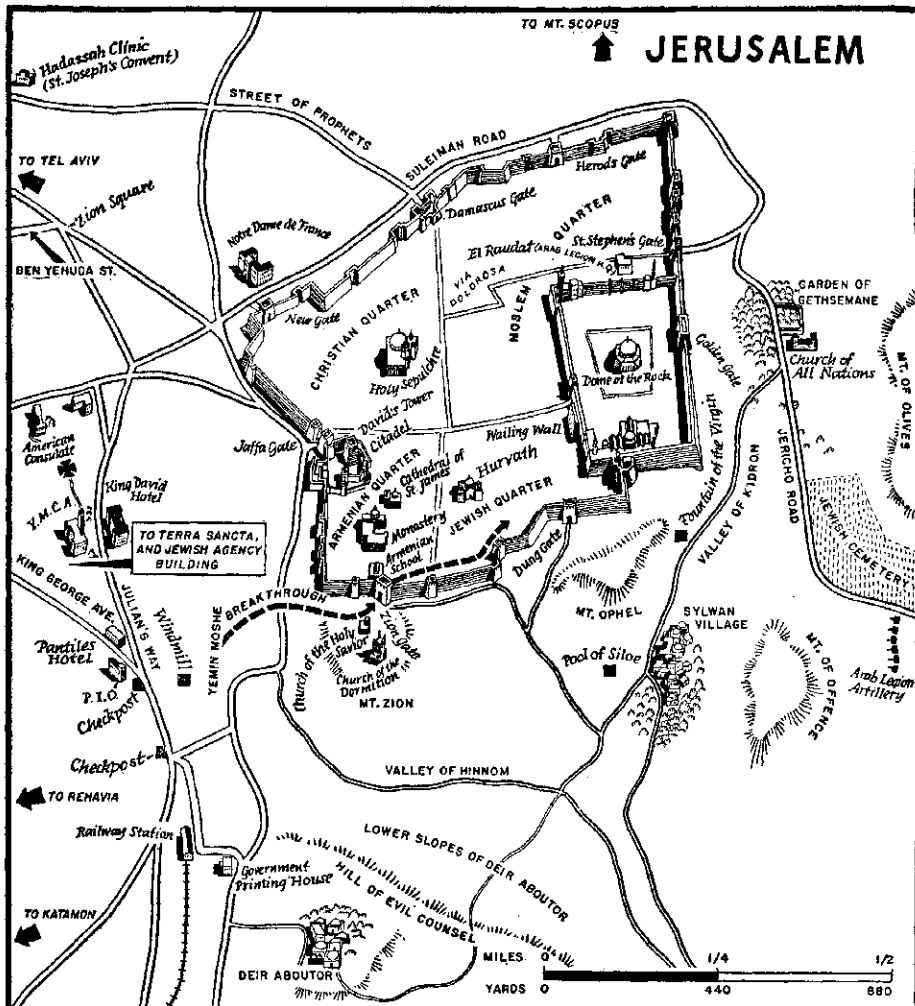




BOOK TWO





(CHAPTER XIII)

MEDINAT YISRAEL IS BORN

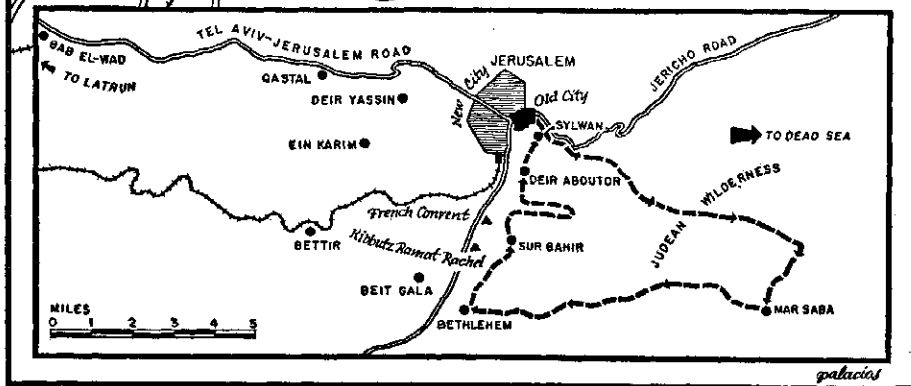


"It is because America has such an abundance of everything that I have come. I shall not be missed. Here they need me. I have come to help, to build a new country."

"Many of my . . . friends have died here. I cannot desert them. . . . Israel, their graveyard, will become my new home, my country. Every dead friend I shall try to replace with a living baby."

American Pioneers in Israel

E-M DAY—End-of-Mandate Day—dawned as lovely a morning as man could have wanted. Moustafa was stirring. So were a score of Arabs on cots and mats. I wanted to be with the Jews on the first day of the new Jewish State—to see history being made in the New City of Jerusalem. All the American reporters were there; our Consulate was there; and there I ought to be. It was time for me to take leave of the Arabs with whom I had shared experiences so long. I took a last look at Moustafa—in the same suit he had lived in and slept in and fought in. He was anything but handsome, or neat about himself, but I loved him as a friend. Not for his views but for what he was: honest, rugged, simple. He had proved himself staunchly loyal and understanding, and had saved my life time and again. Should I disclose my plans? If I did, I knew he'd stop me. I did not want to fight Moustafa.



galacis

"I'm going to the Armenian quarter in the Old City," I said casually.

"Come back quickly. There will be heavy fighting. Stay with me today or you will be killed." It was just like Moustafa—my great big growling guardian Arab.

Taking my knapsack, I left Deir Aboutor. British sentries were gone from the Government Printing House, and the no-man's street by the railway station was utterly deserted and eerie. It was here that Arabs had often ambushed Jews. The British post at the entrance to the German colony was deserted. Only the sandbags and rusty coils of barbed wire remained. My trouser cuff caught, and I bent down. "What a perfect mark for a sniper—Arab or Jew! I'll never know which!" flashed through my mind.

I walked up the fine macadam road toward the Public Information Office. The danger was now from the Jews who, I felt, would shoot at anyone crossing from the Arab side. I pulled out a small American flag and held it at arm's length, hoping the Arabs from behind wouldn't be able to see it. Haganah sentries, after carefully checking my Jewish Agency pass, allowed me in. I hurried quickly to the Pantiles Pension, directly opposite the Public Information Office. Deserted by its owners, the Pantiles had been appropriated by American and British correspondents as their residence. An American flag flew over it from a rough flagpole. I located Carter Davidson, of the Associated Press, who was recognized as spokesman for the correspondents.

I identified myself and explained that I was getting material for a book. Could I stay with them?

Davidson was cordial. "Sure, we have room for you. Move in any time."

I had come at the right moment. A few minutes later, I climbed with the correspondents into one of three waiting cars, and off we went to Government House, residence of Sir Alan Cunningham, British High Commissioner for Palestine. He was to depart from Palestine today with the last British

troops. Government House was a solid, austere edifice built of light-colored stone, with a central tower from which the Union Jack flew. Quite symbolic, I thought, for Government House to be situated on the Hill of Evil Counsel. Actually, Sir Alan was liked, personally and politically. With rare foresight he had tried to mitigate the effects of Ernest Bevin's harsh policy, but now it had all come to nought.

On the spacious grounds outside Government House we found the picturesque Highlander Light Infantry, in shorts and khaki berets topped with a red pompom, lined up in formation. Tanks and armored cars spread out around the palatial gardens. At exactly eight o'clock Sir Alan emerged, a tall, handsome man with pink cheeks and gray hair. He reviewed his guard of honor, made a short speech, chatted informally, shook hands. The British Broadcasting Company made an on-the-spot broadcast, recording the end of an adventure that started bravely thirty years ago. England came humbly then; General Allenby entered Jerusalem on foot, and won the thanks of millions of Arabs, Jews, and Christians the world over for liberating the Holy Land from Turkish rule. Thirty years of duplicity and disregard for the interests of anyone but herself had dissipated England's storehouse of good will. Instead of leaving now, as a friend, the English were being kicked out—their every departing step cursed by Arab and Jew.

Sir Alan walked to his car. As the ex-High Commissioner got into a sleek black Rolls Royce, the Highlander bagpipers appropriately sealed the Mandate's end by playing a long and mournful Scottish funeral dirge. The correspondents got into their cars, and most of them returned to the Pantiles.

"ASDVADZ MEDZ EH"

FIRING broke out on both sides the minute Sir Alan's armed cavalcade left Jerusalem. By 9.30 a.m. the shooting had be-

come alarmingly widespread. It was apparent that neither side would wait for the Mandate to end officially at midnight, and that the battle for Jerusalem would begin immediately. Suddenly I began cursing myself. What a fool I had been for taking my suitcase to the Armenian compound! I should have taken it instead to the American Consulate. It would be far safer there than in the Old City, which was certain to become a center of fighting in a matter of moments. Even though the *Vank* would withstand shelling, I might not be able to get to my suitcase for heaven knew how long.

Could I, at this stage, cross from the Jewish to the Arab side? If, by way of the back streets, I reached the monastery safely, would I have time to return? The scramble for the seizure of strategic buildings was on. The few blocks that separated the Jewish- and Arab-held areas were about to be converted into a bomb-wrecked no-man's land. Literally there wasn't a second to lose, for once the two sides were locked in house-to-house combat, not only would it be impossible to cross in either direction, but even if—through a sheer miracle—I succeeded, I'd have been nailed as a spy.

I raced for the Old City. Shops and stores were boarded everywhere, the corrugated metal covers drawn and locked. The streets were utterly deserted. I ran through back alleys where the fighting hadn't yet reached and at last plunged through Jaffa Gate, one of seven entrances to the Old City. I fought my way in against the current of shouting Arab soldiers streaming out to fight the Haganah.

I arrived breathless before the monastery. Armenian lads in Boy Scout shorts and trench helmets halted me. They insisted on reporting me to the Patriarch before letting me in. I argued that Jaffa Gate might be closed any minute for civilians and I would never get out. Orders were orders! . . . I was ushered into the Patriarch's presence once more. As he rose to greet me, I bent down and kissed his ring hurriedly and, I thought, quite irreverently. He was calm.

"You are welcome to live with us," he said. "We have

enough food to feed another mouth, especially from America. If you don't mind sharing a room, we can put you up. If it proves too uncomfortable you can make your way to Amman or Damascus." I thanked him, but insisted that I ought to be on the Jewish side of Jerusalem with my fellow correspondents. I'd share their fate, I said, whatever it was. The Patriarch gave me his blessing. I dashed down the stairs, followed by an Armenian lad.

"*Shood ureh, shood ureh,*" he urged, "Hurry up, Hurry up. They will begin. The big bombing will begin now."

We raced over the cobblestones through a labyrinth of passageways and cell-like rooms built of stone, narrowly missing Armenians in the alleys. I banged on the door of the house where I had left my bag. It was locked!

"*Ammaaan! Ammaaan! Ammaaan!*"

This was the standard wailing call of the Near East, which I had heard throughout my childhood, usually accentuated by a sidewise swinging of the head and body. I had heard the lament from my mother, and an ageless aunt at whose knee I was raised. Now, as a grown man in my thirty-ninth year, I came out with the lament, Americanizing my agony by interspersing salvo after salvo of Anglo-Saxon oaths. As the Armenian youth had run off to locate the owners, the family next door invited me to a cup of coffee.

"I'm in no mood for coffee. I want to get out of here *alive.*"

"*Gaghatchem, soorj mu humetzek mezzi hed!* I beg you. Please have a cup of coffee with us." It was the woman of the household.

"*Digin, soorji jamanag tche!* Madam, this is no time for coffee!"

I may as well have been talking to the cobblestones. I was a stranger from America, and every stranger from America must be honored with coffee. That's all the woman knew. "Since you won't honor our home by coming in," she said triumphantly, "you will have coffee outside our door."

Soon her daughter emerged with a tray of coffee and orien-

tal candy. Simultaneously the Armenian lad appeared around the corner, waving a huge key, followed by an old woman with a crinkled face. My suitcase had been entrusted to her by the family I had left it with, who had since fled to Beirut. I found my suitcase under the bed, beneath a pile of blankets. I dashed out.

"Gaghatchem, soorj mu. . . ." Now it was the old lady who offered me coffee!

Back to Jaffa Gate we raced! The Armenian youth explained to the guards that I was an American who had to get to the Consulate immediately. The Arabs, rifles in hand, refused to budge. The Armenian turned to me:

"They are saying that the fighting has already begun. You will be shot. Both by Arabs and by Jews. You will be drilled with holes on both sides of your body. Your body will lie exposed and no one will venture to get it for burial. I think they are right."

"Please tell them if my hour has come I shall know it very soon. If it has not, I shall emerge alive."

The Arabs understood, for this was the philosophy of Oriental fatalism. They stood aside, and I dashed out, with my suitcase as a shield. It is odd how in moments of stress one reverts to the experiences of childhood. I recall that in moments of great anxiety Mother used to say: "*Asdvadz medz eh. Anor tzukeh.* God is merciful. Trust in Him."

"*Asdvadz medz eh!*" There was absolutely no one else you could appeal to at such a moment. I kept repeating the phrase, while dodging, ducking, crawling across ruined streets and back alleys, a hail of bullets resounding all around me—and dragging the infernal suitcase containing, among other things, most of the cash I had brought! I reached Julian's Way, the lower end of which was in the heart of the battle area. It had to be crossed. I did not know whether Jewish or Arab machine-guns controlled it, but that detail was immaterial as I rested for a minute, then dashed wildly across the upper end of the street, into a doorway. I crawled from door to door until I

reached the safety of the YMCA—a block from the Pantiles Hotel. *Asdvadz medz eh.* Mother was right.

HIDE AND SEEK—WITH BULLETS

BACK in the Pantiles, I found Jim Fitzsimmons, Associated Press photographer, swearing furiously.

"When you guys left Government House I stayed behind to take pictures of the British flag being lowered. I was driving back like mad, trying to get my films on the last mail plane out of Jerusalem, when the Arabs stopped my jeep at Damascus Gate. I told them I was in a helluva hurry, but they just put their guns at my head and told me to get out. I was surrounded by them, every last sonovabitch armed to the teeth. If any of them had yelled *Yahoodi*, I would have been lynched. They drove off in my jeep. I guess it was luck when Major Andronovich¹ from the Consulate picked me up in his car. Here I am—without a jeep!"

The battle for key buildings was raging furiously. The instant the last British troops left—at ten a.m.—pale-blue-and-white Jewish flags replaced Union Jacks on every building in the Jewish zone. Jewish storm troopers dashed out from buildings where they had been hiding—and, in some instances, sleeping—for the last twenty-four hours. With astonishing coordination and phenomenal speed they captured building after building in the strategic no-man's land area, known as the "Bevingrad" zone—ironically named for Bevin, because British officialdom living here had barricaded itself during the last weeks of the Mandate behind cement pillboxes and barbed wire. The Arabs were now being driven back relentlessly, building by building, to the Old City walls. One marveled at the speed and ferocity with which the Jews unleashed their attack.

¹ Major Nicholas Andronovich, United States military liaison officer.

The fighting hadn't yet reached the Pantiles area, although the Public Information Office building across the street was already occupied by Haganah youth in rumpled khaki, dungarees, and makeshift remains of British uniforms. Most were in their late teens, lean, wiry, agile as wildcats. Moustafa and the boys of Deir Aboutor kept up a dangerous sniper and machine-gun fire, but the Haganah chose not to waste its ammunition. I decided to see what was happening at the YMCA. When I reached it, by a circuitous route, it was like a morgue. Some of those taking refuge there were Moslem Arabs, but most were Armenians and Christian Arabs—perhaps eighty persons in all. One forlorn Armenian was a priest from our monastery, named Reverend Haigaser Donigian. Foolishly he had waited till the last moment to embark for Haifa, to replace the priest there.

"I can get neither to Haifa, nor back to the Old City. I'm stranded," he said, dejected.

"It is dangerous, but I think I can lead you most of the way to the Old City by the back streets," I volunteered. "Let's hurry!"

Cautiously we ventured out, and peered from behind a building. Julian's Way, the street on which the "Y" fronted, was absolutely deserted; with no firing at the moment, it was a silent no-man's land littered with roadblocks and barbed wire, obviously in Jewish hands. Across the street was a Shell gas station. From its direction appeared two French policemen in metal helmets, guards at the French Consulate. They peered down Julian's Way.

"If they make it," I said to the priest, "we will try it, too."

The French crossed without mishap. Reverend Donigian and I walked down Julian's Way quite nonchalantly, chatting. With the suddenness of a thunderbolt, lightning seemed to strike all around us. There were flashes, accompanied by terrific, ear-splitting claps of thunder. Machine-gun bullets ricocheted from the sidewalk scarcely ten feet to our right. I had no idea of Father Donigian's reactions. It was every man for

himself. I dashed to the nearest wall and found refuge in the façade of a store. The bullets continued their terrifying ratatat of death. A determined machine-gunner could have riddled my left side, for my body protruded from the shallow shelter. Then the machine gun stopped, and there was the silence of a murder chamber.

"Father, where are you? Are you alive?"

"Are you alive? I'm here."

I peered out slightly, and in the doorway of an adjoining shop I saw the tip of his Armenian nose.

"The Jews shouldn't have done this to us," I said.

"Maybe they thought we were Arabs," Father Donigian answered.

We waited there, squeezed against the building, each holding on to a suitcase. "How long are we going to stay like this?"

"I shall make a run for it," the priest said.

"Let me try it first. You can follow."

"I'll go first," he insisted. I heard him muttering, and recognized the words *Asdvadz, Asdvadz*. Then I heard a final "Amen!" At the same instant his black-clothed figure darted from the doorway and scampered with astonishing speed to the corner, around which he disappeared to safety. I felt trapped. If the Jewish gunner took us for Arabs, he had by now trained his gun on my hiding-place. The priest's sudden dash had caught him off guard, but he could guess that the second "Arab" would have to make a run for it soon. Was he now covering me with his gun? There was only one way to find out. . . . I was too excited even to pray.

I dashed out, clutching the black suitcase. The corner seemed far away, so I jumped into the first opening I saw. I was before a big iron gate, covered with trailing roses. I picked one quickly, and added it to my collection of dried flowers which I kept in my passport. Then I scrambled over the gate, no easy task because of the thorns—and found myself inside a garden, surrounded by a wall. I negotiated this, too, and as I jumped down I became aware of figures in a

doorway. Instinctively I put the suitcase in front of me. Then I laughed, for I was facing the two French police cowering in their refuge.

"*Mon Dieu! My God! What kind of a war is this?*"

A few minutes later I was at the "Y." Father Donigian was waiting there—a disconsolate figure resigned to the life of a priest marooned for the duration.

"You might as well stay here," I said. "You'll be better off here than any of us in the New City. At least you'll eat well, and the Arabs won't dare bomb the 'Y.'"

I was partly right. The YMCA was built like a fortress, and had been declared an international security zone, operated by the International Committee of the Red Cross. It was also the residence of the four-power United Nations Palestine Conciliation Commission. Despite its neutral position, however, it was struck by numerous bombs from the Arab side. Few caused permanent damage. None of its refugees were killed or injured. The "Y" was better stocked than any of the Jewish institutions, but the food was doled out carefully, served only to YMCA personnel, the refugees, and United Nations and Red Cross officials.

I walked out feeling lonesome. I knew hardly any Jews, and had only just met the correspondents at the Pantiles. I missed Moustafa and the friendship of my Arab cronies. The average Arab is an extremely sociable human being, capable of great charm and lasting friendship. "I wish I had made a Zionist out of Moustafa," I thought. "The Jews would have gained a fine ally." I walked through the spacious gardens, a haven filled with roses and luxuriant flowers, and after walking down an adjoining street, I leaned against a square column of masonry, marking the boundary of the Armenian Church of the Nazarene, and looked down Julian's Way in the direction of the Jewish machine-gunners.

So suddenly that I gasped for breath, a bullet shattered against the masonry scarcely two feet from my nose. I spun

around and vaulted to safety. This sniper, I discovered later, was an Arab firing from the Old City wall.

With enough adventure to last me for one day, I walked to the center of the New City. Foreign flags—including the yellow and white colors of the Vatican state—were displayed over church buildings, schools, hospitals, consulates, and even private homes as signs of neutrality. Israel flags were everywhere. A few of the shops were decorated with blue-and-white bunting draped over rough Stars of David. Photographs of Zionist leaders were wreathed in the Jewish colors. But there were no parades; no demonstrations; no firing of guns except on the battlefronts. The streets were almost deserted, except for armed Haganah vehicles and civilians scurrying about. There were no children in downtown Jerusalem. There was positively no jubilation as one might have expected after the long wait for liberation—since A.D. 70. Jerusalem was solemn and, except for the fighting fronts, in a state akin to stupor, refusing to believe that the British had left, and that Israel was about to become independent and free for the first time in 1,900 years!

The Jewish Agency Building was like a beehive. Middle-aged men with armbands and Sten guns clumsily though carefully interrogated each incoming and departing visitor. On a shop window in Ben Yehuda Street in the heart of the Jewish business section, posters warned against wasting water, spreading rumors, and being on streets unnecessarily. Everywhere on walls were death notices.

Through Zion Square—the Times Square of the New City—moved a hurried stream of traffic toward the front only a few hundred yards away. Paunchy men raced about in an outfit of khaki shorts, summer shirt, British army beret, a police billy, a rifle, whistle, and Sten gun. The armament simply did not become the gray-haired businessman turned soldier. Of such men—called *Mishmar Haam*, civil guard—the bulk of the army of Israel was composed behind the front lines. I

moved on, hugging walls when I could, and racing across open spaces. I passed a movie house—the Orion Cinema. The last film it had shown was *Something to Sing About*, with James Cagney. The poster was still up in English and Hebrew. Retracing my steps to the Pantiles, I peeked through a slit in the concrete wall built along the street as partial protection from snipers and bombs. Jerusalem looked placid from this height, but bloody hand-to-hand fighting was in progress in the streets below, while from the hills beyond them twenty-five-pound bombs were being lobbed into the New City.

A mortar shell had landed in front of Terra Sancta College, maintained by Franciscan monks not far from the Pantiles, and had ripped up the sidewalk. I paused to inspect it and photograph a small British flag thrown into the shell crater. Trampled Union Jacks were strewn over the streets and tangled in the coils of rusted barbed wire—flags that but a few hours ago were symbols of the law of the land.

MEDINAT YISRAEL

SINCE the Mandate ended officially at midnight, May 14, tomorrow, the 15th of May, was the proper day to proclaim the birth of *Medinat Yisrael*, the State of Israel. But the 15th was Saturday—*Shabbat*—and the rabbis would allow no transaction of official business, historic though it was and awaited for nineteen centuries. So, at four o'clock in the afternoon, before *Shabbat* began at sundown, David Ben-Gurion, till then chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive Committee, now prime-minister-to-be, made a simple and moving announcement from the Museum Hall in Tel Aviv:

. . . Pursuant to the decision of the U.N., and based on our historic and national rights, we hereby declare the establishment of the Jewish State. . . . The State of Israel will open its gates to immigration of Jews from all lands. It will strive

to develop the country for the benefit of all its inhabitants, in accordance with the social ideals of our Prophets.

We declare that full civil and political liberty will be enjoyed by all citizens, regardless of religion, race or sex. There will be full freedom of religion, culture and language. We declare that we shall safeguard the Holy Places of all religions within the area of the State of Israel. . . .

Even at this hour of bloodshed, we call upon the Arabs of Palestine to restore peace in this country. We call upon the Arab citizens to return to their homes. We assure them full civic rights on the basis of full representation in all governmental organs of the State. We are extending the hand of friendship to the neighboring Arab States in order to initiate mutual co-operation. We are ready to contribute our share to the revival of the Middle East. . . .

The assembly at the Museum Hall sang *Hatikvah*, the Jewish national anthem. The ceremonies were broadcast, but few in Jerusalem heard them, because there was no electricity and little time could be spared from the work of offense and defense. From the zone below “Bevingrad” the fighting continued. The Arab was pushed nearer, ever nearer to Jaffa Gate, as the Jew—the once beaten, bullied Jew of old—outfought, outmaneuvered, outwitted the Arab Goliath, on the eve of the First Day of Independence, and on the eve of this *Shabbat*, the fifth day of the month of Iyar, the year 5708 by the Hebrew calendar.

I mused on the conversations I had had with Americans of Jewish faith who had settled in Jerusalem. I had asked each why he had left the comfort of our country to face pioneer hardships and even death.

“It is because America has such an abundance of everything that I have come. I shall not be missed. Here they need me. I have come to help, to build a new country,” one said.

Another, from Chicago, replied: “There are places in Amer-

ica where Jews, Negroes, and dogs are not wanted, where anti-Semitism, discrimination, and race hatred still rule. Here we are men. We are fighters. What the Nazis did to us no one can do to us here. Israel is our new home—the home of those unwanted because they are Jews.”

Miriam from Boro Park, Brooklyn, said to me: “I came eight months ago to get my doctorate in sociology at Hebrew University. One day my friend Moshe was killed—cut to pieces, and his body burned. Another day they brought a bloodsoaked body to the hospital. It was my fiancé. Many of my other friends have died here. I cannot desert them. I shall stay to take their place. Israel, their graveyard, will become my new home, my country. Every dead friend I shall try to replace with a living baby.”

A decorated ex-GI gave this answer: “If the German bullet had come four inches nearer my heart I’d have been dead now. I fought for Uncle Sam because I believed in democracy. I am fighting now because I believe in democracy for my people. What is the difference where you fight for these things? Since I was born a Jew what is more natural than to fight for my convictions here?”

They fought—the ex-GI, Miriam, the young man from Chicago—with hundreds like them from all parts of the world. They spoke in a babel of accents but they spoke in the one language of freedom. Many died in this Jewish Revolution of 1948 in order that democracy might live where democracy had not existed since the Creation. Thus was *Medinat Yisrael* watered by the blood of many Jews—and some Christian and Arab allies—from many lands, and built upon the sacrificial offering of the body so that the flock of Israel might live in the sovereign dignity of humankind, for the first time in 1,900 years—since Titus, the Roman tyrant, destroyed the Temple in A.D. 70!

All this was foretold in the Bible at least four thousand years before the Palestine Arabs fled from the land they had “made desolate.”

And I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God: and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians.

And I will bring you in unto the land, concerning the which I did swear to give it to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and I will give it to you for an heritage. . . .²

Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot. . . . the whole land is made desolate, because no man layeth it to heart. . . . They have sown wheat, but shall reap thorns: they have put themselves to pain, but shall not profit. . . .

Thus saith the Lord against all mine evil neighbors, that touch the inheritance which I have caused my people Israel to inherit. . . .³

² Exodus vi.

³ Jeremiah xii.

LIFE IN THE BESIEGED CITY



*"Portzim! You stand before the walls of Jerusalem.
For 1,900 years no Jew has climbed them. Tonight
you will mount them."*

Jewish Commander to His Men

FROM the moment of birth begins man's struggle against death. So with the ancient capital of the newborn State of Israel.

What a radiant and hellish *Shabbat* morning, this first day of the first year of the first Jewish State in nearly twenty centuries! Would it be an augury of the future? The Arabs greeted the new State by sending over shells, salvo after salvo, beginning at dawn, continuing through the day and into the long night, and for many days, nights, and weeks thereafter. They fell everywhere, all the time—making a low, whirring, rolling, hollow, distant thunder audible for an instant before the shell crashed, killing the soldier, the innocent, the old, and the young. . . . These weren't the French guns of Fawzy Bey el Kawoukijy, commander of the Arab Army of Liberation, because those barrels could never have stood the pace. These were modern, rapid-firing guns.

Whose?

The barrage seemed directed to the eastern sector of the New City, toward which I now walked, hugging the walls on

the east and south sides of the street, for the bombs seemed to prefer the west and north sides. Stray bullets, however, came from all directions. I toured the hospitals. St. Joseph's Convent, operated by French nuns, and once a school for six hundred Arab girls (who since had fled with their parents) had been converted into a hospital by Hadassah¹ and the Jews spoke with gratitude of their co-operation. Near by was the former English mission hospital now used as an emergency clinic. As soon as an ambulance arrived, a corps of attendants with stretchers rushed to meet it. Then began the grisly parade: bodies covered with sheets were carried direct to the morgue; those with bloodsoaked clothing were rushed to the operating-room. On one stretcher I saw a boy of perhaps eleven, with a shock of thick black hair and olive skin. His large brown eyes were open. His right arm and side were soaked in blood, and the stretcher was crimson.

He was the image of a little boy I knew back home, and I became attached to him.

"He's badly hurt, but he isn't crying," I said to a nurse.

"He is too shocked to feel pain. Sometimes," she added, "they don't come out of shock. . . . We bury about thirty people a day from this hospital."

They took the boy to the operating-room. For the next hour I looked for him in the crowded wards. Finally they brought him out. The color had left his face. His brown eyes were closed. He was whimpering, still under the anesthesia. They laid him on a bed that had been used, the sheeting soiled. (Two patients were often placed in one bed.) Gently the nurse rolled him over on his left side, and I saw that his arm was gone. In its place was a thick, round bandaged stump.

¹ Jerusalem's hospitals were financed mainly by Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America. They were equipped with American supplies and technical apparatus. The extreme efficiency of the hospital staffs and the rapid ambulance service from the fighting fronts kept Jewish fatalities to a minimum. On the other hand, many Arab casualties were due to woefully inadequate facilities. The use of plasma, for example, was rare among the Arabs, but commonplace among the Jews.

He lay quietly on his side, consumed by fever and pain. I moved closer to take his picture, and I heard him cry softly: "*Ima . . . Ima . . . Ima*"—the plaintive cry of a boy for his mother. I took five photographs, and a strange thing happened with them. All came out blurred. It was I who had moved. I must have been too moved to hold still. Moved and angry. Angry is not the word. Enraged is more apt. Enraged that a boy of eleven should have to go through life without his right arm. What had he done? Whom had he hurt?

Above the groaning in the wards I heard another Arab shell land near by. It struck near St. Joseph's Convent, whose upper floors were later damaged by shells. I ascertained that the shelling came from a hilltop a quarter of a mile beyond the Garden of Gethsemane. The guns were British guns.² The shells bore British markings. The hands firing the artillery were those of the Arab Legion—British trained. The conception of terrorizing the New City with indiscriminate round-the-clock bombing was British-inspired. It was planned by Glubb Pasha, British commander of the Arab Legion. The beleaguered Jews were fighting not only the Arabs, but, in effect, the English as well. Not Arab shrapnel, but actually an English-made, English-directed shell-splinter had smashed that boy's arm. The cruelty of it, and the unfairness of blaming only the Arabs for a policy instigated by His Majesty's Government! The voice was Jacob's but the hands were those of Esau!

I fled into the street. A group of children were playing with cartridge shells near a cellar doorway. A bearded old man in a crumpled black suit was pasting new death notices on the walls of a building. I passed the Nathan Straus Health Center, where many Arabs used to come for free treatment. Signs in English, Arabic, and Hebrew said: "For all Races and Creeds." The memory of the boy haunted me: *Ima, Ima, Ima!*

²On my way to Jericho some time later, I drove past the Garden of Gethsemane, and saw these British guns firing from their emplacements on a promontory on the Mount of Offence.

I decided to take a stealthy walk toward the fighting front. A member of the *mishmar haam* soon stopped me. He was a pale, bookish-looking, elderly man. With a businesslike motion of his billy he waved me back. Half-trucks loaded with reinforcements, and vehicles completely enclosed with armor, dome-shaped at the top, rumbled by. Ambulances marked with the Mogen David Adom (Red Shield of David) tore through the streets, while the Arab cannonading continued its terrifying staccato. I watched from a doorway, then hurried up the ruined block of Ben Yehuda street, past the high concrete wall, the Jewish Agency Building, and down King George avenue, to the Pantiles.

THE PANTILES—HOME AND REFUGE

OUR home was a solid structure, handsome by Palestinian standards, built of cream-colored stone. Most of the New City was built of this durable rock, making homes impregnable except to direct bomb hits. Otherwise the New City would never have survived its terrific bombardment. The Pantiles's front balconies overlooked the Old City and the Yemin Moshe defense area. Another balcony looked upon the Public Information Office and Deir Aboutor, where I assumed Moustafa and the boys were still fighting. Located near the edge of no-man's land, the Pantiles was as "neutral" as any spot in Jerusalem could be.

Carter Davidson had wisely anticipated a long siege, but being a journalist and not a housekeeper, he had only stocked up mainly with American Spam, Argentine bully beef, salty English cheese, and canned salmon of unknown pedigree. Salmon, bully beef, and Spam; Spam, bully beef, and salmon, became our constant diet after the cheese, little meat, flour, and eggs gave out. We also had a store of beer. Always being one who preferred solid to liquid nourishment, the beer did me no particular good. To the others it was an elixir.

Carter had provided cooks, kitchen help, housekeepers, and waiters. We were not sure who was what, but two Arab youths and an Armenian girl named Mary served us in those capacities. Our Arab help had no idea of sanitation. A dozen ravenous cats soon discovered our premises, and we had to place rocks on the garbage cans. Mary was in her early twenties, an attractive girl with large brown eyes, light skin, and a figure sufficiently shapely to cause muffled whistling. But Mary's personality soon squashed any romantic notions. She had had a violent love affair with an English officer, and had begged him to take her away. He had left her in the lurch, and she was undergoing a pronounced anti-male period. She refused to speak Armenian with me, and said she was ashamed to have been born one because her parents were so narrow-minded. We let her alone. On the night of this first *Shabbat*, despite the fact that the electricity had been turned off and she had to work by the light of a kerosene lamp, Mary prepared a delicious supper. She baked a pie and served it with American coffee—luxuries that were to disappear soon. Including Carter Davidson and myself, there were fourteen of us at the table:

Jim Fitzsimmons, Associated Press photographer, a red-faced, hard-working extrovert; Tom Pringle, the third member of the AP team, adventurous and fearless; Dana Schmidt, veteran *New York Times* correspondent, lean, studious, a bit austere until one learned to know him; Kenneth Bilby of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, a former Army colonel, who was always kindly, quiet-mannered, and well-liked; Bob Martin of the *New York Post*, bluff, hearty, a good Samaritan; Cornell Acheson of the *Indianapolis News*, reticent, self-contained; Robert Hecox, Paramount News cameraman, tall, handsome and moody; Al Noderer, chubby, hard-working reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*; John Calder, pleasant and likable, the Reuters correspondent; and James Hayes of Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd., whom I thought arrogant and overbearing—a dachshund kept him company. Hore and Claire Hollingsworth were correspondents for London newspapers. He was

Life in the Besieged City

tall, cold, hard, uncommunicative; she thin, parched, bloodless, mannish. They later retired to well-stocked St. George's Cathedral. I was disappointed that Hayes did not offer to go along with his dachshund.

After supper the fourteen of us sat around the table and drank beer under the light of the kerosene lamp. The meal had been a quiet one. It wasn't the grimness of the siege which made us subdued. The boys were serious, absorbed in their work. Despite their youth (most of them looked older than their years) they had been sobered by experience. All, that is, except Jim Fitzsimmons and Tom Pringle, the first full of spirit, the second full of mischief. For my part, I've rarely been talkative in company, preferring to be a listener. I did not work as these boys did. I was gathering material and storing it away for future, not immediate use.

The boys were already frustrated because they could not get their dispatches out to their newspapers. The British had taken the only transmitter in Jerusalem. No reports got through to the outer world, despite frantic efforts. The world's most sensational story lay buried, causing untold anguish among the reporters. Only Arab-slanted news was allowed to leave Amman, the capital of Jordan, some sixty miles distant. There was little we could do. After the beer, some of us went to our rooms, and others to the roof to watch the fighting between the Old and the New City. It was still concentrated around Jaffa Gate, but tracers flew everywhere, and shells were crashing everywhere. We watched the murderous show quietly, seeking cover whenever a shell crashed uncomfortably close.

Sometime after midnight the last of us left the Pantiles roof, bid one another good night, and retired to our rooms. Being a newcomer, I had a back room, actually one of the safest at this time because it did not face the fighting. Dana Schmidt and John Calder had front balcony suites. They moved their cot to the hallway, placed the mattress on the floor, and slept under the bed, behind the double security of

an added wall and the bedsprings. Amid the world's most concentrated and historic excitement, the lot of us, somewhat bored, snuffed out our candles and crawled into bed. Outside, the new State of Israel, the Arabs, and the British slugged it out in blood on the first night of Israel's independence.

SUNDAY AT TERRA SANCTA

SUNDAY morning was even more radiant than the *Shabbat*—and even more frightful! The British Broadcasting Company had reported "restrained joyfulness" in Egypt. "This is like the Crusades all over again. Only this time the Arabs have gone out to save the Holy Land," it said. Cairo boasted: "This war will be a war of extermination and a momentous massacre which will be spoken of like the Mongol massacres and the Crusades."

Tel Aviv had been bombed by Egyptian planes, and Egyptian and Arab Legion forces were marching upon both Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, bound on their mission of "extermination and momentous massacre." The Jewish sector of the Old City, which had survived for centuries, had a night of terror as Arab gangs attacked its few hundred Haganah fighters, who defended some two thousand civilians, most of whom were elderly orthodox men and women who had refused to leave their homes.

Dressed in a fresh shirt, I walked to Terra Sancta College. A Franciscan monk opened the door and ushered me into a chapel far removed from the hatreds of man. I was alone. Fresh-cut flowers graced the simple altar. On my left an oil lamp burned. The stained glass behind the altar was radiant with living images of His disciples. In a niche was a statue of the young Jesus, surrounded with flowers. In this chapel I saw no pomp, no pageantry, no gaudy display of gold, silver, brass, or foil. There was nothing here to befog direct communion

Life in the Besieged City

with one's God. This was *Terra Sancta*—holy ground. God was here in all His glory. In this sanctuary I found beauty and calm such as I had not felt since Palm Sunday in the Armenian Church in Cairo. Whether I prayed formally or not, or what I said if I did pray, I do not recall. It is likely that I said nothing, for I was too deeply awed with His unmistakable presence to desecrate it with my words. Nor do I recall how long I remained thus, wondrously moved. It must have been a long time, because the chapel grew light as the sun climbed to its zenith, bathing the pews, altar, and the niche with the young Jesus in dazzling radiance and splendor.

I walked out and found myself in a large garden. A Jewish woman was drawing her bucket from the well. I was jolted out of my peaceful trance by the thunderous sound of gunfire. I was in the "Holy City," being torn asunder on the holy day.

In the garden I met another *Terra Sancta* priest. Two more came: handsome, youthful, vigorous men. They told me that the college had once had more than five hundred pupils, fifty of them Jewish; that it had been one of the leading institutions in the Middle East. Father Terrence Quehn was principal. On a later visit I photographed a shattered window-frame against which an Arab bomb had crashed obliquely, miraculously missing the interior.

BEHIND THE BARRICADES

WALKING down King George avenue I noticed that one of the deserted buildings had been occupied during the night. It was barricaded with sandbags. A youth in a woolen stocking-cap was leaning from the roof. I shouted up at him.

"Hello! I'm a neighbor from the Pantiles. May I visit you?"

"Who are you?"

"American correspondent."

"Wait. We come down for you."

We climbed to the roof. Cozy sandbag shelters had been erected and a canopy furnished shade for the half dozen young men and two Haganah girls—both buxom, and pleasing to the eye. One was dressed in khaki trousers, the other in shorts. The latter, who had just turned eighteen, was married to the dark, curly-haired leader of the group, a Jew from Poland. She showed the Auschwitz concentration camp number tattooed above her wrist. Her parents and her husband's parents, as well as most of their families, had been liquidated.

"With Europe we are finish. In Israel we begin new life."

Her husband spoke to her in Hebrew. She turned to me and said gayly: "Moshe wants you know he will be father in six months."

We all laughed. "Congratulations. I wish I could give you a gift. Wait. For you, Moshe, I have cigarettes. For the baby I will bring something later."

Morale here was high. Many couples in the Haganah fought side by side as friends, fiancés, and not infrequently as man and wife. I guessed that roughly one out of twenty of the front-line fighters was a girl. The presence of women, sharing risks with the men, was one of the greatest morale-boosting factors in the Army of Israel, in contrast to the Arabs who did not even use women for desk work. Most of the girls were either native-born—*sabras*—or had been in Israel long enough to get over their European experiences and imbibe the invigorating spirit that the New Land bred. I asked the married girl about her companion, who seemed a few years older.

"She sharpshooter. Verry verry good sharpshooter soldier."

I decided to make another call—this time to the Public Information Office, now in Jewish hands. Skipping from shelter to shelter, I reached the barbed-wire entrance, and was challenged by a sentry. After considerable persuasion he finally took me to the commander, who turned out to be a youth from the Bronx named Meyer who had read *Under Cover* and had always wanted to meet me. Meyer told me that the building housed a makeshift transmitter used to broadcast to the

Arabs in the area. He took me to a sniper's room. The windows were boarded, and the place was dark except for a small aperture framed by sandbags. A Yemenite Jew with a short gray beard was sitting here, the business end of his rifle pointing through the opening. He had a lean, hawkish face and dark Arabic features with deep-set eyes that gleamed even in the semidarkness. I took a look through Meyer's binoculars. I was staring directly at Deir Aboutor! I could see the top of Osborne House and my other old haunts, less than half a mile away. Between us was an olive grove and a treacherous no-man's land of barbed wire, mines, and sniper posts. I wondered about Moustafa. I wished, somehow, that he wouldn't become a victim of the Yemenite's deadly aim.

A few days later I visited the sniper's room again to chat with Meyer. I did not see him. While waiting I edged over for another look at Deir Aboutor. The Yemenite suddenly pushed me aside: he had amazing force in his spindly arms. He pointed to a pile of discolored sawdust on the spot where I had just stood. A Haganah soldier explained: "Yesterday from this exact spot Meyer was looking out. A bullet came through and hit him between the eyes."

Shaken, I left and walked to the Rehavia residential section. I heard children crying: "*Mayim, mayim!* Water!" and saw them run into their houses. They came out followed by men and women with buckets, kettles, and pots of all sizes. The water wagon pulled up at the corner and everyone lined up for the precious fluid. Rations were supposed to be eight gallons a day. But the cart had been averaging only three trips a week because of such accidents as a bomb crashing into the wagon or shrapnel knocking out the driver.

I watched the men and women jostle in line, chattering excitedly in Hebrew, while the children scampered around with tin cups catching droplets before they hit the curb. There was not enough *mayim* for the last five women in line. They were promised double rations for tomorrow. I watched a boy plead with his mother to carry one of the buckets. She

gave in; the little fellow was manfully carrying the bucket when he tripped. The crowd gasped at the tragedy. She put down her pail, seized Junior, and gave his backside what everyone thought was a well-deserved trouncing.

The desperate shortage in Jerusalem resulted, of course, from the Arab smashing of the water-pumping station at Latrun, a point midway between Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The Arab Legion, led by English officers, held on to Latrun fanatically. Farsighted Jewish officials had long ago sealed most private wells and collected rainwater. Baths, warm or cold, were out of the question. The precious liquid was used for drinking and cooking. What little was left over was used for washing.

The food situation, too, was becoming critical. The New City—with its hundred thousand souls—was encircled with what had proved so far to be an impenetrable circle of Arab steel, and convoys again could not get through from Tel Aviv. For Passover week in mid-April, the rations had been two pounds of potatoes, a half pound of meat, two eggs, a half pound of dried fish, four pounds of matzos, a half pound of matzoh flour, and one and a half ounces of dried fruit. Now it was much worse!

In the meanwhile, the *Palestine Post* (printed daily in Jerusalem, or mimeographed when the electric current gave out) announced the opening of the Law Courts, the first Jewish Post Office, the appearance of the first policemen, and the issuance of Israel's first immigration visa. The State was on its way.

In the Pantiles, Mary announced that she was serving the last of our meat, and that flour was getting low. As the pumps depended on the local supply of electricity, we had to take turns at using the hand pump to fill the reservoir of water which supplied the Pantiles. After a while the well went dry, and the pump became useless.

THE PALMACH AND PORTZIM ATTACK

THE BBC announced that King Abdullah had fired a pistol across the Jordan border as a signal for his armies to cross into Palestine, thus carrying on the fiction that the Legionnaires had not been in Palestine before the Mandate ended. The announcement, however, caused the Haganah to intensify its efforts to rescue the Old City Jews before the full power of the Legion was thrown against them. Pushed into an ever-tightening corner, they had been undergoing a frightful ordeal. The Haganah began its campaign with a sudden attack upon Deir Aboutor. Presently reports came that it had captured the entire area without the loss of a single man, sweeping all my ex-pals before it. My boys had not even put up a fight. No one could say that they had not time to prepare. Nor could they plead lack of arms, ammunition, or manpower. In addition, they had the strategic advantage of being on high ground. They had everything in their favor—except guts! The braggarts had turned tail without even token resistance.

The Palmach—striking force of the Haganah—pursued them down the Valley of Hinnom, and up the steep slopes of Mount Zion to the walls of Zion Gate (entrance to the Jewish sector), behind which the Arabs took refuge. The snipers' nests and mortar emplacements that had plagued us at the Pantiles were wiped out. We breathed easier after this. Schmidt and Calder took their beds out of the hallway and back into their rooms. How the Israelis managed to scramble up Mount Zion in the face of entrenched Arab positions astonished us all.

This achievement was eclipsed by what followed the next night.

Davidson and Bilby left immediately after supper, after having been mysteriously absent most of the day. News had

spread that the Jews had a devastating "secret weapon": the "Davidka," named after David of David and Goliath, and reputed to be powerful enough to rip through the Old City walls, ten to twenty feet thick. "They may use it tonight," it was whispered. Somehow I connected the disappearance of Bilby and Davidson with the anticipated debut of the "Davidka."

There was something in tonight's attempt which convinced me that it would be mightier than any previous effort. The operation was in charge of a twenty-five-year-old *sabra* called Uzi,³ who had led the assault on Castel. Uzi commanded an undisclosed number of Portzim—stormers—a special unit of the Palmach commandos chosen for the assignment. His order of the day (or night) was curt: "Portzim! You stand before the walls of Jerusalem. For 1,900 years no Jew has climbed them. Tonight you will mount them!"

We watched them from the Pantiles roof. The Old City spread before us under moonlight, looked strange, distant, infinitely lonesome. Its skyline of spires, cupolas, belfries, and serrated walls seemed out of place in a modern world. They were bleached by a moon that made deep shadows, everywhere adding mysterious pools of darkness where the Portzim, unseen, were now crawling their way forward under the noses of Arabs. Olive and poplar trees stood out in black clumps—each deadly with concealed snipers. Fitzsimmons and I brought out our cameras, ducking frequently at wild shots that came our way.

By midnight Uzi and the Portzim had swung into decisive action. As Jewish gunners let go simultaneously, the ancient walls thundered back with answering fire. It was like a box of giant firecrackers going off all at once in every direction. A terrific series of explosions, topped by a mighty volcanic roar, sounded at Jaffa Gate as a giant geyser of fire leaped from the base of the massive door, followed by smoke and debris bil-

³ Haganah leaders continued to use aliases, usually Biblical names, as a carryover from the underground days of the British occupation.

lowing into the air. A phosphorus bomb eerily lit the landscape. Arab guns blazed away to check the anticipated assault. None came. Was it a feint? Did the Jews plan to plunge through at another point?

The Arabs continued their withering fire upon Mount Zion. From inside the Old City walls rumble after rumble echoed into the outer world. The glow from embers and hot bricks was constant. Who knows how my people were faring in the monastery that adjoined the Jewish quarter? What a night of terror for its 3,800 huddled occupants! And who knows what had happened to the Armenian Church of the Holy Savior built near the site of the Lord's Last Supper, dating from the sixth century, just outside Zion Gate? It was in the direct line of fire, a prime target for the Arabs; as, twenty-four hours ago, it had been a prime target for the Jews.

Mount Zion is regarded as one of the holiest areas in Jerusalem, associated with Christ's last days on earth. He held his Last Supper here. After the Crucifixion it was on Mount Zion that He appeared to his disciples and his Mother. Mary lived and died here in a house that became known as the Holy Cenacle. Respect for the holy places in the course of fighting, I had come to realize, is a noble but impossible objective. Both sides desecrated Christian and Jewish shrines if the sites interfered with, or proved themselves valuable for, military operations. After the shooting due respect was accorded, apologies proffered, sometimes a guard posted, and warning signs placed in order to: (a) assuage stricken consciences; (b) present a respectable front for the sake of world opinion. I learned that neither virtue nor hypocrisy are exclusively Arab or exclusively Jewish traits.

From the Pantiles rooftop I looked upon the blood-letting taking place on "sacred" ground. Could anything have been more savage in a supposedly "Holy City?" Seven miles away in Bethlehem, Christ was born. He came to Jerusalem over the road which was now spiked with roadblocks, dragon's-teeth, mines, barbed wire. All about me the holiest shrines

of Christendom, Jewry, and Mohammedanism were being desecrated. I had seen so much hatred, fanaticism, hypocrisy, and bloodshed in Jerusalem that I doubted I could look upon it as anything but a city of carnage and death. When the devout pilgrim utters Jerusalem, *Yerushalayim* (Hebraic) or *El Kudz* (Arabic), the word trembles on his lips, and he is swept by ecstacy. A reporter cannot live by tradition and sentiment alone. Facts are facts. Guns are guns. Men with their brains and flesh ripped out by shrapnel their bodies mutilated and left to rot and stink under the sun speak more realistically of the spirit of the "Holy City" than the blind emotion of pilgrims.

THE BREAKTHROUGH!

ZION GATE became the focal point now. Since midnight a steady, rhythmic barrage had concentrated upon it. Then, about two a.m., a ponderous and massive projectile of some kind was shot with a blast from the dark pools of the Yemin Moshe quarter below us, recurring at about three-minute intervals. When it crashed against the Gate and at various points along the wall—the maximum range could not have been more than five hundred yards—the earth and the firmament shuddered. Was this the "Davidka"? A giant flash suddenly leaped up from the Armenian monastery, and my heart twinged. Had a "Davidka" been misdirected there? How many died? What irreparable damage was done to the ancient cathedral? The painful tragedy of the Armenians' position: caught between two fires, pummeled by both sides in a war in which they had no interest, and which was bound to hurt them more than either of the principals.

I looked at the time. It was three o'clock. I had been on watch for six hours. At exactly 3.15 a.m. two young sappers crawled to the hinges of Zion Gate, carrying dynamite

charges on their back. As they withdrew behind protective fire, an earth-quaking explosion ripped the giant gate from its moorings, shattering sandbags, blowing wire, stone, and scrap metal sky-high.

The Portzim stormed their way past the inner ring of Arabs and established contact with the ghetto Jews four hundred yards inside Zion Gate. For the next hour reinforcements, food, and medicine poured in, and the wounded were brought out. Water and ammunition were the greatest need. Eyewitnesses found the morale within still excellent. Only the aged orthodox Jews wanted to surrender.

As the dawn broke over the walls, the Portzim retired and the Arabs dared to mount the walls again, spitting their fire over the breached Gate.

The sun burst forth over the crest of the Mount of Olives, accompanied by an uneasy wind. A flaming orb showed for a minute, then buried itself in the gray cloud banks that encircled the embattled city. The Arab flag was still flying from the Citadel. Over the Dormition Church on Mount Zion and the adjoining property we now saw the Vatican flags. One of the flagpoles was grotesquely bent. Was this, too, a symbol? The Vatican flag had provided little immunity. Who cared about anybody's flag at this time? The Arabs made fortresses of the Pope's property until driven out by the Jews who, in turn, used the property the same way, looting what the Arabs had not. *C'est la guerre*. War makes the Christian and the Moslem savage. Why should the Jew be different?

EMERGENCE OF THE "NEW" JEW

I HAD guessed that five hundred Portzim had assaulted Zion Gate. To my astonishment—and I verified the figure carefully—not more than 125 had taken part. Superbly trained, armed to the teeth with new Czech rifles, grenades, Sten

guns, sidearms, and grappling irons, each of the Portzim was easily worth twenty Arabs.

As for the "Davidka," it had shattered Arab morale with its extraordinary thunder, the like of which no Arab had ever heard. Eyewitnesses reported hearing at least one Arab howl *Allah, Allah*, and run! The "Davidka"—of which fifteen had been fired—had an over-all length of about four feet. It looked like a combination rocket and mortar. It was whispered that its parts were being flown daily from Tel Aviv and assembled in Jerusalem.

A truckful of Portzim drove by the Pantiles, and from my rooftop I was able to get a good look at these amazing fellows. They were a rough-and-tumble bunch, uniformly young, averaging about nineteen years, grimy and disheveled, as though they had just come from a free-for-all campus tussle. They were dressed in half a dozen shades of khaki, in American and British uniforms, fatigue clothing, camouflage suits, overalls. Some wore helmets, others knitted stocking-caps. A short time ago they had been carrying books to school.

Fighting with the precision of a well-coached eleven, in small, well-drilled teams, they usually attacked at night for two reasons: first, to hide their small numbers; second, to add the element of surprise to that of terror. Frequently they added the illusion of greater strength by noise-making devices, one of which—I saw the instrument—simulated a rapid-firing machine-gun. By such ruses as these, adroit diversionary tactics, superb cunning born of necessity, extraordinary proficiency in the use of small arms, and a brand of courage rarely paralleled, the Palmach and its supercommando Portzim became the terror of Arabs from Dan to Beersheba. They were a symbol of the "new" Jew.

Neither the Haganah nor Palmach "happened" overnight. Groundwork for Haganah's role in the war for independence was laid in World War II, when more than 120,000 Jews—men and women—out of 400,000 then in Palestine registered

for service with the Allies.⁴ About 26,000 actually served as commandos, parachutists, intelligence agents, and in numerous other capacities. Especially trained Haganah units performed dangerous missions for the Allies behind the enemy lines. Hundreds received priceless training at British hands.⁵ A typical instance was that of Moshe Dayan, who in 1939 was jailed for engaging in secret scouting work. He was released in order to fight for the Allies, and lost an eye on a mission to Syria. Later, as Colonel Dayan, he served as commander of the Israeli army in Jerusalem.

The Portzim paused in front of the Pantiles for another truck to catch up. Like fighting gamecocks they now crowed in the song of victory—*Song of the Barricades*:

On the barricades we will meet at the last
And lift freedom on high from the chains of the past;
Rifle on rifle our guns will salute
Bullet on bullet our guns will shoot. . . .

What I saw on the night of the breaching of Zion Gate convinced me that I had witnessed an entirely new and regenerated species of Jew. Israeli is perhaps the better word. Here in the ancient homeland, the fighting, colonizing, and civilizing instincts were blossoming in full. No longer bound to the chains that linked them to the humiliation of the yellow badge and to the torments they endured in the Middle Ages, the Jews of Jerusalem emerged into the greatness inherent in every man—every Arab, every *fellah*, everyone conceived in His image—whenever man is fully liberated from the shackles of tyranny. Men were made greater than themselves, as during the period of our own War of Independence.

⁴ Contrast this performance with that of about 9,000 Arabs (outside the Arab Legion) who at first enlisted with the British, but most of whom later deserted at the behest of the Mufti.

⁵ The identical opportunity was open to all Arabs. The Mufti, however, was engaged in extensive Nazi propaganda and sabotage, and warned Arab youth against any aid to the Allied cause. See Chapter XXII.

The next night I saw the Portzim at a Menorah Society social. Here I saw them play as hard as they had fought. They danced jigs and horas for hours. Among the girls there were no wallflowers. They were self-possessed and mature at fifteen. This was the new Israeli generation—marked by a radical conception of woman's role in society. No longer the retiring, submissive woman of the Middle East—nor the enslaved, bullied, chattel Arab woman—but an equal partner of the man, whether at the front, at home, or at play. In this sorely besieged city, amid the rain of death and bombs, it was thrilling to see the linking of the hand of man with that of woman. Here was a partnership that energized both, and gave to each the fighting faith and strength to level mountains and work miracles on their native soil.

(CHAPTER XV)

A WEEK OF AGONY:
A CONSUL IS MURDERED



"In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. . . . for I will make you a name and a praise among all the people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity. . . ."

Zephaniah iii

SUDDENLY the war claimed as victim the highest American official in Jerusalem!

Early Saturday afternoon, May 22, our popular Consul-General, Thomas C. Wassen, who was also a member of the UN Truce Commission, was striding across a clearing midway between our Consulate and the YMCA when he was shot in cold blood at a spot that I had crossed and recrossed many times. The consul's bullet-proof vest did him no good, for the missile, fired from close range by an expert marksman, passed through an unguarded spot—the armpit. He was taken to the Hadassah clinic where I had seen the eleven-year old boy; and there he died the next day. Almost at the same time came word of another murder, said to have been committed by mysterious snipers at night—that of an American sailor, Herbert C. Walker, also attached to our Consulate. Both murders were never cleared up, and suspicion wavered between mem-

bers of the Stern Gang and Arab snipers. It was difficult to voice any conclusion.

I went to the double funeral on a terrifying day, when bombs and mortar shells rained upon the New City as never before. Although both victims were Protestant, the services were held in the yard of the Santa Maria Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Rosary, because the convent adjoined the American Consulate. Our flag hung at half mast—a tattered flag, its edges frowzy, and the lowest stripe ripped from it and dangling independently in the wind.

Both caskets were draped with the American flag and with wreaths. Attending were Walker's buddies in spanking white middies, members of the consular staff, Israeli and foreign officials, Red Cross and UN representatives, American correspondents (whom I had never seen neatly dressed and well-shaved) a guard of honor of Jewish MP's, and one woman, wife of the Belgian Consul—about forty-five persons in all. The services were brief and nervous. Everyone knew that a shell might crash in our midst at any moment. The anti-American maniac or maniacs who had murdered these two innocent men might decide to stage a massacre: so many Americans would never gather in one spot in that area again.

The twenty-third Psalm was read amid the incessant crashing of shells and the whistling of bullets overhead. When the services were ended, we all filed past the biers and went our way.

The Consul's body was laid away in a crypt adjoining the Consulate, while Walker was buried temporarily beneath a clump of trees in the convent garden. Twelve of his buddies lined up beside the grave and paid their last respects as the body was lowered. My last memory is the figure of Joseph Przywitowski, Consulate guard from Chester, Pa., standing over Walker's grave, his right arm akimbo, in his left a neatly folded Navy flag. He was alone under the arbor, a disconsolate figure standing over the freshly dug grave of his murdered friend.

“BECAUSE I AM AN ARAB SPY”

THE battering of the Jewish area in the Old City continued mercilessly. The second anniversary of Abdullah's coronation as king of Trans-Jordan was approaching, and he wanted to be crowned king of Jerusalem on that day. The Arab Legion redoubled its efforts. Into the Old City, into an area comprising about ten city blocks, they poured barrage after barrage. Those trapped inside sent desperate calls for reinforcements. At night they shot red smoker rockets as distress signals. I saw five go up in one night! The Arabs saw them too, and kept the cannonading going without respite.

One evening I visited at the home of some Jewish friends—Shulamit Marash and her mother. The electricity was off, and light came from candles. One window of the apartment had been cemented with brick, save for a ten-inch space on top for ventilation. “A bullet came through that opening the other night,” Shulamit said, and pointed to the chipped wall.

At ten o'clock the electricity suddenly came on. A bulb dimly lit the room, and we snuffed out the candles for later use. Radios blared out all over the neighborhood. “Excuse us,” Shulamit said hurriedly. She and her mother ran frantically around the house, and her mother put on water to boil. In another pot she dumped shriveled vegetables, a small piece of meat, a large beef-bone, and so prepared stew. The little radio brought in gay music from Tel Aviv. The electric light alternately grew brighter, then dimmer. At about eleven o'clock it flickered uncertainly and went out, and the Marshes settled back in the candlelight dusk. It was nearly midnight when I groped my way out of the door. My battery flashlight was dead. Matches were precious. I walked to the Pantiles, after twice undergoing inspection near the Jewish Agency building.

"Why are you out so late?" one of the guards asked.
 "Because I am an Arab spy," I said.

HUNGER

OUR food was all but gone at the Pantiles. Only a few cans of salmon remained. We had no more bread, no more flour, no more cheese. The boys were down to their last case of beer. The cats had multiplied and were prowling around, gaunt, like huge rats. Cornell Acheson, of the *Indianapolis News*, and I spent one morning carting loads of accumulated tin cans and refuse to an empty lot and burning them. Al Noderer of the *Chicago Tribune* stayed in bed, recovering from injections for typhus, typhoid, and cholera. Most of us had already had the same dosage.

My mind went back to 1919, when my parents were living in the suburbs of Istanbul. French occupation troops, white and Senegalese, moved in. In a few weeks' time all the cats disappeared, including our pet. No one could explain the mystery until one morning I chanced to a open garbage can and discovered piles of vertebræ and heaps of cat fur, among which I recognized the pelt of our pet. Weeping, I brought the skin home. I wondered if I should have been more considerate toward the Pantiles cats, perhaps even fattened them a bit. . . .

In the afternoon I wandered off to forage for food. Stopping at two grocery shops, I was asked for my ration cards. I had none; at the Pantiles none of us had taken the trouble to get them. A third grocer helped me out with a single wafer of matzoh. "It's against regulations, but I do it only because I have a son and daughter in Brooklyn." I had thought I'd be able to buy food with a display of American dollars. But the caliber of Israeli patriotism was high. I got nothing. There

was no profiteering, no hoarding. Except for some children, there wasn't a single well-fed Jew in Jerusalem. Everyone was as hungry and unwashed as his neighbor.

I tried the YMCA. Again, no luck. No one knew how long the siege would last, and "Y" officials held strictly to their policy of doling out food only to those entitled to it. I stood in front of the reception desk.

"I'm hungry," I called out aloud. "What is a man to do?"

A figure came toward me. It was Mr. Siraganian, an Armenian missionary who had once been with the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible Society. When the Haganah had broken into the Society building in Jerusalem, Siraganian had sought refuge in the YMCA with his aged mother.

"These are bad times," the missionary said.

"Very bad. How I wish I had stayed with the Arabs. Right now I'd be eating *shish-kebab*, and *pilav* with *yoghourt*. How I could eat *kebab*—the whole lamb, head and all, I could eat at one sitting."

"You must be very hungry," Siraganian said, visibly touched.

"In twenty-four hours I have had only a piece of *matzoh*. Is this the way for an Armenian to look, especially an Armenian from America? Ahh, how I wish I were back home."

"*Indzi hed yegou*. Come with me." Siraganian said, quietly.

Together we went down the stairs to a large basement. Siraganian looked around furtively, then went straight to his mattress, laid on the floor, and from beneath the pillow took out a half loaf of bread.

"I had saved it against worse days," he said. "You may have it."

I could not refuse. I had come here for food, and here it was! I offered him that useless medium—money—in gratitude.

"I beg of you, don't insult me," the missionary said. "Please, on your way out, don't let anyone see the bread."

I broke it in half and hid the pieces inside my shirt. Finding a secluded place in the lovely gardens, I devoured part of the first half. Munching, I arrived at the Pantiles.

"What are you eating?" one of the boys asked.

"Stale chewing-gum I found in my pocket."

I wrapped the remaining bread in paper and placed it on my closet shelf. But when I returned to it for supper, half was gone. I didn't know whom to suspect and said nothing about it, for morally, I should have shared the loot with the boys.¹

The few restaurants in Jerusalem still open a few hours a day served watery soup, tiny slivers of meat, dehydrated potatoes and other dehydrated vegetables, a glutenous substance called jam, a colorless tepid water called coffee, and half a slice of bread—for \$2.25! The waitress was in uniform, off duty from the army. The bread, usually blackish and musty, was down to five ounces a day. When word got around that meat was being served at a restaurant, the place immediately became jammed. Few ate more than eight hundred calories a day. In one instance a grocer told a customer that some of his food was wormy. "Never mind," came the retort. "It's better for me to be eating the worms than for the worms to be eating me."

With water precious and laundering practically impossible, men wore their darkest shirts to hide the dirt. The women began to look shabby, their clothing wrinkled, spotted, grayish. Both men and women frequently had to sleep in their clothes to be ready to rush to shelters, so that rumpled clothing was quite the vogue. Toilets remained unflushed, adding to the odors from unwashed bodies. Garbage remained uncollected, adding to the filth accumulating in gutters and streets. The hot winds from the desert circulated the stench they helped create.

But people who looked dried up, washed out, and worn

¹ A year later, when I met Jim Fitzsimmons in New York, he said, "Remember that bread you hid in your closet? Well, I swiped some of it."

down still kept filling the blood banks. Children still went to a school, usually in a cellar; mothers dashed out to serve as nurses or as civil guards, leaving their offsprings at nurseries.

THE GLAMOROUS LIFE OF A CORRESPONDENT

BY THIS time the American correspondents were almost beside themselves at their helplessness. Their colorful, dramatic stories of the defense of Jerusalem, of the breaching of Zion Gate, the miraculous Jewish successes on the Jerusalem fronts and the indiscriminate bombing of civilians—all piled up in wire baskets on the censors' desks, and remained there. Displaying no sense of public relations, Haganah press officials thought only in stiff military terms. Jim Fitzsimmons and Tom Pringle, the Associated Press photographers, and Robert Hecox, the Paramount News cameraman, probably suffered most. Jim and Tom took hundreds of photographs, neatly captioned and carefully wrapped their precious negatives, and hopefully turned them in. Nothing happened. The negatives gathered dust side by side with the dead copy of the correspondents.

Hecox was bursting to have the exclusive material he had shot developed and shown in American theaters. One night—I suspect he was fortified with a bottle or two of beer—he set out on foot with his camera and film, determined to walk across the mine fields and enemy lines to the Old City, thence to Amman to mail his stuff home.

"Good-bye!" Bob said.

"So long, Bob. Hope you make it."

Three hours later he was back, unhurt, with his camera and film intact. He was considerably sobered up and went right to bed.

What I attempted the next day was even more rattle-brained, because I tried it in daylight. I don't know what pos-

sessed me. Perhaps it was an expression of the contagiously crazy mood that overcame most of us in Jerusalem—nature's way, I suppose, of relieving the tension and frustration of being cooped up at the Pantiles, knowing we were completely surrounded—the hunger, anxiety, fear, and round-the-clock uncertainty day after day, with no relief in sight. If we hadn't done the absurd things, each in his own way, perhaps some of us would have snapped.

The idea occurred to me to visit Deir Aboutor. I wanted to see what has happened to my old headquarters, the Osborne House. The Jews now controlled Deir Aboutor: but what about Moustafa? Killed? Taken prisoner? I hoped he had somehow been spared. . . . It was an exceptionally lovely morning and firing seemed to have quieted down. I washed, shaved, put on a chic T-shirt, polished my shoes, even picked a flower from the garden, and was ready for my stroll.

White shirt gleaming in the sun, I walked past the Public Information Office and found myself amid a clutter of road-blocks, sandbags, rusty barbed wire, and rubble. Dead ahead were the Old City walls. To my left was the Yemin Moshe quarter, with an abandoned windmill serving as a lookout and Jewish sniper's post. The morning looked harmless. God was in His heaven, and I had no animus against anybody. I stretched my arms, took a few deep draughts of Jerusalem's crystal-clean air, and already felt freed from tension. I waited at the edge of an olive grove to see if anybody would shout at me, or blow a whistle and wave me back. When nothing happened I walked on toward my old haunts on Deir Aboutor.

Halfway across the olive grove I stopped uneasily. I felt I was being watched, no doubt by friendly Jews. I thought, let them watch. There was a brief clearing of tall grass and rocks. I skipped across it, humming. Then it came—the whistling whirr of a bullet, followed quickly by another. I flattened on the ground, then realized that I was providing a better target than while standing. I was completely exposed to snipers on the windmill as well as the Old City walls. I scrambled up and

dashed to the first olive tree, taking cover behind it. It was a young tree, its trunk no more than eight inches thick. Certainly I was wider. My rear and front protruded, but there was nothing I could do.

The sniper—or snipers—found me. Bullets now whistled through the tree, tearing branches and leaves, sending bits of both showering on my head. I pressed tighter against the tree, breathed in short, rapid gasps to keep my chest expansion at a minimum. But I could do nothing to pull in my back side. Where were the snipers—on the windmill, or the Old City wall? If I knew, I could protect myself better by shifting my body accordingly.

A bullet which I didn't hear tore a twig that bounced off my right shoulder. I was sure now that I heard a dull thud on the other side of the trunk. Perhaps I imagined it. But suppose a bullet pierced the eight-inch trunk and lodged inside me. The idea was highly distressing. Equally distressing were the first violent symptoms of an attack of diarrhea, induced by fear. The spasms grew in violence and became almost uncontrollably painful.

"They won't get me like a sitting duck. I'm making a break for it. The snipers can't get me while I'm running unless they have a machine-gun."

About one hundred feet to my right there seemed to be a long, rectangular hole. It might have been a deserted trench. It looked like a coffin. Bent over with pain, I dashed across the rough ground and threw myself into it, safe. It was lined with dead branches, rocks, and tin cans. . . .

After a while—after I had given the sniper plenty of time to think he had got me—I dashed behind a tree. I skipped my way back—from tree to tree—into the waiting arms of two Jewish sentries. "We have been watching you," one of them said.

"I hope you didn't see everything," I said. "I was really frightened."

"We saw everything. We were looking through binoculars."

"Where were the snipers?"

"On the Old City wall," the sentry said. "How could they miss seeing you in your bright shirt? You had better come with us. . . ."

I had no difficulty in clearing myself with the Jewish authorities. But I could not answer their query: "Why did you do it? Don't you know that the field was mined, that Arab snipers are everywhere? Why did you do it?"

"I don't know," I kept saying. "But I feel better now . . . calmer . . . relaxed!"

"Last night one of you Americans tried to walk to the Arab lines. Today it's you. Who will it be tomorrow? Must we have special MP's to watch over you Americans?"

“. . . CONTINUE TO STAND FAST”

JERUSALEM was a no-man's land, a city detached from the rest of the world, suspended amid the Judean hills and left to shift for itself. Literally nothing went out: nothing came in save what was brought in a tiny Piper Cub plane that sneaked in nightly from Tel Aviv—probably carrying confidential papers and the most urgently needed supplies—and landed on an emergency airstrip in the New City outskirts. Thousands of letters with the bright new Israeli stamps lay in bundles in the post office. Morale-boosting posters with Biblical verses appeared on the billboards: "For I will defend this city to save it." Another: "In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not: and to Zion, let not thine hands be slack. . . . for I will make you a name and a praise among all the people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity. . . ." From Tel Aviv Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion exhorted: "It is absolutely essential that Jewish Jerusalem shall continue to stand fast. Be strong and of good cheer."

How much longer could the Jerusalemites take it? Would

they ever answer in kind—with twenty-five pounders, or with one-hundred-pound shells like those British shells which the Arabs later rained on the residential quarters? Would the ribbon of blood running down the street into the gutter ever be cleaned up?

If only the Arabs had known how desperate was the plight, how thinly stretched the fighting lines, how sparsely manned the defenses, how limited the ammunition and supplies of gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil, and electricity, how meager the food and water, how weary the defenders. If only they had known how close they came to piercing the New City defenses. One time the Legion counterattacked, leading with its tanks, followed by a long line of armored cars and troops, determined to recapture the important Notre Dame de France compound, a bulwark of the Jewish defense. The Jews fired a few rounds with their one anti-tank Piat, which had been hurriedly borrowed from another front. Then the overworked gun jammed! The Jews girded for the inevitable hand-to-hand fighting. The Legion commander became suspicious of the Jews' silence. Suspecting a trap on the narrow streets, he ordered a retreat. The Jews rubbed their eyes at the miracle.

That the New City was still in Israeli hands was due to default by the Arabs, no less than the prowess of the Jews; and to what I firmly believe was divine intervention on scores of occasions. If the Arabs had seized the initiative from the first day and captured the strategic buildings, the outcome would have been far different. The British contributed to the Arab fiasco. They thought that the Legion, boasting British generalship and superior armor, would not only overrun the New City, but push onward to link up with other Arab forces in a giant pincer movement aimed at Tel Aviv, ultimately pushing Israel into the sea. The determined resistance of the Kfar Etzion *kibbutzim* (controlling the road over which Egypt planned to bring reinforcements) was the first factor to upset the Arab timetable; then Jewish initiative and the unexpected stand of Jerusalem, as well as Israeli successes elsewhere,

frustrated the Arab plan—as well as British intentions of re-entering Palestine via the back door on the heels of the Arab Legion. Mainly, however, the plan boomeranged because both Arab and British wholly underestimated the fighting prowess of what I've called the “new” Jew fighting for his homeland with back to the wall.

I thought it quite symbolic for the Arabs to be cooped up inside the ancient walls while the Jews remained master of nearly everything modern outside those ramparts. But could the Jews continue to keep the Arab bottled up, in the face of slashing attacks and despite the prolongation of the siege?

MY BREAK FOR FREEDOM

I COULDN'T wait indefinitely for the answer. I had seen what I had come to see—the creation of *Medinat Yisrael*, its birth pangs, the Jews at work, living, fighting, dying. I was overwhelmingly impressed. The quality of heroism I met here was not always spectacular; it was often the quiet everyday fortitude that makes heroes of an entire people.

Having seen and appraised, what was there for a restless (and famished) reporter to do now? To move on. To Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, to the places I had planned to see. By what route would one get there? Through the Arab lines. But how? All the correspondents were asking this question: they wanted to get on the Arab side to send out their stories. There were tantalizing rumors that the Jews had built a secret road to Tel Aviv over obscure mountain trails. Some of the Americans planned to get to Tel Aviv that way. Others were waiting for something to happen.

I decided I must attempt to go through no-man's land to the Arab side. This was the only way I could get into the Arab countries to the East. I turned for help to an Israeli official who had borrowed my copy of *Under Cover*. He had

liked it so much that he had said: “If I can aid you in any way, let me know.” I could only reach him by telephoning an unlisted number and asking for “Walter.” I had no idea who he was, actually, for most Jewish officials still maintained great secrecy about themselves.

Despite the siege the intra-Jerusalem phone system functioned smoothly. Over the telephone Walter told me to meet him in the Jewish Agency Building.

“I've had enough,” I said bluntly, when I saw him. “I want your help in arranging with the Haganah to let me cross to the Arab side at night.”

Walter laughed out loud. “Why not ask for an introduction to the Mufti?”

“That's just whom I'm going to try to see,” I explained. “I want to see how the Arabs are taking the beating you've been giving them. I want to see if they're still so confident of victory. I want to see if I can learn just how much the British are backing them. And I ought to study the other Arab countries before I leave the Middle East. Besides,” I pleaded—for without Walter's help I'd continue to be stuck here—“the Old City Jews can't hold out. I want to be on the Arab side to cover the surrender.”

“You may never get there alive. There are snipers—”

“Snipers can't shoot at night.”

“But mines blow up at night, and sentries can shoot without asking.”

“I must get going or go crazy!”

“Phone me in a few days,” Walter said. “I'll sec.”

I phoned him three times, and on the fourth try he asked me to meet an armored truck at a street corner. Soldiers of the Haganah would pick me up.

“After that you're on your own. Have you made arrangements for your property in case you're . . . delayed?” Walter asked cheerfully.

I met the truck as planned and was driven to Haganah headquarters on Deir Aboutor. The dwellings hadn't suffered: it

had been a quick conquest. I was taken to the commander's room—bare, except for maps on the walls, and a desk on which a candle burned. The windows were bricked up. The commander was a Jew from Czechoslovakia.

"Where are you going to cross over?" he asked, in English.

"What route would you recommend?" I asked.

He laughed. "We don't know of any. We don't make a practice of walking over."

"I'd like your advice on a route I'm thinking of taking," I said. Together we went to a wall map. I ran my fingers along a deep narrow valley separating Deir Aboutor from a French convent on the other side, and leading to Sylwan village, the new headquarters of the Arab military since their ousting from Osborne House.

"I intend to hide on these slopes till night, then follow a footpath through the valley to Sylwan village," I said.

"You will also find some Arab houses just below us on the slopes of Deir Aboutor."

"Are they deserted?"

"They look deserted, but we assume the Arabs are using them as outposts. At night you'll also have to be careful of our own patrols," he warned: "Very careful. They prowl everywhere."

"I'll watch myself," I promised. "I'm ready. It will soon be dark."

The commander turned me over to an assistant—a husky young *sabra* who spoke broken English. We waited until dusk and then my guide took me to the edge of the Jewish lines. Below us the land dipped sharply into the narrow valley that I hoped would afford me a temporary hiding-place.

"*Shalom*," he said cheerfully.

"*Shalom*," I replied, using the Hebrew word for peace, which is also the universal greeting among the Israelis.

Lugging my bag, and wearing rubber-soled tennis shoes for silence, I scrambled down the steep sides of the hill, careful

to keep out of view of any observers who might be in the Arab houses.

Towering on the hill to my right, and surrounded by a wall, was the convent. I expected no danger from that quarter. After a few moments' walking, I hid myself in a clump of bushes, within several hundred yards of the houses. There I waited for darkness, in the meantime watching every bush, every shadow, listening to every vagrant sound.

“ESCAPE” TO THE ARABS



Soon the snorers' chorus mixed with other weird noises in the room. The place became smelly, stuffy, heavy with the odors of perspiring bodies and unwashed feet. I began to itch, first around the neck, then my ankles, my legs, thighs, chest, armpits. A sleeping Arab rolled over and blew his hot breath against my face. . . . The heat and stench became more and more oppressive. What did I expect? I had forgotten the East during my sojourn in the West.

OVER the convent wall the sky turned purple-pink, then purple, then gray, till finally all color disappeared, and darkness became one with the landscape. The thousand and one eyes that I imagined were watching had been swallowed by the blackness of night. Quickly I got up, shouldered my bag, and advanced another seventy-five yards or so, changing to the other side of the valley split by the footpath. I listened. Deir Aboutor was quiet with a dead silence. No light flickered from the Arab dwellings. They rose against the ridge blacker than the blackness around them. Every tree, every landmark was a grim sentry, watching me in silence. The night was filled with eyes.

From the lower end of the valley—where I would have expected the footpath to lead me—there now came the sound

of a dog barking. It meant that there was a farmhouse not far off, which I hadn't foreseen; and second, someone was either trying to enter or was skirting the area. Was it a patrol? A Jewish or Arab patrol? Was the farmhouse an Arab outpost? From a military point of view there should have been a ring of Arab lookouts beginning at a point a few hundred yards beyond my position. Another unpleasant thought: was the dog barking at me? Surely I was too far away to be detected. But was I? How far away was the dog? Night is a poor time to gauge distance. The barking stopped suddenly. I wondered if the wind had changed? After a nervous silence the barking began again.

I slunk deeper into the darkness, and made sure nothing white showed. I had on a khaki shirt and army trousers. I was fortunate in that there was no moon. I could just distinguish between dark and darker, black and blacker. A chilling cold settled over the Judean hills, followed by a chill wind.

I crossed again to the other side of the footpath, walking on the rough, stony ground and the tall grass where it was probably free from mines. In the distance the cannonading continued with a muffled sound, but near by even the swish of my legs against the grass was audible. I walked carefully, lifting my knees high and placing my feet down flat to minimize noise and scuffle. I stopped frequently, listening.

What would I do if I bumped into a patrol, or if I were challenged either in Arabic or Hebrew? What would I say? I kept my eyes glued to the path, the only guide I had. It followed a serpentine course along the bottom of the valley, emerging into Sylwan village. I found myself directly below the last of the Arab dwellings. The path veered sharply to the right and disappeared toward the dim outlines of a mud brick house, a farmer's shack. Inside was a light. I heard the dog again, the same dog, warning its master. I watched the door. No door opened, though the dog kept howling. I kept bearing left now, following a course midway between the last of the Arab dwellings and the farmhouse. . . .

Suddenly I stopped, and threw myself on the ground. Jutting from the slope—scarcely forty feet ahead of me—was a structure, built of flat stones in the form of a rectangle, and obviously commanding the area below it. With panting heart I listened. The silence was deathly. Were they, too, listening behind the fortification? For at least a half hour I did not move, though briar thorns dug painfully into my left side. My luck could have been far worse: I could have fallen into the briars face down. I had heard nothing, seen no movement behind the stone barricade. Was the sentry asleep?

Leaving my bag behind I crept toward the rockpile, feeling with my hands for more briar bushes—nature's devilish barbed wire. Ten feet from the little fort I listened with eyes closed, and waited. Heartened by the stillness, I crawled the remaining distance, and lifted myself up, my fingers creeping up the flat rocks, rock by rock, till they reached the rim. I was standing upright now, but the fortification was still above my head. The only thing now was to crawl along the base to investigate through a side or rear entrance. Gumshoeing around right end, then up the slope, I looked into the parapet. It was a defense post, but it seemed deserted. I jumped softly inside and felt around for ammunition boxes. There were none.

Picking up my pack, I resumed my walk, climbing steadily along the ridge. I came to the edge of a stone fence, and peered over the edge. In the yard were trees, and beyond them the dark outlines of what appeared to be a deserted house. Hurdling the fence, I found myself near a chicken coop, after which I followed the house wall and emerged at the front. A road came down from my left and disappeared in a curve at the right. I decided to follow it, reasoning that I was now on the outskirts of Arab headquarters in Sylwan village.

Around a left bend I came upon a light—a candle placed in a niche in a corner wall of what seemed to be a house. On the other side of the lighted niche—but invisible because of the wall—there seemed to be a kitchen, because I heard the

scraping of a pot against the earth, and the crackling of wood. But why the lighted candle? Was it a signal? It flickered wildly as the night currents swept against it, but the stubborn wick remained lighted. I concluded that the Arab owner had placed it to help guide someone he expected.

Walking around the wall, I saw an open door, and framed within it a frail old woman, her hands blackened with smoke, bent over a large caldron of steaming water. She wheeled around, startled, and screaming wildly, scooted inside. Disturbing the privacy of a woman may have grave complications in the Moslem world. Patiently, like a man condemned without trial, I waited for the woman to return with her spouse, or a gun, or both. Instead she reappeared alone, a stout cane in her hand, and drove me out of her doorway. Thank God she was old and her husband was away!

"Sylwan! Wein Sylwan? Where is Sylwan?" I kept asking.

After I had cleared the door, and stood in the middle of the road, she pointed brusquely to the depths of the valley below. "Hunak Sylwan. There is Sylwan. Imshi! Imshi! Get out!"

CONTACT WITH THE ARABS

I DEBATED whether to hide somewhere till morning or risk encountering the Arabs at night. I reconnoitered. I was hemmed in by fences, walls, vegetation—a perfect setting for an ambush. I could have my throat slit before I could say "Hey." I walked swiftly down the zigzag road. Just then I was challenged!

The voice came somewhere out of the blackness, a thick, guttural Arabic. I had not the slightest idea what it was saying. I threw down my bag and immediately put up my hands. "Sadiq el Arab! Armani! Arab friend! Armenian!"

The sentry yelled out again, more threateningly, still in Arabic.

"*Ismae ya akhi. Sadiq el Arab!*" I called. "Listen, my brother, Arab friend!" I added in English: "I speak Armenian, English, Turkish, French, Spanish. I am Christian!"

"You speak English?" the voice asked. "Who are you?"

I was astounded to hear the excellent English.

"I am Armenian. I have run away from the Jews. I am starved for food."

"Do not move. I will come. Is anybody with you?"

"I am alone. I have no gun."

"Keep your hands up. If you try tricks I will shoot you."

He spoke in Arabic to a companion. I saw the sentry's dim form emerge from the outlines of a roadblock that up to now I had not noticed. He stopped a few feet away and lit a match, bringing it quickly to my face. In the meanwhile he shouted to his companion. I saw the other sentry approach cautiously. While he covered me with a machine-gun, I was searched for weapons.

"What do you have in the suitcase?"

"My personal belongings. You may inspect them."

"You can bring your hands down now," he said, "and come with me."

I walked alongside the English-speaking guard, while the other followed behind. Quickly I passed my hand over my three medallions. It might prove dangerous to be caught with the *mezuzah*, but it was wound inseparably to the two others.

"Do you know that no one is allowed to travel on these roads without written permission? When you didn't answer in Arabic we thought you were a Jew and almost shot you."

"I am thankful to Allah that my hour hasn't yet come."

The Arab was a native of Jerusalem, which explained his knowledge of English. Through devious side-roads he led me to a blacked-out house, and past a sentry. I found myself in a large room with a bed in one corner, and several Arabs sprawled out on mats. The man at the rough table who addressed me in English was in civilian clothing. After displaying all my credentials, this, substantially, was the story I told

him, and stuck to through all the subsequent interrogations:

"I used to live in Deir Aboutor with the Egyptian and Syrian volunteers. Since I am an American citizen by accident—not by choice I assure you—I crossed to the Jewish side where the consulate and the other American journalists were located. For almost two weeks I have been starving. The Jews are desperate for food and water (which was no secret). I decided to run away at night by crossing through the Deir Aboutor quarter, which I knew extremely well. I eluded Jewish guards by going from house to house, yard to yard. They could not see me at night. I am well known to Captain Moustafa, Captain Zaki, and other Egyptian volunteers. They are all my friends."

"You know Captain Zaki?" the Arab asked. He had turned sympathetic.

"Very well. He will clear me immediately. And where is Captain Moustafa?"

"I do not know him."

"We will go see Captain Zaki," said the Arab, and together we plunged into the darkness outside. The road assumed a familiar aspect as we reached the spot where the sentry had stopped me. The Arab, who was obviously an Intelligence officer, and I proceeded to climb the steep zigzagging road. Carrying my bag—whose weight by this time had become unbearable, adding to my weakness induced by anxiety, fear, and insufficient food (in truth I hadn't had a sound meal in three days)—we reached the house with the candle still burning in its niche. In feigned alarm, I turned to the Intelligence officer:

"You are not taking me back to the Jewish lines? They will kill me!"

"I am taking you to Captain Zaki. Why do you ask?"

"Because I came down this road. I remember that candle distinctly. I spoke to the woman inside that house. . . ."

The Arab wheeled around, and I knew that I had spoken out of turn.

"You are lying. You did not come this way. It was impossible. . . ."

Having made a blunder—though I didn't know just what—it was too late to retract. I repeated my story. "Come with me," he said coldly. We went to the doorway. The old woman was scouring in her kitchen. She came over and took a good look at me, then spoke excitedly with the words *imshi, imshi* thrown in. The Intelligence officer turned to me.

"Exactly how did you come here? Tell the truth, or I will have you shot!"

"I will take you part of the way if you wish. Follow me. . . ." I pointed out the house with the chicken coop.

"That is enough. I cannot go beyond here," the Arab said.

"What is wrong in what I have said? I would not lie to you."

"I cannot understand. This area is mined and patrolled constantly. Captain Zaki's headquarters are a hundred meters away. You are either a very lucky man, with Allah's blessing, or you are telling me a great lie. Come. . . ."

We came to a darkened house, the candlelight visible through the shuttered windows. An Arab soldier challenged us, then led us to the door, and knocked. We walked in quickly.

"Captain Zaki, Ismail, it's me, Artour! . . . Where is Moustafa?"

The silence froze me from further demonstrations. Zaki, Ismail, and a dozen other Arabs, only one of whom I recognized as an Egyptian, were in the room, each heavily armed.

"Why did you go with the Jews?" Zaki asked darkly. His dislike for me had obviously deepened into hatred. He was a changed man in other respects. He was now surly—seeking a scapegoat upon whom the blame could be placed for the disturbance of his comfort.

I told Zaki how I had "escaped" from the Jews. "In more than a week I have not eaten a full meal," I said earnestly.

"You are very thin. You look bad. You look sick," he said comfortingly.

Zaki and the Intelligence officer went into a corner.

"Let's see what you have in your bag," the Egyptian said, returning. He inspected it, while the others looked on curiously. "You had another camera, a bigger one," Zaki observed.

"The Jews took it away. They take everything away from the Christians."

"You still have your wrist watch," he observed.

"I kept it hidden in my pocket. I have worn it tonight for the first time since leaving the Arab side." Zaki had always had his eyes on my Gruen. He thought the metal band was solid gold.

"Where are your new military shoes?" He astonished me with his memory.

"I sold them to one of the American correspondents whose shoes were stolen by the Jews." I thought this an exceptionally convincing lie.

The two conferred again, and the Intelligence officer said: "You will sleep here tonight. Tomorrow you must go up to El Raudat [Arab Legion headquarters] to be questioned by the higher authorities." With this he left me alone in a roomful of hostile Arabs.

"Sleep there!" Zaki pointed to a mat squeezed between the worst of them.

I feared that during the night they'd steal everything of value from my bag. I had my dollars and traveler's checks in a money belt around my waist. I tucked the watch inside my undershirt together with several fountain pens, feeling the metal against my body. Resting my head against my bag, I stretched out on the mat. I knew that by morning I'd have fleas or lice—or both. Just before retiring I saw one of the soldiers eating. I looked at him hungrily. Famed Arab hospitality won. The soldier offered me Arab bread, olives, and

halvah. I needed no persuasion. It felt good to take a mouthful of food without worrying about the next mouthful. The Arabs had plenty. They watched me eat, and eat, for fifteen minutes, in silence. Zaki had a mat in a corner, next to Ismail. He spoke only once.

"The Armenians are not the friends of the Arab any more. We now call you *Arman Khayen* [treacherous Armenians] because your Patriarch helped the Jews. He gave them food, water, and guns."

I had eaten and rested a bit, and my strength had begun to return. "I am very sure that that is a big lie which someone has told you and which you are repeating to me," I said boldly. I knew that Zaki was morally a coward who shrank from force. "Tomorrow, when we go to the Old City I will take you to my Patriarch, and you will hear from his lips that you are doing an injustice to the Armenians, who are the friends of the Arabs."

"You are American, not an Armenian," Zaki sneered.

"A child has no control when his parents leave a Moslem country like Turkey and take him to an accursed land like America for which, Allah is my witness, I bear no love. The choice was not mine, Captain Zaki."

With this someone snuffed out the candle. Soon the snorers' chorus mixed with other weird noises in the room. The place became smelly, stuffy, heavy with the odors of perspiring bodies and unwashed feet. I began to itch, first around the neck, then my ankles, my legs, thighs, chest, armpits. A sleeping Arab rolled over and blew his hot breath against my face. The Arab on the other side kicked my legs with his sandals, unconsciously, I am sure. The heat and stench became more and more oppressive. What did I expect? I had forgotten the East during my sojourn in the West.

"*Ma'alesh*. Never mind. It's Allah's will." Anesthetized as well as exhausted, I sank into a sleep just after praying that the crucial morrow would see me safe, instead of a prisoner—or worse.

MAJOR ABDULLAH EL TEL

I ROSE from the mat, my body aching in every joint from contact with the hard floor. I was also scratching violently. Not a breath of fresh air had been allowed in during the night. I was almost reeling from the effects. I went to the door and breathed deeply. I purposely did not shave, in order to be more passable among my new companions. Zaki called me over gruffly:

"Show me the route you took."

I found the house with the chicken coop. "I jumped over this stone fence." Then I traced roughly my path of the previous night. Zaki said nothing as we went back to headquarters and we started off at once for the Old City. I shouldered my bag and, with Zaki and Ismail on one side and two husky Arabs on the other, we trudged the hour's distance across the Biblical valleys of Hinnom, Kidron, and Jehoshaphat to the Old City.

Traffic streamed in from Jericho as we entered from Stephen's Gate. I rubbed my eyes at the cans of gasoline lined up for sale, the quantities of food, lemonade, pushcart vendors, trucks and taxis, the mass of humanity seething inside and outside the gate. This contrasted violently with what I had seen only yesterday in the New City, where the only vehicles on the streets were army trucks; where people kept indoors and chewed thin slices of bread slowly to make them last longer. Zaki ordered one of the Arabs to seize my bag, apparently to discourage me from making a break. Through the long walk he had hardly spoken to me, nor had the others. I was treated as a pariah. I yearned for Moustafa's companionship, instead of this unholy company. We stopped in front of El Raudat. It was a beehive of milling, chattering, excited Arabs.

"Before we go in," Zaki said, "Lend me your watch. I have left mine at headquarters."

I feared that if I parted with my watch I'd never see it again. But if I didn't surrender it, Zaki might turn in a nasty report. But I knew Zaki well. I snatched my bag from the Arab and glared at Zaki. "Take me to the Legion commander and make your report. If you lie, I have means of getting back at you. *Yallah!*"

I led the way into the former police station. Inside, officers of the Arab Legion were all around. Compared to the hooligans I had been meeting, these were civilized men. Their *khaffiya* was not the white headdress worn by Palestinian Arabs, but a red-and-white checkerboard fabric which fell over their English khaki uniforms. I saw Zaki in earnest conversation with a handsome youthful officer who glanced at me occasionally. The shield of the Hashemite Kingdom of Trans-Jordan—crossed Islamic swords, a crown, and the words: "The Arab Army," encircled by a wreath—was fastened to his *khaffiya*. The officer displayed no emotion as Zaki talked on lengthily. He merely nodded between an occasional question he put to him; then, finally, he motioned me to come over. In perfect English he said:

"I am Major Abdullah el Tel, Commander of the Arab Legion in Jerusalem."

"I have heard many fine things about you, Major," I said. "From the Jews?"

"Certainly not! From the Armenians. We have been well impressed by the Arab Legion." As it turned out, I happened to strike the truth.

The major said a few words in Arabic, to which Zaki made no answer.

"Tell me about the Jews. What is their condition?"

I gushed a theatrical confession of their difficult plight which, however, revealed nothing the Arabs did not already know.

"We know very well they are desperate for food and water.

But how long can they hold out? What are their reserves of food and ammunition?"

I replied honestly that I did not know, for these were among the closest-guarded secrets of the New City.

"How were you able to escape from the Jewish guards at Deir Aboutor?" the Legion commander asked.

I recited how I had done it, adding: "You won't believe me when I say this, Major, but I met very few guards. The Jews seem to be very short of manpower."

"I cannot believe that. They attack with great force."

"Unless they are hiding their men, Major, I swear to you I saw very few of them." I was sure I could not convince him with the truth.

"What has been the effect of our shelling?"

"It has had a devastating effect on the houses and business areas, and is keeping the Jews off the streets. They dread the shelling. But the effect on the morale is mixed. Some are discouraged. Others are not. It will take a long time to crush Jewish morale completely."

"Then you think they are not ready to surrender?"

"No. They would rather die fighting than surrender."

"Our shells will batter them until they surrender—just as the Jews in the Jewish quarter must surrender in the next few days. Why don't you stay and report the news?" the major asked suddenly.

"I had intended to leave Jerusalem immediately," I said, "but since you graciously invite me, I will be happy to stay. Major, I have heard the Arabs say unpleasant things about my people. Is this true?"

"I have already spoken over the radio and stated that the rumors against your people are false. I've warned that those who continue to whisper these lies will be punished. I am trusting you, an Armenian. Is that not sufficient answer?"

I looked at Captain Zaki, who was slumped in his seat. He would not meet my eyes, and soon left the room. The major wrote out a slip, authorizing my stay, then turned to other

duties. I was left to my own resources. It was unbusinesslike and unmilitary, but it was the Arab way of doing things.

As I left Major Tel's office, I came upon Nassib Boulos, the string correspondent for *Life* magazine, whom I had previously met at the Public Information Office.

"What are you doing here? I thought you were with the Jews."

I tried to avoid answering, but he grabbed my arm. "When did you come here?"

"An hour ago. I have already seen Major Tel and he asked me to stay."

"I shall talk to him . . . and to you, later," Boulos said in a threatening voice.

Since Major Tel wanted me to report the news—and obviously had in mind the imminent surrender of the Jews in the Old City—I knew that I would remain unmolested at least until then. I put Boulos out of my mind. At the moment I was eager to learn what had happened to the Armenian compound in the bitter fighting for the Old City which I'd seen from the Pantiles roof. I hastened toward the Vank, walking up Via Dolorosa and past restaurants that made my mouth drool. I stuffed myself with a brunch of fried eggs, salad, cheese, jam, bread, coffee; at another shop I had two helpings of two kinds of pastry, more coffee and a whole pitcher of water. Thus fortified, I demanded to see the Patriarch. But military bureaucracy had set in. An Arab Legion soldier and a half dozen Armenian guards stopped me at the entrance. When I was finally ushered into the presence of the Patriarch, I found him a changed man.

(CHAPTER XVII)

ARABS, ARMENIANS, CATHOLICS



I looked up to heaven. "What sin have these people committed against Thee?" I asked. "What wrongs have my people done to deserve the millions massacred and maimed since they embraced Christianity? Are not these chapels and cathedrals and the daily Masses and offerings of prayer sufficient proof of their faith in Thee and Thy works? . . . Why, then, do You oppress them thus?"

THE war had taken much out of the Patriarch since I had seen him that last frantic day of the Mandate. His beard had whitened during my absence. He appeared thinner, and was haggard—his usually plump cheeks drawn tighter against the cheek bones, his eyes weary, though still ablaze with unquenchable vitality.

His people had all gathered around him like frightened children around their father. There were the Armenians who fled in panic from the New City leaving their property to be looted and appropriated by the Jews; Armenians from quarters adjoining the Jewish section of the Old City, whose homes had long ago been picked clean by the Arabs; Armenians from near-by villages, in fear of their lives; the old and tottering who could remember the massacres of Sultan Hamid, the Damned; the young and vigorous, the soldier, the

artisan, the agnostic; all these had gathered—3,800 souls—within the inclosure of the monastery, under the protection of the Mother Church. It was always thus in Armenian history. When split by partisanship within, or endangered by enemies outside, the Church assumed charge of her flock in its hour of need, brought them through safely, then released them until the next crisis.

This monastery, this Vank, was medieval in structure, but not in spirit. This “religious city” inside the Old City walls was surrounded by its own ramparts, ten or more feet thick at their base; its fortresslike homes, built of enduring stone, had tiny windows cross-barred with inch-thick iron grillwork. No one could hurdle walls thirty to fifty feet high. The only entrance—and exit—was through one historic door, set in massive hinges, locked and unlocked with a black iron key eight inches long and kept always by the Patriarch. The door itself was of solid iron many inches thick, so that rifle bullets bounced off like ping-pong balls. I could understand why the Arab hoodlums had been unable to gain entrance. Immediately upon entering a dark, cavernous courtyard, one read a plaque in Arabic and in Armenian denouncing as “damned and a son of the damned, and upon him fall the damnation of God, the All High” anyone who sought to harm the sanctuary.

THE MAJOR AND THE PATRIARCH

THE Arab gangs were no longer a threat because a section of the Vank compound—the school—was now occupied by the Arab Legion which had made it their headquarters. After a few words, I asked the Patriarch about the Legion.

“I have no quarrel with it,” he told me. “It arrived just in time. I could no longer hold off the Arab irregulars who looted the Armenian homes outside the Vank, and wanted to do the

same here under the guise of defending us. The Legion demanded the use of our Tarkmanchatz [School of the Holy Translators] as headquarters. Their soldiers do not molest us.”

Just then it was announced that Major Abdullah el Tel had arrived unexpectedly and was waiting for an audience. My heart sank. How had the major traced me here? Was it the work of Zaki, or, more probably, of Nassib Boulos who—by this time—may have discovered me as the author of *Under Cover*¹ and characterized my exposé of Nazis and bigots as pro-Jewish pleading. I arose to go; I did not want to involve the Patriarch in any quarrel the major might pick with me. The Patriarch, however, urged me to stay, and the Legion commander strode in briskly, shook hands, and greeted me with a smile. Oriental candy and lemonade were brought immediately, followed by demi-tasse.

The two talked informally. The major had come to hear the Patriarch’s report of the behavior of the Arab Legion, and to reassure him that church property would remain unharmed. He urged the Patriarch to report immediately any violation of the rules laid down for the Arab Legion. The conversation turned to the Jews in the Old City:

“We have pushed them back to a very narrow area. They will have to surrender in a day or two. Everyone tells me that my terms of surrender are too easy. The people want revenge. They would like to massacre them all if I let them. They have not forgotten Deir Yassin. . . . But why be like the Jews?”

The Patriarch commended him for his humanitarianism, and with this the major left. The Prelate then turned to me: “We are indeed fortunate to have an understanding commander who at the same time loves the Armenians.”

“What do you think of the Arabs?” I asked the Patriarch.

He seemed startled at my sudden query. I knew he avoided controversial questions, but I thought I had chosen the proper psychological moment to pose the question.

¹ When I showed a copy of it to an Armenian, he said: “If the Arabs learn that you wrote this book, they’ll hang you from the nearest arch.”

"We have always gotten along well with them. When 1,200 of our Armenians decided to go to Armenia they begged them to stay. They are a friendly and hospitable people, and quite emotional. As to their national faults, they are divided into *fellaheen* and *effendi* classes. The line of demarcation is sharp. They have no caste system, but there are castes. They lack discipline. The *fellaheen* are a huge mass of sweating human beings who exist to work for the *effendi*. The *fellaheen* move blindly and fanatically, and are kept ignorant and illiterate. They have no sense of nationality or patriotism except when incited. The leadership comes exclusively from within a small circle in the *effendi* class."

The Patriarch then stopped his observations, changed the subject, and brought the interview to an end.

LIFE IN THE BESIEGED VANK

I WENT among my people. Within the area of a few acres built to house one thousand pilgrims lived nearly four thousand Armenians. They were in tiny cell-like rooms, in hallways, alleys, beneath damp archways, in tents and makeshift shacks built in the stone corridors. The balcony of St. James Cathedral housed fourteen families, and a curtain was drawn over the balcony railing when High Mass was celebrated. I was struck by the cleanliness of the Armenian women, who seemed to be always at their tubs, elbows deep in suds.

Here, under a canopy in a draughty corridor, a cobbler had set up shop; there, a tailor was engaged in cutting away the worn-out portions of a father's trousers and making shorts for the son. The women were busily knitting, sewing, darning. And children! There were hundreds of friendly, plump-cheeked, tousle-haired boys and girls with large brown eyes, clear skins, as mischievous as any American child. Dressed in patched-up clothing made over from their elders' cast-offs,

they were playing marbles with discarded rifle shells. Their shoes and woolen socks were homemade. Their toys were handed down from an older brother or sister. They darted around the soldiers and through the maze of streets with the agility of rabbits. But shrapnel had caught many; scores of them would carry lifelong scars.

Water, a precious item in the New City, was plentiful in the Vank wells and storage cisterns, but rationed strictly. Daily the refugees queued up in the central courtyard before the main well. They received one loaf of bread a day, plus one hot meal, which was usually stew or thick soup with vegetables, herbs, and meat thrown in.

I found the largest concentration of refugees in a vast, cavernous warehouse, whose arched roof and walls were the thickness of a dam foundation, and invulnerable to attack of any kind. The floor was of damp, dark earth, and on it the families had spread their rugs, blankets, and cooking pots. Charcoal braziers took some of the chill away. The old folk were lying down, the others were huddled in groups. At the one end—from which came the only light—was the first-aid station and "hospital," with a Dr. Semerjian in charge. Opposite, at the base of a wall overrun with mold, were seven mounds covered by mats. Refugee families rested about them.

"What are these mounds?" I asked.

"Graves. The graves of those who have died since the 15th of May."

"Do these people know the dead are buried in their midst?"

"How can one keep them ignorant of it?"

"But how can one sleep in the same room with the dead?"

Dr. Semerjian said: "It is better for the living to lie on the ground above the dead than to join them. *Anang tche, pare-gam?* Is it not so, friend? Besides, there is no choice. Our cemetery is under constant sniping."

One of the nurses spoke up. "Three days ago a fourteen-year-old boy died. He lies under that second mound. His mother slept within ten feet of his body, and did not know

until today that her son was dead or that she had been sleeping next to his grave for three nights."

Dr. Semerjian and his colleague, Dr. Daghlion, had worked as technicians in the Mandate government's Health Department. They removed shrapnel and bullets by old-fashioned but effective methods, stemmed the flow of blood and treated for shock. "Doctor" was merely a title of gratitude. So far they had treated more than two hundred. All of Jerusalem's physicians had fled long before, leaving the Old City at the mercy of midwives, ignorant practitioners, and quacks. Despite the pleas of Trans-Jordan officials, *not one* Arab physician returned during the hectic days of Jerusalem's siege (in contrast with Israeli doctors, who begged to be allowed to remain). With some foresight the Armenians had laid away a supply of medicine and bandages, the latter washed again and again and used indefinitely as new patients replaced the old.

All told, twenty-seven Armenians were killed during the siege. The Jews in the New City knew, of course, that the Arab Legion was using the school. In retaliating, they caused no damage to the Arabs but only to the Armenians and their property. During the break through Zion Gate, and thereafter when the Jews lobbed over their "Davidka" bombs, one such bomb alone injured forty and killed two when it landed in the quarters of the priests, whose yard was being used as a playground. Three more of the "Davidkas" had struck the roof of the monastery but fortunately proved to be duds.

I thanked God that these remnants of my people had survived the immediate crisis. Suffering everywhere fosters a kinship, but even more so when the sufferers are your people. I was discovering them.

Through centuries of suffering and privation they had built a tenacity to cling to life which, like that of the Jews, was altogether extraordinary. There was Mariam Doudou (Miriam, the Aged One), who was a symbol. She was a bent little woman, so old that she was ageless, a refugee from the first

World War during which her husband and four children were massacred by the Turks. She always wore black, even a black apron and black shawl, in perpetual mourning. Her eyes were sunk deep, and though her face was the color of parchment, it was plump and babies liked to pinch it. She went about daily cleaning, washing, drawing water from the well, baby-sitting with scores of different toddlers who called her *mayrig*—mother. She went to church twice daily—though she really had no need to do so because there was no evil in her—but she prayed with her gnarled hands and asked forgiveness for sins she never committed.

THE "FATHER COUGHLIN" OF JERUSALEM

A FEW blocks away a certain Latin priest also prayed, and wished in his heart that Mariam Doudou and other "dissidents" would forsake their "false" church and join the one and only true faith in the world. The story behind this priest, who served as Jerusalem's counterpart of Father Coughlin during the siege, is an episode of appalling treachery aimed at the destruction of the Armenian monastery.

He exploited the differences that have existed between the Latin Church and the smaller Eastern Orthodox Churches, dating back to the schism at the Council of Chalcedon, in A.D. 451. This developed when the Church of Rome, then a member of the one Catholic Church (used in the *universal*, not the Roman sense) took issue with the leadership of the five different patriarchs then jointly ruling the entire Christian Church. The differences were mainly on questions of dogma. The Roman Church withdrew, setting up a Western Church, while the Eastern Churches (Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian) adhered to the beliefs they retain to this day. The Roman pontiffs, considering the others "dissidents"—when,

as a matter of history, Rome itself caused the dissension in Christian unity—have since lived in the hope of inducing the Armenian Church, as well as the other Churches adhering to the doctrines of the non-Roman Catholic Church, to join the Roman fold.²

In Jerusalem the relationship was further strained by the fact that the Armenians shared the custodianship, on a basis of equality with the Latin Catholics and Greeks, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Shrine of the Ascension, together with the rights and responsibilities of other holy places in Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land. The religious rivalry among these three main custodians has always been intense, the Latin Church unfortunately maintaining that the custodianship should be hers exclusively.

No newcomers to the Holy City, the Armenians have had a history of more than 1,300 years, and from the seventh century continuously maintained religious establishments of considerable importance in Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

Against this background, the Latin priest stepped into the arena, determined to discredit the Armenians and thus destroy once and for all their claim to secular and religious rights in the Holy City. He called together some of Jerusalem's choicest Arab cutthroats, and craftily incited them with the fabrication that the "Orthodox Communists" (the Armenians) were secretly helping Jews with arms, food, and water through a tunnel dug from the Armenian quarter to the Jewish quarter. Further, the "Armenian microbes of St. James Monastery" were giving to Jews refuge inside the Vank. A

² The Pope's missionary efforts have generally fallen on barren ground, and only a small percentage of the Armenian people subscribe to the Roman faith. A somewhat larger percentage belong to various Protestant denominations, owing to the initial efforts of missionaries of the Foreign Mission Boards who proselyted in Turkey before World War I.

At least 85% of Armenians, however, cling to the Mother Church—National, Apostolic, Orthodox, Independent—for spiritual and moral sustenance. Armenia is the oldest Christian State. It adopted Christianity in A.D. 301, some 20 years before Christianity became the State religion of the Roman empire.

handful of Palestinian pounds entrusted to the hoodlums' leader did the rest.

"Arman Khayen! Treacherous Armenians!"

The cry spread from lip to lip, as the hate-crazed fanatics rushed out to liberate the Vank from "Armenians helping the Zionist Jews against the Arab." They crashed against the massive door, but neither threats nor gunfire could open it, for the iron key was with the Patriarch. Expecting to catch the Armenians by surprise, they tried again later, and the next day they were back again. This time the Patriarch allowed a few to enter on the plea that they wanted to take positions against the Jews. When the rest sought admittance they were barred, and the neutrality of the Vank preserved. The Arabs fired again and again at the door, as the vicious cry "Arman Khayen!" sounded through the illiterate, superstitious, and loot-inflamed Arab mobs.

No American can understand the sinister threat implicit in those words. Upon an ignorant mob the effect is tantamount to the cry of "Ritual Murder" leveled against the Jews in the pogroms of Czarist Russia. Hundreds might easily have been slaughtered in the Vank had the Arab fanatics forced their way in. The Armenians were defenseless; completely at the mercy of the aggressors, Jewish and Arab. They were in the direct line of fire, and dared not fight back lest they violate their neutrality. Only the Patriarch's leadership prevented imminent disaster to the Vank's refugees, many of whom remembered with a shudder the consequences of "Arman Khayen!" in Turkey.

The Arab gangs had resorted to another device. On Sunday, May 16, the day after the Mandate ended, as High Mass was being celebrated in the Cathedral of St. James, a terrific explosion on a narrow road leading to the Vank shook its foundations, shattering windows and throwing the refugees into panic. Nothing like it had ever been heard inside the Holy City. Three Arabs were blown to death. Taking advantage of the Sabbath, they were carrying the mine to blow off

the iron gate when they got into an argument, and the fuse went off. The Armenians construed this as a miracle of divine intervention, and rendered special prayers.

Frustrated, the hoodlum leader now turned to still another plan. From a large enclosure at the rear of his home not far from the monastery he set up mortar artillery and pounded the Vank with two and three-inch shells. The casualties were many, particularly among the children.

THE THREE "STONES ON HIS HEART . . ."

THERE were three stones on the Patriarch's heart. The vengeful Latin priest was the first stone. The second stone, equally heavy, was the renegade elements of his own people—organized, politically opportunist Armenian hooligans who had collaborated with Arab rabble under orders of the Mufti's Arab Higher Committee.

While the Mandate was still in force and hopes of an Arab victory ran high, the Armenian ruffians placed the Vank in dire jeopardy. They began by promising the Mufti's henchmen access to the monastery, in order to be able to fire on the Jewish quarter. The Patriarch dreaded most the thought of placing the Vank between two fires, making it a battleground. At one time a delegation called upon him and demanded that it and the Mufti's Arab followers be permitted to enter, or else. . . . The Patriarch threatened to throw them out bodily, whereupon one of the Armenian thugs placed a hand on his gun holster. Eyewitnesses told me that the enraged Patriarch roared:

"Mertzoutzek! Kill me! If you do, you and your men will be torn limb from limb before you reach the door!"

At this the Armenians backed out. They returned later, disguised as Arabs, and joined the gangs instigated by the Latin priest in storming the Vank door. One of the Armenian rene-

gades harbored two British deserters in his home and led them to mine another entrance to the Vank, hoping to force their way in. Others joined the Arabs in spreading the lie that the *Kaghakatzis*—the native-born Armenian Jerusalemites, historic defenders of the Vank—were "*Arman Khayen*," in order to force the Patriarch to open the monastery door. But the Patriarch held the great iron key as if it were the key to heaven.

Still another stone, a third, was on the Patriarch's heart. This one was Jewish, and added its weight to the Catholic and Armenian.

At sunset on May 13 the British, who had been guarding the Greek Monastery of St. Georges, which bordered on the Jewish and Armenian quarters, left the Old City without warning. The alert Haganah defenders immediately began to occupy the Armenian arcas, to the great alarm of the Armenians. If this news reached the Arabs they would think the Armenians had allowed the Jews to enter. The renegade hordes, waiting for just such an excuse, would attack both Jews and Armenians, and the Vank would indeed become a bloody battleground.

As an immediate precaution against Arab attack, all the Armenian families were evacuated to the monastery. But no Arabs came. By midnight the Jews had occupied more than half of the deserted quarter. The Arabs meanwhile were still asleep to the fact that the Jews were consolidating their position. The Patriarch decided to act. He dispatched two priests to the Jews, saying: "Tell the Jews that they must leave at once. Try to make them understand that if they do not want to be attacked, they must withdraw immediately from our quarter. If they refuse, report back to me immediately."

Stealthily, through the barricaded street separating the two quarters, as the story was told me, the black-robed priests crossed to the Jewish side. Happily the Arabs were snoring in their beds. Had a single Arab seen Armenians crossing into the Jewish sector, five thousand hoodlums would have rushed to

the scene and the massacre and looting of Armenians in the monastery would have begun with the first light of dawn.

The Haganah escorted the Armenian priests to the home of Mordachi Weingarten, *mukhtar*, mayor, of the Jewish quarter of the Old City. They returned within the hour: Weingarten had refused! The priests had gained the impression, in fact, that he intended to occupy all the key positions by morning. The Patriarch immediately sent the priests back with orders to return with Weingarten himself—or not return at all!

“Tell him that I will order an attack immediately if he does not come at once.”

It was a magnificent bluff! For although the Armenians had some small arms and a few small homemade machine guns, they were no match for the veteran Jewish fighters who had already defied—and so far held at bay—the Arab hordes.

While his emissaries were gone, the Patriarch turned to psychological warfare. He ordered his lieutenant to round up scores of Armenian men—the tougher in appearance, the better—and post them along the twisted passageways down which he expected Weingarten to come for the interview. “Make sure they look heavily armed,” he ordered.

As it happened, Weingarten decided to come, and it probably surprised him no less than the returning priests to see pistols and machine-guns bristling from every corner, balcony, and stairway, and scores of armed men prowling about menacingly. Once he entered the vast reception-room of the Patriarch, Weingarten was honored with the pomp of which only the Orient is capable. The door was closed, and the two, who were personal friends, were left alone. It is not known what occurred between them—what appeals, threats, entreaties, or other tactics were used on the shrewd *mukhtar* by the equally shrewd Patriarch. The Jew and the Armenian battled it out all night, each the zealous shepherd of his people.

The Armenian won. Whatever the Patriarch's technique, his achievement—unheralded, and kept secret to this hour—was one of the diplomatic strokes of the Arab-Israel war.

When Weingarten finally left, it was only an hour before daybreak of the 14th, the last day of the British mandate. Back through the cobblestone alleys bristling with armed men, through the blockaded streets, and into the Jewish quarter went Mordachi Weingarten. He called a council of his elders and Haganah commanders.

“The Armenians are not Arabs,” he told them. “They will fight fiercely. I have seen that they are well armed and have many men. If we fight them we will dissipate our strength and weaken ourselves against the Arabs. We are not strong enough to fight on two fronts.” This was hard military common sense. “Our quarrel is not with the Armenians. To their peril, they have refused to allow the Arabs to take positions in their monastery against us. Let us not fight our friends, but the Arab enemy who would massacre us if he could.”

And so, while the whole of Jerusalem, save for a handful of Armenians, slept, the Jews withdrew from the Armenian sector they had occupied. From the deserted homes they took with them all the food they could find. It was a windfall that helped them carry on for another two weeks.

No one could have foreseen the consequences had the Patriarch failed and the Jews occupied the Armenian quarter, thus placing them in control of roughly one third of the populated area of the Old City. It may be argued that this lone Armenian helped save the Old City from strife that surely would have enveloped it, converting many of the holy places into battlegrounds.

Standing at the edge of Vank Square, I took a final look at my people, at old and battered folk gathered at the well for their water rations, at the children, at the ripped walls and damaged belfry of the Cathedral of St. James where a “Davidka” had crashed, at the house shattered by the Arab hoodlum's mortars. I saw little Anna Kouyoumjian tugging at Akabi, her tiny sister whose arm, struck by shrapnel, was wrapped in washed-over bandages. I had met their father,

Garabed, whose parents were murdered by the Turks and who had been brought up in the American Orphanage at Konya. He was a mechanic before the war. Now he eked out a living by peddling paraffin products, and working as water-carrier. He had to support a family of three boys, three girls, a wife, and an old aunt. He averaged fifty cents a day.

I wept at the plight of my refugee people. Refugees a hundred years ago, thirty years ago, and again today; buffeted by wars not of their making, living in terror in lands not of their choosing, victims of a score of bloody *Jehads* against the Christians—homeless wanderers over blighted lands of the feudal Middle East.

Martyrdom for them, as for the Jews, was no new experience. A classic instance is recorded of the year A.D. 451, when some 66,000 Armenians, under St. Vartan, faced an invading army of 220,000 Persians rather than convert to Zoroastrianism. They were crushed but their faith remained intact, and thirty years later they were granted religious freedom. Before the battle Armenian bishops spurned the Persian demands for conversion in these words:

From this belief [Christianity] no one can move us, neither angels nor men—neither fire nor sword, nor water, nor any other horrid tortures, however they be called. All our goods and possessions are before thee—dispose of them as thou wilt; and if thou only leavest us to our belief, we will, here below, choose no other lord in thy place, and in heaven have no other God than Jesus Christ, for there is no other God save only Him.

But, shouldst thou require something beyond this great testimony, behold our resolution: our bodies are in thy hands—do with them according to thy pleasure; tortures are thine, and patience ours; thou hast the sword, we the neck; we are nothing better than our forefathers, who, for the sake of their faith, resigned their goods, possessions, and life. . . .

Do thou, therefore, enquire of us no further concerning these things, for our belief originates not with man. We are not taught like children; but we are indissolubly bound to God, from whom nothing can detach us, neither now, nor hereafter, nor for ever, nor for ever and ever.

I looked up to heaven. "What sin have these people committed against Thee?" I asked. "What wrongs have they done to deserve the millions massacred and maimed since they embraced Christianity? Are not these chapels and cathedrals and the daily Masses and offerings of prayer sufficient proof of their faith in Thee and Thy works? Did not the Patriarch rescue this Holy City from the carnage of war but only a few days ago? Why, then, do You oppress them thus?"

I looked at the courtyard again, and no longer saw the maimed, old Mariam Doudou, or Garabed weighed down as a water-carrier. I saw the children: the pumpkin-round faces of little boys with the large brown eyes, the chubby faces of little Anna and Akabi, and their pigtails. The pink rags with which their hair was tied looked radiant, and their tattered garments made of a dozen different patches looked regal. I walked among the youngsters, pulling at the long, tousled hair, the pigtails. They squealed and screamed and pounced on my camera. "Line up for a picture," I said, and two score of them climbed on the grillwork of the sealed well and stood as still as a litter of puppies.

"There must be a God," I assured myself. "These are His children. He has saved them from the carnage of war yesterday and today, and He will preserve them for tomorrow. Perhaps these children will see a better world, a kindlier world, one of peace and plenty, and of universal brotherhood."

I took leave of the place: walked past the Cathedral, through the tunnel-like entrance hall into Vank Square, and finally found myself before the headquarters of the Arab Legion, the

Armenian school, on the edge of the battle zone. The entrance was protected with sandbags. Legion soldiers were scurrying everywhere. A totally new and unforgettable experience awaited me: the Calvary of the Jews in the ancient walled city of Jerusalem.

(CHAPTER XVIII)

THE LAST EXODUS



A rifle shot has just rung out! Its effect is electrifying. Half the mob of refugees surges toward Zion Gate, trampling those in front. The other half, in a wild stampede, tries to run the other way, back to the ghetto whose safety they had just left. . . .

Officers are rushing among their men, shouting orders. They block the mob from fleeing back to the ghetto. . . . God, am I going to witness a massacre?

VICTORS and vultures hovered around the periphery of the Jewish Old City, now being battered mercilessly by the Arab Legion. Abdullah el Tel had promised a merciful surrender, but he was savage in bringing it about. There was no way to "peace" except through war because the Jews refused to surrender. The Legion guns were firing point-blank at targets from fifty to two hundred yards away. I got as close as I dared. As each building was battered, and the defenders pushed back, sappers would advance and blow the works. House by house the Jews were being pushed into the heart of their ghetto. This had been going on day and night and was now in its tenth day.

There certainly were enough Arabs—hundreds of Arab Legion soldiers milling around in British khaki and *khaffiyas*. They were uniformly young and looked like a genuine fighting

army. They were all heavily armed, and ammunition was being brought up constantly in boxes with English markings. There was shortage neither of men nor armaments.

I got permission from a junior officer to visit the defenses on Zion Gate. One of the massive portals hung crazily from one set of hinges, the other was blown off. The passageway, about twenty feet wide and thirty feet high, was now packed tight with barbed wire, rails, and rocks. Above it the walls were manned heavily by Legion troops. Here, also, I found a concentration of several dozen British deserters, fighting with the Arabs. Immediately beside the Gate three heavy British armored cars lay in waiting for the Palmach. The Jews would certainly get a scorching reception if they tried another breakthrough.

I walked back to the monastery grounds, to the School of the Holy Translators. The windowpanes were broken and the rooms filthy. Swarms of flies buzzed around. Swishing my way through them, I walked to the rear. Sitting in a classroom chair behind a desk was the commander of the Zion Gate Front, Captain Mahmoud Bey Mousa, soft-spoken and scholarly-looking, swathed in layers of an oversized *khaffiya* that covered his face except for eyes and mouth. I assumed this was his protection against the flies. Through an interpreter I reported my name and profession, and asked his permission to stay for the surrender.

"I think the negotiations will begin tomorrow morning," Mahmoud Bey said.

He was sitting literally on the proverbial keg of gunpowder, for stacked behind and all around him, under his bed near by, and all the way to the farther end of the basement, which was being used as an emergency hospital, were cases upon cases of ammunition with the usual markings of His Majesty's Army. I squeezed my bag between cases of ammunition under his bed, and then went to the top floor of the school to take photographs of the Jewish quarter. They were to prove of

historic value, for less than forty-eight hours later the ghetto was reduced to ruin and rubble.

Now came the newshounds: two American correspondents—Dan de Luce of the Associated Press, and a photographer from *Life*. The rest were Arab and English, including two perfumed dandies in flimsy silk shirts, colored scarves, and trousers like loose-flowing skirts. It seemed odd to see them among the rough soldiers, the artillery, the squalor of war. Arab homosexuals are not usually obviously effeminate in manner. The boys and the two dandies asked a lot of questions, sniffed all over the place, then went off to supper. De Luce returned just before the Vank door closed for the night. I had supper with the Arab Legion—the usual bread with cheese, olives, and *halvah*, followed by the usual flies swarming around the crumbs in black clouds.

THE SURRENDER

THERE was no peace in the School of the Holy Translators that night. From the upper stories a withering fire poured down on the ghetto, while from below, the bigger guns barked at point-blank range. Building after building crumbled with roars and the clattering of stone over stone. The school shook from the violence of the barrage. Flames licked wildly around the Jewish quarter. A dim glow reddened the sky increasingly over a wider area. The whole Jewish section seemed aflame—a fiery furnace, a giant sacrifice offered to the gods of war and cruelty and savagery. As the gods lustily demanded more, more buildings toppled, more fires were lit. Wider grew the glow of embers and hot stone, more sickening the stench of burning furniture, clothing, and dead bodies.

Standing on the roof behind sandbag fortifications I watched the inferno, the roasting alive of a city, the burning

to death of its temples, holy places, holy books, holy memories. I watched the carnage and it nauseated me. I turned to go downstairs just as another red flare—a call for help—shot out from somewhere in the ghetto.

The school suddenly shook with renewed violence. Bren and Hotchkiss guns from the armored cars concentrated their fire upon a point just above where I was standing unprotected. Just as I raced inside I met Arab Legionnaires rushing up to the roof with machine-guns. I stepped aside quickly. A Jewish plane had been sighted, trying to locate the ghetto and drop supplies. It was a tiny plane, possibly one of the Piper Cub couriers used between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. The whirr of its single engine sounded lone, distant, low, like the magnified purring of a cat.

A red flare shot into the dark from the ghetto. "Here we are," it said to the plane. The Arabs answered with a magnesium flare that lit up the area with an uncanny light. The firing doubled in intensity. The Arabs were determined to bring down the plane. But it flew imperturbably back and forth, its drone just audible between bursts of machine-guns. Then it faded into the distance. No one knew whether it dropped anything. Like a mysterious bird it came, and left just as suddenly.

The bombardment continued for another hour, then halted at midnight. The flesh had tired of firing and destroying. The Legion had done a good day's work, and even worked overtime. Now it was time to quit. My bedroom was the auditorium of the school which had been used as a dormitory for children just before the Arabs took over. It was clean—by Arab standards; and it was reserved for the English deserters who were already snoring on the spring beds of the Armenians. In an adjoining bed slept Dan de Luce, the only one among the newshounds who got down to the soldier level and got a smell of it all.

On the wall facing my cot was a painting of Christ, with a gaping hole through His left shoulder, at the spot where a

mortar shell had pierced the wall. A print of Mount Ararat—the historic Armenian mountain—was on the right. Other prints were of the Crucifixion, the carrying away of His body, and the Virgin. Beneath them, in a corner, were bloodstained stretchers. The fly swarms buzzed even at night. I put a handkerchief over my face as protection and fell asleep.

I slept soundly and awoke at dawn of May 28—a day that was to prove almost as historic to Jewish destiny as May 15. De Luce was already awake. He washed, shaved, and despite his rumpled uniform and Arab Legion headdress, gleamed like a well-dressed American. I went around like an Arab, unshaved, unpolished—happier that way, and as unnoticed as a used towel. The Jews were begging for favorable surrender terms through the International Red Cross. There was much going back and forth by couriers. Everyone who had a wrist watch looked at it every few minutes. The deadline set by Abdullah el Tel was 1.30 p.m., by which time the surrender was to be accepted or the devastation would be resumed.

There were rumors that the Jewish emissaries were on their way here. Other rumors floated about that all the Jews were dead. Liaison between the Legion and the correspondents was a sergeant, a decent fellow, as I found most of the Legionnaires to be except when they were fighting.

"The native Arabs want to kill the Jews. It is good we are here. They have already begun to steal from the houses. We chase them away and even shoot at them, but they come back as soon as we leave."

"How about the houses in the Armenian quarter?" I asked.

"They were cleaned out long ago, before we arrived."

The reporters, who had spent the night in comfort in Amman, returned by midmorning. The two queer ones had changed their attire; one carried a tourist camera that made him look even more absurd, if that was possible. The boys moved around in exclusive little cliques. They were away when an Arab Legion soldier came running toward the entrance of the Armenian quarter. I followed. Above the heads

of an approaching crowd, I could see a large white flag tacked on to a stick. It was the Jewish surrender party! The soldiers and local hangers-on parted, in silence, almost in respect.

Holding the flag was the patriarchal figure of a rabbi in black garments, flowing beard, hobbling along on a cane. Rabbi Ben Zion Hazzan Ireq, seventy-two years of age, was a tall man, as Old City Jews went, and his head was high, not cringing in fear or cowardice. He was accompanied by a short, frightened wisp of a man, an ancient eighty-six-year-old Jew named Israel Zief Mintzberg. He had sad, shrunken little eyes, a sallow face and shiny black clothing, including a cape that came to his ankles. Mintzberg walked with quick, hesitant little steps, looking around as though he expected a blow from any quarter, somewhat bewildered that it hadn't yet come. The two, surrounded by Legionnaires, walked as if they had just emerged from a dark cellar, groping their way laboriously over the cobblestone pavement of the Armenian quarter.

Through an arched doorway at the rear of the school they entered the confines of the Vank and were led by the back entrance into the basement. They were seated on a bench and waited for Captain Mahmoud Bey Mousa. The Arabs, and later the newsmen who arrived, all excited, gathered around them. There was neither hostility nor jubilation from members of the Arab Legion. Representatives of the Ikhwan el Muslimin—from Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—prowled around savagely, growling at the treatment being accorded the emissaries.

"The Jews deserve only this. . . ." One of them made a cutting motion across his throat.

The deliberations were brief. When Captain Mahmoud arrived, he told the two, curtly but politely, of the unconditional terms of surrender. They were to accept or reject them. The two ancients left the way they came, carrying the white flag, through the Armenian quarter. The little Jew several times looked over his shoulder, as if still expecting the blow that never came.

Would the Jews accept the terms? No one knew. Newsmen were told to be on the alert. We waited an hour, two hours, nearly three hours, and still no word from the Jews. Why were they stalling? Was the Haganah planning to smash through Zion Gate again to liberate them? Mahmoud Bey ordered the resumption of firing. The soldiers began tramping back to the fighting front.

A cry rose from the direction of Armenian quarter. "*Ejou! Ejou!* Here they come!" The Arabs around me began to shout. I rushed to get a ringside view. The party was shunted to a low stone building behind a thick, inaccessibly high stone wall opposite the School of the Holy Translators. Entrance was through a tomblike passageway surrounded by ancient masonry and guarded by a thick iron door. Once inside, I found myself in a quaint old-world courtyard surrounded by stone buildings. On my right was the Armenian Church of the Holy Archangel. Its bell tower was bent with age, and the cross above it was also bent. A grapevine with roots somewhere in the earth reached almost the height of the belfry. A gust of wind sometimes moved the bells and one heard a lone, mournful gong; otherwise no bell had tolled since the Mandate's end.

The squat stone edifice on my left—inside which the Jewish delegation was deliberating with Major Abdullah el Tel himself—was a holy shrine, the site of the House of Annas. After Christ was betrayed at Gethsemane He was dragged by the mob, which had come with "lanterns and torches and weapons," up Via Dolorosa and the Street of the Chain for a preliminary examination by Annas the Priest, after which He was taken to the House of Caiaphas on Mount Zion—a site commemorated now by the Church of the Holy Savior—where He was tried and condemned. On the following day, He appeared before Pilate. I wondered how many of those about me knew of the hallowed ground on which they stood, smoking, joking, and waiting impatiently for the surrender?

At last a heavily armed officer of the Legion, a curved dag-

ger at his waist, stepped out, after whom came Rabbi Ben Zion, Mukhtar Weingarten, and a bearded leader of the Haganah forces. The rabbi was escorted back to the Jewish quarter but Weingarten and the Haganah man, his arm in a sling, were surrounded in the courtyard. Dr. Pablo Azcarate, the worried-looking chief of the UN Commission, appeared and joined the principals. I edged up to Weingarten. He was of medium height, with bespectacled blue eyes, serious face, professorial beard, and a Western felt hat—strangely incongruous amid the colored *khaffiyas*. He looked like a preoccupied schoolmaster, with anything but a heroic appearance. As for the Haganah leader, he looked like a Talmudic student, with a pale, intellectual face. A nurse had also come with them—a thin slip of a girl who appeared exhausted and worn, dressed in a bloodstained white smock.

In an impersonal voice Major Tel began reading the terms of the agreement: (1) The surrender of all arms and their seizure by the Arab Legion; (2) All able-bodied men to be taken as prisoners of war; (3) Old men, women, children, and all seriously wounded to be allowed to enter the New City through arrangements with the Red Cross; (4) The Arab Legion to guarantee the welfare of all Jews who surrendered; and (5) The Arab Legion to occupy the Jewish quarters.

The terms were fair and merciful. "How about the women who fought as soldiers?" I asked the major.

"They will be treated as civilians and returned with the others."

"That's not fair to us. Their women shoot as well as the men." The voice was that of an English deserter, a rifle slung over his shoulder.

THE LAST EXODUS

IT WAS exactly 3.25 p.m. It was agreed that there should be no delay in removing the Jews, for once word got around,

thousands of Arabs would pounce on the quarter in an orgy of massacre and rapine which could be stopped only by Legion gunfire. With Dr. Azcarate and Weingarten leading the way, the crowd of soldiers, newsmen, and photographers walked down Zion Gate Way into the heart of the Jewish quarter. What a thorough job of devastation His Majesty's guns and ammunition had done to this area of the Holy City! The scene was a no-man's land of rubble and stone—a St. Lo, a Berlin, a Hiroshima in miniature—with charred bits of clothing and household effects scattered among the wreckage. A heavy bluish-gray haze hugged the buildings. It would not vanish or be dispersed in the tiny, twisted, tight little ghetto alleys. Was this an ectoplasm of the departed?

Legion soldiers were flinging doorways open or breaking their way into locked homes. I followed them around. Most of the homes were empty. In one stone hovel we found a woman. She was either bedridden, unwilling, or afraid to leave. She had on a green print housedress, and her hair fell wildly over her shoulders. She sat on her bed, weeping with an all-out, soul-quaking lament of which only Orientals are capable.

The Legion soldier ordered her to get out: "*Imshi! Imshi!*" She cried all the more, and hugged the bed. Apparently she wanted to die in this dark tomb. The soldier was about to use his rifle on her buttocks, when he saw me, changed his mind, and shouted again: "*Imshi! Imshi!*" The woman finally got off her bed. I noticed that her legs were swollen. She picked up a bundle, sat down once again, and was shoved out by the soldier to join other stragglers. It was the only act of semi-violence I saw on the part of the Arab Legion. I also witnessed many acts of courtesy and kindness to the old Jews. God indeed was with them in this last hour of their final expulsion from a holy city turned unholy.

I followed the soldiers. I had no idea where we were going. Every little while we would be forced to dash past a burning building and just miss being showered with flaming wreckage.

An Arab offered me a holy scroll in excellent state of preservation. I feared to take it lest in the excitement I be identified as a Jew. Further, how could I carry it through Arab customs when I left the country? As my donor threw the scroll aside, someone trampled it. I saw a column of Jewish youths being marched back under heavy Legion guard. The cramped, twisted alleys—dating from the days of Christ and even David, a thousand years earlier—were a bedlam of jostling men, rubble, and refugees.

Suddenly we emerged into a huge open area whose likeness has best been executed in the classic paintings of Dante's inferno. Heavy bluish smoke hung over a mass of huddled people; I could see neither the sides of the square nor how far into the haze the human masses extended. On my right was a hospital; the smoke poured from the windows in slow, lazy spirals, as if unwilling to leave, unwilling to consume the ancient edifice. Everything here was rooted to the past. One who has not seen it cannot understand the extraordinary attachment of the body and flesh of man with the spirit and earth of Jerusalem.

From group to group I moved, photographing the exodus. Here was a blind old Jew who seemed as ancient as the Bible, being led by his wife, almost as old as he, to the line-up of refugees about to leave the inferno. Here was a Jewish woman with a brood of children huddled around a swarm of baskets and bundles. Standing next to them was the long-bearded figure of a Yeshiva scholar wearing the furred hat of the ancient scribes. Next to him was Sarah, the studious one; oblivious to her surroundings, she sat on her pack, a shopping basket between her legs, reading audibly from a small prayerbook. I wondered which portion of the Holy Book absorbed her. Was it Jeremiah, Exodus, Lamentations? "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become a widow! . . . She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. . . . Judah is gone into captivity, because of affliction, and because of great servitude. . . ."

Heavy packs were being lifted by frail old men, old women, and teen-agers (young and able-bodied men had already been made prisoners), and they hobbled away with their loads. One longed to help them, but help whom, how many? It was already becoming dark; I wanted to see where these people were being taken. Where was the Haganah? I wanted to see with my own eyes those who had withstood the attack of thousands of Arabs for months, living on starvation rations and fighting with scanty ammunition, defying the might of the Arab Legion till neither flesh nor spirit could endure any more.

I learned that the Jews were to leave the Old City through Zion Gate. I raced back through the ghetto streets and joined streams of refugees pouring into Zion Gate Way from another direction. A burning building before which they were about to pass suddenly gave way, and crashed in an avalanche of cinders and stone. Terrified, they pulled back. The children huddled close to their mothers, whimpering pitifully. The refugees were led over an alternate route—passing over a pile of wreckage from an earlier fire. The Jews were ordered assembled together in the square before Zion Gate for a last minute check-up. I quote from the notes I made on the spot.

The Exodus, Zion Gate, 7.00 p.m., May 28, 1948

I'm sitting atop an English armored car, its mortar cannon and Hotchkiss machine-gun pointing to Zion Gate. I'm in dirty khaki, unshaven. My clothes are soiled, my hair grimy from the soot and the cinders of the Old City. I'm fortunate, though not happy, to be here. The whole flow of miserable humanity has gathered in the square in front of me, beneath the ancient walls that have been witness to so much bloodshed in the name of God, of Christ, of Allah. I am a modern witness to an ancient tradition of the Holy Land being enacted in front of me.

How quiet can a mob of 2,000 people be under the circumstances? The front of the queue is already at Zion Gate,

trying to rush out of the hated city. They are crowding the narrow exit (everything is narrow and tight in this Old World) and are leaving at the proverbial snail's pace. There are some who do not want to go: the women especially seem unwilling. A few paces away I see a father literally dragging his wife with one arm, and a child by the other, both of whom are wailing and kicking and do not want to leave. These ugly, ancient streets and ugly ancient hovels are home to some people, as sweet-smelling and comfortable as homes in Garden City and Forest Hills, U. S. A.

The shouts of the soldiers mix in with the wail of the women and the anguished cry of the men, and the eternal whimpering of the children. The cries of the children and the agony of the very old tug most at the heartstrings, for these are the most innocent and the most blameless. What sin has this child and this old old Jew committed to deserve this wrenching away from a home in which he was born, as were his father and grandfather before him?

A burst of four shots has just crackled from a machine-gun! They echo back, redoubling the terror. My first instinct is to jump off and seek protection, but I must write what I see. I am sure that what has just raced through me has terrorized these people equally. Why the sudden shots? Is it the beginning of a pogrom now that all the Jews, separated from the Haganah, have been herded in one tiny square with most of them conveniently lined up against the wall? This was an old Turkish technique, dreaded by the Armenians. Is it now to become an Arab technique of extermination?

The crowd huddles, tightens up, glues itself together, like a wave washing back on itself. The children have set up a pitiful wail. *A rifle shot has just rung out!* Its effect is electrifying. Half the mob surges toward Zion Gate, trampling those in front. The other half, in a wild stampede, tries to run the other way, back to the ghetto whose safety they had just left. It looks as though there'll be a panic—a panic that could be stopped only by Arab gunfire. Was this the intent of those

who set off the gunfire—to give the soldiers an excuse to fire into the mob?

Arab Legion officers are rushing among their men, shouting orders. They block the mob from fleeing back to the ghetto. There is considerable yelling, hitting, fighting back as the people are jostled to and from Zion Gate, to and from the ghetto. They are like fish struggling inside a net. Above them the screaming of women rises clear to the darkening heaven. *God, am I going to witness a massacre?* I swear I'd fight on the side of the Jews and die with them—not because they are Jews but because now I'm an Armenian. I can't forget what my people suffered under the Moslem Turk.

Order is finally restored. I'm amazed that this could be done. These Legion soldiers are amazingly well disciplined! My hat is off to their commander, Glubb Pasha! In the meanwhile many packs have broken open, spilling the pitiful contents to the ground. These have been trampled upon and kicked around. Two cans of something—I cannot see, for it's getting dark—rolled down the square toward me. Bits of clothing, books and trinkets are strewn around. Women and men repack their bundles, dragging them when they are too heavy.

An elderly woman is trying to lift her pack to her shoulder. It looks too heavy for her. She is trying to put it on her head, but can't lift it that high. She's now leaning it against the wall, inching it up, hoping to get under it. The weight is too heavy . . . no one is helping her . . . she can't make it, and falls down with it. She remains on the ground, her legs sprawled, a bewildered look on her face. The pack has rolled down beside her.

These bookish old Jews amaze me. Here an aged rabbi is standing off by himself beneath the towering walls. Under his arm is a round bundle, containing all his belongings. With his free arm he is holding a holy book, reading, and swinging his head from side to side. Perhaps he was reciting the *Kaddish*, the memorial prayer for the dead. Could anything be more

appropriate for the occasion? This orthodox Jew at prayer, the pitiful screams of the children, and the dark mass of humanity ebbing in a black tide toward Zion Gate, now a gaping black hole, are my last unforgettable impressions of the Last Exodus.

I see now a single file of prisoners emerging from Zion Gate Way into the square. They look young. They are the Haganah!

There were about 250 of them, the youths mixed in with able-bodied men up to about fifty years of age. They were lined up. Each was searched for arms, after which their bags and bundles were examined. I walked among them, studying their faces, looking into their eyes. They were uniformly short, most of them puny, thin, and tired, as unheroic-looking a group of first-rate fighters as I've ever seen. (Later I learned that only forty among them were actual Haganah members, the others being shopkeepers and students turned emergency fighters.) The sorry lot were marched into the Vank compound and spent the night in the Seminary Building¹ and elsewhere on the grounds.

That night the Jewish quarter was put to the torch, and burned from one end to the other, a huge conflagration consuming everything that had survived the other fires. I photographed the holocaust from the school rooftop. The unburied bodies under rubble and those buried since the Mandate's end were cremated once again. Homes and hospitals and synagogues and shops were burned to their foundations. And the city wherein Jews had lived almost continuously for some 3,500 years was destroyed as never before—a job more thorough than when Titus leveled it, for the old-fashioned Roman general had no dynamite, and neither guns nor shells with the markings of His Majesty's Army.

¹ They were eventually trucked away to a prisoner-of-war camp, under International Red Cross supervision, at Mafrak, Jordan. Disappointed in the capture of such a small number of Haganah, Jordan officials took along civilians to make a more impressive showing of the Jewish resistance.

The Exodus was over, the graveyard sealed. The Jew had no reason, now, to return to the holy site of his antecedents. It was as Allah—and the British Foreign Office—wished matters to be.

LIBERATION

THE next day King Abdullah of Jordan, conquerer and new master of the Old City, arrived. He visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I waited outside. He emerged—a neat, gray-ing man of sixty-six, with a short, trimmed beard, deep-set eyes and thick brows. He was dressed in a suit of army khaki, which was probably borrowed, for it fitted him badly, his shirt cuffs coming down to his fingertips. Anxious to get his picture, I called out:

“Will Your Majesty please stand still for a moment?”

While the king didn't know English, he understood, and obligingly posed for a rare photo that I took as he stood in front of the Holy Sepulchre surrounded by churchmen of the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian churches.

At that precise moment, I heard a rumble, then another, louder. I had a hunch where it was coming from. I rushed to the roof of the Armenian school. The sun shone radiantly everywhere except on the Jewish quarter. Over it hung motionless a pall of ghastly purplish-gray haze, with fires still raging here and there, and black smoke spiraling through. Only one wall remained standing of the huge hexagonal Hurvath Synagogue Beth Jacob, a landmark of the Old City, whose foundation dated from about the twelfth century. I saw the wall dimly through the dust pit that enveloped the area. And now the seventh dynamite charge went off, and the last wall of the ancient structure joined the others in the huge burial mound that was now the Jewish quarter. The great Nissim Back Synagogue had been destroyed earlier. The un-

derground synagogue of Yohannan ben Zakkai (reputedly standing for two thousand years), and twenty-six other synagogues, were buried under the rubble.

I came down the stairs. In the basement I found the Legionnaire who was liaison with the press.

"I'd like to walk through the Jewish quarter," I said. "Will you let me?"

"You will not only get lost, but it will not be safe for you to go alone. I will get someone to go with you."

Accompanied by an English-speaking Legionnaire, I began my tramp through the desolation. A horde of looters, including numerous children, shuttled in and out of the Miscab Ladach Hospital carting booty on their heads, or loading it on donkeys and homemade wagons. We followed the mob from street to street, penetrating deeper into the ghetto. They were carrying away everything that was left intact: chairs, tables, scraps of clothing, earthen jars, tile, bedsprings. A woman carried a huge wooden box over her head. I saw two children weighed down under a washbowl, followed by another youth with a large basket on his shoulder. The ultra-orthodox Moslem women gathered the loot with their black veils religiously drawn over their features. Legion soldiers were everywhere—not to prevent looting but to preserve law and order among the wild beggars and thieves of the Holy City.

Climbing over the mountains of stones, I looked upon the pitiful sight that was once the glory of Hurvath Synagogue. A particularly thorough job of demolition had been done here. On one wall, left partially standing, was a plaque with the Ten Commandments. Only this remained to warn a reckless world and an impotent UN of the words of the Law: "Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. . . ." Sheets of the holy scrolls were strewn all over the rubble. I rescued a small roll of parchment, burnt and discolored from heat, and tucked it inside my shirt.

"I will take it to America as a souvenir of the great Arab victory," I said to my soldier companion.

I found a scorched circular that somehow had escaped the fire. I read in English:

The Grand Synagogue "Beth Jacob" in Hurvath Rabbi Yehuda Hachassid at Jerusalem Jewry, of great historical significance, where all official, religious and national festivals and ceremonies are celebrated. . . .

It is an ancient and generally accepted tradition for the Jewish tourist, visiting Jerusalem, to attend, at least once, the Services conducted in this Synagogue either on a Sabbath or on a holiday. . . .

For the sake of Jewish Jerusalem, we respectfully request all Jewish tourists coming to our City to pay honour to this House of God, to visit it and worship therein on Sabbaths and Holidays and to please offer their material contributions for its maintenance and to thus enable its further existence.

May all donors be blessed with Zion's blessings.

As I looked at the devastation around me, the Legionnaire spoke up. He motioned to me to come behind a crumbled fence: "Here is the Jewish atom bomb. It fell in the Armenian section." He was pointing to the "Davidka"—one of the duds that had fallen. It had a homemade look about it: a fat, rocketlike cast-iron stovepipe containing a powerful charge of explosive. "When the Jews began firing these we had orders to die at our post, or be shot," he said.

For better or worse, the Davidka impressed me as being as much a symbol of the New Israel as the devastation around me was a symbol of Old Israel in the tragic Old City. I believed this Exodus of 1948 was His mystic way of demonstrating that the days of His children sitting in solitude to mourn were counted; that He was taking them across a shell-torn Sinai into a New Promised Land, for them to labor in and convert to a land of milk and honey as an example for the Arab, and for the British, and for all the world to witness.

I BID THE PATRIARCH GOOD-BYE

I COULD not leave this area without visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I found it blocked by a dozen guides in bizarre striped suits. They clawed me and fought among themselves for the privilege of guiding me through the holy Christian shrine. In disgust I looked up to heaven and said loudly:

"God, what I'm about to say or do is no more sacrilegious than what is now before your church. If you tolerate these thieving hoodlums, then surely you will forgive me for my actions. . . ."

With this I let loose a barrage of oaths in English, Turkish, Armenian, as well as French, Italian, and Arabic. Aiming a kick at the one nearest me, but missing him, I strode with righteous feeling into the shrine. Here I met an Armenian priest who guided me, and spoke to me in my tongue, and waited outside while I went and knelt at the Sepulchre of Christ, and prayed.

Afterward, I went to the Armenian monastery before the gate closed for the night, to bid the Patriarch good-bye. I found him greatly relieved after the surrender, but worried as to how he would feed, clothe, and care for 3,800 hungry, homeless, mostly penniless Armenians.

"God has brought our people safely thus far. He will see us through," I found myself telling the Patriarch. Then I asked for his blessing.

The Patriarch placed his hand on my head and prayed long and earnestly. After he had finished on my behalf, I looked up. He was still praying. "Oh God, protect our people in these desperate days. Give them of Your strength, and of Your wisdom that they may survive, and not despair. . . ." With his eyes closed and the palms of his hands raised heavenward, and his long full beard, the Patriarch's sensitive face had taken on a deep mystic quality. . . . "Endow them with Your courage,

oh God, that they may live through this, another ordeal, in a life of so many such ordeals. Help them, oh God. Preserve our people, and bless our nation that we may continue to serve Thee for evermore. Amen."

It was my last visit to the monastery, and the last time I saw His Beatitude alive, for he succumbed to the ravages of a chronic disease that was aggravated by the burdens of his calling.²

Picking up my bag, I trudged to the Petra, one of the leading hotels in the Old City. I found it full of volunteer soldiers. The clerk carefully inspected my Arab credentials. The inspection seemed endless until I put a heavy tip on the counter.

"Thank you, thank you. *Tafaddal, tafaddal*. Please, please," he said, and candle in hand, led the way to a room that had the look and the shape of a vaulted sarcophagus. I hesitated about going in: lone, dark, damp, with a barred window, it was not only filthy but actually unsafe. The door had no lock. I had seen enough of the looters to distrust them thoroughly.

"With my own life I guard you," he promised.

I slipped him another tip, and was on the verge of closing the door when the clerk spoke again.

"I am sorry I have no DDT for you," he apologized.

"Never mind," I said. "I have a box."

I found the room impenetrably dark. Lighting a match I spied an ancient spring bed that reeked of fleas and bedbugs, or worse. I hoped there were no rats. I pulled the bed against the door, after which I doused myself with DDT, threw my baggage on board and jumped on, shoes and all, atop the covers, praying that I would have no visitors during the night, from beneath the bed, or from outside!

² He died on October 28, 1949. A devoted humanitarian, he was equally the friend of Moslem, Christian, and Jew. President Chaim Weizmann telegraphed the Armenian Church representative in Jaffa:

GREATLY MOVED TO LEARN OF THE PASSING AWAY OF HIS BEATITUDE THE PATRIARCH GURGH ISRAELIAN, BELOVED FATHER OF THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY AND SINCERE FRIEND OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE; PLEASE CONVEY MY DEEPEST CONDOLENCES TO THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY.

BETHLEHEM AND JERICHO



"We [are] the nucleus of something much bigger to come. We want to build the future of the Arab world on a military basis. We are in a coma now. It will take us at least ten years to awaken. Only military regimes can accomplish this. . . ."

Captain Moustafa Kamal Sidki,
Egyptian Intelligence officer

I AWOKE to the violent shaking of my bed. It was morning, and I took a quick look around the room, my eyes alighting on a broken-down chair. . . . The bed shook again, more violently, and a voice called out:

"Open! Open!"

"Who are you?"

"Friend of Captain Zaki. Open."

Zaki was no particular friend, so I peered cautiously through the widened crack and recognized Musa, one of the volunteers I had met at Zaki's Sylwan village headquarters. The Arab had learned of my stay from the talkative hotel clerk, and was showing off to the other Arabs that he knew the *Amrikani* personally. There was nothing to do but open the door and welcome him and a half dozen of his companions.

"Why aren't you with Zaki?" I asked.

"Egyptian volunteers leaving. Arab Legion no like Egyptians."

"And where is Captain Zaki?"

"Him going back to Egypt today. I go also."

"Which way are you going?"

"By Bethlehem, Hebron, Gaza. . . . We meet Moustafa in Bethlehem."

Moustafa! So he was alive! I had to see him before I went on to Amman.

I hurried with Musa to the taxi terminal. He was supposed to meet Zaki and his companions at nine. We had a leisurely breakfast and were on hand at ten. Zaki showed up with Ismail and three others at about eleven—the usual margin in most Arab appointments. Zaki was more surly than ever. I resorted to a time-honored device, flattery.

"You are looking very well this morning," I said to Ismail. He beamed with pleasure, and giggled. "How nice your uniform looks on you, how neatly pressed and well-fitting. . . ."

Zaki turned a jealous glance on me. I decided I had gone far enough and broached my desire to accompany his men to Bethlehem.

"It is military territory. You are an Armenian and also an American. It is not safe for you, and it is dangerous for us to be with you."

Ismail took up my side, and eventually won. Zaki decided finally that I could come along.

"Let me wear your wrist watch till we get to Bethlehem," he said, blandly.

"Perhaps I shall give it to you as a gift after we arrive safely there," I replied, and we let the matter rest there.

Our vehicle was a new English army half-truck, driven by a young Arab who had picked it up (undoubtedly it was stolen property) at a bargain. He had decided to make a living as a trucker and—at the same time—learn how to drive. We leaped on board and had hardly moved fifty yards when we had an accident. The smashed taxi-fender was hardly worth

the hour's wild oratory and swearing, and the argument was finally settled by the payment of a few Palestinian pounds. It was after one o'clock when we got started.

The Arab drove well on straight, flat ground, but hills, downgrades, and curves made him nervous. Unfortunately, the terrain was among the most rugged and serpentine in all Palestine. The road dipped up and down and twisted constantly. On the far left we passed Bethphage, revered as the sanctuary from which Christ started on Palm Sunday on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. We whizzed past Bethany, catching a bare glimpse of the churches that commemorate the spot where Christ performed one of His greatest miracles, the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA

AS WE plunged down a steep incline, the driver suddenly slammed the brakes and we all piled up in a heap. Ismail giggled. The truck started fitfully, then slowed to a halt at the bottom of the hill. It followed a wadi for several hundred yards, after which it picked up what appeared to be little more than a goat trail. We creaked and groaned over boulders and road pits into the Wilderness of Judea. Deeper and deeper we went into a desolation that had scarcely changed since the days of Moses—barren wastes, hills with nothing but rocks, boulders, and occasional patches of scrub.

After nearly two tortuous hours, choking with dust and aching with the violent battering we had undergone, we came to a sight that terrified me. The road led straight to the side of a towering mountain, then crawled along a ledge dug into the living rock. Below us was the wildest, most frightful gorge I have ever seen, so deep that its bottom was lost in the mists. The walls—layers of reddish maroon stone—rose perpendicularly to awesome heights. Separating us from the brink of dis-

aster was a low rock fence strung along the road's edge, as high as our hub caps. The driver seemed to have lost his nerve: he inched along slower than a trot. As we skirted the weird canyon's rim, hugging the safety of the mountainside, to my astonishment I saw that people had once lived here. There was a series of man-made entrances to caves, with steps dug roughly into the rock. I had read that hermits and ascetics often lived in these forsaken areas; that Christ was tempted by the devil in this same Judean wilderness; that John the Baptist preached here. Further on we saw a small monastery, teetering over the dizzy precipice, then a larger one, then one still larger and truly magnificent, embedded in the rock. They were Greek Orthodox sanctuaries, where no women were allowed to step foot and monks died without seeing anyone outside the forbidding walls.

I turned to Zaki. "I wonder how we will find Moustafa."

Zaki rubbed the red dust from his lips. "I don't know," he said gruffly.

The car lurched violently and we all held on for dear life again. It was no time for social intercourse.

After a hairpin curve we began to climb still higher. A majestic panorama spread before us: to the dim distant right were the spires and skyline of Jerusalem; to our left were the terrifying gorges and chasms in all the hues of the wild Judean sunset; behind, the rock-hewn mountains plunged into the deep azure waters of the Dead Sea; while directly ahead the city of Bethlehem began to loom. We came to another hairpin curve, spiraling upward so steeply that our engine, grinding in first gear, could not pull us up. From the front seat the driver frantically shouted to us to get out and push. With the alternative of toppling backward, even Zaki bestirred his fat rump and, together with the giggling Ismail, helped heave until at last we found ourselves on the level ground of a high plateau, with Bethlehem directly ahead. It was almost dusk when we arrived. It had required five hours to travel the thirty tortuous miles.

"You are now an expert driver," I told the Arab. "But I wish you had picked a safer road on which to learn."

"Allah, Allah! I still have to go back to Jerusalem on that road."

"Then may Allah have mercy on your soul, brother. *Ma salama.*"

Zaki came over, eyeing my wrist watch. "Would you like to see Moustafa?"

"Where is he?" I asked eagerly.

"He is captain of a company here in Bethlehem. He is at headquarters down the road." Zaki edged up to me. "The wrist watch. Will you give it to me now?"

"It is a gift from a girl." I didn't think Zaki would appreciate the sentiment, but I had told him the truth. "Look!" I unclasped the band, and holding it firmly, showed him the inscription. "See, it says 'Marie to Arthur.' How can I part with it, Zaki? Would you give away Ismail's gift—if he could afford to give you one?"

Once again Ismail came to my rescue, and I willingly agreed to send Zaki an identical watch after I returned to America.

" . . . WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN OF MARY"

I HURRIED to Arab headquarters on the outskirts of Bethlehem, but Moustafa was off on a mission. I had counted on him to arrange lodging for me. Luckily, an Armenian monastery was adjacent to the Church of the Nativity, for the Armenian Church in Bethlehem, as in Jerusalem, was among the custodians of the holy shrines. Our *Vank* here was of formidable appearance, with a high, buttressed wall and tiny grilled windows. There was no telephone and no electric doorbell, so I yelled at the top of my voice. No one heard me. I resorted to a childhood habit: throwing stones, this time with

the earnest hope that I'd break no windows. The face of a bearded priest became visible behind a pane.

"I'm an Armenian from America," I shouted in Armenian. "I come with the Patriarch's blessings and bring you news from Jerusalem."

In a few moments an iron door creaked and an attendant with a candle beckoned me. He ushered me into the presence of the Reverend Mesrop Depoyan, spiritual shepherd of the few hundred Armenians taking refuge at the *Vank*. I found myself in a cozy room furnished with a bed, several settees on which were stacks of Bibles, a desk, and a kerosene lamp. I found this servant of the church, with flowing beard and gentle manners, in a sorrowful mood. The tragedy of the war was etched on his face. Prematurely gray strands liberally sprinkled his beard and wrinkles lined his face.

"Our hearts are heavy in Bethlehem," he said with a deep sigh, after greeting me and I had told him how I had last left the Patriarch. "Last night, in this birthplace of Christ, the heavens and the earth again shook with the violence of war. All night long guns roared their defiance of the Christian spirit. The savagery of it all, the bestiality to which man stoops. I have seen a girl's stomach split open and a rock placed in it. I have seen human heads rolling down the streets of Bethlehem. I have seen the skull of the dead broken so gold could be extracted from the teeth. I have even seen the dead desecrated with knives and kicked by the boots of maddened men. Once upon a time the Arabs and the Jews lived like brothers. Now someone comes from the outside, gives one, then the other, a knife, saying: 'Go, slay your brother!' . . . Oh, the ways of God are often inexplicable. Perhaps some good will come of all this evil. Perhaps it is His way of testing the righteous and rallying them to His side. *Asdvadzim, gamkut gadarvi*. God, may Thy will be done."

The hour was late. The priest reached over to the brazier and stirred the charcoals. From a pitcher he poured water into

a tiny, hourglass-shaped brass pot, added a spoonful of coffee, then sugar, then a pinch of cardamon seed. He buried the pot in the coals until the coffee came to a boil. Then he poured some in one demi-tasse cup, then in another, evenly distributing the frothy head. I sipped the delicious brew, the cardamon seeds giving it a rare oriental aroma unlike anything served on the other side of the Atlantic. When we had finished, the priest said:

"I have burdened you with our plight. Forgive me. I hope you will sleep well." With this he left me after insisting that I sleep in his room.

Breakfast the next morning consisted of coffee, bread, and jam, preceded and followed by profuse apologies. "Will you stay for dinner?" Reverend Depoyan asked. "I promise you it will be different."

"Thank you, but I must visit my Egyptian friends," I said.

"We have a few chickens left. We will kill one in your honor, the plumpest one in the lot," he suggested hopefully, "and have it with *pilav* and rich sauce."

The poor man's mouth was drooling, for a plump chicken is a luxury in the Middle East, and he could never conscientiously serve so sumptuous a dinner to himself alone.

"I shall be equally grateful if you will show me the Grotto," I said.

We entered the Church of the Nativity. Its grandeur lay in its extreme simplicity. Long, colored columns and a mosaic flooring led the pilgrim to the Greek, Armenian, and Latin altars. We descended a series of steps, and then entered a low-ceilinged grotto, adorned with holy objects, tapestries, and paintings. It was lighted by numerous lamps, and its floor was of white marble. It was the Grotto of the Nativity, birthplace of the Christ Child. On the actual site of the Manger was a slab of resplendent white marble inlaid with a star in colored stone. Opposite the Manger was an altar dedicated to the three Wise Men who "when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell

down, and worshipped Him." Near by were the steps—eleven steep stone steps—said to have been used by Mary and Joseph in their flight to Egypt.

"Will you join me in prayer?" Father Depoyan said.

Together we knelt at the altar of the Prince of Peace. I prayed for peace in the Holy Land, and for peace in the world, after which Father Depoyan gave me a dozen holy wafers and bade me Godspeed. "When you return to America," he pleaded, "please strive to bring peace to us. *Asdvadz parin gadareh*. May God perform the good."

I promised to do the impossible when I arrived in America.

MOUSTAFA AND HIS MEN OF THE SABOTAGE

IT WAS high noon when I walked into the Egyptian headquarters again. Moustafa was still away, but was expected back any minute. I sat under a tree and waited for him. Soon I heard him down the road. His rough, barking voice hadn't changed, and he was in top form—boasting of his prowess to a gang of men walking with him, among them Captain Zaki. Moustafa's skin had grown darker; his face and moustache wilder than ever; he had the same old uniform, which looked as though it hadn't been taken off since our last meeting. I liked this wild, shaggy Arab: he was earthy.

"Moustafa!" I extended my hand.

He ignored it. "Zaki has been telling me about you. I must go tell Colonel Azziz." He sounded deeply hurt.

"Let us first sit and talk together for old friendship's sake, Moustafa, after which you can do anything. Hang me, if you wish. I'm at your mercy."

We talked for an hour. I refuted Zaki's charges and showed Moustafa my new credentials from Major Abdullah el Tel. "Zaki is jealous because Ismail has been smiling at me. He is also angry because I have not given him my watch."

Apparently satisfied about me, Moustafa began talking about himself, a subject he enjoyed. He had plenty of money now and offered to pay for some of the pictures I had taken of him. "Give it to the poor," I said, which pleased him. He told me he had been put in charge of a commando unit called "men of the sabotage."

"My men of the sabotage—fifty of us—and four hundred other Egyptians advanced on the Jews of Ramat Rachel under a smoke screen. We started at ten in the morning, under heavy artillery fire. We blasted at the barbed wire and crawled under it. Then we bravely walked over the mine fields. Seeing us, the Jews ran by the hundreds. We killed many and threw their bodies in the fire."

"How many men did you lose?"

"None. Only one was wounded, slightly," Moustafa said as I listened soberly to his tale of bloodless victory. "The Egyptian flag was waving over Ramat Rachel by eleven o'clock. We found cows—beautiful, fat cows. We found chickens—thousands of nice, fat, plump chickens. Every man grabbed two, ripped off the heads, and roasted them in the fires of the burning buildings. We ate chickens all day."

"Then what happened?" I asked Moustafa.

"I was still eating chicken when the cowardly Jews attacked. They caught us by surprise by sneaking up on us at midnight. The Jews never show themselves in battle until they are on top of you. They never fight so that you can see them. Cowards! I took one last bite and ordered my men to retreat. But we will capture the village back again. We will chase the Jew out of Palestine. . . .

"*Insh'allah*," for the hundred-and-first time. "*Insh'allah*, Moustafa."

"I will report to Colonel Azziz about you now, and also to the Intelligence chief," Moustafa said, leaving me under the fig tree, wondering what he meant.

He reappeared soon. "The Colonel wishes you a good welcome. Later you must be cleared by the Intelligence chief."

CAPTAIN SIDKI TALKS

I WAS worried. It would not be difficult to find loopholes in the story of my "escape" from the Haganah. I followed Moustafa to headquarters where, to my surprise, Moustafa and I were invited to have supper with Colonel Azziz, in charge of Egyptian forces in Bethlehem, and several of his officers. Later, the tallest of these—a sharp-featured Arab of about twenty-five, with a deep olive complexion and piercing black eyes—summoned me to his room. He drew the blinds. Sitting on the chair with a gas lamp behind him, he looked at me intently without saying a word.

"May I ask who you are?" I broke the silence.

"I'm Captain Moustafa Kamal Sidki, in charge of Intelligence in this area."

"Moustafa has told me about you."

"He has told me about you, too. Captain Zaki has also talked to me."

"Of the two whom do you believe?"

"We will come to that," he said. "I understand you are a reporter for *Al Misri*. May I see your credentials—all of them?" Under the gaslight he examined each minutely, including those given me by Major Abdullah el Tel.

"The Arab Legion is no friend of Egypt," he said, heatedly.

"What's wrong with the Arab Legion?" I asked innocently.

"Everything," he snapped, eyes blazing. "They're not Arab. They're British agents, British tools. . . . I am a strong Arab nationalist. I was released from prison only four months ago with seventeen other officers."

"The charge must have been serious," I said, surprised at his candor.

"Yes. Plotting against the government. We were all nationalists—the nucleus of something much bigger to come. We want to build the future of the Arab world on a military

basis. We are in a coma now. It will take us at least ten years to awaken. Only military regimes can accomplish this, and at the same time protect us from our enemies—England and the Jews.”

“What is your program?” I asked.

“To rid Palestine of the Jew though it takes a hundred years. Our motto is: ‘God and Nation, Egypt First!’ We trust no one except the military. We have learned much from the Germans. All Egyptian officers respect German militarism and admire the way the Germans were able to fight against the whole world. The other Arab countries will follow our example—when they see that we have the solution of the Jewish problem, the British problem, the home problem.”

“You are speaking very frankly with me,” I said. “I appreciate that.”

“It’s because I think you are one American who is sympathetic to us.” His black eyes were fastened on me. “You are, aren’t you?”

“Oh, yes, yes,” I said.

There was a sharp knock on the door.

At the door Moustafa waited to escort me to my sleeping quarters. As I left, Captain Sidki urged me to call on him again tomorrow. I followed Moustafa to a large house, where I spent the night. The next morning Moustafa said: “I will show you what we did to the Jews.”

Through a thicket he led me to a camouflaged observation-post, and I saw what remained of *Kibbutz Ramat Rachel*. It was a total ruin, a tangle of wreckage and twisted metal. But perched on a pole atop a burned-out chimney the blue and white flag of *Medinat Yisrael* waved its grim defiance to the Egyptian army. The Arabs had failed dismally in their mission—thanks to the prowess of the defenders and to Ramat Rachel’s luscious, “nice, plump chickens,” which had drugged and distracted the Arabs sufficiently from the mundane task of defending a newly won position to enable the Jews to counterattack successfully. As we stood looking at the scene,

I chose this moment to break the news to Moustafa that I was leaving.

“Where are you going, Artour?”

“I want to see the rest of the Arab countries, Moustafa.”

I found it hard to take leave of my friend. Once again, in the face of Zaki’s vile charges, he had saved my life. I could easily have been disposed of otherwise, for Captain Sidki and his fellow fanatics were sole custodians of law and order in the area. We walked together down the road—the big shaggy Arab and the American journalist. Culturally and intellectually we were worlds apart. Yet we had much in common. It is difficult to explain, perhaps because it was a thing of the spirit: the bond between one human being and another, the common heritage of a common birth, the oneness of a common brotherhood. How superficial and petty are the artificial distinctions of religion and race when God, in His infinite wisdom, and Nature with her immutable laws, have created one universal race of man from which we have all stemmed.

“Good-bye, Artour.”

“Good-bye, Moustafa.”

TO JERICHO

TO REACH Amman, capital of Jordan, one had to return to Jerusalem. I learned of a route back to the Holy City more direct than that over which I had been driven so recklessly. It was largely a wild donkey path, skirting the Wilderness of Judea, and snaking its way between towering hills. As most of it was unguarded, it was also used by smugglers in trafficking with the Jews. Several small Arab villages lay on the way.

I started out in late afternoon when donkey and cart traffic was heavy. To meet any emergencies, from a piece of rope I fashioned something that looked—or was supposed to look—like a cross. I hung it around my neck. I pinned the Arme-

nian medallion and St. Christopher's medal (with the Jewish *mezuzah* attached from the same chain) conspicuously on my chest. I put a small Bible in the breast pocket of my military shirt so that it protruded slightly. Learning the Arabic word for "Christian pilgrim," *haj Nosrani*, I sallied forth, knapsack on shoulder, every inch of me shrieking the stranger and the Christian pilgrim from somewhere.

When peasants and villagers spoke first, I answered them solemnly, first touching my heart, lips, and forehead with my fingers:

"*Ma salama. Ana haj Nosrani. Peace be with you. I am a Christian pilgrim.*"

"*Allah ma'ak,*" they said. "God be with you."

To those who wanted to carry on a conversation, I explained:

"*Ana Inglisi. Muta'asif la ahki Arabie. I'm English. I am sorry I don't speak Arabic. Salam Allah aleikum. God's peace be upon you.*"

Gangs of armed toughs challenged me often, appearing suddenly from behind stone fences and buildings. My responses became a matter of instinct. Whenever I came to an Arab outpost, I walked boldly into the compound, asked to see the chief, told him I had just met with Colonel Azziz, and demanded safe conduct through his lines. Inevitably I found someone who knew English and acted as interpreter.

Finally I reached the last barrier before Jerusalem—the military outpost at the Arab village of Sur Bahir, about two miles from the Holy City. Perched atop a hill was a large stone building literally teeming with the familiar wild-eyed volunteers. In charge was a surly Arab who spoke English. He scrutinized my credentials, then went through my knapsack, finding only a few clothes and mother-of-pearl souvenirs from Bethlehem. He ordered one of his men to search me for arms. Then he leaned over and examined my medallions.

"What is this?" he asked, fingering the Jewish *mezuzah*.

"That is part of the other medal," I said. "You can see it is on the same chain."

"Why has it no cross?"

"If it is blessed by a priest, it needs no cross."

He looked at me suspiciously for a moment. "I'm not satisfied with you," he said brusquely. "There are many who cross to the Jewish side and back. Some are smugglers. Others are not. We see them at a distance and shoot. Sometimes we catch them. *Qassab, Qassab!*" He called an orderly, then turned to me: "I am not holding you prisoner, but you will be my guest till tomorrow. You may move about in Sur Bahir but you must not leave. Tomorrow we will take you to the Old City for questioning. It is now late."

"You can telephone headquarters and ask about me. I am friend of Major el Tel."

"We have no telephone. Tomorrow we will go. Be patient."

I accompanied the orderly and another soldier to a large building that seemed to be used as officers' quarters. It was almost deserted at this hour, with only a few Arabs about. I was taken to the courtyard of the house. The soldier said gruffly: "You stay here inside. I come after and give you room." Then he and the orderly both left me.

I had no intention of remaining anyone's "guest." The house was on a quiet street, with narrow alleys branching from it. If I made a break, and was caught, I'd be locked up. But I'd probably be locked up for the night anyway. What had I to lose? The first voice kept pressing: "Now, now, is the time, while they don't expect you to act. Later this place will be crowded. Make your getaway now while the coast is clear."

It was, in fact, clear. An occasional child, a veiled woman, or a stray dog passed by. I had seen only two Arabs walk into the courtyard, and one had already left. I reasoned that I could easily lose myself in the native alleys, but my object was to find a way out of the maze and pick up the road to

Jerusalem. Should I risk being trapped and captured in this labyrinth, or chance another interrogation tomorrow?

I sauntered casually into the street, and slipped down one of the alleys. In a few minutes I found myself in another world—deep behind the native curtain. I walked through more twisting alleys until I reached the outskirts of Sur Bahir. The extraordinary panorama of Jerusalem spread before me. It was the hour of sunset, and the Old City wall on the rocky height was a magic island floating in space as the rays caught the wheat fields, the bluish Dome of the Mosque of Omar, the Mount of Olives, and the thousand and one historic buildings and shrines.

I waited until darkness, and then slowly worked my way down a rocky slope until I reached a wheat patch. There I rested, dozing off at times, until an hour before dawn. My plan was to cross this no-man's land while it was still dark and reach Jerusalem when traffic was heavy with farmers bringing in their produce. I would then lose myself among them.

I rose, chilled through, exercised my knees to take the kinks out, and chewing on a handful of wheat kernels, began walking again in what I thought was the direction of Jerusalem. I kept going by instinct—I had no other guide; no landmarks were visible in the pitch darkness. I grew disturbed because the trail I was taking seemed to be leading to higher and higher ground. But I had no alternative, except to put as much distance as possible between myself and Sur Bahir.

Not until the first streaks of gray showed on the horizon did I realize that I was in totally strange territory. I was lost—on a narrow road dug into the side of a scrubby mountain. Not even the famous Tower of the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives, highest landmark outside the Old City, was visible. Before me spread range after range of Judean hills. Below me—at the bottom of a chasm some five hundred feet deep—was an Arab mud village. Behind me an escarpment rose to the height of fifty feet. From my left a husky young Arab

came down the trail, prodding his laden donkey before him.

"*Sabah il-kher*," I said. "Good morning."

"*Sabah il-kher*," he replied, and moved on.

A moment later another Arab came down the road. He was an oldish man with close-set eyes, no brighter facially than the donkey on which he was mounted. He rode on it with his stubby legs astride, his sandaled feet sticking out on each side, keeping step with the donkey's hopping stride.

"*Sabah il-kher*," he said.

"*Sabah il-kher*," I answered.

A talkative old man, he stopped the animal and jabbered. . . .

"*Ana Inglisi. Muta'asif la ahki Arabie*," I said. "*Assalamu aleikum*. Peace be upon you."

He looked at me a moment, his eyes narrowing into slits.

"*Yahoodi*," he yelled, suddenly. "*Yahoodi! Jew!*"

"*La, la, la. Ana mish Yahoodi*. No, no, no. I'm not a Jew. *Armani. Inglisi*. Armenian. English. *Ana mish Yahoodi*."

"*Anta Yahoodi! Anta Yahoodi!* You are a Jew! You are a Jew!" he screamed.

I whipped out an identification card, the one issued by the Mufti's Arab Higher Committee in Jerusalem. He held it upside down.

It dawned on me that the old man was illiterate.

"*Yahoodi! Yahoodi!*" he screamed like a siren, in a voice that carried deep into the mountain crags and the village below. He jumped off the donkey, snatched at his dagger and, still yelling *Yahoodi, Yahoodi*, roared down at me.

I took to my heels down the trail. He was easy to out distance, but racing toward me was the young Arab I had met a minute ago. He was brandishing his dagger above his head; the sun's glare made it dazzle like a fiery sword. I felt for a moment as though Damocles' blade was about to fall on me. There was absolutely no escape! Below me was the chasm, with precipitous sides. I'd roll to the bottom without stopping. Above me was the escarpment. I'd be overtaken easily

if I tried to flee. Flee where? The old man would have awakened the countryside—racing through it like Paul Revere on a donkey sounding the alarm against the *Yahoodi*. A hundred daggers would have sought me out.

As I ran toward the young man I kept yelling: “*Armani, Inglisi! Ana mish Yahoodi!*” I girded myself for the inevitable hand-to-hand encounter on the mountaintop, for I had no notion of letting myself be stabbed in the throat. I noted the Arab’s guard was open. I would try to knock him down the cliff with a quick right uppercut before the old man reached us, then push the latter down and flee. I have no idea what made me address the young Arab in English, for he was the last man on earth I’d expect to understand me, but I screamed just before closing in: “Hold back your knife till you’ve seen my papers!”

“You are English, or Armenian, which?” my incredulous ears heard him say.

“Read this quick. It’s from the Mufti. Read this, and this. I’m a friend of all Arabs. I love the Arabs. I’m no Jew.”

The old man was upon us, his dagger all set, the blood lust hot in his eyes. At his age he wanted to make sure of getting into Allah’s heaven and there was no easier way than by killing either a *Yahoodi* or a Gentile. The young Arab grabbed him and held him back. The two struggled briefly on the mountain trail, a dagger in the hands of each. “*Yahoodi! Yahoodi!*” the old man kept yelling, trying to get at me. Up the trail two more Arabs came into view and prodded their donkeys as they saw the struggle. The young man won out in the nick of time, for the newcomers had dismounted and were coming down upon us with their daggers out.

My benefactor began to argue vigorously with the old man; he showed my papers to the newcomers, and they, too, agreed I was a pro-Arab Christian and that every courtesy should be shown me. The old man kept muttering “*Yahoodi!*” At last he was quieted down and put his dagger away.

“What is your destination?” the young Arab asked.

“Jerusalem.”

“You are going in the direction of Bethlehem! Jerusalem is the opposite way.”

I accompanied the quartet sheepishly. Turning to the Arab, I said:

“I give this to you in Allah’s name for saving me,” and slipped him a five-dollar bill (representing at least a week’s wages). “Where did you learn your English?”

“From the English soldiers. I used to work for the British army.”

We walked on for a while, then the Arab pointed to a fork in the road.

“That way is Jerusalem.”

They all wished me peace and a safe journey, except the old man whom I had cheated of his place in heaven, for which he’d never forgive me.

Relieved beyond words, I made my way without any further misadventures to the Old City, where I was lucky enough to find a car leaving for Amman, via Jericho. A half hour later, after a quick breakfast, I was on my way, comfortably seated with an Arab in the rear of the truck, our feet dangling over the back. Within minutes the jeweled splendor of the Holy City was lost behind a succession of barren hills as we dipped and twisted our way into the Wilderness. What a vista of desolation now spread before us! Utterly denuded limestone cliffs rolled undulatingly before, behind, and about us in all directions like the sand dunes of Sahara. The only sign of man’s touch was the road and the telephone poles following the roadbed. I turned to my Arab companion, who was jealously hugging a small, well-wrapped package under one arm.

“You guard that as if it was solid gold,” I said.

“It contains passports,” he answered. “Captured from the Jews.”

“Then you are a courier for the Arab Legion?”

“Yes, that is why I’m not dressed in uniform.”

Halfway to Jericho we drove past Khan Hathroun, a caravanserai since time immemorial. Tradition places here the inn where the Good Samaritan took the traveler who had been robbed and beaten by thieves. The road kept dipping, and we passed a sign announcing that we were now at sea level. Down, down, we continued to coast, squeezing between towering rock walls, the region becoming more arid and desolate, with buttes and dried pits, barren hills pockmarked with boulders and erosion pockets stretching clear to the horizon. As we neared the level of the Dead Sea, 1,282 feet below sea level, the lowest body of water in the world, the region became a total desert, a vast caldron of dismal, tortured, kiln-baked earth. When we hit bottom, the road became arrow-straight. We entered the valley of the Dead Sea.

"Someone is following us," I said to the Arab with some alarm, as the first of several cars emerged through the dust we had raised.

"Those look like Glubb Pasha and his jeeps. I know them."

First to catch up was a jeep with a driver and three armed Legionnaires. Then came Major-General John Bagot Glubb—who had been spending considerable time in Jerusalem—in a black American sedan. On impulse I photographed his car and the second armed jeep that followed it. It was a relief when both passed without stopping.

Now came the miracle—the miracle of water in the Judean wilderness!

First I saw the irrigation canals, then willow and poplar trees, and the beginnings of green orchards; then lush groves of banana and fig trees, sugarcane, orange, lemon, palm, and date palms. Contrary to the dusty, unappetizing Arab city I had expected, Jericho actually was a jewel in the desert wilderness. One of the most ancient and historic cities in the world, especially for the Jews, it was the first city they saw following their dispersion from Egypt. Joshua conquered it by the blowing of trumpets. Elisha cured its bitter waters,

making the Dead Sea valley one of the most fertile garden spots in the ancient world. Antony made a present of it to Cleopatra. Christ came to Jericho frequently, and after His baptism in the River Jordan He was "led by the spirit" into the desert mountains surrounding the valley, and there tempted. By the light of an incomparably wild sunset, I saw the Greek monastery perched on the site of the traditional grotto of Christ's forty days of fasting.

In Jericho, I spent the most refreshing night of my sojourn in Palestine. My hosts were a Greek and an Armenian, proprietors of Belle Vue Hotel, a clean, cheerful oasis in the lunar wilderness of Judea. It served the tenderest *shish-kebab* and *pilav* in the land.

PHILADELPHIA IS IN JORDAN



Dear Mum & All:

I am still alive & having a wonderful time fighting the Jews in Palestine. I am joining the Arab Legion. As soon as it is possible I will send you my address. Your loving son always,

Sidney

An English deserter to his mother

I WAS up at dawn to witness a sunrise that broke like a fireball over the wild Moab Mountains skirting the Dead Sea, setting the valley ablaze with a thousand hues. Over the vast, waveless sea, a delicate pink and blue-white haze floated like an ethereal cloud. With the rising sun, Jericho came to life. Sluices of the irrigation canals opened and the waters blessed by Elisha—called the Fountain of Elisha—poured through the lush gardens and fruit orchards. On the street in front of the Belle Vue a donkey brayed plaintively. From somewhere another donkey came running, and rubbed its neck against that of its mate till it quieted down. This was the first and last display of romance between the sexes that I saw in public during my six months in the Arab world. When I arrived at the marketplace it was already teeming with traffic; pedestrians, and idlers as taxis, trucks, and other traffic from Amman and Jerusalem passed through. Trucks were arriving with

scrap lumber, metal, pipes, and assorted machinery from the direction of the Dead Sea. I decided to investigate.

In an Armenian barbershop on Jericho's main street, I met a young refugee from Jerusalem named Torkom. Together we got into a bus going in the direction of the Dead Sea, then walked the remaining distance over the semi-arid baked earth. Vast brine evaporation-beds, dazzling white under the sun, met the eye in all directions, connected by miles of pipelines. Beyond them was the huge plant of Palestine Potash, Ltd. (a once highly profitable British corporation owned jointly by English and Jewish capital), which converted the fabulous mineral wealth of the Dead Sea into common salt, bromides, and chlorides of magnesium, potassium, and calcium.

Photographing as I went along, I saw, with Torkom, a sight that sickened me. The huge plant, stretching over many acres, with its generators, transformers, pumps, and a thousand and one irreplaceable items of machinery—transported at tremendous cost from England and the United States—was systematically being looted and destroyed: building by building, machine by machine, board by board. Hundreds of Arab scavengers, working with teams of donkeys, mules, and trucks, had already stripped away most of the vital working parts, and were now tearing at the corrugated tin, pipes, wire, boards, and small machines. What they could not take apart they smashed with sledge hammers. Instead of utilizing the giant plant, or at least expropriating some of the equipment for constructive purposes—in a land so desperately in need of lumber, glass, ironwork and all else that was in such abundance here—they were destroying everything, ruthlessly, cold-bloodedly, insanely.

The plant already looked like a miniature Hiroshima, minus the ravages of fire. And this wanton destruction was more or less officially sanctioned by Trans-Jordan officials. A dozen Arab Legion guards were on hand to keep law and order among the looters.

Further on, I saw the remains of Hotel Kallia, a noted win-

ter resort on the shores of the Dead Sea. Near by were the ruins of the cottages built by the Palestine Potash Corporation to house not only officials, engineers and laborers, but scientists and archaeologists. About a mile away I saw what was left of Beth Harava, a settlement founded by the Jews, who had brought water there to make the desert bloom, so that trees and flowers grew 1,300 feet below sea level.

When the war broke out the isolated colonists packed away their belongings, automobiles and all, and set sail during the night for the southern shore, site of a smaller potash concession. I found their homes stripped to the ground, with only the framework of a few houses remaining. I walked through one ruined home, where sash, doors, and flooring were all gone. Unable to rip off the toilet bowl, the Arabs had broken it in half. Overwhelmed by this destruction all about us, Torkom and I walked on to the shores of the Dead Sea itself. It was a silent lake, forty-seven miles long and ten miles wide. For thousands of years the Jordan had poured mineral sediment into it. I found wrecked boats; pilfered wreckage dotted the shore as far as the eye could reach.

Torkom and I silently hitch-hiked back to Jericho on a huge truck laden with plunder. Our scavenger friends drove straight to the bazaar and began to sell their loot as junk—which was what they had made out of the once valuable machinery and equipment.

PHILADELPHIA IS IN JORDAN

I HAD no desire to remain in Jericho, because I feared Sur Bahir Arabs might already have sent out an alarm for the escaped American. I bade Torkom good-bye and left Jericho immediately by taxi for Amman. Soon—with my fingers crossed—I arrived at Allenby Bridge over the Jordan, boundary between Palestine and Trans-Jordan. This sacred river

Philadelphia Is in Jordan

cut like a green ribbon through the wilderness, its banks lined with willow, acacia, poplar, and tamarisk trees. I had no visa, but with the aid of Major Tel's credentials and my Al Misri accreditation, I got by. Several hours later my taxi brought me down a macadam road to Amman, the capital of Jordan. Known as Philadelphia in ancient days, it had now reverted to an adaptation of its Biblical name, Rabbath-Ammon.

With its squat, squarish stone homes resembling miniature fortresses nestling on the bottom and crawling up the sides of the desert valley, its jumble of crooked dusty streets, its flat rooftops, minarets, veiled women, skirted men, and odorous bazaars, Amman was typical of most Arab cities. But about it was the air of a frontier post, a boom town. The taxi let me off at the city square congested with English and American vehicles. I was making my way to a hotel when my jaw dropped. . . .

"Hey, Jim!"

It was Jim Fitzsimmons, the Associated Press photographer from the Pantiles. He turned around swiftly, and grinned when he saw me.

"Carlson! When did you get here?"

As we walked together down King Faisal street, the main thoroughfare, Jim told me his story. "Right after you disappeared, we figured you had made the Arab side because your stuff was gone. Hell, if you did it, we could, too! Most of the boys decided to leave, so we got the Red Cross to take us over to the Arabs. We were supposed to report to the commander in Jerusalem but never did. I got a ride here with Dan de Luce. Bob Hecox and I are the only ones left in Amman. The rest skipped."

"Where to?"

"Cyprus. They chartered a private plane and scrambled without telling Amman officials. They are sore as hell now. They want Bob and me to get out quick."

"But why? They should be friendly to Americans here. Jordan is practically a British colony."

"Aw, these Arabs think every newspaperman is a spy."

We walked on to the Philadelphia Hotel, finest in Jordan. It was so crowded, however, that I was forced to share a room with four strangers in a room in the annex. The place was clean, and I was to find the food good. My roommates were an odd assortment. One was Arab. Another claimed to be Spanish, the third Belgian, the fourth said he was English but I guessed he was a Slav. I locked my suitcase securely, after which I had supper, then went to an outdoor movie built on the roof of one of the city's main buildings. We sat on squat bulrush chairs, with the stars twinkling overhead. The audience was all male. Mild necking and hand-holding went on around me between husky dark-skinned young men, their *khaffiyas* flowing down their necks like veils.

The film was an Egyptian tale about a Bedouin triangle in which a desert sheikh contrived to kidnap the fiancée of another sheikh the night before the wedding. The lover was killed and the girl murdered by her father for letting herself be kidnapped, and presumably kissed. As for the ending, nobody lived happily ever after. Thus Arab justice triumphed—for there is no greater sin in the lexicon of Arab morals than feminine unchastity. No one cares about the morals of the male.

Except for three movie houses showing second-rate American, and first-rate British and Egyptian films, night life in Amman was nonexistent. Amman was probably the only Arab capital that had not fallen victim to such iniquities as night-clubs, cabarets, and brothels. The city took pride in its purity, but was apparently unconcerned about homosexuality. With public dancing prohibited (save at British-sponsored affairs attended by the foreign set) and concerts, plays, lectures, or any other type of cultural life lacking, the young men of Amman could only spend their evenings playing backgammon, attending the cinema, or sitting at a sidewalk café listening to the blaring radio. They went to bed early and were up at five a.m. Most shops opened at six. It was said

that the king was at his desk even before that hour and received callers as early as six o'clock in the morning.

After retiring in the company of my four strange roommates, I was awakened suddenly by the racket of anti-aircraft guns and the muffled thud of falling bombs. It was past four a.m. My companions were already up, chattering excitedly. Jumping into my trousers, I ran out. The grounds were filled with men and women gaping at the skies—witnesses to the first air raid in history upon this ancient city. We heard the drone of Israeli planes circling overhead, dropping bombs, which must have been small because they caused no extraordinary noise, certainly nothing compared to what the Arab Legion had rained upon the New City. The Israeli bombs were landing somewhere on the rim of the canyon wall around Amman. Sleepy, I went back to bed.

FACING ARAB MUSIC

THE Israeli raid had caught napping not only the Arab Legion, but also the huge British Royal Air Force base maintained a few miles away for just such emergencies. The effect of the raid was electrifying; it struck terror into the hearts of the people of Jordan. Here was undeniable evidence that the Jew was not only fighting back against the Legion, but, by bombing Glubb Pasha's headquarters, now dared to defy the combined might of the British and the Arabs. The bombing was an overwhelming psychological victory for Israel.

Shortly after noon I left my room and passed a long, fully equipped caravan of Iraqi soldiers on their way to fight Israel. Then I ran into Jim and Bob.

"Haven't the police looked you up?" Jim asked.

"Not yet."

"They will. They've told us to get out today. We're leaving."

It was agreed that the two Israeli planes had spent a great deal of time circling the city, apparently contemptuous of its defenses. It was also affirmed that King Abdullah had become so enraged that he himself tried to bring them down with his rifle. The bombs, I learned, had fallen on scattered areas and killed six Arabs. Whether through sheer luck or design, one bomb had damaged the home of General Abdul Qader Pasha, Arab chief of the Legion. This had given rise to all kinds of wild rumors. Witnesses had allegedly seen flares and flashlight signals suggesting fifth-column conspiracy, and scores of both Arabs and non-Arabs, particularly refugees, were being rounded up by the police. Panic was growing. It was time for me to do something about my own security. I went to the Jordan Press office to get my accreditation as a correspondent, and was brought before the military censor.

"I'm one of the American correspondents from Jerusalem. I arrived yesterday afternoon."

"Where were you all this time? Why didn't you report with the others?"

"I was in the Old City with Major Tel. He has given me this accreditation. . . . I'm Armenian by birth. I'm on the side of the Arabs and bless Melik [King] Abdullah every day for his kindness toward the Armenians."

"What do you know of Robert Hecox?" he suddenly asked.

"Nothing much. He seems to be a good fellow."

"What do you know of his wife?"

"I didn't even know he was married," I said truthfully.

"Go see Hamid Bey Farhan," he growled.

Farhan was Chief Censor, a short, intense British-trained Intelligence officer. I seized the initiative, laid down my credentials, emphasizing that I was an accredited correspondent for *Al Misri*, and asked for Jordan accreditation.

"Did you cross with the other Americans through the Red Cross?"

"Yes," I said, lying. I risked it in the hope that he would have no reason to check with the authorities at Sur Bahir, or with Major Tel in Jerusalem.

"Then why wasn't your name reported with the others?"

"My name is Armenian. Americans always have difficulty pronouncing it. They're too lazy to remember, so they forget."

"I will call Fitzsimmons and check on your story."

With this Farhan leaned over to telephone the Philadelphia Hotel. He hung on for more than five minutes, in the meanwhile saying nothing, scrutinizing me sharply and re-studying my credentials.

"Fitzsimmons and Hecox have already left for Syria," he announced, hanging up. "I shall have to believe your story."

"It is the truth," I said.

"What do you know of Robert Hecox's wife?"¹

"Nothing," I repeated. "I didn't know he was married."

"I will have to check up on you through other sources," Farhan snapped. "In the meanwhile, you must not leave Amman. I want you to report to me once daily until we have cleared you."

"Yes, sir."

There was nothing else for me to say. I was in no mood—at this point—to attempt taking French leave here, as I had at Sur Bahir.

AMMAN—TODAY AND YESTERDAY

AN AIR-RAID shelter was being dug on one side of the town square. It consisted of a shallow tunnel under the street, with both sides open; at most it could not hold more than 100 persons; nor could it provide any protection whatever

¹ Curious to know the reason for the interest in Bob's wife. I ascertained later that they thought she was Jewish.

against direct hits or cave-ins. Further on, behind a bank, workers were digging another hole that would be cement-lined for the storage of bank funds and securities.

Jordan had no streetcars, horse-drawn or otherwise, less than three hundred miles of railroads, and only 360 miles of roads. And it was probably the only Arab State that had not a single Jew. Jews, by an unwritten law, were forbidden to take up residence. This explained in part Jordan's commercial and cultural lethargy. The King proved kind to the Armenians, many of whom settled in Jordan after fleeing from Palestine. Displaying energy and resourcefulness, they had already achieved some prominence in many fields of endeavor, adding materially to Jordan's progress.

Unlike the people of Cairo—many of whom were hostile and suspicious—I found the Arabs in Amman even-tempered and friendly. Even the fiercest-looking, sun-bleached Bedouin, armed with rifle, cartridge belt, and daggers, was someone with whom you could sit down and enjoy a glass of *chai*. One did not see constant brawls, bullying of children, or beggars without number, as in Cairo.

Amman was a new city in an ancient setting. Directly opposite the Philadelphia Hotel were the ruins of a huge Roman amphitheater, dating from the Roman occupation in A.D. 90. I walked from tier to tier, through the vaults underneath the stone theater, then in the elliptical arena itself. They were all in shabby condition, now repository for filth and human refuse. The outlines of temples, palaces, and classic columns were barely distinguishable amid the rubble. Amman officials boasted of these antiquities, but treated them as garbage dumps.

When conquered in A.D. 650 by Arabic hordes, Amman entered a period of decline intensified later by Turkish conquest, so that in Amman as in other Arab capitals I heard the phrase: "Wherever the Turk has walked there the grass has stopped growing." Depopulation, extensive soil erosion, deforestation, and banditry continued unchecked until Trans-

Jordan became a British mandate in 1920. Under British rule, Jordan had made phenomenal progress—contrasted to that under Turkish rule—and the fiercely independent Bedouins, who comprised more than half the population, were brought into line under Abdullah, crowned king in 1947.

But Jordan still was backward. The vast majority of the native population of four hundred thousand was illiterate. The country's first Secondary College (corresponding to our preparatory school) had just been completed, and boasted a mere two hundred students. The hand of the imperial ruler lay heavy on Jordan, the vassal State. Allowed to trade only with sterling-area countries, it couldn't import or export a product—or make a political or military move—without the approval of His Majesty's Colonial Office. It had either to accept British goods or have no goods at all. But as one Jordan Arab told me:

"We have mineral resources, but because we do not have money to exploit them, we are poor. We have no Nile valley in which to raise cotton. We have no industries, no skilled workers. It's better to have England with us than against us. Better to receive a few million pounds a year than nothing at all."²

"How long do you expect England to rule your country?"

"England will never leave the Middle East. She has too many interests between Persia and Gibraltar. If she loses her holdings in the Middle East, she'll become bankrupt and sink from the international picture."

I walked to the headquarters of the Arab Legion, located in a rugged stone building on a hill off the main street. In the semidarkened hallway I saw three doors, marked in English, as follows: R. J. C. Broadhurst—1/C Administrator; J. G. Glubb Pasha—OC Arab Legion; Emir Luva, Abdul Qader Pasha.

² British subsidies to the Arab Legion are approximately £3,000,000 annually, in addition to grants-in-aid, as needed, to uphold the economy of the country.

Entering a stuffy little office, I talked to Glubb Pasha's secretary, who said to me in a businesslike manner: "If Glubb Pasha is not busy you may interview him now."

The Legion chief received me with a cordial smile in a small room with a battered desk, stiff-backed chair, and two telephones. A short, personable-looking man with blond hair and soft blue eyes, Glubb wore a mustache and a permanent smile that was caused by the removal of part of his jawbone following an injury. Arabs called him Abou Hunaik, Father of the Little Chin. Glubb was toying with his string of amber beads, a habit of twenty-seven years among the Arabs. He not only spoke the language fluently, but had also endeared himself to the Arabs by squatting at meals and dipping greasy fingers into a communal dish of roast lamb buried in a mound of rice with an icing of *yoghourt*, the Jordanian national dish called *mausaf*. It was said that whenever conferring with Bedouins, Glubb—like Lawrence of Arabia—would even scratch away at imaginary lice in order to establish a common bond. But if I had any notion that Abou Hunaik would talk, I lost it very soon. Charming and soft-spoken, Glubb absolutely refused to answer questions.

"I am just an employee of His Majesty, King Abdullah. He has engaged me to organize the Arab Legion as he might have engaged you to do a book on Trans-Jordan."

Though I visited him again later, he refused to go beyond this incredibly simplified version of his vital role in the complicated drama of Middle East politics. There was nothing for me to do but forget my frustration and walk into the nearest restaurant for dinner.

IN ARABIA DO AS THE ARABS DO

IT WAS a small place, heavy with kitchen odors. I sat opposite an Arab who was busy dipping pieces of bread in the

dish before him, and eating with great gusto, to the accompaniment of crunching and swishing sounds. Looking and listening to him eat made me more hungry. He was a young, clean-cut Arab in a striped blue shirt open at the neck.

"What are you eating?" I asked.

"*Tafaddal, tafaddal*," he offered. "Please, help yourself."

To refuse would be an unforgivable breach of courtesy, so I reached over, tore off a piece of his bread, shaped it to fit snugly into a groove of my four fingers, dipped it in his dish and brought it to my mouth. The Arab looked at me expectantly. If the dish had tasted like a boiled dishrag, courtesy demanded that I speak of it favorably. Happily, the assortment of baked vegetables and meat in casserole was delicious.

"*Keif la-ayt*. How is it?" the Arab asked.

"*Lazis*." I answered. "Excellent."

"*Tafaddal, tafaddal*," he offered.

I had no choice but to break more of his bread and help myself to his meal until the waiter came and I ordered the national dish, *mausaf*.

"*Tafaddal, tafaddal*," my host offered again.

I indicated that he wouldn't have enough to eat if I shared his meal. He wouldn't hear of it. He put aside the glasses of water and placed his plate in the center for my convenience. We ate in silence, except for sluicing noises as the morsels were sucked into the mouth to prevent the juices from dripping down our chins. By the time the waiter arrived with my food, the casserole was all gone. The waiter lifted the empty dish and put mine down.

"*Tafaddal, tafaddal*," I said to my former host.

"*La, mammunak*, no, thank you," he answered, as expected of him. Arab manners demand that one refuse the offering the first time so as not to be considered greedy. At the second offering, however, he must accept or insult his host.

"*Tafaddal, tafaddal*," I said again, as expected of me.

My guest needed no further coaxing. Seizing a loaf of *kmaj*, he tore it neatly into halves, then quarters, then eighths, and

began his assault on my plate of *mausaf*. First he dug into a chunk of meat, placing it on the bottom of the bread, which he had shaped like a pyramid; then he stuffed the rest of the bread with rice, and saturated the mixture with sauce and yoghurt. With a quick turn of the wrist and an upward motion of the hand, my friend brought the loaded pyramid to his mouth, tilting his head slightly to let the juices drop in first, quickly followed by the solid food. After this he licked his lips to clear them and began to prepare another mouthful.

Etiquette also demanded that the guest match his host's pace and not outstrip him in consumption, lest he be considered hoggish. Less expert at the art than my guest, I urged him from time to time—"Tafaddal, tafaddal"—to my loss but to his elation, for he was a hearty cater. Between us we made short work of the heaped plate, smacked our lips and belched liberally and loudly. It was indeed a satisfying meal! I ordered pastry, but my friend insisted on paying for it. I refused. The unwritten code of Arab etiquette demanded that at this point a friendly fight ensue, and one did, according to Allah's custom, as we bickered back and forth over who should pay for the sweets. I cut the play short by suggesting:

"If you will let me pay for the coffee, I'll let you pay for the *baklawas*."

"Tayyib! Very good!"

"And for Allah's sake I will leave something for the waiter."

"Anta rajul tayyib. You are a good man," my host said. "*El Amrikan nas taycebecn*. Americans are a kind people."

After the dessert we sipped our coffee noisily (the noises are considered a sign of pleasure) and went together to the water tap to wash. My anonymous friend insisted I wash first while he held the towel. I waited till he had finished and turned over the community towel to him. We had broken bread in the best Arab tradition, and I had made a convert to my country. I felt satisfied. At the doorway we parted company. Putting his right hand to his heart my Arab friend said:

"*Fiemen el lah*, God be with you."

Putting my right hand over my own heart, I answered: "*Allah ma'ak*. And God be with you."

LAST DAYS IN AMMAN

IT WAS dark when I emerged. The bazaars had already closed, but the odor of spices and oils was still as strong as on a waterfront. The dust had settled. A cooling breeze made the evening pleasant as I walked through the side streets. Stars appeared one by one as the twilight deepened into night and city noises gradually ceased. Amman was blacked out. In the dark I walked toward the Philadelphia Hotel, opposite which the ancient Roman theater was outlined in the dim starlight. I continued to walk, finding peace in this motion. Now that the excitement of Jerusalem was over, I found myself homesick—for my real friends, for an American movie, ice cream, a drive in my car. How far away they seemed. . . .

A siren wail pierced the night and reverberated through the valley. I ran into a crowded cafe, after me a man and his wife, then another woman. Though it was pitch dark, the women kept on their dark veils, groping their way by feeling the walls, fearing that a match would expose their faces. The all-clear signal sounded in a half hour, and we left the coffee house. . . . British radar, anti-aircraft guns, and patrol planes watched the skies through the night, and we slept peacefully in the Philadelphia Hotel.

The next day I met a group of English deserters who were living in the Royal Air Force barracks on Amman's outskirts. I knew most of them from Jerusalem, and took their pictures. One of the boys—I prefer to identify him only as Sidney—gave me a message to take to his parents in Birmingham if I should ever get back to England:

Dear Mum & All:

I am still alive & having a wonderful time fighting the Jews in Palestine. I am joining the Arab Legion. As soon as it is possible I will send you my address. Your loving son always,
Sidney

In the afternoon I reported to Farhan Bey. Had I been cleared yet?

"We are still investigating your background. Report again tomorrow."

I reported the next day, with the same results. It was my fourth day in Amman. I knew it might take a week or even a month to complete a report on me. Meanwhile, anything might happen to get me deeper in hot water. I made my plans quietly. The next afternoon I reported to Farhan Bey, as usual. By the time I had left his office I knew what I would do. Without informing anybody, I would simply leave for Damascus, 125 miles away, by taxi. By the time Farhan Bey learned I had left, I would be safely out of the country, and in Syria—I hoped.

At dawn I checked out of the Philadelphia and went directly to the bus depot on Amman's Faisal street. The first taxi for Damascus was scheduled to leave at eight o'clock—almost two hours later—if at least four passengers were on hand. I paid my fare, put my luggage into the cab's trunk, and waited at the so-called terminal. It had just room enough for a few Arabs and their luggage. Passengers usually marked time on the sidewalk, where I wanted least to be seen.

"I have a bad leg and cannot stand long," I said to the driver, limping for his benefit. "I will be in that restaurant. Come for me just before you start. I will have your *baksheesh* ready."

I sat inconspicuously in the corner of the restaurant, drinking tea. Periodically I slipped to the door and looked out. The cab was still there. I dreaded the thought of being spotted now—in the act of trying to leave—by Farhan Bey's agents.

That I had so far kept out of trouble was due mainly to the Arab national curses: laxity, gullibility, the love of *baksheesh*. On the other hand, might not Farhan Bey strike suddenly? Perhaps he had waited for just this moment—when all my belongings were together so I'd be caught with my precious photographs and notes.

I took another quick look at the cab. The driver was still hawking for customers. "*Sham! Sham! Yallah ala Sham! Damascus! Damascus! Going to Damascus!*" He had one more passenger and needed two more to make the trip pay. Suffering the tortures of the damned, I fortified myself with glass after glass of tea. It was past eight o'clock when I glanced out again. The driver now had three passengers, two in the back, one at his side. I saw him closing the trunk. Would he come over for me—or drive off with my property? I waited. I was on the verge of running over when I saw him heading for the restaurant. I had his *baksheesh* waiting. I raced to the cab and got in quickly.

"Ahh, your foot. You are not now lame," the driver observed.

"The rest and the tea did me good. I feel much better."

A lump was in my throat—as Mother would say when painfully anxious—until we were well out of Amman. The lump eased a bit as the taxi sped in a northeasterly direction over an excellent macadam road toward Damascus. We came to Mafrak, on whose desert outskirts the Arab Legion kept prisoner the Old City defenders. Near by were also thousands of Iraqi troops held in reserve for Abdullah's ambitions in Palestine. Extensive British RAF and Arab Legion barracks were sprawled out. One final hurdle remained—the last frontier checkpoint in Jordan. We alighted from the cab and went into a building. The treatment was courteous but thorough.

"Your passport shows no entry visa into Jordan. How did you enter?"

"Through the International Red Cross with the approval of Jordan officials."

It was vague, of course, but I had no desire to be specific unless forced.

"Nothing is marked down on your passport. Nor do you have a visa for Syria. If the Syrians send you back to us, we won't be able to accept you because you have no Jordan visa. . . ."

"I will then join your Bedouins and become a wandering American," I said jokingly.

"Oh, well, never mind." After a moment's hesitation, the official added: "I hope you Americans will change your attitude on Zionism."

"I promise you that as a journalist I will do my best."

With this I was released. I couldn't get back to the taxi fast enough. The pole across the roadway was raised; we were soon whisked over the Jordan frontier into Syria.

(CHAPTER XXI)

DAMASCUS: JEWEL OF THE ORIENT



"A toast to the memory of the great German fuehrer," Fadhil Bey said.

"Heil Hitler!"

"May he come to rule again!"

"Heil Hitler!"

My head reeled. Where was I—in Berlin? What year was this—1938?

LATE in the afternoon our taxi rolled into the outskirts of Damascus, the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. I had expected to find another Cairo—a repository of filth, flies, and grime. To my delight, Damascus was far different. It was 2,200 feet above sea level, cradled by mountains, cooled by an invigorating climate and blessed by a clear fresh river flowing in a canal through the center of the city.

As the taxi drove down the broad boulevard I saw a sight I had never seen in Cairo: a peasant was washing his donkey, which stood docile, knee-deep in water, having its sides and underbelly brushed clean. Farther on, along the edges of an irrigation ditch, a half dozen Moslem women in flowing garments and veils were sitting with their backs to the street and cooling their bare feet in the waters. I chose an inconspicuous hotel, a clean native hostelry called the Amawi, in the heart of the restaurant district, adjacent to the bazaars. Opposite it

was a mosque. I had not eaten since early morning and the day had been particularly nerve-wracking. I stoked away a delicious supper, took a bath—my first real hot bath since my stay at the Jerusalem YMCA, weeks before—and went to sleep. I slept till noon of the following day. Then I had another hot bath, another full meal, and was fortified for whatever kismet had in store.

JEWEL OF THE ORIENT

WHAT a rich treasury of culture was represented in Damascus, the fourth holy city of Islam after Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem! At one time it ranked next to Jerusalem as a center of Christian missionary zeal—here Paul had been converted—but it was now a city of mosques and minarets, hundreds of them rising above the flat rooftops. Through the long centuries it had been conquered and reconquered, ravaged, burned, and looted time and again. So ancient was it that Abraham, as recorded in Genesis, waged war against the abductors of Lot and chased them “unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus.” This was the fabulous city in which the reputed tomb of John the Baptist was housed beneath the dome of a giant mosque; down one of its minarets—called Jesus Minaret—Moslems believed Christ would descend on Doomsday.

Sightseeing was a compulsion I could not resist. I took an Armenian guide with me. His only request was that I keep him plied with *arak*, the brandylike liquor, every hour on the hour, with a chaser of more *arak*.

“But it’s too hot for *arak*,” I observed.

“*Arak* keeps me cool in summer, and warm in winter,” he remarked sagely, and then added: “I will take you first to a harem—a real harem—without women.”

We walked over cobblestone streets, tortuously twisting and

winding. Native life indescribable in variety and color spread before us with every step. We entered Azem Palace—the governor’s abode in earlier days—and found ourselves in a huge courtyard surrounded by magnificent mosaics, pools, trees, and flowers. This was the *haremlik* reserved for the pasha’s family. To the left were the women’s quarters, where dozens of wives and concubines had whetted the appetite of their lecherous master and the princes of his household. We stepped into the baths, a series of low chambers inlaid with stone—with windows high up, connected with the pasha’s chambers.

“In this room,” my guide said, “they refreshed themselves with cool drinks and *arak*. And in this”—we had stepped into a larger room that I visualized with lush carpets, divans, pillows—“they played. That is to say, the pasha and the princes made sport with concubines of the harem, and tore the veils from the dancing girls. . . . A few men, among many women without veils! What a life that must have been, with nothing to do but eat, drink, and make sport—then start all over again. Eh, I’m not young, but it makes my blood boil just to think of it. . . . Come my friend, I’m getting warm. It’s time for another *arak*.”

This time I joined him.

We walked to Derwishieh street. At one time Damascus flourished with Derwish fraternities. They were an extraordinary and mystic sect, one group of which, the Dancing Dervishes, whirled round and round within a railed inclosure in a mosque to the accompaniment of a slow, weird chant, and the beat of Oriental music. Their eyes closed, their arms stretched stiffly outward like wings, the tempo of their whirling increased till it became a cataleptic fit, after which the “dancers” sank in utter exhaustion.

“There were also the Howling Dervishes,” the Armenian put in. “When the dancing had reached a certain pitch they began to howl like human sirens. They would cut themselves with knives. They would eat live coals and crunch jagged

pieces of glass. They handled hot irons and devoured live snakes."

"Is it the heat or the *arak* that is making you talk nonsense?" I asked.

"Look, my friend, I'm a student of these matters. I'm speaking the truth. The more violent forms of the order have been repressed, but during the Feast of the Ramadan the Dancing Dervishes perform their rituals, especially in Aleppo where their leader, the Great Tshelebi, has his headquarters." The Armenian seized my arm violently. "You are in luck. Here comes a member of the order. Look. . . ."

Coming toward us was a husky, well-muscled man with a thick neck and a large round face. He wore an unusual hat. It was a fez at least three times the ordinary height of the red Moslem headdress, and it was not red, but brownish gray.

"Assalamu aleikum," the Dervish greeted.

"Wa aleikum salam," the Armenian responded. Turning to me, he added: "I know him and have seen him dance. He whirls like a giant top."

I found the Syrians neat, clean, highly artistic. Many were descendants of Christians, Jews, Romans, Jacobites, and others who were forcefully converted and had long since intermingled with the conquering Arab and Turk.

The next day I went shopping—always an exciting adventure in the Orient, but one that can be ruinous to the pocketbook of an American tourist. Most famous of the *souks*, bazaars, was the Hamidieh, a long vaultlike street lined with countless small shops protected by corrugated metal sheeting high above the street level. Here were *souks* for jewelry, needlework, leatherwork, perfumes, spices and herbs, copperware, baked goods, tinware, glassware, wholesale cloth, rugs, tapestries, haberdashery—a pagantry of color, crafts, and smells without parallel in the world! I bought heavy damask ties, a miniature *narghileh*, a *khaffiya* of unusually fine weave, red

slippers, a sash, and a princely *gallabiya* that the tailor claimed he had just finished for a Syrian pasha.

Storing my souvenirs at the Amawi, I took a bus to our consulate. Its distance from the heart of the Syrian capital impressed me as being symbolic of the distance I felt our officials maintained from the soul of Syria. They were trying hard to do a thorough job of understanding the Arab and fostering good will, but they were limited by many handicaps: (a) they were Anglo-Saxons from far-off America; (b) they were essentially transients in the land; (c) they counted a great deal on local Syrians for data and interpretation—and every Syrian had his own axe to grind. Objective reporting is unknown among the highly emotional and partisan Arabs. The Americans I met were extremely friendly and hospitable. But I could not help feeling that officially we were far removed from the realities of Arab life and Arab psychology—a feeling that I found equally applicable to our legations all over the Middle East.

Our American officials' general anti-Zionist, pro-Arab attitude that I met in the Arab world impressed me as not a conviction arrived at intellectually, but a matter of policy dictated by State Department dogma, resulting among other things from the fact that we had invested enormously in Middle East properties and depended on the good will of the Arab world for forty per cent of our oil. I felt that if substantial deposits were discovered in the Negev our State Department attitude would be modified overnight.

THE WOMAN WHO WORE NO VEIL

MY ARMENIAN friend and guide had dropped a hint the day before, when I asked him about the subject, that he knew of a beautiful Iraqi woman—a radical leader named Victoria Naasan "who wears no veil." The only clue he could give me was that she usually dined at a restaurant just off Damascus's

Broadway, Hedjaz street. I had already eaten there and had made the acquaintance of the proprietor by going into his kitchen and congratulating him on its tidiness. I went there again for supper hoping to find the Iraqi beauty. But all I saw were male customers, and an old woman, obviously a visitor, dining with an old man. I went back into the kitchen.

"*Ahlcu wa sahlu*," the proprietor said. The right pupil of his eye was brown, the left distinctly blue.

Calling him aside, I assumed an all-knowing look and said in Turkish: "As you know, I'm an Armenian from America. I have just come from Baghdad where I was told to contact Victoria Naasan immediately."

The proprietor's face changed. "I do not know her."

"My friend, I have to be even more careful than you," I said with just the proper suggestion of mystery. "Where is Victoria?"

"I have not seen her in three days. Maybe she has been arrested. I don't know. I swear by Mohammed's beard I'm ignorant of her whereabouts."

"Who else would know of her?"

"Go see Bayram Volga. He owns the pastry shop opposite the Parliament. You must tell him you are coming at the direction of Abdou."

It was a delectable shop, and I enjoyed the sweets immensely, praising them so much that Bayram Volga waited on me personally for the second and third servings.

"Bayram Volga, I wish to speak with you outside," I said suddenly.

Startled, he stepped into the street.

"Abdou has sent me to you. He has not seen Victoria Naasan in three days, and is worried. So am I. I have just come from Baghdad with instructions to see her."

"What instructions?"

"Very confidential matters which I can only communicate to her."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of her friends in Baghdad, and a friend of her friends in America. Our comradeship extends around the world."

Bayram Volga proved stubborn and suspicious, but I finally persuaded him that I was trustworthy. He told me where she lived. By nine o'clock that night I located an attractive two-story house surrounded by an iron fence. The street itself was dark. I made sure the house was not watched, then rang the bell. I rang again, and once again with no response. Had I been sent on a wild-goose chase? Something in me told me not to give up. I walked casually up the block toward the street-light on the corner, then down again on the other side, lurking in the shadows to kill the next half hour. Suddenly, I saw a woman coming up the other side of the street. I moved deep into the shadow of a doorway and watched her disappear into the house. Ten minutes later I rang the bell again. This time it was answered.

I faced a tall woman in her middle twenties, with ravishing almond-shaped eyes and light skin, in a French dress with a pronounced V-neck within which her plumpness was compressed arrestingly. Naturally wavy hair flowed down over her shoulders. Somehow I visualized that the maidens in the Arabian Nights must have looked somewhat like Victoria Naasan.

"You are Victoria Naasan?" I said. "Bayram Volga and Abdou have sent me."

"Come in please, quickly," she said, in excellent English.

It was strange to find myself alone with an attractive Moslem girl. This had never happened during all the months of my stay in the Arab countries.

"You seem to be alone here?" I said.

"Yes. I live with a Russian family, but they are away in Beirut now."

"In Cairo," I said, "I spoke with many who are working hard." I mentioned Nabaoui, and the Communist newspaper *El Gamaheer*.

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Victoria Naasan, brightening. "It is an excellent little paper. I know of it."

I went on to ask: "You are not afraid here—of the police, I mean?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "One learns to live with fear," she said, with a little smile. "I am sure that they know I'm here but for the time being, at least, they let me alone. They don't think women can organize. The police laugh at us. They have driven all the men underground, so the women have taken their place."

"Are you very active?"

"The entire movement is quiet now. We do little openly at the moment. Conditions are becoming worse every day. The war in Palestine has hurt trade, and the merchant class is unhappy. Thousands of refugees have arrived, and they are unhappy. The government is corrupt as well as bankrupt. There is much dissatisfaction in Syria. We are working. In the meanwhile, we are cultivating valuable friends."

"Are the comrades from Russia giving any direct help?" I asked.

"Russia is our great inspiration, though I myself have no direct connection with non-Arabs. There is much preliminary work to be done, but ultimately we will find leadership among the Arabs. We do not need Russia."

I asked her if she worked with men.

"No," she said. "I have not worked with them because it is *haram* [a term signifying "forbidden"] for a woman here to be seen with them. I'm organizing women in ways which do not arouse the suspicion of the police. The Moslem woman desperately needs emancipation. She is a slave of the man, and has no part whatever in managing her own affairs. The women listen to me, and some are already doing effective work among their friends."

"How did you become interested in the movement?" I asked.

"I saw the conditions of the people in my native city of

Basra. Later, I saw even worse conditions all over Iraq. My people had no shoes, no clothing, no food. They were sick all the time. They earned just enough to keep from dying on the streets. I love my people. Marxism is the only answer."

I nodded. There was little else I could do or say under the circumstances. With the radical I was a radical; with the Communist I was pro-Communist; with the Fascist, pro-Fascist; with the anti-Zionist, anti-Jewish. All these and many other roles I had assumed to survive.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK—SYMBOL OF ISLAM

ONE day I gained an additional insight into the Moslem social code. My informant was a neatly dressed university graduate, twenty-six years of age, whom I shall call Sabaa. He was a member of the Arabic Club, whose avowed pro-German leader later caused me some very uncomfortable moments. I sat with Sabaa at a sidewalk café on Hedjaz avenue.

"Look at that," he said, suddenly, pointing to a woman all in black: black headdress, heavy black veil, black cotton stockings, black shoes. The hem of a black slip showed. "Doesn't she look like a ghost in black?" he exclaimed scornfully.

I had just met him and I was cautious: "Why do you condemn your own customs?"

"We must change our mentality," Sabaa said, in a bitter voice. "Our backwardness is a greater curse to us than Zionism. This woman we saw is a prisoner of custom. She does not live in this world. She does not participate in the activities of civilized society. She is always at home. The religious fanatics want to keep her there always. They do not even want her to go to the cinema because it is a Western invention and therefore might corrupt her. That woman in black is a symbol of our society."

"I have heard many young Egyptians speak as you do," I put in.

"Men like me are frustrated," he went on, with the same bitterness. "We know there is some good in the West just as there is some good in the East. But we cannot say this. The government is made up of backward politicians who are not even Arabs, but Turks, Kurds, Cherkez [Circassians from the Caucasus]. They have neither the soul nor the culture of an Arab. They are so fanatic that they do not even like us to speak a foreign language.

"We need a social revolution to overcome our curses," Sabaa went on. "Otherwise we are condemned to be ruled by foreigners, by fanatics, condemned to be backward, condemned, condemned. . . ." He spat out the words. "There is no truth in Damascus. There is much hypocrisy. Those who say 'speak the truth' are the first liars of Damascus. Those who say 'keep pure' are the first to go to bad women. . . . The men here are hungry for women," he went on earnestly. "I myself would like to meet one. But it is very difficult to meet one when she wears a veil: she is afraid to speak to a stranger. It is *haram*. It is not pure, and she can be punished for it. And every woman is hungry for man. When I see a woman my eyes say: 'I am dying to meet you.' And the girl shows the same picture in her face, but I don't dare speak to her, and she does not dare speak to me. . . . Damascus is a small city. There are no secrets. When I see a man talking to a strange woman, I tell my friends: 'I saw this man talking with this woman in secret.'"

"Why do you bother to do that?" I asked, curiously.

"Because I am hungry for the woman myself. I am proud to talk against her before my friends. I am hungry, very hungry, and because I cannot have her I do not want them to have her for themselves."

"But they may be talking innocently. Why condemn them both?"

"It is true they may not speak evil the first time. But they will meet again. No man would want to marry a woman who

had been touched by another. I would not marry such a girl. Therefore I tell my friends that I saw such a girl talking to such a stranger to warn them against marrying the girl."

The Moslem code of perverted morality is so severe that hand-holding among teen-agers on the street or in the movies is frowned upon. It would be unthinkable for an Arab to be seen walking with his arm around a lady's waist. Innocent kissing in public would instantly land both parties in jail, charged with gross immorality. On the other hand, no odium and no penalties are attached to similar homosexual demonstrations in public.

"Do you think this code of relationship between men and women is normal?" I asked.

"No, it is not normal. It is wrong. But it is custom. The young men here try to change the custom, but the old ones are against every new thing. They say: 'We were raised without these pleasures. Why should we allow you to have them?' My doctor says to me: 'You must marry or you must be friends with a girl because of your health.' I cannot marry because I do not have enough money, and I cannot find a girl to be friends with."

"It must be very difficult," I said consolingly.

"I am lucky to know some bad women. My friends who are unlucky ask me where to meet them. I refuse to tell. Ahh . . . I want to live a pure life. I want to meet a girl who has an idea of love. I have read of Western love. I have seen it in the cinema. I think it must be a very wonderful experience. There is no conception of love in Damascus. What they call love begins in bed and ends in bed. Syria is not like America. When I see a girl I wish to marry, I cannot tell her my wish, but I must first tell my mother. If she approves she must then go to her father to ask: 'How much do you want for your daughter?' The price is usually the money he has spent on her since her birth. Sometimes he makes a big profit. Money is only for the beautiful girls. Many poor Syrians marry without money

—they get the ugly girls—and are unhappy. Our women adore money. We prefer money to everything else. I am sorry for this. I am sorry we have no ideals of love.”

“How about the other kind of love?” I asked Sabaa.

“There is much of that here. I think it is an unjust method. But when men do not meet women, they go with young boys. Men who have their boys say: ‘This is my boy. He belongs to me.’ They do not permit anyone else to touch him. They give the boy money for food and clothes. As for me, I do not desire a young boy.”

“Don’t the boys’ parents object?”

“If they are poor what can they do? I know of one old man who pays the boy and also his family. You see now why our need is for a social revolution? When we have it, reforms will follow.”

“I have learned much from you,” I said to Sabaa. “I should very much like to meet your chief and learn about the Arabic Club.”

“I will arrange a meeting at the club tomorrow,” he said, and we parted.

That evening I decided to move from the Amawi where my room was proving intolerably hot, to a larger and airier native hotel, the Grand Barada. I was given a room on the top floor, with a commanding view of Damascus in three directions.

THE BOMBING OF DAMASCUS

I AWOKE with a start: it was early dawn. As I looked at my watch, I heard the familiar roar of crashing bombs and the whirring of motors. Surely not in Damascus, one hundred and fifty air miles from the battle zone! Through the window I saw a low flying plane about a half mile away, silhouetted faintly against the sun along the rim of the mountains fencing Damascus on the south. A small metallic object dropped from

its belly; a powerful cloud of dust and timbers shot into the air. I became aware of two planes, not one. The one at my left was dropping bombs while moving toward the open desert, followed by the other. Would they circle as they had circled Amman, and ring Damascus with bombs? In that case the Grand Barada, and my room in particular, would be a prime target, for we were only a block from the Hedjaz railway depot, and adjacent to the main police station. Hastily I dug out a camera, and from my window photographed history in the making—the first Jewish bombing of Damascus—catching two sets of dust clouds above the wreckage.

Ten minutes after the planes—four-engine American bombers—had disappeared into the desert, anti-aircraft guns shook the waking city. Shouting police halted traffic, shoved pedestrians into doorways, and helped spread panic, long after the planes had vanished.

Later, as I was going out, the hotel clerk called me aside: “Be careful today, please. You have an American passport.”

“Hold it for me till I come back,” I said, taking it out.

“Do not go out now, please. Wait a few hours.”

Suspicious at first, I realized that he had my welfare in mind.

It was noon when I ventured out, heading in the direction of the Parliament, which obviously had been the target. The bombs, however, had dropped several hundred yards away, in a thickly populated area. The death toll was twenty-two; one hundred fifty-six were wounded, many seriously. Through street after street I followed the planes’ trail westward. They had dropped their last load of bombs in a new residential area only five hundred yards from the American Consulate. They had killed the president of the Imperial Bank of Iran, and wrecked the home of Clarence O. Eyer, an American official of the Near East Foundation. Luckily, he had been visiting a friend and his wife and children were in Beirut. Near by I saw a policeman guarding what seemed to be a garbage can. I went over to him, curious.

"That is an unexploded Jewish bomb!" he explained.

The bomb was, in fact, a garbage can, probably filled with scrap metal and dynamite and its lid soldered down. I saw no fuse. I had no idea what detonated these homemade affairs. I knew what I had seen: the ashcans hurtling to the ground became lethal block-busters when they struck. It occurred to me suddenly that this "dud" might well be a time bomb. I had no means of telling this to the policeman, so I got quickly away from there.

Psychologically, this terror raid by the Jews on Damascus had a more devastating effect than that on Amman. It gave an entirely exaggerated view of Israel's strength. It cowed the Syrians, who had been given the impression they were winning decisively in Palestine. Had not their touted chieftain, Fawzy Bey el Kawoukji, with a home in Damascus, proclaimed his personal victories? Arabs in the street couldn't get over the fact that the once lowly Jew—four thousand of whom were cooped up in their Damascus ghetto, afraid to venture out—had used four-engine bombers!

Ill tidings travel fast. What Arab city would be attacked next? When would it come? Would there be two planes or twenty four-engine bombers? If two planes could kill twenty-two and injure one hundred and fifty-six, what casualties would twenty or thirty planes inflict? Syrians asked. A frightened people will believe any myth. Rumors spread that Jews also had an atom bomb and Einstein was its inventor. Never in their history had such fears seized the Arab capitals. Little Israel—with its retaliatory air raids—had struck a decisive blow in the war against the Arab States.

That afternoon I interviewed Salah Fattah el Imam, D.D.S., president of the Arabic Club, to which my friend Sabaa belonged. Its membership included intellectuals, lawyers, physicians, government officials, and engineers of pro-German persuasion. Although the group numerically had always been small, Hitler Youth leader Baldur von Schirach, on his way to Baghdad, had stopped off in Damascus to meet with Dr.

Imam and representatives of his club. I introduced myself to Dr. Imam as Artour Marmarian. Although I had used my true name throughout the Arab world, I hesitated about revealing it to him lest he check with the local Armenian Dashnags.

"Look what you have done to us!" Dr. Imam exploded. "Four-engine bombers have never attacked Damascus before. In the coffee houses, everywhere, people are asking: 'Where did the Jews get the four-engine bombers?' From America! From America! Do you blame us if we turned our eyes to Germany before, or now turn them to Russia? An enemy of your enemy is your friend."

Dr. Imam was a bustling little Semite with warm brown eyes, full brows, prominent nose, and a large bald dome of a head. He was a dentist and had studied in Germany. "We are against Communism, but against Russia—no! What have the Russians done to hurt us? Why break every relation with Moscow for nothing? We have seen very bad things from France, England, and America. When the times comes for choosing, we will chose any State which will help us. Our trouble is that we Arabs still think with our hearts, not our heads. We must change the pattern of life in order for us to compcte with the rest of the world. We need to have a good cleaning—inside and out. Other nations have learned from Germany. So can we. If German medicine was good, if their automobiles and guns were good, how could their philosophy be bad, Herr Marmarian?"

Finding me a ready listener, he went on:

"Hitler became a succsss because of Goebbels's propaganda. Herr Marmarian, there is a proverb in Arabic: 'With one eye you are king among the blind.' In Syria no one knows how to make propaganda. Any one who has ability for propaganda becomes king. I can lead the Syrian people. I can give them an order and they will execute it. That was the way with the German people, and today with the Russian people. Oh, I cannot wait till the old men with old ideas die, so young people with young ideas can take their place. That is the work of

the Arabic Club: to train Arab youth for the leadership of tomorrow, to build a confederation of Arab States which will earn the respect of the criminal English, the immoral French, and you Americans who are helping the Jews. Some day you will be sorry.”

Herr Doktor Imam had spoken and I took my leave.

A NIGHT IN DAMASCUS

ONLY kismet could have led me to a tiny restaurant-tavern on the bank of the Barada River. The place was native, but the customers were largely non-Arab. It was a small, stuffy dive, the tables covered with red-checked cloth, the floor filthy and buzzing with flies. Behind the counter was a well-weathered but otherwise still serviceable Arab girl. The waiter—an oily character with a skin the color of faded wrapping-paper—was also the proprietor. The place smelled of rot and evil. Here I struck a friendship with Stefan Meyer, which opened strange new vistas for me. A thin, colorless youth, with watery eyes and hollow cheeks, Stefan was drinking native beer, and complaining to the proprietor in English.

“You are right,” I said. “The beer here tastes like warmed-up dishwater.”

“I have imported but it costs much more,” the oily man said.

“Nothing is too good for a German. Bring us two bottles of the best.”

“Ahh, an Amerikan.”

“Yahwohl! but one who loves the Germans and the Arabs.”

The oily one brought the beer. “Bring another glass, *sadiqi*, my friend, and join us in our toast: “To the great German people! To the great Arab people!”

When Stefan had finished his bottle and was in an expansive mood I plied him with questions. By this time I had made sure he “knew” about me: that I had been a member of the

ايتها العربي

امريكا عدوة العرب ، وريبة الصهيونية ونصيرتها
فقاطع بضائعها التي تحمل ماركة :

U. S. A.

المقاطعة هي امضى سلاح تملكه ، فبرهن على وعبك ونضجك
بتنفيذها الدقيق . . . !!!

طلاب دار المعلمين الابتدائية بدمشق

Poster on display in Damascus shop urges the boycott of American goods: “O, you Arab! America is the enemy of the Arabs, the adopted daughter of Zionism, and its supporter. Boycott her merchandise which carry the mark—‘U. S. A.’ Boycott is the sharpest arm you possess. Prove your nationalist consciousness by executing the boycott very minutely!!!”

German-American Bund, an American Nazi and Jew-hater. "Now tell me about yourself," I said casually.

He had been caught by the English on a submarine off Italy and imprisoned in various camps. Finally, he and another German, a captain in the *Wehrmacht*, had escaped. They had been fighting with the Arabs since then. He and other Germans had fought in Katamon in Jerusalem (confirming Israeli disclosures that instructions had been found there in German). I noted that Stefan was well-dressed and smoked expensive cigarettes.

"I don't receive money from any Arabs. Someone else gives it when I need it," he said. "You will meet many Germans here. We have headquarters here and in Beirut. There are also many Yugoslav Moslems here. Some of them are living in a mosque. I will introduce you to them. Yugoslavs and Germans are everywhere in the Syrian army. Ach, we had a bloody time. These Arabs think you can win a war by talking instead of by discipline and sacrifice."

"I've been with them. I know. Have you been hurt fighting?"

"I've just come out of the hospital. My body is still full of shrapnel. Here, feel this." Stefan rolled up his sleeve. His arm was lacerated with healing flesh wounds. "Thirty-two days in the hospital!"

"Tonight let's celebrate," I said. "Let's go to a night-club."

When I met Stefan later, the Damascus sky was bright with stars, especially brilliant over the blacked-out city. Stefan was dressed to kill.

"Let's go to the best place in town," he said.

"*Yallah!*"

We walked up a dark street, turned into another, even darker, and reached the Garden of the Orient. I paid the admission. Inside, we seated ourselves at a table under a tree. I saw that we were in a fenced-in open-air casino dotted with

tables and trees, with a small stage at one end. The bulbs had been covered with a coating of blue paint, giving the place a weird bluish glow. Seated at the empty tables were a half dozen women—hostesses—in search of drinking-mates. They ranged from a thin wisp of a girl to a charmer of mammoth proportions. The waiter told us that a bottle of beer "with a woman" cost eight lira; "without a woman" the price was three.

A wench came over and sat between us. She began to paw, and to be pawed by, Stefan. She wanted us to order champagne. When we both laughed her taste changed to beer.

"*Venez après. Come later,*" I said to her, using French, for if she learned I was American—and therefore rich—she'd never leave our table. I got rid of her finally and two others who tried their charms. I did not want Stefan distracted. My purpose in bringing him here was to learn more from him about the local Nazis and Yugoslavs. I was just finishing my glass of beer when I almost choked on hearing a deep voice behind me: "Hello, American!"

"Who is it?" I asked Stefan in alarm. He was facing the speaker.

"I cannot see. Three Arabs are sitting in a very deep shade."

"Hello, American," the voice called out again.

I made sure all my Arab credentials were with me before turning around. I could not make out the three men.

"We have met before in Jerusalem. Do you remember?" the voice said.

I chilled at the thought: Was it Nassib Boulos? Had he trailed me to Damascus? What had he learned about me? Was it the officer in charge of Sur Bahir? Or was it an agent of Farhan Bey in Amman who recognized me? . . . I rose and walked over to the table cautiously. When I saw who it was, I broke out in a delighted exclamation: "Fadhil Rashid Bey, my dear brother! What are you doing here?"

It was the former military commander of Jerusalem, whom

I had photographed with Moustafa. Fadhil Bey had told me I was the finest photographer in the world. "Sit down with us, please," he said.

He was on his way to Baghdad. I introduced Stefan.

"Ahh, a German. Finest of the Europeans. Let us drink to the Germans."

We raised our glasses of arak. We ordered more arak, and hors d'œuvres. Then roasted pumpkin-seeds and chickpeas, which take the place of American pretzels and potato chips.

"Let us drink to the few good Americans like our friend here," Stefan said. "I met him only today, but he's one hundred per cent."

"I know him from Jerusalem. He's two hundred per cent—one hundred Arab, one hundred German," Fadhil Bey put in, raising his glass.

"We leave Truman out of this toast. He's a Zionist," I said.

"Let's wish him the first place in hell," Fadhil Bey roared. "Ahh, how Hitler was misunderstood in Europe," he resumed, after the arak had scorched its way down our throats. "He was a great man, a very great man. He was an enemy of our enemies, therefore our friend. He died, unrecognized, misunderstood."

"He should have been born Moslem. Then he would have been appreciated," I said.

"Heil Hitler," Stefan burst out, sentimentally.

"A toast to the memory of the great German fuehrer," Fadhil Bey said.

"Heil Hitler!"

"May he come to rule again!"

"Heil Hitler!"

My head reeled. Where was I—in Berlin? What year was this—1938? Was Hitler really dead? I recalled that the Arab with whom I was sitting had taken part in the abortive 1941 Nazi putsch in Iraq. Caught by the British, he had been imprisoned in South Africa, had escaped, and eventually had been made military commander in Jerusalem by the Grand

Mufti, with whom he had conspired in Baghdad. . . . "Heil Hitler!"

Amid the heilings I heard the sound of music. On the stage an Oriental banjo-player and a drummer, both in shirtsleeves, had taken their places. There began a monotonous, though haunting melody with strings, and the beating of the forefingers on a long narrow drum. And now, despite the blackout, a small light gleamed on the stage. Into its soft glow a woman stepped in bare feet, her flesh bare except for a thin halter and veil-like covering below. She was a raqs-essurat, a dancer of the navel. For a moment Truman and the Germans were forgotten, and the men looked dreamily at the dancer: a large, voluptuous woman, with double of everything by American standards—the acme of the Oriental conception of feminine beauty.

She greeted the audience appropriately with her belly, then broke into a sultry song to the rhythm of her quaking body, the banjo, and the tom-tom beat of the drummer. I noted that the technique of the Oriental belly-dance differed fundamentally from the American. There was no quick violent climactic ending, but a slow, sinuous, sizzling gyration with manifold twists and bumps, which reached semiclimaxes, subsided to gentle writhing, and then began all over again. It was explained to me that this was intended to convey endless Oriental pleasure, a marathon of love play which did not end in quick exhaustion. It was intended to continue indefinitely, save for brief pauses to partake of food, drink, and hasheesh between orgies.

At times Fatima would stop her provocative dance and croon an extraordinary torch song. She expressed passion not by words or gestures, or movements of her body, but almost entirely by her voice—which she used expertly to inflame the emotions. *Habibi, mi habibi!* Love, my love! . . . She trilled the phrase over and over two to three minutes at a time, her low, moaning voice rising to a high-pitched crescendo, then snaking up and down the scale with such depth of feeling, such

variety of mood, such earthy suggestiveness, that words were unnecessary. . . . I looked around. Hostesses of the Garden of the Orient were busy under the fig trees drinking with and entertaining the amorous Arabs. The blue lights and the starlight and the small bulb lighting the stage cast a tropical glow on everything about me. A warm desert wind rustled through the trees. The rhythmic beat of the tom-tom sounded like the far-off call to a mystic ritual.

"Arak! Waiter, more arak!"

"A toast to the dancer!"

"To the Passion Queen of the Nile. May the River of Life never go dry."

"Allah, Allah! Allah, Allah!"

Thus was the night spent, heiling the gods of madness and of passion.

(CHAPTER XXII)

DAS ARABISCHE BÜRO:
DER GROSSMUFTI



"I am sure you will love America better after you have finished seeing the Arab countries. If I were in America I would not leave it even for a second. I would stay till I grew roots in the ground."

Hayredin, Disillusioned Holy Warrior

"LET'S go see our Yugoslav friends," Stefan said when I met him at the tavern the next day. Together we walked to the Sultan Selim Mosque. Its multitude of buildings and pilgrim's quarters covered several acres; we entered a long, cavernous series of damp, shabbily furnished rooms, beneath a succession of cupolas. At the end of these brick-lined caves was a large kitchen. Here I met Hayredin Dubravac, the only one among the Yugoslav Moslems who spoke English. He was a short, studious youth, wearing glasses and dressed in a rumpled white shirt and drab trousers. There was a beaten look about him.

"Ahh, from Amerika. How glad I am to see an Amerikan!" Hayredin exclaimed.

"What are you doing in the kitchen?" I asked Hayredin.

"Cooking. This week is my turn to be cook. Again we are having a hash of macaroni, beans, lentils, onions, and stale

bread. We had it yesterday and we will have it again tomorrow.”

“But it is Ramadan [the Moslem holy days]. You are supposed to fast.”

“Every day is Ramadan for us. If we do not eat, we will fall from weakness,” Hayredin answered.

I offered him all the cigarettes and candy I had.

“I cannot understand this,” I said. “You fought for the Arab cause. A few months ago I saw a Yugoslav who had lost his arm in Haifa. Why are they treating you this way?”

“Let’s go outside and talk,” he suggested. We walked through the dark rooms. Stopping in one, Hayredin went to a bed in the corner. The face under the covers was unshaven, gaunt with the pallor of coming death. “He has anemia, but we can do nothing,” Hayredin said. In another room was another still form—of a youth with his foot in a cast. “The military hospital is full. They sent him here—to eat our hash.”

After a while Hayredin spoke again. “There is a saying: ‘If you have not been poor you cannot appreciate riches.’ I am sure you will love America better after you have finished seeing the Arab countries. If I were in America I would not leave it even for a second. I would stay till I grew roots in the ground.” Hayredin said this with such emotion that I swallowed hard. “The Syrian municipality pays us sixty piastres a day [20 cents] on which to buy food, clothing, and other necessities. We cut each other’s hair and sharpen our razor blades on a stone. It has taken me nine days to get a pair of used shoes from the Islam Relief Foundation.”

We sat at the edge of a pool in the center of the courtyard. A dozen of his companions were washing their clothing. Hayredin continued:

“I am a Croatian, the son of a well-to-do father. I was studying to be a pharmacist when the Grand Mufti came and urged us to fight for Islam by joining the German army. Thousands of us did what we thought was our duty. I was captured and made prisoner in Italy. After the war many of us were afraid

to go back because we fought on the side of Pavelich. The International Refugee Organization offered us a choice of going to almost any country. When the Arab League promised to take care of three thousand Moslems, I picked Syria because the Arabs are my religious brothers. But I am disappointed.”

“Did you fight in Palestine?”

“Of course. Where do you think I got these clothes? Nowhere except from the Jews! Those who didn’t fight have no clothes today. I fought four months. Many of my friends are still with the Arab armies. Those with technical ability are working for the Syrian government. Others are working as servants and laborers, receiving half of what an Arab gets. I have been offered farm work for 2.50 lira [70 cents] but I cannot buy shoes and clothing which will need replacement, and the heavy food I will have to eat for the heavy work. It’s more economical to stay here and do nothing. Our future is absolutely dark,” Hayredin said resignedly. “No one wants us now. We can not get a visa to go elsewhere. We are stateless, homeless, friendless.”

This was their reward for helping fight the *Jehad*.

NAZIS UNDER COVER

LATE in the afternoon Stefan took me to the Orient Palace, Damascus’s leading hotel, to meet Captain Mahmoud Zanolitch. “Mahmoud’s real name is Keil,” he confided. “Many of our boys use Arab names.”

In the small barroom of the hotel we saw a powerfully built man with a thick neck, his head bald, round, and shiny. He was working over a notebook with the aid of a dictionary. When Stefan asked him about Zanolitch, the man—with a suspicious look at me—told us he was in Palestine. The bald-headed man—whether he was a German or a Yugoslav Nazi I

never learned—sniffed at me for a while, and asked Stefan questions. Rising, he said we might expect Zanovitch soon—and left us abruptly. A half hour later, a short, dynamic man with an extremely alert manner walked briskly to our table.

After Stefan's glowing introduction, Keil became friendly. He told me had served under Nazi General Hans Guderian, and fought in Smolensk and Stalingrad. Later he had joined quisling Pavelich. Keil was a career militarist, an expert trainer and technician, and was engaged in that capacity in the Syrian army.

"What is your impression of the Arab as a fighter?" I asked.

Keil grimaced. "I have no respect for the Arab soldier. But I don't want to talk about the Arabs. I want to talk about you Americans. You are pushing Europe into the arms of Communism. Germany was the only nation which could have stopped Communism, but Roosevelt and Churchill destroyed it. Russia has a standing army of six million. She is organizing German prisoners of war in another huge army. She's only one night's ride from the Rhine. Russia can be inside the Pyrenees in eight days. Italians can't fight. The French don't want to fight. Spain has nothing to fight with. England will draw back into her island to defend herself. Who will fight? Who will stop Russia? American troops again? If war starts, can you rush over two million men with full equipment inside of a month? Atomic weapons and bombs are not enough. You have to have land troops. Without a strong Germany Europe is finished. Only now the Allies are realizing that Hitler was right."

I believe the only reason Keil saw me was to give me a piece of his mind. I was satisfied, for I had met, face to face, a Nazi trainer of the Syrian army. It did not surprise me, after I had returned to the United States, to hear Walter Winchell announce that the reorganization of some units of the Syrian army had been entrusted to Colonel Hans von Zempelhof.

A day later my investment in Stefan paid off richly again.

"Tonight I'm having supper with Said Abdullah Harb," he said. "His real name"—he laughed—"is Herbert von Furst!"

When we arrived at the tavern-restaurant, I found a handsome, blond, blue-eyed German sitting before a bottle of cognac. Behind his chair was a pair of crutches. Cognac glass in one hand, he stretched out the other in greeting:

"Join me for supper," he said loudly. "Solid food disagrees with me."

A Jewish bullet had caught von Furst, and his leg had been amputated.

"My bad luck was when the Jews didn't shoot me in the head. Believe me, I'm finished with these Arabs. I hate it here. I was a hero when I was fighting from Jaffa to Jerusalem for them, but now that I'm a cripple they tell me to—" He paused. "When they took me to the hospital for a blood transfusion I wouldn't let them put Arab blood in me. I asked for American, English, French, any Aryan blood. They had to take me to another hospital and I almost died on the way; but I have all Aryan blood in me now. Those Arabs fixed me in another way. They stole my suitcase. I had gold and jewelry of all kinds which I had taken from Jews. They stole everything—the thieves!"

He swallowed another cognac. Stefan was matching him, glass for glass.

"There is nothing for me to do. I must drink. I leave the government hospital at 10.30 a.m. I put my foot in one restaurant, then another. I drink and I smoke, drink, and smoke again. Again and again. But I will change," he confided, "when I get married."

"Who is the girl?" I asked.

"The daughter of a very rich, high Syrian official. I do not want to marry, but I must. I don't want to walk on a crutch the rest of my life. I want a new leg, which is very expensive. My father-in-law has promised to buy me one, so that when I marry I will have a new leg, a wife, money, a house, a job."

"What kind of a job?"

"Training Syrians. I'll train them in everything—from bomb-making to artillery-bombing. My job is waiting. I will get 560 liras a month."

"Stefan told me that the Grand Mufti had helped you escape," I said.

"Ahh, yes. I know the Mufti very well. He cried when he saw I had lost my leg. He is not rich. He is personally very honest, but the men around him are crooks. Maybe he will give me the ten thousand liras [about \$3,500] he has promised me for my marriage. Just yesterday he gave me two thousand liras."

"I've been promised two hundred by the Mufti," Stefan said, turning to me. "I'm meeting him tomorrow morning."

"I should very much like to come with you," I said to Stefan as casually as I could.

"Let us meet here at ten o'clock and go together."

It happened that swiftly. I could not believe that I would at last have an opportunity to interview the Mufti, whom I had been trailing ever since leaving London.

MEETING THE GRAND MUFTI

STEFAN and I met as planned, and we hurried to tree-lined Halbouny street in the residential section of Damascus. Half a dozen guards milled before the black iron door of a house midway in the block. The high stone fence around it—studded on top with broken glass, in addition to its iron grillwork—completely shut off the interior. We were searched, then our papers were gone into thoroughly before the iron door opened and we were commanded to sit on two chairs a good distance from the house itself.

I found myself in a typically beautiful Damascus patio. Poplars rose high, dwarfing the apricot, quince, pomegranate, and fig trees that circled the courtyard. To the left were the

servants' quarters; to the right a footpath led to the house; midway a fountain flowed into a square pool filled with goldfish. Armed guards were prowling everywhere in the romantic garden. They were armed with machine-guns and every other variety of weapon. Grenades and handcuffs dangled from their belts. I counted twenty-eight different species of armed goons.

I do not frighten easily, but I confess that the two hours I spent in this idyllic patio were probably the most uncomfortable of my stay with the Arabs. I could not suppress my fears: suppose someone walked in and recognized me as Carlson; suppose they learned I wrote *Under Cover*; suppose they learned I was anti-Nazi. The Mufti's trigger-men would take no chances. I'd be easier to shoot down than the proverbial duck in a barrel. Every time the black iron door opened I turned away my face, or bent to fix my shoelace till it wore thin, so as not to be spotted.

An unending stream of Arabs—in native, European, and military dress—walked in and out. I recognized an important Arab official: Emil Ghoury, the Mufti's Jew-baiting public-relations counsel whom I had met in Egypt. I recognized several others from Jerusalem. Apparently the Mufti was here with his entire entourage. Much kissing went on. Several pairs of Arab officers kissed each other noisily on the checks. One Arab bent down and tried to kiss the hand of another; the one thus respected tried to withdraw his hand, but the first held on to it and smothered it with kisses. Husky young Arabs walked in and out holding hands, arm in arm, or more usually with their small fingers entwined. No woman entered or left.

Shortly before noon, the Mufti's treasurer emerged from the house and presented Stefan with a prepared receipt. I lent him my pen and saw the German sign his name as "Stefan Werner Meyer."

"Why the Werner?" I asked curiously.

"The Syrians said that every Meyer was a Jew, so I put in Werner."

"In America we have German Jews named Werner," I said.

The Mufti's treasurer reappeared in a few minutes, counted two hundred Syrian liras in crisp new bills into Stefan's hands and disappeared into the house.

"This," Stefan said disgustedly, pointing to the equivalent of sixty dollars, "is for the month I spent in the stinking hospital, for all the Jews I killed."

Shortly after the noon hour, the Mufti himself appeared on the porch. His treasurer motioned us to come over. I bent low, and with my hand on my heart, said in Turkish:

"Your Eminence. I have long awaited this honor."

"I understand you are Armenian," the Mufti said.

"I am glad you called me an Armenian," I said, "and not an American."

"I know the Armenians. I have met with the Dashnags."

"Ahh. Your Eminence has met the best Armenians. I myself am a member of the Dashnag. . . . I am also a friend of Captain Robert Gordon-Canning of London. Do you remember him?"

"Of course I remember the captain, a great friend of the Arabs."

"Your Eminence, what are your plans now regarding Palestine?"

"Our plans as always are to fight until we have won completely."

"Will King Abdullah's troops in Palestine complicate the situation?" (The Mufti resented Abdullah's ambitions in Palestine, and his henchmen spoke violently against Abdullah.)

"I do not give interviews," the Mufti observed, smiling, as his men moved in to press the point.

The Mufti, I noted, was a short man, with a large white turban wound around his head; a long black cloak covered him completely to the ankles. His eyes were bluish, and his skin fair. His beard was graying softly, and was white at the tip. His ears were conspicuous and protruding. To my surprise, he looked meek, and had a rather gentle though ex-

tremely alert and sagacious look about him. Perhaps the delineation of his true character escaped me.

"Will Your Eminence let me take your photograph?"

"Yes, at the other door."

The Mufti led us through the house to a rear entrance opening on another street. A half hour before he stepped out the back way, the street was closed to traffic and even pedestrians were kept out. The Mufti posed for two shots against a background of stone and iron bars which covered all the windows.

"*Tchok memnounum*. Thank you very much," I said in Turkish, as the Mufti stepped into his bullet-proof car.

It now remained for me only to meet Marouf Dawalibi—the professor of law at Syrian University who had "rescued" the Mufti from French custody—after which I planned to make a quick exit. After considerable difficulty, I finally arranged the interview on the pretext that I wanted to write a story about him for *Al Misri*—the Egyptian newspaper whose credentials I still carried. Dr. Mohassen Shafik would act as interpreter.

I was anxious to get the interview over with. Dr. Imam of the Arabic Club worried me. I had seen him several times, on one occasion taking Stefan along. To my alarm, Imam had said: "You have asked me some direct questions. I have been thinking them over. Now I want to ask you some questions." Dr. Imam had the look of a man who had discovered something and meant to get to the bottom of it.

"I am at your service, my friend. We have time. I'm at the Grand Barada Hotel. Phone me in a few days."

It was with more than usual eagerness, therefore, that I called on Dr. Shafik the next day. Speaking excellent English, he explained that he was an Egyptian loaned by Alexandria University to the Syrian government. Together we went into an adjoining room, in one corner of which, before a desk, sat the man who had "liberated" the Mufti.

Marouf Dawalibi, a prominent chieftain of the Ikhwan el

Muslimin in Damascus, rose to greet me. The face I saw I wished never to see again, even in a nightmare. If ever I saw a Mephistopheles in the flesh, Dawalibi was it! He was dressed in a black striped frock coat, coming to his knees. Beady black eyes shone behind his black-rimmed glasses. They looked me over icily. A thin mustache crawled over his upper lip. A short, stubby beard—which had neither the dignity nor æsthetic quality of a full beard—stretched from ear to ear like a grimy smear. His ears were large, his nose fleshy. His full lips were the color of dried blood. It was the quality of his eyes, however, which drew my attention most. They were the coldest I had seen and held me like a cobra's.

Here is Dawalibi's story:

"My friendship with the Mufti began in 1942 when, as a student in Paris, I visited His Eminence in Germany. I stayed forty days. I paid him a second visit in 1943. This time I stayed fifty days. As France was under German occupation the visits naturally had the approval of the military authorities. On these trips I found the Mufti healthy and very happy with the work he was doing.

"After the war he escaped, and was put under protective custody in France where I met him a number of times. At first he was under strict house arrest and no one was allowed to see him. Later he was given more and more freedom. Finally the police were taken away, and three servants were appointed to watch over him. At this stage he was permitted to receive unlimited numbers of visitors and go away on short trips. When I went to bring him in June, 1946, the Mufti sent two of his servants to buy food, and sent the third on an errand. We were alone in the house, except for his chauffeur, a trusted servant from Damascus. We drove directly to the airport, where the arrangements had already been made."

"Can you tell me more about those arrangements?" I asked.

"The time has not arrived to give all the details," Dawalibi said.

"What passport did His Eminence use?"

"He had a special passport."

I had heard he had used the passport of an Englishman resembling him.

"The Mufti," repeated Dawalibi in a harsh and impatient voice, "used a special passport. He used a false name. He was disguised. His beard was shaved off," Dawalibi continued: "Before the Mufti took the plane from Paris I had already examined the route."

"How had you examined it?"

"I wanted to know to what extent the route was under French and American military control. I also wanted to check if the plane would stop at British colonies, like Malta, or Cyprus. I therefore made a trip from Paris to Cairo, and was satisfied with the carelessness of the inspections and the safety of the flight as far as the Mufti's needs were concerned. I recommended that His Eminence make the trip. We are all thankful to Allah that he arrived in Cairo safely."

Dawalibi paused and smiled obliquely. "This is the portion of the story I can tell you. Other details must remain for a later day."

I was satisfied.

I hurried back to my hotel, and only a few doors away from it I saw Dr. Imam. I tried to dodge him but it was too late. His prowling eyes had seen me first.

"I was on my way to see you," he said coldly.

"*Ahlen wa sahlcn*," I said. "Welcome."

"I want to make an appointment to have a long talk with you." His suspicion of me showed clearly.

"May I suggest we meet this afternoon, at my hotel?"

"Very well. I will be over at five o'clock."

Once in my hotel, I worked fast, for time was extremely short. I told the hotel clerk: "If anyone ever phones or asks for Mr. Marmarian, send them up to me," and slipped him *baksheesh* the size of which made his eyes pop. Remember, for callers I am Artour Marmarian."

"Yes, sair. Yes, sair."

I had learned that a friendly consular official in Damascus was scheduled to leave for Beirut, the capital of Lebanon, the next day. He was indebted to me for a favor. I bundled together my precious notes, my photographic files, and all my incriminating papers such as my press card from the Jewish Agency. I went through my pockets. Leaping into a taxi I took the packet to my friend with the plea that he leave it for me with friends in Beirut. Then I went to Stefan's house where I found him about to take a nap. "I'm leaving for Beirut immediately," I said. "Write me in care of the American Embassy when you come, and we'll have a good time together."

My house was clean. My work was done in Damascus. I could leave immediately for Lebanon, and duck Dr. Imam's call. Or I could keep my appointment with him. I decided on the latter course.

Promptly at five my telephone rang: "Mr. Marmarian, Dr. Imam is here."

"Send him up. . . . And bring us some iced lemonade."

Dr. Imam was dressed in an immaculate white summer suit.

"*Mit ahlen wa sahlen, Herr Doktor.* Welcome a hundred times," I said in my best Arabic-German manner. "Sit down, please."

"How much longer are you going to stay in Damascus?" he began.

"Oh, another week. I've just had my permit extended. Why do you ask?"

"I have heard good reports about you from members of the Arabic Club, but actually I know nothing about you. Whenever you see me you are in a hurry to leave. You ask many questions but you do not talk about yourself. I have checked at the airport here and in Beirut, and they had no record of your arrivals or departures."

"I never travel by plane. I always take buses, railroads, or taxis."

"We have lost faith in European journalists," Dr. Imam

said. "When they come here we are nice to them. We show them everything. We talk to them for days, but the Jews talk to them one hour, and they print what the Jews tell them."

"There are bad men in every profession, Herr Doktor, even in yours. I have been with the Arabs many months. I have seen everything. I have collected the truth. I promise you, Herr Doktor, that I will write the absolute truth!"

"I would like to believe you," Dr. Imam said somewhat meekly.

"I pledge on my honor as a journalist that I will tell the truth."

"You have convinced me. I believe you," Dr. Imam said. His next request, however, convinced me that he had many reservations. "I want you to tell me whom you visited in Amman, and those you have interviewed in Damascus. I would also like to know the name of your books and your address, so I can write you later—or have my American Arab friends visit you."

"You are asking for a great deal of information. It will take several hours to put it all down. I have to go through my notes. Can we leave it for tomorrow afternoon? I shall prepare a lengthy report on myself. You will be satisfied. Let's have a lemonade. It has been a very hot day."

Herr Doktor Salah Fattah el Imam is still waiting for my report.

WHO IS THE MUFTI?

Before taking leave of Damascus, I feel duty bound to clarify the Mufti's record. Winston Churchill conferred on him the distinction of being the deadliest enemy of the British Empire. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, the foreign correspondent who disclosed his role with the Nazis, stated: "As a murderer, this man ranks with the great killers of history. As an enemy

of the United Nations he was surpassed only by Hitler. In the evil of his intentions, Haj Amin equaled Hitler."

Shortly after the end of World War II, Americans were informed over America's Town Meeting of the Air:¹ "The Mufti is a patriot, is a gentleman, and he was just as patriotic and had a right to his opinions as Jefferson and Franklin had to theirs when they were fighting for American liberty." Since then apologists for the Mufti have spoken widely in his behalf in this country, and some of his associates—such as Emil Ghoury—have even served as his spokesmen at the United Nations. It is my fear that in the present period of panic and indecision which finds us courting Fascist Franco, Nazi Krupp, and many other Nazis and collaborators (in the delusion that we can defeat Communism with Fascist partners) our State Department may well face about and invite the Mufti into our camp.

Who is this man?

His full name is Haj Amin el Husseini, Mufti ("Mufti" meaning a high religious dignitary) of Jerusalem. The "Grand" is self-styled. As Jerusalem is now divided between Israel and Jordan—both of whom hate Haj Amin—he is, in fact, an exiled, jobless Mufti.

Haj Amin burst into notoriety in April, 1920, when together with Moslem religious teachers he made inflammatory speeches on the streets of Jerusalem, and was charged with inciting the Arab mobs to violence against the Jews. As a result, Arab hoodlums killed five Jews and wounded more than two hundred. He was tried by a British military court and sentenced *in absentia*, for he had already fled. Later, Britain's first High Commissioner for Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, as a gesture of good will granted him a special pardon, and Haj Amin returned from exile.

In 1921 the current Mufti of Jerusalem died, and Sir Herbert was induced to appoint Haj Amin as the new Mufti from

¹ By Dr. Khalil Totah of the Institute of Arab American Affairs. See also Chapter II.

among three candidates nominated by Moslem leaders. In 1929, he repaid Sir Herbert and the British mandatory government by again defying the law and instigating anti-Jewish attacks throughout Palestine. In 1936 Haj Amin founded the Arab Higher Committee to help promote his campaign for "Arab independence." A series of revolts, massacres, and riots followed immediately; the Committee was outlawed. A report in the files of the German High Command revealed that the Mufti was enabled to spearhead Axis propaganda in the Middle East: "Only through the funds made available by Germany to the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was it possible to carry out the revolt in Palestine." The Mufti took this opportunity to have hundreds of his political enemies liquidated; those refusing to make "donations" were also murdered by henchmen. By the time Haj Amin had finished fighting for "independence," no spokesman for genuine Arab independence remained. By 1937, however, the revolution had run its course, some of its leaders were exiled to Seychelles, and the Mufti was forced to flee again.

THE IRAQI REVOLT

Haj Amin spent two years as a fugitive in Lebanon and Syria, then suddenly turned up in Baghdad, where Iraq's pro-German Arabs vied with one another to entertain him. The Iraqi Parliament voted him a grant of \$72,000. He received funds from the Iraqi Secret Service. Under a check-off system all Iraqi officials and civil servants paid him a percentage of their salaries. Funds flowed in from various political and charitable groups. Gifts were received from Egypt and Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia. The Mufti was also financed heavily by the Nazis and the Italians.

Haj Amin lavished huge funds on the men he had placed in office, and gained enormous influence over Iraqi officials,

army generals, police chiefs. He controlled major appointments; he whipped up Axis sentiment among the illiterate and fanatical masses for a *Jihad* against the Allied cause, and otherwise perfected his fifth column machine. Against this background Axis propaganda itself was intensified. Germany was set up as a "savior to the Moslem world," and Hitler was touted as "a descendant of the Prophet, the enemy of the Jews and the British, the Protector of Islam" who was devoting himself to the establishment of an Arab federation free from British control. Serving as virtually the uncrowned king of Iraq, the Mufti was now ready to write Hitler proposing "collaboration in all spheres," as follows:

. . . Arabian nationalism owes your Excellency much gratitude and recognition for the fact that you raised the Palestinian question repeatedly in public addresses. . . . I should like to thank your Excellency again at this opportunity and to reassure you, your Excellency, of the feelings of friendship, sympathy and admiration which the Arabian people devote to your Excellency, Great Leader, and the courageous German people.

I take this opportunity to delegate my private secretary to the German Government so that—in the name of the strongest and largest Arabian organization as well as in my own name—he may initiate the negotiations necessary for a sincere and loyal collaboration in all spheres.

In reply to this letter, Hitler's State Secretary Freiherr von Weizaecker wrote:

The Fuehrer . . . has read your detailed report on the national struggle of the Arabs with great interest and sympathy and was pleased with the friendly words which you addressed to him in the name of Arab Nationalism. . . . I am authorized to inform you of the following:

. . . In agreement with your request . . . Germany is ready and willing to collaborate with you if in an effort to attain

your national goal you should be impelled to fight against England, to grant you military and financial support within the limits of the possible. In order to aid the Arabs in their preparations for a possible conflict with England, Germany is further prepared to supply them immediately with war materials if a way can be found to transport them. . . .

I beg that this letter be kept secret. The Italian government has been informed of its contents and is in agreement with it.

According to a *New York Times* report, captured German documents later revealed that an agent of the *Abwehr*, the dreaded Nazi counter-espionage and sabotage unit of the *Wehrmacht*, arrived in Baghdad, disguised as a Rumanian businessman, "to carry on relations with the Mufti and prepare for [the] uprising."

On April 21, 1941, under the Mufti's direction, the Iraqi politician, Rashid Ali el Khailani, with the aid of generals controlling the army, staged a coup against the Iraq government, forced the regent to flee, and made himself prime minister. King Farouk of Egypt and Riad el Solh, later Lebanon's prime minister, sent messages of encouragement. Forthwith, the Mufti issued a *fatwa*—the summons to a holy war:

In the name of Merciful and Almighty Allah, I invite all my Moslem brothers throughout the whole world to join in the Holy War for Allah, for the defense of Islam and her lands against her enemy. O Faithful, obey and respond to my call. . . .

. . . I invite you, O Brothers, to join in the War for Allah to preserve Islam, your independence and your lands from English aggression. I invite you to bring all your weight to bear in helping Iraq that she may throw off the shame that torments her.

O Heroic Iraq, Allah is with Thee, the Arab Nation and the Moslem World are solidly with Thee in Thy Holy Struggle!

It was a critical hour for the Allies. With Iraq in Nazi hands, the next Axis step would be to cut off the Allies' Middle East oil supplies, block off Allied aid to the U.S.S.R., isolate British armies in the Middle East, and bring a junction of the German and Japanese forces somewhere in Asia, sealing the Allied fate.

But the Mufti was thwarted. First, British, New Zealand, and Jewish units from Palestine fought a ferocious though losing battle on the island of Crete, delaying German reinforcements of troops and planes intended for Iraq. The time gained at Crete enabled Allied troops to be rushed from India and Palestine; under Glubb Pasha, they routed the Iraq army and the quisling gang. Fadhil Rashid Bey—the same Fadhil Bey with whom I had heiled Hitler—was caught. As the Mufti disappeared, the English placed a price of £25,000 on his head, “dead or alive.” Just before the Iraqis capitulated, a blood feast took place in Baghdad: some 400 Jews were killed, countless Jews stabbed, and enormous Jewish property destroyed by both the fleeing Arabs and the local Arab rabble.

Months later, the Rome radio announced: “The Mufti of Jerusalem, last heard of as taking refuge in the Japanese Legation in Teheran, has arrived in Southern Italy. Italy, who knows the Mufti's sentiments of friendship and admiration for Fascism and the Duce, is glad to know he is safe.”

The Mufti was lodged in a villa outside Rome, met Mussolini, made a number of broadcasts, and then went to Germany. The German Foreign Office welcomed him as “this great champion of Arab liberation and the most distinguished antagonist of England and of Jewry [who] is expected to remain in Berlin for a long time.” The Mufti met with Hitler. According to his diary—discovered later by Allied Intelligence—the Mufti quoted Hitler as assuring him:

. . . we will reach the Southern Caucasus. . . then the hour of the liberation of the Arabs will have arrived. . . . The hour will strike when you will be the lord of the supreme

word, and not only the conveyor of our declarations. You will be the man to direct the Arab force and at that moment I cannot imagine what would happen to the Western peoples.

DAS ARABISCHE BÜRO: DER GROSSMUFTI

IN GERMANY a special office was set up for the Mufti—*Das Arabische Büro: der Grossmufti*—and here he engaged in an amazing number of services. They included extensive short-wave broadcasts to Arab states, and to Moslem-populated islands in the Pacific—all, of course, earning the “devoted feelings of esteem and respect” of Japanese officials. The Mufti beamed to the United States:

I want to draw the attention of the Arab emigrants in America to this fact . . . I would remind them that their efforts will be wasted if, God forbid, America and her Allies are victorious in this war. For if that happened, the Arabs would never rise again. . . . I therefore am confident that those Arab emigrants in America will refrain from helping Roosevelt or from taking part in a war which he has brought on his country.

An unending stream of paper propaganda flowed into the Arab countries. Working closely with Franz von Papen and Admiral Walther Wilhelm Canaris—probably the greatest organizer of espionage and sabotage of World War II—the Mufti's agents relayed German intelligence daily to Nazi couriers along the Syrian-Turkish border. A special Parachutist and Sabotage School was established, and saboteurs were trained there for service behind Allied lines.

The Mufti also organized an Arab Brigade and a Moslem Legion to fight side by side with the Nazis. An Arab leader accepted a commission as colonel in the *Wehrmacht*.² Turn-

²The nature of Arab sympathies may be judged by the fact that when Fawzy Bey el Kawoukji returned from Germany to the Middle East he was

ing to large Moslem populations in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, the Mufti with the help of Pavelich, the Croatian quisling, recruited substantial numbers of Moslem Holy Warriors who fought as the Waffen SS, and the "Free Arabia" movement. The Mufti visited these troops frequently, praying with them, exhorting them to fight for Allah.

Haj Amin also wrote to leaders in Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary urging them to speed the Jews to Poland—where it was known that the major Nazi death chambers were located. To von Ribbentrop he complained that despite the Nazi declaration to destroy the "so-called Jewish national home," Jews were being exchanged for Palestinian Germans and German prisoners of war. As a consequence, all such exchanges involving Jews were stopped; arrangements by the Jewish Agency to send 900 Hungarian children accompanied by 100 adults were also sabotaged. The result was that hundreds of thousands of Jews were liquidated as a "practical example" of friendship by "Germany towards the Arab Nation."

According to Document NG-5461, Office of Chief of Counsel for War Crimes, the following enormous expenditures were made, in German marks,³ on the Arab crusade against the Allied cause:

	Monthly	Yearly
Mufti account: for rents, personal upkeep, wages, salaries (residences in Berlin; houses I, II, III, IV; Hotel Adlon; Hotel Zittau; the Jewish Institute, Klopstockstrasse)	66,850	802,200

feted everywhere as a hero, and the Syrian government granted him a large house in Damascus. In Lebanon, his birthplace, he lived as the summer guest of various Lebanese officials. The Arab League bestowed on him the highest Arab military rank, that of commander of the Army of Liberation. Later, King Abdullah granted him the title of Pasha, highest in the Arab social lexicon.

³ Two and a half marks were equivalent at the time to one dollar.

Das Arabische Büro: der Grossmufti	Monthly	Yearly
In foreign currencies	25,000	300,000
Special expenses, "made once" (furniture, etc.)		21,100
El Khailani account: for rents, personal upkeep, wages, salaries (residence in Berlin, Houses I, II, III, IV, and ten other houses)	86,580	1,038,960
In foreign currencies	30,000	360,000
Special expenses, "made once" (furniture, etc.)		155,800
Five months at sea resort Banzin, "made once"		82,000
Fauzi el Kaudzi ⁴ account: for rents, residence in Altenberg	600	7,200
Prince Mansour Daud ⁵ (a cousin of King Farouk): for rents, personal expenses	12,750	153,000
Kamil Mrowa account: paid "in foreign currency" ⁶	2,500	30,000
Upkeep for miscellaneous other Arabs ..	10,300	123,600
150 Arab students, Paris, "living expenses in foreign currency"	160,000	1,920,000
Total		4,993,860

⁴ Document NG-5461 includes an explanatory note, as follows: "Fauzi el Kaudzi [German spelling] is the well known rebel leader from Palestine, who in 1941 returned from Iraq to Greece seriously wounded and was subsequently brought to Germany. Fauzi el Kaudzi held the rank of colonel in the German Army and in addition to the pension from Raschid Ali el Gailani, he received financial support from the Wehrmacht. The support from the Wehrmacht was reduced in the course of the year 1944 and finally amounted to only about 30 bottles of cognac a month."

⁵ According to Document NG-5461, the Prince "came to Germany in 1943 with his wife and two children and attached himself to the Grand Mufti. Later [he] joined the Waffen-SS as an ordinary soldier."

⁶ According to Document NG-5461, Mrowa was "stationed in Sofia [capital of Bulgaria] allegedly to listen to the radio stations of the Middle East. . . . Mrowa sent his reports to Berlin daily."

“. . . ON THE SOIL OF KASHMIR OR PALESTINE”

WITH the triumph of the Allies, the Mufti again became a fugitive. He reached France and was housed in a villa in the fashionable Paris suburb of Rambouillet. At a time when France hungered, the Mufti lived in luxury. The French winked an eye at all this, anxious not to hurt His Excellency's feelings because France held Morocco, Indochina, and other colonies with heavy Moslem populations.

England, too, had to proceed cautiously lest it offend the pro-Axis Arab ruling cliques of the Middle East. Although morally she should have undertaken the prosecution of the Mufti as a war criminal, she did not ask France for his extradition. It was about this time that the Mufti's escape to Cairo was engineered by Marouf Dawalibi—the Mephistophelian Arab I had interviewed after my meeting with the Mufti. The French and English expressed surprise—and closed the matter. King Farouk gave the Mufti refuge, and Haj Amin lolled in luxury in Villa Aida in Alexandria as he had in Baghdad, Rome, Berlin, and Paris. But he was not idle. Nor was he without friends.

The Arab world beat a path to his door as he received the good wishes of Arab leaders. From Cairo the Arab League cabled London: “Now that the war has ended and nothing remains except the desire for the return of everything to normal, the Arab states wish to declare that the time is now ripe to let Haj Amin el Hussein, Mufti of Palestine, again enjoy his civil rights and be readmitted to his country.” With Arab League help, the Mufti reorganized the Arab Higher Committee, appointing the same gang and the same retinue who had served with him on the original committee, and later, in Iraq. The Arab League then equipped and turned over to Fawzy Bey el Kawoukji the Army of Liberation. The prod-

gal Arab and other Arab prodigals had returned home. By 1948 everything was back to normal, completing the circle.

Following the debacle of Kawoukji and the Arab League in the Arab-Israel War, the Mufti (still the sole, dominant spokesman for Palestine's “independence”) continued to work behind the scenes. In February 1951 he suddenly reappeared in Karachi, Pakistan to meet old friends who had supported his cause in Iraq and to preside over a twelve-day World Moslem Congress. In a typical inflammatory address, he called for a “full struggle” by the Moslems “to meet the aggressor”—meaning, in this instance, the non-Moslem Hindus of India. He assured the delegates: “We shall meet next with sword in hand on the soil of either Kashmir or Palestine.”

Following the assassination in July 1951 of King Abdullah as he was about to enter the Mosque of Omar (his moderate rule and peaceful aims were distrusted by all Mufti followers), newspapers reported that the assassin was a member of the “demolition squad” of a Palestinian underground group called *Jehad Mukadess*, or Sacred Struggle Organization. The organization was said to be under the leadership of certain members of the Hussein family. The principal figure in the Hussein clan is the Mufti.

This, then, is the story of Haj Amin el Hussein. Where will he strike next “with sword in hand”? Where will he lead his Holy Warriors in the next *Jehad*?

BEIRUT: FAREWELL TO THE ARABS



"We don't want the Arabs with whom we are living to revert to Mohammed and the desert. We stand for democracy between Moslem and Christian."

Lebanese Christian

"Our goal is contained in the sentence uttered by King Hussein: 'The Arab countries are for the Arabs only.'"

Lebanese Moslem

BEIRUT, capital of Lebanon, the bridge between East and West, was sixty miles distant from Damascus. Over a road traversing wild, picturesque gorges and mountains, through a maze of hairpin curves and sweeping scenery, I arrived there by taxi at midday.

After the simplicity of most Moslem cities, Beirut was confusing. It was a Babel. Arabic, French, English, Armenian, Turkish—in that order—were spoken everywhere. A Christian child often could speak three languages. Beirut was a hotbed of political intrigue, and a melting-pot of Christian and Moslem—for Lebanon's population was almost evenly divided between the two. One faction in Beirut opposed Zionism. Another, fearing Moslem power and loss of commerce, was pro-Israel. Adding to the confusion was the powerful voice of

the Roman Catholic Maronite Church, as well as the articulate and telling voice of the Armenian minority—100,000 in Lebanon's population of 1,250,000. A leading seaport of the Middle East, Beirut was the playground and free-for-all mart, the gateway for the Arab world and the last stronghold of the West, and of Christianity in the Arab Middle East.

Into this seething caldron of intrigue—a city noted for its handsome men and women, cleanliness, and pro-West loyalties—I plunged after my usual few days of sight-seeing and orientation. I almost tripped on my first encounter when I was invited by an Armenian to meet "an Arab friend." I went eagerly to meet the short, handsome young Arab, who spoke impeccable English. The name, Cecil Hourani, meant nothing until Mr. Hourani asked sharply:

"You wrote *Under Cover* and *The Plotters*, didn't you?"

I looked at him blankly, and sipped my coffee in silence.

"I remember *The Plotters* particularly," he went on. "You weren't very complimentary to the Arab Office."

Now I recalled Hourani; he had been an official and spokesman of the Arab Office in Washington. Directed from London, and supporting the Mufti, it served not only as a front for anti-Zionist propaganda but as an agency that found great favor with America's Jew-baiters from coast to coast.

"Ah, yes, forget it," I managed to say without turning color. "I've now seen the Arab world. I'm tremendously impressed. My views have changed."

"I'm very happy to hear it, but it remains to be seen what you will write."

"I'll write the truth." I hoped the matter would end there.

After this I decided to trust no one. I assumed that every Lebanese and every Armenian I met was as anti-Zionist as any Syrian or Egyptian. Never before had I been called upon to assume so many guises or to remember to keep straight so many political views, and variations thereof, to prevent disastrous slips of the tongue. An ever-present danger was from the Armenian Revolutionary Federation—my old friends, the

Dashnags—whose members in Jerusalem had played so despicable a role only a few months ago, who had been beating churchmen¹ and murdering critics throughout the Middle East. The Dashnags had had their world headquarters in Berlin, but had now moved them to Beirut. If these Armenian cutthroats here ever discovered my presence I could be sure of a trouncing, if not worse. Thus I was forced to live under cover even among my own people.

I wondered if Hourani would betray me. I wondered what Dr. Imam had done when he discovered I had taken French leave of Damascus. What had Farhan Bey done on discovering my absence from Amman? To be safe, I decided to move out of my hotel, telling the clerk that I was returning to Egypt by way of Syria and Jordan. To make this more plausible, I told him to forward my mail in care of our embassy in Cairo. I moved in with friends, and lived with them instead of at hotels where my movements could be traced. I took uncommon precautions to remain anonymous. The danger of losing the documented record of my findings and adventures haunted me as I made my rounds from one group to another—now Communist, now ultra-Fascist, now anti-Zionist.

A cable from home awaited me at the embassy. It warned me that the identity of Charles L. Morey had been discovered and that American, British, and Arab nationalists were trying to find my whereabouts. The cable was two weeks old. I hoped they hadn't followed me here.

Beirut was the home of political madmen. One whom I met was Antun Saadeh, fuehrer of the Syrian Social Nationalist Movement. Saadeh envisioned an Arab empire stretching from Turkey to the Red Sea, from Lebanon to Persia. This super pan-Arab dream dwarfed King Abdullah's British-supported Fertile Crescent project of adding Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon to his Trans-Jordan holdings. Both men were murdered later—victims of ambition.

¹ One of the many such victims was Archbishop Mazlumian, 78-year-old Primate of the Armenians in Athens, Greece, whose beard was shorn off by members of the Dashnag, followed by a beating of the aged dignitary.

FALANGE VS. NAJADA

A MAN I had to meet was a tall, fiery, impressive forty-two-year-old Maronite Catholic, a pharmacist named Pierre Gemayel, whom I interviewed in the rear of his drugstore. Gemayel was chief of the Lebanese Falange, which had a wide following among Catholic and other Christian Lebanese. I asked if he had any connection with Franco's Falange. He denied it: "We are free and independent, with no ties outside Lebanon," he said. "But we believe in strong discipline. Our membership is divided into sections and divisions like an army. We drill. We wear uniforms. We encourage physical exercise." The Falange age limit was twenty to thirty-five years of age.

"At one time we used the Olympic salute," (closely resembling the Fascist salute) Gemayel said, "but we were criticized and no longer use it. We want Lebanon to be absolutely independent, like Switzerland. All over the Middle East the rights of Christian are being trampled. We don't want the Arabs with whom we are living to revert to Mohammed and the desert. We stand for democracy between Moslem and Christian."

"Are you for Zionism or against it?" I asked.

Gemayel compressed his lips.

"Nothing can stop the development of the Jewish State. It is not invincible, but what State is? It will have a beneficial effect on the Arab world. It will raise the standard of living among all Arabs." Speaking in a more relaxed tone, he went on: "For an Arab to be beaten by the Jew is a terrible insult. Jews are a ball of fire in the Arab's belly, and the Arabs have indigestion from it. They are not prepared to die or to spend. Any lengthy effort would kill them because they have no reserves of money or equipment."

In expressing a somewhat pro-Zionist point of view, Ge-

mayel was following the official line of the Maronite Roman Catholic hierarchy, which saw in the support of neighboring Israel a buttressing of its own defense against encroachment of Islam and the ultimate submergence of the Christians in a Moslem sea. Although adhering to, and nominally subservient to the Vatican, the Maronite Church had often followed an autonomous course in matters relating to the Middle East, to the extent of clashing with Vatican politics.

As the Falange represented the quasi-military coalition of Maronites and non-Catholic Christians, Le Bloc National Libanaise represented the political effort for Catholic survival. Its leader, Emil Edde, had twice been received by the Vatican. A prominent layman leader of the Bloc expressed his fears candidly as to chances for Catholic survival. Citing detailed statistics, he showed that the Christian majority in Lebanon was dwindling alarmingly, and if unchecked would all but vanish.

"Why has there been so rapid a growth of the Moslem population?" I asked.

"Under the Turks, the death rate was high, especially in childbirth," my informant explained. "During the French regime sanitation and health education made great strides. The Moslems benefited most. Graduates from the American University here are raising their living standards. There are also thousands of Moslem refugees from Palestine here. If ultimately given citizenship, they will upset the balance between Christian and Moslem. Moslems remain true to their faith. Converts are rare. Polygamy is still practiced. In addition there is a large emigration of Christians who are afraid of being marooned on a Moslem island, and are leaving for America. They are your gain because they represent our best citizens."

He added that many of the officers of the Lebanese army were Christian, trained by the French. "Their heart is not in the war. It is a stupid adventure anyway—the stunt of the fanatics in power. Riad el Solh, the prime minister, belongs

to the old Turkish school of diplomacy. Lebanon has no raw materials, little to export, and has been a trading nation since Phœnician days. The war has hurt everything. It has meant higher taxes. It has kept away tourists. Resorts and hotels have closed down. We have to support the miserable Moslem refugees who may some day rise against us. He shook his head. "If only we could trade again—at least with Israel. But, as you know, Moslem leaders of the Arab States are boycotting the Jewish State.

"They are trying to hurt the Jews, but in reality they are bleeding their own bodies by disrupting Arab economy and hastening Arab collapse. Lebanese standards of living, literacy, health, and education are the highest in the Middle East. We are not an Arab nor Turkish people in origin, but basically Christian. *We are not an Arab State*, though the language we speak is Arabic because it was forced upon us by the sword. Lebanon cannot prosper in isolation, or by looking to the dry sands of the East. Lebanon can only prosper by turning to the waters of the West, and by trading with Israel. The fanatic Moslems cannot understand this; they cannot understand that there are worlds beyond Islam. They wish to reduce Lebanon to the level of the all-Moslem countries.

"It is our aim to make Lebanon the Achilles heel of Arab-Moslem solidarity. Otherwise it means that the Christians' cause is doomed in the Middle East."

A diametrically opposite point of view was that held by the Najada (meaning "Helpers"), led in Beirut by Dr. Mohaddin Berghout, who told me:

"The sole aim of Najada is to keep the Lebanon Arabic. Our goal is contained in the sentence uttered by King Hussein ["father" of the Arab awakening]: 'The Arab countries are for the Arabs only.' Any stranger can live with us in peace on the condition that he agrees with our social and political life, and does not plan to fight Arab aims in the future."

"What is your attitude toward Israel?" I asked.

"We don't recognize that a Jewish State exists," he said,

his black eyes blazing. "We will do everything to get rid of the Jewish invader. Everything for the war! Jews are like a foreign arrow in Arab society. We find it impossible to get along with them. Our morality is different. Prostitution and immorality were started by the Jews. Their magazines and books have filthy pictures in order to weaken human society so they can destroy it and rule over the world." I sensed a familiar pattern in Dr. Berghout's views, and I did not have long to wait to have his source of information confirmed. "Bolshevism was the creation of International Judaism. The aim of Bolshevism was to obtain financial benefits from the rich. In Russia it was the Jews who began the revolution," went on Dr. Berghout. "There is a fine book on this subject . . ."

"I know," I said, "The *Protocols*."

"Exactly the book. Ohhh," the doctor sighed, "nobody in the West is our sincere friend. Truman is more Zionist than even the Jews. The English are here for their interest only. The French are trying to get back their influence. The only friends we have are in the East. Our only protection lies in Islam, in the unity of the Arab people."

Like the Falange, the Najada, too, was essentially a youth organization. Dr. Berghout pointed out that the vice-commander of the Beirut district was "a very strong man." He was Khalil Mahjoub, a boxer, who invited me to the gymnasium to watch him tear apart his opponents.

I visualized Mahjoub of the Najada grappling with Gemayel of the Falange—Lebanese Moslem vs. Lebanese Catholic—and I could not help but feel that East and West would clash violently, and within my own lifetime. At first there would be a long and bitter period of psychological warfare between a coalition of the Falange-Bloc National led by Maronite Catholics, and the hydra-headed Najada-type groups that would spring up by the score, led by the Berghouts. The outcome would depend largely on the support, both material and moral, furnished by the West, for the Maronites alone would

be no match against the Goliath of Islam. And on the success or failure of the organized Maronite fight for survival would hinge, to a great degree, the future of all other Christian minorities in this turbulent corner of the Middle East.²

LEBANON'S COMMUNISTS

AFTER a week's effort I managed to corner Moustafa el Ariss, one of the important leaders of Lebanon's Communists. He was president of the Typographers Syndicate and of the Federation of Lebanese Workers, and had been a party member since 1934. He was not in jail—yet—because his union had gone on strike when authorities attempted to imprison him, indicating the iron discipline he maintained over his organization. Interviewing him at his headquarters, I found nothing subtle about El Ariss. He looked angry. A curl in his lip gave his face a permanent surly and scowling quality.

"Why were you so hard to reach?" I asked. "You are meeting me now in the open."

"I am not trying to be mysterious," El Ariss replied. "The police are searching for me in order to arrest me again."

What he had to tell me was not fresh nor new. It was true to the extent that poverty and misery are universal throughout the Middle East.

"I know what poverty is," he said. "I have seen it among the people. I am their pupil. Last month thirty women went to Riad el Solh to say that the government flour was mixed with dirt, sand, and stones. El Solh said that he would eat the

²On April 15, 1951 Lebanon held elections which were relatively honest and free of violence (although, during the campaign, seventeen were killed). The Moslem regime of Premier Riad el Solh was ousted, and *forty-two* Christians—of whom twenty-three were Maronites—were elected to the Parliament of seventy-seven members. Pierre Gemayel's Falange played a conspicuous role in the heartening victory. In July 1951, while on a visit to Amman, Solh was murdered by Moslems reported to be members of the Syrian Social Nationalist Movement.

bread himself. When the women offered him the bread he would not touch it. The women then brought in a dog, and the dog wouldn't touch it either. This makes the dog as smart as the prime minister," El Ariss said, laughing. "The Lebanese women do most of the protesting now," he resumed. "It's safer. They get beaten, but not as much as the men.

"Our workers are against Zionism," the Communist went on, "because Zionism is a method of slavery. It is a form of Jewish imperialism." This attitude surprised me because I was confident the worker in Israel was infinitely better off than anywhere else in the Arab world. Then I remembered that a Communist—wherever found—believes in one god only, and in only one workers' paradise on earth. El Ariss so hated the United States, whose influence he said was growing in the Middle East, that he would answer no important questions, but launched off on a party-line speech each time I sought to go beyond his platitudes. I finally thanked him, and left.

FACES IN LEBANON

A FEW days later I received a letter from Stefan Meyer in Damascus, saying that he was coming to Beirut and would introduce me to more German sympathizers of the Arab cause. While waiting, I learned that Fawzy Bey el Kawoukji was vacationing at the summer home of the Lebanese minister of defense. When I arrived I saw several tents pitched on the grounds for Kawoukji's staff and bodyguards. While I waited, a servant brought me coffee.

At long last the Arab hero appeared, accompanied by half a dozen officers. Kawoukji (he had just been made a pasha by King Abdullah) was a tall, well-padded man, with greenish eyes and florid face. The impression I had was that of an alcoholic with stained teeth dressed in an elegant sport coat, nervously chain-smoking. The interview was a total failure.

Kawoukji knew he was a beaten man whose claims of victories had proved to be Hitler-size lies. He was petulant and uncommunicative except to boast of victories to come. When I asked him of his sojourn in Germany, he said: "Yallah," and moved off, with a final surly glance, into a waiting car.

Learning that James Wadsworth, then our ambassador to Iraq, was vacationing near Beirut, I went to see him, in hopes of finding a clear-cut answer to a question no American official had been able to answer satisfactorily: "What is U. S. policy in the Middle East?" I had first had the lame answer in Cairo, then in Damascus, and later in Beirut. It was: "To keep peace and stability." In the garden of a beautiful summer home overlooking the magnificent Lebanese mountains, Mr. Wadsworth provided the most honest answer: "To be perfectly truthful with you," he said, "we have no policy in the Middle East, except to go along with conditions as they develop."

I visited our United States Information Service offices, and came away with the impression that this hard-working unit of our State Department was doing an exceptionally good job in Beirut in promoting good will for America—and was more successful here than in any other Arab country. Our best propaganda medium in Lebanon was, of course, the American University, originally established by Protestant missionaries, and now the country's leading educational institution. A valuable adjunct was the American Hospital. In the field of missionary education an American Protestant leader reported "considerable success" in "breaking down anti-American prejudices through our schools and hospitals." It seemed to me that our humanitarian endeavors deserved more active support; they were reaching the level of the common people. I found that most of our agencies were ineffective when they used purely political appeals.

The day before Stefan arrived I interviewed Kamil Mruwi, a short, energetic, impatient man with a clipped and brittle manner. Mruwi was editor of the Lebanese newspaper, *El Hayet*.

"Now that the Jews have a State," I said, "how do you propose to defeat it?"

"The Jews' problems have just begun. The Arabs are a patient people. We will not always be in a shooting war with the Jews but we will be in a state of war with them forever. The Jews can be destroyed by a boycott of their trade. Who will buy their products? Not America, and not England. The Jews can only survive through trade and export to the Arab countries—and Arabs will not deal with the Jews. The Jews will starve. War will come. Maybe not for five or ten years, but when it does, the Jews will be swept into the sea like a tidal wave. They will disappear like Sodom and Gomorrah. You will see."

Stefan arrived itching to spend the money the Mufti had given him.

"How about meeting those Germans you wrote me about?" I said, after greeting him.

"Yallah!"

We took a tram to the German Hospital on rue George Picot, managed by the Sisters of St. Charles, and sat on a bench outside the hospital entrance.

"It is early," Stefan said. "Every day someone is always here to contact any visiting Germans and help them."

A group of five men got off the tram and walked toward us. We shook hands. All were originally escapees from various British prisoner-of-war camps who had fought with the Arabs. I was interested in their leader, Gunther Elmar von Hardenberg, once a major in the *Wehrmacht*. We were soon seated together at lunch while Stefan went off with the other Nazis.

"If you don't find anyone at the German Hospital," he said, "leave a message with Sister Sienna. She handles the mail and messages for our association."

"What is your association?" I asked.

"The Association for Christian German War Refugees. Whenever a new German comes to Beirut I screen him per-

sonally, then register him with the Beirut police as a friend of the Arab cause. The police issue an identity card and all is in order."

Von Hardenberg was in his thirties, a tall, lean, handsome man. He showed me a photograph of himself receiving a second Iron Cross. "I was against Hitler, who wanted to attack Russia at the same time as attacking the West," he said. "We militarists knew Russia better than Hitler." Von Hardenberg had succeeded in escaping to Rumania with a group of anti-Hitler Nazis and eventually was captured by the British. Sent to Palestine as a prisoner, he claimed he was given a free hand to travel among the Arab States. "We Germans have to work with somebody," he said. "We cannot work with the Americans and we do not like the Russians or French. It is possible to work with the English. . . ."

I saw von Hardenberg many times. He told me of frequent trips that German officers were making to Beirut, and stated that they were finding positions in various Arab armies. These Germans belonged to a secret group called *Deutsches Hilfskomitee for den Nahen Osten*, German Aid Committee for the Near East, of which he was chairman, von Hardenberg told me.

"Is it with the Lebanese army that the Germans are finding positions?" I asked.

"No. Lebanon is not militarist."

"Then I would say it was Egypt."

"It is Syria," von Hardenberg answered. "There are already many Germans working with the Syrians as trainers and technicians."

THE STONE ON MY HEART

I FELT I was finished with my investigations of Arab and German Nazis. There now remained the Dashnags of the

Middle East³—the stone on my heart—as terrorist as any Arab or Nazi gang. A small but loud voice elsewhere, they had become increasingly active in the Arab world. They enjoyed the protection of the corrupt Lebanese regime which had come to power in 1947 through rigged elections and police terror, with Dashnag help. They were also—and this hurt me deeply as an American—in the good graces of certain ill-informed agencies of our State Department, who regarded this treacherous element among the Armenians as friends of the Allied cause.

A hopelessly outnumbered, utterly unrepresentative, thoroughly hated (though often feared because of its methods of “direct action”) element in every Armenian community except Beirut, the Dashnags, nonetheless, have consistently portrayed themselves to uninformed Americans, and others, as being sole representatives of and spokesmen for all Armenians everywhere. As a matter of fact, they speak for and represent the dictates of a narrow political clique, dominated by a few top leaders, known as the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, popularly termed Dashnag. Investigating the Dashnags on their home ground in Beirut was one of the most dangerous tasks I undertook.

I met General Dro Ganayan, follower of the Nazi armies, a notorious Dashnag officer who told me that he had advanced with the *Wehrmacht* in their penetration of the Caucasus region and had retreated with them after Stalingrad.

I also met an Armenian Catholic priest named Father Gamsaragan. A short, chunky, hard man in a cassock, he submitted me to a stiff cross-examination before answering questions. “I am Dashnag,” I told him, giving fictionized details of my alleged membership.

“Good,” he answered, “I know no other kind of Armenians. As a matter of fact, it was because of the Dashnags

³ In mentioning the Dashnags in this chapter I am referring only to the Dashnag in Europe and the Middle East, unless the American Dashnag is expressly named.

that I got into trouble.” The priest went on: “The English arrested me in Athens and held me in their custody for eight months. I was then turned over to the Greek government and brought to trial with seventeen others as a collaborator in espionage. One of the men was given the death sentence. Five were imprisoned for life.”

“What was your sentence, Father Gamsaragan?”

“Ten years in prison.”

He told me that he had escaped to Beirut through a ruse, and that friends had “fed money” to the Greek officials.

In Beirut members of the Dashnag had already instituted a program of murders and assaults to eliminate their opponents. They had done away with one B. Naterian while he was on his way to an election rally, and murdered one Tchoerekjian in a crowded tram. Early one morning hoodlums blocked off a street, halted traffic at gun point, cornered and clubbed A. Gharib, a schoolmaster who had opposed them in school elections. Rarely brought to trial, these hoodlums bore such characteristic nicknames as *Bitly* (lice-ridden), *Vayreni* (wild-tempered), *Gabig* (monkey-faced), and *Boxer*, a gorilla of uncommon ferocity.

The state of mind of many of the Dashnags was clearly reflected in Zohrab Jevahirjian, a photographer. “I’m a Dashnag by blood,” he told me. “We are not mild toward our enemies. When the order comes to dispose of an enemy, our men do not rest until the work is done.” Zohrab wanted to come to America, and was impatient with an Armenian working as a consular employee who had handled his application. Brandishing his fist, Zohrab burst out: “If he does not give me a visa I shall kill this Voskerichian. You can’t play with a Dashnag. Who does he think he is—toying with me! I shall kill this man Voskerichian. I shall either come to America or kill this man.”

The Dashnags claimed they were merely “fighting Communism,” but some of them used this merely as an excuse to intimidate and murder their critics, who were largely members

of the Democratic Liberal Party. Wholly opportunistic, Dashnag politics have been variously pro-Nazi, pro-Russia, pro-Soviet Armenia,⁴ pro-Arab, pro-Jewish, as well as anti-Jewish, anti-Zionist, anti-Communist, and anti-Soviet—whichever was expedient. At the moment the official Dashnag position is raucously anti-Communist and pro-Arab; previously, the English-language organ of the American Dashnag, *Hairenik Weekly* (*Hairenik* meaning “Fatherland”), had commended Zionism editorially: “Since the fall of Palestine’s independence nearly two thousand years ago, Jewry has become a homeless element, hunted by fortune, until it understood that its only salvation lay in its return to the mother soil. This consciousness was embodied in the Zionist movement whose founders rightly perceived that a people cannot be happy until it has acquired a homeland of its own.”

During 1946–7 the Soviets urged Armenian war refugees to return to their homeland. More than 100,000 from Europe and the Middle East responded in a mass repatriation movement—particularly those who for thirty years had lived in poverty-stricken shanty towns of unbelievable misery (not only in the Arab world but in Greece and Bulgaria as well), those who feared Moslem fanaticism, and those who were objects of economic discrimination. Believing, then, in Soviet promises, they left for what they thought would be a happier land. Dashnags everywhere in the world lauded the repatriation movement and some offered to go along. *Hairenik*, the Armenian-language organ of the American Dashnag, on October 15, 1947, published a lengthy editorial of a typically pro-Soviet tone:

Repatriation means the gathering-of-Armenians within the bosom of Mother Armenia. . . . The movement is a great and fruitful endeavor . . . and to that effort we all must bring

⁴ Armenia has been a Soviet Republic since 1920, following the ousting of the Dashnags who in 1918 headed an independent republic. Following a two-year period of Dashnag mismanagement and wars, the populace accepted Bolshevik rule on its promise of “bread and peace.”

our full cooperation. There is strength in numbers, and to the extent that the number of our people is great in our fatherland, to that extent will increase our political weight. . . .

There exists an Armenian American community, but we don’t know how many years it will be able to withstand the current that is devouring it [the forces of assimilation]. Whoever from the Armenian American community goes to Armenia, is saved for Armenia and its future. For that reason too, as yesterday, today and tomorrow also, we must wholeheartedly rejoice when the Armenian masses are transported to Armenia. . . .

Every Armenian who participates in the repatriation must know, that he is sending a soldier for the defense of Armenia, or he is sending there a cultivator of the mind, or skilled hands that have mastered the arts. And enthused with this knowledge he should give at least as much as he has given in the past in order to save the fatherland.

As an Allied victory became evident, and the war drew to a close, the American Dashnags suddenly began the promotion of a vigorous campaign to compel Turkey to return to the Soviet Union the strategic provinces of Kars and Ardahan bordering on the U.S.S.R. They sent a delegation to the San Francisco Conference, formed committees, and published memoranda to plead this “Armenian Cause.” Before the war ended they had initiated overtures for unity with leftist and liberal Armenian elements they had formerly denounced as “Communist.” *Hairenik Weekly* printed articles from *Sovetakan Hayastan*, official organ of Soviet Armenia, and from *Information Bulletin*, published by the Soviet Embassy in Washington, as well as from *Bolshevik*, printed in Moscow.

Reprinting, in translation, articles which had appeared in the parent organ, *Hairenik Weekly* in its issue of April 26, 1944 asserted: “All that we ask of them [‘United States and Great Britain’] is not to side with Turkey but to support the Armenians when the government of Soviet Armenia, with the

support of Russia, tomorrow shall present her demands on Turkey." The *Weekly* went on, later: "The [Armenian Revolutionary] Federation looks to the Soviet Government for the expansion of Armenia's boundaries and is willing to make all possible sacrifices for the realization of that national aim." A year later it was still harping on the same tune: "And the only power on earth which has both the power and the duty to right this wrong is Soviet Russia. That is the reason why Armenians abroad look to Russia for their salvation. . . . It [the demand for the surrender of the now highly militarized Turkish provinces] is neither imperialism nor expansionism. It is pure, elementary justice."

Hairenik Weekly punctuated its pro-Soviet policy in an editorial entitled "The American Cause And Our Stand," as follows:

Some ask if the Armenian Revolutionary Federation's *hitherto anti-Soviet* policy will not be a handicap to the labors put forth in this country for the defense of the Armenian cause.

In our opinion this fact will not only do no harm but, on the contrary, it will prove to be vastly useful. Why? . . . Because the favorable word of an organization which to *date has been anti-Soviet* will have far more weight in the eyes of the American and English peoples than the word of those groups whose words and actions to date have been shaped by the orders and the wishes emanating [sic] from Moscow [italics mine].

This line kept up for about three years. Then it changed, suddenly and quite mysteriously. Overnight Soviet Armenia became a "hell" and a "prison," and those refugees who had gone there were denounced as traitors. Overnight, anyone who criticized their organization became a "Communist" or a fellow traveler. Even the historic Armenian church was smeared by the Dashnag press, and its prelates viciously charged with taking orders from Moscow.

Tomorrow the American Dashnags may again turn their

coat and flirt with the Soviets, as they did from 1944 to 1947. That is something our State Department, reputedly flirting with this group, ought to keep in mind. For our State Department to do so would alienate the vast majority of democratic Armenians in the world—particularly those in the Middle East—who throughout World War II sided with the Allied cause.⁵

HASHEESH!

I FOUND that some Beirut Dashnags were gun-runners. Others became wealthy by growing hasheesh. Close to the Syrian frontier, in a wild, picturesque village called Anjar, I visited Garabed Keosjian, a tall, rugged man wearing a large *kalpak* of black wool. By mentioning the name of Dashnags I'd met in Beirut, I was cordially received. His wife, he said, was away. "She's Catholic, I'm not," he volunteered. "The priest at Antioch where I lived wanted to convert me. I said no. I am Dashnag. No man can force me against my will. The priest refused to let me enter the church with my wife. One day he blocked my way, so I pulled out my gun and pointed it at his head. The priest ran away. I had no more trouble after that."

"That taught him a lesson," I said.

"This village is now all Dashnag," he went on. "The others went to Armenia."

I spent the entire day with him, taking numerous photographs of hasheesh—from a fistful of seeds he held in his hand to acre after acre of plants he was cultivating.

⁵For a more detailed history of Dashnag activities, see the author's article: "The Armenian Displaced Persons" in the Winter 1949-50 issue of *Armenian Affairs*, published by the Armenian National Council, New York; also *The Propaganda Battlefront* for May 31, 1944, published by the Friends of Democracy, New York, and later reprinted in the *Congressional Record* on May 4, 1945. Other informative literature on the Dashnags has been issued by both organizations.

"Isn't it against the law to grow hasheesh?"

"The land devoted to hasheesh is rationed by law. I have planted much more than our allotment. I do not worry. I have fixed matters. Many officials are themselves partners in hasheesh farms. This year should prove very profitable." Lebanon's best customer had always been Egypt, the Dashnag pointed out. Due to the large Christian population, among other reasons, consumption was not large in Lebanon itself, Keoseian explained. Then he added: "The government needs money desperately this year to pay for the war. It has increased its official allotment of land for hasheesh and expects at least a billion Lebanese liras of revenue."⁶

What a criminal way to earn money, I thought: an Arab government sanctioning the peddling of dope, to destroy its own Arab people, to debauch its own Arab youth—for the sake of acquiring money to be used for bloodshed. I couldn't think of anything more vile. With this I left Keoseian, the Dashnag dope-farmer, and returned to Beirut, where I made reservations to leave by plane two days later.

That evening I had supper with Hagop, an Armenian newspaperman, and told him about the hasheesh farm.

"Have you ever tried smoking the drug?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Would you like me to take you to a dive?"

"I'm game," I said. "Let's go now. I'm leaving in a few days."

"Don't be in a hurry," Hagop warned. "I don't think you'll become an addict taking it once, but it has different effects on different people. It makes some half crazy. Others become so sexually aroused they must have two women. Still others get ferociously hungry."

"Yallah," I said, grinning.

I had no compunctions about the experiment. I had never

⁶ Keoseian came close to the actual income. The Lebanese Home Ministry announced later that the production had been 77,700 pounds, and the revenue "more than \$204,000,000"—or about 720,000,000 liras.

used drugs. And, after all, hasheesh was so integral a part of Arab life, I ought to try it once before leaving the Middle East.

IN THE HASHEESH DENS

"I WILL take you to several places, the best one first," Hagop said, as we left the restaurant. It was nine o'clock. We stopped before a decrepit building with an unlighted hallway. We stepped inside, walked up a short flight of stairs, and felt for a door handle along the wall. When we found it Hagop knocked.

"Tell no one you're from America. Speak Turkish," he whispered.

The door was opened by an Arab with a week's growth of beard, dressed in grimy black shirt and trousers. We entered a foyer lighted by a kerosene lamp. The Arab led the way through another empty room into the hasheesh "salon." Four dirty plaster walls, and a floor littered with sputum—dried and drying—struck my eye first. There were benches on each side, and short, squat, straw-bottom chairs. On them sat the addicts. All were conspicuously young, save one, who seemed to be in his forties but might have been much younger. One look at him was enough to make anyone recoil from taking the drug: his deeply dilated pupils, sagging eyelids, and lifeless flesh made him look somewhat worse than our worst Bowery derelict. The men, six in all, looked at us as we entered and sat down beside them on the stools.

"An Armenian from Persia," Hagop said of me. "He has had the best."

"The best of Persia is only half as good as mine," said the Arab who had opened the door.

"We will see. Let my friend try your *jodie*," Hagop said.

The owner went into a side room—it was the kitchen

where he prepared the special water-pipe called *josie*—and returned with a narrow bottle to which was attached a long bamboo stem. He stood in front of me, stirring the charcoal and the *hasheesh* in the form of pale-green pellets, then turned the bottle around so the bamboo stem came to my mouth. Hagop had told me that as soon as this was done, my role was to take the foul thing and inhale the fumes. I hesitated before taking a reed that had been used by others. Hagop had insisted there was no danger of infection. “*Hasheesh* is a strong disinfectant. Germs cannot survive it,” he had insisted. “I’ll leave it to God,” I said to myself and seized the reed, inhaling deeply.

The *hasheesh* seared my throat, and burned my lungs, choking me. I thought my eyes would pop out, so intense and scorching were its effects on nasal passages. I coughed violently. Then I began to hawk and spit. My eyes watered as I alternately coughed and spat. Everything about *hasheesh* is violent. The proprietor stood above me, beaming, proud of what his concoction had done.

“It’s pure *hasheesh*, eh?”

“*Aal!*” I said. “*Aal!* Excellent!”

Still coughing and spitting, I saw the *josie* passed around to the Arab next to me (Hagop declined to take it). My neighbor took to the reed like a starving infant at his mother’s breast, and sucked in the *hasheesh* with a desperate craving. He took two, three long puffs, holding the last inhalation long and dreamily in his nostrils, leaning his head backward so that the fumes penetrated lungs, throat, and nose. Then came the reaction—as violent as mine. He doubled over, coughing spasmodically, his eyes rolling. He spit, and coughed, coughed and spit again and wiped the water from his eyes with the back of his hand. Then he settled back in his chair, tilted his head against the wall, closed his eyes—and dreamed.

“*Hal kcif aal*, your *hasheesh* is most excellent,” I said to the Arab.

The *josie* kept making the rounds, from man to man, each

inhaling the fumes, each series of inhalations followed by the same rocking explosion. The *josie* came down to the derelict. He held on to the reed a long time, as if his life depended on it. He sucked at it savagely, exhaled, and went back to it again and again. As the drug is consumed with the charcoal, it gradually loses its strength. The next Arab—a youth in his late teens with a cluster of pimples on his forehead—was eager to get at the reed while it still had a “kick.” The derelict finally released it.

It was my turn again to have the *josie*. Though more than half its strength had by this time become dissipated, it was still powerful enough for me and I reacted with even greater violence. After this the *josie* made the rounds once again, for Arab etiquette demanded that the pipe be shared by all present until the *hasheesh* was all consumed.

“Fill the *josie* again,” Hagop said to the waiting proprietor, then turned to me with a look that said: “You asked for it, my friend.”

The Arab went into the kitchen, humming a tune, and reappeared with the pipe. I offered him the first whiff, but he declined, and I went through the same torture over again. My head reeled, my throat was aflame. The *josie* made the rounds. I kept coughing. I had had enough for one sitting and wanted to leave. I motioned to Hagop. But one of our friends offered to treat the group. We couldn’t turn it down without offending those present. So I stayed and got a third dose of the drug in my nostrils, lungs, and into my quivering body. After this we left.

“How do you feel?” Hagop asked.

“I was dizzy at first. I’m all right now.”

“Are you nauseated?”

“No. On the contrary, I feel like eating. Let’s go to another dive.”

“Are you sure you want to go?”

“Yes, I want to experience the full effect it has on those who take it.”

The second salon was much bigger—a large, rectangular-shaped room, with a high ceiling and dim electric lights. There were no benches, but several dozen stools were lined along the walls and in groups about the room. We sat down with five smokers, and ordered the *josie*.

“Weak or strong?” the attendant asked.

“’Awi!” Hagop said before I could speak. “Strong!”

In the room were a half dozen small groups of men. Smoking, coughing, and spitting went on all about me; some were coughing so violently they seemed to be shaken by a cataleptic fit. The clients here, I noted, were better dressed; the smokers, however, were as youthful as those I had seen earlier. Coffee was served: this was more like a café, a *hasheesh* den and coffee house in one.

By this time the attendant arrived with the *josie*. I found it even stronger than before and I underwent the same ordeal, and the same violent convulsive seizure. The floor was filthy with sputum. Later, I learned, an attendant would sprinkle dried earth. The next morning, when the place was empty, the blood-stained sputum of the tubercular would be swept along with the others.

“I hope you’ve had enough. Let’s go,” Hagop said, and once outside, he remarked: “How do you feel?”

“Stimulated and hungry, very hungry.”

We went to a restaurant, and even though I had had a full meal a few hours ago, I ate heartily. Hagop watched me with interest.

“Still don’t feel sick to your stomach?”

“How could I eat all this food if I did?”

“Well,” he said. “At least I know how the stuff affects you.”

“As a matter of fact, it’s not only hunger I feel—I feel supercharged with strength. Here. . . .” I took Hagop’s hand and gripped it. He let out a howl of pain.

“You’ve turned into a savage,” he bellowed.

I put him in a taxi. Sleep was out of question for me. I felt more energetic than I had ever been before. My mind was

keen, my senses alert. I knew, now, why the miserable *fellaheen* consumed it. *Hasheesh* first made gods of them—then it enslaved and destroyed them.

I walked on, voraciously hungry again. Everything was closed down now. I walked to the water’s edge and splashed water on my face. I sat on a rock, looking into the expanse of the sea and the mountain slopes kissing the shore; then the sun gradually broke over their rim in a glorious Lebanese sunrise. I remained there for a long while. I had no idea how long I sat there, in a state of extraordinary well-being, content with myself and with the world.

I rose and walked until I found a restaurant, and gorged myself. Then I went home, washed and shaved, and began packing. This was my last day in Beirut. Tomorrow, I would be in Cyprus, in transit to my birthplace, Alexandropolis, Greece. One final concern remained, and it consumed me all day—how to take safely out my voluminous notes and photographs. A dozen schemes came to me, some wild. I had no inkling whether Dr. Imam in Damascus, Cecil Hourani in Beirut, Farhan Bey in Amman, Nassib Boulos in Jerusalem, or any of my other Arab “friends” elsewhere had put the Lebanese police on my trail. If so, they would catch up with me at the airport, a favorite dragnet for Arab police, who are generally too lazy to look for foreigners except at airports, hotels, and bars.

I sought the advice of a number of Armenian friends, who knew some of the airport customs officials. That night I packed as my friends had instructed, and left the rest to them. . . . I worried no longer.

I couldn’t sleep; apparently the stimulating effect of the *hasheesh* hadn’t worn off yet. I had eaten six times during the day. I stayed up all night, and by morning was still full of energy. I suspected that soon some kind of reaction would come, but I did not worry about it. My friends took me to the airport and saw me through. I had no difficulty with the customs officials. To my relief, the police did not even ask to see

me. Nevertheless, the plane couldn't start fast enough for me. I did not feel safe until the door closed, we taxied down the runway, and took off. As the magnificently beautiful landscape faded from view, and the Mediterranean spread below us, I fell into a heavy sleep, a drugged sleep. I woke, still half conscious, only after the stewardess had shaken me by the shoulder repeatedly. . . . Our plane was descending slowly to touch its wheels upon the storied soil of Cyprus.

(CHAPTER XXIV)

ISRAEL, AND GOING HOME



For a thousand years the Armenians have dreamed of a sovereign, democratic homeland, to which one might come and go freely. . . . We, too, are a patient people. We, too, can wait. We, too, can pray. We, too, can dream and hope and live in the eternal faith of a resurrected homeland.

HERE, in Nicosia, capital of the British colony of Cyprus, a vitally strategic military base one hundred and fifty miles off the Lebanese coast, I planned to leave almost immediately for Alexandropolis. I had lived for nearly six months as a native among Arabs: I felt I had an understanding of the Arab world given to few Americans; I wanted to move on. But plans are only plans, and kismet, which had intervened in my affairs time and again, decided to do so again.

I went to visit the Jewish Displaced Persons camps in Famagusta, Cyprus's main seaport, while waiting for a plane to Greece. The men and women I saw were on the last lap of their long journey to the Promised Land, and now, in the British camps, suffering a more civilized form of purgatory. "We want only to go to Eretz Israel," they said. "We sit on our bags and wait our turn."

I regretted that I had not really been in Israel. In Jerusalem I had been isolated (because of the war), with no possibility

of going into the Jewish State itself. I had seen no Israeli city; I had not visited the *kibbutzim*; I had spoken only to Israelis in Jerusalem. Nor had I gained a true feeling of the Jewish State—save only the sense of indomitability of the defenders of Jerusalem. I did not know what Zionism was. Wandering about the camps now, talking to the men and women, I met a quiet, patient Jew, Rabbi Schreiberbaum, who was in charge of expediting emigration and placating ruffled British officialdom. A yearning came over me to go with these refugees to their new homeland.

"I want to go to Israel," I told Rabbi Schreiberbaum suddenly.

He smiled, as if no request could be a surprise to him.

"The *Hatikvah* is leaving for Haifa on Thursday with a group of immigrants. Why don't you go along?"

"I have no visa for Israel, and my passport is full of Arab stamps," I said.

"When you get to Haifa just tell them I sent you."

The *Hatikvah* grossed eight hundred tons and was formerly an American coast guard cutter. When it left Famagusta two days later, it was loaded to capacity with two hundred and eighty Jews and an American. They were an ill-clad, ill-fed lot of refugees. Many were survivors of Auschwitz who bore their death number tattooed above their wrists. Most were from southern Europe: Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria. I had expected to find them elated at their homecoming. But there was no elation. Pain, hunger, and frustration had been their lot for a decade and they were benumbed.

Among the bedraggled children a half dozen carried violin cases. I thought it significant that these harassed Jews thought of music as well as survival; at no time during my stay among the Arabs had I seen anybody with a violin, or with any musical instrument of any kind. Nor had I ever seen so many wash-tubs as on the *Hatikvah*. All that a family owned was dumped into the tubs, which also served as cribs, for invariably on top of every well-packed tub was an infant. It was usually tended by its father; the mothers, exhausted, were asleep on the

double-decked cots jamming every inch of space on the decks. These infants were the gifts the wanderers who had been through the torture chambers of Europe were bringing to Israel.

With them I gratefully ate the food supplied by the American Joint Distribution Committee: a loaf of bread, an orange, and a can of sardines. Night girdled the blacked-out ship, and I slept with the Jews. The only incident occurred at exactly 2.02 a.m., when the deck chair on which I was dozing crashed beneath my weight, after which I slept on deck like the others. It was quite proper, I thought, for I had been a refugee myself from 1914 to 1921—after which I, too, had traveled by boat to the Promised Land beyond the great waters.

We landed in Haifa the next morning.

I made my grand entry by being escorted immediately to the police station by an inspector who was visibly disturbed by a passport full of Arab stamps. The police chief, A. Coblenz, treated me courteously, but I had to wait for an hour during which a frantic search went on for someone who would vouch for me. Finally an Israeli was found who remembered Walter Winchell's praise of *Under Cover*, which presumably cleared me of all Arab taint. At any rate, I went through the formality of having a visa stamped and £1.500 collected.

From that day on I saw Israel as I had seen the Arab countries—mostly on foot, alone, dressed in native garb: Boy Scout shorts, khaki shirt, khaki cap. I saw Israel without the benefit of official guides. I wanted to draw my own conclusions. I hitch-hiked from one end of the Jewish State to the other. Hitch-hiking is tolerated, at best, in many countries: but Israel is probably the only country in the world where it is actually encouraged and enforced. Hiking queues formed at nearly every road intersection and police made sure Jewish-owned cars picked up riders from the queue. Only diplomatic autos were immune; most diplomats, however, helped because of the shortage of gasoline and vehicles. I traveled hun-

dreds of miles—seeing Israel from north to south and east to west, without paying one penny for transportation, except for bus and taxi fares in Tel Aviv and Haifa.

By the same token, my food and board were free whenever I stayed at the *kibbutzim*. I lived for a week at Kibbutz Daganya A, an agricultural village of about five hundred Jews mainly from Russia, and the oldest in Israel. Adjacent to it was Kibbutz Afkim, an industrial village with the largest plywood factory in the Middle East. I visited many others. The collective settlements won my admiration: they are communal villages; all property is communally owned. No one has any money; no one has need for it. Luxuries and necessities, medical care, vacations, honeymoons, entertainment, schooling, were all provided free, in return for eight hours' work a day. Members worked hard, but no one died from it. Murder, rape, sexual aberrations, robbery were unheard of. Divorces were rare. Health standards were extraordinarily high. The pleasures were simple. There was no fast night-life, no gambling, no liquor, no hasheesh, no prostitution.

There was security, individual and collective, without the surrender of one's individual liberty. There was full freedom of opinion, movement, and expression. It seemed to me that there could be no higher form of society than this communal order of life, close to the soil, which deprived one of none of the conveniences of civilization or the privileges of democracy. Had not the Bible, the Talmud, Christ Himself, preached this simple, humble life? The Jews were the first I had seen to transform it into a national institution.

I investigated many co-operative villages in which property was owned individually, but the land worked by co-operatively owned equipment; where baking, laundry, harvesting, and marketing were also done co-operatively. I visited "free enterprise" villages where the individual owned his farm, worked it himself, and sold his produce independently. In Israel there was a place for every Jew, whatever his economic persuasion—and each respected the other.

Children were treated with such tenderness and devotion, particularly in the *kibbutzim*, that I remarked about it. "They are our most precious possession," I was told at the Children's Village maintained by the Mizrachi. "They are the future Israel."

I took hundreds of photographs. Not once was I stopped or questioned. In Egypt, I remembered ruefully, I had been arrested twice the first day I attempted to take the most harmless of photographs.

Food was scarce in Israel and expensive. Meat was precious, a good steak rare. The food at the *kibbutzim* was nutritious, though monotonous, and served in slovenly fashion. I could not forget that Israel was forced to export some of its delicious milk chocolate to Switzerland in exchange for machinery and credits. As for housing, conditions were woeful, but immigrants were arriving at the rate of thousands a month. I saw the beginnings of "Church and State" troubles, and the inroad of other grave problems once the unity engendered by a common stand against the Arabs was over. The dissensions were similar, it seemed to me, to those our country faced at the close of the Revolutionary War. I hoped that those in Israel would prove to be in the nature of growing pains, as were ours.

I thought of the Arabs. How I wished Moustafa were with me now, so that he could return to Egypt to tell what he had seen: Arabs in the parliament; Arab workers receiving from I£1 to I£2 per day, and more—or roughly the weekly wages of some I had seen in Egypt; Arab mothers at free Jewish clinics; Arab men and women voting side by side with Jews; Arabs seated together with Jews at the coffee table; Arab children educated at compulsory schools; Arabs living in a democracy for the first time in their history. Moustafa would have agreed that the average Arab, even in matters of food, was far better off in Israel than under Arab feudalism.

I discovered that the source of Israel's genius was similar to the source of American genius. The immigrants were not simply "Jews"—but Jews who had absorbed the culture and

talents of the countries of their birth. Each brought to Israel the gifts peculiar to his place of origin. The inflow of this rare blend of talent enriched the new republic, as our own had been enriched. Israel provided a cultural soil in which ideas germinated swiftly. This dynamic creativeness—so startlingly in contrast to Arab apathy—was displayed in the amazing number of small, everyday consumer goods manufactured in Israel. Tel Aviv abounded in small factories engaged in producing goods of all kinds. Unlike the communal *kibbutzim*, I found that free enterprise prevailed in the cities.

SELFLESSNESS

AS I traveled through the length and breadth of the tiny republic, the dominant over-all impression I gained was that a spirit of selflessness was present everywhere: the personal concern of one human being for another. The Jew, I felt, was here reaching an inner peace and security, which came from living in a land that had banished the Jewish stereotypes so often identified with him elsewhere: he was as good or as bad as his neighbor. In contrast to a life of prejudice and persecution, in Israel he was a human being accepted by his fellow human beings on terms of equality.

Here, in a country where labor had a new dignity, and where the Jew was not forced into limited social and economic spheres, he had an opportunity to express himself according to his abilities and his aspirations.

I spoke with a remarkably frank British journalist in Tel Aviv, who struck at the core of the alarm that Israel had induced among some persons. He was Walter Lucas, an English journalist. "The trouble with these Jew is that they are too earnest, too energetic," Lucas said. "I'm frightened at the thought that this world is a prophecy of the future."

"Why are you frightened?" I asked.

"Because I was born lazy. I inherited my laziness. I shudder at the thought of having to do things vigorously. I like discussing ideas. I'm old-fashioned, I admit. I'm an old man and a grandfather. More than that, I'm decadent—one of the few men who admit it. I like it. Decadence is comfortable. I'm horrified whenever I see these bustling females in shorts working in the *kibbutzim*," he continued. Women should be a decoration; they should add something to the beauty of life. Look at those husky women! Take them home, and you won't need a horse. They'll do the ploughing."

"I've always admired you English for your gift with words," I said.

Lucas didn't hear. "This is a new world, so much in contrast to the old it's horrifying" [that seemed to be his favorite word]. "Thirty years ago this was a desert. Now look at it. It's the work of a handful of men driven by the urge to be creative. They have the enthusiasm of Boy Scouts. I don't like Boy Scouts. These people are too energetic. Thank God I won't live to see this new order in the world. I shall be dead then."

"I think you're dead now," I said, laughing.

Lucas gave me a blank stare, too lazy, I think, to laugh or kick me.

I felt that Israel had gained the enmity of the Arab world not because it was Jewish (the Arabs had also violently opposed the Crusaders) but because it was a segment of the West now gaining a permanent foothold in the East. Israel represented revolution. It represented an upheaval of a long-trenched feudal order. It stirred lethargies four thousand years old. It made the Moslem deeply and painfully feel his inadequacies, his backwardness, his sloth. Israel brought awakening. It brought creation. It brought the idea of democracy and of political and social ferment. The thought of change made the Arabs, as well as those espousing the Arab cause, quite frantic.

Above all, Israel's concept of Western democracy, with its

emphasis on equality and freedom—its emancipation from slavery—spelled a death blow to the Arab social order whenever it gained a foothold among the impoverished masses. This the Arab privileged classes feared most of all. I recalled what Yusef, the Egyptian student, had told me: “Education means social revolution. They don’t want us to think . . . to ask questions.”

I thought Israel was in an admirable position to help the Arab States rehabilitate themselves—an aim fully in keeping with the Marshall Plan and our Point Four Program to aid backward countries. I felt that if the Arabs would give up their self-defeating boycott, and send their wealth of raw material for processing, Israel’s genius for manufacture and invention could provide them with the thousand and one items—from DDT and pharmaceutical products to assembled farm tractors and automobiles—that they needed so desperately but could not afford because of high cost of production in the West.

This partnership and program of mutual self-help would lighten the burden of the American taxpayer, help raise the standard of Arab living, promote stability, and ward off Communism. Otherwise, Marxism was sure to engulf a feudal order festering because of poverty, discontent, and exploitation. Because freedom, enlightenment, and progress are antidotes to Communism, Israel, I felt, was the only natural bulwark against it in the Middle East, and therefore deserved our continued support, whether in the form of loans, investments, or the continued flow of gifts.

“WE, TOO, CAN PRAY”

AS I saw it, Israel was the most religious country in the world—if by religion we mean (not the number of formal places of worship) the practice of the Golden Rule. In these

terms the whole of Israel impressed me as a testament to a living God—a living witness to His prophecy, a thing far more of the spirit than of the flesh. The spirit was infectious, especially to one who like myself had seen the material side: the Arab side.

I viewed my tour of Israel in the light of a religious experience.

I left Israel believing in miracles—that God still speaks, that prayers are answered, that the laws of Good and Evil still rule. By the same token I believe that Israel, after many tribulations, will survive. In the simplest of terms, Israel, as I saw it, represented Good: the Arab world—with the cruelty perpetrated upon its vast masses, and with the immorality and transgression of its ruling classes—represented Evil. Between the two I had no doubt how the struggle would resolve itself. I believe, with the faith of a child, in the ultimate triumph of democracy not in Israel alone, but throughout the world.

Israel proved, too, a sentimental homeland for me. For two thousand years the Jews had dreamed of independence; for a thousand years the Armenians have dreamed of a sovereign, democratic homeland, to which one might come and go freely. I had gained entry into almost every country, but where I yearned to go most, I was not permitted. No visitor has entered Soviet Armenia since 1947. Few have ever left it.

I thrilled vicariously at the good fortune of Israel.

Had not the Armenians suffered under the Turks, though to a lesser degree, as the Jews under Hitler? How similar the tortured background of these two ancient peoples, how common their yearning for liberty. Had not Franz Werfel, an Austrian Jew, finding kinship with the suffering Armenians, also found inspiration in the struggle of the Armenians of Musa Dagh for survival? How natural, then, for one of Armenian birth to find inspiration in Israel!

As I moved and dreamed from one end of Israel to the other, in my mind’s eye I found myself substituting Arme-

nian for Hebrew characters in the alphabet. I saw an Armenian democracy; I read Armenian newspapers. I saw Armenians creatively at work, consumed with the energy of a liberated people. I saw Armenia being rebuilt. Yes, I dreamed. And I yearned with all my heart that I might be among my kinsmen. But then, we, too, are a patient people. We, too, can wait. We, too, can pray. We, too, can dream and hope and live in the eternal faith of a resurrected homeland. . . .

TO MY BIRTHPLACE

ON A clear, cool November day, I boarded a plane for Alexandropolis. The plane rose high into white, fleecy clouds—all dazzling white about me. My thoughts went to the palm branch in my suitcase which I had carried with me everywhere as a symbol of peace and good will. It had brought me neither, for the Moslem Middle East was like a doomed giant who in his wrath would generate even more trouble—to the West and to itself—more hate, more sin, and perpetrate more of his feudal rot upon his own people before he became a corpse cast upon the scrap heap of history. I felt that nothing short of revolution for liberty, such as the American revolution of 1776, could save the Arab people. And nothing short of such a democratic revolution could save the Arab world from Communism.

Now I was carrying the palm branch to Greece, the land of my birth; to Alexandropolis, the place of my birth in the hinterland of Greece.

Presently I felt the plane losing altitude, and in a few minutes the Ægean Sea and the Greek archipelago with its myriad islands and inlets spread three thousand feet below me. I was in Athens, capital of Greece. I was in the West. The East

was now a memory that would painfully come to life again when I sat down to write of it.

In Athens a few days later, I took a twin-engine American plane, and after an hour over the blue Ægean, over islands and lands famous in history and mythology, our plane circled above a neat little seacoast town and a few minutes later landed on a bumpy airstrip outside Alexandropolis. Though I was home at last, I knew no one here except a distant cousin whom I had never met. And thus I returned to my birthplace, a stranger, with no one to welcome me.

ALEXANDROPOLIS ON THE ÆGEAN

I WENT to the best hotel in town. The proprietor said he hoped I would not mind the lack of heat and hot water, because coal was scarce, and wood almost as expensive. However, he gladly provided me with extra blankets, which turned out to be as thick as the mattress itself!

I walked down to the wharves where, as a boy, I had never been allowed to wander alone, particularly after I had ventured a stroll along the shore during my very early stages of wanderlust and disappeared for a whole day. The priest had been hastily summoned to offer special prayers, and the sexton made to ring the mourning bell, summoning all friends of the family to prayer—whether for the benefit of my departed soul, or in order to help me turn up, was never clear. Sailors dragging the coastline for my body had found me many miles away blissfully throwing stones into the sea. For a while then I was kept on a leash in the garden of our home.

The harbor had been enlarged and a breakwater built. The wharves were choked: so I had always remembered them. Not far away used to be the *banyos*—separate bathing pavilions for men and women. Alexandropolis had been moder-

nized. Mixed swimming was now permitted. I walked along the beach, lost in memories.

As I wandered on toward the church where I had been baptized, I saw the poverty that had overtaken Alexandropolis. The entire village of two thousand souls was shabby in appearance—in need of plaster, paint, and repairs. It had seen nothing but war and violence from the time of my birth. There had been the Balkan War of 1912, and World War I in 1914. There had been bandit raids in its wake, and then World War II, and the occupation by Germans and Bulgarians, who had always hated the Greeks. Now Markos's guerrillas were raiding the countryside, foraging for food and slaughtering the cattle. They had once reached the outskirts of Alexandropolis but were driven back. Farmers had deserted their lands, and fled to the village in terror. It was the same old, old story. . . .

The population had trebled. Refugees lived in tents, barns, and shacks, existing on the public dole and on food sent from America. It was estimated that about fifteen per cent of the Alexandropolis population was pro-Markos, therefore pro-Communist. Overwhelmingly they were against the bandit chief and Communism. The streets were crowded with soldiers in uniform, or in parts thereof, wasting their manhood in pursuits of war.

I arrived at the Church of St. Garabed. Adjacent to it was a long barnlike building now filled with refugees. It was once the Armenian school. There were less than two hundred Armenians in Alexandropolis now. Every month a priest came from Athens for religious services. The rectory was now rented to a Greek peasant whom I found repairing a rusty stovepipe. The plaster around the church fence had fallen, revealing the mud bricks and stone foundation. The foundation outside the wall had gone dry, the piping removed; it was now falling apart. The belfry, detached from the church, was intact, but the entrance gate was forlorn and dilapidated. I still thought it a lovely little village church, with a look of reverence and

humility about it, weatherbeaten and time-worn. It was patched all over. The red tile roofing was cracked and broken. It was good to see that the two-hundred-year-old church held together remarkably well, considering its neglect. I began to feel at home.

From a Greek refugee family living in a shack on the grounds, I obtained the key and entered St. Garabed. I thought it beautiful inside. Within it there were no signs of neglect or decay. Its pews were neatly painted. The railing enclosing the choir was highly polished. The altarpieces were immaculate. Two Bibles lay on stands covered with lace. The niche—where I had been baptized—was covered with an embroidered curtain. The painting of the Madonna and Child gracing the altar was radiant. It was late afternoon, and the sun's rays streaming in from both sides added to the beauty of the little church. I knelt to pray.

I visited the *hammam*, or public bath; an enormously large stone building, with a huge central cupola, resembling a discarded fortress. It was now a refugee shelter. Moss grew on its walls, and grass covered the roof where the tiles were broken and covered with earth. The public bath was a village institution visited at monthly intervals by the well-to-do, and less frequently by poorer folk. How well I recall those excursions with mother, carrying a picnic basket. Women brought lunches, and spent the entire day bathing, gossiping, and eating. The all-day bath had to do for an entire month. Boys up to seven years of age were permitted to accompany mothers; from then on they went with their fathers.

I wondered if the *furoun*, public oven, was still there. We used to take our roasts and casserole dishes here for baking. It also served as a bakery. I remembered it painfully, for one day while watching the baker shift the loaves inside the oven with his long flat ladle, he accidentally whacked me in the eye and I ran home howling. Yes, the public oven was still there, and doing business as usual!

I walked along King George boulevard. I could think of

nothing to justify the name, for although it was a broad tree-lined avenue, it offered nothing worthwhile for sale. No native crafts of any kind were on display, and its shops were shabby. A young Greek looked at me, anticipating my question. "I have not worked for a year because there is no work," he said resignedly. "There is no commerce. The frontiers are closed to trade. Alexandropolis is a blind alley. It is the end of the world for a young man. We live only to waste away."

King George boulevard was filled with slogans of the day: "Long Live the Army!" "Long Live the Navy!" The public letter-writer was still on the job, for many of the farmers continued to be illiterate. English-imported bicycles were decorated with Greek, and significantly, American flags. There were no Union Jacks. "The English are tricky; they speak with two tongues," one Greek said to me. "The Americans speak one language." Woodcutting and broom-making seemed to be the main industries. Ox-drawn carts driven by children rumbled in a steady stream from the countryside loaded with gnarled oak branches. Most of the children I saw were pathetic: thin, wizened, pale, tubercular, in cast-off clothing—peddling pretzels, selling chestnuts, working as boot-blacks, begging, fighting.

In the evening I went to the Titania Cinema to see a double feature: *Tarzan and the Leopard Woman*, and an American documentary film on the TVA, featuring our hydroelectric projects, farms, and machines. It stole the show. I thrilled to see the contrast between the might of my country and the run-down world in which I found myself! What a gigantic, powerful, dynamic industrial nation America was! The audience gaped in amazement at wheat fields that reached to the horizon, at threshing machines almost half as large as Alexandropolis's harbor. The audience consisted of soldiers and sailors, wearing overcoats and hats. So did I. It was cold. The ceiling of the theater was covered with barn-red tin stripping; its floor was littered with newspapers, candy wrappers, pumpkin-seed shells. The ancient film broke at least a dozen times

while Tarzan heroically rescued sweet innocents from the clutches of the villainous Leopard Woman. I enjoyed it!

As I went into my cold bed this first night, pulling the thick heavy blankets over me, I asked myself again and again: Was this my home? Was this poor little town my birthplace? How would I find the house in which I was born? Would it be shabby and dilapidated, or would it be the spacious and radiant place I remembered from childhood? It was once a showplace of the town, and it adjoined the Italian consulate, where visitors called in fancy phaetons. What would it be like today? With these thoughts I fell into a troubled sleep.

Next morning, as I had so often done in my boyhood thirty-five years ago, I climbed into the branches of a gnarled old oak that overlooked the harbor. The tree was many hundreds of years old. It was said that the Turkish name of the town—Dede-aghatch (meaning Grandfather Tree)—had been taken from this ancient oak. As a child it had seemed to me to be the largest tree in the world. Actually, the top-most branch now was twenty-five feet above the ground! How Dede-aghatch had shriveled. . . .

I walked over to the grounds that once had housed the Catholic convent. Mother had boarded me here for several weeks while father and she, expecting their second child, had fled into the hills to escape bandits. I had difficulty locating the convent, for few remembered it as such. When I did find it, it was no longer the huge lovely building I had kept in my mind's eye, but a ramshackle two-story frame house with falling plaster, and a yard filled with debris. It, too, had shriveled. The nuns were gone. It was now a tenement, and on one side was a tobacco shop with a sign in Greek reading: "Grand Brittany."

During the course of the day I traced my only surviving relative, who turned out to be a second cousin named Arto Kassemian. Arto owned a general-merchandise bazaar, and I found him sick in bed suffering from severe rheumatism acquired during the long and bitter nights he had stood guard

in the hills around Alexandropolis against Markos's guerrillas. He did not think he could ever recover without proper medication, unavailable in the village. Could I bring him, his wife and children, and his seventy-four-year-old mother to America?

Through Arto I located a neighbor who remembered our family—Victoria Exerjian, now seventy, a gray-haired, tortured little widow with her right eye closed, who remembered all the vicissitudes that had befallen Alexandropolis. She apologized for the condition of her home. "This was once a very lovely house," she said. "Only my unmarried daughter lives with me now. Someone—I think it was a refugee—ripped off the doors for firewood last week, and it gets very cold. . . . You ask me what happened to Alexandropolis after you left? What didn't happen! After you left—it was in 1915—the English came, then the Italians, the French, and the Greeks. Bulgars and Germans both used it during the war. Ahh . . . the Germans were cruel and mean! After World War II the Greek Communists took charge and ordered everyone to attend their parades, and salute with the clenched fist. Before them the Germans ordered us to see their parades and greet their flag with Nazi salutes. Everyone who came took what was left by his predecessor, and destroyed more. Can anything survive such a devastation?"

"What do you recall of me as a child?" I asked her.

She thought a moment. "I remember you as extremely active, always up to some kind of prank. You would ask about animals, then want to know why some of them had long tails and others short. You enjoyed going into the country with Christo, your nurse. I can see you now . . . passing with Christo in front of my house, carrying your lunch, your milk-goat trailing behind you. You would stay away all day. . . . When you visit your house," she said suddenly, "you may not recognize it."

HOME

IT WAS only a block away, on 8 Soulion street, and I hurried there with quickening steps. I came to a fountain around the corner from our home where the boys used to fill their mouths with water and douse the girls. I remembered pulling the pigtails of a little girl one day, not noticing her enraged mother sneaking up behind me. Gripping me firmly by my own hair all the way home, she deposited me, squealing, in our backyard.

I was standing before what was once the yard in which I had played. It was a wreck; the iron fencing was torn off, and everywhere were crumbling stone and rotting wood. Our beautiful grapevine was gone. The fig trees had disappeared. A shanty had been built here, with a straw roof. I looked at the house where a midwife had delivered me, and I could not help weeping. One side of it was whitewashed, the other a drab, peeling plaster. Its window frames were sagging and cracked; broken panes had been replaced with boards. The lower half of a second story window was barricaded with mud-bricks. Everywhere the laths showed. Two narrow rusty stovepipes protruded. The balcony on which I had so often played, looking out on the *Ægean*, was now in such a dilapidated state that I saw a woman cross herself before stepping under it to go inside the house. I heard a gobbling sound behind—a flock of turkeys prodded on by a peasant in a beret and rawhide slippers came down Soulion street. A lone white lamb followed him, its tail drooping.

Again I asked myself: Was this my home? Stunned, I stepped through the iron gate, now rusty and unhinged, into the yard. I walked through it and entered the house by the back door, looking for my bedroom. It was now occupied by refugees who had fled Markos's bands. Four families lived in five rooms. The largest of these was the Dimitrios Damaski-

nidis family—husband and wife and five children. Together with other tenants, they used the one bathroom below, its door patched with newspaper. Dimitrios received some food, mostly from America, and 2,500 drachmas a month from the government—the equivalent of twenty-five cents. “What can we do with 2,500 drachmas?” the wife, Eleni, asked helplessly. “It costs us more to buy food for one day!”

I knocked on the door of what had been my bedroom. It was opened by a woman dressed in black, Hariklia Yankoug-lou. Her husband had died a slave laborer in Germany, and she lived alone. On the floor was a cheap scatter-rug, on the table a pile of clothing waiting to be ironed. On the wall was a gas light. The curtains were rough, homemade. An iron cot with a soiled coverlet was in one corner. In the other stood a squat, pot-bellied stove, blazing with a wood fire. But it gave me no warmth. There was no warmth in my room, in the home of my birth, in my heart, in Greece, in the Arab Middle East, in the Old World!

Silently I walked out of the house on 8 Soulion street. I felt an emptiness, a numb void between myself and the tragedy of Alexandropolis. I wished I could have responded favorably, lovingly. How does an animal—to say nothing of a human being—respond to one who beats it, and destroys it? War had beaten and destroyed Alexandropolis, my home, and scattered my people. Destruction and misery had spoken to me. I recalled the year we had come to America—1921—when father had said: “Europe has been fighting for two thousand years. It may fight for another two thousand years. Let us live in America, the land of peace.” Then I thought of my palm branch, the symbol of peace and good will I had brought with me, and I felt whipped and hopeless.

Back at my hotel I learned that someone from the local police station had inquired about me. I went there, and faced the police captain and others gathered around him. They asked who I was, why I had come, what my political views were, why I had spent two days photographing Alexandropolis,

and what I planned to do with the photographs. Even the place of my birth had become victimized by the suspicions engendered by the madness of war! They wanted to know when I planned to leave. “Tomorrow,” I said. “Tomorrow.” Without seeking to do so, they had hurt me deeply.

A detective was on hand the next day to bid me *bon voyage*. No one else came. Arto, my cousin, was bedridden; and Mrs. Exerjian too old and too cold to leave her home. My suitcase contained the only worthwhile souvenirs I could find: pebbles from the beach, a bit of plaster from my home; some of the lathwork; a jar of earth from the garden, and a few twigs from the Grandfather Tree. There were my only mementos.

The plane headed toward Athens. Beyond it, America beckoned. I thought of how shrunken everything had appeared to my eyes: my room, which once loomed so large, was actually about ten feet square. How congested it all was. And how symbolic this was of the Old World—with all its incestuous, tragic conflicts. I thought and dreamed. I had seen the forces of evil at work in the part of the world from which my people came. I had seen misery and degradation of my fellow man. Against this backdrop of hopelessness, I placed the vitality, the hope, the dignity of my adopted land—and I was both proud and humble. How I thanked my parents for bringing me to America!

Every foreign-born American, I think, should revisit his homeland to renew his faith in America. Every native-born American must, I feel, revisit the lands of his forebears to revive his faith in American democracy. Every tourist in Europe, I think, should spend some time meditating and contrasting ways of the Old World with those of the New. I can conceive of no better antidote for all the evils that beset us—Fascism and Communism, hate and bigotry, war and authoritarianism—than a true rebirth of our belief in the ways of peace and democracy.

In this mood of reverie I took the plane westward, and as it brought me nearer and nearer the New World, I thought of

what America—my America—had meant to me ever since I had first left these shores so many years ago. What *had* America meant to me? It had given me opportunities for growth unknown in the Old World. It had provided me with friends, infinite and staunch, impossible to cultivate in the small nationalistic islands of Europe. One could always be sure of loyal supporters in America, despite the enemies one made; always be sure of an audience despite those who sought to shout one down. One could always aspire to reach the top in the New World, because there was always room at the top. America, thank God, was no blind-alley country; there was always a tomorrow, always a sunrise to herald a new day. The promise of a future was with us, always.

My faith in my country had been strengthened and renewed by what I had seen from Cairo to Damascus. Even stronger than before was my conviction that in America the good outweighed the bad; that evil in all its ugly forms was combated constantly. This knowledge had spurred me to do my part, however little, in exposing those forces dangerous to democracy, as I saw them, wherever I saw them. This had strengthened my hope that, in our country at least, hate, bigotry, and other evils would ultimately disappear. . . .

At the Athens airport, waiting for the plane that would take me home, I wandered about, still in this mood. On a bench I picked up a copy of the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*—the first American newspaper I had seen in weeks. I was brought sharply back to reality. Here were disquieting reports—reports of political conflicts, of fear and hysteria threatening to destroy our cherished freedoms, of subtle efforts to thrust authoritarianism upon our people on the pretext of fighting totalitarianism. I stood wondering: had I not already seen two worlds—the East and the West—wracked by dissension, by narrow nationalisms, by selfish interests? Was my country now beginning to travel the same paths? Were we—at a time when half the world was engulfed by tyranny—begin-

ning to darken the major beacon of faith in, and hope for, the future?

These were my thoughts as I left Athens. They were with me again on the transatlantic plane that carried me westward again—westward to my new home and homeland, to my birthplace as an American.

ARAB-AMERICAN LIAISON NETWORK



FOLLOWING his propaganda work in London, Yusif el Bandek arrived in this country in the summer of 1949. In November of that year he called upon Merwin K. Hart—long an admirer of Franco's system—carrying a letter of introduction from Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, who in 1946 was removed as chief of UNRRA in Germany after making remarks about European refugees which were widely construed to be anti-Jewish. "General Morgan has told me I could put entire confidence in Bandak," Hart later explained in his National Economic Council *Letter*. "This was enough for me. Vice-Admiral Charles S. Freeman, U.S.N., retired, who has devoted much time to Mr. Bandak, and I, quickly became satisfied that Bandak was all he professed to be." Following this confession, Hart instituted a new series of anti-Semitic attacks in his *Letter*, of which the following, in the December 15, 1949, issue, is typical:

For because of their overhearing greed and their recent and present willingness to involve this country in every kind of evil, they ["Zionist Jews"] are the number one enemy of American liberty and the Christian church. They are the outstanding cause of most of the dire troubles facing America today. . . .

A wealth of evidence can be adduced to show that the Zionists have Mr. Truman's Administration in the hollow of their hand. The Socialist program is their program. . . . When the American people awaken to what they have already done and what they seek to do, their wrath will be truly terrible.

General Morgan had also told Hart that "Bandak had been sent by some 130,000 Christians of Bethlehem and vicinity [a wholly preposterous figure] to appeal to the British and the Americans for aid." Making a great point of the fact that Bandek was born a Christian, Hart planned to launch Bandek into Arab-American liaison work by introducing him to a number of his friends and supporters at a secretly arranged meeting. The projected gathering, however, was exposed by Walter Winchell and was never held. We next find Bandek's name linked with Hart's friend, Vice-Admiral Freeman, chairman of the Holy Land Christian Committee in New York, of which Bandek became general secretary. A group of prominent Americans were sold on the merits of the committee and on Mr. Bandek as a worthy representative.

The list included His Grace, Archbishop Michael of the Greek Orthodox Church, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, already on the board of the Institute of Arab American Affairs; Dorothy Thompson, the columnist, who told a Town Hall audience that she "had the honor of a visit from Mr. Yusif el Bandak"; and the Reverend Charles T. Bridgeman, former residentiary canon of St. George's Anglican Cathedral in Jerusalem, and, at the time of this writing, a rector of the Wall Street Trinity Church, New York.

Bandek became the traveling emissary of the Holy Land Christian Committee, ostensibly to speak and collect funds for Arab refugees. Actually, rather than devoting himself to helping Arab refugees, he gave a series of inflammatory lectures, tending to arouse latent anti-Semitic sympathies. With growing concern, the American Christian Palestine Committee in New York, composed of Christian laymen and clergymen opposed to Hart's brand of bigotry and Bandek's distortion of truth, followed the trail of Bandek's blatant Arab propaganda from city to city.

Here are some of the wild charges, as reported by the Reverend William Lindsay Young, vice-president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, who interviewed Bandek in Los Angeles: All Zionists are Communists; Arabs had never started the war against the Jews but fought merely to defend themselves against "brutal Jewish aggressors"; Communism is rampant in Israel; Christians have no religious freedom, and there are no Christian leaders in Israel; the Israelis killed three thousand

British officers; Jews in America control "the press, the government, the motion pictures."

On September 3, 1950, Bandek spoke at the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, of which the Reverend William F. Fifield—founder of Spiritual Mobilization, and a friend of Merwin K. Hart—is minister. Reverend Young, who was present, heard Bandek say that "the decision to partition Palestine was the result of the support to the Zionists by the Soviet Union and by American leaders . . . seeking not the interest of Christ, but votes." Reverend Young reported: "Gerald K. Smith sat in front of me and applauded practically everything Mr. Bandak said. . . . I heard no discussion of ways and means to help the unfortunate Christians in Bethlehem, the avowed purpose of Bandak's organization. There was, however, a great deal said about the Jew."

Among Bandek's friends were Arab-born journalists who, like himself, carried on as pro-Arab propagandists. One of these was Levon Keshishian, an Armenian whom I met in Jerusalem in April, 1948, and who wrote a note of introduction to Emil Ghoury, a leading henchman of the Grand Mufti, recommending me as "a friend journalist; he is OK." Keshishian was imprisoned for the duration of the Arab-Israel war in a jail in Amman, Jordan. When I met him again in this country—where he is now serving as UN correspondent for the Arab News Agency—Keshishian told me that the charges had included espionage, but that he had later been released without trial. On his person had been found various letters and checks from Jews, Armenians, and others. Amman officials had refused to accept his explanation of these, Keshishian said. "They almost hanged me," he complained.

This man also writes regularly for *Hairenik Weekly*, the Boston publication of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, filling its columns with pro-Arab stories. He has also addressed meetings of this organization.

Tragic indeed must be the state of those Americans who in their legitimate concern for the welfare of Arab refugees allow themselves to be duped by appeals of distortion, falsehood, and bigotry inspired by Bandek, Freeman, Hart, and their like. There is a just case for the homeless Arabs. But neither these refugees nor efforts at a conciliatory settlement of their plight can be aided

by hate-mongering propaganda. Those well-intentioned men who have rallied about the Bandek-Freeman-Hart axis, are, unknown to themselves, sabotaging genuine efforts in behalf of needy Arabs.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL DISCUSSION PANEL

Friday, October 24, 1947

7:45 P. M.

Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew

263 WEST 86th STREET, at West End Avenue

What Should Be America's Attitude Toward A Jewish State In Palestine?

THE SPEAKERS WILL INCLUDE:

Dr. Khalil Totah, a Quaker educator who served for 27 years in Palestine.

Canon Charles Bridgeman, of Trinity Church, who served for 20 years under the Episcopal Bishop of Jerusalem.

Hallam M. Richardson, Lay Leader of the Simpson Methodist Church will introduce the speakers and serve as moderator during the Questioning and Program-suggestion period.

Leaflet advertising the appearance of Dr. Khalil Totah with the Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, committee member of the Holy Land Christian Committee, with Hallam Richardson, Ahmed Hussein's counsel, listed as the moderator.

Speaking over the Town Meeting of the Air, August 15, 1947, Dr. Totah declared: "The Mufti is a patriot, is a gentleman, and he was just as patriotic and had a right to his opinions as Jefferson and Franklin had to theirs when they were fighting for American liberty."

INDEX



- Abdullah, King, 185, 271, 281, 337, 368, 370, 371, 372, 408, 420n, 423, 432; assassination of, 426; see also Illustration 37
- Aberg, Einar, 36
- Abraham, 167, 178, 218, 259, 380
- Abwehr, 417
- Acheson, Cornell, 264, 282
- Acre, 16, 235
- Aden, Protectorate of, 123
- Aegean Sea, 458, 459
- Afghanistan, 89
- Afikim, Kibbutz, 542; see also Illustration 46
- Africa: North, 112; Arab countries of North, 119, 121; South, 37, 398
- Afrika-Korps, 55, 213
- Ahram, *El*, 141-2
- Aishash el Tourgoman, 102-3
- Alamein, *El*, 55, 194
- Albania, 113; Moslems in, 420
- Alcadema Field of Blood, 241n
- Aleppo, 113
- Alexandria, 6, 35, 112, 114, 201, 422
- Alexandria University, 409
- Alexandropolis, 6, 447, 458, 459-67; anti-British feeling in, 462; Communism in, 460, 464; home, 465-6; refugees in, 460-1; wracked by war, 460-1, 464, 466; see also Illustrations 47, 48
- Algeria, 90, 121, 122
- Ali, 225-7
- Ali, Mohammed, 113
- Allenby, Edmund II.H., 189, 247
- Allenby Bridge, 364
- Allies, and Arab fifth column, 112, 416, 418
- Almaza Airport, 43, 44, 45, 113
- Amawi Hotel, 379, 383, 390
- America First Committee, 28
- American Christian Palestine Committee, 472
- American consul, murder of, 279
- American Consulate in Jerusalem, 244, 245, 248, 250, 251, 279-80; see also Illustration 25; American correspondents, 246, 249, 254, 267, 285, 325, 365-6, 368
- American Expedition to Akaba, 228
- American foreign policy, 130, 178, 378, 383, 433; see also State Department
- American Joint Distribution Committee, 451
- American legations, 49n, 50, 383, 391, 412, 426, 433
- American movies, 366, 367, 375, 462
- American orphanage, 320
- American Red Cross, 6; see also International Red Cross
- American Revolutionary War, 453, 458
- Americanization, 3, 7, 11
- Americans, gullibility, 121
- Amman, 16, 249, 265, 285, 327, 353, 359, 362, 364-77, 431n, 473; bombing of, 367-8, 391, 392; contrasted with Cairo, 370; traits of populace, 370, 373-5; see also Illustrations 35, 36

AMO (Arab Military Organization) 221-3
 Andronovich, Nicholas, 251
 Anglo-Arab Friendship Society, 33, 34
 Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, *see* Sudan
 Anglo-Saxon, 7, 8, 238, 249, 383
 Anjar, 16, 441
 Ankara, 112
 Annas the Priest, 329
 Anti-Catholicism, 25
 Anti-Semitism: in Cairo, 42, 49, 52-3, 61, 69, 70-1, 87, 97, 110; in England, 21, 23-24, 25-6, 27, 28-9, 30, 34, 36, 37-8; in United States, 32, 50, 56, 258, 425, 471, 473
 Ansary, Ismail el, 163, 178-80; *see also* Illustration 17
 Antony, Mark, 361
 Arab attitudes: anti-Allies, 277n, 416, 420, 432; anti-American, 49, 65, 109, 111, 152, 178, 393-5, 419; anti-British, 179, 393, 395, 416-7; anti-Communist, 110, 117, 124, 393; anti-French, 393, 395; anti-West, 121, 393; pro-Allies, 113, 126, 277n; pro-Axis, 111, 112, 113, 416, 417-421, 422; pro-German, 88, 110, 113, 352, 379, 392-3, 398-9; pro-Soviet sympathies, 124, 393; *see also* Egypt
 Arab Army of Liberation, 138, 260, 420n, 422
 Arab awakening, 342, 351
 Arab boycott, 394, 429, 434, 456
 Arab Brigade, 419; *see also* Hussein, Haj Amin el
 Arab fifth column, 111-3, 114, 416; *see also* pps. 414-21
 Arab Higher Committee, 137, 166, 169, 171, 222, 234, 316, 357, 414, 422
 Arab-Israel War, 48, 56, 200, 386, 423, 473; Arab rabble fighters, 170-1, 224, 232, 237-8, 239, 266, 308-9, 314-5, 316, 318; Arab terrorism, 70, 71, 119, 167, 414, 418; Arab volunteers, 67, 72, 73, 82, 170-1, 201, 203n, 231-3, 299, 343; Arab war strategy, 73, 235, 240-1; Arabs in battle, 202, 213, 217-8, 224,

Arab-Israel War (continued)
 230-3, 233-5, 271, 352, 404; belief in immunity to death, 206 (*see also* Illustration 13); massacre of Arabs by Jews, 181; for effect on Arab economy, *see* Lebanon; Syria
 Arab League, 30, 109, 117, 119, 122, 128, 136, 137, 138, 403, 420n, 422; Office, 104, 116
 Arab Legion, 186, 235, 241, 266, 277n, 281, 289, 343, 359, 362, 363, 368, 371, 376; in action before end of Mandate, 207, 208, 232, 239-40, 271 (*see also* Gaza; Hebron; Katamon; Kfar Etzion); in Armenian monastery, 308, 312, 321-2, 323-30; British Foreign Office as mastermind, 262, 270, 289; British-sponsored, 185, 240, 262, 289, 324, 331, 351; destruction of Jewish quarter, 338-9; display of tolerance, 328-30, 331, 335-6; forcing surrender of Jewish quarter, 323-37; *see also* Glubb, John Bagot; Jerusalem, Jewish quarter
 Arab life: beach party, 208-10; child labor, 89; children, 186, 204, 453 (*contrasted with* Israeli children); divorce, 99; eating habits, 148, 372, 373-4; foods, 158, 205, 372, 373-4; inequality of sexes, 99, 219, 366; lice, 75, 83, 161-2, 173, 174, 224, 294, 302; morale, 176; movie, 366; social codes, 158-9, 297, 366, 373-4, 387-90; torch-singing, 399-400
 Arab looting, 186, 235n, 239, 308, 338, 341; at Palestine Potash plant, 363-4; *see also* Illustrations 29, 30, 31
 Arab National League, 55-6
 Arab News Agency, 473
 Arab Office, 425
 Arab pasha caste, 96, 115, 130, 131-2, 310, 381, 456
 Arab propaganda: in London, 30, 32-5; in U.S.A., 33, 46, 55-8, 58n, 61, 81, 82, 471-2, 473
 Arab refugees, *see* refugees
 Arab traits, 32, 48, 62, 69, 70-2, 84, 86, 88, 103, 139-40, 148, 151, 152, 158-9, 186, 204, 218, 224,

Arab traits (continued)
 231, 234, 306, 310, 343, 352, 363-4, 377, 454; destructiveness, 167, 186, 363-4; homosexuality, 48, 155, 167, 172, 201, 204, 208-10, 366, 389-90, 325 (*contrasts in*); hospitality, 156, 158-9, 164, 179, 211-3; self-praise, 32, 33, 64, 72-3, 138-9, 235n, 326, 240-1, 350, 352
 Arab women, 52, 99, 146-7, 150-1, 156, 278, 297, 338, 365, 379, 385, 387-90, 399; as radicals, 383-7; treatment of, 67, 99, 165, 219, 278, 375, 386
 Arab world, 95-7, 131, 362, 425, 427, 449, 457; social ferment in, 43, 387, 428-9, 455-6, 458; *see also* Egypt; Lebanon; Syria
 Arabian Nights, 110, 385
 Arabian Sea, 120
 Arabic Club, 387, 390, 392, 395, 409, 412
 Aramco, 81n
 Ararat, Mount, 188, 327
 Arcand, Adrian, 37
 Archbishop of Canterbury, 118
 Ardahan, 439
 Argentina, 37
 Arish, El, 16, 197, 217-8
 Ariss, Moustafa el, 431-2; *see also* Illustration 42
 Ark of the Covenant, 178
 Armenia, *see* Soviet Armenia
 Armenian Affairs, 441n
 Armenian Apostolic Orthodox Church, 189, 308, 313-4, 320-1, 337; tenure in Jerusalem, 314; Lord's Prayer, 200; medallion carried by author, 154, 193, 353-4; Palm Sunday, 200
 Armenian churches in Middle East: Cairo church, 200, 267; Cathedral of St. James, 244, 274, 310, 315, 319, 321; Church of the Holy Archangel, 329; Church of the Holy Savior, 244, 273; Church of St. Garabed, 460-1; Church of the Nazarene (Protestant), 254
 Armenian hospitality, 45, 190, 249-50

Armenian Legion of Volunteers, 189n
 Armenian massacres, 187-8, 190, 235n, 313, 320; *see also* Genocide
 Armenian Monastery of St. James, 236, 244, 248, 273-4, 308-13, 314, 340; bombing of, 274, 306, 312, 319, 339; plight of, 237, 307-9, 310-3, 314-6, 319, 320, 340; plot against, 313, 314-5, 316-7; School of the Holy Translators, 244, 309, 312, 322, 324-5, 329; threats by renegades, 316-7; *see also* Israelian Guregh
 Armenian National Committee, 81n
 Armenian National Council, 441n
 Armenian Revolutionary Federation, *see* Dashnag
 Armenian traits, 188-9, 238, 249-50, 310, 312, 318; eyes, 190
 Armenians, vii, 65, 191, 203, 212, 216, 235n, 238, 302, 424, 460; as Christians, 189, 307, 314, 314n, 320-1; Armenians' fear of Arab fanaticism, viii, 235n, 302, 305, 314-5, 316; history, 188-190, 308, 312-4, 315; meetings with, 44, 45, 46, 104, 177, 188-90, 361, 363-4, 380-2; repatriation of, 438-9; as a Western people, 188n
 Art and Freedom, 127
 Associated Press, 246, 251, 264, 285, 325, 365
 Association for Christian German War Refugees, 434
 Atatürk, Kemal, 77, 190
 Athens, 426n, 437, 469; Axis radio in, 112
 Atkinson, Henry A., 58n
 Atom bomb, 189, 392, 404
 Attlee, Clement, 24
 Auschwitz, 268, 450
 Authoritarianism, 467, 468; religious, 92, 117-8
 Axis influence in Middle East, 114, 170, 415, 416-7, 418
 Azaayim, Mahmoud Abou el, 67-8, 140, 141, 144, 145, 146, 151, 152, 153, 155, 166, 206; *see also* Illustration 2
 Azcarate, Pablo, 330, 331
 Azem Palace, 381

Azhar University, El, 84, 89, 116, 195
 Azzam Pasha, Abdur Rahman, 30, 58-9
 Azziz, 349, 350, 351, 354

Bab el-Wad, 244
 Baghdad, 108, 127, 384, 385, 392, 398, 399, 415, 417, 418, 422
 Baizam, Feast of, 147
 Balfour, Arthur J. B., 163, 179; promises of, 99
 Balkan War, 6, 460
 Bandek, Yusef el: in London, 34-5, 472; in U.S.A., 33, 471, 472, 473-4
 Banna, Hassan el, 78, 79, 80, 83, 89, 90, 91-2, 110, 130, 195; see also Illustration 5
 Barada River, 395
 Bari, Axis radio in, 112
 Baruch, Bernard, 24
 Basra, 387
 Beamish, Henry, 37
 Bedouins, 52, 83, 84, 142, 161, 163, 165, 190, 203, 205, 214; in Jordan, 366, 370-1, 372, 378
 Beersheba, 16, 156, 160, 161, 163-6, 180, 183, 187, 277
 Beirut, 16, 127, 250, 385, 391, 396, 412; American Hospital, 433; American University, 428, 433; German Hospital, 434; pro-West loyalties, 424-5
 Beit Eshel, Kibbutz, 164, 164n
 Belle Vue Hotel, 361, 362
 Ben-David, 182
 Ben Gurion, David, 256-7, 288
 Ben Yehuda street, 244, 255, 263; bombing of, 171
 Berghout, Mohaddin, 429-30
 Berlin, 112, 331, 418, 420, 421, 421n, 422
 Bethany, 344
 Beth Harava, 364
 Bethlehem, 16, 138, 167, 184, 234, 244, 273, 314, 343, 346-352, 354, 472, 473; Armenian Church in, 346, 347-9; see also Illustration 28
 Bethphage, 344
 Bevin, Ernest, 247, 251
 Bible, 209, 259, 332, 347, 452, 461

Bible days, see Palestine, Biblical
 Bible House, 283
 Bilby, Kenneth, 264, 271
 Black Sea, 188
 Blight of Asia, *The*, 189n
 Bloc National Libanaise, 428, 430
 Blomberg, Adelheid Maria von, 81n
 Blue Shirts, 37
 Bolshevik, 439
 Boulous, Nassib, 222, 306, 309, 397, 447
 Boy Scouts, 7, 214, 248, 451, 455
 Bread and Freedom, 127
 Bridgeman, Charles T., 472, 474
 British army, 24, 182, 208, 247, 255, 324, 331, 336, 359
 British Broadcasting Company, 247, 266, 271
 British and Foreign Bible Society, 283
 British Foreign Office, 90, 121, 122n, 123, 337, 371
 British League of Ex-Service Men and Women, 22
 British Middle East Office, see British Foreign Office
 British Protestant League, 25
 British Union of Fascists, 21, 22, 24n, 29
 British Workers' Party for National Unity, 22
 Broadhurst, R. J. C., 371
 Bucharest, 112
 Bulgaria, 9, 421n, 438, 450, 460, 464; Moslems in, 420
 Burak, el, 178
 Burgess, Victor C., 21-23, 40
 Byzantine, 159, 178

Cadogan, Alexander, 239
 Cagney, James, 256
 Cairo, 12, 16, 45, 266, 411, 468; arrival in, 43; police, 48-51, 53, 61, 93-4, 96-8, 129, 135, 195, 198; return to from Jerusalem, 180-2, 190, 192, 193-200; street scenes, 47-49, 52, 99-103, 200-1; super-slums of, 98-103, 225; terrorism in, 71, 73, 87, 93-97, 98, 138, 201; unsanitary conditions in, 101; xenophobia in, 48-9, 201
 Calder, John, 264, 265, 271

Call of the Russian Church, 134
 Calvary of the Jews, 322
 Canada, 37
 Canaris, Walther Wilhelm, 419
 Carlson, John Roy, 19, 61, 201, 365, 407
 Castel, see Mount Castel
 Catholic, Roman, 7, 119, 234, 280, 307, 463; see also anti-Catholicism
 Catholic Church: Roman, 313, 314; the "dissident" church, 313-4; see also Latin Church; Maronite Church
 Caucasus, 188, 388, 418, 436
 Chalawitch, Nazar, 202, 217-8
 Chicago Tribune, 264, 282
 Christ, 118, 154, 169, 178, 189, 266-7, 273, 320, 326, 329, 332, 344, 345, 347, 361, 380, 452
 Christ Child, 348
 Christian Front, 50
 Christian Mobilizers, 58
 Church and State, merger of, 89, 90-1, 92, 117
 Church of the Ascension, 168, 178, 314
 Church of the Dormition, 244, 275
 Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 168, 169, 244, 314, 337, 340
 Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 474
 Church of the Nativity, 346
 Churchill, Winston, 24, 26, 404, 413
 Circassians, 388
 Citadel: in Cairo, 49n, 104; in Jerusalem, 168, 244, 275
 Clayton, Iltid, Nicholl, 122
 Cleopatra, 113, 361
 Coblenz, A., 451
 Communism and authoritarianism, 123, 467
 Communists, 7, 18, 79, 109, 111, 467; author's opposition to, 10, 123-4, 134-5, 432, 467; in Egypt, see Ch. VII; in Israel, 456, 472; in Lebanon, see Ch. XXIII; in Middle East, 456, 458; persecution by, 44, 46; in Syria, see Ch. XXI; in U.S.A., 10, 19, 20, 123; see also Arab attitudes, pro-Soviet
 Congress of Trade Union Workers, 133

Congressional Record, 441n
 Continental Hotel, 45, 103, 135
 Coptic Church, 313, 337
 Coughlin, Charles E., 24, 28, 313
 Council of Chalcedon, 313
 Crete, 112, 418
 Cross and the Flag, 22
 Crucifixion, 273, 327
 Crusaders, 116, 120, 223, 266, 455
 Cultural and Scientific Association, 133
 Cumberland Hotel, 18, 41
 Cunningham, Alan, 246-7
 Curiel, Henri, 133-4, 135
 Cyprus, 411, 447, 448, 449
 Czechoslovakia, 292

Daganya A, Kibbutz, 452
 Dagher, Essad Bey, 119-20
 Daghlian, 311-2
 Daily Worker, 127, 134
 Damanhur, 16, 74, 75, 77
 Damaskinidis, Dimitrios, 465
 Damascus, 12, 16, 127, 249, 376-7, Ch. XXI, 401-413, 468; bombing of, 390-2, 393; contrasted with Cairo, 379; sightseeing in, 380-82
 Damascus Gate, 244, 251
 Damocles, 357
 Dan, 16, 163, 276
 Daniel, 171
 Dante, 332
 Darwin-Fox, S. F., 29
 Dashnag, 9, 393, 408; in Arab world, 436-8; terrorism of, 436, 437; chameleon policies, 438, 440; in Greece, 426n; press, use of smear tactics by, 440; and State Department, 436, 441; in U.S.A., pro-Soviet policies; in U.S.A., pro-Zionist policies, 438
 Daud, Mansour, 111, 421
 David, King, 167, 235, 272, 332
 Davidka, 272, 274, 276, 312, 319, 339
 David, Star of, 255
 David's Tower, 168, 241, 244
 Davidson, Carter, 246, 263-4, 271
 Dawalibi, Marouf, 409-11, 422; see also Illustration 39
 Dayan, Moshe, 277

- Dead Sea, 16, 168, 244, 345, 360, 362, 363
 Dead Sea Valley, 360-1, 362
 Dede-aghatch, 463; see also Alexandropolis
 Deir Aboutor, 167, 168-9, 172, 174, 176, 180-1, 182, 244, 246, 252, 263, 269, 291-2, 299; adventures in, 223-230; capture by Haganah, 271, 286, 294, 299, 305
 Deir Yassin, 181, 244, 309
 De Luce, Dan, 325, 326-7, 365
 Demirjian, Iskender, 187-90
 Democratic Liberal Party, 438
 Democracy, author's faith in, 7, 10, 41, 456, 468; fight for, 258
 Democratic Movement for National Liberation, 127
 Democratic Party, 7
 Dennis, Lawrence, 26n
 Depoyan, Mesrop, 347, 348-9
 Depression in U.S.A., 8
 Dervishes, 381-2
 Doljansky, 182
 Dome of the Rock, 168, 177, 178-9, 234, 244, 356, 423, 426
 Domville, Barry, 34, 36
 Doomsday, 380
 Donigian, Haigaser, 252-4
 Dubravac, Hayredin, 401-3
 Dupont, Irénée, 28n
 Du Pont, Lammot, 28n

 Ede, James Chuter, 24n
 Edde, Emil, 428
 Edmondson, Robert Edward, 28
 Egypt, 16, 35, 191, 266; anti-British attitudes, 87, 99, 109-11, 129, 352; anti-West attitudes, 79, 83, 89, 97, 109, 111, 131; child labor in, 89, 128; children in, treatment of, 75, 99-102, 131, 146, 148, 156; curse of, 96; feudalism in, 95, 126, 130; illiteracy in, 93, 97, 133; labor in, 89, 127-8, 129, 132, 195; native life, 74-5, 142, 146-51, 156; pasha caste, 96, 115, 130, 131-2; reforms in, 95, 98, 130, 131; revolution in, 93, 97, 127, 130; social conditions in, 74, 95, 96, 99-103, 117, 130, 131-2; terrorism in, 49, 53, 70, 71, 80, 83-4, 90, 138, 93-4, 195;

- Egypt (continued)
 wages in, 89, 128, 131; worship of use of force, 89, 352; xenophobia in, 48, 49, 83; Communism in, 97, 126-130, 131, 132-135; Communist Party in, 135; Communists in, tactics of, 130, 132; pro-Soviet attitudes, 109-111, 132
 Egyptian army, 68, 72, 93-94, 110, 159, 164, 203n, 213, 235, 240, 266; in Bethlehem, 349, 350, 351-2
 Egyptian fifth column, 112
 Einstein, Albert, 392
 Eire, 40
 Elisha, 360, 362
 Elmhurst, Ernest F., 58
 Englishmen: fighting with Arabs, 32, 33, 40, 72-3, 171, 234-5, 324, 326, 330, 362, 375-6; in London, 18, 40, 41
 Esau, 262
 Euphrates River, 6
 Exerjian, Victoria, 464, 467
 Exodus, 259n, 332
 Eyer, Clarence O., 391

 Falange, see Lebanese Falange
 Falouja, 84
 Famagusta, 16, 449, 450
 Farhan, Hamid Bey, 368-9, 376-7, 369, 426, 447
 Farida, Queen, 114
 Paris, 166, 167, 168, 172, 174, 176, 180, 182, 183, 186, 187, 190, 191, 193-9, 203, 206, 208, 217-8, 223, 227, 230
 Fadhil Bey, see Rashid Bey, Fadhil
 Farouk, King, 44, 106, 111, 123, 421, 422; ancestry of, 113, 115; correspondence with Hitler, 111-2; as playboy, 113-5; pro-Axis sympathies of, 111, 112, 113, 417, 421; wealth of, 115
 Fascism, 18, 24, 29, 467; Italian, 55, 418; in U.S.A., 10, 19
 Fath, Hussein Aboul, 137
 Fattah, Adbel, 49-51
 FBI, 61, 94
 Fellaheen, 44, 68, 89, 142, 152, 154, 277, 310, 447; health standards, 74, 96; used in building of Pyra-

- Fellaheen (continued)
 mids, 106; plight of, 67, 74-75, 96, 117, 131
 Fellaheen, The, 103n
 Fertile Crescent project, 426
 Fifield, William F., 473
 First Congregational Church, 473
 Fitzsimmons, Jim, 251, 264, 265, 272, 284n, 285, 365, 367, 369
 Followers of Truth, 68-9, 72, 140-2, 143-5, 151-2, 153-6, 206, 207, 214, 218; see also Illustrations 1, 3, 4
 Ford, Henry, 28
 Foreign Mission Boards, 314n
 Fortune, 10
 Fouad, King, 115
 Fouad University, 54, 80, 81, 89, 90, 92, 93-8, 126; health standards, 96; under police terror, 93-8
 Franciscan Fathers, 256, 266-7
 Franco, Francisco, 81n, 122, 125, 194, 414, 427; effect of American friendship upon Arabs, 125
 Frary, William T., 81
 "Free Arabia" movement, 420; see also Hussein, Haj Amin el
 Freedman, Benjamin II., 56-7, 58, 60, 61
 Freedman, Mrs., 56
 Freeman, Charles S., 33, 471-2, 473-4
 Freimann, Abraham, 182
 French, the, 393, 395, 404, 424; the Mufti in custody of, 409, 410, 422; police, 253-4; see also Morocco, French
 Friedrich, 213, 214, 216-7
 Friends of Democracy, 441n
 Furst, Herbert von, 405-6; see also Illustration 41

 Gamaheer, El, 132, 133, 385
 Gamal, 54-5, 80, 81-83, 91-2, 93-5, 97-8, 126
 Gamsaragan, Father, 436-7
 Ganayan, Dro, 436
 Garden of the Orient, 396-400
 Gaza, 16, 136, 201, 202-219, 239, 343; donkey episode in, 204-5; history of, 203; see also Illustrations 12, 13, 14, 15

- Gemayel, Pierre, 427-8, 431n; see also Illustration 43
 Genesis, 380
 Genocide, practiced by Turks, 6, 188, 334
 Gezhard, 212-3, 217
 German Aid Committee for the Near East, 435
 German-American Bund, 10, 23, 50, 55, 58, 211, 396
 German Foreign Office, 111, 418, 420
 Germans fighting with Arabs, 73, 211-3, 218, 396, 397, 404-6, 434-5
 Gestapo, 35
 Gethsemane, Garden of, 168, 243, 262, 262n, 329
 Gezira Sporting Club, 104
 Ghandi, Mahatma, 98
 Gharib, Arman, 437
 Ghoury, Emil, 407, 414, 473
 Gibraltar, 119, 120, 371
 Gildersleeve, Virginia D., 56, 472
 Gloria Hotel, 193, 200
 Glubb, John Bagot, 262, 335, 360, 367, 371-2, 418; in Jerusalem, 360
 Goebbels, Joseph, 28, 393
 Golgotha, 168, 169
 Goliath, Arab, 94, 139, 241, 257, 272, 431
 Good Samaritan, 360
 Gordon-Canning, Robert, 17, 25, 27-31, 32, 33, 34, 40, 58, 408
 Government House, 246-7, 251
 Government Printing House, 244, 246
 Grand Barada Hotel, 390-1, 409
 Grand Gaza Hotel, 204, 210, 214, 216-7
 Grandi, Dino, 24n
 Greece, 421n, 426n, 438, 458-67
 Greeks, 188, 203, 361, 437; Communists, 464; massacres, 190; Monastery of St. Georges, 317; Monastery of St. Simeon, 232-3
 Greek Orthodox Church, 313, 314, 337, 345, 348, 361, 472
 Green, George F., 37-9
 Green Shirts, 46, 55, Ch. III, 78, 79, 83, 87, 88, 110, 113, 137, 139, 141, 143, 144, 146, 147, 151-3,

Green Shirts (*continued*)
 156, 157, 160, 174n, 180, 183,
 194-5, 201, 207, 210, 219, 223;
 anti-Zionism, 63-4; finances, 66;
 rallies, 69-71, 75-6

Groppis, 103

Grotto of the Nativity, 348-9

Guderian, Hans, 404

Gun-running, 83, 84, 160, 163, 180,
 193-200

Gun salesmen: Belgian, 194; Czecho-
 slovakian, 194; Italian, 194; Span-
 ish, 194; Swiss, 194

Guns: American, for Arab use, 194;
 British, 72-3, 194; German, 194

Hass, Stephen A., 49

Habib-Ayrout, Henry, 103n

Habi, Abdou, 191-2

Hadassah Clinic, 244, 261, 279; see
 also *Illustration 24*

Hadassah Hospital, 168, 181-2

Haganah, 149, 169, 171, 172, 177,
 230, 235; tactics of, 233-4, 350;
 see also *Israel, Army of*

Hagop, 442-6

Haifa, 16, 138, 213, 234, 252, 402,
 450, 451, 452; see also *Illustration*
 45

Hairenik, 438-9, 440

Hairenik Weekly, 438, 439, 473

Hamid, Sultan, 307

Hamidieh, 382

Hamm, Jeffrey, 22-5

Harb, Said Abdullah, see *Furst, Her-
 bert von*

Harb, Saleh, Pasha, 109-11, 113

Hardenberg, Elmar von, 434-5

Haarem, 380-1

Hart, Merwin K., 26n, 33, 56, 58,
 471-2, 473, 474; admirer of Franco,
 471

Hasheesh, 142, 143-4, 151, 152, 155,
 159, 163; dens in Beirut, 443-6;
 shipments to Egypt, 442; farm,
 441-2; as source of income, 442;
 see also *Illustration 44*

Hashemite Kingdom, 304; see also
Abdullah, King; Jordan

Hassan, Abdel Maguid Ahmed, 90, 91

Hate: international, 9, 10, 20, 21,
 467; in U.S.A., 9, 10, 21, 258, 468

Hatikvah, 257

Hatikvah, S.S. 420

Hayes, James, 264, 265

Hayet, El, 433

Hebrew University, 168, 181-2, 258

Hebron, 16, 167, 171, 239, 343

Hecox, Robert, 264, 285, 365, 367,
 368-9

Highway, Arthur J., 38-40

Heliopolis, 104

Henschel, Albert K., 227, 230

Henschel-Simon, Elizabeth, 227-8

Hentsen, 106

Herzog, Isaac Halevy, 222n

Hill of Evil Counsel, 167, 244, 247

Himmler, Heinrich, 34

Hiroshima, 331, 363

Hitler, Adolf, 24n, 25, 27, 55, 111,
 112, 113, 393, 398, 404, 414, 433,
 435, 457; loved by Arabs, 112, 379,
 398-9; "protector of Islam," 416

Hitler Youth, 392

Hobah, 380

Hocking, William Ernest, 56

Hollingsworth, Claire, 264

Hollingsworth, Hore, 264

Holy Cenacle, 273

Holy City, 168-170, 315, 321, 354,
 359, 380; made unholy, 169-70,
 172, 181-2, 213, 220, 221, 237-8,
 240, 273-4, 331, 338

Holy Land, see *Holy City; Jerusalem*

Holy Land Christian Committee, 471,
 474

Holy shrines, 167-8, 169-70, 178,
 237, 273-4, 314, 329, 340, 346,
 348

Holy War, 64, 68-71, 76, 88, 116,
 Ch. VIII, 152, 155, 179, 206, 236,
 320, 403

Holy Warriors, 60, 69, 137, 201, 202,
 231-3, 235, 401

Homosexuality, 325, 327; see also
Arab homosexuality

Hoover, Herbert, 8

Horton, George, 189n

Hourani, Cecil, 425, 426, 447

House of Annas, 329

House of Caiaphas, 329

Hungary, 420, 450

Hussein, Ahmed, 60-73, 75-77, 79,
 83, 130, 135, 136, 139, 140, 141,
 195; ambitions of, 62, 77; anti-
 British, 62-74; anti-Semitic, 70;
 anti-Zionist, 63-4; as Arab agent in
 U.S.A., 46, 55-8, 87, 474; visit to
 Germany, 55; see also *Illustration 2*

Hussein, King, 424, 429

Husseini, Abdul Kader el, 171, 176,
 177-8, 219; see also *Illustrations*
 19, 20, 21, 22

Husseini, Haj Amin el, 17, 30, 33, 57,
 58, 89, 118, 119, 137, 174, 176,
 179, 213, 291, 358, 422-3, 425,
 473; aid in escape of German pris-
 oners, 212, 406; apologists for, 33,
 34-5, 414, 474; and Arab League,
 422-3; author's meeting with, 408-
 9; in Cairo, 180, 194, 196-8; in
 Damascus, 406-9; in Germany, 35,
 418-21; meeting with Hitler, 418-
 9; as Nazi collaborator, 33, 34,
 416-21; as Nazi propagandist, 112,
 277, 415; financed by Axis, 415,
 417; henchmen, 110-112, 170-1,
 407, 423, 473; and Holy War, 402,
 416, 417, 420, 423; and Iraq
 putsch, 399, 415-8; in Palestine,
 35, 165, 167, 170-1, 414-5; pay-
 master to Germans, 406-7, 408;
 resentment toward King Abdullah,
 408, 423; see also *Illustration 38*

Husseini, Jamal Bey el, 171

Huzeil, Salman el, 99

Hyde Park, 18, 40, 41

Ibrahim, Mohammed Barazi, 96

Ikhwan el Muslimin, see *Moslem*
Brotherhood

Ikhwan el Muslimin, 88, 89

Imam, Salah Fattah el, 392-5, 409,
 411-3, 426, 447; see also *Illustra-
 tion 40*

Imperial Defense League, 22

Imperialism, 64; British, 41, 70, 240,
 247; British methods of, 90, 121,
 122-3, 370-1; French, 121-4;
 Spanish, 121-5

Independent Nationalists, 37-8

India, 121, 423

Indianapolis News, 264, 282

Indo-China, 422

Indonesia, 89

Information Bulletin (Soviet), 439

Institute of Arab American Affairs,
 56, 414, 472

International Jew, The, 37

International Red Cross, 239, 254,
 280, 327, 330, 336n, 365, 377

International Refugee Organization,
 403

Iran, 41, 89, 188, 320, 371

Iraq, 89, 119, 170, 387, 421n; pro-
 Nazi putsch in, 170, 171, 174n,
 233, 398, 415-8; social conditions
 in, 387

Iraqi troops: in Palestine, 231-3, 235,
 241; on route to Palestine, 367,
 377

Ireq, Ben Zion Hazzan, 328, 330; see
 also *Illustration 32*

Irgun Zvei Leumi, 81

Isaac, 167, 178, 259

Islam, 55; conversion to, 82, 203,
 382, 428; sword of, 83, 423; see
 also *Pan-Islam*

Islam Relief Foundation, 402

Ismail, 201, 208-9, 219, 224, 231,
 302, 303, 343, 344, 345, 346, 349

Ismailia, 143, 145, 148, 149, 156,
 157; native life, 146-50; Customs
 Office, 191-2, 212; see also *Illustra-
 tions 9, 10, 11*

Israel, Army of, 268, 277; Haganah,
 246, 252, 255, 269, 283, 291; Ha-
 ganah, British-trained, 277; Haga-
 nah breakthrough to Jewish quar-
 ter, 244, 271-3, 274-6, 324, 329;
 Haganah, in Jewish quarter, 266,
 317-9, 330, 333, 334, 336; Haga-
 nah, as prisoners, 336n, 377; Pal-
 mach, 271, 276, 324; Portzim,
 260, 272, 275-7, 278; psychologi-
 cal warfare, 268-9, 367, 392; wom-
 en fighters in, 268; see also *Illustra-
 tion 33*

Israel, State of, 16, 244, 352, 451-8;
 Arabs in, 453; American pioneers
 in, 245, 257-8; author's faith in,
 452-3, 456-7; birth of, Ch. XIII;
 first day, 256-7, 260; children in,
 453; co-operative villages, 452;
 comparisons with U.S.A., 453-4;
 a democracy, 258, 452, 455; first

- Israel, State of (*continued*)
 law courts, 270; first post office, 270; free enterprise in, 452, 454; homeland, 258, 268, 450; kibbutzim in, 452, 453, 454; labor in, 432, 453, 454; a revolutionary social order, 455; wages in, 453; women in, 278; see also Illustrations 45, 46
- Israeli, Patriarch Guregh, II: 236-8, 248-9, 302, 306, 315, 347; and Arab Legion, 308-9; author's last meeting with 340-1; death of 341n; second meeting, 307-10; stones on his heart, 316-9; see also Illustration 26
- Istanbul, 282
- Italy, Fascist, 25, 55, 110, 417, 418
- Jacob, 167, 259, 262
- Jacobites, 382
- Jaffa, 16, 234, 341, 405
- Jaffa Gate, 169, 241, 244, 248, 250, 257, 265, 272
- Japanese, 418, 419
- Jehad, see Holy War
- Jenin, 235n
- Jeremiah, 259n, 332
- Jericho, 16, 262n, 303, 362-4; on route to, 353, 360-1
- Jericho Road, 244
- Jerusalem, 16, 30, 118, 195, 196, 218-9, 221-241, 270, 345, 346, 380, 405; Armenian quarter, 174, 244, 246, 307, 317, 319, 339; battle for, 248, 251, 289, 306; battle of the roads, 171-2, 175-6, 180, 234, 251; liberated by Allenby, 189n, 247; on route to, 156, 161, 163, 166-7; Moslem quarter, 176, 244
- JERUSALEM, Jewish quarter (Old City), 244, 266, 271, 273, 274-5, 307, 316-7, 318-9, 324-6, 330-2; bombing of, 266, 271, 281, 323-5, 326; destruction of, 323, 325, 331-2, 336-7; destruction of Hurvath Synagogue Beth Jacob, 244, 337, 338-9; destruction of Nissim Back Synagogue, 337; destruction of Yohannan ben Zakkai, 338; exodus, Ch. XVII, eye-witness ac-
- Jerusalem (*continued*)
 count, 333-6; surrender, 305, 325, 328-30; see also Illustrations 18, 34
- JERUSALEM, New City, 168-9, 172, 244, 246; Armenians in, 252, 264, 283; bombing of, 256, 260-2, 265-6, 279, 289, 305, 367 (for gun emplacements see 244); British role in bombing, 262; plight of, 175, 222, 260-71, 282-5, 288-90, 305; author's escape from, 290-3, 294-300
- JERUSALEM, Old City, 167-70, 244, Ch. XII, 303, 359; flight of Arab physicians, 312; bombing of, 312; Temple of, 178, 259; tomb city, 219-20, 241; walls, 168, 251, 255, 286-8, 290, 308, 322, 356
- Jesus Minaret, 380
- Jevahirjian, Zohrab, 437
- Jewish Agency, 244, 246, 256, 412, 420
- Jewish Agency Building, 138, 171, 222, 255, 263, 291
- Jewish Ritual Murder, 25, 315
- Jewish State, 73, 240; see also Israel
- Jews: as fighters, 231, 233, 271-3, 274-77, 289-90; emergence of "New Jew," 275-6, 277-8, 289-90; massacre of, 30, 167, 182, 203, 226, 323, 331, 334-5, 414, 418; pro-Allied role of, 276-7, 418
- John the Baptist, 345, 380
- Jordan, 16, 89, 112, 119, 168, 271, 281, Ch. XX, 377; annexation of Palestine territory by, 235n; British mandate, 365, 371; British subsidies to, 371n; conquest by Turks, 370-1; education in, 371; history, 365, 370-1
- Jordan River, 16, 361, 364-5
- Joseph, 349
- Joshua, 360
- Joyce, William, 26
- Judas, 241n
- Judea, wilderness of, 244, 344-5, 353, 359-60, 361
- Judean hills, 295, 357
- Kaddish, 335
- Kader, Izzed-een Abdul, 73
- Kallia Hotel, 363

- Karachi, 423
- Kamel, Anwar, 126-8
- Kars, 439
- Kashmir, 422-3
- Kassemian, Arto, 463, 464, 467
- Katamon, 231-3 234, 239, 244, 396
- Katibah, Habib Ibrahim, 32, 55-6, 58, 60, 61, 195
- Kaudzi, Fauzi el, 421
- Kawoukji, Fawzy Bey el, 138, 260, 392, 419n, 422-3, 432-3; home in Damascus, 420n
- Keil, Hauptmann, 403-4
- Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd., 264
- Kenny, John, 233
- Kent, Tyler, 26-7, 29
- Keoseian, Garabed, 441-2
- Kerim, Abdel Baki Abdel, 47-8
- Keshishian, Levon, 473
- Kfar Darom, Kibbutz, 202, 203n, 206, 218
- Kfar Etzion, Kibbutz, 171, 184-5, 219, 239-40, 289
- Khailani, Rashid Ali el, 417, 421, 421n
- Khalil, 104-8
- Khan Hathroun, 360
- Khan Younis, 16, 136
- Khartoum, 129
- Khazindar, Ahmed Bey el, 90
- Kheiralla, George, 55
- Khouri, Faris Bey el, 58
- Khoury, Jacob, 198
- King David Hotel, 168
- Kismet, 62, 66, 159, 380, 395, 449
- Klar, Benjamin, 182
- Koran, 82, 83, 86, 89, 90, 91, 92, 99, 109, 116, 117, 137, 153; Koranic law, 91; Koranic Moslems, 92
- Kouyoumjians, 319-20, 321
- Krim, Abd el, 30, 122-125; see also Illustration 8
- Krupp, 414
- Kuhn, Fritz, 217
- Kurd, 388
- Labib, Mahmoud Bey, 87-8, 136, 195
- Labor unions, 127-8, 431-2; see also Egypt, labor in
- Lamentations, 332
- Last Supper, 273
- Latin Church, 313, 314, 337, 348; see also Catholic Church
- Latin priest, 313-6
- Latrun, 244, 270
- Lawrence of Arabia, 372
- Lazarus, 344
- League for Peace With Justice in Palestine, 56
- Lebanese Army, 235, 241, 428, 435
- Lebanese Falange, 427-8, 430, 431n
- Lebanese Federation of Workers, 431
- Lebanon, 16, 89, 113, 119, 412; as Achilles heel, 429; Armenian Catholics in, 436, 441; Armenians in, 424, 425, 426, 436-42 (see also Dashnag in Arab world); Christian-Moslem tensions, 424-5, 427, 428-31; Communism in, 431-2; Communist hatred of U.S.A., 432; Communist hatred of Zionism, 432; fears of Christians, 427, 428, 429; Germans in, 434-5; pro-Israel sympathies, 424, 427, 429; results of Arab-Israel War, 429
- Leese, Arnold, 25
- Lenin, Nicolai, 127, 134
- Libya, 119
- Life, 222, 306, 325
- London, postwar plight, 17, 18
- Looting: by Jews, 307; see also Arab looting
- Lord Haw-Haw, see William Joyce
- Lord's Prayer, 200
- Lot, 380
- Lucas, Walter, 454-5
- Lutz, Abdur Rahman, 82
- Luva, Emir, 371
- Luxor, 103
- Lydda, 16
- MacFadden, Bernarr, 10
- Mafraq, 16, 336n, 377
- Maghreb countries, 119, 121, 125
- Maghreb Office, 121, 122-123
- Mahez, Ahmed, 113
- Maher Pasha, Ali, 66, 112-3
- Mahjoub, Khalil, 430
- Mahmoud, 145, 148, 149-51
- Malta, 411
- Mandate, see Palestine mandate
- Mandour, Mohammed, 130-2
- Mangez, 348

Marash, Shulamit, 281
 Mariam Doudou, 312-3, 321
 Markos, 460, 464, 465
 Maronite Church, 425, 427, 428-9, 431, 431n
 Marshall, George C., 56n
 Marshall Plan, 20, 96, 456
 Martin, Bob, 264
 Marx, Karl, 127, 134
 Marxism, 126-7, 129, 133, 387, 456
 Mary, 264, 270
 Mary, Mother of Jesus, 118, 154, 327, 346, 348-9
 Masri Pasha, Aziz Ali el, 113
 Matterhorn, 42
 McWilliams, Joseph, 58
 Mazlumian, Archbishop, 426
 Mecca, 116, 178, 380
 Medinat Yisrael, see Israel, State of
 Medina, 380
 Mediterranean Sea, 16, 188, 208, 448
 Mekor Hayim, 232
 Mena House, 104, 106, 107, 108
 Menorah Society, 278
 Mephistophelian, 207, 410, 422
 Meyer, 268-9
 Meyer, Stefan Werner, 395, 396-99, 401, 403, 404-5, 406-7, 409, 412, 432, 433, 434
 Mezuzah, 155, 193, 298, 354
 Michael, Archbishop, 472
 Middle Ages, 277
 Middle East, 104, 267; democracy in, viii, 427, 452, 453-4, 456; development of, 257, 456; England in, 371, 372 (see also British Foreign Office); feudalism in, 320, 453, 456 (see also Egypt; Jordan; Syria); need for democratic revolution, 458; on route to, 12, 21; war and peace in, 43, 200, 466; see also Axis influence in Middle East
Militant, *The*, 127
 Mineola, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 41
 Mintzberg, Israel Zief, 328
 Minya, El, 68
 Miscab Ladach Hospital, 338
Mishmar Haam, 255, 263
Misr el Fattat, 63-4, 66
Misr el Fattat, see *Green Shirts*
 Misri, Al, 137, 166, 351, 365, 409
 Mizrahi, 453

Mizurki, 182
 Moab Mountains, 362
 Mogen, David Adom, 263
 Mohammed Ali Mosque, 126
 Mohammed, the Prophet, 68, 75, 79, 117-8, 168, 178, 179, 186-7, 384, 424, 427
 Mohammed, Younis Hussein, 84
 Mohammedanism, see Moslem religion
 Moloch, 241n
 Momen, Moustafa, 136
 Mongol, 266
 Morey, Charles L., 19-20, 21, 25, 36, 40, 46, 426
 Morocco, 90, 121, 122, 123
 Morocco, French, 119, 122, 124, 422; Sultan of, 123
 Morgan, Frederick, 471-2
 Morocco, Spanish, 119, 122, 124-5
 Moscow, 134, 393, 439, 440
 Moses, 143, 344
 Moslem bloc, see pan-Islam
 Moslem Brotherhood, Chapter IV, 110, 132, 136, 137, 156, 194, 218, 328; anti-West sympathies, 84, 90, 91-2; finances, 79, 89; in Palestine, 168, 171, 328; in Syria, 328, 409-10; as terrorists, 61, 84, 90-1, 138, 328
 Moslem Legion, 171, 419; see also Hussein, Haj Amin el
 Moslem religion, 55, 62, 65-6, 68, 75, 90, 92, 116-8, 179, 206, 417; Dervishes, 381-2; entry to heaven, 358
 Moslem Supreme Council, 30
 Moslem women, see Arab women
 Mosley, Oswald, 24, 28
 Mosque of Omar, see Dome of the Rock
 Mount Castel, 175-6, 180, 181, 244, 272
 Mount Moriah, 178
 Mount of Offence, 244, 262n
 Mount of Olives, 168, 244, 356
 Mount Scopus, 168, 181, 244
 Mount Zion, 168, 241, 244, 271, 273, 275, 329
 Mousa, Mahmoud Bey, 324, 328, 329
 Moustafa, 143, 144, 148, 149-51, 156-7, 158, 159-61, 165-6, 184,

Moustafa (continued)
 185-8, 190-2; author's first meeting with, 60; in Bethlehem, 343, 345, 346, 349-50, 352-3; in Cairo, 72-3, 79, 139, 140-42, 193-7, 198-201; as friend, 60, 71, 144, 145, 154-5, 173, 240-1, 245-6, 254, 269, 303, 349, 353, 453; in Gaza, 203-5, 207-11, 212-8; in Jerusalem, 169-70, 174, 176-7, 180, 182, 223, 225, 227, 230, 231, 235, 240-1, 252, 263, 286, 398; last meetings, 245-6, 352-3; and One World, 353
 Mrower, Edgar Ansel, 413
 Mrowa, Kamil, 421
 Mruwi, Kamul, 433-4
 Mufti, see Hussein, Haj Amin el
 Musa Dagh, 238, 457
 Mussolini, Benito, 24n, 67, 114, 127, 418
 Naasan, Victoria, 383-4, 385-7
 Nabauui, Mahmoud, 126, 132-3, 154, 385; see also Illustration 7
 Nablus, 235n
 Nahas Pasha, Moustafa el, 73, 112
 Najada, 427, 429-30
 Napoleon, 106, 235
 Natcrian, B., 437
 Nathan Straus Health Center, 262
 Nation Associates, 111
 National Conference of Christians and Jews, 472
 National Economic Council, 26n, 28n
 National Economic Council Letter, 56, 471-2
 National Front, 133
 National-Socialism, 17, 29
 Nazareth, 16
 Nazi Germany, 26, 88, 89
 Nazi persecutions, 44, 228, 238, 268, 450, 466
 Nazi propaganda, 39, 55, 58; in London, 24, 25, 39; see also, Hussein, Haj Amin el
 Nazi salute, 24, 76, 464
 Nazi putsch, see Iraq
 Near East Foundation, 391
 Near East Relief, 6
 Nebi Daniel, 171, 181

Negev, 16, 84, 160, 164, 186-8, 191, 383
 Negroes, 28, 258
New Times, 134
 Newton, Frances E., 30, 34-5, 36
 New World: contrasted with Old, 3, 6, 11, 467-8; heir to ills of Old, 9-11, 468; in Middle East, 455-6
 New York City, 4, 10, 40, 157, 220
New York Herald-Tribune, 264, 486
New York Post, 61, 264
New York Times, 25, 264
 New Zealand fighting units, 418
 Nicosia, 16, 449
 Nile River, 16, 66, 67, 69-70, 96, 131, 371, 400
 Noderer, Al, 264, 282
 Nokrashy Pasha, Mahmoud Fahmy el, 91
 Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, 57, 58n
 Nordic League, 26
 North African Nationalists, 122
 Notre Dame de France, 289, 244
 Nuremberg trials, 111, 420-1
 O'Donnell, John, 26n
 Oil, 112, 383, 418; pipelines, 16
 Old World, 9, 11, 334, 466, 467; see also New World
 One World, 353
 Orabi, Saleh, 129-30
 Order of DeMolay, 7
 Order of St. John of Jerusalem, 33
 Orient Palace Hotel, 403
 Osborne House, see Todd Osborne House
 Pagnanelli, George, 19
 Pakistan, 83, 89, 423
 Palestine, 29, 30, 36, 69, 76, 119, 125, 135-6, 145, 156, 193, 201, 422-3; Arab volunteers on route to, 71-2, 135, 145, 156, 159, 160; Biblical, 163, 167, 168, 169, 178, 303, 333, 336, 349, 361-2, 365; British partisanship in, 160, 171-2, 181-2; British re-entry into, 290 (see also Arab Legion); partition of, 18, 178; revolts and terrorism in, 30, 34, 167, 170-1, 235n, 414-5;

Palestine (continued)
 see also Arab terrorism; Husseini, Haj Amin el
 Palestine Exploration Fund, 228
 Palestine mandate, 18, 174, 225, 307, 312, 316; ending of, 256, 168, 235n, 239-40, 241, 247-8, 256, 315, 319, 329, 336
 Palestine Police, 18, 157-8, 182, 232
 Palestine Post, 171, 222, 270
 Palestine Potash, Ltd., 363-4
 Palm Sunday, 200, 267, 344
 Palmach, see Israel, Army of
 Pan-Arab, see Pan-Islam
 Pandelides, Rosc, 228
 Pan-Islam, 89, 90, 119-21
 Pantiles Pension-hotel, 244, 246, 247, 251-2, 256, 273, 277, 365; correspondents at, 264; food supply, 263-4, 270, 282; life at, 263-6, 271, 282, 285-7; see also Illustration 23
 Papen, Franz von, 419
 Parachutist and Sabotage School, 419
 Paramount News, 264, 285
 Paris, 220, 411, 422
 Parliament, British, 24n, 26
 Passover, 270
 Patriarch, see Israelian, Guregh
 Patriotic Committee for Workers and Students, 133
 Paul, 380
 Pavelich, Ante, 217, 403, 404, 420
 Pearl Harbor, 56
 People's Liberation Movement, 135
 Persia, see Iran
 Pharaoh, 51, 74, 101, 105-6, 143
 Philadelphia, 365; see Amman
 Philadelphia Hotel, 366, 369-70, 375-6
 Philistine Temple, 207
 Phoenicia, 429
 Photography, author's adventures in, 48, 52, 53, 65, 67, 87, 109, 136, 140, 141-2, 153, 164, 170, 177, 208-9, 223-4, 227, 232, 262, 272, 324, 332, 336, 360, 363, 391, 398, 409, 453, 466
 Pilate, Pontius, 167, 169, 329
 PIO, see Public Information Office
 Plotters, *The*, 19, 28n, 61, 425
 Pool of Siloe, 244

Pope, Margaret, 121-2
 Popes, 275, 313, 314n
 Popular University, 133
 Port Said, 88, 16
 Portzim, see Israel, Army of
 Pringle, Tom, 264, 265, 285
 Progressive Party, 128n
 Promised Land, 339, 449, 451, 469
 Propaganda Battlefront, *The*, 441n
 Protestant missionaries, 433
 Protestants, 7, 19, 280
 Protocols of the Elders of Zion, 21, 25, 39, 430
 Przywitowski, Joseph, 280
 Public Information Office, 174, 222, 244, 246, 252, 263, 268, 286, 306
 Pyramids, 47, 67, 104, 109, 198; Cheops, climbing of, 105-8
 Pyrennes, 404
 Qader Pasha, Abdul, 368, 371
 Qantara, El, 16, 156, 201
 Qastal, see Castel, Mount
 Rabbath-Ammon, 365
 Rachel's Tomb, 167, 184
 RAF, see Royal Air Force
 Rafa, 16, 155, 159, 160
 Ramadan, Feast of, 381, 402
 Ramallah, 16, 235n
 Ramat Rachel, Kibbutz, 167, 184, 244, 350, 352
 Ramli, Fadhi el, 128-130, 132
 Ramsay, Archibald Henry Maule, 25-27, 34, 36
 Rankin, John, 25, 26-7
 Rashid Bey, Fadhil, 170, 171, 379, 397-400, 418; see also Illustration 16
 Ratcliffe, Alexander, 25
 Raudat el Maaref, 169, 244, 303
 Rebecca, 167
 Red Sea, 16, 143
 Refugees: Arab, flight-psychosis, viii, 160, 204, 234-5n, 428-9, 472, 473-4; Armenian, 237, 307, 310-3, 315, 320 (see also Armenian Monastery; Illustration 27); Jewish, 228, 268, 420, 449-451
 Rehavia, 232, 244, 269
 Republican Party, 7, 8
 Reuters, 264

Rhine River, 404
 Rhodesia, 37
 Ribbentrop, Joachim von, 420
 Richardson, Hallam Maxon, 56-7, 58n, 60-1, 195, 474
 Riddell, Enid, 34
 Rockefeller, 228
 Rome, 112, 422
 Rome Radio, 418
 Rommel, Erwin, 55, 110, 112, 213
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 8, 163, 179, 404, 419
 Roosevelt, Eleanor, 179
 Roosevelt, Kermit, 56, 165
 Roosevelt, Mrs. Kennit, 165
 Rosenberg, Anna, 56n
 Rotary Club, 81
 Royal Air Force, 113, 367, 375, 377
 Roz-el Yusef, 96
 Rumania, 44, 420, 435, 450
 Russia, Czarist, pogroms in, 315; see also Soviet Union
 Russia Today, 134
 Russian Church, Tower of, 356
 Saadeh, Antun, 426
 Saadist Party, 95, 98
 Sabaa, 387-390, 392
 Sabri, 145, 148, 149-51, 158, 223, 224
 Safad, 234
 St. Christopher's Medal, 154, 193, 354
 St. George's Anglican Cathedral, 265, 472
 St. Joseph's Convent, 244, 261, 262
 St. Stephen's Gate, 244, 303
 St. Vartan, 320
 Sahara Desert, 359
 Sakka, Rashad Y., 165
 Salaam, 165, 166
 Sammy, 201, 208-9, 219, 223
 Samson, 207, 209, 210
 Samson's Tomb, 207, 214
 Samuel, Herbert, 414-5
 San Francisco Conference, 439
 Santa Maria Convent, 280
 Sarah, 167
 Saud, Aboul, 116, 119
 Saud, King Ibn, 415
 Saudi Arabia, 16, 81n, 82, 89, 119, 415

Schirach, Baldur von, 392
 Schmidt, Dana, 264, 265, 271
 Schoendorf, P., 57
 Schoendorf, R. M., see Freedman, Mrs.
 Schreibaum, Rabbi, 450
 Sea of Galilee, 16
 Semerjian, 311-2
 Semiramis Hotel, 103
 Sharkaf, Hamid, see Kenny, John
 Shafik, Mohassen, 409
 Shawa Bey, Izzed-een, 31-33, 39, 55
 Shawa, El Sayed Safer el, 81, 136
 Shephard's Hotel, 103
 Shinawi, Mohammed Ma'moun el, 116, 117-8
 Shuban el Muslimin, see Young Moslem Association
 Sidky Pasha, Ismail, 126, 127, 133
 Sidki, Moustafa Kamal, 342, 351, 352, 353; hatred of Arab Legion, 351
 Sienna, Sister, 434
 Silver Shirts, 28
 Simpson Methodist Church, 474
 Sinai Desert, 16, 83, 143-4, 191, 339
 Siraganian, 283
 Sisters of St. Charles, 434
 Slim, 121-2, 123-4
 Smith, Gerald L. K., 22, 26n, 37, 473
 Smuggling, 159, 165, 353, 355
 Sobhy, Hassan, 65
 Snow, John Howland, 26n
 Socialism, 18, 40, 471
 Socialist Front, 128, 129
 Socialist Workers Party, 127
 Sodom and Gomorrah, 434
 Sofia, 9, 421n
 Solh, Riad el, 417, 428, 431, 431n
 Solomon, King, 178
 Song of the Barricades, 277
 Sons of St. George, 22
 Soutul-Umma, 130
 Sovetakan Hayastan, 439
 Soviet Armenia, 438n, 439, 440, 457
 Soviet News, 134
 Soviet Union, 62, 133, 418, 432, 435, 439, 440, 473
 Spain, 20, 92, 120, 404
 Spanish imperialism, 122
 Sphinx, 105, 106

Spiritual Mobilization, 473
 Stalingrad, 404, 436
 Stalinist cells, 126, 127, 133
 State Department policy, 383, 414, 433, 436; and Fascist partners, 414
 Stern Gang, 181, 280
 Street of the Chain, 329
 Sudan, Anglo-Egyptian, 70, 83, 89, 119, 129
 Sudanese, 45, 46, 103, 206
 Suez camps, 213
 Subversive activities trial, 26n, 58n
 Suez, Canal, 16, 70, 112, 120, 143, 156, 191, 201, 206, 212
 Sultan Selim Mosque, 401
 Sur Bahir, 244, 354, 355-6, 364, 369, 397
 Sydney, 362, 375-6
 Sylwan, 244, 292, 295-7
 Switzerland, 41, 114, 427, 453
 Syria, 16, 89, 112, 119, 378; army, 235, 241, 396, 404; army, Nazi trainers of, 404, 406, 435; effect of Arab-Israel War on, 386; Germans in, 395-9, 400, 402-6; volunteers to Palestine, 223-4, 231, 232, 299; Yugoslav Moslems in, 396, 401-2
 Syrian Church, 313, 337
 Syrian delegation to UN, 58
 Syrian Social Nationalist Movement, 426, 431n
 Syrian University, 409
 Syrians, 382
 Talmud, 452
 Talpioth, 234
 Tchocrekjian, Mardiros, 437
 Teheran, 418
 Tel, Abdullah el, 303-5, 306, 309, 323, 327, 329, 330, 349, 351, 355, 365, 368, 369
 Tel Aviv, 16, 73, 164, 175, 180, 203n, 234, 244, 256, 270, 290, 326, 452; Arab march on, 209, 236, 240, 266, 289; secret road to, 290
 Telegraf, 129
 Terrence, Quehn, 267
 Terra Sancta College, 244, 256, 267
 Terrorism, Armenian, 9; see also Dashnag in Arab world
 Thompson, Dorothy, 472

Tiberius, 16, 234
 Tito, 134
 Titus, 258, 336
 Tobruk, 112
 Todd Osborne House, 172, 174, 181, 223-6, 229-30, 240-1, 269, 286, 292
 Torkom, 363-4
 Totah, Khalil, 56, 414n, 474
 Tourian, Archbishop Leon, 9
 Tourism, vii, 48, 75
 Town Hall, 472
 Town Meeting of the Air, 414, 474
 Trans-Jordan, see Jordan
 Tripoli, 89
 Trotskyist cells, 126, 127
 True, James, 28
 Truman, Harry S., 20, 163, 179, 398-9, 471
 Tulkarm, 235n
 Tunis, 89, 119, 122
 Turkey, 89, 110, 120, 302, 314n, 419, 439
 Turkish massacre of Armenians, 6, 44, 187-8, 190, 235n, 313, 320, 457 (see also Genocide); Turkish rule: in Jordan, 370; in Lebanon, 428; in Palestine, 189n, 247; sultans, 113, 307
 Turks, 189n, 235, 238, 335, 382, 388, 424
 TVA, 462
 Typographers Syndicate, 431
 Uncle Sam, 258, 404
 Under Cover, 9n, 11, 12, 19, 20, 28n, 268, 291, 309, 407, 425, 451
 Union Jack, 247, 251, 256
 Union of British Freedom, 22
 Union Movement, 24n
 United Nations, 18, 57, 111, 113, 254, 256, 280, 338, 414, 473; Palestine Conciliation Commission, 254; Truce Commission, 279, 330; Trusteeship Council, 239
 Unity, 22
 United States Army, 96, 145, 152, 404
 United States Information Service, 433
 United States Marines, 239

UNRRA, 471
 Uzi, 272
 Valley of Kidron, 244, 303
 Valley of Hinnom, 234, 241, 244, 271, 303
 Valley of Jehoshaphat, 303
 Vank, see Armenian Monastery of St. James
 Vatican, 81n, 255, 275, 428
 Via Dolorosa, 169, 244, 306, 329
 Volga, Bayram, 384, 385
 Voskerichian, 437
 WAC, 114
 Wadsworth, James, 433
 Wafdist Party, 95
 Waffen SS, 420, 421n
 Wahba Moustapha H., 35
 Wailing Wall, 168, 177, 244
 Wakf, 131
 Wakil Battalion, Moustafa el, 174
 Walker, Herbert C., 279-80; see also Illustration 25
 Wallace, Henry, 128, 129, 132
 Wall Street Trinity Church, 472, 474
 Walter, 291
 Washington Times-Herald, 26n
 Wassen, Thomas C., 279-80; see also Illustration 25
 Way of the Cross, 169
 Wehrmacht, 396, 417, 419, 421n, 434, 436
 Weingarten, Mordachi, 318-9, 330-1
 Weizaecker, Freiherr von, 416
 Weizmann, Chaim, 341n
 Well of the Magi, 167
 Werfel, Franz, 457
 Wheeler-Hill, James, 55
 Winchell, Walter, 404, 451, 472
 Wise Men, 167, 348
 Wolkoff, Anna, 26, 29, 34
 Women's Zionist Organization of America, 261n
 World Health Organization, 74n
 World Moslem Congress, 423
 World's Press News, 38, 40
 World Service, 55

World War I, 6, 110, 189, 313, 314n, 460
 World War II, 26, 33, 111, 233, 276-7, 414, 419, 440, 460, 464
 Xenophobia, 48, 49, 83
 Yankougrou, Hariklia, 466
 Yamuk Army, see Arab Army of Liberation
 Yasky, Chaim, 182
 Yemen, 89, 119, 235
 Yemin Moshe, 169, 244, 263, 274
 Yeshiva, 332
 Young, William Lindsay, 472
 Young Egypt Party, see Green Shirts
 YMCA, 168, 172, 173, 174, 223, 244, 251, 252, 254, 279, 283, 380
 Young Moslem Association, 110
 Yugoslav Moslems, 396, 401-2, 403, 420
 Yugoslavs fighting with Arabs, 73, 202, 213, 217-8, 396-7
 Yusef, 98-103
 Zaki, 145, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 159-61, 166, 180-1, 223, 224, 227-31, 309; at Sylwan, 299-302, 303-5, 342; trip to Bethlehem, 342-3, 345-6, 349, 350, 353
 Zanolvitch, Mahmoud, see Keil, Hauptmann
 Zempelhof, Hans von, 404
 Zephaniah, 279
 Zion Gate, 271, 273, 274-5, 277, 285, 312, 324, 329, 334-6
 Zion Gate Way, 331, 333
 Zion Hill, see Mount Zion
 Zionism: American opposition to, 56, 425, 471-2, 473; Arab opposition to, 85, 110, 116, 117, 120, 124, 138-9, 163, 179, 378, 393, 424; as anti-reform device by Arabs, 130; Arab support of, 424 (see also Lebanon; Lebanese Falange)
 Zoroastrianism, 320

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

The text of this book was set on the Linotype in ELECTRA, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS. The Electra face is a simple and readable type suitable for printing books by present-day processes. It is not based on any historical model, and hence does not echo any particular time or fashion. It is without eccentricities to catch the eye and interfere with reading—in general, its aim is to perform the function of a good book printing-type: to be read, and not seen.

The book was composed, printed, and bound by KINGSFORT PRESS, Inc., Kingsport, Tennessee.

