

A Canadian Footnote To The Holocaust

A Review Essay of “DEEMED SUSPECT — A Wartime Blunder”

ERICH KOCH

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Résumé

Nous sommes à Londres en Angleterre le 16 mai 1940. L'invasion allemande bat son plein. Lorsque la rafle à l'échelle mondiale fut complétée 30,000 réfugiés de l'Europe Nazie se trouvèrent derrière les barbelés des camps d'internés de Grande Bretagne.

Très peu de Canadiens, sont conscients de l'histoire de presque mille ex-internés qui se sont établis au Canada et qui firent des contributions étonnamment riches envers leur nouveau pays. La présence de ce groupe alors méprisé, laissa un impact remarquable sur la vie économique, religieuse, académique et culturelle du Canada.

L'auteur montre comment en temps et lieu les autorités canadiennes perplexes furent contraintes à prendre conscience d'une triste réalité.

L'avantage toutefois de l'auteur Erich Koch sur l'étude de Paula Draper est que l'auteur du livre a eu recours à des souvenirs personnels et à des enregistrements sur bandes magnétiques ainsi qu'à des documents de l'époque.

L'explication fondamentale de la raison motivant le pourquoi d'une situation aussi absurde qu'obscène et qui dura si longtemps constitua l'échec de l'entendement public et de celui des Gentils en général: Echec à comprendre le Juif.

A propos de "The story of internment is a footnote to the Holocaust", l'auteur de l'article fait une brève comparaison entre sa position et celle qu'adopte Erich Koch. Puis suit un long développement.

London, England, May 16th, 1940. The German invasion of the Low Countries and France was in full swing. Deeply worried by the catastrophic news, I had just eaten the usual frugal breakfast in the dining room of the Yeshivah Torath Emeth and was about to return to the Beth Hamidrash, the Study Hall, a few blocks away, when two police officers called for me. After scrutinizing my Alien Registration documents to establish my identity and status, they put me under arrest.

Within hours, all Yeshivah students who like me had German or Austrian citizenship were similarly rounded up, leaving behind only a depleted remnant, students of East European origin. When the nationwide round-up was over, 30,000 refugees from Nazi Europe were behind the barbed wire of British internment camps.

Thus began for me a bizarre chain of events. It altered decisively the course of my life and determined my personal geography. That Canada became my home and the native land of my children and grandchildren turned out to be the direct result of my being interned as an "enemy alien" in war-time Britain.

The strange story of the internment of refugees and of the role Canada played in unwittingly assuming custody of some of them has remained one of the best-kept secrets of the Second World War. Very few Canadians, Jewish or Gentile, are aware of the background of the nearly one thousand ex-internees who eventually settled in Canada and made an amazingly rich contribution to their new country. The presence of this group, once despised as "the scum of Europe"¹ by its warders, left a remarkable impact on the academic, religious, cultural and economic life of Canada.

At long last, after nearly 40 years of obscurity, the story is out. In 1978, this journal published an excellent two-part study of the subject by a young Toronto historian, Paula Jean Draper.² In 1980, there appeared the book we are reviewing: "DEEMED SUSPECT — a wartime blunder". The author, Eric Koch, a former internee himself, is a distinguished writer and producer whose long and creative career with the CBC might serve as a fine example of the contribution which members of this group have made. As the result of the publication of this full-length book, Toronto film-maker Harry Rasky has started work on a documentary devoted to the same subject.

Koch's book concentrates on the fortunes of the 2,290 civilian internees who were shipped by Britain to Canada for safe-keeping. Koch is brilliant and perceptive when he describes the round-up of the refugees against the

background of the fear which swept Britain in anticipation of an imminent German invasion. He convincingly documents his thesis that the presence in a threatened British island of so many thousands of German and Austrian refugees created a virtual paranoia among a panicky British public habitually predisposed to xenophobia. He examines in detail how Canada was persuaded after some hesitation to relieve the British of the burden of guarding and feeding "dangerous" enemy civilians and prisoners-of-war and how in due course perplexed Canadian authorities were forced to the realization that they had been misled. Try as they might to preserve the convenient fiction, they could not forever insist that the ear-locked Hassidim and downy-cheeked Yeshivah students were dangerous Nazis.

In the prefatory section of the book,³ the author acknowledges his debt of gratitude to Paula Draper who "excavated much useful material". This is quite correct and proper, but not adequate. The catch-all prefatory acknowledgment does not dispense with the need to indicate in the text or by way of footnotes the many particular instances in which Koch appears to cite or utilize the documentary material unearthed by Draper's diligent research in governmental archives and military files. A comparison of Draper's study and Koch's book reveals a definite dependence of the latter on the former as far as documentary background and historical outline is concerned.

Both Draper and Koch made extensive use of a second type of source material: the personal recollection, diaries, notes, and correspondence of ex-internees. Both writers conducted scores of personal interviews and tape-recorded their subjects.

Of course, the advantage which Eric Koch enjoyed and which makes his book unique is his ability to dip into the pool of his own memory. His reactions to the mental and physical hardships of internment, his introspective insights into his emotional experiences, are his most valuable and distinctive source. While it is to be hoped that Draper's sensitive study will be made available eventually to a larger audience, we must applaud Eric Koch for being first to share his story with the wider Canadian public and beyond.

The autobiographical advantage, however, also exacts its price. It is difficult, under the best of circumstances, to combine a first-person eyewitness account with the balanced detachment of objective scholarly research. In this instance there is an additional complication: the history of internment moves on multiple tracks. The internees were shipped to

Canada in the early summer of 1940 on board several ships and kept separately in different camps whose population was moved about, merged, and separated as the requirements of the Canadian authorities mandated. The flow of the story, therefore, divides into several parallel streams so that the narrative sequence is a little difficult to follow. Thus, while Eric Koch and I were both interned at the same time and victims of the same misfortunes, our paths never crossed until we met in Toronto many years later. Koch attempts to present in similar fashion and detail both the part of the story he witnessed and the part he did not. However, his account remains uneven and choppy and the narrative flow is impeded by apparent redundancies. Koch the historian inhibits Koch the eyewitness. He could have created a book of far more gripping literary power if he had given free rein to his dramatic instincts and concentrated on writing a first-person account of the events in which he participated. With his literary and dramatic skill, Koch could have fashioned his pain and his joy, his frustrations and victories, his quest for freedom culminating in his creative career, into a fascinating autobiographical account. The general reader — and the student of history — would have relished it.

All the same, there is much in the book to enjoy.

Eric Koch paints a colourful canvas of life in internment camp. He depicts physical conditions which varied from camp to camp ranging from unacceptable squalor in makeshift accommodation to austere comfort in proper army huts. The trauma of internment did not stem from physical hardship as much as from psychological anguish. To be deprived of freedom produces terrible anxieties, but it was absurdity of the situation which inflicted the most cruel hurt and produced frustration, despair, and rage. We shall return to this theme.

The picture of camp life includes many positive elements. A sense of community emerged among the internees and made life not merely bearable but even meaningful and rewarding. The author relates the creation of a highly creditable educational system, an impressive achievement under the circumstances. The wealth of talent present in the camps facilitated cultural and recreational activities of a high order.

Eric Koch seems to find the non-Jewish internees especially fascinating. Among these were some intriguing characters, such as Count von Lingen who was a grandson of the German Kaiser, Hans Kahle, who fought against Franco in the Spanish Civil War, and "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, once an intimate of Hitler's and very much a mystery man. The book contains

a noteworthy and moving account of the ordination of an interned theology student as a Catholic priest. The non-Jewish camp population was composed of political exiles and fugitives from Germany, as well as a number of German civilians with outspoken Nazi sympathies who were confident of a German victory in the war. Among the anti-Nazis were many Communists, and there were also Communists among the Jewish internees. This mixture made for lively camp politics and for a bitter conflict among some factions. The ramifications of this struggle soon involved the camp authorities and the directorate of internment operations.

Eric Koch follows these political machinations with strong interest and in vivid detail. In my judgment, his coverage of these matters is disproportionate to his coverage of Jewish life in the camps. Jews certainly were a large majority in the total camp population.

The author may be handicapped by the selectivity of his personal experience. The proportion of non-Jews was higher among the internees who came over on the ship *Ettrick* than in my group, which sailed on the *Sobieski*. Koch was more familiar, therefore, with the political strife, which he may have witnessed himself, while his knowledge of our vibrant Jewish camp community is second-hand. I, on the other hand, was unaware of political tension in the camps where I was confined, but remember with great fondness the true Jewish life which we developed. It would be untrue to say that Koch did not research the religious camp community or that he ignores the "Jewish" material he found. But it is fair to say that he does not know, and certainly did not experience, the inside story.

Koch often refers to the "kosher group". That was a convenient label to identify a wide range of observant Jews. In due course, because of the refusal of these men to eat non-kosher food, the camp authorities found it convenient to recognize this group as a distinct entity, and to keep them housed together through all the moves and changes to which the internee population was subjected. Within this kosher group was another identifiable entity which Koch occasionally mentions: the Yeshivah students, of which I was one. Koch points out the political importance of the kosher group: they helped convince the Canadians that these people were not German spies after all, though initially some officers thought that black hats, beards and earlocks were a really clever German espionage disguise.

The group of Jews observing strange customs and rituals, and demanding all kinds of crazy privileges, did not only create confusion and bewilderment in the Canadian military mind of the time but also uncorked

the evil genie of anti-Jewish prejudice. They were stereotyped as “dirty” (they were not!) and “undisciplined” (true!) and had to endure a great deal of humiliating and offensive comment.

To me, the greatest positive aspect of the internment history was the creation of a valid, functioning and meaningful Jewish community within the camp. The Yeshivah students did not only continue their own studies but set up study opportunities for others. There was religious worship daily, and joyous celebration of the festivals. Some students and also non-students studied, taught and followed the high standards of Jewish interpersonal ethics, and elevated what could have been a rough prison life style by means of their gentle and unselfish deportment. While striving to refine their own conduct and hone the edge of their moral character through the quiet practice of a religious discipline, they set a high tone for the entire observant community.

“Deemed Suspect” is silent on this score. Koch does document the difficult bitter struggle for Shabbat observance against the adamant insistence of the camp commandant that only Sunday was to be free from work, but he examines mainly the political aspect. There is no sense in his account of the Kiddush Hashem, the self-sacrifice of those who defied the military authority not as a political statement but out of a spiritual commitment.⁴ Similar fortitude was needed in the matter of kosher food which eventually was generously provided thanks to the assistance of Rabbi Kraus in Fredericton and the Jewish community on the outside. The reader of “Deemed Suspect” must wonder how kosher food was obtained. And how did they get the books necessary to carry on a high-level Yeshivah program?

It may be too much to ask that a book, written for the general public, concern itself with some of the lighter aspects of the religious life which relieved the over-all seriousness of internment and its many frustrations. We certainly had fun, Jewish religious fun. Our community included fervent Hassidim and coldly intellectual Mitnagdim; modern Westernized orthodox Jews rubbed shoulders — and sensitivities — with “Ostjuden”, mutually suspicious and quaint; the “Yekkes” with their stiffly formal, punctillious style of Jewish observance clashed in a good-natured way with the informality of the Yeshivah spirit; there were Jews praying in Ashkenazi and in Sefardi rites; there was the “official” minyan, with its carefully guarded German-style cantorial tradition and duly elected officials, competing with the “underground minyan” which lacked “official sanction” but was popular and faster. The various overlapping factions

dispensed and endured a lot of good-natured ribbing which added a note of precious humour and gaiety. Surpassing all the divisions, there was a real sense of unity and community, and the all-embracing joy of Jewish life.

Don't try to find in Koch's book the ordeal of Tish'a B'Av 1940. After a two-day train ride from Camp T in Three Rivers we arrived on this fast-day at Camp B in the New Brunswick bush. We walked long miles from the railway track in the broiling sun, carrying our belongings. Famished and thirsty we arrived at the camp, which was in a state of unfinished primitivity. One water tap had to suffice to slake the thirst, and to tempt many fasters to break their fast at least with a few gulps of water.

Our stay at Camp B ended on a similar unfortunate note: over our vigorous protests, we were transported from New Brunswick to Camp I in Quebec on Shabbat.

Nevertheless, many positive experiences are associated with Camp B. A picture that is deeply engraved in my memory is that of the beautiful huge Sukkah we built in the fall when the camp was already well established and organized. I can still see it covered with a few inches of fresh snow which for a few frosty days decorated uniquely the fir branches of the roof.

Alas, Koch never knew "Yankel der Chapper" (ch as in chutzpah), "Jack the Catcher" in English! He was the sergeant in charge of the work detail. By that time, Yeshivah students were exempt from outside work so as to give them the opportunity to continue their studies, but whenever there was a shortage of workers, Yankel der Chapper would ignore the agreement and scour the barracks to "chap" some Yeshivah students. Of course, we had received the alarm by then and would be hiding, with varying degrees of success. However, I rather enjoyed the occasional tour of duty in the wintry New Brunswick forest! O mother dear, if you could only see your precious sheltered boy swinging a double-edge Canadian lumberjack's axe, or balancing a sizeable tree on his shoulder to carry it to the clearing! Koch includes a beautiful short story, entitled "The Rabbi and the Axe", in his description of camp life.

How funny it was when pungent fumes of mysterious origin began to permeate the atmosphere of the barrack! The inspection officer and sergeant-major sniffed the air with suspicion and puzzlement. We were making wine for Passover and had hidden the fermenting raisin brew between the ceiling and the roof, where it was never discovered.

One passionate hope possessed the minds of the interned refugees: freedom. To be released from the bizarre confinement — that was the

consuming desire. The quest for freedom, agonizingly slow, deferred, and frustrated again and again, is therefore the dominant dramatic theme of Koch's book. First, to rid themselves of the stigma of enemy aliens, and to be recognized as refugees, innocent victims of a horrible mistake! Koch and Draper record the painful struggle against prejudice, anti-Semitism, bureaucratic obfuscation, political and military obduracy, which all blended into an inflexible insistence on treating the internees as the dangerous men of Nazi sympathies the Canadian authorities had expected and undertaken to guard. It took all the persistence of the camp spokesmen, their friends on the outside and embarrassed British authorities, to obtain after more than a year official "refugee status" for the internees. While that was only a first step toward freedom, it meant the amelioration of some of the most humiliating and obnoxious conditions of internment.

The recognition of internees' refugee status made their continued confinement all the more incongruous and frustrating. The British authorities offered release from internment to those who agreed to return to Britain and to volunteer for the non-combatant Pioneer Corps in the British Forces. A rather small number accepted the offer. Others preferred to wait for the success of the efforts of relatives abroad to arrange for their emigration to the United States or other havens. However, these efforts failed completely, primarily because no way could be found to make prisoners eligible for visas.

The majority of the refugees clung to the hope that eventually there would be freedom for them in Canada, a hope as stubbornly cherished by the internees as it was negated by the Canadian authorities. The resolution of this clash of wills — or was it the clash between the irresistible force of destiny and the immovable structure of an old order? — is the climax of the events in Koch's book.

During one of the last days of our internment in Britain, as we were being readied for transfer overseas, our camp commander on the Isle of Man gave us a pep talk. He suggested that once we reached our as yet secret destination overseas, we might soon be released and allowed to settle in a new home. How wrong he was! I remember very clearly the devastating reply of one of our first camp commanders in Canada of whom we inquired as to our chances of being allowed to remain in Canada. Koch records his unforgettable words. "There is only one way you will be allowed to stay in Canada," he said cheerfully. "Six feet under the ground!"

That remark was indeed one of the most forthright formulations of the official attitude. The well-documented record of the anti-Semitism so prevalent in Canadian officialdom makes painful reading both in Draper's study and Koch's book. The military as well as the immigration authorities had no desire to circumvent the obstacles which Canadian policy had placed in the path of Jewish refugees seeking admission. It took many months of persistent pressure to erode this stone-wall of prejudice. Fortunately the compassionate benevolence of Canadian friends, Jewish and Gentile, provides a warm and comforting contrast to the callous malevolence of the officials. Today, when the acceptance and equality Jews enjoy in Canada is taken for granted, it remains a frightening and sobering experience to read how only a few short decades ago official communications between military and civilian authorities abounded with instances of unabashed anti-Semitism.

Eric Koch does not come to a definitive conclusion in discussing the British government's moral responsibility for the injustice of internment. After all, Britain saved the lives of these refugees by opening her doors to them when no one else would. So what, if in a moment of fright and confusion she turned on her wards and treated them as potential collaborators with the very enemies from whom she had rescued them? The subtitle of the book, "a wartime blunder", exculpates the British.

The reader, and certainly the victim, is left to wonder whether the internment of the refugees was not something much more sinister. Was it really an unavoidable inconvenience imposed on a few thousand innocent individuals when the British panicked at the spectre of a fifth column supporting an expected invasion? Was it a reasonable military precaution which regrettably caused some minor hardships for people who had been saved from major ones? Or was it a cynical attempt to hide the bungling incompetence of a defeated military establishment behind the display of zeal in removing an alleged source of treachery? Was it indeed a pardonable blunder of the military bureaucracy, or had anti-Semitism something to do with it?

The answer is: all of the above! The truth is compounded of many different elements. However, the basic explanation of the reason why an absurd and obscene situation could last so long, and an ironic blunder could be perpetuated for over two years, was the failure of the official mind, and of the Gentile mind in general, to understand the Jew.

Out of this conviction of mine grows my most serious criticism of Eric Koch's book.

Koch's personal perspective differs from mine. He came to Britain after only two years in Nazi Germany. At the time of his internment, he had spent five years — a good portion of his young life — in England. While I was experiencing the worst of my seven years under the Nazis, Koch was a student at an English Public School and at Cambridge University. I arrived in London just one year before internment, with fresh memories of the persecutions and the trauma of a month in Dachau Concentration Camp. Is it surprising that I must interpret my internment differently?

The internment of refugees from the Nazis must be treated as an event in Jewish history. That sense is missing in "Deemed Suspect". Koch describes "a wartime blunder", a sideshow curiosity playing during the Great War. He misses the meaning. Our internment was a minor event, dwarfed by the Holocaust — but it is a paradigm of Jewish experience! The Holocaust is unique, *sui generis*; but internment is typical: Jews suffer because the world does not bother to understand them. British authorities and Canadian officials are confounded because Jews cannot be defined by the same rubrics as "normal" people: nationality, citizenship, religion, ethnic origin.

The chronicles of internment speak of events which befell Jews, *nebbich!* Look at them, just barely escaped from the hunter only to be caught in a Kafkaesque trap! Compared to the catastrophe from which they had escaped, their sufferings are light, but their plight reveals the depth of Jewish anomaly and existential absurdity. Into this depth, Koch would not descend. The happy ending — release in Canada — is also a typical Jewish salvational pattern, as old as the story of Purim. It is a Jewish story, and that is its fascination.

This perception is not just a subjective interpretation of the facts. It is borne out by rational analysis, as we shall see.

The internment of enemy civilians under decent conditions is an accepted humane procedure. It was practiced in the First World War. In the Second War, Canada also interned its German and Italian nationals,⁵ exempting refugees, however. Inevitably, interning civilians of enemy nationality is conducive to bureaucratic blunders and "mistakes", especially if carried out in haste. The extreme to which it leads is effectively illustrated by Koch through the example of the Rev. Somerville.⁶ This venerable gentleman had been arrested while preaching in his church, despite the fact that his three sons were officers in the R.A.F. and he

himself a veteran of the First War. Unknowingly, born to his parents on a vacation in Germany, he had by a legal fluke remained a German national!

Aside from these obvious extremes, which I am certain were speedily corrected, the internment of non-Jewish German nationals, at least as a temporary safety measure, was quite defensible. Could one be certain that an individual was a genuine anti-Nazi and not a potential collaborator? And could not even an anti-Nazi remain a German patriot, hoping for a German victory? After all, the famous Pastor Niemoeller, World War I U-boat commander, who was arrested by the Nazis for defying their regime, volunteered for submarine service while in concentration camp! Had he been able to flee to Britain, as other anti-Nazis did, could the British have been sure of his loyalty to their side? Only the Jews had no choice. They could not possibly be German sympathizers, nor have any residual loyalty to the German cause or hope for a German victory. The British would have survived their own defeat. If they had made peace with Hitler in 1940 or even if they had surrendered, their nation would still go on. Only for the Jews there was no possible accommodation short of an Allied victory. For them, a German victory meant death; all their hopes for survival were pinned to the Allied flags. They were anti-Nazi and anti-German existentially.

Koch fails to make that distinction. Yes, the internment of genuine non-Jewish anti-Nazis who had fled to Britain was a wartime blunder; the internment of Eric Koch and Erwin Schild and the Hassidic Talmud scholars was a sad Jewish absurdity akin to the Shlemiel joke.

That is the reason why it rubs me wrong to see so much attention given to Von Lingen and Hanfstaengl. That is why it saddens me to find the specifically Jewish dimension largely ignored in the book.

The pain, too, was uniquely Jewish pain, different from any other anguish in the catalogue of emotional torments. To be a Jew locked up as a suspected Nazi has a different quality of anguish from being locked up because of a bureaucratic bungle or asinine law, as was the Rev. Somerville. It is a more horrible nightmare than an ordinary instance of arrest on a false suspicion because of its ego-shattering absurdity. It is different essentially from the anguish of a Jew in a German extermination camp where you know you are in the power of your enemy. It is radically different from the painful shock of the would-be illegal immigrant to Palestine who is apprehended and interned in consequence of a lost encounter with his declared adversary. For all these terrors there are prece-

dents and rubrics in your experience or in your imagination, but not for the infuriating absurdity of our internment.

Another typical Jewish hurt is documented by Eric Koch: Canadian officers in charge of internment camps would have vastly preferred Nazis or patriotic Germans. They deemed them superior in terms of human value to Jewish rabble, and they would have known better how to deal with them. That attitude which was clearly communicated to us hurt our feelings deeply: we wanted the Canadian officers to be our friends; they were fighting our war! What a painful rebuff! But the ultimate insult, and the ultimate failure of the Gentile mind to comprehend the Jew, was the remark of the camp commandant to the effect that these despicable Jews in his charge did not even possess the human decency to love and defend their own native country, Germany, but were treacherously supporting the Allied cause, or at least pretended to! That hurts even when you read it nearly 40 years later. All but one of the camp commandants are now dead, and I can only pray their punishment in Gehinnom is that every day they must read a roster of their former prisoners indicating what happened to them and what contribution they have made to Canada or to another country. A roster like this, painstakingly assembled, is appended to Koch's book as an interesting and remarkable index.

In conclusion, a few general observations.

Why did it take so long for an ex-internee to tell the story?

It may be related to the ambivalence, the many contradictions, in the whole experience. How could you speak of suffering when you had escaped from the Nazi continent, when you knew only too well what you brothers and sisters were experiencing? And how could you help feeling guilty when your contemporaries were undergoing the agonies of a horrible war and the bombs were dropping on London, while you were enjoying the security and the abundance of Canada, even though confined? And yet you bridled at the injustice and wanted to be out there, fighting, too. How could you deplore internment as a terrible waste of two precious years of one's youth when it ultimately meant a new life in Canada? And the very camp experience was a melange of bitter and sweet which still remains difficult to communicate.

Why did I not return to England but prolonged my internment waiting for release in Canada?

Somehow, I had never considered Britain as my ultimate migratory destination. Only the New World, North America, could satisfy my need to shake the dust of Europe off my feet. Even in internment, I was cap-

tivated by Canada, its grandeur, and its lure of freedom. I shall never forget sailing into the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, entranced by the eerie bleakness of Anticosta, the widest rivermouth I had ever seen, so un-European in its vast size. The lonely farms along the endless railway tracks haunted my imagination for many a sleepless night behind the barbed wire. The stillness of the New Brunswick forest suffocated with snow. The plentiful cornucopia of Canadian food even in internment when half a world was starving. The beauty of the Richelieu River and the enchantment of the Fort Lennox — or Camp I — on the Ile-aux-Noix, swimming the river in the summer of 1941 (we were refugees already) and skating on the moat in winter. Even the gruff earthiness of the Veteran Guards who guarded the camps hinted at the kind of a country that appealed to a young man whom Europe with all its “Kultur” had rejected and cast out.

When I was suffering the cruelties of Dachau Concentration Camp in November and December 1939, I made a vow: If I should get out alive, as did not appear very likely, I would never allow any further adversity to depress or defeat me. No matter how difficult a life I might yet experience, it could never bring me so low. I remained true to that vow. It helped me tolerate the insignificant physical discomforts of internment and even the chafing deprivation of freedom. It helped me bear the much more difficult mental anguish, impatience and frustration. On the whole, therefore, internment was a positive experience for me. Above all, it brought me to Canada, all expenses paid! As for the British, nothing they did or could have done to me could have erased my gratitude for saving me from Hitler when the doors to every other potential refuge remained locked.

Canada has more than compensated me for her initial rejection and her hostile indifference to my overtures. The opportunities she eventually offered to this accidental immigrant, to use Draper’s fortuitous phrase, have moved me to yield myself to a true patriot’s love for this precious country. For this privilege, for this country, to keep it glorious and free, I gladly stand on guard!

NOTES

All page numbers refer to “DEEMED SUSPECT”.

1. p. 71.

2. *Canadian Jewish Historical Society Journal*, vol. II, no. 1 and 2 (Spring and Fall 1978).

3. p. vii "Acknowledgments".
4. "I will show you Hitler" was the threat of the furious camp commandant.
5. p. 27. The internment of Canadian citizens of Japanese extraction is another matter.
6. p. 20.