

first time I met him. Helen and I had been shown to our seats in the review stand of the Inaugural parade, with President-elect John F. Kennedy and his family and others, when Goldberg came over to us and introduced himself, and said that he had brought his rabbi with him, who was seated in the stands on the other side of the street, namely, one of our Hebrew Union College graduates, Rabbi Jacob J. Weinstein. I remember his telling me that before he took the oath of office as Secretary of Labor, he had asked Rabbi Weinstein to come to his room, and that they had prayed together. Mrs. Goldberg was seated in front of us, next to Zena Harmon. She told me she remembered being at our home in Cincinnati some years ago, when we conferred an honorary degree on Goldberg at the Hebrew Union College.

All in all, it was a very impressive afternoon, a little long, but as the sun began to go down, not too hot. Looking across the Wilderness of Judah, I could see the Mountains of Moab and Edom on the east side of the Dead Sea, and I thought of the many times during the five years of the World War II, when I was carrying out my archaeological explorations there and doing other things, I would often camp on the top of the hills and look towards the faintly glittering lights of Jerusalem, and wish I could be there or preferably be home.

After the program was over, we drove directly back to the Inter-continental Hotel, from where I drove with some other people back into town. We assembled again, all of us, about 8:15 p.m., at the King David Hotel, and drove up to the Wise Auditorium at the Hebrew University, where Dr. and Mrs. Harmon were giving a gala dinner in honor of Arthur J. Goldberg. There must have been some four hundred people present, and everybody seated very