



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.

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Glueck, Nelson, writings about Israel, 1967.

Jerusalem, Thursday, June 15, 1967

The El Al plane, Flight # 212, that I was on, left New York City at 9:30 p.m. Sunday night, June 11, 1967. It was about one-third empty because a number of people had not had their passports properly validated by the U.S. Passport office. Among them were a number of American citizens and others who had permanent resident permits. I was fortunate in having the three seats on the left side immediately behind the bulkhead all to myself, with the result that I was able to take out the partition arm rests and stretch out during the night flight to London. We arrived there some six hours later, and instead of a 45 minute stopover, had a two hour stopover. Then on again, non-stop to Lydda. I had gotten on the plane terribly tired and slept or dozed most of the trip. The plane was occupied for the most part by young Israelis, most of them students at various American universities, who were returning home. Some twelve hours after leaving Kennedy Airport we landed in Tel Aviv or rather Lydda airport, in the afternoon of June 12.

From the air, as we circled over the city, everything seemed comparatively normal, although there was nowhere near as much traffic on the streets as one usually sees when flying in over Tel Aviv in daytime. Curs was the only plane landing at the time, which was about 4:00 p.m. Tel Aviv time, and we were cleared through passport control and customs rapidly. I had sent a cable Sunday morning to the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological in Jerusalem, announcing my arrival, and so I looked around to see if anybody had come to meet me. A customs officer came up and asked if he could help me. As soon as I told him my name, he knew who I was, said that he had read several of my books, and in fact had, about two weeks earlier, visited our School. He had been wonderfully well received and shown around our building and was greatly impressed with it. He took me to his office and connected me immediately by telephone with our School. One of our students, Harvey Block, was there, and I learned from him that my cable had not been received. In fact it wasn't delivered till two days after my arrival. Everybody at the postoffice of military age was in the

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army, and mail and cables are accumulating in a big backlog. Some school children have been pressed into service delivering mail. For the moment, it is probably faster to write an airmail letter than to cable. Learning that my cable hadn't been received, I managed to get hold of an antiquated, wheezy, oil-burning taxi to take me to Jerusalem. En route I picked up a pair of soldiers, a boy and a girl, and would have picked up more, but the driver protested that the car wouldn't make it with any more weight. He was right. We could barely get up some of the steeper grades. The taxi-driver had two sons in the army, and had no idea of their whereabouts. He and the two soldiers and the customs officer at Lydda and everybody I have spoken to since are simply overwhelmed with exultation and thanksgiving about the miraculous victory of Israel over the combined Egyptian and Arab powers.

Some of the reports that have been coming to me from individuals who have participated in the fighting are simply astounding about the way the Israelis conducted this war so masterfully and bravely. One of the interesting things is that there is a very high percentage of casualties among the Israeli officers who are always in front and never lag behind their troops.

The grounds and building of the HUCBASJ are in very good shape and suffered practically no damage whatsoever. There are some scars of bullets against the east wall of our building; a mortar shell landed in the parking lot and damaged a bit of the kerb and the blast, apparently, shattered several of the large plate glass windows in our entrance lobby. However, they have already been replaced. A shell also landed in our garden on the north side and hit one of the small trees there. Otherwise the building is absolutely intact.

The day before I arrived, that is on Monday, June 12th, forty Israeli police and soldiers, quartered in our building, left. They had also taken in with them some people on the streets who were not able to get home and who lived in the building for several days. I understand that the Police Officer in charge of Jerusalem has written a letter to me thanking me for the reception that the police and troops got in our building.

Yesterday, whilst going out to Ramallah, we were stopped by a military contingent who examined our passports; one of the persons who was doing the examining was Motke, our gardener. Last night, Rachamim, our house boy, came in and he was simply bubbling over. He had been in some of the fiercest fighting in Jerusalem and had gotten leave of half a day to go and see his fiancée whom he is to marry next month. He had no transportation and I gave him immediate permission to use our old Morris car to go and visit the bride-to-be and her family. He is a paratrooper but they were doing their fighting on the ground on the outskirts of Jerusalem.

Two of our vehicles, the Wagoneer and Chevrolet tender were requisitioned, but I am taking steps to try to get them back, now that the actual fighting is over. Yesterday a cheque came in from the army to pay for the use of one of the cars and apparently the army will pay for the use of both the cars. The efficiency of the army also in this particular detail simply amazes me.

In the afternoon of June 12, in the old taxi that I managed to hire to bring me up to Jerusalem, my chief impression en route was of a long line of jeeps and buses and military cars of various kinds painted in unfamiliar colours and with Arabic inscriptions giving their designations. They were captured Jordanian military cars that had already been taken and put into active use. I understand that the amount of materials captured from the Egyptian and other Arab powers is simply tremendous, much more than last time in 1956. At that time I was able to examine the materials captured in the Negev or placed in the Negev until they could be dispersed and there was a tremendous amount of material then. It is said that there is much more material captured now, from tanks to missiles, to ammunition, to clothing, to food and so on, than there was last time. There is a lot less civilian traffic on the roads than there usually is; most of the traffic is military.

During the days of the actual fighting, Bill and Norma Dever, Ezra Spicehandler and his family, and Rabbi and Mrs. Harold Saperstein, aside from the regular staff headed by Mrs. Esther Lee, were in and out of the School at various times or in their private apartments. The

Sapersteins were living in the School, and will be here for some weeks yet. The experience that everybody had of the firing and listening for the sirens and the explosions has obviously to be lived through to be appreciated. Apparently when the Israelis were convinced that the Jordanian troops were putting on more than just a symbolic attack, they put into effect a plan to capture the Old City mainly by cutting off its access roads that had been prepared months and years in advance. First lights were played upon the gun emplacements occupied by Jordanian soldiers and then low flying planes from Israel swept over and knocked them out one by one.

On Tuesday, June 13, Dever, Spicehandler and I drove over to the Old City and talked our way into the American Schools of Oriental Research and the American consulate branch situated nearby. Everything is fine also at the ASOR which has been turned over to me to administer in any way that I please. There was some damage to the glass in the room that I used as an office when I was Director of the School. It too had been shattered by blast from a shell that fell into the garden, and several bullets also penetrated the windows. Otherwise there was no damage whatsoever to the School building or any part of the grounds. I found the major-domo, Omar, his wife and his ten children there. Some of his family had been in Jericho but through the assistance of the nearby American consulate they were all gotten together and fetched back to the School. I also found some American consular staff and their families there, whose own apartments had been rendered uninhabitable. I told them I was delighted to see them there and would like them to remain as long as they desired. A notice has been put on the front gate of the School saying "Under control of the American Consulate." When I first visited the School only Omar was there, but now some of the other servants have returned and the building is being cleaned and looked after, including the rooms of the consular families living there. There is plenty of food.

the outside has not been severely hurt. A newspaper in the newspaper today says that some of the Dead Sea Scroll fragments, some through intact. I have not yet been able to find out what happened to the Paula

Jerusalem, Friday, June 16, 1967

This morning, Bill Dever, Ezra Spicehandler, Dick Scheuer (who arrived last night by El Al from New York City) and I drove into the former Arab section of Jerusalem via the Mandelbaum Gate. The pass I have, signed by Aluf Uzi Narkis, who is second-in-command of the Western Bank under Rav Aluf Rabin, and to whom Aluf Chaim Herzog, the top military governor of Jerusalem is subject, gets us through the numerous military checkpoints very easily. I didn't go into the American School of Oriental Research grounds this morning, nor into the American Consulate branch near it. Last night I had dinner with Consul General and Mrs. Evan Wilson, and we had tentative discussions concerning the future of the grounds and buildings of the ASOR. Several of the American Consular families are living there now, and I indicated my willingness to have the American Consulate utilize the School as headquarters for its operations as a branch in the former Arab section of the city. I shall look in again tomorrow to take care of some further details at the ASOR and particularly to decide what to do with the servants who are gradually returning from whatever places they had scattered to. I shall certainly want to retain the long-time servants.

We drove down past Damascus Gate, which is a beehive of activity from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. after which there is curfew in the Old City. Vendors are selling primarily bananas, of which there seems to be a most plentiful supply. Numerous Arabs are milling about, some of them being registered for various things, the nature of which I do not know. Others of them gather to begin the trek by car or bus to Transjordan, despite the plea of King Hussein for all Arabs to remain where they are, and the repeated insistence by the Israeli authorities that absolutely no harm will come to any Arabs remaining in their places on the West side of the Jordan. We passed the Palestine Archaeological Museum which has suffered some damage from fire, but so far as I can determine from the outside has not been severely hurt. An announcement in the newspaper today says that some of the Dead Sea Scroll fragments came through intact. I have not yet been able to find out what happened to the Psalm

and other scrolls that were there. The Copper Scroll is definitely in Amman. Most of the shops on the streets outside the walled city are still closed, as are many inside the walled Old City. The cleaning up operations continue apace. There was fighting in the area between the ASOR and the Ecole Biblique and the Damascus and Flower Gates, and there are burned-out cars, trucks, jeeps, a huge tank, a lot of broken glass and scattered empty and some live bullets and shells scattered about. A tremendous amount of cleaning up has been going on and in a few days only the scars on some of the buildings and the holes in the wall above the entrance to the Damascus Gate will testify to the fighting that went on several days ago. On some of the stores, both inside and outside the walled city, white surrender flags are hanging. The attractive, fenced-in garden area adjacent to the city wall between the Damascus and Flower Gates is completely intact and the broad road leading down to the Jericho road is clean and filled with military traffic for the most part. Many captured Jordanian jeeps, trucks and buses have been pressed into service.

We drove up to the top of the Mount of Olives on which the International Hotel has been built over a Jewish graveyard, some of whose disturbed gravestones can be seen on the slopes below it. There is a wonderful view over the city of Jerusalem from there and particularly over the entire area of the Haram esh-Sharif and the el-Aksa Mosque. Crowds could be seen walking from Mt. Zion, which is dominated by the burned out dome of the Dormition Church. This is the second time I have seen it in this state, the first being in 1956. The Government of Israel repaired it completely then, but Jordanian shells have ruined it again, and the Government of Israel will, I imagine, repair it again. The crowds visible from our vantage point can be seen wending their way from Mt. Zion around the east side of the wall of the temple area enclosure and then by a circuitous route arriving at the Western or Wailing Wall. A great courtyard (or a plaza in making) has been levelled within the last few days in front of the Western Wall, enabling many thousands of people to congregate there at one time and making it possible for the impressive beauty of the great blocks of some of the lower parts of the Herodian wall to be seen. On Tuesday, June 13, 1967, Bill Dever,

Ezra Spicehandler and I had walked to the Western Wall, which was opened up to the general public on Wednesday, June 14, 1967, when some approximately 200,000 people pilgrimaged to it in celebration of Shavuot. The entrance for them was through the Dung Gate, with police letting several hundred people at a time move forward, before compelling them to move on. The police had the entire pilgrimage beautifully controlled, according to the newspaper, and from what I have heard from people who participated in the mass pilgrimage.

From our vantage point immediately below the Intercontinental Hotel, which we did not enter, and which I presume is occupied by Israeli troops, we drove down to the Jericho Road, passed Bethany and then swiftly down to the Jordan River. Up to a few days ago the span over it was called the King Abdullah Bridge, to judge from the Arabic signpost still in place. There must have been considerable fighting or bombing along the entire Jericho Road. There were very numerous burned-out tanks, some of them of huge size, and trucks and jeeps and buses. Most of them seem to have been knocked out by air attack. No bodies were visible, but alongside the destroyed tanks and cars were spent bullets and shells, some of them appearing to me to be still unexploded. I cautioned my companions not to get off the paved sections of the road, for fear of their stepping on mines. Incidents of that kind have been occurring. Alongside the road were ranged groups of refugees walking along in both directions down to and away from the Jordan. We stopped our car to photograph one of the burned-out tanks and a family of refugees approached us, climbing westward back up to Jerusalem, and asked for water. We gave them all the water we had and a large bottle of grapefruit juice that we had taken with us. It is a shame that anybody is leaving, because their lot in Jordan cannot possibly be better than in Israel, and in all likelihood will be much worse, because Jordan is simply not capable at the present of taking care of a couple of hundred thousand additional refugees. However, the unfortunate people have evidently swallowed whole the horror stories broadcast over the Jordan and other Arab radios, and have feared that they would be slaughtered if they did not get away as fast as possible. The opposite is true. The military and civilian

authorities of Israel on the west bank and in Jerusalem and elsewhere are bending every effort to assure the Arabs that nothing will happen to them and have been making very large supplies of milk and bread and other foods and necessities available to them until affairs can become more normal again.

It was with deep emotion that sometime later we stood on the west side of the bridge across the Jordan, the central spans of which have been blown up. Refugees could be seen wading across the river, and cars on the east side were standing by to pick up some of them. I hope all the refugees soon learn that they made a mistake leaving home and find their way back again.

From the bridge, we drove to Jericho, which appeared to be completely unharmed. I hadn't been to Jericho for twenty years, but it seemed to be almost exactly the same as when I had last seen it, with several additional small hotels and cafes. Of course there were military checkpoints in and out of the city and I kept on flashing my magical pass. This evening I put transparent cellophane around it, because a few more days of its being held in soldiers' hands would get it hopelessly smudged. We drove to ancient Jericho, Tell es-Sultan, and I was able to see for the first time some of Miss Kenyon's excavations there. I had seen so many photographs of the great, early Neolithic round tower she opened up, that I could have sworn, had I not known better, that I had actually seen it in situ previously. We climbed through the barbed wire enclosing the area in which it stands, and then climbed down the central shaft which pierces its length and out through the door at the bottom. It is a most impressive piece of work, testifying to considerable engineering and building ability with stone some eight thousand years ago, long before pottery was invented. It made a deep impression upon me. On the way out from Jericho, we passed a modern kiln with jars that had evidently but recently been fired stacked in orderly rows.

From Jericho, we drove straight back to Jerusalem, crossed again through the barriers of Mandelbaum Gate and then home. This evening,

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Fifth Installment

Jerusalem, Tuesday, July 25, 1967

I might as well have stayed in bed during the last two weeks, for all the work, studying, writing, directing and sightseeing that I have been able to do. In fact, I was in bed most of that time and am now slowly recuperating. Somehow, a virus pneumonia laid me low. The X-Ray picture showed yesterday that the affected lung had almost completely cleared up, but a most bothersome chest cold remains. I may try to go away for a few days to some seacoast town such as Caesaria or Eilat to recuperate. Preferably Eilat, because I might be able to get a military hitchhike ride from there to Sharm esh-Sheikh at the mouth of the Gulf of Aqabah.

What a shame that the prospects for direct peaceful confrontation between the Arab states and Israel seem not to be materializing. I gather from the newspaper, The Jerusalem Post, that the return of refugees from Jordan, now permitted by the Israeli government, is being held up, because the papers to be filled out in accordance with Israeli requirements bear the name of the government of Israel on them, and the Government of Jordan will not recognize or accept papers bearing that imprint and thus apparently implicitly recognizing the existence of the State of Israel. The Government of Israel is perfectly willing to let its documents be overprinted with Red Cross statements dealing only with refugees, but the Jordan Government will not accept or approve of such documents. In the meantime, the Arab refugees desirous of returning and acceptable by Israel must languish on the east side of the Jordan. I guess Israel could, in some perhaps unrealistically magnanimous gesture, waive utilizing its official documents and agree thus implicitly that its existence is still a fiction. I doubt that that will occur.

Anyway, this started off by my wishing that the Arab states in general and Jordan in particular would negotiate direct peace with

Israel, because that would enable me to get back to Aqabah on the east side of the north shore of the Gulf of Aqabah and look again for the ancient Solomonic fortress that I am convinced existed there, guarding the comparatively rich oasis of Aqabah below it.

From the historical point of view, it is a pity that one can't live for a thousand years or two, because in the course of time the silly man-made borders are expunged by the erosion of time and by the compulsions of geopolitics. Boundary lines at the best are nuisances but not insurmountable barriers. Ideas and influences overleap them as if they did not exist and sooner or later peoples penetrate them, it matters not how formidably they are erected. Of course, in the meantime, infinite hardships and suffering are created, individual lives moulder away, entire generations become unnecessarily imprisoned in hopelessly cramped spaces. For two generations now, the Arab inhabitants of the Gaza Strip were imprisoned by the Egyptians, not being permitted to emigrate, and especially not to Egypt or even Sinai, and not having creative work for idle hands. This is now being changed, I read. The Government of Israel is planning work for the Gaza Strip residents, trade embargos are being lifted and freedom of movement gradually being initiated. For the first time in decades, Moslems of the Gaza Strip can now come to Jerusalem to pray at the Sharm esh-Sherif (the Mosque of Omar and the el-Aksa Mosque) on Fridays.

My thoughts swing back, in this free wheeling letter, to the Israelites of the Exodus, who besought the kings of Edom and Moab in vain for permission to utilize the south-north King's Highway through central Jordan to arrive at their goal of the Promised Land, guaranteeing they would not turn aside from the central highway and would pay for whatever they received and for any possible damages that might occur. Their request was denied. History, however, could not be denied, and at long last, they got to the goal of their dreams.

There are, to say the obvious, no static situations, and conditions are constantly changing. I was going to say that the only unchangeable thing was death, but I am not sure that even that is a completely lifeless phenomenon. But this is not the place for philosophy

a tour of our premises. To revert to the telephone matter again for a moment! Before June 5, I could have picked up the phone and theoretically talked to Omar at the ASOR, but the call would have been directed from here to New York City to Los Angeles to Tokyo, Bombay, Teheran, Baghdad, Damascus, Amman and finally Jordanian Jerusalem before we could perhaps have talked to each other, or by some similar route.

Another and more visibly dramatic change is to step out on our hanging terrace at the HUCBASJ and look westward to the fantastically beautiful wall of the Old City, and its towers and turrets and insets and offsets, erected in the 16th century on top of Herodian masonry, some of which can be seen at various places, such as the Western or Wailing Wall, in the full immensity of its huge blocks. Our HUCBASJ used to be a couple of hundred meters from the border, with the beginnings of the Valley of Hinnom separating us from the slopes leading down and up to the former Jordan side of Jerusalem to the base of the Old City Wall. The area in between was occupied by a weird crazy quilt of destroyed houses in a no-man's land, full of landmines, where no living person dared to tread unless bereft of his or her senses. I think I may have previously said in one of these letters that some years ago I contacted the U.N. commanding officer in this area, - I believe his name was General Burns - and told him that if he could get permission from Israel and Jordan I would undertake to raise several million dollars and transform this hideous no-man's land into a garden, so that the people from both sides could gaze towards each other over masses of flowers and over green sward and perhaps be influenced to consider the folly of separation. Nothing came of my proposal of course, but now it is being implemented by the Government of Israel. All that horror of destroyed houses has been bulldozed away. The ugly stone buildings, most of them ruined, which had been built against the bottom of the Old City Wall removed, and now suddenly the entire west side of the Old City Wall stands out in its pristine glory. The old post office above Jaffa Gate is being torn down. When that is accomplished, one of the most potentially beautiful plazas in the world will be created, with a great

open space along the outside of the Wall leading to Jaffa Gate. The plan is to clear the land outside of the entire Old City Wall on all sides, where necessary, and create a garden belt around its entirety. It will be simply unbelievably beautiful. I imagine, however, that the Church of the Dormition will be rebuilt again by the Israeli Government, and that therefore the southwest corner of the Old City Wall will continue to be hidden by it.

The scene alongside the Old City Wall as viewed from our terraces, changes every day, as the bulldozers push more and more of the remaining debris, including everything from massive cement blocks to huge twisted iron girders down the slopes leading to the beginnings of the Valley of Hinnom. One can see in front of one's eyes how much of the level of Jerusalem was lowered from twenty to fifty feet and more when the Romans leveled much of the Herodian city of Jerusalem after their conquest in the year 70 A.D., repeating processes that had occurred previously. Others took place subsequently. That is why when one goes to visit the Church of St. Anne on the Via Dolorosa, one can see that the level of the existing beautiful 11th-12th century Crusader Church is perhaps forty feet above the ruins of the Byzantine Church there and particularly above the ruins of the Pool of Bethesda. I am guessing at the levels, but the exact figures can easily be looked up, and I don't feel like stopping writing at the moment to establish them more exactly. I haven't been back this time yet, but I remember years ago, when a bit farther up the Via Dolorosa one descended from the street level to the paved court of the Antonia fortress, where Pontius Pilate held court, one had to descend several very steep and fairly long flights of steps before one got from the one level to the other separated in time by above two thousand years.

Anyway, if anyone in the future ever tries to excavate the debris being pushed down the slopes of the Valley of Hinnom from the destroyed buildings that stood at or near the base of the Old City Wall until recently, he is going to have one hell of a useless job. Incidentally, I am told, authoritatively, that Kathleen Kenyon, has discussed with the Israeli department of Antiquities the possibility of continuing

her excavations in the old Jebusite city near Siloam, and has been assured that if and when she asks for a permit, it will be granted.

My illness has kept me thus far from our Gezer dig, which commenced Monday a week ago under the direction of Dr. Wm.G. Dever of our HUCBASJ and the co-directorship of Dr. Darrell Lance of the Colgate Rochester Divinity School. Associated with them in the Core Staff are Norma Dever (Mrs. Wm. G. Dever) as Registrar and Administrative Officer, Dr. Robert B. Wright of Gettysburg College as Photographer, Mrs. Anita M. Furshpan of the University of Connecticut, Dr. Joe D. Seger of Hartford Seminary Foundation and Dr. Jack Halliday of Princeton University, - the latter three as Field Archaeologists, and Dr. Reuben G. Bullard of the University of Cincinnati as Consultant in Geology. In addition, we have the following as Area Supervisors, namely Dr. Samuel Greengus of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati; Dr. Philip J. King of St. John's Seminary; Dr. John Landgraf of HUCBASJ; Dr. James M. Lindenberger of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.; Miss Miranda Marvin, Ph.D. candidate, Harvard University; Mrs. Carol (Eric) Meyers, Ph.D. candidate, Harvard University; Dr. Carey A. Moore, Jr., of Gettysburg College; Dr. John R. Osborne of Berea College; Father Jean Ouellette of the College de l'Immaculate Conception, Canada and a Ph.D. of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati; and Mr. Larry Stager and Miss Jane Waldbaum, Ph.D. candidates at Harvard University.

I make bold to say that no archaeological expedition in this part of the world has ever had as formidable and highly trained and competent a scientific staff as we have at Gezer. The overall supervision of the entire undertaking is under Professor G. Ernest Wright of Harvard and myself. I shall have more to say about the actual dig and the emerging results when I get out there next week. The physician is still keeping me more or less under house arrest and is now insisting on getting a consultation examination from Professor Rakover, the head of the lung department of Hadassah Hospital. However, he gave me permission to do something tomorrow that I have been trying to wangle from the Israeli Government for several weeks and that I am getting through the direct intervention of the Prime Minister, Mr. Levi Eshkol.

Several weeks ago, as I have previously reported, I called on the Prime Minister as a matter of courtesy and I brought Professor Ezra Spicehandler of our HUCBASJ with me. Among other things, in the course of our conversation I mentioned that it would be nice if the Israel Armed Forces would fly me over the Gulf of Aqabah and Sharm esh-Sheikh and over Sinai. He immediately gave instructions to his private secretary to get it arranged. In the meantime, I got ill and was forced to postpone the matter with the army or rather not to pursue it very hard. It is one thing to get the Prime Minister's approval. It is another thing to get the proper office of the army to carry out his instructions. Anyway, this morning, when I was out, having gone to the physician's office for some sort of a streptomycin injection, the officer concerned phoned and asked if I could be ready to fly tomorrow morning, Wednesday, July 26. Dr. Spicehandler answered and said he would call back, and asked if he were included in the invitation, as he had every right to assume he might be. The answer was that it all depended if they had an extra free place. They certainly had one for me. I had left the physician's office in the meantime, but my good and concerned secretary, Mrs. Esther Lee, phoned him and asked him what he thought about the matter. He replied that he thought it would be all right and good for me psychologically. I'm glad he did, because I would have gone if I had had to go on a stretcher. And the best news is that there is a place for Ezra Spicehandler. And we don't have to travel to Lydda or to the small airport outside of Tel Aviv to get the plane. We were told to go to Kalundia, which is right outside Jerusalem, and until a few weeks ago was the Jerusalem airport for Jordan. I have seen it since and have read that the runway is long enough for jets. The plane tomorrow will, I am sure, be a rather small one of the type that the Arkia Airline uses to fly to Eilat, if it is not a helicopter. Incidentally, it is now possible to fly from Jerusalem to Eilat. The plane picks one up at Kalundia, flies to the Tel Aviv airport in a few minutes, and there picks up the Tel Aviv contingent of passengers and continues on its way to Eilat, and reverses itself on the way back. I have gotten some maps out this afternoon and will study them tonight to prepare myself for tomorrow's flight.

Yesterday afternoon, Monday, July 24, I gave a little tea party for Congressman Robert Taft, Jr., from Cincinnati. I have known him for a long time and like him very much. He is in the country to dedicate a library in memory of his father, the late Senator Robert Taft, which is being opened up at Kfar Silver, named after the late Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver. Rabbi Daniel Silver, Abba's son and successor at The Temple in Cleveland, Ohio, is here too. He is a favorite of the Glueck family and we are always delighted to see him. Present at the tea party were our Consul General and Mrs. Evan Wilson, Justice Haim Cohen of the Supreme Court and his wife Michal, Mr. Louis (Aryeh) Pincus, the Chairman of the Board of the Jewish Agency, who comes originally from South Africa, Mr. Ted Lurie, the Editor of The Jerusalem Post, Dr. Avram Biran, the Director of the Department of Antiquities, Mr. and Mrs. Baruch Braude of Herzliyah who just happened in, and the members of our immediate HUCBASJ who are here, namely the Spicehandlers, Steinbergs and Dr. Saul Weinberg. I had the tea catered. We had a very pleasant time. There was a most friendly exchange of opinion between Justice Cohen and Dr. Biran with the rest of us chiming in. Some newspaper man had asked the Department of Antiquities for permission to dig at Qumran, the site of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and he was most properly turned down as not being a competent archaeologist with the backing of some responsible and well-known museum or university. This chap then went to Justice Cohen's court and filed suit against the Department of Antiquities, first of all demanding that it prove why he shouldn't get a permit, and secondly asking that the Department of Antiquities be enjoined from giving a permit to dig at Qumran to anyone else. All of which Justice Cohen did.

We all then turned upon Justice Cohen and asked how his court could do such a thing without the chap in question presenting proof that he was a competent archaeologist, etc. Actually Père de Vaux, I understand, is also opposed to this chap, who apparently falsely claimed that he held a permit from the Jordan Department of Antiquities. Justice Cohen replied that it wasn't his business to examine the facts in advance, but that any one could file a suit and the facts would then

be brought out in the trial. I exclaimed that this could be a terrible nuisance, that a trial could last for months or years! But the Justice insisted that a person had such a right. He might well lose the case and have to pay the court costs and so on and so forth.

Another interesting angle of the case that arose in our discussion was that if a person held an authentic permit from the Jordan Department of Antiquities to dig in an area that had suddenly become Israeli, would it still be legal. The general climate of the conversation seemed to be that if the holder of the permit were a really competent archaeologist and particularly if he or she had previously worked on the site, the Israeli Department of Antiquities would in all probability reconfirm the permit. Thus, for instance, it is reconfirming the validity of all Jordan automobile licences, requiring only that proof be brought of valid insurance and of obtaining third party insurance in accordance with Israeli law. Thus, I signed the necessary papers for all the cars of the American School of Oriental Research, confirming that they were the property of the ASOR, and I signed the applications for the additional insurance.

I gathered, too, from conversation with Dr. Biran, that those French and American scholars who had previously been working on the Dead Sea Scroll fragments in the Palestine Archaeological Museum, formerly called the Rockefeller Archaeological Museum before it was nationalized a year or so ago by Jordan, with the consent or acquiescence, among others, of the American Ambassador in Amman, - that those scholars will be permitted or encouraged to continue working on them. It is not yet known whether any of the Dead Sea Scroll material was taken away by Jordanian officials when they fled. It does seem to me to be certain at this point that none of the fragments present in the PAM before the Six Days War have been removed by the Israel Department of Antiquities to the new Israel Museum or to the Temple of the Book Museum. There hasn't yet been time to open all or most of the boxes stored in the basement of the PAM, some of which may contain Dead Sea Scroll material. We began to get into all kinds of legal arguments and then broke out in laughter when Bob Taft urged Biran

not to make any more statements or argue with Justice Cohen without availing himself of the benefit of counsel.

If peace can be achieved and maintained, a golden era could ensue for everybody in the Near East. The greatest benefit would accrue to the Egyptians and the Arabs. Not the least would be the opportunity for archaeologists and for explorers to examine whole regions, follow ancient trade-routes, identify by location and sometimes by name ancient sites and thus help push back the boundaries of knowledge or restore lost chapters of early history. Mine was such a golden opportunity years ago, when in the period between the first and second world wars, I was able to wander at will and methodically in all the territory of Transjordan (using the term geographically), and archaeologically explore the entire country, discovering hundreds upon hundreds of ancient sites and dating them by pottery finds on the surface and giving physical reality to terms like Edom and Moab and Ammon etc. I have asked the Israel Armed Forces to let me go now into central Sinai to do some spot exploring, so to speak. The answer was, however, and I imagined it would be, that they simply couldn't spare the twenty or so soldiers that would have to be detailed to go along with me. There were more immediately pressing things to be done in Sinai. Anyway, it would have taken weeks of gruelling endeavor for me to get knocked into shape to undertake this kind of archaeological exploration again, and by that time I would have had to go home to direct the American centers of the HUC. Nevertheless, it is a good idea and needs to be carried out. However, it would require consecutive years of steady application to the task to do it properly and meaningfully, with enough sites explored to reduce the possibility of the variable of error to a minimum.

Nelson Glueck

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Sixth Installment

Jerusalem, Wednesday, July 26, 1967

From Jerusalem to Sharm esh-Sheikh to St. Katherine's Monastery in south central Sinai and back again in the course of a day! Who says there isn't magic? That's what we did yesterday. Some time ago, I paid a courtesy call on Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, and took Dr. Ezra Spicehandler, Professor of Jewish Studies and Rabbi of the Chapel of our Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School of Jerusalem, with me. He is on leave of absence here for two years from his post as Professor of Modern Hebrew Literature at our Cincinnati School. Among other matters that we discussed with the Prime Minister, the subject of Sinai came up, and I ventured the hope that if possible the Prime Minister might arrange to have Spicehandler and me flown over Sinai. He immediately instructed his private secretary, Mr. Adi Yaffe, who had joined us by that time, to see to it that it was arranged. We were then put into contact with Major Barlev of the Ministry of Defence. He told us that we could go down to Sharm esh-Sheikh almost any day in a freight plane, but that if we waited, an opportunity might develop later on for a more extensive trip, involving also a helicopter flight to St. Katherine's in Sinai. We chose to wait. In fact, I would have had to wait anyway, because shortly afterwards I came down with virus pneumonia, which has knocked me out for several weeks and left me with a troublesome cough. Anyway, Major Barlev phoned Monday, July 24, and wanted to know if I could come on a flight to take place the next day. I was out of the building at the moment, and the call was referred to Ezra Spicehandler, who most properly asked if there were a seat also for him. Early in the afternoon, Major Barlev phoned back and said that there were seats for both of us and that we should be at Kalundia Airport, outside Jerusalem, on the way to Ramallah at 8:10 A.M. the next morning, and that we need bring nothing by way of food or water with us. Had we gone with one of the freight planes, we had been told that we would have to bring

our own food and water with us and that there was no certainty that we would make the trip to Sharm esh-Sheikh and back in one day.

I haven't flown from Kalundia Airport since the days of the British Mandate. Fairly often, that is several times a year, I would fly from there with one or another of the British High Commissioners of Palestine, for archaeological tours of the country by air. Or the British army planes would come for me from Amman to fly me around Transjordan in response to my requests for help in aerial examination of regions that I wanted to enter into later on by foot to continue the square mile by square mile archaeological survey of all of Transjordan that I was engaged in for a long series of years, lasting from 1932 to 1947. The results of that archaeological survey were published in various volumes of the Annual of the American Schools of Oriental Research from 1936 to 1951 under the title of Explorations in Eastern Palestine. The title was modeled after that by Conder and Kitchener on Explorations in Western Palestine and Explorations in Eastern Palestine.

The Kalundia Airport had changed considerably since I last saw it in 1947. There is a small but rather new and fairly attractive central building with a flight tower, a sizeable cement apron, and apparently adequate runways to accommodate small jets. When I drove out to Ramallah several weeks ago, one of the runways still crossed the regular road, but that has now been changed. The internal Israeli airline, Arkia, that flies from Tel Aviv to Eilat and from Tel Aviv to Haifa and Rosh Pirah in Galilee, now includes Jerusalem. Thus one can now fly to any point in the country by Arkia from Jerusalem. It would be wonderful if, in addition to a thousand other reasons, peace could be established between Jordan and Israel, so that King Hussein could continue to fly his own jet to Kalundia, when visiting Jerusalem as he used to, and so that one could take a small plane to Amman from Kalundia or to Petra, and so on.

At about 7:30 A.M. Ezra Spicehandler appeared. We got into the Wagoneer, which was returned to us several weeks ago by Tzahal. I had had it checked over the night before. I have to hand it to the Israeli

Armed Forces. I have written previously that they commandeered two of our cars, the Chevy truck and the Wagoneer, and that they had returned the truck about a month ago and sent a check for its use. Today we received a check from the Armed Forces for IL.810 for rental for the Wagoneer. It is a fair rental payment, I am sure, but what impresses me is the efficiency with which things are done by the Army here. We are also sending them a bill for the repairs we had to have done to the car, which were approved of in advance by the Army sergeant who delivered it back to us. The Army certainly seems to know how to get things done with efficiency and despatch.

When we got to the Kalundia Airport, the officer in charge said that a carload of people was waiting for the plane and that it would be a helicopter. I began to understand that this was indeed to be an extra special flight. It was laid on for an inspection trip by the Comptroller General of the Israel Government, Dr. I. E. Nebenzahl, and by the Comptroller General of the Israel Armed Forces, Mr. (former Colonel) Gidon Schocken, one of the sons of the founder of the Schocken Publishing House. His brother is the editor of the important Hebrew daily, Ha-Aretz. It was a large, Super Perlon helicopter of French make, with a crew of five and a very pert little Army stewardess. Then there were various members of the staffs of the two comptrollers, a French newspaperman, and several others besides ourselves. There was room for 30 passengers on the helicopter, with a row of seats on each side of the length of the plane. The entire back of the helicopter could be opened electrically, and it would have been easy to drive a couple of jeeps into the body of the plane. There were large windows, and except when about to land or take off there was a large door opened on the right side, with a strap across it to prevent anyone from falling out easily. During a considerable portion of the flight, particularly on the way down to Sharm esh-Sheikh and to St. Katherine's, I sat on the floor in front of the door in order the more easily to be able to photograph.

I had known Dr. Nebenzahl previously, but had not known Gidon Schocken. He had been in the British Army years ago, and had also

been in the Israeli armed services and diplomatic corps subsequently. The helicopter had come from Tel Aviv, I assumed. Those of us waiting at Kalundia entered through the lowered back like Jonahs being swallowed at the wrong end of the whale, took our seats and were almost immediately in the air and in a couple of minutes flying over Jerusalem. I have flown over many cities, but never over one that appeared more beautiful from the air. And the view over the Temple Area of the entire Haram esh-Sherif with the bronzed dome of the Mosque of Omar and the silvery dome of the el-Aqsa mosque is unforgettably wonderful. Fortunately, a helicopter flies comparatively slowly, and so we could pick out numerous familiar landmarks before we had overflowed the city. And then over familiar country, across the Wilderness of Judah and continuing southward above the west bank of the Dead Sea. Everything was so sparkingly clear. Soon we saw the oasis of En-Gedi, which has obviously developed considerably since I saw it last some years ago. And then the massive site of the great fortress of Masada, with the Roman walls of circumvallation stretching around its base and the outlines of the camps of the Roman besiegers and then the excavated top of Masada itself, so expertly and successfully and brilliantly opened up during several seasons of work by Yigael Yadin, with a staff of hundreds of volunteer laborers from all over the world. The pilot of the helicopter, Captain Tuvia Dagan, circled the great fortress three or four times. That view alone would have made the trip worthwhile. The great fortress that had involved such magnitudes of effort to fortify it and then to reduce it, seemed from the air to have a degree of vitality when viewed in its entirety, greater even than can be grasped from the ground. But more important than the physical grandeur of Masada, eloquent beyond words in the ordered cleanliness and partial restoration of its ruins and in the indestructible magnificence of its strategic nature and position, was one of the Dead Sea Scrolls discovered there by Yadin and the significance of its and their enduring import for Israel in particular and humanity in general. I could have wished that we would keep on circling the site for hours on end, but within a few minutes the pilot turned the helicopter straight southward and we flew along the west side of the Wadi Arabah.

Someone put the intercom phone on my head and I heard the voice of the chief pilot asking me if I had any particular wishes about what I might want to see on the way south to Eilat, mindful of the fact that he did not want to stray over the border line between Israel and Jordan that bisects the line of the north-south rift of the Wadi Arabah, a rift that is part of a much larger one extending from Turkey to Africa. I told him I would like to be flown over Timna (Mene'iyeh), where years earlier I had found pottery enabling me to date it and other sites like it to the period extending especially from the 10th to the 6th centuries B.C., and to give to this place and others like it where copper was mined and smelted the name of "King Solomon's Copper Mines." I still adhere to those dates, and indeed have been able to substantiate them through recent studies of pottery from the copper mining and smelting sites of Timna and Khirbet Amrani and from excavations of Ezion-geber: Elath in approximately the center of the north shore of the Gulf of Aqabah.

The flight over the west side of the Wadi Arabah brought back many memories to me. The entire flight from Kalundia to modern Eilat took a little over an hour. Over thirty years ago, together with a group of about ten Injadat Arabs from the Wadi Arabah and two English and American companions, I had embarked on a camel trip of archaeological exploration of the entire Wadi Arabah, that took us almost two weeks. We crisscrossed its entire length, discovering anew or revisiting sites that had previously been discovered by Fritz Frank and others, but for the first time putting them into the framework of history by being able to date the potsherds strewn about on the surfaces of the fairly numerous mining and smelting sites we came across. At the end of that camel trip, we had arrived at Tell el-Kheleifeh, which I subsequently excavated and identified with Solomon's seaport of Ezion-geber. I looked for the small, sand covered ruins when our helicopter started to descend at Eilat, but we were too far to the west for me to make out exactly where they were. It is still unfortunately in no-man's land. I would love to undertake one or two more seasons of excavations there!

We did fly over the modern mining works at Timna, which are quite extensive. It always gives me a certain sense of satisfaction to see this site, to which I was able to give an historical niche, being worked again in modern times. I am sure that the existence of this and other ancient copper and iron mining and smelting sites in the Wadi Arabah was hinted at in the Biblical verse in Deuteronomy 8:9 which mentions a land "whose stones are iron and out of whose hills you can dig copper." We passed over numerous other sites in the Wadi Arabah that I have examined archaeologically in the past, but I have described them elsewhere. We spent about half an hour at the little airport in Eilat and then took off again at 10:30 A.M. for the flight to Sharm esh-Sheikh. From here on, the territory we were to fly over was new to me. I had studied it frequently on maps, had written about its geopolitical importance in the past and the present, but had never seen it with my own eyes.

The helicopter was back in the air, with its clatter making all conversation impossible. We passed notes to each other when we wanted to communicate. In a couple of minutes we were flying above the island of Jeziret Far'un (the Island of Pharoah) with its Crusader buildings in picturesque disintegration built originally over Byzantine foundations. The inhabitants seem to have depended completely upon cistern water. I had visited the island many years before in the company of Millar Burrows. We had taken a small sailboat from Aqabah for the express purpose of visiting Jeziret Far'un. We got there quite expeditiously, with the winds blowing exactly in the right direction. Disembarking, we roamed around the island for several hours, and then got back into the small sailboat to try to get back to Aqabah. Believe it or not, the sail was fixed in a permanent position and our boatman was unable to tack against the wind. He had expected, he told us, that the winds would change in the afternoon and we would have no particular difficulty returning to Aqabah. Well, we tried for an hour or so, but in vain. Finally I told him to let the winds blow us ashore to the mainland, and that we would walk back, or at least walk back to Mrashrash, the small Palestinian police post, which subsequently became the site of modern Eilat. He got us ashore, in the early afternoon, and then we slogged

our way through the heavy sands along the seashore to Mrashrash. It was quite a walk, in the late summer time, if I remember correctly, and we had no water. After about three or four hours walking, we finally reached the post at Mrashrash. The policemen made tea for us, and we just kept on drinking endlessly. I shall always remain grateful to those hospitable Arabs. Later in the day, in the early evening, somehow or other, we got ahold of a boatman who rowed us back across the approximately eight kilometers along the north shore of the Gulf of Aqabah and brought us back to the Arab Legion police post there, where we were staying. I am sure we paid the boatman well, but whatever we gave was not equal to our gratitude.

When it says in the Bible that Solomon's ships sailed from Ezion-geber and back once every three years, I believe that means one whole year and parts of two additional years, - the length of the journey depending upon the nature and direction of the winds, which change direction at various times of the day and various seasons of the year. This is a suggestion and has not been scientifically tested. The boats of Solomon's fleet may have been propelled in part by oarsmen. One shouldn't envisage very large craft, even if they boasted the prestigious name of Tarshish ships, - that is Phoenician ships of the type that went from Phoenicia to Tarshish, probably in Spain, and back again, when, for a long time, Phoenicia (modern Lebanon), was one of the great maritime powers of the Mediterranean.

As the helicopter flew southward, at a height of perhaps some 3000 feet, it was constantly possible to see both sides of the Gulf of Aqabah and even from the start a good deal of its length. How often had I looked on maps particularly on the east or Arabian side of the Gulf, wishing that I could extend my archaeological explorations of Transjordan southward. I had particularly wanted to try to see how far south I could trace Nabataean pottery, and to determine whether or not it existed at such a famous Nabataean site as Meda'in Saleh. We had learned from the examination of the northern part of the Nabataean kingdom in southern Syria, particularly in the Hauran and the Jebel Druze, that the Nabataeans controlled that part of their

kingdom as sort of colonial overlords, without introducing their splendid, fine, amazingly distinctive Nabataean pottery. I was pretty sure, however, that at places like Meda'in in Saleh, and other sites in Arabia proper, we would find the sophisticated and uniquely ornamented Nabataean pottery, that after first acquaintance proclaims itself unmistakably to every onlooker. I would also have tried to learn more about the Midianites and see whether there was something of the same substance to their civilization, that we had found so characteristic, for example, of the Edomite and Moabite cultures and pottery. However, I was never able to get into Arabia for these archaeological purposes, and no one with sufficient archaeological competence has yet properly examined northwest Arabia with the tools and techniques of modern archaeological knowledge.

Also from the air, one could see in multi-dimensional form how the narrow gulf was an immediate extension of the rift of the Wadi Arabah, and why the right to travel along it was of crucial importance from earliest historical times on. I am constrained to copy into this diary several paragraphs from my book RIVERS IN THE DESERT: A HISTORY OF THE NEGEV, first published nearly ten years ago: "The importance of this famous fissure (the Wadi Arabah) in the crust of the earth for the annals of Israel cannot be overemphasized. Eastern and Western Palestine were pendent upon it like wings to a body. It was vital in their defense, crucial in their economy and central in their orientation. The compulsions of geography, the imperatives of trade and the mandates of self-preservation have made and kept the Wadi Arabah, with its access to the Red Sea, the equivalent of a jugular vein in the body politic of the people and state of Israel....."

"The progress of the bitter and protracted struggle between Israel or Judah and Edom can be correlated with the development, destruction, abandonment, reoccupation and final disappearance from history of the port city and industrial center of Ezion-Geber: Elath. Serving a multiplicity of interests, it was strategically located at the south end of the Wadi Arabah, on the north shore of the eastern arm of the

Red Sea, known as the Gulf of Aqabah today. Hemmed in by Sinai on the west and Arabia on the east, this long and narrow body of water is further restricted by several islands at its south end. The question of control over these straits, which have been the cause of much concern in modern times, projects on an international scale the geopolitical compulsions which animated the Edomites and the Judaeans in their interminable combat with each other. Domination of the Wadi Arabah and of Ezion-geber and thus of the land and sea-routes which led to the spices and gold and precious products of Arabia and Africa and India was of life and death importance to them. Free access to the Gulf of Aqabah and the undisturbed right of innocent passage through it, are of no less importance to the modern states bordering it."

I thought of all of this as we flew southward over the Gulf of Aqabah. Israel had to regain freedom of innocent passage and can never permit this passage-way to be blocked off. Nor can America!

The west side of the Gulf of Aqabah over which we flew is largely uninhabited. Here and there a shelter is visible near the mouth of a wadi slashing its sandy bottomed way through grotesque and grim hills to the seashore. For a long distance there were sandy shores at the foot of the precipitately descending hills, but most of them terminated at rock studded waters. The dark green of the gulf lightened and became mottled with the color of shallow rocks near the shoreline, and frequently one saw a surge of white water washing through what appeared to be large beds of algae hugging the inner shallows. A lone steamer heading northward was for quite a time the only sign of any kind of civilization. And then, suddenly, about two-thirds of the way down on the west side of the gulf, appeared the oasis of Dahab. Quite numerous date palm trees in several large groves enlivened the desolateness of the east Sinai shore. I could make out no people among the groves and the outlines of only a few houses. The Bedouin may well have fled since the onset of hostilities or perhaps they assemble only when the dates begin to ripen. This oasis is on a line about due east of Jebel Musa, the Mountain of Moses, associated by comparatively late tradition with the sacred hill where Moses was supposed to have received

the two tablets of stone with the Ten Commandments incised upon them. In response to this tradition, the celebrated Monastery of St. Katherine was established. It is a mixed up tradition, with no real logic for honoring St. Katherine on the site of Jebel Musa. There are, of course, other claimants in and outside of Sinai for being the site where Moses received the tablets of stone. Aside from the legendary character of the latter phenomenon, the location of Jebel Musa is an excellent one, at the apex of the massive, largely granite hills just below the Wadi Feiran in southern Sinai. The Jebel Musa forms a watershed, with the wadi beds going in four opposite directions below its base.

Suddenly, about 11:15 A.M. we were above the flat, sandy table-land of Ras Nasrani on the mainland, immediately opposite the two islands of Jeziret Tiran and to the east of it the island of Jeziret Sanapir protruding above the waters of the outlet of the Gulf of Aqabah. The ship channel is located between the Sinai mainland and the island of Jeziret Tiran, and anyone with a rifle almost could hit any ship sailing by. We saw two lone cannons turned the wrong way, and then whole mazes of twisting trenches, and fields fenced in with entanglements of barbed wire and probably mined very heavily. A macadamized road led from the west side of Sinai to this fortified site of Ras Nasrani. Apparently there was no battle there, because the Egyptian troops fled just before the Israelis arrived. The place was supposed to be taken by Israeli paratroopers, but by the time they arrived, there apparently was no use in their jumping, to the chagrin, I understand, of the paratroopers involved. We circled the bleak site for a while and then continued south to the bare, bleak, sandy spit of land called Sharm esh-Sheikh, which, like Ras Nasrani, commands the straits of Tiran and overlooks the merging of the Gulf of Suez with the Gulf of Aqabah as they join together to become a part of the Red Sea.

There was very little to see at Sharm esh-Sheikh. A couple of hundred Israeli troops seemed to be stationed there, living in tents, with a single, two story headquarters building, erected by the Egyptians, in the center. There were some trucks and jeeps, but it did not look like an imposing military post. A couple of landing boats were chugging

in towards the shore as we flew over the site, circled it several times and then settled on the ground in a swirl of dust. We had left Eilat at 10:30 A.M. and arrived at Sharm esh-Sheikh at 11:45 A.M. It was hard to realize that this insignificant looking piece of land and this narrow body of water of the Gulf of Aqabah had played such a momentous role in recent and past history, and how, with a few false steps, the entire world might have been involved in another world war. However, if Egypt had been permitted to continue to blockade the Gulf of Aqabah, and even if Israel had somehow or other learned to live with the blockade, as it had before 1957, sooner or later world war would have broken out on account of it. Egypt, with Russian backing, would have next moved to occupy the oil fields of Arabia and Iran and so on, and the innocent passage of ships from the Atlantic through the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, Indian Ocean and Chinese Sea would have been closed for American and free world shipping, - and over such an eventuality America would have had to go to war.

We were given some soft drinks on the porch of the command building, and then one of the officers explained to us what had happened during the few hours it took to conquer Sharm esh-Sheikh and Ras Nasrani, or rather really simply to take them over. The commanding officer at Sharm esh-Sheikh was a tall, slim, quiet spoken, slightly bearded colonel, Aluf Mishneh Davidi.

Soon we were off again, leaving at 12:25 P.M. One had to use one's imagination to make the drama of recent history fit the drabness of the physical geography of the site. Twenty minutes later, having flown over the grimmest looking mountains in Sinai, with practically no traces of terraces or dwelling of any kind in the sandy wadi-beds threading through them, we were circling over the single building on the top of the pinnacle of Jabal Musa, with the walled cluster of buildings of the Monastery of St. Katherine nestled on the northwest slope in the fairly wide wadi-bed below. We settled down in the sandy bed of the wadi about a kilometer away from the Monastery, and had lunch in the helicopter before setting out to walk to the site. Almost

immediately, three or four Bedouins from the locality came up, and we shared our lunch with them and gave them some cigarettes.

The walk along the path to the Monastery brought us past several fenced in garden plots, cultivated by the monks to supplement the grapes and perhaps some vegetables they grow inside the walls of the Monastery. However, much of their food supply must have been brought in from Cairo, previously I guess, and now will have to be brought in from Israel. The heavily walled Monastery can be entered by only one, tremendously thick, small, low gate, that reminds one of the gateway in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. That gate can be closed, and the only access then is through a lift of a wooden box that can be drawn up to the top of the wall by a hoist. The precaution is necessary, it seems, because of repetitive troubles with the Bedouins, who in time of famine try to break into the Monastery to get at what they think are great supplies of food stored there. Anyway, this is what I was told.

The monks could not have been more hospitable. We were taken through some paved courtyards and up and down various flights of stairs to a reception room and given most delicious Turkish, or rather as they maintained, Greek coffee. A melange of languages was spoken, French, German, Greek, a little English. The different stages of construction of the various buildings in the Monastery compound lend an attractiveness of its own to the site. Some very large grape vines and bougainvillea furnish color. There was much to see, and we had little over an hour to spend there. I chose to see the church and as much of the library as could be viewed. Obviously, a good deal of cataloguing has been going on in recent years. The ikons from early Byzantine times on represent a treasure of cultural history perhaps without compare. The monetary value must of course be astronomic. The library is full of manuscripts from the Byzantine period to the 13th century and later, I guess. The monks bemoan the loss of the 4th century A.D. Codex Sinaiticus of the Greek Bible, which was taken away by Konstantin von Tischendorf in 1859 and landed in the Hermitage in Russia. The Russians sold it for several hundred thousand dollars to the British Museum in the early 1930's where it can now be seen. For the student of early

Byzantine and later ikons and literature, the Monastery of St. Katherine has probably the richest source material in the world.

I made no attempt to see the charnel house, where the skulls and bones of the monks who die are piled up, being collected from their graves several years after their deaths. I can see that sort of thing right here in Jerusalem in the Siloam valley, as I have written previously. Finally, we said our adieus, having bought some postal cards. A lot of Israeli troops must have passed through and bought cards, because the monk who sold them had a big box filled with Israeli pounds. As we left, one of the monks, Anastasius by name, asked if he could walk back with us to the helicopter. He had never seen one take off before. He returned with us, and we invited him inside for a visit. Then he joined the Bedouins on the side of the wadi, and waved back at us as we pulled upward, gained height, circled and climbed still higher, till we could clear the mountain tops, and then took off in a northeasterly direction for Eilat. We left at 4:15 P.M. and arrived at Eilat at 5 P.M. having flown over one of the most desolate parts of the world that I have ever seen. I would have wished that our course had taken us over the western coast of Sinai and over the battle fields leading between Khan Yunis and Gaza to Suez, but apparently there wasn't time for that. I couldn't be more grateful than I am for the privilege of having been taken along on this trip. A brief stop again at Eilat, then off at 5:25 P.M. and we touched down at Kalundia at 6:45 P.M. On the way back, we flew over the central part of greater Israel. It was fascinating to see the countryside becoming richer as we headed over Hebron, Bethlehem and Ramallah and then down at Kalundia. We had been gone only a day, but it seemed as we got back into the Wagoneer and drove back to Jerusalem that we had been gone a very long time indeed, a time covering centuries of history.

Nelson Glueck

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Ninth Installment

Jerusalem, Monday, August 14, 1967

The eve of Tisha B'av occurs tonight. The date is traditionally linked with the destruction of the First and Second Temples, and has always been an occasion of lamentation over past tragedies in the national and religious history of Israel. The question has arisen, now that Israel once again occupies territories equal to those it held in its Solomonic and Herodian heydays, and with Jerusalem once again its unified capital, whether there is any need for the continuation of a mourning observance. Even among some Orthodox Jewish circles, questions in this regard have been raised. However, holy days once sanctified by long observance often attain a durability and vitality that long outlast their original significance, and the meaning of this one is likely to be expanded and intensified rather than diminished. At any rate, tonight there will be a massive pilgrimage to the Western Wall of the former Herodian Temple, accentuating the unceasing flow of Israelis to visit it that commenced within hours after the phenomenal conclusion of the Six Days War. This time, however, it must be also an occasion of rejoicing and exultation. Tears may be shed, but they will be, I should think, those of thanksgiving and wonder, in addition to lamentations on past tragedies, and the term of Hallelujah, Praise God, will be as substantive as a morsel of bread with salt. The concepts of freedom of faith, dignity of humanity, and the significance of the sweep of history under the aegis of divinity must somehow or other, I imagine, permeate the atmosphere and penetrate the hearts of the celebrants. I myself dislike huge crowds and have no intention of joining the march of the throngs that will crowd the long and circuitous way around the wall of the Old City from Jaffa Gate to Zion Gate to the Dung Gate or apparently also from the opposite direction around the Wall, passing the Damascus, Herod and Golden Gates to the Dung Gate and then into the Old City proper to the Western or Wailing Wall.

Last night, twenty-two of us, of the Gezer excavation staff, headed, as I have previously mentioned, by Dr. William G. Dever, and Dr. Darrell Lance as Co-Director, met for a closing dinner at the Chinese restaurant called the Mandarin near the corner of Jaffa Road and Princess Mary Ave. The third season of our Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School of Jerusalem excavations at Gezer has been concluded, although Dever, Lance and others of the core and supervisory staff will remain several days, or respectively several weeks more, finishing balk drawings, writing preliminary reports, reviewing the sherds and other objects that have been kept for additional study, etc. Half of the Solomonic Gate has been opened, one of the great standing pillars or matzevot or menhirs, to which, I believe I referred in my last letter, has been cleared, the great balk of the previous seasons has been deepened to the Early Bronze I level, with the huge wall nearly 50 feet wide, of the Middle Bronze II period of about the 18th century B.C. further exposed; and new approaches to the untouched secret places of the tell of Gezer made invitingly and excitingly accessible.

The principal overseer and staff corps, assembled at the Mandarin last night, was composed of as attractive and capable a group of young American academicians, forming a harmonious staff, as has ever been assembled in any archaeological undertaking in this part of the world. Most, if not all, of them will become prominent professors of Archaeology and/or Ancient Near Eastern History and Biblical Literature in the not distant future at many of our American universities, colleges and seminaries. Others will become directors or curators of museums. I was pleased to learn recently that the Johns Hopkins University had joined the growing number of institutions of higher learning that belong to the steadily growing Consortium of colleges, universities, theological seminaries and museums associated with the scientific work of the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School.

The Mandarin Restaurant is a funny place, a big barn of a restaurant, that serves only Chinese food. I haven't been there for a number of years. The cook and the waitress are Chinese and the food certainly

is. I am not a partisan of Chinese food, but everything tasted delicious last night. Several times the waitress explained things to me, but I could never figure out whether she was talking English or Hebrew or Chinese. I think it was Hebrew. The owner is a pleasant chap I have known for some years. He used to be the manager or perhaps a partner of the Italian style Gondola Restaurant in Jerusalem, which is one of the best eating places in town. He is, I am told, a former taxi-driver which, incidentally, means belonging to a sort of elite class here, and he hitched up with the Italian cook of a former British ambassador to start the Gondola. She has remained at the Gondola, and her food is still unvaryingly good, but he has moved over to the more exotic surroundings, or at least menu, of the Mandarin.

Saturday afternoon, August 12, I dropped in for a while at the 6-8 P.M. garden party on the grounds of the beautiful American Consulate at the invitation of Minister-Consul General and Mrs. Evan Wilson, who were giving the affair, the second one of its kind in the last week, to have an opportunity to say goodbye to a lot of their friends, prior to their departure for America tomorrow, August 15. The entire official family of the American Consulate General of Jerusalem was there, plus representatives of numerous other consulates, a sprinkling of Dominican fathers from the *École Biblique et Archéologique Française* and some friends from the east side of Jerusalem. It was apparently more of a professional party than the one several days earlier, to which, however, Ambassador Walworth Barbour and other officials from the American Embassy in Tel Aviv and West Jerusalem invitees had come.

I must interject that the dinner last week at Ambassador Barbour's residency in Herzliyah in honor of the Wilsons was a perfectly lovely and enjoyable affair. The Director of Antiquities and Mrs. Biran, who were also there, drove me back to Jerusalem the same night. I had the good fortune of having Miss Marjorie Ferguson, the Cultural Attaché of the American Embassy as my dinner partner. Her three year tour of duty at this embassy is drawing to a close, and after a vacation period, she will be assigned elsewhere. Her departure will be a distinct loss to

her many friends and to our School, with whose programs of study and work she has been most sympathetic. I shall miss her, although I saw her only infrequently. Ambassador Barbour's garden is one of the most attractive I have ever seen. A great sloping expanse of lush turf, bounded by flower beds, leads down to a swimming pool obviously built for swimmers, and all of it overlooking the Mediterranean. His grass is the kind that makes one want to walk in it barefooted. Some of us did!

But to get back to the Wilson garden party. Just as I was about to leave, and indeed had said my farewells to the Wilsons, in came Mrs. Vester, the Grande Dame of the American Colony. I had seen her a couple of nights previously at the American Colony itself, as she was leaving the main building there for her own house and had gone up to speak to her, mentioning my name. She said good evening graciously, and walked on to her house with her nurse. She is, I understand, just a few months short of 90 years of age. At the Wilson party, however, it was still broad daylight when she came in, accompanied by her son, Horatio, who is now the manager of the American Colony. Ninety years or no, she is still a striking figure of a woman, in whom the fabulous beauty of her younger years can still be easily glimpsed. With her beauty and grace, she was also always a woman of strong character and sometimes fierce convictions, who dominated the scene about her in the American Colony. I had thought of her earlier in the year when Helen and I were in Stockholm, and where at the end of my lecture at the great Statens Historiska Museum there, a man had approached me, asking if I remembered him. I looked hard for a second and then recognized him. Olaf Matson, (?) years ago one of the mainstays of the American Colony, who together with a dissident minority had left it after years of association with it. He is now connected with the numismatics department of the museum. For years, Mrs. Vester has maintained a children's hospital in the Old City, bringing great blessing to hosts of children. It is called the Anna Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital. David Whiting, now 54 years of age, the son of John Whiting and Mrs. Vester's sister,

is also connected now, I believe, with the present American Colony management.

Wednesday, August 16, 1967

The Summer Institute left yesterday morning for the archaeological trip to Greece under Dr. Paul Steinberg's direction. Dr. Saul Weinberg left for Greece last Friday, where he will meet his wife. They will return here to the HUCBASJ at the beginning of September when Dr. Weinberg will commence his lectures and seminars, together with Drs. Dever and Spicehandler, for the regular academic year of our School. Dr. Weinberg will lecture and give seminars on Aegaeon influences in Palestine in the late Bronze Age and will also, if it can be arranged, hold classes on the Hellenistic period here. Dr. Dever will give a lecture-seminar course on "The Archaeology of Palestine" and a seminar on special problems dealing with Gezer and the results of the excavations up till now. Dr. Spicehandler will give lectures and seminars on the Bible and Midrash and on Modern Hebrew Literature. All of them will give several public lectures during the course of the year.

Last night, I took a fairly brief walk from our School to the Damascus and Herod Gates and wandered about in that vicinity for a while. The old post office has been demolished, making room for a greatly enlarged public square, commencing from opposite the old Barclay Bank building and leading down to the Jaffa Gate. The entire west wall of the Old City has now been exposed, and the Jerusalem Municipality is busy getting the debris cleared up and preparing what could be a magnificent approach to that gate. The same thing is being done along the north side of the wall of the Old City past the New Gate, leading into the Christian Quarter and continuing down to Damascus Gate. From that point on there is the most excellent road leading past Herod's Gate and the Palestine Archaeological Museum and joining up with the Jericho road that the Jordanian government had previously constructed. Within a couple of weeks, there will be a paved road leading from the New Gate to the Damascus Gate. Mandelbaum Gate is being torn down. When the

approaches through the Mandelbaum Gate and from Jaffa Road to the Damascus Gate are completed, the traffic jam on the way to East Jerusalem may be considerably lightened.

Jerusalem has changed very considerably in the last two months. The traffic seems to be increasing all the time. Arabs in civilian and native clothes, some with tarbushes and others with kafiyehs and aqals for headress, can be seen in the New City, and Israelis in the Old City. In fact, I am convinced that every Israeli in the country is going to make a pilgrimage to the Old City and to the Western Wall of the Herodian Temple. A whole new profession has sprung up of Arabs with donkeys providing rides for tired Israeli and other tourists up and down the steep road to the Dung Gate leading to the Western Wall. Itinerant Arab merchants hawk collections of Jordanian stamps, cold drinks, the equivalent of Eskimo pies and all kinds of trinkets to the floods of pilgrims and tourists and apparently business is good. I saw one of the peddlers make change last night for some prickly pear fruit, sabras, that he had just sold, after peeling them for a customer. Incidentally, they are very good, if your tummy can stand them and you don't catch the tourist's disease as a result. He pulled out a wad of Israeli pound bills including twenties and tens that would have choked a respectable camel.

The Old City wall between Damascus Gate and Herod's Gate is dramatically illuminated at night time. It is quite a sight. This was accomplished under Jordanian rule. One momentarily expects a wave of sound to erupt from somewhere, in accordance with the Son et Lumière shows of the type prepared for visitors at the Acropolis in Athens and at other places in Europe. The only occasional fairly loud sounds, however, were those of nearby taxi-drivers announcing trips to Ramallah or Beersheba and Hebron. The daytime hawkers were nightly silenced.

I walked on to the little side street that curves around north-westward between the back of the large, comparatively new, former Jordanian and now Israeli main post office of the Old City and the Palestine Archaeological Museum. There are several fairly large Arab

restaurants, one on each side of the street which meets Saladin Road farther on. They existed there before the Six Day War and apparently continue to do a thriving business, with at the moment a largely Israeli clientele. I walked into the one Oriental Restaurant, on the east side of the street, just to look around. The kitchen was on the first floor and the dining rooms on the second, with the ceilings and walls darkly refulgent with reddish, orientalized hangings. I didn't go into the other restaurant, the Hassan Effendi Elarabi Restaurant, farther up on the other side of the street. There was a little hotel, The Excelsior, beyond the first restaurant and beyond it a larger hotel called the Holyland Hotel. A lady who had a proprietress look about her was standing in the doorway of the Excelsior hotel and I asked her which was the better of the two restaurants. The one I had visited received the accolade of her approval. Coming to the Holyland Hotel, I decided I would take a look at it. That makes two hotels now in Jerusalem with the same name, the other one being a most attractive place on the top of a high hill, overlooking the road leading to Ain Karem and to the Hadassah Hospital. At this latter Holyland Hotel, with a beautiful garden and an attractive swimming pool, there has been in the process of building for a number of years, and now well towards completion, a large scale model of Roman period, Herodian Jerusalem. The work is under the direction of the renowned Hellenistic-Roman-Byzantine scholar, Professor Michael Avi-Yonah of the Hebrew University, and has therefore as much authenticity in appearance as can possibly be achieved.

To return, however, to the Holyland Hotel near Saladin Road. It is a large hotel and is open for business. Any damage it may have suffered during the war has been repaired, or perhaps it escaped being damaged. It seemed pretty empty, with little of the attractiveness and none of the humming activity of St. George's class "A" hotel, which is but a few steps removed from the American School of Oriental Research. I had an excellent dinner at St. George's the other night, and bought at the souvenir desk a quite good "Guide to the West Bank of Jordan," with a frontispiece of a very nice photograph of H. M. King Hussein I of Jordan. This is the fourth edition of this guidebook, but the authors

Chattas J. and Maheeba Akra Jahshan will have to put out a fifth edition to take into account the lightning like changes that have occurred in the political configuration of West Palestine, which, for the present, is now totally Israel.

This morning, Dever, Lance, Seeger, Anita Furshpan and I piled into the Wagoneer and drove over to the British School of Archaeology. We had an appointment with Miss Kathleen Kenyon to visit her excavations of Jebusite and later Jerusalem, located on the steep slopes of the hill near the Dung Gate and below the position of the el-Aksa Mosque and particularly for the most part a short distance above the Virgin's Fountain or Ain Gichon. The British School of Archaeology occupies a very large, beautifully built old Arab building, constructed, someone told me, I believe, in 1902. It is set in spacious grounds at a point approximately between the ASOR and the American Colony. We drove in and parked our car and were greeted by the expedition's physician, an elderly woman, named Dr. Smith. Parked outside the grounds on the street was our ASOR station wagon, which the Director of the ASOR, Father Casey, has most properly made available to the Kenyon expedition. Incidentally, if I haven't mentioned it before, Miss Kenyon first asked the authorities in Amman if digging in what is now Israeli Jerusalem would prejudice her getting a permit to dig in the future on the East Side of the Jordan. There was no objection, and so she returned and asked for and got permission from the Israeli Department of Antiquities to continue her work on the ancient site in Jerusalem. I, for one, am sure that even if she hadn't asked the Jordanian authorities in advance, they would have put no obstacles in her way later on.

There is a laissez faire policy on both sides of the Jordan now that works beautifully as long as no official treaties or formal, internationally backed agreements are concerned. For instance, at the easily fordable crossing of the Jordan near Damieh (Biblical Adamah), there is a wholesale movement of heavy trucks bringing melons, tomatoes, and other farm products from the Arab sections of the West Bank across the river to the East Bank, which is in sore need of them, and where the West Bank farmers or fellahin can get much higher prices than on the West Bank.

my wonderfully hospitable Bedouin hosts insisted on preparing for me.

itself. A newly sprung up group of what may be called Jordan River pilots has come into being, that knows the shallow bottom of the river very well and directs the passage of the trucks in both directions across the river. The water comes up to above the hub caps of very large trucks. Small passenger cars cannot make the crossing, unless dragged over by one of the trucks. I understand that several half tracks are around on both sides of the Jordan to pull out any trucks that get stuck in the ford. No Israeli or Jordanian officials or military are around, at least not in uniform, and the brisk trade between Israel and Jordan goes on without any official interference or supervision whatsoever.

I have the feeling, and it is only that, because I am not privy to the councils of the Government of Israel, that in a similar completely unofficial manner this kind of trade between Jordan and Israel could be greatly expanded in many directions. Anyway, I think that those who fear untoward consequences for ASOR archaeological activities in Jordan or other Arab countries if the ASOR continues archaeological activities on the West Bank, as I hope it will in such places as Ta'anach, Samaria, Balatah (Shechem) and Ai, should pack up their apprehensions in their old kit bags and go away.

Apprehension, perhaps I had better say exaggerated apprehension, is a funny thing. It is like riding a horse. If the horse knows you are afraid of it, you won't be able to ride it. I am sure, without trying to be autobiographical, but simply to illustrate the point, that the reason nothing bad ever happened to me during all the years of my archaeological explorations of Transjordan, when with only one Arab or one Circassian companion I wandered across the entire face of the land (in part during years of internecine conflict on the west side of the Jordan, when Husseinis and Nashashibis were shooting each other and others, and civilian traffic was limited to heavily armed convoys led by British troops), sleeping almost every night in a different Arab tent, was because I was sure from the very beginning that if I followed the mores of the country, I would always be well received. The only danger, except on one or two ticklish occasions, that ever threatened me, was at times being practically killed with kindness by being overstuffed at the feasts my wonderfully hospitable Bedouin hosts insisted on preparing for me.

But this is a long verbal detour from the visit to Miss Kenyon's dig on the slopes of the hill above the Virgin's Fountain. Dr. Smith drove us in the ASOR car to the expedition's headquarters house on the east side of the macadamized road leading up to Dung Gate. It is located in a sort of old Arab house with numerous rooms twisting around in different directions, each added on apparently as need required or money was found, in accordance with not unfamiliar custom. The courtyard was full of baskets of sherds from the various fields of the dig, and they were being washed and placed with cards in piles for later inspection by Miss Kenyon and members of her staff. Incidentally, if ever one wonders what happens to old tires in this part of the world, apparently many of them end up as baskets or sandal soles. They certainly just never fade away. At first glance, it would be difficult as one drives up the macadamized road leading to Dung Gate to realize that on both sides of the road there were archaeological excavations going on. The first impression is that of hundreds of tourists going up and down the road to the Dung Gate, through which one can walk fairly directly particularly to the Western or Wailing Wall. It is only when one looks more carefully, that one can see excavations going on on the slope above the road towards the base of the Herodian Wall below the el-Aksa Mosque and farther down the hill one can see several fields being excavated on the very steep slope leading down to the Virgin's Fountain in the Kidron wadi. Guards prevent tourists from entering the excavations areas.

Miss Kenyon, a very pleasant lady, with a fine sense of humor, and who is a topnotch archaeologist, and whose excavation techniques form the basis of our Gezer methods, was called in and greeted us most hospitably. She then took us on a nearly two-hour long tour of the various fields of excavation, giving us detailed explanations of everything she had done and is now doing at this site. She insists that this will be the last season. She has about 300 Arabs working on the dig. Last year, I gather, there were some 600 Arab laborers. As a result of the War, wages have risen rapidly in the Old City, and it won't be long, assuming that the city remains unified, which I believe is a fairly safe assumption, and that the conquered West Bank remains

Israeli, which is a more complicated question, the wage rate among the former Jordanian Arab population will rise drastically and begin to approximate that of the Israeli standard. We met about five supervisors, including several Canadians from the University of Toronto, who had been present at a luncheon tendered me by the archaeological department there last year on the occasion of a visit of mine to Toronto. Miss Kenyon's total supervisory and technical staff must be many more than five, but we did not meet the others.

I have never seen a more difficult and complicated dig in my life. There are nearly 50 feet of fill over the ancient foundations of various periods. Wherever Miss Kenyon, who is a master technician, excavates one area, it is necessary for her to have tremendous retaining and terrace walls built to protect the fields of investigation farther down the hill, keeping thus further dirt from being washed down from above. I am afraid that some people in the future are going to mistake her retaining and terrace walls for ancient ones, which, to be sure, with sufficient passage of time, they too will indeed become. Miss Kenyon has obtained evidence of occupation above the Ain Gichon spring extending from Early Bronze to Davidic and Solomonic and later times in the Iron Age and to and through the Herodian period. She believes she can trace the Canaanite and Judaeen walls. If anybody can, she is the one who can do it. She has also identified a Maccabaeen rampart which some have mistaken for a Jebusite fortification. In every age it was necessary to build retaining walls serving the same purpose her modern walls serve, so it can be seen how difficult and delicate the task of making sense out of the remains must be. At one most interesting point, she has reached the foundations of the Herodian Wall, resting on a deep rock-cut escarpment at the bottom of which is a cave or a cistern, which she was just opening yesterday.

Thursday, August 17, 1967

This morning, at 10 A.M. Dr. Ruth Amiran of the Israel Museum came here to the HUCBASJ and then I took her in our old jeep to the ASOR.

Bill Dever and some of the others of the Gezer staff had taken the Wagoneer to go to Gezer for the day to tie up loose ends there. When we got to the ASOR, Paul Lapp was waiting for us, and we descended to the basement with him to examine the excitingly important collection of Chalcolithic and Early Bronze pottery he had excavated at Bab edh-Dhra on the east side of the Dead Sea. We spent the morning going over one piece after another and examining his drawings of the tomb shafts he had excavated in this fantastic necropolis. He estimates there must be two million pottery vessels there. He brought back to Jerusalem literally thousands of completed pottery jars and bowls, which were made apparently for the specific purpose of being placed in the burials, although apparently without food or drink in them, because they were frequently stacked one on top of the other. He also recovered numerous basalt vessels, after which some of the pottery ones were modeled. Father Casey joined us during the examination of the pottery. Its contemporary parallels seem to occur in the Caucasus and Turkestan.

After about two hours examination of the pottery, I drove Ruth Amiran back to the Israel Museum and then returned to the ASOR to meet Paul Lapp again and have lunch with him and Nancy, his wife, who is a fellow Cincinnati, in their very attractive and comfortable house in the Shefa'at district out towards Ramallah. Their children had already eaten. Paul was very lucky with his house. Although there was fighting in that area during the Six Day War, his house, rented from a prominent member of the Hussein family who is an oil geologist in Kuwait, suffered no more damage than some broken glass and broken window frames. More important, however, was the fact that absolutely nothing in the house had been disturbed. Consul-General Evan Wilson and I had cabled Paul to Athens to let us know where the keys were. The letter containing them came some days after he and his family returned from Athens, which they had reached by a circuitous route after leaving Jerusalem either the day before or on the very day that the shooting began on June 5. He and his family had driven to Amman, where his car is still parked, and had then flown to Athens.

While we were examining Miss Kenyon's dig yesterday, there was a long series of explosions, the smoke of which could be seen on the slopes and top of the so-called Government House Hill, where the UN headquarters were formerly located and apparently are to be relocated on a permissive basis. I thought at first that mine fields were being cleared but then remembered that some movie company is making a film of the Six Day War, and all of this was fortunately make-believe action.

Friday, August 18, 1967

The day ended yesterday with a small dinner party at Jean and Eva Perrot's spacious and beautiful apartment on the top floor of an old Arab house in Talbieh. Jean Perrot is the head of the French Archaeological Mission here and is succeeding Ghirshman as the head of the French Archaeological Mission in Iran. He is, however, apparently going to retain his position here, too. He is a great prehistoric archaeologist. Among the dinner guests were Professor Jellinek, who has been digging or redigging one of the prehistoric caves near Haifa, formerly excavated by Dorothy Garrod, namely Mugharet Tabun. He has finished for the season and is returning to America tomorrow. He is moving from the University of Michigan to a Full Professorship of Prehistory at the University of Arizona. The other guests included Professor George Haas, Professor of Zoology at the Hebrew University; Professor Leo Picard, Professor of Geology at the Hebrew University and an old friend of mine; and my close friends, Dr. Avram Biran, the Director of the Department of Antiquities of Israel and Mrs. Biran. Our conversation ranged from prehistory in Israel, to the earliest pottery in the world, which apparently occurs in Japan, to the Chalcolithic pottery of Bab edh-Dhra, to archaeology in South America and so on. It was pleasant professional interchange. The meal itself was most enjoyable. The very attractive Eva Perrot sets a fine table.

This morning, at 6:15, most of the Gezer supervisory staff left by bus for Lydda to take the morning TWA flight to America. Included, were some of the American student volunteers, who had come from America,

paid their own round trip fare and a fifty dollar tuition charge and worked as laborers in the excavations for the entire season. It is a wonderful learning process the way we do it. There are separate lectures in the evening by members of the core staff, and the workers in the various fields of the excavations get constant explanations of what is involved, the archaeological problems that arise, the significance of the finds, the methodology employed etc. It is a wonder that we were able to reassemble the whole group after the June 5 cancellation and get as much done as was accomplished. To Bill Dever and Darrell Lance belong a great deal of credit. We hope to continue the HUCBASJ excavations at Gezer for perhaps as many as seven more years.

Nelson Glueck



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Tenth Installment

Jerusalem, Monday, August 21, 1967

During the last few days, some of us of the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School of Jerusalem have been taking trips of three to five hours duration in our Wagoneer to various parts of the country that can easily be reached in an hour or two each way. Of course, that means seeing a lot of this little country, whose entire compass is of small dimensions, yet whose geography is as variegated as its populations. Saturday afternoon, some of us drove down to Jericho just to "breathe the air," as the Arab phrase goes, and to see the infinite changes of light on the landscape in the hours of the declining and setting of the sun. A stop for a cup of tea for me and cold drinks for the others at an Arab cafe in Jericho, the purchase of some papayas in the somnolent center of the town, a commiserating glance at the empty refugee camps on both sides of it, and then back up to Jerusalem on the main road to the hum and bustle of the unified city. There is a check-post outside of Jerusalem, and on the way down I had to produce my pass which is good for the entire West Bank, except for Allenby Bridge. As we drove homeward in the late afternoon, about 4 P.M., the sun began to go down and the grim whitish appearance of the hillsides yielded to a soft golden and subdued ruby red. It was nearly dark by the time we got back and threaded our way through the evening traffic to the HUCBASJ.

Wonderful to relate, the Municipality has already paved the road from Allenby Square, where Jaffa Road, Mamillah Road and the Street of the Prophets meet, down along the north side of the Old City wall to Damascus Gate. There are startling improvements of this kind that seem to occur overnight. All of the stone houses, battered in several wars over the last twenty years, and which obscured much of the wall, have now been removed, and the new openness greatly improves its appearance. All that is required now is the planting of a garden at its base, and this step is contemplated I believe.

buildings of the monastery of St. John
of Choziba, practically plastered against the north side of the cliff.

Yesterday morning, some of us drove down to Jericho again. This time, however, we did not take the normal, broad, excellent highway, leading past Damascus Gate and Herod Gate and then paralleling the east wall of the Old City for a while. We drove north towards Ramallah, and then just about where the Shefá'at suburb begins, turned east along a narrow macadamized, little known road, that leads to Anata (Biblical Anathoth), Ain Far'ah, a fine spring from which some of the water for Jerusalem used to be drawn, and then twists around through the hills, till finally it leads down to the main Jericho Road. It is a thrilling ride through beautiful, intensively cultivated country, that peters out in the uncultivable parts of the Wilderness of Judah. The road had been macadamized, I am told, by the Jordan Government as a military road, to make it possible to bring military hardware to the Jerusalem area through a back road. Indeed, that is what happened during the Six Day War. Much of the road is marked by burned-out tanks and trucks that could not escape the devastating bombing of the Israeli Air Force. After the first few hours, it had won and maintained a crushing air superiority.

Reaching the Jericho Road, we looked for and found the side road leading to the old track along the Wadi Qelt. There were no signposts, because of some repairs being made where the two roads meet. It is a very steeply descending road, but by putting the car in first gear, there was no necessity of stepping on the brakes all the time. The Wadi Qelt is the continuation of the Wadi Far'ah near which we had driven when we left Anata. The entire character of the narrow steep canyon, cut through the grayish-brown rock of the Wilderness of Judah, suddenly changes, when out of its north side there bursts forth a powerful spring. The waters of Ain Qelt are soon led by a bridge-aqueduct to the south side of the canyon and then down to the Plains of Jericho, where, joining with the waters of Elisha's fountain near Tell es-Sultan (ancient Jericho), they irrigate the lush oasis of Jericho. The sight and sound of water pouring out of the rock in the desert are always entrancing. I have never tired of looking and listening and marveling. And then, too, there are the immensely picturesque stone buildings of the monastery of St. John of Choziba, practically plastered against the north side of the cliff.

The Wadi Qelt has been wrongly identified with the Biblical Brook Cherith, and most notably so by George Moore's fascinating novel of that name.

Soon we were down in the Jericho plains, passing through the town, and reached the eighth century A.D. Omayyad ruins of Khirbet Mefjer. It is a handsome and impressive place, whose construction was apparently never completed because of earthquake disturbances. The well-known mosaic, depicting a pomegranate tree full of fruit with two gazelles on each side, with one of the latter being attacked by a tiger (?), is now housed over and is well protected. I hadn't seen the opulent site for many years; and it is good to see that the example of the Jordan Department of Antiquities in taking excellent care of it, is now being emulated by the Israeli Department of Antiquities. The only new additions in the Palestine Archaeological Museum that struck my eye when I first entered it early in June were some of the beautiful chalk carvings from Khirbet Mefjer. Otherwise, as I believe I may have said at the time, the exhibitions were much the same as when I last saw them in 1947.

After that we tried to get to Allenby Bridge in order to watch the return of hundreds of refugees who had fled the country early in June and July. My pass wasn't good enough for that, and we were stopped at a check-post about halfway to the Bridge. However, we were able to see truckloads of refugees passing on the road back to the homes they had so precipitately and unnecessarily left. The ambivalence of Hussein's Jordan government is not helping the situation. On the one hand, it is pressing the refugees in Jordan to return and Israel has agreed to their return. Israel has demanded, to be sure, that they be the same refugees who fled originally and that they do not include known inimical agents sent back to work against Israel. On the other hand, the Jordan radio keeps on urging the returnees to act as a fifth column and help incite the West Bank residents against the government of Israel. Israel has extended the period during which refugees who left in the first weeks after the war, may return. Not all of them want to, apparently.

On the way back from Jericho, we noticed a sign on a small side road, marked "Ramallah." An additional sign said that it was very narrow,

full of dangerous curves, with no room for trucks to pass one another. We decided to take it anyway, and found that it was a perfectly fine road, wider than the sign led one to believe, and that quite a few cars, especially Arab ones, identifiable by having the number "630" precede the rest of the licence number, and some still with old Jordanian licences, were using this back road. It, too, seems to have been a military road, and some of the now familiar burned-out carcasses of military vehicles testified to the fact that the Jordanian army had tried to utilize it during the brief war. It was only when we got to near the top of the broken hills in the general vicinity of Ramallah that we began to see rather nice little villages again, coming finally to the rather large Christian village of Taiyiba, well to the northeast of Ramallah. It had three sizeable churches. From there the road led to Ain Yabrud, Beitin (Bethel) and Ramallah, where it joined with the main Nablus-Jerusalem road. We turned south then and headed home.

I was in the Old City last night at an Arab restaurant behind the big post office and noticed that several shops had apparently closed during the day as a sign of strike against the Israeli government. On the closed shutters, police, I imagine, had painted symbols. They seem to indicate, as occurred about a week ago, that these shops may not re-open again without special police permission and could be ordered to remain closed indefinitely. There used to be frequent strikes of this kind against Hussein, which were more or less tolerated. There is no question but that they will not be permitted by the Israeli government, especially when advance notices of impending strikes are announced on the Cairo radio.

The Israeli government occasionally has problems with its own officials. The Chief Army Chaplain, Rabbi Shlomo Goren, who has the sensitivity of a bull in a china shop, announced that he was going to hold a prayer meeting in the compound of the Haram esh-Sherif. All the newspapers, or at least those that I saw, and the general public protested against this stupidity, and it has been announced that he has withdrawn this proposal. There are currents and undercurrents here that have to be studied carefully to enable at best a difficult situation to be handled

sensibly, with good will hopefully making for constant mutual improvement of relationships between the Israeli and Arab parts of the population and for the correction of mistakes. I notice that more and more Arab hotels are opening up and doing business. I passed another one last night, which, like the St. George's Hotel, is also near the American School of Oriental Research. It is called, I believe, the National Palace Hotel, and seemed to be quite full.

This morning, some of us of the HUCBASJ, drove to Herodium and Tekoa. We took the long, twisting, rather narrow macadamized road leading off from the Jericho Road to Bethlehem. It is the one that was built and used during the Jordan government rule, making it possible to travel directly from Jordan Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The main, straight highway, which is now open again and is much shorter, had been cut into two parts, with a no-man's land separating them previously. The side road to Bethlehem winds through a peaceful and apparently quite prosperous countryside, intensively cultivated, with buses plying the route and stopping at the villages alongside of it or having access to it. There seem also to be plenty of privately owned automobiles, many of them still bearing Jordanian licences. Many of the houses along this road, as was the case along the side roads we had used going to and from Jericho yesterday, still bear the white flag of surrender. The tempo of life in these villages along side-roads is still unhurried, quiet, almost arcane, and at least from superficial observation, rather pleasant and fairly happy. No one is hungry, no one lacks housing, there is none of the grinding, debilitating poverty that puts a sheen of decay and rot and bad smell over so many sections of many large settlements and cities throughout the world. I gather that the government of Israel is going to make the strongest possible effort to see to it that the economy of the West Bank Arab population and of those left in the refugee camps be lifted as soon as possible to the comparatively high economic levels of the Arab populations in such areas as the Nazareth district.

From Bethlehem we turned south over a perfectly good macadamized road that apparently leads in a roundabout way to Hebron. In comparatively

few minutes we had reached the base of the striking, largely artificial hill of Herodium or Frank Mountain, that Herod the Great built as one of his great fortresses and where finally this exceedingly able but totally amoral and violent dictator was buried. His mother was a Nabataean princess and his father a Judaized Edomite or Idumaeen. It is possible to drive straight to the top of Herodium now, but we preferred not to put our Wagoneer to the test, although it could easily have passed it. Several Israeli army jeeps, with sight-seeing personnel, drove up to the top of the great conical hill while we were there. The base of the hill is 2700 feet in diameter and the top about 900 feet, and it stretches upward about 330 feet above the surrounding, rather bare plain around it. There is a wonderful view over Bethlehem from it. Years ago, some of us of the ASOR walked from Bethlehem to Herodium, and on another occasion turned east and walked from Bethlehem to the monastery of Mar Saba overlooking the beginnings of the steepest part of the descent of the Wadi Qidron down to the Dead Sea. The excavations conducted some years ago, by Italian archaeologists, I believe, at Herodium, uncovered some of the massive walls encircling it and many of the building remains inside the cone. A considerable portion of these, however, in their present form cannot possibly be earlier than Byzantine and may well be later. I haven't read the report of the excavations. Alas and alack, the so-called amenities of modern times have reached Herodium. Soon, there appeared an Arab boy toting a canister of Artiks, a sort of frozen ice-stick, and when we got down from the hill there were half a dozen vendors selling more or less cold bottled drinks. Bill Dever bought an Artik, but did not eat it when I formally wished him a speedy recovery from the illnesses which might result from its consumption.

From Herodium we drove to the hilltop village site of Tekoa, which still retains its ancient Biblical name in the form of Tikva. The top of the hill was covered with Byzantine and later ruins, and the remains of numerous ancient tombs and cisterns. I found no sherds of the periods of occupation described or referred to briefly in the Bible. Indeed, the fact of the continued existence of the Biblical name there by no means proves that this place represents the Biblical site proper. It might,

but we didn't stop long enough to make an exhaustive search for surface sherds, which might prove or disprove the authenticity of the identification. Perhaps others have already done work there, establishing definitively the nature of the site. Whether it represents the original Tekoa or not, it certainly must be in the proper general location. From it, one commands a wonderful view over Herodium.

August 22, 1967

One of my favorite diversions since coming here this June has been to pursue the story of the missing Dead Sea Scroll of the Book of Genesis. I haven't seen it, but have begun to believe in its existence and to believe the story that it is the largest scroll in existence. Several of our American scholars flew to Beirut last spring to try to find out about it and perhaps purchase it. After a series of cloak and dagger meetings with the antiquity dealer, with his Lebanese banker representative, with some American lady, and with others, including the sight of a high official of Interpol lunching with the American lady, nothing came of the visit. An American lawyer in Washington, D.C. seems to have represented the owner or owners of the Genesis Scroll in question. It is not clear what connection, if any, he had with the American lady in Beirut. The American scholars flew home, with none of them having been permitted to see the original scroll, if indeed it were in Beirut at the time, and with none of them having been shown anything together. Some pieces of manuscript, not of the Dead Sea Scroll category, were shown to one of the American scholars, who is one of the greatest authorities in the world on the Scrolls, and he evaluated what he saw as worth perhaps three thousand dollars. The antiquity dealer was asking a million dollars for the Genesis Scroll, which however he did not produce for examination by any one. If his story is at all correct, he would have been better advised to have done so and struck a reasonable bargain then and there, because the latter end of the story, as I have been able to piece it together, is, at the present anyway, a very sad one for him. He no longer has the Scroll, and thus far has not received a solitary sou in return for it.

News of the fact that he may have been in possession of a Dead Sea Scroll of the Book of Genesis seems to have been known by the Israeli authorities. This dealer, who has a shop very near the ASOR, and whose full name is Khalil I. Shahin Kando, and who is known as Kando, is a Bethlehem Christian, who has been in the antiquity business for many years. He was the dealer who was in on the acquisition of the Original Dead Sea Scrolls by the late Professor Sukenik. The latter risked his life several times crossing lines between the besieged Israelis and the attacking Arab forces in 1947. It may well be that Kando has had this Genesis Scroll, if indeed it is that, during all these years, or he may have been holding it for an investment group. There are few stocks and bonds that have accrued in value over the years anywhere commensurate with the almost geometrically growing price for Dead Sea Scrolls. It is interesting to note that the original scrolls and this one appeared or came into public attention during or immediately following hostilities between the Arabs and the Israelis. Anyway, it was apparently known to the Israeli authorities that Kando possessed either a scroll or scrolls or something similar, and they moved fast to determine what was what at the first possible moment after the cessation of hostilities in Jerusalem.

Some Israeli officials and military appeared at Kando's shop in Jerusalem to seek him out. Failing to find him, they went either to his house or shop in Bethlehem, demanded to see the scroll and have it turned over to them. There is an antiquity law in Israel even as in Jordan, to the effect that the government can confiscate any antiquity and then reimburse the owner through the equivalent of court procedures, if the price offered the owner is not satisfactory. For instance, during this summer, I have purchased some wonderful complete pieces of pottery from Bab edh-Dhra and elsewhere, including basalt bowls and dishes, that are all museum pieces. I am about to ship them home and place them in our Hebrew Union College Museums at our various schools for display and study purposes as soon as possible. Before being able to have them packed and exported, however, I notified the Israel Department of Antiquities to come and examine them and see if it were permissible to take them out of the country. The other day, the Department of Antiquities sent one

of its inspectors, Gershon Edelstein, who came and carefully examined every piece I had purchased, and declared, so he told me, that he saw no objection to exporting them. The various government museums in the country have as good or better pieces. He could, however, have said that such and such a piece or pieces was or were unique and that the Department of Antiquities would like to have them, which is a euphemism for confiscating them. I would then have asked to be reimbursed for what I had paid, but the government need not necessarily have agreed to the price and could have fixed an arbitrary sum. I could then have accepted it or appealed through regular legal procedures.

And that in brief is what has happened to Kando. When the Israeli authorities presented themselves at his house or shop - I am not sure which - in Bethlehen, they demanded to see and then seized the Scroll. It was obvious that they knew about its existence. I asked Kando how he could possibly explain that. He replied that some years ago, he had snipped off a tiny fragment of it and given it, if I remember correctly, to an interested American who wanted to submit it to a carbon-14 test, and on the basis of the results, make or not make an offer for the Genesis Scroll. I am calling it that for short, not really knowing whether it is that or not and not yet having clearly found out why Kando thinks it is the Genesis Scroll. That little snip apparently set the international ball rolling. If there is any truth to Kando's story, which was first told me by Mrs. Evan Wilson, the wife of the recently retired American Minister-Consul General of Jerusalem, he would have been well advised to show it to the American scholars he saw in Beirut in March 1967, or to have tried to smuggle it out of the country and deposit it in Switzerland. I have had dealings with international antiquity dealers, and they have ways of getting things in and out of countries, that put them on a par with dope smugglers. I don't know who the American was who got the little piece of the Scroll and I am not particularly interested in finding out, because the story has practically run its course and there is no gain except that of satisfying curiosity as to his identity. My curiosity doesn't stretch that far. I think I was brought into the picture originally by Mrs. Wilson, because word had spread through Jerusalem

that I had been helpful in getting restored to Mr. Ohan some of the things that had been looted from his shop early in June and it was thought I could be helpful to Kando. Incidentally, I must note again that there has been a minimum amount of looting. I do not wish to sound unpatriotic, but if an Australian or American army had occupied Jerusalem, there would have been perhaps much more. If a Russian army had occupied Jerusalem, the entire city would have been devastated.

Anyway, to get back to my story. Kando admitted he had the Scroll and turned it over to the Israeli authorities who had presented themselves to him and who specifically demanded it of him. They then questioned Kando for hours as to whether or not he had other scroll material. He replied that he didn't and after repeated conversations with him, I believe him. One of my favorite pastimes is to drop into his shop, go upstairs to a little room above the sales room, be given a cup of coffee or tea and be regaled with more details about this entire matter. Then, according to Kando and his brother, they were both taken to Tel Aviv for five days, kept in a nice apartment with a telephone, the number of which they say they have, were well treated and interrogated further. Finally, the authorities became convinced that Kando did not have any more Dead Sea Scrolls and brought him and his brother back to Jerusalem. It was approximately then that I came into the picture. My advice to Kando was to get himself a good lawyer, which he has done, a chap named, I believe, Tusia Cohen, to protect his interests and rights. I explained to Kando that insofar as I could judge and see, he had absolutely nothing to fear in pressing a court case against the government for confiscating his Scroll and not giving him immediately a receipt or making an offer to pay for it or saying anything about it to him for weeks on end. That isn't quite correct, because he tells me that intermediaries have approached him, offering him various amounts, which do not in the least approach the sum of a million dollars that he had been or had intended asking for it. He claims that he himself paid the Ta'amireh Bedouins a huge sum for it. I forget whether he said 350,000 or 150,000 dollars.

Kando said he preferred to settle the matter peacefully, out of court. He turned down what he claims were offers of intermediaries, and

with a grandiloquent flourish said that in case he does not get an acceptable price for the Scroll, he will present it to the government, with the hope that when someday it is exhibited in a museum, underneath it will be a plaque reading: "the Gift of Kando."

During the several months that have ensued since the Scroll was taken from Kando, he has done nothing except hire the above mentioned lawyer, and wait. Originally, there is no question in my mind that he was afraid for his life and the lives of his family. You must remember the atmosphere that prevailed in the first weeks after the conclusion of the Six Day War. There is no question but that if the Egyptian and Arab forces had prevailed, there would have been a most fearful slaughter of most of the two and a half million Israelis in the country. This had been announced over the Arab radio broadcasting stations repeatedly. It was specifically mentioned in some of the Arab army orders that fell into Israeli hands. The Arabs therefore had reason to fear that what they had intended doing to the Israelis, the victorious Israelis would now do to them. Even though nothing occurred, indeed the opposite, because for instance in Jerusalem the day after hostilities ceased, Mayor Teddy Kollek and the Israeli army authorities saw to it that food and milk and water in plentiful supply were made available to the Arab inhabitants of the Old City, so that there would be no suffering of any kind on account of lack of humanitarian concern for their welfare, I repeat, even though nothing occurred, very many Arabs were convinced that the Israelis were just biding their time, and bloody retribution would be visited upon them.

I explained time and time again to Kando that he had nothing to fear, that law prevailed in Israel, that neither the military nor the civilian authorities would or could take matters into their hands in arbitrary, illegal, cruel or sadistic fashion, that he had every right to go to court if necessary to present his claims and demand redress, and that nothing would happen to him. He has now accepted this point of view. Anyway, the first chapter of this story has come to an end. Kando was summoned recently to the offices of the military governor of the West Bank and there presented with an official statement that his

Scroll had been confiscated in accordance with Antiquity Law, paragraph so-and-so, that provision existed for compensation, and that if he wanted to he could file a legal claim against all or any part of the entire procedure up till now. This may not be exactly correct, as I have put it, but it is about 90 per cent correct. The case will be up for adjudication sooner or later. I have the feeling that Kando and his associates or family have been sitting on this Scroll for twenty years, and it doesn't seem to matter particularly to him whether it drags out another year or two. I mentioned this entire matter briefly some time ago to a powerful Israeli personality, who apparently knew something about it, and replied that the matter was under study. Finally, I hope that the Scroll is authentic and that in due course it will be properly published by completely competent scholars.

August 23, 1967

Last night, I was invited to the book-packed apartment of Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Chaim Cohen. There is a sensible Israeli custom of inviting people over about 9 P. M., after dinner, to meet people and engage in conversation. Tea or coffee, fruit, ice cream, and a liqueur are served in the course of the evening. Mrs. Cohen is the daughter of the former head of the Supreme Court, Dr. Moshe Smoira, whom I knew well and liked very much. We touched on many subjects, one of them being the necessity of preventing the Chief Chaplain of the Armed Forces, Rabbi Shlomo Goren, from engaging in any more of his theatrical shenanigans in the name of religion, such as trying to hold religious services in the temple area. Because of his army connections, he had previously had himself flown to Mt. Sinai, or what is popularly called Mt. Sinai, hiked to the top of it, where there is some sort of a church building, and grandly blew the shofar. I guess he believed this would call God's attention to his presence. I don't know whether or not he thought he might become the recipient of a second set of the Ten Commandments, which of course never existed in the first place in the form of being inscribed on two tablets of stone.

I was asked by some of those present, not by Justice Cohen, why I didn't go to the Supreme Court for a test case as to whether or not Reform Rabbis could function as Rabbis in every respect in Israel. At the present time, the Orthodox Rabbinate, backed by the tradition and legality of the Turkish and British Mandatory law, which in this respect has been adopted by the Israeli Government, refuses to recognize the rights of Reform Rabbis, or for that matter of Conservative Rabbis, to exercise rabbinical functions, including that of presiding over marriages. Inasmuch as their refusal carries the sanction of civil law, Orthodox Rabbis are the only ones who can function as Rabbis in Israel, although anybody can lead a prayer service.

I forget whether in a previous letter I mentioned this, but in a recent newspaper interview in the Ma'ariv, I suggested that there be freedom of religion in Israel even for Jews. The statement has rankled with some and caused delight to others. The day will come and soon, I replied to the query to me, when some of us would have to challenge the existing restrictive law on the basis of freedom of religion which is guaranteed by the Israeli constitution. The late former Premier Moshe Sharett had defended this principle in the Knesset, when there was debate there as to why the Government had given me two acres of what may be the most valuable land in Jerusalem on an eternal lease basis for the building of our HUCBASJ with its Chapel.

The talk turned at another point to the incredible bravery of the young Israeli soldiers and their almost unbelievable feat, among others, of storming up the steep hills of the Gaulan to dislodge powerfully entrenched Syrian troops sitting in a Maginot line type of defences, with cannon pointing straight down the hillsides. The Israeli soldiers were contrasted in their general orientation to the friendly Druzes, many of whom fought together with the Israelis against the Syrians, and who seem to have relished hand-to-hand combat, where the bayonet and the dagger form the ideal weapons. The Israeli troops fought this kind of battle, too, but did not feel like heroes because of their victories. When they returned to their kibbutzim in the Jordan valley that had been shelled,

mined, raided, shot at for years by the Syrians, they wanted nothing to do with receptions, or celebrations in their honor. They mourned their extraordinarily high number of dead and wounded, and refused to participate in any victory parties. Killing was not to their taste. They were prepared to the last man to fight and if necessary to die for their families and homes, but there was nothing glorious or manly for them about the legalized killing of deadly combat in declared or undeclared warfare. They and all the Israeli army demonstrated what I believe has now become universally true so far as Jews are concerned, namely, gone is the day when Jews will be lulled or frightened into accepting with a sort of fatalistic belief that "it can't possibly be true" the publicized demonic attempts of Nazis or Russians or Arabs or anybody to expunge their kind from off the face of the earth, while the rest of the civilized world sits by mouthing pitiful and pitiless platitudes of prayers for peace or saying nothing at all.

I was asked last night what I would have done if as a soldier guarding some Syrian prisoners, with their hands behind their necks, one of them had reached into a bag behind his neck, pulled out a hand grenade, slipped its pin and then thrown it at me. I replied that I would have shot the s.o.b. I asked if the grenade throwing incident had really occurred and if so what the reaction of the guard had been. The answer was that the grenade had not exploded and that he had refrained from shooting. Someone spoke up and said that that seemed to be an example of almost pathological humanitarianism. "I shall set before you life and good and death and evil, and therefore choose life," says the Bible. I guess, upon reflection, I am glad the Israeli soldier did not shoot.

We talked about the political future of the West Bank. One of the people present, a prominent novelist, whose name unfortunately I did not quite get, but was told by Justice Cohen that she was a prominent novelist, told us about her conversations with Arab intelligentsia, some of whom would like a confederation with Israel, others of whom would like a separate, Palestinian Arab dominated state that would include Jordan, etc. The Palestinian Arabs seem to disdain and dismiss King Hussein, who is mainly dependent upon his fiercely loyal Bedouin tribes. The Israelis

want a sane peace, achieved through direct conversations with the neighboring Arab states and based upon recognition of the State of Israel. Under such circumstances, I am convinced that a sane and politically and economically viable system could be established to the mutual blessing of Arabs and Israelis.

The lady novelist was telling us last night about an Arab friend of hers, who came to her and her husband in their little apartment at Beth-alpha, for desperately needed advice. He was about to get married, he had decided, and had narrowed his choice to two young ladies. Incidentally, it must be stated that he had been trained as a tractor driver by the Beth-alpha kibbutz, and thus had swung himself to a relatively high station of life, compared to his family's semi-Bedouin background. The one Arab girl he was considering was a great beauty, but had no education whatsoever. He was thinking ahead, and felt he wanted the children of any marriage of his to have much more cultural and general educational guidance than he had had, and whose schooling, etc. would be knowledgeably supervised by their mother. The drawback against the beautiful girl was that she had none of this background and had no interest whatsoever in adapting herself to so-called more modern ways of life. The other girl he was considering had all the virtues he deemed necessary. She had had eight years of schooling somewhere, was very presentable socially so far as the modern world was concerned and would be able to give their future children the kind of guidance he felt absolutely necessary for them in his new station of life. She dressed in modern clothes, had excellent taste and a good family background, certainly superior to that of the beauty who obviously attracted him enormously. There was only one drawback. She was as ugly as sin.

The lady novelist wisely insisted that she could not advise him and that he would have to make the choice himself. He did. He chose the town-bred, educated, unprepossessing gal, and has apparently lived happily ever after, at least during these first years of his marriage. There was a brief silence, while we pondered this tale and its sociological significance in a changing Arab world. And then Supreme Court Justice

Chaïm Cohen spoke up. "To have rejected the beautiful girl to whom he was so strongly drawn in favor of the other considerations was the greatest mistake that he will ever have committed in his life." A roar of laughter greeted this sally by a warm and wise and witty and greatly learned man.

Nelson Glueck



What started... I have made arrangements... I shall bring the plans... building, which are to be submitted to the Municipality... inspection and approval. The other day, we called on the District Governor, Mr. Samuel Yashaya, who also has to examine and approve the plans. I do not know how the office of the District Governor, and the office of the City Engineer work with each other. All I know is that it is not possible to visit the heads of each office beforehand and give them the plans unofficially and implicitly bespeak their interest and speedy official attention when the plans arrive on their desks. They have their own staffs of engineers and architects, I believe, who examine the plans quite carefully. A couple of years ago, they quite properly rejected a plan we submitted for an enlargement of our garage. I thought I could get it done without having proper architectural plans prepared.

I called on Mayor Teddy Koller yesterday afternoon at his apartment. He is an old and good friend of mine, whom I first knew when for years he

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Eleventh Installment

Jerusalem, August 27, 1967

Every government has a certain amount of red tape and that is true of the Government of Israel and also of the Municipality of Jerusalem. On the whole, however, I guess there is no more than in most countries or in America. I am shipping some pottery and stone vessels home that I purchased this summer. The Department of Antiquities was most obliging, sending an inspector to my apartment in the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School of Jerusalem to examine what I had bought, and then after the objects had been boxed, sending someone along to put a wire and seal respectively around and on each box so that it can pass through customs. The red tape will come when the shipment gets to New York City and then gets transported to Cincinnati. I hope the pottery arrives intact.

What started me off thinking about red tape is that this morning I have made arrangements to call on the City Engineer, Mr. Amikam Jaffe, and I shall bring our architect along, to show him the plans for our new building, which are to be submitted to the Municipality tomorrow for inspection and approval. The other day, we called on the District Governor, Mr. Samuel Yeshaya, who also has to examine and approve the plans. I do not know how the office of the District Governor, and the office of the City Engineer work with each other. All I know is that it is good public relations to visit the heads of each office beforehand and show them the plans unofficially and implicitly bespeak their interest and speedy official attention when the plans arrive on their desks. They have their own staffs of engineers and architects, I believe, who examine the plans quite carefully. A couple of years ago, they quite properly rejected a plan we submitted for an enlargement of our garage. I thought I could get it done without having proper architectural plans prepared.

I called on Mayor Teddy Kollek yesterday afternoon at his apartment. He is an old and good friend of mine, whom I first knew when for years he

was the Director-General of the Prime Minister's office. He helped materially in the early 1960's when I was trying to get the land for the building of the HUCBASJ and after that when there were troubles with the Jerusalem Municipality in getting approval for our architectural plans, which called also for the incorporation of a Reform Jewish Chapel. The person who helped most in the latter respect was the late, then Mayor of Israel Jerusalem, Gershon Agron. He was quite prepared if necessary to sacrifice his political career to help me get the necessary municipality permit, although he was by no means a synagogue or temple attendant himself. But all of that is a story of the past, worth telling or recording, but not here. Mayor Kollek is very interested in our additional building and asked me if I had paid my respects to the District Governor and the City Engineer. I told him that that would be finished by today. Then we started to talk about ancient pottery and other objects. Over the years, he, himself, has collected a small but astoundingly good collection of pottery, glass, jewelry and bronzes, extending from here to Iran and westward to Cyprus. He told me he had heard I was doing some purchasing this summer. When I told him of some of the things I had gotten for our museum in America, he asked me to get a couple of pieces for him. I won't be able to now, because I am leaving this Tuesday for New York City, but will try when I get back again. That is, I shall call his attention to pieces I think are good and let him do the buying himself.

I also called on my very dear friend, Beatrice (Mrs. Judah L.) Magnes, yesterday afternoon. The Magneses were the godparents of my son, Charles. Whenever I come back to Jerusalem and whenever I go home again, the first and last thing I do is to call on Beatrice. She is 88 years old now, confined to a wheelchair, but is still remarkably alert, particularly able to recall, as she herself ruefully confesses, many more things of the past than of most recent times. Nevertheless she keeps amazingly au courant. Now a great-grandmother, she has an uncanny memory for family histories, particularly of people with whom she and Judah were associated in earlier days and it is fascinating to listen to her reminiscences.

The midnight curfew in the Old City of Jerusalem is lifted as of tonight. That will be a boon for the restaurants and hotels there and

on its outskirts, and is another happy step forward towards normalization of the state of affairs in this endlessly interesting city. It is, I am afraid, going to be a long time before real peace comes to this part of the world. A party of tourists driving from Jericho to Jerusalem was fired on the other day. They notified the police who sped to the scene, where three of them were wounded by sniper fire, none fortunately mortally. The police and the summoned-up military caught the sniper and arrested the members of his family who tried to prevent the arrest. The first rough-handed but obviously necessary punishment has been handed out. The four houses belonging to the sniper, his brother and their relatives were blown up by the military. Further searches for arms are being undertaken.

The refugees return is only a trickle of what it could be if the Jordanian Government were efficient or if the refugees really wanted to return. With Hussein's continuous announcements, furthermore, that the refugees upon returning are to be a spearhead of resistance and reconquest of the Western Bank, the refugees apparently are loath to come back to areas where they could be caught between two warring sides. The Israel Government on its part is loath to extend again the deadline for the return of refugees, when it is being indirectly told through Amman radio broadcasts that they "are to serve as a thorn in Israel's flesh." I gather that Israel will continue to permit members of families that got separated to return even after the deadline, and is continuingly ready to sit down with representatives of the Amman Government for direct talks concerning the refugees and particularly for direct peace negotiations. The continuing refusal of Jordan and other Arab states to recognize the existence of Israel, or to deal with Israel, is something that Israel cannot and will not accept. The United States Government, I read in the morning's newspaper, was requested by Jordan to ask Israel to extend the deadline for the return of refugees. Israel demands most properly to be dealt with directly. I was pleased to read that Bourgiba has come out for a reappraisal of Arab policies, with a statement that the Arab countries must recognize Israel, which is a member of the United Nations and which is recognized, among others, by the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

Israelis in previous years were not touched. There are severe economic

The ominous build-up by the U.S.S.R. of its Mediterranean fleet bothers me. The grievous defeat of the Arabs may or may not have served as a severe psychological setback for the Soviet authorities, but they are certainly taking advantage of the situation to retrieve their good name in the Arab world by restoring a large amount of the arms and tanks and planes that the Arabs lost, and above all by taking advantage of the situation to build up very considerably their Mediterranean fleet. It may now well have more harbor facilities made available to it there than our own American Sixth Fleet. The Russians are moving steadily towards the goal of eventual command of the oil resources of Arabia and Iran. To accomplish that purpose, they are happily prepared to fight to the last drop of Arab blood. Soviet Russia acts in accordance with the same geopolitical compulsions as Czarist Russia in its drive to the Mediterranean, the Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific.

I do not, however, wish to give the impression of strain or tenseness or hostility on the part of the overwhelming majority of the Arab population of Israel today. No one can expect the Arabs of the West Bank or former Jordan Jerusalem to be enthusiastic about the new political constellation governing their lives. Even if they were enthusiastic, they would be and are well advised not to manifest it, because tomorrow or the day after through the quirks of international political pressures or through the faint possibility of a Soviet inspired Munich, such as almost came to pass in the days following the closing of the Gulf of Aqabah by Egypt, these territories might be restored to Arab rule. And then Arabs would make Arab heads fly!

My general impression is that things are going extraordinarily well. There are infinitely less political disturbances and strikes in the West Bank areas, including cities such as Nablus and Jenin, than there were when Hussein was in control. The sacred places are now in the hands of their respective denominations. Arab transport systems are operating, almost exclusively by the same Arab companies that managed them previously. Places like Hebron which could have expected to have been wiped off the map because of the atrocities their inhabitants wrought against Israelis in previous years were not touched. There are severe economic

dislocations, but those exist to a considerable degree among the Israelis too, and the largely agricultural economy of the Arab parts of the country seems to be in better order than might have been expected. Banks are being opened all over. There is spirit and purpose and progress in the air. The Arab teachers have agreed to go back to their schools, with text books that have eliminated the vicious anti-Israel propaganda.

I write as a complete amateur in all of these things, but it seems to me that if the same relative progress continues in the next months or year or two as has taken place in the last couple of months, there is great hope for peaceful conditions and stability and economic and cultural progress in the Arab as well as in the Israel parts of Israel. A good deal depends too of course upon how intensively the neighboring Arab countries attempt to send large numbers of armed infiltrators into the country to plant landmines, lay ambushes, etc. I believe that if they attempt to do this, they will be less successful than before, and they were never really successful. Strange as it may seem, the borders of Israel have been shortened and/or have been made easier to protect. The possession of the Golan Heights, for instance, gives the upper Jordan valley Israeli settlements a degree of security against Syrian infiltrators that they have never previously enjoyed.

I've got the departure blues. I practically cry each time I leave this country and this city. I've spent a very large part of my life in this part of the world, and it has never, from the first moment on, ceased to grip me. The view from our upper terrace is enough to enthrall one. This morning I walked around our garden for about half an hour, strolling here and there and examining every tree and bush. The scent of jasmine is in the air. Our figs, almonds, pomegranates and olives are ripening. The grapes are growing in size and getting full of color. It sounds as if we had a big orchard. Big enough for me anyway, to fulfill the Biblical injunction of sitting every man under his own vine and fig tree.

Nelson Glueck