

Jerusalem, October 4, 1952

There was a full moon last night, and the view onto the walls of Old Jerusalem from my suite was wonderful. It is hard to realize that a line of no-man's land of rubble and barbed wire separated the two sections of the city, and one feels that it is a condition that must pass soon, although it has lasted 4 years now. I think it doesn't bother Jewish Jerusalem too much, which is bustling and thriving more than I have ever seen it before.

Yesterday was such a hectic day, that it is a little difficult to remember the sequence of its events. It was hot again. It seems that I have run into a hamsin, which is obviously still continuing today. I started the day with an interview broadcast on the Qol Yisrael, which took place at the same building the P.B.C used to be located in on Queen Melisande Ave. That Maisel boy, whose father I used to know, and whom I always thought was a converted Viennese Jew had called me and asked me if I would broadcast, - which I agreed to do. From there I drove to the American Consulate, to call on Roger Tyler, the Consul General, and on John Rhodes, the cultural attache, who used to be music critic on the Cincinnati Enquirer. I walked back to the hotel then, just about in time for a press conference. There were about 20 newspaper men there from the various Hebrew and foreign newspapers, and for over an hour, they asked questions, some of which had to do with archeology, and the others of which had to do with religious questions, and my role as head of the College and my interest in Reform Judaism in Israel. I gathered from everything that was said, that Louis Feinkels tein left a very bad taste in the country, and all the people I meet say that he came here with a publicity staff for the sake of publicity. I guess he is smarter than I. I had to be wary about the religious questions, because I do not want to get into the midst of a religious fight here. I told them that I had not come as a missionary of Reform Judaism, and that this country would have to develop its own expressions of Judaism. I did reply to the question as to whether there was room for Reform Judaism in this country by saying that Judaism had always contained within itself various streams of expression, as exemplified by the schools of Hillel and Shammai, and that no one form of religious expression could make itself dominant over the others.

I then had a bite of bad lunch at the King David, which I simply couldn't eat. The meat was too tough to chew, and everything else was pure starch, - so I just sort of drank tea, and skipped eating. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs have put a car at my disposal, so after lunch, and after having seen Avrahamski, the secretary of the Israel Archeological Society again, I drove off to Rehovot to pay my respects to Mrs. Weizman, and to see if I could talk to Dr. Weizman. Arriving in Rehovot, I first stopped off at the very attractive house of David Passow, whom we kicked out of College 4 years ago, and who is now the Director of Publicity and Public Relations of the Weizmann Institute, and is a distinct power in the land. His wife Aviya was there. They have three children now, two of whom I saw. The Passows seem to bear me no ill will, for his having been kicked out of the College. Some suspicious financial transaction was the cause at the time.

The White House has a sentry at the entrance to the grounds. We were admitted, and drove up to the house. Mrs. Weizman is known previously, and who is a sort of housekeeper for them. I had

opened the door. Mrs. Weizmann and Dr. Bloch, the acting head of the Weizmann Institute were there, and we had a very pleasant tea in the wonderful house, which has the latest modern equipment. They turned the air-conditioning on while I was there. Hadassah Samuel walked in, having driven up from Jerusalem to spend the week end there. Her two sons are in Israel now. One is a chemist, is married to a South African girl, and has a baby, and is working at the Weizman Institute, and the other is working with Shell at Haifa. I couldn't quite gather from Hadassah where Nebi was. I gather that things are coolly the same between them.

I left at about 5:30 P.M., and we drove back to Jerusalem, stopping to pick up a couple of kids hiking with rucksacks on their backs, whom we dropped off at some point en-route. I got back to the hotel, changed shirts after washing up, and then drove over to the Dushkins at 56 Ben Maimon Road. It was a most pleasant evening there, Hag Succoth, with Roger Tyler, the American Consul General, and his wife, the Lowdermilks, who is on loan to the Israel Government, and is supervising the preparation of a 100,000 dunam tract of land for settlement. That is, terracing, contouring, and all of that is being done, before the land is settled. He is now connected with the United Nations conservation section, and is on loan to Israel. He will remain here another year. The Dushkin's youngest daughter, Avima is here, having spent two years in the Israeli army as a captain. A new law has now been passed, requiring two and a half years of army service, and a political fight is raging as to whether the Orthodox girls can be made to serve. I think the Government is going to win out, and the Orthodox girls will serve.

I left at about 11 o'clock, and got to bed about 12, and slept the sleep of the exhausted until about 11 this morning. It is the first night I have slept through since getting to New York the night of Sept. 30. In a little while, I am going to Gershon Agron's house for lunch. He and Ethel dropped in at Dushkin's house last night. Dushkin is in charge of the Government Department of Education, under the Ministry of Education which is headed by Dinaburge, whom I called on the other day. Or more correctly, Dushkin is the Professor of Education at the Hebrew University, which is establishing various schools of education for supervisors, etc., in addition to their regular work. Everything here is complicated by party life, and every party is trying to have and keep its own system and schools of education, and gradually the government is trying to break that down, and establish one general system. It appears that gradually, a unified system of education will be worked out. Much of the salvation of Israel depends upon the breaking down of the terrific party lines which rip the country into vertical sections.

One of the things that impressed me while travelling to and from Rehovth was the large number of young people in army uniform, and the considerable movement of open lorries carrying troops. To be sure, it looked as if most of them were being transported to places where they might be able to be at home for the Sukkoth festival, and seemed to be in a holiday mood. Be that as it may, it is apparent that the army must occupy an exceedingly important part in the life of the people. Budgetarily, it must occupy a tremendous part, and is apparently a burden that the people of Israel is going to have to bear even if the ferocious enmity of the Arabs should be allayed and some kind of real peace be restored.

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Yigael Yadin who was to have given the second address tomorrow night following mine has been sent abroad on some mission, I learn, and will not be present. I called on his father, Prof. E. Sukenik this afternoon, who is just recovering from a very severe heart attack, and is a hollow shell of his former self. He had a stroke at the same time, and couldn't even speak for three months. He can now move about. His second son was present, who is a prominent actor. Mrs. Sukenik was also there, and seemed more cheerful than I had previously remembered her. Maybe repressed wives come into their own when their overbearing husbands get strokes or heart attacks. He always used to keep her very much in the background. We had a pleasant conversation, and I shall call on him again when I return. He has some of those 'Ain Feshka scrolls in his house, and I would like to see them. Louis Rabinowitz gave him \$50,000 for publication and general archaeological purposes, after first asking me whether he should or not. I heartily endorsed Sukenik's projects, whereupon Louis shellied out the money. I wonder if Sukenik would have done the same for me if the roles had been reversed and Louis were asking Sukenik whether or not he should give money to me. Alec Dushkin came in with me. He and Julia and their daughter Avima (?) had been with me at Gershon Agron (sky)'s house for lunch, where the Agron youngest daughter was also present. She is married to a Lt-Col. in the army, and apparently he is now on border duty, which is always marked by trouble of a minor character, - that is apparently a regular number of killings each month by marauding Arab bands, with the army taking energetic retaliatory measures.

Gershon's house is the same as it has always been. I say that, because a lot of people like the Viteles and Hurwitz's have given up for economy or other reasons parts of their houses or apartments. The city is extending itself westward beyond the Agron house.

I also dropped in on Johnnie and Havah Magnes. They live in the same little house they always did, with road in front of it now having been paved. Their two children are of course so grown up in the last five years, that I would never have recognized them. The girl is quite tall, and the boy old enough to play outside by himself. Havah is still a beautiful girl. She had a bad tooth when I came in, - something the matter with the root, and was taking a violet (?) -treatment. Johnnie is still working with Geiger, who as Rose Viteles told us may be going to America next year with Ruth. I haven't seen the Geigers yet.

I have given a scarf to Beatrice Magnes, a pair of nylon stockings each to Ruth Bergman Biran, Julia Dushkin, Ethel Agron, and to one pair to Havah Magnes, and one pair to Norah Magnes, which I left with Havah to give to Norah. I shall give Norah another pair. Inna Pommerantz and Leo are coming over to the hotel to see me, and I shall give her two pair, and one pair for Mrs. Rachmelewitz. Rachmi is in South America. Dr. Zondek is also out of the country, at some conference or other.

After leaving Johnnie and Havah Magnes, I took a most melancholy walk around my old haunts. I walked down past the Italian hospital, which is empty, and is badly shell and shot marked with some of its walls fallen down. It could however, be repaired. One can walk down the road in front of it, leading past Leah Shearim and past the shell gas station to a point about as far as the old Larson house, before being stopped by masses of rubble and wire, from which an evil smell emanates.

emanates. Beyond, not far from the corner, where one turns to the right to get to St. George's Cathedral and makes a left turn to get to the turn to the right leading into the Saladin Road, on which the American School of Oriental Research is situated, I could make out an Arab Legion sentry pacing to and fro. I turned back then, and turned eastward down the little street which leads past the Shell Gas station, which is also shot up, and is now boarded up. ~~I walked~~ The Greek Catholic church next to it on the N side is badly shot up and is also boarded up, with a sign in Hebrew on it: ~~in charge of~~ In the Care of the Dept. of Religion, Israel. Continuing down the little road E of the Shell station, one comes to a mass of rubble and some empty shot up houses just before the beginning of the first empty compound that one had to cross to get over to the American School. This district is filled with apparently Persian or North African Jews, who have filled every crevice with the products of their astounding fecundity.

I circled back, and went down Musrara road, to a point not far from where Dr. Canaan's house used to be, and there again one is stopped by a mass of rubble and broken houses and barbed wire, beyond which no one passes. From a clear point on this road, I could look across to the approximate point of intersection of roads in front of Damascus Gate, see much of the wall of the Old City leading to Damascus Gate, and see Arabs walking up and down the road leading to the W from it. I then circled back again, and came out on the road leading past the ~~in~~ site of the former prison to the point where it comes out behind Barclay's bank. There again is a mass of rubble, blocking the road descending steeply down to Damascus Gate. The French hospital and the building opposite, as I have previously mentioned, are shell shot ruins, with parts of the walls torn away. I was reminded this afternoon, while looking at these buildings, of the way in which in previous centuries, whole cities were destroyed completely or partially by war, with the populations killed off or abandoning them, and gradually falling to pieces in the course of time. Here, I said to myself, in future generations, if these ruins aren't repaired or cleared away, some of my future archaeological colleagues will dig and discover remains of the turbulent 20th century.

I then turned down lower Jaffa road, which is blocked by great half-width cement walls blocking easy access to the street, and alternating from one side of the street to the other like dragon's teeth. Every little shop had been turned into a dwelling place, one of them being a synagogue. One can go about half way down the street, till one reaches a point where that old photograph shop used to be, and where the office of the American Express Co. used to be. There again, the entire street is filled with ruins of buildings and with rubble. There was a sign there reading that this was the boundary, and that it was dangerous to try to cross it.

I got back to the hotel pretty heavy hearted. The areas immediately adjacent to this line of no-man's land have become Jewish slum areas. Hordes of children play next to the ruins. There are bad sewage smells, because obviously sewers that ran through one street cannot suddenly be made to run in different directions, with the result that they apparently do not function, or function hardly at all. I must ask about how this aspect of life in modern Jerusalem is taken care of.

The streets around the Zion Cinema are as crowded as ever, only more so. I was impressed with mainly one thing, namely that this entire area has been taken over by Moroccan and Iraqi and related types of Jews.

Almost all of the youngmen and women, and this seems to be the predominant age, were very dark skinned indeed, and back home would be taken for Porto Ricans so far as their skin hue is comerend.

Then back to the King David Hotel, with its comparatively wealthy tourists and its native rich Jewish frequenters. Still, the hotel hasn't got the same life it had before, but functions fairly efficiently, it seems to me.

Tomorrow morning, I am off for Tel Aviv. I have a luncheon appointment with Eban, and an afternoon appointment with Ben Gurion, and am then going to Beth Yerah for the archaeological congress. I haven't made plans yet as to what I shall do after that.

Inna Pommerantz and her husband are coming over to see me at the hotel in a little while. I purposely did not go out tonight. I had supper sent up to my room, so that I could catch up on this diary, pack, so that I can leave at 9 tomorrow morning, when the Government car is coming for me. I also must look over the talk I am to give in Hebrew tomorrow night at the archaeological congress. I haven't given a Hebrew address for a long time, but I don't think that I shall have too much difficulty in making myself clear. I shall leave some of my clothes here at the hotel, because there is no use dragging ~~xxxxxx~~ them with me. It promises to be quite warm in the Jordan Valley, and I won't need as many clothes as I have with me, although I only had one suitcase full. I also brought some extra stuff to leave behind when I get ready to return home to Cincinnati.