

We Will Never Die

A Memorial in Three Episodes Dedicated to the
2,000,000 Jewish Dead of Europe



Written by BEN HECHT
Produced by BILLY ROSE

Directed by MOSS HART
Musical Score by KURT WEILL

Presented before large audiences in New York, Washington and Philadelphia, with the participation of Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Luther Adler, Jacob Ben-Ami, Sylvia Sidney, Eleanora Mendelsohn, Kurt Baum, Isaac Van Grove, and other outstanding artists.

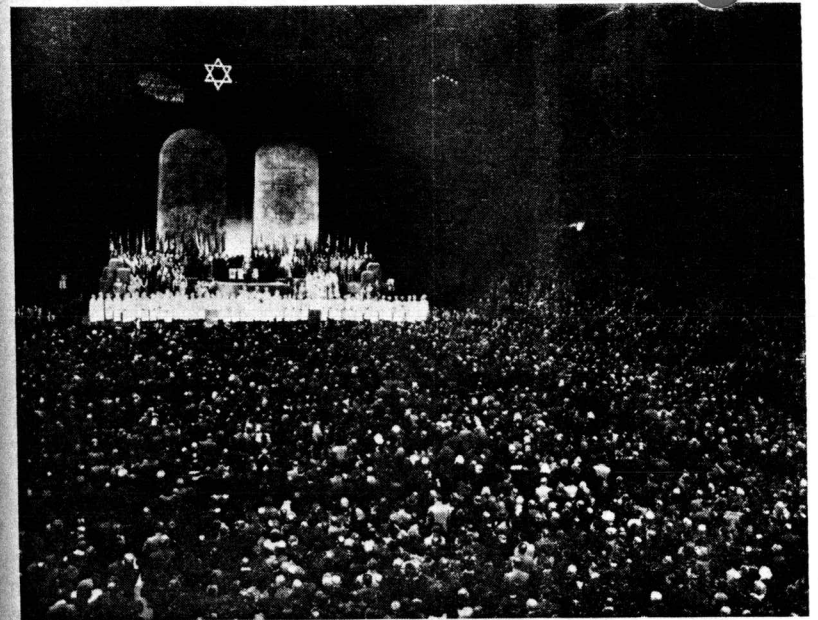
EPISODE ONE—the Roll Call

(The lights of the meeting hall are dim. On the stage are the lights of the six candelabra. They brighten the two towering Tablets of the Ten Commandments at the back of the stage. There is a space between the two Tablets that remains dark, until the service begins. It grows sharply light. Out of this brightened space steps the figure of a Jew. He wears a black synagogue robe. He raises the shofar and blows on it the wild and ancient blast of the Jewish faith. As the shofar blows, the balcony above the Tablets lights up. Here behind a scrim sits the choir. It begins singing. It sings the Yom Kippur music. The shofar blower steps back and the bright space between the Tablets remains empty during the singing of the choir.)

As the singing nears its close, the figure of a second Jew appears between the Tablets. This is a rabbi in talis, satin robe and embroidered hat. The rabbi walks down the steps in front of the Tablets. A pool of

light follows him to a microphone at the edge of the stage. When the rabbi reaches the microphone, the singing of the choir ends. The organ continues, now playing softly. The light between the Tablets goes out. The Tablets themselves are flooded with light. The organ plays as the rabbi speaks.)

THE RABBI: Almighty God, Father of the poor and the weak, Strength of the Righteous and Hope of all who dream of goodness and justice; Almighty God who favored the children of Israel with His light—we are here to affirm that this light still shines in us. We are here to say our prayers for the two million who have been killed in Europe, because they bear the name of your first children—the Jews. Before our eyes has appeared the strange and awesome picture of a folk being put to death, of a great and ancient people in whose veins has



• One of the dramatic moments in the presentation of WE WILL NEVER DIE and part of the vast audience witnessing the memorial at Madison Square Garden, New York.

gered for so long the earliest words and image of God, dying like a single child on a single bayonet. We are not here to weep for them although our eyes are stricken with this picture and our hearts burdened with their fate. We are here to honor them and to proclaim the victory of their dying. For in our Testament are written the words of Habakkuk, prophet of Israel, "They shall never die." They shall never die though they were slaughtered with no weapon in their hands. Though they still fill the dark land of Europe with the smoke of their massacre, they shall never die. For they

are part of something greater, higher and stronger than the dreams of their executioners. Dishonored and removed from the face of the earth, their cry of Sh'ma Yisroel remains in the world. We are here to strengthen our hearts, to take into our veins the pride and courage of the millions of innocent people who have fallen and are still to fall before the German massacre.

They were unarmed. But not we! We live in a land whose arm is stronger than the arm of the German Goliath. This land is our David. Almighty God, we are here to affirm

that our hearts will be a monument worthy of our dead. We are here to affirm that the innocence of their lives and the dream of goodness in their souls are witnesses that will never be silent. They shall never die. We are here to affirm that we shall stand beside David and in the name of the innocent dead and of human honor battle forever and without end. Such is the meaning of our Memorial. Our service will begin with the prayer, Sh'ma Yisroel, the prayer that holds the last words of the millions who have died in the massacres by the Germans. This prayer proclaims the soul's allegiance to God. It is out of the pages of Deuteronomy and it has risen from the stricken and the dying in all the lands of the earth—for many centuries: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is Our God, the Lord is One. And thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might."

(The space between the Tablets brightens once more. The choir balcony is lighted and the choir begins to sing softly. As the choir sings, twenty rabbis in the various ritualistic costumes of their sects and countries, enter through the space between the Tablets. They take their places in a row on the top step. Four men in black robes holding aloft the Torah emerge from the Tablet space. The choir singing ends after the rabbis are in their positions. The organ continues softly and the rabbi at the microphone resumes.)

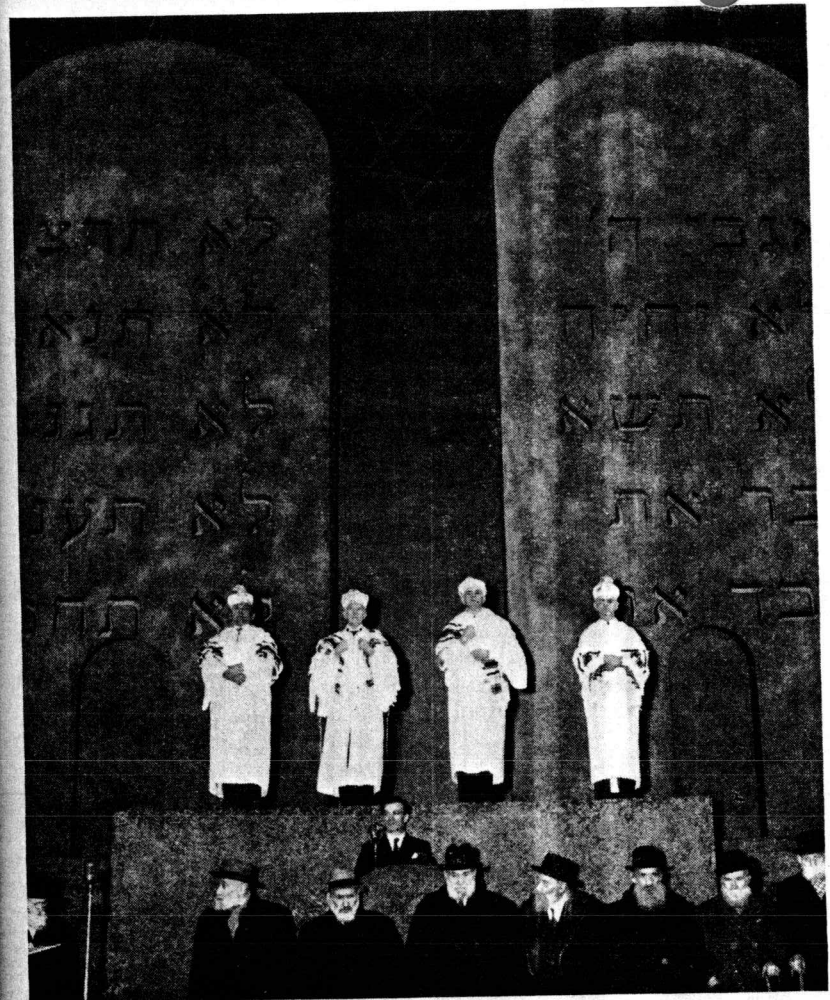
RABBI: The prayer Sh'ma Yisroel will be led by our rabbis who have come

from the dead ghettos of Europe. They are among the few who have survived. They were witnesses of the killing of our folk in Germany, Poland, Holland, France, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Russia, and all the places overrun by the Germans.

(The twenty rabbis walk down the steps and move to the brightly lighted front of the stage. The four men holding aloft the Torah follow them and take a position in center stage behind the line of rabbis. The organ music swells and the twenty-one rabbis recite the prayer of Sh'ma Yisroel in Hebrew. The choir sings its responses in the praying. When the prayer is finished the rabbis leave the stage via the stairways to the left and right. The four men holding aloft the Torah walk back up the steps to the space between the Tablets. This is brightly lighted as they approach it. They exit here. During the exiting of the rabbis and the Torah holders, the choir singing swells out into a powerful hymn.)

The stage is empty as the singing continues. The light on the Tablets is dimmed. The light between them grows bright. Two figures appear in this light. They walk down the stairs. They are costumed only by a small collar talis around their necks. The two are the narrators. They go down stage and take up positions at microphones at the left and right sides of the stage. The choir has finished its singing. The organ music continues softly as the Voice of the first narrator at the left is heard.)

FIRST NARRATOR: Long ago there was a tribe that tended sheep and tilled the ground in the half barren places beyond the River Jordan. There were



• Some of the twenty venerable refugee rabbis, rescued from Nazi-held European countries, who participated in the stirring New York production of *WE WILL NEVER DIE*. Their appearance helped dramatize the unspeakable tragedy of millions of Jewish victims in Hitler-dominated Europe, whose plight has become a world problem.

many civilizations already in the world. Many heroes and philosophers had already entered history. But in the record of man's rise out of the fogs of savagery there was still one page empty. It was on this page that the little tribe of shepherds and farmers beyond the Jordan wrote their creed—the creed that was destined to change the soul of man. They wrote that the soul of man had not come from the beasts but been given him by God. They wrote that above all the greeds and lusts in the human soul stood goodness, righteousness and justice. They wrote that the destiny of man called him to serve this mighty creed, to serve it above all the other powers on earth. Writing thus on the empty page, this little tribe put down the words of a battle-cry that has never ended and of a dream that has alone survived all the debacles of history. The first tribesman who wrote on this empty page was named Abraham. And the handful of farmers who crossed the Jordan with Abraham—were the first Jews.

SECOND NARRATOR: Today in the dark lands of Europe the Germans are seeking to destroy the creed written by Abraham and that now belongs to the whole world. Statisticians have estimated that it costs \$50,000 for the Germans to kill a single allied soldier. This is an expensive gesture. The killing of a Jew is less expensive. It costs nothing. The Jew of Europe is the stepson in the house. The laws of nations do not include his safety, his honor or his inheritance.

FIRST NARRATOR: However bravely he dies as a soldier in defense of Amer-

ican fox holes, of British cruisers, of French outposts, however wildly he fights as a soldier under the twenty flags of civilization—as a Jew he is the most inexpensive corpse in history. The killing of two million Jews has cost the Germans less than the killing of a single American soldier.

SECOND NARRATOR: It is the cheapness of his death that gives the Jew in military lands a bad name. Against this bad name earned by his helpless death he has only one defense—the value of his living.

FIRST NARRATOR: This is his shield.

SECOND NARRATOR: This is his sword.

FIRST NARRATOR: This is his indestructibility.

SECOND NARRATOR: This is his valor and his victory.

FIRST NARRATOR: Here is his roll call.

SECOND NARRATOR: No scroll is large enough to hold all his names.

FIRST NARRATOR: We summon this fame, not to boast, but to give strength to hearts that have forgotten in their sorrow, the shield, the sword, the valor and the indestructibility of their people.

(During the foregoing the Two Tablets have filled with clouds, with flames and been animated with shadows. Toward the latter part of the narrators' talk, the Tablets have grown dimmer. Now as the narrators call the roll of the great Jews, each of them appears half visible through the Tablets. The costumes and faces of all the centuries light up one by one and reach from the foot of the Tablets to the top... They appear quickly, singly and in groups as the narrators talk.)

SECOND NARRATOR: There was Moses, the lawgiver to the Jews and through them, to the world. Moses who brought down from Mount Sinai the Ten Commandments which are the moral laws of today and which will be the moral laws of a tomorrow rid of Nazis.

FIRST NARRATOR: There was David, founder of the Jewish kingdom whose voice, lifted in song twenty-eight hundred years ago, still sounds to comfort the heavy laden of the earth.

SECOND NARRATOR: There was Solomon whose wisdom still remains as the homeland of Truth.

FIRST NARRATOR: And around these three, there stands a host of heroes, prophets and poets. Isaiah, Joshua, Saul, Samuel, Jeremiah, Elijah, Amos, Judah of the Maccabees, Mordecai, and Hosea. Thunderers all, whose dreams and phrases molded the soul of man and illumined forever his tomorrow.

SECOND NARRATOR: And if you would know whence the Jewish soldiers in the fox holes, tanks and bombers of today derive their fierceness, look on Bar Kochba. Bar Kochba the mighty warrior who marched forth against the Roman legions and scattered and terrified them for three years... And who for a year stood with his small army against the entire might of the Roman world... and died with all his soldiers on the ramparts of the ancient city of Bethar.

FIRST NARRATOR: Scattered like quicksilver under the hammers of persecution, the Jews raised their voices in the many houses of the world. Theirs was the voice that ushered in the Renaissance and the new light for

the world.

SECOND NARRATOR: Solomon ben Gabirol and Abraham bar Hanasi, philosophers in the Spain of the 12th century, rekindled the torches of learning and beauty that ended the dark ages.

FIRST NARRATOR: With them sang Judah ha-Levi and the many poets of exile.

SECOND NARRATOR: There was Don Isaac Abrabanel, minister of finance to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, who raised money for the venture of Christopher Columbus.

FIRST NARRATOR: There was Baruch Spinoza who in the north erected a tower for the soul of man.

SECOND NARRATOR: Far and wide the genius of the Jew—who then as now must die so helplessly—added to the values of life. Amatus Lusitanus, father of European medicine enters the scroll. And Benjamin of Tudela, the first great geographer of Europe. And Dr. Astruc, father of gynecology... And Dr. Avenzoar, the Hippocrates of the Jews. The names are many and the scroll is small.

FIRST NARRATOR: There was Montaigne, called the noblest mind of the French.

SECOND NARRATOR: There was Moses Mendelssohn, the little hump-backed Jew of Germany who wrote his people out of the German ghettos. And whose grandson, Felix Mendelssohn, made music for the world.

FIRST NARRATOR: Abraham Schreiner of Galicia, discoverer of petroleum.

SECOND NARRATOR: Rachel, the great actress of Europe, and Sarah

Bernhardt. Pissaro the painter. Achad Ha-am, the philosopher.

FIRST NARRATOR: Maurice de Hirsch, genius of industrialism and hero of Jewish philanthropy.

SECOND NARRATOR: Siegfried Marcus, inventor of the benzene propelled engine, forerunner of the automobile.

FIRST NARRATOR: Haym Salomon, who helped finance the armies of the American Revolution, and Isaac Franks, colonel under Washington and one of the hundreds of Jewish heroes of '76.

SECOND NARRATOR: Sir Moses Montefiore, adviser to Queen Victoria and the great champion of human and political tolerance.

FIRST NARRATOR: Benjamin Disraeli, called Lord Beaconsfield, novelist and statesman whose brilliant mind carried England into the East.

SECOND NARRATOR: Zangwill, Shalom Aleichem, Achad Ha-am, Werfel, Feuchtwanger, Sholem Asch, Pinero, Schnitzler, Molnar, Zweig, Wasserman, Halevy, Catulle Mendes, Bret Harte, Olive Schreiner — the names of the Jewish writers are many.

FIRST NARRATOR: Marcel Proust . . . Anatole France.

SECOND NARRATOR: Nostradamus, the great astrologer whose prophecies are today coming true.

FIRST NARRATOR: John Howard Payne, American dramatist and author of the song, *Home Sweet Home*.

SECOND NARRATOR: And of music makers there is no end. The Jews have sung and played and given songs and symphonies to the world as if Orpheus himself had crossed the Jordan with them. From the great liturgical music

echoing through history to the tune makers of the people, they have serenaded a hundred lands.

FIRST NARRATOR: Meyerbeer, Saint Saens, Rubinstein, Oscar Strauss, to whose melodies a world still dances.

SECOND NARRATOR: Horowitz, Heifetz, Korngold, and Gershwin.

FIRST NARRATOR: Bauer, Offenbach, Berlin, Goldmark.

SECOND NARRATOR: Kern, Schoenberg, Bloch, and Gustav Mahler, the last great master of the classics.

FIRST NARRATOR: Luis Ponce de Leon, the greatest lyric poet of Spain.

SECOND NARRATOR: Bialik, the great singer of Palestine.

FIRST NARRATOR: Heinrich Heine, the greatest lyric poet of Germany.

SECOND NARRATOR: And another, Emma Lazarus, whose sonnet stands in bronze on our statue of Liberty—"Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

FIRST NARRATOR: Graziadio Ascoli, the foremost Italian philologist.

SECOND NARRATOR: Sir Fredrick William Hirschel, astronomer.

FIRST NARRATOR: Caesar Lombroso, scientist.

SECOND NARRATOR: Samuel Gompers, founder of the American Federation of Labor.

FIRST NARRATOR: Louis Brandeis, jurist and philosopher.

SECOND NARRATOR: Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx, historians of the future.

FIRST NARRATOR: Cardozo, American jurist and philosopher.

SECOND NARRATOR: The brothers Zondek, pioneers in gland study,

FIRST NARRATOR: Chaim Weizmann, Jewish patriot and inventor of TNT.

SECOND NARRATOR: Ludwig Traube, founder of the science of pathology whose statue still stands in Paris.

FIRST NARRATOR: Rosa Bonheur, Modigliani, Chagall, the painters.

SECOND NARRATOR: Emin Pasha, explorer and statesman. Joseph Israels, painter. Max Nordau, the Voltaire of neurology.

FIRST NARRATOR: Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism. Max Lieberman, painter. Jacques Loeb, biologist.

SECOND NARRATOR: Sigmund Freud, inventor of a new science of thought.

FIRST NARRATOR: The names are too many and the scroll too small, but here are our world champions—the Jewish winners of the Nobel Prizes.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1905, for his work on organic dyes—Adolph von Baeyer. In 1907, for his work in meteorology, Albert Abraham Michelson.

FIRST NARRATOR: In 1908, for his invention of color photography, Gabriel Lippmann. In 1908, for his work in the cure of syphilis, Paul Ehrlich.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1908, for his work on bacterial immunity, Elie Metchnikoff. In 1909, for his invention of the wireless telegraphy with Marconi, Karl Ferdinand Braun.

FIRST NARRATOR: In 1910, for his pioneer work in organic chemistry, Otto Wallach. In 1911, for their literary efforts in behalf of peace, Tobias Michael, Carl Asser and Alfred H. Fried.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1914, for his work on pathology, Robert Barany. In 1915, for his botanical researches, Richard Willstaetter.

FIRST NARRATOR: In 1918, for his work in chemistry, Fritz Haber. In 1921, for his services in the theory of physics, Albert Einstein.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1922, for his work on the atomic theory, Niels Bohr. In 1922, for his work in organic chemistry, Otto Meyerhoff.

FIRST NARRATOR: In 1925, for their work in atomic physics, James Franck and Gustav Hertz. In 1930, Karl Landsteiner, for his discovery of human blood-groups.

SECOND NARRATOR: In 1928, for his work in philosophy, Henry Bergson. In 1931, for his work in chemistry, Otto Heinrich Warburg. In 1936, Otto Loewi, for his physiological discoveries.

FIRST NARRATOR: The scroll overruns. The halls of fame of a hundred nations hold the names of Jews who have given value to life. The prophet Hosea spoke of Israel that it was destined to bloom and bud and fill the world with its fruit. Here is that fruit. Here is that Jew who shall never die...



(The two remaining episodes of "We Will Never Die" will be published in our June issue.)

and feeding facilities have eased the host's burdens, but their helpfulness remains a remarkable tribute to the kind-heartedness of England.

THE STUDIES of our pupils have not been neglected, for 90 per cent of the entrants have passed the London University Matriculation Examination. Above all, 100 per cent have learned to know, practice and love Judaism, and to be grateful to this country which has given them happiness and hospitality in times of stress.

Teachers who were engaged for six-hour days are working seven days for twelve or more hours daily. Welfare workers attend to the children's clothes and health. Canteen workers provide the food, and there has not been a single breakdown. All realize that the school must remain intact for the happier days of peace. This achievement in the midst of war is not only remarkable in itself. It is an example of what can be done with religious fervor and whole-hearted devotion for Jewish children in evacuation. The Jewish Secondary School in Sheffield will continue to set this example, so that others may see and follow.

"Wolf, Wolf"—1943

One clue as to why the masses in the United States have been so apathetic in their reaction to the Nazi's cold-blooded extermination of Jewry now stands revealed: they just don't believe it. This must be the conclusion drawn from a reporter's experiment described by William L. Shirer, writer on the "Propaganda Front." The reporter stood on a Detroit street corner and asked passersby: "Do you believe that stories of Nazi atrocities will be proved false, as were many stories of German atrocities in the last war?" Two persons, including a naval officer, replied that they did not believe any of the stories. A third thought that at least half were false, but "sort of necessary" for our propaganda; and a fourth that they were "definitely not all true."

This response, despite the insignificant numbers and the improper form of the question, reveals the indifference of the average person to such stories. Apparently, that any people could be as bad as the Nazis are reported to be just cannot be true, and the "wise" man simply does not believe it. Or, have our minds perhaps been so filled with news of human suffering that they are incapable of believing any more? All this despite the fact that the news of these horrors is verified not only by official documents of the United Nations, but by the Nazi government itself, which was the first to tell of what took place at Lidice, and has publicly boasted of its intention to exterminate the Jews. Undoubtedly Jews also have been benumbed by the amazing and tragic "wolf, wolf" mentality of our age.

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Presented before large audiences in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, with the participation of Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Luther Adler, Jacob Ben-Ami, Eleanora Mendelsohn, Kurt Baum, Isaac Van Grove, and other outstanding artists. Episode One, which appeared in our May issue, presented in dramatic fashion the "Roll Call" of those imperishable Jewish figures who have contributed to the progress of mankind down through the ages.

EPISODE TWO—Jews in the War

(The choir sings as the lighted tableau remains. The narrators exit to the left and right of the stage. During the singing of the choir the tableau of the Jews of fame continues brightly lighted. When the singing ends the tableau fades. The two Tablets remain dimly lit. A bright light fills the space between them. An American soldier emerges in this space. He stands between the Tablets and blows reveille on a bugle. A second American soldier appears. He blows a battle call on a bugle. Two other uniformed soldiers emerge in the space. These walk down the steps to the microphones at the right and left of the stage. The organ music has swelled into a march militaire... Above the organ music, as the soldiers take their places at the microphones, comes the

quick loud click of a Morse code message. The two buglers stand at attention on the top step in front of the Tablets. As the telegraph clicking grows louder, the lighting on the Tablets changes. Red lights flicker over it and a swirl of cloud and smoke obscures the Ten Commandments. The space between the Tablets grows dimmer.)

FIRST SOLDIER *(at the microphone, speaks):* That's a telegraph key clicking. It's a message coming from a far-away place. Listen to it. The date is May 5, 1942. The far-away place is Corregidor. Do you remember Corregidor, the last bastion of American arms in the Philippines? The Japs hit it with a ten to one army and a hun-

dred to nothing air force. It held until this day—May 5th. This is the last hour of its defense. This is the hour of its defeat.

SECOND SOLDIER: A twenty-two-year-old Jewish boy from Brooklyn, named Irving Strobinger, sits at his post and pounds away at his wireless key. He's sending a last message to the world. Corregidor is saying good-bye to the folks back home.

FIRST SOLDIER: Listen to it. This is how an American soldier sounds in defeat. Here's how a Jewish boy from Brooklyn sends in his last words. We'll translate the Morse code for you. Irving is telling the world.

SECOND SOLDIER: "Corregidor calling . . . Corregidor calling . . . They're not here yet. We're waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda? We've only got about one hour to go. Till noon. They're throwing men and shells at us. They've been shelling us faster than you can count. I am really low done." *(The telegraph key clicks out in silence again.)*

FIRST SOLDIER *(resuming)*: "Enemy heavy cross shelling and bombing. They've got all around us from the skies. Corregidor used to be a nice place. But it's haunted now . . . I can hardly think. Say, I have sixty pesos you can have for this week-end." *(The telegraph clicks on for a moment. The soldier resumes.)* "The jig is up. Everyone is bawling like a baby. They are piling dead and wounded in our tunnel. My arms are weak from pounding this key. No rest. Short rations. Tired. Hey, I just got a treat. A can of pineapple." *(The telegraph key clicks for a moment.)* "My name

is Irving Strobinger. Get this to my mother, Mrs. Minnie Strobinger, 605 Barbey Street, Brooklyn. They are to get along O. K. My love to Pa, Joe, Sue, Mac, Harry, Jane and Paul. God bless 'em all. Tell Joe wherever he is to give 'em hell for us. My love to all . . . God bless you and keep you . . . Stand by . . ." *(The clicking ends. The two buglers blow taps. When taps is finished the second soldier speaks.)*

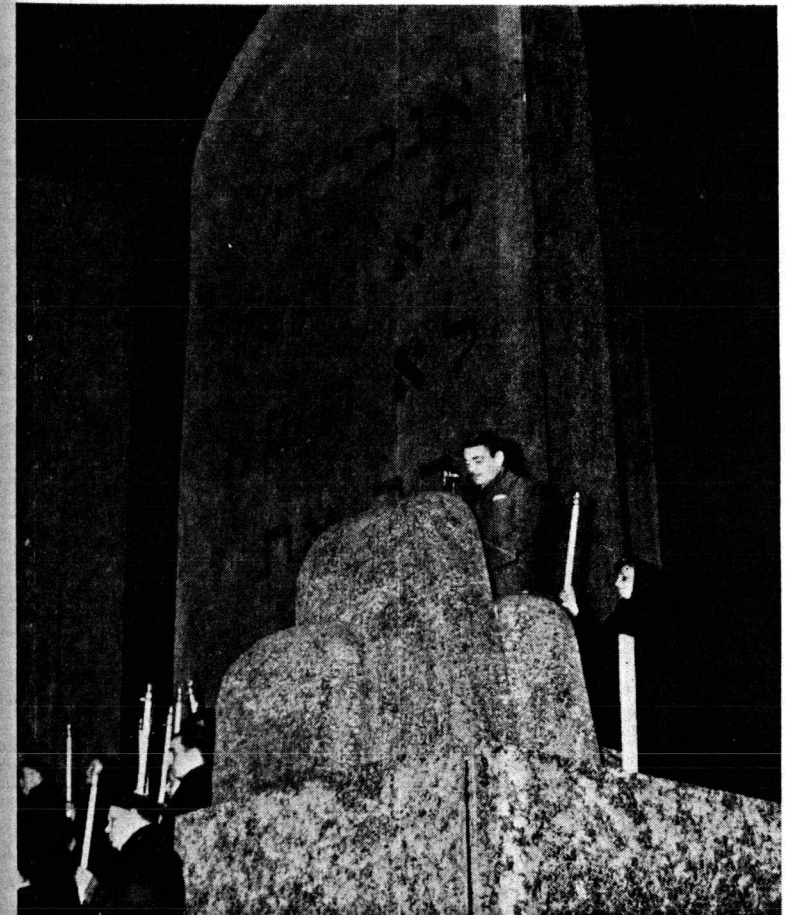
SECOND SOLDIER: That was the army's hail and farewell from Corregidor—the salute from the dying delivered by Irving Strobinger. It's one of the epics of the war.

FIRST SOLDIER: There are many epics in the war, written, spoken and lived by countless heroes. If we stress for these minutes the deeds of fighting Jews on all the battle fronts, it is not because they are the greatest or the most numerous. It is because they are our own. They are great enough for pride and many enough for history to count. Hundreds of Jewish soldiers, sailors, fliers and marines have been decorated and cited for valor. Thousands of them lie dead and wounded on our battle-fields.

SECOND SOLDIER: The Jew, said the Nazis, cannot fight. Wait till Barney Ross gets to Berlin.

FIRST SOLDIER: Wait till the legions of freedom storm across the forests of Bavaria and the fields of Saxony. In the legions, under every flag that moves forward, will be Jews.

SECOND SOLDIER: They are under the fighting flags now. They have been under them since the first gun sounded in Poland. Bar Kochba's boys are scattered in 100 armies.



• PAUL MUNI, noted stage and screen actor, as narrator. He and Edward G. Robinson alternated throughout the presentations.

FIRST SOLDIER: They were under the brave flag of the Greeks.

(An Efzone emerges from between the Tablets. He carries a Greek flag. The music plays a Greek hymn. The

Efzone moves down the steps to the front of the stage.)

SECOND SOLDIER: They were with the Greek heroes who kicked hell out of Mussolini's pathetic world con-

querors and who stood off the mighty Nazi war machine for the twelve weeks that saved Russia. There were thousands of Jews who died fighting under the Greek flag.

FIRST SOLDIER: They were with the French.

(The Marseillaise plays and a French soldier enters from between the Tablets carrying the French flag. He walks to the stage front and stands beside the Greek.)

They fought in the French retreat defending a flag that was to repudiate them and turn them over to the Germans as Jews fit only for slavery and slaughter. And they clamor still in the concentration camps of France and Africa for a place on the battlefield against the Hun.

SECOND SOLDIER: They were under the flag of the Dutch.

(A Dutch soldier carrying the Dutch flag enters as the organ plays the Dutch anthem. He joins the others.)

Thousands of them are still fighting in the jungles of Java and Batavia and aboard the ships of the Netherlands.

FIRST SOLDIER: They are under the flag of Russia.

(A Russian soldier enters carrying a Russian flag. The organ plays the Soviet march. The Russian takes his place beside the others.)

Seven hundred thousand of them are on the Soviet fronts from Lenin-grad to the Don. Their valor is part of the great Russian spirit. Two hundred thousand of them have died standing in the way of the German tanks. These Jews who have shared with the Russians the infernos of the

Soviet fronts are the happy Jews of Europe.

SECOND SOLDIER: They have a flag of their own—the Star of David raised above the reclaimed deserts of Palestine.

(A young man in civilian dress, trousers and a white shirt open at the throat, enters carrying the Palestinian flag.)

FIRST SOLDIER: There are a hundred thousand trained and wild hearted young Jews who have survived the German massacres.

SECOND SOLDIER: There are another hundred thousand sturdy pioneers of Palestine and they cry for the right to fight!

FIRST SOLDIER: We Jews of Europe are being killed as Jews. Give us the right to strike back as Jews. Let the Star of David be one of the flags that enters Berlin.

SECOND SOLDIER: They are under the English Flag.

(A soldier enters carrying the English flag and the organ plays the anthem or Tipperary.)

From Burma to Bizerte, in all the imperial armies, raining death out of the skies over Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt, Milan; in the sieges of Tobruk, in the chase after Rommel, in the headlong drive to throw the Germans into the Mediterranean, Jews march and fly.

(A procession of soldiers carrying the flags mentioned in the next speech emerges from the Tablets space and marches down the steps to stand beside the others . . . The organ swells into a march militaire.)

FIRST SOLDIER: Under Mexican, Brazilian and Chinese flags, under the

flags of Canada, Australia and South Africa, under the flags of the Serbian guerilla fighters, of the Polish Legions, of the Czech mountain heroes, under the banners of the Turk, the Siberian, and the free Belgian are the Jewish soldiers.

(When these have all lined up the organ starts playing Over There. And an American soldier carrying the American flag emerges.)

SECOND SOLDIER: And under the flag of the U. S. A., three hundred thousand Jews are marching and sailing and flying forth to battle. And their spirit is the spirit of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt—of Yankee

Doodle and the Battle Hymn of the Republic—of Bar Kochba and Irving Strobing—

FIRST SOLDIER *(in a ringing voice)*: and—Meyer Levin.

SECOND SOLDIER: We ask of you a minute of silence in honor of a Jew who died for his country—Meyer Levin.

(The soldiers dip their flags and all stand silent for a minute. The orchestra starts the Battle Hymn of the Republic—and the choir sings it. During the singing the soldiers place their flags in standards at the back. In the dimness the soldiers exit down the left and right stairways.)

EPISODE THREE—"Remember Us"

(The stage is darkened except for the light from the candelabra. The choir balcony is brightly lighted. The choir begins a religious chant. During its singing the red lights and the swirl of cloud and smoke play on the Tablets. These lights end and a large spotlight hits the center of the stage. Into this spotlight come men carrying a long table. Other men bring chairs and place around it. Other men bring the flags of the United Nations and place them on each side of the stage.)

The space between the Tablets lights up. The two narrators appear here and walk down the steps to the microphones. The singing of the choir ends. The organ takes up the music. It plays under the narrators' talk.

The scene setters have now exited. The long table, surrounded by empty chairs, and the many flags remain in the bright spotlight. A separate light shines on the narrator.)

NARRATOR: We come tomorrow.

There will be a great meeting hall with tall windows. In this hall will stand a long table. It will be the table of judgment.

(Three Germans, two in frock coats and one in uniform, with the swastika on their sleeves, enter from the stairs left. They go to the empty table and sit down with their backs to the audience—facing the Tablets.)

To this table the German peace delegates will come for judgment.

(Sixteen men follow them to the stage, eight coming from each side stairs. As the narrator talks, these men seat themselves.)

And the men of many countries will sit around this table. The eyes of the German delegates will look into the eyes of Americans, Russians, Englishmen, Poles, Greeks, Chinese, Belgians, Czechs, Frenchmen, Serbs and Dutchmen. All the victims of the Ger-

man adventure will be there to pass sentence—all but one. Absent from the table of judgment will be the Jews. There are two reasons for this. First is the reason that the Jews have only one unity—that of the target. Though they die in many lands, they have no land to represent them at the table of judgment. The second reason for this is that there will be no Jews left in Europe for representation when the peace comes. They will have been reduced from a minority to a phantom. Of the six million Jews, in German-held lands, the Germans have said none shall remain. The four million left to kill are being killed—according to plan. When the time comes to make the peace these will have been done to death. And these millions who were hanged, burned and shot will have died without the dream of abasements to be avenged or homelands to be restored. For when the Jews die in massacre they look toward no tomorrow to bring their children happiness and their enemies disaster. . . . When the plans for the new world are being thrashed out at the peace table, when the guilts are being fixed and the color and shape of the future determined, there will be nothing for the Jews of Europe to say to the delegates but the sad, faint phrase—Remember Us. The dead of many lands will speak for justice through their spokesmen around the table of judgment. The Jew alone will have no one to speak for him. His voice will remain outside the hall of judgment, to be heard only when the window is opened and the sad faint phrase drifts

in—Remember Us.

(Through the last few moments of the narrator's talk the choir has been singing softly. The bright light has illumined the space between the Tablets. The light is removed from the narrator. Out of the Tablets come six Jews, two men, a rabbi, two women and a child. Their faces are grey. They move slowly, and stiffly, the fingers of their hands are curled inward. They advance down two steps and remain motionless facing the peace table. They are the dead and their heads are bowed. One of the dead raises his head. He speaks in emotionless tones. [The voice is that of an actor off stage.])

VOICE: Remember us. In the town of Freiberg in the Black Forest, two hundred of us were hanged and left dangling out of our kitchen windows. We watched our synagogue burn and our rabbi flogged to death.

(The voice ends and the group move slowly through the left of the steps. The choir singing grows louder as they move and as a second group emerges from the Tablets. They are six, two men, a woman and three children. One of the dead raises his face toward the peace table and another voice speaks for him.)

VOICE: In Mannheim and Hindenberg the Germans drove us all into our burning churches. Here we knelt and prayed and died while they sang German songs outside.

(Another voice is heard singing)
 "Break the skulls of all the Jews
 And future glory win
 Proudly will our banners fly
 When Jewish blood runs from our
 swords."

(The singing ends and the voice)

the dead Jew continues softly.)

VOICE: Remember us?

(The group moves to the right end of the steps. The choir singing swells, as another group takes its place, emerging from the Tablets. There are ten figures, four men, three women and three children. A new voice speaks for these dead—its pitch altered but its monotone the same.)

VOICE: In the town of Szcucin in Poland, on the morning of September 3rd, which is the day set aside for our Atonement, we were all in church praying God to forgive us. All our village was there, our bakers and millers and harness makers. All our wives and mothers and sisters were there and every child old enough to pronounce the name of God was there. Above our prayers we heard the sound of motor lorries. They stopped in front of our synagogue. The Germans tumbled out, torches in hand. The Germans set fire to us. When we ran out of the flames they turned machine guns on us. They caught our women and undressed them and made them run naked under whips through the market-place. All of us were killed before our Atonement Day was done. Remember us.

(The group moves to the left. The choir singing swells. Another group appears. These are five bearded old men. One of them raises his head and speaks.)

VOICE: Remember us in Wloclawek. The Germans came when we were at prayer. They tore the prayer-shawls from our heads. Under whips and bayonets they made us use our prayer-shawls as mops to clean out

German latrines. We were all dead when the sun set—a hundred of us—Remember us.

(The five bearded old men move to the left as the choir singing swells. Six women of different ages and four children come out of the Tablets. They stand with their heads bowed. One of them looks up and the quiet voice of a woman is heard.)

WOMAN'S VOICE: In Lublin five hundred of our women and children were led to the market-place and stood against the vegetable stalls we knew so well. Here the Germans turned machine guns on us and killed us all. Remember us.

(The women and children move to the right. Out of the Tablets come six workmen in overalls. They stand bowed as one of them raises his head and the voice speaks.)

VOICE: In Riga a thousand of us arrived on a transport from Germany as conscripted laborers. We had been traveling in sealed compartments for many days without food. The Germans in Riga unlocked our compartments and looked us over. They decided we were too weak to be of any use in the factories. They put us into sealed wagons and drove us into the fields and dynamited us. Remember us who were workmen.

(The six move to the left. Twelve men come out of the Tablets. They stand bowed as one head is raised to speak.)

VOICE: Remember us who were put in the freight trains that left France and Holland and Belgium and who rode across Europe to the city of Jassy in Roumania—standing up. We died in the freight cars standing up,

for there was no food or water or air. Of the 20,000 who made that trip only a few hundred were taken alive from the box cars. We were too weak for work and the Roumanians killed us. Remember us.

(The twelve dead move to the right. Fifteen men, women and children come out of the Tablets. One of their dead speaks.)

VOICE: Remember us who were in the Ukraine. Here the Germans grew angry because we were costing them too much time and ammunition to kill. They devised a less expensive method. They took our women into the roads and tied them together with our children. Then they drove their heavy motor lorries into us. Thousands of us died this way with the German military cars running back and forth over our broken bodies. Remember us.

(These dead move to the left. And now a stream of dead figures comes, one by one, out of the Tablets. They do not pause as did the others but continue to move slowly and stiffly toward the dead in the shadows. They form a rough circle around the brightly lighted peace table and the Voice of the Dead continues as they keep entering.)

VOICE: We were in Warsaw. The Germans killed 73,000 Jews in Warsaw in the year 1941. And seventy thousand more in the year 1942. They shot and burned us... In the seven months after June, 1941, there were 60,000 of us massacred in Bessarabia and Bukovina. All of us in Kiev, fifty thousand of us, were killed. There were eighty thousand of us killed in Minsk. We hung from the windows

and burned in basements and were beaten to death in the market-place. We were used as targets for the German bombing planes to practice on and this was a time of great celebration for the Germans. Remember us.

(The voice changes as the dead keep moving on from between the Tablets.)

We fill the waters of the Dnieper today with our bodies. There are myriads of us in the waters. And for a long time to come no one will be able to drink from that river or to swim in it, for we are still there. And this, too, is held against us by the Germans—that we have poisoned the waters of their rivers with our dead bodies...

(The stage is now filled. The dead stand in the shadows beyond the brightly lighted peace table. The choir singing swells. There is a pause. Twenty girls in white robes appear out of the Tablets. They remain on the top step as a girl's voice speaks for them.)

GIRL'S VOICE (softly): Remember us, too, who were not killed by the Germans but who killed themselves. We were the daughters who lived in Warsaw. We were the daughters of good and pious people. We were young and raised in virtue. The Germans took a hundred and six of us and brought us to a hotel. They gave us perfumes and white robes to put on. They told us that at nightfall they would take us to a brothel and that we were to serve the Germans there. We waited all day. We anointed ourselves with the perfumes and put on the white robes. And when the sun was setting we knelt and prayed and each of us poisoned herself and died

The Germans came but none of us went to the brothel. There were many other thousands like us. Remember us.

(The organ music starts. The narrator appears again at his microphone. The organ plays as he speaks.)

FIRST NARRATOR: These are the two million Jewish dead of Europe today. They will have no one to speak for them at the table of judgment, no voice but ours to echo their cry—"Remember Us."

SECOND NARRATOR: Let us keep their cry alive. Let their dying be not without meaning. Let the manner of their dying be one of the measures of the German soul.

FIRST NARRATOR: Let their myriad corpses piled in the streets, fields and rivers of Europe be as the Hound of Heaven on the heels of evil men.

SECOND NARRATOR: Let them who died helplessly make stronger the arm of all those who fight. This is the message from the dead—avenge us.

FIRST NARRATOR: It is not a Jewish message.

SECOND NARRATOR: The massacre of two million Jews is not a Jewish situation.

FIRST NARRATOR: There are four million Jews surviving in Europe. The Germans have promised to deliver to the world by the end of the year a Christmas package of four million dead Jews. And this is not a Jewish problem.

SECOND NARRATOR: It is a problem that belongs to humanity. It is a challenge to the soul of man.

FIRST NARRATOR: In allowing the slaughter of four million helpless people, in standing by without utter-

ance, we who are the Four Freedoms of the world become honorary members of the German posse. Our silence is part of their massacre.

SECOND NARRATOR: The corpse of a people lies on the steps of civilization. Behold it. Here it is! And no voice is heard to cry halt to the slaughter, no government speaks to bid the murder of human millions end.

FIRST NARRATOR: But we here have a voice. Let us raise it. Perhaps the dead will hear it and find comfort. Perhaps the dying will hear it and find hope. Perhaps the four freedoms will hear it and find their tongue... It is the voice of prayer. The Jews have a prayer for their dead. It is the prayer called the Kaddish, the prayer that begins "Yis-ga-dall v-yis-kadash." It is the prayer spoken by hearts heavy with grief for the dead. But it does not speak of grief. It is the greatest poem of the Jewish soul. For in grief, however great, it affirms the glory of life, and blesses God. Let us sing this prayer for the voiceless and the Jewish dead of Europe.

(A tenor leads the choir in the singing of "Yis-ga-dall, v-yis-kadash." As the singing of the Kaddish continues, the dead move slowly back through the space between the Tablets.)

"Fighting" Sam Dreben

MGM still hasn't completed its movie on the life of Sam Dreben, who fought so valiantly on so many fronts. When the late Wm. Anthony McGuire was asked: "How's 'Fightin' Sam' coming along?" the slow-working scenarist confessed: "I can't even get him to start shadow-boxing yet."—LEONARD LYONS in the *New York Post*.