

what was happening between the two halves of Jerusalem. Early yesterday morning, Bill Dever, Ezra and Shirley Spicehandler and I got into Bill's car, and crossed through Mandelbaum Gate, with my pass being carefully examined, and drove over to the ASOR. We had decided the night before that we ought to visit Qumran before anything happened to make it difficult, or through some remote contingency impossible, to visit it. I wanted to take Father Casey with us. We opened the gate of the ASOR and then drove into its compound, after first carefully closing the gate behind us. I went up to Father Casey's room and knocked on his door and explained that we had come to take him with us to Qumran. Unfortunately, he had made another engagement and couldn't come with us. It was about 7:00 A.M. then, and I am afraid that I may have awakened him. However, we had previously agreed that if ever any of the HUCBASJ people went on a trip, no matter how early, we would inform him and see if he could come along. So off we went, unfortunately without him, past the Rockefeller Museum where, as I have previously stated, all of its contents are being examined with a check list that someone at the Israeli Museum has. I still have not been able to find out whether or not the box containing the Dead Sea Scroll (Scrolls?) has been found. My suspicion is that it has been, but I cannot prove it. We drove swiftly down the Jericho Road, from which too most of the battered Jordanian tanks and jeeps and trucks have been removed, and after a trip of some forty minutes, I estimate, turned off on to the macadamized road that leads to Qumran. When we got near there, however, there was a road block and the soldiers on guard said they had orders not to permit anybody to visit Qumran. I showed my pass, issued by the army, authorizing me to visit any place on the entire West Bank, together with six companions, but the soldier who was doing the talking said it was not valid for Qumran. He said we could go to Jericho and speak to the military governor there, - which we did. First we went to the police-post, where we were very nicely received, but were told that we should go to the military headquarters. The sergeant in charge sent an Arab policeman with us. When we got to the military headquarters in another section of town, we were told that the officer in charge was having breakfast, and were asked to wait. After about five minutes, I asked

to be driven to where the O.C. was, and just as we got there he was coming out. He couldn't have been nicer, and as soon as I explained who we were he took me into his office and had his secretary write me a special permit to visit Qumran whenever I pleased. So off we drove, back to the roadblock, and waved the special permit before the soldier who had previously stopped us. He read it carefully and then, with a pleasant smile and a happy flourish, waved us through the roadblock, and in a minute or two we had arrived at Qumran.

I had read so much about Qumran, had looked so often at the plans of the site, that I thought almost that I had seen it previously. Furthermore, we had brought Frank Cross' book on Qumran with us, and there is an excellent plan of the site on the inside of the front and back covers. With all the pictures and drawings of Qumran that I had seen, however, I was not quite prepared for its size and the comparatively excellent state of preservation. To be sure, much of the latter must in all probability be attributed to Pere de Vaux and his associates, who have obviously reinforced with cement some of the walls and cisterns and water channels. The room of the scribes, the dining room, the hearths for baking, the broad water channel bringing water to interconnecting cisterns and reservoirs and large, stepped baptismal fonts, the entire arrangement of the layout of the buildings, the thick defensive wall, the appearance of Cave IV, where some of the most important scroll finds were made, and into which we entered, - all of the site made a profound impression on me. The impression was heightened of course by my having seen some of the Scrolls and fragments previously in the Temple of the Book, (that extraordinary museum devoted primarily to the Scrolls, which is shaped supposedly like one of the Dead Sea Scroll jars), located close to the Israeli Museum on the hilltop on the way to the Hebrew University. Somehow or other, the person of John the Baptist seemed to assume a new dimension for me when viewing some of the stepped pools where the residents of Qumran took their ritual baths.

From Qumran we drove to Allenby (Hussein) bridge and then to Jericho where we bought and ate a delicious melon, and then back to Jerusalem. When we passed Damascus Gate, we could see the beginning of a massive traffic jam developing from the opening of the two halves of