

Feb. 6, 1939.

Yesterday noon, three shots rang out and a bomb exploded a few hundred yards back of our grounds, down the little street that leads from behind our place towards the Iliffe's house and the Museum. A few minutes later two British policemen, who happened to be patrolling the neighborhood came running along, and asked me where the shots had occurred. I was able to assure them that nothing had happened in the playground behind our tennis court, which at the time was filled with youngsters from the adjacent Arab schools, but that the shots seemed to have come from farther down the street. Away they raced. At the corner, I saw one stoop and pick up something. He told me later that he had picked up three empty bullets. Soon soldiers and police were around in large numbers, but it turned out that no one had been hurt. This morning we learned what was behind the shooting. Issa Nashashibi lives in the corner house at the end of the street, and the shooting and bombing had been directed against his house. Quite a number of Nashashibis live in this neighborhood, all around us, among larger numbers of Husseinis and other prominent families, so evidently we expect shooting to continue in this neighborhood in all directions.

This morning, I had to drive to town, and found that lower Jaffa road, and most of the Arab and non-Jewish stores in the city were closed again. Another strike! The first place I stopped at was Raad's, a photographic shop where the School does quite a bit of business. Raad, himself, a gentle Syrian Christian, was standing in front of his closed shop, but went around the back way and got me my pictures. He didn't know why the shops were closed or closing, but he had closed when he saw other shops close. It is easier to close than to be shot or bombed for not closing. I next stopped on Mamillah road, in front of Spinney's. Several Arab and Armenian acquaintances of mine were standing around. No, they didn't know what the new strike was about, but they had closed their shops anyway. Finally, I met some one who knew why the order had gone around to close the shops. The non-Jewish population is to demonstrate its protest against the National Defence Party, which is headed by the Nashashibis, being represented at the current Conference in London, which is dealing with the Palestine problem. This ~~xxxxxx~~ strike is thus another feature of the long drawn out, inner-political family feuds, which are wrecking the Arab economy in this country. Conditions in the Old City of Jerusalem, for instance, are appalling. There is literal starvation among the poorer classes there.

Three days ago, just after I had completed my last news-letter, a number of shots shattered the usually prevailing quietness in this quarter. A few minutes later, Dr. Fisher came in looking rather ill. He had been in the Arab bus that passes our School to and from town, and on the way by the entrance to Musrara quarter nearest our section of the city, there had been a man lying in a pool of blood. A few minutes later I got a phone call from Canon Brideman of St. George's. "Was the name Bingham known to me from the School?" "No". "Are all the members of your School present or accounted for?" "Yes, what's wrong". It turned out that <sup>it was</sup> a young English tourist named Bingham had been shot three times in the back. He had taken up residence in the Musrara quarter. The paper reports that although seriously wounded, he may live. Naturally, curfew was slapped on Musrara quarter again, and my gardener who had gone home for lunch didn't return for two days. The Armenian furnace expert, whom I had asked Mr. Maude to send up to the School to look at our furnaces, couldn't get out, his home also being in the Musrara quarter, which is now completely Arab and Armenian. It has always been until recently, a quiet and respectable neighborhood. I have had to ask the members of our School not to go to town anymore through Musrara, although it is a short-cut, - also to other places besides town during recent weeks.