

the city of Jerusalem, with hordes of people pouring in and out of the gates. It soon became evident that a tremendous, almost carnival spirit had been evoked, embracing the entire population, Israeli and Arab, - each group hungry to visit parts of the city to which they had been denied access for some twenty years. I have walked a bit since then in the Old City, but only near the entrance of Jaffa Gate. There are so many people walking the narrow streets, so many vendors and knots of purchasers, that it is difficult to make one's way through the crowds. The Israelis are purchasing all sorts of things, from saddle bags to sheepskins to American toiletries not available on the Israeli side. The Arabs are walking up and down the streets of the Israeli section of Jerusalem. Old acquaintances meet and embrace. Many of the more well-to-do Arabs are bringing over their cars, but are not yet used to the stop and go lights. They, for their part, are also purchasing all sorts of things that were not available to them in the Old City. There is almost joyous excitement in the air. It is going to be very difficult, if not impossible, except with force, which I don't think will or perhaps can be employed, to separate the parts of Jerusalem again.

The day before yesterday, there was a deeply stirring ceremony on Mt. Scopus, in the amphitheatre of the former site of the Hebrew University, overlooking the Wilderness of Judah, the dark blue patch of the Dead Sea and the broken hills of Edom and Moab. During all the years since the city of Jerusalem was divided, a convoy of cars with Israelis has been ascending to the top of Mt. Scopus to attempt to take care in a minor fashion of the former Hebrew University buildings there. In the course of the years, all of the worthwhile books have been taken out of the former library there and incorporated into the new library of the Hebrew University on Giv'at Ram. Those invited to attend the ceremony were told to foregather at the bus stop of the present University, where buses would take everybody through the city and past Mandelbaum Gate to Mount Scopus (Har ha-Tsofim). I had one of our people, Rahamim, drive me up to the assembly place at 3:15 P.M. When I got out of the car, a group of people was standing waiting for the bus, almost all of whom I knew. There was Nobel prize winner Agnon, who was extraordinarily friendly; Norman Bentwich; Professor Urbach, who had a heart attack last year and has