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deed has been less severe and more effectively confronted here than in most other countries. Working together, the American people will solve the problem of inflation, but that process will require patience, cooperation and understanding from us all.

Meanwhile, let us not overlook the great strengths of our economy. We have more people at work than ever before, earning higher real incomes and consuming more goods and services per capita than at any time in our past. Inflation is a potential danger to all and a present hardship for some but nevertheless the American people are enjoying the fruits of an extraordinarily effective economic system. Any superficially appealing actions that would disrupt or abandon that system would ultimately cause far more damage than they would repair.

#### THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING

Mr. MONDALE. Mr. President, during the Easter recess the world commemorated the 30th anniversary of the Warsaw ghetto uprising. In April 1943, young Jewish men and women organized, in the sewers and rubble of the Warsaw ghetto, the first organized civilian resistance in Nazi Europe. Starving, isolated and desperate, they repelled onslaught after Nazi onslaught. And as the Nazis used tanks to destroy the walls of the ghetto, the food, water, and ammunition were exhausted and the ghetto was turned into an inferno. These beleaguered and outnumbered Jews were able to hold off the Nazis—while the world silently watched. In the end, the ghetto was rubble and the few survivors destined for the horrors of the concentration camps.

But today we remember their heroic battle cries and the valor of those who refused to capitulate to the Nazi slaughter.

In a recent article entitled "At the Wall in Warsaw, 30 Years Later" in the New York Times Magazine on April 15, 1973, James Feron returned to Warsaw with one of the few survivors of the uprising. I request unanimous consent that the article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

AT THE WALL IN WARSAW, 30 YEARS LATER  
(By James Feron)

WARSAW—Several weeks ago, Jack P. Eisner, a New York businessman specializing in foreign trade, arrived here to confer with Polish officials on export-import matters. Visits of this kind are increasing with the improved political climate between Poland and the United States. As Mr. Eisner ate breakfast in the restaurant of the Europejski Hotel, he saw others like him who had also come to talk business.

His trip was somewhat different, however. For one thing, Mr. Eisner was resuming contacts rather than initiating them. His company, Stafford International of 30 West 26th Street, had traded with Polish concerns until 1968, when links were severed. That was the year that a political struggle within the Communist leadership flared into a purge of Polish "Zionists" accused of undermining the state. "The atmosphere was very bad," Mr. Eisner says, "so we pulled out." The passage of time (and the political demise of the 1968 leadership) has put all that behind, however, and doors once closed are being reopened.

But Mr. Eisner's trip was different for still another reason. It was a journey home for

him. Born in Warsaw, he was a teen-ager when the Germans attacked Poland on Sept. 1, 1939, occupied the capital a few weeks later and soon began to enclose what they would call the "Jewish living area." By November, 1940, an estimated 400,000 Jews had been crammed within a 10-mile-long wall surrounding the ghetto. Then, methodically, they were "selected" and sent to their deaths at Treblinka and other extermination camps. By April, 1943, the leaders of the shrunken Jewish community—about 60,000 emaciated men, women and children—decided they would resist the final deportation. They fought desperately for a month in a futile struggle that has since become one of the few proud sagas of the wartime Jewish holocaust. Not many survived that month of resistance, but Mr. Eisner was one of them.

This Thursday, a small group will gather before the Jewish memorial on Zamenhof Street, in what was once the heart of the ghetto, to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the rebellion's beginning. Wreaths will be laid and speeches made, but the special nature of the uprising is disappearing in Poland. Each year, the Government officials who show up emphasize two points with increasing intensity: that the Jewish insurgents were assisted in their final struggle by combat units of the Polish underground organizations, and that the uprising itself must be seen as part of "the national Polish struggle against the forces of racism and Fascism."

These points are arguable. It is often noted that the ghetto fighters raised both the Polish and Jewish flags during their uprising. Poles offer it as proof of the Jews' patriotic feeling, while Jews argue that the display of the blue and white flag with Magen David that now flies over Israel represented their separate identity and the special nature of that 1943 struggle. But the argument is muted in a country where historians are obliged to conform to official lines. The time may come, in fact, when no Jews will be left in Warsaw to help celebrate the ghetto anniversary, much less dispute the role being assigned to it by Communist authorities.

I met Mr. Eisner during his brief visit here and asked if he had been able to recognize anything of that anguished period. The ghetto, which once covered a third of the Polish capital, had been systematically leveled by the Germans as the battle ended. So had most of the rest of the city a year and a half later, after an equally heroic and tragic uprising by the Polish underground. Mr. Eisner said that he had, in fact, intended to spend part of his last day here walking through the former ghetto area, seeking familiar landmarks.

So it was that the next day, a cold and windy January afternoon, we were circling the Nozik Synagogue near Grzybowski Square, where Mr. Eisner said he had sung as a boy, looking for an open door. The century-old building is the last synagogue still standing in Warsaw, and it looks ready for the wrecker's hammer. All the windows were bricked or boarded shut, and the large wooden front door was closed behind a massive lock. The walls were chipped and, along the lower portions, occasionally defaced with what the scrawler apparently felt was an epithet in itself—"Zyd" (Jew).

The only sign of life was steam pouring lustily from a pipe that stuck out of an otherwise sealed second-story window. We eventually found a door that was open, and this led to a dark, dank and heavily littered staircase. At the top, a bearded man watched our approach, unsmiling and suspicious. Mr. Eisner asked him a few questions in Polish, and the man replied, but just barely. Was the synagogue closed? In winter, yes; it cost too much to heat. But there was a room next door for services. How often were they held? Once a week, on Saturday. The two men

spoke evenly, without expression, feeling each other out.

Finally, the bearded man asked, in Yiddish, "Biz tu a Yid?"—"Are you a Jew?"

Mr. Eisner looked a bit surprised, and annoyed. "Of course I'm a Jew," he replied, in Yiddish.

"Well, you spoke such good Polish that I wasn't sure," the other man said in a more affable tone. Now they chatted on, and soon the bearded man invited us inside.

There have been Jews here over the ages, but the number multiplied after the 14th century when Casimir the Great welcomed to Poland the many victims of religious persecution in Spain and Germany. Some historians maintain that at one time in the Middle Ages, 80 per cent of the world's Jewish population lived in Poland. By 1939, Jews represented 10 per cent of the total population in this country. They were a vigorous community, living for the most part in separate, Yiddish-speaking enclaves.

Before the war there were 3.5 million Jews in Poland. Now there are fewer than 10,000, scattered through the country, the great majority of them speaking Polish—even to each other—and seeking, in many cases, to disguise their background. Within this larger group, there is a smaller "community," also scattered, of observant Jews, but it is an aging and dying group. Where once it was difficult in some areas to find a nonkosher restaurant, there are now just 10 widely separated kosher cafeterias, supported by funds from outside. The maintenance of rabbinical law, for the relatively few who still care, is a triumph of accommodation.

Poland is perhaps witnessing a final chapter of the thousand-year-old history of Polish Jewry, and even these last pages are punctuated with irony. The principal sponsors of the 30th-anniversary celebrations are the Social-Cultural Society of Jews in Poland, a thinly veiled branch of the Interior Ministry headed by officials with long experience in the state security apparatus, and the Polish Union of Fighters for Freedom and Democracy, a veterans' organization that served as the vanguard of the 1968 anti-Semitic campaign.

The real leader of the Jewish community of Poland, such as it is, turns out to be Isaac Frenkiel, a 58-year-old survivor of the Lodz ghetto, who lives with his wife, Esther, in a brick building that is next to the synagogue and in an equally decrepit condition. Unlike the synagogue, it is slated for demolition, to make way for a road. Mr. Frenkiel has witnessed much, including the departure for Israel of his own three sons in the aftermath of the 1968 "events." He now serves as the conduit for the funds, medical supplies and other assistance that still come from Jewish organizations abroad, and as the link between the rabbinate in Jerusalem and his meager congregation in Poland. He organizes the rabbinical supervision of kosher products, no mean trick in a country without a single rabbi, conducts those religious services that are still possible and speaks with benign contempt of the "antireligious" Jewish Social-Cultural Society operating out of a modern building less than 100 yards away. For three months each year, he sees to the baking of matzoh for Passover on a clanking assembly line operating in the otherwise deserted Nozik Synagogue.

It was the steam from his matzoh machine that we had seen billowing from the synagogue, and the bearded man invited us in to witness the elaborate process. Mr. Frenkiel himself had invented the device. "I'm an engineer as well as the head of the Jewish community, so what could be more appropriate?" he remarked with a shrug. Then, sweeping an arm to encompass the rollers, wire-mesh belt, elongated oven, stacking tables, wrapping counter and chute leading to a loading platform on the ground floor, he added, "This is something unique.

For a thousand years we've been making matzoh by hand here, but I've been able to mechanize the whole process while keeping within religious law." As an example, he indicated a basin of water near the center of the room. "Because of religious law, the water has to stand overnight. We have faucets near the mixing machine, but we use the basins instead." He grinned, as though relishing victory in a skirmish with some unseen force.

The line of rabbinical authority originating in Jerusalem remained unclear, not only for the matzoh production but for the other ritually "approved" products emerging from engineer Frenkiel's scattered enterprises. The kosher flour comes from a special mill in Otwock, southeast of Warsaw, and is "used only by us," he said. It was a state enterprise, as were the slaughterhouses in Warsaw, Lodz and Wroclaw where meat was ritually slaughtered once a week. "In Cracow there's a state enterprise making gefilte fish, and that's kosher, too. In Kamieniec, near Bielsko Biala, they make the Passover sliwovitz. It's made by the state spirits monopoly, and I give the O.K. for that."

Mr. Frenkiel said he was authorized to delegate supervisory responsibility for dietary law, but he veered away from details. There's no reason to assume, however, that Jews who were able to maintain their identity through the Inquisition should not be able to do so in contemporary Poland, where they are merely dying of attrition. Still, attention to the laws at Frenkiel's kosher matzoh works seemed pretty casual. When I visited the factory a second time, the worker responsible for watching the matzoh to make sure it's all kosher, 85-year-old Rubin Nowak, was missing. So who was watching the matzoh? "Oh, he's watching it," Mr. Frenkiel responded, indicating one of the men working on the rollers. This same attitude was apparent later when the subject turned to kosher restaurants. "There's one place in Warsaw where a lot of our people go," Mr. Frenkiel said. "It's not kosher exactly, but it's Jewish."

Later, in his office, he spoke of what life was like for a Jew in Poland today. To begin with, it was difficult to say just how many remained here after the last major emigration triggered by the 1968 purge. An estimated 14,000 Jews, most of them completely assimilated and identified as Jews only by the state authorities, went through the departure process—essentially renouncing their Polish citizenship and declaring their desire to go to Israel (only a third left for there, and the majority were taken in by the Danes and Swedes).

"We count 3,000 practicing Jews in our 18 congregations throughout Poland," Mr. Frenkiel said. These congregations are united under a Jewish religious union, technically called the Congregation of Moses' Denomination. "We assume there are 10,000 to 12,000 Jews altogether, including mixed marriages." The Jewish Historical Institute suggested a figure of 15,000. Officials at the Social-Cultural Society said the number was 9,000 to 15,000, which means this is the figure the Interior Ministry uses. The Office of Religious Affairs, a Government unit, offered 1,700 as the number of members of Jewish congregations, with some members representing families.

Several years ago there were two rabbis in Poland, but one of them, Dov Percowicz, died five or six years ago and the other, Zeev Moreno, left for the States a bit later. It is now difficult sometimes to find a minyan, the minimum of 10 male Jews necessary for a service. A Jewish official working in the West said recently that "they have to pay some of the men to arrive sometimes, just to make sure they have a minyan." A Jewish diplomat who attended services in Poland said he was welcomed sometimes as the 10th man. On Yom Kippur, however, the synagogue is full, Mr. Frenkiel said.

The center of Jewish life is the cafeteria, a soup-kitchen type of operation where the mostly aged members—of the community—those who cannot cook for themselves or who prefer to mingle with their friends—go for meals. The food is simple but good, and it is kosher. Two dozen people were eating lunch one day recently at the Warsaw kitchen in Mr. Frenkiel's building. Except for a girl in a scalloped-edged miniskirt who was checking names and clearing tables, the average age appeared to be well above 60.

I had asked Mr. Frenkiel if anybody spoke Yiddish anymore, and he had said, "Come to lunch and just listen." I did, but they were all speaking Polish. There seemed to be an equal number of men and women chatting and joking. A small lady wore the uniform of a Polish postman. One man asked Mr. Frenkiel above the din who I was. The engineer replied, "None of your business," and several people, including the questioner, laughed good-naturedly.

A woman I sat near asked if I was a visitor from abroad, and if so, would I like to come to her flat for tea with my wife. I explained that I lived in Warsaw and was a newspaperman. She asked if she would appear on television, and was relieved to hear she would not. "I don't want my son to see me eating here."

Her son was an engineer working in Canada. He was married now and might come to her once he got his new citizenship. Jews forced out after 1968 are usually advised in their new country not to attempt to return in their stateless condition. "He was in the party," she explained, "but it was for work." One day at a party meeting, "they singled him out as being an enemy of the state. He never thought they would do that, because he had been faithful for so many years. Anyway, he had to leave." The woman's son was a typical case. Many of those purged had been only nominal party members, joining only as a means of security job advancement.

Did she plan to join him in Canada? "No," she said, "I don't want to burn my bridges." Officials of the Joint Distribution Agency, now based in Geneva, say they learned long ago that Jews—and people in general—do not move unless they are forced to. Jews who have lived under stress in other areas such as North Africa have refused to leave when given the opportunity. They departed only when they felt they were faced with catastrophe. So it was with the woman seeking companionship in a kosher kitchen, afraid that if she left she would never return—to what?

Mr. Frenkiel claimed the 1968 events had nothing to do with his congregations. "It was a party fight, and most of those who left were party members." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, indicating the nearby offices of the Social-Cultural Society of Jews in Poland, and said: "It's their problem, not ours." Then, abruptly, "Esther, get that 1968 story about me."

The article, which was in the Yiddish-language weekly *Folkstimme*, published by the party-run society, spoke of Poland's Jewish schools (the last of which closed in 1967) and their failure to divert Jewish youth from "decadent" religious customs. It condemned the "participation of youth" in Purim and Passover celebrations, organized then as now by Frenkiel, in Warsaw, Lodz and Wroclaw.

Mr. Frenkiel said that the schools had never really taught any religion. Yiddish-language and Jewish-culture courses were given, but the lessons were taught in Polish. "They were state-run, and like all other state schools, they sought to indoctrinate [the students in] nationalism and Communist ideology. I sent my own sons to the Kopernik School in Lodz, a regular Polish school, and if they learned Hebrew and got religious training, it was only at home."

He smiled as he recalled something. "In

Lodz my sons were allowed to stay home on Jewish holidays, but in Szczecin, do you know the Jewish kids were offered bars of chocolate to go to school during Passover?"

Mr. Frenkiel deals with the Government through the Office of Religious Affairs, just as "they"—jerked his thumb again—deal with the Ministry of Interior. The Office of Religious Affairs handles only religious matters, and officials there said they would be pleased if Mr. Frenkiel limited his own activities in the same way.

"Look," Mr. Frenkiel said. "I'm not just a poor Jew who prays all day long or takes off his hat like a poor *muzhik* [peasant]. I go beyond the religious field . . ."

His wife interrupted. "Sure, he does charity work, and his cafeterias . . ."

"Not only that, not only that," her husband insisted. "I look after the needs of the Jewish minority in the full sense of the word. They know what I do. They can throw me out if they want. Call it politics, but it's the politics of looking after the Jewish minority."

The religion vs. atheism struggle exists even today, he said, despite the sharply reduced Jewish community. "When our congregations organize festivities for children—we will have a Purim party for example—it's like a thorn in their side." He would not acknowledge that the Jewish community was disappearing. "There are still 2,000 Jews here between the ages of 18 and 30," he said. A Jewish official working abroad said a man from Cracow told him he "couldn't remember the last Jewish birth in that city, while someone was carried off to the cemetery every week." I asked engineer Frenkiel: When was the last Jewish marriage?

"Today," he replied triumphantly, banging the desk in his office for emphasis. "At 10 o'clock." That was the civil ceremony—the only legal kind in Poland—at the Palace of Marriages, "but the religious ceremony took place last Saturday in Lodz." She was 22, and he was 21, Mr. Frenkiel said. "They were married at home by a man who was here designated to take the place of a rabbi."

Nevertheless wasn't the community dying out? "A Danish TV team was here and they asked me the same question," he replied. "I didn't answer. The film was shown in Israel, and one of my sons wrote that the Israeli commentator said: 'In Poland today, no answer is also an answer.'" He leaned back. "What can I tell you? For the time being there are Jews here. That's a fact. It's a fact also that for some their body is here and their soul is somewhere else."

The engineer was reluctant to say how the community maintained itself financially. Although "Joint"—as the Joint Distribution Agency, a normal source of funds for such Jewish communities, is called here—was forced to cease operations in Poland in 1967, support continues to reach Polish Jews from organizations based abroad. Mr. Frenkiel acknowledges as much when I asked him if he received state support. "Sure, sure, state support," he replied, laughing. "Our state support was just cut by 10 per cent," a reference to the February devaluation of the dollar.

He pulled out his wallet and spread some color snapshots on the desk. "This is Zeev. He lives in Bat Yam, an engineer, 27 years old." Zeev was in an Israeli Army uniform, holding an Uzi, the standard automatic weapon. Behind him was barbed wire and a sign reading, "Stop. Frontier ahead." . . . And this is Shmuel—25, I think . . . His wife cut in: "Of course he's 25, like the State of Israel. He was born on Independence Day. How could you forget?"

"Sure, Shmuel is 25," Mr. Frenkiel continued, "studying at the university in Jerusalem. And this is Jonah, 24, who goes to the Polytechnic in Haifa." There were other pictures, including one of Mr. Frenkiel and his

wife standing with their three sons against a sun-drenched Jerusalem skyline.

He produced a calendar published by Polish authorities for the Jewish community. It was in Yiddish. "Look at May 7," he said. "We even got them to mark May 7 as Israel's Independence Day. Very nice." Although Israel and Poland have not maintained diplomatic relations since the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, the Frenkiels keep in touch with their sons through direct mail and by phone. "They put me right through—250 zlotys a minute for the first three minutes (roughly \$4) and 105 zlotys for each minute after that."

"Anyway, who's a Jew, who's not a Jew?" Marion Fuks, director of the Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw until his retirement last month, said when asked if he could offer some idea of how many Jews remained in Poland. "Only the keeper of the Jewish cemetery knows for sure."

The question of how many Jews there are in public life is clouded for the same reasons. While I was interviewing officials at the Social Cultural Society, they suddenly began arguing over a few names. One man offered the name of a leading theatrical personality, but Mr. Edward Rajber, director of the Society, objected. "He was christened as a child, don't make a Jew out of him," Mr. Rajber said heatedly and, perhaps, protectively. Another official suggested that Mr. Fuks's reference to the cemetery gatekeeper was not as facetious as it sounded: "He (the gatekeeper) will meet you and say, 'You know who came in today?,' and you say, 'No, who?,' and he'll say the daughter of so and so, mentioning a professor who died several years ago. 'And so?' And so she's Nina Andrycz, a leading actress and former wife of (ex-Premier) Jozef Cyrankiewicz."

Engineer Frenkiel was a bit more forthcoming about Jews in public life, although he laughed and said, "That's someone else's job, deciding who's a Jew and who's not." Again the thumb indicating his friends at the Social-Cultural Society. "There are some Jews in public life whose names I can even mention. One of our Vice Premiers, Eugeniusz Szyr, for example, and the Ambassador to London, Artur Starewicz. There are also three Jewish judges on the Supreme Court. One of them was in here just the other day." He said that whole areas of Polish life were only lightly touched in '68—lawyers, doctors, nonparty people in the Government, especially those doing highly technical work. Jews still occupy responsible posts in publishing, cultural, educational and agricultural fields, although a relatively small number have the same responsibilities they had before '68.

The underground nature of being Jewish persists. There is one story that the audience for the opening of the rebuilt Yiddish Theater included a number of Jews who had received letters encouraging their attendance. They belonged to no Jewish organization, had not attended any Jewish functions and thought they had become invisible. They were understandably disturbed to discover that lists existed somewhere identifying them still as Jews.

Jews continue to leave the country, but in small numbers now, and in some cases on the basis of applications they were obliged to make long ago, during the 1968 "events." A nonpracticing Jew whose parents and two brothers were forced out after 1968—they now live in Scandinavia—has been unable since then to leave the country to renew family ties, even though, in Polish security terms, he is more likely than ever to return home. He has married since his family left and has a baby daughter—although after '68 he vowed never to have a family in Poland for fear the child would be persecuted because of the Jewish forbear.

"I am able to correspond with my parents, but it is only a half-correspondence," he said. "We write about the baby, of course, but we cannot meet, even though we have considered many neutral locations. A friend finally told me it would be easier to see *Il Papa* in Rome than to get a visa. It's all so sad, this '68 business. My parents were not Zionists, they were not ever practicing Jews. They couldn't even speak Yiddish.

"Who was responsible for this? Nobody is sure, even today, but it was within the party. And if you want to know who were the anti-Semites, just go through the back issues of *Nowe Drogi* [the party ideological organ] and copy down the list of editors and writers. That would be a good beginning.

"But that's all past. The question is why do they keep it up? Why not let us out to visit my parents? There must be a reason. Maybe they still need some Jews around to grab when things get tough again, someone to blame. It's a tradition. It's like the Jewish joke about the source of Polish problems—'The Jews and the bicyclists.' 'Why bicyclists?' 'I don't know, but why Jews?'"

The disappearance of Polish Jews is taken for granted now, and it is unlikely that they will be mourned by many here. Poles born after the war, of course, would not know much of the Jews' distinctive ways, except from what they read, or were told. The older generation has mixed feelings. A Polish woman whose forearm bears the Auschwitz tattoo, and who helped save an orphaned Jewish child in the camp (she discovered only last year that he survived, and now wonders if she should tell him he is Jewish when they meet), had an explanation for the 1968 purge that reflected both her own experience and the Government's explanation:

"The Government wasn't after Jews in 1968, but only the Zionists. They just couldn't find the difference. But, you know, scholarships were only going to Jews then, as the Jewish professors saw to it that they were favored." The two statements seem unconnected, except in a country where longstanding resentments fit comfortably in political actions, or where the actions capitalize on widely held attitudes. The woman, similarly, felt that Poles had been slandered in some of the best-known books about the ghetto uprising, including "Mila 18." "They say we did not help them, but people did help. It was the death penalty if you were caught, but Poles hid Jews and supplied arms to them. And I wonder sometimes how the Jews would have treated us had they been in our position."

Another woman, of mixed parentage, who had been married to a Jewish artist, refused after the war to translate "The Wall" by John Hersey because she felt it, too, was anti-Polish. "Many Poles died. Jews were found in their homes," she explained. A scientist, too young to have taken an active part in the war, said: "It's absurd to say that there were no anti-Semites or that Poles did not beat Jews, but it's just as ridiculous to deny the good things that did happen. It's just a matter of numbers, in a way. We had a huge Jewish population here before the war, so there were many acts of heroism just as there were many terrible things between Jews and Poles."

Anti-Semitism lingers, even without Jews, but surfaces only occasionally. The men from the Interior Ministry who seemed to have been largely responsible for the 1968 purge are mostly gone now, so anti-Semitism, or anti-Zionism, no longer seems politically acceptable. Last year, however, an extraordinary theatrical performance in Warsaw indicated anti-Semitism was still tolerated at high levels.

A series of one-actor plays included a production called "R.F. 68," after the initials of Ryszard Filipowski, a Cracow producer who had been active in the 1968 purge. Performed with other plays in the Prochownia (Pow-

der Tower), a historical building in the Old Town, "R.F. 68" represented a monologue on the Jewish role in World War II. The theater was decorated with menorahs and the actor spoke his lines against a huge picture of a Jewish ghetto policeman arresting a small boy, presumably for stealing. One of the sketches, called "Your Brother Abel," put the blame on Jews for World War II, and accused them of becoming prostitutes in the ghetto and of a host of anti-Polish actions. During the performances, some members of the audience began walking out to the taunts of others. The controversy has continued with the circulation of unpublished letters by prominent writers demanding an official explanation.

The largest, and possibly busiest, surviving site for Warsaw Jews is the cemetery, tended inadequately by an old man who always asks new visitors if they are Jewish. Mr. Eisner recalled the role of the cemetery as a center of smuggling, resistance and violent death during the war: "It was at the edge of the ghetto, actually outside the walls, but we could reach it by a wooden bridge. Hundreds of people used that bridge only one way—coming here to commit suicide because they were so discouraged. Later on we used it to transport food, clothing, guns and ammunition, and to get people in and out of the ghetto itself. We would use make-believe hearses, and when the Germans caught on, we would make double-bottom boxes, with a dead body on top and food and medicine underneath. During the uprising itself, we built bunkers under the graves to hide gasoline."

The cemetery today bears evidence of age and abuse. Most of the paths are overgrown, with those leading to the farthest corners taking on an impenetrable jungle look. Hebrew-lettered tombstones, green with age, lean in all directions, some tipped by the roots of trees that have been growing unchecked since the war and some knocked over by grave robbers. One whole section in the most remote corner of the cemetery has been systematically looted, evidently some years ago.

A rumor persists that Polish authorities will build a road through the cemetery, or turn it into a park, as they did in Bialystok, but the months turn into years and nothing happens. Every once in a while a body is carried in, accompanied by a small knot of mourners. There is no rabbi to read the service. So a male member of the community does so. Some day, they tell each other, there will not be anyone left to do even that.

#### FLIGHT CURFEW VIOLATIONS

Mr. SAXBE. Mr. President, I have information that there have been an increasing number of violations of the flight curfew agreement at Washington National Airport. The agreement is aimed at preventing jet takeoffs or landings between the hours of 11 p.m. and 7 a.m., except in emergency situations.

These violations are not limited to any single source, but have been perpetrated by airline companies and private and military aircraft.

For example, one airline alone has violated the curfew no fewer than 25 times since the first of this year. Eleven of these violations were attributed to nothing more than late operations.

I can understand the extreme discontent of area residents over the repeated violations. And, if these violations continue, I am sure there will be many people interested in forcing more flights out to Dulles International.