Tonight at sundown Americans of the Jewish faith and Jews the world over will begin the traditional services of Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year, ushering in the Year 5705.

This afternoon the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with the American Jewish Committee brings you a special Rosh Hashonah broadcast. You will hear a dramatization of "Behold the Jew," written by one of Britain's foremost poets, Ada Jackson. This poem, which was awarded Britain's Greenwood Poetry Prize for 1943, was adapted for radio by Milton Geiger.

The dramatization will star Miss Florence Eldridge of the stage and screen, as narrator.
(MUSIC: MAESTOSO: Perhaps a treatment of a Hebrew poem or hymn. Pride.
Dignity: then a two-tone timpani beat repeated once and music
Segue under in thin, eerie minor. Symbolic of the ancient
Past. . . .)

VOICE: (The voice of the Bible: some echo) And Saul said unto David,
"Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, this giant,
Goliath, to fight with him, for thou art but a youth and he a
terrible man of war." And David said unto Saul....

DAVID: (Regular mike) The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the
bear and out of the paw of the lion, He will deliver me out of
the hands of this Philistine.

VOICE: (Echo) And David took his staff in his hand and chose him five
smooth stones out of the brook - and put them in his shepherd's
bag; and his sling was in his hand....

(MUSIC: . . . . . . slight shimmering swell and under)

NARR: Aye!

There was a day when warriors paled and
armies shook, and a young lad stooped
and chose five smooth pebbles from the brook....

(MUSIC: . . . . . . resolves to strong climax and out)

NARR: I am a gentile! And men have cried 'Jew' and
meant no compliment by it-
And yet I hold that it should be
a proud, glad thing to be a Jew!
I am a gentile! But there are
yet names that thrill my being through--
names with the trumpets in their sound--
the shepherd's names....
VOICE: (MODERATE ECHO) David....

NARR: The Patriarchs' names....

VOICE: (ECHO) Moses; Jacob; Abraham-

NARR: The counsellors....

VOICE: Solomon, the Wise---

NARR: The names that pass with spear and sword---

VOICE: Saul of Tarsus! Samson! Joshua!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN REVERENTLY: THEN SEGUE UNDER TO EERIE 'DAVID' THEME AS BEFORE)

NARR: David, the stripling son of Israel stooped and chose five round pebbles from the brook and braced himself upon the sands of Gath and calmly took the measure of the giant Philistine, Goliath.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PEAKS OUT. . . .)

NARR: (SPIRITED AND CHALLENGING!) Today, the People of the Ancient Book, the Jews, stand upon the threshold of their New Year ... the year five thousand seven hundred and five and I, a Gentile, honor them and wish them well; I wish them Peace and beauty and contentment. Solace for their grief and bounty for their goodness!

I wish rest in peace for those of Israel who have perished; I wish with all my soul, dignity and grandeur and humility in God, for Israel that lives in Godliness! More... I can not. More, there is not. They have my love as I have treasured theirs. (PAUSE: QUIETLY: A BENEDICTION) Schmai, Yisroel.... hear me. A Great... a happy New Year. I, a Christian, wish it to you with all my heart, believe me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN PROUDLY AND SWEARINGLY - UNDER)

NARR: There were five pebbles in the shepherd's bag of David as he faced Goliath - and he took the measure of the giant and fixed a pebble (MORE)
NARR: (CONT'D)
to his sling and stood indomitable on the plain of Gath......

(UP) I have five pebbles; I offer them to you; stones to balance
in YOUR slings to hurl against the terrible Man of War, the Man of
Hate and Bigotry, Goliath, who walks the earth again today, fierce
in his bloodied armor, shaking the scarlet spear of Hate! The Jews
themselves and the deeds they do and have done, are stones against
the Jungle and the Brute! (PAUSE) I give you the first stone...
the men of music......

(MUSIC: SEGES SUBTLY INTO MOZART CONCERTO IN D-MINOR, PIANO IN FOREGROUND
ALL BEHIND.)

NARR: Consider one, Jacob Meyer Beer, born in 1798, and playing now be-
fore a silent throng in Germany...a century and a half ago, before
the beast seized Germany by the throat.....

(MUSIC: UP AND FINISH CONCERTO - - - -)

(TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE. CAST HELP WITH RECORD. UNDER.)

MEYER: (SEVEN! A CHILD) Danke! Danke! I thank you, all good people.
Thank you so much. Thank you. You are very good to me...My mama
and my papa, Lauska, my teacher...you make them very happy too.
I thank you for them also...Very much..............

(APPLAUSE UP OVER AND FADE UNDER AND OUT AS....)

NARR: Thus, Jacob Meyer Beer, playing the Mozart D-Minor Concerto, at
the age of seven before a tearful multitude of Germans.

(MUSIC: IN WITH 'O PARADISO' FROM 'L'AFRICA' UNDER. - - -)

NARR: Now listen, O you people who love the sound of beauty, listen to
the sound of Meyerbeer, grown up, and himself the writer of im-
mortal music! And does one stop to question "Is it Jew or Gentile,
black or brown or white who makes this music...so long as it is
(MORE)
NARR: beautiful?" Then listen to O Paradiso, from the opera L'Africana...
   by Meyerbeer, the Jew....!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN 'O PARADISO' FOR MOMENT- THEN_. . .)

NAZI: Stop! Stop I say! Stop!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BREAK OFF. . . . )

NAZI: Verboten! This music is forbidden!

NARR: (CALMLY) Why? He was a German.

NAZI: Never mind. Forbidden!

NARR: Then......this?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BARCAROLLE FROM 'TALES OF HOFFMANN' HOLD FEW BARS. . . )

NAZI: Enough! Stop!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STOPS. . . . )

NAZI: Offenbach is it not?

NARR: The barcarolle from the Tales of Hoffman....lovely music, loved
   by everyone...

NAZI: By Offenbach, however...am I right?

NARR: By Offenbach.

NAZI: Verboten.

NARR: Then this too is forbidden I suppose....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ "MELODY IN 'F'" BY RUBINSTEIN....STOPS. . . )

NARR: And this too, I suppose....since Mendelssohn composed it....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MENDELSSOHN 'WEDDING MARCH' CONTINUE UNTIL.... )

NAZI: Yes that too! Stop! Verboten!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STOPS. . . . )

NARR: Very well. The song is ended, but only in the ears of bigotry and
   lunacy does it really stop. Yet...I am right to think that it
   should be a proud, glad thing to be a Jew, whose people have set the
   (MORE)
NARR: yearnings of all Mankind to the mood of music. So for the first stone. Now the second, rising from the mighty sling of Israel to fell the dull Goliath, Hate——

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER..•••..)

NARR: Like doves the names come homing to my mind; names of this hour and day that shine from years long left behind;
the poets names! The wordsmiths' names!
Names of craftsmen who have set truth on a printed page and laid the world forever in their debt.

(MUSIC: OUT. . .)

Names...like Lion Feuchtwanger.....

VOICE: (SOME ECHO) Power. The Oppermans......

NARR: Franz Wefel!

VOICE: The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. The Song of Bernadette......

NARR: Edna Ferber.....

VOICE: Show boat!

NARR: Sholem Asch!

VOICE: The Nazarene.....

NARR: Heinrich Heine! Ah, there was a voice crying in the wilderness;
Heinrich Heine, Jew, who could speak thus reverently of our Gentile Temples...

HEINE: You ask me, my friend, why we moderns do not build such noble buildings as the Cathedral of Amiens. My dear friend; men in those days had convictions; we moderns have opinions - and it requires more than an opinion to build a Gothic Cathedral......
There you see, the man not of my faith, yet respectful of it for all history to witness.

Still, thick as stars they crowd me in;
a host - a gleaming galaxy -
the names of men whom beauty chose
to serve her altars faithfully.

And then....the third stone, out of the Sling of Time:
The healing names of men whose deeds
shine out like steadfast candle flames
set in a room that else were dark.
Lo...Erlich; Haber; Wasserman; Semmelweiss....

-----Who fashioned magic bullets for the hideous spirochete of a disease that shamed the spirit of man...and drove him, mad and raving, to a shameful grave. Not now!

Semmelweiss....

The Jew who went mad trying to convince a doubting science that women in child-bed died because midwives would not wash their hands of microbes...beasts unheard of in his time....

Then there is Albert Einstein--
grown in understanding till he can
gauge the monstrous movements
of the firmaments and read in them
of Time and Space; of far and near.

(MORE)
And Freud, who knew the minds of men
their jungle tracks, and swamps — and who
entered in and slew the beasts that waited for men's souls....

(MUSIC: _IN EERILY: _SUBCONSCIOUS—'HORROR'._ UNDER._ _. _.)

WOMAN: (ECHO: BUT SHE WHISPERS: HORRIFIED) I hear voices gibbering in
the night and shapeless things leap and wriggle from the crannies
of my dreams, and writhing, reeking, scream dim and hateful things
into the soul of me: Tell me.....is this madness, Doctor....?

FREUD: No, woman. Have courage.

WOMAN: Can you help me?

FREUD: I must think. Let me think.

WOMAN: Tell me! Say for my soul's dear sake "You are not mad"!

FREUD: (QUIETLY) You are not mad.

WOMAN: Or going mad.....?

FREUD: Or going mad.

WOMAN: But there were others who were like me; they went mad.

FREUD: That was then. This is now.

WOMAN: Can you help me?

FREUD: I can help you.

WOMAN: Will you?

FREUD: But of course.

WOMAN: But...you are a Jew!

FREUD: (PATIENTLY) Yes.

WOMAN: Sometimes...my people...have offended....yours.

FREUD: Man offends man from time to time. He will get over that sickness
by and by as he grows wiser.
WOMAN: Then help me! Save me!

FREUD: Yes. Only let me think. Tell me more... and let me think....

(MUSIC: UP OUT OF EERIE B.G. UNDER TO FADE....)

NARR: So, Sigmund Freud, Explorer of the shadowed brain, the tortured soul. And other names!

(MUSIC: IN SOLEMNLY AND STATELY. . . .)

(MUSIC: UP: DOWN UNDER IN SLOWER TEMPO. . . .)

NARR: I've told you of the great Jews. Now, it's time to tell you of the small; the tailors and the seamstresses, the men with shop and market stall; the Cohens, Mandels, Rosenbaums, the Levys, Josephs, Jacobsons, the Morries, the Weisenbergs, the Goldsteins and the Solomons; the little men whose kind this day is bleeding from the earth away.

(MUSIC: FADES. . . .)

NARR: I will speak out as I have found. I will assay and prove the Jew as I weigh other nations--by the hearts I know, the Hearts I knew. I will bear witness, speaking with a single tongue, in honesty; telling the naked words, the truth, and nothing more, God helping me!

(MORE)
And these, the humble folk of living Israel....
these shall be the fourth stone against Hate.

When I was nine, a timid mouse,
Old Isaacs took the corner house.
He harmed no man; he spoke to few,
and that was all of him we knew.

Of course he ate outlandish things -
sour pickles and strange seasonings.
He fixed a coat for me one day;
I asked him what I was to pay.
He said:

ISAACS: I don't know. Let me look. Needs new cuffs....
NARR: Perhaps if you just turned the old ones...?
ISAACS: I give you new. It costs the same.
NARR: What about the pockets?
ISAACS: New lining. Line the pockets. I find material, I should make you a nice job.
NARR: Oh yes, please do.
ISAACS: Don't worry, I make you a very good job.
NARR: Do you know how much, now?
ISAACS: Cleaning...pressing...repair...Make it two dollars?
NARR: Two dollars!
ISAACS: (HASTILY) What's the matter - too much?
NARR: Oh, no. Two dollars isn't even enough!
ISAACS: Is enough.
NARR: What about the buttons?
ISAACS: Buttons? What bu...oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, the buttons. I forgot, the buttons.
NARR: That'll run it up some won't it? They're real mohair.
ISAACS: Very scarce to pick up, mohair buttons. But I got some.
NARR: Good!
ISAACS: Just laying around. Very good, very expensive.
NARR: (WORRIED) How much?
ISAACS: You trying for scholarship?
NARR: How did you know that?
ISAACS: How do I know, I know, that's all. I hope you win.
NARR: Thank you Mister Isaacs
ISAACS: The buttons I throw in.
NARR: Oh no, you're too kind!
ISAACS: For good will. One day maybe you're rich, I make you a coat with every little bit by hand, a satin lining, pure silk thread.
NARR: (SMILINGLY) And mohair buttons?
ISAACS: But the very best!
NARR: Thank you, Mister Isaacs. Perhaps I'll be in for it some day....

(MUSIC: IN SOFTLY AND UNDER 'ELI ELI'...
NARR: But long and long before that day,
Old Isaacs laid his tools away
and slept in Abraham....

RABBI: (LOW) Schma Yisroel, Adeonoi Elihenu, Adonoi echod, baruch shaim kvod machuso leolum voed.

(MORE)
RABBI: (CONT'D) Lord our God, the Lord is one; blessed be the name of the glory of His Kingdom forever.

NARR: And I was tearful, hardly knowing why; but prayed that night that it should be remembered how he gave to me three mohair buttons fine and rare, and asked that God should find a coat, embroidered sleeve and hem and throat, a coat like Joseph's, bright and fair, for Mister Isaacs, Jew, to wear.

(MUSIC: RISES GENTLY TO FINISH. PAUSE.)

NARR: After Old Isaacs....

No Jews there were for ten years more and then I must have known a score.... Rachel, Sarah, old Maurice; Leo and Sam, their families. Then there was Anna. Though I was Gentile through and through and she was born a Warsaw Jew, for some odd whim or purpose, God made us like two peas in a pod.

Our ways of course were not the same. She danced light foot and I was lame.

(MORE)
NARR: But she was fun! I loved to see her do the things denied to me, wearing dancing slippers through as though indeed she danced for two..... flaunting brilliant dress and scarf, tossing with that elfin laugh her jangling ear-rings to and fro.

Life was her game; but as for me---
I went in all things soberly---
and then one day....

(MUSIC: SINGLE DULL, OMNIOUS CHORD FROM WHICH EMERGES....)

(HARD, HEAVY GRIND OF BRAKES: LONG DRAWN OUT SCREAM OF SKID. . .)

ANNIE: (SCREAMS) AS-----

(MUSIC: TAKES IT AWAY AND FADES OUT AT 'RAN OVER HER'. . . .)

NARR: They stood in groups and said...

MAN: No one knows who it was ran over her....

(MUSIC: OUT. . .)

WOMAN: The road was dark....

MAN 2: Funny, Anna should 'a' got it. She always was the quick and nimble one.

WOMAN: Fast on her feet.

MAN 2: I don't understand it.

WOMAN: I do. She was tired, swinging a wrench nearly as big as she was, working the graveyard shift; winning the war all by herself, she thought...poor kid....
MAN 2: Both her legs gone. Tough.
WOMAN: Lost a lot of blood. Awful lot.
MAN 1: Does she need some? I got it.
MAN 2: Me, too.
WOMAN: For Annie, thanks. She don't need none right now.
MAN 2: I thought you said...(STOPS) Where'd she get it?
WOMAN: Me.
MAN 2: Oh.
WOMAN: Know what she said about my blood?
MAN 1: Conscious, was she?
WOMAN: She said, "Maybe it isn't strictly kosher but thanks, anyhow, Gracie". That's what she said. Both legs off.
MAN 2: Tsk.
WOMAN: Nerve, huh?
MAN 2: Plenty
WOMAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) I don't know.
MAN 1: What don't you know?
WOMAN: What did they do - The Jews?
MAN 2: God knows.
WOMAN: I like 'em. (A RESERVATION) As much as anybody; after all people are people, ain't they? (INSISTENT) Well?
MAN 1: Sure.
MAN 2: Sure.......... 
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ IN AND UNDER MOODILY _ _ _ _)
NARR: But I sat by myself and shook
and for a long time could not look
(MORE)
down at my feet, for wondering if fate had gone a-blundering.

She could have died. She did not die.

She fought her way without a cry back into life.

The price was high —
pain for every hour, and now and then the surgery and the knife again.

But still her wits went dancing....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ OUT... _ _ _ _ )

ANNA: Ada I have for you today a story, a very funny joke.

NARR: VERY funny?

ANNA: Well... funny, anyhow. I think. I laughed.

NARR: But then you laugh so easily, Anna. Tell me the joke.

ANNA: (EYES DANCING) It's about Russia. The Russians they chase the Germans out a certain town in Russia, and Ai, was everybody happy. Everybody the Russians, I mean.

NARR: I know. Go on, Anna.

ANNA: So one Russian Mama, she comes back to her house and everything is still in good shape, good order. Ha, she hollers fine stuff! We go back, live like Kings! All her family they troop back into the house, hello, hello, how goes, so forth. See?

NARR: Go on.

ANNA: So the Mama looks around, gives thanks to God, says "My children thanks God is everybody okay. Our two sons thanks God make out
ANNA: good fighting with the great Russian Army and we are happy in our
house, derffor....(THEREFORE).....we make celebration. See?

NARR: Go on.

ANNA: She says, the mama 'Gonna be big dinner! Gonna be feast' everybody
says 'Svell! What's gonna be to eat, Mama'. So Mama counts out
on the fingers (SING SONGY-WITH MUCH RELISH)...."Gonna first be
silotka...gonna be masliny....gonna be borscht skartosshkoy....
kooreetza (...chicken....) gonna be pot rodst with kasha...and for
dessert...tootsie rolls!

NARR: (LAUGHS A LITTLE) Tootsie rolls? In Russia?

ANNA: Wait! "Tootsie Rolls" hollers all the children, "What's tootsie
rolls?"...."I dunno" says Mama....(CUTELY)...."Lend Lease"

NARR: LAUGHS HEARTILY...YET SOMEHOW TOUCHED...ANNA LAUGHS TOO.

ANNA: (LAUGHING WISTFULLY) Is it funny?

NARR: I like it Anna.

ANNA: (LAUGHS WITH NARRATOR...NARRATOR STOPS, LEAVING ANNA LAUGHING ALONE:
HER LAUGH TRAILS OFF GRADUALLY...BREAKING...SHE STOPS.) I---I'm
glad...you like it.

(MUSIC: SNEAKS IN SOFTLY: LAMENT...UNDER....)

NARR: And that same evening Anna said
her new red ribbon hurt her head;
and as the nurses came to Anna's side....
made one last joke...and gently died....

(MUSIC: SWELLS UP POIGNANTLY AND FADES OUT.---.)
NARR: Then there were others.
Selma with her gentle dreams
of growing flowers; who stitches seams.
Fanny in a Boston School,
And two in Baltimore
who keep a cluttered back-street store
and serve impartial, morn till night,
the Jew, the Gentile, black and white,
with pretzels, bagel, candy, cakes;
crackermeal, T-Bone steaks;
phosphates, colas, fruit juice, shakes;
zweiback, chowder, cheese grits
sundaes and banana splits.
And others. Others in my mind there be...
Ernst, stripped clean and forced to flee
and in a new world, patiently
builds up his broken life again.
And likewise in this hour I see, tall
Meyer, scheming, wild to be in uniform......

MEYER: (INTENSE: BRONX) Whataya mean too young? Why am I too young?
It’s a young man’s war isn’t it, why’m I too young. You can’t
answer! Aw right! Here’s another! I played quardaback on the
football team, I’m good enough to play quardaback, football, but
I ain’t big enough or old enough to fight a war. Ever see De Witt
Clinton High play football? Good ain’t they. WE liked ‘em, I
was quardaback. Answer me that!
NARR: And Stanley Goldfarb, a last war's creaking veteran donating blood and telling lies about his age, about his eyes, to get back in the line. And Frank... lord of a grim, gun-bristling tank....

(MUSIC: HEAVY THUNDERING EFFECTS IN TIMPANI...SEGUE UNDER. . .)

NARR: And Nathan, smiling... sad... remote... slain in a Norman landing boat....

(MUSIC: SEGUE TO EERIE MINOR 'DAVID THEME' BEHIND....)

NARR: David the Shepherd stopped at the brook and brought forth five round stones to fell the Philistine... as it is written in the Book.

And the fourth of these stones is the humble folk of Israel, balancing in the sling of Time, against Goliath.

And the fifth stone?

(MUSIC: PEAKS OUT: THEN UNDER WITH STEADY ROLL OF TIMPANI, MARTIAL)

NARR: In particular, there were tanks upon the flaming sands of Africa that bore the Star of David on their flanks - tanks manned by Jews, a long way come from Goliath on the sands of Gath - to Rommel on the sands of Africa.

(MUSIC: UP: DOWN... . . .)

NARR: And the blood of Abraham dries in those shifting sands of Africa, cradle of Mankind, grave of the tyrant's hopes.

And the blood of Abraham upon beachheads where men plunged ashore against the Philistines!

(MORE)
NARR: (CONT'D) And the blood of Abraham dripping, drip-drip, to the
vibrating floor of a strident bomber homeward
bound from the bitter and perilous mission.

And the blood of Abraham blackening across the hot
barrel of conquered machine gun.

These are the warriors. These are the fruit of Samson, of
David, of Joshua, of Saul; they are the fifth stone...

And these are the five.

(MUSIC: ___ BEGIN TO MOUNT)___

NARR: Behold the Jew in whom I find
no more fault than lies within the soul
of any other man.

This do I cry; thus, sharp and thin
half wavering before the mob, spoke
Pilate in another day of Christ, the
Jew — and left it there, and washed his
hands and turned away. But I can never
leave it there!

If I keep silence, all these things
are done of me and in my name,
and mine the guilt of bludgeonings
and massacres;
If I speak not
if I forbear -- I am as one
turned murderer. It is as though
my own hands bore the knife, the gun!
How long, Oh, Lord till brother's heart
be moved to play a brother's part?
God hath with lesser tools than we,
worked miracles for all to see.

By faith ye shall move mountains -- yea ---
and tyranny!
For remember, long and long, and long ago...
upon the plains of Gath...

There was a day when warriors paled
and armies shook, and a young lad
stooped and chose five pebbles
from the brook......

And David took a stone and slung
it and it smote the Philistine, Goliath, in the forehead; and
the stone sank deep into his forehead and he fell upon his
face to earth and moved not.

I am a Gentile; and I have told
why I think that it should be a proud, glad
thing to be a Jew. Schmai, Yisroel! Hear, Oh Israel!
A great...a happy New Year. I, a Christian, wish it
NARR: you! Shalom! Peace! (PAUSE: QUIET) Peace......!
(CONT'D) (MUSIC: IN AND FINISH PROUDLY)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNCR: You have just heard a dramatization titled "Behold the Jew" presented by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the American Jewish Committee, in observance of the forthcoming Jewish holiday of Rosh Hashonah. The script, adapted for radio by Milton Geiger, was based upon Ada Jackson's poem, "Behold the Jew," winner of the British Greenwood Poetry Prize for 1943, published by The Macmillan Company. Miss Florence Eldridge was starred as the narrator.

The program was directed by Anton M. Leader. The music was composed by Morris Mamorsky and conducted by Henri Nosco.

A copy of today's script may be secured free of charge by writing directly to the American Jewish Committee, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, 16, N. Y.

This broadcast consisted of portions of the poem "Behold the Jew" by Ada Jackson. (Copyright 1944 by Ada Jackson). The complete copy of the poem can be purchased directly from The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.