorities weren't too happy with Immigration Service. They were set up to handle criminals, not little old men guilty only of wanting to remain in America.

The federal prison officials saw what was being done to me and didn't want any part of it. Also, they were concerned about my safety. At this time, West 4th Street Federal Prison housed one very fanatical Zionist. In the prison setting, it would have been easy for him to quickly arrange to have me 'eliminated'. The prison officials finally forced Immigration to take me back to Detention Center.

Even though things looked very bright, I followed my intuition again and hid razor blades in my shoe. When I arrived at Detention, my body and clothes were searched thoroughly for weapons. Despite their careful inspection, the guards missed the razor blades in my right shoe.

During my stay at Detention Center, the American Broadcasting Company came to film a documentary on Immigration facilities and conditions. As the cameras came into the section where I was, I stepped out and called to them. Briefly, I told the newspeople about my case, Stating that Israeli agents had infiltrated the U.S. government and that what they were doing threatened the security of America. Sol Marks, whom I had never met, happened to be present and heard the whole

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thing. My outburst was cut out of the ABC documentary, but not out of Sol Marks' mind.

After six weeks in Detention, my lawyer filed another appeal. At 4:00 p.m. May 1, 1974, the most unsympathetic guard in the facility, Schwartz, came to my cell with two other guards and the supervisor. He told me to hurry and change clothes, I knew then that my long struggle was over. This was it-deportation!

In answer to my questions, Schwartz would only shout, "Hurry! Hurry!"

When they brought my belongings, my shoes were missing, and I could only think that they had found the razor blades. When I asked for the shoes, I was told to wear the ones I had on. I complained that these prison shoes were too large and uncomfortable. Because of my loud insistence, they finally located my own shoes to shut me up. As I put on the shoes, I took out the razor blades, hiding the action with my hands. In a split second, I slashed my left arm in two places. The blood gushed out.

At the sight of the blood, all Detention personnel present became frantic. They tried to apply tourniquets to stop the blood flow. Someone called an ambulance and the head of Deportation, A Mr. Grace, who rushed over. All the while, I kept screaming, "The same Communist Jews who killed Russia are killing the United States! You'll never deport me alive!"

The ambulance took me to the emergency ward of a hospital. A doctor had to put twenty stitches in my arm to close the cuts. He then ordered seven days of complete rest.

Shortly thereafter, I was transported to Bellevue Hospital where the admitting doctor asked me questions relative to my sanity. I soon learned that Bellevue was a mental institution where Immigration had committed me for observation. If the Zionists would prove me insane, I could be swiftly be deported on those grounds.

After my attempted suicide attempt, I was under continuous observation. When my friends called the media, they found that Immigration had been able to suppress the story about my suicide try. The Zionists couldn't afford to allow the fact to become public that even as a Jew, I would "rather be dead than Red in Israel". Louis Wiesner of the State Department, Sol Marks and Morris Roberts had done their jobs well.

While in Bellview, I was denied access to my personal physician. A series of injections was started that made me weak and apathetic. When my friends were finally allowed to visit, they hardly recognized me. This is the kind of treatment that is only supposed to happen in Soviet Russia, yet it was condoned by the Zionist Jewish Director of the hospital.

Though I was under doctor's orders to be given a full week of bed rest, on May 3rd - two days after my suicide attempt - Schwartz, another guard.

a nurse and the guard supervisor came to my room about 2:30 p.m. and ordered me to dress. In my weakened state, I could only mumble when I tried to ask what they were going to do with me. Schwartz's answer was to grab me, put me in a straight-jacket and handcuff my hands in front of me. Then the men carried me down the stairs and threw me into a car. Even though heavily drugged, I was able to figure out that they were taking me to the airport.

As we sped through the city, I looked out the window for one last glimpse of my beloved New York. Schwartz, who was in the back, was joking with the nurse in front. She had never been to Israel and the discussion centered around what they would do after they delivered me to Tel Aviv.

Hitler used Jews like Schwartz for his Judenrats, Jewish police in the Ghettoes, and Jewish Kapos in the concentration camps. They were the kosher collaborators with the Nazis.

As we neared Kennedy Airport, a message came over the car's two-way radio: "The deportation of Haviv Schieber has been stopped by court order. Take Mr. Schieber back to Bellevue."

When I heard this. I told the nurse that I was sorry to spoil her trip to Israel. She said, "Oh never mind. I'm happy for you." - she was not Jewish.

Schwartz looked like he had suffered a heart attack. When I asked him to loosen the handcuffs and strait-jacket, which were causing me great discomfort, he sarcastically said, "You have survived deportation, you can survive the pain, too."

The cuffs and straight-jacket weren't removed until 9:30 that night. The following day, some of my friends visited and told me the circumstances under which the deportation had been halted.

REAL AMERICANS HAD COME TO MY AID

At Immigration Detention Center, a guard who was sympathetic to my cause heard the deportation order given. He called my good friend Ralph Clifford, editor of the "Downtown News" and left the message, "Save Schieber! He is being deported right this minute!"

Mr. Clifford returned to his office shortly thereafter. Upon reading the urgent message, he called my lawyer, James Cardiello, the late Bella Dodd's partner. Mr. Cariello was in court and had to ask for a recess in a case in which he was involved. Then he quickly dictated a special legal brief requesting stoppage of deportation to his secretary over the phone.

Legal technicalities prevented Cardiello from delivering the brief himself, so he asked his secretary to take the document to Mr. Haber, another attorney. The agreed upon strategy was for Mr. Haber to deliver the special brief to the federal courthouse just prior to 5:00 p.m. This would not allow Immigration enough time to act in opposition before the Federal Court closed for the day.

The law decrees that a person appealing deportation may not be deported until his lawyer has been officially informed of a negative judgment of the appeal. Since attorneys may officially be informed of such court decisions by telephone, Mr. Baber stayed away from his office until the plane for Israel had left. By doing this, he avoided any possibility of a negative decision allowing deportation to proceed that day. The efforts of the people involved proved successful. I was saved by the miracle of the precision and timing they had wrought.

Later, I found that the public had been cheering for me, too. Mr. Cardiello had called radio WINS, a very popular New York news station and explained my whole story to them. The obvious human interest of my fight to stay in America prompted the station to cover the attempted deportation in a highly dramatic fashion. They interrupted scheduled programming every few minutes to report on the Immigration car's progress from Bellevue Hospital toward Kennedy Airport. They continued reporting right up to the time the order to return came through.

As grateful as I was for all the support, I was not yet free. I was returned to Federal Prison and put in maximum security. Here I was free to make phone calls and maintain contact with all my friends in New York and Washington. Through them, I learned that the Attorney General's Office

had stopped deportation before I was ever hustled to the airport. In spite of this, the Zionist-controlled Immigration Service of New York had decided to proceed with it on their own. I also found out that Stephen Koczak had called Kennedy Airport and warned Alitalia Airlines that the deportation was illegal. He told them that they could not accept me without risking legal consequences.

ZIONIST PRESSURE TO DEPORT ME STILL ON

On May, 19, 1974, Mr. Cardiello informed me that the Immigration Court of Appeals in Washington had changed the forcible deportation order to voluntary deportation. I would still have to leave, but I didn't have to go back to Israel. Now all I had to do was find another country willing to accept me. When I was ordered released from prison, Sol Marks demanded \$10,000 bond to let me go. Mr. Cardiello got the figure reduced to \$1,000 which was paid by my Cuban anti-Communist friend. Richardo Lezcano.

There was another condition to my release. I had eight days in which to obtain a provisional passport from Israel, my last country of residence and find another country willing to take me.

After I had applied to Israel for the provisional passport and had started looking for another country, my friends advised me to move to Washington because New York Immigration was too hostile. Since my construction business had been ruined due to the time I had spent in jail, I sorrowfully agreed.

Even in Washington, I had no luck finding a new country of residence. At my age and without money no country was interested in having me as its citizen.

However, this was not my real concern. If I had to leave the U.S., all the work I had done to start Anti-Communist International and the Holy Land State Committee would have been in vain. The real problem was how to remain in America.

Every few weeks, my Washington lawyers, Mrs. Hostadtler and Mrs. Black had to file for another extension to allow me more time to find another country. During this time, everyone whom I came in contact with at Immigration in Washington was very sympathetic.

After two months or so in Washington, I rented a small office on New York Avenue. Here I started once again to build membership for ACI and for the formation of a Holy Land State.

For some time. I sent material about the Middle East to Donald Rumsfeld, President Ford's right hand man. After I felt he or some of his

staff had time to become familiar with my position on the Middle East, I called and asked for an appointment.

Soon thereafter, Mr. Rumsfeld's secretary phoned to tell me that I had an appointment with Robert Oakley at National Security's Middle East Desk. I asked Dr. Saul Jofes to accompany me to the meeting. Dr. Jofes had been Secretary of International Affairs of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith for 25 years. He left this organization after accusing them of being stooges of the Israeli government and acting against the best interests of Jews in the United States.

Mr. Oakley appeared to be impressed with my information and the Holy Land concept for peace in the Middle East. He invited me to visit him again, which I did on two occasions. The next time was three days before I was scheduled to surrender in 1975. The last time was after my release. At our last meeting, Mr. Oakley said that he was happy I was free and that he would introduce me to his successor when the Carter Administration took over. He kept his promise.

After this first meeting with Mr. Oakley, I received a call from the White House saying that one of President Ford's advisors wished to meet with a delegation from the Holy Land State Committee. This advisor wishes to remain nameless. To this meeting, I invited Dr. Alfred Lillienthal, editor-publisher of 'Middle East Perspective' and long-time anti-Zionist. The three hour meeting was intense and revealing.

The advisor informed us that he had lived in Israel for several months and knew its conditions first hand. He even had two Jewish sons-in-law whom he emphasized were good Americans. He liked Dr. Lillienthal's approach. Simply stated, it was that Jews should regard themselves and their Jewish communities as part of the United States. Thoughts of their own welfare and the security of America should take precedence over attempts by the Zionists to misguide them into becoming blindly sentimental tools for a little foreign state.

As did Mr. Oakley before him, this man approved of the Holy Land State concept as a possible solution for peace in the Middle East.

As we left his office he said, "I like the Jews. As I said before, I have two Jewish sons-in-law. But I am pessimistic. I am afraid the Jews will not listen until it is too late.

By late 1974, I had failed to find another country to take me and had exhausted all my extensions, so my lawyers applied to Federal Court for dismissal of deportation proceedings.

At this time, Senator Jesse Helms and Representative John Ashbrook introduced legislation in the Senate and House to stop my deportation and readjust my status.

In May 1975, the House Judiciary's Immigration Sub-Committee met to vote on this bill. With five representatives in attendance, the initial vote was three to two in my favor. However, Chairman Eilberg caused a delay in the recording of the vote to stall for time. During this time, Representatives Eilberg and Elizabeth Holtzman, both Zionist Jews, went to gather support against me. They used false information about me and my case to influence three other member of the Immigration Sub-committee to vote 'in absentia' against my bill.

When contacted later, these three congressmen admitted to knowing nothing at all about my case. They voted as they were asked as a courtesy, trusting Eilberg and Holtzman not to mislead them. When the vote was finally recorded officially, it stood as five to three against me.

One of the major activities in which I was involved around this time was a large dinner party hosted by the Holy Land State Committee and another patriotic group. At this dinner, several very controversial speeches were made by guests. Reaction to these speeches appeared in newspapers as far away as Paris and Tel Aviv. The dinner party was held just days before the Immigration Sub-Committee convened in May. I am convinced that the adverse publicity this party received had much to do with the sub-committee's rejection of the anti-deportation bill. I know it aroused the Zionists again.

I GO INTO HIDING

The Jewish attorney at Immigration Service, who was acting as prosecutor in my appeal before the Federal Court, succeeded in convincing the judges to deny my plea. Just nineteen days after that fateful dinner party, I faced deportation to Israel once again.

I received the order to surrender for deportation on June 9, 1975. A good friend advised me not to report, but to go into hiding before Immigration began a search for me.

On June 6, I attended a press conference held for Menachim Begin by the Israeli Embassy in the National Press Club. For the price of a ticket, I was able to ask the leader of our old organization questions about his support of the Marxist Israeli government and its bankrupt policies. He chose to ignore them all. When the questioning period was over, I went to the head table and asked him if he remembered me. He said, "Yes, but please be quiet!"

He hated to be reminded that he had switched sides.

That same afternoon, taking nothing but a small suitcase. I went into hiding. A good friend went with me to the bus. He called Edward Hunter, who agreed to take me in, to inform him that I was on my way.

Monday, May 9th, the day I was supposed to surrender, my contacts reported a massive search for me by Immigration personnel. One spot they neglected to check was Edward Hunter's home. That same day, the wonderful senators and representatives who had helped me so much urged Representative Eilberg to bring my case up before the Immigration Sub-Committee again for a new vote. Dana Adams Schmidt of the 'Christian Science Monitor' also tried to help by calling Eilberg's office. He was told that a sub-committee meeting to discuss my case had been scheduled.

At the end of the week, Eilberg gave notice that a new hearing would not be held because I had jumped my bond. According to him, the only way a new meeting would be set is if I surrendered. He offered no guarantee as to the outcome. I didn't bite. I had been betrayed by my Jewish brethren too many times to willingly place myself at their tender mercies.

A number of senators and representatives and many military officers wrote to former Marine General Chapman, head of the entire Immigration and Naturalization Service, urging him to allow me to reside in America. His reply was that he was helpless until the issue was resolved in the House Immigration Sub-committee. Chairman Eilberg refused to act until I surrendered, so my course of action was clear, I had to remain in hiding.

I tried not to be too much of a burden to my friend, Mr. Hunter. Since he was a writer and needed quiet, I would walk for miles and miles each day to leave him in peace. Days passed and then weeks. I began to feel that my presence was becoming tiresome to Mr. Hunter, so I started to think about moving. Where could I go? New York was even riskier and more hostile than the Washington area.

Fortunately, Mr. Hunter remembered a Mr. Gould who owned property in Bethesda, Maryland. Mr. Gould might be receptive to the idea of taking me in as his guest. When the call was made to Mr. Gould, we found he would be happy to accommodate me. We met late one night at a restaurant on Wisconsin Avenue and I left with Mr. Gould.

During my stay in Bethesda, Mr. Cervine, Spain's Minister to the U.S., Mr. Ed. Rothkirch, head of International Press Service and I met for lunch at the exclusive Kenwood Club. At the meeting, it was decided that if I was caught and forced to leave the country, Spain would give me political asylum. His Excellency Ambassador Cervino, had been Consul General in Jerusalem, so he understood the situation in Israel and knew I spoke the truth.

Publicity for my case came from many sources during my time in hiding. Fulton Lewis III picked me up one day and took me to his office.

Here he taped two interviews. Mr. Lewis started his broadcasts with the words, "This is Haviv Schieber from somewhere in the United States."

The two tapes told much of my plight and were broadcast nationally.

It was during this period that, without legal consultation, I decided to renounce my Israeli Citizenship. Since I was in hiding, I could not do it as dramatically as I would have liked. To give my performance some documentation, Dr. Rothkirch took pictures of me tearing up the provisional passport and taped my reenunciation of Israeli citizenship.

During the summer of 1975, I became accustomed to life as a fugitive. In August, when Mr. Gould decided to go south. I again faced the problem of a place to live. Not knowing what I could do, I called Mr. Hunter and asked if he could please put up with me for just a weekend. I refused to impose on his generosity any more than that. He graciously consented.

Saturday, as I was pondering my next move, I remembered my old friend. Mario Kohly, an important Cuban exile leader who was busy exposing Castro and Communism from his residence just outside of Washington. He had a son, Mario Jr. to whom I had given a construction job just before I had gone into hiding. When I called his home, Mario Jr. answered. I learned from him that his father had recently passed away. I was deeply saddened, for Mario had been a good man. When I told Mario Jr. of my predicament, he volunteered to take me into his home.

Fortune had smiled on me once more. I had another place to go and could leave Mr. Hunter's place before I wore out his welcome. While living in Mario's basement, I was able to help him get his construction business onto firm ground. That I could assist this way gave me much satisfaction. It helped me repay his kindness for giving me shelter.

As time passed, I began to feel a certain sense of freedom. I worked the contracting business and began to travel about the Washington area more freely. I had continued to publish my anti-Communist and anti-Israel material and even started to pass it out on such places as the National Press Building in Washington.

My political activities hadn't slowed much. I just had to change tactics. Liberty Lobby invited me to speak at their 4th of July convention in Washington that year, 1976. My friend, Mr. Koczak, warned me that it would be dangerous for me to attend since the Zionists, who monitor Liberty Lobby continually, would know of my presence. Immigration agents would meet me outside the hall before I could make my speech. Instead of appearing in person, I addressed the convention on tape.

Several months later, when Mario rented a larger three story house in the Washington suburb of Fairfax, Virginia. I decided to become even less secretive. I moved into that house and started construction work on my own and stepped up my political activities at the same time.

Throughout my time in hiding, I had managed to pay the rent on my downtown Washington office. I had even managed to go there occasionally to pick up my mail so as to not lose the contacts I had made. In August, 1976 I received word that I was to be evicted from that office. No warning of this had been sent to the office. Most of my important papers, records and archives were stored there. They were too much to carry with me into hiding. Since I now had plenty of room for storage, I hired a man with a pickup truck to go with me to rescue these papers.

I FELL FOR THE TRAP

Dr. Rothkirch had warned me that the closing of my office might be an Immigration arranged trap to lure me into their hands. Even if it was not a planned trap, I might be recognized by someone. Anxious to retrieve my records, I disregarded his warning and on August 12th went to the office.

When my helper and I arrived, we saw that the office had been stripped clean. Everything had been thrown into the basement with the trash. We spent an hour and a half searching the basement and loading the truck before we had found everything.

As I was carrying the last box up to the truck, a group of young men surrounded me. They were, of course, detectives from Immigration. Those men grabbed me, pushed me into a car and drove me to Immigration Headquarters a few blocks away.

In the Immigration building, I overheard one of the officers ask another which airport they were going to use, Dulles or Kennedy International. Upon hearing this, I frantically cried out, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help me!"

Someone behind me snickered, "This time even He cannot help you."

Without turning to look at him, I retorted, "You must be Jewish." I was right. His name was Wise.

When I demanded the right to make a phone call, no one spoke. It was a deadly silence. Several minutes later a heavy set man entered the room. It was Mr. Goff, Director of Deportation. He said, "This is not New York. This is Washington, but you cannot make your call until I have received my directions. I know all about your activities and maybe I sympathize with you, but I must do my job."

With that he departed, leaving me alone with Mr. Wise, the Jewish guard. I was angry with myself for my carelessness. How could I have let myself be caught so easily? I took the only way open to me - I prayed silently to Jesus Christ.

After about two hours, I tried to start a conversation with Mr. Wise. When I asked what all the waiting was for, he answered sharply, "The decision to deport must come from higher up."

A short while later, Mr. Goff came back with word that I could call my lawyer. When Mrs. Black answered and I told her the situation, she reviewed all the alternatives. She figured that my only hope was to quickly find another country willing to take me. She would do her best.

Several hours passed and Mr. Goff returned again. He said no decision had yet been made as to when I would be deported. The decision might take an hour or two. or a day or two. To make the waiting easier, he sent me to the Arlington Virginia Jail. I should have been put in the District of Columbia Jail, but Mr. Goff felt I would be safer in Arlington.

Once in Arlington, I was put into a bare cell. It had only a foam rubber mattress, sink and toilet. The sell was lit twenty-four hours a day and was continually watched via a television camera. I was given only a spoon with which to eat my meals. These precautions were meant to keep me from attempting suicide again.

With thoughts of the torture and probable death I would receive once I was returned to Israel churning in my mind, I began to see suicide as the least painful alternative. With no sharp instrument available, I could either try to choke myself on the toilet paper, a highly unlikely possibility, or I could try to file my spoon to a point on the concrete floor of my cell.

Another depressing thought came to me. More sure than torture and death was the emotional impact of being returned. The shame of defeat. The thought of all those years of fighting might kill me all by itself. The thought of my friends and family seeing me humiliated at the hands of my Marxist/Zionist enemies was unbearable. Rather than see my enemies gloat in their triumph, I preferred death by my own hands.

As I started to sharpen the spoon, the thought of Jesus and His agony on the cross came to me. At that moment, I felt his presence. He seemed to be telling me to be proud of the fact that for eighteen years I had successfully fought an enemy so powerful that It had the whole United States government under its sway. I felt Him say that this in itself was a great victory and that I should be happy I was to see my family again after my twenty years absence.

With the feeling of Jesus presence, thoughts of suicide vanished immediately. I felt relaxed and even happy.

Meanwhile, on the outside, events had started once more. Mrs. Black visited me the next evening. She reported that papers for my voluntary deportation to Spain were being made out, and that soon I should have sanctuary. Mrs. Black was very depressed, so I tried to cheer her. This was highly unusual since it had always been I who needed the cheering.

At the same time, John Hemmenway, former State Department officer and president of the Foreign Service Employees Association, Started to organize a demonstration to be held in front of the Israeli Embassy in Washington. Its purpose was to force Israel not to accept me on the grounds that I had renounced my Israeli citizenship.

My friends had contacted many newspapers, but only the Washington Star responded and printed an article favorable to me.

Several weeks prior to my arrest, there had been an incident that now led to an interesting development. I had found a wallet containing \$105 in cash. Perpetually short of money as I was, my conscience and I had a long debate, and my conscience triumphed, and I returned the billfold to its owner. It so happened that the father of the boy who owned the wallet. Mr. Eisen, was a reporter for the Washington Post.

When the boy's father heard of my arrest, remembering the incident of the wallet, he asked the 'Post' to send a reporter to the jail to interview me. They sent a nice lady reporter who interviewed me twice while I was imprisoned. His story never appeared in the paper though. It seems that the story had been killed by someone higher up. It is interesting to note that the Washington Post is owned by Kathryn Graham, a Jew.

The Captain of the Guard at Arlington Jail and I became quite friendly, though there were some reservations on both sides. This captain, Potofsky, was a Jew and somewhat disturbed about my stand against Israel. When I told him of my faith in Jesus Christ, he asked me, "Are you one of them?" meaning a converted Jew.

I replied, "No, He is one of us."

After I had been in Jail about a week, the Captain took me up on the roof for some fresh air. There he told me that he had heard, unofficially of course, from the Israeli Embassy that Israel didn't want me. The Embassy hadn't officially relayed this information to the Immigration Service. There seemed to be some disagreement about me in Israel. One faction, the Secret Police, wanted me back in Israel. I could guess why. The politicians said, "No". They were sure that I would be granted asylum elsewhere if they forced deportation. This would make Israel look bad.

The publicity of another country stepping in to save a Jew, especially an ex-Israeli, who didn't want to go back to Israel because to do so would be disastrous. So, officially, Israel did nothing. It hadn't given Immigration a definite answer. Without an official answer, Immigration could do nothing but keep me in prison.

In prison, I made many friends as usual. One of them, a good typist, helped me send three letters to Attorney General Levi, a Jew. The contents begged him to use his influence to get me accepted by Spain or one of the Arab counties. There was no response from his office.

I continued to sit passively in jail until I thought things were at a standstill. To stir up some kind of action. I decided to try the hunger strike route again. Captain Potofsky came to me and pleaded with me to eat. When I refused, he warned me that if I continued, it would be necessary to take me to District of Columbia jail which had a hospital facility. On the third day of my hunger strike, two Immigration detectives handcuffed me and transported me to the D.C. Jail.

HOLY LAND BETRAYED

On the way, I asked one of the men if he had heard when Immigration would make a decision about my deportation. He gave me a typical non-committal answer. He also gave me his business card and said, "Please don't forget me."

When I replied puzzledly, "Where shouldn't I forget you? Hell or Paradise?" he laughed.

I felt that with his unusual response, he was trying to tell me that I was not to be deported. This raised my spirits.

When I arrived at D.C. Jail, I was put in the medical ward. The doctors quizzed me about the reason for my hunger strike. I gave them my lecture on Marxist/Zionist Israel. The, I told the story of my attempts to expose the Israeli government and how this had led to my persecution, imprisonment and imminent deportation.

Back on the outside, John Hemmenway had formed a committee of influential people who had visited Immigration and demanded my release. One of the committee member's Pastor de Placido read Mr. Hemmenway's statements on his radio program. His words were sharply critical of the way I was being treated and equally critical of Israel.

After a week, I stopped my hunger strike. I was put in a cell bloc with eighty other inmates, all black but one. In spite of D.C. Jail's tough reputation, I had a wonderful rapport with the guards and prisoners. We each had separate cells and the food was good. Two of the inmates helped me with my correspondence.

Two weeks later, I was transferred back to Arlington by the same two Immigration detectives. This time there were no handcuffs.

My lawyer, Mrs. Black, and my committee of friends were both working on the same plan. They were trying to appear as if they were looking for another country for me. Spain was the real alternative, but only in the event I was forcibly deported.

The feigned search for a country to accept me was only to keep Israel guessing. If Israeli leaders thought another nation would gladly accept me, they might prefer to leave me alone.

As far as Immigration was concerned, Israel was officially silent about my status. Since no other country would have me, officially at least, Immigration was powerless to deport me. I had to stay in jail.

The Israeli government and its unregistered agents in the U.S. were fully aware of my tactics. They knew that I was trying to remain in America, but they could do nothing without risking very bad publicity, especially were I to be granted asylum in an Arab country.

Everyone connected with the Arlington Jail was very sympathetic and encouraged me. Most were receptive to my anti-Israel material as well. I knew things were going in my favor when Captain Potofsky became

antagonistic. He tried to create obstacles wherever he could. Visitors were stopped from seeing me. I was denied writing materials and so forth. As I remember my days in all the jails and prisons I have been in, it has been the Gentile guards and Officials, both black and white, who have treated me the best. The Jewish guards and officials have been the most hostile.

About three months after my arrest, on October 20, 1976, I was called at 7:30 p.m. to meet a visitor. I was puzzled because visiting hours were over. The man in the visitor's room asked, "Do you remember me?"

I answered, "You are Mr. Goff from Immigration. Do you have good news or bad news?"

"If it were bad news, I would not have come to you," he began. "I will come to the point. Immigration is pressuring the State Department and the Justice Department to make a decision. I hope to release you before this weekend."

When I was released on October 28th, Mr. Goff told me that General Chapman, Director of Immigration should receive most of the credit. When I asked Mr. Goff if I was free to continue my political activities, he said, "You are free to walk and free to talk."

After my release, I moved back to the three story house in Fairfax, Virginia and started to rebuild my life as I had many times after being disrupted by my Zionist brethren.

In spite of the fact that I have been free since that time, a cloud still hangs over my head - even as I write this book. I have no papers showing legal residence or official citizenship in the United States.

When President Jimmy Carter started his campaign for human rights, I wrote to him, explaining my case and asked him to grant me my rights. I also sent a copy of the letter to Attorney General Ball. But, the power of the Zionist Jews in the United States prevails - after 27 years in the United States, I am still not allowed to be a citizen.

If the American people do not stop these Zionist Jews, they will increase their domination over the affairs of the United States, and the American people will pay for their neglect with further problems - and they will pay with the blood of their sons, and maybe their own.

EPILOGUE

ISRAEL CANNOT CONTINUE TO EXIST nor SHOULD IT EXIST-for the sake of all Jews.

The above statement may seem strange to those Americans (Gentile and Jew) who have been brain-washed by the Zionist controlled news-media about the status of Israel.

The reality that Americans, especially the Jews, must realize is this:

After almost 40 years of existence of the State of Israel, it should be abundantly clear to all open-minded people that the Marxist/Zionist experiment has failed. The result has been terror, murder, bankruptcy, rampant inflation - and wars with no real peace in sight.

Israel is an armed camp whose policies are blatantly racist and rightly condemned by the United Nations. Israel's armies of occupation brutally oppress the people of the Arab lands, and because of United States blind support of Israel, the U.S. has lost credibility and friends in the Middle East. It has also lost billions of dollars of business contracts. Add to this loss, the billions of U.S. taxpayers dollars that have been poured into Israel.

There are ten questions that need serious consideration if there is to be any hope of peace in the Middle East, and if America is to once again be recognized as a champion of human rights.

1. How long can we demand that Palestine be a Jewish state when most Jews do not want to go there and thousands who emigrated there have already left or wish to leave?
2. How long can we refer to Israel as a democracy when for 38 years it has remained a police state without a written constitution?
3. How long can we attack Communism and Soviet Russia and at the same time support an orthodox Marxist state of communes (kibbutzim) and Histadrut (labor organizations and Socialist enterprises)?
4. How long can we cry out and condemn German and other Gentile atrocities while closing our eyes and even applauding atrocities by Israel against Semite Arabs?
5. How long can we dream of a permanent existence for a state called Israel when Israel cannot survive a single lost battle and the Arabs

can survive thousands?

6. How long can we demand from humanity sympathy and support for a "homeland" we Jews abandoned 2,000 years ago and in the same breath ask civilized men to reject the pleas of recently routed Palestinians?
7. How long can we continue to deceive the Western World that Israel is the only bastion of anti-Communism in the Middle East when in reality: (a) Communist Czechoslovakian arms helped establish Israel, (b) Soviet Russia voted for partition of Palestine and was one of the first nations to recognize the State, (c) Soviet Russia opened her gates and the gates of her Communist satellites for emigration of Jews to Israel and thus provide much needed military manpower?
8. How long can we lure innocent and sentimental Jews with slogans of security and a full Jewish life into the great atheistic unsecured ghetto called Israel, where in truth, every principle of Judaism is violated?
9. How can we claim Zionism "solved" the Jewish refugee problem by relocation in Israel when, in fact, it is the refugees who rejected Zionist temptations and who now live in security and prosperity in other lands and who support their impoverished relatives still trapped Israel?
10. How can we delude ourselves that Israel can continue to exist without permanent peace and accommodation with the subjugated Palestinians?

Only by sacrificing exclusive labels like "Israel" and "Palestine" and drawing together in a free, nonsectarian "Holy Land State" can both these peoples find life, liberty and happiness.

It should be obvious to any unbiased person (Gentile or Jew) that Israel cannot continue to exist nor should it exist. I say this not only for the sake of the oppressed Arab people and for the sake of American Gentiles, but more importantly for the sake of us Jews, for when enough Gentile Americans finally awaken to the truth about Marxist Israel, all Jews may suffer.

Continued occupation of the Holy Land by Marxist/Zionist Israel will, with certainty, be the gem of wars in the Middle East and continued political, financial and moral degradation. Further, the danger of Israel provoking a global war is too great to be ignored.

Only in the spirit of God and the founding fathers of this civilization - Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, can peace and happiness in the Holy Land be achieved.

Haviv Schieber.