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The moon is down, 1942.

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THE MOON IS DOWN



Thoughts on John Steinbeck's Important and Moving Book

By
Dr. Abba Hillel Silver

At
The Temple

On
Sunday morning, April 19, 1942

"By 10:45 it was all over. The town was occupied, the defenders defeated, and the war finished." That is how in his opening paragraph, John Steinbeck, leads us right into the heart of his timely and moving play-novel, called "The Moon is Down."

The little book is concerned with what happened to the people of this town after 10:45 in all the days and months which follow. What happens to the conquered? What happens to the conqueror? No theme, of course, could be more timely than this one, more opportune. Our earth today is full of conquerors and conquered, and of a few remaining peoples who are fighting the conquerors in behalf of the conquered.

So that, mirrored in this volume of Mr. Steinbeck is the dominant political experience of mankind today, and in his amazingly quiet, restrained, simple and deeply revealing story he has dramatized the universal tragedy of our day -- in fact the universal tragedy of all people of all time, anywhere where force is employed to break the free spirit of man.

The locale of this story is purposely not identified in this book -- it might be anywhere. It is not hard to infer that Norway is intended. The conquerors are also not identified by name. Only here again it is quite clear that it is the Nazis who are meant. A peaceful village in Norway is suddenly invaded by the Nazis after the ground had been adequately prepared by a local Quisling, Mr. Corell, a popular storekeeper in the town. To give point to the moral which the author is trying to drive home in the story, he does not represent the invaders as inhuman beasts, brutal, sadistic in their treatment of the conquered population as the Nazis have revealed themselves time and again in relation to the peoples actually conquered -- Poland, Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. Quite the contrary. The authority represents the Commander of the invading forces -- Col. Lanser as a rather sympathetic individual, a veteran of the First World War, a middle aged man, gray-haired and tired looking, who had seen all there was to be seen of war, of conquest and of defeat and who was quite disillusioned about it all, but who nevertheless is a soldier and has to perform his duty distasteful sometimes as that duty is. His fellow officers on the

staff are also not ogres, cruel people, but quite ordinary human beings - neither saints nor devils -- men who are caught in the grip of the military machine and a military discipline who would personally like to have themselves liked by the people of the town, whose chief concern is how and when they can get back home, but who are forced, nevertheless to do cruel and bloody deeds in the attempt to regiment the people whom they have invaded. It is only the younger members of the staff, the Lieutenants Praekle and Tonder who are actually the products of a Nazi political ideology, who are trained in the politics of the day, believing in the great new system which was invented by their Fuhrer. One or two of them long to die on the battlefield lighted by a fair setting sun while Wagnerian thunder crashed in the background. But by and large the members of the staff are just men who are made soldiers and who are compelled to do soldiers' work.

The conquerors actually seek amicable relationships with the local people. They solicit their collaboration in the same way as Hitler tried to collaborate with those he conquered. They wanted the people of the town to go about producing coal which they needed.

So Col. Lanser says to the Mayor of the town: "We want to get along as well as we can. You see, this is more like a business venture than anything else. We need the coal mine here and the fishing. We will try to get along with just as little friction as possible."

But in spite of this official reasonableness -- and this is the point of the story -- disaster follows on the heels of disaster for conquest and reasonableness are not and never can be compatible. The outraged free spirit of man will burst forth here or there at some provocation or other in some act of defiance. This act of defiance must be punished by the conqueror. This punishment arouses still deeper hatred and resentment. There follow acts of sabotage and passive or active resistance to the authority of the occupying power which the occupying power

must suppress by all the well-known punitive and terrorizing measures -- the taking of hostages, starvation, the firing squad. So the situation gets worse day by day, week by week until the conquered town becomes completely aroused and consolidated in its relentless opposition to the invader. And the invader, in turn finds himself shunned, ostracized by the people whom he has conquered. He feels himself trapped in his own alienating and destroying authority. He becomes tense, over-wrought, nerve-wracked. The fly has conquered miles and miles of fly-paper.

The first to be attacked in this little town is of course the Quisling, Mr. Corell. The town is out to get him for his treachery. They didn't quite get him. His store is boycotted. No one would speak to him. He comes to the commanding officer of the invading forces and asks that the local Mayor be ousted from office and that he be put in as administrator of the town. The Colonel refuses because Mr. Corell does not have the confidence of the people, and dismisses him with the admonition: "Wear a helmet, keep indoors and do not go out at night."

Real trouble in the town begins with the killing of one of the officers, Captain Bentick. A miner in the coal mine wanted to quit work. Lieutenant Loft ordered him back to work. Whereupon the miner shouted he was a free man and would not be ordered back. The miner rushed at him with a pick and Capt. Bentick tried to interfere and is killed. The miner of course is arrested and when the commanding officer is informed of it, he quickly understands what is coming. "So it starts again. We will shoot this man and make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know now, the only thing we know."

The trial of the miner, Alexander Morden, is set. It must be dramatized and his crime must be punished as an act of violence. The Mayor of the City is asked to preside at this trial in order to give it an air of sanction and legality. The Mayor refuses. He will not sentence Morden to death. Morden has committed no crime against his people. The Mayor says to the Colonel:

"You wish me to pass sentence of death on Alexander Morden after a trial here?"

"Yes, and you will prevent much bloodshed later if you will do it."

Orden went to the table and pulled out the big chair at ^{its} head and sat down. And suddenly he seemed to be the judge, with Lanser the culprit. He drummed with his fingers on the table. He said, "You and your government do not understand. In all the world yours is the only government and people with a record of defeat after defeat for centuries and every time because you did not understand people." He paused. "This principle does not work. First, I am the Mayor. I have no right to pass sentence of death. There is no one in this community with that right. If I should do it, I would be breaking the law as much as you."

"Breaking the law?" said Lanser.

"You killed six men when you came in. Under our law you are guilty of murder, all of you. Why do you go into this nonsense of law, Colonel? There is no law between you and us. This is war. Don't you know you will have to kill all of us or we in time will kill all of you? You destroyed the law when you came in, and a new law took its place. Don't you know that?"

Lanser said, "May I sit down?"

"Why do you ask? That is another lie. You could make me stand if you wished."

Lanser said, "No; it is true whether you believe it or not: personally, I have respect for you and your office, and" -- he put his forehead in his hand for a moment -- "you see, what I think, sir, I, a man of a certain age and certain memories, of no importance. I might agree with you, but that would change nothing. The military, the political pattern I work in has certain tendencies and practices which are invariable."

Orden said, "And these tendencies and practices have been proven wrong in every single case since the beginning of the world."

Lanser laughed bitterly. "I, an individual man with certain memories, might

agree with you, might even add that one of the tendencies of the military mind and pattern is an inability to learn, an inability to see beyond the killing which is its job. But I am not a man subject to memories. The coal miner must be shot publicly, because the theory is that others will then restrain themselves from killing our men."

"Orden said, "We need not talk any more, then."

"Yes, we must talk. We want you to help."

"Orden sat quietly for a while and then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. How many men were on the machine guns which killed our soldiers?"

"Oh, not more than twenty, I guess," said Lanser.

"Very well. If you will shoot them, I will condemn Orden."

"You're not serious!" said the colonel.

"But I am serious."

"This can't be done. You know it."

"I know it," said Orden. "And what you ask cannot be done."

Lanser said, "I suppose I knew. Corell will have to be Mayor after all."

He looked up quickly. "You will stay for the trial?"

"Yes, I'll stay. Then Alex won't be so lonely."

Lanser looked at him and smiled a little sadly. "We have taken on a job, haven't we?"

"Yes," said the Mayor, "The one impossible job in the world, the one thing that can't be done."

"And that is?"

"To break man's spirit permanently."

So the miner is tried and shot. The town settles down to a slow to a slow silent, waiting revenge, to sabotage. Suddenly machinery broke down, accidents happen, coal does not come easily out of the ground. Accidents on the railroads take place. Rails were spread. People were shot in reprisal but it didn't help. Young men escaped to England. Food was withheld from the disobedient. The whole

The whole town turned coldly obedient. Still sabotage goes on.

The effect, passive and active resistance of the town begins to show.

"Now it was that the conqueror was surrounded, the men of the battalion alone among silent enemies, and no man might relax his guard for even a moment. If he did, he disappeared, and some snowdrift received his body. If he drank, he disappeared. The men of the battalion could sing only together, could dance only together, and dancing gradually stopped and the singing expressed a longing for home. Their talk was of friends and relatives who loved them and their longings were for warmth and love.

"And the men thought always of home. The men of the battalion came to ^{te}dest the place they had conquered, and they were curt with the people and the people were curt with them, and gradually a little fear began to grow in the conquerors, a fear that it would never be over, that they could never relax or go home, a fear that one day they would crack and be hunted through the mountains like rabbits, for the conquered never relaxed their hatred. The patrols, seeing lights, hearing laughter, would be drawn as to a fire, and when they came near, the laughter stopped, the warmth went out, and the people were cold and obedient. And the soldiers, smelling warm food from the little restaurants, went in and ordered the warm food and found that it was oversalted or overpeppered.

"Thus it came about that the conquerors grew afraid of the conquered and their nerves wore thin and they shot at shadows in the night. The cold, sullen silence in a week and cried all night and all day until they were sent away home. And others was with them always. Then three soldiers went insane/might have gone insane if they had not heard that mercy deaths awaited the insane at home, and a mercy death is a terrible thing to think of. Fear crept in on the men in their billets and it made them sad, and it crept into the patrols and it made them cruel."

Even the officers came also to feel the affect of this, the affects of the environment about them. Their nerves were on edge, especially those of Lt. Tonder who almost cracked up from loneliness and lack of companionship and he cried out:

"Conquest after conquest, deeper and deeper into molasses. Maybe the Leader is crazy. Flies conquer the fly-paper. Flies capture 200 miles of new flypaper!"

In his longing for companionship, longing to the point of illness, Lt. Tonder comes to the lovely Molly Morden, the widow of the executed miner. He wants someone to talk to. He wants to hear someone talk. He wants to forget the war. He needs companionship. He is desperately lonely. She is lonely too. For a moment she too forgets war, hatred, memories of death. They both have the same right to life in all this death. But only for a moment. Soon the ghost of her husband who had been killed comes between her and Lt. Tonder. That hate can not be driven out, can not be exorcised. No feeling of compassion must be permitted to dull resistance of the conquered against the conqueror. When next Lt. Tonder comes to the home of Molly Morden she picks up a big pair of scissors and with the long sharp blades like a knife she awaits the coming of Lt. Tonder whom she kills.

The British come over in their planes and bomb this town and drop little packages of dynamite with instructions to the townspeople how to use them. Mr. Corell now even more beaten up than at first, no longer jovial and smiling, now sharp and bitter goes over the head of Col. Lanser and receives instructions to hold the Mayor as hostage. His life will depend on the peacefulness of the community. If a high fuse of dynamite is ignited, his life will be forfeited. "Kill the leaders and break the rebellion".

The Mayor is arrested. The Col. advises him to tell the people not to use the dynamite which has been parachuted down to them by the British planes.

Lanser says to the Mayor: "suppose you ask them not to?"

"Orden seemed half asleep; his eyes were drooped, and he tried to think. He said, 'I am not a very brave man, sir, I think they will light it, anyway.' He struggled with his speech. 'I hope they will, but if I ask them not to, they will be sorry.'"

"But you think they will light it?" Lanser insisted.

"The Mayor spoke proudly. "Yes, they will light it. If I tell them to fight, they will be glad, and I who am not a very brave man will have made them a little braver." He smiled apologetically. "You see, it is an easy thing to do, since the end for me is the same."

"Orden fingered his gold medallion. He said quietly, "You see, sir, nothing can change it. You will be destroyed and driven out." His voice was very soft. "The people don't like to be conquered, sir, and so they will not be. Free men cannot start a war, but once it is started, they can fight on in defeat. Herd men, followers of a leaders, cannot do that, and so it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars. You will find that is so, Sir."

"Lanser was erect and stiff. "My orders are clear. Eleven o'clock was the deadline. I have taken hostages. If there is violence, the hostages will be executed."

"And Doctor Winter said to the colonel, "Will you carry out the orders, knowing they will fail?"

"Lanser's face was tight. "I will carry out my orders no matter what they are, but I do think sir, a proclamation from you might save many lives."

"Madame broke in plaintively, "I wish you would tell me what all this nonsense is."

"It is nonsense, dear,"

"But they can't arrest the Mayor," she explained to him.

"Orden smiled at her. "No," he said, "they can't arrest the Mayor. The Mayor is an idea conceived by free men. It will escape arrest."

"From the distance there was a sound of an explosion. And the echo of it rolled to the hills and back again. The whistle at the ~~xi~~ coal mine tooted a shrill, sharp warning. Orden stood very tensely for a moment and then he smiled. A second explosion roared -- nearer /this time and heavier -- and its ~~mx~~ echo rolled back from the

mountains. Orden looked at his watch and then he took his watch and chain and put them in Doctor Winter's hand."

The last you see of the Mayor is when you see him escorted out to his execution. He bravely laughs. He turns to the Doctor and the book closes with that memorable phrase of Socrates. He said to him "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius. Will x you remember to pay the debt?"

In this little volume, friends, which is really pieced to gether from newspaper accounts which you and I have read about Norway, Belgium, Holland, Poland and other lands you find a fierce hunger of men to be free, a hunger which only freedom can appease. Free men do not like to be conquered. Free men can not be conquered. That is the lesson of this book. That is the lesson which Hitler is learning today in all the lands which he has conquered. The resistance to these invaders of Steinbeck's story is bitter and relentless. How much greater must be the resistance of the conquered peoples of today. The Nazis of 1942, drunk with conquest look on the conquered people as ones to trampled on. They are contemptuous of them. They are determined to destroy those people, to destroy their souls so that they will never arise again as free peoples. The Nazis in Poland perpetrated acts of sadistic character to arouse the conquered people of other lands to a pitch of active resistance. They have dotted Europe with concentration camps, ghettos, etc. No wonder the people of Jugoslavia, Greece, the conquered people of Holland, Belgium, Norway, Poland are doing all they can be active or passive resistance, by scorching the earth to destroy the conquerors of free them.

The lesson of this volume, of course, is that no defeat is possible for men as long as the spirit remains unshackled. The weak man can say I am strong in the midst of defeat. The weak man, physically weak, but spiritually strong can say, I am strong. I will win.

The lesson of this book is also reflected in the book of Ecclesiastes.

"I returned and saw all that was under the sun. Among other things I saw that the war does not always go to the strong, or the race to the swift." It takes more than strength, more than physical force to win. The ultimate victories of life, for the ultimate victories require the eternal spiritual inner strength of free men.

There is one thing in the thesis of this book which ought not to be over-looked - the fact that wrong will always right itself in the long run, that wrong will right itself in the long run, to tolerate wrong, that in the last analysis evil will destroy itself. The conquered will destroy the conqueror. If you take a long view of evil, you often take a false view. How long is a long view? There have been any number of tragic instances in the annals of mankind when people who refused or were unable to resist invaders and conquerors were destroyed, civilization blotted out, reduced to slavery for centuries. You can turn the pages of history and you will find examples of conquerors who did succeed in destroying the people.

The other day I came across the story of the Spanish conquerors in some of the islands of the Caribbean - Hispaniola. Columbus came to Hispaniola - at that time there were some 300,000 Indians peacefully going about their business. Columbus and a few men because they had superior weapons were able to conquer them. Within sixteen years there were only 60,000 Tainos. Within fifty years a Spanish explorer reporting back stated that he could find no more than 500 Tainos on the island. Murder - slavery - broke the bodies and the spirits of these people made some escape to other lands, practically destroying them. That is the same story of Ghengis Khan and all the ruthless conquerors of history. Rome was destroyed by the self-same Nazis 1500 years ago. The great culture and civilization which was Rome, the Pax Romanie which covered the whole world and in which men lived in peace and security - that was destroyed, and mankind was

plunged into a thousand years of what we call the Dark Ages. It was not until a thousand years later that the human spirit was able to arouse itself again to a new age of Freedom in the Renaissance.

No, the doctrine of resist not evil because evil will in the long run destroy itself can not be practiced by any people that is mindful of its role in history, that has precious values to defend, that does not want to go down to defeat. "For him who makes of himself a lamb there is always a wolf to destroy him." By all means resist evil! By all means be prepared to resist evil. It is well for all free people to stand together in some form of collective power so that oppressors will be discouraged or crushed before they have a chance to carry out their intents. Peace does not come about by wishing for it, by inaction, by laying down arms because there ^{are} always those who are not peacefully minded who are determined to attack the unarmed. Peace can only come about by international organization implemented by force. That was attempted in the last war. That was the basic idea of the League of Nations. It failed because those nations which should have held themselves responsible for carrying out these ideas betrayed themselves and we were plunged into a second world war.

It is heartening to read this little volume of Steinbeck. You see in this hour of darkness when the conqueror seems to winning that there is inherent in man a dynamic, a craving to be free that will never submit itself permanently and for all time to the shackles of conquerors. There is a flaming testament of the indomitable spirit of man which is the guarantee for all of us for ultimate victory in this war. "The Moon is Down". When the dawn comes brave men hope and pray for the coming of the spiritual dawn.

1
"By 10:45" it was all over. The town was occupied, the defenders defeated, and the war finished."

That is how in his opening paragraph, John Steinbeck, leads ~~us~~ ^{us} right into the heart of his timely and moving play-novel or novel "The Moon is Down".

What happens to the town with people after 10:45? And in the days and months which follow? What happens to the conquered people and to the conquerors?

No theme could be timelier! - more opportune. For our world is full today of conquerors and the conquered, and of a few remaining peoples who are fighting the conquerors in behalf of the conquered.

Unrecorded in Steinbeck's little volume is thus the dominant political experience of mankind today - and in his amazingly quiet, restrained, simple and deeply revealing story he has dramatized the universal tragedy of our day - the tragedy of the oppressed as well as the oppressors, the universal tragedy of all peoples at any time anywhere - where force is employed to brutalize the free spirits of men.

The locale, the story is purposely not identified. It might be anywhere, tho it is not hard to cipher that Norway is intended. The conquerors are ^{also} not identified - altho, ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{meant} again, it is clear that the Nazis are ~~intended~~. A peaceful village in Norway is suddenly invaded by the Nazis, after the ground had been carefully prepared for them by ^{local} ~~an~~ Jacobus - whose name is Mr. Correll - the popular store-keeper of the town.

To give point to the moral of his story - Mr. Steinbeck does not
 represent the invaders as inhuman beasts - brutal and sadistic
 as the Nazis have shown too in so many, the lands which they
 conquered. Just the contrary. He represents their commander
 - Ch. Langer -
 as a rather sympathetic human being - a veteran, the first
 world war - who had seen all there was to be seen, was of
 conquest, of defeat and was quite disillusioned about it all -
 but, who, as a soldier, had to perform his duty - dislike
 the it often was.

His fellow officers are also not ogres - but just ordi-
 nary ^{neither saints nor devils} human beings - in the pur of a military machine
 and a military discipline - who would not take to the Allied
 even by the people whose ^{would like to go home} country they had invaded - but
 who are forced to do cruel & bloody deeds consequent
 upon invasion and the representation of a free people. Only
the younger members, the staff - the heartless brutal &
Trotsky an ideology of Nazis - framed in the politics, the
day behind the great new system which was created
by their Führer - and chaotically romantic - given to
bars and to furies - longing for death as the last field -
"lighted by a pair setting sun" while hagwain thunder
croaked in the back ground -

The conquerors seek amicable relationship with the local
 people. They want their collaboration. They want the towns
 left to go about their business and keep on producing the coal
which and the fishery.

Col. Lawrence: "We want to get along as well as we can. You see, this is worse like a business venture than anything else. We need the coal mine here and the fishing. We will try to get along with just as little friction as possible" -

But in spite of this official reassurance - and this is the point of the story - disaster plans ^{rest} upon the heel of disaster - for natives and invaders, alike. For conquest and reassurance, are not compatible! The outraged free spirit of man will lure forth his ^{at some provocation or other} ~~as there is~~ in some act of defiance. This must be punished by the conqueror. The punishment in ~~form~~ arouse still deeper hatred and resentment. Then follow acts of sabotage and passive resistance to the authority of the occupying power - which the O.P. must suppress by all the known methods ~~Warfare~~ of punishment and terrorism ~~etc.~~ - Starvation - the taking of hostages - the heavy sword - And so the situation deteriorates until the conquered town is completely aroused & incorporated in its bitter relentless opposition to the invader - The invader, shunned, ostracized, isolated, feels trapped in his own destroying and alienating authority - thus, over-wrought & defeated. The fly has conquered - but - fly - paper!

2/ The first to be attacked - is Laughing - Mr. Gull - The town is out to get him for his ~~treachery~~ treachery - (Laval). They didn't quite get ^{him} only banged up his head a bit. ~~the~~ this slow is long coffee. We are all shock to him. Asks Col. to turn out Mayer that him in his place - a civil administrator - Col. refuses. He is not compliance of peopl - no us to military. Wishes him out at night: Wear a helmet, keep weapons and do not go

3/ Real trouble begins with the killing of Capt. Bentick. A miner wanted to get work - Miner Wgt - ordered him back to work - thanked he was a free man - ordered back - worked at him with pick - Capt. Bentick tried to inter- fer. was killed. Miner, 7 cases, is arrested. Lanser quietly sees what is coming: "So it starts again, we will shoot this man and make 20 new enemies, It is the only thing we know, the only thing we know."

- Alexander Morden - This case must be published & dramatized - as well as his membership of

4/ The trial Miner is set. Mayer is asked to present at trial - in order to imply that the civil administration in the military acts of the carriers - thus giving an air of legality and sanction to them. Mayer refuses. He will not sentence Morden. He has committed no crime against his people. (p 86-89)

5/ And so the M. M. Miner - Alexander Morden - is shot. And the then turning to salvage - machinery broken down. Coal does not come early out of the ground. Accidents happened

on the railroad - Rails were ^{Dynamite was used} up People were shot in re- 15
fusilade but didn't help - Young men escaped to England.
Ford was withheld from disobedient - Town turned coldly
obedient - but salvage went on -

Effect on company. (p. 101-4). News 7 7/10/40 also
on page - esp. young lieutenants - esp T. Anderson - who
almost cracks up - from Corbush - longer survivor -
"Company after company, deeper and deeper into underground. May
be the Leader is crazy. Flier captures the play-paper. This
captures 200 miles of new play paper.!!"

6/ In his longing for companionship, Hent Tonder comes to Lonely
Milly Under - widow of executed miner - come on to talk
to - to hear some one talk - To forget war - She is lonely
too. For a moment she ^{for} forgets the war - the hatred - the
memory of death. They both have some right to life on all
this death! But only for a moment. The ^{short} ~~short~~ of her flagging
husband ^{no feeling} ~~cannot~~ ^{spiky} must dull the ~~rejoicing~~ ^{rejoicing} of the ~~riches~~ ^{riches} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~war~~ ^{war} ~~and~~ ^{and}
When next Hent Tonder returned tapping on the door,
her home - she picks up the big scissoring heavy blade
her skin hung - and with the long ^{as} ~~sharp~~ ^{sharp} ~~blade~~ ^{blade} ~~a~~ ^a ~~knife~~ ^{knife}
she ~~waits~~ ^{awaits} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~knocking~~ ^{knocking} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~enters.~~ ^{enters.}

7/ British planes came over to drop small packages. I
~~with intention~~ ^{thought} they were dropping dynamite over the town
 but the townspeople said they were just dropping small packages.

8/ Mr Coell - appears - left arm in cast - no longer jovial ⁶
+ smiling - sharp, bitter. Had gone over head & ears.
Mayer Biden must be taken (as his target)! ^{his} ship depends on
peacefulness of community. If a high price is paid
is, perked - life perfect! "Kill the leaders - and
break the rebellion!"

~~9/ Course for is repeated - have major for the
death speaking from under / Socrates - centuries ago -
banned as a school boy~~

9/ Mayer arrested. Col. advises him to tell people not
to use deprecate (p. 184-7) Goes to his death - century
Socrates' from under - to his friend: "Will you
remember to pay the debt!"

10/ Here is fierce hunger men to be free - which nothing
but freedom can appease - Free men do not like to be
conquered. Free men cannot be conquered - Lesson
Hitler is learning all over Europe -
Hitler's Nazis, under Steinbecker ~~are~~ are far from being as
kindly understanding - averse to using harsh methods
- Poland's deliberate terrorism to destroy a nation
- never to rise again - all of its leaders & intelligentsia
the Coell method - had - deny status of human beings - not dis-
illusioned all was - had racial identities

How much greater must be resistance to them - (dotted) (7)
Europe with concentration camps - slave pens & ghettos -

11/ No ~~total~~ defeat is possible - as long as spirit is
unbroken - Nf 222 216 673
+ T 121 5 121 12 2 673 112 216 121

12/ Should not lead us to perpetration - Wrong will
right itself in long run - But not evil.
Tolerate evil here. if we take long view - The
conqueror is defeated by conquered -
long view - ? How long?

Conquerors who encountered no resistance, have
been known to destroy whole people & stamp out
civilization -

- Spanish conquerors - Hispaniola - Columbus

{ 1492 - 300,000 Tainos
1508 - 60,000 "
1548 - less 500 "

- Fall of Roman Empire - 1000 years - Dark Ages

13/ Perpet evil! 1611 2150 2158 2600 2