

May-1965- David Grober

-1-

This evening we are commemorating Jewish armed resistance in the ghettos, in the forests, in the concentration camps of Eastern Europe. We are commemorating the fighters, the Jewish youth; we are commemorating with equal dedication the millions of our people- including over a million babies and children- who died not as active fighters, but as heroes nonetheless, heroes in the age old tradition of Kiddush Hshem.

To our generation there remains the duty of remembering always the horror that our people endured just 25 years ago. We must remember Auschwitz and Treblinka, Maidanek and Ponar. We must remember the ghettos of Warsaw and Vilna, of Bialystok and Lodz. We must remember the exceptional bravery of individual men: Anielewicz and Wittenberg, Katsenelson and Ziglbayn.

The program of this evening will deal particularly with the rôle of the Jewish youth in the years of the Holocaust; but we will begin in the traditional manner, with the El Moleh Rakhamim, the memorial prayer for the dead. We ask you all to rise.

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן בצדק, המבא מנוח לכוונה וחסד כופי השכינה, במעלות
קדושים וטהורים כבוד הקדש מזהירים, הם נשקפת בני עמינו שמתו על קידוש השם
בשואה בעבור שנדרו צדקה בעד הזכות וטהרתם, בגן עדן הוא מנוחם. לכן בעל הרחמים
יפתירם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים, ויצור בצדק החיים את נשמות. ה' הוא נחלתם;
וינחם על משכבתם בשלום, ויגמלם אמן.

September 22, 1944.

There are facts that cannot be written. So much that is told to you about our life under the Germans is untrue. So little is known about our life of terror during these three years. The world does not know, and even worse than that- does not want to know. This robs me of the desire to write about things that are not known, to cry out and to tell the whole truth.

If you yourself have not been here and have not seen it, you will never fully be able to understand. Don't be surprised if I say that the cruelest result of these years of Fascism was not the millions of graves but the very abyss that opened before the human being. And at the bottom of this abyss, shorn of all faith, was man. It was not the murder that was so awful but the shame, the shame that this was the deed of the highest form of creation, of homo sapiens.

And whenever I stood at the pit of this abyss, there remained for me just one bit of consolation- perhaps the only ray of light in the darkness. Those close to me, our movement, the youth I educated, came out of these years of terror as men- upright and unbroken. Most of them- and not by chance- fell in battle. But they died as free men with guns in their hands. Those moral values of life that we had taught had taken deep root.

I have already said- perhaps the only consolation was that in the midst of a sea of blood and mud, young people created legends of heroism.

The Jewish youth; the pride of the Ghetto. During almost the entire time in which the Warsaw Ghetto existed, the youth organizations issued newspapers and journals on an underground press. Particularly active were the Bund, Left Poale Zion, Hashomer Hatsair, Dror, and the Anti-Fascist bloc. Many young people were active in a group called Oneg Shabat, the code name for the Central Ghetto Archives. It is from these archives that most of our information about the Warsaw Ghetto comes. The following are two testaments that were buried along with part of the archives in 1942. The first was written by Israel Likhtenshtayn, a 20 year old assistant:

"I know that we will not survive. How long can you endure such horrible torments and remain alive? And therefore I plunged with fervour and joy into the work of helping to gather material for the archives. I was designated to watch over them till the end. I have hidden them; oh, I hid them well- may they be preserved!

"May we be the scapegoats for all the rest of the Jews throughout the world! I believe in the preservation of my nation. The Jews cannot be wiped out..."

And this was written by 19 year old David Grober, with the maturity of a man who is on the eve of his untimely death:

"We must hurry, because we are not sure of the next hour. Yesterday we worked till late in the night. I want the coming generations to remember our times so that in a free and Socialistic world our pains and turmoil may be recalled, so that it be remembered that in such a time of ruin, there were people who had the courage to do such work.

With what ardour we dug the holes for the boxes; with what joy we received every bit of material. We felt our responsibility and we were not afraid of any danger. We were well aware of the fact that we were creating a piece of history and that this was more important than a few individual lives, this burying of the treasure. We would rather have cut off our limbs than betray our secret. How I would like to live to the moment when the treasure is dug out and the whole truth proclaimed...BUT WE CERTAINLY WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE IT.

Therefore, I write this testament. May this treasure come into the right hands, may it live in better times, may the world be aroused to know that such things could have happened in the twentieth century!

Now we can die in peace, we have fulfilled our mission!

The wall was ten feet high and two bricks wide. The bricks were covered with plaster and finished with built in broken glass, with the sharp edges on the outside to prevent climbing over the wall. Itskhak Zukerman describes the beginning of the Ghetto:

We had not correctly measured the abyss. The clouds had obscured the heavens and we all reasoned: "This is but natural and normal. The end will come and the storm will pass." We did not understand that we were standing in the innermost chamber of the tragic history of our people, that we had never known its like. We did not understand that we were being carried from rung to rung, and did not feel that we had been singled out to sink lower and lower.

The white and blue armbands- we wound them around our arms. The Ghetto we complied. The concentration camps- we did not resist. We built Treblinka as if with our own hands. Herded like cattle in box cars- thus we traveled. We asked for nothing but a drop of water before death; we struggled to be the first to enter the gas chambers. And who could have understood in that first moment that from the white and blue armband with the Shield of David- that from the Band of Shame- a straight line would extend direct to Treblinka?

The incidents began and we grew accustomed to them. We were humiliated when we were forced to remove our caps in the presence of the German commanders...and we grew accustomed to that. We became used to not eating, to dying of the typhus, to starving. We grew accustomed to all of this. There was a certain force that prevented us from seeing reality as it actually was.

There were groups in the Ghetto that cooperated with the Germans: the police, the Judenrat, and other organizations. Not all those who participated in these activities were traitors. But from a strictly objective point of view, all these institutions were converted into instruments of evil, aiding the Germans in rounding up Jews for the concentration camps- for death. Leading all was the Judenrat, filling orders, defrauding, accepting the decisions of the Germans. The Jewish police equally defrauded- seizing Jews for the slave labour camps, forcing them into the dreaded trains of destruction, assisting in the wiping out of the Ghetto. "

And amid the destruction and the death, the cultural life in the Ghetto never ceased. The Warsaw Ghetto had five theatres: two performed in Yiddish, three in Polish. There was a symphony orchestra, several chamber music groups, numerous choirs, music contests. At one of these contests which the Judenrat organised in the Vilna Ghetto, the 11 year old Alexander Volkovsky played his composition, to which Shmerke Katcherginsky wrote the lyrics. The song is called "Shtiler Shtiler" and it describes the life in the Ghetto:

פרייטג אויפן לאנד געקומען-
און אונדז הארבסט געבראכט.
איז דער טאג היינט פול מיט בלומען-
אונדז זעט נאר די נאכט.
גאלדיקט שוין דער הארבסט אויף שטאמען-
בליט אין אונדז דער צער;
בלייבט פאריתומט ווי א מאמע;
ס'קינד גייט אויף פאנאר.
ווי די ווילנע א געשמידטע-
ט'אויך געיאגט אין פייך-
צנען קרעס אייז דורך ליטע
איצט אין ים אריין.
ס'ווערט דער הושך ווי צערונגען
פון דער פינצטער לייכטן זונען-
ייטער קום געשווינד-
דיך רופט זיין קינד,
דיך רופט זיין קינד.

שטילער שטילער, לאמיר שווייגן
קברים וואקסן דא.
ס'האבן זיי פארפלאנצט די שונאים.
גרינען זיי צום בלא.
ס'פירן וועגן צו פאנאר צו
ס'פירט קיין וועג צוריק,
איז דער טאטע ווי פארשווינדן
און מיט אים דאס גליק.
שטילער קינד מיינט, ווייזן ניט אונז,
ס'העלפט ניט קיין געווייזן,
אונדזער אומגליק וועלן שונאים
סיי ווי ניט פארשטיין.
ס'האבן ברעגעט אויך די ימען
ס'האבן חמיסות אויכעט צאמען,
נאר צו אונדזער פייך
קיין ביטל שוין
קיין ביטל שוין.

Emmanuel Ringelblum, the founder of Oneg Shabat, kept a meticulous diary of the developments in the Ghetto of Warsaw. The following excerpt from his notes was written in 1942:

For many, many months we endured the most terrible sufferings and we kept asking ourselves: Does the world know about our sufferings, and if it knows, why is it silent? Why was the world not outraged by the fact that tens of thousands of Jews were shot to death at Ponar? Why was the world silent when tens of thousands of Jews were poisoned in Chelmno? Why was the world silent when hundreds of thousands of Jews were slaughtered in Galicia and other occupied regions?

Only now have we come to understand the cause of this silence: London just ~~as~~ did not know anything about all that was happening here, and that was the reason for this silence. But now we ask how it is possible that the Polish government, which has its own radio-station, knew nothing about it? Now we ask: if London knew the next day, that one hundred people were shot in the Pawiak Prison, why then did it take many months before they learned in London of the hundreds of thousands murdered Jews? This is indeed a question which cannot be turned away by any excusus...

The children of the Ghetto became precocious. This poem was published in 1941 in the Nazi-controlled Gazeta Zydowska in Cracow. It reveals a child's struggle for inner balance and peace of mind:

MOIFLE

From tomorrow on, I shall be sad
From tomorrow on.
Today I shall be gay.
What is the use of sadness- tell me that?
Because these evil winds begin to blow?
Why should I grieve for tomorrow- today?
Tomorrow may be so good, so sunny,
Tomorrow the sun may shine for us again,
We will no longer need to be sad.
From tomorrow on I shall be sad
From tomorrow on,
Not today; no! today I will be glad.
And every day, no matter how bitter it be
I shall say:
From tomorrow on I shall be sad,
not today.

The 13 year old Anne Frank hid for two years with her family in an abandoned half of an old office buliding. It was during these years that she became acutely aware of her Jewishness, and began analysing the essence

of her religion and her nationality:

Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us Jews different from all other people? Who has allowed us to suffer so terribly up till now? It is God that has made us as we are, but it will be God, too, who will raise us up again. If we bear all this suffering and if there are still Jews left when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example. Who knows, it may even be our religion from which the world and all peoples learn good, and for that reason and that reason only do we have to suffer now. We can never become just Netherlands, or just English, or representatives of any country: for that matter, we will always remain Jews, but we also want to.

The heroes were not only those who fought. The heroes were also those Orthodox Jews who established secret synagogues and houses of study, who refused to eat non-kosher food, and thus suffered doubly from starvation. Heroes were those children who stole across every evening to the Ayrán side to bring home scraps of food for their family. Zosia was a heroine of the Ghetto.

Zosia was a little girl, she was the daughter of a physician. During an "action" one of the Germans became aware of her beautiful diamond-like dark eyes.

"I could make two rings out of them," he said. "One for myself and one for my wife."

His colleague is holding the girl.

"Let's see whether they are really so beautiful. And better yet, let's examine them in our hands."

Among the buddies exuberant gaiety breaks out. One of the wittiest proposes to take the eyes out. A shrill screaming and the noisy laughter of the soldier-pack. The screaming penetrates our brains, pierces our heart, the laughter hurts like the edge of a knife plunged into our body. The screaming and the laughter are growing, mingling and soaring to heaven.

Oh God, whom will you hear first?

What happens next is that the fainting child is lying on the floor. Instead of eyes two bloody wounds are staring. The mother, driven mad, is held by the women.

Two weeks later I met the girl by chance. It was a quiet day, the girl was lying in her bed. A handkerchief was tied around her eyes. The girl was stroking her mother's hand and comforting her:

"Don't cry, mother dear, it probably had to happen this way. It is still better that they took my eyes instead of killing me. After the war I will wander from town to town, from one country to another, and will tell everybody how the Germans tortured us, so that everybody will understand that revenge must be taken on the Hitlerites, and when I take the bandage off my eyes, nobody will have pity on the German children any more.

At one of the next "actions" little Zosia was taken away. It was of course necessary to annihilate the blind child...

Dr. Henryk Goldszmidt (pen name: Janusz Korczak) was a noted Polish physician, but primarily a famous writer and educator. He devoted his life to an orphanage for Jewish children which he founded and directed, where he tried to put into practice his ideas about education. Korczak's march to death with his pupils made a strong impression on his contemporaries. Here is one eye-witness account:

Wednesday, August 12, 1942

Today Korczak's orphanage is to be "evacuated". Korczak himself may remain; physicians are needed. But Korczak refuses to stay behind. He will not abandon "his" children, he will go with them.

And so a long line is formed in the front of the orphanage on Słiska Street. A long procession, children, small, tiny, rather precocious, emaciated, weak, shriveled and shrunk. They carry shabby packages, some have school books, notebooks under their arms. No one is crying.

Then the procession starts out. It is starting out for a trip from

which - everybody feels it - one never comes back. All these young, budding lives, innocent souls in which who knows what forces slumber, opportunities and talents, and maybe even the powers of a genius? Who knows? And all this is marching quietly and orderly to the place of their untimely doom.

The column is led by an S.S. man, who, like most of the Germans likes children, even those whom he is shortly going to kill. Particularly he seems to be fond of a 12-year old violinist, who carries his instrument under his arm. He orders him to take his place at the end of the column and to start playing - and so they march.

By the time the procession reaches Gensha Street, all the children are singing together with beaming faces, while the little violinist plays. Korczak marches with two of the youngest children in his arms. Their faces are also smiling; he has been telling them funny stories...

One million Jewish children were slaughtered by the Nazis. Much has been written about these children, who became old and shriveled at the age of eight or nine. This song was written for Sarah Krinsky, one of the few children who managed to escape. It is called "Dos Elute Kind", "The Lonely Child":

אין וואגל פון טאג
אין וואגדער פון נאכט,
אין אומרו, פון שלאך
ליגט דאס קינד און עס דאכט:
"א קינד מיינס" זי הערט שוין
פון מאמע די טריט,
די מאמע פארטויגט איר
און זינגט איר דאס ליד:
"אז דו וועסט א מאל
א מאמעלע זיין
זאלסטו דיינע קינדער
דערציילן דעם מיין,
וואס מאמע און מאמע
געזאגט האט פון מיינס.
פארגעס נישט דעם נעכטן -
דערמאן עס זיך היינט!"

ס'יאגט מיך ווער ס'יאגט,
און לאזט נישט צורו,
א מאמע, מיין מאמעלע
וואו ביסטו, וואו?
עס זוכט זיך דיין שרהלע
ס'רופט זיך דיין קינד
ס'יאמערט און ס'וואיעט
אין פעלד אום דער ווינט.
"דער מאמע - נישט
ווער ווייט וואו ער איז?
עס האט אים געפאנגען
א גרויזאמען ריז.
די גאנצע שווארץ געווען איז
ווען דאס איז געטען
נאך שווארצער דאס פנים
מיין מאמעס געווען..."

In the beginning of 1942, the underground movement in the Warsaw Ghetto began to materialize. There were many problems involved. Itskhak Zukerman who took over the command of the Jewish Fighting Organization at the age of 23, describes the beginning of the organized resistance movement in the Ghetto:

The Judenrat and the police were opposed to all communal activities and fought all forms of open resistance. They muzzled any form of Jewish communal activity - and shortly thereafter were traitors in the "Jewish Affair". But there were not only those people who preached restraint; there were also psychological hinderances for every Jew, for the Pioneer movement, for every Pioneer. These psychological restraints stemmed primarily from the Nazi doctrine of collective responsibility and collective guilt: this weighed down the decision. Then there was one other hinderance an objective and physical one: we were neither armed nor were we trained for armed conflict.

In the spring of 1942 an anti-Fascist front was set up. The partners in this undertaking were: Poale Zion Left, Poale Zion, Dror, Hashomer Hatzair, and the Communists. The Bund and the General Zionists did not take part. The Communists's plan was to set up Jewish Partisan units, but we countered: Polish Partisan activities are carried out on Polish soil, while Jewish partisan activities will take place outside the Ghetto. Once we have expended our strength outside, who will defend the Ghetto? Are we permitted to leave the Ghetto alone and defenceless? Jewish youth, brought up and educated in its embattled streets, in its schools and study-houses, on the literature of the people - whose fate is bound up with the

destiny of the people - is there no place for it in the Ghetto? Could we abandon our parents, our children, the helpless among us, our ill, the place where we were formed? May we leave them helpless and defenseless in order to seek out a war where there are better chances for life and victory and where there is a chance for greater contact with non-Jewish movements?

We desired an independent Jewish fighting force, which was not to take orders from the Polish underground. We wanted a Jewish commander and Jewish soldiers fighting in and for the ghetto, and deciding when to fight.

The anti-Fascist bloc was not able to hold its ground and split up prior to the first wave of deportations. On the 28th of July, 1942, the Hekhaluts Zionists movements: Dror, Hashomer Hatsair, Bnei Akivah decided to set up a fighting force. After the first action, we were able to close ranks with the Bund, the other Zionist parties, and the Communists. We all agreed: WAR!

And now the problem began. When to fight? And then another question: following the first wave of terror, not more than 50,000 Jews remained out of the original half-million persons. And if they continued to take Jews to Treblinka, should we fight or not?

We were deeply troubled, and we knew well enough: in this manner had they broken us down, beginning with the deportation of thousands of Jews and continuing on to hundreds of thousands. Therefore did we decide: not one more Jew would we give. They thrust in our faces: "Retribution! You are assuming historical responsibility for the Jewish destiny."

Among the many Jewish writers of the Warsaw Ghetto, one of the most popular was the Hebrew writer Itskhak Katsenelson, whose talents, in those days, reached unexpected heights and depths of emotion. Katsenelson was in close contact with the Jewish Fighting Organization. This is Itskhak Zukerman's description of him and of his writing:

In the days of utter distress, when he was in very low spirits and exhausted, we stretched out our brotherly hand to him, and he pressed it and was grateful. He was growing older. But we, we remembered his poetry always overflowing with sunlight and the joy of living. Itskhak Katsenelson now he was in the ghetto! Once his poetry had meant light and sun, joy and children! Now here were children starving to death in the Warsaw Ghetto. Yes, he has lost his foothold on this earth. On the street corners of the city he stood, afraid and helpless. We went over to him...

Day after day he used to visit us, day after day he sat among us. He shared our sorrow, and he cried when he was in misery. His heart was permeated with love for his people, for the Chaluksim, for his wife and children. His poetry gained in rhythmic strength, but his verses grew in length. Instead of sun there were the walls of the Ghetto; instead of children's joy, the child dying in the cellar. No more Khassidic chants, only the Jew going to work in the morning and never coming home. Now he wrote in Yiddish, in the language of his people in the Ghetto of Warsaw.

No event went unnoticed by him. New Year arrived - and Katsenelson wrote his "Yizker". There came a day of mourning, and the poet had the vision of the whole Jewish people as a collective Job. Cold dominated the rooms, so Katsenelson wrote his poem on cold. How different are these verses from the winter poems of Bialik! The people were plagued by hunger, and he wrote his poem on hunger. When the Ghetto was fighting, he was together with us, one of us...

He always stands before my eyes, as though he were still alive...

The following is a fragment from his epic poem "Dos Lid Fun Oysgehar-getn Yidishn Folk" - "The Song of the Slaughtered Jewish People".

זינג! נעם דיין הארץ אין האנט, הויל, אויסגעוואלט און גרינג,
אויף זיינע שטרונגעס דין ווארף זיינע מינגער שווער,
ווי הערצער, ווי צעווייטיקטע, דאס ליד דאס לעצטע זינג,
זינג פון די לעצטע יידן אויף אייראפעס ערד.
- ווי קען איר זינגען? ווי קען איר, צעפענען מיין מויל,
אז איר בין בעבליגן איינער גאר אליין -

מיין ווייב און מייןע עומהלעך די צוויי - א גרויל!
מיין גרוילט א גרויל...מע וויינט! איך הער ווייט א געווייט -
"זינג, זינג! הייב אויף צעווייטיקט און געבראכן הויך ריין שטים,
זוך! זוך אים אויף דארט אויבן, אויב ער איז נאך דא -
און זינג אים...זינג דאס לעצטע ליד פון לעצטן יעדן אים,
געלעבט. געשטארבן, נישט באגראבן און נישטא..."

איך שפיל. איך האב בעצעט זיך נידעריק אויף דר'ערד
און האב געשפילט און אומעטיק געזונגען: א מיין פאלק!
מיליאנען יעדן זענען ארום מיר געשטאנען און געהערט,
מיליאנען אויסגעהרגעטע זען געשטאנען, זיך צוגעהערט - א גרויס געפאלג!
א גרויס געפאלג, א מחנה גרויס, אך גרויס! יחזקאלס טאל
מיט ביינער פול וואלט אין א ווינקל דא באהאלטן זיך געקענט -
און ער אליין יחזקאל, ער וואלט נישט האפערדיק צוויי, נישט גלויביק ווי א מאל
צו אויסגעהרגעטע גערעדט, ער וואלט ווי איך פארבראכן מיט די הענט.

נישטא אויף וואס א לייב ארויפצוזעצן און אויף וואס א הויט
ארויפצוזעצן און אין וואס אריינבלאזן א גייסט -
זע, זע, א פאלק אן אויסגעהרגעטער דא גאנץ, א פאלק געטויט
קוקט אן אונדז שטארק, קוקט אן מיט אויבן אונדז פארבלייזט.
זע, זע - מיליאנען קעם און הענט צו אונדז געוואנדן - צייל!
און פנימער און ליפן זע - איז א געבעט אויף זיי פארשטארט צי א געשריי?
גיי צו און דיר זיי אן...נישטא וואס אנצורירן - הייל!
כ'האב אויסגעטרעט א יודיש פאלק! כ'האב אויסגעטראכט דאך זיי!

זיי האבן נישט געוויסט, זיך נישט געריכט - "די יודען שיסן!" איך האב געהערט דעם אורט -
ווארפט עקלדיקע שטים

איידער נאך די אומריינע נשמה ז'אייט ארויס, ס'איז נישט געווען קיין אויסרוף, נאר א
בייז ווונדער - ס'טייטט?
א שטוינען ווייט אין אויסטערליש און אומגערעכט אזוי: "די יודען שיסן!" א נישט אליין
פון אים,

ס'איז א רוף געוועזן פון א מערדערפאלק, פון אכציק מיליאן: זיי אויך! די יעדן מאכן ס'
אויך ווי מיר, ווי יעדער דייטש.
וויי אונדז! מיר קענען, יא מיר קענען זיך אנטקעגן שטעלן אויך און אייך דערהרגענען,
מיר אויך! מיר אויך!
מיר קענען אבער דאס וואס איר האט קיין מאל נישט געקענט און וועט נישט קיין מאל אויף
דער ערד -

נישט הרגענען א צווייטן! נישט אויסטראטן א פאלק, ווייל עס איז ווערלאז, וואס הויפט
אומזיסט די אויגן אין דער הויך.
איר קענט נישט נישט דערהרגענען, איר זינדיקע פון דער נאטור, איר מוזט'ס, אייביקע איר
פאכער מיט דער שווערד.

די ענד. דער הימל פלאקערט אין די נעכט, ער וויקלט אין א רויך בייטאג זיך און צינדט
ביינאכט זיך ווידער אן, אשרע!
להבריל ווי דער מדבר, ווילד, אין אונדזער פריסטן אנהייב: ביי טאג א וואלקנזייל און
העל א פייערזייל ביי נאכט -
מיין פאלק, ער איז אין פרייד, געשטארקט אין גלויבן, א לעבן יונג אנטקעגן דאן געגאנגען,
און יעצט - א סוף, אן עק...
מען האט אונדז אויסגעהרגעט אלע אויף דער ערד, פון קליין ביז גרויס, מע האט אונדז
אלעמען דא אומגעבראכט.
פאר וואס? א פרעגט נישט, קיינער נישט-פאר וואס? ווייל יעדער ווייט עס, פון דעם בעסטן
ביז דעם ערגסטן גוי -

דער ערגסטער האט די דייטשן צוגעהאלפן, דער בעסטער צוגעקוקט זיך מיט איין אויג,
געמאכט זיך...אז ער שלאפט -
ניין, ניין, ס'וועט קיינער נישט קיין דעכנשאפט פארלאנגען, נישט נאכפארשן, נישט פרעגן זיך:
פאר וואס אזוי?
אונדזער בלוט איז הפקר, מע מעג פארגיסן אים, מע קען אונדז אומברענגען, דערמארדן
אומבאשטראפט.

וויי מיר, נישטא נישט קיינער שוין...געווען א פאלק, געווען, און שוין נישטא...געווען א
פאלק, געווען און שוין נישטא...אויס!

א מעשהלע אזא, עס הייבט פון חומשל זיך אן און ביז, ביז יעצט... א מעשהלע גאר טרויעריק,
ווער זאגט אז שייך?
א מעשה פון עמלקן און ביז אן ערגערן פון אים, דעם דייטש... א הימל ווייט, א ברייט די
ערד, א ימים גרויס -
ניט באלט צוזאמען אין איין קנויל זיך און ניט פארניכט די שלעכטע אויף דער ערד, זאלן
זיי פארניכטן זיך אליין!

Monday, the day before Passover, April 19th, 1943. A pleasant spring day, pleasant sun rays penetrating every dark corner of the Ghetto of Warsaw. The last day. Nature arranges in you a strong desire for life. Had the city been dark, if a storm had been raging, if gusts of rain had been pouring down perhaps it would have been easier to accept death. Yet it seemed that Nature had allied itself with the enemy, and had provoked us the more on the threshold of oblivion.

With a few other companions I was on the balcony of the first floor house on Nalevki-Gensha Street. We were the first to spot German units marching towards the Ghetto. This morning, infantry and cavalry of various military units, S.S. units, and Ukrainians, fully armed, were advancing in the direction of the Ghetto as if in battle formation for an encounter with a regular army.

I became discouraged at the sight of the enemy forces. We were so weak! What was our strength in comparison to this well-equipped army, armed with armoured cars and tanks? We having only pistols and rifles? However, we must hold fast.

At six in the morning, the seige of the Ghetto walls complete, the enemy's first units were marching into the Ghetto. We did not wait for them to shoot but opened fire from our positions. A hail of bullets, grenade and bombs poured down on the enemy. Our home-made ammunition functioned well: Germans fell in the streets, dead and wounded. This was the first clash and the sounds of the explosions conveyed the message to all the groups: the uprising had begun!

Mordekhai Anielewicz, the first commander of the Jewish Fighting Organization, sent the following letter, his last letter, to the Aryan side of Warsaw.

April 23, 1943

Now it is quite clear for us - what happened has by far surpassed all our expectations. In the fight with the Germans we have strained our forces to the utmost. Now however, our strength is weakening and dwindling. We stand at the brink of the abyss. Twice already we have forced the Germans to withdraw, but they came back with their forces redoubled. One of our groups held out for about 40 minutes, another group fought for six hours. The mine, which was hidden with the "brush-makers" has exploded. Thereafter we attacked the Germans and inflicted heavy losses on them. Our losses, on the contrary, were light. Even this is an achievement. I feel that great things are in the offing. What we have succeeded in creating will be of enormous value and importance.

I am not able to describe to you the conditions in which the Jews in the Ghetto "live" now. Individual persons will perhaps manage to hold out in such sufferings, but the rest will die out sooner or later. Their fate is sealed, though they are still trying to hide in all kinds of fissures and rat holes. It is impossible to light a candle because of the lack of air.

We bid you farewell, you on the outside. Perhaps a miracle will happen, and we will see each other one day. Still I doubt it, I doubt it very much. The last wish of my life has come true. Jewish self-defense has become reality. Jewish resistance and vengeance have been transformed into acts. I am jubilant, because I have found myself among the first fighting Jews in the Ghetto.

David Hoxhberg was so young, that his mother had strictly forbidden him to join the fighting organization. But in the Ghetto battle he was a group commander. His bunker sheltered several hundred people.

When the Germans approached one of the narrow entrances to the bunker it seemed that everyone was lost. David stripped himself of his weapons. He wedged himself into the narrow bunker opening and let the German bullets find him. By the time the attackers had pried his body out of their path the bunker had been evacuated through other exits.

Zivia Lubetkin describes the last days of the Warsaw Ghetto: (Es Brent)

"The Ghetto was burning. For days and nights it flamed, and the fire consumed house after house, entire streets. Columns of smoke rose, sparks flew, and the sky reflected a red, frightening glow. Nearby, on the other side of the wall, life flowed on as usual. The residents of the capital went for walks, relaxed and enjoyed themselves, seeing nearby, the smoke during the day and the fire at night. Children, innocently enjoying themselves riding a merry-go-round, and peasant girls visiting the capital who also came to the carousel, incidentally saw the flames and knew that "the Jews were burning." The wind blew smoke and soot from the burning ruins in their direction. Sparks scattered and now and then a house outside the Ghetto would catch fire. But these fires were immediately extinguished. Only in the Ghetto no one hastened to put out the flames, to come to the rescue. Everything was burning and there was no one to halt the blaze.

"Warsaw Ghetto was burning, the Ghetto of the largest Jewish community in Europe; and in it the remains of the Jews, several tens of thousands of them, were writhing in the last throes of death. Only a few days ago, in April 1943, the Germans had resolved to finish off these remnants and send them to Trblinka in death cars, as they had done unmolested with several thousands in the past. But this time they drew back. Units of The Jewish Fighting Organization, hiding in the ruins, planted mines and hurled grenades at the marching, celebrating army. The Germans were flabbergasted and retreated. They tried one day, they tried the next, and they were repulsed by the astounding Jewish shooting. And after ten days of battle they did not venture to enter the Ghetto. The Germans set the Ghetto on fire from all corners, trusting that this deadly fire would finish by suffocation what they could not finish in face-to-face combat. But apparently it was not so easy to finish off this nation. With their last breath of life the Jews sought refuge among the ruins and flames. The fire drove them out of subterranean hideouts and bunkers. Many were burned alive and smothered by smoke; but many others, men, women and children, rose from the very earth carrying scraps of food, pots and blankets. In the eyes of the children were reflected sadness and sorrow, confusion, and a crying-out for salvation. All these were moving behind every wall, looking for refuge in hidden ruins that could burn no more, in corners in which the fires weren't yet strong. Who can describe the great sorrow, the intense terror of the Jewish community in flame? I will never forget that night when the whole Ghetto was set on fire from all sides. I emerged from my hideout and around me was daylight. The great light was dazzling. Around me was the roar of wild flames, the crashing of tumbling buildings, the din of breaking glass, billows of smoke rising to heaven - and the fire, spreading and consuming.

The bitter day finally came: the 8th of May 1943. 120 Jewish fighters had assembled in the main bunker at 18 Mila Street. While they were still lying on their mats, the guards suddenly broke in, saying that the Germans were surrounding the bunker. When the Germans called for the people to come out, the civilians went, but none of the fighters left. The Germans announced that those who came out would be taken away to work and that those who refused would be shot on the spot. The fighters entrenched themselves near the entrances, waiting, weapons in hand, for the Germans to enter. The Germans repeated that no harm would come to those who came out; but no one was foolish enough to believe them. Finally they began pumping gas into the bunker, and calamity faced the 120 fighters.

The Germans chose not to give them a quick death. They introduced a small quantity of gas and then stopped, in order to torture their pri-

soners by slow and extended strangulation. Aryeh Wilner was the first to call out: "Come, let us kill ourselves and not fall into German hands alive." A wave of suicides began. Sounds of shots inside... Jewish fighters taking their own lives. The last one to take his life was the commander, Mordekhai Anielewicz. He was 24 years old.

(Zog Nit Keyn Mol)

Warsaw was a symbol, but Warsaw was not alone in the war of the Jews. Before and after Warsaw there were other rebellions and other experiences: in Chenstokhov, Bialystok, Bendin, Vilna, Gracow and in all other towns, villages and camps where Jewish youth fought. Not always were they successful, for there were places where the fighting forces did not control the Ghetto, the police, the Judenrat; on the contrary, the Jewish fighters were forced to leave the Ghetto.

And if the Jews of the Diaspora remember the Warsaw revolt, let there also be remembrance of those brave young men in the Ghetto of Chenstokhov who rose up against the Germans and who, when their revolvers did not shoot, fell on their enemies with their teeth, and were slain. They produced no echo to match that made by Warsaw, but from the point of view of dedication and self-sacrifice, their accomplishment was no less splendid.

The Warsaw Revolt was an isolated rebellion, but even so it was not the most difficult. There was one far greater in depth and intensity, by which the inmates of Treblinka and Sobibor proved to our satisfaction that a revolt in Hell is possible. The Jews of Treblinka and Sobibor, in the gas chambers, were able to rise up, despite the finality of it all, and despite the slaughter of millions. They proved to us that it is possible for man to fight even in the depths of destruction.

In the Vina Ghetto, the Youth Club had its own song, which the club choir would sing at every meeting or at every special program. The song is called simply: "The Youth Hymn."

אונדזער ליד איז פול מיט טרויער
דרייט איז אונדזער מונטערגאנג,
לאזט דער שונא וואכט ביים טויער -
שטורעמט יונגט מיט געזאנג:
יונג איז יעדער, יעדער, יעדער ווער עס וויל נאר
יארן האבן קיין באטיים,
אלע קענען, קענען, קענען אויך זיין קינדער
פון א נייער פרייער צייט.
ווער עס וואגלט אים אויך וועגן
ווער מיט דרייטטייט ס'שטעלט זיין פוס,
ברענגט די יונגט זיי אנטקעגן
פונעם געטא א גערוס.
יונג איז יעדער...
מיר געדענקען אלע שונאים,
מיר דערמאנען אלע פריינד
אייניק וועלן מיר פארבינדן
אונדזער נעכטן מיטן היינט.
יונג איז יעדער...

On February 27, 1943, there was a general meeting of Kibbutz Tel Khay and of the active members of Dror. The meeting took place in the Bialystok Ghetto. The minutes were buried and were dug up after the war. This is the discussion that took place:

MORDEKHAI: We are glad at least that everyone's mood is more or less all right. To our regret, this meeting of ours will not be a happy one. If you want to think of it that way, this will be an historical meeting; and if you want to think of it the other way, it will be a most tragic one. Whichever way, it's a meeting of mourning. The small group of people who are gathered here are the last of the Chalutsim of Poland.

Everything around us, everyone but ourselves, is dead. Do you know what happened in Warsaw? There was not one person left, so it is in Bendin and

in Chenstokhov, and it seems that the same has happened everywhere else.

We are the last to survive. Certainly it is not a pleasant feeling to be the last. It places on us special responsibilities such as the decisions which we must make today. The first is, what are we going to do tomorrow? It is foolish to sit down together and warm ourselves with memories. There is nothing to wait for; we cannot live in expectation. Just meeting together may bring death on us all. What should we do?

Two ways are open to us - to decide that when the first Jew is taken out of Bialystok, we will start a counter-action; that from tomorrow on, nobody would go to the factory; that when the Nazi operation started, it would be forbidden for any of us to hide himself. Everyone would be drafted for action. We would have to see to it that no German left the Ghetto alive, that not one factory remained undamaged. Further, you may be sure that it is not impossible that after we had carried through these activities not one of us would, by accident, remain alive. But- we would have fought to the last one of us. This is one way.

The second way is to go to the forest. Today two went out to find a place for us there.

Those are the two ways, and it is only right that we should take them up and deal with them in a realistic and practical way. At any rate, before this meeting ends, we will have set up military discipline; upon us is the burden of deciding.

HERSHEL: It's still too soon to review everything that we have passed through in the last year and a half. But when we are to make a decisive and final decision, we must give some reckoning to what has been done up till now.

In the past year, hundreds of thousands of Jews were slaughtered and murdered. The enemy, with great ability and by practical deed, succeeded in confusing us and led us like animals to the slaughter houses of Ponar, Chelmo, Belsen and Treblinka.

Our movement was not always adequate to meet the needs of the hour. Instead of immediate resistance, it was the custom to delay action, to put it off. Even in Warsaw, the resistance would have brought different results altogether if it had started not at the annihilation of the Ghetto but in the beginning, when they first set up the Ghetto.

Even in Bialystok it was just luck that we were the last to survive in that bloodiest of tragedies. What should we do? What are we able to do? In my estimation the situation is like this: the majority of the people of the Ghetto and even our own families are sentenced to death. Our sentence is absolutely final and definite. We have never considered the forest as a place of shelter. The forest has always been to us a place to hide in until we could take revenge.

But dozens of young people are today turning toward the forest. They are not looking at it as a place to fight. Most of them are living there like beggars, and their end will probably be a death in poverty. Unless we decide today on a better course, we too are going to share the same lot and be beggars.

So now, only one thing is left to us, and that is to organize a collective strong resistance movement in the Ghetto no matter what the price, and to seek to write a gloriously honourable chapter in the history of Jewish Bialystok and our movement.

To us the decision is clear. When the first Jew is taken from the Ghetto we must start a counter-action. There is no alternative. I can see that only a few individuals will be able to save their lives. If there were a chance that 50 or 60% of the Jews might be allowed to live, I would say that the movement should try to remain alive, under any and circumstances. But our fate is sealed and our luck has run out. All of us are sentenced to destruction.

SARA: Colleagues: about honour there isn't anything to say. This we lost long ago. In most of the Jewish communities the Germans went through with their plans with no obstacles, without any resistance whatsoever. Certainly,

it is more important to remain alive than to kill five Germans. There is no doubt about it. There is also no doubt that in a counter-action, all of us will be killed. In the forest, there is a possibility that 40 or 50% of our people will be saved. That will be to our honour, and that will be an important page in our history and a page of greater glory. There is still a need for us; and why do we speak of honour? We have no honour, it is gone. To remain alive, this is our duty and fate.

CHAIM: There aren't any more Jews, remnants only are left. The movement is no more- only a few left-over participants. It's not worthwhile to talk about honour. All we can ask is that our lives be saved. It is not important how they will judge us later on. To hide in the forests...

SOMEONE (interrupting): That's cowardice!

SOMEONE (interrupting): No, that's not the way!

MORDEKHAI: Even if we seriously want to resist, then we still have to watch over the lives of our people so long as there is one Jew alive in Bialystok. I'm asking a direct question: is it the opinion of my colleagues that we should go to the forest, that now we must do nothing but hide?

EVERYONE: No, not this!

MORDEKHAI: Well, we hear two opinions; one of Sara and Chaim, and the other of Hershel. Now it is up to you to decide. One thing is clear: we will not go to the factories, there to pray to God that they catch the people in the bunkers in order that through that we ourselves shall be saved. We surely do not want to stand in the windows of the workshops and watch our brothers being carried to their deaths.

We can set up a plebiscite: Hershel or Chaim?

ELIEZER: Colleagues: my opinion is that we won't accomplish anything in trying to go in two directions at the same time. The forest is a very nice idea. The forest gives us a chance to remain alive. But with conditions as they are today, the German action against the Ghetto is a close reality. There is only one thing to do: to answer German action with counter-action. I think that we must decide on this and give a frank answer which, with the means at hand, however little, we will abide by.

YOKHEVED: Why are we talking so much about death? It is not natural. Every soldier at the front, or Partisan in the depths of the forest, has only one thought, even in the most dangerous hour: to live! We know exactly what our situation is. But even though we'd have a better chance of surviving if we fought in the forest, what meaning would that have compared to the idea of mounting a counter-attack here in the Ghetto? And fighting in the Ghetto doesn't mean that we would necessarily be destroyed; all our words to that effect lose sight of the natural primitive instinct to live that is inside all of us.

CHAIM: I do not agree with Yokheved. Be logical; it's true that we are not allowed ethically to give any person a permit to escape. There is no compromise possible. If we must fight, then it is a fight to the death - it means we will be killed. In my opinion, the best way is to remain alive - to go to the forest. I suggest a hiding-place outside the Ghetto, and continuing our fight from there, with sabotage. Afterwards, we will carry out the counter-action.

BERMAN: If it is to be decided here whether we have a right to remain alive, I say yes, we have an absolute right to life. Our movement will perhaps be the only one that will leave a record of these hours and days and years of sorrow. The activities of this movement have meaning: that as a nation we should continue to exist.

To exist not only for the sake of living, but to be able to continue our activities. We are a link in a chain that hasn't been broken for one minute even in the darkest days. There is a minimum chance that it may still not be broken; that, if our strength is devoted in the right way, we shall still succeed.

SHMULIK: It is the first time I ever participated in a meeting dealing with death. We are preparing for counter-action; not to live historical deeds, but to die with honour, as is our duty as young Jews in these times. And if the hour is so appointed, some of us will accomplish deeds of historical importance, and that will be a history far different from that of the Jews in Spain, where they jumped into the fire with the cry: "Shma Israel" on their lips.

We have a chance to come through the approaching conflict. Everyone is putting his trust in time. Let us do the same. In the short interval that remains, let us obtain more ammunition and hoard it up, for our supply as of today is very little and poor.

We have set a goal for ourselves and we must remain alive to achieve it. It is a must that we remain as living witnesses. Therefore we must make every effort to strengthen ourselves, hoping only that evil will not hurry toward us and arrive first. So we must wait and hope to gain time.

But if action comes quickly, then all of us as one man must counter-attack - and I too shall die.

SARA: I want my colleagues to know, that I know in advance what they will decide. I am only surprised at the calmness with which we speak. When I see a German my very bones seem to fall apart. I do not know whether all of you, especially the girls, will have enough strength to hold out. I have said what I feel only because I do not trust my own strength.

EZEKIEL: I don't agree with Sara. Staring death in the face, one can be overwhelmed and rendered helpless. But one is able to reveal the great strength one can muster when there isn't anything more to lose. I agree with Shmulik, that we must start counter-action only if complete annihilation is the only alternative.

ETHEL: Let us get to the point. If action starts in a very few days, then we have no choice but to initiate counter-action. But if we have at our disposal a longer while, then we must get busy in preparing to go to the forest. Hershel's words are true: we are not staying to face nothing but desperation. This thing is not a mere choosing on our part; our fate is sealed. We can only choose how we die. I feel quite calm.

MORDEKHAI: The stand of our colleagues is clear. We will do everything we can to bring the largest possible number of people to the forest to engage in Partisan activity. But all those who are in the Ghetto when they come to catch the first Jew must react immediately. The proud record and the stature the movement has attained must not be diminished even at the last moment.

And the revolt spread; from town to town, from ghetto to ghetto. In September 1943, the High Command of the United Jewish Partisan Organization issued the following plea to the Jews of the Vilna Ghetto:

Do not believe the promises of the murderers. Do not believe the assurances of traitors. There is only one path for those who leave the Ghetto to Ponar. And Ponar means death. Jews, we have nothing to lose. Death will come anyhow. Who believes that he will still remain alive when the murderer is exterminating all systematically?

Jews, rise in armed resistance. The German and Lithuanian executioners have come to the Ghetto door. They are going to slaughter us. They will soon lead us in files from the gates. So they led hundreds on Yom Kippur. So they led those with the "white", the "yellow", and the "pink" badges. So they led our brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers and children.

Don't let yourselves be led like cattle to the slaughter. Out into the streets! Whoever has no weapon, should seize an axe. Whoever has no axe, should seize a bar of iron, a stick. For our murdered children! For our parents! For Ponar! Attack the murderers. On every street, in every room, in every yard, in the Ghetto and outside the Ghetto. Beat the dogs! Long live freedom and armed resistance! Death to the murderers!

Another phase of the Jewish resistance was the Partisan movement based in the forests and swamplands of Poland, the Ukraine, Lithuania and Russia. The courage and heroism of the Partisans filtered past the Ghetto gates; beckoned to the dwellers to flee the Ghetto and join their brigade. Songs were one of their weapons, and a moving ballad, which combines the love of a man for a woman with an incident in which two Partisans blew up a German military transport on the outskirts of Vilna is the following called: "The Starry Night is Silent".

געצילט, געשאסן און געטראפן
האט איר קלייניגקער פיסטאָל,
אן אויפֿהאָלן אַ פּוֹליצֵן מיט וואָס
פאַרהאַלטן האָט זי מיט איין קויל.
פאַרשטאָלן פון וואַלד אַרױסגעקראַכן
מיט שניי-גירלאַנדן אויף די האַר,
געמוטיקט פון קלייניקן נאַחן
פאַר אַנדער נייעס, פֿרייען דור.

שטיל, די נאכט איז אַרױסגעשטערנט,
און דער פֿראכט - ער האָט געברענט;
זי געדענקט זי איך האב דיך געלערנט
האַלטן אַ שפּיגל אין די הענט.
א פּוֹל, אַ פּעלצל און אַ בערעט,
און האָלט אין האַנט פּעט אַ נאָגל,
א פּוֹל מיט אַ פּאַמעטענעס פּוֹל
מיט אַ דעם שונאס קאַראַנאַל.

Ever since winter set in, he had been recuperating in a sanatorium near the Volga. The sanatorium was called the Partisanian. It boarded people who had come from far behind the enemy lines. The stories of those who had been healed there were confidential. The time had not yet come when the Partisanian could be spoken of openly. Those who waited a return to health would soon go back into the depths of the forests, to hidden villages, to conquered cities, to places where their life would hang by a hair.

The wound in the lung was healing, and appetite was returning. For months he had been paralyzed. Now at least he could speak. He was a Partisan spy from Polesia in White Russia. The day before he had gone for a stroll for the first time. Afterwards he went into the office and asked to be released from the sanatorium, saying he had recovered and was preparing to back on the road. To complete his documents it was necessary to get the permission of the doctor. He gathered his papers together and started to walk to the white administration room. The head of the department was a very famous professor of medicine. He checked his heart and advised him to sit down on the couch for a while and gave him a very pungent-smelling cigarette to smoke. Both of them sat there quietly for a long time smoking. In the end the professor said: "In spite of everything I'm afraid you will have to delay going on your journey."

The Partisan continued to smoke, inhaling deeply, and coughing once in a while as though his breath was short. He didn't answer the professor.

"Your heart has been weakened," the professor continued. "You must have complete rest," he said, when the man didn't answer him.

The Partisan looked at his long fingers that were stained yellow from smoking. He was in deep thought, and it seemed as if he hadn't heard anything that had been said.

"Any kind of heaviness around the heart causes complications." The Partisan still did not answer.

"In a short period the help that you will be able to give will be very little," the professor said, this time angrily.

The Partisan lifted his sad eyes. Stubborn sparks shone from them. And thoughtfully, with his bony fingers he stroked his graying beard. Sharp words seemed to be rising to his thin lips, but he controlled himself and he continued to sit there in silence.

"I'm forced to forbid you to journey from here," the professor said, as though he were forcing himself to talk.

The Partisan answered, "Tomorrow I'm leaving here with the two o'clock car to go to the station." And then, to our surprise: "Doctor, please may I have another cigarette?"

He returned and sat down on the couch, lighted the fresh cigarette with a match that the professor gave him, and started to talk. He paused frequently, as though searching for the right words to express himself more simply, as if he were speaking to someone who was younger than himself.

He started, "I want to speak in Yiddish, it's easier for me."

As a sign of agreement the professor remarked: "As you see, I'm a Jew..."

The Partisans face wrinkled with a smile. "I have a philosophy, that as long as long as the fur on the body of the animal is of great value, more hunters pursue it. So I thought when I was young when I looked into the history of our people. Even in the days of Crachiban, a famous anti-Semite in Czarist Russia, the organizer of the pogrom in Kishinev in 1903, when I hid on the roof and waited for death. I so thought, but now..." Nervously he walked back and forth the length of the room.

As though apologizing, he then spread his arms entreatingly: "I'm not denying the facts, God forbid! I'm not an atheist. Right now I think that those who are not defending themselves, those who have no horns and tails - they are the persecuted." He closed his eyes, and then looked as though into the distance, carried away by his thoughts.

"Doctor, what would you call it? Sanctification? The w holy title martyrdom? Why are you quiet doctor? Entire communities of Jews stretched their necks on the block to be slaughtered. Before their eyes was the vision of the ten famous martyrs killed by the Romans! The heads of those ten holy ones cost very dearly. Many Jews have followed their footsteps, followed their example." His face became pale, white. He whispered, choking: "I'm not breaking the Jewish tradition, and I'm not retreating from responsibility. Just the opposite. I took upon myself much more... The murderers tied me down and forced me to be an eye-witness to the slaughter of the Jewish community in old Constantinov, a bloody brutal slaughter.

"Woe unto these eyes which saw it! And afterwards, near the open mass grave, they gave me into my hand a mallet, a wooden mallet... and then after the burial, they sent me away alone into the fields. They made fun of me and ordered me to go, to wander in a hostile world, a Rabbi who had helped bury the people of his community.

"I was a Rabbi in Israel, a leader of the great community of Constantinov the Old!"

He sat down again and his words came with difficulty, so choked with emotion was he. "These people! This nation only Thou shall love and remember - your memory shall live! But where is the order to remember? Remember what Amalek has done to you! In the forest of the Ukraine I met with Jews who do remember." His eyes flamed. His voice became hard and stern. He stretched both his hands before him, his fists were clenched, and he warned: "Men of Israel, killed, they and their whole generation. If one forgets what Hitler has done to the Jews and doesn't strike back and take revenge - God's ~~name~~ rage will be visited on his name from the heavens!" He jumped up and rushed over to the professor. He put his hand on the professor's shoulder and called out in a commanding voice: "Doctor, you must sign this document. People are waiting for me on the banks of the river Bug!"

The doctor signed.

A 23 year old girl wrote a poem before she was executed. It is a song to the heroes who gave away their lives for the honour of their people. The poem was written by Chana Senesh.

Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling flame.
Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart.
Blessed is the heart with strength to stop its beating for honour's sake.

Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling flame.

We conclude the Evening in the traditional manner, with the singing of the Partisan's Hymn. Although many of you know the words in Hebrew, we ask you nevertheless to sing it in Yiddish, in the language in which it was originally written. The audience will please rise.