

Jerusalem, May 22, 1939.

We returned to Jerusalem late Sunday afternoon, May 14th, safe and sound, although a bit weary. We had left Aqabah very early Saturday morning, having previously sent a truckful of luggage and the baskets of pottery and other antiquities to Maan to be shipped to Amman by train. It was a grey and hot and stifling day, the beginning of a khamsin period, and it seems that the khamsin weather has followed us to Jerusalem, where we have been experiencing it almost continuously since our return here. We reached Amman Saturday night at about 7 p.m., it having been necessary to drive the overloaded Dodge station-waggon during the last two hours without any brakes. At the very entrance to Amman, the Willys stuck in the stream that has to be forded at the entrance of the town, and we had to push it with the larger car throughout the length of the town to the Hotel Philadelphia. The next morning both cars had to be fixed before we could move on to Jerusalem, and our freight had to be brought from the station to the Museum. The antiquities have to be deposited there until we can get a permit to transport them to Jerusalem. I had written in a month ahead for the permit, but it was more or less a mechanical gesture on my part, because I was pretty sure nothing would be done about it until I arrived on the scene and jostled the Arab Director of Antiquities a bit. Unfortunately I was right, nothing had been done. The British Chief Inspector of Antiquities, Mr. Harding, has been away in England for six months, and I shall be happy when he returns at the end of this month. I called on Major Glubb Sunday morning to thank him for the assistance he had rendered to our expedition. Both his house and his office are always surrounded by swarms of Bedu police and soldiers, who hover around him like the flies that ~~used to~~ attend the sacrificial meals partaken of by the hungry gods. His Bedu force is a picturesque and very capable one, and with comparatively small numbers Glubb controls the desert fringes. I also tried to get in touch with Mr. Kirkbride, the British Resident, but he was busy having a conference with Emir Abdallah. However, just before we were leaving Amman for Jerusalem, Mr. Kirkbride phoned me, and I was able to express our thanks to him for his extreme helpfulness and his deep interest in our work, and also at the same time to ask him if we could not have an airplane sent down to Tell el-Kheleifeh to photograph our excavations also this season from the air. I think there is a good chance of procuring these air-photographs. I also made an appointment with Mr. Kirkbride to call on him when I return perhaps next week to Amman to try and get our antiquities over to Jerusalem.

We left Amman Sunday afternoon at about 2.30 p.m., and arrived in Jerusalem at about 6 p.m. The heat was rather extreme as we passed through the Jordan valley, and the station-waggon balked somewhat, but we nursed it along, and when it got to the top of the hill by the inn at the Good Samaritan, it began to function again properly.

It is frankly rather painful these days to reenter Palestine. One forgets after a sojourn in Transjordan that when travelling in Palestine, an assassin's bullet may be coming from behind every turn. In this respect our stay in Aqabah was idyllic. The peaceful, stagnating, mud-brick village, nestling below the slope of the hills overlooking the northeast side of the Gulf of Aqabah is in normal times very remote

from the world of hurried affairs, and now seems even more so. Plunged into the work of excavation, with its myriad details and its wearing physical demands, we almost forgot the wilderness of civilization that we had left behind us in Palestine, - that is, we forgot it till the first mail and the first newspapers reached us, about twelve days after our arrival in Aqabah. There was hardly a whisper of the Palestine turmoil or the European chaos that reached as far as Aqabah. Our advent there was hailed with joy by the people of the village, because it meant practically the only actual money paid in wages for employment that they had seen in many a month. The police-officer was perhaps a bit more officious than he might have been, and tried unsuccessfully to dictate whom I should employ, and how I should rotate the labourers. During the first few days, there came a long stream of letters from him, instructing me to employ the bearers of the letters. I accepted the first couple of men that way, and then had a conversation with the police-officer, indicating to him that I preferred to use my own methods in employing and firing labourers. The letters of introduction continued to stream in nevertheless. I let it be known therefore, that if any more letters came, I would open them very carefully, copy down the names of the people recommended, and swore by my beard that I would most certainly give those people no employment. The letters stopped, and that represents the total sum of disturbances in Aqabah. However, we soon readjusted ourselves to the manner of life in Palestine. One forgets very soon that there is anything very abnormal about it. It is always nice to get back to Jerusalem. The soldiers guarding the barricade blocking the entrance to Jerusalem from the Jericho road recognized us and waved us past without stopping to examine our travel permits. A few minutes later we were in the School. The garden was a riot of colours, the flowers being unusually beautiful this year as a result of the late rains. All was well at the School, and I was glad to see my family again who are also now back at the School.

*Associate*

Mrs. Florence B. Lovell, ~~assistant~~ Professor of the Department of Religion at Vassar, and Dr. W.C. Lowdermilk, Chief of Research, Soil Conservation Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Mrs. Lowdermilk, their daughter Wester, their niece, Miss Elizabeth Moody, and Dr. Lowdermilk's secretary, Mr. Macknight, were all at the School. They, and Mr. and Mrs. P.L.O. Guy and her sister had visited us at Aqabah, and returned safely via Quseimeh and Beersheba. Everyone else at the School was all right. Professor and Mrs. George Dahl of the Yale Divinity School, who had stayed at the School from March 16th to April 10th, departed shortly after we left for Transjordan. It was a great pleasure to have had them at the School. Mrs. Glueck and I had given a large tea for them, in order that they might meet some of the people in Jerusalem whom we thought they might like to meet.

My first concern after arriving in Jerusalem and seeing that all was well at the School, was to call at the Government Hospital and inquire about Mr. Iliffe. I had been kept informed about his progress while in Aqabah, but wanted to see for myself. I saw Dr. Thompson in the hospital, and to my delight he said I could go right in to Mr. Iliffe's room, and that it would do him good to hear about Aqabah. It was a great relief to see him very much better. He is far from well, but at least he has climbed up the slope and there is no danger of his falling backwards into the valley of death. He looked terrible when I last saw him, and has greatly improved in appearance since.

The results of the second season of excavations will be published as soon as possible in the Bulletin.

With the announcement of the contents of the so-called White Paper on Wednesday, May 17th, the situation in Palestine has taken on an added degree of tenseness. There have been demonstrations, mostly peaceful, some rioting, one death, and many broken heads. Where it will all end, no one knows. All that we at the School can do and that we most emphatically will do, is to tend to our business, shun political discussions, and avoid sections of the city where it is known that troubles are occurring or may take place. I note with dismay how frayed people's tempers seem to be, and how taut in general their facial expressions are. The mean thamsin weather we are still experiencing in Jerusalem does nothing to assuage the turbid spirits.

I am appending a copy of my diary of April 10th, which completes the story of our trip from Jerusalem to Aqabah, described as far as Maan in newsletter No. 7.

April 10th, 1939.

We left Maan at 6 a.m. yesterday morning, looking like a real expedition. The military truck ~~was~~, manned by four men and a corporal in charge, and mounting an imposing machine gun, led the way. Behind it were the Willys, the Dodge, and a Chevrolet truck with our food boxes and camp equipment. It was lucky that we had the military truck with us, and it is lucky for the military truck that we were along. The ride from Maan to the edge of the Jebel Shera was as beautiful as ever. The sky had the clear, clean, washed effect that comes after a strong storm, and the view over the Wadi Hismeh far below the top of the plateau is simply too wonderful to describe. Even the Wadi Hismeh had become carpeted for a short while with a covering of green, from which the isolated, in some instances multicoloured, sandstone hills thrust themselves upward like stalwart giants. At the bottom of the roadway spiralling steeply down the Neqb Ishtar to the Wadi Hismeh, all of the cars got into trouble. The three private cars stuck in the sand, and when the military car tried to turn around to help us, it stuck too. Finally, we all were extricated, with the dint of much shovelling and pushing, and were happily on our way again. Then, when we thought all our troubles were over, and we were only about fifteen kilometres from Aqabah, the military truck broke down so completely that it could not be repaired. My chauffeur, Ylias, was the only one who seemed to know anything about the mechanics of the insides of its left front wheel, which had broken away from the axle, and after he had spent about an hour tinkering about with it, he, in company with the other chauffeurs, decided that new parts would have to be brought from Maan or Amman. We took two of the soldiers with us to Aqabah, to send a wireless message to Maan, and then Ylias drove them back to their car. I forgot to mention that when we passed Quweirah, we saw that some changes had taken place there in view of the conditions prevailing in Palestine, and threatening Transjordan. The police-post there has been surrounded by a barbed-wire entanglement, and a wireless post has been established there. Similar changes have been effected in Aqabah. The police-post has been moved from its pleasant situation on the shore of the gulf to a high point outside the town, from which all the approaches to the town can be commanded. It too has been surrounded by a barbed-wire entanglement. It has always had a wireless station, there.

I called on the Officer Commanding the post, Abdul Karim Bey, and gave him the letter from Major Glubb, which Glubb had given me to bring to him. Our house had already been picked out. It is almost next door to the police-post, and is not exactly expensive. It is to cost 35 piastres a month, that is, about \$ 1.50. I examined it, found it quite satisfactory, particularly in as much as there was no other house available, and found only that certain essential sanitary arrangements were lacking. By getting a gang of men immediately to work, I had everything in order by nightfall. We went out to examine our last year's excavations at Tell el-Kheleifeh and found to our delight that nothing had been damaged, and that even our wooden pegs left to mark the five meter squares we laid out last year, were almost all in place.

Early this morning we began to work with a gang of about twenty men. In view of the advanced stage of the season, I do not think that we will be able to open many new rooms this season. Our main purpose will be to complete the section that we opened up last year.

~~There is also being enclosed a hastily written preliminary notice of the results of the second season of excavations.~~