

carefully, husbands and wives separated. I was seated next to Mrs. Zvi Werblowsky, the wife of the brilliant professor of Comparative Religions. Across the way was our good friend, the Dean, or perhaps former Dean, of the Medical School, Professor Rachmilewitch. I remembered that Helen had bade me be sure to invite him again to stay at our home in Cincinnati when he comes there next September for a lecture at the Medical School or something like that. Also across the way was Mrs. Zeev Sharef, the wife of the Minister of Commerce, a most charming and intelligent woman, with whom I had a very enjoyable conversation. To mention all the other people I talked to during and after dinner would be to compile a list of names of an unusual group of awfully nice people. I talked to our U.S.A. Ambassador, Walworth Barbour, for awhile and asked him what he thought of during the nearly two hours of the afternoon program when everything was in Hebrew. He said that this had come up in a conversation between him and Yigael Yadin, who consoled him by saying that it was worse to understand than not to understand what was said - *cum grano salis*, of course.

By the time the dinner was over, the Tuckers had already left, so I drove downtown with Julian and Madeleine Venetzky in a taxi. Madeleine had never seen our building and asked to be taken through, so I gave them an 11:00 p.m. tour of the building, which of course they liked enormously, as does everybody. Our architect, Ruth Melamede, has now handed in all the corrected drawings, containing the various minute changes that the Jerusalem Municipal Building Office had demanded, and so I hope that before many more weeks pass by we shall finally receive the permit to enable us to go ahead with trying to get a contractor to erect the new building on our property,