

I feel more confident regarding the future of Israel than I ever have. I am confident too that oil will be discovered. We found and photographed a large quantity of natural asphalt that has emerged from the depths of the Dead Sea. It had come up on the shore between Ain Gedi and Sodom. I had read about its occasional appearance, but had never seen it myself. It is associated with oil seepages, which may be near or below the bottom of the Dead Sea. I am sure that if holes are drilled deep enough oil will be found. I understand now too that asphalt (zefet) has been found at several places on the land, among others in the vicinity of Masada.

I have always known that the relationship between the people of Israel and myself was a friendly and warm one, but I don't think I fully realized how warm that relationship is. They consider me one of them, and I know of no higher compliment that could be paid me. It gave me a sort of choked up feeling. When I was leaving this morning, I felt that maybe I ought to stay and take the presidency of the university, because at the moment I happen to possess some of the qualities which the university needs. However, no one is indispensable, and the university will in due course of time, I am sure, find the proper person.

It was an awfully busy day, yesterday, October 29. I had been invited for lunch by Consul and Mrs. Rodger Tyler. I didn't realize until I got there that the lunch was in my honor, and was so entered in the guest book. It was a delightful affair. Mr. Tyler gave me two strong martinis, which I drank on an empty tummy, so I was in a pretty good mood. Present beside the Tyers and myself were Teddy Kolik, the Executive Assistant of the Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, Avramax Bergman and Ruth, Harry and Rose Viteles, John Rhodes and his wife, both from Cincinnati (he is the cultural attache here, and used to be the music critic on the Cincinnati Enquirer; she is a friend of Sally's); a Mrs. Dale, the wife of Clark's successor as head of Barclay's bank in Jerusalem, and the chief representative of the U.N. in the Near East, General William E. Riley. I had wanted particularly to meet him and he turned out to be a most agreeable and friendly chap indeed. Of course, it didn't hurt my opinion of him that he told me he knew who I was, had read the River Jordan, and had long been interested in my work. As a matter of fact, just after lunch was over, and before leaving, a sergeant came in with Riley's copy of the River Jordan, which he had had sent for so that I could autograph it. It brought back lots of memories, eating lunch in the American Consulate General. I have known the consuls there for many years now, beginning especially with George Wadsworth and on down to this day. I didn't find or make opportunity to meet Ambassador Davis, who is located in Tel Aviv, where for the present, the Israel Government has its capital. It is only a matter of time before the Government moves in its entirety to Jerusalem, - in which case, despite Arab protests, the various ambassadors and diplomats accredited to Israel will have to take up their residence in Jerusalem.

At 12 noon, Mr. S. Bendor, the head of the North American section of the Israel Foreign Ministry came to see me, to confirm the results of conversations I had had with him and the Foreign Secretary Moshe Sharett at Sharett's house in Tel-Aviv sometime previously. I had asked if the Government would give me a decent plot of land in Jerusalem, and facilitate in every other way possible the establishment of a Hebrew Union College House in Jerusalem. I want to establish permanent headquarters for our students, some 5 or 6 of whom come to

Israel every year now to study, and have a terrible time finding quarters to live in, and are gouged if they do. I want to have a library and a small chapel in connection with it. Mr. Bendor suggested that I enlarge my conception

so that it would be a hostel of twenty rooms, in which other foreign students could be accommodated if they were on the same level with the HUC students. He

In case I were to enlarge my concept, the Government would be prepared to help financially to a considerable extent. The details of that would have to be worked out.

I had also asked if the Government would be prepared to give me a second plot of land in Jerusalem, for the possible establishment of an American School of Oriental Research in Israel. The Government replied that it is very willing to do so. It was in complete agreement with my own thinking that archaeology ought not be neglected by America on the Israel side, and for many other reasons too I want the ASOR not to be limited to the Arab side of Jerusalem and to Jordan. The ASOR has an enormous amount of influence, and I want everything that goes with it to be available to the intellectually hungry and creative Israel side. If for reason or another, this project doesn't go through, and I can see that people like Millar Burrows will have convulsion fits when I bring it up, then I am going ahead with the idea anyway, except that I shall tie it up with the Hebrew Union College building.

The Government furthermore assured me that it would give me all possible tax exemptions, which indeed the ASOR used to have and probably still does have on the Jordan side. The Government is prepared to give me the same tax exemptions also for the HUC bldg.

Insofar as archaeological work in the field is concerned, the Government is also prepared to give all possible direct or indirect financial assistance. I had asked that the Government pay at least half of the wages of the workmen, and in addition give me a specially favorable exchange. Mr. Bendor assured me that the Government was most favorably inclined, but there might be difficulties so far as a special exchange rate was concerned, which I can understand. However, there is no question but that the Government is interested in having this kind of work done and in facilitating the work.

I had also asked whether or not for the purposes of continuing my archaeological survey, I could count in the future upon the assistance of the Army, which had been so wonderfully helpful during this last month, - having for instance during the course of the 6 day trip in the Negeb put 2 command cars, with a complement of heavily armed soldiers at my disposal to pursue to what turned out to be most valuable archaeological exploration work in the Negeb and the Wadi Arabah. Without the help of the army, both so far as conveyances and equipment and particularly protection were concerned, I would hardly have been able to move. The army furthermore helped me in the North Galilee area and in the upper Jordan Valley, and even flew me in a Piper Cub for an hour and a half over all of North Galilee. Mr. Bendor told me he had a communication from the army, a copy of which he would send me, in which the army said this kind of assistance would be forthcoming also in the future. The British and Arab Legion did the same for me in Transjordan. In the final analysis, this kind of archaeological survey work is of direct benefit to the state in which it takes place from many points of view, - military, agricultural, economic, roads, water, tracks, cisterns, minerals, etc., - all of which emerged from my arch. explorations of Transjordan. I know that the Jordan Govt. is presently engaged in working up the materials I have published for their own purposes.

At the luncheon at the American Consulate, I talked to Avram Bergman (BiramO, the Governor of Jerusalem, who is the one who will make the more or less final suggestion and choice of suitable plots in Jerusalem for the HUC House and /or the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, Israel. We discussed some very attractive sites. - Mr. Bendor told me that in New York I should get in touch with Harmon (?), or that he would get in touch with me, about details of these various matters.

In the afternoon, Mr. Behar of the Foreign Ministry visited me to get my

Mr. Behar visited me to consult about plans of the Government to put on a great cultural exhibition in 1954. For the first 15 minutes, I only heard him sort of vaguely. I had just gotten back from the American Consulate, and suddenly a wave of weariness overcame, so much so that it was all I could do from just lying down on the floor and resting a while. I haven't slept more than five hours a day for three or four days, and have been going a terrific pace every day. I kept on nodding and saying "yes" every once in a while, till finally I was able to collect my wits and follow more attentively. He poured out his story and plans, about making reconstructions of Biblical cities, etc., and then I proceeded to knock some of them apart. I told him a reconstruction of an Israelite city of the Solomonic or later periods would resemble little more than the reconstruction of a modern Arab village, and that it wasn't worth the expense and trouble. I made various other suggestions to him, which seemed to appeal to him. I still don't know what the 1954 exposition is that he was talking about.

Avramski, the indefatigable secretary of the Israel Exploration Society, and one of our HUC students, Avram Feinberg, were also waiting for me. We talked over their affairs. Feinberg has been working with Stekeles at Sha'ar hag-Golan, and apparently they have uncovered a small but most interesting area with everything from Neolithic down to MB I. He brought me a present ~~xxxxxx~~ of a beautiful, large Neolithic flint hand-axe which Stekeles gave me. He said it came from "Ma'yan Baruch," and I asked him to find out exactly where it is located.

In the morning of yesterday (that's a hell of a round about way of saying 'yesterday morning', I had gone down to the Dept. of Antiquities, driven by Benjamin Lewy in the lovely Chrysler, and had given the Museum the sherds I had collected from Khirbet Tell er-Ruweisiyeh in north central Galilee. Ruth Amiran was particularly glad to have them, because she is writing a paper on the area, and had not obtained quite as good a collection as I had found. She had found none of the sherds of the Chalcolithic period, which I discovered, - which puts another important Chalcolithic site on the MAB. My sherds from the site showed Chalcolithic, all of EV, including BB IV, all of MB, no apparent sherds from LB, although I believe they will be found, Iron I-II, and Persian, Hell., Roman, Byzantine. It is a tremendous site and one that would repay excavation.

The other sherd collection I gave the Museum was from Tell Manshieh in the Jordan Valley in the Beisan area, where I collected large numbers of LB and Iron I-II sherds. ~~There were~~ later sherds which I did not pick. Flying over the site with Ariel Sharon, I saw that the top of the tell was clearly surrounded by a fortification wall, which was not visible through the thick carpet of thorns and weeds which covered the top and much of the sides of the tell. The army took a special air view of this site for me, and the wall shows up beautifully in the air-picture.

Dr. Moshe Gordon, the head of the Mosad Bialik also came in to see me yesterday, at 11:30 A.M., and discussed the Biblical Encyclopaedia with me, which he wants to have translated in English. I think it is an excellent thing to do and will endeavor, as soon as I get myself sorted out in America to help find funds for the purpose. - I guess that about covers yesterday. And now for the day before, October 28.

The trip to the Mchtesh hag-Gadol. I had arranged for Benjamin Levy to call for me at 5:30 in the morning in order to get to the Mchtesh (Crater), and keep the appointments which had been made for me the day before when I was in the ~~xxxxxx~~ office ~~xxxxxx~~ to ~~xxxxxx~~ with ~~xxxxxx~~

Rome - Ciampino West airfield - arrive 1 P.M. brief shower as we arrived; the skies are overcast. Purchased in the airport building three crosses that Helen wanted for her laboratory workers, although they won't be particularly kosher, because nobody of Catholic authority has properly sanctified them, and I guess that goes beyond any possible stretch of my own authority. - Leaving at 1:30 - the same iron grill instead of cement apron on this airport base. - In the toilet, a portly lady opens the door as gentlemen enter, peeks in to see if they are finished, and brings a towel, waits outside but doesn't press for a tip. It's Continental, and I only mention it because the American manner of bath-room and public toilet attendants is necessarily different in our inhibited, Anglo-Saxon environment. - We are to fly at 13,000 feet to Milan, and from there to Switzerland at 18,500 ft.

To get to the Big Crater, on October 28, I left the Eden Hotel in Jerusalem at 5:30 A.M. with Benjamin Levy driving the Chrysler. I had gone to bed pretty late, and woke up early. I looked at the watch, and thought I read 5 A.M. I got up, brushed my teeth, shaved, etc., and went downstairs complaining very slightly to the clerk that he hadn't buzzed my room at 5 o'clock as I had requested. He grinned, and said I had better look at my watch again. It was 4:15 A.M. I went back upstairs, stripped, and lay down again for an hour. Leaving Jerusalem, Benjamin took the so-called Swiss road, crossing a high and narrow ridge, and going to Tsuba, Kastel, Har Tuv, Beit Jebrin, Faluja, and finally coming out on the main N-S Beersheba road at the crossroads near Masmia. This Swiss road runs in places very close to the border, and when we came back that same night from Beersheba to Jerusalem, Benjamin wouldn't take it, because on numerous lonely stretches, incidents can easily happen, he said and have happened. I agreed with him that nothing was to be gained by taking an unnecessary chance. We got to Beersheba in good time, arriving there about 8:15 A.M., and went into a restaurant to have breakfast. Beersheba is a totally different place today from what it was five years ago and previously. It is a bustling little Jewish town, with military headquarters for the South there. It was interesting to see scrubbed and shining faced little Jewish children of all complexions trudging along the streets to school with their books under their arms. - While we were eating breakfast consisting of bread, margarine, lebaniyeh, cut up green peppers and tomatoes and coffee, in came Mr. Michael Skidelsky, the Engineer in charge of the mining ventures of the Great Crater. He had received a telegram the day before from Mr. Rycus of the Bonds for Israel Office, telling him we'd appear between 6-7 A.M., and asking him to meet us and take us to the Crater and do all the necessary explaining. Poor fellow, he had been waiting for two and a half hours. It wasn't our fault, however, because our timetable called for us to be at Tell Yeruham at 9 A.M., where by previous agreement with Prime Minister Ben Gurion's military attache, Argov (?), an army command car was to meet us at 9 A.M. And at 9 A.M. exactly, we rolled in and the command car under the command of Segal Mishneh Jack Lupo (Lt), was waiting for us with a complement of about 7 or 8 well armed soldiers, one of whom presided over a machine gun.

It had been a beautiful ride down to Beersheba. The clouds covered the skies all the way down, and some way fell, making it very pleasant indeed. The soft reddish-browns of the bare and partly ploughed earth of the slightly rolling Beersheba country side came out clearly under the subdued light, which otherwise, when the sun is beating down, bathes everything in a common glare that makes it hard to distinguish colours.

From Beersheba to Tell Yeruham is about 18 km., I think, and there is a permanent worker's camp and a small tent military post there. The workers are there with their wives and children and chickens. and apparently a permanent

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supported by road work, drilling, pipe-laying, etc., of which there is going to be a great deal during the next few years. The wooden huts they live will have payed for themselves by that time in the amount of use they have given. I imagine the government or the contractors have furnished the houses such as they are more or less free of charge. These are pioneering conditions, and premiums in lodging and food provision in addition to salary have to be offered to induce workmen to come.

Mr. Skidelsky, the Engineer in Charge of the Machtsh is one of the interesting characters one constantly meets in Israel. He is a Russian Jew, who speaks fluent Russian, spent twenty years in England, where he was educated as a mining engineer, and then spent a considerable period mining coal in Manchuria, I guess before World War II, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He could only have worked there and in China for a British Co. I'm sure that he couldn't have been working for the Russians. To judge from his conversations with me, he likes the Communists as little as I do. We didn't have time to talk further together about his personal life. When I was down in the Wadi Mene'iyeh in the Wadi Arabah about a week earlier, where I had revisited the Solomonic Copper Mines, and where the Israel Mining Industries with the Belgian concession are presently conducting mining operations, the Jewish engineer in charge, Mr. Von Haham is a Dutch Jewish mining engineer, educated at the University of Delft, and until he came to Palestine was in charge of gold mining operations somewhere in South Africa. The workmen at both places come from some 30 plus odd countries.

We have in the meantime landed at Geneva, arriving there at 2:20 P.M. (4:20 Geneva time), and leaving at 3 P.M. (5 P.M.). It is getting darker outside, and the sun is beginning to set.

When we left Beersheba, Mr. Skidelsky took with us a Roumanian Jew, whose name I didn't get, who is a pottery manufacturer and an expert on clays. This fellow Skidelsky goes around this area prospecting for all kinds of raw materials, and right near Tell Yeruham found great deposits of clay which he felt were good enough for making coarse pottery and fire-brick and tiles and so on. He wants to establish a small pottery at Tell Yeruham to give employment to the wives of the workmen stationed there. The women complain that they haven't enough to do, even with their children, - which is obviously true, because the lives they live and the quarters they have are pretty primitive, and all of their food is, I think, prepared for them in a central kitchen. The moment Skidelsky showed this Roumanian Jewish expert the clays, he confirmed Skidelsky's opinions and I bet that within 6 months there will be a small pottery established at Tell Yeruham.

The Machtsh or Crater is really an exciting place. There is a large, circular rim of hard rock around a deep and fairly flat bowl, looking for all the world like one of the craters or depressions that one sees in enlarged photographs of the moon. In that crater they are now getting all the fine sand for the considerable glass industry in Palestine, especially the Phoenicia Glass Works in Haifa. Not so long ago, all of the sand for the manufacture of glass was imported from Belgium. In addition, there are clays for pottery, ordinary potters' clay, but in addition there are unlimited quantities of most excellent Caldonite or Ball Clay, which is sufficient to establish a large industry in the manufacture of porcelain tubs, toilets, sinks, etc. With the primitive conditions of extracting and loading these sands and clays at the present time, practically without any machinery except a couple of bull-dozers, shipments of the Caldonite clays are going out every day and are being sold at a profit in the export market. I didn't get the exact figures, but this is only a beginning. Mr. Skidelsky has traced these seams of caldonite and glass sands as far as ~~XXXXXX~~

In addition, Mr. Skidalsky has found some very promising iron ores in this crater, some specimens of which took back with him on the day we were there. As he was shoveling up a sack of iron ore specimens, which he had had dug out the day before, I discovered some very early worked flints on the floor of the crater, which indicate that it was a camping ground many thousands of years ago. It is a natural camping ground, and particularly after the rains come, the floor of the crater and the bed of the little wadi which runs through must be covered with lush grass and flowers and shrubs. Mr. Skidalsky confirmed this. And it is furthermore very possible that oil may be found in this crater or in others like it. This enterprising engineer is convinced that all the geological factors are present to indicate that drilling, at perhaps great depths, would reveal oil. He told me that there is a track which leads from Transjordan through the crater to Sinai and Egypt, and that the Bedouin and smugglers between the two countries follow this track. As long as the Arabs don't bother the workmen and the works, he doesn't bother them. There was one incident, he told me of the theft of a thousand sacks by the Bedouin or smugglers, who usually pass through after night fall and encamp just beyond the far sides of the perimeter of the Crater. He added that the sacks had been full of phosphate, which were being sent to Haifa. The Bedouin weren't interested in the phosphate, which they dumped out, but were interested in the sacks.

One very exciting discovery of Mr. Skidelsky's was confirmed on the day of our visit. He and another member of his staff, while looking for ores, had, suitably armed (the question of security is a very real one in this entire area. I remember that at the Copper Mines there was a guard for almost every workman), wandered up the tiny little, very shallow wadi that runs through the center of the Crater, and in which, like so many of these wadis there is obviously some water sufficient to maintain a thin line of green shrubs even till the end of the summer. But what startled Mr. Skidelsky was that he came across a seepage of water appearing on the surface at what is apparently the lowest spot in this wadi, - the floor of the Crater being about 290 m. above sea level, if I remember correctly. While we were there, two armed workmen had dug down about four feet into the bed of the wadi, between some large blocks of stone, which may not have been accidentally placed there, and they had come across a flow of water strong enough to fill up the little excavation they had made as fast as they emptied it with their buckets. This discovery of water at the very end of the summer is of tremendous importance. All the drinking water for the Crater and for the phosphate workings two km. away from it, which belong to the extension of the crater is carted in tank cars from Beersheba at a tremendous expense. Off hand there would seem to be enough water to supply all the drinking and washing purposes for maybe a hundred people, and perhaps, there is a clay bed at the bottom of this crater which catches and holds what must be a very large quantity of water indeed that doing the occasional rains even in this desert flow down the sides and through the earth of the sides of the walls of the perimeter and fall on to the bed of the crater and sink down to the clay bed, and are caught there. Thinking of it in this light, if there indeed is such a clay bed at a horizontal level holding the water, still greater possibilities unfold for the this region.

There are several very modest offices built in a rude building at this site, and already around this building these amazing Jews have planted several hundred eucalyptus trees, which they have been watering with waste water, and which have taken root and seem to be thriving. This is the first time in the history of man from certainly probably paleolithic times on that trees have been planted or have grown in this area.

about two km. from this Machtsh, we came to the Phosphate Workings. Permanent roads are being built, some of them completed all around the phosphate mines, with 20 ton trucks being loaded and bringing the partly treated phosphate rocks to the new chemical plant in Haifa, which we had visited several days previously, where the phosphates are being transformed by the addition of sulphuric acids into super-phosphates. 150 tons a day of super-phosphate are now being produced between the two places, which, I am told, suffices for all the agricultural needs of the country, and soon there will be enough for export and for employment for other chemical purposes and materials.

The Phosphate Quarries represents a more advanced effort than the work in the Machtsh proper. Some adequate modern buildings have already been put up, permanent roads have been laid to the very doors of the place, lacking now only top surface asphaltting. It was about noon when we came in, and the general manager of the Phosphate Quarries, Mr. Johanan Pels, a civil engineer, insisted that our whole party of about 12 men come in for lunch. We were served what under the difficulties of transport and lack of roads must be considered a most excellent lunch, of a heavy soup, meat, two vegetables and potatoes, bread, jam, tea, and grape-fruit. I remarked on this to Pels, who was delighted with my observation. Because of the severity of the working conditions, the workers here are getting more than 3000 calories a day, good sleeping quarters now, and as a result, Mr. Pels is able to demand and to get a lot of work from them and is able to keep them on the job.

(We must be approaching Paris. It is almost dark outside, and the flash has gone on to put on the seat-belts).

After lunch, Mr. Pels took us to the gleaming white quarry and explained the operation to us. The phosphate unfortunately is not pure, having a mixture of 50 per cent of flint, limestone, and loess, which have to be removed. Also there are different layers with different ~~probabilities of phosphate~~ richnesses of phosphate. The problem was how to get rid of the 50% flint, etc. The ore is crushed with the phosphate falling through a 40 size mesh and with an air blower to blow away the loess, as much of which as possible is removed by bulldozer anyway. This general process has resulted in the enrichment of the phosphate shipped out from the mines by 4%, and with more machinery and experience they hope to enrich it another 4% before the phosphate is shipped to Haifa, to be turned into super-phosphate. Whenever water is brought in, a concentration (?) plant will be built further to enrich the phosphate.

From the phosphate mines we drove to the edge of the Ma'aleh Agrabim with its breath taking view over the the Wadi Fiqreh leading into the great rift of the Wadi Arabah. We returned via Kurnab, which we did not however visit again. I had been there 20 yrs. ago. It was late afternoon by then and getting very cold. We got back to Tell Yeruhmael, and Binyamin and I got into the Chrysler and followed the command car into Beersheba. Most of the soldiers in the command car changed over to our car after a while in order to keep warm.

Arriving in Beersheba, I called on the extremely interesting mayor of the city, who, so I had been told, had expressed a desire to me. A fine, strong face and head on a big body, - a man of dreams and action at the same time. He made a great impression upon me. We left then at 6 P.M., and Binyamin literally flew back to Jerusalem. The roads were comparatively empty, and I think we got back in less than two hours.

On the morning of Oct. 20, we got back from our trip in the Negeb with one of the command cars. We had been forced to leave the other at Sodom with its complement of soldiers, because it had broken down completely. We had left Ain Gedi in the afternoon of Oct. 20, got to Sodom early that evening, took the one good spring off of the one command car and put it in ours in place of our broken spring, and then started for Ain Hosb through the Wadi Qeseib. About 11 P.M. we stopped in the Wadi Qeseib to have our lunch, which we hadn't eaten yet. I guess we ate lunch and dinner together. Guards were put out while we were eating, and rotated then so that every body could eat. At about 1 A.M. we pulled into Ain Hosb, and stopped to pick up our Druze soldier whom we had left there several days earlier to recuperate from a terrible attack of constipation, which was diagnosed and attended to by the local army doctor who happened to be in the vicinity. The soldiers on guard at Ain Hosb didn't want to let us in or out of Ain Hosb, but our toughs would brook no delay, and sent of broke through therope barrier with our command car.

As we started out for Beersheba via the steep, twisting road leading up the Ma'aleh Agrabim in the dead of night on the very early morning of Oct. 20, I began to laugh at myself. It looked for all the world as if we were part of a wild west film or something of th sort. Sitting on the left front was the Druze soldier manning a machine gun. Major Sharon drove with his rifle beside him and wearing a revolver. I had a hand-grenade in my pocket, and next to me on the right front sat Ya'ir from Mishmar han-Negeb with his rifle. Behind us were two others with Sten guns and two more with rifles. We were pretty heavily armed. In the car divided among the various people were another dozen hand grenades. I guess it was just as well to be heavily armed. During the previous night on our way to Sodom, we took a wrong turn and found ourselves in a wad leading straight into Jordan territory, before we turned back. I had been pretty sure that we were going on, because there were no car marks in the wadi bed at all, but inasmuch as I was a guest, I wasn't going to say anything, particularly inasmuch as it might have ~~been~~ appeared that I was scaired, - which I was a little, although not too much. I just didn't think the risk we were taking was commensurate with the goal of getting to Sodom an hour or two earlier than we might have otherwise. Finally, our two young officers bethought themselves, looked at their maps in the glare of the headlights, and we turned back again, and found the right track to Sodom.

But to continue with the events of the morning of October 20. About 11 in the morning, we had a blow out on the road. While they were fixing it, we stretched out a blanket on the dusty, rocky road, and slept for half an hour till they changed tires. We got to Beersheba, and after unloading from the command car to Ariel Sharon's tender which was waiting for us (after we found where his army chauffeur was sleeping and got a hold of him), we cont. on our way, dropping off Ya'ir at Mishmar han-Negeb. We had previously stopped for a few minutes at Tell el-Quneitrah. I think we found some Iron Age sherds there, and don't remember whether or not I made notes about it. Some one took a photograph of us, and then we moved on to Rehovoth, where we had breakfast at the same little Yemenite restaurant where we had had breakfast when starting out some six days previously. After that, they drove me to the Ramath Aviv Hotel in Tel-Aviv, while they went back to headquarters in Nazareth. We were all pretty tired and dirty and worn. I washed up, took a shower, and had a swim and then went to bed for most of the day and early that evening. I was interrupted by Maisler's son calling on chance from ~~Tel~~ Jerusalem, to tell me me that the whole country side had been looking for me, because Mr. Ben Gurion wanted me for lunch the next day. Oct. 22. I said for him to confirm the date, and that I would be there. So the next morning, Oct. 22, in a taxi provided

to find me, Ben Gurion had not arranged the lunch at all. I was a little peeved, because otherwise, I would have remained in Tel Aviv most of the day, resting at the Ramat Aviv Hotel. However, it wasn't too bad. I had to be in Jerusalem that evening anyway to give a lecture that Dr. Walter Moses had arranged in connection with the reopening of the Clark exhibition of ancient pottery at the Y.M.C.A. He had rearranged their wonderful collection in cases around the walls of the auditorium, and it makes a wonderful show, - a particularly valuable one to Jewish Jerusalem, inasmuch as the Rockefeller Museum is inaccessible to Israel today. I had wired Moses from Elath not to arrange the lecture, but my wire hadn't gotten through on time, and he was pretty desperate, poor fellow, because in the meantime the whole thing was arranged, and Ben Gurion had consented to be present.

At 6 o'clock I gave the lecture to a very full auditorium. Ben Gurion was indeed present with Teddy Kolik. After my lecture (in English to a mixed audience), Ben Gurion got up in response to the invitation of the Director of the Y, and talked in Hebrew for about 20 minutes. I had talked about the results of the arch. trip which had ended just the day before, and took this public opportunity to thank Ben Gurion and the Govt. and the army for the wonderful help that had been given me during my stay in Israel in connection with my archaeological pursuits. ~~Then~~ I described my visiting again after 20 years the Wadi Arabah and King Solomon's copper mines and the discovery of some new copper mines that we had made, one a shaft mine in the Wady Amaneh. I also told what a deep impression it had made upon me to find mining operations going on today in the Wadi Mene'iyeh, and the impressions that Elath had made upon me. Ben Gurion said some very nice things about my work, and told how he had found me at Etzion Geber in 1938 and in 1939, the first time his having come via the ~~Wadi~~ T.ansjordan and the second time via the Wadi Arabah. He said he had a suspicion, - which was correct, - that even then I was thinking of how in the long run my work in the Wadi Arabah and at Etzion Geber might be useful for Israel. Kolik then made a date for me to have luncheon with Ben Gurion on Oct. 27, and for me to come before that to Ben Gurion's office. It appears that Ben Gurion had been wanting to throw a luncheon in my honor.

I had dinner with Dr. Moses at the Hotel King David afterwards, and then went back to the E'en, pretty tired.

October 31, 1952

It has been a long night. From the Orly airfield in Paris, where we spent about an hour or so, while the plane was refueled and crews changed, we flew to Shannon, arriving there about midnight their time. About 45 minutes there. I saw some Bols Cherry liqueur there, which I used to like so much when it was obtainable in Jerusalem before the War. So I bought two bottles of it, adding to the collection of "loot" I have been gathering en-route, - perfume in Paris, crosses and little presents for the Del and the other girls in the house and Helen's lab. assistants which I purchased in Rome, some harmonicas in Geneva. The only place apparently I didn't buy anything en-route was in Athens. I must ask Ben Katz if one really saves anything by purchasing a watch in Switzerland.

The plane is fairly full but not jam-packed. The large breakfast served about an hour ago, - we are about an hour from Gander, - startled me for a moment, because of the sharp contrast with what one can get to eat in Israel for breakfast, if one doesn't patronize the black market or eat tourist special meals which have to be paid for in dollars or other hard currency. Breakfast on the plane consisted of...