The British hurried them down from the \textit{Exodus}, sprayed them with DDT and then loaded them aboard three "hospital" ships bound for Cyprus. I flew to Cyprus to wait for them. You had to smell Cyprus to believe it. There was no water and no privacy. Yet, in the first year, 500 babies had been born and 800 marriages had taken place.

After a few days, we learned that even Cyprus was too good for the Jews of the \textit{Exodus}. Herded into the three "hospital" ships, they had been taken to Port de Bouc in southern France, the port from which they had sailed to Palestine. I flew to Marseilles and drove to Port de Bouc where I discovered the ugly truth — the "hospital" ships were prison ships.

Each evening the people of the \textit{Exodus} made a circle in the crowded prison cages, a Parliament of Displaced Persons, where they told the children the meaning of the real \textit{Exodus}. And each night they sang \textit{Am Israel Chai} — The People of Israel Live.

After three sweltering weeks, unable to get the refugees to come off the ships, the British made an announcement. They were taking the ships to Germany, Germany! The deathland!

As soon as I boarded one of the ships, a handful of men on the deck raised a unique flag. They had painted the Nazi swastika on the Union Jack. My photo of the flag became \textit{Life}'s Picture of the Week.

A British soldier led me down a flight of slippery stairs into the prison cage, into which hundreds of half-naked men, women and children were wedged. It was a black and white drawing of the Inferno. Blindly I shot photos of their agony. Back on the dock, a young Haganah woman standing next to me said, "Now you will see the birth of the Jewish State!"

Following the War of Independence, Israel began the work of rescue in earnest. First came the Jews of Yemen.

\textit{ISRAEL: A FEMINIST FUTURE}

\textit{Ruth Gruber's latest book is Rescue: The Exodus of the Ethiopian Jews. She is the author of 13 books, including the bestseller, \textit{Raquela: A Woman of Israel.}}