

itself. A newly sprung up group of what may be called Jordan River pilots has come into being, that knows the shallow bottom of the river very well and directs the passage of the trucks in both directions across the river. The water comes up to above the hub caps of very large trucks. Small passenger cars cannot make the crossing, unless dragged over by one of the trucks. I understand that several half tracks are around on both sides of the Jordan to pull out any trucks that get stuck in the ford. No Israeli or Jordanian officials or military are around, at least not in uniform, and the brisk trade between Israel and Jordan goes on without any official interference or supervision whatsoever.

I have the feeling, and it is only that, because I am not privy to the councils of the Government of Israel, that in a similar completely unofficial manner this kind of trade between Jordan and Israel could be greatly expanded in many directions. Anyway, I think that those who fear untoward consequences for ASOR archaeological activities in Jordan or other Arab countries if the ASOR continues archaeological activities on the West Bank, as I hope it will in such places as Ta'anach, Samaria, Balatah (Shechem) and Ai, should pack up their apprehensions in their old kit bags and go away.

Apprehension, perhaps I had better say exaggerated apprehension, is a funny thing. It is like riding a horse. If the horse knows you are afraid of it, you won't be able to ride it. I am sure, without trying to be autobiographical, but simply to illustrate the point, that the reason nothing bad ever happened to me during all the years of my archaeological explorations of Transjordan, when with only one Arab or one Circassian companion I wandered across the entire face of the land (in part during years of internecine conflict on the west side of the Jordan, when Husseinis and Nashashibis were shooting each other and others, and civilian traffic was limited to heavily armed convoys led by British troops), sleeping almost every night in a different Arab tent, was because I was sure from the very beginning that if I followed the mores of the country, I would always be well received. The only danger, except on one or two ticklish occasions, that ever threatened me, was at times being practically killed with kindness by being overstuffed at the feasts my wonderfully hospitable Bedouin hosts insisted on preparing for me.