

be noticed. I don't know what arrangements have been made to continue feeding the refugees who have been there for a generation now, but one thing is certain, namely, that they already have a comparative freedom of movement they never had before. The various international agencies taking care of them are continuing, I gather, to concern themselves with them and the Israeli Government is planning productive work schemes for them. For considerable distances on the road to and away from Gaza, one sees many Gaza residents who have been given W.P.A. relief work on the roads by the Israeli Government. How Israel is going to manage the Gaza strip is one of the numerous problems Israel has acquired with her phenomenal victory.

El-Arish, however, was a delightful surprise. It is a small town or administrative and railway center located on the Mediterranean coast, with a beautiful beach stretching for miles as far as one can see. There must be an abundance of wells, because the thing that distinguishes it above all is a tremendous date-palm grove. The trees are heavy with huge clusters of ripening fruit and the impression they give is of life and sustenance and beauty and hope. We decided to have lunch there, before starting out for Bir Qafqafa. I had wanted to see some of the wells where various important battles of the Six Day War took place, but my main reason was to see if there were fragments of ancient pottery lying about in their vicinity that would enable me to date the periods of ancient occupation. We wouldn't have had time under the best circumstances to do much archaeological exploration, but I just wanted to get an idea of what was at all possible for future work. It was not to be! As we started the car after lunch, we heard a hissing noise. The spare we had put on in Gaza had gotten a bad puncture. So we changed it then and there, leaving us with no spares to drive the several hundred miles to the Suez Canal. With that I said to our little company: "Gentlemen, I have an announcement to make. We are going back to Jerusalem today. I don't mind taking calculated risks, but the odds are too great. And furthermore, we have no arms with us." So back we turned, and by about 4 P.M. pulled into the parking lot of the HUCBASJ. Dr. Saul Weinberg did most of the