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Bulmash Family Holocaust Collection

Special Collections

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Excerpt from Exodus by Author Leon Uris

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During all the years of work he had been realistic with himself. What Was Happening? He could see his own grandchildren lying on the deck of the EXODUS. Bradshaw knew his Bible as well as any well-brought up Englishman and like most Englishmen had a tremendous sense of honor although he was not deeply religious. Could it be that the EXODUS was driven by mystic forces? No, he was a practical diplomat and he did not believe in the supernatural.

Yet - he had an army and a navy and the power to squash the EXODUS and all the other illegal runners,

but he could not bring himself to do it.

The Pharaoh of Egypt had had might on his side too! Sweat ran down Bradshaw's face. It was all nonsense! He was tired and the pressure had been too great, what foolishness!

LET MY PEOPLE GO!

Bradshaw walked to the library and found a Bible and in near panic began to read through the pages of Exodus and about the Ten Plagues that God sent down on the land of Egypt.

Was he Pharaoh? Would a curse rain down on Britain? He went back to his room and tried to rest, but a staccato rhythm kept running through his tired brain . . . let my people go . . . let my people go . . .

"Crawford!" he yelled. "Crawford!"

"Crawford. Get through to Tevor-Browne on Cyprus at once. Tell him . . tell him to let the EXODUS sail for Palestine."