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The Ship That Couldn't Set Sail: Some Thoughts on Leon Uris'
Best Selling Novel Exodus, 1959.

THE SHIP THAT COULDN'T SET SAIL

Some thoughts on Leon Uris' best selling novel "Exodus"

THE TEMPLE

March 8, 1959

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

The Book of Exodus is the second of the books of our Bible. In it we find depicted the escape of the Hebrew slaves under Moses from the tyranny and oppression of an Egyptian Pharaoh of the thirteenth century before the common era. In the Book of Exodus we also find described the arduous, dangerous, tedious wanderings of the Jews through the wildernesses of Sinai and Moab before they were brought to the borders of the Promised Land. Now actually the distance between the mouth of the Nile and the coastal cities of Palestine is not much more than a hundred and fifty or so miles. Even on foot a caravan of escaped slaves could have crossed this well known trading route in a matter of weeks. But unfortunately for our ancient ancestors, the power of the Philistines was interposed. The great Philistine fortresses of Gaza and of Ashkelon and of Ashtod sat squarely on this caravan route, and permission was not granted to Moses and to his people to take the direct route, the short way to Israel. And as a result, instead of requiring some four weeks to stand at the border of the Promised Land, it took our ancestors forty years.

Leon Uris has chosen Exodus as the title of his new novel. The title is not inappropriate. In this novel he describes the escape of the modern day descendants of these Hebrew slaves from the genocidal madness of a modern Pharaoh and from that spreading poison of anti-semitism and racism which grip so much of Europe during this century. In Exodus he describes also the long, the tortuous, the arduous thousand highways and seaways which these refugees had to follow before they were able to enter the Promised Land. But here the parallelism ends.

The Philistines owed our ancestors no obligation. Israel had no treaty rights with Philistia, and Moses had no complaint when the Philistines denied him passage through their land. But not so with the modern Philistia, with England. In 1917 Lord Arthur J. Balfour directed an official statement of policy to Lionel Rothschild for transmittal to the World Zionist Organization, and in this letter of policy he stated as the set goal of His Majesty's Government the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. And he pledged in this letter the support of England for all programs and projects designed to build in Palestine such a national home. In 1922 the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations granted to Great Britain administrative mandatory rights in Palestine with the stipulated and express provision that these rights were given in order that England might pursue the statement of November 2, 1917, the so-called Balfour Declaration, in which England had pledged to upbuild in Palestine a Jewish national home. Never has the refusal of a democratic liberal nation to abide by its obligations and its commitments been fraught with so much anguish and so much death and misfortune. Already in 1923, one year after the Mandate Commission had awarded England the territory of Palestine to administer, already in 1923 England stated to the League of Nations that in her opinion that territory east of the Jordan which was originally included in the Palestine Mandate, the territory known today as Trans-Jordania, was specifically exempted from the provisions of the Mandate which called for the establishment in the Mandate of a Jewish national home. Within one year of the granting ~~of~~ and the acceptance of the Mandate, over one half of the territory stipulated in the original Mandate for a Jewish national home had been cut off and set aside from that purpose. By 1930 Great Britain had set up a series of very rigid land-buying restrictions for Jewish individuals and Jewish organizations, and the Palestine governing bureaucracy ~~was~~ which England had established had already embarked on a program of red tape by which they managed to slow down the processing of immigration visas, and in this way to limit - rigidly limit - the number of new Jewish immigrants who might settle in Palestine in any

single year. By 1936 a royal commission, the so-called Peel Commission, stated that Palestine Sis-Jordan, that is, Western Palestine, should in itself be geographically cut or partitioned, and if the decisions of this royal commission had been followed the Jewish National home which England in 1917 and 1922 had pledged to develop would have been limited to only ten percent of the territory originally stipulated by the League of Nations. And finally in 1939 what was probably the cruelest blow of all was set when Great Britain announced in a White Paper that from then on only fifteen thousand new Jewish immigrants would be admitted into Palestine each year, and that when the number of seventy-five thousand immigrants had been reached - that is, in 1944 - no further Jewish migration into Palestine would be accepted. Now had these restrictions on the establishment of a Jewish national home been taken during normal times the results would have been tragic enough, but these restrictions were imposed precisely at the moment of greatest need in the history of our Jewish people. It was in 1932 that Mr. Hitler came into power. It was in 1935 that in Nuremberg the Nazis announced that all German Jews were henceforth deprived of all civil rights. It was in 1935 that a government, chauvinistic, parochial, came to power in Poland with the express stated purpose of driving the two and one half million Jews of Poland out of that country by making life so unpleasant that it would become unbearable. In 1938 the three hundred and fifty thousand Jews in Czechoslovakia and the two hundred thousand Jews in Austria came under the control of Mr. Hitler, and in that same year Hitler revealed to the world the extent to which he was willing to go to make the Third Reich yudenrein, clean, pure, Aryan. The promise to seven million Jews desperate for their lives, seven million Jews who saw hanging over their heads a naked sword about to descend and cut their jugular veins, the promise to these people - fifteen thousand visas a year for five years and then no more - this was insensitivity, brutality. This was to condemn them to a death they might otherwise have escaped. For whatever political reasons, it is hard to see how a liberal, democratic government could have closed the doors of Palestine so tightly at this moment of

such great need.

As one might imagine, not only were the offices of British consulates throughout the world flooded by applicants for these visas, but Jews desperate for their lives, seeing no other recourse, adopted a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand illegal ways, unauthorized ways of escaping from their homes and seeking refuge in some land, in any land, but preferably in Palestine. And from a hundred Mediterranean ports a hundred small ships, hastily reconverted, trawlers, shipping vessels, smacks, sloops of one type or another, set out with a few or a hundred or a thousand of these fleeing, desperate people aboard to make a dash across the Mediterranean, attempting to beach the vessels safely on the Palestine coast. Some of these ships were successful. Some foundered at sea and the lives were blotted out forever. Most were intercepted by the Royal Navy, and the island of

in the Indian Ocean and the colony of Kenya in Africa there began to sprout large internment camps - some read it "concentration camps" - where these who fled the fear of Hitler and the might of anti-semitism in Europe were interned for the duration of the Second World War. In Haifa harbor in 1939 the eighteen-yard long vessel the Patria with some one thousand Jews aboard hauled into the harbor by the British Navy who had intercepted it within the territorial waters, met in council and the immigrants blew themselves up - blew the ship - in order that they might not be transported back to some hated town. Two hundred and fifty of these fleeing Jews were destroyed - destroyed by their own hand, because they were not allowed to find haven and safety and security. In 1940 the organizers of this unauthorized immigration - the so-called Aliyah Bet - salvaged from beneath the waters of the Danube River a river boat, the Struma, which had originally been a cargo vessel plying up and down the waters of that major riverway, and they loaded seven hundred and sixty-nine refugees from Hungary and from Rumania and from Poland aboard this ship, and they managed somehow to get this ship, unseaworthy as it was, into the harbor of Istanbul. Application was made to the British government for visas for these seven hundred and sixty-nine refugees.

The visas were denied, and finally the port authorities put a tow rope onto the vessel, carried it out into the Dardanelles, cut the tow rope, and without fuel and without food, in a matter of hours or of days - we know not - the Struma sunk, with the loss of seven hundred and sixty-eight of the seven hundred and sixty-nine lives aboard.

The Second World War interrupted this immigration, legal and illegal, authorized and unauthorized, into Palestine, and when the Allied troops opened the unbelievable doors of Treblinka and Maidanek and all of the concentration camps that the Germans had established throughout Europe it seemed unbelievable that the few hundred thousand who had survived would have to reestablish an unauthorized form of immigration into Palestine. And yet the British at the end of the war announced that in their opinion the White Paper of 1939 was still in effect, and only a few hundred immigration visas each month would be allocated to these Jewish refugees, who had only one thought in mind, to escape the nightmare of Europe. The President of the United States cabled that a hundred thousand visas should be granted immediately. The governments of Greece and of Yugoslavia, of Czechoslovakia, of Italy and of France openly cooperated with the agents of the Aliyah Bet, of the unauthorized immigration, because they could not believe that callous insensitivity of the British government which had caused them again to bar the doors of Palestine against these desperate, beaten, down-trodden people. And again, from a hundred small Mediterranean ports, in a hundred small, unseaworthy ships, tens and hundreds and sometimes a thousand or more immigrants set sail across the Mediterranean in a dash for some haven and some freedom. And again some ships foundered at sea, and again some ships managed to break through the British blockade. But again, at and , in Palestine and in Syria, and later near Famagusta on the island of Cyprus, new internment camps - some read it "Concentration camps" - arose, and the Jews who had escaped a decade of Nazi barbarity and barbed wire found themselves behind the barbed wire of one of the major armies and governments of the free world.

This is the road of the Exodus. The Exodus is the name of a small ship, a two hundred ton ex-Greek trawler whom the agents of the Aliyah Bet, according to Leon Uris, have bought and have brought to Cyprus where they intend to engineer a breakout of some three hundred young people from the internment camps near Famagusta. Exodus is the story of the preparations for this escape and of the escape itself, of the history of the ship and of its passengers, and it traces the skein of biography of the lives of these people back to their European and Palestinian origins and ahead to their lives in a free Israel. The program of this Aliyah Bet operation is undertaken under the leadership of Ami ben Canaan, and he manages amazingly to free three hundred of the youngsters from the camp after they have been trained for their escape. And with the aid of a British army unit, the Thirty-Second Transportation Corps H.M.J.F.C. - His Majesty's Jewish Forces, Cyprus - a totally fictitious army corps operating in the open with British equipment and British uniforms and British passes and forged British papers, who manage to transport the supplies for the reconditioning of the ship for the escape, and finally the escapees themselves from the camp to shipboard. Now Aliyah Bet, the illegal or unauthorized immigration organization, intends to make of the of the exodus not only a means of escape for these three hundred young people, but a vehicle of propaganda to focus the thought of the world upon the insensitivity of the British, upon the conditions in these camps, upon the needs of these people. And so the word of the escape of these young people is flashed to the world before they have cleared the harbor and the British seal off the harbor, as indeed apparently, according to Leon Uris, was the intention of the leader of Ami ben Canaan. And then we begin a game of cat-and-mouse, played before the eyes of the world. The British announce that they will board the ship. The youngsters announce that if the British board the ship they will blow up the ship and the boarding party together. Day passes into week. Finally a hunger strike is proclaimed by the young people the ship, and each hour there is a new sign emblazoned from the masthead -- the sixty-third hour of our hunger strike, eighty-

three children have fainted or are ill" - "the seventy-second hour. . ." and so on. The world begins to protest to the British Foreign Office, to Whitehall, that all these actions are bringing into disrepute the freedoms, the ideals, for which the Western world had fought and for which our armies have braved death. And finally, on the thirty-second day of this game of cat and mouse, Ami ben Canaan announces to the reporters and to the world that on the morrow, twenty-four hours hence, unless permission is granted for the ship to sail, ten of the young people will volunteer publicly to commit suicide on the deck of the ship. Twenty-four hours later the ship sails for Palestine.

I would give you a sense of the passion and the purpose and the propaganda value of this action by reading to you the dispatches supposedly filed by the foreign correspondent of this novel, one Mark Parker, because these dispatches are not at all unlike those which were filed in 1946 and 1947 and in 1948. First: Curanea, Cyprus. David vs. Goliath, model 1946.

I am writing this story from Curanea. It is a tiny, jewel-like harbor on the northern coast of the British crown colony of Cyprus. Cyprus has been rich in the pageantry of history. The island is filled with reminders of its vaunted past from the ruins of Salamis to the cathedrals of Famagusta and Nicosea to the many castles of crusader glory. But none of this colorful history can match for sheer naked drama the scene that is being played at this very moment in the quiet, unknown resort town of Curanea. For some months Cyprus has been a detention center for Jewish refugees who have tried to run the British blockade into Palestine. Today three hundred children between the ages of ten and seventeen escaped the British camp at in an as yet undetermined manner, and fled across the island to Curanea where a converted salvage tug of about two hundred tons awaited them for a dash to Palestine. Almost all the escapees were graduates of German concentration and extermination camps. The salvage tug, fittingly renamed the "Exodus" was discovered by British Intelligence before it could get out of the harbor. With its three hundred refugees, the ship is sitting at anchor in the center of the harbor, which measures a mere three hundred yards in diameter. The ship has defied all British efforts to have the children debark and return to . A spokesman for the Exodus has announced that the hold of the boat is filled with dynamite. The children have joined in a suicide pact. They will blow up the boat if the British attempt to board her.

And a week later:

It is a ridiculous sight. One thousand soldiers, tanks, artillery, and an able task force, all looking helplessly out at an unarmed salvage tug. The battle of the Exodus ends week one in a draw. Both the British and the refugees are holding fast. To date no one has boarded the illegal runner which has threatened to blow itself up. But from the quay it is only a few

hundred yards distant and a pair of field glasses brings the boat an arm's length away. The morale of the three hundred children on the Exodus seems to be phenomenal. They spend the week in the harbor alternately singing and catcalling to the British troops on the quay and the sea wall.

And a week later:

Today I became the first correspondent to interview Ari ben Canaan, the spokesman for the children of the Exodus. Ben Canaan, thirty and a strapping six-footer with black hair and ice-blue eyes, could be mistaken for a movie leading man. He expressed his gratitude to well-wishers around the world, and assured me that the children were holding up well. In reply to my questions he answered, "I don't care about personal attacks on me. I wonder if the British added that I was a captain in their army during the Second World War. Whitehall is using that tired whipping boy, the mysterious Zionist, to cover three decades of dirty work. Lies to both Jews and Arabs, sell-outs, double-crosses and betrayals in the Mandate. The first promise they broke was the Balfour Declaration, 1917, which promised a Jewish homeland, and they have been breaking promises ever since. The latest double-cross has come from the Labor Party, which before the election promised to open the doors of Palestine to survivors of Hitler's regime. I am astounded at Whitehall's crocodile tears over our victimizing of children. Every child on the Exodus is a volunteer. Every child on the Exodus is an orphan because of Hitler. Nearly every child has lived in either German or British camps for six years. If Whitehall is so concerned about the welfare of these children, then I challenge them to throw open the gates of to inspection of the newsmen. It is nothing more or less than a concentration camp. People are kept behind barbed wire at machine gun point with insufficient food, water, and medical care. No charges have been brought against these people, yet they are being forcibly detained in . Whitehall talks of our trying to bully them into an unjust solution of the mandate. There are a quarter of a million Jews in Europe who survived out of six million. The British quota of Jews allowed into Palestine is seven hundred a month. Is this their just solution? Finally I argue the right of the British in Palestine. Have they any right to be there - any more right than the survivors of Hitler? Let me read you from our Bible: 'Thus saith the Lord God, When I shall have gathered the House of Israel from the people among whom they have scattered and shall be sanctified in them in the sight of the nations, then shall they dwell in their land that I have given to my servant Jacob wherein my fathers abode, and they shall abide therein and even they and their children and their children's children forever.'" Ari ben Canaan put the Bible down. "The gentlemen at Whitehall had better study their claims further. I say the same thing to the Foreign Minister that a great man said to another oppressor three thousand years ago - "Let my people go'."

And then, a week later:

Hunger strike is called on the Exodus. Children vow starvation rather than to return to Cara Olos.

And finally on the last day of the strike:

Ari ben Canaan, spokesman for the Exodus, announced that beginning at noon tomorrow ten volunteers a day will commit suicide on the bridge of the ship in full view of the British garrison. This protest practice will continue until either the Exodus is permitted to sail for Palestine or everyone

aboard is dead.

It seems an almost unbelievable display of desperation and of courage. Yet I wonder how many of you understand that this incident is based almost entirely on fact. The scene is Italy, not Cyprus. The time, the Spring of 1946, the exact time of the Exodus. The harbor, La Spezia, a small fishing harbor on the Italian Riviera. The leader of the expedition not Ari ben Canaan, but a man by the name of Yehuda Arazi. The ship, a two hundred ton salvage tug, has been reconverted so that it can take a thousand, one hundred Jewish immigrants from the camps of Germany, of Italy and of France. The Thirty-Second Transportation Corps of His Majesty's Jewish Forces in Cyprus is the One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Royal Army Service Force, stationed in Milan, a model British unit, full complemented with officers and men, and equipped to give out petrol and garage aid to whatever British Army units pass through Milan, operating openly and publicly, but never appearing on British tables of organization. For this Army unit, which managed to survive in post-war Italy a full year, is made up entirely of ex-members of the British Army, Palestine Legionnaires, demobilized by the British to return to Italy to work with these immigrants to make possible their arrival in Palestine. And through the aid of this One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Royal Army Service Corps, on a night in April of 1946 a thousand, one hundred Jewish immigrants are brought to La Spezia and put aboard the salvage tug for passage into Palestine. The tug's name is Feda. It was changed immediately to Sharai Zion, "The Gates of Zion". It was hoped that it might get out of the harbor, yet while darkness lay over the harbor it escaped into the Mediterranean before the British knew of its existence. unfortunately, ~~unfortunately~~ by a series of slip-ups, the British were able to seal up the harbor of La Spezia before the Gates of Zion could escape, and very much as in the story of the Exodus the British threaten a boarding party, the immigrants announce that if a boarding party is brought aboard they will blow up the ship together with that party. A game of cat and mouse is played lasting a week, two weeks. On the third week a hunger strike is proclaimed and from the top of the mizzenmast of

of the Gates of Zion there is that symbol, "First hour of the strike" - "Second hour of the strike - two have fainted" - "Sixty-third hour of the strike - fifty have fainted". And finally, on the thirty-second day, after world opinion has been marshalled against the cruelty of the British, the leader Yehuda Arazi ^{ten} announces that ~~thou~~ men have volunteered to publicly commit suicide on the decks of the Gates of Zion if by the next day it is not allowed to sail for Palestine. And on the next day it sails.

I underscore the historical background, the essential historical veracity of Exodus because I think therein lies its effectiveness, its impact. Exodus lacks much as a novel. Its characters are not fully drawn nor drawn in depth. Its love story limps along. It lacks in the beauty of style and of language which we expect out of a first-grade novel. And yet somehow this book has a much sharper impact on us than many a much finer work. Its impact lies in its basic truth, in its basic reality, in its basic historicity. Things were as they are portrayed. Things happened as Uris paints them to be. He has only slightly romanticized, slightly fictionalized the events to fit into the organization of a novel. The history in this case - truth - is much greater than any artist might set down on paper, and perhaps we owe Uris a debt of gratitude for not having been a better writer. For had he created and organized a finer novel of individuals it would not have had that sense of sweep, that panoramic view, that opportunity to relive the desperation and the raw courage, the frustration and the accomplishment which were so important in these years for our people and worked so much towards the establishment of the State.

I do not propose this morning to review for you the story line of Exodus. I want you to read it. It is worth the reading. I want you to relive this triumph of the human individual against tremendous odds. It will give you new courage for any program which you wish to see established, new faith in your people, new faith in people of strength and of conviction of all races and of all creeds.

But as you do I want you to think of the moral of this story. For in a sense

the novel Exodus is very much like a passion play. Its characters are prototypic. They represent whole groups and classes of individuals who played a role during these great days. And what is the moral that comes up and is bared before you on every page and in every bit of the history of this book? I think it is simply this: the British during the 1920's and 1930's were faced with a decision, a decision between the needs of men and the needs of machines and State -- the needs of the Jewish people for a national home, for a haven, for a refuge, for a place of sanctuary, and the needs of the British Empire for oil and for the political support of the Arabs and for a bastion of military strength in the Near East. They chose oil and the Arabs. But what of that choice? The choice sacrificed thousands of Jewish lives. Did their choice bring them more oil? Oil can always be bought. Did their choice bring them the military and political support of the Arab world? It did not. The Arabs to a man were pro-Nazi until the pendulum of battle had swung so completely in 1944 to the Allies that there was no longer any chance of a Nazi victory. Great liberation parades had been planned in the streets of Cairo for Romel's troops. The Jerusalem was organizing a second front in back of the British in Trans-Jordan as soon as the Germans would have reached the Suez Canal. And where does England stand with these friends whom she tried to buy at the cost of Jewish lives during the thirties? Is she still the major power in the Near East? She is not. Has she still major bastions of strength - any bastions of strength - in the Near East? She has not. She chose between men and between machines. She chose machines - Realpolitique - and not human politic, and her choice has cost her dearly. The only troops of the whole Middle East who fought with the British during the Second World War were the Palestine Legionnaires, the Jews. The only solid bastion of strength of the Western world in the Near East today is the democracy of Israel.

Uris understands this moral. At the very beginning of his book he describes a scene in the War Office in London, where Brigadier Bruce Sutherland, who is to be

the commander of the camps on Cyprus, has been called by one of his superior officers to be told that he has been appointed to this rather unfortunate, from a military man's point of view, position. And this is the interview:

"Bruce, Bruce, Bruce, come in, come in, man. Good to see you." (And he talks about the fact that he had been in Nuremberg)

Tevor

At last ~~Trevor~~ Brown led up to the reason for asking him to come to London. "Bruce", he said, "We called you here because a rather delicate assignment has come up. I must give a recommendation and I want to put your name up. I wanted to talk it over with you first."

~~He went, took a chair and~~ "Go on, Sir Clarence."

"Bruce, these Jews escaping from Europe have posed quite a problem. They are simply flooding Palestine. Frankly, the Arabs are getting quite upset about the numbers getting into the Mandate. We here have decided to set up detention camps on Cyprus to contain these people at least as a temporary measure until Whitehall decides what we are going to do about the Palestine Mandate."

"I see", Sutherland said softly.

Tevor Brown continued, "This entire thing is touchy and must be handled with great tact. Now ~~no one~~ no one wants to ride herd on a bunch of down-trodden refugees, and the fact is, well, they have a great deal of sympathy on their side in high quarters, especially in France and in America. Things must be kept very quiet on Cyprus. We want nothing to happen which will create unfavorable opinion."

Sutherland walked to the window and looked out to the Thames River and watched the big double-decked buses drive over the Waterloo Bridge. "I think the whole idea is wretched", he said.

"It's not for you and me to decide, Bruce. Whitehall gives the orders. We merely carry them out."

Sutherland continued looking out of the window. "I saw those people at Bergenbelsen. Must be the same ones who are trying to get into Palestine now." He returned to his chair. "We have broken one promise after another to these people in Palestine for thirty years."

"See here, Bruce", Trevor Brown said. "You and I see eye to eye on this but we are in a minority. We both served together in the Middle East. Let me tell you something, man. I sat here at this desk during the War as one report after another of Arab sell-outs came in. The Egyptian Chief of Staff selling secrets to the Germans. Cairo all decked out to welcome Romel as their liberator. The Iraqis going to the Germans, the Syrians going to the Germans, the Mufti of Jerusalem a Nazi agent. I could go on for hours. You must look at Whitehall's side of this, Bruce. We can't risk losing our prestige and our hold on the entire Middle East over a few thousand Jews."

Sutherland sighed. "And this is our most tragic mistake of all, Sir Clarence. We are going to lose the Middle East despite it."

"You are all wound up, Bruce. There is a right and a wrong, you know." General Sir Clarence Tevor Brown smiled slightly and shook his head sadly. "I have learned very little in my years, Bruce, but one thing I have learned. Foreign policies of this or any other country are not based on right and wrong. Right and wrong? It is not for me to argue the right or the wrong of this question. The only kingdom that runs on righteousness is the Kingdom of Heaven. The kingdoms of the earth run on oil. The Arabs have oil."

Bruce Sutherland was silent. Then he nodded. "Only the Kingdoms of Heaven run on righteousness," he replied, "the ~~kingdoms~~ kingdoms of the earth run on oil. You have learned something, Sir Clarence. It seems that all of life itself is wrapped up in these lines. All of us, people, nations, live by need and not by truth."

"We live by need and not by truth." And yet is it not time in our world that we think of the needs of people -- the needs of the people of , of India, of China, the needs of the refugees, the hundreds of thousands and millions of refugees still in our world. That we cease to look so scrupulously at the needs of machine and the greeds of nations. That we work for the good of individuals, for the good of people. For I submit that though the Kingdom of Heaven may be the only kingdom that works on righteousness, unless the kingdom of earth succeeds in learning righteousness and putting it into practice, it will be a kingdom destroyed, a kingdom of war, not peace, a kingdom of destruction and not prosperity.

Amen.

have been successful on the Palestine Coast

have been successful at sea & were lost

may have been captured by the ever vigilant Royal Navy and intercept
ships in the area and the distant Indian Ocean Island of Mauritius
was full of British ships and many of them were lost and
were lost.

The fog had been the cause of the disaster in the Gulf of Aden
the sea was dark

A damaged British ship was lost the ship was headed out of
the harbor without fuel & food & without
the ship was lost of 763 of the 769 men aboard.

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in 1818 - The second immigration

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Middle East & the British were in the
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the British naval T-Boat, the RAF, the RAF. Usually German, or the power
in the Eastern Division. - Those who were in the line had to turn in
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I should understand the historical element which underlies almost every
page - any reader of Univ. Exeter - a would emphasize the basic
factual quality of the narrative because it seems to me that what this
narrative under is not so much a fascinating novel as a carefully
& only slightly fictionalized history. It is also a superb study of the forces
which for life & death - power, and impact to the world.

The novel itself is novel. The dense, triple design along, the single
prolonged is fully rounded out & in some ways brilliant. One is led down
a hundred layers which give to the novel a quality of disorientation.

The novel - taken as a whole - is powerful. It is superbly moving -
perhaps because the events which it describes are so superbly moving.

Things are seen out of their usual & better context - more on what -
Exeter might not be the gripping frame that it is. In Exeter history
speaks to us - that it is a story of a person's
life which reveals of his by having profound significance - one sense
that the author has not romanticized his history, but that the facts
themselves have brought romance to the author's pen.

I do not propose to review what you see a story of the book. I would
you to read it. I would like to see you read it - I feel - that in the
accomplished for a great people - people who are capable for
courage & righteousness which have not been lost.

I would only like to suggest a lesson understood ^{again} in the
historical review - to have a model for Palestine in 1948 as
it is for China & India or Yugoslavia or Germany or the Dominican
Republic & so.

In the 1920's & 1930's the English were faced with a decision on
a decision between men & things - between the money, power
refugees & the oil.

They chose to build walls

They chose to forget pledges & need to win over Arab hearts

Their choice cost thousands of lives

more lives. Choice did not win over any Arab hearts.

On WWII the Arabs were sympathetic to the Nazis

After the war England lost all her major footholds in the near East

Oil can always be bought

But lives can not be rebuilt or renewed once they have been taken -

Let me hear Units express the thought -



The only policies which would cost a policy which would save lives -