

**B. WOLPERT  
FOR GOOD COAL**PROMPTLY DELIVERED  
PHONE 33-7870 BOX 6892  
JOHANNESBURG.**Beware the signs of****CONSTIPATION**

1. BILIOUS HEADACHES
2. COATED TONGUE
3. IRREGULAR MOTIONS

Neglected constipation is bad enough, and may be positively dangerous. It can give rise to many ills in later life, including Piles, Colitis, and Gall Bladder trouble.

But don't give strong purgatives. The bowels are lined with a delicate membrane and must be treated accordingly.

Intestone is a gentle, natural laxative, combining fruit and herbs with blood-purifying alternatives. It clears away waste matter from the body, removes bad breath and headache and purifies the blood. Children and adults like its pleasant flavour.

"I prescribe Intestone for all my patients who are constipated, or who show the effects of constipation in other parts of their bodies," writes Dr. Bester (Report No. 886).

Intestone is sold by all chemists.

5718-3

**JERUSALEM DIARY**

By David Dainow

**Descendant of Aguilar**

WHEN I was Barmitzvah, my gifts included a small, neatly bound volume entitled "The Vale of Cedars." The author was Grace Aguilar. Later at the local Talmud Torah school, I received another work by Grace Aguilar entitled "Home Influence." In my youth Grace Aguilar was a name to conjure with. There must be thousands of Jewish folk all over the English-speaking world who venerate that name, because of the books by that fascinating writer which they had read in their youth.

The other day in Jerusalem I sat at lunch with a grand-nephew of Grace Aguilar, the famous Jewish writer of a generation ago. Quite an interesting fellow, but the poignant interest for me was the discovery that my guest was a member of the Church of England.

**Lost**

I WAS intrigued to learn that one of Reuter's war correspondents, who was spending a few weeks in Palestine, was Mr. E. C. Aguilar. So I sought him out, liked him and lunched him—all the time feeling I was doing an honour to the scion of a famous Jewish family. It was only at the end of our meal that realisation came to me that my guest had not been born into the Jewish faith.

"As you know," he said, "Grace Aguilar died a spinster at the age of 32. Her brother, who was an ortho-

dox Jew, embraced Christianity. He became a devoted member of the Church of England and left quite a niche in the history of his own particular church. That brother of Grace Aguilar was my grandfather."

I learned that now there was not a single Jewish member left of the Aguilar family, who came to England from Spain over a hundred years ago.

"My father has all the original hand-written manuscripts of Grace Aguilar. There are a number of unpublished works among them. One is a 'History of Judaism.'"

"What do you intend doing with them?" I asked.

"The family has never discussed the matter."

"Have you read the manuscripts?"

"Frankly, no."

**"Impressions"**

IT was then I talked to my guest of the importance of his grand-aunt and of how grateful the Jewish people would be if the family donated the "literary remains" of Grace Aguilar to a national institution—perhaps the Hebrew University.

"Have you been there?" I asked.

"There's been no time," was the reply. "Every moment has been concentrated on technical improvements of the wireless operation of our world new service. And I fly to Italy tomorrow."

As this leading Reuter war correspondent arose, he promised me he would speak to his father on his arrival in England in January about the Grace Aguilar manuscripts.

On parting from him and going my own way along the streets of the ancient Jewish city, I thought how strange that a leading member of a great world news agency should spend three weeks in Palestine without visiting the fine university and without enjoying the lovely view of Jerusalem from Mount Scopus. He had also indicated to me during his talk that he had found no opportunity of visiting a single agricultural settlement in Eretz Israel. What will be the character of his impressions of the Palestine that is Jewish?

**Quiet**

IN the midst of all the tension, the ordinary life of the people goes on. That, perhaps, is the strength of the Yishuv. I had evidence of this when sitting in a packed audience of

music-lovers in Tel Aviv, I heard Maestro Molinari, the famous Italian conductor, give his last concert with the Palestine Orchestra.

There had been "disturbances" a few days previously, and the authorities had imposed an evening curfew on the 180,000 residents of the all-Jewish city. As a result the concert started at 4.30 p.m. A strange hour, indeed, but hundreds were unable to secure admission to the large hall. One could faintly hear noises from outside, indicating a prevailing restlessness and a national pain. Inside there was quiet, a strange peace, as the strains of this truly fine orchestra sprang into exquisite life under the baton of one of the greatest of living conductors.

**"Speaking of Music . . ."**

AT the end Molinari was given an ovation such as is rarely experienced even in the life of a conductor of world fame. For fully fifteen minutes the audience stood and literally showered the gentle fellow with adulation. Again and again he had to come forward. Deeply moved, tears sprang to his eyes. He embraced the oldest member of the orchestra as a sign of his affection for a group of players he had been happy to lead.

I was present in Jerusalem when Maestro Molinari was given an official reception by the Journalists' Association. He listened attentively to the Hebrew address of welcome, which was later read to him in Italian. When asked to reply, he did not rise from his chair. He said in his own quiet way: "I do not understand. Please forgive me. I am not a public figure."

When asked to say something about music or opera in Italy at the present juncture, he replied: "I only speak about music with my baton."

**A Hanging**

I LIKED the way this charming Italian—who a month previously had been saddened by the passing, in Rome, of his life companion—just refused to be made a "social lion" during his stay in Eretz Israel. Molinari happens to be a devout Catholic and he saw much of Catholic interest in Jerusalem. He always carries a small silver crucifix on his watch-chain.

It was of interest to me to note that at his farewell party, after the final concert he conducted in Jerusalem, a lady admirer gave him a mezuzah in a tiny silver case. Promptly the recipient attached it to the end of his watch-chain. There the crucifix and the mezuzah will no doubt hang for many years, leading Maestro Molinari into old age with its comfort and happy memories.

**A "Creator"**

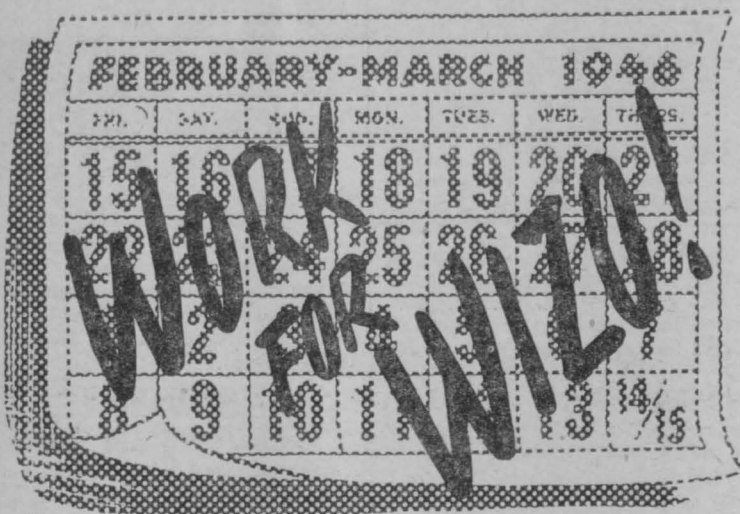
IN view of the criticism often heard here on the part of the general citizenry against the Government official—be he English, Jewish or Arab—this story is worth re-telling:

On the streets of Jerusalem three men recently met. The first said: "I am an architect. I draw plans from all the existing chaos and make order out of it. Therefore my work is most important."

The second said: "I am an engineer. Without me the plans of the architect to overcome the existing chaos could not be carried out. Therefore, my work is the most important."

The third, who was a Government official, pointing to himself, said with pride:

"Ah, but who makes the existing chaos?"

**S.A. WOMEN'S ZIONIST EXECUTIVE COUNCIL**  
607 PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SIMMONDS STREET**Appeals To All Women To**

AND ITS SOCIAL SERVICES FOR  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN PALESTINE!

"BE THEIR MOTHER,

BE THEIR SISTER,

SCREEN THEIR HEADS BENEATH THY WING"

**ANSWER WIZO'S CALL!**

WEDDING CAKES —

— BIRTHDAY CAKES

**— DITTMAR'S —**

FRENCH CONFECTIONERY, LTD.

French Pastry Cooks

SMALL PARTY PASTRIES  
BISCUITS — CHOCOLATES  
AND COCKTAIL SNACKS

Phones 22-8282/3.

175 Jeppe Street - Johannesburg