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There is nothing good to report about the political situation here. Dimitri Baramki, on the staff of the Museum, was shot at the other day while passing Gethsemene in his car on his way to Khirbet Mefjer, north of Jericho. The bullets passed through his car, but fortunately missed him. The Roumanian Consul-General, Mr. Marcu Beza, was in the preceding car. The Nashashibis across the way have been left alone for several weeks, but one of them has been shot at twice in his shop near Damascus gate. The morning paper reports "Five Arabs Shot Dead By Brigands. Goods-Train Derailed By Bomb-Explosion Between Jerusalem and Lydda". And so the gory tale goes. The police and military regularly search the fifteen-and sixteen-year old boys in the schools which now surround our buildings on almost every side. It is alleged that the youngsters are now shooting. I drove into our grounds the other day, to find soldiers stationed there, to prevent any of the students from escaping through our grounds while one of the identification parades was being held. I served them coffee. If any of the students had come along, I would have served them coffee. While the general tendency seems to be that of shooting first and asking questions afterwards, my motto is to serve coffee first, and ask no questions. It is sad to know, that even if complete peace were to be established tomorrow, it will be many years before it will be possible for us to hike across country as we used to in former years, say from Bethlehem to Frank Mountain, or from Nablus down to ed-Damieh on the Jordan River. It will take a long time before the spirit of "bang, and another red-skin bit the dust" dies out.