

Feb. 1, 1939. (Jan. 28-29.)

We all went on another trip last Saturday and Sunday, with Megiddo and Sheikh Abreiq as our goals. This time we joined up with the convoy that leaves Jerusalem every morning at 8:15 A.M., and goes to Nablus, whence another convoy goes to Haifa via Jenin and Megiddo. There were several other private cars along, spaced between the leading armoured car in front and the one that brings up the rear. The convoy travels very fast for the hilly roads between here and Nablus. Despite the fact that I had had our Dodge gone over very carefully before starting out on the trip, and completely greased and oiled, trouble developed en-route, which I couldn't locate. At the speed we were going, I had difficulty holding the car on the road. ~~Rix~~ It was like driving a temperamental horse. After we had gone about half way between Jerusalem and Nablus, I decided that it was foolish to continue driving that way, and pulled up on the side of the road, and motioned the convoy to go on, preferring to take the chance of being stopped or shot en route by some band than plunging the entire car over the steep road-side. Besides, I felt that there was little danger for us ~~of being held up by a band.~~ And anyway, there was always the possibility of talking oneself out of a difficult situation. One cannot argue with the force of gravity. The convoy, however, decided to slow down, and we drove on together at a more leisurely pace. Arriving in Nablus, some of the mechanics of the army-garage kindly looked over our car, took it out on the road for a test, but could not find the source of the trouble. We finally discovered it ourselves. The Jerusalem garage had put our spare on one of the front wheels, not realizing that there was a large "shoe" in the spare, which had been placed there once after a rock had split the tire. We changed tires, and everything was all right again. We had about an hour's wait in Nablus. I noticed that not a single soldier made a step without taking his rifle with him. Nablus has been, under various names, a storm-center ever since the days of Dinah. The great Bronze Age wall of Shechem, exposed during Sellin's excavations there a number of years ago, is still visible a couple hundred metres on the east side of the road, as one enters the limits of modern Nablus. I have not ventured, for obvious reasons, to take the students this year to the site, feeling that it would be best if they looked at it from the road.

The convoy to Jenin and Haifa being composed mostly of heavy military trucks traveled at a snail's pace compared to the first part of the trip from Jerusalem. It was a beautiful day. The entire country-side was lush green, wherever the ploughmen were not turning over the soil. Fields sea rlet with anemones or blue with wild iris gladdened the eye. A deceptive peace hovered over the land. Soon we were in Jenin, passing the ruins of the houses on the main street, blown up by the military following the murder there of the District Officer, Mr. Moffat, one of the softest spoken, most gentle and capable Englishmen I have met over here. I knew him from Transjordan, where he had been Director of the Department of Survey. He had prepared the new maps of Transjordan, which the Schod has been using now for several years during the course of its archaeological exploration of Transjordan. After leaving Jenin, we parted company with the convoy, and traveled along the rest of the road to Megiddo at our leisure. The students photographed little Mt. Hermon, and Mt. Tabor, clearly visible in the distance, and on one photograph, I believe, got both of them in the same picture. Pictures were also taken of Taanach, but to my regret I did not feel that it was wise to leave the car and climb to the top of the mound. Arriving near Megiddo, we stopped on the road, and had picnic lunch, photographed the great mound, and then drove up to the ~~xxxx~~ house of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, which has for years now been conducting remarkably productive excavations ~~there~~. The present Director of the excavations is Mr. Gordon Loud, and this is, I believe, now his third season there. We were warmly received by him, and Mrs. Loud, and the rest of the staff, and were promptly served with delicious Turkish coffee. I am glad to report that all is well with them. The excavations are proceeding apace. Mr. Loud spent several hours with us showing us around, and explaining in detail the cour

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of the excavations, where during the two previous years some phenomenal finds have been made. I also had a particularly satisfactory conversation with Geoffery Shipton regarding Bronze Age ledge-handles found in Palestine, and their relationship to those found by our School during the course of the archaeological survey of Transjordan. He and Robert M. Engberg had previously published the ~~important~~ ^(Ch. 1st) Notes on the Chalcolithic and Early Bronze Age of Palestine, which has become of basic importance for the study of Palestinian pottery, and in which a large section is devoted to ledge-handles. We left Megiddo at about 4 P.M., and went on to Haifa, spending the night at the Carmelite monastery-hostel there. Haifa is in many ways the most modern and beautiful city in Palestine. The view from the monastery, situated on the very western edge of the top of Mt. Carmel, is one of the finest that can be obtained any where in the world. Almost directly below is the blue Mediterranean, and at the end of a sweeping curve in the shore-line, Acre can be dimly seen in the distance. The harbor illuminations at night time, the lights of ships riding at anchor, and of the city itself, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ make a pageant that is pleasant to behold and hard to forget.

After an early start the next morning, we arrived ~~inx~~ at Sheikh Abreiq, which is about ten miles from Haifa on the road to Nazareth. Dr. Benjamin Maisler and his staff accorded us a hearty welcome. The excavations of the early Jewish catacombs ~~is~~ being extended this season, but the piece de resistance is an early synagogue, which Dr. Maisler thinks belongs to the second-third century B.C. It is situated directly in the center of a settlement of young Jewish colonists, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{two} of the colony's houses are resting on the walls of the early synagogue, and have been partly undermined as a result of the excavations. Some of the young colonists are doing the digging, and have the happy satisfaction of helping ^{partly} destroy their own houses to lay bare the ruins of a synagogue, in which some of their ancestors may have worshipped many centuries ago. The discretion necessary before the excavator himself has published his results permits me ~~only~~ ^{only} to say ^{also} that sculptures of human and animal figures have been found also this season at Sheikh Abreiq, aside from numerous important inscriptions and coins. Dr. Maisler, after spending most of the morning showing us around, had tea served to us, and had one of his men dig up a large bunch of anemones for me, together with their roots and soil around them. They have now been transplanted in the School garden, and not ~~a~~ one has died, and two new buds are opening up! We then drove back to Haifa, taking Dr. Maisler along that far so that he could do some errands there. We had lunch in a clean little restaurant along Kingsway, and shortly after 12 o'clock, were on our way home via the coast road, which is quite good, and almost completely safe. At 4 P.M., we were back at the School, just in time for tea.

A number of trips which the students did not take during the month of December are being carried out now. Dr. and Mrs. Harold Glidden left for Baghdad today, and Mr. W. B. Ward, and ~~Mxxx~~ Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Knight are leaving for Galilee tomorrow. I had to secure a special permit for the taxi and driver of the Jerusalem Express Co., which is taking the party to Galilee, because cars of touring companies are not ^A generally allowed to make interurban trips.

Among recent visitors to the School was Professor Milton C. Davis of the Centro Evangelico Unido (Union Theological Seminary of Mexico), Mexico City.