

When I left the TWA side, I asked the girl attendant who was shepherding me around, if I should pay anybody, and she told me not to. In the taxi, they piled in a lot of luggage, only one piece of which belonged to me. When we got here, I found out that the K.L.M. plane was late. It is now 9:30 P.M., and is apparently not to arrive for a couple of hours yet. I don't mind particularly, having long ago learned that there is no use my getting annoyed at such delays or at any attendant inefficiencies. Up to this point, everything has gone very well indeed. And it really doesn't matter much whether I arrive in Tel Aviv at 5 A.M. or at 10 A.M. tomorrow, or even if I don't get there till tomorrow afternoon.

A very nice official came up to me on the K.L.M. side, took my ticket and passport again, got them stamped, weighed my suit-case, put a tag on it, and then gave me a card entitling me to a free dinner at the expense of the K.L.M.

I went into the dining room, was seated with a couple of elderly South African Germans who have lived in Johannesburg for 50 years, and whose son, having graduated as an architect from U. of Mich., is married to an American girl and builds structures for Coca-Cola, among other American concerns in South Africa. They were pleasant enough, and the dinner was quite all right, with vermouth or whatever you wanted for an aperitif, a flagon of red wine on the table, and then everything from hors d'ouvres. The dining filled up with everything from Parsis to Orthodox Jews, and the O so typical British, junior colonial officer or policeman with red sweater, full flushed face, heavy moustache, hearty laugh and vacuous face and virile bibulousness.

The Italian official who took care of me speaks 8 languages, and somehow or other I think he is a Salonica Jew. He told me he was born in Salonica of Italian parents, naturally speaks Greek also, and when he told me he also spoke Spanish and Portugese, I asked him if he knew Ladino, which as you know is the high, mediæval, classical Castilian that many Sephardic, Spanis-Portugese Jews speak throughout the world. I didn't press the matter.

One forgets, when thinking in the abstract of peoples and countries like France, Italy, etc, that these are fields and houses and bridges and peoples with hungers and hopes, fears and fulfillments, and make up live entities. I find that in spite of the speed of transport I often think of countries as places or spaces on maps. The space I hope to get to tomorrow has become pretty filled up since I saw it last five years ago. I view its being translated again for me into sharp reality with a mixture of feelings.

Thursday, October 2, 1952.

We boarded the K.L.M. plane, The Flying Dutchman, last night at 10:30 P.M. Rome time last night. It was raining, as it has been ever since we hit Paris. There was a little confusion, it being difficult to find out when the plane was leaving, with no sign boards up in the still incomplete building. Finally, the announcement came that Flight 283 to Lydda was ready, and we boarded the DC 6, which was a very comfortable plane, although not as clean, I thought, as the T.W.A. plane. The head-rests were filthy. I was lucky, and found a place in the first row in the rear, where I could stretch my feet out on the opposite facing seat, which was one of the few empty ones. The night passed very swiftly. I slept, woke up about 4, shaved and washed u

before the others woke up, - a trick I learned on troop ships. I think almost all of the passengers were Israelis, some returning or others entering for the first time. Naturally, they were all more or less affluent. One couple across the way from me was bringing in a supply of raw meat, which they asked the stewardess to put on ice for them, - which she did. I was amused, that among the meat was a large package of ham, which they discussed with the stewardess as to whether or not it required icing. They finally decided to put it on ice too. I refrain, and not from religious reasons, from commenting on the ham, except to say that it indicates what I know to be true that a very large percentage, - I should say the large majority of Israel, does not observe dietary laws, and is by no means orthodox in their religious point of views, if indeed they have one of more than a vague, general nature. However, one thing I am not going to do on this trip is to attempt to act as a missionary of Reform Judaism. The Israelis will have to develop their own forms of religious expression, and I am certain that a type of liberal Judaism will take hold here and perhaps become the preponderant form of Judaism here. The point, however, is that the development will have to be a native one, however much it may be influenced in part by American Reform Judaism in its present day form.

One part of the baggage carried on board the plane, right inside the passenger compartment, were three boxes of young swallows. The steward opened one of the boxes for me, and I could see the little things, quiet and apparently semi-dazed, - as he explained because of the altitude. He was taking them to Israel, opening the boxes and releasing them on behalf of the Dutch Bird Protective Association. It seems that they were too young to accompany the major swallow migrations, and had been left behind. The Dutch bird lovers had picked them up, nursed them along, and were sending them on their way to an advance point by plane. Whether or not the swallows caught up with the main migration, I was unable to find out.

At 6 A.M., we landed in Lydda, and a whole bunch of people were there to meet me, having waited for an hour. The plane was an hour late, having started an hour late from Rome. Among the party awaiting me was David Passow, a former HUC student, who is now publicity director of the Weizmann Institute, Alan M. Feinberg, of Detroit, Mich., one of our pre-Rabbinic students, who is getting his B.A. at the Hebrew University, and is particularly interested in archeology. He is working at Beth-Yerah. There was also Aviad Yafeh, of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Tel-Aviv, and Itzhaq Subar, connected with the Bonds for Israel, - both of the latter quite young men, who were present to see what could be done for me.

Lydda itself has changed very little. The airport is crowded, much more so than five years ago, with all kinds of planes coming in and taking off, the restaurant full, and a lot of activity. The entry formalities were settled very expeditiously and efficiently. It gave me an unusual kick to see them write on my form and encircle with a big "nun" a special designation for me. That means "nichbad", which is the Hebrew equivalent of V.I.P. I don't mean that I got a kick out of being designated a Jewish V.I.P., but rather that the last time any one had put a special mark on my passport or passport papers was when I last past through Cairo in 1947 or earlier on my way to Jerusalem, the Egyptian officials put a big "J", signifying "Jew" on my entrance paper.

It is going to be hard to get down even in fleeting outline the impressions that have surged in on me since arriving. David Passow had put the Weizmann Institute car at my disposal, with Alan Feinberg driving. From Lydda to Bab el-Wad, the road is completely new to me in its present, paved form. It is the so-called Jewish Burma road, laid out during the War of Liberation. One can for instance now drive practically up to the ancient site of Gezer, which the new road skirts. The scenery is the same, lovely, soft landscape so familiar to me from of old, stretching away in soft undulations to the mountains of Judah in the distance. New settlements, Yemenite men and women and children as well as others waiting for busses, Jewish soldiers, a cannon being drawn along on its mechanized caisson, the police-posts manned by Jewish soldiers with Jewish sentries on duty outside, bare hillsides terraced or being terraced anew, all kinds of new buildings from a new cement factory to many others, evidence of new afforestation, and then finally in and up the familiar Bab el-Wad, past Iriath Anavim, Ifta - no longer a den of tough Arab villagers but a Jewish settlement, which too may be pretty tough for all I know, -, picked up a sweet Yemenite couple and brought them in with us, and finally Jerusalem, and familiar Jaffa road. Not too much has changed there, and then at the King David Hotel, with the beautiful Y.M.C.A. opposite it.

I'm ensconced in a \$24 a day suite facing the old city and a large stretch of the old city wall. It is breath-takingly beautiful. And yet, just a few hundreds of yards away, invisible, is the line of no-man's land, which Jews and Arabs and others may not pass over, cutting this marvelous city into two sections. I glimpsed a section of this no-man's land today. Right behind Barclay's Bank and the old Post office, where the French Hospital begins, and the road starts the rather steep descent down towards Damascus Gate, is a massive heap of rubble, fallen building blocks, twisted girders, extending between the ruins of the large stone hospital and ecclesiastical buildings on either side of the road, and apparently extending down to near Damascus gate. There must have been an awful lot of shelling to reduce those huge buildings made of Jerusalem limestone to the skeleton forms now visible. We called on Prof. Dinaburge, who heads the Ministry of Education which is located in the former Evelyn de Rothschild School. That place, I am told, was also in shambles, but has now been cleaned up and repaired, and the garden is more beautiful than ever. The garden of the King David Hotel is terrific. They certainly take wonderful care of it. The royal plants seem to have grown mighty tall, and there are beds of brilliantly hued flowers. I haven't had a chance to get down into the garden yet. All this just glimpsed from my terrace on the third floor.

The day has passed in a series of conferences and interviews and visits. Now, that I have become an official Jew, or a representative of an official Jewish institution, I find that there are various formalities that must be performed. I called on Beryl Locker, the head of the Jewish Agency, who told me some very interesting stories about the early days of the struggle with Great Britain. I had lunch with Avraham (Bergman) Biran, now the Officer in Charge of the Jerusalem District, who occupies the office and has the same district that Keith-Roach used to have. It is an important office, indicated by the fact perhaps that he has his own car assigned to him. He took me to the Eden Hotel, run by the same familiar old management, jammed to the gills with people eating tourist or official dinners. Avram had some kind of coupons, and they brought out a huge lunch, which I was completely unable to consume. It was good, heavy, and far too much.

It was obviously the heavy artillery kind of a lunch that is brought out for VIP's. To continue with Bergman, he called for me at 7 P.M. to take me to his house to see Ruth and their three children, the eldest being about 14 and the youngest about 4, with a girl in between. He has quite a nice apartment in Rehavia, and tells me that were it not for the packages he gets from Ruth's family in America, it would be hard to get along. Or rather he said, people do get along, but the packages make the difference between unrelieved austerity and some comfort. I am sure that Ruth's meals at home can't compare in quantity or kind with the ~~xxxx~~ meals that Avraham commands as an important police official. I gave Ruth a pair of nylon stockings.

I met Julia Dushkin in the Agency building. She looks fine, and wants me to come to dinner tomorrow, that is Friday night. Lowdermilk is to be there. I don't know yet whether or not I can make it.

When I got back from lunch, I had to lie down, not really having slept much for the previous three nights, having spent Monday night flying to New York and taking a long walk on 5th Ave. before I went to bed at about 2:30 P.M. to get up at 8 A.M., and having spent the next two nights and the intervening day in plane's en-route. I was pooped. I got about an hour's sleep in, before the phone began to ring, and people came in to see me. At 5:30 P.M. I called up Harry Viteles, and went over and had tea with him, and also saw Shifra Gur who lives upstairs. Amihudis in Australia on some government forestry mission, their boy is in America studying forestry, and their girl is growing up. Harry is the same as ever. I can't say more. Kurt Greenwald was coming in just as I came out. Esther is visiting her family in America.

I forgot to say that after lunch, I had Avram Bergman take me over to Beatrice Magnes's on the chance that she would be home. She was, and was really happy to see me. She had just been about to take a nap. I had shoved one of those scarves you gave me in my pocket, and gave it to her. She loved it. She was never in better form than this noon. I shall write about the other Magnes's when I see them.

This evening, I was at Maisler's for dinner. The Delou-gaz's (Jews) of the U. of Chicago were there, Mrs. Maisler, and his son Uri, a University student, and his week-old bride. Apparently, the young married couple is living with the Maislers. The dinner at the Maislers was more of the kind that one would expect, - a bit of fish, some kusa vegetable and potatoes, and desert of fresh, cut up figs. There was bread and tea, - no jam, butter or anything like that. Either I shall get thin or fat here. I think I'm going to get thin.

After supper, Professor and Mrs. Schwabe, Dr. and Mrs. Yeiving, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Zevi, and Emanuel Ben Dor came in, and we spent the evening talking. Oh yes, there was also Fischel, of the U. of Cal., who used to be here. He has a beard that looks like L.A. Mayer's, who, I gather is on one of his visits to England.

Friday morning. I guess I'll go back to bed. It is 5 in the morning, some nasty mosquitoes woke me up, so I thought I would jot down some of these impressions and descriptions of meetings for you.