


JOHN ROY CARLSON

CAIRO

TO

DAMASCUS



PREFACE

IT seems to me there are two ways, generally speaking, to prepare a book, take a trip, or, for that matter, to live a life. One may go at it dilettante fashion, as a tourist—nibbling at experience, titillating the emotions yet emotionally starved, stimulating oneself with ambition yet forever tortured by frustration. Circumstances and temperament, however, may conspire together so that, with the freedom of a nomad, one can escape the straightjacket of everyday boredom, hurdle fences of space and time, and consume life at its sources. Properly directed, such an earthly life may give wing to one's imagination, clarity to one's thinking, strength to one's convictions, and even bring one nearer to the simple, eternal truths of God and spirit.

This book, I feel, belongs in the second category—the category of the primitive.

I left my country quite as uninformed, I am afraid, as are most Americans with respect to other peoples and other shores. But everywhere I went I sought to touch reality—always honestly, and always at first hand. Everywhere I clung close to the smells, the flora and fauna of native existence. In that spirit I have written of the Arabs among whom I lived. I found much good and much evil—evil acquired through a feudal order that, in my opinion, remains the Arab's greatest enemy and his greatest barrier to emergence from the dark ages. I am grateful for Arab hospitality and the kindness I was shown, but a reporter, like a physician, must not remain blind to the ills plaguing his subject.

With no desire to attribute to myself or my writings any

exaggerated importance, it is my fervent hope that the many Armenians living in the Arab Middle East will not suffer at the hands of fanatics because an American of Armenian descent happened to write this book. To them I can only say that I have told the story honestly, as I saw it. And to my Arab friends who asked only that I "tell the truth," I can say in all conscience that I have told the truth. Let me assure them that I speak in this book as an American, and purely in an individual capacity, with no ties to or membership in any Armenian-American body save the church into which I was born. Any retribution against the Armenians—a minority island in a Moslem sea—would be an unwarranted and senseless cruelty.

I have written this book with the hope that it will bring both Arabs and Jews into truer focus for the reader; that it will help reveal what they are and what they are not, what may be expected of them and what is impossible. I pray that these ancient Semitic peoples will reconcile their differences, that Palestine refugees who, in the main, left their homes because Arab leaders urged them to do so—expecting a short war and a quick victory—will be resettled. The only alternative to peace is disaster for Arab, Jew, and Christian, for none may hope to prosper alone. Together they may ultimately build a prosperous and democratic Middle East. To remain apart, at dagger's point, means only that Communism and anarchy can be the ultimate victors.

This book could not have been written without the faith and love of friends. It would never have seen the light of day without the help of those who stood by steadfastly through the four stony years of its preparation and writing, 1947-51. To Harold Strauss, my editor, and Paul Reynolds, my literary agent, I am grateful for their continuous faith and patience since they took me on four years ago. To the Reverend L. M. Birkhead I am equally thankful for his continued understanding and kindness. To Gerold Frank, who helped enormously in the editing and in clearing up a vast amount of the underbrush of writing, I especially owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

After my book was completed, I asked a Syrian Christian (who must remain anonymous because of possible retaliation against his relatives abroad) and the Reverend and Mrs. Karl M. Baehr to read the manuscript critically. My thanks also go to these Christian and Arab friends for their suggestions. However, it must be pointed out that the responsibility for this book—text and illustrations—is entirely mine.

April 9, 1951

JOHN ROY CARLSON

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(PROLOGUE)

THE TREE BEARS FRUIT

Our roots, transplanted from Europe, bear fruit here. On free American soil toe have the opportunity to achieve all the great dreams, all the great resolves, all the promises of human dignity which are so often stifled and destroyed in the Old World.

ONE night in the spring of the year, when seed in the earth breaks sharp through the crust, I left my bed quietly, locked the door, and walked into the night. The rain—a full-bodied, lusty rain, driven by a furious wind—beat hard against the pavement, formed into rivulets, and flowed down slopes into the gutter. It slashed at the tops of trees and beat down the saplings and young shoots till they seemed to become one with the earth.

It was past midnight as I walked, drenched, in old clothes and old shoes. Sleep? I was beyond sleep. For days now something had been boiling and churning within me, seeking to come through. Solitude wouldn't bring it out, nor long walks in the country. Meditation in the back pew of a church didn't help. It was in the nature of things that the inner storm would subside only in the atmosphere of a storm outside. There was no other way of quieting me down.

I had no idea where I was going. I remember only that my head was bent to break the fury of the rain against my face. I kept staring at my feet, watching first one then the other shoe splash into a puddle and pull out, dripping, and ever be-

fore me the dark pavement, sleek and glistening with the spring rain. It was a warm rain, a lush, fertile rain, holding within it the magic to germinate whatever wanted to sprout.

Taxis passed, splashing New York's mud and water on me. I walked for a long, long time. Eventually my feet led me to the doek area of New York's West Side.

I stopped under a trestle and leaned against one of the supports. Then I shook my head and body like a poodle in from the rain. Up the road was an all-night diner. I dug my hands back into my pockets, bent my head, and began to cross to the other side. A car skidded to a stop in front of me. There was no splash, no sounding of the horn, no swearing from an irate driver. I halted when someone flashed on a light.

"Police," I thought to myself, and stood there, the glare full on my face. I was blinded, and I knew I must have looked silly, with water running down me on all sides, down my neck, under my shirt, into my socks. It's the most carefree feeling in the world if the rain is warm.

The man behind the wheel rolled down the car window to see me better. I stared into the flashlight and I think I smiled a bit. "Take a good look," I thought. "I haven't done anything—yet!" After a moment the flash went out, the window was rolled up, and the car vanished. I crossed to the diner, shook myself at the door, entered, and sat on a stool.

"Coffee!" I said.

"Nice night for ducks," the man behind the counter said. He was tall and gaunt, in his early forties: his long-jawed face was broken into a thousand premature wrinkles. They were especially thick around his deep-set eyes.

"Coffee!" I repeated.

I caught my hair in a scalp-lock and squeezed it like a mop to keep the rainwater from dripping into my coffee. Then I squeezed my collar and cuffs because rivulets of water were flooding the counter. The counterman looked on. The coffee felt good to my throat, like a hot egg-nog spiked with old rum. But it was making me too drowsy, so I put down a coin.

"Thanks," the man said.

I felt the pelting of the rain grow stronger as I approached the docks and came nearer the waters of the Hudson. The Jersey shore was invisible. I could see scarcely fifty feet ahead of me. There was no sound except the fury of the rain beating down on the ships and tugboats tied to the piers, striking their metal sides in a soft, purring staccato.

The rain seemed to bring out the myriad odors of the waterfront, stirring up what had been pulverized under the wheels of trucks and stevedores' boots. As I walked, there was the fetid smell first of oil, then of tar, and then the pungent odor of camphor. I moved along the dark, silent, wharves—resting now against a hawser post, now against the walls of a battered building, or leaning against the soft yet unyielding piles of merchandise covered with grease-soaked tarpaulins. I stared fixedly at the deep, dark waters, at what lay beyond them. As I walked, hunched over, I strained my eyes to look into the impenetrable darkness, for no reason I could give. Indeed, I had no reason for coming to this lonely spot, save that my feet had led me here.

A ferry whistle came deep from the depths of the mist, as if from a ghost ship: a long, haunting, lonesome wail that was like the bleating of a lamb lost deep in a forest. It made the night lonelier. I stood by, listening and watching for the ferry. Finally it emerged, looming out of the dark, its lights like misty globules, growing larger and more massive as it eased into its berth. There was a grind of rising gates, and then half a dozen figures emerged, shapeless as in a dream, and after them, truck after truck rumbled into the night.

BIRTH

THE mental numbness left me gradually, and my mind went back through the years—to a night in April 1921—when the

ship that brought my parents, my two brothers and me to the New World had docked not so far from this very pier. "What had happened since then was nothing short of a miracle, but because it happened in a land of everyday miracles, few took notice.

I was then a gawky boy of twelve, with six English words in my vocabulary: "Yes," "no," "hot dog," "ice cream"—the last four picked up from the son of a returning missionary aboard the Meghali Hellas, which had left the Hellespont a month before it anchored here. I was born of Armenian parents in Alexandropolis, Greece, in 1909. My first twelve years were spent in a world wracked by war and violence. There was the first Balkan War, and the second Balkan War, then World War I, which really began as a Balkan clash and spread far beyond the boundaries of the Balkans.

The cruelest war was that waged by the Turk against the defenseless Christians of the Near East. The Armenians, the most defenseless because they had no government to raise its voice in protest, suffered most. One million were martyred. The number of maimed and orphaned no one knew. Their bleached bones stretched from Turkey to what are now the Syrian and Iraqi deserts. The River Euphrates ran red with their blood. No one knows the number in our family and among our friends who were massacred or driven by the Turk to suicide. Turkish officials wallowed in stolen wealth—wealth that later helped Kemal Ataturk finance his army and dictatorship. Providentially, the American Near East Relief and Red Cross came to the rescue of those who survived this Turkish genocide. Every Armenian today feels eternally grateful to them, and to all of America.

That painful Old World chapter closed when I began a new life in a New World. All that we had dreamed of before coming here now came true. On our arrival in 1921, father bought a home in Mineola, Long Island. In its cramped backyard we had a garden, raised chickens, and kept innumerable pets, which multiplied with such fecundity that father would ex-

claim: "What a rich country this is. Even the animals are in mass production here!"

Twenty miles removed from the "nationality islands" of New York, I grew up much as any American boy. I joined the Boy Scouts and the Order of DeMolay. I attended church, I fought with school bullies, I earned spending money by selling subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post and Ladies' Home Journal. The first week after our arrival, I was enrolled in the third grade of the Mineola grammar school, and never failed a course until I reached algebra. I made the track, football, baseball, and debating teams, and spoke enthusiastically on brotherhood and Americanism.

In this wholesome, small-town atmosphere (Mineola's population was then 5,600) I lived at peace with Protestant, Catholic, and Jew; Democrat and Republican; Anglo-Saxon, old-line American, and European. Our family was accepted into this all-American community. Native-born Americans were my playmates and my teachers from the outset.

These were the main influences upon me in my youth, and this the environment in which I was molded as an American. My idealism—my conception of freedom, democracy, tolerance, the "American Way"—was shaped in this atmosphere for eleven idyllic years, till the end of my college days. The Communists would disdainfully call this bourgeois. But such is my background in the land of my adoption. By November 1926 my parents had become American citizens. We celebrated with a feast the eating of which lasted four hours.

Today, Father is eight years past the three score and ten mark, and still carries on a small import-export business. Patriarch of the household, he has become an excellent cook, especially of difficult-to-make, easy-to-eat Armenian pastries. Mother, while she'll never admit it, is approaching the same milestone, and still does her own housework. But despite that honorable mark, she's still fond of hats made from the multi-colored plumage shed by the family parrot. She has been collecting and distributing Polly's feathers for twenty-five years.

My parents have aged gracefully, and the faces of both are lined with life's labor. They are in good health, and ruggedly Republican. They consider Herbert Hoover the greatest living American., and will defend him with their last breath. This loyalty may be due to the fact that Father bears a startling resemblance to the Republican statesman. Actually, the reason is more pragmatic than ideological, at least in my father's case. While Father never speculated in stocks, and lost nothing during the disastrous Hoover regime, he suffered when Roosevelt devaluated the dollar to fifty-nine cents, comparably reducing its purchasing power abroad. Being an importer of food delicacies, Father lost forty-one cents out of every dollar. He never recovered from the blow, financially or psychologically.

Mother, out of loyalty, joined Father on the Republican bandwagon. As soon as they were entitled to vote, in 1926, they began to vote Republican, and have clung to the GOP like a Bulgarian peasant to his ploughing-bull. They are charter diehards, the equal of any old-line Anglo-Saxon Republicans—and proud of it. These are my parents. You must know them in order to know me, for as it is said in the Old World, the first-born son mirrors his parents.

My brothers, John and Steven, three and nine years my junior, have grown into comfortable, fairly prosperous middle-class conservatives. John is an accountant with a public-utility firm. Steven is a successful attorney, and has been elected to public office. Both served in the armed forces. They live and work in or near Mineola. Both are loved and respected.

GROWTH

I AM the rebel of the household.

I might have followed the same unruffled path except for an incident in 1933 which was so violent, and so unprecedented

in American history, that it determined for me the course of my life. This was the murder of my archbishop, Leon Tourian, at the foot of the altar of the Armenian Holy Cross Church in New York on Christmas Sunday, 1933.¹ He was killed by assassins who slashed with a butcher knife at the groin of the Archbishop as he led the Christmas processional. The murderers—caught and convicted—proved to be members of an Armenian political terrorist group called Dashnag, which carried its Old World feuds to our shores.

My hatred for organized evil began with the murder of this innocent servant of God who had been my priest and a beloved family friend. It was my personal awakening. The murder, too, was the first sign of how potently Old World hatreds had infiltrated into an America that I had considered impervious to them.

There was another factor determining my future. This was the depression of the early 1930's, which I witnessed at first hand while hitch-hiking across the country. It catapulted me into a world of stark realities. At one stroke, my thinking was revolutionized. I was ripped away from the idyllic isolationism of Mineola, the world of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil in which I had been reared. I began to question that world. I began to probe into its broken promises.

I tramped with the bonus marchers, ate slops with them, and slept in their miserable shacks on the Potomac. In my indignation I wrote a long article in the Mineola Sun. What else could I do? Hitch-hiking across the country, I saw two young men in St. Louis attack each other with knives over a loaf of bread. I saw others cross the continent in boxcars, looking for work. On lower Cherry Street in Kansas City, Missouri, I saw women forced to scrape a living by offering themselves for twenty-five cents a visit. On another street the price was fifteen cents.

I saw breadlines. The last breadline I had seen was as a child of nine in Sofia, Bulgaria, in the winter of 1918. The memory

¹ The incident is described in detail in *Under Cover*, pp. 15—16, 20.

of it! The queue was opposite our home, in front of a bakery. Old men and women—the young men were either at the front, in hospitals, or dead—waited for hours under a driving snow for a tin of hot stew and a stale crust of bread. Fifteen years later I saw the same sight in the United States. What was happening to America? I asked—in this proverbial land of plenty. I gathered extensive notes and photographs to write a book, but never did so. Instead—fresh out of college—I tramped the streets, and visited and revisited the employment agencies, as did twelve million others, looking for a job.

I returned briefly to Mineola, but I knew I had outgrown it. I went to New York City, where I worked and lived, for a time supporting myself on five dollars a week as a newspaper reporter, sleeping in a cold-water skylighted room and eating fifteen-cent meals at Bernarr Macfadden's Pennyteria. What I had seen and felt made me what some might call a radical. An American radical, yes, and somewhat of a reformer; but a revolutionist, a Communist, or a fanatic agitator against the American way of life, never. I am happy now that my faith in democracy was so deeply rooted that I took no stock of any promises other than those of my adopted country. Later, it pained me to read of those native-born Americans who, having devoted themselves passionately to Communist pursuits, recanted publicly—amid loud, commercialized fanfare.

New York helped complete my education in the world of realities. Here were the headquarters of the German-American Bund and the equally notorious Christian Front. New York was a symbol of an America that was being corrupted daily by the same cancers that had made a living graveyard of most of Europe. It was in New York that I saw murder, flop-houses, Fascism, Communism. In New York I undertook my undercover investigations for Fortune magazine—investigations that led ultimately to the writing of my first book. New York proved a grim tutor.

And I saw that those evils of Europe which my parents came here to avoid were now following us to our new home,

like rodents trailing in the shadows. To a sensitive, idealistic, religious, immigrant-born youth, the realization was shocking and disillusioning beyond words. Under Cover was the result of my labors to expose those who were betraying our democracy.

RESOLVE

THESE were the thoughts that came to me as I faced the water, oblivious to the rain, and the conflict of the Old and the New Worlds raged inside me. I saw myself as an individual product of that conflict and America as the mass product. I saw my adopted country as a treasure house of the good that is latent in all men. I saw America, too, as a sanctuary for those of us who are its immigrants. Our roots, transplanted from Europe, bear fruit here. On free American soil we have the opportunity to achieve all the great dreams, all the great resolves, all the promises of human dignity which are so often stifled and destroyed in the Old World. Here the immigrant becomes an American.

The compulsion to stare into the depths of the blackness offshore held me. Yet the more I gazed, unseeing, the more swiftly the panorama of my life unfolded, the more calm I was growing. My restlessness was slowly being replaced by a curious sense of quietude, the turbulence of the inner storm by the peace of mind that comes from self-understanding. Out of the rain-swept mists, stretching, it seemed to me, to the very shores of Europe, came the persuasion, the conviction—whatever one may call it—that I must leave my adopted country and return to the regions of my childhood; that I must seek the ancient earth upon which I had been born.

As this decision crystalized, a strange thing happened. I experienced a great serenity, a great inner peace, a clarity of vision unclouded by doubt and uncertainty. This sense of well-

being grew until I felt enveloped by a warm, comforting glow. I was suffused by a surge of strength and what seemed to be inspired decision.

A moment ago the past had unfolded: now the adventurous future beckoned. I resolved to go on an extended odyssey to my birthplace, to the distant places of the Middle East, to those strange and secret corners of the Old World which are outside the paths of the casual visitor.

I would attempt to interpret the Old World to the New. By adopting the techniques I had used in *Under Cover* I would study the forces and intrigues at work against us. As a product of the Old World, I felt I could gain the confidence of those with whom I would talk and live. I would then return to tell what I had seen and learned. Whatever lesson was to be gained from my experiences and from the comparison between the two worlds would be my own way, in these turbulent and perilous postwar years, of expressing my gratitude to America. This I had sought to do during the war years by exposing the enemies of my country.

And standing there in the rain, it came to me that almost everything that had happened in my life until this day—the curious, sometimes fantastic experiences I had had—might all have been designed to prepare me for this mission, this investigation of the forces of hatred festering below the surface from London to CAIRO TO DAMASCUS.

Now the reaction set in. I felt cold. My watersoaked clothes were suddenly unbearable. I had to go home, to rest, to sleep. I turned up my coat collar and began to walk away from the river, my head buried in my topcoat. An automobile sounded noisily behind me.

"Hey, you!"

It was a police patrol car. Once again a flashlight played over me, head to foot.

"What are you doing at the docks at this hour?" the man at the wheel asked.

"Thinking. I think better when it's raining."

Silence. Then a voice from his companion. "The guy must be batty."

"What are you thinking about?" the driver asked.

"About going abroad. I'm going there."

"Don't try to swim it," his companion said.

"You work at anything?" the driver asked.

"I'm a writer."

"A reporter? What paper?" asked the second man challengingly.

"An author," I said.

"Got anything to identify you?" the driver asked.

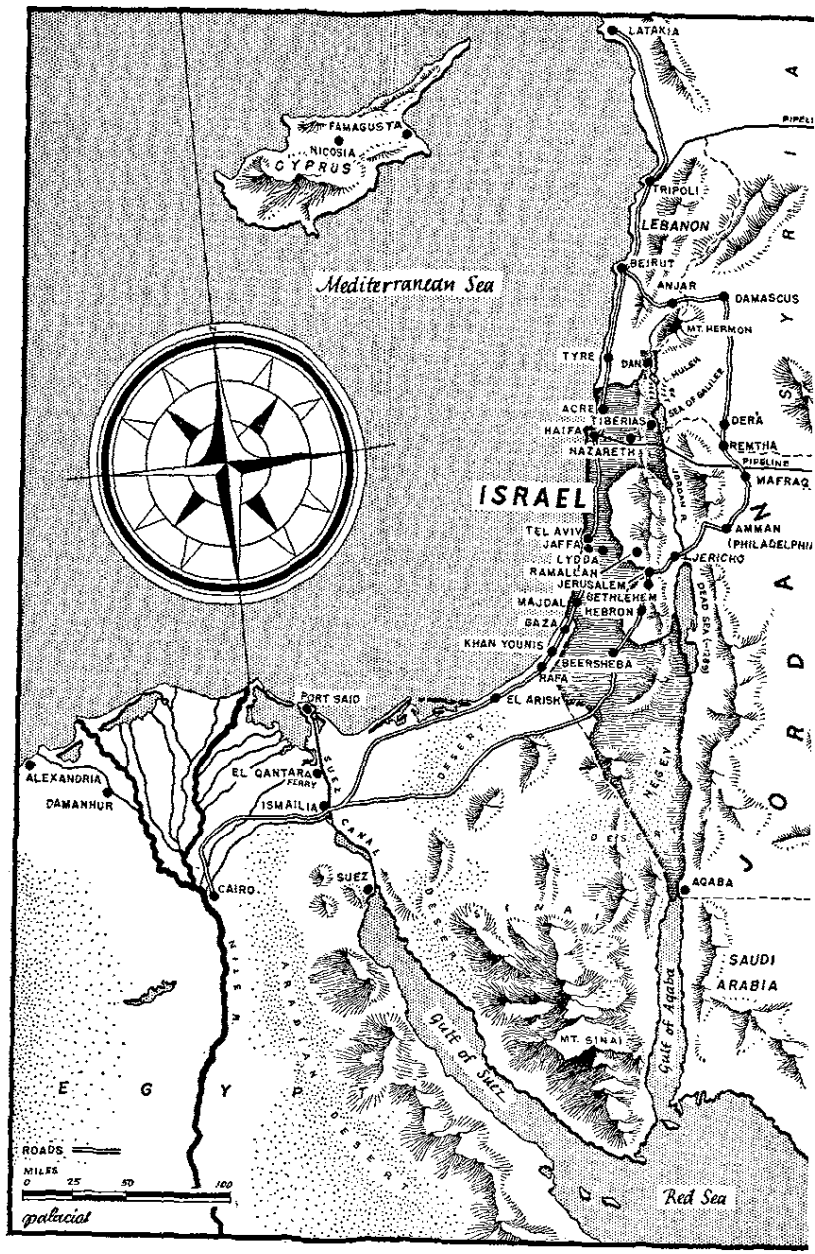
I handed him my wallet. "You'll find all my papers there," I said. "Driver's license, draft card, all you need."

The two put their heads together, passed my papers between them, and the driver handed them back neatly.

"OK, bud," he said, passing judgment noncommittally in the inimitable fashion of police officers. "Better get into some dry clothes."

In the subway train I attempted to sit down but chills ran up and down my spine. I stood up all the way to my station. When I finally reached home I pulled off my waterlogged shoes and left them at the door. I took off my socks and held them by their tops between the fingers of my left hand. With my right, I opened the door. My wet feet marked the rug as I tiptoed toward the bathroom. There I threw all my clothes in a heap in one end of the tub and stood under a scalding shower. As the first rays of the sun slipped into the bedroom I pulled the covers over me and fell into a dreamless sleep. When I awoke, it was midnight. I rolled over, and slept peacefully until the dawn of the next day.

BOOK ONE



palacios

(CHAPTER I)

LONDON: THE ODYSSEY BEGINS

Inherent in the doctrine of National-Socialism [is] the spirit of humanity. . . . Fascism has the capacity to love. . . . Tolerance [is the] soapy water of humanity.

Captain Robert Gordon-Canning

"We are here this afternoon to greet Captain Canning heartily. He is our distinguished guest, and a sincere friend to our people. We immensely thank him for his efforts. . . ."

Grand Mufti of Jerusalem

MY BUS rumbled past closely built old homes and bombed-out buildings. Between them were empty lots, entirely gutted. The aftermath of war lay upon London, this January day in 1948, like a tattered blanket. Buildings were unpainted, the plumbing gone, the furniture creaky. To an American accustomed to lush advertising, the billboards, too, appeared strange. They mirrored the plight of London three full years after the end of the war.

GARMENTS MADE LARGE OR SMALLER. SUITS, OVERCOATS,
COSTUMES TURNED.

WASTE PAPER IS STILL VITAL. ARE YOU SAVING YOURS?

And then one poster that interested me particularly read:

If You Are between 18 and 28!

If You Want a Man's Job

If You Want to Earn £20 a Month and All Found

Get into a Crack Force—The PALESTINE POLICE FORCE!

This was only four months before the British mandate over Palestine was to end and Palestine was to be partitioned between Arab and Jew according to the United Nations decision. Why, then, were the British continuing to recruit Palestinian police?

"You will see those all over London," someone behind me said.

I recognized an English couple who had been fellow passengers on the plane that brought me from New York to London.

"Well," I said, greeting them, "I never expected to find London as run-down as this."

"Oh, everything's been leveled off—buildings as well as society," the man said. "The war and what's happened since have driven us to accept the equalities of Socialism. Some like it, others will never be reconciled to it."

"Do you think Communism or Fascism will follow Socialism?" I asked.

He laughed. "No, most of us aren't so worried about 'isms' as you are in the States. Perhaps it's because we have so little to lose materially. You Yankees are afraid because you have so much of everything. You're like the man with a full granary—who is afraid of thieves and hires bodyguards. We have no such fears."

UNDER COVER IN LONDON

His last words remained with me as I returned to my hotel, the Cumberland, where I had a room overlooking Hyde Park, Britain's historic forum for free speech. Would he be so casual

about "isms," I wondered, if he knew to what extent democracy's enemies were still active? I spent my first night reviewing my plans and taking inventory of what I had brought with me. There were four cameras (two were later stolen); dozens of packs of film, scores of names and addresses; and quantities of such delectable items (which were luxuries then) as rice, tongue, butter, and bacon, destined as my personal gifts to some of London's top political racketeers and hate specialists. I knew they would welcome me—not as John Roy Carlson, but in the guise I had chosen for myself.

I had not embarked on my overseas adventure without full preparation. My experiences in *Under Cover* and *The Plotters* had taught me that without careful planning my investigations would not only end in disaster but might lead to a cracked skull and worse.

In *Under Cover* I posed as George Pagnanelli, an American of Italian descent, no better than the hoodlums he traveled with, in order to infiltrate into the American Nazi bund and be accepted as a trusted worker among our native merchants of hate. In *The Plotters* I was Robert Thompson, Jr., a disillusioned World War II veteran who was eager to join with those Communists, preachers of bigotry, and political thugs who preyed on veterans. When the first copy of *Under Cover* appeared in 1943, George Pagnanelli vanished. When I turned in the finished manuscript of *The Plotters* in 1946, Robert Thompson, Jr., followed him.

But Fascism and Communism in America were only part of the over-all world picture. The exposure of the enemies within our gates could only be the beginning of my work. I also wanted to keep in touch with hate movements abroad, and so I invented still another character and established him in this field. I created "Charles L. Morey"—and it was as Charles Morey that I now began my undercover work in London. (Later, when I would reach the Middle East, I knew I would have to kill off Morey as I had Pagnanelli and Thompson. No native-born white American Protestant—which was what

Morey was supposed to be—would be accepted as a confidant by the Moslem world.)

I gave considerable thought to the character and profession I'd assume as Morey. I had grown older since my early experiences in undercover work, and had put on weight. A stranger could easily take me for a typical well-fed American businessman. That is exactly the character I assumed.

I invented a business for myself—sales manager of the Homestead Farm Appliance Corporation, with offices and plant in St. John, Indiana. As Charles Morey I began as early as 1945 a wide correspondence with every British hate-monger and anti-democrat I read or heard about. There is of course no Homestead Farm Appliance Corporation. I had never been to St. John, but a trusted friend lived there and he forwarded all letters addressed to me.

To give myself prestige, I issued a series of mimeographed leaflets—a technique I'd successfully followed in *Under Cover*—with such intriguing titles as "The American Nationalist Decade." I praised Spain as the "European bulwark against Communism." My headlines screamed: "The Nationalist Flame Is Burning at Home and Abroad," thus rallying to my banner the super-patriots abroad. I chastised "Fair Deal Harry" and ranted against the "shackles of Communist Washington." I also founded the "Federation Against Communism—American Section," a simon-pure letterhead organization with invented names as officers. I wrote impressively of subsidizing nationalist organizations throughout the world from the limitless funds I either possessed or was capable of raising. (As Morey, in short, I represented myself as a one-man Marshall Plan, dedicated to financing the resurgence of hate movements and the growth of authoritarian ideology). The combination of letterhead, important-sounding leaflets, and dollar appeal gained the confidence of every international bigot to whom I wrote.

Now, in my hotel room, I looked over the names and addresses of those with whom I'd developed paper friendships.

They were the men and women I wanted to meet face to face before going on to the Middle East. I wanted to learn their methods; discover their associations with those in our lunatic fringe at home and with those promoting evil in the corner of the world to which I was going; and above all, to learn how both were plotting together to revive the flames they hoped would consume democracy.

Before me was a letter I had received from Victor C. Burgess, a long-time member of the BUF—British Union of Fascists. As Charles L. Morey, I had written Burgess following the tip of an American soldier who had seen him selling the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and similar literature on London's streets. Burgess's letter read:

... I am rather hoping that I can find a number of National Socialist friends in various countries, who will give me an opportunity of ousting the Jews from some of the Export trade. . . . Think it over, and let me know. In the meantime write again soon, and tell me the latest news of the American National Front. I hope that you are slaughtering as many Jews as we seem to be doing in Palestine. All the best,
Yours in Service,
V. C. Burgess

I made my first visit in London to him, unannounced, bearing my gifts of food and cigarettes. I found a man of twenty-eight, with watery blue eyes and long brown hair slicked back. His face was long and coarse; he was dressed in gray trousers, gray shirt, and a khaki jacket. His "export" office proved to be a ramshackle hallway room, with a battered desk and a wooden box for a chair. Next door was a room for his wife and two children. As one of the children began to cry, Burgess shouted from the box on which he was sitting:

"Shut up, Ralph. Damn that boy. Keep him quiet, Olive. Close the door, Olive. Damn it, CLOSE THAT DOOR!"
Before the door slammed I glanced inside. The room was

tiny, semidark, in undecipherable disorder. One child, nude except for a shirt, was crawling on the floor. The other was in a crib composed of boards against the wall, with more boards above the first, giving the appearance of twin coffins. Both children now broke into a howl, disturbing the fuederer who was entertaining a guest from the USA.

"Olive!" Burgess shouted again. "Will you get them something to eat!"

After this he turned to me. He was very busy now, he said, coordinating the resurgent activity of members of former BUF units who had joined organizations such as the Sons of St. George in Manchester, British Workers' Party for National Unity in Bristol, and Imperial Defence League in Derby.

"My own outfit is the Union of British Freedom," he said. "I kept the initials of the old BUF." He published a hate sheet, Unify, for "Britain, King and People." It was a counterpart of Gerald L. K. Smith's publication, The Cross and the Flag, in the States.

"One of the boys has an outdoor meeting today. Want to come?"

"I'd be delighted," I said. "I'd like to see you fellows at work."

We walked to a side street near Victoria Park to hear one of London's leading rabble-rousers, Jeffrey Hamm. An ex-BUF member, now head of the British League of Ex-Service Men and Women, Hamm was haranguing a crowd of nearly a thousand persons. They were not a pretty sight. As Burgess stepped away for a moment to talk to a friend, I climbed on a doorstep and focused my camera to take an over-all picture of the crowd and the speaker. But a dozen or more listeners began to glare at me. I promptly closed my camera—began frantically applauding and cheering Hamm. It was too late.

In twos and threes men began to move toward me. Their plan, as I knew from experience, was undoubtedly to bottle me up in the doorway, then push me back into the hallway for a beating. I caught them off guard by walking directly through

their ranks and rejoining the crowd, hoping to lose myself in it. But I was being surrounded. In whatever direction I moved, a wall of three or four thugs immediately blocked my way. The circles grew smaller, the avenue of escape smaller.

Any display of panic would have proved my undoing. In front of me a powerfully built man who looked like a stevedore turned his head slightly and nodded, at the same time backing a step toward me. Behind me, I sensed two others move closer. The man in front suddenly wheeled his bulky body around and lurched against me, trying to jab his elbow into my stomach. An instinctive reaction would have been to step backward, but from the corner of my eye I had seen one of the men behind me doubled over. I would have fallen over him and, while on the ground, been kicked in the groin. It was an old Bundist trick. Chances of being heard above the roaring mob were practically nil. As I saw the elbow lunge viciously, I twisted my body at the waist and pivoted. The elbow missed. Frustrated, my assailant turned around.

"What you got there?" he growled, and grabbed my camera.

Someone behind seized my arm. I tried to pull away. Dimly I heard: "Throw him out! Give it to him! lie's a Jew!" Cries rose all around me.

Then, somehow, in the swimming faces of the closing crowd, I saw Burgess.

"Burgess! Tell them I'm okay!" I yelled desperately.

I heard Burgess say: "I know him. Let 'im go."

The men fell back. The burly man returned my camera, then one by one they came up and apologized sheepishly.

"We were moving in on you," one said.

"We had you wrong, friend. We thought you were a bloody Jew."

"I can tell he was no Jew. He didn't make a run for it," someone else said.

Still breathing hard, but now surrounded by a loyal bodyguard, I listened to Jeffrey Hamm. He was tall and stocky, with a square face and blond hair. A ferocious and devastating

speaker, Hamm was rated second only to Sir Oswald Mosley,¹ who was in retirement on his farm after being released from custody.

"Traitor Churchill, Traitor Attlee . . . England has been sold down the river to America by Traitor Baruch. . . . Britain First, England for the Englishmen , . . The dirty Jews, those miserable creatures crawling around London."

This sort of baiting delighted the crowd. They roared themselves hoarse. Somebody yelled: "It's time we wiped them out!"

"P J! F J!" some one in the crowd began to chant.

"What does P J stand for?" I asked Burgess.

"Perish Judah!" he said. "It's a good slogan."

"England is not without a leader," Hamm was bellowing. "It has a leader. A leader who was for Britain First, first, last, and always. Our leader is the greatest living Englishman—Sir Oswald Mosley!"

A deep roar went up from the crowd and echoed across Victoria Park.

"Mosley! Mosley! We want Mosley! We want Mosley! Heil, Mosley!" All around hands were outstretched in the Nazi salute. It was hard to believe that I was in London.

After the meeting I met Hamm, an educated, smooth-speaking man of thirty-one, who had once taught English in the Falkland Islands. We went to a pub together and drank warm ale. He told me he had been interned in South Africa during the war as dangerous to national security, and later been allowed to join the British army. Hamm was curious about "nationalism in America," how active our groups were, and what had happened to Father Coughlin.

¹ The notorious Mosley, former fuehrer of the British Union of Fascists, studied the teachings of Fascism in Italy. Home Secretary James Chuter Ede disclosed in the House of Commons that, according to the former Italian ambassador in London, Count Dino Grandi, Mussolini had been subsidizing the BUF at the rate of \$250,000 a year. Mosley visited Germany and conferred with Hitler. He is now active in the Union Movement, composed largely of former BUF members.

"Well do all right here," he said. "It will take time, but we'll come back as strong as we were before."

MR. RAMSAY AND MR. RANKIN

HAMM, to be sure, was a rabble-rouser, no more. But among those whom I wanted to visit was an Englishman who worked on much higher levels. He was a Captain Robert Gordon-Canning, formerly of the Royal Hussars, who had been interned during the war for the same reason as Hamm. I had first seen his name in a New York Times dispatch from London reporting his purchase at auction of a huge granite bust of Adolf Hitler, part of the former property of the German Embassy, for £500. This was then equivalent to more than two thousand dollars.

I had immediately written to Canning expressing my gratitude for his "act of personal integrity" in saving the priceless bust from desecration. Presently I received a reply. After a few choice words against the Jews, Canning wrote: "I bought the bust of Adolf Hitler with a purpose! To challenge the Jews. To prevent purchase by them. To return [it] to Germany at a suitable time." Thus began a beautiful friendship, which bore fruit when Canning put me in touch with the only member of Parliament to be interned during the war for security reasons, Archibald Henry Maule Ramsay. In due time I heard from Ramsay, who prefaced his letter with the statement: "Communism is Jewish in origin, design and purpose." Charles L. Morey promptly replied in appropriate terms. In another letter Ramsay recommended the best addresses for patriotic literature. They were the fanatically anti-Catholic Alexander Ratcliffe, connected with the British Protestant League, and Arnold Leese, veteran Jew-baiter and publisher of *Jewish Ritual Murder*, which, like the Protocols, had served the Nazis as a prime propaganda weapon.

Ramsay was living in London, and I set out to see him before visiting Canning, who was at his farm some miles away. I found Ramsay in a small inconspicuous hotel. He was an unusually tall and gangling Scot, with a pronounced eagle nose. This once honored member of His Majesty's Parliament was now dressed in a frayed black suit and shoes that had seen better days. He had a close-cropped mustache and thinning hair. His deep-set brown eyes were settled in circles of wrinkles. He impressed me as austere and snobbish. His first question to me was: "Have you met Tyler Kent in the States?"

He was referring to the former decoding-clerk of our London Embassy, convicted of betraying the contents of cablegrams exchanged between Churchill and Roosevelt to one Anna Wolkoff (a pro-Nazi woman of White Russian origin living in London). Through her this vital information was to be transmitted to Germany through Italian agents in London.²

Ramsay was formerly one of the figures in the Nordic League, at which William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw), later hanged as a traitor, had spoken. Ramsay warmed up as we talked and proposed an interesting mission for me. Could I possibly arrange with "a Representative like Mr. Rankin" to cable him (Ramsay), and query whether he did not believe World War II had been started by the Jews? This would give Ramsay the opening to reply with a blast against the Jews. Rankin would then insert the correspondence in the Congressional Record, after which American patriots would distribute the reprints by the thousands, free, under Rankin's Congressional stamp.

I agreed to see Rankin on my return home.

² Kent served five years of a seven-year sentence in English prisons. On his return to the United States in 1945, Kent's cause was championed by Merwin K. Hart of the National Economic Council; John O'Donnell, once columnist for the Washington Times-Herald; John I lowland Snow, formerly an assistant in Lawrence Dennis's office (in 1943 Dennis was indicted, with 29 others, for subversive activities but after a mistrial the indictment was dismissed); Gerald L. K. Smith, and others. All of these persons published booklets or articles protesting Kent's innocence.

"Will you also take a message to Tyler and his mother?" Ramsay asked.

"Sure! Just write it down and I'll take it."

"I shouldn't put it in writing," Ramsay said. "I shall tell you later."

He went on to rant against the Jews. "We're completely under their domination here."

We walked out of his hotel together. With his black bowler and his umbrella Ramsay presented a dejected picture of austerity and loneliness. He was now a jobless, frustrated ex-MP living upon yesterday's ragged glory, such as it had been.

We parted, he to take a train at nearby Victoria Station, I looking forward to meeting his friend the next day.

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT HITLER'S BUST

MEETING with Captain Robert Gordon-Canning proved far more adventurous. As sales manager of the "Homestead Farm Appliance Corporation," I knew I could expect an English gentleman-farmer to ask me many questions. Next to machinery in general, I know least about farms, so it was with some hesitation that I went to visit him at his farm in Sandwich. I was warmly welcomed and served a brandy, after which we went out to inspect his land and stock. Canning had inherited considerable property and was obviously wealthy.

He began to ask about American farms, seed, markets, fertilizers, and sprayers. As we walked among his fine herds, he asked about our dairy industry. If my answers were fantastic, I'm sure Canning ascribed them to our American idiosyncrasies. It was a relief when the interrogation finally ceased and I turned to study my host. He was a towering, well-proportioned man, with a ruddy complexion. Much larger than normal, his face was set in a large head with a bald dome, and gave him a massive appearance. His eyes were blue, puffy, and encased in

deep wrinkles, but when he smiled they twinkled pleasantly. His very long upper lip, heavy drawling voice, and full but formless mouth gave the impression of a distant and self-contained man.

"At first I took you for a journalist," Canning said. "But you have a wide knowledge of fanning and I see now that I was wrong."

Was he hiding his suspicions? I was not sure. But he talked freely, and that was what counted.

"You're an energetic fellow to find your way about so easily here. All you Americans are energetic. You're an odd people. You believe in humanitarianism abroad, but lynch your Negroes at home. The Jews, not your Negroes, are the ones to get after."

"You seem to know about us," I said.

"I once visited the States for Mosley," he confided, "to see if American industrialists would help us fight Bolshevism." He had seen James True and Robert Edward Edmondson, pioneer Hitler apologists once indicted for subversive activities. Canning's mission in the early thirties had been a failure. Father Coughlin would not see him, nor would Henry Ford. "I had breakfast with Lammot du Pont.³ He wasn't sympathetic at all," Canning said. He then asked me what had happened to the America First Committee, to the Silver Shirts, and other organizations that had been active. I told him they had all been "persecuted by the Jews," and Canning said: "It was the same thing here."

We browsed around the fields and finally went into the charming living-room of his farmhouse for tea. Canning grew confidential. "I was at Mosley's wedding in Germany. Hitler was there as a witness at the ceremony, you know. I used to see Hitler in Munich and Berlin, and once had supper with Goebbels. Hitler was a fine man, a charming man. If three

³ Lammot and Irene du Pont both later were heavy contributors to the National Economic Council. Its president, Merwin K. Hart, has developed into a Jew-baiter and a chronic propagandist against democracy. See Under Cover and The Plotters.

Hitlers had been allowed to rule the world—in Germany, Italy, and England—we wouldn't be in the fix we are now, because each would have understood the viewpoint of the other. . . . Germany is bound to come back strong," Canning added.

He was an early member of the BUF, and in a booklet, "The Spirit of Fascism," he had written:

. . . The spirit of freedom runs right through the Fascist State, and affords to rich and poor a guaranteed liberty to proceed along the chosen road to life. . . Inherent in the doctrine of National-Socialism [is] the spirit of humanity. . . . Only because of its immense humanity, only because of its mystical craving for "absolute union" of the nation, does Fascism proclaim its intolerance to those forces which prevent the attainment of this spiritual urge. Fascism has the capacity to love. . . . Tolerance [is the] soapy water of humanity.

This was the measure of the man who had bought Hitler's bust.

We got around to the Jews. "If I were in Palestine, I'd give my men twenty-four hours to do with the Jews as they wished. Silly humanitarianism," he said as an afterthought.

Canning said he knew Anna Wolkoff, friend of Tyler Kent. Canning also revealed that he was financing a book on Hitler's life. "Couriers" were bringing material direct from Munich and returning with instructions. As I was leaving, Canning said: "Will you mail these letters for me from London?"

"Of course."

We parted warm friends and agreed to meet again in his London apartment. On the train to London—without too many qualms of conscience—I opened a letter he had addressed to Professor S. F. Darwin-Fox. Later, in the quiet of my hotel room, I photographed, sealed, then mailed the letter. Canning had written: "I am surprised that a thousand Jews have not been hanged in London during the last forty-eight

hours.⁴ There can be no doubt of us being a 'slave race' today." I dined twice with Canning at his apartment in Cadogan Square, London. These were highly instructive meetings. For this man who bought Hitler's bust, and who—on the basis of his writings—might be dismissed as a crackpot, permitted his apartment to be used as a meeting-place by Arabs working in London. Canning told me he was a close friend of Abdul Rahman Azzam Pasha, the Jew-baiting secretary-general of the Arab League. He then showed me photographs taken with Abd el Krim, the Moroccan rebel leader ("back in the twenties I tried to make peace between the French and the Arabs"), and with other high Arab personalities. A prize in his collection was one taken with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. Canning had written a pamphlet, "Arab or Jew," in which he reprinted the introduction the Mufti had given him at a dinner sponsored in Canning's honor by the Moslem Supreme Council in Jerusalem on November 5, 1929. This was the time of the bloody Palestine riots, when the Mufti gangs staged pogroms against Palestine's Jews. Said the Mufti then:

"We are here this afternoon to greet Captain Canning heartily. He is our distinguished guest, and a sincere friend to our people. We immensely thank him for his efforts he has been unceasingly exerting in support of our cause. . . . The Arabs in this country request all their British friends, and our distinguished guest, Captain Canning, is of the best of them, to be so good enough as to let the noble British people know the real facts in this country."

"I am one of the few Englishmen the Arabs trust completely," Canning said proudly, caressing the album containing the photograph of himself with the Mufti and others.

One night, when I knew Canning had invited a group of Arab leaders to his home, I dropped in casually at suppertime.

⁴ This was in reference to a series of anti-Semitic outbreaks in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other cities, growing out of Jewish reprisals against the British in Palestine.

Canning greeted me at the door and took me into an ante-room. "I'd like to invite you to stay," he said, apologetically. "I know you're all right, but my guests are suspicious of all Americans."

A few days later he suggested:

"Why don't you see Izzed-een Shawa Bey? He's a man you ought to know. When you see him, give him my regards."

IZZED-EEN SHAWA BEY

I WAS delighted. I hurried to the address Canning gave me. It was a small, quiet apartment house of dark brownstone at 76 Eaton Square, in the exclusive West End section of London. I found myself in a dark, narrow hallway. I studied the names under the mailboxes: no Izzed-een Shawa Bey was listed. Acting on a hunch, I knocked on the last door in the hallway, which had no nameplate attached. After a long wait, I knocked again, vigorously, and then shook the handle noisily. The door was finally opened by a heavy-set young Arab who told me promptly that Shawa Bey was out.

"I can hear him talking inside," I said, bluffing. "I must see him at once."

The door was closed in my face and I heard a rapid-fire exchange in Arabic. Then it opened again and I was ushered into a semidarkened room. Swarthy young Arabs prowled about, escorting athletic young Englishmen into side rooms in an atmosphere of almost melodramatic conspiracy. Suddenly a door opened and an intense man in his thirties, with piercing black eyes and short black mustache, stepped out—instinctively I knew it must be Shawa Bey—accompanied by a tall, blond Englishman. The two shook hands briskly and the Englishman left. Shawa Bey turned to me.

"Come with me," he said curtly. I followed him into an office and he closed the door carefully after me.

Sitting across his desk, I was astonished to see that Shawa

Bey, save for his mustache, looked more like me than I did. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that if I were to raise a mustache and acquire a deep tan, I should have no difficulty passing for an Arab. I looked at Shawa Bey. How many British mercenaries was he hiring? And on what conditions? When were they to enter Palestine? By what route? It was too risky to ask.

"Cigarettes?" I offered him my pack of Luckies.

"I prefer mine to your American brands. I never change." His English was perfect. For a full minute Shawa Bey studied me without a word. "What's your nationality, your background?" he snapped.

"American, partly of French ancestry."

"What are you, a journalist?" He gave me a withering look.

I laid my calling-card on the desk. "I'm a salesman of farm machinery. I'm in England on business. Captain Gordon-Canning suggested I should drop in on you. He sends you his greetings."

"That is different," Shawa Bey said, unfreezing a little. "Canning is a very good friend. So you are from America!" he mused. "I've been to the States. You know Habib Katibah,⁵ of course." I nodded. "Very well," I said. Shawa Bey began to talk more freely. "The Jews think America is going to help them in Palestine but she won't because there's too much feeling against the Jews in the States. The Arabs are well armed and well equipped. Many have been infiltrating into Jewish territory. We are confident of winning."

"I plan to go to Palestine myself," I said. "I want to be there for the Arab victory."

"I wouldn't go now," Shawa Bey remarked. "I'd go a little later. Once the war starts, it won't take us long." We discussed some of the persons I'd met so far. "I've known Captain Canning for a long time," he said. "He has helped the Arab cause. Another good friend of the Arabs is Miss Frances Newton. She has been of great assistance."

⁵ Habib Ibrahim Katibah, whose activities are discussed in Chapter II.

I asked about the Mufti.

"He's in good health. He's in Cairo now. He goes back and forth between Cairo and Damascus. He has headquarters everywhere in the Middle East." Shawa Bey paused. "These next months are very important. The Jews will learn that quickly."

I rose to go. In the outer room, young British veterans of World War II in civilian dress were waiting to be interviewed. Within a few months I was to see them righting and dying for the Arab cause under Arab names. I was to see them buried in unknown graves, in Moslem cemeteries, unhonored and unsung. I was to see them as prisoners of war in Israel. Izzed-een Shawa Bey rose to his feet.

"Good-bye," he said, "We might meet again in Egypt or Palestine."

If we did, I hoped he wouldn't recognize me!

Shawa Bey had mentioned the name of Miss Frances E. Newton. I looked her up and called upon her immediately. She lived near Canning.

"Who are you?" she asked. She wore a white patch over one eye.

"A friend of Gordon-Canning and of Izzed-een Shawa Bey."

"Any friend of theirs is a friend of mine," Miss Newton said.

She was a plump, elderly woman. She told me she had lived in Jerusalem, and was a Dame of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She was also secretary of the Anglo-Arab Friendship Society. Its brochure, "The Truth about the Mufti," was a complete exoneration of the Mufti, and cited him for his "integrity and leadership," completely glossing over his role as the leading Arab Nazi.⁶ A signer of the brochure was "Y. Bandek, Arab Liaison." Later, Yusif Bandek became an active Arab propagandist in the United States, working closely with

⁶ The Mufti's role as a war criminal is discussed in Chapter XXII.

Merwin K. Hart and Hart's friend, Vice-Admiral C. S. Freeman.⁷

Miss Newton was collecting funds for a new group she had organized, British Aid for Distressed Palestine Arabs. Among the patrons was Azzam Pasha, the Arab League's mastermind. I had only had a glimpse of Miss Newton, but that served its purpose. It was only later, after I had been to the Middle East, that I began to understand the role played by these men and women.

ROAST DUCK AND ROASTED JEWS AT CANNING'S

ON THE eve of Lincoln's Birthday, Canning invited me to dinner to meet some of his friends. We had become very friendly, especially after I had sent the gourmet a pound of long-grain rice, then unobtainable in London. Other guests were Ramsay, Miss Newton, a friend of Anna Wolkoff named Enid Riddell, and Admiral Sir Barry Domville, who before his retirement had once been Heinrich Himmler's guest in Germany, and later was interned during the war.

The roast duck Canning served was delicious. His egg croquettes were marvelous. The fruit pudding with butter-rum sauce I've never had duplicated anywhere. We had wine, and splendid coffee, always rare in Britain. Canning was a generous host. I tried to be an appreciative guest. London was aflame over terroristic activities in Palestine and we were at no loss for conversation. Between mouthfuls, the Jew was our

⁷ See Appendix.

The facing page reproduces a postwar brochure issued after the Mufti's Nazi record was known. It "exonerates" the Mufti, claims his "integrity and leadership" were misunderstood, and "explains" his criminal record of collaboration. It is signed by Miss Frances Newton, friend of Jew-baiting Captain Gordon-Canning, and Yusif el Bandek, one of the chief Arab propagandists sent to this country. (For Bandek's activities, and the story of his backers here, see the Appendix. The facts on the Mufti are related in Chapter XXII).

THE
ANGLO-ARAB FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MUFTI

The Mufti exonerated. Hounded thus from one Islamic country to another, where could he be safe? Asia and Africa being closed, it was in Europe alone that no Zionist influence could secure his arrest. First in Italy and later in Germany, he remained, living in semi-house arrest under the close surveillance of the Gestapo, till, when the war ended, he moved into a villa near Paris. From France he again moved to Alexandria where he now remains in the custody of the Egyptian Government.

It is hoped that in the interest of continued good relations between the British and the Arabs, His Majesty's Government will re-consider their present attitude towards the one outstanding personality in whose integrity and leadership the Arabs, both Christians and Moslems, place their confidence. The Mufti holds the key.

To think that the Arabs will accept any proposal for the solution of the deadlock in Palestine without the co-operation of the Mufti, would simply be a grave mistake.

Arab Liaison.
MOUSTAPHA H. WAHBA.

diet. Between the appetizer and soup, we minced him. Between the soup and entree we had him roasted, or hanging from Palestinian lamp-posts. Thereafter the Jew—dead, quartered, massacred—was with us till we left.

"Palestine is the only country in the world where the Gentiles can get theirs in against the Jews," Canning said. We all agreed that killing off six hundred thousand Jews would be as easy for the Arabs as shooting ducks.

Miss Newton said she had bought property in Palestine many years ago for £3,800 and had sold it to the Jews for £47,000. "I plan to have my property back after the Jews have been disposed of," she added callously.

"I give the Jew two years after the Arabs win," Canning observed. "The Arabs will do it gradually."

They discussed Miss Newton's plan to buy ambulances and medical supplies for the Arabs. Canning promised to hold receptions in his apartment to raise funds. "We'll help behind the scenes," he said. "It wouldn't do for me to appear publicly on your committee. They'll call you Fascist. The Admiral has also been smeared. We'll all work from the sidelines."

"All of us should help, whether with a rifle in our right hand, or with our left hand in our pocket," Admiral Denville added brightly.

"Helping the Arab should come before our efforts at home," said Miss Newton.

"If we break the back of the Jew in Palestine, we have broken it for a long time to come," was Ramsay's contribution to the conversation.

INTERNATIONAL HATE-MERCHANT

I RETURNED to my hotel to find a letter addressed to Charles L. Morey which had been forwarded to me from St. John, Indiana. It was from a notorious Swedish anti-Semite, Einar Aberg. In it he suggested that I ought to write one

George F. Green, in care of the Press Club, London. I was in London; and a man thus endorsed was worth investigating. I lost no time, telephoned him, and he agreed to see me.

Green headed the Independent Nationalists, and edited a British version of *The International Jew*. His contacts were worldwide. Gerald L. K. Smith quoted from his bulletins. We, the Mothers, Chicago's leading female hate-contingent, not only quoted from them, but also sold *The International Jew*. In Canada Green's correspondent was Adrian Arcand, once fuehrer of the Blue Shirts; in Rhodesia, Henry Beamish; he had similar correspondents in Argentina, South Africa, and Germany. There were many others, of course.

Green had no sooner greeted me at the Press Club than he expressed fears of "surveillance by MI-5" (British Army Intelligence). "Let's not remain indoors," he said. We walked to Victoria Embankment Park.

He was a short, pudgy, red-faced man, dressed in a worn and wrinkled dark suit, and he had about him the air of an energetic door-to-door salesman. He had earlier been in advertising and public-relations work. What teeth he possessed were irregular and brown-stained. A goodly number were missing, giving his mouth an empty look—but by no means interfering with his loquacity.

"I've been busy," he said. "I had to provide bail for some of our members who were arrested and fined." He was referring to the epidemic of brick-throwing against Jewish shops, the rioting and the beating of Jews in a dozen English cities and towns. "I don't want to see one brick thrown," Green muttered between his missing teeth. "I want to see a million. But I'm against too much violence at this time. Bad tactics. We're not strong enough. Things will get better for us as England goes down. The Jews are bringing on the crisis. When it comes, we'll be in."

Green talked on. "It's Zionist world-Jewry and their control of international finance which is a threat to world peace. I'm against giving foreigners citizenship. I'm against internation-

alism and Communism. The Independent Nationalists is a radical and revolutionary party. We're for a Briton's Britain." Green continued—now sounding like a Communist—suggesting once again the alliance possible with political extremists: "I'm against the exploitation of the people by the privileged and the powerful few. I'm against the party system. I'm against Monopoly Capitalism. There is no freedom under the venal monopoly press. There is no free trade under the international cartels. Britain shall not become a Yankee puppet state!"

He added, suddenly: "I wish I were in the States now. Back in 1926 I was offered thirty thousand dollars for a promotional job. I've looked back to that offer. I wish I had taken it."

Some time later Green sent a letter to me, part of which I reproduce for its brutal forthrightness:

"I have only one word—JEW. I am not prepared . . . to join in any activities which are not fully, openly and efficiently directed against all the activities of world-jewry. Racial, political, social, economic—in fact a spiritual and material war on jewry. Race is first, fundamental; next comes nationalism. . . .

Let us by all means unite and work together on the major problem, the cause of world-evils: jewry, jewishness, judaism. If you can inspire such a united effort of nationalists against jewry I am with you wholeheartedly. I am confident that my friends in Africa and Sweden are, too. . . . Thank you for your card but the reason why I don't go and enjoy the food and sunshine you mentioned is the fact that I am now tightly fixed in a jewish concentration camp called "England."

Green assured me that he was friendly with the editor of World's Press News, an important British weekly. I was skeptical of Green's claim until he arranged for the three of us to meet for lunch. When the editor failed to show up, I was not altogether surprised. The very next day, however, I received not only an apology but a proof that Green was at least acquainted with him:

I am sorry that I was unable to make the grade today and link up with Green to see you, but this is press day and I have been very rushed. I shall make a point, however, of contacting Green in the next day or two—I have a tentative mission on which to see him—and will hope to absorb from him something of what you have been able to tell him. With regrets,

Yours sincerely,
(signed) Arthur J. Heighway
Managing Director and Editor

I called on Heighway immediately. By this time I had learned that he had written an editorial in the September 25, 1947, issue calling attention to the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Although admitting that a Swiss court had declared the Protocols to be a forgery, Heighway commented: "That 'forger' seems to have been a prophet of no mean order." I wanted to know why he had written this, and whether Green had put him up to it.

My interview was short, for which I was glad. Heighway was youngish and prematurely gray. He impressed me as smug and self-satisfied. I came to the point and asked him about the Protocols.

"Green gave me a copy," Heighway said, "I don't know if they are truthful or not. That is not the issue. All I know is that they fit into present conditions. Maybe some parts are faked, but there is enough truth in them to make them worth while."

Heighway's attitude toward a document that had been the Nazis' favorite instrument betrayed an amazing lack of reportorial integrity in a man holding an influential position in British journalism. I was shocked.

"Are you in touch with the Arabs?" I asked.

"Why, yes. I met Shawa Bey recently at luncheon. Let's see . . ." Heighway raked through a sheaf of calling cards and found what he was looking for. "Here it is—Izzed-een Shawa Bey."

"I know," I said, "Mr. Green asked me to look him up, too."

"Very intelligent fellow," Heighway commented. "Knows what he is doing."

"What is he doing in London?" I asked.

"Organizing British ex-servicemen for the Palestine show. He's got five hundred of them, all trained men, and he's got officers to train them further."

"Do you intend to press the Arab viewpoint in World's Press News?"

"Well, we're supposed to be neutral," Heighway answered. "But if there's a newsbreak we'll see what we can do." He laughed toothily, and I left him.

In my hotel room my last night in London, I packed for the next leg of my journey to Cairo. As Charles L. Morey I had met those I had wanted to meet and had been given an instructive introduction to what I might expect in the Middle East. I sent to New York large quantities of hate-literature for my files; and I had also sent a thick envelope of notes. All this I knew, however, did not reflect the real, the democratic England.

For as a people, I had found the average Britisher decent, law-abiding and even-tempered. I had begun to understand why the British always pull through; and I had begun to appreciate their moral strength, their emotional maturity which, it seemed to me, helped explain why they were able to gravitate into the orbit of Socialism without a violent revolution. The Burgesses, the Cannings, and the Greens were not typical of the British. Nothing, I felt, so truly typified the British spirit as did Hyde Park, the very Hyde Park I could look down upon from my room in the Cumberland.

One unforgettable Sunday night, as a cold drizzle fell, I had strolled by when a lean, hungry-looking man in cap and Bowery-like overcoat began to lead a group in old-fashioned hymns. There were many young people and a sprinkling of

soldiers in the crowd. Perhaps it was the faces of these young, earnest men and women, or perhaps it was the nostalgic memory of my choir-singing days as a boy in the Old World—but I was deeply stirred. I joined them, singing the hymns I had learned in Sunday school in Mineola. I felt, somehow, that I belonged with these, the underprivileged and unheralded.

Around me were men and women who for years had lived in the cavernous depths of subway tunnels, survived the diet of fish paste and horse meat, wore the same clothes months on end, and faced every conceivable hardship with fortitude. They could never be truly crushed or defeated. If such a people still kept faith in their nation and faith in their God, and prayed to Him with hymns under a drizzle that chilled me to the bone—then such a people, I felt, with God's help should and would live forever. For this was the home of freemen, of brave and devout men. The last vision I have of Hyde Park is that of the lean Englishman in the Bowery coat using a stubby pencil as baton, leading the group in *Abide With Me*.

I felt that was the real Englishman, the real England. Not the imperialistic England of ruthless colonial rule, not the England of the British lion, its tail twisted by Eire, Iran, and others yet to come, nor yet that of the English bulldog snarling at the dark peoples of the world, but an England of pious, humble, kindly men and women. As I saw it, there was much to be condemned in their tolerance of the immoral international standards set by their Foreign and Colonial offices, but I felt that whatever they, the people, undertook to do, they would do calmly, without hysteria. They had faith in their country, in their God, and in themselves.

Early the next morning I visited a physician and was inoculated against cholera. At noon I was aboard a plane flying east—eastward via Switzerland to Cairo, heart of the Moslem world, neighbor to the Holy Land now preparing for a life-and-death struggle on an ancient battlefield.

(CHAPTER II)

CAIRO: THE KING'S JUNGLE

"You will maybe like this!" The Arab demonstrated. What seemed to be an ordinary whip suddenly became a vicious, four-sided, ten-inch dagger tapering to a fine point. "This knife for Yahoood. But maybe you Amerikans like Yahoood, yes?"

I took no chances. "No, I hate Jews. Allah's curse on them."

THE plane dipped sickeningly. I attempted to struggle upright in my seat but the safety belt held me like a straight-jacket. I groaned.

I was in a state of delirium from my cholera shot. There was no doubt that it had taken. A red welt the size of a mushroom was rising rapidly. A high fever ran through me. Twice I had stumbled while walking to the plane, for the fever burned at my temples like a scourge. Once in the plane I had fallen into my seat, and tried to doze off—awakening in fits and starts, each time with a sense of impending doom. Suddenly I let out a cry. Though I thought I had suppressed it, the hostess hurried to my side.

"Look! We're going to hit that mountain!"

"That's the Matterhorn," she said quietly. "We won't hit it."

The Matterhorn was a terrifying sight in the blue-white

light of early dawn. A giant sheath of awesome rock, it leaped up from the depths of the earth to the heavens, a flame of stone nearly three miles high. It seemed alive to my tortured eyes, like a Cyclops challenging our flight. It was the most sinister peak in the glowering, snow-capped mountains that reared their white crests on either side as we roared perilously between them at more than four miles a minute.

I had no recollection of the rest of the trip. I have no idea of the route. I took neither food nor drink. I suffered nightmares. I writhed and tossed and broke out in wave after wave of alternate hot fevers and cold sweats. ... It was symbolic. I was leaving the West and plunging into the maelstrom of the Middle East—a transition from one world to another radically different. The Eastern world—the world of tomorrow's major revolution—was bathed in anarchy and in blood-letting, a mirror showing the face of man as no man would wish to see it. . . .

I awoke to hear the hostess announce: "We are landing in Cairo."

It was seven p.m., exactly on schedule. The day was March 2, 1948. "The month of March, the month of trouble," Mother used to say. By an odd coincidence it was on March 1, 1921, that we left the Old World to come to the New. Now, exactly twenty-seven years later, I was returning to the Middle East, that mysterious, often sinister part of the world about which we really know so little, and that little so glamorized and distorted by partisans as to resemble fiction more than truth.

THE KING'S JUNGLE

I ALIGHTED from the plane into the jungle of Almaza Airport (where an advocate of "white supremacy" would certainly have had instant apoplexy). We were herded by a dozen dark-skinned officials and plainclothesmen wearing

fezzes— in Egypt called a tarboosh—into an enclosure. To call it barnlike is to dignify that square-shaped factorylike warehouse with its low ceiling, its sickly yellow lighting and its wild melange of milling, sweating men. We were lined up against a counter under a huge photograph of King Farouk, while a slovenly official in blue serge and tarboosh took his place behind a rough wooden table and began to check our names twice against what was evidently a blacklist. Ahead of me in the line was a passenger whom I recognized by his name as Armenian. I struck up a conversation with him. He was a well-to-do merchant who had escaped from Rumania a step ahead of the satellite police. Eventually he hoped to reach Brazil.

"The Turks killed my father and brother and burned our home. The Nazis killed my other brother. Only my mother is alive in Rumania. She begged me to leave in hopes that I could keep alive the family name."

The bureaucracy at Almaza Airport was appalling. Passports were tossed from hand to hand; baggage was examined and re-examined; orders were shouted and replies shouted back; every official managed to interfere with the work another had done or was trying to do—and all this amid an ear-splitting babble of screaming and hysterical, gesticulating argument. A horde of porters, idlers, and hotel agents streamed through an exit to my left. Every few minutes, when the clamor grew unbearable, an official would literally howl above the tumult. There would be a momentary silence and then the noise began again.

The porters were a far cry from what I had been accustomed to in the United States. They were dressed in catch-as-catch-can clothing—some in European dress or parts thereof; others in the traditional costume of the Egyptian fellah, or everyday laborer, consisting principally of a long-sleeved cotton nightshirt called a gallabiya, which came almost to the ankles. It was open at the neck and revealed either a vest or naked skin. The feet were bare, or sometimes encased in

sandals, the toes protruding. A few wore a sash around their waists. Some had brightly colored calico skullcaps. The cheeks of some of the darkest-skinned were scarred with deep vertical gashes—tribal decorations. These were Sudanese, natives of the great rich land to the south of Egypt.

In some concern I asked my Armenian friend: "Where are you going to sleep tonight?" I had made no plans for myself.

"I have reservations at the Continental Hotel," he said.

"Suppose I go there with you," I suggested. "If I don't get a room, will you let me sleep on the floor?"

He smiled. "Oh, I don't think it will be that bad," he said. And then he spoke with Armenian hospitality: "But, please, you are welcome to use my bed. I can sleep on the floor—it will not be a new experience for me."

More than two hours later, we were still trapped in red tape and inefficiency in the airport. When we were finally cleared by the customs it was ten p.m. We emerged through the doors with a sigh of relief, only to find ourselves plunged into a new bedlam as porters, idlers, hotel-hawkers all lunged at our luggage at the same time, pulling us in half a dozen different directions.

"Please, sair, my hotel is the best in Cairo, with hot water and clean beds. . . ."

"Please, sair, there is no better hotel in Egypt. This way, sair."

We fought our way to a taxi, carefully supervised the loading of our bags, and hurled ourselves inside. We left behind us the jungle of Almaza Airport and two loudly protesting nightshirted porters who had received the equivalent of a dollar tip.

"Give them a pound,"¹ the driver muttered in heavily accented English, "and they will still curse you."

Cairo, an hour or so before midnight, was wide awake. Many shops were open and the sidewalks were crowded.

¹ The Egyptian pound was then worth \$4.12.

Despite my fears, there were rooms available at the Continental, a long-ranging hotel with a terrace fronting on one of the city's main streets. We each drew a long, bare, high-ceilinged room, its furniture consisting of a bureau with fly-specked mirror, a mat, a washbasin, and a high, squeaky iron-poster bed. We ordered a midnight snack, served by a white-robed Sudanese waiter wearing a high red fez. As we ate, my Armenian friend spoke bitterly of his experiences. Had the police, he wondered, seized his mother, perhaps tortured her to learn his whereabouts? Was she even alive at this moment? He was eating the good, rich food of Cairo: had his mother even a hard crust of bread?

"Asvadez medz eh," I said to him in Armenian. "God is merciful."

Then we separated and went to our rooms.

Tired as I was, I lay for a long time, thinking, before sleep came. My plans, for the moment, were not too clear. One man I had to see: Ahmed Hussein, leader of the Green Shirts of Egypt, who I knew had been in the United States lecturing and organizing as an Arab agent. I counted on him to introduce me to the undercover world of Egypt. But I felt, intuitively, that I must not be overcager. First, I must get the feel of Cairo; learn something of the customs, habits, peculiarities, even smells, of Egypt and its people. So far as anyone was concerned, I was no longer Charles Morey. He now vanished and I became myself, using my real name—an American of Armenian descent, a Christian sympathizer with all things Egyptian and Arabic.

And on that thought, I fell asleep.

I was awakened, it seemed only a few hours later, by the braying of a donkey. I looked at my wrist watch. Six a.m.! At first I thought this a novel, even romantic way to be aroused, but that fiendish animal awoke me punctually at the same unearthly hour every morning of the twenty-nine days I stayed at the Continental. I devised wild schemes to silence it. I thought of threatening its master, of hurling a

well-aimed flowerpot, of poisoning it in some ingenious manner, but from my window I could not even see my enemy. Nor did I ever find him—the loudest-braying donkey in Cairo!

My initiation into the rough and tumble of Cairo street life began as soon as I came down the steps of the hotel terrace. At once I found myself the coveted prize of three night-shirted men fighting the privilege of accosting the newly arrived foreigner. The winner—the fiercest in manner, voice and face—won by jabbing the others with his elbow, accompanied by threatening gestures with an ugly black whip he obviously carried for that purpose. For a full block as I walked, ignoring him, the dragoman kept at my side, chattering excitedly in English, offering to show me the sights of Cairo, the Pyramids, the bazaars, the restaurants. I played mute lest he learn that I was an American, universally considered a millionaire, or at least a fool with money.

"Allah, Allah. Leave me alone!" I growled finally. "I don't want anything."

"Ahhhh, you are Amerikan!" He grinned at me like an old friend. "Welcome. Amerikans I love very much. I have many Amerikan friends. See, sair, I have letters from Amerikans. . . ." He began producing testimonials to his abilities as a guide. "Amerikan ladies say how wonderful my servive. . . ." He stuck his card in my hand.

Every morning thereafter, like the braying donkey, for twenty-nine mornings Abdel Baki Abdel Kerim went through the same ritual. Nothing I could do made any impression upon him. The moment he accosted me, grinning his grin of love and affection, I would yell NO! in a voice loud enough to shatter windows across the street. Abdel Baki Abdel Kerim was never discouraged; after trotting along with me for a block, he would stop, wave his hand in salute, and shout happily after me: "Tomorrow, sair, please, I see you again tomorrow."

Uncannily, he always saw me first. After a while I accepted my fate and took "Dragoman No. 12" for granted, and even

used him as a source of information. Many hustlers of his type earned a livelihood by any and every means: as guides to the city; as liaison to hasheesh dives; as commission merchants for perfumes, jewelry, handbags; as money-changers and black-market operators; as procurers of women and men as well. Homosexuality was a socially acceptable vice practised commonly in all Arab countries, as I was to learn. Dragomen were prepared—for money—to supply me with any commodity, human, animal, or vegetable, and to suspend all judgment on my morals.

Business was bad on all fronts, Abdel Baki complained. Tourists had been frightened by a recent cholera epidemic; there was a great deal of suspicion and hatred of foreigners, particularly among hot-headed students and "political" men who didn't realize how fine and splendid American tourists were; and to add to all the trouble, tourists were frightened by the long-awaited Arab-Jewish war in neighboring Palestine. "Ah, sair, the Jews . . ." he said.

I MEET THE POLICE

HALF of my day in Cairo was spent keeping out of jail. I began the morning determined to photograph a near-by mosque, magnificent with its slender stately minaret silhouetted against a breathtakingly blue sky.

I focused my camera but hadn't even pressed the shutter when I became aware that someone was watching me. A short distance away stood a policeman, dressed in a shapeless black wool uniform and the ever present red fez. I closed my camera and nonchalantly moved on. Glancing in a showcase, I saw him nearing me. A moment later a heavy hand plummeted down on my shoulder, and another grabbed my camera, nearly ripping the shoulder strap. He pulled me over to a traffic officer and the two jabbered excitedly. A surly crowd

gathered. It was decided that my fate should be sealed in the Karakol Abdin Kism—the Abdin District Police Station.

Flanked by the two policemen, and followed by a crowd yelling "Yahoodi"—Jew—we walked on. Once I turned around, and beating my breast like an outraged patriot, I shouted: "I am an American!"

"Then you are worse than a Jew!" someone yelled in perfect English.

Those in front rushed up, tried to jab me with their sticks, and threatened me with their whips. Most Egyptians apparently carried one or the other, handy for warding off flies, urchins, or would-be thugs. Had not the police flailed back savagely, I might easily have been mauled. A few months later an American, Stephen A. Haas of Philadelphia, sight-seeing with his wife and an Arab guide, was fatally beaten while police looked the other way.²

Once inside Abdin Station, an arsenal bristling with police, each of my two captors grabbed one of my arms and vigorously pushed me into a dark room. Dozens of rifles were leaning against its walls. On a shelf above were several dozen black shields—obviously used by the police when they charged rioting mobs. In one corner were piled handcuffs and loaded bamboo poles; in another, three-foot-long wooden clubs, apparently companion pieces to the shields. I was unceremoniously shoved before Sergeant Abdel Fattah of the Criminal Investigation Department.

"Your passport," he said as soon as I entered.

²On July 17, 1948, Haas was attacked by a mob near the Citadel. Stabbed and left dying on the street, he was finally picked up and taken to a police station. There he died in the presence of his wife, who had to stand by helplessly as her husband bled on the floor where he had been flung by the police. Nor could she seek help from the United States consul or from doctors, according to newspaper reports.

Our charge d'affaires vigorously protested against "the unwillingness of certain Egyptian police to intervene promptly and effectively, and of their totally unwarranted and inexplicable efforts to prevent Mrs. Haas from communicating immediately with the American Embassy." Later three Egyptians were arrested. Eventually they were released and nothing further happened.

He stood up as I approached. The two police made their complaint. Sergeant Fattah stared at me for a moment impassively, and then sat down and began to write. He wrote for ten minutes in slow Arabic characters, proceeding from right to left, asking questions as he scribbled. The police nodded. I had said nothing up to this time, and finally ventured: "All I wanted was to take a picture of a beautiful mosque."

"In a few minutes we will finish," Sergeant Fattah said politely. He left for a moment and returned with three plain-clothesmen. They took positions on either side and behind me. Then they rearranged themselves, studying my face from every angle. I felt history was repeating itself. Back in the days with the Bund and the Christian Front, anti-Semitic thugs would similarly study me to determine if I were Jewish.

"I am a Christian American," I found myself saying.

"You may smoke if you wish," said Sergeant Fattah. "In a few minutes we will finish."

Another culprit was pushed in—a cross-eyed man, bare-footed, dressed in a filthy nightshirt. Still another was brought in—limping, with running eyes; he was shunted to one of the other desks. A third, dressed in a semi-military costume, was yanked in by his scruff, and stood cowering. At least, all three got action, for they were taken away at once.

"What are you going to do with me?" I finally asked Sergeant Fattah.

"In a few minutes we will finish." It was the third time he had said it.

"I would like to telephone our embassy," I said.

"Yes, you can telephone. I will take you to a telephone."

Led by the sergeant and followed by my two policemen, I crossed a room teeming with police and wretchedly dressed men and women under arrest. We finally arrived in a dungeon-like cubbyhole under a staircase. Painted black up to the height of my shoulders, it was a damp, filthy hold smelling of sweat, with no ventilation except a tiny barred window high

above us. Behind an ancient, battered switchboard sat Cairo's most excitable man: a gray-haired toothless police officer with a face like well worn brown leather and two earphones perched over his bald head. In front of him were two old-fashioned desk phones and a mouthpiece protruding from the switchboard, and into these he screamed alternately. Evidently there were no extension phones in the building, for he would scrawl a message, howl for a courier, and scream at him to hurry with it. I watched, fascinated by the sight of this toothless old man frantically and conscientiously trying at this antique board to handle all the incoming and outgoing messages of an extremely busy police station. Every few minutes he would rip out all of the plugs, slam down both phones, clamp his fist over the mouthpiece, pull off the earphones, and glare, like a madman in a fit of temporary sanity. I could not blame him. Any man could easily go out of his mind in that black dungeon.

I was in line to make my call when he suddenly stiffened. Apparently an urgent message was coming in. He gestured to us to be quiet, listened intently, then chattered excitedly. Sergeant Fattah said it was from the "European Division" and it concerned me. For the next few minutes my fate hung in the balance, as the operator wrote the message while the two phones jangled madly. Finally he gave the note to the sergeant, who read it silently, and then motioned me to follow him. We retraced our steps, the two police clinging behind me like bloodhounds.

When we arrived at his desk, Sergeant Fattah announced that he was compelled to keep my camera pending further investigation. Paper, cord, and sealing wax were brought. My camera was wrapped as carefully as any of Pharaoh's mummies, and tucked away in a desk drawer, with the promise that it would be returned to me. I was free.

Returning to my hotel room, I delegated my hat—a collapsible Stetson—to the bottom of my suitcase. It definitely

marked me as a European. I unpacked my second camera, a flat folding type,⁸ put it inconspicuously in my coat pocket and sallied out again. At a near-by sidewalk cafe I took a scat and ordered a jet-black, sickly sweet demi-tasse.

Cairo's daily life swirled around me. Men in gallabiya went by with swishing skirts. Copper-skinned Bedouins walked past in native burnous (muslin cloak, sweeping down to their feet) and khaffiya (a linen headdress, usually white, worn over the head, and falling over the neck.) Rare, white-skinned, unveiled Egyptian beauties mingled with parchment-faced orthodox Moslem women wearing their black yashmak, veil. Swarms of urchins who apparently hadn't bathed since birth ran about looking for opportunities to beg or pilfer. Hawkers peddled combs, wallets, contraceptives, and whips. One peddler who came to my table was particularly insistent, although I repeatedly waved him away. He was a keen-faced young man.

"You will maybe like this!" the Arab demonstrated. What seemed to be an ordinary whip suddenly became a vicious, four-sided, ten-inch dagger tapering to a fine point. "This knife for Yahoood. But maybe you Amerikans like Yahoood, yes?"

I took no chances. "No, I hate Jews. Allah's curse on them."

"Ah," he grinned triumphantly. "Then you buy knife to kill Yahoood?"

"No. I have one bigger, a Turkish knife. I kill Armenians and Jews with it."

Sly money-changers sidled up to me. A beggar in tatters and the face of a mummy stretched out a palsied hand in the name of Allah. Cabmen drove with one hand on the wheel, the other on the horn, shouting at jaywalkers. Donkeys hee-hawed interminably from every quarter. Powdered horse-dung, finely ground under the wheels of carriages, was wafted by every passing breeze into my nostrils and into my cup of coffee. Swarms of green-black flies patronizingly came to my table

⁸ Weltur, with Zeiss Tessar f/2.8 lens, taking 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 pictures. With it I took most of my subsequent photographs.

after feasting at fresh droppings everywhere. Two students now approached me, selling anti-Jewish stamps in support of a war fund. By this time I knew the answers.

"I love Cairo, queen of Arab cities. Give me two dollars' worth."

"Thank you, thank you, Amerikan. We wish you good fortune."

An hour later their good wishes came true, for the two dollars proved the wisest investment I made in Cairo.

After my coffee, I decided to stroll along a main street, pledging myself to keep out of trouble. But a camera in the pocket of a photographer burns like idle money in the hands of a gambler, I looked around carefully, up and down the block. I whipped out my camera and sighted the window of an attractive pastry shop. Surely there could be nothing subversive in photographing luscious, syrupy, mouth-drooling baklawa and katayef—pride and joy of Oriental pastry.

Without warning, someone from behind struck down my wrist, and clutched my sleeve. A short, stocky, wild-eyed Egyptian was chattering at me.

"OK, take it easy, take it easy," I said, pocketing my camera.

"Ahaaa! You Amerikan?" He became more excited. Gripping my sleeve in a clutch of steel, he shouted for help. A dozen passersby rushed over, surrounding me. Off we went again double time, to the karakol. Luckily, this time it was not the Abdin Station but another, the Mouski District Police Station. In the howling mob that followed was a youth who spoke a few words of English. In his hands were sheets of the same stamps I had bought a few minutes earlier.

Into the karakof we trooped. This time, Allah was with me. The sergeant I confronted smiled at the accusations of the wild-eyed Egyptian who had seized me. When I showed my anti-Jewish stamps, and proclaimed that the Egyptians were the elite of all the Arabs, the English-speaking youth championed my cause. His voice could scarcely be heard, because by this time everyone, including the sergeant, was screaming at

the top of his lungs, trying to prove my innocence or guilt. I joined the grim fun. "Yahood, nix Yahood, no good!" I screamed above everybody else in makeshift Arabic. "Arabi good. Arabi good!" I put my right hand over my heart in token of my esteem for the Arab.

My new-found stamp-selling friend and the sergeant were convinced of my Arab patriotism. The fanatic who had hauled me in, and those who had swarmed after us, wanted me punished, Allah knows for what. During the melee, the sergeant winked, and motioned with his head toward the door. I took the hint, and slipped out at the height of the scrimmage. Several of the street mob were waiting outside. I passed them by with a smile and a greeting, waving the stamps before them.

I felt I was being followed, and tried devious methods to shake off anyone who might be trailing me. I was outwitted. A few blocks from the Continental, two bearded youths came up to me, one on each side. They spoke excellent English. They said they were students at Fouad University. Both were opposed to the anti-Jewish demonstration that had been taking place in Cairo. As a foreigner, did I not think such mob action was shameful?

I admonished them for their lack of patriotism. What manner of Moslems were they? To gain favor in the sight of Allah one must demonstrate against the Jews. "Even though I am a Christian, I swear by the holy beard of your Prophet that I wish the Jew nothing but ill luck during all his days on earth and in the hereafter. May Allah always smile with good fortune on the Arab cause."

The two changed tactics immediately. They were delighted to know that not all Americans were pro-Zionist. One of them, named Gamal—a tall, thin, wiry student—gave me his address and asked me to call on him. They shook my hand cordially. As we were about to part, a turbaned head leaned out of the window of the house in front of which we were standing. A voice asked the time.

"It is time for the evening prayer," Gamal said, and the dark face withdrew.

"Fiemen el lah (God be with you), good Amerikan."

"Fiemen el lah," I returned.

AHMED HUSSEIN—ARAB FUEHRER

HAVING had these indications of how Egypt treated the stranger, I warily began my investigation of Ahmed Hussein, fuehrer of the fanatic Green Shirts, more formally known as Misr el Fattat, the Young Egypt Party. I was sure I could meet Hussein by posing as a friend of those he knew in the United States. I knew Hussein's background. During the war he had been placed in custody for pro-Fascist sympathies. In 1942, with Rommel and his Afrika Korps hammering at El Alamein, one of Hussein's colleagues, a Green Shirt leader, led street demonstrations, screaming at the top of his voice: "Advance, Rommel. Please, Rommel, come quickly to Egypt."

Before the war Hussein had visited Italy, toured Fascist youth camps, and returned tremendously impressed. He also went to Germany, but got a cool reception. He then wrote a pamphlet, "Message to Hitler!" inviting Hitler to achieve peace of soul by embracing Islam, "the religion of God's unity and of solidarity, the religion of order and leadership."

In New York some of Hussein's writings were distributed by Habib Katibah (the same Katibah whom Shawa Bey in London asked me if I knew), who was frequently seen with Hussein when the latter visited the United States in 1947. Katibah's background is revealing. He had founded the Arab National League, a propaganda agency which received the endorsement of World Service, the notorious Nazi propaganda mill, for its efforts in "spreading the truth." Another founder, Dr. George Kheiralla, received assurances from James Wheeler-Hill, once Bund national secretary: "Our own organization

will work with you 100% and do whatever possible to assist you."

After Pearl Harbor the League was dissolved, but in 1945 Katibah suddenly reappeared on the letterhead of the streamlined Institute of Arab American Affairs, listing on its advisory board such prominent Americans as Kermit Roosevelt, Virginia C. Gildersleeve, dean emeritus, Barnard College; and William E. Hocking, professor emeritus, Harvard University. After a while Katibah's name disappeared from the letterhead, and was replaced by that of Khalil Totah as executive director. Katibah, however, remained very much on the scene.

As tension mounted in Palestine, Katibah, the extraordinary Benjamin H. Freedman⁴ (whose name was originally listed on the Institute letterhead, but was later mysteriously X'd out), and R. M. Schoendorf—in reality Mrs. Freedman—sponsored a series of advertisements under the imprint of "The League for Peace With Justice in Palestine." An apostate Jew, Freedman's political views and extreme aversion for Zionism and his own people took such violent expression that he was esteemed by America's leading Jew-baiters, ranging from the psychopathic to a more dangerous variety. Merwin K. Hart joined Freedman's camp by devoting several issues of his bi-weekly bulletin to Freedman's fulminations that "a small minority of Jews has maneuvered itself into a position where it can use almost the whole of Western Christendom as its tool"; and that "Soviet Communism will succeed in its attempt to conquer the world in direct proportion to the support which America gives to Zionism."

While Hussein was lecturing in the United States, he was represented in court proceedings by a Brooklyn attorney named Hallam Maxon Richardson. Richardson, attorney for numerous "nationalist" clients, had once written an introduc-

⁴ Freedman came into the news again in 1950, as one of the masterminds behind the abortive attempt to prove that Anna M. Rosenberg, chosen by Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall as U. S. manpower chief, was a Communist. Freedman later withdrew the fantastic charge.

(46) INTL

WJLLN

1947 SEP 7
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NLT AHMAD HUSSEIN

CAIRO (EGYPT) (VIA WUCABLES)

DEAREST BROTHER LETTER RECEIVED ATTENDING EVERYTHING REQUESTED VERY
BUSY UNITED NATIONS SITUATION WRITING FULLY THIS WEEK EXTEND HIS
EMINENCE WISHES FOR CONTINUED VISION COURAGE STRENGTH STRUGGLE BEHALF
JUSTICE HIS PEOPLE GIVING HERE FULLEST COOPERATION FAMILY SENDS LOVE
TO YOU ALL

BEN FREEDMAN

300P

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SCH4 0975 P SCHOENDORF 300 CENTRAL PARK WEST NY 10027 R225

FROM FREEDMAN TO HUSSEIN

Cablegram sent by Benjamin Freedman to "Brother" Ahmed Hussein (the Arab agent who claimed that he came to our country with the Mufti's approval) in which Freedman pledges "His Eminence"—the Mufti—his "fullest cooperation."

The cable came to light during a court proceeding in which Hussein, as complaining witness, represented by Hallam Richardson, unsuccessfully sought to institute a prosecution for criminal libel against the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League of New York.

tion to a book by Joseph E. McWilliams, speaker at Bund meetings and fuehrer of the pro-Nazi Christian Mobilizers.⁵ Hussein addressed a meeting for which invitations were sent by a Yorkville hate-monger who had been sentenced to the workhouse for participating in a meeting "tending towards a breach of the peace." Another speaker was Ernest F. Elmhurst, a veteran hand at the Nazi hate game, once indicted for subversive activities.⁶ Thus, before leaving our hospitable shores, Hussein made his bow to some of our more distinguished citizens.

Shortly before he departed Hussein staged a banquet at the Hotel Commodore in New York. Katibah was toastmaster. Freedman was a speaker.⁷ Richardson sat across the table from a friend of mine who later filed a detailed report of the proceedings. Hart was absent, but in the assortment of bigots and others was a surprising guest—Faris Bey el Khouri, leader of the Syrian delegation to the United Nations. The gathering was also honored by the presence of none other than the Mufti's political cohort, Azzam Pasha, to whom Captain Gordon-Canning referred me as his friend. Azzam Pasha praised Hussein as "a great leader, one who speaks from the heart." He added that he was delighted to have met "real Americans, the Americans in this room tonight." A weird note was struck by the presence of a tipsy American Army colonel.

⁵ In 1943 McWilliams, with 29 others, was charged with conspiracy "to establish and aid in the establishment of national socialist or fascist forms of government in place of the forms of government then existing in the United States," and of carrying on "the objectives of said Nazi Party in the United States" by means of "a systematic campaign of propaganda designed and intended to undermine the loyalty and morale of the military and naval forces. . . ."

⁶ Elmhurst was a defendant in the same trial with McWilliams. After a mistrial occasioned by the death of the judge, the indictment was dismissed.

⁷ Freedman, represented by Richardson, testified at a court hearing in which a criminal libel complaint was sought against the Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, that he had paid half the bill for the banquet. He also testified that he had spent more than \$100,000 "of my own money" for pro-Arab advertisements and other propaganda.

Loudly, so that even Azzam Pasha heard, the colonel, gnawing on a cigar, growled repeatedly: "When we gonna hear some real Americans?"

Armed with these facts as to Hussein's background, one morning I went to the headquarters of the Green Shirts to see the Arab fuehrer, prepared to claim the friendship of those Americans he had met, even though they and I could not be farther apart.

GREEN SHIRTS AND RED FEZZES

"Our God is the strongest. We are not afraid to die. The Jews are cowards because they want to live. The Arabs would rather lose ten men than one gun. The Jews are the opposite. They want to save their lives and lose their guns. That is one difference between us."

Moustafa, Holy Warrior

THE headquarters of the Green Shirts—more formally known as Misr el Fattat, the Young Egypt Party—was a two-storied building in the heart of Cairo, with a balcony flanked by Greek columns and Arabic grillwork. Passing a high iron fence decorated with the crescent of Islam, I entered a courtyard. Twin winding stairways led inside. I found Ahmed Hussein in his office.

He was a short, volatile, clean-cut man of about thirty-eight, with a round face and a thick brown mustache. He wore his tarboosh at a jaunty angle. His features were distinctly Semitic and light-complexioned. I introduced myself, told him I was a journalist, and explained my mission: "I want to study Arab life first-hand." Only Allah could forgive me for the fib I added: "I bring you greetings from Katibah and Freedman. They ask after your health."

Hussein's eyes lighted up. "Ahh, my brothers in America. How is Richardson?" And he went on to tell how he had sued

the New York Post for libel, and lost. "The Jews have all the power," he added. "It is the same in Egypt. When you see Richardson tell him that he has a place in my heart, always." Hussein's English was almost perfect.

He ordered demi-tasse, then leaned back and studied me. "May I see your passport?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course." I congratulated myself on having decided not to assume an undercover name. Truth would be my best defense and confound my enemies. My only fear was that Hussein might discover that I was also Carlson—he could easily ascertain this by writing to his New York friends—and learn that I was not only opposed to anti-Semitism, but had also exposed some of the Arab propaganda flooding our country in *The Plotters*. It would mean the end of my work—and perhaps even of me—for Hussein had powerful contacts in the government and the police of Cairo, not to mention a dangerous gestapo of his own.

"Whom else do you know in New York?" he asked, continuing to hold my passport.

At this moment the door opened, and four police stalked in. I nearly upset my coffee as I rose to my feet with Hussein. Two of the troupe wore the black wool uniforms I had come to detest; the others were in plain clothes, dressed as nattily as our own FBI. Had they managed to trace me here? Had Hussein already been warned by cables from Katibah or Freedman?

Hussein set me at ease. "An hour before you arrived a bomb exploded in front of the building," he explained. "The police have come to investigate."

He ordered another round of coffee: good, strong, jet-black, bracing stuff, doubly welcome at that moment. The bomb, a small one, had gone off in the street. Damage was light. Hussein suspected the Ikhwan el Muslimin, the Moslem Brotherhood, a powerful terrorist group whose headquarters were only a block away. The police jotted down testimony, made a pretense at looking about the building, and went away.

Hussein and I were again alone. It seemed to me that the suspicion evident earlier had now died down. As we talked casually of our mutual impressions of Egypt and the United States, I could see that Hussein burned with a passion he could scarcely control. He was violently anti-British: "England is a senile criminal, a dirty country that pretends to be Egypt's friend. England is a bloodsucker that could not be decent even if she tried," Hussein declared. His voice rose to an oratorical fervor: "The slogan of Misr el Fattat is 'Glory to Egypt!' Egypt is the mother of ideas. For four thousand years we have given birth to ideas. We want to make Egypt a nation at the top of all the nations of the earth! I want to see Egypt greater than America, Britain, and Russia!"

I asked him why the Arabs were so deeply religious.

"Our religion is a simple one. It needs no interpreters. We believe in Allah, Master of the world, who holds in his hand the destiny of all people, and of everything. Every piece of paper fluttering in the wind is destined to fall at an appointed spot. Your visit was pre-destined. You came here because Allah led your steps here. What you Americans call fatalism is the very thing that makes us strong. We do not think for ourselves, but place our fate in the hands of Allah. We go through fire, and face a bullet without fear because we know that Allah wills our destiny. We are not afraid of the future. We live today, or die tomorrow. We eat, or not. It is all in the hands of Allah. Our mind, our body, our soul, our life, everything we are and hope to be, belongs to the Master. We are creatures of His will, and have no will of our own over our daily actions, or over our destiny. This is what our religion and our Prophet teach us!"

I nodded sympathetically. Hussein looked at me for a moment, then got up and locked the door. "I am glad to talk to you. I must thank my American brothers for sending you. Now an Arab," he resumed, "is affected more by his feelings than by reason. He is easy to get along with if you understand him. He is ugly if you cross him. The Jews have crossed us—

الاثنين ١٠ جمادى الثانية سنة ١٣٧٧ - ١٩ أبريل سنة ١٩٤٨

لتسكن صبيحتنا

الموت للصهيونيين في كل مكان جزءاً وفاقاً لهذه الوحشية والبربرية...

سيسئل لدفع الشر الا بالقوة والتحدى . وصهيونيو مصر والبلاد العربية يجب ان يدفعوا ثمن جرائم اخوانهم في فلسطين . هل ارفع صوت صهيوني في مصر يعلن استنكاره واشتمتازه من هذه المذبحة الشائنة هل ارتفعت فرانسهم على الاقل من

بمصر

احمد حسين

او الهيئات الدولية . . . فلماذا ناشدتم الله . . . لماذا حيل بيني

والمسلمين وانقضى اليهود على قرية دير يسن فديجوا نساءها واطفالها وهم يهاجمون الان بالطائرات والصفحات والدافع الثقيلة . وفي خلال ذلك لازال الغربيون المجرمون يجمعون من جديد للمناقشة والمداولة في حق

تسكن صبيحتنا الموت للصهيونيين ، في كل مكان لافي فلسطين بل في مصر وفي سوريا وفي العراق وشرق الاردن وكل قطر عربي فهدى ابي الصهيونيين الا ان يخرجوا من دائرة البشرية وتحولوا الى حيوانات مفترسة قذرة لم يهد لها البشر من قبل

Article by Ahmed Hussein in the April 19, 1948, issue of Misr el Fattat, official Green Shirt publication, headlined: "Let our motto be—Death for the Zionists everywhere as just retribution for their barbarism. . . ."

and by the will of Allah that is a blessing in disguise. The Jews have brought the Arabs together. We are united. The world will respect us when we show our power. After we liberate the Arab world from the English and the Jew, we'll liberate the whole Moslem world from imperialism." His large brown eyes on fire, Hussein seemed to derive orgiastic pleasure from these visions. "Then we will have peace. The fire of unity burns in us. A peasant may not be ready to fight tomorrow, but he is ready to be killed today. Peasants used to mutilate themselves to avoid military duty. Now they volunteer. They are mad with the joy to die for Allah. As for the Zionist Jew . . ." Hussein picked up an issue of *Misr el Fatat*, the publication of the Green Shirts, and interpreted to me as he read:

LET OUR MOTTO BE:

DEATH FOR THE ZIONISTS EVERYWHERE

AS JUST RETRIBUTION FOR THEIR BARBARISM

The Zionists are behaving like wild filthy beasts and they must therefore be treated as such. . . . Are we to be slaughtered like sheep by the Zionists and do nothing? We must cut their throats as they cut ours. It is our duty to slaughter the Zionists in Egypt as just retribution for Zionist atrocities in Palestine. We must burn their homes and their shops and then hold them as hostages and kill ten Zionists every time an Arab child or woman in Palestine is murdered by the Zionist beast.

I was back the next day—with my camera. As I waited to see Hussein, one of his aides listed for me the basic Green Shirt principles: "Talk only Arabic. . . . Buy your goods from an Egyptian. . . . Wear clothes made in Egypt. . . . Eat Egyptian food. . . ." At this moment Hussein sent word that he wanted to see me, and I was ushered hastily into his office. Half a dozen others were there. I was asked to sit down. They stared openly at me, talked among themselves, and then to Hussein. He replied heatedly, and turned to me.

"Some of our members think you are a Jew. Others think you were sent here as a spy. I have told them that you come from our brothers in America. You do not know Arabic: a good spy would know Arabic. I have also told them that you are not an American, but an Armenian. As for me, I say you are not a spy."

"Please tell your friends," I said, "that I am honored to have your hospitality, but if you do not wish to grant it further, I shall take my leave in peace, and wish you well. I am in Egypt to study your way of life, and to write about it. If I see good I shall write good things. Instead of spending my time at night-clubs, with women, with English propagandists, I have come to you for my education." This was the truth. "I do not seek your secrets. For my part, my life is as open to you as it is to Allah."

Hussein interpreted my remarks, then turning to me, said:

"You are the first American who has tried to understand us by coming to live among us. You are welcome. We think you must have Moslem blood. You do not smoke or drink, or eat pork. You think like an Arab, you are beginning to look like an Arab, and you already talk like one of us."

After this I was treated with a certain deference.

Hussein eyed my camera. "We would like you to take our pictures," he said.

This was what I had hoped for. I took a shot of Hussein with a group of his associates, and then we went outside, where I photographed him seated proudly at the wheel of his green Ford. One of the men introduced to me as Hassan Sobhy, an officer of Misr el Fattat, took me aside. "I am an important man around here," he said. "Take a big picture of me." I did so.

Later, back in the headquarters, while I was talking to Sobhy, he interrupted the conversation to spread a newspaper on the floor and go through the scries of knee-bending afternoon prayers. A faithful Moslem is required to pray five times a day—the first prayer before sunrise, or if that is not possible,

at least early in the morning, followed by prayers in early afternoon, late afternoon, at sundown, and again an hour after sunset, in each instance accompanied by appropriate obeisances, or rak'aa.

The pictures I took turned out well, and eventually I photographed nearly every Green Shirt of importance. As I walked in and out of headquarters, almost daily, I was trusted more and more. I discovered the Green Shirts had adequate finances—from political leaders, sheikhs, and others. A wealthy Cairo landowner had sponsored Hussein's trip to the United States. The Green Shirts were largely financed by Jew-hating individuals and organizations formed to combat Zionism and the formation of the new Jewish state. According to the April 19, 1948 issue of *Misr el Fattat*, former Prime Minister All Maher Pasha, who was interned during the war for "reasons relating to the safety and security of the State," contributed £200.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY WITH THE GREEN SHIRTS

A FEW days later, without explanation, Hussein said: "Be sure you are with us tomorrow. Bring your camera."

Tomorrow was St. Patrick's Day and kismet had willed that just that day I was to witness a Green Shirt parade through Cairo's streets the like of which no Irishman ever dreamed. Early the next afternoon we drove off in Hussein's Ford, across one of the bridges spanning the languid Nile, to a large open field. Youths in the Green Shirt "Boy Scout" uniforms were already lined up with banners and trumpets, waiting for their fuehrer. Two plainclothesmen who suddenly appeared at my elbow began to glare at me. I appealed to Hussein.

"Do not worry, I will explain that you are our official photographer," he said. "They will be with you all afternoon." To be sure I would have no trouble, he produced a green beret carrying the *Misr el Fattat* insigne, and I wore it.

A dust cloud became visible in the distance. A welcoming shout went up. It turned out to be a column of soldiers, marching with their banners in the wind—a contingent of about two hundred volunteers bound for Palestine under Misr el Fattat auspices. They were dressed in war-surplus khaki and the Arab headpiece—consisting of the flowing white shawl, khaffiya, held down around the temples by twin black cords. Their faces were bronzed by the Nile sun, their hands bony from toil. They were fellaheen—those lowest in the social scale, usually tenant-slave farmers or unskilled workers. They joined the Green Shirt columns, and together marched past a guard of honor of Green Shirt officials. I began to photograph the scene with one policeman behind me, the other at my side. Suddenly, as the massed banners and flags passed by, a dozen Green Shirt arms shot out in the old-fashioned Fascist salute. To snap or not to snap! What would the police say? Nervously, I took two photographs of the saluting soldiers. Nothing happened.

As the contingents marched toward the Nile, I jumped into Hussein's car with Sheikh Mahmoud Abou el Azaayim, a wealthy Egyptian who was financing the volunteers. We drove ahead to Hussein's home on the other side of the bridge. His apartment commanded a magnificent view of the Nile, and the famous Pyramids of Giza in the distance.

"Take a picture of my daughters," Hussein said. "I have named them Faith and Liberty." Hussein's wife was nowhere in evidence, faithful to the Moslem tradition that no decent woman ever shows her face to strangers. In his military dress and cap, hands on hips, jaw stuck out, Hussein on the balcony of his home imitated II Duce. Hussein had neither the girth, the stature, the jaw, nor the snarl of the Italian Fascist whom he admired and tried to emulate.

It was now the turn of Sheikh el Azaayim to pose for me. In our country, thanks to Hollywood, the word "sheikh" suggests a virile, handsome son of the desert dashing about on a full-blooded Arab charger. Undoubtedly there are some Val-

entino-like sheikhs. Nearly all I saw were quite the opposite.¹ The sheikh took his place on Hussein's balcony and stood at attention, reviewing his troops. Even in the glorious Nile sunset that transformed the whole Giza area into magic beauty, he appeared to be what he was—one of the ugliest men in Egypt.

He was a stunted man, somewhat over five feet tall, draped in a black cape reaching to his ankles. His fez was wound around with a creamy white linen fabric so that only the red top showed. His beady little eyes, embedded in a sickly, yellow-brown face, looked at me craftily. A scraggly mustache covered his upper lip, and a thin beard the nakedness of his receding chin. His lips were thick, his ears large. The little man showed his full glory when he opened his mouth, revealing a set of long, uneven, canine-shaped yellow teeth, and sending forth a variety of unpleasant odors.

But I did not underestimate the sheikh. He was wealthy, owning extensive share-cropping lands in El Minya, south of Cairo. He claimed descent (more common than our Mayflower cult) directly from Mohammed, the Prophet. His fellaheen believed that he was immortal, and therefore immune to bullets, and that his touch bestowed upon them a similar state of grace. Consequently, not only because of Egypt's social laws, but also because of his own exalted person, Sheikh el Azaayim owned his slaves body and soul. Blinded by fanaticism, believing themselves bearing charmed lives, and hopelessly untrained for war, they were now being sent by him to slaughter. He called them Followers of Truth.

"I shall lead them in battle personally," the sheikh explained to me through an Egyptian army captain who had joined us. Obviously taking no stock in his own immortality, or in that of his men, he added: "I will be with them to the end. If they fall, others will come. It has so been arranged. If

¹ Sheikh is the title given the headman of a village, or a religious authority. The title today is loosely used.

I die, after me my brother, after him my younger brother, and so on down the family line until Palestine is liberated."

As we watched from the balcony, the Followers of Truth marched across the bridge in long thin columns, their khaffiyas flowing in the wind, their banners proclaiming in huge Arabic letters: GO AND FIGHT THE JEWS . . . THE ARMY OF ALLAH GOING TO FREE PALESTINE . . . I WANT TO COME WITH YOU.

While the two fuehrers stood side by side with me, waving from the balcony, the columns marched to Misr el Fattat headquarters.

That St. Patrick's night, I witnessed the weirdest briefing session any American could hope to see. Green Shirts and Followers of Truth filled the courtyard, so that not even a crow could find a resting-place. On the iron fence was a banner, reading: THE ARMY OF MOHAMMEDAN GOD. FOR THE LIBERATION OF PALESTINE. The light from two gas-lamps eerily highlighted the bronzed features and the white headdress of these Nile warriors, as a half dozen orators waited to set off the fiery flames of a Holy War.

From eight o'clock on, for two hours, speaker after speaker mesmerized them with the most extraordinary supercharged emotional oratory I have heard in ten years of hearing the best among our worst Americans. The average Arab is highly emotional and responds quickly to the rhythm of poetry, and the passion of oratory. The Arabic language itself is highly poetic. In addition, its repetitious phrases, its changing cadence from deep guttural to sustained high-pitched tremolo, conveys a deep, earthy, angry explosiveness. The effect over a period of time is overpowering. It seemed to me the words were like savage thrusts into the night. They were like flying stilettos jabbing at my senses. I understood only a few words—Allah, Yahood, Falastine (Palestine), attl, attl (kill, kill), Mujahed (Holy Warrior), Jihad (Holy War)—but I felt the impact of every word, and the crackling thunder of every sentence as it ripped and lashed out into the night.

One speaker was a true firebrand. He was a thin wisp of a man, with a small, thin, pointed beard. His long deep-copper-colored face glowed with religious frenzy. His eyes, long-lashed and mystic, were half-shut when he spoke, the lids velvety as if touched by purple eye-shadow. He made no gestures and scarcely moved even his head. He mixed pure fire with his words, and as he spoke he swayed slightly with the fluid rhythm of his words, as a cobra sways, at times speaking in a kind of hypnotic singsong—half prayer, half chant—then suddenly, his voice as brutal as a mailed fist, he exhorted, demanded, beat with the hammer of his eloquence on the ears of his men to fight for Allah and His Prophet. His words were like the thunder of a savage symphony, piercing the listeners and the darkness beyond, awakening every ear that heard the extraordinary virulence of his extraordinary passion. . . .

As he finished, the bowels of the earth seemed to explode. The roar that came from the frenzied listeners is utterly undescribable to American ears. The least I can say is that it was like the snarling of volcanic monsters, bloodcurdling, awesome. The white-turbaned faces, roasted under the Nile sun, burned with the zealous fire of Islam; wherever I looked men stood screaming, shouting, eyes bloodshot, ready at that moment to tear out the hearts of their foe with bare hands in the name of Allah and the Holy War.

From the balcony an arm rose high, commanding silence. In the hushed moment that followed, a voice crackled: "Ahmed Hussein!"

Hussein was an intense speaker. With powerful gestures and deep emotion he rekindled the religious frenzy of his listeners.

"Death to Palestine's Jews!" he bellowed.

"Death to Palestine's Jews!" the mob roared back.

He exhorted them against British occupation of the Suez and the Sudan. The mob thundered its approval. As Hussein ended with the familiar words, Jihad, att! att! the same vibrant voice in the rear called out in Arabic:

"Hussein, our leader; Hussein, our savior; Hussein, protector of Egypt!"

Once again the monsters thundered into the night, the echoes reverberating from Cairo's moon-bathed rooftops.

The briefing was over. The Holy War was launched. The emotional crescendo on which this rally had ended found everyone perspiring, ecstatic, savage, ready to dismember any Jew, or bum his home. I could understand now how it was possible, after such meetings, for inflamed mobs to pour into Cairo's Jewish quarter, and smash and destroy Jewish shops. Hussein himself had incited a number of such riots on Friday, the Moslem Sunday, after his prayers. Cairo police with black shields and long black whips stopped such riotings—after the "patriotic" fury had spent itself.

MY MEETING WITH MOUSTAFA

LATER in the night I met Moustafa. He was to remain my friend throughout my sojourn with the Arabs, and save me from many a dangerous situation. I believe that if I were to meet Moustafa today—despite my many references to him, some uncomplimentary—he would embrace me as a friend, and not thrust a knife in me.

Moustafa wasn't much to look at, and my nose usually told me when he was near. He was a tall, well-muscled man of twenty-eight, with a deep-olive skin, a flat nose and a long upper lip covered with a bristly mustache that always looked like an untrimmed hedge. His eyes were like blazing coals, even when he was relaxed. He could become savage, as I was to witness on the Palestinian front later. The best I can say about Moustafa's sex life is that, although he was fully normal in the Western sense, he was also normal in the Arabic sense. Moustafa had the usual vices common to man and soldier. What made him unusual were the virtues of loyalty, honesty, and a kindness that he displayed unfailingly toward me.

I liked this big shaggy soldier the minute I saw him. Though his hand played tricks, it was never with my possessions. Basically his character was honest and simple, uncorrupted by the greed and venality about him. Moustafa never professed to be religious: I never saw him kneel in prayer. A one-time captain in the Egyptian army, he had been born into a farming family of small landowners. They had given him a good elementary-school education, and in addition he could read and write English—rare among Egyptians. But he was a natural-born fighter and detested farm work. When I met him he had just returned from an expedition: his next assignment—due to come within a few weeks—was to lead the Green Shirt contingents and Followers of Truth into Palestine and make guerrilla attacks on Jewish outposts.

I had planned to go later to Palestine by myself; but when I heard this news, I made a quick decision. How much better to go with Moustafa and his men! How much better to be an intimate part of the Arab guerrilla movement, than to go as the typical reporter, always the outsider and stranger. I broached the subject to Moustafa. "I will come along as your photographer," I suggested. A few days later, after we found we hit it off well together, he agreed. When he and his men would leave for Palestine, I would go with them.

"I will arrange it with Ahmed Hussein," Moustafa said.

I quizzed him on his views on Zionism.

"We are fighting because Palestine is our land and we want to die there. Even if all the world helps the Jews we know we will win because our God is the strongest. We are not afraid to die. The Jews are cowards because they want to live. The Arab would rather lose ten men than one gun. The Jews are the opposite. They want to save their lives and lose their guns. That is one difference between us. Besides, we have plenty of money," Moustafa went on. "Plenty of ammunition. Plenty of men. We even have a Tiger tank we stole from the British."

"How did you manage that?"

"We paid £500 to English soldiers who were riding in the

tank. They stopped and went into the bushes where we paid them the money. When they came out the tank was gone. Don't think we are without friends," Moustafa continued. "We have English deserters and Germans fighting with us. They make some of our bombs. We also have Czechs and Yugoslavs spying for us. They go right into Tel Aviv and tell us how things are. They are fine spies."

At Green Shirt headquarters, Moustafa introduced me to a fiery Egyptian who was training the volunteers. His name was Izzed-een Abdul Kader. He told me, Moustafa interpreting, that he had once tried to kill Nahas Pasha, now prime minister of Egypt, because Nahas opposed the Green Shirts. "They put him in jail for that," Moustafa said dolefully, while Izzed-een watched me with his little, suspicious, red-rimmed eyes. "He is willing to kill anybody who is an enemy of Misr el Fattat. He is a very strong patriot."

"Will he kill me if he thinks I'm your enemy?" I asked curiously.

Moustafa spoke to him, then turned to me and translated his reply with a smile: "If he knows you to be a Jew or a spy, he will not only kill you, but he will drink your blood."

With this comforting thought I left Misr el Fattat headquarters for a long night of note-making. I had to arrange matters so I could go along to Palestine with Moustafa and his men. There were thousands of these volunteers and adventurers from all the Arab countries, armed and financed by pashas, sheikhs, or the Arab League, trained on Egyptian army grounds by regular army officers on leave. Their role was to harass the Jew, cut off his communications, isolate settlements, strip and weaken him for the moment, now only a few weeks off, when the British would leave Palestine and the entire Arab world would declare a bloody, open season on the Jew. Then the regular Arab armies would invade Palestine and settle once and for all the impudent and fantastic Zionist dream of a Jewish state on Arab soil.

Hussein had good news for me a few days later. Delighted

with my pictures of the parade, and also those of his daughters Faith and Liberty, he insisted that I come along to a Green Shirt rally to be held at nearby Damanhur. "In 1936 the people there almost killed me because I was anti-British. Now they are begging me to come and speak to them. Come and see—and bring your camera."

A GLIMPSE OF NATIVE LIFE

WE DROVE to Damanhur, a few hours distant, and the trip was an education in itself. I saw graphic evidence of the curses that have tortured Egypt since the days of the Pharaohs—poverty, ignorance, disease, feudalism. I saw squat, sunbaked villages with bleached mud huts, with streams of sewage flowing into side canals. Swarms of half-naked children, their skin covered with running sores, raced in and out of the huts and the filth. In the fields, the fellaheen worked in back-breaking, dawn-to-dark toil for three hundred and fifty-five days of the year, with only ten days off for feast days. The mode of living, agriculture, and irrigation had changed but little in the last five thousand years. Their life expectation was less than thirty-one years.² There were seventeen million fellaheen in Egypt—surely among the most miserable human beings on earth. I saw these wretched subhuman Egyptians digging a ditch: they were scooping the earth by hand and throwing it into fiber baskets. I saw them irrigating a field: one fellah was scooping water from the canal into an earthen pot, passing it to a fellah above him, who poured it into the irrigation ditch. I saw a young woman squat along the road and pass her water: then she let her skirts fall, and resumed her walk. Men and children used the walls of their pathetic homes as public latrines. The nauseating odor of human urine and excrement

² According to the World Health Organization report of August 10, 1949.

followed us from Cairo to Damanhur and back. I saw an elderly woman walking with a heavy steel rod balanced on her head: riding ahead of her on a donkey was her husband. I saw a fellah lying in the shade, a monkey neatly picking lice from his master's head. As we drove past a train station, we saw children who had tied a scrawny dog to the tracks and were gleefully awaiting the approaching train. In a land where children are beaten and abused, affection for an animal is unheard of, and savagery is the rule of life.

As I watched this changing yet always horrifying scene, Hussein turned to me for a moment. "Well," he said. "Now you see a part of Egypt the tourist doesn't see. What do you think of all this?"

I answered honestly. "Frankly, Ahmed, I'm shocked." "Only a revolution can change it. The Young Egypt Party will do it some day," Hussein said.

"Insh'allah, my friend, Insh'allah! With God's help!" We arrived in Damanhur early in the afternoon, and proceeded to a midan, clearing, on one side of which was a mosque topped by an extraordinarily lovely minaret. It was the hour of prayer, and the muezzin was at his place on the tiny balcony. With both hands cupped behind his ears, palms to the front and forefingers up, he intoned the call to prayer in a deep drawn-out, wailing chant; "Allah akbar, Allah akbar, Allah akbar; ashadu an la ilaha illa-llah, ashadu anna Muham-medarrasulullah. . . . Hayya'alas-sala. Allah is great, Allah is great, Allah is great; testify there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet. . . . Come to prayer."

The Green Shirts were already on hand, with a small army of police. Some Green Shirts carried daggers at their belts. Others carried long heavy wooden bats. There was a horde of bootblacks, and dispensers of purple and yellow fruit drinks, serving all comers from two glasses given a token rinse now and then in a pail of water. Scores of men were milling about a huge tent, made colorful with oriental rugs draped from the poles. This was a cool, snug inclosure, festooned with

flags and lined with chairs and benches. A large crowd was already seated inside. Within half an hour the tent was packed. The audience overflowed upon the midan, with grimy, barefooted children dressed in tatters swarming about its edges.

I thought it significant that most of the crowd of about two thousand were young people, under forty. A variety of speakers, ranging from youths to seasoned rabble-rousers, harangued them. Two orators ended their speeches with the Fascist salute. Hussein, in excellent form, spoke on "The Strength of Power." After him—he was applauded and cheered to the echo—I heard the poet laureate of Misr el Fattat, a handsome man with long, flowing hair. I have never listened to poetry recited with more compelling eloquence. I could understand only a few words, of course, but I found myself almost as moved as his audience. Here was art made universal, and translation almost superfluous. Time and again he was stopped, and compelled to recite entire stanzas over and over. The audience listened enraptured, breaking in with shouts of encouragement, or ecstatically moaning: "Allah! Allah!" and "Yahya! Yahya! Live on. Live on. May your kind multiply." Later I had one of the poems translated:

I see Palestine thirsty for water.
I call to it: Come, Palestine, drink with me,
Because I have a large quantity of water.
Come Palestine, come Palestine,
And bring with you your fire—
To set me on fire. Old iron takes its strength with fire.
Pour your fire in my heart and breast.

We are as dust in air. America never cared for us,
And commanded that all the Jews in the world
Be collected and placed on our frontier as a flag of victory.
What are we going to do?
If we remain asleep, time is lost, and heaven,

Which we think makes all things, never works for a lazy man. Heaven says: Begin your work, and I continue for you!

As we drove back, I complimented Hussein on his success. "Twelve years ago they nearly killed me in Damanhur," he said triumphantly. "Twelve years from now I will come again—as the Kemal Ataturk of Egypt."

Decorum demanded that I say again: "Insh'allah, Insh'-allah."

THE MOSLEM (BLACK) BROTHERHOOD

"Ours is the highest ideal, the holiest cause and the purest way. Those who criticize us have fed from the tables of Europe. They want to live as Europe has taught them—to dance, to drink, to revel, to mix the sexes openly and in public."

Sheikh Hassan el Banna
Supreme Guide, Moslem Brotherhood

A FEW days later Moustafa looked at me and said: "Artour, when you first came we thought you were a spy because you looked like an American. Now I gaze at your face. I find it is as dark as ours. You have a mustache. You dress like us. You eat with us. You are one of us, Artour. I can now call you akhi, brother." With this Moustafa placed his hand on my shoulder affectionately. I had "arrived."

It delighted me to know this, for it meant I had taken on sufficient Arab coloration to attempt getting inside the Ikhwan el Muslimin—the Moslem (often called the Black) Brotherhood¹—the ultra-fanatically religious Moslem group, which even the Green Shirts feared, and which they suspected had placed the bomb that exploded in front of their headquarters the day I first called on Hussein. The Moslem Brotherhood was, in fact, far larger, far more powerful, and far more deadly

¹The American organization called "The Moslem Brotherhood of the U.S.A." has no connection with the Ikhwan el Muslimin. My references are to the Egyptian organization only.

than the Green Shirts. Most of its members wore beards, because Mohammed had worn one, and the day after Moustafa spoke to me I began to raise a beard in preparation for my adventure in fanaticism.

The next week Hussein glared at me angrily when I came to see him.

"Shave off your beard!" he snapped. "The political police will think you are trying to change your appearance. Besides, you are beginning to look like a member of the Ikhwan." The Ikhwan, he said, was a curse upon Egypt. "They are dangerous. They always look backward. We look forward. Egypt will never progress by looking back over its shoulder and trying to live in yesterday's world." And he added: "I tell you, shave it off now if you want to remain with us."

Ma'alesh! No matter! I shaved off the beard.

Hussein had nothing but hatred for Sheikh Hassan el Banna, the Moorshid, or Supreme Guide of the Ikhwan. Hussein spoke of him as the Rasputin of Egypt. They charged him with accepting money from the British as well as the Communists. They ascribed to him many immoralities, sexual and otherwise, as well as violence and intrigues without number. And the Ikhwan had no love for the Green Shirts.

To me this made the challenge all the more intriguing. I went ahead with undercover plans to gain the confidence of the Ikhwan. This meant keeping the left hand from knowing what the right was doing, for Ikhwan headquarters were only a short block away. If I were seen there by Hussein's scouts, I'd be charged with consorting with the enemy. If Ikhwan prowlers saw me at Green Shirt headquarters, they would suspect me of collaborating with Hussein, whom they considered a pro-Western quisling because of his visits to Europe and the United States. The Ikhwan had its own smear methods. A critic or opponent was not called a "Communist" or a "Jew"; he was damned as a "European who has eaten the crumbs from the tables of Europe."

I had heard that El Banna had a large following among the

students of Fouad University. This gave me an idea. Might not Gamal be a member—Gamal, one of the two bearded students who had followed me the second time I had been arrested for taking pictures? I had put his address aside with little thought that it would ever be useful.

I called upon him in one of the native residential sections of the city, and he greeted me warmly and ceremoniously. "Ahhh, welcome, American friend who loves the Arab cause," he intoned. "Allah yaateek el-afiah. Mit ahlan wa sahlan. May God grant you good health. Welcome a hundred times."

"Moutta shakker. Allah yebarek feek. Thank you. May God bless you," I said, using the Arab phrases Moustafa had been teaching me. "I have come to ask your help to meet Sheikh Hassan el Banna, who I have heard is a great and noble man. I wish to bring the Moorshid the greetings of Americans who are one with the Arab cause."

My hunch was right. Gamal was a member of the Ikhwan. He would be happy, he said, to arrange matters. Would I meet him the following night at nine p.m. at Ikhwan headquarters? This seemed perfect, for Green Shirt scouts would be less likely to see me going there at night.

The next evening a taxi brought me noisily to a large two-story white house, its ornate Moorish architecture etched in the moonlight. There was a guardhouse at the corner. A high iron fence surrounded the building. All about were dark, bearded figures in gallabiyas and others in the garb of El Azhar (Moslem Theological Seminary) students. Two uniformed policemen with rifles stood at the entrance. The dim light from a corner street-lamp made the square and the figures lurking in the shadows an eerie and conspiratorial scene. Apparently they were waiting for someone. I wondered if they were waiting for me.

I approached the entrance slowly, with a little uneasiness at the pit of my stomach, trying to sense intuitively what my eyes could not see. Then I stopped, and waited. One of the policemen strolled over to me. For a moment it seemed as if

dark, mysterious figures were closing in on all sides. I called out sharply in a loud voice: "Gamal houna? Where is Gamal?" At the mention of Gamal's name, the crowd seemed to melt away; two men came up to me, ceremoniously led me into a courtyard, then up a flight of stairs to a room on the second floor. There Gamal waited, with half a dozen other youths, all bearded like himself.

He shook hands cordially.

"You have made us happy tonight by your visit," he said, and introduced me to the others. They were all fellow students at Fouad University. Then he ordered coffee.

"We know another American. He has written us," one of the Arabs said.

"Maybe I know him," I remarked. "What's his name?"

The student produced a letter addressed to "Shawa Pasha" of the Moslem Brotherhood, and signed by William T. Frary of Boston. Beginning "In the name of Allah, the Merciful," Frary went on to offer his public-relations services to the Ikhwan.²

² William T. Frary, 42, was adopted by a woman twice his age, the Baroness Adelheid Maria von Blomberg, "daughter of Baron Hugo von Blomberg, poet and painter of renown," according to Frary. Frary-von Blomberg achieved some notoriety in 1942 while addressing the Hempstead, Long Island, Rotary Club, when he asserted that "Nazi troops are well disciplined and are incapable of committing atrocities." This and other remarks were construed as pro-Nazi and aroused Rotary members to protest his talk as "German propaganda."

In a publicity release prepared by himself, the former Boston press agent touted himself as a "business executive" and "international relations counsel." He claimed to have been public-relations counsel to the National Restaurant Association, the National Fisheries Association, and the Armenian National Committee, a defunct adjunct of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

He stated he had been "sent on a special mission to the Vatican, Germany, and London; accompanied Balkan Investigation Committee in Greece"; visited "Arabia as guest of the Saudi-Arabian Government and Aramco . . . appointed spokesman for twelve million German expellees, honorary member Polish Home Army, US delegate for Society for Defense of Christianity." He claimed to have "conferred" with the Duke of Windsor, General Franco, General de Gaulle, Chancellor Figl of Austria, and Marshal Mannerheim of Finland.

"He was here; he knows the Arab subject very well," the Arab said.

I was ruminating on what a small world this was after all, when I was asked if I knew "Sheikh Lutz." The name was strangely familiar.

"I once met an American in California who became a Moslem," I said. "Could it be . . ."

"The very same. His name was Lutz. We gave him a Moslem name—Sheikh Abdur Rahman Lutz. He is a Moslem Brother."³

I had met Edward Abdur Rahman Lutz in San Francisco. He was a burly man with an innocent face, a former Sunday-school teacher in a Congregational church. He had become impressed with "the compassion, the charity of the true Moslem," while working with an oil company in Saudi Arabia, and became a convert to Mohammedanism. He hoped to found a mosque in Sacramento. In the name of "God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," he was also out to collect ten million dollars to establish an Islamic university; he told me he also made suggestions to various Arab embassies to improve their public relations.

By the time I was ready to leave the students I had made such progress that it was agreed that I should have the privilege of meeting the Moorshid himself the next day. Gamal meanwhile explained that the Ikhwan had 350,000 members and 1,500 branches in Egypt alone. He estimated there were an additional 150,000 members outside Egypt.

"We believe only in the teachings and the ways of the Koran," Gamal explained. "All truth is in the Koran. We believe the Arab nations have failed to win their independence because they have fallen from the teachings of the Koran. All that is modern goes against the Koran and is therefore dangerous to Egypt."

The next day, although I showed up at the appointed time,

³ It must not be assumed that Lutz necessarily shared the political views or condoned the terrorist practices of the Ikhwan.

neither Gamal nor El Banna appeared. I was disappointed, but was not too put out, for most Arabs are rather careless about keeping appointments. It's not unusual for them to be an hour or two late. Fortunately, I found one of the English-speaking students whom I had met the night before.

"Assalamu aleikum," he said. "Peace be upon you."
"Wa aleikum salam," I answered. "And upon you peace."
I made myself at home in a large reception room in order to study the faces about me. It was an interesting if not entirely comforting sight. I was surrounded by what were undoubtedly some of Egypt's most vicious thugs, who were studying me with as much grim interest as I was them. Here were zealots of every description—ultra-nationalist, ultra-religionist, ultra-fanatic Moslems who had vowed to make every day a day of Jihad against nonbelievers. From every Arab country, from North Africa to Pakistan, they were flowing into the Cairo headquarters: Arab trigger-men carrying daggers and pistols; men from the Sudan with their cheeks slashed; fighters from the Sinai desert; recruiters from Palestine; gun-runners; spies; lice-ridden Bedouins from everywhere. Greasy, bearded men with diseased eyes and mutilated faces, crude and barbaric, all sat sullenly, sizing up the Amrikani. The fires of fanaticism had consumed them deeply, and the flames had burned out all warmth and humanity from their faces. They said nothing—only sat there in sullen silence in my presence. The most antifoign, murderous crew in Egypt, to whom nothing counted but the Koran, the sword of Islam, and the dictates of their Moorshid. Compared to these, Hussein's Green Shirt legions were cherubic angels.

"MY MEN WILL TEACH YOU TO KILL"

SEATED next to me was a fiercely mustachioed giant of a man, with a face bronzed by the desert sun, his eyes fearless

and hawklike. I could tell by his gray turban and flowing, gray-black burnous that he was a Bedouin from the desert, and at the same time a sheikh of El Azhar. I had caught a glimpse of him the previous night. Now he was whiling away his time by toying with the sibha, a string of large oval amber beads, used by the Arabs to count their prayers and also to work off nervous energy. Fascinated, I watched his enormous hands, capable of choking a throat as easily as crushing an egg, as he endlessly slipped bead after bead through his fingers. He put away the beads and dug his hand deep into the folds of a pocket inside the voluminous burnous. It emerged with a handful of heavy-caliber bullets. His other hand dipped, and came out clutching a Belgian automatic. He placed this in his lap and patted it fondly.

"Allah! I paid £20 for this, and I won't have my money's worth until I have killed twenty Jews. One pound, one Jew."

This pleasant observation was translated for me by another neighbor, a police lieutenant who had replaced my student friend. I suspected he had taken a seat near me to watch me more closely, and I played my hand accordingly.

"How many have you killed so far?" I asked the Bedouin.

"With my rifle, four. With the knife, two." He held up his fingers each time. "That is not enough in the sight of Allah. I have come to Cairo to buy heavy arms. With these we shall have a blood feast." He apparently took a fancy to me. "You are the first American I have liked," he said. "You do not display Western manners. You do not have superior ways. I feel toward you as a brother. You talk like an Arab. Allah, you look like an Arab. I want you to visit me in the Negev," he said quite suddenly. He was evidently in earnest, because he gave me his name, which I carefully copied down—Sheikh Younis Hussein Mohammed—and detailed instructions for reaching his desert stronghold, near Falouja, above the Palestine-Egyptian border. Leaning over, he asked what kind of gun I carried.

"I shoot only with my cameras," I said. "I need no guns."

"You are a brave American, but not a wise one," Sheikh

أسبوع

فلسطين

واحدة ٤٢ مليوناً من الجنهات
بمؤتمر شيكاغو . . .

ولا يدخل الذهب الا ذهب من

فج—ودوا—تس—ودوا

مصطفى رؤس

سكرتير العمارة لجمعية وادي النيل العليا لأفاد فلسطين

منه ١ الى ٧ مارس سنة ١٩٤٨

ان كل قرش تدفعه سيذهب

ليقاتل في فلسطين

ولقد جمع الصهيونيون في ليلة

Poster, ripped by the author at night from a Cairo wall, exhorts the faithful: "Palestine Week: March 1-7, 1948! Every piastre you pay goes to fight in Palestine. . . . [Jewish] Gold can only be fought with gold. . . . Be generous and you will dominate and rule."

Mohammed said. "Visit me, and my men will teach you to kill."

"You will be afraid to go," the police lieutenant put in. "You will have fear of the Jews."

"I have no fears," I said. "I have faith, just as you have faith in Allah. With Allah at my side I have passed many dangers. Soon I shall leave with many volunteer fighters for the Jihad in Palestine. I shall stay until all Palestine is liberated from the Zionist Jews."

"Those are beautiful words," the sheikh said, after they had been translated loudly not only to him but to the entire grim audience about me.

"I fear but one thing," I went on, pressing my advantage, "to do evil against my fellow man—to steal, to lie, to cheat. These I will not do, for I believe them to be sinful in the sight of Allah, and an invitation for just retribution upon my head. To do good to my brother and expose the evil in man—those are my missions in life."

"Those are the very words of the Koran." The lieutenant looked at me entranced. My effusions were duly translated, to the grunting satisfaction of those present, as indicated by repeated murmurs of "Allah! Allah!" I had told the lieutenant I was a writer of books. He asked me what kind of books.

"Political books against the Jew," I said. This also he hastened to translate.

"I shall be honored to have a copy," he said. "I am a very deep Moslem. I believe very deeply in the Koran."

"I shall send you a copy of my next book," I said. "I will write of the virile qualities of the Arab, the justness of his cause, his manliness in battle." I did not hesitate to be lavish: this was no time or place to be subtle.

"Hallet el-baraka. Hallet el-baraka! the police lieutenant said over and over. "What a blessing from Allah. The blessing has truly descended!"

"El-baraka aleikum," I responded, raising my eyes to heaven. "The blessing be on you." I was learning Arab ways.

I decided to leave on this pleasant note, lest I overplay my hand. As I stood up, half the room rose in respect to the American who looked, talked, and thought like an Arab. Solemnly I shook hands with my new-found friends, the lieutenant and the sheikh, and renewed my pledge to visit the latter in the desert. The lieutenant gave me his address and telephone number and vowed to get me out of any trouble I might find myself in.

As I kept visiting Ikhwan headquarters, it became increasingly difficult to enter the building inconspicuously, and my fear grew of detection by the Green Shirts, only a block away. I made it a point to keep away from Ahmed Hussein and the members (though I telephoned frequently) until I had finished my investigations of the Ikhwan.

My fame spread to such an extent that on succeeding days I was allowed to use my camera and to speak freely to anyone I wished at Ikhwan headquarters—privileges surely never before accorded to a non-Moslem. I walked in and out of the building, picking up items of information and piecing them together. I had not yet met the Moorshid. But I met other memorable characters. Among them was a thug who said gloatingly to me, pointing to a new automatic he had just bought: "This is for the Jew in battle. But this,"—pointing to a dagger—"is for the Jew in Cairo."

Another was Mahmoud Bey Labib, chief recruiting officer and trainer of Ikhwan volunteer fighters, who had lived in Germany for a while. Labib Bey was disappointed that I did not speak German fluently. He knew English, but had taken an oath not to speak it "until the last Englishman has left Egyptian soil," he told me through an interpreter. "I am against everything British, and that includes their cursed tongue. If I say one word in English by mistake, I must wash my mouth till every trace disappears."

Labib Bey was square-faced, surly, and apparently angry at the world as well as himself. He always appeared in a trench coat and carried leather gloves, after the fashion of the Nazi

bully-boys in Germany. "Everything in Germany was fine before they were defeated—and it took the whole world to defeat them. Everything the Nazis made was good, like that camera you have." He added: "Our boys believe that by fighting the Jew they will make a place for themselves in paradise. We will not leave Palestine until the last Zionist Jew is silenced."

Like the Green Shirts, the Moslem Brotherhood also had its volunteer fighters. Labib Bey told me there were at least twenty thousand. Ikhwan el Muslimin, the Brotherhood newspaper, described how one Palestine-bound contingent had fared:

Last Sunday was one of Allah's days in Port Said, for at one o'clock in the morning there arrived the Cairo train filled with people going to fight in the Holy War of Palestine. These faithful believers jumped on to the platform in Port Said, each carrying his own belongings, and marched in line to the Moslem Brothers' House as compact as the stones of a building. They were enthusiastically and energetically prepared to go on their way to the field of action and to fight for Allah. It was lovely to hear them singing: "Struggle is our way, and to die for Allah our highest ideal,"

There was even a women's unit of the Ikhwan—a rare phenomenon in a country where women are relegated mainly to the kitchen and the fields. The Moorshid addressed them through a screen. Merchants were compelled to contribute to the Brotherhoods, often on the threat of reprisals, and there seemed to be no stratum of Cairo life that was not intimidated by them. I gained an inkling of the respect in which the Ikhwan was held one afternoon when my cab driver made a turn against traffic, and was roundly bawled out by a policeman. My driver broke into the rushing torrent of words long enough to utter a short sentence. The policeman shut up so quickly he almost bit his tongue. He made what appeared to

be an apology, saluted me respectfully, and cleared traffic for us. We sped on.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"I told him you were an important official I was taking to the Ikhwan."

Sheikh Hassan el Banna had powerful contacts in the government. He received support from the Arab League, from wealthy pashas and landowners who opposed Westernization because it would bring with it the end of child labor, the possible awakening of the fellaheen, and the possible revolt of workers who received wages as low as twenty cents a day. To workers El Banna preached the urgency of getting "back to the Koran," which, he pointed out carefully, made no provision for labor unions.

Several times a week hundreds of students from Fouad University and El Azhar would gather in the courtyard, and in study groups inside the building, to be harangued by the Moorshid himself, or by sheikhs sent specially by the Mufti. They preached the doctrine of the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other. It became clear to me why the average Egyptian worshipped the use of force. Tenor was synonymous with power! This was one reason why most Egyptians, regardless of class or calling, had admired Nazi Germany. It helped explain the sensational growth of the Ikhwan el Muslimin. Beyond Egypt, El Banna envisaged the union of all Moslem countries into a gigantic Islamic power, with himself as caliph—both political and religious leader—of the Moslem world. The newspaper Ikhwan el Muslimin put it this way:

No justice will be dealt and no peace maintained on earth until the rule of the Koran and the bloc of Islam are established. Moslem unity must be established. Indonesia, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Trans-Jordan, Palestine, Saudi-Arabia, Yemen, Egypt, Sudan, Tripoli, Tunis,

Algeria and Morocco all form one bloc, the Moslem bloc, which God has promised to grant victory, saying: "We shall grant victory unto the faithful." But this is impossible to reach other than through the way of Islam.

Those who charged that el Banna was also subsidized by the British Middle East Office in Cairo declared that it was British strategy to keep Egypt divided by political and religious strife: Egyptian anti-British feeling would then be lost in the growing domestic hubbub. At the same time, these domestic disturbances would justify keeping British troops in Egypt in order to prevent possible revolution.

The Moorshid maintained espionage squads everywhere. He also had a special assassin squad, entrusted with the duty of liquidating political opponents. El Banna resented a verdict that Judge Ahmed el Khazindar Bey meted out against a Moslem Brother, and ordered him liquidated. One of the Moorshid's henchmen took care of this assignment, aided by an assistant who pumped six bullets into the judge.

Under public pressure Cairo's police chief staged a few raids and made a few arrests. El Banna was annoyed. He ordered his terror squad to "teach the police chief a lesson." The latter was promptly killed by a hand grenade while on a tour of inspection of Fouad University. When the president of Fouad complained, he was denounced as a "European," publicly insulted, and narrowly missed being shot.

El Banna played for high stakes. Not content with liquidating a judge and a police chief, he ordered Abdel Maguid Ahmed Hassan, a twenty-three year old student and a member of his terror squad, to carry out his duty to Allah. A religious sheikh told Hassan that the Koran sanctioned the murder of the "enemies of Islam and of Arabism," whereupon Hassan dutifully swore to kill any traitor the Moorshid named. Hassan retired and spent his days in meditation, prayer, and preparation. On the tenth day after his oath he donned a policeman's uniform and went to the Ministry of Interior,

where he waited for the Egyptian prime minister, Mahmoud Fahmy el Nokrashy Pasha, to emerge. As soon as Nokrashy Pasha appeared, followed by his bodyguard, Abdel whipped out a pistol and shot the minister dead, his duty to the Moorshid and to Allah fulfilled, his place in heaven assured.

I MEET THE MOORSHID

ALL that I had learned about Hassan el Banna and the unquestioned loyalty he inspired in his cutthroats only whetted my desire to meet him. It proved more difficult than I expected, because of his deep hatred of "Europeans." Finally one day, accompanied by my friend Gamal, I walked into Ikhwan headquarters for my audience with the Supreme Guide.

He approached us—a short, squat ratty-faced man with puffed cheeks and fleshy nose. He was dressed in European clothes—a black pinpoint double-breasted suit—and wore an extra tall tarboosh, which gave him the illusion of added height. His thin beard, running from ear to ear, crawled up, then down his upper lip like an ugly black hirsute vine. His manner was mousy and furtive. His eyes, beadlike and deep-set, were like two dark slits across his face. We sat in the shade, under the shield showing the Koran above a pair of crossed swords.

The Moorshid spoke with a pious look on his face, his head bent slightly to the right, hands folded meekly in his lap. I disliked him instantly and thoroughly. He was the most loathsome man I had yet met in Cairo. Gamal sat next to us and faithfully interpreted.

"The Koran should be Egypt's constitution, for there is no law higher than Koranic law," the Moorshid began. "We seek to fulfill the lofty, human message of Islam which has brought happiness and fulfillment to mankind in centuries past. Ours is the highest ideal, the holiest cause and the purest way.

Those who criticize us have fed from the tables of Europe. They want to live as Europe has taught them—to dance, to drink, to revel, to mix the sexes openly and in public."

I asked his views on establishing the Caliphate, the complete merger of Church and State—the Moslem equivalent of religious totalitarianism, as in Spain.

"We want an Arabian United States with a Caliphate at its head and every Arab state subscribing wholeheartedly to the laws of the Koran. We must return to the Koran, which preaches the good life, which forbids us to take bribes, to cheat, to kill one's brother. The laws of the Koran are suitable for all men at all times to the end of the world. This is the day and this is the time when the world needs Islam most."

I could not help making a mental note that the word "Christian" has been similarly used and with similar fanaticism among Western exponents of authoritarianism.

"We are not eager to have a parliament of the representatives of the people," the Supreme Guide continued, "or a cabinet of ministers, unless such representatives and ministers are Koranic Moslems. If we do not find them, then we must ourselves serve as the parliament. Allah and the religious councils will limit our authority so that no one has to fear dictatorship. We aim to smash modernism in government and society. In Palestine our first duty as Moslems is to crush Zionism, which is Jewish modernism. It is our patriotic duty. The Koran commands it."

He was silent, and then nodded, to indicate the interview was over. And with this Gamal and I took leave of Ikhwan's Moorshid and Egypt's Rasputin.

"What do you think of our Moorshid?" Gamal asked.

"He is a holy man," I said.

"It is good that you have met him yourself. Now you can write the truth." He paused. "You must also visit Fouad University with me. We are very strong there. You will find it very interesting. But we must be careful. They do not like journalists. ..."

(CHAPTER V)

BEHIND THE CORRESPONDENTS CURTAIN

"In what other country do you find eighty-five per cent of the people illiterate? . . . Education means social revolution. They don't want us to think, to speak out, or ask questions."

Students of Fouad University, Cairo

AT TEN o'clock the next morning I met Gamal at the trolley-stop in front of Fouad, Egypt's leading university. Together we walked toward the entrance. Here stood, side by side, a solid phalanx of soldiers of the Royal Egyptian Army, each armed with rifle, cartridge belt, metal helmet, and three-foot long bamboo staves filled with lead. Behind them were arrayed another row of soldiers, armed and carrying extra-long (I judged them to be about ten feet) black rawhide whips tapering to wired points. There was also an assortment of police in the usual black uniforms, and a number of political police and plainclothesmen. Every student had to show his credentials to the commanding officer, then successively had to run the gauntlet of checkpoints to the classrooms.

I began to understand what Gamal meant when he said: "We must be careful." The guards looked at my papers and shook their heads. For clearance we had to go to the Agouza Police Station, located conveniently near by. A few paces

away a company of soldiers were resting, their leather whips coiled like black snakes around their feet. Some were chewing on sugarcane stalks and listening to an officer reading a newspaper.

"The soldiers are illiterate," Gamal whispered. "Only the officers read."

In the courtyard of the police station were scores of reinforcements, idling. They had guns, black shields, and the ever present rawhide whips. We made our way, shunted from one room to another, questioned by one police officer after another, until we reached the major police factotum, at the moment busy brushing off a fly that was buzzing stickily around his head.

He went through my pedigree with the thoroughness of the FBI. Why did I want to visit the university? Because I was an American university graduate, I was leaving tomorrow (this of course was not true), and wanted to visit the distinguished Arabic institution of higher learning whose fame had reached America. Surely I would not be denied this honor. He made two telephone calls, after which he gave us a slip of paper. This permit in hand, we walked toward a back entrance, lined mostly with plainclothesmen and a few police. The commanding officer called over the biggest man I had laid eyes upon in Cairo, an extraordinarily powerful guard at least seven feet tall. This Egyptian Goliath carried a pistol and a short whip. With Gamal and me trailing, he led us across the beautiful palm-strewn campus, past huddled groups of students and watchful detectives, and finally delivered us to the mercies of a gang of political police, bristling with revolvers, whips, and handcuffs. After a brief interrogation we were finally allowed to enter one of the classroom buildings. I looked at my watch. It was 11.35 a.m. The ordeal had required an hour and thirty-five minutes.

I sat in on a class on civil law. There were about thirty students, some wearing fezzes, and all listening to the lecture with deep absorption. In the front rows were eight dark-eyed

girls. One of them, short and plump, with gold earrings dangling from pierced lobes, read a paper on "Debts of a Dead Man." Class was over at noon.

"Would you like to meet any of the professors?" Gamal asked me. I said no. I wanted to give the police no reason to report that an American was agitating among them. Gamal left me for a while to seek a friend, and I found myself surrounded by some of the students—all male—who spoke English. I told them at the outset that I would not answer questions. I was a "guest of your government," and it would not be proper for me to make any comments.

"It's not a government, it's a dictatorship," one of the boys shot back. If I wanted proof, he said, in the 1945 elections, the Saadist Party, then in power, had so terrorized the opposition, the Wafdist Party—which stood for a progressive type of Egyptian nationalism—that the latter had refused to participate. The Saadists had been easily re-elected. "The election was a joke. The police had orders to beat anyone suspected of wanting to vote against the regime. You can get anybody killed or elected here," he said bitterly. "All you need is to have money and to know the right officials."

This seemed bold talk to me, but I found the students with whom I spoke, unlike the generally lethargic populace, to be alert and socially conscious. They were ashamed of the backwardness of their country, resentful at continued British occupation and intrigues, hateful of wealthy landowners who perpetuated the feudal system, and they were constantly demanding drastic social reforms.

"We've just had another cholera epidemic," one of them said angrily. "More than ten thousand died. Some of your American serum saved the rest, for which we thank you. They gave a banquet for the minister of health because so few had died. That jahsh—donkey—said that he still doesn't know how the epidemic began. We can tell him. It began in our own filthy cities."

"We want you to know the truth." This speaker was a well-

built young man with burning eyes. "The effendis want to hide it from you. We want American advice. We want Marshall Plan help, and we want you to help administer it so the people will benefit. The effendis do not want this because they want to keep the money for themselves. This class is not worthy of Egypt. It is not worthy of your friendship. You in America, turn your eyes to our people. Our people are your only friends."

"When you go back, tell this to America." Another student suddenly spoke up. He quoted from a clipping from a Cairo weekly, *Roz-el Yusef*: " 'Mohammed Barazi Ibrahim, chief physician of Fouad University, has reported that only 7.5 per cent of his students enjoy full health.' And listen to this: '92.5 per cent are afflicted with some kind of sickness; 50 per cent have chest diseases including tuberculosis; 87 per cent suffer from malnutrition; 84 per cent have anemia.' These are college students, remember. The common people are much worse off."

The first student said: "Did you ever hear of bilharziasis?"

The word seemed familiar. Somewhere I had read of a grotesque disease, carried by snails, which some of our American soldiers had contacted during the war by swimming in the Nile.

"That's right," he said, "Do you know that ninety per cent of our fellaheen suffer from it most of their lives? It's a liver fluke that gets into their systems. They begin passing blood and they get used to passing blood all their days. It makes them tired, apathetic, unambitious, and always feeling below par. That's the curse of Egypt. Disease. Tuberculosis. Hookworm. Trachoma. Malaria. Filth that breeds disease. Poverty that leads to filth. And social backwardness by our leaders who are blind to anything but their own pleasures."

He spoke with such vehemence that a plainclothesman who had been standing at the door of the classroom, eyeing me, sauntered over and growled a question.

"He wants to know why we are talking to you," one youth

translated, "He doesn't think it is proper because you are a foreigner."

"I am only listening. You are talking to me," I said.

The student who had cited the health statistics tugged at my arm. "In what other country do you find eighty-five per cent of the people illiterate? People are begging to go to school, but there are no schools. There is only money for the secret police and the pleasures of the pashas and officials."

"Education means social revolution," another put in. "They don't want us to think, to speak out, or ask questions."

"Look at the army they've put in here to silence us. They are more afraid of us than of the people," a third said.

During the discussion I had noticed a young man standing by, listening intently but saying nothing. Just as Gamal returned, the stranger approached me and, speaking excellent English, asked: "What is your name, please, and where are you staying?"

If he was an informer, and I refused to reply, I was sure he would have me followed. On the other hand, by being frank I might disarm him. So I gave him my name, and my room number at the Continental.

"I shall visit you at four o'clock today," he said mysteriously.

"I shall wait for you," I said.

As we left, Gamal whispered, "All those boys are Communists. They are modernists. They have been contaminated by European ideas and corrupted by the West. They are as bad as the Jews. We have had many fights with them."

I felt I had to make my position clear to Gamal. "I was waiting for you when they began to talk to me. I said nothing to them."

Gamal nodded. "It is all right," he said. "But never forget—you must be careful all the time."

We retraced our circuitous way back through the police cordons, reporting at various checkpoints until we finally

emerged from the grounds. I estimated that there were at least five hundred soldiers and assorted police on duty. "Yes," said Gamal, "we also have Ikhwan members here. They watch not only the students, but also some of the professors. They are just as Communist as the students."

THE SLUMS OF CAIRO

THE mysterious student, whom I shall call Yusef, was in the lobby of the Continental at exactly four o'clock. He lit the cigarette I offered him and looked at me.

"How did you like our university with all those police?" he asked.

I smiled noncommittally. "I hear you are a Communist."

"In Egypt every reformer is called a Communist," he replied. He was a clean-cut, attractive young man of about twenty-three, with brilliant black eyes, curly hair, and a great earnestness about him. He had been jailed twelve times because he believed passionately in social reform. "Because I think this, I am called a Communist," he said.

He explained that he believed in neither violence nor armed revolution. He was a supporter of Ghandi's methods of "passive resistance" and "demonstration." He told me the Egyptian government had sent soldiers to the university in February 1946, after more than twenty-five thousand students and workers had staged a giant demonstration against the Saadist regime. Seven had been killed and scores wounded in the rioting. Numerous professors had been dismissed or transferred since then.

Yusef explained that he represented the "radical young generation" that sought to divorce itself from Egyptian ultra-conservatism and particularly from the straitjacket of Moslem orthodoxy. He rarely attended religious services. "Worship is something between God and myself. It is not necessary to

make public parades of religion." He was opposed to Zionism: "It is not fair to divide in two a country which was held so long by the Arabs. It is the British who caused the trouble by making promises to both sides." He believed that Arab women should be emancipated, and the veil done away with: "Why should not my mother be treated as the equal of my father?"

This in itself was heretical to a devout Moslem, who considers woman his inferior. As Yusef pointed out, the native woman walks behind her husband, works for him, offers no protests when beaten, and must be at his disposal at all times. The ideal wife was one who bore male children and served as an uncomplaining maid, mistress, and scapegoat. Husband-and-wife relationship in the Western sense was largely unknown. Romantic courtship and marriage for love were rare. Equality of the sexes was regarded as "European" and therefore corruptive of the male. It was difficult for a woman to get a divorce. But a man could obtain one simply by proclaiming three times: "Aleiky el-tahq. On you be the divorce." Regardless of length of servitude, or illness, or financial status, she must leave his bed and board—usually leaving behind all the male children, sometimes taking a few of the girls—and return to her family. Remarriage was almost impossible, for the average Moslem would not take a wife worn out from work. The Koran decrees that a Moslem may have four wives at one time, as long as he can support them. Most Moslems today, however, practice monogamy. Bedouin Sheikh Salman el Huzeil married twenty-six wives before he died, underbidding one of his antecedents who had changed wives twenty-eight times.

"Before I am jailed again—this time for talking with a foreign journalist," Yusef said after a while, "I would like to show you a bit of the real Egypt—something that most journalists never see. Will you come with me? The place is not far from here."

I agreed. Walking, we saw many sights common to Cairo. In the first instance it was a barefooted girl perhaps ten years

old, dressed in rags. Her individual toes were invisible because of grime that had caked all over her—it had even worked its way into her matted hair. Her face haunted me. There were black blotches on it—and only as she came nearer did I realize that these were masses of flies feeding on festering open sores. She was holding aloft what seemed to be a doll. Then we saw that the doll was actually an infant—perhaps one or two years old, probably alive, although we could not see it breathing, or hear it cry as babies do when roughly handled. The tiny infant was in tatters, one mass of filth from head to toe. Its closed lids were slits of raw, inflamed skin, the usual result of trachoma. The girl was now squealing in a shrill voice, hopping from one pedestrian to another, begging.

"Is the baby dead or alive?" I asked Yusef.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Only Allah knows. If it is not dead, it will die before long. The garbage wagons pick up many of them every morning. The parents have so many children, and are so poor they cannot bury them. . . . Wait!"

Yusef walked over, gave the girl a few coins. She pinched the waif's arm. It let out a thin wavering wail that sickened me.

"The girl says it is her sister, and she was born ill." Yusef saw the expression on my face. "Wait, you will see worse things in a minute."

A street urchin, carrying a shoe-shine box, accosted me—the obvious foreigner. "Imshi!" I said. "Beat it!" The boy kept backing up before me, pointing at my shoes insistently.

"If you don't tip him he will throw liquid polish on you," Yusef warned. "I shall hit him. It is the only language he understands."

"Don't," I said. "I won't be bullied, and you won't hit him."

The urchin edged up to me, his brush dripping polish, poised to be hurled. As I looked at him coldly, his face changed to that of an angered animal. His threat apparently worked with most foreigners. He was now both furious and frustrated, his teeth bared like those of a dog about to strike.

Suddenly I let out a series of oaths in Turkish, Armenian, English, and a few I had learned in Arabic, that would have reddened a mummy's face. The first salvo apparently terrorized the little bully; the encore sent him scurrying.

"Yon have learned Arab ways very quickly," Yusef said admiringly.

Except for the boulevards, tourist spots, and wealthy residential areas, Cairo is foul and smelly, one of the most unsanitary cities in the world. Dates are sold on the streets, black flies swarming on them by the hundreds. I saw native barley bread displayed on a tray on the sidewalk, making it easier for dust, flies, and finely ground horse-dung to settle on it. The Egyptian fly enjoys a reputation unique among the pests of the world. An especially hardy breed, its ancestry probably dating to the time of the Pharaohs, it is almost impossible to destroy. It is the best-fed (and least molested) fly in the world, thriving on huge piles of rubbish in streets, alleys, and on roofs of native dwellings where the refuse of generations collects.

With Yusef I saw a family of four children and their parents squatting near the gutter, eating a meal of bread and fasoulia, cooked marrow-beans. The bread rolled to the gutter. Ma'alesh, never mind. One of the children picked it up. A little further on, we saw an old woman in a black dress selling oranges the size of lemons which she displayed on a rag at the gutter's edge. Within arm's reach was a steaming manure pile. Huddled against the doorway we saw a woman holding a filthy infant in her arms, examining his head with near-sighted diseased eyes. She paused for a moment, coughed, then leaned over and spat. With her fingers, she scooped the dirt on the sidewalk to cover her sputum, then went back to her lice-picking. I noticed tiny mounds of concealed sputum around her. Heaven only knows whether she was tubercular, syphilitic, or what.

A beggar stopped at the fruit stand, pleading for rotted, fly-specked dates. He was chased away with a whip, accompanied

by oaths. He was on crutches, a rag over his head, dressed in a patchwork of rags. I caught a glimpse of his face. It was horribly pockmarked, and his right eye was a molten grayish ball ringed with a perimeter of reddish sores. I turned my head.

"Have you thought where that beggar or his family might live?" Yusef asked. "You will now see. We are almost there."

We arrived at a section in the heart of Cairo known as Aishash el Tourgoman, a typical Egyptian slum. We entered a world so completely different from anything I have seen in twenty-three years as a reporter that I was numbed by the shock. What has horrified you most? Was it the sight of a mutilated body, frozen in the grimace of tortured death? Can you describe it? Could you bear to look again? If one agonized death shocked you, what effect would a dozen, a score, a hundred such have upon you?

At Aishash el Tourgoman thousands of agonized men, women, and children stared at me in living death. Their hovels were built of earth, or of rotted wood creaking on tottering foundations. They were dark caves, and the earthen floor was lined with dried dung. People slept here, with no blanket under or over them. The odor of death and disease was everywhere. The "streets"—alleyways from five to ten feet wide—twisted around in a maze so complex that once inside a stranger might never find his way out. There were no windowpanes, no curtains, no doors, and no electricity. Children huddled about their mothers, too sick or too feeble to play. Scrawny chickens, dogs, cats moved in and out of hovels, feeding and dropping around the family. On a dungheap with a donkey standing as immobile as death itself, dwarfed and diseased children moved about. Huge dead rats, as large as cats—bloody and mangled in death, their huge tails curling around them like the whips of Egyptian police—lay tossed and decaying on garbage heaps. Healthy green-black flies, mosquitoes, and other insects filled the air, clung to your skin like glue, or buzzed away in giant swarms carrying the diseases of death. For generations these men and women of Cairo had

lived this life—each generation adding its contribution of filth to the common store.

If you go to Cairo, remember Aishash el Tourgoman! A guide won't take you. Officials will shunt you away. They will tell you I am lying. Get a friend like Yusef, one who loves his country to the extent of risking jail time and again in the hope of banishing the Aishash el Tourgomans from the face of

Egypt

These slums beyond slums are not found in the big cities alone. Egypt has hundreds of living graveyards to compare with Aishash el Tourgoman. The thousands of men, women, and children living in this particular district are but a segment of the millions who live like them throughout Egypt. No Egyptian will deny this to his fellow Egyptian.¹ But he will deny it to a foreigner, so deep is his guilt in knowing that Aishash el Tourgoman is far more typical of Egypt than at the boulevards, hotels, shops, and residential areas that tourists frequent. The bar of Shcpheard's, the tea tables at Groppis (a kind of Egyptian Schrafft's), the lounge of the Semiramis, and the elaborate hotels at Luxor are not Egypt! Yusef looked at me speculatively. "I know another place," he said. "It is worse than this." "Thank you," I said. "But I've had enough for one day." We parted company and I took the trolley back to the Continental. I asked the Sudanese steward to prepare a hot tub bath for me. I soaked and soaped myself thoroughly, gave myself a scalding hairwash, and made a complete change of clothing. For days thereafter I thought that every itch and every sign of fatigue was a souvenir acquired in Aishash el Tourgoman.

¹ An exceptionally frank book, candidly revealing the social conditions of the Egyptian masses, is *The Fellaheen*, by Father Henry Habib-Ayrout, S.J., published by R. Schindler, Cairo.

I CLIMB A PYRAMID

FOR the time being I had had enough of the seamy side of Cairo. Deciding to see other facets of the city which might give me better perspective, I visited the famous mosques and the imposing Citadel. I made a tour of the bazaar area. With the Armenian I had met at the airport I went to several night-clubs. I attended a formal spring ball at Heliopolis, a suburb of Cairo, and found the gowns lovely, but the girls less pretty than ours.

In the Garden City section I marveled at the homes, gardens, and the exceptionally handsome modern architecture. I wondered how it was possible for the architects of Egypt to live in the twentieth century, while the vast majority of its society wallowed in feudalism. Invited by someone from the Arab League Office, I had tea at the Gezira Sporting Club, a smart gathering-place for the international set, patronized mainly by the wealthy, by members of the foreign ministries, Europeanized Arabs, and expensive kept women with faces like worn doormats. At the Gezira I was urged not to miss the royal museum. But I knew of the glory that was Egypt. I was living in modern Egypt—an entirely different world. I was in the Middle East to study life, not historical deadwood.

I picked a bright sunny day when I had no appointments scheduled. I boarded a trolley that took me to the Mena House, the finest hotel in Cairo, and stepping-off point for visits to the Pyramids. I weathered a locust swarm of guides, pimps, camel-ride vendors, photographers, shoe-shine boys and dragoman-leeches who hurled themselves on me the moment I dismounted, and finally chose a young and sturdy Egyptian named Khalil. According to the card he thrust in my face, he was also "contractor" (whatever that meant) for "Cameles and Horsese."

With him I visited the interior of one of the Pyramids: the

stony cavern with its age-long layer of dust and grime was neither attractive nor inspiring to me. I paid my respects to the Sphinx, took a ride on a camel, and late in the afternoon decided to climb the Pyramid of Cheops. At best this is a hazardous venture, since the rocks of which the Pyramid is built—piled one upon the other.—are huge, and no clear path to the top is visible. Few can climb safely without the help of an expert guide. One literally signs away his life to his guide. I bargained with Khalil as to his fee. He asked for four dollars. Since the customary price was one third of that, we settled for three dollars—equivalent to the weekly wage of the average Egyptian worker—payable on the completion of the journey.

With Khalil leading the way, we scrambled up from one rock to another. The Pyramid's peak is nearly 500 feet from the desert floor. As we paused halfway up, I stole a glance backward. I was almost terrified at the trail of jagged rock we had come up. At this point there was no railing, no rope, nothing to cling to if one became dizzy. One false step—a slip—and death waited on the sandstone far below.

"Let's climb," I said to Khalil. "Standing still makes me nervous."

"Ahh, the Amrikani is making afraid, yes?"

"Let's go, Khalil. Yallah, Khalil!"

The ascent seemed to grow steeper. My heart began to pound from the exertion. Common sense dictated that we pause once more. I avoided looking down again: I was afraid of the tricks my imagination might play. We finally reached the top. I found it a flat square of stone about twenty feet on each side. I would have liked to have my name carved on the rock—traditional with tourists who reach the top—but the Arab who usually carried out that task had put away his tools, his brazier, and charcoal, and was about to leave.

"I am sorry I cannot even serve you tea," he said. "It is very late."

He left. Khalil and I found ourselves alone on the top of the Pharaoh's five-thousand-year-old tomb. Cheops had em-

ployed a hundred thousand fellaheen in relays for three months' to build this monument to his name. As the story was told me, he even set Hentsen, his daughter, to work—selling her honor to help pay the expenses. For sentiment's sake, Hentsen's lovers built her a small pyramid next to that of her father. With Khalil, I watched the glorious desert sunset, a horizon aflame with gold. Below, to our left, was the Mena House. Before us was the palace where King Farouk reportedly held notorious wild parties. To our right were the ancient ruins of Pharaonic tombs. In the distance, the Sphinx looked on impassively, its nose blunted by Napoleon's cannon. The panorama of Cairo spread before me. The desert stretched to the horizon, broken only by an occasional house or clump of palms. It was truly a majestic and breathtaking sight, well worth the trouble to reach the top.

But what next? The descent worried me! Even though Mother says I was raised on goat's milk, alas, the goat's skill at mountain-climbing had never been transmitted! The sun had just touched the rim of the horizon and a chill, shifting, moody wind, laden with fine sand, swept in from the desert, eerie in the sudden, silent way it had sprung up. I took it as an omen.

"Yallah, Khalil," I said. "Let's go. It's getting dark fast!"

"I want you pay me three dollars now," Khalil said, seated comfortably crosslegged before me.

"That was not our bargain. I pay you when we get down," I said firmly.

"I want money now," Khalil said, refusing to budge.

"You go to hell, my Arab friend!"

This caught Khalil by surprise. I had not the slightest idea how I'd climb down by myself, but I went boldly to the side up which we had come and took the first step.

"Pay me now half," Khalil suggested, from his sitting position.

"I give you now American cigarettes. I pay you all when we

down," I countered. I left a few cigarettes on the rock, and began my perilous descent.

"Wait!" Khalil called out. "I come."

I assumed an air of impatience.

Khalil brushed past me in his skirts, and led the way down. I expected the worst from him now, and I was doubly wary. First, I waited to make sure we were going the same way we came up, lest he maneuver me to an inaccessible part of the Pyramid and strand me there for the night. If that was his plan, he had chosen the proper moment. All the guides had disappeared. There was no soul in sight. We were enveloped in heavy silence. Not even a dog barked. Khalil and I were utterly alone in the vastness of desert, perched atop Cheops, with God as the only witness. Tiny human specks clinging to this gigantic masonry, we were invisible even from Mcna House, the closest habitation, almost a mile away. Under these circumstances, I was also wary of a possible "accident." A slight push might easily send me crashing down, with no witnesses except Khalil to testify that it was my fault—and no witnesses to watch while he picked my corpse later for whatever of value I had on me.

As we worked our way down, every few minutes I would pause and yell: "This way is not right, Khalil. You are taking me down wrong. This other way is right."

We would argue back and forth on the rock, closer to heaven than earth, and I would finally follow him. Halfway down, Khalil waited till I had caught up.

"I want three dollars now," he announced.

I sat down in a corner formed by two giant rocks, and waved him on:

"Go ahead alone. I stay here. When I come down I pay you."

Khalil looked at me: "You speak Amerikan, but you are not Amerikan, yes?"

I knew what he meant. "Yes and no, Khalil," I said. "I was

born in America. My mother is a Moslem from Baghdad named Maryam. My father is Armenian. I am not American. I am Armani. Understand?" It was as bizarre a lie as I could think up at the moment, but its effect was magical.

"Allah! Allah! You half Muslimin, half Armani. I now everything understand. Why you not say before?"

My alleged ancestry put an end to our East-West misunderstanding. He could no longer bully an "Armenian" born of a "Moslem mother," so he began to skip down the rocks, taking what appeared to be a short cut. Forgetting myself, I began to skip gayly after him, never daring to look anywhere but the next rock. Down, down, down we skipped, until finally we reached the desert floor.

"Thank God," I said, and sat down exhausted, a physical and nervous wreck. I paid off Khalil, gave him the pack of cigarettes as baksheesh. "Allah ma'ak," I said, parting friends. "God be with you."

"Allah yittawil omrak," he said. "May God lengthen your days."

As I sat at the foot of Cheops, panting, I could not help but believe that God had intervened. I thanked Him again, with a silent prayer. After a few minutes rest, I hobbled back to the Mena House for a sumptuous dinner. It marked the end of my adventure as a tourist—an ordeal I had found more dangerous than investigation.

The next morning, at six as usual, I was awakened by Cairo's loudest and most disrespectful donkey. I heaped on his invisible head curses in six languages. May he be visited by a gnawing pestilence and his bones rot. In the hereafter, may he never find a moment's rest, but have crushing loads to carry, and a cruel master to whip him on the hour. All these I wished upon him and more.

(CHAPTER VI)

WORLD OF THE KORAN: ISLAM UBER ALLES

"We will fight with the devil next time, if necessary. We will fight with Russia against both England and the United States to achieve our independence. We will be Communists. We will be anything. . . . We will act as Egyptians."

Saleh Harb Pasha
Former Egyptian Minister of Defense

I WAS visiting the headquarters of the Arab League, trying to learn the latest news from Palestine, when one of the officials called me aside and said:

"You have become quite a familiar figure around the Arab League, haven't you? You fly in and out like a bird. You always carry a camera and get around a great deal for a man who is in Egypt for just a short visit." How he knew that I had put down "short visit" on my Egyptian visa application in London, or that I got around, I never knew. But I determined to be careful, especially when one of his wealthy friends invited me to a party at his desert ranch near the Pyramids. One of the princesses of the royal family (all were beautiful) had been invited. Such an event, under the dancing stars and alluring Egyptian moon, with dark-eyed houris and exotic Oriental music, could add a glit-

tering page of Arabian Nights adventure to my experiences. But I had a girl back home; and the multiple dangers implicit in such an arrangement made me cautious, especially when I learned that some of the guests were to be British and Arab agents. All would be curious about the "American who is seeing everybody."

Instead, I concentrated on Saleh Harb Pasha, former minister of defense, and now director of Shuban el Mnslimin, the Young Moslem Association.¹ He was an intimate of Hassan el Banna. Although the Shuban was not officially sending volunteers to fight the Jews, it was a center of agitation frequented by Green Shirt, Ikhwan, and Mufti henchmen. While minister of defense during the war, Harb Pasha had been removed from office, arrested and interned.

Harb Pasha said to me in English: "If Rommel had won we would be independent now. If the Nazis and Fascists had won [those were his words, not "Germany and Italy"] they would have been friends to the whole Arab world. And," he mused, "there would have been no Zionist problem because there would have been no Zionist Jews ... or any Jews at all left."

He was a large, brusque man—strong-tempered, volatile, with protruding eyes and rocklike jaw of a boxer. He had served in the Turkish army in World War I against the Allies and later joined the Egyptian army.

"The English are making a cat's-paw out of you Americans," he went on. "We say in Egypt that the Americans are first in science and industry, but children in diplomacy. The French say: *Cherchez la femme*. I say to you that whenever there is intrigue in the Arab world, search for the English hand. For sixty-six years we have been her slave. We hate Communism because we are Moslems, but a counsel of despair will carry the day when Britain asks for our help next

¹ It claimed 20,000 members in Cairo, 300 branches in Egypt, and 250,000 members throughout the world. My references are to the Egyptian organization only, and have no bearing on any group with the same or similar name outside Cairo.

time. We look on democracy as a myth because imperialism is still with us. We will fight with the devil next time, if necessary. We will fight with Russia against both England and the United States to achieve our independence. We will be Communists. We will be anything. But we will be independent. We will act as Egyptians."

I found this feeling—its genuineness will only be determined in a crisis—widespread throughout the Arab world.

SPIES, COURIERS, AND TRAITORS

THERE is no doubt in my mind that this hatred for British imperialism had much to do with the pro-Axis sympathies of most of the Egyptian royal court. Those sympathies were known to Allied intelligence early in World War II. Later they became a world scandal. Members of Egypt's first family were involved in espionage for Italy. In some of King Farouk's palaces Italian technicians operated radios and relayed intelligence to Rome. Many of the king's mistresses were Axis agents. His palace was a rendezvous for spies, couriers, and traitors. During the Nuremberg trials, it was brought out that one of Farouk's cousins, Prince Mansour Daud, was provided with an apartment and personal expenses by the German Foreign Office (see Chapter XXII). He was reported to have broadcast Axis propaganda in Arabic.

The sensational record of correspondence between Farouk and Hitler was revealed in Nazi documents discovered after the war, and disclosed in a memorandum submitted to the United Nations during 1948 by the Nation Associates of New York. It showed how Farouk took the initiative in writing to Hitler. On April 30, 1941, Hitler replied to Farouk's note of April 15, and stated that he would "gladly consider a closer co-operation." Hitler asked Farouk to delegate "an au-

thorized confidential agent to a third place, like Bucharest or Ankara, in order to discuss this co-operation." It was agreed that the Mufti should act as an intermediary.

Outside the palace the orgy of Nazi collaboration was at fever pitch. British plans for the defense of strategic Tohruk, less than one hundred miles from the Egyptian frontier, which had unwisely been communicated to the Egyptian high command, were promptly relayed to Nazi intelligence. Tobruk fell, a "Rommel victory" traceable to the Egyptian fifth column. The Egyptian parliament and press repeated verbatim the Nazi propaganda broadcasts by the Mufti and his agents from Berlin, Rome, Bari, and Athens. German victories were headlined in the Egyptian newspapers: "You could tell if the Germans or the Allies were winning merely by looking into the faces of the Egyptians," a journalist said to me.

So pronounced was pro-Axis sentiment throughout the Arab world that this phrase became common: "Bissama Allah, ala' alard Hitler. In heaven Allah, on earth Hitler."

The spring of 1942 found the Allied cause in North Africa nearly doomed, with Rommel only seventy-five miles from Alexandria, Egypt's second city. The island of Crete, just north of Egypt, was already in Nazi hands. The presence of British troops and brilliant counterespionage kept Egyptians from committing violent acts of sabotage and spreading the welcome rug for Rommel. If Egypt fell, one by one the other Arab countries (except Trans-Jordan, a virtual British colony) would have soon surrendered. Oil from the Middle East would have greased the Nazi war machine. The Suez Canal would have served the Nazi cause. The resources of the Empire would have been cut in two, and Allied Forces pinched between Africa and a hostile Arab world.

The British took drastic action. They forced King Farouk to remove Ali Maher Pasha and appoint their choice, Moustafa el Nahas Pasha, as prime minister. The Axis agents in the king's entourage were cleaned out and about 350 important officials and members of the royal family were imprisoned or kept un-

der house arrest in villas far removed from Cairo. With the same broom Prime Minister Ali Maher and his Minister of Defense, Saleh Harb Pasha, were swept into internment. The Chief of Staff, Aziz Ali Masri Pasha, was already in custody, forced down by the RAF at Almaza Airport with his two aides as they were about to flee in an Egyptian military plane. A New York Times dispatch reported: "It was believed he might try to slip across into Libya, there perhaps to give the Germans the benefit of his knowledge of desert warfare. . . . General Masri Pasha is known to and admired by the Germans."

To be fair, it must be mentioned that a few Egyptian statesmen consistently urged a declaration of war against the Axis. One of these had been Ahmed Maher Pasha, a distinguished member of the Egyptian parliament. Three months before V-E Day, Egypt finally declared war against the Axis, in order to assure herself a seat at the United Nations. Syria and Lebanon followed. Ahmed Maher Pasha was on his way to make the announcement in the senate when he was shot dead. The assassin was a former member of the Green Shirts who, like his king, believed that Hitler could win the war.

THE NON-EGYPTIAN KING OF EGYPT

KING FAROUK, the pleasure-loving monarch who has made more headlines than any Egyptian ruler since Cleopatra, lives and reigns like a Turkish sultan. An alien by blood—the founder of the dynasty was Mohammed Ali, a tobacco merchant of mixed ancestry from Albania—Farouk has as much feeling for his people as had the Turkish sultans when they reigned over Egypt.

Farouk rules by paternal terror and heavy bribes. He can dismiss a government at will. Though he is cordially hated by many Egyptians, he is fawned upon in public. Foreign correspondents, to say nothing of local journalists, are prohibited

by law from attacking, criticizing, or referring to the king and the royal family unless they submit their writing to a censor first.

There is good reason for this law. Farouk's private life has become a public scandal. For nearly a decade, while he was married to the beautiful Queen Farida—meaning "the Only One"—he committed adultery with women he picked up publicly. Next to politics the king's promiscuous private life is the most discussed public matter in Cairo. It is common knowledge that he attends Cairo and Alexandria night-clubs for "pick-ups" to feed an insatiable lust. From many Egyptian eyewitnesses I have ascertained that frequently when he sees an attractive woman he nods toward her. The royal pimps immediately get busy. They accost her, bowing, and tell the lady it is the king's wish to "dance" with her. Since the king rarely dances in public (he is too fat to look courtly), the happy event usually takes place in the king's private quarters in convenient sections of Cairo. His willing and unwilling dance partners, so reports go, have included Italian belles, English society women, and during the war, our own WAC's.

Any number of things can happen when the escort refuses to surrender his girl to Farouk. If he is an Egyptian, he knows better than to frustrate the monarch. I have the testimony of a friend who swore that he was present at the Auberge des Pyramides, a night-club on the outskirts of Cairo, when a non-Egyptian girl refused to "dance." Upon the king's orders the lights were dimmed, the night-club declared closed, and the girl and her escort ordered to get out. In another authenticated instance, freely discussed in American circles, the king was attracted to a lady escorted by a U. S. Army Major. The major told Farouk's pimp "to go to hell." The king, fuming, could do nothing without causing an international incident. And he did nothing.

Mussolini and his agents used to debauch Farouk with many a skilled Italian Jezebel, thereby helping make more secure the Axis's position in the Middle East. It is common

talk in Egypt that in 1943 (five years after his marriage) the king was driving furiously with two Italian girls and a male companion when his car hit a truck near the village of Kas-sassein. He spent a month at a British military hospital. It was reported he "broke two ribs and sustained serious eye injuries.

Farouk is fabulously wealthy. His father, Fouad, left him a fortune estimated at forty million dollars. Farouk and the royal family own about one million acres out of the five and a half million under cultivation in Egypt. He possesses huge villas and palaces throughout Egypt, and several private planes for emergency departure. In addition, he receives an annual income of half a million dollars from the government. His investments, scattered in Switzerland and other countries, reputedly total sixty million dollars. He operates a model farm and owns a number of night clubs and restaurants in Cairo and Alexandria.

The king lives in constant fear of his life. I saw him one day as he was leaving the Cairo Opera. For blocks ahead the streets were cleared of all traffic, and the people were kept on the sidewalk by police. The king's bright-red Rolls-Royce was preceded by motorcycles, an armed truck filled with troops, and two bright-red jeeps filled with soldiers and automatic rifles. Immediately before and behind his car were black sedans filled with plainclothesmen. No one else in Egypt is allowed to paint his car red, the royal color.

In fairness, it must be pointed out that Farouk is probably no better and no worse than most of the members of Egypt's ruling cliques. His personal morals and profligate living are patterned after those of the ruling pashas and effendis, which explains their tolerance for him—and, in turn, explains the king's hold on them.

WORLD OF THE KORAN

AFTER the king, the next most powerful figure in Egypt was a solemn-faced, pious man in his seventies, his face distinguished but tired. His eyes, too, were tired, and his mouth sagged with the weariness of age. But as the rector of El Azhar University, Sheikh Mohammed Ma'moun el Shinawi provided the sinews for the Holy War against Zionism, just as his predecessors had furnished fanatic leaders who fought the Crusaders. I met Sheikh el Shinawi with Aboul Saud, a pleasant, English-speaking member of the Arab League Office. Every year El Azhar graduated hundreds of missionaries who preached its fanatic doctrine throughout Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific. Founded in 792, for more than a thousand years El Azhar has been the academic shrine, as Mecca is the religious shrine, of 240,000,000 Moslems of the world.

Aboul and I walked to the university together. We found it in an ancient part of Cairo, surrounded by bazaars and native quarters. At the outer gate we left our shoes in charge of a doorman, and put on loose oversized straw slippers. The Koran requires that those entering a holy place must either wash their feet or cover their shoes with undefiled footwear. Stepping over a high wooden threshold, we entered one of the courtyards that served the students as classrooms. Hundreds of sheikhs-in-the-making were about, wearing the small red fez and white turban, with ankle-length black robes over lighter garments. They were sitting on the matted floors, legs crossed, in socks or bare feet, studying, reciting loudly, swaying to the rhythm of words, or else being tutored in small study groups by the ulema, religious teachers. They were ardent, intense, dark-skinned young men, completely absorbed in their labors.

I was with Aboul when classes were interrupted for prayers. What should I do now? While Aboul went through the ritual

of cupping his palms behind his ears, touching the floor with his forehead and mumbling his prayers, I faced Mecca on my knees, bent forward in a position that I hoped would be interpreted as respectful. When the prayers were over, I straightened up. This courtesy on my part was not missed by Aboul, who treated me with increased cordiality thereafter.

Though the prophet Mohammed died in A.D. 632, I found that at El Azhar his preachments were considered fresh and applicable today—with absolutely no modifications. The students I saw seemed to have no contact with reality, to recognize no social problems such as Egypt's seventeen million miserable fellaheen. I watched them copy by hand manuscripts in exquisite Arabic script. They pored over the Koran to see what Mohammed said about blood transfusion from Christian to Moslem. Aboul explained to me that Islam is not only an authoritarian religion, but also both a political creed and a way of life encompassing the sum total of a Moslem's temporal and spiritual existence.

"You might describe Mohammedanism as a religious form of State Socialism," he said. "The Koran gives the State the right to nationalize industry, distribute land, or expropriate property. It grants the ruler of the State unlimited powers, so long as he does not go against the Koran. The Koran is our personal as well as political constitution."

After we put on our shoes, we went to arrange a visit with the rector himself. In the office of his secretary, I asked one of the university officials to what extent El Azhar was helping the Arab League. "We are not only backing it, but we are leading the cause of the League," he said. "The Jews have oppressed the Arabs. We will permit them to do it no longer. Their knife has cut to our bone."

My audience with Sheikh Shinawi, who spoke in a foggy voice, was brief, for we had come without notice. He was wary of questions he considered "political," but he did reply when I asked him if he was afraid of the inroads of Communism.

"Islam," he said, "is the rock that will cause Communism

to recede." Mohammedanism had a powerful hold on the Arabs, he explained, because "it penetrates the human being without difficulty or mental effort." When I ventured to ask him about the role of El Azhar, his answer was one that I found difficult to reconcile with what I had seen so far:

"Moslems from all over the world come to drink from its fountain and be enlightened by its radiance. El Azhar has been the source of all progressive movements and social revivals. El Azhar has shown the way to all reformers and has shown the people their rights."

Was the sheikh acquainted with the Mufti?

"Indeed I know him," he said, his eyes brightening momentarily. "I know him personally and I like him very much."

We salaamed respectfully, and left.

It was about this time that I found plastered on the walls of Cairo buildings huge, luridly colored posters, violently anti-Jewish. One of them, showing a bloodstained dagger with the Star of David on its handle, and blood dripping from it, exhorted: "Arm Arabism!" Other posters read: "Don't talk to the Jews. . . . Don't do business with them. . . . Kill their business and they die. . . . Consider them as our deepest enemies."

A large colored placard, printed in English, Arabic, Spanish, French and Italian, showed a sketch that purported to be the desecration of a holy relic in Jerusalem by the Jews, and read:

ZIONISTS' NEW YEAR PRESENT TO CHRISTENDOM

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent letter to the Times, said he would not entrust the Holy Land to the Zionists because he was sure they would lose no time in desecrating every relic of the Christ or the Prophet Mohammad to be found in the Holy Places.

The photo of the statue of the Virgin Mary in Ratisbonne Church, Jerusalem, battered beyond recognition and thrown

on the floor of the church, shows that the Archbishop's apprehensions were well-founded. His prophecy has come true.

I was told that this poster was put up by the Arab League.

Certain committees, posing as "patriotic," either mortgaged or bought land from Palestine Arabs, ostensibly to keep it from Jewish settlers. Arabs who refused to sell at low prices were branded tools of the Jews, and often murdered. Actually, the purpose of these committees was to extend the feudal powers of the landowners. I was told: "The Arab who sold his land to the Jews against our advice was killed at once. Anyone could kill him. No one would know who. The Arab's family and the families of other Arabs would know why he had been killed."

THE ARAB DREAM—ISLAM UBER ALLES

ONE of the Arab League's most eloquent spokesmen was a Roman Catholic convert named Assad Bey Dagher, whom I met through Aboul. Assad Bey briefed me at length on the League's ultimate aim: the unification of the Arab States from Gibraltar to Iraq. This would include Spanish and French Morocco, Algeria, Lybia, Tunis (these North African Moslem countries are collectively known as the Maghreb), Sudan, the Arab League States (Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan), and Palestine, which was represented in the League by the Mufti.

"The Arab world would be like a giant bird, with the Maghreb countries comprising the left wing, the Arab States the right wing. Egypt would be the body and soul of the Arab bird," Assad Bey said to me. "There will be unity, uniform laws, the same money system, no customs barriers, and no need for passports for Moslems. Each State would have an independent tax system and its own army, but the manpower

and resources of one would be available to the other in all emergencies."

"How about Palestine?" I asked.

"The idea of Zionism must be uprooted so as never to recur in the mind of Jew or non-Jew. Once the Arab world is unified there will be no Zionism," Assad Bey said sternly. "Zionism is an obstacle. It cuts into the right wing of the Arab world. How can you have a continuous Arab civilization when European Jews set up a foreign nation in your midst?"

"Would you include Turkey and Persia in your scheme?" I asked.

"Neither Turkey nor Persia is Arab," he answered.

If the dream should come true, the Arab Empire would stretch in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic to the Arabian Sea for four thousand miles. It would boast a population of nearly seventy million and cover almost four million square miles of strategic territory. It would dominate the Suez Canal, Gibraltar, and all the oil and military resources of the area.

"Would not such a Moslem bloc again try to conquer Europe by the sword?"

"You are misinterpreting history," Assad Bey said coolly. "If you had read Islamic history, you would have known that Europe was invaded by Turks—not the Arabs. The Arabs were never aggressive. The Crusaders and the Zionists have been aggressors. They came from Europe to conquer Arab lands. Arab history is not well known to the West. The Arab religion is missionary. It seeks to expand but not to colonize. The Arab is not imperialist."

"How about the conquest of Spain?" I thought of asking Assad Bey.

What I had heard was the crux and the justification of the pan-Arab dream. While it had many obstacles—the chief being the Arab himself—the fever burned with intense heat among the nationalists. They had fired the imagination of millions of downtrodden Moslems. Amid their squalor they fed on visions of Islam *uber alles*, and dreamt of better days

under a "greater Islam." This—it was becoming obvious to me—was the magic carpet that would make the Arabian Nights dream of women, song, and rivers of wine—Allah's paradise on earth—come true. It was a powerful stimulant to anti-Western agitation, regardless of Arab governmental changes, for the pan-Arab dream transcends all politics.

And come what may, His Majesty's Middle East Office was not only on the ground floor, but was helping in the maneuvers. I saw this on my visit to the Maghreb Office in Cairo, established to help the North African Arab States achieve their independence from France and Spain. Instead of, as I expected, meeting Arabs there, I was welcomed by a sharp-nosed, thin-lipped, toothy Englishwoman named Margaret Pope, a correspondent of the London Observer. Her comfortable apartment served as the Maghreb Office; her telephone number was its telephone number. I was served drinks and given information in a fashion that assumed I didn't know Algeria from Alabama. Throughout Europe and the Middle East the Americans, I realized, had built up a remarkable reputation for gullibility.

After Miss Pope had welcomed me, "Slim" appeared from somewhere. Slim—no surname given—was a fast-talking young man described to me as a Moroccan. He filled the propaganda plate. Both he and Miss Pope asserted that England was helping the Arabs achieve independence from Spanish imperialism in Algeria and the Moroccos.

"But isn't England also imperialist?" I ventured.

"Yes, she has been," Slim came back swiftly, in perfect English, accent and all. "But she has given independence to India and her other former colonies. There is also this difference between British and French imperialism. The British exploit the country economically. But the French also interfere with its religion, customs, and education. They seek to Frenchify a colony."

"The French enslave the soul of a people, as well as run dry the wealth of their country," Miss Pope added.

"And your view of conditions in other Moslem lands such as Spanish Morocco?" I asked.

"Franco is a beast and a bastard," Slim was carrying the ball now while Miss Pope listened approvingly. "Franco rules with an iron hand in a Fascist regime,"

Slim had a perfect right to hate colonial exploitation. What I resented was the hypocrisy in whitewashing British colonial policy. General Clayton's name² was brought into the picture: "He is sometimes asked by the Arab States for advice. Most of the Arab League members are his friends," Slim said. Clayton was in charge of a special division in the Middle East Office "to maintain liaison with Arabs and give economic aid and advice."

A British writer aptly described the Maghreb Office as the "North African Nationalists' No. 10 Downing Street." It was used as a center of agitation against rival Spanish and French interests. As I saw it, once the Moslems had achieved their independence, England would slip in by the back door under the guise of "advising" the puppet regime it had helped create. Toward this end leaders of the Maghreb countries not only received propaganda training by the British, but also subsidies in money and other aid. Under veiled British direction Algerian, Tunisian, and Moroccan "Committees of Liberation" were formed. With imperialist England hated and reviled throughout the Middle East and Asia, England's only area of future exploitation lay in Africa. Toward this end the Maghreb Office, and similar bodies, worked overtime.

THE GROWLING LION OF MOROCCO

BEFORE leaving I had won from Miss Pope and Slim the promise that in a day or two I could meet Emir Abd el Krim,

² Brig.-Gen. Iltid Nicholl Clayton, then in charge of His Majesty's Middle East Office. An influential policy-maker, he directed intrigue among the Arab States, and served as chief of Middle East intelligence.

the "Lion of Morocco." This famous leader of the Riff mountain tribes repulsed the combined assaults of the French and Spanish for six years before he was finally forced to surrender. He was then exiled for more than twenty years on Reunion Island in the Indian Ocean. Abd el Krim was now in Cairo.

The story of his "escape" from exile—portrayed as a romantic adventure by British writers—was as a matter of cold fact the outcome of an anti-French plot hatched in the Maghreb and Middle East Offices. Here's how it happened:

In May 1947, the French decided to transfer Abd el Krim to the Riviera. The French plan was to play him against the Sultan of French Morocco, championed by the British. As the ship carrying the Riff hero rounded the British protectorate of Aden, British agents informed the Maghreb Office in Cairo. The Maghreb puppets sprang into action. They clambered on board and urged him to jump ship immediately. . . . The Riff leader did so with his two wives and eleven children, asked for and was granted immediate asylum by King Farouk. No one was surprised except the French. The Maghreb Office went into ecstasies. Now His Majesty's Middle East Office had another trump card to play against its imperialist rival. This was the situation when I met Abd el Krim, with Slim serving as the interpreter.

Abd el Krim was cordial and agreeable. A short, broad-shouldered, muscular man of sixty-eight, he was dressed in a long white cloak striped with gray, pointed Moroccan slippers, and a white turban. His face was deeply lined, his nose prominent, his jaw jutting and covered with a thin gray goatee. The ends of his long mustache curled downward. The eyes were unusual: living coals, topped by shaggy brows. His eyes looked at you fiercely, as if to say: "Don't-try-to-cross-me-or-else." Abd el Krim spoke slowly, in a deep rich voice used to command. He took the lead by asking the first question.

"Why," he said casually, "do you in America hate Communism?"

"Because it's an authoritarian system that destroys liberty,

enslaves free men, makes a mockery of justice and democracy."

"Those are exactly the reasons why we hate imperialism." He ripped out the words in explosive Arabic. "It is true that most of us are not as well educated as you in the West, but the love of freedom is inborn in man. The lowliest peasant wants to rule his own destiny. Help us fight imperialism and we Arabs will help you fight Communism. I swear to you we will honor this pact."

The impact of his assault, the intensity of delivery, took me by surprise. It gave an inkling of the way he had handled the Spanish and the French.

"America is a great and generous country. It means to do good. But it has helped Communism by encouraging imperialism. If Russia, yes, Communist Russia, promises to help us achieve independence, we will accept that help. We will take Russian arms and ammunition, but we will not let her in our country."

I suspected this was easier said than done, but made no comment. Instead, I asked: "Are you opposed to British as well as Spanish and French imperialism?"

The Riff leader's right hand went to his cheek in a thoughtful pose. I wondered why this arch foe of imperialism did not tear off my ear with an immediate blast.

"We consider British policy as being better than French or Spanish. We have seen how England gave freedom to India. England is becoming a friend of the Arab world," he said through Slim.

This sounded too much like Slim. The use of the word "we" particularly was not typical of Abd el Krim, the desert chieftain. I wished I had a way of checking Slim's translation.

"If England gave you help against the French, would you take it?"

"Yes, by all means."

Abd el Krim now shifted ground and took the offensive again. "We cannot understand American policy. You have helped the Zionists and turned all the Arabs against you.

Time will show that you are wrong. But," he pointed his finger at me, "if you make one more mistake you will turn the Maghreb countries against you, as well."

"What mistake?" I asked.

"Helping Franco! There is talk of that. Helping Spain will only enable Franco to behave more brutally toward us. I hope you will not give loans to Spain. I hope you will not send military supplies that Spain will use against the Maghreb Arabs. I hope you will not make in Spain the mistakes you have already made in Palestine."

(CHAPTER VII)

THE MARXIST UNDERGROUND

"Russia will not fail us. I believe Russia will always support any movement which will help the Egyptian people. . . . But we will not talk of that now. . . . The use of force and other tactics will be decided when the correct time comes"

Mahmoud Nabaoui, Egyptian Communist

EVER since my meeting with the students at Fouad University whom Gamal had described as Communist, I had wanted to see how the Communist party operated in Egypt, and what it stood for. In such a feudal, primitive, and violent land, an inquiry like this was a risky undertaking. But every investigation has its undercover approach.

I met my first nonstudent revolutionary at a secret meeting arranged by an Arab newspaperman who worked for a major American news agency in Cairo. Whether he was a member of the Marxist underground, I'm not prepared to say. All I know is that one day as the shadows of Mohammed Ali Mosque deepened over the adjoining native quarter, he produced Anwar Kamel. An intense young man, Kamel told me he had been jailed six times, first for Stalinist, then for Trotskyist activity, in which he was now engaged. He provided me with background that I needed.

"At first men like Sidky Pasha [former pro-English Egypt-

tian prime minister] suppressed the revolutionary movement," he began. "Sidky was a kind of Egyptian Mussolini. He had one idea—force. But you can't stop Marxism by force, or by laws, because its roots go very deep into the misery of the people. The Communist movement here really began in 1939 when students and intellectuals formed a group called Art and Freedom. We studied the theory of Communism, read Marx and Lenin, received literature from London and Paris; from America we got the Daily Worker and The Militant.¹ We also had revolutionary newspapers from Beirut, Damascus, and Baghdad. Nothing from Russia. It was war-time.

"Two years later Bread and Freedom replaced Art and Freedom," Anwar Kamel went on. "This was made up of a dynamic group of workers and intellectuals. Five hundred people used to come to our meetings. One day sixty of us were thrown in jail. We didn't meet in public after that. Today there are hundreds of cells, both Stalinist and Trotskyism with five to ten men in each. Some of these cells receive their direction from the Democratic Movement for National Liberation. Names and leaders always change. They come and go. When one disappears another takes his place. But the revolutionary movement goes always forward, no matter what happens to the leaders.

"The Communists have lots and lots of money," Kamel said emphatically. "I have an idea it comes from Russia and is distributed through some satellite embassy. The Communists get some Egyptian supporters by buying them off. That is the weakness of their movement, Trotskyists are idealist revolutionary Marxists. We are strongly organized among the workers of the Mattaria Railway, and also among the textile workers."

Strikes were outlawed in Egypt, Kamel told me. Many occurred, nonetheless. Although union activity was permitted,

¹ Trotskyist organ published in New York by the Socialist Workers Party.

a federation of labor unions was not. A minimum-wage rule granted some five piastres a day—fifteen cents, a sum usually paid to child labor. Skilled, organized workers received up to about one dollar a day, or less than seven dollars for a 48-hour week, to support usually large families. Unorganized labor, which was in the great majority, got less—thirty to forty-five cents a day, usually, while a policeman earned about \$4.50 weekly, plus whatever graft he could pick up.

Leaving Kamel, I attempted to contact an avowed Communist, Fadhi el Ramli of the Socialist Front. No one knew where he could be found. After four days of guarded inquiry, I ventured to ask someone in the Press Department of the Arab League. To my amazement he looked into his address book and said: "Ramli's telephone number is 57381."

I telephoned at once, and spoke with Mrs. Ramli. I finally induced her to let me visit her home because of something "very important" I had to tell. I found the Ramlis living in a poverty-stricken area. Their home was on the second floor of an indescribably run-down tenement. The place was almost barren of furniture. A frightfully dark hole which I thought was a closet turned out to be an Egyptian poor-man's kitchenette—a blackish sink, a dripping faucet, surrounded by rat holes. Mrs. Ramli pointed to her son, a chubby little fellow having his feet washed in a dishpan.

"Him name Stalin," she said proudly.

I had candy with me and gave it to Baby Stalin. To Mrs. Ramli I offered Life Savers. If she had not been emancipated, I could never have met her face to face in her home. After tales of my association with "Henri Vallas, goot demokrat,"² and considerable persuasion, I convinced Mrs. Ramli to

² Unwittingly, but due mainly to his former association with the Progressive Party, Henry Wallace had become acceptable to Communists and leftist democrats alike throughout the Middle East. Although I had met Mr. Wallace briefly—only once, while he was vice president—I confess, with apologies to the well-intentioned Democrat who kept such bad political company, that I professed to know him much better than I actually did.

telephone her husband. She arranged for an appointment at the American Bar.

"But how will I recognize your husband?" I asked.

"Him I tell how you look," she said. "Him come to you in American Bar."

As I was leaving, little Stalin left the dishpan and ran to me for more candy. "Go ask your namesake for it," I said. "I haven't any more."

The American Bar proved to be a crowded cafeteria. As I browsed conspicuously just inside the door, a bulky dark-haired, dark-featured man approached me.

"Valias Amerikan?" he said.

"You Fadhi el Ramli?" I asked.

"Aywa, aywa, yes, yes," he said, and I followed him to his table. Sitting there was a short intense Arab named Saleh Orabi, editor of *Telegraf* magazine, in Khartoum in the Sudan. He served as translator.

"The Communists could be the first party in Egypt because of the poverty of the masses," Ramli said. "The people listen to the Communists but are still afraid of the police. The workers are different. They have more courage. Eighty per cent of the labor leaders of Egypt are Communist."

"How do you define a Communist?" I asked.

"One who is a Marxist and believes in the Marxist revolution of workers. I am a Communist."

How about the "Socialist Front" under which he had (unsuccessfully) run for public office? Oh, that? That, said Ramli, was a device used to circumvent a law prohibiting Communists from holding office. Ramli was now advocating an "armed struggle against British imperialism." He emphasized that it was not directed against the Egyptian government. "But it has the same effect," Egypt's Communist added. "Every circumstance has its technique."

I asked if he believed violence was inevitable.

"If the reactionary system refuses all reforms, the only way to change it is by violence. When I speak of armed struggle against the English, it means I am thinking of guerrilla training against a government we will have to fight eventually."

"How long will it be before violence begins in Egypt?"

"It depends on the world situation;" Ramli answered. "If economic conditions continue to grow worse, it will be sooner than if conditions were better. In Egypt the revolution will come about 1955. Egyptian feudalism is the best ally for Egyptian Communism."

"What about the Green Shirts and the Ikhwan? What role do they play?"

Ramli shook his head contemptuously- "Hussein and El Banna are outright Fascists," he said. "They are one of the greatest dangers to Egypt. They confuse the people. They talk social reform but they are backed by the pashas and clerical reactionaries."

And our interpreter nodded in agreement.

". . . IN THE AGE OF FANATICISM"

THE next man I interviewed had been jailed so many times, he told me, that he had lost count. No formal charges had ever been lodged against him, nor was he usually brought before a judge. Whenever governments changed, or whenever those in power didn't like what he wrote, police hauled him away and he stayed in jail until official tempers cooled off, usually in less than a week. Dr. Mohammed Mandour was no Communist, but a rugged reformer-editor of *Soutul-Umma*, a liberal newspaper.

He was a tall, dignified man and spoke excellent English. He admired our Constitution and people, but had no love for our foreign policy, which he thought aped England's. Dr. Mandour had two special hates: the pasha class and the Eng-

lish. He claimed that the English exploited the pashas' fear of Communism, and that both together conspired to continue oppressing the Egyptian masses. In addition, he thought both British and pashas were whipping up anti-Zionist hysteria to postpone social reforms.

"Egypt is not in need of Communism," he said. "We don't want Communist help. We need reform from top to bottom, not revolution, which brings the dirty bottom to the top. I see hope. We will some day have a democracy, a constitutional monarchy like Sweden and Holland, where the real power rests with the people."

Dr. Mandour thought for a moment, then continued slowly:

"No people in the world are treated as miserably as our masses. A farmer sells his dairy products and vegetables and lives principally on cereals. He eats only eleven pounds of meat a year. Of about 5,500,000 acres of arable land, 2,000,000 belong to 1,500 pashas, including the royal family; 1,500,000 acres to some 12,000 landowners; about 500,000 acres are held by the Wakf,³ leaving 1,500,000 acres for more than 3,000,000 felaheen, less than a half acre each. The rest have nothing. They work as slave-tenants. Egypt's wealth is concentrated in less than one per cent of her population. One out of every two children dies before he reaches the age of five.

"Egypt could become the granary of the whole Arab world," he went on. "We could feed all our people if we used the Nile to irrigate the millions of acres of waste lands. Do you know that only three per cent of our country is cultivated? In the matter of poverty the average Egyptian is the richest man in the world. The average non-fellah family has an income of from \$75 to \$150 a year. We are in the hands of fanatics," Dr. Mandour said, now losing his professorial calm. "We are living in the age of fanaticism. Men who are

³ Religious trusts, in which land is placed in the perpetual, tax-exempt custody of a religious association that assigns the income for charitable purposes. The executives are often under political control.

mad about money, power, imperialism. Men who think only of violence, revolution, dictatorship!"

"RUSSIA WILL NOT FAIL US"

DR. MANDOUR told me about El Gamaheer, a Communist weekly. It was edited by the son of a rich landowner, Mahmoud Nabaoui. "His father is influential. The police are afraid that keeping him in jail will make a scandal," Dr. Mandour said.

My hunt for Nabaoui led me to the top floor of a tenement. I had to sell myself as a Wallace-booster and pro-Communist before I was admitted. Once in, I found myself in a room with a printing press, and had no difficulty in convincing a half dozen youths that it was important for me to contact Mahmoud Nabaoui. El Gamaheer (meaning The People) was a lurid affair, with the front and back covers printed in red ink, and carrying the usual wild party-line illustrations.

I met Nabaoui in a cafe, and we sat at a corner table for a quiet talk. He was a mousy type, twenty-six years old but looking younger. He had a short haircut, unusually deep-set eyes.

"Russia will not fail us," he said in answer to my question. "I believe Russia will always support any movement which will help the Egyptian people. . . . But we will not talk of that now."

What plans were there for the establishment of popular democracy in Egypt?

"We would like to achieve democracy the right way, by agitation," he answered. "The use of force and other tactics will be decided when the correct time comes. We cannot tell now what we will do." Nabaoui confirmed Ramli's observation that the majority of labor organizers were Communist, while about fifteen per cent were influential members of Ikhwan el Muslimin. "We already have 150,000 industrial

workers organized," Nabaoui said. "That is only one tenth of the industrial potential."

Nabaoui told me that the People's Liberation Movement had two thousand secret Communist members, meeting in cells. There was a Congress of Trade Union Workers, a Patriotic Committee for Workers and Students, and a Cultural and Scientific Association—all underground. "These," he explained, "take in most of the progressive workers, students, and intellectuals. We used to have the Popular University, which taught history, politics, and economics from the Marxist point of view, but Sidky Pasha shut it down. In 1946 we organized a National Front which brought together thousands of members and sympathizers under one leadership. Sidky Pasha suppressed this, too, and threw the leaders into jail."

"How are you financed?" I asked. Nabaoui hesitated a moment before answering. "My father gives me a monthly income. My wife also has means. *EI Gamaheer* has a circulation of ten thousand and the proceeds from each issue just about meet expenses. Only two of our workers receive a salary—ten dollars a month each."

"Do you receive any funds from outside sources? From other countries?"

Nabaoui shook his head. "From Russia, never," he said.

No, not even from Henri Curiel, described to me as a leader of the Egyptian Communist movement. He was a mysterious figure who rarely appeared in public. The very fact that he was so well known was a sure indication, as far as I was concerned, that he was not a top man, but served as a front for others. He owned three bookstores and was reputed to have become wealthy from them. But in a country with eighty-five per cent illiteracy, it was difficult to understand how a bookseller could become rich.

I continued to press Nabaoui. Had Curiel other means of support? Nabaoui wouldn't tell. He suggested that I meet Curiel by dropping into the most prominent of his bookshops,

the Rond Point. When I went there I found three salesmen, all speaking English. I was astonished to see the large stock of out-and-out Communist propaganda, in English, French, and Arabic. I bought a booklet with a drawing of Lenin on the cover; one with a drawing of Marx; and a third on Tito. These were in Arabic. I bought *The Call of the Russian Church*, *Soviet News*, and *Russia Today*, all printed in London. I also bought *New Times*, published in Moscow, and an old copy of our own *Daily Worker*!

Curiel himself was not in. One of the salesmen said that Curiel's father would arrive at five o'clock. When I returned later, I saw behind the cash register an elderly man wearing dark glasses. I went directly to him and stretched out my hand. He did not respond. I realized he was blind. I told him I wanted to see Henri Curiel.

"Why do you want to see him? Are you a Communist?"

If I had said yes, it would have been difficult to live up to it when I met his son. If I said no, it might prejudice the old man against me, so I replied: "Don't make me answer that question now, please. I'll answer directly to Henri."

It was the correct response because the old man smiled. "You will contact Henri through my daughter-in-law," he said. "Telephone her at 57270."

I phoned immediately and talked to the old man's wife, who said her daughter-in-law would be in at eight o'clock. When I called at eight, I reached the younger woman. Would I call back again tomorrow?

I phoned. I phoned for the next two days and each time was politely brushed off both by the young and the older Curiels. Finally I lost my temper and demanded a showdown. Just as angrily, young Mrs. Curiel snapped back: "You have talked to Mahmoud Nabaoui. You have asked him many questions; you have asked questions about finances. We do not know who you are, or why you ask such questions. I will try to get someone else to speak to you, but I will have to ask my husband first."

Frustrated, I appealed to the Arab newspaperman who had been my first contact. He knew Curiel and would do his best. But Curiel flatly refused to see me.

Allah must have had a hand in all this, for as it turned out, Curiel's refusal saved me from a grave predicament. Two days later Cairo newspapers broke out in headlines: "Police Yesterday Discovered the General Headquarters of the Egyptian Communist Party." They had raided a tenement on Suleiman Pasha street and discovered "extremely important documents revealing the address of all the cells and names of the heads of the movement throughout the country." Important papers also showed "connection between these cells and foreign countries."

Prior to the raid, they had placed the evasive Curiel under twenty-four hour surveillance, and trailed him to his secret headquarters. He was now in jail. Had I met Curiel, I, too, would have been followed, certainly arrested for questioning, and would probably have had a taste of Cairo prison life. With my police record of camera forays and my curious friendships, I would have been in a difficult position.

LIBERATION AT LAST!

I decided to keep out of sight for a while. I remained in my room at the Continental for several days, had my meals brought up, and ventured out only at night for a few urgent telephone calls I feared to make from the hotel. I telephoned Hussein repeatedly. When do we start for Palestine? I demanded. "Any day now," he said. "Wait. Be patient. Be patient. This is not America."

Wait. Wait. Wait. No wonder it was said that an Arab spends half his time in waiting, the other half in wishing. I determined I could wait no longer. I would have to revert to my original plan and go to Palestine by myself, even though

such travel now was particularly dangerous. I took the bull by the horns and approached the British Embassy for a visa to Palestine. It was not easy to obtain, and only after I came with a letter recommending me as a "keen and reliable historian of the present" was I granted it. I was now prepared to enter Palestine legally as a newspaperman.

I made other preparations. I suggested to Moustafa Momen, one of the leaders of the Ikhwan, that he give me a letter of introduction vouching for my devotion to the Arab cause. It would help me in Palestine, I told him. After some consultation, Momen wrote the following letter, which was to prove extremely valuable to me:

To Generous Brother El Sayed Safer el Shawa
 Head of the Brotherhood
 Gaza

Greetings: God's Mercy and Blessings Be with You!

I present to you Mr.-----, the American correspondent. He has already visited the general headquarters of the Brotherhood in Cairo and has had an interview with the Supreme Guide. He has met Brother Mahmoud Labib Bey, who promised he would let him visit the Brotherhood camp in Gaza and Khan Younis and take the necessary pictures. It is requested that he be taken to Brother Mahmoud Labib Bey, so that he might visit the camp with him.

God's Mercy and Blessings Be with You!

From the Green Shirts I obtained an identity card with my photograph, in addition to a similar letter signed by Hussein, reading:

The bearer of this is Mr.-----, an American-Armenian photographer, who came to Egypt and visited our party, and took some pictures to publish in the American magazines. Despite the fact that the Arab League had cleared him, we [also] investigated his actions, and found that his mission is cultural only. . . . He may be permitted to take photographs that the

Arab Mujahedeen [Holy Warriors] may think [will] help their cause in the world.

Armed with these letters—one from each of the opposing camps—and a card from the Arab League accrediting me as a correspondent, an Ikhwan membership button showing the Koran and the crossed swords, as well as a green beret and armband of the Green Shirts, I felt reasonably safe, I might add that I also had a notarized statement certifying my Christian religion, and a large button showing the Mufti and the Arab colors.

Another stroke of good luck befell me when Hussein Aboul Fath, publisher of *Al Misri*, one of Egypt's leading newspapers, asked me to serve as a special Palestine correspondent, and gave me a letter of introduction. With the help of this, I obtained a document even more valuable to me: a letter of approval from the Mufti's own headquarters, the Arab Higher Committee, attesting to my sympathy with the Arab cause. I added this endorsement to my growing collection.

Then, one night at my hotel, I found a message to telephone Hussein.

"Tomorrow the boys are leaving! Be ready! Come early!" he screamed excitedly.

I spent a feverish night packing, discarding excess items, writing letters and destroying others. I assembled my precious notes and film negatives in tightly packed bundles and placed false labels on them. I put beside my bed an Arab khaffiya that I would wear, and my Green Shirt armband. To hold my various credentials, I sewed secret pockets in the nondescript khaki uniform I had bought. Just as I had finished listing a number of small items I had to buy, the donkey brayed. It was tomorrow already. I grinned. I had heard that donkey for the last time.

My liberation came at six o'clock on the morning of March 31.

Allah rabim! Allah is indeed merciful!

OFF FOR THE HOLY WAR!

"If we Moslems choose to spit on the Jews we could drown them. . . . We will crush the microbe of Zionism forever. . . . You will see how we fight like Allah's own messengers!"
Arab man-on-the-street

CAIRO'S mood, the hour before our departure, was one of excitement or terror—depending on your religion. Jews were imprisoned because they were Zionists, and beaten on streets because they were Jews. They huddled in their homes, afraid to leave, afraid to worship on the Sabbath because the Ikhwan had spread rumors that synagogues were used for "plotting." Newspapers daily whipped up new excitement with news from Palestine: FIERCE BATTLE IN HOLY CITY'S NO-MAN'S LAND. . . . HAIFA EXPRESS BLOWN UP AGAIN. . . . MARTIAL

LAW PROCLAIMED. . . . There were celebrations as news of the dynamiting of the Jewish Agency building in Jerusalem, by a car carrying TNT and "flying an American flag," was announced, and later when Arabs ambushed a large convoy near Bethlehem, seized scores of vehicles, and killed many Jews. Under Arab League sponsorship, Fawzy Bey el Kawoukji (who had spent the war years in Germany, marrying there¹) had begun to attack with his Yarmuk Army of Liberation.

¹ For other details of his stay in Germany, see Chapter XXII.

Arabs everywhere were confident of victory. They gloated over their arms, their money, their numbers. "If we Moslems choose to spit on the Jews we could drown them," one said contemptuously. From another: "We are like a ball of snow. We have just begun to roll. We will crush the microbe of Zionism forever."

The Arab Goliath of eight States and forty-five million people would win over a tiny, sausage-shaped, "militarily indefensible" area, encircled by Arabs, and containing 650,000 poorly armed Jews and a fifth column of at least as many Arabs. There was no doubt that the Arabs would win easily. They said so.

WE'RE OFF AT LAST

A TAXI brought me to Green Shirt headquarters early in the morning of April 1. It was a scene of wild confusion. Excited orders were being shouted every moment. Two telephones jangled constantly. I announced myself to Ahmed Hussein and also to Moustafa, who had acquired a pistol and a cartridge belt. After this, I waited quietly by the door. Nothing in the Arab world, I knew, is done quickly or on time. Whatever the Arab's other talents, if there is a complex or a long way around, he is likely to take it instead of the simple and efficient way. Then, too, the average Arab finds it difficult to subordinate his fierce independence to the demands of teamwork. Two instincts: to rebel against an order, or to give one himself, clash within him immediately. The result is often a great deal of verbal thunder, but little actual accomplishment.

And so, I waited patiently for the snowball to start rolling. Shortly after noon, Hussein hurried up to me. "Do you have your camera?" I patted my hip pocket. "Good," he said. "Come with me."

We hastened to two waiting automobiles. Hussein, his officers, Moustafa, Sheikh Azaayim, and I climbed into them, and off we went. We arrived at a quarter dense with milling natives, the women completely covered, despite the sweltering heat, in black clothing, and hordes of sticky children everywhere. Excitement reigned, with screaming and screeching going on everywhere. On the narrow dirt street, a half dozen sturdy American-made trucks were lined up. Everybody was directing the loading of tins of gasoline, sacks of flour and grain, onions, olives, Vickers machine-guns, and rifles. Dressed incongruously in riding breeches, trim American military coat (obtainable in Cairo's bazaars for five dollars), and white flowing headdress, Sheikh Azaayim, leader of the Followers of Truth, pitched in and began to direct all the directors—no easy job!

"Artour, Artour!" It was Hussein. "Take pictures. We are making history!"

Catching quicksilver is far easier than getting Arabs to pose naturally for a group photo. The camera must be quicker than the Arab, which is impossible! They strut, they simper, they push one another to get in the front. Finally they line up like a jumbled mass of upright sticks, each in a theatrical pose. I took a number of such pictures, with Arabs three layers deep, Ahmed Hussein, Sheikh Azaayim and Moustafa in front. . . . I confess I was getting to like Moustafa more and more. He was a born leader and always seemed to be calm. I kept close to him.

Above the din someone started to yell "Yallah!" It was taken up by the Followers of Truth, by the men, the women, the children. The native quarters rang with "Yallah!" It's a universal Arab phrase, meaning "Let's go!"

Two hundred of us piled into the trucks. Everybody was screaming at the top of his voice. Women leaned out of the long-shuttered windows waving ecstatically at us. Then they suddenly began emitting shrill tremolo cries, their tongues rapidly darting in and out, palms clapping their mouths,

American Indian fashion. It is a native custom called zag-hareed. An old man with fierce features brandished a thick cane and yallah'd us on. The trucks started their grinding motors, adding to the racket. And now, like a cacophonous orchestra, came the noise of rasping horns, followed by children screaming, and mothers squealing to get them into the doorways. The six roaring motors sounded like a squadron of B-29's. Clouds of dust swept up, hiding the houses, the women, and the children from view. Our send-off was nothing short of triumphal. I wondered, fleetingly, if the Followers of Truth would return the same way.

We rode through narrow, twisting streets and then our cavalcade of trucks turned into a broad boulevard. Banners flying, the Followers of Truth broke into a chant: "We are going to fight for Allah, and Allah will protect us from harm." They kept it up, word for word, as we roared toward the heart of Cairo, speeded on by deafening cheers from the crowds. We stopped all traffic at every intersection. The trucks screeched to a halt in a highly congested area. A crowd collected. Men broke through to the front and began to deliver impassioned speeches. "We want to come with you. . . . Kill them till the ground is red. . . . Bring Palestine back with you. . . ."

"Artour, Artour!" It was Moustafa waving me off the truck.

"I've been recognized," was my first thought.

"Hurry up," Moustafa called. "They want you."

I began clambering down.

"Hurry, Artour," I felt a violent tugging. "They want you to take pictures!"

I almost hugged Moustafa. ... I saw that we were in front of the office of EI Ahram, a Cairo daily. It was dusk. A satisfactory photograph would be difficult. I called a chunky Follower of Truth, and made him bend over to serve as a tripod. Green Shirts, Followers of Truth, Hussein, Azaayim, a policeman, and people off the sidewalk lined up in the usual jumble. My reputation as a photographer was at stake. "Hold these people still for just one second," I begged Moustafa.

How he ever did it is a tribute to his genius for command. He also went so far as to order the man whose back I was using to stop breathing.

I hastily shot several one-second exposures. I took the film into the El Ahram and gave instructions. Eventually I saw the printed photograph. To my gratification it came out surprisingly clear.

"As our official photographer, you must sit up in front with us," Moustafa announced. "Don't worry about your bags. I am in charge of this truck." He spoke to the men on top. They carefully covered my luggage with blankets, and one of them was held accountable.

TEA, DRUG, AND HASHEESH

THE sun had set in a blaze of golden flame and the horizon was still glowing. Our trucks rolled past the outskirts of Cairo and rumbled into the darkness. I was squeezed in between Moustafa and the driver. Behind us the Followers of Truth kept up their monotonous, rhythmic chant: "We are going to fight for Allah, and Allah will protect us from harm."

"The Jews are praying too," I said. "To which side will Allah listen?"

"To ours," Moustafa said. "You will see how we fight like Allah's own messengers!"

Our driver, a plump Bedouin, presently complained that he was getting tired. At the next village we stopped in front of a "smoke house." It was a dirt-brown little place, serving as a restaurant, coffee house, gossip hangout—and something more. Fellahs in dirty gallabiyas leaned against the walls, or sat on the earthen floor or in crude, straw-bottomed chairs, feet dangling, alternately spitting and smoking the nargileh, the water-pipe. Others were drinking a syrupy, tar-black tea, which acted like a mild narcotic.

I saw our driver go straight to the proprietor behind a grimy

counter, a deformed man with a closed eye. A few minutes later he returned, holding a tiny package of brown paper. He kissed it with a loud smacking of the lips, and carefully put it in his inside pocket. We drove on. . . . He was a happy man now, humming a tune.

"Did he drink tea?" I asked Moustafa.

"No, not tea," he answered mysteriously.

I could no longer contain my curiosity. "What did he take?"

"Hasheesh."

"How often does he use it?"

"All the time. It keeps him awake, and gives him a feeling that he is strong and has no worries."

"But isn't it habit-forming?"

Moustafa shrugged his shoulders. "He doesn't think about it when he takes it."

Our driver had paid fifty cents for a few grams.

We drove through the night, halting at long intervals to see that all the trucks were with us. The chanting had stopped now. Under the moonlight the Followers of Truth slept and snored on the grain sacks. At one o'clock we arrived in Ismailia, crossing-point of the Suez Canal. Palestine was 140 miles to the northeast, across the desert sands. Not far from here Moses and the Israelites, fleeing from Pharaoh, camped before crossing the Red Sea. But this was no time for such reflections. We were all weary from the long day and its excitement, anxious to cross the canal by ferry that very night and set up camp in the Sinai Desert. The trucks pulled up under pine groves that lined the canal. Green Shirts and Followers of Truth got off the trucks, arrayed themselves against the trees, the banks, the truck, and relieved themselves.

The Suez Canal proved our temporary Waterloo. Through some technicality, the customs official would not let us through. Perhaps everything hadn't yet been tried—a little baksheesh, bribe, for instance? Ma'alesh! No matter, it could wait until morning. Followers of Truth spread out their blankets—on the very places they had watered—and pulled

them over their heads. Shrouded, immobile figures, they lay grotesquely along the roadway and in the clump of pines.

I had no blanket, so I curled up on the driver's seat of our truck. The night was cold. I was wearing my nondescript khaki uniform and my flowing khaffiya. Unable to sleep, I walked to the canal's edge and dipped my fingers into the water. It was surprisingly warm under the cold air. I sat down by the bank and pulled my knees up to my chest. I stuffed the cuffs of my trousers inside my socks and pulled up the socks in an attempt to husband as much warmth as possible. I sat there, huddled up and shivering. The ferry that would take us over tomorrow was moored to the bank on my right. The moon kissed the shimmering waters, but its light made the desert beyond seem all the more bleached and forbidding. I could see the road snaking from the opposite bank and losing itself in the bleak Sinai waste. A merchant ship churned slowly up the canal, its lights ablaze, moving through the water with a soft muffled sound. The waves lapped softly against the shore; then all was stillness again. There was only a tiny light gleaming in the customs office; nothing in the adjoining tent where Sheikh Azaayim slept, apart from his men. Six of his men guarded the entrance. In the dimness I could see the others. Moustafa, I knew, was somewhere among them.

I returned to my truck. The hasheesh-drunk driver was slumped over the wheel snoring peacefully. I dozed off in fits and starts. The cold drove me out again, prowling about for warmth. Then the sun broke over the bleached Sinai sands, a radiant, blazing sun that brought with its warmth, life, hunger. The water and the ferry took shape, and the birds began their chirping in the pine grove. It was also time for the Followers of Truth to water the roadbanks, en masse.

Moustafa and I went to the bank and washed in the salt water, I loaned him my comb. "Keep it, Moustafa, I have another one." He was grateful. Almost anything I said or did for him evoked his gratitude.

I noticed now that there were twelve Green Shirt regulars.

(I counted myself among them, as distinguished from the Followers of Truth.) We were more Europeanized. Our clothing (except mine) was mostly United States army surplus, or parts thereof, with Green Shirt insignia. We didn't chant about Allah protecting us from harm. Nearly all spoke some English. In addition to Moustafa, there was Captain Zaki, wearing an Egyptian army uniform, who was now "on leave," like hundreds of others. There was Sabri, Moustafa's closest friend, and Mahmoud, the most dapper amongst us. I found myself with these four most of the time.

"Let's eat," Moustafa said.

While Captain Zaki and Sheikh Azaayim haggled with the customs officials, seven of us climbed a near-by sand dune and sat down to breakfast. It consisted of black olives, raw onions, and stale kmaj—thin, brownish, round-shaped bread, a half inch thick. We spread the food on a newspaper and devoured it in record time. Captain Zaki and the sheikh met us with long faces. The customs officials were adamant. They had received special orders from the Ministry of Interior not to let us through.

"Is it because I, an American, am with you?" I asked Moustafa.

"No, Artour. There are other reasons. We will camp at Ismailia, and sneak into Palestine in small groups. Yallah!"

"Yallah! Yallah! Yallah!"

The call served as a bugle cry. Nothing had been unloaded, so we clambered into the trucks, drove through Ismailia's business district, and on to an outlying mud-built village that comprised the native quarter. This was to be home for the next four days, while we devised plans to steal into Palestine.

BEHIND THE NATIVE CURTAIN

FOLLOWERS of Truth encamped on the street, in front of a grocery store. The grocer provided them with a huge tent

of Oriental rugs and canopies. While Sheikh Azaayim stayed at the home of the grocer, as a distinguished guest, we of the Green Shirts—twelve strong—were directed to a building near by, where we were jammed into a tiny-windowed room about fifteen feet square, with a low ceiling, one bed, and a divan.

The people about us lived with their animals, went to bed with them, and woke up at the same hour with them. Nearly every native was barefooted, and went to bed unwashed, got up the next morning and went through the grime of the streets, and then went to bed again without ever bathing his body or feet, until the dirt and dung caked on them and formed a leathery protective coating, I was convinced that soap and water alone could never remove it. The street on which we made our home was typical of provincial Egypt. All day long, adults urinated against the walls, while children and teen-agers splotched their excrement anywhere, usually near the base of the walls, so that it was positively unsafe to walk anywhere but in the middle of the street. Even though the dung soon dried in the intense heat of day, swarms of green-black flies always festered there, especially when someone stepped on the mounds. Garbage was cast indiscriminately in the streets. All day long women threw panfuls of house water into the streets. Ma'alesh!

Hordes of children played among the refuse, and the inevitable droppings of donkeys, dogs, cats, chickens, camels, and horses. Pitiful, scab-covered, undersized children with running eyes scurried about, sores untreated, hair uncombed week after week till it was matted like the underside of a pig. They spilled out of their homes in the morning like ants from an anthill. They looked exactly as the night before, and the morning before, and the night before that. Their clothes, consisting sometimes of underwear, but usually only a nightshirt, had apparently not been washed since they had been sewn into garments. The first morning I saw a child, its face covered with scabs, its nose running. I saw the same child in the evening with the matter solidifying beneath his nose down

to the lips. The next morning he was the same, save that a fresh layer was being added to the collection of dirt of the last few days.

As for the women, they seemed to be the main repository of filth. Whenever they washed—usually in a contaminated river—they went into the water dressed, and in groups, washing their dirty clothes and dirty bodies at the same time. Clay or a piece of soft wood usually served as soap. In many villages the women never washed thoroughly except on the occasion of their marriage and once a year at the feast of Bairam. It was comforting to see them go around with faces veiled, for the few who were uncovered were revoltingly ugly.

It was within ten miles of our quarters that the first death in Egypt's cholera epidemic of 1947 occurred—a small native village, like ours!

The food we ate was primitive, typical native fare. Our staple diet was *tamia*, ground chickpeas mixed with parsley and onions, seasoned with garlic and blazing-hot pepper, and fried patty-shape like hamburgers. We had *fasoulia*, red kidney-beans, the poor man's food because it was so cheap. We also had *fool*, fava-beans. We had *fool* and *fasoulia*, morning noon and night, with the addition of raw onions and black olives. I had no idea how the food was prepared, for no man dared go into the kitchen where the grocer's wife and relatives cooked our rations. At times I wondered about the water we drank. Such things had better be left to Allah, who saw everything anyway. I thought that if I survived this ordeal I'd survive anything.

Our first night here came at the end of a hot and dusty day. A tiny gas-lamp cast its yellow glow over one corner of the cell we called home. As the other eleven Green Shirts came in, they removed their shoes and stockings and wriggled their toes to let the air circulate between them. Barefooted, some went to the dark fenced-off enclosure in the courtyard. This was the community toilet. You brought your own paper. At night a tiny dim lantern hung inside, but only the buzzing

swarms of flies could possibly see any better by it. The stench that rushed up from the center opening of the sewer was absolutely unbearable. Ma'alesh! You were supposed to get used to it.

Upon returning, they sat down at the table without further ceremony or washing. The table was a circular piece of smooth wood, about three feet in diameter and set eight inches above the floor in the center of our room. The food was piled high on platters. We seated ourselves crosslegged. Then, yallah! We reached with our hands. First come, first served. I learned to eat Arab fashion, without knife, spoon, or fork. I would dip a piece of flat bread, *kmaj*, into the common pool, holding it between the thumb and three fingers, scoop the food with a half turn of the wrist and bring it up quickly, tilting the head backward to keep the juices from running down the corners of my mouth. At first aim, I miscarried the scoopful of *fasoulia*, and it burst above my nose like shrapnel, distributing the beans all over my face. Ma'alesh! I pushed them into my mouth with fingers that were greasy anyway. A few sessions made me fairly skillful though I lacked speed and finesse. In due time I acquired both.

"You are now a full Arab," Moustafa complimented me.

Next day it became evident that we'd remain stranded. I went with Moustafa, Captain Zaki, Sabri, and Mahmoud to Ismailia. I found it a colorful and, in spots, a pretty little city. There was an abundance of water, and some of the tree-lined boulevards were extremely attractive. English officers lived here with their families. Soldiers from near-by camps were everywhere.

We were ravenously hungry, so I treated everyone to a lunch of kebab—square cuts of skewered lamb—after which we moved to a sidewalk cafe and Moustafa ordered coffee and tea. Native life ebbed and flowed around us. Children carried blue beads to ward off the evil eye; here a cobbler was soling shoes with old tire rubber; there a tinsmith fashioned houseware from discarded cans; from the entrance of a grimy

butcher-shop chunks of raw meat hung from iron hooks. A lively backgammon game was in progress at an adjoining table, with a half dozen tanned, turbaned fellaheen watching; a camel train passed by, each camel linked to another by ropes; down the street, a house was being built with mud bricks. A fight started at the corner. The rush-bottomed cafe chairs were emptied.

Moustafa had been suffering for some time with a sore toe. In his last encounter with the Haganah a bullet had grazed it. He showed me the wound, which had become infected.

"You had better see a good doctor right now before it gets worse."

"I will go to the barber," Moustafa said. After our coffee, we all went to the barber. While Captain Zaki and Mahmoud were being shaved, the barber opened Moustafa's bandages. Using only warm water to wash the toe, and no antiseptic of any kind, he lanced it with a jack-knife. Then he used waste cotton to bandage it.

"That man is worse than a butcher, Moustafa."

"Never mind, Artour. He's an Arab doctor."

"Yallah!"

Yallah this time was to the outskirts of Ismailia, where Mahmoud said he wanted to visit relatives. Zaki stayed behind, giving the excuse that he was tired. We walked for nearly an hour through the broiling sun, through one native quarter after another, going slowly because Moustafa's toe was extremely painful.

"Mahmoud must love his relatives to walk all this distance in this dust!"

"He loves them very much." Moustafa and Sabri changed glances.

At last we reached the outskirts, and came to the edge of a large empty lot. Beyond this I saw more of the squat, mud-baked huts that made up the native quarters. This sand-lot was particularly malodorous, or perhaps the wind was blowing the wrong way. As we walked, a new form of stench filled the

air. It wasn't offal. This was something more pungent, awesome, sickening, carnal, like a decomposing cat. Now I became aware of what seemed to be a hole, about fifty feet square, ahead of us. Our path skirted to the left of the sand-pit. As we came to it, I took one glance and jerked my head away. The pit was filled with the rotting flesh of dogs, cats, horses, cows, and other dead animals. It was an open burial ground. Part of the carrion still clung to the bones. Other parts had been eaten away by the neighborhood cats and dogs. Strands of fur hung to the decomposing flesh. The sun had bleached white the skulls and skeletons, and the stench that rose to God's blue sky was the most nauseating in my experience. . . .

"Where is this ----- relative of Mahmoud's?" I yelled uncontrollably.

"On the other side of this held, the first house," Moustafa said, smiling.

At long last we reached the first house. Instead of veiled women, we saw women with their faces exposed. Three trollops were sitting on the stoop, their legs wide apart. It required no effort to see that they were shaven—in keeping with an Arab custom that is said to apply to all classes of women, and is intended to keep them clean in the hot climate.

"Are these his relatives? An hour's walk across that stench hole to visit these!" I screamed at Moustafa.

"If you want to learn Arab life, you must know about Mahmoud's relatives."

Mahmoud looked the girls over, chose one, and went inside with her. Moustafa and Sabri talked to the other two. Business was slow at this time of day, for the sun overhead was blazing, and only a frustrated fool like Mahmoud would make the venture.

"The women have visitors when it's cool, from six o'clock till midnight."

We waited a half hour . . . three quarters of an hour . . . one full hour!

"What can Mahmoud be doing there all this time? Surely your women can't be different from ours."

"But our ways are different/' Moustafa insisted.

At last Mahmoud emerged. He looked as though he had been through a steam bath.

"What's different about your ways?" I asked Moustafa a little later.

"First of all Mahmoud had hasheesh. Then he bought the woman some. This makes much difference in what happens afterward. You cannot cut short your visit. You can't!" Moustafa and Sabri giggled. "This is why our method is different, and why Mahmoud was in so long. . . . After the woman," Moustafa continued to explain, "he had a hot bath. Now he can fight the Jew with a clean body."

MUTINY!

BUT it was I who almost died with a dirty body, for the next night I was almost stabbed, with my back to the wall. . . . After three days and three nights of forced confinement in cramped quarters and continual frustration, the sizzling Arab temper provided the final catalytic. Sharp distinctions arose between East and West: Followers of Truth on the one hand, and the Green Shirts on the other.

Sheikh Azaayim, leader of the Followers of Truth, was running low on the food we had brought. And the grocer, a tack-headed capitalist, was showing little appreciation for our noble mission. He was gouging Azaayim with high prices for additional food, rental, and incidentals. "My" side blamed Azaayim for botching the whole thing. The sheikh, with more truth, blamed the Green Shirts for staging a public parade and inviting the wrath of government officials who, mindful of the Green Shirt record during the war, had no desire to harbor any armed and trained private armies in Egypt. Moustafa and

Captain Zaki threatened to leave, depriving the Followers of Truth of military leadership. The sheikh insisted they must remain. "After all, I brought you here. I've paid you. I've fed you and housed you in comfort." The Green Shirts countered by saying they had left Cairo to fight the Jew in Palestine, not stagnate in a pigsty. The atmosphere was charged with tension. East and West henchmen rarely spoke now, except in anger, hands on revolvers or daggers. I tried to be friendly to both sides, and keep out of the family quarrel. One reads about "explosive" situations. This was it! If anything blew up, I knew I'd be in the middle of it, for the Arab temper, usually quiescent, once aroused becomes blind in its passions.

That night once again I heard the chant: "We are going to fight for Allah and Allah will protect us from harm." As we weren't going anywhere, I wondered why the war cry this time of night. It continued for an hour and was driving us to desperation.

"They don't know any better." Moustafa said. "They are fanatics!"

I decided to investigate.

"Don't stay away long," Moustafa warned. "They don't like us—and especially they don't like Americans. Don't go inside their tent."

I walked past their sentry. "Assalamu aleikum. Peace be upon you," I said.

"Wa aleikuin salam," he grunted. "Upon you peace."

I opened the tent flap. The sight was common enough. Against a background of colored canopies and rugs, the fellaheen fighters, crosslegged on mats, were swaying rhythmically, in perfect accompaniment to the weird chant. Their eyes were half-closed as if under trance, their faces feverish. This was Jihad, in the making. I had no doubt that some of them had taken hasheesh. The leaders were reading responsively to the chant from dog-eared copies of the Koran. Some Followers of Truth were in their American army surplus khaki, in full battle dress, with steel helmets, cartridge belt, daggers and all.

I had already photographed one of them with his "gizzard slitter"—the name I gave to a particularly ugly dagger, the handle of which was a brass knuckle. There seemed to be stranger elements among the Followers of Truth. They were wearing calico skullcaps and gallabiyas. These vicious thugs had arrived the day before. Moustafa told me he suspected them of being imported to fight the Green Shirts if a show-down battle developed.

The chanting stopped as I entered. Glares took its place. I offered to take pictures. The Followers obeyed in surly fashion, not because they liked me or wanted to be photographed, but because Sheikh Azaayim had approved my photography. I took several flashlight photos. Then I tried to leave. But they stepped up and wanted to see the prints at once, poking their long dirty nails into the shutter opening. Trying to protect my precious camera, I explained somehow that they would have them by sabah, by morning. They went away, sullen, and I stepped into the night.

While inside I had noticed movements at the farther end of the tent, a closed portion, with figures constantly brushing against the canopies. I passed the sentry and went to the farther end of the tent to investigate. I was about to lift the flap, when I felt myself jerked up by the neck to an upright position and slammed against the wall of the grocery store. At the same time a sharp hard object was jabbed against my left side. A scant six inches from my nose was the outline of a frenzied face and bared teeth. Hot, carnal breath, and a hot volley of words I did not understand poured out at me. Strong fingers with sharp nails were tightened around my throat, so that breathing became difficult, and I was unable to cry out. To rip away the choking fingers would, I was sure, have resulted in being jabbed with the knife. My only defense lay in dirty alley fighting.

I was about to kick my assailant viciously in the groin, and simultaneously push away the knife blade, when I heard the cracking of bone against bone, and a knuckled fist smashed

against the face. It was Moustafa to the rescue! The Follower of Truth hit the dust. As he came up, knife brandished in mid-air, Moustafa whipped out his revolver and pointed it straight at the heart of the enraged fellah. In low, guttural words, hardly audible beyond our intimate circle, I heard Moustafa growl at my would-be assassin the equivalent of: "One more step, and you're a dead son of Allah!"

"Go back into the room, Artour," Moustafa commanded.

I waited for him at the entrance to the grocer's home.

"Now Followers of Truth will surely try to kill you, Moustafa," I said.

"Not me alone, but you, too, and all the Green Shirts," he answered calmly. "We will have to be ready for them. Come."

I touched him on the arm. "Moustafa, you saved my life. What I have is yours. Wish it, and you shall have it." I meant every word. At the same time, I was following Arab tradition.

Moustafa hesitated. "I want your friendship, Artour."

"You shall have my loyalty as long as I live."

We hurried to our suffocating flea-hole and alerted the boys. They made sure revolvers were loaded, daggers ready, and used what little furniture there was to barricade the door. This immediately cut off our only escape because our single barred window looked into a blind alley.

"I am sorry to have caused you all the trouble," I said to Moustafa and Zaki. "If I go away maybe things will quiet down. I'll go gladly."

"Don't be afraid for our sake," Moustafa said. "If you are afraid for yourself, then we can't stop you from going."

"I'll stay."

In my shirt pocket, over my heart, were three little objects, chained together. First, a medallion with the Madonna and Child of the Armenian Church. It had been tied to my bed-post as a child, and Mother believed the Maryam Asdvardzamayr yev Christos (Mary, Mother of Jesus, and the Christ Child) would protect me on my journey. Attached to it was

a St. Christopher's medal that a Catholic friend had given me for the same purpose. The third object was a Jewish mezuzah, a tiny metal tube in which was a paper scroll with the Ten Commandments inscribed upon it, given to me by a Jewish friend to insure my safe return. With these in my hand, I silently prayed now, summoning all three faiths to my protection. Sheikh Azaayim had got drunk earlier in the evening, and was now sleeping it off. It wasn't likely that his men would attack without his orders, but anything might provide the spark and touch off the Jihad-crazed, hasheesh-maddened Followers any minute.

With the boys listening to every sound to forestall a surprise attack, there was no sleep that night. Moustafa and I talked in whispers. "What made you come after me at just the right second?" I asked.

"I don't know. You were gone a long time, when suddenly I got a call inside of me. It must have been Allah. You are a lucky Armenian, Artour."

"A lucky American," I corrected. "By the way, Moustafa, what was going on so secretly in the tent? Were they praying?"

"No, it was long past the hour of the last prayer."

"Then what could they be doing?" I insisted.

"Maybe they were visiting with relatives," Moustafa said with a smile.

"Male or female?"

Moustafa looked at me strangely. "Male."

Through the barred window we could see the first light of dawn. We moved the furniture away from the door, opened it, and Moustafa stole out. He returned with Arab bread, which is delicious when fresh, but like plastic when it is not, and a large plate of ground chickpeas.

"After we eat, we leave," Captain Zaki said. "If we don't go now, there'll be blood in the streets. We didn't come here to fight Arabs."

"We will take a train to Rara," Moustafa said. Rafa was the

last town on the Egyptian side of the Palestine border. From there we would cross the border to Beersheba and then trust to luck to reach Jerusalem.

We finished in silence. The boys packed their things.

"Yallah!"

Quickly and silently we slipped out, circled the tent jammed with Followers of Truth, and in hushed single file walked past the mud-built houses. Dawn had come in full glory. Life began to stir about us; rickety shutters flew open, squeaking on their hinges. Women splattered the streets with the contents of bedpans, keeping the dust down at the same time. Donkeys and children had already littered the streets. We looked behind. A squad of Followers of Truth were lurking in our rear. They grew in numbers as we walked quickly, close to the walls—where in a way, it was safer, though unclean. Soon we lost ourselves in Ismailia.

"We are now going to visit a rich Moslem and ask for money for train tickets." Zaki said. "We want you to come with us. Maybe he will like to have his picture taken."

We went to an expensively furnished home. Our host, a portly Arab, eyed us all with suspicion. He wanted to know what the lone American was doing. Perhaps I was a foreign agent! Oh, no, Moustafa assured him. I was Exhibit A—an American who hated the Jews so much that he had come 5,500 miles to fight them. I was also a wonderful photographer. The wealthy Arab wasn't impressed. He had been solicited before, and was cautious with his money. Ultimately, he proved to be a member of the Ikhwan, with no love for the Green Shirts. He offered us fine Arab coffee. Otherwise, our mission was a failure.

"We will have to pay for the tickets ourselves," Zaki said.

Late in the afternoon we took the train for El Qantara, the Suez Canal terminal for trains to Palestine. It was night when we arrived. Moustafa made us wait while he went to the customs office to fix matters. I had explained that I could not hope to pass with my cameras because I had not been asked

to declare them when I first arrived in Egypt. I had also told Moustafa that owing to our delay in Ismailia, my Egyptian visa had expired. Normally, both were grave offenses.

"Don't worry about anything," Moustafa said.

To my astonishment, the usually bureaucratic Egyptian custom officials chalked my bags without opening them. With Moustafa again supervising, my passport was stamped, and I was through. Getting on the train became a real problem. It was packed tighter than a New York subway at rush hour. The door was impossible to open, so Moustafa and I scrambled in through the windows. The other Green Shirts scattered to other cars. Captain Zaki, being large and plump, found the window too tight for his girth. He had worked his way through to his hips—and then he was stuck. The train whistle blew for the third time. The train lurched forward: with might and main we pushed the captain out, then desperately Moustafa and I began to remove baggage from the doorway, throwing it in every direction, with no heed to the shouting owners. When Zaki finally leaped aboard, the train was already past the platform.

"FORGET YOU ARE AMERICAN"

I WAS standing chest-high in baggage. I had long lost trace of my own. The three of us stood together now amid the infuriated passengers who were screaming for their luggage. We had landed in a third-class compartment. There was no light. As soon as the train got beyond the town, we were in pitch-black darkness. My flashlight was a life-saver. Gradually everyone found his belongings, barricaded himself behind them, and a semblance of quiet was restored. Our companions were a farmer, two soldiers, a Palestinian policeman, a boy sleeping on baggage, and two women—veiled despite the midnight blackness—squatting beside half a dozen baskets filled with

vegetables and personal belongings. As luck would have it, I was seated between a basket filled with dried garlic done up in braids and a basket of reeking scallions. Caught between these stenches, I stuck my nose in a corner of the window. After several hours of this, the fresh air made me so hungry—we hadn't had supper—that I asked Moustafa for some of the food we carried.

"Sabri has it. But wait, Artour, we'll get food someplace."

Moustafa's neighbor was the Palestinian policeman, wearing the kalpak, black woolen headpiece. Moustafa engaged him in conversation. As he talked I could see by the movement of his glowing cigarette tip that the Palestinian was repeatedly turning in my direction. He was so touched by the richly embellished story of an American travelling 5,500 miles to fight the Jihad side by side with the Arabs' own Holy Warriors, that Moustafa turned to rac:

"He wants to see your beautiful face. Give me your flashlight."

By this time, everybody for several layers around had heard the wondrous tale of the brave and noble American who had been living with the Arabs and was going to war with them, so that when Moustafa directed the light on my face, I found myself the center of attention.

"Allah, Allah." These were sighs of satisfaction.

"But he looks Arab," the Palestinian said. "He must be a brother Moslem."

"Perhaps we shall make him one soon," Moustafa said suggestively, eying the policeman's basket of food.

"Insh'allah! Insh'allah!"

There was no difficulty after that. My flashlight revealed four loaves of bread, olives, white cheese, halvah, and oranges. The woman with the scallions made a generous contribution to our supper. Raw onions, and scallions in particular, have always caused me distress. But to refuse food offered by an Arab is tantamount to an insult, especially when done by an American. I managed the ordeal somehow, proffering my

thanks to the woman and the policeman. In the name of Allah, I wished them a full larder. "May you never taste of hunger to the end of your days," I said through Moustafa. "Sutra daimeh memnoun. May your table always be full, thank you."

The train rumbled on with a slow, rhythmic beat. The sky was clear, and the stars were out in their full splendor. We had eaten, and now we rested. Quiet had settled over the car, broken only by snoring, and the endless coughing of the aged. Someone closed the windows because it was growing cold; moreover, the Arab prefers to sleep in a warm, air-tight room. The odor of garlic and scallions, thus kept pure from any contamination by fresh air, reached full flower. My nostrils stung and my eyes watered. I decided to imitate the Arabs. I stopped resisting. "It must be kismet," I said resignedly. Resting my head against my knapsack, my nose no more than ten inches from the nearest bouquet of scallions, I asphyxiated myself to sleep.

The sun was just breaking over a horizon of bleak sand dunes when our train pulled into Rafa on the frontier separating Egypt from Palestine. In ancient days Rafa was a Byzantine bishopric. Now it was a shambles of native homes. It was also a rendezvous for narcotic wholesalers. Hasheesh smugglers, after crossing Palestine, often met here. Those smuggling the drug by motorboat made their delivery on the coast near by. Moustafa warned me that the railway station swarmed with British and Egyptian government agents. Passengers were usually screened, their baggage rechecked, and passports reinspected.

"I will carry your bag as my own," Captain Zaki said. He was now dressed in the official uniform of an Egyptian army captain. "Keep the khaffiya on your head. Remember, speak to no one!"

My heart pounded as I waited. But with my full-grown mustache, deep tan, wrinkled khaki, I looked as Arab as anyone on the train. The boys had covered their Green Shirt

armbands. As we walked on the platform they maneuvered me into the middle position so that if anyone asked questions there would be many to answer in Arabic. We trooped past a gauntlet of inspectors; one of them halted Moustafa, and asked about us. He was joined by another who made a random check of our knapsacks. He chose to dig into mine. Happily it contained nothing but clothing. He spoke to me in Arabic: Moustafa and Captain Zaki quickly volunteered the answers. The man waved us on. . . . We had passed the last Egyptian checkpoint and were free to go on to Palestine.

"He wanted to know if you have a camera," Moustafa said, when we were out of earshot. "It is forbidden in a military zone."

"From now on," Zaki added, "tell no one you are from America. Forget you are an American/ You are an Armenian from Turkey. Speak only Armenian and Turkish to strangers."

We headed toward a shanty town on the outskirts of Rafa, to make arrangements for transportation to Beersheba, Arab headquarters at the gates of the Negev, the great southern desert of Palestine. Rafa itself had boomed in the last few months, and served as an outpost for volunteer fighters, gun-runners, and Arab refugees already fleeing from Palestine. As early as the end of March 1948, Cairo was crowded with wealthy Palestinian refugees, both Moslem and Christian, who had left their homes voluntarily, even though widespread fighting had not yet broken out. By ten o'clock Moustafa and Zaki had located a gun-running truck leaving for Beersheba.

Yallah! We climbed into the truck and rode until we reached the Palestine border. There we were halted by British soldiers. Two tanks stood near by. Beyond was a large British camp. The Green Shirts had now hidden their own guns and insignia, and posed as native Palestinians. The English went through the formality of asking: "Any guns on the truck?" We said: "No," laughing. The soldiers smiled back, took down our license number and, lifting the wooden barrier, let us through. We were in Palestine!

As our truck rolled on, I began to itch with more than the usual vigor. At first I thought it resulted from my desperate need of a bath. But the itch was a curious kind of an itch. This was under the arms, and on my back, and stung like tiny needles. Fleas? When the itch reached the crook of my arm,. I rolled up my sleeve and easily caught the culprits—LICE! I showed them to Moustafa.

"That's nothing," he said, scratching himself. "We'll get DDT when we reach Jerusalem."

"Let's get it around here so that we can sleep tonight."

"I don't think you'll find any. Only the Jews have it." He grinned. "You have clean blood, Artour. If you didn't, the lice would not come to you."

"What do you mean?"

"Lice don't come to you if you have syphilis."

I don't know how true this is. On another occasion, while Moustafa and I were scratching fiercely, he observed: "We have fleas, Artour."

"How do you know they are fleas?" I asked.

"By the way they bite. Fleas bite different."

I never mastered the distinction, but I learned that psychologically the effect was different. Lice gave one the feeling of uncleanness, of guilt. But one laughed off fleas, perhaps because the pets we had back home usually had fleas in summer, and no stigma was attached.

But it was no disgrace to get lice in the Arab world. It was discussed as we discuss a common cold. Bedouin men and women are lice-ridden from cradle to grave. To meet a Bedouin socially and not match his scratching is, as Moustafa pointed out, a sign of uncleanness. For me it was a badge of success, for it meant that my initiation as a native was now complete.

We arrived in Beersheba as the shadows deepened in the west. Moustafa and Zaki reported immediately to the police station, where we were all cleared. After looking around for a place to sleep, we located rooms in a Moslem school, already

occupied by other volunteers. The place was comparatively clean. I washed thoroughly. Stretching out on an army cot, I spent my first peaceful night since leaving Cairo. I slept soundly, oblivious to the fierce, biting onslaughts of my newly acquired friends. It showed how much of an Arab I had become!

(CHAPTER IX)

THE HOLY CITY

"I pray to Allah to destroy the Jews. I pray to Allah to punish President Truman because he has been on the Zionist side. I used to pray against President Roosevelt, a very bad man. . . . May Balfour and Roosevelt take the first place in hell. Allah, Allah, may this be done."
"You sound like a Moslem Republican," I said.

Interview with Sheikh Ismail el Ansary

BEERSHEBA marked the southernmost limits of Biblical Palestine ("from Dan to Beersheba.") Most of its two thousand inhabitants now were Bedouins, or former Bedouins turned to the comforts of town life. Within a year it was to become an almost all-Jewish town, as the Arabs fled and Jewish refugees from Europe were settled there.

Here, in this green, extremely picturesque frontier post and supply oasis we remained for a few days, to raise funds and arrange for transportation to Jerusalem, fifty miles to the north. It was a pleasant respite. The wide, dusty main street was lined with trees. Here passed coffee vendors, porters with stacks of dried skins, and innumerable bronzed Bedouins on camels. A trading and smuggling center, Beersheba trafficked in arms and hasheesh, and also boasted several rifle factories, at this moment working at top speed.

Not far from Beersheba I saw my first Jewish communal settlement, Kibbutz Beit Eshel. With its well-tended orchards and green trees, Beit Eshel rose like an oasis from the bleak, dust-packed Negev desert around it. A kibbutz was always conspicuous by its water tower, silo, and modern farm buildings, and contrasted sharply with the squalor of Arab villages.

Moustafa pointed at Bert Eshel with awe. "We have attacked it, but the Jews are well armed. They have built a Maginot Line around their place and fight you from under the ground. They are cowards." Later, I was to see astonishing examples of Jewish ingenuity—and understand exactly what Moustafa meant. "After May 15 Beit Eshel will be ours. The Egyptian army will make it one with the desert." "Insh'allah! Insh'allah! With God's help," I said.

Surrounded by Arabs and desert, a lone sentry in the wilderness, I could not imagine how Beit Eshel could ever hold out against massed troops and heavy artillery.¹ Inquiring discreetly, I learned that the kibbutz had already taken a toll of attacking Arabs. It was supplied by a daring airlift and sometimes by food and ammunition convoys that boldly ran the gauntlet of Arab soldiers all the way from coastal Tel Aviv, seventy miles across the desert.

I don't know how our boys arranged it, but next day six of us were invited to lunch by the mayor of Beersheba. His home was clean and airy, the furniture lined stiffly against the wall and embalmed in white slipcovers. As usual, we saw no women. The dining-room table was heaped with huge platters of food. For dessert, we had baklava, made of tissue-thin layers of dough, baked a golden brown and saturated with nuts and syrup. Prompted by our host, we gorged ourselves for two hours. It was our most sumptuous meal since Cairo. After dinner I took a photograph of my dinner companions—fourteen assorted Arabs.

¹ But it did. On one occasion the settlement's armory consisted of twelve rifles and two machine-guns. The Egyptian army attacked in battalion strength with heavy artillery, and was repeatedly beaten back.

Among them was Rashad Y. Sakka, who according to his card was "Mambe of Municipl Council" of Beersheba. His English was on a par with his spelling. Sakka looked forward to the Mufti's seizure of all Palestine. "We have not a better man. He is a faithful Moslem." Sakka told me that Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt had visited Beersheba for two days, dined with a sheikh in his tent, and had been impressed with Bedouin life.

THE BEDOUIN KING OF BEERSHEBA

IN THE morning of the third day Moustafa asked me to accompany him to the home of a rich Arab who might help us with money and arms. I went with him to a house built solidly of stone, with windows heavily barred, the lower half of each window latticed Turkish fashion to enable the women inside to peer out yet remain invisible to the passerby. We were halted at the iron door by a sentry. A half dozen other armed Bedouins sprawled in the courtyard. Another sentry allowed us no farther than the porch. There we waited for Sheikh Salaam, a Bedouin tribal chief. He was a short, wizened man with a face the color of burnt copper. He had tiny, cunning eyes and a tight and narrow mouth from which the words came sparingly. He was draped in a flowing black burnous, gold-braided at the neck. Around his waist was a cartridge belt, revolver, and a curved dagger, standard Bedouin equipment. He took Moustafa inside with him.

I learned the sheikh's record. Already wealthy through border traffic, he had bought land cheaply from Bedouins, and later sold it at extravagant prices to Jews, amassing even greater wealth. The vengeful Bedouins demanded an accounting. The sheikh promptly turned against the Jews, and emerged a top Arab patriot.

Moustafa came away empty-handed from the sheikh. "He is rich but he does not give baksheesh. He is not patriotic,"

Moustafa complained bitterly. "His enemies will kill him very soon."

While Moustafa had attempted to persuade the sheikh to help us, I had been browsing outside. A short, chunky young man with a military shirt and leggings sought admission and was brusquely turned away amid a vicious exchange of words. I watched from the safety of the doorway as he stood there, cursing. As he left, he saw me and said gruffly: "Sabah il-kher. Good morning."

"Ussaid hel sabah min'allah. May Allah give you a good morning."

The way I pronounced the words made him turn around. "Are you English?" he asked.

"La, no. American."

It was the beginning of a stormy friendship that was to alter the entire course of my adventures with the Arabs. The young man—Faris—was from Jerusalem. An idea came to me.

"Meet us at the schoolhouse at noon," I said. "It will be to your interest."

I told Moustafa about Faris and suggested that we ask him to take us to Jerusalem. Our boys had no money by this time; they had counted on Sheikh Azaayim for help; they were willing now to fight for anybody who would feed and arm them. Moustafa thought my idea excellent. He had a plan to enlist the support of Jerusalem Arabs once we reached the city. Captain Zaki and the boys agreed to let Moustafa go ahead and arrange matters, while they remained in Beersheba and tried to enlist local support. When Faris came at noon, we asked if he would take the two of us. He agreed.

"To Jerusalem!" Moustafa said, delighted. "Yallah!"

Our credentials were carefully inspected on the way out. My authorization from Al Misri and the letter from the Mufti's Arab Higher Committee passed the test. We took the road north. The brown scorched land all around us spoke of the barrenness of man's neglect. It was covered with outcroppings of rock and sparse thin grass as far as the eye could

reach. The telephone lines had been cut. Later I saw saboteurs at work—Arabs systematically stripping the wires for their copper content. They would melt them into bullets.

We reached Hebron, the Biblical tombstone of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, and finally Jacob. In more recent times Hebron had the dubious distinction of being the first Palestinian town whose Jews were completely exterminated by the Arabs; this massacre took place in 1929 during the Mufti-organized attacks, which he directed from Hebron. Built between two rugged hillsides, the town was a natural fortress, known for the ferociousness, brutality, and homosexuality of its inhabitants. The inspection of our papers was severe. I passed again.

The road from Hebron to Jerusalem traversed ground of hallowed antiquity. Here was the spot where, under the oak, Abraham received the three angels and where, later, David was anointed king. We passed Bethlehem, with its numerous churches, and beyond it the Well of the Magi, where the Star that they followed again appeared to the three Wise Men. We drove past the remains of an aqueduct built by Pontius Pilate. Then, as we came to Rachel's tomb, near which the Jews had built Kibbutz Ramat Rahel, Fans suddenly brought me to the present by commanding sharply: "Get down in the car! The Jews will shoot if you look out the window."

ON THE HILL OF EVIL COUNSEL

LATE in the afternoon, as the sun cast its deep shadows over the countryside, now extraordinarily lovely with its terraced fields, its freshly furrowed earth, and blossoming orchards of fig, almond, cherry, and olive trees, we reached the first Jerusalem roadblock. We drove straight to Faris's home in Deir Aboutor, a sector built on the lower end of a promontory called the Hill of Evil Counsel, just outside the Old City of

Jerusalem. From here the Holy City presented an indescribably beautiful and majestic panorama, breathtaking in the Biblical history it encompassed.

On the left was the Jewish-built New City, the striking and imposing tower of the Young Men's Christian Association, the luxurious King David Hotel, and clusters of rugged stone buildings. Beyond, on Biblical Mount Scopus, now kissed by the setting sun, were the classic modern buildings of the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital. Far to the right I could see the mountains of Trans-Jordan rising above the depression of the Dead Sea.

Mount Zion was directly across from us. On the Mount of Olives was the stately Church of the Ascension, with the Garden of Gethsemane at its base. David's Tower, the Citadel, and the massive serrated Old City walls commanded attention in the foreground. Inside those walls, built in the shape of a crooked rectangle about a square mile in area, was the Old City of Jerusalem. From where I stood I could see the giant Dome of the Rock—the Mosque of Omar—Islam's holy shrine, built over the spot where the Prophet is supposed to have ascended to heaven. Within those Old City walls, too, were the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Golgotha, the Wailing Wall, and scores of shrines holy to three faiths, which had made Jerusalem, with its strategic position, the most fought-over city in the world for twenty centuries and more.

But this was no time for reverie. Faris took us immediately to the home of his cousin, Hashim. There we had supper, and were put up for the night. When I saw our host wearing the insignia of Ikhwan el Muslimin, I said to him: "I have met your Moorshid in Cairo. A great man, a very noble man. May Allah preserve him." It pleased him immensely.

I found Deir Aboutor bristling with artillery, most of it hidden for future use, for at this moment—a month and more before the British mandate was to end—it was illegal to possess arms, let alone fire them, although thousands, both Arab

and Jew, were doing so. Dcir Aboutor was the central Arab headquarters outside the Old City of Jerusalem. More than two hundred soldiers were living here in the homes of Arabs who had fled.

Early the next morning Moustafa and I took a bus for the Old City, which was held by the Arabs. One could walk the distance, but it meant passing the Jewish Yemin Moshe section outside the city walls. The Arabs had blown up many of its houses and the Haganah forces, in retaliation, blasted away at Arab trucks passing over the roads it commanded. Buses and taxis, however, were not molested. Buses were armored, with tiny peepholes for windows. The armor was more psychological than practical, because a bullet fired at a hundred yards could easily penetrate it. To my surprise, Arabs here not only respected but feared Jewish fighters—a far cry from the bravado I had met in Egypt.

We entered the Old City through Jaffa Gate—one of the seven entrances cut into the great rectangular wall. Moustafa took me directly to the offices of the Arab Higher Committee, where I received an identity card. Then, through twisting cobblestone alleys that passed for streets, lined with bazaars and tiny cubbyhole workshops, threading our way among peddlers, donkeys, bootblacks, children, natives, walking over the waste and refuse of centuries littering the Via Dolorosa—the road that Jesus traveled on the way to Golgotha—we reached Raudat el Maaref. This, a former police station, was now Arab military headquarters in the Old City. How strangely Biblical history repeated itself, I thought. On this very site Pontius Pilate had made his headquarters 1,900 years ago. It was to this spot that Christ was brought in chains before the Roman governor. This was the first of fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross. A few dozen yards away He was scourged.

All this was of absorbing interest to me as a Christian from America, but the filth, the cold commercialism, of the Old City merchants tarnished the aura of holiness that I had attached to the Holy City. One could buy hand-grenades, bul-

lets, pistols, rifles, and even larger arms within shadow of Christendom's holiest shrine, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Lecherous guides certainly inspired no Christian sentiment. Except for isolated spots holy to Christendom, reverentially kept, and truly inspiring to visit, such as the churches, monasteries, hospices, and mission houses (as well as the centers revered by the Jews), the Old City was basically Islamic in culture, mode of living, and psychology.

These were my first impressions as Moustafa and I were ushered into the presence of Captain Fadhil Rashid Bey, Arab military commander of Jerusalem. He was soft-spoken in contrast to the braggarts I had met so far. An Iraqi, he had been trained by Germans and, as he told me, had participated in the pro-Nazi revolt of 1941 in Iraq, which for two desperate months threatened to turn the entire Middle East into a Nazi camp.² Moustafa gave me a flattering introduction as a correspondent and a German sympathizer, so that Rashid Bey and I got along famously from the outset. I took his photograph and he was pleased. I asked him deferentially how well he knew the Mufti.

"I am commander of Jerusalem because of the Mufti. I knew him in Iraq."

RUFFIANS ALL

RASHID BEY'S job was not enviable. He had no regular army, but a vast rabble of largely unemployed, impoverished, loot-hungry Arab hooligans, whom even the respectable Moslems feared and avoided. There was no dearth of experienced fighters. Many were veterans of the Mufti's 1929 and 1936-9 revolts. Some had spent the war years in Germany, had been thoroughly indoctrinated, and were now excellent propagandists. Others had served in the Axis-sponsored Moslem Le-

² The story is told in Chapter XXII.

gions organized under the Mufti's guidance. There was also the Mufti's Youth Corps—Futuwa—reorganized by Jamal Bey el Husseini, the Mufti's cousin and chairman of the Arab Higher Committee. There were, too, a strong representation of Ikhwan el Muslimin thugs, select ruffians from Hebron, and thousands of other shiftless, semiliterate marauders. They were undisciplined and outlaw fighters all, inept at teamwork, but dangerous when fighting individually or in small bands as guerrillas, with loot—in any form—as the primary objective.

These were the Arab gangs that, with the aid of technically skilled deserters from the British army, in recent months had blown up the Palestine Post and the Jewish Agency Building, bombed Ben Yehuda street, the principal Jewish business thoroughfare, and laid mines. As I strolled about I could see that they were in an extremely cocky and festive mood. They had made this last week in March a black week for the Jews. With foolhardy courage, the Haganah had sent a large convoy to supply Kfar Etzion—a chain of four kibbutzim—perched on a strategic hilltop commanding the road to Jerusalem from the South. The convoy had successfully charged through a fifteen mile gauntlet of Arab villages and numerous roadblocks, mines, and snipers' posts.

On its way back, however, the story was different. The Jews met Arabs under Abdul Kader el Husseini, a relative of the Mufti, who had served him in the Iraq-Nazi revolt and was now commander of Arab forces in the Jerusalem area. At Nebi Daniel (site of a small Arab village named for the prophet Daniel) huge roadblocks halted the returning convoy. A fierce battle began. Cornered, the Haganah commander regrouped his vehicles on three sides of a square, with a ruined wall forming the fourth side. The battle raged for thirty-six hours between some two hundred Jews and more than three thousand Arabs who had surrounded them and cut them off from all help.

British forces were still responsible for "law and order." They were in Palestine to prevent precisely such battles as

this. But when the British finally intervened, it was to strike a bargain with the Arabs. In return for the safety of the surviving Jews, the Arabs were to take all the Haganah arms and equipment. To prolong a hopeless struggle against odds of fifteen to one would have meant the eventual destruction of the Jewish fighting force as well as the loss of vehicles. The Haganah commander capitulated. The English escorted his men to Jerusalem. To the Jews it meant the loss of almost their entire fleet of armored trucks in Jerusalem. They also lost twelve men. The Arab toll in this "Battle of the Roads" was 135 dead.

The next day on sale everywhere in the Holy City were gruesome photographs of the battle: the burnt and mutilated bodies of Haganah men, which for some perverse Arab reason, had been stripped of clothing and photographed in the nude. These naked shots hit "Holy" City markets afresh after every battle, and sold rapidly. Arabs carried them in their wallets and displayed them frequently, getting the same weird, abnormal "kick" that our perverts derive from nude photographs of women.

After our first night at the home of Faris's cousin, we moved to our permanent headquarters near by on Deir Aboutor. This was a two-storied house that according to the stationery I found there was once the "Todd Osborne House." It had served as the "Mission to Mediterranean Garrisons, S. F. Couples, Superintendent." On my third day in Jerusalem I risked crossing to the Jewish side—the Jews were in control of most of the New City—to reach the YMCA for a night's rest and a hot shower such as I hadn't enjoyed since London. There was another urgent reason: the lice had multiplied and the itching had become unbearable. I had no means to delouse my clothing. I had no place to take a bath. The only antidote was DDT—obtainable only on the Jewish side.

Crossing from one side to the other was dangerous, though the distance was only about five hundred yards. Trigger-happy

snipers shot at any figure seen crossing the lines, on the theory that the Jews should stay on the Jewish side and Arabs on the Arab side. I found a way that I thought minimized the risk of being sniped at from the front as well as from the back. My route led under barbed wire past the railway station, up a deserted, rubble-strewn street, past several houses that looked deserted but may not have been, through two British check-posts, and across an open space particularly susceptible to Arab snipers. I negotiated the turns and twists without mishap. When I reached the YMCA I found it magnificent—with swimming pool, library, game rooms, restaurant, athletic field, and beautifully landscaped grounds. After a fine American supper and an ecstatic hot shower I used DDT liberally. I spent the night in the tiny but comfortable cell that characterized the "Y" from Joliet, Illinois, to Japan.

The next day, when I returned to the Arab side, came reckoning. I had never seen Moustafa so cross. "Where were you last night?" he asked in a surly voice. I told him the truth.

"I understand you, but they don't know you here as I do. They think I have brought a spy. I have done my best to explain that you are willing to die with us because you hate the Jew. They trust my word, even if they don't trust you. Now promise, Artour, you will never go to the YMCA again. If you do, it will be the last time. I shall not be responsible for what the fanatics do to you. ... By the way, lend me some of your DDT."

I had brought two packages. "This box is for you, Moustafa."

The next morning I asked how he had slept.

"Bless the beard of the American who invented DDT. When you meet him, tell him that I will praise his memory forever," Moustafa said gratefully.

Despite his warning, though I spent most of the day with the Arabs, I continued to sleep at the YMCA, sneaking over to the Jewish side toward dusk, when danger from snipers was

greatest, but chances of detection were least. I had no other decent place to sleep. At the Osborne House the boys slept on lice-ridden mats on a filthy floor, and ate a monotonous diet of olives, onions, cheese, and dried bread. I had had enough of native life—at least for a while—and once I'd tasted the luxury of the YMCA I could not withstand the prospect of an appetizing hot meal, a hot shower, and a breakfast of bacon, eggs, and coffee. But to appease Moustafa and Faris, I ate lunch with the boys, helped clean the place, and told Moustafa that friends in the Armenian quarter in the Old City insisted I sleep with them.

"After all, Moustafa," I said, "are these not my people, of my faith? I have enjoyed your hospitality for many weeks. Let me now enjoy the call of blood before the big fighting begins. Who knows what Allah will have in store for me by then?"

My double life had other complications. To the half dozen Arab credentials I carried I added a green card from Deir Aboutor headquarters stating that I was with the Moustafa el Wakil Battalion³ of the Green Shirts, and that my "friendship to the Arabs has been confirmed on every occasion." Another card was from the British Public Information Office, press headquarters of the Palestine Mandate Government. In addition, it was necessary to obtain permits to enter the various zones into which Jerusalem had been divided by the British. Later, on May 14, when the Jews took over the Public Information Office upon the departure of the British, I added a Jewish press pass, and hid my formidable Arabic collection.

In order not to confuse matters, I kept each set in a different pocket. The scheme worked well except that sometimes in hurry or excitement I forgot which pocket contained which, and more than once at the wrong time was on the point of pulling forth a batch of credentials that would have promptly settled my undercover activities in a fashion I don't care to

³ Named after a Green Shirt hero who participated in the pro-Nazi revolt in Iraq, and later escaped to Germany where he died during the war. The Green Shirts now regard this Mufti aide and Nazi collaborator as a "saint."

think about even now. I was always sure, however, of my American passport. As I had the least use for it, I kept it in my hip pocket.

ARAB BATTLE, ARAB FUNERAL

ON APRIL 8, the morning before my birthday, I returned from a night at the "Y," to find Osborne House deserted and all the boys gone. A terrific battle for the past five days had been raging for Mount Castel. This was the ruins of an ancient Roman fortress commanding the road over which supplies from Tel Aviv would come to Jerusalem, and therefore was of major importance to both Jews and Arabs. The Jews had just launched a major offensive against it, and every available Arab had been rushed to its defense. Arab boasting had not been in vain: they had bottled up the New City, and cut it off from the rest of Palestine. The New City's plight was desperate. With a population of nearly one hundred thousand to feed and defend, it was woefully short of arms, ammunition, water, food, medicine, and armored transport. Its water was pumped from a station at Latrun, in Arab territory, but the Arabs had destroyed the machinery. Huge convoys waited in Tel Aviv, 45 miles away, ready to pour into the beleaguered city with food, water, and materiel—if the Jews could win back Castel. The Arabs were determined that they should not. On this morning Abdul Kader el Husscini led his men, flushed with their victory over the Jewish convoy at Nebi Daniel, against the fortress of Castel; a whooping, colorful counterattack, a mass charge of 2,500 frenzied Holy Warriors, including the Deir Aboutor gang. When I found no one in Osborne House, I went down to the Old City; and I was there when suddenly everyone began to yell frantically. I thought that a prominent Jew had been caught and was about to be hanged in public. I dared not ask, as I was alone. Then, to my

horror, soldiers and civilians alike began to discharge their pistols and rifles indiscriminately. Sharpshooters on the walls took up the racket. I sought refuge in a doorway. I was convinced this was no hanging party, but good news of some sort, which the Arabs were celebrating in their own peculiar way. It was like our Fourth of July—except that live ammunition was going off in all directions. What was the good news? I stopped a policeman. "Castel! It is ours!" he screamed, and fired his pistol, splitting my eardrums.

Moustafa, Faris, and the others returned to Deir Aboutor late in the afternoon, grimy but exalted. I listened to their tales of triumph. One would think these two alone had captured Castel. Mohammed, one of the fighters, had a wrist watch and field glasses he did not have the day before.

"Where did you get them?"

"From the Jews."

"You told me once that Arabs buried dead Jews with their rings and watches."

Everybody laughed. . . . Toward evening they were laughing no longer, but on the contrary were as glum as if their mothers had died. The Castel victory had been costly. Abdul Kader el Husseini, hero of the counterattack, and the only man with a personal following in the Jerusalem area, had been killed in the action. There was no one else to take his place. The funeral would be held tomorrow morning.

I spent my birthday witnessing that extraordinary spectacle.

I wore my Mufti button showing the Mufti's turbaned head against a background of red, black, and green—the Arab colors. Arab tempers were on edge. An angered mob could be dangerous to strangers. I stuck close to Moustafa, and asked him to delegate two of the boys to keep an eye on me. I sensed the tenseness as Moustafa and a half dozen of us walked through the Old City to the Moslem quarter, where the dead chiefs bier rested in his home. The crowd was heavily armed, and so thick that there was hardly elbow room. Not a single woman was visible.

We followed the mourners, walking in silence. When the crowd turned a corner to Husseini's house, I climbed aboard an armored car to take pictures. At that moment a volley of rifle shots suddenly crackled into the air. I heard shouts: "Yahood! Yahood!" Mourning gave way to panic, as practically every Arab in the teeming mob of thousands simultaneously let go with pistol or rifle. The bullets hit live electric wires, which broke and swung on the road as Arabs tried to scramble out of their way. My position atop the car was, to say the least, highly untenable. I remember now that a bullet whistled past just as I jumped, crawling on all fours toward a space between two cars. Everyone was scrambling for safety. Within sixty seconds, the streets were completely cleared. Arabs were flat against anything that was handy: earth, streets, doors, walls. Some were still jumping over fences. It was all very undignified for a people who claimed that if they chose to spit, they could drown the Jews. Crouching between two cars, I managed to take a few pictures. Under each car were three Arabs, with others trying to crawl under. Of all the bizarre scenes I saw in the Arab world, perhaps this one of utter panic, hysteria, and fear was the most comic—and significant.

What we had all thought was a Haganah attack turned out to be a rifle salute in honor of the dead commander. When they began shouting this intelligence, I saw Moustafa crawling from under the armored car, dusting himself with an air of embarrassment. I showed him my scraped shinbone.

As the funeral cortege came around the bend I lost Moustafa. The boys assigned to guard me had bravely disappeared during the melee. I was alone. Fortunately, when I got on a high wall to shoot pictures, I met two Armenian boys. They accompanied me as we followed the cortege. Husseini's coffin, covered with a red, black, and green flag, was carried to the square below the Dome of the Rock, where Arab chiefs spoke their eulogies. All this took place within sight of the Wailing Wall. The bier was then lifted by the pallbearers and the final

procession began. Passing under banners of Arab flags, and waved on by palm leaves, the coffin was borne slowly away.

I was now before the entrance of the Dome of the Rock, one of Islam's holiest shrines. Standing near by was a short, plump, round-faced man with a magnificent spade-shaped white beard and an enormous white turban, who was the custodian, Sheikh Ismail el Ansary. I asked in Turkish if I might enter and pay my respects to the Prophet. Fingering his beads, he led me into the octagonal, exquisitely ornate mosque that had been built by Byzantine artists on the model of the Church of the Ascension. In the half-light of latticed and stained-glass windows, I saw magnificently tinted columns that had once graced the Temple of Jerusalem in Roman times. Others were from Christian churches of the Byzantine era, as attested to by signs of the Cross.

Directly under the enormous dome, enclosed within a high fence, was a huge black slab of rock, glowing darkly as it reflected the subdued rays streaming through the stained glass. It was to this rock that Mohammed was supposed to have arrived in one day from Mecca—hundreds of miles away—by flying on his winged horse, El Burak. It is said that he prayed on this rock, then, mounting the steed, flew to heaven. Historically the rock was actually a jagged slice of Mount Moriah, the hill on which Abraham offered to sacrifice Isaac. The Jews prayed on it long before the Moslem dome covered it.

Solomon built his magnificent Temple here and housed in it the Jewish holy of holies, the Ark of the Covenant. The entire area of the mosque, and the spacious stone courtyard surrounding it, were built on the site of the ancient Trael courts, where Christ preached and drove away the money-changers. Hardly a square inch here was without some direct connection to ancient Hebraic or Christian history.

None of these Hebraic-Christian origins, however, could be mentioned to Sheikh Ansary. He disliked Americans for their support of the partition of Palestine, but he apparently

thought me sufficiently "un-American" to invite me to his room after my visit to the Dome. It was a large igloo-like stone guardhouse, next to one of the porticos. Sitting on a colorful settee, he offered me the choice of bitter Arab coffee or sweetened tea.

After I had gained his confidence, El Ansary proved unusually outspoken. "Look here"—these were the only English words he knew—"whenever I pray, I pray to Allah to destroy the Jews. I pray to Allah to punish President Truman because he has been on the Zionist side. I used to pray against President Roosevelt, a very bad man. Now I pray to Allah that he destroy Mrs. Roosevelt because she is behaving very badly toward the Arabs."

"You sound like a Moslem Republican," I said.

"Look here, I pray against them for different reasons. Against Balfour and his family I pray that Allah confine them all to hell. The English are like sarratan [cancer]. May Balfour and Roosevelt take first place in hell. Allah, Allah, may this be done."

Propriety demanded that I say: "Insh'allah."

Despite his sixty-eight years, the man was as vigorous as an ox. "Look here, I will fight for Palestine to the last minute of my life," he said, with eyes blazing. "No Moslem is afraid of death. If he dies for Palestine that is a satisfying way to die. His parents are happy he fell in the Jihad". If we cannot win any other way, all the sheikhs in all the mosques in all the Arab countries over all the world will climb the minarets, and call on every Moslem to join the Jihad against the Jew in Palestine."

I turned the conversation to the Mufti.

"Look here," said El Ansary, "he is of the same blood as Mohammed. He is respected for his many good deeds. I pray for the Mufti in all my prayers to Allah."

I thanked Sheikh el Ansary for his courtesy and, according to decorum, wished him long life and the blessings of Allah on him, his family, and his heirs. Bowing, I salaamed by plac-

ing my fingertips first to my heart, then to my lips, my forehead. He did the same in token of his respect toward me. "I shall remember you in my prayers to Allah," he said.

UNHOLY CITY

LATE in the afternoon I met Moustafa in Deir Aboutor. He was glum.

"What's the matter?"

"Castel. The Jews got Castel back early this morning," Moustafa said.

Overnight the fortunes of war had changed. With the capture of Castel the Jews had opened the road to Tel Aviv, and hundreds of convoys poured into Jerusalem with sorely needed food, medical supplies, and arms. The Arabs later recaptured Castel, but that brief respite helped Jerusalem immensely in this period.

"What are we going to do now, Moustafa?"

"Faris and T are going back to Cairo to buy heavy guns. We need them badly."

I thought quickly. I would prefer to remain in Jerusalem and wait for Moustafa and Faris to return. But the idea of running guns from Egypt to Palestine excited and challenged me. Where were the Arabs getting their guns? Who was supplying them? How would they smuggle them into Palestine? And what role was the Mufti—in Cairo—playing? I wanted desperately to meet him. . . . I spoke up:

"I'll come along. Remember our pledge: wherever you go, I follow."

It took several days for Faris to borrow capital to pay for the guns he expected to buy, and to make other arrangements. In the meantime Captain Zaki and the other Green Shirts we had left in Beersheba had managed to hitch-hike to Deir

Aboutor and join us. Zaki was placed in charge of Osborne House while we prepared to leave for Cairo.

But before we left Jerusalem two outrages—one Jewish, the other Arab—shocked the conscience of every decent Jew, Christian, and Moslem. The first occurred at Deir Yassin a small Arab village on the outskirts of Jerusalem. For years the Arabs there had lived at peace with the Jews. Then suddenly the Arabs began to snipe and stage vicious attacks on isolated Jewish settlements. After several warnings the Stern group told the Arabs to evacuate their women and children because it intended to retaliate in kind. The Arabs refused, counting on the presence of women and children to prevent the Jews from attacking. The Sternists, in turn, believing the families had been evacuated, staged an all-out attack, determined to silence those Arabs who had been massacring Jews for weeks.

When the Arabs put up stiff resistance, the Sternists called in the Irgun, whereupon the Arab warriors fled. In the melee, the innocent suffered: the women, the children, the aged. The slaughter reached a toll of 150. Bodies were piled on street corners. Others were thrown into wells. Despite the heat of war, the massacre was as senseless as it was hideous. Every Jew I met was horrified and ashamed. The fact that this was the only instance of its kind in the history of Jewish-Arab relations, or that the Arab leaders of Deir Yassin had been warned to evacuate their women and children, does not excuse its vindictiveness.

The dark gods that guided the destinies of the Holy City took quick revenge. On April 13 a convoy of nurses, doctors, medical students and scholars set out for the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus, above Jerusalem. The British had been duly informed of the non-military nature of the convoy, and the Jews had requested their protection. But instead of the British, the Arabs came—hundreds of veterans of Nebi Daniel and Mount Castel. First they set up roadblocks, then they knocked out the first in the

convoy of four armored buses. For seven hours the Arabs battered the helpless victims with grenades, Bren guns, Molotov cocktails. They set two cars on fire, shooting down those who crawled out. Among the seventy-seven who perished were men eminent in Palestine science: Dr. Chaim Yasky, director of the Hadassah Hospital; Dr. Mizurky, cancer specialist; Dr. Benjamin Klar, philologist; Dr. Abraham Freimann, authority on Jewish law; Doljansky and Ben-David of the Faculty of Medicine, who had treated many Arabs.

British police watched as the slaughter went on. When it was nearly over, they laid down a smoke screen, drove off the Arabs, and arranged for a truce. Then they carried off the survivors—28 out of 105!

Later, the Arabs disclosed that they had been falsely informed of "large concentrations of Jewish bands gathering near the Hospital and University." Who had informed them? I heard the answer everywhere among the Arabs at Deir Aboutor:

"El Ingleez!" The English!"

Whether Arab massacred Jew, or Jew massacred Arab, was of little moment. I felt that neither the Jew nor the Moslem was basically at fault here. They were victims of a conspiracy beyond their scope, and at this stage, their inflamed passions made a peaceful ending impossible. Neither Arabs nor Jews, but pagans, had made the Holy City impure and unholy—a city whose revered memory was blasphemed most by those making the greatest pretense to piety and democracy.

The next day I left with Moustafa and Faris for Cairo.

(CHAPTER X)

GUN-RUNNING!

"Eighteen pounds," the gun merchant said, expecting to get fifteen.

"That is cheap" Faris whispered. "Buy it."

"Ten pounds" I offered.

"Sixteen and it is yours."

"Ten," I said.

"It cost me fifteen, I swear by Allah."

"It's worth no more than ten pounds," I insisted, and made a move to leave.

I finally bought it for eleven pounds.

IT WAS no joy ride. The distance from Jerusalem to Cairo was about three hundred miles, the greater part of it over desert. Our transportation on the first leg of our journey was a hired open truck with rickety sidings, filled with ten large drums of gasoline and six crates of oranges, which Faris proposed to sell in Beersheba to get additional money for guns. All the drums leaked and the floor of the truck was already drenched when I clambered on board. I didn't think gas-soaked oranges would taste good, but it was none of my business.

I was dressed appropriately: my khaffiya about my face, my Green Shirt armband in place, my Arab credentials carefully placed where I could get at them quickly. My job was to sit

in the back and watch the drums. Moustafa and Faris sat in front with the driver, guns poised against snipers and hold-up men. Gasoline was scarce and the cargo valuable. We were particularly jittery as we approached the Jewish settlement near Rachel's tomb, Kibbutz Ramat Rachel. Our truck stopped, and Moustafa, to guard against attack from Jewish snipers, climbed with his machine-gun into the back with me. Then our truck made a frenzied dash, madly careening and zigzagging from one side of the road to the other to spoil the aim of sharpshooters. The drums slammed and bounced together with a frightful racket, causing them to leak all the more. One of them nearly pinned me to the side and another almost smashed my hand as I tried to keep them together. I gave up finally and held on to the sidings, never sure whether I'd be ripped off with them at the next turn. I could see it was going to be an exciting ride back to Cairo.

We roared by the kibbutz in a cloud of dust. No snipers shot at us.

"You are brave, like a soldier," Moustafa said, as we slowed down at a safe distance and he climbed back into the front seat.

We stopped to pick up hitch-hikers. Later on, we picked up more, ragged ruffians all. Now I had the added responsibility of keeping Arabs from pilfering oranges. It was not an easy task to instruct loot-mad cutthroats on the proprieties of ownership. Suddenly I caught one of them smoking a cigarette, seated atop the leaking gasoline drums. He had smoked it more than halfway before I saw what he was doing. If I were an Arab I'd have struck him.

I grabbed the cigarette out of his mouth and tossed it into the road.

"Ahbal! Ahbal! Fool!" I yelled over and over. The moron shrugged his shoulders.

We passed Bethlehem and neared Kibbutz Kfar Etzion with about twenty gas-splattered hitch-hikers perched like

buzzards all over the truck. That it held together was a tribute to the genius of its American maker. Five hundred yards from Kfar Etzion we halted again: tracer bullets from the Jews would have blown us all sky high. We waited for an armored car to come along and act as military escort for us until we passed the Jewish settlement. Presently one came roaring behind us. We let it go ahead and followed close behind. Beyond the settlement the road sloped. Down the hill we now dashed in a mad, suicidal flight at some seventy miles an hour. I wondered which would be easier—crashing or roasting to death. To my surprise we ran this gauntlet, too, without a shot. To my greater surprise, the truck still held together. I thought the Jews were asleep at Kfar Etzion, but I soon learned they were holding their fire for bigger game.

Just as we reached the bottom of the grade, we met a large convoy led by four armed trucks bristling with King Abdullah's British-trained, British-financed Arab Legionnaires. They were followed by a dozen mammoth trucks, carrying thousands of gallons of gasoline in tins. A half dozen trucks filled with more Legion troops brought up the rear.

We met the convoy a minute after running the Jewish gauntlet. As the armored trucks reached the hilltop we had just left, the Jews opened with a barrage. Watching the battle from a safe distance, I realized suddenly that our truck had missed being caught in the line of fire, let alone risking a head-on smashup on the narrow road, by a matter of seconds!

As the Jews began to fire, the convoy stopped, and the armored cars began firing. With a display of excellent discipline and marksmanship, the Arab Legion scored four hits on the Jewish stronghold. Kfar Etzion guns were silenced in clouds of dust, smoke, and debris. The fight was over in a half hour and the convoy resumed its journey. I saw one Arab vehicle smoking. Three Arabs were reported dead. While the fighting was going on, Moustafa and I ran over freshly plowed fields to get a closer view. But we dared move only when we

saw a protecting rockpile or fence. By the time we arrived, the convoy was well on its way. We hailed a small armored car to drive us back to our truck.

As Moustafa scrambled into the car, I barely squeezed in after him. I found myself sitting on what I presumed was someone's leg. When I turned to beg his pardon, I found the man dead. He was an Arab Legionnaire propped up against a tire. At first I saw only his arm. Then I saw that he had been shot through the left temple, and the blood had clotted over his face and eyeball. His mouth was partly open, but I could see no teeth. A small white bandage, thrown over his head, had become saturated with his blood. The pallor of death had already set in. I looked around. Exactly thirteen of us were jammed tightly inside the sweating interior of the car. To my right was a veiled woman. Her hands were bloody and she was weeping.

"Was he your son?" I asked in broken Arabic.

"La, no," she said, and indicated that she had bloodied her hands helping him into the truck.

The Legionnaire was the first dead man I had ever touched. The soldier's legs wobbled grotesquely against mine, and the horribly mutilated face stared vacantly in the hot, cramped confines of the armored car. We reached Faris, who was waiting for us in our truck.

We continued south, toward the Negev, driving across lands now waste, but which could easily bloom—not by insh'allah, or by agricultural methods pre-dating Mohammed—but by toil, by planning, by science, by water. We passed small herds of bearded black goats tended by young boys in rags. We came to what I thought at first was a rubble heap. It turned out to be a native mud village. Hordes of children swarmed across our path, followed by mangy dogs. Once again we passed the telephone lines, stripped of copper, swinging pathetically in the hot wind.

TWO ARMENIANS IN THE NEGEV

WE ARRIVED in Beersheba in the afternoon, exhausted, dusty, and smelly. Faris, good as his promise, promptly sold the oranges and the gasoline at a good profit and added the money to his gun fund. The hired truck went back to Jerusalem. For lunch we were again invited by the mayor for a meal of pilav and lamb. Sitting at my right was a gray-haired man with a worried face. His features, tempered by suffering, were not Arabic, though he was dark-skinned and unshaven. We had been talking in Turkish. The man ate with unusual gusto.

"He cats almost like a starving Armenian," I said to myself. Something in me clicked. . . . I looked again at his face, especially the eyes.

"Hye yes? Are you Armenian?" I asked.

The man almost choked. He stared at me in my khaffiya, my armband, my deeply tanned face, and gasped:

"Toun Hye yes? Are you Armenian?"

I laughed. "Ayo. Dzo hoss inch gueness gor? Yes. What are you doing here?"

"Yev toun inch gueness gor ass anabadin metch? And what are you doing in this desert?"

His name was Iskender Demirjian and he was a miller. For fourteen years he had ground grain for Bedouins. A refugee from the Turkish massacres, he had lived in Jerusalem, and saved his money. Seeing that Arab women still ground their wheat by methods older than Mohammed, the enterprising Armenian had built a mill, installed the machinery, and was earning a good living. His mill was out in the parched desert, at a Bedouin crossroads. Now he was in town to buy gasoline and was going back in the afternoon.

"Moustafa, meet another good Arab, an Armenian. He will give us a ride."

"Ahh, an Armenian—bravest of brave he-men, boldest of

the bold, generous to a friend, merciless to a foe. They shall always have a place of honor at my table."

If you gave Moustafa something—anything to eat, to drink, to wear, he sang your praises like a poet. I would treat him to dinner just to hear him perorate on my people. Most Arabs are poetic. The language has nuances of grace and beauty, and powers of expression beside which English is stiff, stilted, bony, and barren.

The Armenian did not have his own truck. Someone was driving him back with three drums of gasoline the Armenian had bought and sacks of grain for milling. We hopped on, preferring to sit tete-a-tete on the grain sacks, instead of up front.

The Negev stretched around us like an undulating desert sea. The Armenian began to talk, not of chit-chat, or about wanting to come to America, but of what he had long kept pent up.

"What a strange and stubborn people we are," he began. "How many thousands of years old we are I do not know.¹ Genesis speaks of us. We had a civilization and an alphabet while England was a forest. Our kingdom reached from Ararat to the Black Sea and down to the Mediterranean. A thousand years now we have been a people governed by Tartars, Mongols, Seljuks, Arabs, Persians, Turks, Russians. Before them it was the Greeks and Romans who tried to assimilate us. They"—the Armenian chuckled at this—"always choked when they tried it. We bent, yes, but inside remained like steel. We assimilated some of the best traits of the conquering visitors, which made us hardy and impossible to destroy. The Turk made the most ambitious attempt to exterminate us—massacring 1,300,000. But look how we've bred like jack-rabbits.

¹ The Armenians are regarded by anthropologists as a Western people. The language, non-Semitic, belongs to the Indo-European family. Armenians originally emigrated from the Alpine regions of southern Europe and settled in the plateaus of Asia Minor, reaching to the Caucasus areas. Mainly because of their Christianity, they kept in constant touch with, and were continually nourished by, Western thought and culture.

Today there are 3,250,000 of us—indestructible as God's Law. My friend, if anybody survives atomic warfare it will be the Armenian."

We burst out in laughter.

"They speak of us as an Eastern people, but our culture is a hybrid of West and the residue of civilizations—East and West—that crisscrossed our country. Our religion and language are Western. Our feelings for democracy are Western. Others boast of their martyrs: a thousand and one publicized saints, with more manufactured every year. How about the tens of thousands of Armenians who chose death instead of conversion to Islam? They perished to keep Christ's holy flame burning. These are the real martyrs—the unsung saints, known but to God, unknown to your Western journals. Christianity with us has been no luxury. It was as hard to cling to as life itself, but as long as we kept Him, He kept us."

The words seemed to pour out of the Armenian.

"See those mounds, those hills?" He pointed with a gnarled hand. "If they could speak they would call out their names: Boghos, Avedis, Antranik, Hagop, Stepan, Sumpad! Armenians are buried everywhere on this desert around us. They fought with the Allies—with the English and the French in World War I to help liberate the Arabs from the Turks. Where did it get us, my friend? Here, there, under those mounds—death. We marched into Jerusalem with Allenby.² The dead piled on the dead. We have fertilized the ground for the ambitions of this big power or that. You remember, do you not, how the English and the French deserted us in Turkey in 1921 and 1922, and looked the other

² Marshal Allenby's assault on Beersheba in October 1917 enabled him to liberate the rest of Palestine from the Turks and capture Jerusalem two months later. About 75,000 members of the Armenian Legion of Volunteers died on the Arab and European fronts, fighting with the Allies.

A former United States consul-general, George Horton, wrote of these and other experiences in *The Blight of Asia, An Account of the Systematic Extermination of Christian Populations by Mohammedans and of the Culpability of Certain Great Powers* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; 1926).

way while Kemal—with French and British arms—massacred those Armenians who had survived six years of massacre. Who came from the West to count the Greeks, Armenians, and other Christians massacred by Kemal? Where was their gratitude? Except for help from America, where were the sweet words of the other Powers? Ah, they call to you only when they can make use of you."

We arrived at a cluster of buildings in the parched dust-bowl.

"This is my home," the Armenian said. "Come, meet my family."

He had one daughter and four sons, one of whom had married an Arab girl. All five, together with the mother and father, had "Armenian eyes." One can recognize them easily. It isn't that they're large, or oval, or sad. It isn't a physical quality that differentiates them. Look in the eyes of a man who has suffered yet never lost faith in his Creator, in man, or in himself; one who has lived among the dying, laughed among the weeping, sung among the songless, a refugee for a thousand years—and who today looks on life's adventure hungrily and excitedly, and you will have found "Armenian eyes."

We found the Demirjians living like Arabs, except that their home was far cleaner. The entire family—save the son who had married a Bedouin—slept in one large room, at one end of which was a bed for the elder Demirjians. The "children," all of them now grown to full manhood and womanhood, slept on rush mats next to their parents' bed. They brought us coffee, and cool water from the well. They urged us to stay for supper and spend the night with them, as was the custom of the desert. Moustafa gave a peroration on the heroic qualities of the Armenian male, but he was too much of an Arab to include the Armenian woman, whose role has often been equally heroic in the preservation of the race. A truck loaded with flour was going toward Cairo, so Moustafa, Faris, and I decided to get on it.

"Yallah!"

The road was a thin, pale, yellow ribbon snaking through the wilderness of sand, scrub, and stone. For miles before and behind there was nothing but parched earth and wadics. I was hatless, bouncing in the truck, up and down, and from side to side. How scorchingly the sun beat down! It seared my tongue into a dull, dead weight rolling in my mouth. It burned my eyes with the flame of a torch. It cracked open my lips as the earth around me was cracked open. This was no longer the Negev of Palestine. We had left Palestine and were in Egypt. The frontier was behind us somewhere on the steaming sands. This was the Sinai wilderness through which the ancient Jews wandered for forty years!

ABDOU HABI—MAY HIS TRIBE DECREASE!

AT NINE P.M. we reached the Suez Canal and the Ismailia Customs Office. Now we ran into a difficulty of which, this time, I was the direct cause. I had brought \$380 in cash with me. Despite Moustafa's warning not to state the full amount I declared it all. Fans did not divulge the hundreds of pounds he had brought to buy guns. I had no cause to lie. Besides, if the official hated Americans, Armenians, or journalists, he might take a notion to search me and confiscate any sum above the declared amount. I told the truth—\$380 in cash.

"May I see the money?" the official asked. I produced the money, expecting him to count it. Instead, he laid it aside tenderly, and turned to other matters. After ten minutes of waiting I said: "Count my money, please, and give me a receipt."

"Shuweiya. Shuweiya. Take it easy. Take it easy."

He opened the right-hand drawer of his desk, and moved to put the money in.

"Please count the money, now, in my presence," I insisted.

Abdou Habi—never will I forget the name, may his tribe

decrease—put the greenbacks on the desk. He claimed he didn't know what to do. He had never seen so many dollars before. He would wait till morning, and ask his chief, in the meanwhile keeping possession of the uncounted dollars. We were anxious to get to Cairo that night and were in no mood for delay.

"Telephone your chief and ask him what to do. That's simple enough."

Abdou Habi said he did not wish to disturb His Excellency at this hour.

There were six of us in the wooden shack that was the customs office—five Arabs, one American. The dollars, still uncounted, were on the desk with a paperweight over them. Abdou left his desk. I walked over to Moustafa, standing some feet away, to ask his advice, when suddenly the lights went out, plunging the shack into darkness.

"The money! The money!" I yelled, and hurled myself at the desk.

Long experience in photographic darkrooms has given me a sense of direction in the dark; almost instantly I located the pile of dollars and placed my hand firmly over it. A split second later I felt a pair of moist fat hands crawling over mine. At that instant someone lit a match. A nose's distance from my face was the face of Abdou Habi.

No doubt about it now. Everyone sensed Habi's game. A clamor arose to count the money immediately. I demanded the phone to call the American ambassador. Moustafa began to shout the names of Egypt's cabinet ministers and army generals he claimed to know. Habi was thoroughly intimidated. He suddenly decided that we might perhaps risk disturbing His Excellency. Habi wanted to carry the money, but I refused to give it up until he agreed to count it then and there. After that I permitted him to pocket the bills, and asked Moustafa to sit next to him and let his pistol press against the would-be thief. The customs chief was cordial, apologized for

the "misunderstanding," carefully counted my money, and gave me a certification that I had brought in \$380.

We arrived in Cairo shortly after midnight, and went to the Gloria, a native hotel where the three of us shared a large room. Never was a bed more welcome. Scorched, blistered, and wracked by the day's events, I sank into bed, my money belt around my waist. Inside it also were my Madonna, St. Christopher's Medal, and mezuzah, inseparably together.

GUN-BUYING

THE next morning Moustafa, Faris and I called on a haberdashery dealer. The haberdasher drove us in a French car five miles out, across a railroad crossing, and slowed down when we came to a long, high mud fence surrounding a spacious house. There was a guardhouse at the corner, then another entrance, through which we drove into a large garden. The trio went in. I remained outside talking in Turkish to one of the men. "Where do you get the guns and ammunition?" I asked.

"Why do you ask such questions?"

"Our boys would like to get them as cheaply as possible by going to the source. The need in Palestine is desperate, and money is hard to get."

The man wasn't impressed. "I do not know you," he said, and kept watching me.

Moustafa and the others came down the stairs, toting two heavy, low-slung guns. I must confess to more than ordinary stupidity on such matters. Moustafa said they were anti-tank guns. The smaller of the two was priced at \$250, the larger at \$400. Both were rusty and struck me as terribly overpriced. Both were "asking" prices, which in the Orient seldom have any relation to the actual sales price. We all went into a side

door to stare at stack after stack of packed hand-grenades and mortar shells.

Moustafa asked if the ammunition was still alive.

"Guaranti. Guaranti," the salesman assured him.

That afternoon Moustafa and Fans went gun-shopping again but did not take me along. Apparently I had shown undue curiosity. I was itching to learn the major gun-sources and other data. Laboriously piecing together tidbits, I ascertained that Cairo was bristling with undercover arms and ammunition. Some of the material had been dug out of the El Alamein sands and was German. Considerable quantities had been stolen from British camps or sold by British soldiers to Arabs. Franco's arms salesmen were active. Italian, Swiss, Belgian, and Czechoslovakian agents were also in the market. Nothing American was for sale except some rifles and a few revolvers. Rifles sold from \$65 to \$100, depending on the condition and type. Revolvers brought from \$25 to \$40. Bren and Vickers machine-guns ranged from \$200 to \$350, "asking" prices.

A few days later Moustafa said: "I saw Faris pay three hundred dollars for guns today."

I did not press him and feigned no interest. Moustafa was probably telling the truth but I did not want to arouse any more suspicion than I had so far. Moustafa and Faris made matters no easier for me when they repeatedly told me that they had been seeing the Mufti, whom I was so eager to meet. The Mufti was everywhere, behind nearly every major Arab action, yet he never appeared publicly and few knew his headquarters. He remained mysterious, inscrutable, invisible as ever.

I became particularly alarmed at reports reaching me through Green Shirt scouts that the Ikhwan had warned Jerusalem Arabs to do away with me quietly: I was not to be trusted. The plan was to persuade me to accompany a volunteer gang on one of their numerous raids. I was to be killed either "accidentally" or by "Jewish bullets." I didn't know

whether Labib Bey (a mutual dislike had developed between us) had given the order or whether it came from Sheikh Hassan el Banna himself. It might well come from either if they checked with their friends in the United States. At any rate, I kept to our room during most of my stay in Cairo, avoiding everyone I had formerly seen except Ahmed Hussein and the Green Shirts. I could not help asking Hussein, casually: "Do you hear anything from Katibah or Richardson these days?" He said he had received no word from them. I thought he was telling the truth but I was not sure. I could not get rid of the added suspicion that it was the Green Shirts who had warned the Jerusalem Arabs against me, and that to throw me off the scent they accused the Ikhwan.

Cairo had changed for the worse in the two weeks I had been away. The drums of war were no longer muffled. The city was in a particularly ugly mood. It had just gone through a disastrous police strike that had been suppressed by violent army action. Hardly had the city recovered when 1,300 male nurses of Cairo's two leading hospitals had struck, causing the death of many patients. The government had withheld the facts by announcing that the publication of details would be "considered a serious crime." I sensed the mood of city-wide terror, especially on Friday afternoons when the faithful were exhorted from the mosques by fanatic sheikhs of El Azhar.

I missed the experience of going around with Moustafa and Faris on their gun-hunting missions, but I learned to know Faris better and to distrust him. I felt intuitively that he was being underhanded. I was convinced that he was trying to set Moustafa against me. I had to put an end to this.

Lunching alone with Moustafa one day, I said: "I'd like you to buy me a gun for my personal use against the Jews."

Moustafa looked surprised, then broke into a smile. "I keep telling Faris you are on Allah's side, but he won't believe me. This will convince him."

"A rifle is too bulky, a pistol too weak. Get me a Sten in good condition."

I talked it over with Faris that night. Moustafa had entrusted him with six hundred dollars, borrowing from his relatives by pledging them his share of his father's estate. "Give me £20," Faris said. "I will buy the gun and have it delivered to Jerusalem."

"A gun is like a suit of clothes," I said. "I must see it and like it."

The next morning he took me in a taxi to a native quarter, entered a house and walked through it to a shed in the backyard. Here were all kinds of weapons: I inspected them, but professed not to like their condition. We took a taxi to a carpenter shop. In the rear were half a dozen Sten guns. I chose one.

"Eighteen pounds," the gun merchant said, expecting to get fifteen.

"That is cheap," Faris whispered. "Buy it." He expected a commission.

"Ten pounds," I offered.

"Sixteen and it is yours."

"Ten," I said.

"It cost me fifteen, I swear by Allah."

"It's worth no more than ten pounds," I insisted, and made a move to leave.

I finally bought it for eleven pounds.

AT THE MUFTI'S HIDEOUT

"I'll store this with our other guns," Faris said as soon as we left the shop.

"I must come with you and store it personally," I insisted.

Faris had brought along a Sten and a revolver. We all got in a taxi, and laid the armaments on the floor. "Yallah!"

We drove to the outskirts of Cairo. The taxi stopped in front of a secluded, run-down house buried behind a fence

and almost hidden by vines and shrubbery. A lone man sat on the porch. As we opened the iron gate he sprang to his feet. Recognizing Moustafa and Fans he put down his gun and welcomed us. We were not allowed to go inside. Instead, two men came out, inspected our guns and said they needed minor repairs to which they would attend.

As soon as the repairs were done they'd be sent to El Arish (just this side of the Palestine border, and the assembly point for government troops) and there picked up by the owners. We got receipts for the guns, then we got into a taxi again, and drove on.

"That house is a depot for guns and ammunition. It's a very secret place."

"Whose place is it, Moustafa?"

"The Mufti's!"

Faris turned to me, after a moment, and said: "We have a surprise for you."

I completely distrusted the man. "What is it?"

"You will learn very soon."

We had been riding for about five minutes through typical native quarters, when I noticed suddenly that we were driving down a dirt road ending with a roadblock of large gasoline-drums filled with cement. Around them, at the entrances to several spacious houses, were armed guards and plainclothesmen. It was a military headquarters of some kind. The taxi stopped short of the roadblock, and we got out.

Moustafa leaned over toward me. "Don't speak English," he whispered.

We dismissed the driver, and walked into a yard, then onto a porch.

"Where are we, Moustafa?"

"At the Mufti's headquarters. We are going to try to have him see you."

I crossed my fingers, and waited. The two went inside and soon emerged with a dark-haired, sharp-featured young man who spoke excellent English.

"Why do you wish to see His Eminence?" he asked.

"I have admired him for ten years. To travel to Egypt without seeing our Grand Mufti would be like coming to Cairo and not visiting the Pyramids."

"All the American journalists want to see him. He has refused them all."

"Don't confuse me with them. They all work for the Jewish press."

"I will see. Wait here. But I warn you, don't walk around. The guards don't know you."

Ten minutes later the young man returned to the porch and escorted me past a long driveway. The entrance was cluttered with police and detectives. The driveway led into a house set well back from the road—the Mufti's headquarters at 12 Kemal street in the Hilmia Zeitoun section outside Cairo. My guide led me to the adjoining building, where he introduced me to Jacob Khoury, one of the Mufti's many secretaries. I was asked to wait downstairs.

After an hour, Moustafa and Faris joined me. Khoury told us to call tomorrow. We came again, and once again. Each time Moustafa and Faris would see the Mufti while I waited, fuming. I did not meet the Mufti in Cairo. I had to postpone that experience until later.

GUNS—FOR ALLAH AND FOR PROFIT

IN THE taxi Faris asked me for a loan of fifty dollars. Was this to be the price demanded for the arrangement to meet the Mufti? And if I refused would Faris blackmail me? My dislike for him grew hourly.

"Why do you want fifty dollars?" I asked.

"To buy more guns at bargain prices. I will pay you back in Jerusalem."

I could see now that I should not have declared my \$380. Faris knew I couldn't have spent it all in the ten days we had been in Cairo. He was beginning to shake me down.

"I have no money on me/" I said. "I'll let you know tonight."

"Why does he want the money?" I asked Moustafa, later.

"For guns," he said. "I have given him much money of my own. He has promised to pay it back when we sell the guns in Jerusalem."

"I'll give him the money only because you have trusted Faris."

That night I turned over to Faris the equivalent of fifty dollars in Egyptian funds.

He put his arm around my shoulder. "Look, Artour, I'll buy you a Bren gun that you can sell in Jerusalem for three times the price. Guns are cheap here. They are very expensive in Jerusalem." He winked.

"Is that what you're planning to do with the guns you've bought?" I asked.

"Of course. I expect to sell every gun at double and triple the price."

"Then you're buying guns as a business, and not ... for other reasons?"

"Well, other reasons, too, but there's good profit in buying guns cheap here and selling them dear in Jerusalem. Everybody wants guns there."

Faris' gun racket caused me to look on him with renewed distrust. I knew now he'd never repay the fifty dollars. I didn't mind. It was the cheapest, and the only way to buy my security. I was equally convinced I'd never see the Sten gun I had bought "for my personal use." I had never intended to use it. To begin with I didn't know how, and had no desire to learn. I had bought it to reinstate myself with Faris and Moustafa. I was convinced that Faris would find a way to cheat Moustafa of the money he had loaned him. I didn't disclose

my suspicions, because if the two got to quarreling, they would split company, and I needed the services of both to return safely to Jerusalem.

We were due to leave in a few days. On Palm Sunday I went to the Armenian Church in Cairo. I felt the need for meditation. In our Church there are no one-hour-on-the-hour Masses, nor 11.00 to 12.15 services. Our chants are sung like arias, and take twice as long. It takes five minutes for the congregation to sing the Lord's Prayer. The Armenian church-goer is no clockwatcher. Every Sunday service is in fact a religious marathon, a colorful, devout, emotionally inspiring pageant that begins before nine and lasts uninterruptedly until about one p.m., often longer if the priest is young and has not fasted, or if a bishop visits the church. In the United States, services have been abridged to last three hours.

To conform with the elaborate ceremonies, no tiny lapel-button palm could satisfy the Armenian. Nothing but man-sized palm leaves, from two to four feet long, are distributed on Palm Sunday. I picked one of these, and waved it on my way "home" to the Gloria. I determined I would hold on to it as long as possible as a symbol of peace and good will, lest I myself succumb to the bloodsoaked, hate-wracked environment in which I found myself. It lay on the bureau in my hotel room until we got ready to leave Cairo. Then I put it in my suitcase. I carried the shriveled palm branch wherever I went, all through the Arab-Israel war, all over the Middle East—a frustrated missionary in quest of peace in the war-torn postwar world—a forlorn hope! I would look at it on the bureau, where I placed it in every hotel room in which I stayed, and say: "I wonder if your day will ever come." I have the palm leaf home now.

Early one afternoon Moustafa rushed in. "Yallah!" I had been all but packed for days, restive with the long delay. It was getting unbearably hot and sticky, and the dust of the incredibly filthy Cairo streets stuck to my face, got into

my eyelids, and made me itch frightfully every time I went outside the hotel. The beggars, bootblacks, dragomen, and countless other parasites were becoming more and more dangerous. Unless one was with an Arab or gave baksheesh, all the culprit had to do was yell Yahoodi and point his finger at the visitor, who would promptly be insulted, stoned, knifed, or mobbed. I was also living under the constant fear of exposure as John Roy Carlson, a name associated with attacks upon the kind of bigotry that in Cairo, was accepted as the acme of patriotism. It was with considerable relief that I strapped my suitcase.

"Are we going by automobile?" That had been our plan.

"No!" Faris answered, "we're taking the train."

It was night when we arrived at El Qantara, on the Suez Canal, and waited for a train to take us to the Palestine border. Scores of volunteer fighters were waiting at the customs, some with irregular papers, others with none at all. Moustafa helped many of them. Among these were a couple of a sort all too common in Arab countries. They were dressed in khaki and carried knapsacks. What seemed to be the "he" of the two was a tall, gangling, nervous English-speaking youth wearing glasses, named Sammy, a Green Shirt member. Sammy's companion, in whose little finger he had entwined his own, was a soft-faced, blue-eyed, slim-waisted Arab from Alexandria, with a perpetual smile. His name was Ismail. When we boarded the train, the two sat close together in the compartment. Every time someone lit a match I saw them either holding hands, or Sammy with his arm around Ismail in the Arab version of necking.

In this fashion and with this company we arrived at the Palestine border, beyond which no trains ran. By good fortune, a truck carrying crates of contraband machinery was leaving for Gaza—the first major town on the other side of the Palestine border. Moustafa spoke to the driver. The driver nodded to us. We leaped in, Holy Warriors once more bound for high adventure and Allah's glory!

RETURN TO JERUSALEM

". . . the most stupid, the most cowardly, the most inefficient soldiers I have ever seen. The Germans and I gave the Arabs many good ideas to destroy the Jewish villages. They are afraid of anything new. They say it will cost them too much money. They are waiting for Allah to help them!"

Nazar Chalawitch
Holy Warrior from Yugoslavia

OUR truck, with a dozen assorted Arabs on board, raced toward Gaza.

"Duck your head. You'll be shot."

"I'm not afraid of the Jews, Moustafa."

"Don't be crazy. They have already put a bullet in my foot!"

I ducked, joining the terror-stricken Holy Warriors who cowered between the crates of merchandise like corraled sheep. I raised my head for a good look at the terror. A mile off the road were the ruins of a kibbutz, with only two buildings left partially standing. Desert surrounded the wreckage. The settlement showed as much life as a neglected cemetery. Actually, this was heroic Kibbutz Kfar Darom, one of the southernmost of the Jewish settlements. A shipwreck in the desert sea, it served as an invaluable observation post for troops and supply movements, and sprang to life only when attacked.

"The Egyptian army will soon massacre those Jews," Moustafa threatened.¹

Past the last roadblock and inspection post, we climbed a dusty road that suddenly reared itself over the flatness. We roared down the main street in a terrific cloud of dust, ripping through a maze of donkeys, carts, pastry vendors, bearded Bedouins, and armed Arabs. At the marketplace we stopped with screaming brakes. Alighting, we went to a coffee house perched above the teeming street and shaded from the blistering sun by dried branches. It was a restful nook. Here one could get all the news, establish contacts, and transact his business while drinking hot tea, and smoking the narghileh, without moving once beyond range of a backgammon board.

"The drinks are on me," I said.

We ordered tall glasses of dark hot tea, heavy with sugar and flavored with fresh mint. Faris and Moustafa looked around to see whom they knew. Additional chairs and more tables were brought over. Sammy and his beloved Ismail continued their mutual adoration, oblivious to everyone else.

I was absorbed by historic Gaza, now a city of dust and donkeys. Without these faithful little animals traffic would have been paralyzed. All day long they trudged at an unvarying pace, head always drooping—docile, four-legged fellaheen, carrying everything from gasoline tins to pot-bellied, satin-skirted Arabs three times their weight. Centuries ago thousands of Greeks living here had been forcibly converted to Islam, so that a large proportion of its population was originally Christian. A few Armenian families remained from the large numbers once here. Gaza was an all-Arab community now, Moslem in spirit and appearance. Streets were devoid of

¹ It never did. Before the Mandate Kfar Darom was attacked repeatedly by volunteer bands. Later it was pulverized by Egyptian regulars, who at one time broke into the settlement perimeter and were driven out only after a bitter building-to-building battle. On the night of July 8, 1948, Kfar Darom was booby-trapped and evacuated quietly. A handful of defenders slipped through the Egyptian lines at night, taking along their wounded, and reached Tel Aviv safely.

women; the few who walked were old, veiled, heavily garbed in gloomy black clothing. Male couples promenaded constantly. I photographed them: the result showed one couple with their fingers entwined; another husky couple were walking arm in arm.

From where I was sitting I could make out three distinct markets in this ancient city. To my right were the pushcarts, sidewalk bazaars, and shops with baskets and sacks sprawled on the street. Directly in front was a large square—the gasoline and taxi mart. On my left, at the foot of a high wall shaded by overhanging willows, was a munitions market. Revolvers, grenades, brass knuckles, daggers, and stacks of ammunition were arrayed on mats on the sidewalk. Arabs bargained excitedly and swore their poverty, but pulled out fat rolls of Palestinian currency when the deal was closed. Ragged children darted in and out of the stalls. A truckload of refugees arrived, piled out, and dispersed, carrying their pitiful bundles on their backs and on hired donkeys.

Only one sight gladdened me. Gaza had a sweet tooth. Huge round trays of Oriental desserts were paraded on pushcarts, the peddler weighing the precious pastry on his scales—sometimes adding the weight of his fingers—while urchins sneaked up from behind, scooped the pan with cupped hand and skipped away.

"I'm getting hungry, Moustafa."

"Yallah. We are all hungry."

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR

WE FOUND a nameless little restaurant opposite the Grand Gaza Hotel which had a frontage of only ten feet but was sixty feet deep with a ceiling at least twenty feet high. We took a table in the rear where it was as cool as a wine cellar. A little gray donkey with fuzzy ears and short tail, on its back a gunny

sack loaded with gasoline tins, followed us into the restaurant and decided to stand vigil at our table. The proprietor was not amused. He came roaring out of the kitchen with a soup ladle. A waiter rushed up with pot covers and began to beat them like cymbals in the animal's ear, while the ladle hammered a drumbeat on its piously bent head. A second waiter began cursing and tugging at the motionless beast, but couldn't budge it. It just blinked its eyes and withstood the combined assault with astonishing aplomb.

"He must be very hungry," Moustafa observed.

"He'd make a good soldier," I said. "Look how calm he is under fire."

Just then the donkey's owner rushed in. He was an elderly Bedouin with a straggly beard and was shaking his whip excitedly. I suppose he shouted the equivalent of "How dare you steal my donkey, you cur!" because the words were no sooner out of his mouth than the proprietor rushed on him with the ladle, followed by the first waiter who brandished the pot covers like shields before him and pounced on the old Arab. With a magnificent sense of timing the donkey halted the proceedings by unceremoniously arching its tail and dropping its manure on the spot. While the proprietor and his waiters looked on speechlessly, the donkey deftly turned around and made a quick exit, followed by its master, who leaped on its back as soon as they reached the sidewalk. Off they trotted in a dust cloud.

"Ma'alesh. Let's eat."

The waiter with the pot covers returned with pan and broom, and cleaned up, cursing loudly. I went into the kitchen and ordered by pointing to pots and pans on the stove containing what I thought I would like. I ordered a plate of rice with lamb and tomato sauce; another of chickpeas with lamb, seasoned with paprika. I topped this with yoghurt and drafts of water.

The sight of two soldiers in khaki passing by outside made me jump.

"Moustafa, there go the Followers of Truth!"

He pounced after the pair. I followed. Faris and the lovers, who knew nothing of our vendetta against Sheikh Azaayim's men, stayed behind. We were almost upon the two before they wheeled around. I was ready for anything, but nothing happened. We learned that the Followers had finally crossed the Suez, and were now living at the government barracks at Gaza. They had already participated in an attack against Kibbutz Kfar Darom.

"Did they lose any men?" I asked.

"Yes," Moustafa answered. "They lost twenty-three, and thirty-seven were wounded. They are glad Sheikh Azaayim did not lead them because he, too, might have been dead now."

"But weren't they all supposed to be immune to Jewish bullets?"

At this moment a tall, well-built Sudanese in a rumpled uniform and gun slung across his back approached the two Followers. They greeted him affectionately as a brother Moslem who had fought with them at Kfar Darom and escaped unhurt.

"He did not die because of the paper he carries," Moustafa interpreted.

"What paper?"

The Sudanese opened his shirt and produced a wrinkled parchment suspended by a string around his neck. It was about twelve by eighteen inches, covered with Arabic script in red ink. Moustafa read some of it.

"The imam [priest] in his village wrote it," he explained. "It says that the owner of this holy scroll is a true Moslem who is engaged in fighting the Jihad. He is therefore immune to all manner of lead and steel."

"Does he believe that?" I asked.

"Yes. Lead and steel will not touch his skin. He believes Allah will lead him away from danger and he will come back alive to his home and family."

A group of young toughs armed to the teeth approached us. Moustafa let out a whoop of joy. As they came nearer I saw that one wore the uniform of the Arab Legion, three were Followers of Truth, two had the Green Shirt insignia. They were led by a sheikh in a white turban, who was wrapped heavily in a flowing gray robe that came to his ankles; wound around his neck, as if it were arctic weather, was a heavy woolen scarf. From his left shoulder hung a sub-machine-gun. I knew I had seen him before. Only when he stretched out his hand in greeting did I recognize him as the St. Patrick's Day spellbinder I had heard in Cairo, who had swayed like a cobra while he mesmerized the Green Shirts. He had grown a full beard, which, with his deep-set eyes and vitriolic face, made him look even more Mcphistophelian in daylight than at night.

It was like old home week in Gaza as other comrades joined the crowd. Some twenty of us tramped toward the town square, the midan. Once there, the boys decided to spend the afternoon at the beach. I told Moustafa I'd join them later. Our life was so unpredictable from hour to hour that I wanted to see Samson's Tomb before leaving for Jerusalem.

I found it a few dusty blocks away from the main street. Here, on a hillock, was an igloo-shaped structure about ten feet high, with scrub weeds growing over it. It was surrounded by filth and dried human offal. I ducked my head into an opening in the side of the tomb, but recoiled at the unbearable stench. It was hard to believe that according to tradition a majestic temple of the Philistines once stood on this stinking stone heap, and that the blinded Samson in a last mighty effort of bitterness and humiliation pulled it crashing down upon his head, "so the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

BEACHPARTY, ARAB FASHION

I INQUIRED my way to the beach to find Moustafa and the others. The Mediterranean shore here was dotted with rotting hulks and small fishing vessels, and everywhere were huddled male groups. It was one of the strangest beach parties I ever saw. It was strictly stag, with not a single woman in sight, and every man in flowing gallabiya, bournous, or combination native and European garb. They were playing backgammon, drinking hot tea, coffee, arak (a Middle Eastern form of brandy), and smoking the nargileh. To the left was a white-washed shanty—the coffee house. Most of the Arabs reclined in the shade provided by blankets hung from poles driven in the sand; some sat on short, squat bulrush chairs.

Guarding the beach were Arab Legion soldiers, wearing the red and white dotted khaffiya instead of the customary white. An English army truck was pulled up on the sand: in it were more Legion soldiers—at a time when the presence of the Legion in Palestine was hotly denied by official British spokesmen, as I was to learn later.

I located our party, including Faris and Sammy and Ismail, but Moustafa was nowhere around. Faris was chatting with four companions, and as I watched them I realized that they were homosexuals. The most warlike among them—judging by his dress and armaments—was a rotund, pasty-faced, slovenly man in his late twenties who spoke excellent English.

"Where did you learn English?" I asked.

"From the English soldiers. They have a big camp at Rafa."

"How do you like the English?"

"Very much, indeed. Some of them are exceptionally friendly and nice. I wish they weren't planning to leave."

He was the first Arab I had met who had a kind word for the British.

Sammy and his lover couldn't seem to have enough of each

other. They were promenading arm in arm on the beach, or with arms around each other's waists, giggling and carrying on like teen-age sweethearts. In this they were by no means alone. The beach was filled with amorous though less demonstrative men, both young and old, the young often with the old, sitting close together, or back to back, or stretched out full length on the sand.

"Take my picture," the English-speaking Arab asked. "Make me look like a soldier." He whipped out his pistol and, aiming it toward Tel Aviv, assumed a fierce look.

"Hold that pose," I said. "You look like Allah's messenger."

This gave me an opening for photographing everyone on the beach—mementos of an all-male beach party. After I had taken a dozen photographs, one of the group introduced himself to me as a member of the Gaza City Council. We chatted for a few moments and I asked:

"How does the war look?"

"See that water?" He pointed with his narghileh. "One month from now it will be black as far as the horizon with the nude bodies of floating Jews."

"Insh'allah, Wallah."

Just then Moustafa emerged from a clump of bushes to the left—from a dark-shaded nook into which I had noticed Sammy and Ismail disappear. The two did not reappear until almost an hour later, arm in arm. The mystery deepened when two more members of the party vanished in the same direction—and didn't return. As the afternoon wore on, one by one the trucks and cars, the lovers old and young, left the beach. "Let's go look for them," Moustafa said. We all rose. I deliberately fell in with the effeminate Arab whose photograph I'd taken.

"Our Bible says that Samson used to come to Gaza for his pleasure. Are the two friends for whom we are looking at a place where one may find public women for one's pleasure?" I inquired teasingly.

The Arab wheeled around, shocked, momentarily speechless.

"We are very strict in Gaza," he gasped. "If we found any such places we would burn them. If we found any such women we would hang them." Quite upset, he left my company and did not talk to me again.

We walked to the clump of bushes, which thickened as we went through them, and emerged into a narrow, dusty street. Ahead was an angular, three-storied, gray stone house, set off by itself, which appeared to be a hotel. Moustafa was on the verge of entering when the two men we were seeking stepped out. One of them was Abdul, a Green Shirt member. His companion, also a youth in his early twenties, was from Gaza.

"We were praying," Abdul explained, smiling.

When we had walked back to Gaza's main street, we split company. The others had been invited to a dinner party by the Gaza Council member. It was getting dark fast. I turned to Moustafa.

"What'll we do now?"

"We have been invited to another place," Moustafa said mysteriously. "We will go there later. First, let's find a place to sleep."

The obvious place for us was the Grand Gaza Hotel, opposite the restaurant where we had eaten. The Grand Gaza Hotel was strictly a misnomer. By American standards it was fourth rate, but it was the best the city of Samson could offer. Moustafa and I got a room on the top floor with two cots, two chairs and a candle. There was no other furniture, not even a washpan. To wash, one used the community tap and community soap and towel on the floor below. The place was reasonably clean and gave no evidence of harboring crawling visitors. We washed, Moustafa again borrowed my comb, and we stepped out.

"Where are we going, Moustafa?"

"You will be very much surprised. Trust me."

The streets were now pitch dark. There was no moon. Electric power had been cut off long ago. Moustafa was not familiar with the section and every few minutes he paused to

ask directions. Walking through a tortuous maze of blacked-out alleys, stumbling over deep ruts and protruding rocks, I felt we would never reach our destination, whatever Allah had decreed it to be.

"Moustafa, you aren't taking me to Abdul's prayer house?"

"You are too impatient, Artour. Wait."

Finally we came to a high wall, followed it for a block, and then turned to find ourselves before a high wide gate topped with iron spikes. We banged on it. We heard the shuffling of feet, and a voice, echoing sharply in the deathly stillness, challenged us in Arabic. Moustafa answered; one of the doors was swung open by an Arab, and we found ourselves in a large courtyard. At the farther end was a house with lights shining from the first- and second-story windows.

"Is it all right to speak English?"

"Yes. You can also talk German if you wish."

That put me on guard. The Arab gateman now opened an inner door and motioned us into a large room lighted by two kerosene lamps, which cast a flickering light on a group of men standing near a large table covered with food.

DINNER WITH NAZI HERRENVOLK

MY GAZE swept past a well-dressed Arab in flowing robes, who was apparently the host, and fell upon seven men, six of them in uniform. The seventh was a brown-haired non-German, apparently a Slav. His right sleeve hung empty from the shoulder of his dark-green American officer's coat. All seven stared at us stiffly.

"Guten Abend, Kameraden! Good evening, comrades. Heil!" I said, giving the short-arm Nazi salute as I had done innumerable times at Bund meetings.

A jet of steam appeared to have struck them: the faces melted instantly and burst into smiles. The six snapped their

heels, heiled back in unison, and all began talking at once in German.

"Ach, meine Freunde, meine Kunde der deutschen Sprache ist unglücklicherweise nicht so gross wie meine Liebe für das deutsche Volk. Ah, my friends. Unfortunately my knowledge of German is not so strong as my love for the German people." Over and again I had used that at Bund meetings.

One of the Nazis translated my effusion into Arabic, much to the delight of our host. Seeing me so well received, Moustafa added his praise of the manly, bold, loyal Armenian who had been living with the Arabs. As usual, my American citizenship was an incidental detail. Our host, beside himself, kept repeating: "Ahlan wa sahlen, mit ahlan wa sahlen! Sharraftuna! Hallet el-baraka! Welcome and welcome again! What an honor! What a pleasure! What a blessing from Allah!"

The only one to speak English among the Germans was introduced to me as Gerhard. He had a long face, dark hair, and sideburns, and had perfected his English at a British prisoner-of-war camp. As we sat down to a lavish dinner, I asked him:

"How did you escape?"

"Through the Mufti's help. Twenty of us crossed the Canal in a boat one night. Cars were waiting for us on the other side."

"Only twenty have escaped?"

"Oh, no. More, hundreds more—some by hiding under merchandise in trucks. Others are disguising themselves as Arabs and carrying false papers, and others get through by bribing. Customs officials at Ismailia are friendly. Der Grossmufti makes all the arrangements. In a few days we expect twenty-five more comrades here. They will come with guns."

"English guns?"

"Natürlich. Stolen from camp or sold by English soldiers. The Arabs get much equipment that way."

"Who is our host?"

"He is a relative of the Mufti. Many of the Mufti's cousins and nephews are in Gaza and rule the city. In a few weeks Gaza will become the capital of the Mufti's Palestine government. The Egyptian army will also make its headquarters here."

"How many Germans in the Suez camps?" I asked.

"Many thousands. Perhaps 12,500 or more of the Afrika Korps. There are also many high officers, even some generals. Sitting at this table are a captain and two lieutenants. I was a lieutenant with Rommel," Gerhard said. After a moment he shook his head. "These Arabs make big talk but do not fight like an army. They are not trained. They do not know discipline. We fought with them against the Jewish villages. We know. That man," he said, pointing to the amputee, "is a Yugoslav Moslem. He lost his arm in Haifa. There's another Yugoslav recuperating at the Civilian Hospital here in Gaza. If you want to know about the Arabs as fighters, go see him. He has been with them longer than I have."

Our host was generous, and constantly pushed platters of food before us. "Tafaddal. Please." The Nazis eat heartily. They seemed happy and confident, and only one of them—Friedrich, a short but powerfully built young man in leggings—appeared surly. He said little, but appeared to be watching me carefully.

Finally our host had the coffee brought in.

"Sallim idek, may God preserve your hands," I said. Later, when I had finished the tar-black brew and put down the cup, I added: "Kahwe daime. May you always have coffee."

My host beamed at my choice vocabulary.

It was eleven o'clock as Moustafa and I rose to leave. There was much salaaming and hand shaking back and forth. The Nazis—except Friedrich, who gave us a cold, correct quick handshake—pumped our hands. Our host said, "Sharrifnani, marra, insh'allah. Come again when Allah wills it.

"Mae es-salame. Mae es-salame. God speed. God speed."

"Mamnunah Our thanks to you," we said, and walked into the night.

THE MADMAN

MOUSTAFA and I walked in silence through the blacked-out streets. Gaza was as dead as Samson's Tomb, with not a living thing visible or audible. Only an occasional light flickered from a second-story window: those on the first floor were either heavily latticed or covered with wooden shutters locked tight. Then, in the silence, I became aware of a muffled shuffling of feet behind us. I turned around several times uneasily, but saw nothing.

"Somebody is following us, Moustafa. Stop now, and listen. . . ."

The shuffling continued for a few seconds, then stopped. It began again when we resumed walking.

"You are right," Moustafa said, softly, reaching for his holster. "What have you to protect yourself?"

"You know I have nothing but a Boy Scout knife."

We walked faster. "How many are there?" I asked.

"I think only one, unless they are keeping in perfect step."

I recalled that Bedouin tribes sometimes welcomed a stranger, or even an enemy, to their home, honored him at their table, then followed him and stabbed him later. I wondered if our host would attempt such a thing. Or could it be some of the Nazis—Friedrich, for instance? It could be a Follower of Truth. And there was the Gaza man whom I'd insulted at the beach. His kind were known to hire assassins. . . . It was still a long way to the Grand Gaza Hotel.

Without breaking step Moustafa leaned over and whispered: "When I take your hand in mine, run. Then we will hide."

We broke into a double run, hand in hand, and heard our pursuer follow.

"If there are more than one we do nothing," Moustafa said, breathing hard. "If we see only one, I will go for his throat, you strike at his heart. But make no noise. Be sure nothing drops from your pockets. . . . Now hide in that doorway. I will be on this side. . . ."

We slunk into the shadows, opposite each other, so that the pursuer would have to pass between us. I pulled back as far as I could. Although Moustafa was hardly fifteen feet away he was invisible. I waited, breathing heavily but noiselessly through my mouth.

A figure emerged dimly from the blackness of night and approached slowly. He veered to the right—the side where I was crouching. He hugged the walls, apparently suspecting a trap. I bent low, my knife blade open, ready to pounce on him if he attacked first. The shadowy figure slipped by within three feet of me. I saw him peering to the left and ahead of him. He was a short man, wearing what seemed to be a European coat and narrow trousers. He passed, and I waited for a few minutes that seemed endless.

"Moustafa," I whispered hoarsely. "He's gone."

"Sssshh. Maybe he also is hiding. Wait."

I straightened out, glued myself against the doorway and now saw the outlines of Moustafa's husky frame. After several more minutes he moved out of the doorway. "Stick close." I followed him. There was no sound now except our soft tread. Either the pursuer had continued up the street, or was lurking somewhere in the inky stillness. We moved ahead gingerly, and the suspense became even more unbearable than before. But we had lost all track of the stranger. The riddle of his identity deepened. Who? Why? Had we been wise in hiding?

It was midnight when we broke into the town square, as dark and deserted as the rest of Gaza. We walked cautiously past the boarded shops of main street, and slipped into our hotel. No one seemed to be in the narrow vestibule. The hotel itself was on the second floor, the entrance barred by an

iron grated door midway on the stairs. We knocked. The night clerk called out sleepily from an inner room. He would not let us in, he said, until he had looked us up in the register. It would take a few minutes—Arab minutes! We sat down on the stairs in the dark while the clerk, cursing the world at large, looked for the register. At long last he demanded the details of Moustafa's registration. I had to call out my passport number and spell out my name. Finally the clerk, in slippers and red striped pajamas, stumbled down his half of the stairs and let us go up.

"I must be careful," he explained. "There was a stranger here a short time ago."

"Who was he?" Moustafa asked quickly.

"I do not know. He was not an Arab."

The iron gate had hardly been closed when someone crashed open the door below. Then there was a knocking and shaking of the iron grill. The terrified night clerk begged us to take charge. Moustafa's queries brought a reply in hesitant but adequate Arabic, spoken in a heavy guttural accent

"It's one of the Germans," Moustafa said.

"Invite him to our room."

"First we will take away his gun if he has any."

He certainly had one. At the point of Moustafa's drawn pistol, the Nazi placed his revolver on the night clerk's desk. We followed the German to our room and made him sit on the chair while Moustafa and I faced him from our beds. It was Friedrich: a beet-red, prematurely bald, ugly man with colorless eyes buried in a hatchet face. He came to the point with surprising frankness.

"I followed you to shoot you," he said in good English.

I felt a pricking of my scalp.

"One, or the both of us?" I asked.

"You," he snarled. "You are a Jew!"

Moustafa and I laughed nervously. "Artour is an Armenian," Moustafa said.

"That is the same as a Jew. The English, the Jews, the

Armenians, and the Americans must be exterminated!" There was no doubt that Friedrich meant it, for his eyes took on an almost maniacal look.

It required a long time and a full display of my assorted documents, including the one obtained from my church attesting to my Christian faith, to prove to him that Jews were Jews and Armenians were Armenians. "We are such old-time Aryans," I said, "that Bundesfuhrer Fritz Kuhn once said that Christ was an Armenian, not a Jew." It happened to be true—the fact that Kuhn told the lie.

When the German left it was past two o'clock. We snuffed out the candle. It was a long time before I fell asleep.

"THE MOST STUPID SOLDIERS"

"WHAT are we going to do this morning, Moustafa?"

"As soon as Faris comes we will go to El Arish for the guns."

I wanted to talk to the Yugoslav at the hospital. "Moustafa, let's first go to the hospital," I suggested. "There are Armenian nurses there. I will introduce you to them. Take your pick."

I counted on Moustafa to get me inside the hospital. I wasn't sure I could manage it myself. Tilings worked out as planned. While Moustafa indulged in a blind-alley flirtation with two Armenian nurses, I strolled through the wards. One of the patients introduced himself to me as Nazar Chalawitch, a former captain in Yugoslav quisling Pavelich's army, now an Arab fighter who was convalescing. I told him I was Gerhard's friend.

"How did you get hurt?" I asked.

"Fighting with the most stupid, the most cowardly, the most inefficient soldiers I have ever seen," Nazar exploded. "The Germans and I gave the Arabs many good ideas to de-

stroy the Jewish villages. They are afraid of anything new. They say it will cost them too much money. They are waiting for Allah to help them!"

Deeply embittered, he went on: "If those Arabs had followed orders we'd have cleaned out the Jews long ago. Take this village outside Gaza [Kibbutz Kfar Darom]. We made a perfect plan to attack it with three columns: 34 Germans and eight Yugoslavs in one column, 210 Ikhwan in another; a hundred Followers of Truth making the third column. We were to assemble exactly at midnight and march from three sides. The Germans were on time. Ikhwan came three hours late. The others—just before sunrise! We couldn't surprise the Jews. We attacked anyway—lost about forty men. A bullet went through my hip."

When I returned to Moustafa, he had already given up his strenuous attempts to date one of the nurses. Outside the hospital he turned to me and blew up. "Must you be a saint to go out with an Armenian?" he demanded, disgusted. "Yallah."

Faris was waiting for us at the hotel with a truck, and off we went to the Egyptian military base at El Arish, where we were directed to a thick-walled, heavily guarded building. Only one person at a time was allowed entry, and Faris went in with what he said were receipts for the guns we expected. He emerged to say that no one knew anything about them. "Go in yourself, Moustafa, and ask."

Moustafa returned empty-handed, a dejected figure. The guns had simply disappeared. "If we don't find those guns and sell them, I have lost everything. I borrowed the money," he said pathetically.

"Don't worry, Moustafa. Allah will find them."

Faris—whose investment was much larger than Moustafa's—seemed unconcerned. He chatted amiably all the way back to Gaza.

Two mornings later Faris announced we could ride part way to Jerusalem, at least. He had located a sheik's son who

had driven in to buy gasoline and was prepared to give us a lift to Jerusalem. We gladly accepted his offer. Of the Green Shirts, we could locate only Sammy and Ismail. We left the others behind and set off.

WE ARRIVE AT THE TOMB CITY

HALF WAY to Jerusalem the road was marked by ancient olive groves, the trees gnarled like an octogenarian's hand. Between the trees a farmer ploughed with a camel—the skirts of his gallabiya pulled above the knees and tucked into a sash around his waist, revealing his loose underwear. The plough was of wood, as in the days when Abraham first trudged over these fields. Down the road came barefooted women with enormous bundles of brushwood balanced on their heads, overshadowing their faces. Walking with her mother, a little girl balanced a large kettle, black with soot, on her head. In the shade a group of men lounged, gossiping and smoking, their donkeys dozing behind them. In the fields, the women worked. This was the Arab world.

We reached a hilltop: below us spread a deep-green valley. A sparkling stream wound its way around a tiny hamlet in the foothills. In the distance rose the spires of Jerusalem. To our right were the four kibbutzim composing the Kfar Etzion block. As we stopped to rest, a truck laden with volunteers drove up, and we heard the latest news. It was bad. The Arabs were being pushed back gradually from their New City positions. The rich Arabs and most of the Arab leaders had already fled Jerusalem. "The deserting cowards!" Moustafa exploded. The Arabs lacked heavy guns and there was disunity in the leadership since Abdul Kader el Husseini's death.

We moved into Jerusalem. I had come here for the first time only three weeks before. The city had changed radically. Its heart had been plucked out, its life-throb silenced. It was

late afternoon when we arrived, but there were few pedestrians, mostly old people. Roadblocks, sandbags, dragon's teeth were everywhere, and barbed wire coated with rust. Most of the homes were deserted, the shops boarded up. Tommies in khaki, wearing berets with red pompoms, prowled in armored cars. They searched and questioned everyone crossing from one zone to another; after that, Jewish and Arab vigilantes took over. Overturned trucks lay rusting, stripped of tires and movable gear. Dynamited buildings were everywhere. The dark red pool in the middle of the street might be the spot where a horse had bled to death, or a man was shot. The ripped-up sidewalk marked the explosion of a mortar.

Cities, I thought, are like human beings. Dressed in brick, mortar, stone and steel, they beat with a pulse that is the collective soul of their people. They live, breathe, and die like humans. There are ghost cities; cities of sin or sorrow, hard and harsh and masculine like New York; reckless and free cities; tradition-bound cities; hectic cities; sleepy cities; or gay and feminine cities, like Paris. When they are living, cities have souls of their own. But when the creeping paralysis of terror comes, they die inside like human beings.

The little things that make the world come alive—a woman with a shopping basket, gossiping; a man waiting for a bus, smoking; an exasperated mother spanking her bawling child; a busy grocery, a coffee shop, a traffic policeman—all these were now gone from Jerusalem. Fear and death were in the air you breathed, in every step you took. There was the terror of the unseen trigger-hand—English, Arab, Jew, depending on which side you stood—in the whine of every bullet, the crash of every shell. The poisons of hatred, long simmering, were now erupting and spilling over on every side of the once Holy City. A sense of impending calamity hung in the air; a dread vacuum was the new spirit, and desolation the "new look" of the tomb city.

(CHAPTER XII)

WITH THE ARABS IN JERUSALEM

From the lampposts hang all the RABBIS
But hang HERTZOG highest of all
And when you have hung all the Jew-boys
Then blow up their damned WAILING WALL.
AMO [Arab Military Organization]

I STOOD under a tree on the Hill of Evil Counsel on an incomparably beautiful and clear May morning, each Jerusalem landmark radiantly etched against a cloudless sky. Sheep grazed in the olive grove below me—guarded by an Arab in battle dress, rifle on lap, grenades dangling from his belt. In the heavens, God was in His glory. On earth hate reigned supreme. The whine of snipers' bullets was constant, like the drone of a giant mosquito. It was the season for mating, but shells and the rattle of machine-guns had driven off the birds. Jerusalem was beginning to fall apart as a city, disintegrating. Mail delivery had stopped. The railroad yard was deserted. The magistrates had fled: the courts and police stations were closed. Law and order was in the hands of local committees. You were condemned, imprisoned, or shot by vigilante gangs. Thieving was normal and went unpunished. It began with a deserted home, and continued with the theft of British army and government property: office furniture, files, furnaces, doors, windowpanes. Vehicles—trucks, jeeps, armored cars, even post-office vans—were stolen unless under guard.

The Palestine Post ran a daily column listing casualties. By May 1, 1948, 5,014 had died (189 English, 1,236 Jews, 3,569 Arabs) and 6,632 had been wounded.

I strolled over to the Public Information Office and wandered into the small canteen operated there for the correspondents. Jewish and Arab newspapermen still mixed: coolly, suspiciously. The Jewish boys came mainly to get a good meal. Ahmed, the Arab counterman, served eggs, milk, beer, potatoes, and coffee, and had cigarettes for sale—all rare in the New City. When Jews tried to buy food to take home, Ahmed would say: "If I sold it to you the Arabs would cut my body into small pieces." I met an Arab here, named Nassib Boulos, working for the British as a propagandist, and at the same time serving as a string correspondent for Life magazine. Boulos always hovered around the American newsmen, trying to get a line on each one. He came over to my table.

"I hear you're a Zionist."

"I don't know what Zionism is. I haven't seen enough of the Jews."

I had a premonition that Boulos would cross my path later on, and make trouble. In the days that followed, a series of nasty anti-Jewish booklets and leaflets began to circulate among correspondents, anonymously signed "AMO"—the Arab Military Organization, an adjunct of the Mufti's Arab Higher Committee. Addressed to "British Soldiers! British Policemen! British Civilians!" they sought to incite non-Arabs against the Jews. One of the leaflets was in doggerel:

Put a bomb in the [Jewish] Agency Buildings
 Wipe the Synagogues all off the earth,
 And make every damned son of ZION
 Regret the day of his birth.
 From the lampposts hang all the RABBIS
 But hang HERTZOG¹ highest of all
 And when you have hung all the Jew-boys

¹ Dr. Isaac Halevy Herzog, then Chief Rabbi of Palestine, later Rabbi of Israel.

Then blow up their damned WAILING WALL. . . .
You will find you are down as the Heroes
Of the last and the greatest Crusade,
And then you will all go to HEAVEN
And I WILL BE THERE AS WELL.
And we all charge our glasses,
AND DRINK TO JEWS THERE IN HELL.

LIFE IN OSBORNE HOUSE

AGAINST the panorama of growing death and destruction, life was exciting in Osborne House, our Arab headquarters on Deir Aboutor. It had become suicidal to cross no-man's land; I made no attempt now, as I had when here earlier, to sleep at the "Y." The road was under constant and intense Arab surveillance. So I lived with the boys in Osborne House, sleeping with them on mats; shaving, washing, and bathing daily in a pint of water or less. Our diet consisted of olives, scallions, halvah, and stale bread donated by Old City bakeries. Occasionally we would have bean stew, or goulash of some kind, cooked by Sabri, who during our absence had become quartermaster. Captain Zaki had feathered his nest nicely: he was second in charge of Deir Aboutor defenses and Moustafa found himself out of place. Sammy and Ismail made themselves at home sleeping together on adjoining mats in a store-room. Faris strutted about like a general.

The collection of Green Shirts and other volunteers had become more bizarre. Syrian soldiers—swarthy, sullen fellows, bristling with weapons—had requisitioned an adjoining house. They loved to have their pictures taken and I obliged them by running a souvenir picture service. They taught me much about Arab life and habits. Every afternoon I watched them strip down to the waist and engage in a traditional Arab pastime: lice-hunting. They picked their clothes clean, but never

cleaned their rifles. A rifle is supposed to be cleaned and oiled periodically, if not after every battle. But in all the months I was with the Arabs I never saw one cleaned or oiled. Nor did I see any being repaired. If a rifle didn't work, it was usually laid aside.

The Arabs were equally careless with hand-grenades. My most anxious moments were spent when the volunteers began toying with English- and French-made grenades, tossing them from hand to hand, or taking them apart "to see what was inside." I heard of many fatal accidents and met several horribly mutilated Arabs. Whenever I was about, a half dozen would encircle me, unhook their grenades, jiggle the pull-ring, and do other weird stunts threatening to blow us all up. I'd dash behind the sandbags while they, the brave Arabs, played with dynamite and laughed at the terrified Amrikani.

I observed that the fat-bellied Zaki paid increasing attention to Ismail. At first Ismail slept at Osborne House, with the rest of the volunteers. Then one day he removed his belongings and went to a nearby house which Captain Zaki had appropriated for himself and other members of the defense staff. Every morning after this Sabri would soft-boil four eggs, wrap them in a towel, and take them over, together with oranges, bananas, cheese, honey or jam, halvah, olives, white bread, and coffee. We all envied this diet and grumbled to Sabri about it.

"These are my orders. I must do as the captain commands."

To cut into these regal breakfasts, I determined to get into Ismail's good graces. This was not difficult. I suggested taking his photograph. I decorated him with guns and cartridge belts, told him he was handsome, and photographed him to his heart's delight. When he offered to pay, I suggested settling for a breakfast. Next morning Sabri asked me to come along when he took breakfast over. Taking six soft-boiled eggs and quantities of other food, he led me to a room which was bare except for two beds, a chest of drawers, and a table. Zaki and Ismail were in their pajamas. I pulled up a chair and joined them at breakfast. Later, by photographing Zaki gratis and

taking more pictures of Ismail I made sure of a fine breakfast every morning until the Mandate ended and real war broke out.

In charge of our arsenal in Osborne House—a small boarded-up back room piled high with sandbags—was one of the bloodthirstiest Arabs I ever met. He was a thin, morbid fanatic with blazing eyes, named Ali. I won his friendship by photographing him repeatedly in the act of firing a Bren gun. Thereafter he would often tip me off to the location of extra food on the premises. We would steal it together and eat it in the privacy of our arsenal. I was careful not to cross Ali, for he had a vile temper. I had seen him fly at a Green Shirter with a knife; only the brawny Moustafa was able to stop him. Sitting on a box of bullets or grenades, I would look at Ali with the conviction that I was facing a dormant savage, a ruthless killer whose passions were violently suppressed. One day, after we had finished a can of purloined sardines, I started off impressively with a bare-faced lie:

"Ali, I have studied medicine, psychology, and the science of the human mind. I can tell many things about a person by looking at him. You are a very strong and a brave Arab, but you are afraid to do what your heart dictates. Tell me what it is. Maybe we can do it together."

Ali looked at me intently, with a savage glint in his eyes which made me uncomfortable. We were alone; he was armed, and I knew that I was no match for a man whom I felt instinctively was a killer. . . . Ali opened up gradually, first by confessing that as a boy he had beaten a playmate to death because he caught him stealing. Growing up in a Cairo slum—with no schooling or formal training—Ali had developed a fanatic sense of right and wrong. All wrong was to be punished by death in order to end the progeny of wrongdoers and eliminate evil from the world.

"Who will determine what is right and wrong?" I asked.

"I make the judgment," Ali said. He had been jailed. "It

was my own fault. I was careless," he explained, then told me this story. He had been delegated to do away with an Egyptian official in Cairo. Planning the attack carefully, Ali had made a sketch of the official's itinerary and marked with an X the spot from which he was to fire his revolver. In his excitement Ali had lost the diagram.

"I didn't need the paper. I remembered everything," he said. "I was at the place an hour early. I had the gun in my coat pocket, with my hand always on the trigger. I was afraid I would shoot myself, so I went into a doorway to change the position of my gun. Four men followed me. They beat me on the head, and took me to the karakol. They had found my diagram on the street. In my house the police found another sketch. They beat me again, and once again in the karakol. I confessed because I did not want to be beaten any more. I was in jail two years." Ali's appetite had been merely whetted. "I want revenge. I failed in my duty once. I must clear myself before Allah. I must kill Jews, many Jews. I must kill till my arm is tired. I must not stop killing Jews till the bodies are this high. . . ." The wild Arab brought one hand to his chin. "I must do one more thing. . . . For this I need your help, Artour."

"Your wish is my command, Ali."

"I want you to come with me the next time we fight the Yahood. When I catch a Jew alive I want you to be with me—with your camera."

"Why do you want me with my camera?" I asked curiously.

"I want you to take one picture of me holding the living Jew by the throat. I want you to take another picture while I stab the Jew in the neck. Then I want pictures as I stab him again and again in the neck, in the face, in the heart, in his belly . . . with this knife!" Ali whipped out a vicious blade. "After I have killed the Jew I want you to photograph me drinking his blood."

"While it is still warm, I suppose."

"Yes, while it is running warm from his body," Ali affirmed.

"Okay, I'll take the pictures.!"
What else could I say?

A HUNTING PARTY

THAT night Ali, Moustafa, Captain Zaki, Faris, and a dozen others participated in a party to which I was invited. Ali afternoon the Arabs had been carting in clothing and furniture. Toward evening, Captain Zaki sent for me. Accompanied by two of the gang we walked for several hundred yards until we came to a home in a clump of trees. Household goods were piled high in the doorway. The doors had been smashed open. Inside, I found the boys going through the drawers, sounding the walls and floor.

"This was the house of a Jew," Captain Zaki said. "We want you to look at this photograph equipment and tell us what it's worth."

From a drawer he fished out odd accessories, worth only a pound or two.

"Whose home was it?" I asked curiously.

"We don't know. It's the house of a Jew," Captain Zaki repeated. "Now we want you to go through his books and papers and tell us if he was a spy."

The library was in shambles, with books strewn everywhere. Many were in German and French, a few in Hebrew. There were also numerous phonograph records and art albums. The Arabs looked at them, tore out some pages, threw down the rest, and stamped on them. The owners had obviously been scholars of some sort. In a pile of papers kicked into a corner, I found my first clue, a stack of calling cards: "Dr. Albert K. Henschel, Dr. Elizabeth Henschel-Simon." Rummaging around, I found an envelope addressed to "Mrs. Simon

Henschel, Dept. of Antiquities, Jerusalem." Inside was a letter on the stationery of the Palestine Exploration Fund, London. It was dated July 16, 1938, and gave details for a new museum exhibit case.

A more revealing letter was addressed to Mrs. Simon-Henschel, "Palestine Archaeological Museum." Numerous letters in unreadable German script bore the return address: "Dr. Henschel, American Expedition, Akaba." A letter from "Mrs. Rose Pandelides, Chicago," announced the death of her husband, "Costa." Mrs. Henschel-Simon's typewritten answer told all I needed to know about the couple in whose home I found myself:

We feel so much with you and understand your sorrow. We wanted to tell you and Mr. Pandelides who was with us when we first saw this country, what had happened to us and how happy we feel. We are grateful to Fate who seems to give us some quiet years before trouble starts again. Because this East is as treacherous a soil as Europe is. But meanwhile we enjoy our work and our little house [the one that we were now in] which we have got just outside the town so that we can reach it in a few minutes with the car.

My husband has taken up his advertising drawing with good success which suffered only through the disturbances, and I do again museum work as I did in Germany. As Mr. Rockefeller enabled the work to be done on a broader base than the [Palestinian] Government would have done by itself, I feel very much indebted to America. But if you come East, we hope you will come and see us. . . .

Captain Zaki came over. "What have you found?" "Only letters. The Jews here were refugees from Germany/" I looked through another handful. One from England, was from "Kathrine," to "Aunt Ebeth":

I had ever so many presents for Christmas and my birthday. Mummy made me a green costume with a tweed jacket

and bought me a camel hair coat with a hood. Also I had some books and chocolates. . . . They have built four Air Raid Shelters in our playground, so that we don't have much room to play in. . . . Have you still got any cats in your house? We haven't any animals at present. Dorothea wants some very badly, but Daddy is rather against the idea.

I was moved, reading these letters from one stranger to another. How could one ever foretell the course of life? . . .

"What are these?" Carrying a strongbox under one arm, Captain Zaki brought over a cabinet filled with film negatives—photographs of Arab life. It was a precious collection.

"I would like to have these for myself," I said.

"We will take it up with the defense committee," Zaki answered, stiffly. "We will go back now."

He turned, strongbox under one arm, cabinet under the other, and walked out. Holding a stack of letters, I followed him. Night had come, dark and moonless. But not silent. Jerusalem was rarely quiet at night. The rat-tat-tat of machine-gun and the sharp crack of a rifle mingled with the muffled roar of a shell. On this night tracer bullets were swishing through the darkness like a swarm of fiery comets. I showed the way with a flashlight. Behind us the boys were carting away household goods in wheelbarrows and improvised stretchers. Zaki and I talked little; we had little in common. Since coming to Deir Aboutor he had grown fat through over-eating and overindulging.

"What are you going to do with the books and furniture, Zaki?"

"Sell them in Jerusalem and use the money for arms and food."

Back at the Osborne House everyone gathered around the strongbox Zaki had been carrying. It was small, heavy, and important-looking. It was passed from hand to hand, as each tried with jack-knife and screwdriver to force the lock. The Arabs fumed and sweated and cursed, but the combined might

and main of the Deir Aboutor defense proved unable to open a metal box about a foot square.

"Get the American!"

"Will you give me the negatives if I open the box?" I bargained.

I took a close look at the box. It was shaped like a sardine can—only larger and stronger. I laid it upside down, while Zaki and Faris put their feet at both ends to keep it steady. I hammered the edge of a screwdriver against the metal, and within a few minutes had opened the box—much to the amazement of the Arabs.

"You are very clever, Artour," Zaki said.

"Will you give me the negatives now?"

The strong box was placed on the table, and the Arabs gathered around in anticipation. One by one the articles were pulled out. They were a few Palestinian coins, a folded document in German which seemed to be a deed to something, and a stack of receipted bills. The Henschels hadn't proved the fools the Arabs had taken them to be. ... I had my eyes on the negative file. Though I tried again and again, and even offered Zaki five pounds—a huge sum for a penniless adventure—he could not induce the others to part with it.

THE ARABS IN ACTION

NEXT morning hell broke loose. Up to this time Haganah forces had ignored us, apparently unaware of our strong Arab concentrations at Deir Aboutor. But by ten a.m. bullets were whizzing over our heads. At first they were wild and whistled through the trees, but they were soon bouncing off the stone masonry of Osborne House. It was time to duck—and fight back.

Yallah!

Moustafa, whose leadership up to this time had been

eclipsed by Zaki's superior political generalship, assumed command of about forty men. Bren gun in hand, he waved them toward an embankment above a grove where sheep grazed. But the sheep had already disappeared by the time Moustafa and his men set up their machine-guns. He and the gang made a terrific din, firing wildly in the general direction of Jews, sending over ten shells to every Jewish shell. Taking advantage of the Arabs' passion for firing off their weapons, the Haganah deliberately provoked them to fire with all they had, wasting their ammunition against entrenched Jewish positions. By this and other devices, the Jews time and again succeeded in reducing the effect of the superior firing power of the Arabs.

"They are going to attack us," Moustafa yelled, excitedly, firing another round. "We must show we are not afraid, and have plenty of bullets."

Promptly at noon the Haganah ceased its fire, but the Arabs kept going until their ammunition gave out. I was convinced that the Haganah was either probing into the strength of our Deir Aboutor defenders, or was feinting while it planned to attack elsewhere. In a few hours the Jewish plan became evident.

We had just finished a meal of bread and cold vegetable stew when an Iraqi courier rushed in excitedly. Moustafa faced him. Zaki had been absent during the morning fighting; and although he was nominally in charge, he now sat passively while Moustafa took over. I thought of how often action exposes one's true character.

"The Jews are attacking Katamon! Every man come to help!"

"Yalhh!" Moustafa's roaring voice rallied a rabble of several hundred Holy Warriors. "Yallah, Katamon!" About a dozen were left behind with Zaki, including, of course, Ismail. The Egyptians and Syrians leaped into trucks and armored buses, and I climbed in on the heels of Moustafa, not daring to leave his side. Off we roared toward Katamon, a suburb of Jerusalem built on a slow-rising hill. On its crest

was the Greek Monastery of St. Simeon, whose sanctity had long ago been violated by Iraqi troops who made it their headquarters. They were part of an estimated eight thousand foreign Arabs who had infiltrated into the Jerusalem area. From the heights of Katamon the Iraqis had been keeping up a day and night bombardment of a sprawling Jewish settlement, named Mekor Hayim, in the valley below, as well as Rehavia, and other sections of the New City.

Jammed with Holy Warriors, our trucks roared up in time to see a group of Iraqis setting up a mortar and begin blazing away toward Mekor Hayim. While some of our own boys dashed up to the crest of the hill, Moustafa and others took positions behind barricades and also began to fire in a wild and haphazard fashion at the Jewish settlement, which was minding its own business as far as I could see, and at the moment wasn't attacking anyone. The Arab Legion troops, easily identified by their spear-tipped Kaiser Wilhelm helmets, and Palestinian police with their black woolen kalpaks also participated. Except for these trained soldiers and the Iraqis, Syrians, and Moustafa, the others were all rabble. They used short-range Sten-type guns to fire at objectives a mile away. I saw one fellow, wearing enormous baggy trousers, his head swathed in a turban, place his rifle on the wall, duck behind it, and fire straight into the horizon. He repeated the stunt till his ammunition gave out. Quite satisfied with himself, he shouldered his rifle and went home.

Moustafa chose this moment to ask me to take his picture. For five full minutes firing ceased along the barricade facing Mekor Hayim, while the Holy Warriors lined up for their pictures. It almost proved my undoing, because a little later, when I had temporarily lost sight of Moustafa, my exposed camera caused two Arabs in civilian dress to pounce on me and begin hauling me away. "Moustafa, Moustafa!" I yelled at the top of my voice. Moustafa emerged from the rear of a truck, where he was helping himself to cold lamb and bread

which had just been brought in. From then on I followed Moustafa like a shadow.

It was dusk when we decided to call it a day. Arabs usually retired from fighting after sundown, and expected the Jews to do the same. The Jews, however, did the opposite. The Haganah did its best work under cover of darkness. Sneaking unseen upon the enemy, it combined daring with the element of total surprise and usually succeeded in terrifying the Arabs. Another advantage of night attack was that the darkness hid the numbers of the woefully small—though superbly trained—Jewish units. Under these conditions events proved that one inspired Haganah commando was easily worth ten average Arabs.

This was true here too. For by nightfall the Jews had captured the strategic heights of Katamon and our Holy Warriors had clambered into trucks and rolled back to Deir Aboutor in the silence and gloom of defeat. Later, from Deir Aboutor, we heard the muffled blasting of Jewish sappers as they moved forward consolidating their positions. In the Monastery of St. Simeon, Jews found instructions in German as well as Arabic, a wholly reasonable discovery in view of Iraq's history during World War II. (See Chapter XXII).

The following morning Moustafa took me aside.

"Artour," he said. "You remember Hamid Sharkaf?"

I remembered Hamid Sharkaf. I knew him as John Kenny, a twenty-one-year-old boy from Glasgow, with red cheeks and an ever present smile. Before he deserted from the British army on the Arab promise of £15 a month, he had been attached to the Royal Engineers. His specialty was mine-laying and demolition-bomb-making; he also taught the Arabs how to use their British machine-guns. "Hamid Sharkaf" was the name he had taken among the Arabs, after the fashion of many of the British deserters.

"He is dead," Moustafa said, genuinely sorry.

"How did he die?"

"At Katamon. We killed him last night by mistake. He wouldn't retreat with the rest of our boys, so when the Jews chased him to our lines, we took him for a Jew and killed him."

"He was Catholic," I said. "Who buried him?"

"The Arab soldiers. They dug a grave in the Moslem cemetery by the Dome of the Rock, and the imam said a prayer."

So died—and so was buried—many a British soldier!

Moustafa went on to tell me of the unfair tactics the Jews had employed in capturing upper Katamon. The Jews had retreated from a strategic building, leading the Arabs into a completely booby-trapped house. A time-bomb had blown up Arabs engaged in peaceful Sniping. Mines had gone off in the most unexpected places. Buildings had collapsed in mysterious explosions. The Arabs were complete strangers to this form of modern warfare. They learned while they died.

The Arab position had now badly deteriorated. The Haganah made new inroads into Katamon, and threatened seizure of Talpioth, another suburb which adjoined our own Deir Aboutor. Once in control of Talpioth, the Jews would be masters of the Bethlehem-Jerusalem road, and could force us down the steep embankment of Deir Aboutor into the Valley of Hinnom. We were virtually the only remaining Arab unit with a foothold anywhere in the New City.

To everyone's astonishment the Arabs were losing on nearly every front. Haifa, the leading port in the Middle East, with an Arab population of seventy thousand and a priceless oil refinery, had fallen to the Jews within thirty hours. Palestine's second port, Jaffa, an all-Arab city adjoining Tel Aviv, had crumbled into Jewish hands. Some fifty thousand Arabs had fled Jaffa.² Farther north, Safad, Tiberius, and the fortress city

² This flight-psychosis, which prevailed among the Arabs and ultimately resulted in the frantic exodus of many Moslems and Christians, is a difficult phenomenon to explain. It was a mass hysteria induced by poor morale and by fear of revenge and retribution for the Arab massacres and lootings from 1920 on.

Arab leaders—particularly in the Mufti's Arab Higher Committee—urged

of Acre—which even Napoleon could not capture from the Turks—had all been seized by the Haganah in a series of brilliant maneuvers. What innate power motivated these sons of David? I didn't yet have the answer from the Jewish side. But with the Arabs I had been learning some of the reasons why the Jihad was daily proving such a failure.

Moustafa, however, seemed to have no worries. Toward evening one day I found him sitting on a rock. I walked up quietly and sat beside him.

"Things are not going so well with us, Moustafa," I said.

"The Jews haven't tasted real Arab steel and lead yet," Moustafa said confidently. "Artour, you have seen only the work of untrained volunteers. You are making a mistake if you judge the power of the regular Arab armies from these Holy Warriors. What we are doing here is tiring the Jew, worrying

residents to clear the fighting areas, promising them that Palestine would be cleared of Jews within thirty days after the Mandate ended. After the Jews had been pushed into the sea, Arab leaders said, Palestinians could return to their homes and at the same time share in Jewish booty. They implied that those who refused to leave were pro-Zionist; such people were threatened with reprisals.

In contrast, I know of instances where the Jews begged the Arabs, particularly the Christian elements, to remain, guaranteeing their safety and full respect for property. These Christians, however, joined the fleeing Moslems, fearing the promised retribution following the promised Arab victory. As an instance, the Armenians, who had always got along well with Arab and Jew alike, joined the panicky Moslems, horror-stricken by the memory of the Turkish massacres.

Wealthy merchants, physicians, bankers, politicians, and other leaders were the first to leave. Later came the poorer elements until, by the time the Mandate expired, those remaining were largely only the ill and aged, the looters, and the innocents.

The exodus figure of 750,000 or more Arabs is sheer propaganda, a fictional number that cannot be supported by the facts. The populace in the country from Jerusalem north to Jericho was not disturbed by the fighting, nor were the Arabs and Christians resident in the congested areas within the quadrangle formed by Ramallah, Tulkarm, Jenin, and Nablus—Palestinian territory now annexed by Jordan. It must also be pointed out that many of the Moslem so-called refugees were homeless, nomadic wanderers in the first place. Poor, nonrefugee Arabs, such as those in Gaza, have claimed refugee status in order to qualify for American aid.

him, keeping him running here and there until the armies of Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Iraq, Lebanon, and fighters from Yemen and Saudi Arabia and the Moslem countries of North Africa join the Jihad." He paused. "Then you will see slaughter, Artour. Then you will see us march to Tel Aviv."

"How long will it take us, Moustafa?"

"Thirty days—not thirty-one—but thirty days to conquer Tel Aviv!"

I wasn't too sure of this, but I said insh'allah anyway.

I MEET THE PATRIARCH

IN THE midst of this growing turmoil, I had a personal problem. If, despite Moustafa's confidence in Allah, the forces of war should turn against us, what would I do with my suitcase, packed with my precious notes and the invaluable film record of my experiences so far? My suitcase was stored in our arsenal, where my bloodthirsty friend kept vigil; if the Jews forced us to flee, it would be lost. I decided the safest place for it would be the Vank, the Armenian monastery in the Old City, which was built like a fortress, and whose sanctity had always been respected.

One morning, therefore, I trudged over with it, gave it into the keeping of an Armenian family, and took the opportunity to pay my respects to the Patriarch, spiritual shepherd of some ten thousand Armenians in Palestine. I was ushered up a narrow flight of steps to his reception-room. It was large, rectangular, thickly carpeted, lined with upholstered chairs. On the walls were stately paintings and photographs of the princes of my church. Here one seemed to rise above the tumult outside and step into a calm and reverential world.

I faced Guregh II Israelian. He was a short man, wearing gold-rimmed glasses, with a long, patriarchal beard that was black in the upper portion, graying toward the tip, and com-

pletely white at the end. A large, pyramid-shaped black hood rose above his head, and at times seemed to overshadow him. It magnified both his face and stature, so that even while sitting he seemed a towering figure. His deep brown eyes, seemingly calm, glowed with dormant fire. Beloved by Jew, Arab, and Christian alike, he was one of the last of the old-time shepherds of the Church who guarded his flock with a paternal hand.

I bent over and kissed his hand, told him who I was, and explained that I had brought my suitcase to the monastery for safe-keeping.

"Parov yegar, dughas. Welcome, my son," he said. "You come at a bad time. It is a time of tragedy and bloodshed."

"I hope it will come to an end soon, Your Beatitude," I said.

He shook his head. "Passions are too deep, and the peacemakers . . . they talk, but do little else. Why could not Jerusalem have been spared? Why could not war have been kept away from the Holy City? Our properties outside the Old City are destroyed or seized; the income to support our church, our monastery, school, library, and the Armenian refugees who are streaming into the Vank, has been stopped. What are we to do? . . . Nobody knows what will happen after the British leave. We can only wait and pray."

An attendant brought in a tray of oriental candy and demitasse, and placed it on a mother-of-pearl table before me.

I heard a sudden commotion outside the door. A scout rushed in, breathless: a group of Arabs were trying to force their way into the monastery! Hurrying with the Patriarch to the window, we saw the Arab gang milling about the entrance, wild disorderly hoodlums armed to the bursting point. They were banging away at the iron door of the monastery with their rifles, screaming to be allowed entrance.

"They say they will shoot their way in," the scout reported.

"Asdvardzim, Asdvardzim!" My God, my God!" The Patriarch raised his hands in supplication. "Assor vertchu tchika?"

Amen on, Amen on gookan!" Is there no end to this? Every day, every day they come!"

I heard the crack of a rifle shot, another, then a third. The Arabs were attempting to shoot out the lock.

From the posture of supplication, his arms raised heavenward, the Patriarch suddenly brought his hands together. He clenched them tight into two massive fists, then in a mighty rage of wrath he shook his fists at the hoodlums. And in that act of defiance he symbolized the defiance of the entire Armenian people toward the brutality of the Turk, the tyranny of the Nazis, the intrigues and betrayal of those who regarded us as weak and spineless because we were not of the Anglo-Saxon race and did not sit in the councils of the chosen. In the Patriarch I saw an Armenian people fighting its oppressors, its betrayers, its tormenters.

The Patriarch was no longer the disturbed cleric of a few minutes ago. He was a fighting man, in full command, the leader of his people, the guardian of his church. He wheeled around to the scout: "Go tell them that I forbid anybody to enter. They may try to shoot down the door if they wish, but as long as I am here they will not desecrate our holy Vank, they will not spill Armenian blood. They will not enter!"

I have seldom seen anyone, let alone a Patriarch, so enraged. There was little for me to do but stand by, fascinated, and watch the bolt of lightning smite the Arab. How could one help but admire this man of courage and fortitude? Surely our commanders at Musa Dagh must have been fighters of equal rank. . . . The storm was over. Into the palatial reception room there came again the calm of a sanctuary. "It's the lawless brigands who are the troublemakers," the Patriarch said to me. "The decent Arabs fear them, and that is one reason why most of them have fled from Jerusalem. If I let in one, a hundred will follow, then a thousand. They would plunder our Vank. ..."

On that bitter note, I left him and returned to Deir Aboutor.

LAST DAYS OF THE MANDATE

ONLY a few days now remained until the British mandate over Palestine expired. Tension had reached the exploding point. The United Nations Trusteeship Council showed marked impotence. First, it proposed a truce, which neither side obeyed. Then it tried to postpone partition. There was a proposal to send United States Marines to enforce—no one was sure what. The Council suggested a special British High Commissioner to rule over Jerusalem. Later it thought a Red Cross official might do better. A dozen last-minute schemes and a hundred speeches were delivered in an atmosphere of great theatrical importance—but far removed from the reality in Palestine.

At Lake Success, Sir Alexander Cadogan, the British delegate, read a telegram to the Security Council stating that "all units of the Arab Legion had left Palestine for Trans-Jordan prior to the end of the Mandate." I smiled when I read this. For I had seen the Arab Legion in Gaza, in Hebron and in Katamon.

Far better than I, the defenders of Kfar Etzion had tasted the sting of Legion guns. They, too, knew the truth. . . . For weeks these settlers in their hilltop kibbutzim had beaten back assaults by the Arab Legion and guerrilla bands. At four a.m. on May 12—two days before the Mandate's end—guerrillas joined with Arabs from Hebron and the Arab Legion to launch an all-out attack on Kfar Etzion with two battalions and two thousand irregulars. They hammered at the isolated community and its 164 men and women defenders, with cannon, mortars, and heavy machine-guns. The tanks charged sixteen times, followed by wave after wave of howling fanatics. Kfar Etzion sent desperate calls: "Tanks penetrated our rear into the farmyard. . . . Overrunning the dining-room and children's house. . . . Swarming in from all sides." Ferocious

hand-to-hand fighting followed. When Kfar Etzion fell, the Arabs found sixty-two dead, forty-two gravely wounded, and three survivors. The rest had fled to the three adjoining kibbutzim—making a combined defensive force of about 350 Jews.

In the next few days these kibbutzim, too, underwent Kfar Etzion's fate. After their surrender they were plundered and burned. Thus ended the tragic saga of Kfar Etzion, the first major triumph of the British-trained, British-armed, British-led, so-called Arab Legion—while at Lake Success and in London, British spokesmen soberly repeated that the English and the Legion had pulled out of Palestine.

On the night of May 13, the last night of the British mandate—the night before the Jews would proclaim the establishment of the first independent Jewish State in two thousand years—I stood watching the burning buildings of Kfar Etzion glowering against the sky. The ravished settlement was symbolic of the Holy Land, a Holy City set afire by the torches of colonialism. I watched far into the night, then went downstairs and prepared for bed. Moustafa and I slept on adjoining cots. I lay on my cot. Moustafa was removing his jacket.

"I feel suddenly frightened, Moustafa. I cannot explain why."

"It is because you are afraid of the future. You will see that the Arabs will win. Allah is on our side."

"Do you still believe what you said about Tel Aviv?"

"Of course. Every Arab believes it. Every Arab knows that we will be in Tel Aviv one month from tomorrow. We will sit in the cafes by the sea, drink coffee ... eat baklawa and enjoy the Jewish girls!"

"And hang all the Haganah from the trees?"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

He paused for a moment, and grew confidential.

"Artour, I can now tell you our big plans, since they are not secret any more. The Egyptian armies have already crossed

into Palestine, and beginning tomorrow will march on Jerusalem and on Tel Aviv. The Arab Legion will march on Tel Aviv from the east and meet the Egyptians coming from the south. The Syrians and Lebanese armies will attack from the north and northwest, and march on Tel Aviv also. The Iraqi regulars will support the Syrians and Arab Legion. You can see"—and here Moustafa, quite excited, drew out a piece of paper and traced the plan roughly—"how the Arabs will come all together at one time on Tel Aviv!" He looked at me triumphantly. "Are you frightened now, Artour?" he said, blowing out the candle, and thumping into bed. In the darkness I said: "No, Moustafa, I believe you."

I lay thinking. We were sleeping in the basement wing of Osborne House, sheltered from the fire that crisscrossed the Valley of Hinnom.³ The shelling continued unbroken, to and from Zion Hill, David's Tower, Jaffa Gate, and beyond. It was marked by enormous explosions in the night. A few weeks to push the lowly Jews into the sea and seize the rich Jewish booty? Could 650,000 Jews defy the might of forty-five million Arabs, the massed might of the Arab armies? We were on a pinnacle of history this night: everywhere last-minute preparations were being made for tomorrow, the long-awaited day when hated British rule and the hated Mandate would end; tomorrow, when David would be smitten by the Arab Goliath.

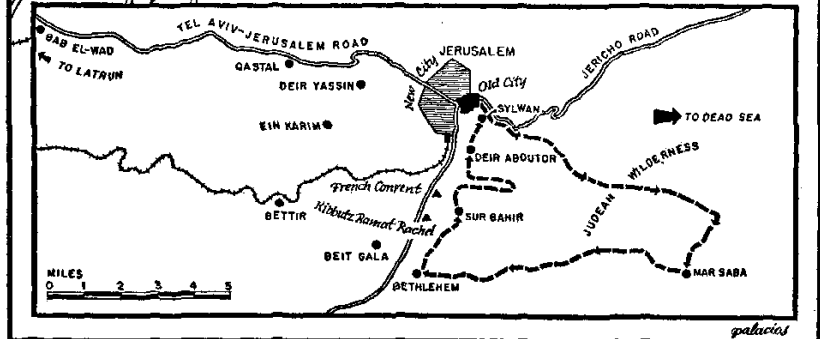
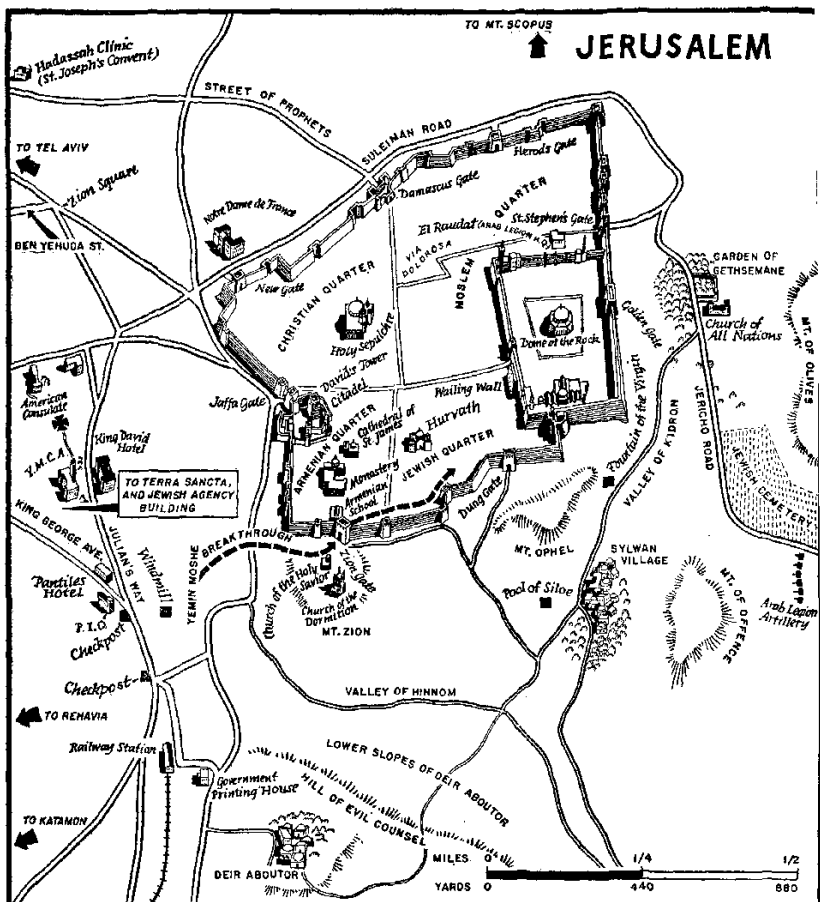
I thought of the night I walked, rainsoaked, in New York. It seemed as though that had taken place in another world, in another time. I had come on this odyssey to learn, to see what forces were at work. . . . Here, in the Holy Land, where the Prince of Peace was born, violence spoke from every stone, every leaf, every ancient, time-hallowed site. . . .

And thinking these thoughts, I fell asleep, deaf at last to the bitter symphony of death played in the City of Peace.

³ It was symbolic as a valley of death. An altar once stood here to Moloch, the god to whom infants were offered as sacrifice. The Alcadema Field of Blood was in this valley, as well as the potter's field of ancient days, bought with the thirty pieces of silver which Judas, in remorse, flung back at the priests.

BOOK TWO

JERUSALEM



palacios

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.

"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 meh," 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! Arnmaaan!

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 facade 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, hut 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.

(CHAPTER XIV)

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 Kawoukji, 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 earned 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!

² On 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 Adorn (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 Mustafa 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

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 Shahhat—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

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, fiances, 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 EI Kudz (Arabic), the word trembles on his lips, and he is swept by ecstasy. 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 Marashes 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 vertebrae 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 yoghurt. 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 roadblocks, 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 Toad 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.

(CHAPTER XVI)

"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 fanner'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 comer.

"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 khamyā. 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.

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 expose 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. Daghlian, 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.

"Annan Khshyen! 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, superstitions, 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:

"Mertzourzek! 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 Khrayen," 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 areas, 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.

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 1?. 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. News-men 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: "Imshil Imshil" 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 sextagonal 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 ail 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 GUREGH ISRAELIAN, BELOVED FATHER OF THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY AND SINCERE FRIEND OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE; PLEASE CONVEY MY DEEPEST CONDOLENCES TO THE ARMENIAN COMMUNITY.

(CHAPTER XIX)

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 Arabic 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. Mura'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 pock-marked 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

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 cafe 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-appearing 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 yoghurt, 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, mamnunak, 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 baklawa,"

"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 taycebeen. 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.

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 Dervish 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 pocket-book 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 pageantry 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.

"Ahlen wa sahlen," 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 cafe 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 compete 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 success 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

ايها العربي

امريكا عدوة العرب ، وريبة الصهيونية وانصيرتها
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!!!"

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

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 apres. 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'oeuvres. 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 healings 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 fore-fingers on a long narrow drum. And now, despite the black-out, 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 BURO:

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 Jihad.

NAZIS UNDER COVER

LATE in the afternoon Stefan took me to the Orient Palace, Damascus's leading hotel, to meet Captain Mahmoud Zanovitch. "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 Zanovitch, 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 many, 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 Sowed into a square pool filled with gold-fish. 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, Dawahbi 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 aesthetic 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 sahlen," 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, Ilaj Amin equalled 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 Ilaj 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 BVRO: DER GROSSMUFTI

IN GERMANY a special office was set up for the Mufti—Das Arabische Biuro: 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
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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 Buro: der Grossmufti		421
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 Husseini, 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 prodi-

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 Jihad Mukadess, or Sacred Struggle Organization. The organization was said to be under the leadership of certain members of the Husscini family. The principal figure in the Husseini clan is the Mufti.

This, then, is the story of Haj Amin el Husseini. Where will he strike next "with sword in hand"? Where will he lead his Holy Warriors in the next Jihad?

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 Phoenician 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

² On 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 Actionized 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 beaded 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.

⁵ For 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 josie," 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. "*Hash-eesh* 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 keif 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!' Ilagop 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 cafe, 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'e 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 Schreibaum, 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 Schreibaum 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 E1.500 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 Afikim, 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 Mizrahi. "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 £1 to £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-entrenched 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 AEGean 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 Aegean, 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 AEGEAN

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 pigtailed 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 Aegean, 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-

midis 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 overbearing 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."