

out in the fairly near future as a result of the meteoric changes in almost everything following the Six Day War.

Last Sunday morning, August 4, several of us got into the School Wagoneer with the more or less vague intention of getting to Suez and back in two days. I had the car gone over carefully beforehand, put in five extra gallon tins of gasoline and one of water and had two spare tires checked. So off we went, early Sunday morning and by 10 A.M. were in Gaza. I don't think I have ever been in Gaza before. It is a very dreary, unprepossessing, obviously poverty-stricken town. We had passed the usual burnt out tanks and half-tracks and other Egyptian and Russian vehicles, including a few Israeli ones that had been hit. Gradually the Israeli Army is gathering in all of this junk and taking it somewhere, perhaps to cannibalize various parts. Many usable Russian tanks and guns and much ammunition and supplies of all kinds have, according to the newspapers, been incorporated into the Israeli Army usage. When we got to Gaza, after having to show our pass at various checkpoints, we found we had a bad leak in our front left tire. I stopped at a tire fixing place, and in a mixture of Arabic, Hebrew and English, asked if they could fix the tire. They took it off and found that it was a tubeless tire, which they could not repair. So we replaced it with one of our spares. And then we sped on to el-Arish. The countryside changed to complete or almost complete desert, with the number of derelict Egyptian tanks and related vehicles seeming to increase in number as we sped along.

In about an hour we were at el-Arish. I had had no visual concept of it at all previously, and after seeing Gaza had begun to think that it would look like Gaza. Incidentally, my main memory of Gaza will for a long time be swarms of children. All of them are selling Communist Chinese junk, pencils and ball-point pens, razor blades and plastic atrocities, and I haven't the foggiest idea who buys this trash. A lot of them also sell Chiclets and a local variety of 7-Up. One little urchin was hawking a tired box of Chiclets and cheerfully chewing away at one of them. I imagine that occasionally he takes one of them out of the box, thinking that the absence of a couple of them will not