

AMID CRUMBLING WALLS

Moving scenes from the uprising, written by a participant, which reveal the exalted heroism of the Jewish Fighting Organization in the ghetto

By Tevya Bozhikowski

Translated from the Yiddish by Max Rosenfeld

*The following episodes from the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising are drawn from the vastly moving book, *Zvishen Falendike Vent (Amid Crumbling Walls)*, published in Yiddish in Warsaw in 1949. The author, Tevye Bozhikowski, is a Labor Zionist and, as is obvious from the text, was a fighting participant in the uprising. He is at present living in Israel in the Kibbutz Lochmei Haghethoet (Ghetto Fighters). The translation from the Yiddish is by Max Rosenfeld.—Eds.*

APRIL 19—THE FIRST BATTLE

MONDAY, the 19th of April 1943, the eve of Passover, was a sunny spring day with brilliant light pouring into every corner of the Warsaw Ghetto. Clearly this was a day that awakened in one a desire to live. To the comrades who had spent the night at their posts it was an added reason for sadness that such a day should mark the final destruction of Warsaw Jewry. Such a day should rather have had night-black, laden skies, moaning winds, driving rains which would have made it easier to think of parables for death. But even Nature, it seemed, had become an ally of the enemy, mocking our souls with her splendor at the brink of our extermination.

The Fighter Group "Dror" ["Freedom" group of Labor Zionists] at 33 Nalewki Street, which was my group, took up positions and prepared to meet the enemy. My post was on the first floor balcony at the corner of Nalewki and Gensia; from this position we would be the first to see the German detachment marching into the Ghetto. Other positions were located in the courtyard at the windows of both offices.

Since early morning columns of several thousand infantrymen and motorized troops had been streaming into the Ghetto, as well as armored cars and tanks. Various formations of soldiers, SS men and Ukrainian Auxiliary Police¹ marched in full battle-dress as though this were a battlefield and we were a regularly constituted army. They entered from the "Aryan" side of Nalewki Street, marched on Gensia Street along the wall to the Ghetto gate at the corner of Gensia and Zamenhof. As I looked at the enemy's forces during those first moments, my only thought was, "How weak we are!" What could we do against such a well-equipped army? What could we accomplish against tanks and armored cars with our revolvers and few precious rifles? Yet somewhere we had to find strength and surmount our weakness.

¹ This police force was composed of Ukrainian elements who joined with the nazis.—Eds.

Exactly at six o'clock the Ghetto was completely surrounded. The first German troops stepped upon the Ghetto streets and marched in the direction of Nalewki approaching the junction of three streets, Nalewki-Gensia-Franciszka. We did not wait for the enemy to begin his murderous work but immediately let fly a hail of bullets, grenades and our own Ghetto-made bombs.

Moment by moment the firing grew more intense. Our bombs and grenades exploded over the heads of the Germans and left many dead and wounded.

Since our group was stationed not far from the entrance to the Ghetto, this was the first battle. The explosions were a signal to all the Fighting Groups throughout the Ghetto that the uprising had begun.

Although the Germans had expected this Jewish resistance, they had no conception of its extent. After the experience of the first resistance on the 18th of January [a three-day armed uprising in the Ghetto—Eds.], when our only weapons were pistols, they were now greatly astounded by our long-range rifles and especially by the grenades. For a long time we held the initiative and the enemy was on the defensive.

The Germans dispersed into smaller groups, huddled against the walls and were afraid to pick up their dead and wounded, who lay upon the street. We heard the curses of the SS officer as he ordered his men to help the fallen soldiers though he himself crouched behind a balcony, afraid to emerge from the shelter it offered him.

When the Germans recovered from their initial surprise, they began to return our fire. They were fighting in the open, however, and were ready targets for our bullets, whereas we were concealed behind the walls of the houses.

All three sections of our group fought with bitter stubbornness. . . . Rivah, the observation scout, ran up with the news that the enemy had withdrawn; not one German was to be seen on the street. The commander went out to survey the battle-area and returned beaming with satisfaction. The Germans had left a score of dead and wounded and we had not suffered a single casualty! This informa-

tion was quickly conveyed to the other positions and all the comrades were overjoyed. Each of us knew what the final outcome must be but our temporary victory and the German losses gave us our only bit of happiness before the end. . . .

THE SEDER

DURING this same night of April 19 I went to a house at 4 Kuzha Street in order to obtain flashlights for our group. Accidentally I entered the living-quarters of Rabbi Maisel. As soon as I crossed the threshold, I suddenly remembered that this was Passover, the night of the First Seder.

The house looked as though it had gone through a pogrom. The bedclothes were strewn about, the chairs overturned, the floor covered with household objects, the windows broken. All this had happened during the day before the family had returned from the bunker.

Only the table in the middle of the room seemed in keeping with the holiday, a discordant note of festivity in a house of gloom. The wine in the cups only brought to mind the blood of the Jews killed on that Passover eve. The rabbi recited the Hagadah—the Passover story—against a background of gunfire and explosions. Through the windows, from the converging flames of burning houses, came the reflection of a rusty light upon the faces of the Seder table. When they reached the section in the Hagadah which begins, “Pour out thy wrath,” the rabbi and his sons broke into a great weeping. . . .

A strange emotion took hold of me in the rabbi's house. I could not free myself of the oppressive atmosphere which weighed upon me. In the rabbi's figure I could see the tragedy of the old generation, which did not have the strength to perish in active resistance to the enemy; this was the cause of its helplessness and despair.

As I left him the rabbi warmly shook my hand and wished me success in battle. “I,” he said, “am old and useless, but you, young people, do not surrender, fight on, and may God be with you!” He followed me out and gave me a few packages of matzos for my group. “If we are alive tomorrow,” he said, “please come back with Zeviah.” I gave him my word that I would and on the next evening I and Zeviah visited with Reb Maisel.

Returning to my group, I was struck by the sense of

being in an entirely different world. I felt the warmth of a comradely atmosphere. I was again in an environment where, despite the great sorrows, there were no tears. I was just beginning to appreciate the steadfast spirit of our Fighter Organization as our most valuable strength. This was the strength of not allowing oneself to be dragged along by the general despair; the ability to lift oneself above the tragic surroundings, to pursue unflinchingly the common goal of striking at the enemy. . . .

STRATEGIC CENTER

THE bunker at 29 Mila was one of the better-constructed bunkers in the Ghetto. This was not an accidental place of refuge which the fighter groups used in the course of the battle; it was arranged before the uprising, with the understanding of the owners, that this bunker would be a strategic point of the Fighting Organization.

The owners were rich Jews who had had the opportunity of outfitting the bunker with many comforts; electric lighting, water pipes—instead of primitive springs (as in the other bunkers), a sufficient food supply, a radio, beds, etc.

The strategic importance of 29 Mila consisted in that the house bordered also on Zamenhof Street and we could attack the Germans from either street. All the groups which were stationed on Zamenhof Street were connected by attic passageways to the house. At the end of the battles on Zamenhof all the groups thus had the possibility of withdrawing to the agreed position in 29 Mila.

When I arrived at the bunker, I met for the first time all the comrades of the fighting groups from Zamenhof Street and we exchanged experiences and impressions of the various fighting sectors.

After their first defeat of April 19 on Nalewki Street, the Germans no longer marched into Zamenhof with parade and pomp. They proceeded with great caution and apparent fright, singly and scattered, hugging the walls for protection. On Zamenhof the Germans centered great military forces. The fighting groups were also concentrated on Zamenhof at four separate points. At these points there were the fighting groups of “Dror,” Hashomer Hatzair [left wing Zionists], PPR [Polish Workers (Communist) Party] and the “Bund.” All these groups had coordinated among them the defense of Zamenhof. . . .

“It is time for the nations of the West, now preparing admission of [West] Germany into their fellowship, to halt in their arrangements and ask themselves if they are ready to bless as redeemed a country that can so easily show signs of a relapse into the horrors of persecution and terrorism.”—Dr. Norman Salit, president of the Synagogue Council of America.

12 YEARS LATER: NAZI-LED ORCHESTRA COMES TO THE USA

A wave of protest has swept over the country against the State Department-sponsored tour of 19 cities by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by nazi Herbert von Karajan and managed by nazi Gerhart von Westermann. The purpose of this tour is obvious enough: to ease the acceptance by the American people of rearmament of the renazified West Germany.

On February 20, the protest movement was set off by a petition signed by about 750 musicians of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians demanding that their officers try to get the tour cancelled. This act startled the people into the shame of having von Karajan, a darling of Goebbels who had been prohibited from conducting in Vienna in 1946 by United States authorities, lead an orchestra in our concert halls. The motive of the State Department in sponsoring this tour was perceived by columnist Beryl Segal in the *Providence Jewish Herald* in February. He ascribes the call to "Come back, come back all you goosestepping, heil-shouting sons of the master race!" to "our eagerness to rebuild Germany" against what he calls "Russian aggression."

In New York the concert on March 1 was met by several hundred pickets in front of Carnegie Hall. Esther Klein, publisher of the *Philadelphia Jewish Times*, called for "an orderly and dignified picket line" in that city and reported that the local impresario, Emma Feldman,

had refused to manage the orchestra's Philadelphia appearance (February 25). Editor Milton K. Susman of the *Jewish Criterion* of Pittsburgh urged protest letters to the local manager of the concert (February 25).

The musicians' protest was promptly followed by a letter (February 24) sent to Acting Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., by Jewish War Veterans National Commander Joseph F. Barr stating that the JWV was "shocked and disturbed" by the department's approval of the tour. The New York City CIO denounced the tour and urged boycott of its performances. The Carl Diton Branch of the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., protested that "Nazis and fascists are allowed to perform in U.S. halls and stages which are denied American Negroes." Other protests in New York were lodged by the Jewish Labor Committee, the American Federation of Polish Jews, Ykuf and the *Jewish Examiner*.

The protest has spread to a number of cities. Editor J. I. Fishbein of the *Chicago Sentinel* (March 3) editorialized against the tour; about half the student body and four faculty members of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and the local *American Israelite* protested against the coming appearance of the orchestra in that city; the Baltimore Jewish Council protested; and Detroit musicians, Zionist youth groups and the *Detroit Jewish News* protested the scheduled concert in that city.

A CHILD IN GEHENNA

WE HAD finally begun to move when we were stopped by a weak young voice crying in the distance. We looked hurriedly in all directions to discover the source of the cries which shattered the apprehensive stillness. From a narrow opening which connected to Zamenhof Street there came a little girl of about ten or 11, pleading with us to save her mother from the flames.

Crying hysterically, she told us that her mother's hair and clothing were on fire, that she was unconscious, that there was no one to help her, that all the others had been suffocated in the cellar, that she herself had been badly burned, as we could see.

Immediately several of the comrades went to see what help they could administer, but it was too late. The falling timbers, which now covered her completely, had freed her from her agony.

The little girl refused to understand that her mother was dead. She screamed and wept with her last bit of strength and refused to leave the spot. Forcibly the child was brought into our ranks and we started on our way. As we moved ahead the child tried to tear herself away from the hands that were holding her, refused to accept the thought that she was leaving her mother behind in this havoc and destruction. . . .

MISSION THROUGH THE SEWERS

WITH the night before us and no place to rest our heads, a meeting of all the fighter groups was arranged to consider what to do. We were agreed that because of the systematic burning of the Ghetto houses we would not be able to hold out for long. It was decided that a group of four comrades with "Aryan looks" should get through to the "Aryan" side of the city and bring help to evacuate the remnants of the fighters when all further resistance had become impossible.

The next morning, Sunday the 25th of April, together with Halima, Jeremiah (Hashomer Hatzair) and Dorka Goldkorn (PPR),² I descended into a sewer which led to the "Aryan side." The first moment of our entrance into the sewer will haunt me until I die. Scores of people, not finding any protection above ground, had hidden themselves in the dark, narrow sewers, through which flowed the filthy waters of the city's drainage. In the frightful closeness of the low, narrow pipes, scores of people lay pressed together in mud and filth. Some were unconscious and no one could be concerned with them. The surging waters carried away the dead and made room for those who still retained their strength. The wounded and the

² This heroic Communist woman's memoirs of the uprising were published in *JEWISH LIFE*, April 1950.—Eds.

burned lay bleeding in the muck and there was nothing to do but step upon them.

After we entered the sewer, the situation grew even worse. The jam of human beings became so thick that it stopped the cold, muddy water like a dam. Because of this the water-line rose quickly and in some sections of the sewer covered the prostrate mass of bodies and drowned the helpless children. The hope of each individual to survive lay in the death of another; that was the only solution that would relieve the deadly congestion. But everyone wanted to survive. Even in the worst moments this instinct of self-preservation did not leave them. No matter how deeply each one was shaken by the death of another and by the dragging of a corpse through the filthy sewer waters, the others breathed freer for the moment and were grateful for the bit of "living space." . . .

THE JEWISH FIGHTERS' MAY DAY

WHEN I had been at 29 Mila, the illegal Polish radio-station had informed us on the 24th of April that the international workers' holiday, May Day, was approaching. What a strange and distant anachronism this seemed to us in a world facing extinction. The thought of a holiday of freedom and people's brotherhood was a shriekingly discordant note in the horror of our reality. And yet for a brief moment feelings of hopefulness awakened and our thoughts raced back to the old years of the great May Day

"To the Jews of America"

The United Committee to Commemorate the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising in March issued a call "To the Jews of America" to heed the lesson of the heroic uprising and oppose the rearming of West Germany. The United Committee is holding a memorial meeting to the ghetto martyrs on Sunday afternoon at one P.M. on April 10 at Manhattan Center, New York City. Excerpts from the call follow:

"The Twelfth Anniversary of the heroic, unforgettable uprising of the Warsaw Jews is approaching. . . .

"With pride and veneration we recall our heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto. Their sacred memory can never be erased from our minds. Nor can time erase the commandment which they bequeathed to us to be handed down from generation to generation: "Never to forgive and never to forget!" . . . Never to forget *who* did this! . . .

"When the hangmen of the Warsaw Ghetto did not know what to do when our heroes fought on the roofs and in the cellars and in the sewers, the hangmen had to call upon the devilish "Stuka" airplanes commanded by Marshall Kesselring to rain down fire and death on the roofs, on the houses of the Warsaw Ghetto. Today they plan to place the same Marshall Kesselring and the other fiends at the head of the new German Wehrmacht. Can we remain indifferent to this? Can we be silent when the murderers of our brothers and sisters are being rearmed? Do we not hear the cry of our kin, their last outcry, forever to remember what the German nazi Amalek did? . . ."

demonstrations. We saw the marching contingents in a sea of red flags, radiant voices singing of faith in tomorrow. But our happy memories only made our hearts more bitter; the here and now was too bloody to forget.

After that radio broadcast, days and nights passed filled with terror and struggle. We had withdrawn from 29 Mila and lost our only contact with the outside world—the radio. We became more and more absorbed in our daily activities but we did not forget to count the days which separated us from the workers' holiday.

In the bunker at 18 Mila we discussed suitable ways to celebrate the First of May. Our commanders decided that the most fitting celebration would be a reinvigorated attack against the enemy.

Previously we had attacked the Germans only at night. On May Day, for the first time, we launched an attack in broad daylight. The place was 47 Nalewki Street. Long hours we stood in a deserted clearing among the ruins, without a wall or a barricade to protect us. At a distance the enemy darted back and forth like a swarm of infuriated bees. Seeing our steel helmets and someone carrying a rifle, the murderers thought we were German soldiers. They could not imagine that Jewish fighters would be moving about in the street in the middle of the day. Their mistake made it possible for us to carry out our plan.

At a pre-arranged moment our bullets let the Germans know who we really were. Yitzchok Suknik, one of the Hashomer Hatzair, fired his rifle repeatedly into a group of Germans and three fell. At first the remaining Germans were taken by surprise and seemed at a loss as to what to do. Then they began to close in on us from all directions. We began the agreed-upon retreat toward our base at 18 Mila. The way was long and hard. Because of the heavy enemy fire we were forced to maneuver among the ruins until nightfall. We returned to our bunker without a loss, happy that we had been able to celebrate the First of May in a manner befitting Jewish fighters. . . .

THE COMMAND IS ANNIHILATED

THOSE who felt a little better gave us the story of the German attack on 18 Mila [headquarters of the Fighting Organization]. On Saturday, the 8th of May, the Germans encircled the bunker and broke into all five entrances simultaneously. At each opening stood a determined group of fighters, who immediately began firing at the enemy. But defense was impossible; there was no way to get out of the bunker to fight under more "favorable" conditions. As soon as they had smashed all the entrances, the Germans released a great quantity of gas bombs into the shelter. In a few seconds the gas began to choke and blind the people in the bunker, who were now in a state of indescribable panic.

The moment they realized that all hope was gone, Arich Vilner called upon the fighters to commit suicide. Most of the members of the Fighting Organization did so, either with their own weapons or by poison. Lutek Rotblatt

shot his mother and then himself. Berl Brode, whose hands had been wounded, pleaded with the other comrades to kill him. Some of the fighters fell into unconsciousness without being able to take their own lives. Most of the civilian population in the bunker was suffocated by the gas; a small number climbed out of the cellar and surrendered to the Germans. The few comrades whom we had found in a semi-conscious state had crawled to an opening after the Germans had gone away, believing everyone in the bunker dead. The air seeping from the outside had kept them alive.

Besides Mordecai Anielewicz who died together with his fighters, the following active workers of the Hechalutz movement perished in the bunker at 18 Mila: Berl Brode, Aaron Holsband, Neshia Zucker, Mira Fuchrer, Arieh Vilner, Lutek Rotblatt. Also, Herman and Joshua Spantzer, of PPR, and Melech Perelman and Ignatz Futerman of the Bund. . . .

PLAN OF ESCAPE

SUDDENLY [in the sewers] we were startled by the rays of a powerful searchlight moving closer to us from a distance. This meant only one thing: the Germans were hunting down the remnants of the Jewish fighters. We were not entirely surprised because we had heard that the Germans were "finishing up their work" in the sewers, using gas or grenades. . . .

Breathlessly we stood and watched the light grow larger and larger. The reflection lit up our faces, but our blinded eyes could not see who or what was behind the light. Our bearing, however, was composed—the calm indifference of utter hopelessness. The splashing of water underfoot reached our ears, indicating the last moments between life and death.

The impossible happened; illusion became reality. Before our unbelieving eyes help appeared, in the person of Simchah Rotheizer (Kazhik) and with him was Rishek, a [Polish] PPR worker on the "Aryan side"; leading their way was a workman in the sewer system. Our joy was beyond words. We embraced as though nothing could ever separate us again. This unexpected joy, coming at the precise moment of expected death, bewildered us so that for a time no logical explanation seemed possible. Before they told us anything, they fed us lemons and bits of sugar. I can never forget how we gobbled the lemons, not even stopping to peel them, unmindful of their bitter-sour taste.

The good fortune of this meeting in the sewer actually intoxicated us to the point where we momentarily forgot our suffering, our hunger, our thirst and our physical exhaustion. A new soul had been breathed into us. We could not assimilate what had happened.

When we finally were calm enough to hear the story from Kazhik, he gave us details of the efforts which had been made by the representatives of the Jewish Fighting Organization on the Aryan side—Yitzhok Zukerman and his contacts—to bring help to the Ghetto. Our meeting in

GHETTO WALL

By *Kasriel Broda*

Adapted from the Yiddish by Max Rosenfeld

At the wall, we stand
with hanging hearts and hands
like willows weeping weeping
in the howling winds.

Eyes blind, unseeing
staring far away and deep,
impaled upon a pike
of everlasting grief.

You cannot see the world
through pressing ghetto walls
and crouching towers counting
death's daily toll.

But close your eyes,
shut out the ghastly wall,
then everything is clear—
the world, the truth, all.

(Kasriel Broda, a Yiddish poet of the Vilna Ghetto, was murdered by the Nazis in 1945 in a concentration camp near Koenigsburg, Esthonia.)

the sewer was one of the results of these efforts.

In accordance with a decision of the Fighting Organization, Kazhik had left the Ghetto with Zalman Friedrich on the night of April 29 to make contact with Yitzhok Zukerman on the Aryan side, where they were to expedite the organizing of help for the Ghetto fighters. They had succeeded in reaching him the next day.

For over a week now, Kazhik told us, the organization had been working feverishly together with the PPR, which had displayed great understanding of our problems and had supplied help for our needs. The expedition to the sewers was organized largely by Kostek, an active [Polish] PPR worker.

For quite some time they had been wandering through the sewers trying to get into the Ghetto. On the night of May 9 they had finally emerged safely into the Ghetto ruins and had gone to all the former bases of the Fighter Groups, only to find them destroyed. With the sickening conviction that all the fighters had perished, they had left the Ghetto. On the way back they had looked and searched, doubling back in various directions through the many forks of the sewer, hoping they might still find someone alive. By a lucky chance they had found us at the very moment of our utter despair in any possible rescue.

After this brief report Kazhik told us that help was waiting to transport us to safety. . . .

FINAL ORDEAL OF THE SEWERS

WE were now a group of almost 60 people, each one trembling with impatience to be free of this beastly existence in the sewers. [This group had finally reached a manhole on the Aryan side.] But deliverance did not arrive so quickly. From a note dropped through the manhole cover, we learned that it would not be possible to bring the [rescue] truck into the street during the daytime, that we would have to wait. A great depression settled upon us again as we learned that we would have to wait until past midnight in the mud and filth, suffering hunger, thirst and cold. It was almost too much to accept but the force of necessity convinced us, one by one. . . .

The long-awaited darkness came. The expectation of momentary deliverance renewed our self confidence. Our nerves had gradually been quieted by the knowledge that another hour or two would take us out of the nightmare of the sewers.

But little by little we began to realize that it was now long past the hour when Kazhik was to return. Impatiently we pushed out a note through the manhole cover begging them to hurry because we could not hold out much longer. We knew that there was supposed to be a constant watch over the sewer opening but we heard no one approach to take the note.

In an atmosphere of spiralling tension we again waited for something to happen, powerless to move a finger. Footsteps near the manhole revived our hopes momentarily; again it was a note, this time containing the news that all the neighboring streets were blockaded by police; we would not be able to leave the sewer that night.

This knowledge shattered us completely. A terrible apathy settled over us, and for a short time our planlessness was overwhelming. But we soon understood what was in store for us; if we were not out of the sewer that

We again pushed out a note begging that we be taken out at any cost, even if it meant that most of us would be killed in a fight with the police; we made it clear night we would have to wait another 24 hours.

that we would rather die than wait any longer in the sewers. Our friends on the outside were forced to deny our request; the plan would not work, they said, because the most essential thing was not available—the truck.

In the late hours of the night, when the street above us was completely empty, the two comrades on the outside opened the cover for a few seconds and let down a pail of soup. There was enough only for each of us to wet his lips and the torment of our hunger grew worse.

As the day dawned, we began to feel that our strength was about to leave us completely. Some of the comrades, the women especially, had collapsed of exhaustion. . . .

With each passing moment the sense of doom grew relentlessly, and we tried to convince our comrades on the outside to lead us out, even in broad daylight. By this time they had realized themselves that we would not last till nightfall, and were prepared to go through with the plan. Not being able to get one of their own trucks, they had telephoned an ordinary transportation company to send a truck and a driver to Prosta Street to move some merchandise. When the truck arrived at the appointed place, a few of the comrades, weapons in hand, informed the driver that the "merchandise" was a group of Jewish Fighters from the Ghetto; that if he refused to transport the cargo, he would not leave there alive. Not having another choice, he agreed.

At nine o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of May 1943, the manhole cover opened suddenly and a stream of sunlight poured into the sewer. At the opening stood Kzhatshhek, calling us to climb out at once. After 30 hours in the blackness of the sewers, the brilliant spring sunlight was blinding; the street was full of people, who stopped curiously to see what was happening. From the windows of the Polish houses, unbelieving eyes peered out at these strange, inhuman creatures, lumps of moving mud and filth crawling out of the sewer like living corpses.

A half hour had elapsed and all of us were not yet out of the sewer. Suddenly from somewhere came the startling news that Germans were approaching Prosta Street. Kzhatshhek hurried us feverishly, but the danger point had been reached and he ordered the driver to start. About 15 comrades were left behind.

In the truck we were ordered to crouch low and we began to move through the streets of the city at great speed. We flew past streets and parks and gardens, breathing the clean air, staring at the blossoming trees as at something foreign and mysterious.

Turning and doubling back over the city streets to avoid the known concentrations of German guards, we finally reached the woods a few miles from Warsaw.

The daring act of emerging from the sewers and driving through the streets in bold daylight had succeeded. It was a step that could have been taken only by people who had nothing to lose and were ready to gamble everything. It had been made possible by the energetic efforts of the Fighting Organization on the "Aryan side" and by the great understanding and sacrifice of the Polish comrade—Kzhatshhek. . . .

"A rearmed Germany would be a menace to the world. There will be peace if Germany is reunited, but a demilitarized and neutralized Germany. United States policy will have to change on this point."

—Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver