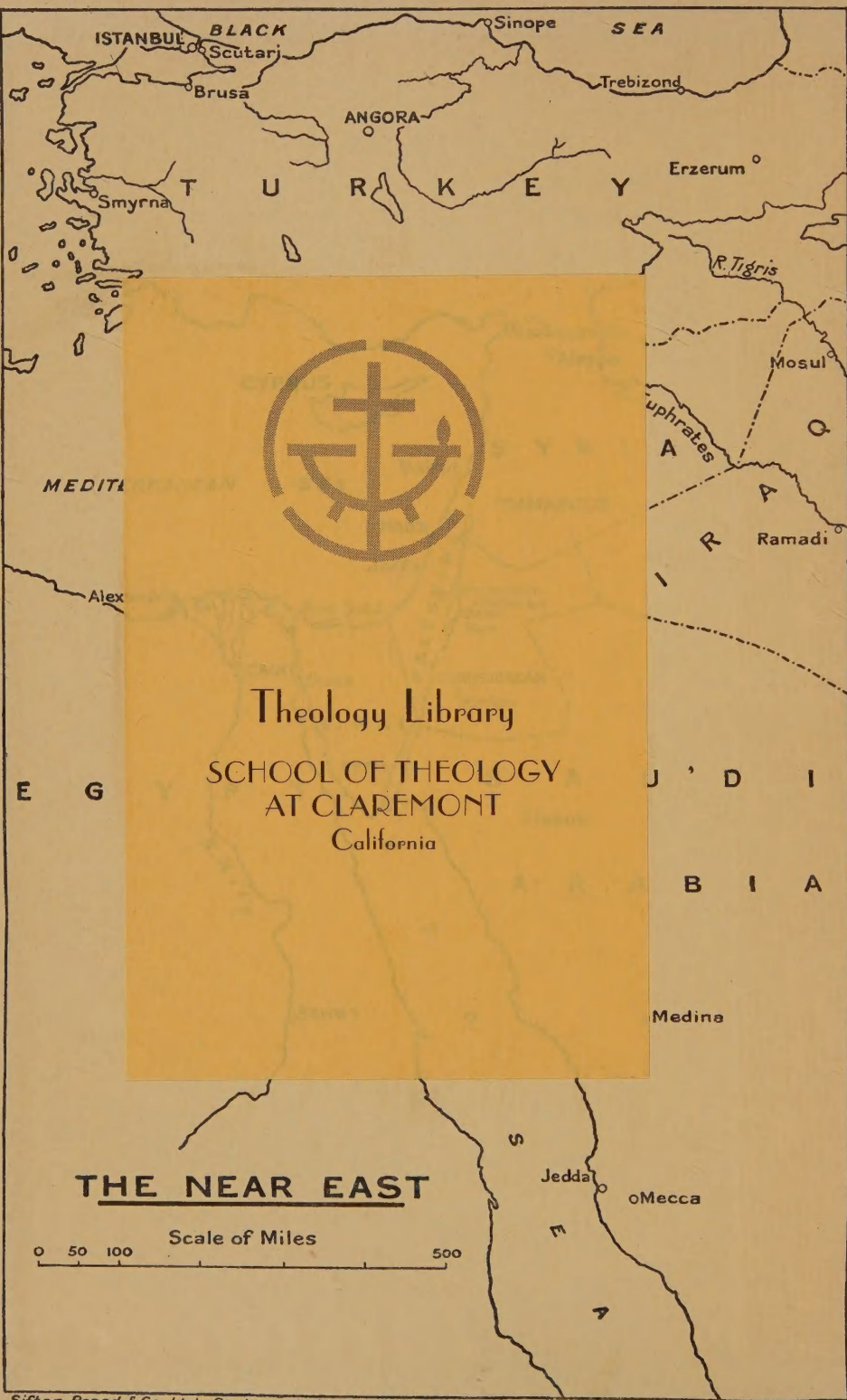


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THE NEAR EAST

Scale of Miles

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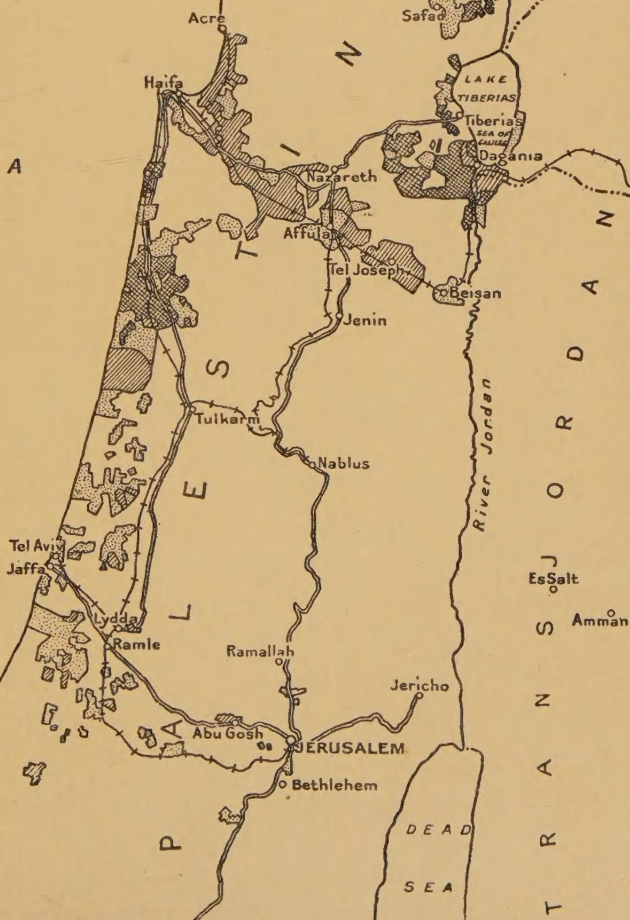
PALESTINE

Scale of Miles
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Jewish National Fund Land.....
P.I.C.A. Land.....
Other Jewish Land.....
Roads.....
Railways.....

MEDITERRANEAN

SEA



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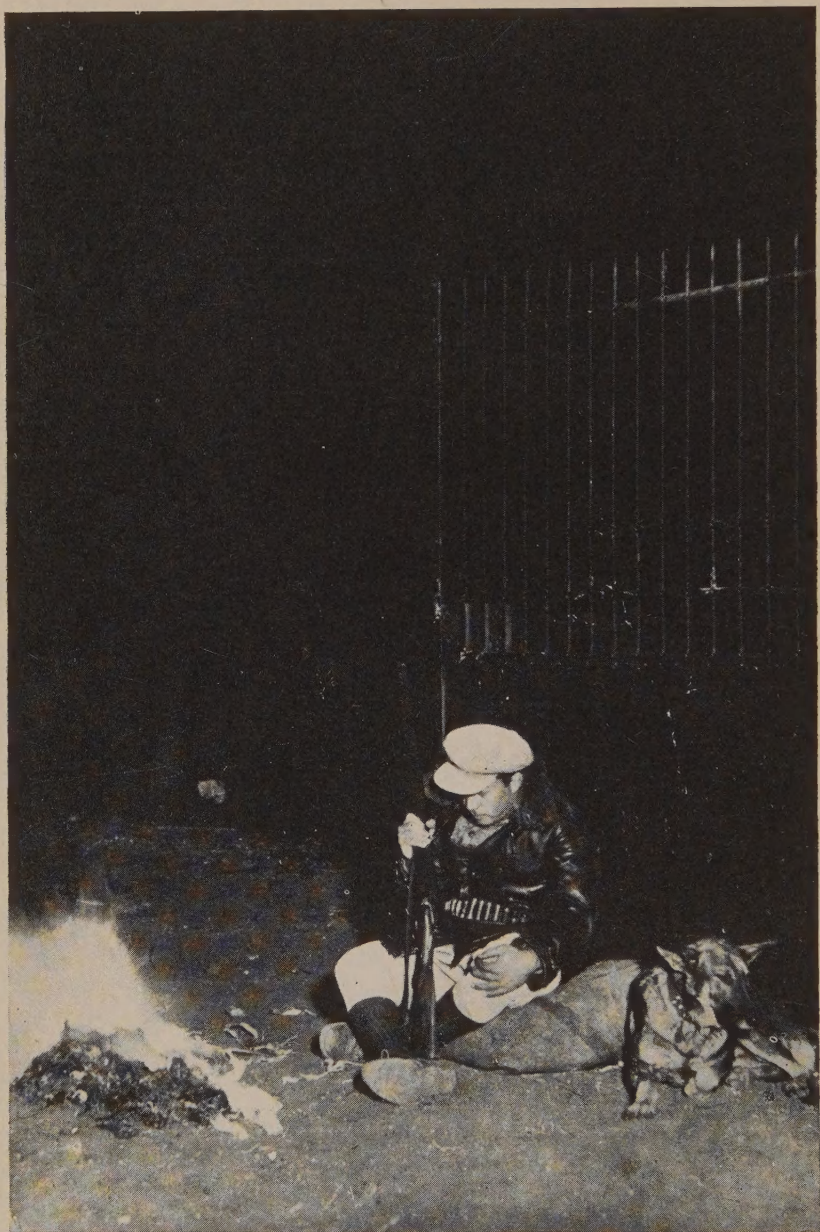
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PALESTINE AT THE CROSSROADS

By LADISLAS FARAGO

ABYSSINIA ON THE EVE



JEWISH WATCHMAN

PALESTINE
AT THE CROSSROADS

DS
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1937

by
LADISLAS FARAGO

Author of
ABYSSINIA ON THE EVE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK

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To
MY COLLEAGUES,

whom duty takes to the storm-centres of the world,
and who have risked their lives in Abyssinia,
Palestine and Spain.

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PALESTINE AT THE CROSSROADS

CHAPTER I

STORMY MEDITERRANEAN

ON April 15th, 1936, revolver shots were fired in Jaffa. Eight Jews who had unsuspectingly walked over from the neighbouring Jewish town of Tel Aviv on the way to their places of employment, returned to Tel Aviv lifeless on stretchers. The shots were not quite unexpected. For years, unrest amongst the Arab population of Palestine had been brewing; the Arabs regard the Jews as intruders and accuse England of breaking her promises to them.

The dissatisfaction of the Arab population had been leading up to some great blow. In January, 1935, in Northern Palestine, Arab tribes refused to evacuate estates in the neighbourhood of Hartiya which had been legally sold to the Jews. When the police forced them to leave, they resisted, pelted the police with stones, and in the little battle that followed an Arab was fatally wounded.

In this district the unrest since then has never ceased. There was further shooting in the following August, another Arab was killed and the position grew worse from day to day. Then in October a mysterious munitions-transport arrived in Jaffa. The weapons were hidden in cement-sacks, addressed to an unknown Isaac Katan in Tel Aviv. When the cement-sacks were opened, the customs officers found 300 rifles, some 500 bayonets and 400,000 rounds of munitions in 359 of them. The discovery of this unfortunate merchandise led to demonstrations, gave rise to an embittered campaign in the whole Arab Press and finally, on October 26th, resulted in a strike of

protest in Jaffa. On this day the Arabs of Jaffa tried to attack Tel Aviv, but the Government still had the control tightly in its hands and dispersed the crowd.

It was later revealed that the munitions-transport was not intended for the Jews, but belonged to a large smuggling syndicate which was trying to import weapons into Abyssinia in a roundabout way. Now, however, differences grew stronger.

On November 2nd, "Balfour Day," the anniversary of the Balfour Declaration which announced the creation of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, the Arabs again closed their shops. On November 13th the Arabs struck again as a protest against a misinterpreted lecture delivered by the High Commissioner in London to the Anglo-Palestine Club.

It was in this tense electrified atmosphere that the news came that Sheikh Izzed Din al-Qasam, a famed and popular hero of Arab liberty, had been shot in an encounter with the police. Sheikh Izzed Din was no Palestinian. He had fled to Palestine from Syria, pursued by the French authorities who rule in Syria, and had taken refuge in the hills of Nazareth. In Palestine he was not unknown. The Arabs honoured him, and regarded him as a Holy Man. The police regarded him as an agitator, rebel and bandit. They attributed to him and his band a number of dastardly attacks on private individuals and police that occurred at this time.

On one occasion a police sergeant was fired at from ambush and fatally wounded, and at last the police officials resolved to smash Sheikh Izzed Din. Police surrounded the hills west of Jenin where they found the Sheikh's hide-out, and a regular battle followed between the police and the bandits. In this battle the Sheikh and four members of his band met their death, and an English policeman was also killed. The Sheikh's body was brought to Haifa and thousands of weeping and wailing Arabs followed him to his grave.

Since that day the Arab Press has never ceased to demand revenge for the death of this Arab martyr. The shooting of

April 15th, in Jaffa, finally shattered the superficial peace of the country, and the individual incidents developed into a universal insurrection.

While these incidents were taking place, Italy was waging war against Abyssinia and the world Press had no room for the tragic events in Palestine : the public learned nothing of the uneasy atmosphere in the land of the Bible.

When I was returning from Abyssinia, I met in Cairo—where I had to break my journey on account of the student riots—a Palestine Arab who informed me of the latent unrest in his country. In London, therefore, I suggested a journalistic “voyage of discovery” to Palestine, informing my editors of what I had heard, but they were unanimous in pouring cold water on the idea. As far as they were concerned Palestine was “not in the news.”

After the shooting in Jaffa my trip became urgent. For seven years I had been chasing after news; during this time my profession had taken me to four continents, but I had always secretly longed to go to Palestine, which interested me more than any other country in the world. But I had had no time to satisfy private yearnings, and something of great significance had to happen in Palestine before I could reach the land of my desire.

Now I was commissioned to travel from London to Jerusalem by the quickest route. In the meantime the number of Jews murdered from ambush had risen to eighteen, and one heard every day of numerous Arabs falling victim to an energetic cleaning-up process.

For me the quickest way was by air. Yet when I was making arrangements for my journey at Cook's, I found that circumstances were somewhat peculiar. The aeroplane from London to Palestine—which is a halting-place on the Imperial Airways route to Australia—takes nearly five days; the boat does not take much longer and is considerably cheaper. In addition the 'plane only goes to Gaza and an official of the air-line informed me: “We do not guarantee that you will

get from Gaza to Jerusalem. The town is surrounded by Arab rebels. The road from Gaza to Jerusalem is unsafe. You will probably have to leave the 'plane in Egypt, because we may give Gaza a miss."

I asked him why the short distance to Palestine took so long and his answer was no less astonishing: "We fly only to Paris. From there you'll have to make the journey to Brindisi, the port in the Adriatic, by rail. We are having differences with the Italians about the postal service. They ask too high a share of the postage for air-mail letters, therefore we have been compelled to give up flying over Italy. At Brindisi you get another 'plane, but the bothersome rail journey adds forty hours to the schedule."

He advised me to take the Dutch Line, which reached Palestine by another route in forty-eight hours. But that was in peace time. From the Dutch officials I learned that their 'plane did not touch Palestine during the riots, and so I was finally compelled to go by boat.

Further surprises awaited me. There was no English boat to take me to Palestine. For reasons unknown to me the English Lines neglect the important connection with their own Mandate and leave the whole passenger service, which in the last three years has attained to not inconsiderable proportions and which is also of political significance, to foreign companies. I was still further astonished when I learned that Italian companies carry the greater part of the passengers to Palestine. This made me think of Italy's political aspirations in the Mediterranean, and I thought to see in this apparently purely commercial matter, a clever, far-seeing policy of certain Italian circles. In 1935 over 365 Italian ships landed more than 20,000 passengers in Palestine ports; while the number of passengers carried to Palestine in English ships is insignificant,

In the same way as English companies now neglect English Palestine and leave communications with the English Mandate to Italian companies, so did they neglect the East African ports up to the end of the last century, allowing the traffic to

East Africa to become the easy booty of German companies who regularly called at these ports for reasons of imperial and colonial policy. When the English companies finally decided to call at East African ports, they were faced with severe competition from these German ships which not only enjoyed commercial success but also created an important political connection between Germany and East Africa. It seemed to me as if this process was repeating itself in the case of Palestine, and later when I was in Palestine itself I was able to confirm the fact that Italy exercises a by no means insignificant influence on the development of the Near East.

In the end I flew to Athens, whence I continued my journey to Palestine on a Rumanian ship. Not Athens, but Italian Trieste is the port of departure for Jewish emigrants going to Palestine. Jews who leave Trieste for Palestine form indeed a gay and interesting company. They usually are people who do not travel to Palestine as if into the "unknown." They come from every country in the world and travel in glamorous hope to the new home that has been prepared for them. For five days on end they see only water before catching a glimpse of their Promised Land.

I had once in the past left Trieste on an Italian steamer. Then I had been one of the few passengers not bound for Palestine but for Egypt. Every berth on the ship, in all its four classes, was occupied by Jewish immigrants. I had already met Palestine in Berlin. Here I had shared my railway compartment with an American Jew, whom America could not make into an American. He was the prototype of the eastern Jew that figures in the comic papers. He wore a heavy silk kaftan and brilliantly polished high leather boots. At his temples he wore ostentatiously the assiduously cultivated ritual curls of the ultra-orthodox Jew. We were alone in the compartment when the time for morning prayer approached. The Jew went to the German attendant and asked him—in spite of the fact that he had greeted us with "Heil Hitler" when he had inspected our tickets—in which direction the

east lay. Then he took his phylacteries out of his case, donned them, and, in the midst of a Germany hostile to him, prayed in the manner prescribed by the Holy Books.

I met him again on the boat. On the first day he came up to me and asked me in Yiddish: "Excuse me, please, but are you a Jew?"

"Why?" I asked him.

"I am looking for ten Jews," he said, "to make a Minyan." (That is the minimum number required for a religious service.) And when he saw that I was staring at him with astonishment, he explained: "To-day is Friday, the day will soon be over and the Sabbath beginning. I need some more men for the Sabbath service."

The pious Jew and myself were travelling first class and only few Jews enjoyed this luxury. The majority of them occupied the third and fourth class and so my companion found it difficult to gather in his ten men. But the service did take place. The dining-room was turned into a synagogue and when the time for service came it was full of Jews. All classes assembled for prayer. A rabbi who was travelling to Palestine conducted the service and delivered a sermon in Yiddish.

He spoke of the countries that they had left behind and of the country that was awaiting them. "Our fathers," he said, "wandered for forty long years in the barren, merciless wilderness before they found the land that had been promised to them. Men who were in the prime of life grew old with the passage of time, and children grew into men in the prime of life. We have had to wander for two thousand long years. Generation after generation has died in exile. And they possessed nothing but eternal hope and yearning. But that which was not accorded to them shall be ours in reality. We shall live to see what was for them only a dream: Erez Israel, the Land of the Jews."

In the front rows sat Jews with flowing ritual curls. On their shining silk kaftans they had heavy fur collars which

they had had made for the cold of their native Russia, but which they would not discard even in the broiling sun of the Mediterranean. In the back rows sat Jews of quite a different kind. Young men and women whose healthy red faces were a complete contrast to the pale, withered faces of the prayer-mumbling Jews of the front row. They could scarcely follow the Hebrew service. They sat there pensive or bored and left the dining-room with relief when the service was over. I went with them on to the third class deck which was to be their home for the next few days. There I found gathered a number of interesting characters.

When I came up to them they were just organising a collection. They themselves had only very little money. The majority of them were travelling at the expense of Jewish organisations, and for weeks, since the time they had been living in the so-called Haksharah (communal camp for re-training), had neither seen nor touched money. Only just before their final departure had they received a very modest sum for pocket-money from their relations or friends. Despite that, however, they gave readily, since the collection was in aid of a large Jewish family which was travelling fourth class on the boat. The organiser of the collection had just come back from the, for them, very superior second class where he had tried to squeeze out some money from the Jews in kaftans. His efforts had been in vain. They had replied: "It is already Sabbath and we do not touch money on the Holy Day."

The family in the fourth class—a Jewish tailor from Poland with a wife and four little children who seemed all to have come into the world at one time—was starving in the hellish cellar that went by the name of fourth class, since the man had not known that fourth class passengers did not receive their board. The only way out was to transfer them to the third class, and the necessary money was soon collected. From that day on I spent my whole time with the third class passengers. They were enthusiastic, gay people, who had other worries than to gather ten Jews for a Minyan. They

were all so preoccupied with their future that they wanted to know nothing of the past.

A Jewish doctor who had left a West German town to settle in Palestine, said to me jokingly: "I shall put up an advertisement in Erez Israel: 'Doctor Levy practises here again after 2,000 years.' "

Judging by his grey hair, a certain Friedlaender was the oldest in this young company. But even he was only thirty-three. He was a merry fellow and said: "My grey hair? It is perhaps due to the fact that I was a theatre manager in Berlin."

"Theatre manager?" I asked in surprise. "And what are you going to do in Palestine?"

"I have changed my profession and become a gardener. But believe me, flowers are more difficult to handle than prima donnas."

His fate interested me and I wanted to know how a theatre manager turns into a gardener. Friedlaender explained the recipe to me:

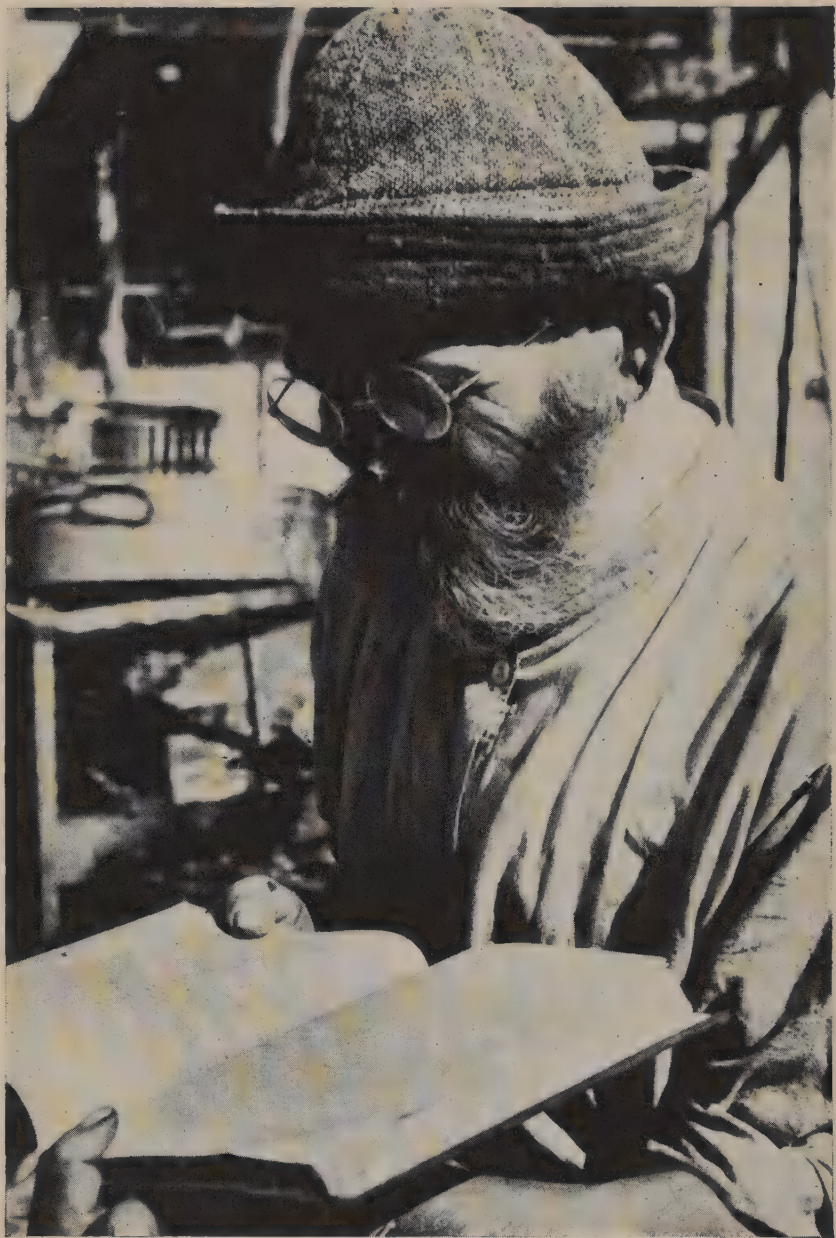
"When I realised in Berlin that there was no place for me in the new Reich, I resolved to emigrate. Where to? I asked myself. And I thought of South America, or perhaps China—but never for a moment of Palestine. In the street I noticed a girl and followed her. I got chatting with her and she told me she was on her way to a re-training course since she intended going to Palestine. I did not want to lose sight of the girl and so I attended the course with her. In the meantime I have lost the girl but I have at least found an ideal."

I looked at the hands of this idealist. They were rough and worn from his heavy, unaccustomed work.

All of the young men and girls on the ship had already left a period of heavy work behind them. They had come from universities, from offices and shops, and had then been turned into peasants and craftsmen. That is the career that many German Jews now enter upon. When they lost everything



YOUNG JEW OF RUSSIAN PARENTAGE : HE REPRESENTS THE SECOND GENERATION



HE CAME FROM RUSSIA WITH THE "FIRST ALIYAH"

in Germany they bethought themselves of their Judaism and joined a great Zionist movement, the Chaluz movement. This movement is the priestly order of Zionism whose members are the ascetic monks who for ever surrender the beauties of a worldly life. Chaluz means pioneer, and the members of the movement undertake the task of making again fruitful the neglected fields of Palestine and of tending them as peasants. After they have finished their course of training they receive from the Palestine Government an immigration certificate and are then settled on the land in Palestine in Jewish settlements.

In the first and second class travels a different stratum of Jewish immigrants. They also have certificates. They belong to the so-called capitalist class and must be in possession of a minimum of £1,000 before being allowed into Erez Israel. "The difference between us and the gentlemen of the first and second class," I was told by a young hero of the third class, "is that we can only gain in Palestine, but they can lose their thousand pounds. That's why you find us cheerful, singing merry songs, and that's why you find troubled, mistrustful, careworn faces amongst your first class travelling companions."

The company that I found on my ship in Athens was absolutely different. The usually overcrowded ships bound for Palestine were leaving the harbours empty. Tickets already booked were being handed back. Plans that had long been prepared were being postponed. Even harmless tourists, who were wont to stream into Palestine at this season in crowds, preferred to stay at home. On the ship there were only six passengers travelling to Palestine. Amongst them prevailed an atmosphere of uneasiness, depression and undisguised anxiety. For years they had been waiting for their certificates permitting them to enter Palestine, and now when they at last held them in their hands they did not quite know what to do with them.

Even the sea was stormy, the clouds were reflected darkly

in the Mediterranean's swell. We encountered speedy warships on their way to Alexandria and saw in the distance the mysterious Italian island of Leros, the Italian naval base in the Eastern Mediterranean.

It was not the six Jews but the young Arabs who interested me this time. They came from Cambridge where they had just graduated; although they were still wearing the tarbush they had stormy, revolutionary thoughts in their heads under it. They spoke incessantly of the "Arab cause," and I received from them my first insight into the problem: "We come from Europe and are convinced that we are sufficiently capable of administering our own countries. A process that began fifty years ago is being continued in the Near East. It began when Serbia and Bulgaria tore themselves from the Turkish Empire to become independent, autonomous states. We also were parts of the Ottoman Empire, yet we have not yet succeeded in winning our independence."

I pointed out to them the six forlorn Jews on the ship who were the representatives here of the emigrant Jewish colonists. "Personally we have nothing against them," said the young Arabs, "but we feel that they might hinder our struggle for freedom and independence. That is why we oppose the immigration of Jews into Palestine. A Jewish Palestine might be a wedge splitting the great Arab state for which we are fighting."

Amongst the immigrants was a young Rumanian Jew who was awaiting arrival at our destination with peculiar nervousness and uneasiness. When I arrived in Haifa some days afterwards I heard the story that lay behind the nervousness of this young Jew. He was trying to smuggle three automatic pistols into Palestine, but nothing can remain hidden from the eyes of the Palestinian customs officers, especially pistols. When he was asked what he wanted to do with the weapons, the young man replied: "I read in Rumanian papers about the riots and I thought it would do no harm if I came into the country ready prepared." Then he added: "And, anyway,

I thought that if I could not use the weapons, I could sell them for good money."

He was arrested and was given a lawyer who initiated him into the secrets of the Palestinian legal code. When he was cross-examined the next day he declared that he was under sixteen and that therefore, according to an Ottoman law that was still valid, he was only liable to a nominal sentence. His passport which would have given his real age had mysteriously disappeared, and the judge was presented with a problem. But in the country where Solomon's wisdom had prevailed, the English judge also appeared to have found a formula. He ordered that doctors should examine the young man's bones so as to establish the real age of the amateur smuggler. But the English judge knew Palestine too well to expect much success from the examination. Some time afterwards I met him accidentally in Jerusalem and I asked him about the result. He said: "There is not much point in using such methods. If the doctor is an Arab then he will affirm that the youth is well over sixteen; if the doctor is a Jew, then we shall get a different opinion."

I left the boat at Beyrouth, the capital of the republic of Lebanon. I wanted to reach Palestine overland. The unrest in the countries around had not left this town undisturbed. It was full of Arab agents who had come from Palestine to request help from their Syrian brethren. Syria itself has not been pacified since the Armistice. For eighteen years the Arab population has been waging a continuous struggle against the French mandatory power and it has not yet forgotten the years of 1924-6 when it fought a real war against the French. The great revolt had only been suppressed at great sacrifice, and the time that has elapsed since then has been employed in organising a new revolt.

Borrowing the ingenuity of Europe the Arabs here have created a secret organisation which, in accordance with the prevailing fashion for political underwear, has been called "Iron Shirt." The leaders of this organisation received the

Arabs from Palestine with open arms and promised them help and financial support. But they were not so generous with this as with moral help, and since need and poverty is ever on the increase amongst the Palestine Arabs and money is urgently required for the continuation of the revolt, they found a way out. They attacked Jewish banking houses in Damascus and compelled them to hand over money for the Arabs of Palestine. In Beyrouth they employed more pacific methods. The streets were flooded with young scouts who made collections. On their boxes was printed in Arabic: "Help our helpless brethren in Palestine."

CHAPTER II

SECRET WAYS INTO PALESTINE

EVEN the car that was taking me to the St. George Hotel was held up by these scouts and I had continually to throw a few piastres into their boxes. When anyone arrives anywhere in the East, he finds that he gravitates immediately into the bar, and thus I was sitting thoughtlessly drinking a "Gimlet" when the boy came up to me with a visiting-card. "Selim Brothers, contractors and agents for tourists," stood on the card and with it came a young man wearing a tarbush on his head. "Pardon the interruption," he said, "but I hear you are going to Palestine. Perhaps I can be of assistance to you?"

I had as yet spoken to no one in Beyrouth and therefore I was mystified as to how this clairvoyant tourist agent was so well informed of my plans only half an hour after my arrival. I have learned to regard everything and everybody with mistrust beyond the 28th degree of longitude, yet I asked the young man to take a seat at my table.

"Will you have something to drink?" I asked him.

"Whisky, if you don't mind," he turned to me, and said: "I assume that you have no visa for Palestine."

Then he was not a clairvoyant, for my passport was provided with all the necessary endorsements. But I said nothing to remove his misapprehension and merely asked: "How did you get the idea?"

Now he felt his suspicions confirmed, and like a Sherlock Holmes addressing an astonished Dr. Watson he gave me a triumphant explanation: "You came on a steamer that was

bound for Haifa. If your papers had been in order you would not have left the boat in Beyrouth but would have journeyed direct to Haifa. Anyway, it is not at all unusual."

"You can get a visa for me, then?" I asked again, but the young man shook his head.

"I can get you a visa but it takes a long time and will cost you sixty pounds." He pushed his glass to one side, bent over the table and whispered: "I can get you over the frontier to-day—without a visa!"

And I was told that Beyrouth is the landing-place of many Jews who want to go to Palestine but have neither certificate nor visa. Formerly only a few Jews came to Beyrouth in the attempt to get into Palestine by some means or other. In time, however, the stream of these Jews has grown ever larger, bringing into existence a new branch of business that is cloaked by these tourist agents. They have neither offices nor fixed time-tables. But they have a sharp eye for their customers whom they waylay in hotel vestibules or on the docks. They are not particularly expensive since they do not concern themselves with mere individuals but always take small groups across the frontier. Nor do they take any risk upon themselves; they work with the Bedouins who are cheap to employ and who are ever ready to smuggle Jews across to Palestine.

The smuggling business has been going on for years, but in the past it did not handle human merchandise but conveyed weapons and drugs illegally into Palestine. The smugglers always found customers for weapons in Palestine itself, where no Arab feels happy unless he owns a small arsenal. The drugs, however, were not destined for Palestine but for Egypt. Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria are the markets for the drug smugglers, where, as if on an exchange, international prices are fixed. The first task that the English officials found before them in Palestine was to destroy these smuggling bands. But if they have made the latters' work much more difficult they can yet claim no decisive success.

To-day there is still a lively smuggling traffic along the coast. The small smugglers have disappeared. Organised bands have taken their place, controlled by some powerful chief who usually owns as a camouflage some unsuspicious and respectable business house in Beyrouth or in Haifa.

The weapons travel across Transjordan; the drugs, however, find their way along the coast. Last year the police were able to confiscate $42\frac{1}{2}$ kg. of hashish and $33\frac{1}{2}$ kg. of opium, yet the quantities that crossed the border undiscovered are to be reckoned in tons. My friend the smuggler was on his third whisky and was becoming increasingly conversational.

"Not long ago," he told me, "there was a particularly nice case. A car arrived here with an Egyptian number-plate. In Beyrouth it had a breakdown and had to be sent to Palestine by boat. When the car was unloaded in Haifa the customs officers opened the bonnet, but were a little too thorough and also opened the carburettor. It was filled with hashish."

Later, when the demand grew, these bands began to smuggle men into Palestine as well. They had their own methods. In order to escape informers and agents they packed their human wares in huge chests, placed the chests on camels and the caravans started off on the usual caravan routes. Soon they left the controlled and well-known path and struck off on a path known only to themselves and where they felt themselves safe. They went in a northerly direction, crossed the Yarmuq River at the Transjordan frontier and brought their "goods" into Palestine not far from the Lake of Galilee.

The sufferings of these boxed-up Jews are indescribable. Many, indeed, set out on the uncomfortable journey, but never reached Palestine. When the Arabs saw that they still had a little money they murdered the Jews and robbed the corpses of money and any other articles of value, and left them to rot in the desert. Often the smugglers' caravans were attacked by rival bands. The desert, just like the States of America during the prohibition period, was divided up into districts. If the Bedouins met a strange band in their district, they

slaughtered them without mercy. Even when the journey of suffering of these resolute Jews was over, they could not yet consider themselves safe in Palestine. The leaders of these bands soon found out that they could double their earnings. First they obtained money from the Jews whom they promised to bring into the country. Then, as soon as they arrived, they denounced them to the Palestine police through middlemen, and pocketed the money that is paid out for the apprehension of every illegal immigrant.

This smuggling business has always been an Arab monopoly. The Jews have not been able to share in it since they did not know the secret ways of the desert and it would have been impossible for them to have found an unoccupied district.

Many ways lead to Palestine, but not all of them follow the straight and narrow path. Difficulties attend Arab immigration; thus the Arabs who desire to go to Palestine, where wages are high and employment easy to find, are tempted to choose the smuggler's path. But they do not require the help of the willing tourist agents, they know the ways themselves. One always finds in Palestine Arabs who have been in the country only a few years or a few months. The majority of these illegal Arab immigrants come from Syria, from the mountains of Hauran. They are easily identifiable by their language and their ways of life. They form the lowest stratum in Palestine's colourful mixture of peoples. And if they settle in the towns, where they always set up their tin huts on the outskirts, they rarely become workers who beat down prices on the labour market, but more often become thieves. The unceasing immigration of the Hauranis causes the Palestine Government much head-scratching. Since they have nothing to lose they are the most ruthless dare-devils, and since they are themselves strangers in a strange land, they are the loudest in the cry: "Out with the Jews!"

The majority of these Arabs are to be found in the harbour town of Jaffa where they, and not the Jewish immigrants, oust



ARAB SENTRY STANDING ON THE BANK OF THE JORDAN



JEWISH POLICEMEN IN TEL AVIV

the native dock-workers. Amongst them are to be found representatives of every Arab country: Arabs from Trans-jordan, Saudi Arabia, Morocco, Egypt, the Sudan and Iraq. The Yemenites have had to come the furthest. Arab dhows in the Red Sea took the news of Palestinian prosperity as far as the little Yemenite harbour town of Hodeida and these dhows brought back enterprising Yemenites to Palestine. These landed at secluded spots on the coast and once they were in the country they could not be expelled. An Arab, after all, is an Arab, no matter whether he comes from Syria or from Yemen. They have no passports or documents to show their place of origin.

When the police did not have their hands full with maintaining order, their favourite sport was hunting illegal Jewish immigrants. Raids were the order of the day. Especially in the all-Jewish town of Tel Aviv where the majority of these immigrants hoped to be swallowed up. The policeman who goes up to a Jew and asks him: "May I see your passport?" is almost part and parcel of the town's picture. Such a question puts an end to the dream of the illegal immigrant. He has no visa on his passport, clear proof that he has entered the country by forbidden ways. He is arrested and deported. This deportation is possibly harder to bear than the journey of suffering through the desert. He is sent first to Acre, which is Palestine's Devil's Island. This primitive prison, handed down from the Turkish régime, is the horror of the illegal immigrant. Its cells are small and inhumanly primitive, the food is bad and scanty, and the warders are almost exclusively Arabs who exercise all the resentment that they feel against the Jews in general on the particular Jews who have fallen into their hands. The Jews who enter Palestine without a visa know what fate awaits them on discovery; they have heard much of the cells and warders of Acre, and yet the stream of illegal immigrants does not dwindle. At the moment there are, according to the estimate of the Immigration Department of the Palestine Government, 40,000

Jewish and some 60,000 Arab illegal immigrants in Palestine.

I had to disappoint my new friend, my passport was in order. And yet I did not know how I was to get into Palestine. Beyrouth was full of beautiful taxis, all new, of French and American make, and the drivers swarmed around me when I appeared at the cab rank. They turned their backs on me, however, when they learned my destination. They were not going to run the gauntlet of rebel bullets in Palestine at any price. One single adventurous driver was willing to undertake the journey, but demanded £15 for the 100-mile run. I was indignant at this high price, but the man explained:

"It is very possible that we will be shot at on the way. The nails that are strewn on the road damage my tyres. My car might be overturned by excited strikers and set alight. You must admit, monsieur, that fifteen pounds is really moderate payment for the risk." Cook's agency also declined to obtain a private car for me. "We advise our clients," said the manager, "against travelling to Palestine, and so we have been losing much money through the riots. Over forty organised tours have been cancelled. The roads are besieged by rebels."

Now for the first time did I grasp the seriousness of the position and I was almost prepared to accept the proposal of the "tourist agent" who had visited me at my hotel. But he was decent enough to apprise me of one other means of travel.

"Omnibuses usually travel once an hour to Haifa," he said, "now only one goes each day: the semi-official postal omnibus." He booked a place for me and when I was taking my leave of him he presented me with his bill. It was 15s. "Isn't that a bit steep," I asked uncertainly, but he protested: "But, my dear man, it would have been much more if I had not reckoned off the five whiskies that you stood me."

My journey through the republic of Lebanon will remain eternally in my memory, so moving was the beauty of the

countryside. It was as if I was in the South of France, so richly green and inviting were the hills, so dazzling white and heroic the crags through which this wonderful road went, parallel with the sea, with the same sea which washes the Riviera. Its wonderful blue waters were nothing but a gigantic mirror for the blazing sun.

So beautiful was the countryside that I almost completely forgot that France had heavily fortified this bewitching sea coast. The peculiar holes in the dazzling white cliffs were emplacements for heavy cannon of wide range. Even here war cast its menacing shadow.

Suddenly, as if nature itself wanted to make a hyphen between the calm of the Lebanon and the restlessness of Palestine, the laughing hills gave way to arid steppes. We were at the Palestine frontier. The car drove into a covered shed which bore the superscription "PALESTINE"—in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. The frontier revealed no signs of special preparation, nor was the supervision stricter than usual. But that, as it happens, does not mean much. The Palestine Customs supervision has always been the strictest in the world; to increase its strictness would simply be impossible.

The frontier official asked the usual questions to be expected of frontier officials: where I was travelling, why and wherefore? Yet one question was a peculiar one; I have never met it outside of America. He wanted to know to what race I belonged. I answered: "I belong to the Hungarian race."

But this did not content him. "I want to know whether you are Jew, Christian or Moslem."

This was the first time that I had heard that Christians form a racial community; it is a peculiar Palestinian designation. This question was to meet me very frequently. No one could avoid it, and even Jews of British nationality ceased here to be regarded as British subjects: from the official standpoint they all belonged—in general—to the Jewish race.

When we left the shed I was sitting next to the driver, who

was an Arab. Now the pleasure jaunt became a burning adventure. We soon encountered the first English military transports. On the roof of a lorry was stationed a small Lewis gun, in the lorry itself sat troops with steel helmets. They drove up and down this tract of highway, stopping at cross-roads where they deposited sentries. I had to pity the poor fellows. They were left behind all alone in a raging sea of unrest. The countryside was covered with rocks and bushes. One could desire no more delightful place for "shots from ambush."

Whenever we approached a village the driver accelerated, hooted incessantly on his horn, and dashed past the houses at headlong speed. Even for him, an Arab, it was not quite safe. Then he pointed out to me a large cluster of houses in the distance. "That's Acre, monsieur," he said, "a particularly dangerous spot."

And it was in that "particularly dangerous spot" that he halted for the first time on Palestinian soil. The town—a large settlement of some 8,000 inhabitants—seemed to have died away. The streets were devoid of people, the few Arabs whom one saw outside their houses reclined motionless; nothing, not even bakhshish, interested them. Two weeks previously the Higher Arab Committee, which was conducting the revolt, had proclaimed a general strike and this had kept the Arabs even from visiting coffee-houses.

I asked my driver: "How many Jews are there, then, in Acre?"

"Seventy-eight," he answered.

"What? Only one per cent of the population?"

"Yes! But here the battle is waged not against the Jews of Acre, but against Jewish immigration in general. In the centre you will find more interesting examples. In Nablus there are only six Jews in all living amongst 18,000 Arabs; in Gaza there is one single Jew amongst 20,000; in Jenin there are seven Jews amongst 2,500, and yet these three towns are the hotbeds of the unrest."

As the car continued its journey I found myself thinking of



ARAB COFFEE HOUSE IN ACRE



HAIFA—BY NIGHT

an earlier visit to a small East Frisian fishing village in Germany, where I had found a deeply-rooted anti-Semitism. My conversation with the fishermen there revealed that no Jew lived in the village, or had ever lived there, that the population had never seen a Jew or spoken to one.

I asked one old man: "Look here, what do the Jews really look like?"

And he answered in all seriousness: "They look just like the devil: with horns and a tail."

From afar already glittered the silvery oil tanks of Haifa harbour. The chimney stacks of the brand new factories spat smoke into the air. High on the heights of Carmel we glimpsed the modern town.

The 'bus went on and on, and finally stopped not far from the railway station. This was as far as it went. But I had to get on and find a hotel. I was all alone, the only European in an unfriendly hostile street—in the Arab quarter, from the look of the houses. No one answered my inquiries; they believed, perhaps, that by doing so they would become strike-breakers. At last a taxi appeared. The driver looked at me from the corner of his eyes, would liked to have stopped, but was obviously afraid. I succeeded in making him stop and told him to drive me to an hotel.

We had hardly been going for two minutes when we were held up, a man said something in Arabic to my driver, who turned to me immediately and said: "You have got to get out!" And no sooner were the words out of his mouth before he had my trunk off the taxi and into the roadway. And before I myself had properly grasped the situation I found myself beside my trunk. My driver was a blackleg, so a member of the strike committee warned him, and his life was more valuable to him than the 12 piastres which he might have earned from me.

Now I stood there, all alone in the broad roadway, with no sign of man or vehicle. Nor had I the faintest idea of the way. My arrival in Haifa was uncanny.

At last a blue 'bus came up. It was empty. I waved in the hope that it would stop; it did. Two of its windows had been pierced by rifle bullets, and its dusty metalwork also showed signs of shooting. It was a Jewish 'bus. Although it was already late in the afternoon, I was the driver's first passenger. He covered his route only out of some self-sacrificing devotion to duty. "The Arabs don't travel with me, and the Jews prefer to remain at home," he explained.

I told him I was looking for an hotel, so he changed his scheduled route and drove me up the slope of Carmel to an hotel which took visitors although it was not yet complete. "It will be all right if you get out here," he said; "here it's safe."

I asked him what I had to pay. He took his book of tickets, tore one out and asked only a half-piastre for the special journey, and even gave me the ticket.

I went to bed early and asked the proprietor whether I could have my window open.

"Why, of course," he said, "there is not much shooting up here."

"I did not mean that," I said. "I was wondering whether there were any mosquitoes." The man was visibly insulted.

"There have been no mosquitoes here," he answered brusquely, "since the Jews have drained the swamps."

But there were sand-flies. In Biblical times Palestine had lions, hyenas and wolves; the sand-flies are the last beasts of prey which have come down to us from that golden age. They bite one unashamedly and present one with a fever which, although it only lasts three days, is very debilitating. They came in huge swarms through the open window and I could not close an eye. As I lay sleepless on my bed I heard music coming from above. It was not the mystic, Biblical music of wandering angels, it was modern dance music. The hotel had a roof-garden where a dance band played every evening after ten. I fled from the sand-flies on to the roof. Usually this roof-garden is a place much frequented by the

youths of Haifa. Now only a single couple was dancing; an English airman and his girl. And I was the only one watching.

The myriad lights of Haifa illumined the deserted streets. In the distance, on the water, I could see the winking lights of English battleships. And during a pause in the music I heard, in quick succession, the exploding of two bombs.

CHAPTER III

VISION OF PEACE

THE next morning, May 30th, I was to continue my journey to Jerusalem. I had already bought my ticket in Beyrouth, since I had been told at Cook's that even if the roads were dangerous the journey by rail was safe. This was true yesterday, but overnight the rebels had changed their tactics and were quite suddenly devoting their whole attention to the railway. During the night rails had been loosened, bridges had been blown up, and it was to be feared that the trains would now be greeted with salvoes of shots, just as the cars had been on the high roads.

I ought to have flown. Between Haifa and Jerusalem there is an air-line which is to be counted amongst the curiosities of this queer country. Haifa has its own civilian air-port; Jerusalem, on the other hand, has not. Therefore the little plane of the Egyptian Misr Company has to land at the military aerodrome of Ramleh. Ramleh again is some forty miles distant from Jerusalem. The flight from Haifa to Ramleh takes only about twenty-five minutes, but the car journey from the air-port to Jerusalem takes one and a half hours, and runs along the dangerous Jaffa road. In order to attract passengers, despite these disadvantages, the cost of the air journey has been reduced to only £1, whilst the railway ticket costs £1 5s. Yet people preferred to travel by train. Now I found the aeroplane sold out for long ahead; to-day a seat in the little Misr machine is the only safe place in the whole of Palestine. The Arabs have not yet got anti-aircraft guns.

Haifa has grown rapidly in the last few years, and is to-day the only town possessing two railway stations. At least that is what I believed when my driver (he was a Jewish taxi-driver and therefore not on strike) asked me: "What station do you want?" And since it made no difference to me he drove me to an empty open space where I indeed saw railway lines but nothing else that might signify the presence of a station. I did not worry my head about it, for such places are frequently to be met with in Palestine: development is too rapid, building cannot keep pace with requirements, especially if it is official buildings that are needed. The chief point was that the train stopped there. A huge crowd was awaiting the train's arrival, consisting of Jews and Arabs, but both formed separate groups, and I alone made up a third group since I did not know which one to join. Whilst I was standing there in my solitary state, well-dressed Arabs came near, looked me critically up and down, but did not speak to me. They had their hands in their trouser pockets and I must confess that in such circumstances one very quickly becomes mistrustful. I suspected bombs or other such things, but they turned out to be only handkerchiefs.

Three Scottish soldiers were also awaiting the train; they were to be its escort. As the long train steamed in, I was faced with a dilemma: where is it safer to travel: with the soldiers against whom the shooting is really directed and who have to answer fire, or with the Arab passengers? I waited, but the soldiers seemed to be a long time taking their seats, so I decided to get a place in a first class compartment, where I sat all alone. Hardly had the train set itself in motion when the door of my compartment opened and in marched the three Scots who made themselves at home. Thus fate solved my problem.

The train did not travel particularly fast, but otherwise it was quite European; I even found it better than the trains in Egypt. Railway travel in these countries belongs to life's more unpleasant experiences; one becomes indescribably

filthy from the smoke and soot and from the fine sand which the wind of the train blows into the carriages.

The Scots were not in the best humour. They had been on duty all night, and now had to accompany the train.

"You can take it from me, sir," said the sergeant, "it is not all roses being in the Holy Land. The whole night we have been chasing the Arabs who fired the hayricks in Zichron Yaakov, and now we have to run around with the train. This has been going on for weeks, and no one knows when it is all going to end. I was here during the riots of 1929, but the present situation is by far the most serious that Palestine has ever experienced under the British flag. In 1929 the movement was against the Jews only, the Government's authority remained intact. Now the movement is against the Jews *and* against us. Recently the Arabs have even stopped hunting down the Jews. They take pot-shots at us from their houses and try in every way to sabotage our work."

His comrade had a slight wound on his hand where an Arab bullet had grazed it. He made nothing of his injury, but he had other complaints: "We have fourteen to eighteen hours' duty each day, and are not allowed to undress during our short night's rest. We suffer a great deal from our thick woollen socks, and you would be doing us a great favour, sir, if you could somehow manage things in Jerusalem so that we could get others." I do not know why he had confidence in me. Perhaps it was because I was travelling First.

The train passed stations whose names I had often read in official communiqués in connection with Arab excesses. On their platforms stood Arabs who regarded the train with black looks, but who were held back by the police, also on the platforms.

In Tulkarm, a large pure-Arab town, almost all the Arabs left the train. I asked the Arab attendant the reason of this and he said: "Someone has warned them against travelling further. They say that bandits have placed bombs on the lines."

Now I encountered my second problem in this short journey: I did not know whether I ought to get out with the Arabs and risk probable molestation in Tulkarm, or remain in the train that was running into bombs.

An engine was sent on ahead of the train to inspect the line. And at last we set off again. We reached Lydda, the great Palestine junction, without any incident. Here we were held up for two hours. A great search for weapons was in progress; even I was searched, since the pocket-book bulging in my hip pocket seemed somewhat suspicious.

The train arrived in Jerusalem four hours late. We were met by journalists who had received news that the train had been shot at on the way. I had noticed nothing; the noise of the train had drowned the sound of the shooting. Journalists were there, but I would have much preferred porters. Jerusalem was in the throes of a general strike. Not a single taxi was awaiting the train, which usually carried hundreds of tourists from Haifa to Jerusalem. Even the importunities of the hotel touts were conspicuously absent; they had given up hope of getting guests. Porters, indeed, were sitting around, but they showed not the faintest intention of taking my luggage. I was therefore compelled to drag my own trunks whilst the porters looked on. In a country where the carrying of even the smallest package is degrading for a European, I, with my great load, must have looked extremely wretched to them.

Life in the station had lost none of its activity despite all this. Hustle and bustle was supplied by the English battalions which had just come in from Egypt and were being de-trained at a siding. The activity in the station was, however, the only sign of life in Jerusalem. The Holy City was a dead city. The streets were empty, all the Arab shops were closed. Reinforced police patrols stood at the street corners leaning on their guns or searching the infrequent passers-by for weapons. And hardly had I set my foot on the soil of Jerusalem when I heard short detonations, three following

each other in quick succession. Bombs, I thought, but they were not. The town is built on rock; spade and pick are of no use to workmen digging down into the earth; they have to use dynamite. These detonations are familiar noises to the inhabitants, and in recent times they have even trained their hearing so as to distinguish clearly when road-workers are blowing up rocks or when unknown assassins are throwing bombs.

The King David Hotel lay nearest to the station and, since I had little inclination to drag my luggage any further, I took a room there. The hotel is certainly the most beautiful in the Orient. It is the dream of a Swiss architect who for years studied history books in a desire to realise in modern form the image of the palace of Solomon. In the 200 rooms of the extravagantly luxurious hotel lived only thirteen guests; even these were journalists. Amongst them I found many familiar faces: I had worked with them in Abyssinia, and they had had no time to return to London. They had been ordered by wire to travel immediately from the "Italian Empire" to Palestine. They were full of stories of the seriousness of the situation, and they now related to me all the horrors that the strict censorship had prevented them from sending to their papers.

Another "acquaintance" was also living in the hotel: Haile Selassie I. He was occupying an apartment for which he paid £55 per day. I saw him only once in the vestibule, otherwise he never left his room, and he received no journalists. For me the encounter was a sad confirmation, since I had somehow seen this end coming. In my book *Abyssinia on the Eve* I wrote even before the Italo-Abyssinian War broke out:

"Perhaps he dreams sometimes of a rich carefree ex-Emperor, who lives in an atmosphere of respect and peace, being addressed as 'Your Majesty' by distinguished hotel proprietors, and sitting in the seat of honour at international

tennis competitions, among white people who do not want to get anything out of him."

Only too soon has my prophecy been fulfilled.

The Emperor had met with a rather quiet reception in Palestine; the troubled inhabitants of the country were too preoccupied with their own worries. Yet he was still an interesting personality for the journalists there assembled, and when he decided to have his hair cut his barber had to give half a dozen interviews about this event.

Before Haile Selassie, and before the outbreak of the riots, Jerusalem had had visitors who were perhaps no less interesting, yet no notice had been taken of their presence. The son of King Ibn Saud, the ruler of Saudi Arabia and the most important personality in the Near East, spent a day in Palestine, and also the King's English adviser, St. John Philby, who has become a Mohammedan and who enjoys great respect amongst the Arabs as Achmed Philby, visited Palestine shortly before the riots.

When I was about to undertake my first walk in Jerusalem, I was immediately warned: "You can visit the Jewish quarter but don't go into the Old City unless you have suicidal intentions."

The sun was shining, a heavenly calm lay over the Holy City and I decided after all to visit the Old City. I went through the Jaffa Gate—a breach made in the ancient walls early in 1898 just in order to ensure for Kaiser Wilhelm II an easier access during his visit. Heavily armed military posts stood on guard with fixed bayonets and with steel helmets on their heads. Behind the gate sat Arabs, almost motionless and quite uninterested in anything under the sun.

Going to the left I reached the narrow, dark, Christian Street; from the Holy Sepulchre I heard the strains of organ music. I was making my steps in the direction of the music when I was stopped on Christian Street by a well-dressed Arab.

"I am not asking," he said, "whether you are Jew or not. But in your interests I warn you not to go further. If you do not know the Old City you will most certainly lose your way in the narrow streets and it is doubtful whether you will again find your way out alive."

I decided that I did not want to challenge fate, so I left Christ's path of suffering and visited the David Tower. The old tower which had been erected on the old walls of the city by Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent was now a barracks for a group of English soldiers. High above, over the roofs of Jerusalem, stood their machine-guns in readiness, and a soldier was busily employed in signalling headquarters with a heliograph. Below, in the shadow of the tower, were lying those who were off duty. It was an unusual sight; the piled-up guns of the resting soldiers, the kettle on the open fire, the modern machine-guns on the uppermost platform of this old citadel.

The corporal appointed himself my guide. He took me inside the tower and showed me its more recent "sights": great holes which the Germans had had driven through the historic walls during the war. Below, deep down beneath our feet, Arabs were working—the only ones who were active during the general strike in Jerusalem—under the direction of English archæologists. They were employed in excavation, and were at the moment uncovering Herod's Palace.

The Old City would be a veritable gold mine for archæologists if they were allowed to carry out all the digging they desire. But every single stone here is holy and cannot be touched without raising up a religious storm. For religious reasons it is almost impossible to make any extensive excavations, historians and archæologists have to work in secret, and therefore they regard every discovery as a gift of chance. And yet the few discoveries they have made have confirmed the accounts of the Bible and of later literature. Thus Ophel and the city of the Jebusites have been brought to light, and

the water-shaft through which David's soldiers stormed the city has also been credibly identified.

The workers here in the David Tower have reached a considerable depth and huge stones of incredible dimensions have come into view. They are witnesses of the Herodian period—the last relics of the Biblical city wall.

We climbed the David Tower and beneath us lay Jerusalem in all its glorious beauty. I cannot really say whether the city is beautiful or not: the rays of the eternally shining sun cast a beauteous light over even the poorest of Arab villages; of Jerusalem they make a fairyland. If the sun disappears behind clouds for only a few minutes the city immediately changes its face. It becomes gloomy and colourless, as in the villages one recognises the mud of which the houses are built.

There, where now the Arabs are fighting against the Jews, the Jews in past times fought against the Egyptians, Arameans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Syrians, Persians, until the Romans came (A.D. 70) to destroy the city and expel them. The Holy City of the Jews became, under the Byzantines, the Holy City of Christendom, the early Khalifate made it into the third Holy City of Islam. The battle continued. The eleventh-century crusade made French feudal lords masters of the Holy City, which then passed through the hands of Seljuks, Chorasmians, Tartars and Turks, and finally in 1917 it was a battle-ground between Germany and England. The city, which "is built upon a hill and therefore cannot be hid," cannot find rest.

Jerusalem is a Hebrew word meaning something like, "Vision of Peace." The Arabs call it al Quds—the Holy—and it is alike holy for Christians, Jews and Arabs.

As far as the Holy Places are concerned the Jews certainly have the priority. In the Old City a confusion of cobblestone alleys and steps leads to their Wailing Wall. For centuries the Wailing Wall has been the centre-point of Jewish religious life. When I visited Jerusalem the Temple

Area was closed to Jews; they were no longer permitted to gather at its rough walls and bewail the destruction of the Temple. The Palestine Government based this prohibition not upon the rights of Arabs or Jews, but because they feared that the gathering of fanatic Jews in the midst of fanatically hostile Arabs would cause a repetition of the bloody disasters of 1929. For the religious orthodox Jews with whom I discussed this, it was a heavy blow. They felt as if the prohibition was another destruction of the Temple. Yet the younger generation which never went to the Wall since it believed that the new Jewish Palestine could not be built up with tears for lost splendour, were indifferent to it. "We Jews," I was told in the Jewish agency, "would much rather give up our Holy Places if it means that we can save our recent work."

An old member of the extremely orthodox Agudath community, beat his hands together when I spoke to him about it. For the Zionists Palestine is the land of their sons; for the Agudalts it is the land of their fathers. The majority of their Holy Places no longer belong to them; for instance, everyone else may descend to visit Abraham's tomb, but not the Jews. Everything that has any connection whatsoever with Jewish history is claimed by the Arabs, even if its historical associations belong to pre-Mohammedan times. This claim is based upon the Koran. The Moslems honour a succession of Prophets, namely Abraham, Moses—for whom they even have a religious festival called Nebi Musa—and also Jesus. According to the Koran Mohammed is the last and greatest of all these Prophets, and until a new one should appear he remains the final and 'almighty Prophet who overshadows all his forerunners. The Arabs not only claim the exclusive right to all places connected with the Old Testament, but jealously try to exclude the Jews from them. This attitude led to a religious terror in the Holy Land and squabbles were the order of the day. Only recently, shortly before the present riots broke out, two such incidents occurred which the

High Commissioner himself had to settle. The Arabs complained passionately when a Jewish group wanted to enclose Rachel's tomb; and when a Rabbi from Poland with disciples ascended a little higher than was permitted by usage on the steps of the mosque in the holy Jewish city of Hebron, there was another outburst of protest.

The Wailing Wall of the Jews has become, only very recently, a Holy Place for the Mohammedans. On the site where formerly Solomon's Temple stood, the Khalif Omar erected his wonderful Dome of the Rock and it was thus that the place became holy for Moslems. It is the third holy place after Mecca and Medina. Yet the Moslems had no direct religious contact with the Wailing Wall, which is in the close vicinity of Omar's Mosque. Recently, however, they made claims even to this last spot of Jewish devotion, founding them on a vague religious legend. Chapter XVII of the Koran (called The Night Journey) speaks of Mohammed's miraculous ride from Medina to Jerusalem in a single night on a wonderful steed named al Burak, and legend says that when Gabriel took Mohammed up to the Seven Heavens he left al Burak tied to the Wailing Wall. Of course, more than 1,200 years had elapsed before this was discovered; since the discovery, clashes have continually been occurring at the Wailing Wall, which the Mohammedans now claim and which the Jews will not surrender.

Just as the Holy Places of the Jews and Moslems are so unhappily mingled, there is also much quarrel and heart-burning over the Christian Holy Places amongst the Christian sects.

When Constantine the Great declared Jerusalem to be the Holy City of Christendom, his mother Helena went to Jerusalem, and with the help of Macarius, Bishop of Aelia, restored the Holy Places. She even found the true Cross and also the nails. Most of the legends do not go back beyond the time of St. Helena. But the religious quarrel to this day over the historic rights of the different Holy Places.

When later, in the course of this afternoon, I was visiting the Garden of Gethsemane, the Franciscan monk, who had drifted from America to Jerusalem and who was showing me round, said: "That is the Tree"—pointing to an ancient olive tree—"of which it is said that Our Lord found rest in its shade and turned to God the Father in prayer. Who knows whether it is right! But for us it should be enough that He was here and hallowed this place with His presence." He was a merry philosopher, and when he showed me the ruins of the church built near the Garden by the Crusaders, he pointed to the unusually thick walls. "That proves," he said, "that the Crusaders were thinking more of a strong fortification than of a church when they built it."

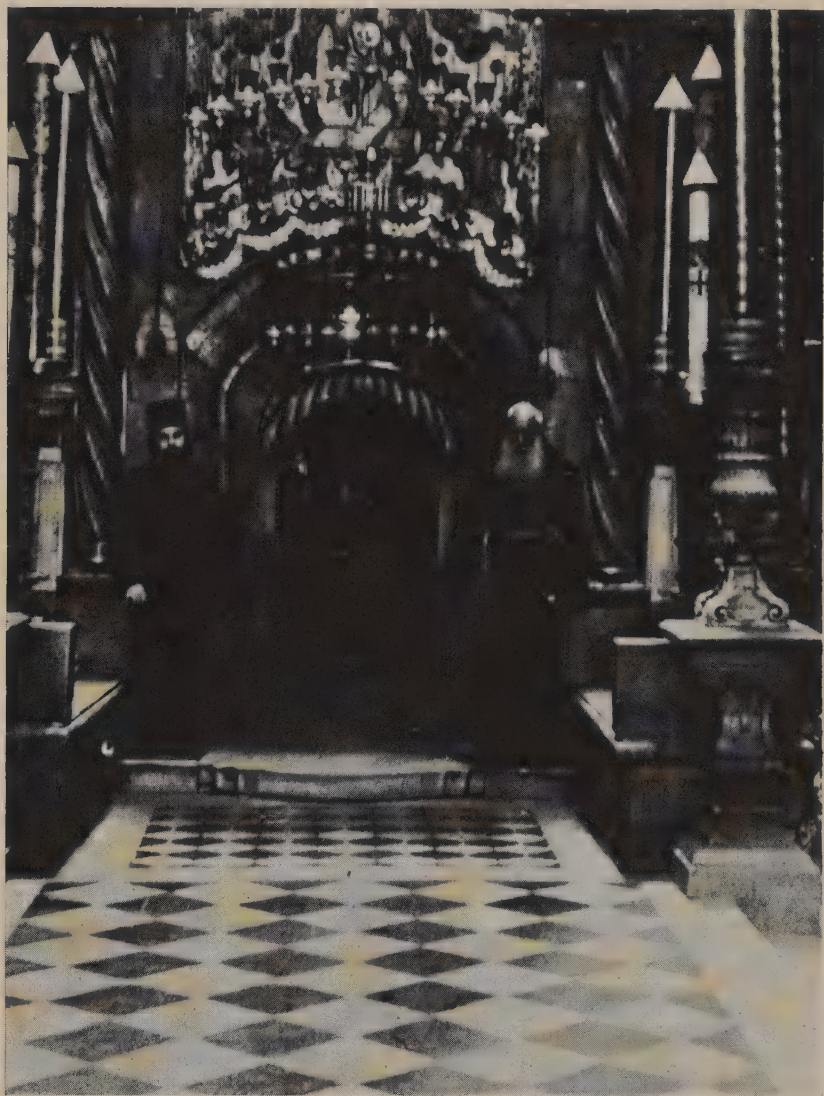
If everyone concerned would regard these things with the same enlightened philosophy, there would be less tragic differences of opinions amongst the different Christian sects. An embittered war is waged between these sects for every square foot of the Holy Places, and not infrequently the power of the greatest authority is required to prevent the outbreak of unbelievable excesses.

A struggle has been going on for a long time between the Franciscans and the Orthodox priests as to who is to be permitted to clean the north windows of the Basilica in Bethlehem. When, on December 28th of last year, the Basilica was again cleaned, both the District Commissioner and the police chief of Palestine had to be present. The Franciscans cleaned the windows and the Orthodox priests protested. Of the result of the quarrel the official report of the Palestine Government says: "Since there is no other way available of preventing the Franciscans from committing this act, apart from forcible police restraint, it has been resolved to preserve decorum and to acknowledge the written protest of the Orthodox priests."

In the Holy Sepulchre, Armenians, Latins and the Orthodox priests are involved in similar incidents, so that during the ceremony of the Holy Fire not only do the various com-

GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE IN JERUSALEM





GREEK AND ARMENIAN MONKS GUARDING THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

munities have to be separated from one another by temporarily erected walls, but the presence of the police is also required.

The Church of St. James is administered by the lay community, but its ownership is divided between the lay community and the Patriarchate. Since the lay community was not satisfied with the choice of the new Patriarch they did not want to allow him to celebrate mass in the church during the feast of St. James, who is his patron saint. Decorum was preserved here by the Patriarch's voluntarily resigning his privilege.

At the south-eastern end of the city wall, not far from Gethsemane, are rows upon rows of graves. "Those," explained the Franciscan Father, "are Mohammedan and Jewish graves. They have themselves buried here because both believe that it is here that the Last Judgment will take place, and," he added with a smile, "they both want to be on the spot."

The sun disappeared behind the David Tower and I decided that it was high time for me to get back to the hotel as quickly as possible if I did not want to spend the night in a prison cell. Since the unrest has spread, and since three Jews were murdered in the Edison Cinema in Jerusalem at the end of a performance, there has been a curfew in Jerusalem forbidding anyone to be out of doors after 7 p.m. Privileged people have special passes which permit them to leave their houses, but on this first day of my visit I was not yet numbered amongst the privileged.

The taxi drive back to the hotel lasted only eight minutes, yet like a time machine it brought me right back from the past into the present. The bar was overcrowded. English officers were chatting with Pressmen, Civil Servants were trying to get rid of the cares of the day. The value of a curfew pass was now brought home to me: if you had one you could go into the King David, after seven o'clock, to get a drink.

Mingled with the Englishmen sat a few young Arabs who

apparently had also come for a drink, but who were really representing the Arab standpoint in heated debates held over a glass of whisky. To the table at which I sat myself there came a young Arab. His name was Imam, but after the first drink he grew very friendly and said: "Just call me Jimmy!"

He was a member of a large and influential Palestine Arab family, was well connected with the Arab leaders, and was ready to introduce me to them.

CHAPTER IV

THE EFFENDIS' WAR

JIMMY was prompt in keeping his promise. Early next morning he rang me up and said: "I promised last night to introduce you to Fakhry Bey Nashashibi. He could see you to-day."

"When shall I come?" I asked.

"I'll call for you immediately with the car," he urged.

Jimmy's willingness was a clever policy of the Arabs who in the past did not understand how to carry on propaganda for their cause. When later I visited the Jewish organisations I was snowed under with propaganda material: books and brochures, pictures and statistical graphs were all at my disposal, whilst the Arabs could show me nothing of the weapons of modern propaganda. When I asked for literature, all they could give me was a little booklet dating from the year 1922.

Now the position had changed. Even they have realised that they must inform the world if they want to get help from it. Shortly after my arrival appeared the first number of an Arab weekly printed in English, edited by a Christian Arab, George Saba, and entitled *Palestine and Transjordan*. The eight pages of the periodical reminded me of my first essay in journalism when, as a schoolboy, I edited my first school magazine. The articles were childish and contained no reliable information. An Englishman who had been living in Palestine for years told me when we were discussing the periodical: "It is possible that the Arabs are right, but if

one reads this propaganda rag, one is not favourably impressed. They ought not to play about with statistics. The statistics just damn their cause."

But anyway this was the first step they had made in ages. The conscription of young Arabs was the second step. Every special correspondent from abroad had an Arab propagandist at his heels, the latter understanding very well how to put his standpoint. The propagandists in the Fast Hotel were much more energetic than those working amongst the Pressmen in the King David Hotel, and whatever journalist had the good fortune to put up in the Fast received quantities of Arab material at first hand.

Besides Jimmy, I had a second Arab informant, Joseph Hana, an editor of the Arab paper *Falastin*. Hana's paper, which appeared in Jaffa, had been forbidden for some weeks, and so he spent his whole time with us journalists in Jerusalem. As is often the case with the Palestinian heroes of liberty, he was not a Palestinian. Eighteen years ago he came from Egypt to Palestine, and to-day he plays a definite role in its Arab policy. Hana was no fanatic and one could obtain from him information that was fairly unbiased, whilst the other informants took up a very one-sided attitude.

Both Jimmy and Hana belonged to the so-called Nashashibi party, which receives its name from the most influential Palestinian family. Jimmy called for me a few minutes after his telephone call and we drove to the party's stronghold, to the Nashashibi quarter. Thus is designated a by no means small part of the city of Jerusalem on Mount Scopus, since there live almost exclusively members of the Nashashibi family or its adherents. The Nashashibis, together with the Husseini and the Dajany families, are the real factors in Arab policy in Palestine, where the whole of party life is based upon family policy. They form the so-called Effendi or Master class and represent the whole population in the same way that the aristocrats in Europe before the French Revolution held in their hands all political power.

Their position dates back to Turkish times when they exercised unlimited dominion over the country. There was indeed a shadow Turkish administration in Palestine, but it consisted only of ten to fifteen Turkish officials who devoted themselves entirely to the collection of taxes. As soon as they had sent to Stambul the imposts gathered in the country, they considered their duties finished and left the government completely to the aristocratic families. At the head of the Turkish officials stood a Pasha, the Governor-General, who had to consider his appointment more or less as a kind of banishment. The high administrative posts in the old Ottoman Empire usually served as a means to create for their occupants a handsome fortune as quickly as possible. They had to hurry, for only too quickly did they loose the favour of the Sublime Porte. This led to a ruthless corruption; the Pashas were not too squeamish in their methods. Old men amongst the peasants—the fellahin class—who still remember well the Turkish period, think back with horror of the government of the Pashas. The Effendi class on the other hand is homesick for the time of the Turks, when everything was allowed them if they only had enough money to purchase their privileges at the Pasha's court. Their fortunes, just like the income of the Porte, came from taxes, and therefore the fellahin had to suffer a double burden: they paid their taxes and imposts not only to the insatiable collectors of the Porte, but also to the members of the aristocratic families. It was a golden age for the Effendis. They had lavish harems, hundreds of slaves, and purchased freedom from all the duties of the State, including military service.

Whoever had money, to him belonged the land. The acquisition of land was forbidden to the Jews, but even they profited by the Pasha's gold-hunger and succeeded in obtaining by bribery what was forbidden to them by law. When with the so-called first Aliyah (Jewish immigration), Jews again came to Palestine from Europe—they were almost exclusively Russian Jews—they soon found out how to

settle on their own estates, despite legal prohibitions. It was customary to ask the Pasha personally for such permission and to give him, so legend says, a Koran bound in leather. Every page of this Koran was illustrated with a pound note—and thus the first Jewish settlements came into being. Later the Pasha's price rose, and when in the 'nineties more and more Jews presented him with the valuable Koran, he suddenly discovered that he was extremely interested in the Old Testament, and he demanded from the petitioners, in addition to the Koran, a similarly decorated Bible.

The English dealt a blow to this Turkish economy. They brought to Palestine Western European ideals of freedom and even-handed justice, and destroyed the privileges of the Effendis. Slavery was abolished, oppressive private taxes were removed, one could no longer confiscate any pretty Arab maiden for the harem. But since the Effendis were politically educated, they still remained the political factors and represented the Arabs of Palestine as a whole against the English.

The efficacy of their political activity suffered, however, from their internal disunion and from the jealousy with which the different families regarded each other. In the first years after the English conquest the Nashashibis were the most powerful; their leader, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, was the most outstanding personality in the Arab camp, and the other families, the Husseinis and especially the Dajanys, played only secondary roles at that time.

The first military governor, Colonel, now Sir Ronald, Storrs, did his best to compose the traditional feud between the Nashashibis and the Husseinis, but their enmity continued, and finally, in the anti-Jewish riots of 1920, acquired a national political significance. Of this uprising the Husseinis were the active leaders while the Nashashibis earned the gratitude of the government by keeping out of it. Yet in reality this revolt marked the rise of Emin al-Husseini, the present Mufti. Sir Herbert Samuel,

the first civil High Commissioner in Palestine, found the Arab families in open feud on his arrival, and he believed that he could stabilise peace and quiet in the land if he reconciled the hostile Arab families with each other. His idea was to distribute public posts amongst the most important family heads, and thus the Nashashibis received the municipal posts, and the Husseinis the religious ones. The balance that was thereby apparently established lasted until the last election for the mayoralty of Jerusalem. The power of the Husseinis had grown with the years, and in the result of this election the Nashashibis were finally deprived of this most important municipal office.

Jerusalem has some 90,000 inhabitants, consisting of over 50,000 Jews, 20,000 Mohammedans and some 20,000 Christians, the majority of the latter also being Arabs. By rights, therefore, the mayor ought to have been a Jew, but the Government feared that this might provoke the Arabs and therefore reserved the mayoralty in the capital of Arab Palestine for an Arab. For many years the post was occupied by Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, who also filled the subordinate administrative posts with members of his family and party adherents. He used his position in such a way that he came to be regarded very much like the Pashas of the old Turkish period. So the Jews, who play the decisive part in the elections, decided not to vote for Ragheb Bey, but to choose in his place an adherent of the Husseinis, a respected physician of Jerusalem, Dr. Khaldi.

Since the election, family differences in the Arab camp have flamed up again, and at the time of my visit the families were again at loggerheads.

Ragheb Bey is the diplomatic leader of the Nashashibis. His cousin Fakhry Bey, to whom I was now making my way with Jimmy, was the political leader who conducted the ruthless struggle in the open forum. When I entered his house I found myself, for the first time, in the house of an Effendi. The houses of the Effendis are simple and of modest

appearance; they are fundamentally different in style from the houses of the Jews, which are built in the new German fashion. Yet in comparison with the wretched mud or stone huts of the fellahin they are pompous and extravagant. Therefore several Effendis said to me when inviting me to their homes: "Come and see me at my palace!"

The external simplicity of the houses is to be explained by the climatic conditions of the country. Palestine does not indeed lie in the tropic heat belt, yet for nine months the country enjoys a blazing summer with an ever-shining sun. Therefore, the Effendis build their houses with very thick walls and tiny windows whereby they effectively exclude the heat of the day, an intelligent air-conditioning by natural methods. The houses are built by Arab architects, only rarely does an Arab have his house built by Jewish architects. The Arabs have always shown great talent in architecture, even to-day, and in Palestine which has been so neglected by Arab architects, they have their masterpieces of building construction. The Dome of the Rock in the Old City is amongst the finest jewels of Arab architecture.

After its external simplicity, the house surprised me with the extravagant pomp of its internal furnishings. A great door led from the ante-room into a gigantic hall. This hall was divided into two by a row of pillars; one half lay in mysterious darkness, whilst the other half was illuminated by a single window. Opening off from this great hall were the various rooms: several bedrooms furnished in European style, a large dining-room that was a mixture of East and West, and Fakhry Bey's study containing modern office furniture but also many Oriental knick-knacks, cushions and *objets d'art*. The bathroom was appointed with a special luxury, and was in no way inferior to a European one; not only did I find there every requisite of bodily hygiene, but also gymnastic apparatus, and the whole gave one the impression of a film star's bathroom.

On arriving I was passed on from one servant to another.

Fakhry Bey has many servants, a luxury that only an Effendi can allow himself. He pays almost nothing in wages to his servants, who have been serving his family for generations and who more or less themselves belong to the family. Their fathers and grandfathers were still slaves; they now serve Fakhry Bey as free men, but are as servile as if they themselves were slaves.

In the great hall I found a large and animated gathering; everyone got up and greeted me in Oriental fashion when I entered the hall. Fakhry Bey really lives in Jaffa where he has a business house. After the outbreak of the riots, however, he placed himself immediately at the head of the movement and was, therefore, "banished" to Jerusalem by the Jaffa police. Here in Jerusalem he was not allowed to leave his house, but Fakhry Bey was not much perturbed by this prohibition. He pointed to the crowd of men in the hall and said: "Even if I may not leave my house, my friends may come to me. Here we discuss the position and through them I am able to continue my activities."

I found Fakhry Bey an interesting personality. When I came into the hall he asked me in what language we should converse. He himself speaks seven languages fluently, including English, French and German. He is about forty years old, but since his earliest youth has occupied a leading place in the Arab movement. After attending the university in Stambul he became an officer in the Turkish Army and fought against the English in the Great War. When England took possession of the country he became a loyal subject and was appointed Sir Herbert Samuel's adjutant. Later he appeared in the political forum and organised a party which he called the Arab Labour Party, which however had nothing in common with the social programme of European labour parties, but was purely a Nashashibi political group. When we had seated ourselves and were drinking our first cup of coffee, Fakhry Bey said with a broad gesture: "You are in the house of an Arab conspirator! But are we really conspirators?"

Has not our whole revolution been forced upon us? We were living here in peace and contentment and obeyed the English willingly since they offered us hopes of independence—until we realised that we had been betrayed. We have shown that we could fight for England and now we are showing that we can fight just as well for our own cause.”

Many of these Arab heroes of liberty had fought in the World War against England, yet they do not like to speak of that time and take no notice of any references to it. I tried to interpolate: “But this is no open war. You shoot people in the back from ambush.”

But Fakhry Bey has his own theory: “It doesn’t matter from where the shooting comes, neither does it matter against whom it is directed. The chief point is that there is shooting. We have tried proclamations and declarations; I myself went to England and, at the invitation of the Royal Central Asian Society, delivered a lecture. But our voice was weak, the world did not hear it. Now we are shooting and now the whole world hears the shots.”

The men around us calmly drank their coffee whilst Fakhry Bey was speaking of the shooting. I asked him what he really expected to gain with all this expenditure of bullets, and he had his programme all ready:

“We don’t want the Jews. Our movement is anti-Jewish, but at the same time racial motives have no part in it. We are not anti-Semites—how could we be when we ourselves are Semites?—and anyway we have no objection to the Jews being rich and successful outside Palestine. Only we want them to keep away from Palestine. We Arabs are continually being pushed out; therefore we demand: 1, the cessation of Jewish immigration; 2, the self-government of Palestine by Palestinians; 3, the creation of a legislative Parliament. The Jews who are already here can remain in the country. In the past we have lived in peace with our Jews and we will try to reach some compromise with their enlarged communities.”

ORDER UNDER REGULATION 15 B OF THE
EMERGENCY (AMENDMENT) REGULATION
(NO.3) 1936.

Lewis Andrews, Assistant
I, J. E. P. Campbell, District Commissioner,

Jerusalem District, hereby direct that the person
named hereunder

namely.....FAKHRY BEY NASHASHIBI.....

.....
shall be detained for the period of.....

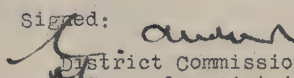
.....THREE MONTHS.....

in the place of detention prescribed by the
Inspector General of Police in...AJATA HAPTR. VILLAGE
.....and shall be subject to all directions
of the Inspector General.

2. This Order shall be deemed to replace the
Order dated...23rd. May, 1936...placing the said
person under police supervision under Regulation
15 A of the Emergency (Amendment) Regulation.

3. This Order is given under my hand this...7th....
day of.....June, 1936.....1936.

Signed:


District Commissioner,
Jerusalem District.

Copy to:
District Superintendent of Police. (Three copies)
Inspector General of Police.
File 7/36/1.

THE WARRANT WHICH FAKHRY BEY NASHASHIBI GAVE ME AS A SOUVENIR



BEFORE THE RIOTS STARTED: ARABS VISITING JEWISH COLONY

"I admire you, Fakhry Bey," I said, "for your frankness."

"I have nothing to conceal," he replied, "and my thoughts are known in the whole of Palestine. In any case I believe that I have nothing more to lose. My banishment from Jaffa will not be the last word in the police persecution of me. I am expecting at any moment the arrival of the police official who will take me to Aujat al Hafir, the Palestine Siberia." He showed me in his bedroom two large trunks and said with a smile: "They are already packed for the trip."

Hardly had he finished speaking when a servant rushed into the room. He was breathless and he gasped out: "A police officer wants to speak to you, Fakhry Bey!"

Nashashibi had a look of triumph on his face. It was plain to see that he had been waiting for this "great moment"; it was for this that he had gathered his friends around him.

The police officer came into the room and handed over to Fakhry Bey the English warrant ordering him to Aujat for three months.

I was the witness of a typical Oriental drama. The whole scene began pianissimo, with Fakhry Bey as the martyr and his followers as lay-figures, but gradually the atmosphere rose through a national crescendo to fortissimo. Here I saw on a small scale what was happening on a large scale throughout the country. The whole proceeding was similar to the war dance of primitive peoples who wish to arouse artificially the necessary war spirit. It was not long before everybody was standing up, talking, shouting and yelling.

The police lieutenant was an Arab and he was affected by the performance. He stood there with tears in his eyes and would obviously have liked to join in.

"We have brought them into the country and now they take from us our best men!" shouted an Arab school teacher who taught in an English Government school.

Another called out incessantly: "Palestine is a part of Arabia!" At which the others applauded loudly. That is the slogan of the movement, an object which can only be realised with

insuperable difficulty, but its hopelessness forms no hindrance in the path of the Arabs.

Servants came into the hall bringing in great bottles of Arak, a peculiarly sweet drink, and we all, including myself and the police lieutenant, drank to "the Freedom of Palestine in a great Arab State!"

Then Fakhry Bey turned to the lieutenant and said with a heroic gesture: "I am ready!"

Now the whole company betook themselves into the street, where a police car with two British constables was awaiting Fakhry Bey. Here in the street where a larger public could witness what was happening, the drama ascended to its climax. But this was no mere acting, the actors themselves believed in their parts. They jumped in front of the police and demanded to be taken too. They blocked the path of the car, they shouted out their slogans and they kept on clapping, which is their way of cheering, thereby only increasing the impression that it was all a theatrical performance.

Fakhry Bey was already sitting in the car when he took leave of me. Now I understood why Jimmy had been so pressing in asking me to go and see him: they needed the presence of the Press. Nashashibi turned to me and gave me a piece of paper: "Please take this as a souvenir of to-day."

It was the order for his arrest.

CHAPTER V

RESTLESS YOUTH

WE remained standing in the street gazing after the car until it disappeared around a bend. Then we went back into Fakhry Bey's house and the young men—they were all round about twenty-six—held a meeting to discuss the new position. Whilst they were debating matters of which I understood nothing despite their vehemence, since I unfortunately understand no Arabic, the school teacher came to me and initiated me into their secrets.

"We have, unfortunately," he said, "to wage a double battle: against the Jews, but also against our own older generation. On the 2nd of November, 1917, Lord Balfour published a declaration granting the Jews a National Home in Palestine. But already five years later it was declared in the so-called Churchill White Paper of 1922 that this declaration had been misunderstood by the Jews so as to mean more than it really did. On October 24th, 1915, the then High Commissioner of Egypt, Sir Henry MacMahon, wrote a letter to the Sherif of Mecca, afterwards King Hussein of the Hejaz in which he promised the Arabs an extensive and independent Arab State. Of this letter, too, the Churchill White Paper claimed that it had been misunderstood by the Arabs, since its promises did not include Palestine. These two 'misunderstandings' caused discontent and led to revolts."

The old generation consider their aims to be an internal Palestinian affair; their thoughts stop at Palestine's frontiers. The younger generation, on the other hand, looks further and

pursues Pan-Arabic ideals on a modern political basis. These young men who were now gathered in Fakhry Bey's house knew exactly what they wanted. They had all attended various universities abroad and had then returned to Palestine with revolutionary thoughts and with clear political ideas.

Every Arab who has the financial means—and there are many wealthy Arabs in Palestine—sends his sons abroad to receive a university education. Many Arab students are to be found in Oxford and Cambridge; most of them, however, go to the Mohammedan al-Azhar University in Cairo, and still more to the American University in Beyrouth. This American University, I was informed by an impartial observer, is the breeding-ground of the revolt.

The Americans have been very busy since 1821 in Beyrouth and in Syria, where they have 111 schools and 106 missions, but the centre of their activity is this American University that was founded in 1866. The university extends for a kilometre along the Mediterranean coast, a grandiose establishment with its 44 buildings, where 250 teachers and close upon 1,500 scholars, both elementary and advanced, are housed. The university is a completely independent foundation, but is influenced by Arab politicians and is also supported financially by wealthy Arabs. The French have been waging an old but unsuccessful struggle against the educational methods of the university. They have not succeeded in gaining any influence over it and are compelled to stand by and see how young Arabs are brought up to be enemies of the French Mandate and supporters of a great Arab idea.

These young men are not prepared for compromise, though their fathers would willingly have accepted a middle path. The older men have also refused to employ money, whilst the youth is not frightened of using such methods. They assemble in various secret organisations which their lively Oriental imagination has christened with names from detective novels.

They have two political and one terror organisation, so I learned on this interesting afternoon. Duties are divided up

amongst them. One is called the "Red Shadow" and pursues in general the aims of Arab youth. The other, the "Black Hand," appears frequently as signatory to threatening letters. The third, which simply calls itself "G," is the terror organisation, whose members stop at nothing.

"Why 'G'? What's the meaning of this letter?" I asked the school teacher.

"It doesn't stand for anything. 'G' is a mysterious letter in Arabic, like 'X' in European languages."

The English make merry over this organisation and call its members "G-men."

In the beginning of the recent disturbances these young Arabs were dependent on their own resources and they introduced methods that are known in America as "rackets." They would stand in front of Arab banks and demand money from those that had withdrawn funds, on penalty of having their houses broken up. They also started a private "taxation" of Arab cities and even villages.

With the apparent success of the movement money came in from Syria, Irak and from Egypt, where some £12,000, collected from Abyssinia, became available for the Arab cause in Palestine.

Apart from these sources, I was told that a certain amount came from Dr. Charles Crane, a wealthy American who has shown a keen interest in Near Eastern affairs. He is at heart a philanthropist, for he is convinced that when the Arabs have reached a certain level of education they will be in a position to take over the control of their destiny into their own hands. He travels here, there and everywhere throughout the Near East; he finances schools in Syria, imports tractors to Yemen and endeavours with every means at his disposal to raise Arab conditions of life.

When I was in Palestine he was living in Istanbul, but was maintaining contact with the Palestine Arabs. One of the most capable young men in Palestine is George Antonius, who is considered by many to be the real head of the young

Arab movement. He is the administrator of the Crane Culture Fund, and thus possesses besides his undoubtedly outstanding mental ability, also a financial influence.

It was late in the afternoon when I returned to the hotel. In the pompous Solomon hall five-o'clock tea was being served and an orchestra was playing dance music. In a circle of his friends sat someone whom I would hardly have guessed to be here in these gay surroundings in such stirring times: Ragheb Bey Nashashibi. He did not look as if his cousin and colleague had been taken to Aujat only a few hours before, but he knows well how to hide his real feelings. This man of fifty-five years looks like an English diplomat, and if he were to wear no tarbush, one might take this elegant, white-haired man for a Western European. In his conversation, however, he expressed himself most undiplomatically, and made no secret of the differences existing between his and the Husseini parties.

They were speaking at his table of the part that Italy was playing in the present revolt, and Ragheb Bey said: "It has been proved that Italy has given money to the Husseini party."

Italy pursues in the Near East a policy that is obviously aimed at taking over, sooner or later, the position occupied by England. It works through political agents, and these belong to the first rank of their profession. The Italian literature in the last few years, dealing with the Near East, has grown astonishingly large, and even Englishmen themselves admit that these books are the best that have appeared on the problem in recent times. The Italian periodical *Oriente Moderna* puts all English publications in the shade; and it is said that English Civil Servants in the Palestine Government learn Italian in order to be able to read these books and this periodical.

The Italian Consul-General in Palestine maintains the best of relations with the Arabs. His car with its green-white-red flag was often to be seen standing in front of the house of the Arab leader, Awny Bey Abdul Hadir, when a session

of the Higher Arab Committee was in progress there. The Italian Consul in Haifa also was to be reckoned amongst the best friends of the Arabs and amongst those best acquainted with their desires; therefore in the middle of July he was transferred to the Foreign Ministry in Rome, where he conducts the Arab Department. More and more frequently was the Consul-General's car to be seen on the dangerous and desolate main roads of Palestine during the riots, and not only did it drive without a police escort, but was even received with cheers in the Arab villages.

Ragheb Bey believed that he had been able to discover direct connections between the Italians and the Husseini party. He produced as evidence of this a letter directed to Jamal al Husseini, the president of the party, which had fallen into his hands. The letter came from Shekib Arselan, a leading Syrian Arab. Shekib Arselan had had to fly from Syria, where he had been condemned to death for his part in anti-French activities. He went to Geneva, where he founded an Arab Bureau, in the shadow of the League of Nations, so as to fight further for the cause of the Syrian and Palestine Arabs. He publishes a propaganda paper entitled *La Nation Arabe*. The Nashashibis claimed that this bureau was in contact with Italy, and that both the moral and financial support obtained from Italy by the Palestinian Arabs passed through this bureau. In his letter Shekib Arselan requested Jamal al-Husseini to turn away from England and place himself on the side of Italy. Ragheb Bey published the letter in facsimile in his paper *Falastin*, and the storm that followed this publication can hardly be described. The Husseinis claimed that it was a "Palestinian Zinoviev letter," a forgery from beginning to end. They also threatened to bring legal action, but their threat was not implemented, and so the Nashashibis felt that their accusation was confirmed.

The Husseinis, however, were not without counter arguments, and if Ragheb Bey accused them of having accepted Italian money, then they accused the Nashashibis of having

taken money for years from the Jews. They claimed that Ragheb Bey once said when anti-Jewish excesses were being discussed: "Everything can be put right with money. If they offered the proper price, the Jews could even buy the Omar mosque!"

Ragheb Bey's political ambition is not satisfied. He is ever seeking for new outlets for his activity; thus he was the only one who advocated the creation of a Legislative Council—a pet idea of the present High Commissioner—only because there was a prospect of his becoming its president. The men who were sitting at Ragheb Bey's table took their leave and went into the fine Y.M.C.A. building which lies opposite the King David Hotel, and which is the headquarters of the Christian Arab youth. It was again an American who supplied the money for this magnificent house whose lofty tower now dominates the whole of Jerusalem.

During the strike, when the coffee-houses were closed, the Christian Arabs gathered here in the Y.M.C.A. Numerically, indeed, the Christian Arabs form a minority, yet they are much more influential than their Mohammedan countrymen. In the whole of Palestine there live only 70,000 Christian Arabs amongst more than 800,000 Mohammedan Arabs, but even if they only amount to 8 per cent of the population, they yet share the leadership with the Mohammedans equally. The whole of the propaganda work and intellectual activity is almost exclusively in their hands, and at the annual meetings of the Arab Congress the presidency has been occupied on occasion by a Christian.

In this connection the Arab movement in Palestine differs from the corresponding movements in other Arab states. The common aim has wiped out religious differences. There are, however, profound religious differences among the Arabs of the neighbouring Arab states. In general, the North is less religious, whilst the South takes the lead in religious matters. Here one must distinguish between a Pan-Arabic and a Pan-Islamic movement. The Pan-Arabs want to realise a Great

Arabia, an independent Arab state stretching between the tenth and thirtieth degrees of latitude, whilst the Pan-Islamists preach the unity of all Moslems, and the exclusion of all non-Moslem Arabs.

Here are to be seen the same contrasts that existed in the American Civil War, in which the progressive North fought the conservative South. At the head of the South Arabs stands King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, who overthrew the dynasty of the Sunni Hashimites in 1924 and set up a Wahabi dynasty. The Wahabis, an extremely orthodox Moslem community, adhere strongly to the commandments of the Koran; their adherents do not smoke or drink, and regard every technical innovation of our time as a tool of the devil, since the omniscient prophet has not mentioned them in his Holy Book. In these things, however, Ibn Saud is a little more enlightened, and has introduced the "tools of the devil" into his country; yet in religious things he is prepared for no compromise and considers the irreligious North Arabs as "mushreks," unbelievers, and in many ways is more sharply opposed to them than to Christians or Jews.

And yet Ibn Saud is the man on whom a great number of Palestinian young Arabs pin their hopes.

The leader of Pan-Arabic thought in Palestine is Awny Bey Abdul Hadi, perhaps the most interesting personality in that country. For him time has stood still since 1918; he wants to know nothing of the facts of reality, and like an Arab Don Quixote, fights for a dream. His dream is of an independent Palestine within a great Arab confederation such as MacMahon is said to have promised Hussein. His whole past predestined him for this task, for he was the private secretary of Emir Feisal during the peace negotiations in Versailles, and Feisal was the son of Hussein. These negotiations disappointed him; he returned to Palestine with empty hands and became a fanatic. Having married a rich Arab lady, his fortune permits him to devote his whole time to his ideals. In the Jews, Awny Bey sees the hereditary enemy

who stand in his path, and, therefore, he knows no other feeling towards them than hatred and contempt.

Finally, he also stands in the way of an eventual Jewish-Arab understanding, for even if the Jews could come to an agreement with the Nashashibis and the Husseinis, Awny Bey would, with his not inconsiderable party, remain in opposition. His adherents no longer wear the tarbush, which is really no especial Arab article of dress, but which has been introduced to the Mediterranean by the Turks. Their head-covering is the feisalia, a dark-brown cap similar to the caps of English airmen, and which was worn by King Feisal. Awny Bey's party grows from day to day; and it is said that in the streets of Palestine more and more feisalia are being worn and less and less tarbushes.

I was anxious to visit Awny Bey and had already made an appointment with him, but he was not in a position to keep it: in the meantime he also had been taken to Aujat al Hafir. This little village, that is hardly more than a name on the map, with an English wireless station in the sands of the desert, was a concentration camp for Palestinian Arab leaders. Aujat was no prison, but a place of preventive detention for Arab nationalists. It lies in the Sinai Desert, only some ten kilometres distant from the Egyptian border. For far and wide only sand is to be seen. And out of the sand rise to heaven the towers of the radio station. Even here the Arabs had to share the place with Jews: Jewish Communists were also brought to Aujat before being deported.

For the Arab youth Aujat al Hafir had become a Holy Place, and the young men in Fakhry Bey's house decided, when their leader was transported, to organise pilgrim journeys to Aujat in the same way as they had formerly travelled to Mecca and Medina. But out of the sand there grew barbed wire, and soldiers and police stood on guard to see that no one escaped, but also to see that no one visited the prisoners.

Later, fanatics were found to be always breaking through the barbed wire and the place in the desert became unsafe.

The Government, therefore, a little later, before I left Palestine, transferred the prisoners to a more secure spot in Sarafand. No one knew the date of this transfer; it was continually being postponed, since riots and demonstrations were feared. Then quite suddenly, at a late hour in the night, came the order to move. A long car-caravan was formed; in front drove the lesser leaders, behind followed the leaders themselves in their expensive saloon cars. Awny Bey, the hero of liberty, travelled in his magnificent Rolls-Royce.

My second day in Jerusalem was not yet over when I learned from Jimmy that the police had searched Fakhry Bey's house and had discovered a quantity of weapons. Jimmy's brother had also been arrested and Jimmy himself was preparing for a compulsory visit to Aujat.

CHAPTER VI

HIS EMINENCE THE REBEL

THE next day, June 1st, was the forty-second day of the strike and the Arabs were proud of their endurance. Joseph Hana said to me: "The inner power of the Palestine Arabs is therefore greater than that of the Syrian Arabs, for they only struck for thirty-five days." He was bringing me news of further arrests; every day more and more Arab leaders were being taken to the concentration camp, but as if arising out of the dust, new leaders immediately took their place and the resistance continued. In fact, it was no disadvantage, for through the arrest of the older men and the substitution of young leaders, the movement became rejuvenated and radicalised.

Yet in close proximity to the holiest places in the Old City, between mosques, churches and the Wailing Wall, there still sat in a modernly equipped office the man whose word and will had caused the whole rising. Here, surrounded by his secretaries, Haj Amin al Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and President of the Supreme Moslem Council, received his visitors.

"You ought to visit him soon," Hana said to me. "Perhaps he also might be taken off to Aujat in the near future."

Haj Amin is the born rebel. He is a young man of only forty-two years, but behind him lies a life full of excitement and emotion. The beginnings of his career are somewhat doubtful. During the World War he served with the Turks in Ankara and on the Black Sea, and when the English marched into Jerusalem he obtained a subordinate post in the Military Intelligence Service. Later he spent a year at the Moslem Al

Azar University in Cairo and made a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, acquiring thereby his title of Haj, which means pilgrim and is extremely rare amongst the Palestinian Arabs. The year 1920 saw him once again in Palestine at the head of a bloody revolt in which his speeches gave encouragement for acts of murder. He was arrested by the police and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He fled abroad, but returned to Palestine on being amnestied by Sir Herbert Samuel.

Sir Herbert saw in Haj Amin an especially dangerous rebel, the head of the increasingly powerful Husseini family, and thought out for him a post with which to curb his activities. Just at that time the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem died and a new one had to be elected. Haj Amin stood as candidate for this high religious post on the advice of Sir Herbert. In the secret conclave he received only one-third of the votes recorded. In spite of that Sir Herbert Samuel appointed him Mufti, and when he called the Supreme Moslem Council into being, Haj Amin became its President. He is also Reis al Ulema, President of the religious Sharia courts, and therefore he concentrates in his hands all the highest religious posts that Palestine has to give.

A Palestinian historian who is making researches into the family's history told me: "The Husseinis came to Palestine from Egypt only three hundred years ago, and for two hundred and fifty years they played an unimportant part as village aristocrats in the provinces. They were not then called Husseini; they took this name only when they wanted to win a greater share in politics. They chose this name because it resembled the name Hussein, and Hussein was the Holy Khalif, the second successor of Mohammed. Haj Amin's past, as a matter of fact, did not point him out for the high post which he now holds. Can you imagine," he asked, "a former agent of the Military Intelligence, a former inciter to murder, a former prison bird, being appointed Archbishop of Canterbury?"

But the historian was a Jew and probably prejudiced. The

Jews do not like Haj Amin since he, like Awny Bey, is a fanatical Jew-hater. The twelve years that he has spent at the head of the Mohammedan priesthood have not succeeded in changing him. He has remained the same rebel he always was and only Lord Plumer, the second civil High Commissioner, was capable of coping with him. In the latter's time he was already riding the high horse, and when a Jewish demonstration was due to take place he visited Plumer and said: "Excellency, if you don't forbid this demonstration then I can give no guarantee on behalf of the Arabs that peace and order will be preserved."

But the English General waved him away:

"You are not expected to give any guarantees, Eminence," he said gruffly, "that's what I am here for!" And he showed him the door.

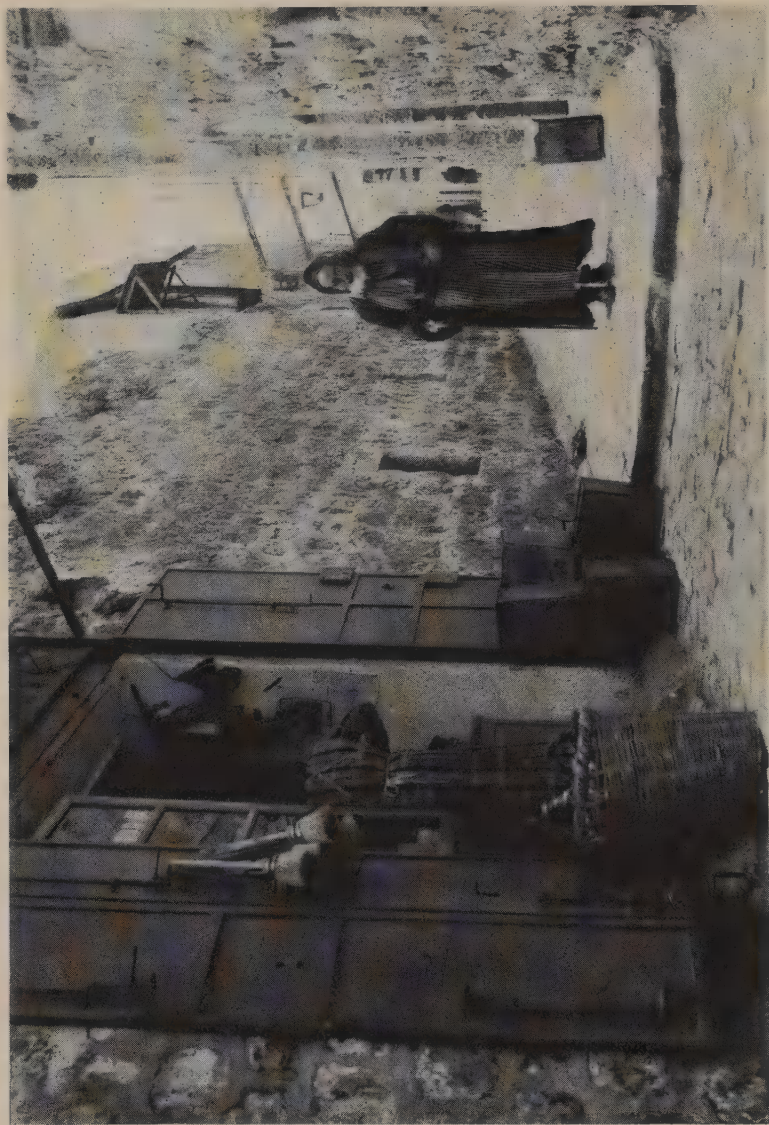
Since Lord Plumer's time, however, his influence has continually increased, and to-day he possesses a tremendous influence over the Arab masses. The Palestinian correspondent of *The Times* has, however, described his influence as being tragically one-sided. "If he should openly declare a Holy War," said the latter, "then all the Arabs of Palestine would gather under his flag and fanatically destroy everything that stood in their way. But he possesses no power to check the stone that he would set a-rolling." He is really a modern Aladdin; he can indeed set free the spirits, but he is no longer capable of resisting them.

Behind Haj Amin stands his cousin Jamal al Husseini, the president of the party and the real wire-puller who influences the Mufti. Haj Amin is a handsome man with serious features and a well-groomed beard; Jamal, on the other hand, already shows in his outward appearance his eternally restless spirit. He has an almost hypnotic power over the Mufti, who follows his will just as slavishly as his adherents slavishly follow the Mufti.

My journey to visit him was dangerous and difficult. We went as far as the Damascus Gate, where we were received by



THE GRAND MUFTI



ALLEY IN OLD CITY, JERUSALEM

men of the Mufti's bodyguard with great automatic pistols at their side. Even with these we were held up every minute. Unknown men came up and asked our escort: "Who are the strangers?" And some minutes always passed before we were allowed to go on. These highwaymen of the Old City belonged to no defence force. They were the terrorists themselves. If they had not been satisfied with the explanations they would have had no compunction in shooting us. So rapidly do they attack that one has no time to protect oneself. On this self-same afternoon an English policeman named Bird was shot in the Old City not far from the bureau of the Mufti. The assassins have not been discovered up to this day.

The streets were besieged with police, the atmosphere was tense. We discussed this with the Mufti at the beginning of our conversation: "The acts of terrorism are bad and to be condemned," he said, "but they have nothing to do with our action. They have originated from the deep embitterment of the population which has had to wait too long for the fulfilment of its wishes."

Great activity prevailed in his office. Officials came and went, unknown men appeared and whispered reports into his Eminence's ear. They all kissed Haj Amin's hand. He is Palestine's Holy Man, the representative of Mohammed on earth, the words that he speaks are, for his adherents, the words of God. But he himself is not content with this high position. When I was speaking of the Arab leaders in Jewish circles, I was informed that amongst the older leaders there are only three who are thoroughly incorruptible: Jamal al Husseini, Awny Bey Abdul Hadi and the Mufti. "There is one price," I was told, "which would persuade even him to give up his activities: the exalted dignity of Khalif. But who knows whether he might not continue his work underground after a few years, even then?"

He likes receiving journalists. "I am glad that you have come," he said; "it gives me opportunity at least of clearing

up certain misunderstandings. We have been accused of rebelling against the English. That is not true! We want to live in peace and friendship with the English; our whole action is directed against the newly arrived Jews. We have never acknowledged the Balfour Declaration and have never changed our views. Examples of recent times have shown us that the stronger powers are in a position to impose their will on those that are less strong. What the Italians have done with Abyssinia the Jews wish to do with the Arabs. Only they push the English forward and do not fight out the battle themselves."

He had good reason for defending himself against any anti-English activities. Haj Amin is really a Palestinian state official receiving a salary from the Government. As Reis al Ulema he receives a fixed salary, which is a cause of grievance amongst the Jews. For this money is taken from the taxes which the Jews and Arabs have equally to pay, and since the Jewish share of taxation is greater than that of the Arabs, his salary is largely paid by the Jews. "We are compelled to pay our greatest enemy," the latter told me, "whilst our own religious courts receive absolutely no support from the Government."

"What have you got against the Jews?" I asked the Mufti.

"They want to take our land," he answered with vigour. "As soon as a piece of land that formerly belonged to us gets into Jewish hands then there is no more room for Arab workers upon it. Therefore we have firmly resolved not to sell another ell of land to the Jews." (An ell is roughly a square yard.) "In these sales of land only one person profits, the proprietor of the land. The two to three thousand fellahin who were formerly to be found working on it lose their employment and are faced with absolutely nothing. We are agitating now for a law that absolutely forbids the sale of land, for there are always traitors who sell their estates to the Jews behind our backs. The Jews have changed the life of Palestine in such a way that it must inevitably lead to the

destruction of our race. We are not accustomed to this haste and speed, and therefore we are continually being driven into the background. They have also spread here their customs and usages which are opposed to our religion and to our whole way of life. Above all, our youth is being morally shattered. The Jewish girls who run around in shorts demoralise our youth by their mere presence."

"But, your Eminence," I interrupted, "this, I mean the shorts, is no rare thing in Europe. You ought to see girls cycling in England on a Sunday. In any case, shorts are very suitable to the climate of the country."

"It is not a matter of climatic conditions," protested the Mufti, "but of tradition. This is foreign to our tradition. And it is dangerous, so radical, almost revolutionary to bring the 'other world' before the eyes of our youth. Please don't forget that our generation is the first that no longer lives in the desert. But even this generation knows the desert better than the town. Now there suddenly appears the town, as if growing out of the earth, with all its distractions and pretended beauties, and finds an Arabic youth which is not prepared for it and which cannot distinguish the good from the evil. That is the moral side of the question. Economically the situation is no better. From day to day there is growing in strength a movement to employ only Jewish labourers on Jewish settlements. What is then to happen to our workmen? Are they to starve?"

"But how can it end?" I asked. "After all, this abnormal position, in which no one will yield, cannot go on for ever."

"But we are determined this time to fight the battle to a finish—always by legal means. It must be very impressive to be able to maintain a general strike for so long. This shows that our people possesses enormous latent powers. We have shown in many things, even agriculture and cattle-breeding, that we don't lag behind the Jews. Now we wish to show that we can also organise ourselves to fight."

When I was taking my leave, before we were conducted

again by his bodyguard out of the Old City, the Mufti added: "We have the feeling that the sympathies of the world are with us. And our sympathies, too, are with the world. We even feel ourselves called upon to protect the Holy Places of the Christians."

This is a favourite point in his policy. Whenever he somehow feels that his political arguments are not quite sound and can be refuted with statistics, he takes refuge in religious arguments. At that time he again had no option. The young Arabs compelled him to take energetic political measures which brought him into direct opposition to English policy in the country. This he wished to avoid, so he fled to religion, where he felt himself on safer ground. In a memorandum which he wrote that day he accused the Jews of having intentions upon the Holy Places of the Moslems. But since these arguments were neither new nor original, he also threw in the Christian Holy Places and set himself up as their protector.

As I descended the narrow alleys I saw the Mufti once again. Accompanied by Arabs in turbans, he was going to the Dome of the Rock to conduct the evening service. In the minaret of the al-Aksa Mosque the muezzin was calling the believers to prayer.

CHAPTER VII

THREE HOLIDAYS AND FOUR TO-MORROWS

THE Grand Mufti prayed once again that day in the Dome of the Rock and then he prepared himself with all his people and adherents for holy Friday. The week in Palestine was over. Friday is the Day of Prayer for the Moslems, Saturday is the holy Sabbath of the Jews, and Sunday, as usual, is the Sunday of the Christians. These three consecutive holidays influence the whole life in Palestine, and an English major was right when he said: "Palestine has three holidays and four to-morrows."

Already on Thursday the Arab quarter had acquired a different aspect. One could notice clearly the beginning of the holiday, although the city had been celebrating an extended holiday with its forty-three days' strike. On asses and camels the believers came from the neighbouring villages to Jerusalem to bow in prayer in the Dome of the Rock or in the al-Aksa Mosque on Friday. These migrations of people for Friday are no unusual things, yet now the Mohammedans came in greater hordes than ever, leaving their wives and children at home. The latter was a sign that they were prepared on Fridays not only for prayer but also for battle. The watchfulness of the police increased with the number of religious pilgrims that filled the streets, and on Fridays the suspected Moslems found the broad Temple square surrounded by steel-helmeted soldiers who left only one path free to them. This path led back to their villages after the service. On peaceful days they saw here no soldiers but pious Jews at the Wailing Wall, and hardly a Friday passed without the Mohammedans

throwing stones at the Jews by the Wailing Wall before returning to their villages.

These Arabs, who spend Thursday nights in Jerusalem waiting for Friday, live in great shelters that have been erected near each mosque. It is a fine custom and shows the innate hospitality of the Arabs. On this occasion a heated debate was going on in the shelters. Young agitators moved about amongst the villagers, relating to them tales of horror so that they would carry back these exaggerated and imagined reports to their villages. These stories grew in the excited minds of the Arabs, and by the time they reached their homes they had multiplied tenfold in their horror. In this way an excited atmosphere could always be preserved or created anew. Just as in Jerusalem, villagers went also to Haifa, Nablus, Acre, Tulkarm, Jaffa and Jenin, and everywhere they met local agitators.

The last prayer after sunset always led to incidents. The Arabs had to leave the mosque before seven o'clock if they wished to reach their houses before curfew. But despite the curfew they would not give up this prayer, and they preferred to lock themselves into the mosque, where they spent the night. Between the prayers agitators again addressed them, so that the pious Moslems left the mosque well roused for the coming week. For this reason the days that followed directly upon the visit to the mosque were the most difficult for the soldiers and police.

For me also the week was over. The Arab officials were absent from the Government offices, the leaders of the Arabs spent the day in the mosque, and on the Saturday the same sort of thing would be repeated by the Jews. I therefore decided to use the long week-end for a visit to the all-Jewish town of Tel Aviv. I had to hurry if I still wanted to catch the last omnibus. It started off already at 3 p.m. so that it could reach Tel Aviv before sunset. Already on Friday evening life in Jewish Palestine ceases. And if the evening star should twinkle whilst the 'bus was still on the open road,

the 'bus would stop and its passengers would have to continue their journey on foot. In Jewish colonies stones have been placed on the roadways on the Sabbath so that no impious cars can pursue their journey.

When I explained in Jerusalem that I wanted to travel to Tel Aviv, people said to me with astonishment: "But the Jaffa road is besieged by Arabs. Your car will most certainly be shot at."

Even the officials warned me: "You of course travel at your own risk!"

It was early in the afternoon, the favourite hour of Arab sharpshooters, when I set off. We drove past the sights of the Holy City at high speed. My driver showed me this time other "sights": "At this spot"—and he pointed to a heap of stones—"a Jewish student was stabbed yesterday; over there an advertising agent was shot in the back." The 'bus raced in serpentine; the frequent bends hid the view. At one bend the driver turned to me again and said: "You had better duck here, we shall soon be passing Lifta."

The next bend did, in fact, bring us to Lifta, the most notorious town on the road. The road wound its way up the hill; the town lay in the valley. Despite the blood that was shed every day, the little town looked to me idyllic. The bright stone houses of the Arabs glittered in the setting sun, the streets seemed to be empty. Nothing of the horror lay upon the town in which the most infamous men-hunters lived.

At this point the few cars and omnibuses that still travel the road are usually received with salvoes. They are always fired at by unseen snipers; the countryside hides the bandits. The whole district, the whole of Palestine, is like a giant natural trench and offers thousands of excellent hiding-places for those who seek them. Often only a few minutes after the shooting the whole district is searched. The direction of the shots is known, also the distance they travelled. But no one or anything is ever found.

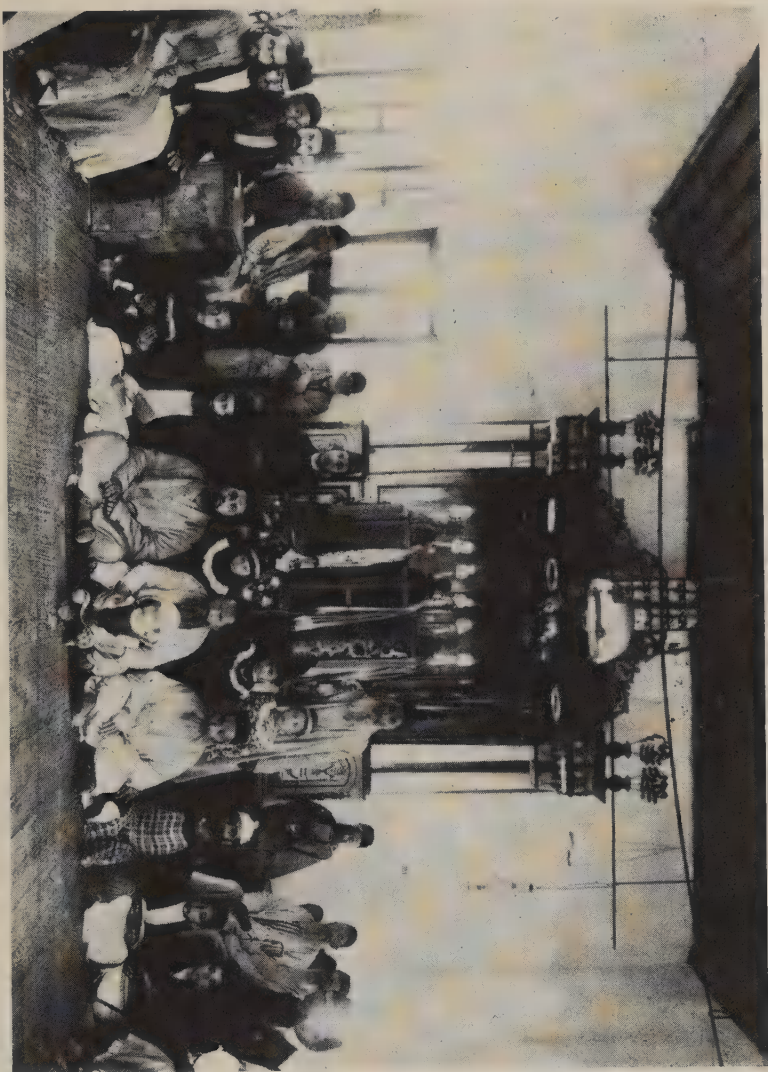
Now the road at this point was empty and deserted. A few kilometres further we met the first police station which was occupied by English soldiers.

We stopped at this safe place, and I was just taking some pictures, when suddenly, from the distance in the direction of Lifta, shots rang out in quick succession. The soldiers were just having tea, but their rest was at an end. Fixing bayonets to their rifles they jumped on to the lorries on which machine-guns were mounted and drove off into the direction of the shots. They could find nothing. At the point where the shooting occurred there now prevailed again a heavenly peacefulness, for far and wide there was no sign of life. The omnibus, however, which had been shot at had raced back to Jerusalem. The driver had been wounded in the leg, the left arm of one passenger was bleeding, a second passenger lay dying. When it stopped in Jerusalem before the Jewish hospital the second passenger was dead, and when I telephoned an hour later from Tel Aviv to inquire after details, he had already been buried.

Somewhat depressed we continued our journey. At almost every other milestone the driver told me of other mishaps, and said: "Who knows whether we ourselves will not be shot at, at the next bend?"

We came upon a lorry standing at the side of the road. Its tyres had been pierced by bullets. Near the lorry stood a policeman with rifle in readiness. In the distance, in the airport of Ramleh, glittered the 'planes of the Royal Air Force. Above our heads flew military machines looking for the snipers. Even these found nothing. The Arabs are afraid of nothing—except aeroplanes. These are still somewhat unusual for them and they are firmly convinced that the pilot from above can follow their every movement. Therefore they immediately take flight if they discover a 'plane above their heads.

We mounted the steep hill and found ourselves at a place which the Arabs have romantically named "Valley of the



IN A CABBALIST SYNAGOGUE



JEWS AT THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM

Winds." From here one sees for the first time the distant Mediterranean whose pleasant cool breezes come blowing up. Past Ramleh began the most dangerous part of our trip. We stopped once more at Mikweh Israel, a Jewish agricultural school, from where we could already see the minarets of Jaffa. The school lay on the main road, and was protected against intruders with barbed wire. The great entrance gate was fastened with chains; behind it stood a watch guard of students on the *qui vive*. We were not allowed in. The gate was not opened. But the leader of the watch said: "You had better not halt here, we are expecting shooting any minute. Suspicious Arabs have been gathering here; we are prepared for the worst."

We were about to drive on immediately when an omnibus drove past us. Hardly had it covered fifty yards, reaching the very spot which we had just passed, when the shooting began in grim reality. I saw nothing of the battle, I just heard it and counted the shots which might have hit us if we had passed by a few minutes later. The sound of the shooting was still in our ears when we reached the outskirts of Jaffa. Here we passed the police lorry already on its way with the machine-gun, and soon we heard this machine-gun rattling.

Jaffa was closed to us. The approach road was blocked with barbed wire, and in front of the wire stood a military post with fixed bayonets. I asked the driver whether it was not possible to drive to Tel Aviv through Jaffa. He answered: "It is not forbidden, but I can only tell you that before you get to the next corner you would be shot as full of holes as a sieve."

The road has not only its victims, but also its heroes. They sit at the steering wheel of the omnibuses: the chauffeurs of the Jewish Autobus Co-operative. The Arabs aimed at stopping all traffic on the roads, and the shooting was intended to frighten the drivers off them. But not a single driver has ceased service; they continue to drive as before, when it

comes to their turn to plunge into the unknown. They drive at crazy speed, they take bends with hair-raising rapidity—this is the only precaution they can take. In the event of the driver being shot, they have with them as a safeguard a reserve driver. Should a driver be wounded and no one be there to take the wheel, it would mean the certain death of the passengers, for the 'bus would plunge headlong over the road edge on to the cliffs below.

Some of the drivers are famed throughout Palestine for their heroism. There was a certain Mittelmänn who, when he found a heap of stones standing in front of his 'bus, got out and tried to clear it away. Hardly had the 'bus stopped and Mittelmänn begun to clear the stones away, when the shooting started. But Mittelmänn did not stop clearing the road for the 'bus. The reserve driver started the 'bus and he jumped on to it as it raced by. No one was hit.

As we drove into Tel Aviv I felt as if I had dreamed everything that lay behind us. The town was living a regular sort of life. The streets were crowded, everyone seemed to be hurrying along. All the shops were open; a long chain of cars were following each other in the road; Tel Aviv seemed to know nothing of revolts, shots or strike.

Hardly had I left the 'bus to go into a shop to buy some film for my camera, when a trumpet signal resounded in the street. I was in the middle of making my purchase, when the salesman turned to me and said: "We must hurry up, I have to close my shop at once; it is the Sabbath!"

"But you'll have time," I said, "to sell me a roll of film?" In the meantime the trumpet signal outside sounded again, and now the shop-owner was not having any more. He extinguished the light in the shop and in the window, put the film into the camera in the semi-darkness and said: "I can lose my best customers if they see me serving after the Sabbath has begun. In these things our youth understands no jokes."

When I left the shop another picture met my eyes. The

streets were empty as if a magician had made everybody disappear. But the silence and emptiness lasted only for a short while. After a few minutes people again appeared in the streets. This time they were wearing their best clothes and it was obvious that they had just had a bath. The haste and the crazy hustle and bustle were over. No cars travelled the road and no omnibuses. The streets to left and right were occupied with leisurely strollers. It seemed as if the whole town was in the street; especially dense was the crowd of people in the Herzl Street and in the Allenby Road, where one could hardly make a step forward.

Friday evening and the Sabbath are celebrated in the all-Jewish town of Tel Aviv just as Sunday is celebrated to-day in little English towns. All places of amusement, cafés and restaurants close after the trumpet signal and remain closed for the next twenty-four hours. It grew darker and darker, and the town was shrouded in relative blackness since the lights in the shops were extinguished. But in the latter's place new lights suddenly burned: through the wide-open doors and windows streamed the thousand lights of the numerous synagogues to illumine the scene.

In the street elderly Jews pushed their way along carrying in their hands little silk bags containing their prayer books and praying shawls. I was walking along with a newly-found acquaintance whom I had just picked up, the English author Joseph Raphael Feiwel, who had been living for some months in Palestine and was working on a new novel. For him the Friday evening busyness was no new thing, yet he said to me: "For months I have seen this same mood and experienced the same atmosphere. Yet I still keep coming into the streets on Friday evening as if drawn by a magnet. Here you get a real insight into the population of Tel Aviv. Misrachist and Yemenite Jews consider it their duty to spend the Sabbath in the synagogue, for even they, for whom the service has never been strange, participate with other feelings in the service in Palestine. They come to Palestine from

countries where their synagogues are hidden in little side streets, where they often may only pray in secret. Here you see unlimited freedom of worship. The gates and windows of the synagogues can remain wide open. No one tries to disturb the praying Jews at their devotions."

We made our way through the Allenby Road and reached the magnificent chief synagogue. It was crowded to overflowing; even in the streets stood hundreds of people following the service. Into the surrounding darkness streamed its innumerable lights with almost a mystic refulgence: the air was filled with the humming of the praying Jews. The congregation was mixed. The majority were representatives of the older generation, but many young men were also to be seen. The latter seemed to be taking no active part in the service, nor were they wearing the head-covering that is prescribed by Jewish religious law.

"For them," said Feiwel, "the Sabbath is less a religious feast than a national holiday. They stop working more out of social than out of religious grounds."

Tel Aviv has many synagogues and on Friday evening they are all crowded. An interesting, mysterious group assembles in the synagogue of the Cabbalists, who observe, even at the present day, the mysticism of their ancient service. At the head of the religious community are holy Rabbis. The Chief Rabbi of Palestine is in religious matters on a footing with the Grand Mufti and he, too, has to be addressed as His Eminence. Palestine at the moment has no Chief Rabbi since the old and learned Chief Rabbi Kook recently died. He belonged to the class of Rabbis who came to Palestine in the seventeenth century to establish in Hebron and Safed the holy schools, the Yeshibas. They devoted their whole life to the study of the Scripture, to explaining the commandments in the Bible and the Talmud. Their living successor is the eighty-year-old Rabbi Meyr of Jerusalem, who is respected alike by both Jews and Arabs.

The service was now over and the Jews left the synagogues.

Acquaintances and friends greeted each other with a gay and cheerful "Sabbath Shalom" (Peace for the Sabbath); on weekdays they just use the greeting "Shalom" (Peace!).

Now, in the few squares of the town, young men and women gathered together and formed small groups. Discussions were in progress, the events of the week were debated, and opinions were hotly expressed. Other groups formed a circle and danced the Jewish national dance, the Hora. Groups of singers supplied the musical accompaniment. The dance is primitive and simple and is danced by groups. It begins slowly, the left and right foot being alternately kicked into the air during which the dancers move round in a circle. But gradually the monotony of the dance develops into a wild confusion. Quicker and quicker legs are kicked into the air, quicker and quicker turns the circle, until the whole group breaks up in joyful ecstasy.

At 3 a.m. when at last I decided to return to my hotel, the streets were still full, and groups of youthful people were still dancing the Hora in fanatical excitement. Above the groups blazed the million stars in the deep blue heaven, and far and wide shone the seven-armed candelabra of the roof of the chief synagogue.

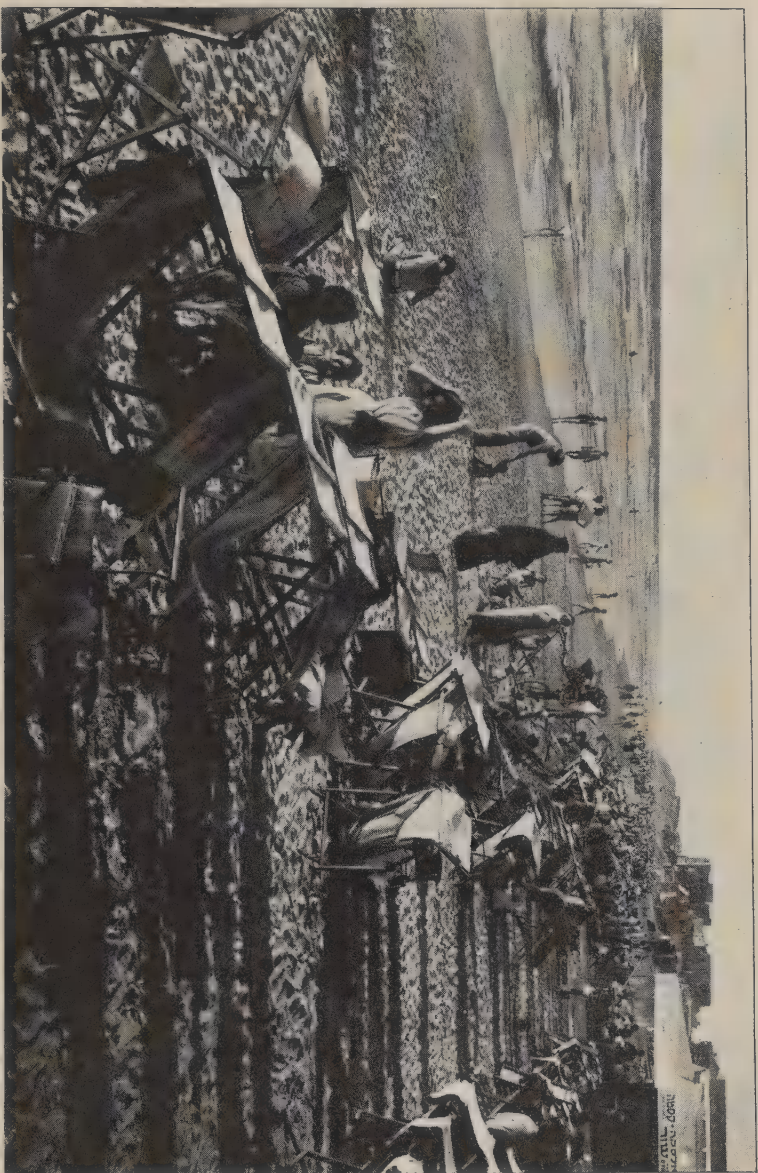
CHAPTER VIII

THE MIRACLE IN THE SAND

THE hotel where I booked my room in Tel Aviv was situated near the beach and was not distinguished for its comfort. The Jewish hotels of Palestine all suffer from the same defect: they have all been hastily built and hastily furnished for the stream of foreign visitors. Thus most of the hotels are uninviting and primitive. The bed that was now awaiting me at three in the morning in my cold and unfriendly hotel room, took up the whole of the room during the night time; by day it somehow shut itself away into the wall. It was an uncomfortable iron bedstead and I had no great yearnings to place my weary body upon it. The air was sultry and hardly stirred; even at this late hour it was difficult to breathe, and a stroll on the beach, which was usually delightfully cool, was this time of no avail.

It was a night of the Chamsin. This Arabic word means fifty and is the name of a warm wind which—according to the Arabs—blows every fifty days. This wind literally poisons the air. It brings the atmosphere of the desert into the town and cruelly reminds the new arrivals of Palestine that they are here living next to the tropics.

The Chamsin and the hard bed completely destroyed my night's rest, and even the eternal lapping of the sea could sing me no lullaby. I was already up at six and went to the window to see how the beach looked in the morning. It was already overcrowded and the sight convinced me that hundreds of the inhabitants of Tel Aviv had suffered from the



ON THE BEACH IN TEL AVIV



ROTHSCHILD BOULEVARD, TEL AVIV

same nocturnal fate as myself. The Arabs also are early risers. In Arab towns most of the streets are already busy between five and six in the morning, and the shops are all open. The sun here does not rise gradually but appears suddenly, in all its strength, on the horizon. Even the Jews quickly adapt themselves to this Oriental custom of early rising; but they have a second reason for their early appearance on the shore. Most of the bathers were workmen and office clerks who for the most part worked outside Tel Aviv, and who had to leave the beach at 7 a.m. in order to clock-in punctually. Here in Tel Aviv the day is given over to heavy and continuous work, and only in the morning's early hours have they time for a refreshing bath in the Mediterranean.

The beach of Tel Aviv is the town's chief attraction. Its sands stretch for miles along the Mediterranean, the only remains of the desert which once spread itself here. The desert had been there since eternity, yet the bathers appeared for the first time only a few years ago. The sandy waste of the hinterland gave place to houses and asphalt roads, but a small section was preserved here on the beach and placed at the disposal of bathers by the municipal authorities. This bathing in the Mediterranean was started exclusively by Jews; the Arabs had never thought of making a beach paradise out of the desert sands. But they now appear in ever-greater swarms in Tel Aviv and mingle with the Jews in the sea. I was shown pictures of well-known Arab leaders chatting with their Jewish friends on the beach, yet these same leaders had to me expressed their opinions on the Jewish question in no uncertain anti-Jewish terms.

The beach belongs to the municipal authorities and entry is free to everybody. Order and discipline are in charge of Kaunitz, the life-saver. When later I went down to the beach, I watched the people from Kaunitz's observation tower. I saw bold surf-riders in the water, and horse-riders on the sand. Young men and girls come over on horseback from the Jewish agricultural colonies round about, and these

Jewish peasants with their well-groomed, handsome horses lend to the whole picture a mondaine character.

"The sea is no good for swimming," said Kaunitz to me; "the waves sweep the swimmer right out to sea where he finds that he has not got the strength to swim back. And that is where my job comes in. I have already saved 400 persons, including a large number of Arabs." He had continually to run down the steps of his tower to restore order on the sand. As the beach grew more and more crowded, Kaunitz's task became more and more difficult. The crowds on the beach reminded one of a merry, light-hearted fair, of Coney Island on a Sunday, or Blackpool on a bank holiday. Kaunitz was happy when I expressed this comparison: "Say," he said, "I come from Coney Island."

Whilst the better-class Arabs mix with the Jews on the Jewish beach with exemplary friendliness, from neighbouring Jaffa come hundreds of the poorer Arabs to watch. For them the sight is new and unusual. Never have they seen young men and women in gay bathing costumes crammed together. Their own women wear heavy clothing from head to foot and even cover their faces with black, impenetrable veils.

Hardly an hour later—it was just seven o'clock—the beach visibly emptied itself. The young people vanished from the water and sand. The day's work begins early in the morning and goes on with only a short break until late in the afternoon. The Jews have brought their working habits with them from Europe and they have not yet adapted themselves to the climatic conditions of the country. The Arab does not overstrain himself, makes long pauses in his work and, between 12 noon and 3 p.m., the hottest part of the day, he enjoys a siesta. The Jews despise him for this and accuse him of laziness. They have been in the country too short a time to see that the Arabs are right. The climate does not permit of continuous heavy work; one must spare oneself if one does not want to wear oneself out too quickly. The foolish

working hours and the rapid tempo are already showing their evil results amongst the Jews who have been in the country for more than ten years. Quite young people look like old men; they possess neither the strength nor the desire to live; they are weary and worn out. They suffer from heart troubles and other symptoms and at forty have to retire from active work. Even the clothing of the Jews is unsuited to the country's climate. The shorts, of which the Grand Mufti spoke, are less immoral than unhealthy. The sun in Palestine burns down ruthlessly for nine months upon the inhabitants of the country, and its rays bring about undesired physiological changes in the body.

The Arabs have learned this and dress themselves, not as if they were near the tropics, but as if they were living at the North Pole. Their clothing is very simple; they wear a long smock usually made of Japanese cotton, gathered in by a belt, and over that a skirt, likewise of cotton. When they go into the sun, they enshroud themselves with the so-called "Abaye," a black and white or brown and white striped coat. They are careful to wear thick head-covering. The fellah wears a cotton skull-cap on his clean-shaven head, and over that a tightly fitting felt cap or red tarbush, around which he winds a red or gaily coloured cloth (leffe). The hotter the sun shines the more cloths does he wind around his head, and allows none of the sun rays to touch his body. The Arab woman wears a long coloured smock, and over that a short red skirt. They wrap their whole body in a white or black linen or silk cloth, cover their heads with a cloth and their faces with a thin veil. They also leave no part of their body uncovered to the sun rays.

The Jews, on the other hand, have not yet learned how to dress themselves for the sun, and a Jewish form of clothing that is suitable to the climatic conditions has yet to be invented. At present the townspeople continue to wear their European clothes, and I have even seen fur coats in Tel Aviv worn by the women just because they had brought them with them

from Europe. The majority, however, wear only abbreviated shorts and open polo shirts, or a shirt of thin linen and absolutely no head-covering. I have often seen newly-arrived Jews who were darker than the old-established Arabs. The Jews appear to have no fear of the sun, and the hotter it is the less clothing do they wear.

The sun dries up the body and influences the intellect. The nervousness of the Jews is in many cases due to the fact that they are suffering either from some tropical frenzy or sun-stroke. I myself noticed that whenever I allowed myself to be persuaded to go bare-headed in the sun, my mental activity decreased, and it is this that explains that in the whole of Palestine the figures for Jewish illness are extremely high for only one disease, namely mental.

I also found that the Palestinian Jews are mentally no longer to be compared with the Jews of Europe, and this is to be ascribed to the effect of the sun, to which they sacrifice themselves.

When the beach emptied, the streets of Tel Aviv grew full. I went up to the roof of my hotel and gazed down upon the town from above. To the south lay Jaffa, the Arab harbour town stretching from the sea up on to a hill, with its narrow dirty little streets, and beneath me, surrounded on all sides by desert sands, was the town of Tel Aviv. The picture presented by the town is most unusual: the endless flat house-tops give a monotonous impression, unbroken as they are by church steeples or slim minarets. Over the whole town lies a fine haze of sand, brought by the wind from the surrounding deserts, colouring everything white—the green trees, the houses, even bleaching the blue sky of heaven.

The houses and the streets have been built on sand. Every piece of earth upon which the vigorous life of the town now pulsates has had to be wrung from the dead desert. At the time of my visit Tel Aviv was precisely thirty years old. In 1906 a group of Jaffa Jews founded a society with the object of building dwelling-houses on a garden city plan. The

society acquired a site of 121,000 square metres in the sand dunes to the north of Jaffa. This ground was already holy to the Jews. Here in the sand dunes lay their cemetery, and it was here through the sand that they brought their dead in long painful procession.

The name of the future town they took from the book of Ezekiel, calling it Tel Aviv, "Hill of Spring," although for far and wide no hill was to be seen.

Three more years passed before the first house rose up in the desert. It was the house of the wealthy Jaffa merchant, Meyr Dizengoff, who was the soul of the whole idea. Dizen-goff has lived to see the complete development of his town, and to this day he stands at the head of its growing population as mayor and freeman.

Every year thirty to forty houses arose in Tel Aviv until the World War interrupted this constructional activity and threatened the town with extinction. The Turkish administration accused its inhabitants of being in sympathy with the English and ordered the town to be evacuated. With the entry of the English the banished inhabitants returned once more to Tel Aviv and then the real expansion of the town began.

On the boat I had met a thirty-year-old Jew who had been born in Tel Aviv but who had been taken by his parents as a baby to America. After nearly thirty years he was returning to his birthplace and was more excited than any returning prodigal.

"When we left Tel Aviv," he said to me, "the town consisted of six dwellings and a school." I met him again in Tel Aviv and we visited this school together. It lay in a side street near the Jaffa border, behind high walls surrounded with barbed wire.

"That was the way we had to build at that time," the young man explained, "for Arab attacks were a daily occurrence and we had to protect ourselves." To-day Arabs no longer interfere in Tel Aviv; the Jewish citizens are left undisturbed.

Shortly after the World War, in 1922, 15,000 Jews were living in Tel Aviv. In 1931 the population had already grown to 46,000. And to-day there live here, in an area of 10,000,000 square metres, close upon 150,000 people. In thirty years Tel Aviv has become the greatest town in Palestine. Its 10,000,000 square metres of sand had been acquired very cheaply from the Arabs. In 1906-10 many Jaffa Jews regarded their countrymen as hopelessly crazy: "They are putting their money into the barren sand," they said, "and they'll never get anything out of it."

To-day these same people lament their lack of judgment, for in Tel Aviv arose not only the first houses out of the sand, but also the first great Jewish fortunes to be made in the country. With the increase of settlers land prices rose, and a boom set in such as was only known in America during the colonisation years. Prices rose from hour to hour, and whoever in the morning "still wanted to think it over" found that the prices had already doubled in the afternoon. As a result of the speculation there were stormy debates within the first city council whenever a new road was to be opened up. Some wanted to leave as little place as possible for the road, claiming every little piece of ground for building purposes; therefore the streets to-day are not wide enough for cars and pedestrians. A builder said to me: "If you come here again in thirty years' time you will not find the same town. Everything must be pulled down and building begun anew. The town was built without any plan. The hungry land speculators left no room even for trees."

To-day land in the Allenby Road costs almost as much as it does in New York's Fifth Avenue. No less than £15 is paid for the square metre, and prices are still rising.

A Mr. Litvinsky, who is to-day the richest man in Palestine, made £1,000,000 in less than fifteen years in Tel Aviv. Land speculation gave way later to speculation in houses. The owners of land saw that they could earn more money if they erected blocks of flats in all haste upon their ground, and thus

grew up the many ugly houses of Tel Aviv. I met a Jewish family that I had known in Berlin. It had come into the country with the stipulated £1,000, had invested this money in building and had multiplied it by five in less than a year. The bad quality of the houses has its effect upon rents. Even the most optimistic landlord cannot hope that his house, hastily erected with cheap materials, will last longer than ten years. Therefore he must calculate his rents so that the house shall already amortise itself in seven to eight years. This impossible state of things in Tel Aviv has resulted in apartments costing almost as much as they do in Mayfair.

These land-speculating, usurious rent-receiving capitalists form the minority in Tel Aviv and are despised by the hard-working Jews. Nevertheless, they have put the stamp of their activity upon the city and have made Tel Aviv thoroughly disliked throughout Palestine.

"Tel Aviv," I was told by Jewish settlers, "is the Sodom and Gomorrha of present Palestine." But God had reflected before destroying Sodom and Gomorrha and would have been prepared to spare them if he had found fifty righteous men there. Tel Aviv has more than fifty righteous men. The town is industrious in its labour, and prudish in its morals. In the whole town there is not a single public-house to be found, and I was told that in a whole year only five men were convicted of drunkenness, and that even these were English policemen. Some English friends of mine who came over to Tel Aviv and wanted to have their accustomed drink were highly amused when a whisky and soda was brought to them in a sherry glass, and gin in a whisky glass.

"How am I to know," asked the waiter when I told him, "how these things are to be served? It's months before we are asked for drinks."

Of course, the town has its criminals. The Palestinian Government even complains that Jewish immigrants have introduced into Tel Aviv crimes that had never been known

in Palestine; for instance, forgery, safe-breaking and all sorts of swindling.

When I discussed this with a municipal official, he bitterly criticised this Government statement. "Anyway, how could there have been safe-breaking in Palestine when there were no safes? We have brought the safes to Palestine, and the thieves have followed us. They can say what they like, we are proud of our town, with all its advantages and disadvantages. In this town there are one hundred and fifty thousand people, saints and sinners. Here you'll find all sorts of humanity, from rabbis to pickpockets."

Yet he was not quite right. One well-known feature of big cities is completely lacking. Tel Aviv has neither night clubs nor prostitutes. When I asked the hotel porter for a night club, he said: "If you want a hectic night in Palestine, then you had better go to Syria."

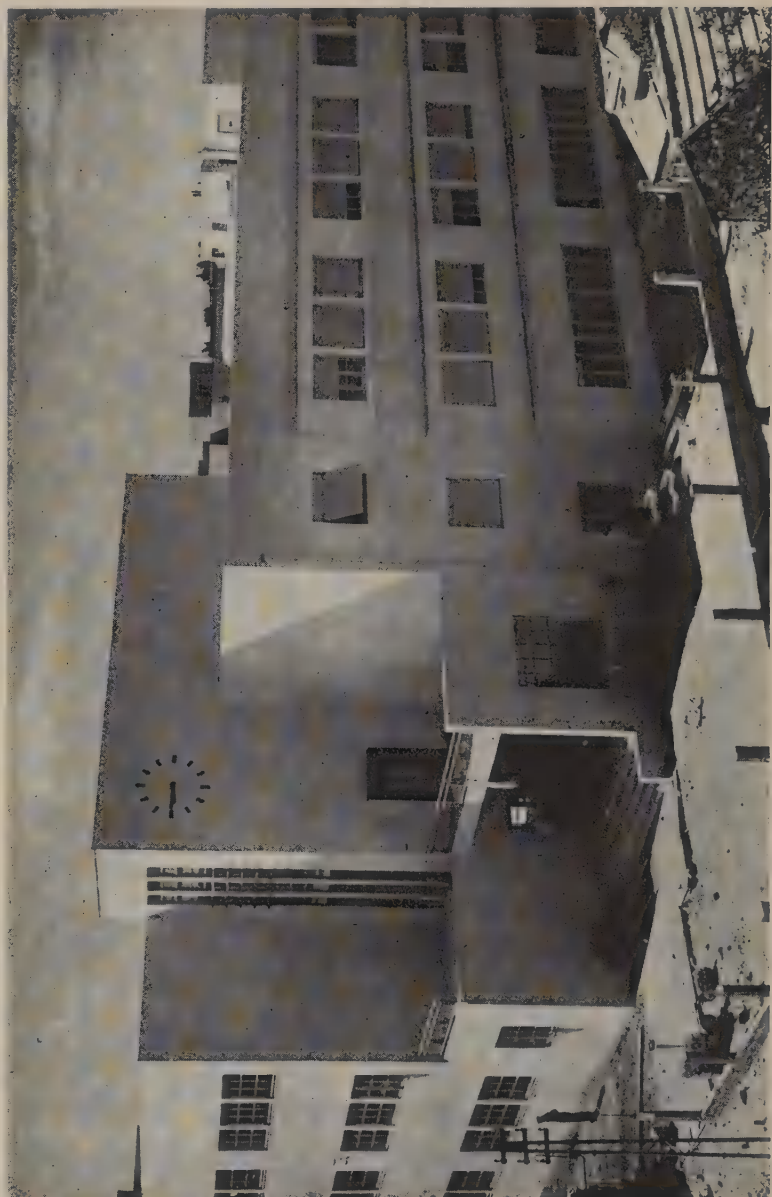
Similarly the public hospitals are also lacking one of our peculiarly modern departments, the department for venereal diseases. I was told that in one year only six cases were discovered and that it was not worth maintaining a whole department for so few. In the whole of Tel Aviv there was not one syphilitic.

Criminals are not so numerous as the Government declaration might make one believe. Whilst Arabs and Jews stand on a par for theft in proportion to their population, no murders were committed by the Jews in the whole of 1935. Of all the Palestinian towns the police have the easiest work in Tel Aviv. I myself immediately noticed that whilst hundreds of police were in the streets of Jerusalem, I met only one single policeman during my whole stay in Tel Aviv. At the beginning of the riots a number of the Tel Aviv police—they are almost exclusively Jews, with only a few Englishmen—were withdrawn from the town and the traffic had to be controlled by firemen.

In the streets of Tel Aviv the numerous shops display in their windows everything that one could desire. The only thing



HABIMAH PERFORMING HEBBEL'S "JUDITH"



MUNICIPAL SCHOOL IN TEL AVIV

that one looks for in Tel Aviv in vain is ham. The only non-Jewish store in Tel Aviv, a branch of the Spinney chain stores that fill the whole of Palestine, did for a time stock ham, until the Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv heard of it. He went to the shop and threatened to have it boycotted if ham continued to be sold. The ham disappeared, but the shop continued to sell bacon. Against this the Chief Rabbi had no objection, since he did not know what it was.

The private life of the Tel Aviv inhabitants is divided between their homes, the cafés and the numerous cinemas. The middle class occupy flats of two to three rooms, but for those who usually come from the poverty-stricken ghettos of Poland and Russia these modest flats are like fairy castles. A flat can be afforded only by those who earn at least £30 a month, a very high salary. Tel Aviv is a town of young people—the average age is twenty-six—and they earn in general, if they happen to have a job, £7 to £10 a month. And one must not be too finicky about jobs, for jobs grow ever less and applicants ever more.

I met a large number of Jewish girls working as bricklayers, and former doctors working as factory hands. At one house that was being built I found a former lawyer—he was the foreman—whilst a former architect was mixing the mortar.

But the most interesting metamorphosis that I met in Tel Aviv was when I was looking for a taxi. In front of my hotel stood a smart private car with a beautiful young Jewess at the wheel. She was very smartly dressed, her finger-nails were bright crimson, and valuable diamond rings decorated her fingers. She leaned out of the car and said to me: "Are you looking for a taxi?" When I nodded, she jumped out of the car, opened the door and said: "Will you please step in." It was only then that I noticed the green number-plate which taxis bear. As we drove off, I asked where she came from, and she said: "From Berlin. My father was a factory manager and gave me the car for my eighteenth birthday. When my

father lost his post I came to Palestine with my car and have become a taxi-driver. Anyway, it is better than being a house-maid."

I found in Tel Aviv people from Germany, Poland, Russia, in fact out of every country of the globe. On the paper-stands one sees papers in all the languages of the world, and out of this human kaleidoscope Tel Aviv is making a homogeneous community.

After the day's work is done the people gather in the streets, visit the cinemas, go to hear concerts or to see a play. I spent an evening in the amphitheatre on the Mediterranean where 2,000 people watched a performance of the Habimah. This company of actors is regarded in Palestine as the Jewish National Theatre. They come from Russia and perform classics like Shakespeare in Hebrew and also plays by Jewish authors in a way that is peculiarly their own. On this evening Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was being performed, produced by Professor Leopold Jessner, the former intendant of the Berlin State Theatre. It was a transformed Shylock that I found declaiming on the stage of the Habimah. The scenery consisted of a few primitive objects, as on the Elizabethan stage, the chief stress being laid upon the acting; and the actors were very heavily made up to look as if they were wearing masks. The play also was altered. Jewish Tel Aviv wanted to know nothing of the gold-hungry usurer. In the Habimah presentation Shylock was a kindly old greybeard who paved the way for the love affair between Portia and Bassanio.

Besides the Habimah, Tel Aviv has a second theatre, the Workers Theatre, and also a small theatre which produces satires and which is called The Broom. In this last, everything is mocked, and the satirical and cynical Jewish spirit here runs wild.

The amphitheatre lay outside the city on the Mediterranean, and when I was going home after the Habimah performance my road led past a row of half-built houses. Even at night the

building on these houses did not cease. Work goes on here in three shifts so that the house shall be completed as quickly as possible for its owner to sell. In front of many houses that were only half finished, furniture vans were already standing, and tenants were already living within the bare walls.

CHAPTER IX

JEWISH POVERTY

IN the centre of the town cafés are crowded one upon the other, and all are filled to overflowing far into the night. Young men and women sit there for hours over one cup of tea. For that they pay 2*d.*—more they could not afford. These café habitués belong to the stratum of people who earn £4 to £5 a month and who cannot afford a flat or a room. They share a single room with three or four comrades and, of course, cannot feel too comfortable in such congestion. This explains the crowded streets, for there are many people in Tel Aviv who cannot even permit themselves the luxury of paying 2*d.* to visit a café.

And yet these are not the poorest in the town. When my friend Feiwei was showing me the sights, he led me to houses that were not yet finished, where empty windows stared unglazed into the street, where no doors had yet been put on the hinges, but which, despite that, were occupied by people. Here lived the refugees who had been brought to Tel Aviv from the Arab town of Jaffa, where their lives had been in danger. They were almost exclusively Yemenite Jews. When I moved amongst them I admired the cheerfulness of these unfortunate people. I was reminded of a story of Anatole France which tells about an unhappy king; doctors said that the king could only be happy again if he put on the shirt of a happy person; special envoys and courtiers were sent to all corners of the earth, but they sought the happy person in vain; at last an envoy found the man he desired—he was

living all alone in a forest, feeding on roots, and he stated with a smile that he was happy, but he had no shirt.

The Yemenite Jews represent the lowest stratum of the Jewish race. For them Palestine is in reality the Land of Promise. They do not come from cultured, civilised European countries, but from the mysterious, isolated southernmost State of the Arabian Peninsula, Yemen. Their existence had been known for a long time, but only in 1905 were steps taken to help them. An adventurous young Jew resolved to travel to Yemen and study the customs and ways of life of the Yemenite Jews on the spot. Up to the present day one can only travel to Saan, the capital of Yemen, if accompanied by a military escort; at that time one could not do it even with an escort. But Elieser Yawnieli achieved it somehow. He reached Saan, where he found Jews languishing in such inhuman conditions that he decided to do something for these pariahs. The only connection that we know between the Yemenites and the Jews is their religion. Otherwise they stand racially nearer to the Arabs than to the Jews. They are, in fact, a mixed race, having Arab, Abyssinian and Malayan blood in their veins, but possibly no Jewish blood. Yet their religion was based upon the Old Testament and they cling fanatically to their Jewish belief, although it has involved centuries of persecution from their Mohammedan countrymen.

Yaakow, a Yemenite newsvendor, who had come to Palestine from Yemen twenty-five years ago, told me the romantic story of his life. When he arrived he spoke only Arabic, like the majority of the Yemenite Jews, but in Palestine he learned the Hebrew language and now he spoke it fluently. His son, who also spoke English, was our interpreter:

"In Yemen we were a small group living in the most pitiful condition in entirely Arab surroundings. At that time there were some 60,000 Yemenite Jews in the country. For the last 2,000 years our religion had not changed and was as strictly orthodox as it had been in Jerusalem when the Temple stood. Just as we clung fast to our religious laws, so are also the Arabs

of Yemen the most religious community in the Arab world. They observe the words of the Koran, which say of unbelievers: 'If thou meetest unbelievers strike off their heads until thou hast made a great slaughter amongst them.' For the pious Arabs we Jews were the unbelievers, and they persecuted us in obedience to this commandment. We were not allowed to ride on camels, mules or asses, and had always to make our weary way on foot in the sun's heat. Our houses in the town and in the villages had to be built lower than the lowest Arab house. If an Arab killed a Jew he could gain his freedom just by claiming that the Jew had insulted his religious feelings. We were the artisans in the country, we had our own streets where we alone lived, and we achieved a certain art in our work. The Arabs watched our activities with jealous thoughts, and when they saw the masterpieces that left our hands they accused us of conspiring with the devil. Our life became still more unbearable.

"When Elieser Yawnieli came to our country and told us of Erez Jisroel we turned to the ruling Imam and asked him for permission to emigrate. He forbade the emigration. But nothing could keep us longer in Yemen. And we emigrated from the country despite the prohibition. We had to reach Aden, where a Jewish organisation was waiting to transfer us to Palestine. But the way to Aden was a journey of real suffering. We went along secret paths, travelling only at night-time, picking our way more by instinct than knowledge. During the day we had to hide in caves. Many of our companions of suffering died during the journey, but those who reached their goal were the happiest people upon earth."

Of the 60,000 Yemenite Jews, 25,000 already live in Palestine. These are still, both in language and appearance, very close to the Arabs and they are only to be distinguished by their flowing side-locks. They are among the most bigoted representatives of Judaism in Palestine, and hold fast not only to the laws of the Old Testament but also to their ritual obser-



YEMENITE NEWS VENDOR



HOUSE OF A MOROCCAN JEW IN JERUSALEM

vances. When, after the riots, they were brought to Tel Aviv from Jaffa, they were all bathed, deloused, and their hair cropped short. But when their ritual curls were going to be cut off they resisted with desperation and threatened to commit suicide. Finally their ritual curls were left them, and they are now to be seen in Tel Aviv with close-cropped heads and flowing side-curls.

I visited, in the vicinity of Rechovoth, the house where Yaakov lived. It stood in the middle of a colony where dwelt only Yemenite Jews. The land had been placed at their disposal gratis by the Jewish National Fund; it offered each family, place for a small wooden house and for a modest garden. The idea was to make market gardeners out of these Yemenite Jews so that they could earn the little that they need. The Yemenites, however, only rarely tend their gardens themselves. They prefer to go and work in the town or hire themselves out as labourers amongst the Jewish small land-owners. They earn 25 to 40 piastres (5s. to 8s. a day) and employ in their own gardens Hauranis, whom they pay 5 to 8 piastres a day.

My guide, a clerk of the Jewish National Fund who heard of this fact only for the first time here in Rechovoth, said with annoyance: "Are you then not ashamed to employ Arab workers on Jewish soil?" The Yemenites could not quite grasp the question, they did not know much about Zionist ideals. They simply answered: "And are not the Chaluzim ashamed of smoking on the Sabbath?"

When they go into the town they monopolise two branches of trade: newspapers and shoe-laces can only be bought from Yemenite Jews. They have large families and every member has to earn money. Whilst the father works on the land he sends his children as hawkers to Tel Aviv or Jerusalem. The little Yemenite Jewish child must already be earning money at the age of four to six years. I saw them in Tel Aviv selling Hebrew newspapers and I so pitied them that I bought six or eight papers every day although I did not understand a word

of Hebrew. I also had my shoes cleaned three or four times a day, for this profession is also one of their monopolies. When I once paid 5 piastres (1s.) for a shoe-shine, the little fellow could hardly believe his eyes and ran after me with the coin in his hand.

"*Adon*," he said (this means *sir* in the Hebrew language), "you must have made a mistake. You have only got to give me half a piastre." When I assured him that all the money was for himself he was suddenly surrounded by his colleagues and he was compelled to share his fortune with six other little boot-blacks.

Only very few of these children can be persuaded to attend school. In Rechovoth I visited a Yemenite school. It had been founded by a Viennese educationist with money contributed by Jews of South Africa. She was successful with her venture, because she persuaded the children that the school did not belong to her but to them. Thus the children came regularly to their school, kept it clean, and when lesson-time was over were reluctant to leave it at all. Here in this school and also in the streets the children learned the Hebrew language. At home they continued to speak Arabic.

I saw the Yemenites living and I also saw them dying. I happened to be present in the magnificent Hadassah Hospital in Tel Aviv when three Yemenites died. Their families awaited their bodies in the hospital's courtyard and their wailing lamentations filled the air with sorrowful sound. Then the bodies were brought out from the building, wrapped in shrouds, and were placed on a lorry, upon which the numerous relations also crowded themselves so that there was hardly room for the corpses.

There is another community of Jews in Palestine that resembles the Yemenite Jews very closely in habits and ways of life. These are the Jews from Morocco. These Moroccan Jews seem to be exclusively made up of Patriarchs.

The most picturesque group of Oriental Jews, however, are the Jews from Persia. They have come to Palestine

from Bokhara and form a large Persian-speaking community. They provide a spot of colour in the life of the country. They too had to make their way into the Promised Land by devious roads. The direct route from Persia to Palestine leads through Iraq. But this pure Arabic autonomous State believed it could prevent the emigration of the Persian Jews by refusing them a transit visa. They therefore went to Turkey and entered Palestine via the Lebanon. They wear the gay national dress of Persia which flaunts the same gay colours that are familiar to us in the Bokhara carpets. The dress consists of a long heavily-embroidered coat. When on holidays they dance merrily in this dress one completely forgets that he is in Palestine amongst Jews and thinks that he has been transported to Turkestan.

To the north of Galilee in the little village of Pekiin, lives another set of Oriental Jews who are undoubtedly the most intriguing group in the whole of the collective Jewish community. They are the direct descendants of the Jews who lived in Palestine in pre-Christian times, and they have never left the country. With them, too, religion is the only sign of their origin. They are peasants working on their own land and can hardly be distinguished from the Arab fellahin. Until very recently they wore the tarbush and the women veiled their faces. Their speech is also Arabic, yet their children are now being educated in Hebrew schools.

In Rechowoth, Pekiin and the Yemenite quarters of Tel Aviv, I saw a Jewish poverty that is more tragic than that of the poorest quarter of the Warsaw ghetto. And yet I somehow felt that these people, even though they have no shirts to their backs, were happy. For they know that someone cares for them, that they no longer live hemmed in on all sides by enemies, but that they are members of the great Jewish community within which they dwell. The great Jewish labour organisation, the Histadruth, has taken them under its wing.

CHAPTER X

BLUESHIRTS AND BROWNSHIRTS

WHEN we were returning to Tel Aviv from the settlement of the Yemenite Jews in Rechowoth, our car stopped before the Beit Hapoel, the Labour House. Here I had an appointment with Berl Locker, a Jewish labour leader, who offered to show me the labour organisation.

The secretary, who had been showing me around Tel Aviv for the past three days, said to me: "You will require days, perhaps weeks, if you want to see the whole of our work. We are said to form a State within the State. We see that ideal Zionism is often going astray, departing from its original thoughts, and we are striving to preserve the ideal and to construct a Zionist Palestine such as inspired the idealists who spread the idea abroad in the world. We are not responsible for the fact that Jewish life in Palestine has split up into different camps. People come as Jews, and nothing but Jews, but as soon as they have formed a single great community with all the Jews in the country, they have become workmen and capitalists following opposed interests. Since for us the ideal Palestine and Palestine's future are more important than the fate of individuals, we are persecuted and hated by those who have come into the country only for selfish reasons—those who want to get rich quick and are ready to sacrifice the ideals for which we are fighting. We have our headquarters in Tel Aviv, a town whose authorities are hostile to us. The town is a gathering-point of citizens who have brought with them a philosophy of life which no longer has

any place here in Palestine. In Tel Aviv you will find ladies who regard their housemaids as slaves, shop-owners who would like to make their employees work sixteen hours a day. In Tel Aviv money rules, and were it not for us the workers would have been delivered over to the mercies of the wealthy middle class."

I had grown accustomed, in Palestine, to reckon history in decades. The labour organisation—Histadruth Haovdim—has only a fifteen-year-old history. It was indeed planned in 1904, but it was not really founded until 1921. Thirty-two years ago a small, insignificant-looking man with great thoughts, came to Palestine from Russian Poland with the first immigrants of the second Aliyah. He had fled from the bloody pogroms of his native country, and found in his new home not much better conditions than in the country he had left. The Arabs persecuted and attacked the Jews just as the Gentiles did in Poland and Russia. The newly-arrived Jews lived here often in sad circumstances, in wretched houses, as if in poverty-stricken ghettos. The employers, chiefly Jews who had been established here for forty or fifty years, regarded the new immigrants with a certain jealousy, and demanded from them twenty hours' labour out of the day's twenty-four hours. The little Jew from Russian Poland resisted this. In Europe the labour organisations had already left their storm-and-stress period behind, in many countries the eight-hour day was already law, and the trade unions influenced the scale of wages. He endeavoured to introduce into Palestine what had already been achieved by the workers in Europe and America.

David Ben Gurion, such was the little Jew's name, remained with his thoughts for seventeen years in a very limited company. Not till 1921 did he succeed in interesting some eighty men in his plan, when he founded with them his labour organisation. A number of profound philosophical differences however, divided even the workers of Palestine amongst themselves. Ben Gurion and his followers painted social

aims upon their banners, and choosing the Second International became members of it. Other groups accused him of suppressing religious ideas with his social aims, and claimed that religious ideas were equally important in the creation of Jewish Palestine. The religious labour groups united to form the "Hapoel Hamizrachi." There soon appeared still another radical group made up of members of the Jewish Legion that had fought in Palestine on the side of England during the World War. These maintained that it was dangerous to introduce Marxist international thoughts into the life of Jewish national Palestine; they founded the Revisionist labour organisation, on a political basis, which would to-day be called Fascist.

Between Ben Gurion and the Misrachists there came later a compromise. But they have not been able to find any point of reconciliation with the Revisionists, and still to-day the Jewish proletariat of Palestine is split into two camps which fight each other just as the Marxists and Fascists fight each other in Europe. This battle is waged bitterly and ruthlessly on both sides.

In the streets one sees young men in hot discussion, their party membership being revealed by their dress. The members of the Histadruth wear a blue shirt. This stuff was the first that was produced in the newly-established textile factories of Palestine, and the Histadruth chose it as their uniform. They wear the shirt in the normal way, without any especial emphasis, as one usually wears a shirt. The Revisionists, on the other hand, wear their brown shirt like a uniform, belted round their body, smart and challenging. If one sees a Blueshirt or a Brownshirt in a street discussion, one must always be prepared for a street brawl, for tempers only seldom keep within bounds. The deep political differences led finally to a tragic event which affected the whole of Jewish political life in Palestine. In the Labour party, in the trade unions and also in the Jewish agency, a leading place was occupied by Dr. Chaim Arlosoroff, a young man

of thirty-seven, upon whom all the Jews in the country set great hopes. When this man was one evening walking along the beach of Tel Aviv, he was murdered by unknown assassins. His wife was an eye-witness of the murder, and she passionately accused the Revisionists of the deed. But the investigation was unable to furnish any proof of this accusation. The Revisionists themselves denied that they were in any way connected with it, and said that there were no political motives behind the murder. It was simply a tragedy of private jealousy.

Since that time the struggle has grown more profound and more radical. The Revisionists seek to sabotage the work of the Histadruth in every way. They are organised in German and Italian fashion, march through the streets of Tel Aviv with flags and music, and at first sight they appear to the observer—even if the comparison does sound somewhat paradoxical—like Storm Troopers marching in German streets. They have, however, not succeeded in blocking the path of the Histadruth. The latter controls labour in Palestine, has to-day 80,000 members, comprising 85 per cent of the Jewish workers in Palestine over the age of eighteen.

In Tel Aviv three houses are filled with their activity. Here in one of them, the Beit Hapoel, where I was now awaiting Locker, life is as busy as a bee-hive. It is extraordinary even for the nervous, restless turmoil of Tel Aviv. Young men and women stream in and out in an endless row, filling the corridors and rooms of the old house. I was conducted to a room where pictures and graphs on the wall showed the many-sided work of the Histadruth. It is actively engaged in every sphere of Palestine's life, no matter whether it concerns political, social or cultural things.

I was occupied in examining this display of pictures, when the door opened and in came Berl Locker. When he stepped into the room, I thought that a figure from an Upton Sinclair novel had come to life. Locker was wearing a cheap ready-made suit, and his body made absolutely no attempt to fit

into it. His tie was stuck somewhere into his collar, his hair was tousled; the whole man gave one the impression of just having come from a struggle with the police. I had thought that this sort of labour leader had already disappeared, that they had only lived at the time of the Bismarck anti-Socialist laws when they had to pursue their work underground. But they still go on in Palestine, and they already emphasise in their outward appearance that they feel themselves bound with the workers.

Berl Locker, like all the Jewish labour leaders in Palestine, belongs to the old school. Like them too he is of Polish origin. As a prominent member of the Second International he has worked in all the capitals in Europe.

"I find a contradiction in your organisation," I said to him; "you are a member of the Second International, but here in Palestine you pursue extreme national aims."

"We are no more national and no less international than the English Labour Party or the T.U.C.," answered Locker. "Our viewpoint is that this country can only be built up on labour and that its future depends not upon industrial speculators but upon the workers. We must ensure the welfare of the Jewish working class if we are to expect it to achieve anything worthy."

"Is it not then dangerous to make a split in this way in the Jewish community?" I asked.

Locker answered: "It is not dangerous. We don't strive for the object that is called in Europe to-day the totalitarian state. The differences in Palestine are fertile differences, the healthy contact of different shades of opinion, which ever lead to the realisation of new ideas. It is possible that we are politically disunited, yet we are held together by our common aim: the creation of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

"In any case," he said finally, "even if we don't claim that we are the new Palestine, yet we can say with easy conscience that we form the most integral part of the new country. If you make a tour of our organisations, you will, yourself,

have to admit that without us Palestine could not have advanced so far, and that its future without us is inconceivable, and all this we have undertaken by ourselves, and brought to reality in a surrounding that is not filled with goodwill towards us."

"Do you mean the Arabs by that?" I asked.

"No. With the Arabs we have nothing to do. Formerly we chased illusions and believed that it would be possible to bring the benefits of the Histadruth to the Arab working class also. We enrolled Arab members—to-day we still have some 500 Arab members—yet our relations with them have, unfortunately, been broken by the riots. We attempted to train young Arab workmen to become labour leaders, but our co-operation was rejected from the Arab side, so that we finally had to give up the hopeless struggle. Our enemies are in the Jewish camp: the employers and the middle class political parties."

Just as Locker was now complaining of the employers, so did the latter also complain of the Histadruth. "They control the labour market like dictators," I was told by a member of the employers' organisation; "we are handed over to the mercies of our workmen. In all the countries of the world wages are settled by agreements between employers and employees; here in Palestine they are forced upon us by the labour organisation. If we dismiss a worker who doesn't satisfy us, we run the danger of never again being able to employ Jewish workmen, since the labour organisation boycotts our business."

It is the great Labour Exchange that gives the Histadruth this power. The Labour Exchange finds work for its members and at the same time ensures them favourable working conditions. It is impossible to employ only Revisionist workers in the factories; on the other hand Histadruth workers do not want to co-operate with Revisionists; thus one is completely dependent upon the Histadruth Labour Exchange. It is not the employer who decides

what he shall pay, but the Exchange that decides what the employee shall receive. In this way the Exchange plays the most important role in the Jewish labour market in Palestine and, therefore, it is also joined by workmen who are otherwise opposed to the aims of the Histadruth.

Apart from the Labour Exchange, the organisation embraces every branch of Jewish life in the country. It seeks to make itself independent in every direction, and has therefore built its own schools, libraries, and hospitals. These last stand on a particularly high level. Their staffs consist almost exclusively of doctors from Germany who have brought with them to Palestine the best European medical knowledge and experience. The hospitals and all the medical establishments belong to the Histadruth's Workmen's Sick Fund (*Kupat Cholim*), which has 140 branches in the country, a staff of 600, and a membership of 90,000 souls. For a relatively small sum (about 2s. 6d. a week) its members receive the best medical aid of all kinds, covering convalescence and maintenance for patients' families; and attempts are in progress to discover methods of cure especially suited to the country.

When I was visiting their newest establishment, the Polyclinic in Tel Aviv, a doctor showed me an electrical apparatus which heals wounds in forty-eight hours. "Our workmen," he explained, "cannot allow themselves the luxury of absence from work. Therefore we must see to it that if they are injured in the course of their work, they can take it up again as quickly as possible. It is for this purpose that this apparatus has been constructed."

In order to combat the canker of private economy, to rescue Jewish Palestine from usurers and speculators, the Histadruth has created an economic system that is new for Palestine: the Co-operatives. Thus there exists a Co-operative (the *Tnuva*), for the sale of agricultural products; various Co-operatives for the manufacture of iron and metal goods, for cabinet-making, printing, electrical installations, building



JEWISH WORKERS' SANATORIUM IN HAIFA



PHYSICAL TRAINING IN TEL AVIV

materials, house-building, restaurants, laundries, clothing factories, all of these offering a by no means insignificant competition to private enterprise. They are the main factors in the fixing of prices, and have succeeded in lowering the cost of living since 1922 by one-half. In transport, the Co-operatives have completely driven out private enterprise. All the omnibus lines and haulage companies in Jewish hands are maintained by Co-operatives belonging to the Histadruth. The Histadruth has also entered the building market as an entrepreneur and distributes the work upon the houses it contracts for to its members. Its central department for building is one of the biggest enterprises in Palestine, and also constructs public works: the pumping stations and reservoirs for the new Jerusalem water supply were erected by it. In agriculture also the Histadruth busies itself, supporting the Chaluz movement, helping in the establishment of citrus plantations, and giving aid to workers' agricultural settlements.

Everything was shown to me at top speed, concluding with the houses which acted as the headquarters of this feverish activity. The first house that was erected by the Histadruth is situated on the Mediterranean, and is to-day occupied by the chief directorate of the party and by the youth organisations. It is known in Tel Aviv as the Red House not because of its political tendencies but because it is painted a glaring crimson. When we came into the house, a meeting of the labour leaders had just ended, and I noticed that all the Palestinian labour leaders resembled Berl Locker: many wore the Russian shirt, the favourite dress of the labour leaders of the early times of the Socialist movement.

The real headquarters are in the Brenner house where the trade unions are. It is a large airy house, perhaps the only one in Tel Aviv that has been built with any regard for climatic conditions. It was built by an architect who owed his training to the Histadruth. The man began as a workman in Palestine, showed however great architectural talent, and

the Histadruth decided to send him to Europe to be trained. To-day he is one of the busiest architects in the country.

It was late in the afternoon when we finally reached the Brenner house. I was tired out by this endless tour of inspection, my head was confused with the figures and information that I had received everywhere, so I went into the gigantic canteen which was also conducted as a Co-operative. The day had been extremely hot, the sun had dried up my throat, and I longed for a glass of cold beer. But in this canteen there was no beer and I had to content myself with milk. Beneath us lay the common room of the builders, a room which could hold 2,000 people, but where at the moment at least 2,500 people sat crowded together. A debate happened to be in progress, arguments flew backwards and forwards, full of such passion and temperament that I was forced to conjecture that they were discussing wages. My companion stated however: "They are discussing the latest book of Sholem Asch!"

On the top floor was the labour court before which the members brought their disputes. "We never take our complaints to the public courts," I was told, "and for that reason we are also accused of trying to set up a State within the State. But this court did not originate from any such desire, but merely with the object of settling differences of opinion amongst comrades in a friendly way."

My tour was at an end; I could once again be a private individual going his own way. My way led me accidentally to further labour problems which had not been shown to me during my fatiguing tour. I had been told that 80,000 workmen belonged to the Histadruth; now however I learned that 8,000 of the members languish in unemployment and, receiving no doles, are thrust completely upon their own resources.

On this afternoon I made the acquaintance of one of these 8,000. I knew his family in Germany and brought him greetings from them which I wanted to convey personally.

He lived outside Tel Aviv in a primitive workers' settlement, in the only stone house amongst innumerable wooden barracks. I went to him full of hope, since he had written home cheerful letters, full of confidence. "We are getting on very well, we live free and happy in Palestine," was the motto of these letters. I had to plough my way through deep sand to the stone house, there were as yet no streets in the settlement, the whole surroundings did not seem to lend much support to his confidence. I found only his wife at home; he had married her recently and I did not yet know of her existence. They occupied a room in a three-roomed flat where three other families lived besides them: eleven people in three rooms. The little room was furnished with a bed, a table and alarm-clock, and the woman had to point to the bed when she said to me: "Please sit down."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"He will soon be home," answered the young woman, "he is only gone to the Labour Exchange in the hope that he will soon find work. But he has been coming home empty-handed for the last seven weeks."

Soon the husband did appear, once again empty-handed. He was darkly tanned by the Palestinian sun, so that one did not notice at the first moment how thin he had become. He was wearing shorts and the regimental blue shirt, and he told me that the shirt on his back was the only one he had.

But he accepted his poverty with humour: "When my wife washes my shirt, I have to lie in shirtless tranquillity on the bed until it is dry. After all I can't leave the house without a shirt."

In Berlin he had been employed in a garment factory; he had come as a Chaluz to Palestine, but had soon left the agricultural settlement for the town where he had hoped to earn money. Since he could not hope to obtain a position in his own work, he had become an unskilled builder's-labourer: he carried bricks, or mixed mortar and cement.

"We have had no work for seven weeks," he said, "the

contractors want to wait and see how the situation develops and they have therefore stopped building. This is the first crisis that I have experienced in Palestine. Before, I was earning £4 a month, and my wife, who was working as a maid in a sanatorium, also brought home £4. With this we managed very well, were even able to put something by. But we ate up our savings in the first weeks that I was out of work."

"And what are you living on now?" I asked.

"The Grocery Co-operative gives us credit, the Sick Fund looks after our health—and we have no other needs. My wife is expecting a baby, but even that does not worry me. The Sick Fund will take care of her confinement, and will also look after the child. And in the meantime something will turn up."

"Why don't you look for something elsewhere? Perhaps you could find work in Tel Aviv?" I asked.

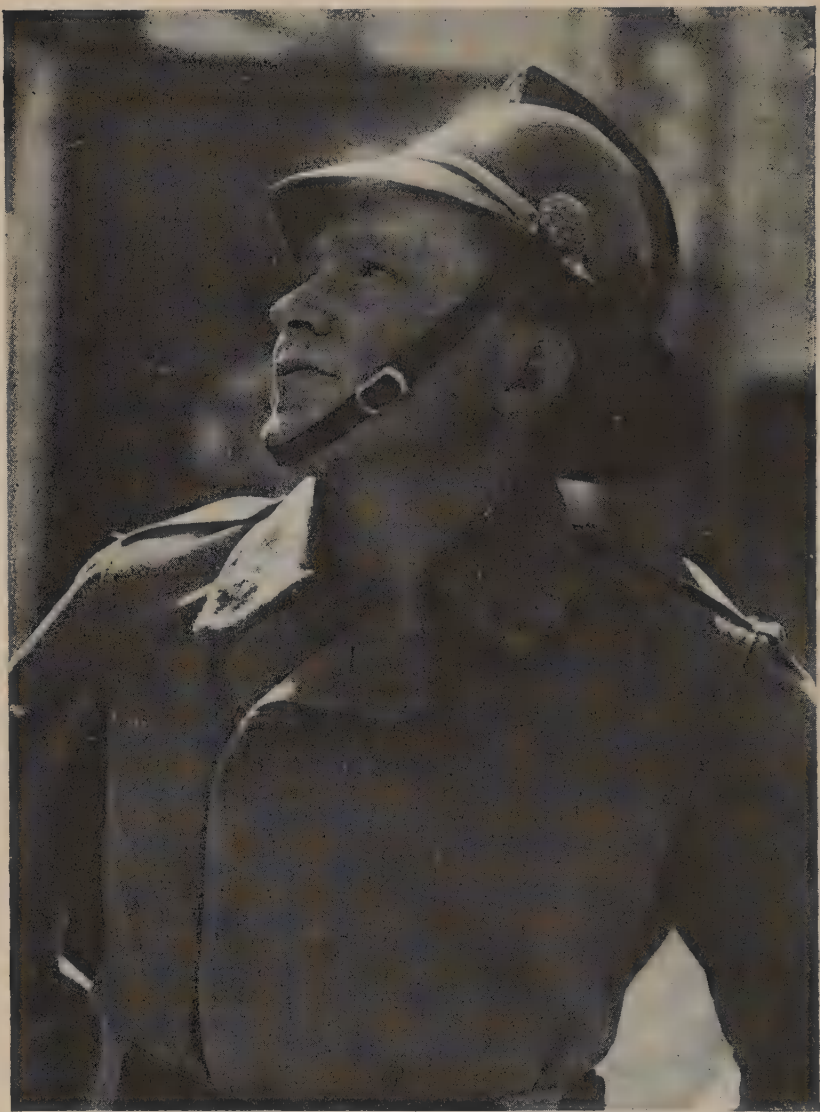
"That is forbidden," answered the man, "I may only work in the district of the Employment Exchange where I am registered."

Whilst we were talking, a young man came with joyful news: "There is work on the landscape!" he called from the door. In Ramat-Gan, a Jewish villa-suburb, there was a great spring-cleaning in progress. My friend went with him to beat carpets. The ten piastres that he would earn by carpet-dusting would be the first money that had passed through his hands for seven weeks.

I was so upset by his fate that I went to the Histadruth in Tel Aviv to see if I could get the organisation to do something for him. But my words were in vain: "It is his own fault," was the answer; "if anyone comes to Palestine without means he must be a member of the Chaluz movement which means that he is immediately settled in an agricultural colony and provided with a livelihood. In the beginning your friend did indeed go on to the land, but he soon left the settlement and came into the town attracted by the money



JEWISH SAILORS MARCHING THROUGH TEL AVIV



MEMBER OF THE JEWISH FIRE-BRIGADE IN TEL AVIV

that he hoped to earn there. He cannot blame us if he now suddenly cannot find work in the town. Neither can he return to the land, since the settlements don't want to have anything to do with these opportunists. Their places have already been filled."

But I could no longer think with equanimity of the extravagant establishments of the Histadruth. The primitive, hopeless life which I had seen that same afternoon in the scantily furnished room destroyed all my pleasure in the organisation.

In contrast with the highly organised Jewish working class, the organisation of Arab workers is only just beginning. At its head stands an Effendi, Sidky Dajany, and slowly their first trade unions and their first employment exchanges are coming into being. But the impetus of the movement, which is largely subordinated to the political aims of the Effendis, is weakened by the strong political motives which lie behind it.

Now the number of young Arabs who watch the development in the Jewish camp with open eyes is on the increase; already they are forming groups which have even gone a step further than the Jews: they have left the plank of the Second International and pursue the aims of the Third. Representatives of the Arab working class never fail to be present at the meetings of the Comintern, and strangely enough more Communists are to be found in Palestine amongst the Arabs than amongst the Jews.

CHAPTER XI

PALESTINE OF THE ARABS

OUT in the country the struggle continued. Disturbing news reached Tel Aviv.

In Rishon le Zion, a colony not far from Tel Aviv, Arab labourers who were on strike visited their former Jewish employers and whilst conversing with them asked for a glass of water. When the water was being handed to them they drew pistols as quick as lightning from their pockets and fired at the Jews, who collapsed streaming with blood.

An omnibus that was taking workmen from Tel Aviv to a neighbouring labour settlement was attacked. A bomb was thrown into it, falling into the lap of a workman where it exploded, tearing the unfortunate man to pieces.

Yet in Tel Aviv itself one noticed nothing of the unrest in the country and I would have almost forgotten that there were also Arabs living in Palestine if I had not been reminded of the fact by a significant incident. In the Ben Yehuda Street, a turning off the Allenby Road, I noticed a crowd of people which aroused my interest. Jews formed a great circle, in the middle of which, all alone, stood an Arab vegetable seller.

Formerly the Arab vegetable sellers had belonged to the town's picture. The Jewish colonies are not yet sufficiently developed to supply the town with garden produce; vegetables came from Arab villages whose inhabitants did good business with the Jews, depending upon them almost entirely for their livelihood. Since the strike, however, they have

been forbidden to take their wares to Tel Aviv. When the Arabs stopped coming, the Jews went to the Arabs, their cars were pelted with stones and the Arabs refused to sell them anything. All that Tel Aviv noticed of the whole strike was that the favourite fruit of the people had vanished from the dinner-table: for weeks there were no melons.

Now here stood the Arab with his huge, juicy water-melons, the first luscious fruit to be seen in Tel Aviv for seven long weeks. He was saying that the Arabs were no longer in agreement with the strike, that their vegetables were rotting in the villages, and that he had come despite the prohibition although he did not know whether he might not have to pay for his enterprising spirit with his life: he might be shot on his way back. But no one wanted to buy from him.

It quite suddenly occurred to someone that the Arab himself might be an assassin, practising very subtle methods. "Don't touch the melons," he shouted, "they are poisoned!" And rapidly the news spread that an Arab had come to Tel Aviv with poisoned melons.

The crowd grew ever larger and more threatening, young men were already raising their hands to strike the lone Arab, but they were restrained by more intelligent Jews. They turned to the Arab and said: "We don't want your fruit, and you had better get out of Tel Aviv as quickly as possible!"

The Arab sadly packed up his green melons and was accompanied by the big crowd as far as Jaffa. I went with the procession: in front was the Arab, behind him hundreds of gesticulating, noisy Jews. We reached the outskirts; the Arab went on into the town which had been closed to Jews for weeks. Here life suddenly ceased; in contrast to the overcrowded streets of Tel Aviv, the streets of Jaffa were empty. One saw only scattered military posts. Jaffa had been, and remained for weeks, the headquarters of the Arab terrorists. In former years the Arabs had demonstrated in the streets; this time they had crept into their houses and sniped at patrolling soldiers from the windows. The narrow streets on the

hill acted as the secure stronghold of the terrorists, they alone knew their way about them; a police clean-up in this quarter was impossible, it would have only meant an unnecessary sacrifice of men without smoking out the bandit-nest.

On this day the streets of Jaffa became once again animated, since early that morning English military planes had appeared over the town and had dropped pamphlets. These pamphlets stated that the Government was going to utilise the presence of sappers to destroy the Old Quarter of Jaffa. The Arabs were requested to leave their houses in the Old Quarter as the sappers were coming to Jaffa within a few days to blow their houses into the air. In reality this had nothing to do with slum clearance; it was a clever police move to obtain complete control of Jaffa. The Arabs knew that if they were driven from the Old Quarter they could no longer hold Jaffa. They were now protesting energetically.

But protest was useless; on the next day the Old Quarter was to be blown sky-high. Already in the evening eighty lorries brought over English soldiers from Jerusalem to Jaffa; they had with them machine-guns and armoured cars. A warship steamed over from Haifa and directed its guns against the town. I also left my hotel and moved over to Jaffa, putting up at the Hotel Jerusalem where the English officers had set up their headquarters. At five in the morning the great clean-up was to begin.

Everything went according to plan. At every corner machine-guns stood ready, the streets were filled with soldiers carrying fixed bayonets, aeroplanes circled dangerously low over the town—but the Arabs did not leave their houses. They were warned once more, and they were informed that the order would be ruthlessly carried out. Whoever should happen to be in the houses would go up with them. At this the Arabs streamed out of their houses with all haste. They were to be seen dragging their scanty furniture from their houses; asses and camels left the Old Quarter loaded with all sorts of household articles.

But a large number of Arabs still kept to their houses. Agitators and agents had been working among them the whole night. "Don't leave your houses," they said, "if the English see that you stay in them, they will spare the Old Quarter."

It was five o'clock; the first rays of dawn dimly lit up the town when the sappers appeared in the Old Quarter. Curses, insults, and things of a more solid nature were hurled at them from the houses, but they pursued their purpose unperturbed. They went to an empty house and placed a small four-pound charge in one of its rooms. The charge was connected with a time fuse. The sappers withdrew to a safe distance, a trumpet signal rang out and the fuse was lit in front of the eyes of the terrified Arabs. Nerve-racking seconds went by, the tiny, hardly visible flame burned its way along the fuse, approaching ever closer to the gunpowder, and then at five minutes past five the first house blew into the air with a deafening explosion. Where a few seconds before a house had stood, there was now only a heap of stones covered with smoke and dust. Taking no notice of the horrified Arabs, the sappers went to the next house where they planted a ten-pound charge. But before the trumpet signal could ring out again, the Arabs left their houses in panic: the Old Quarter was clear of people. The work of destruction continued undisturbed, the charges were made ever greater; at last a 400-pound charge was ignited and the whole of Jaffa trembled at the explosion. One solitary living creature still remained however in the condemned Old Quarter, a big black cat which would not leave the house of its masters. The explosions approached ever nearer to the black cat's hiding-place and finally the house where it was hiding went up in smoke, and the cat disappeared for ever.

Between armoured cars, machine-guns and groups of soldiers stood shivering, terrified Arabs who had just seen the power of the Government for the first time. It was late in the afternoon when the last house was dynamited, and now a deathly silence followed the day's explosion. The warship

drew off and the soldiers occupied the Old Quarter. The sappers cleared away the ruins with pick and spade, and amongst them they found the torn body of the black cat. And they also found something else: fresh graves whose corpses had been hurled into the air. Here in these graves, dug inside the rooms and in the narrow courtyard, the Arabs had buried their dead who had fallen in battle with the police, and the great number of the graves showed for the first time that the clean-up had struck deep wounds into the ranks of the rebellious Arabs.

In the way of the "slum clearance" lay also an alleged mosque; the Arabs had exploited the presence of this Holy Place when they protested against the destruction. But their protests fell on deaf ears, and now was found the place where this alleged mosque was situated. There was nothing mosque-like about it; it was, in reality, a wine cellar where the wine now flowed out of broken bottles. In the cellar was found, besides the broken bottles, a large Arab coat. The tailor had sewn his label into the inside of the coat. Great was the astonishment of the soldiers when, on taking hold of the coat, they discovered that the Arab had bought his garment from a Jewish tailor in Tel Aviv.

I returned to the Hotel Jerusalem, where officers and Pressmen were still under the influence of the destruction. A camera-man, who had seen service on the Western Front during the World War, said: "These explosions in Jaffa were more tragic and more grandiose than the biggest battle in the World War."

Young English officers who had taken photographs of the sappers' work now tried to sell these pictures to the Pressmen. A friendly lieutenant came up to me; we ordered whisky and I received an invitation for the next morning: "I have been ordered to go to Azzour to search the village. Do you want to come with me?"

I joyfully answered: "Of course," and we fixed the time.

The Jewish atmosphere of Tel Aviv already lay behind me;



BARBED WIRE BETWEEN JAFFA AND TEL AVIV



ARAB PORTER AT WORK IN JAFFA HARBOUR

here in Jaffa I found myself again in an Arab world. The houses were old and neglected, the streets dirty and narrow, and over the whole town lay the same nervous unrest which I had seen in Jerusalem. Already at five o'clock the streets were emptied: the curfew began here in the afternoon. Embittered faces stared out of the windows into the empty streets; hatred and bitterness burned in the eyes of the Arabs. But on this, the first night for seven weeks, the night's stillness was not rent by shooting; the Arabs—impressed by the grand drama of destruction—had apparently given up the struggle.

Jaffa was at this time again exclusively inhabited by Arabs; the Jews had left the town, where their number had previously amounted to 8,000. In Jaffa a harbour had existed in the time of the Romans, and if one visits the harbour to-day one believes that nothing has changed since the eagles of Cæsar left. Whilst Haifa has been constructed at great expense, the harbour of Jaffa has been neglected. Ships anchor far out in the open sea; passengers and cargo have to be brought in by little boats. This transporting of goods and passengers is the staple occupation of the Arab population of Jaffa; they are all connected with the harbour in some way or other. Neither the passengers nor the cargoes that arrived in Jaffa were destined for that town: they were meant for Tel Aviv, for which town Jaffa is the harbour. The Jewish town tried for years to get its own harbour, but the officials always refused. They knew that if Tel Aviv was to have its own port the importance of Jaffa would disappear and the Arabs would starve.

When the Arab dock-workers were forced to participate in the strike on the outbreak of the riots, and life ceased to pulsate in the hitherto extremely busy port, the inhabitants of Tel Aviv found themselves completely shut off from the outside world. Formerly a great number of ships were to be seen lying at anchor on the horizon; between these ships and the harbour of Jaffa travelled the heavily laden Arab boats. Now the sea is empty, no anchored ships are silhouetted against the horizon. The ships have changed direction and

steam on to Haifa, where the Jewish dockers have not ceased working; but that has not helped Tel Aviv. The Jewish town has no direct connection with Haifa harbour. All this—the making of the Jews of Tel Aviv dependent on Jaffa—was, so I was told, an Arabophil policy of the English, who had, however, not reckoned on a *vis major* such as the present strike. Neither railway nor road leads from Haifa to Tel Aviv; the main road which connects the two commercial centres of Palestine travels in a detour through the Arab portion of the country, via Nablus, Jenin and Tulkarem, which are now impossible for a Jewish vehicle.

When we set out next morning, we travelled upon this dangerous main road into the heart of the revolt. As soon as we had left the flat houses of Tel Aviv behind us, we also left behind Jewish Palestine. Now we were passing villages inhabited by Arabs, and plantations that belonged to Arabs and were tended by Arabs. This road—a very good road, such as is rare in the Orient—has, for the Arabic world, a great, almost strategic, significance. In unbroken line it leads from Syria to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem on into Transjordan, and then south to Gaza and the Egyptian border, connecting up the different Arab countries. Even when this road did not yet exist, but was merely a narrow caravan route, it still had the same significance: on it marched the endless streams of pilgrims south to Mecca and Medina. Here on this road Mohammed led his victorious soldiers to Syria 1,300 years ago to conquer the north for Islam. For 1,300 years the road has lost nothing of its Mohammedan character, and just as in Tel Aviv I seemed to forget that there were Arabs living in Palestine, here on this road I soon forgot of the existence of a Jewish Palestine.

This road is responsible for the fact that no pure race any longer lives on either side of it. In Syria and later in Transjordan I discussed the Arabs of Palestine with racially pure Arabs, and I was repeatedly made aware that the former stood very low in the opinion of their brethren. Not only did

Arab tribes march along this great military road; it was also the road taken by the Crusaders to Jerusalem; here marched the Turks from north to south, and in the World War the road was tramped by Germans and finally by Englishmen.

Every period in history has left behind its traces in the welter of people that inhabits the villages on either side of the road. When we stopped at little villages on the road, and the villagers gathered round the military car, I noticed Arabs with fair hair and blue eyes, and the lieutenant who had been serving for years in Palestine knew the explanation of this peculiar racial phenomenon. "These Arabs," he said, "are not Semites, they are, at least partly, Aryans. They have a great deal of French or German blood in their veins; their fathers were the French soldiers of the Crusades, or the German soldiers of the World War. Amongst them there are many who have perpetuated the history of their descent in their names. The Arab calls himself by his own name with that of his father tacked on, thus, for example: Mohammed ibn Ali means Mohammed son of Ali. In these villages are to be found many men who are named 'ibn Franco' or 'ibn Alman,' because they are descended from some French Crusader or from some German soldier of the World War. This explains the blond hair and the blue eyes." Then he added with a smile: "Since Scottish soldiers have been stationed in these villages, some children have already been named 'ibn Scoti,' son of a Scot."

As we travelled along the road we saw everywhere industrious Arab peasants who did not seem to be on strike. They were working in the fields and on threshing-floors. Also workmen in their tiny, dark, dirty workshops were making shoes, clothes and other necessities for the villagers.

In an hour and a half we reached Samaria the middle portion of the central highland of Palestine, where 110,000 inhabitants live upon 2,400 square kilometres. They are exclusively Arabs; the whole district belongs to them; not a single Jewish settlement interrupts the endless chain of Arab

villages. From afar we saw innumerable white tents which seemed to be still whiter in the dazzling hot sun, and which reflected like mirrors—the English garrison of Nablus.

Behind the tents the minarets of the Arab city leaped skywards. The town lies in a valley between two romantic hills, between the Hill of Blessings and the Hill of Curses, and contains some 17,000 people, of whom all together only six are Jews. The number of inhabitants in the town, as is the rule in pure-Arab territories, is continually on the decrease, and it is estimated that 1,000 to 1,500 Arabs annually emigrate into districts where there are Jewish colonies, for there wages are appreciably higher and prospects of employment greater.

Before the riots the Samaritans were the great attraction in Nablus for foreigners. Even to-day some 180 Samaritans still live in Nablus, in complete segregation, with no contact with the Arab world around them. They are the descendants of a Judeo-Babylonian fusion, with an ancient Jewish religion. They erected their own temple on Mount Gerizim (the Hill of Curses), and persecuted and fought all non-believers. But they themselves were also persecuted and decimated by the Syrians and Romans, and later by the Christians and Mohammedans. The 180 people living in Nablus are the last remnants of a great race of which only three family groups have survived: the Hamulaths, Mufarajias and the Sabahias. They regard only the books of Moses and the book of Joshua as holy, whilst the rest of the books of the Bible are unknown to them. For religious purposes they employ the old Hebrew script; in daily life, however, they speak and write Arabic. At their head stands the High Priest. Up to the year 1624 they were ruled by a high priestly family which traced its descent from Aaron, the brother of Moses, but this died out and the present high priestly family traces its descent from Uzziel. They inhabit a special district in Nablus, live by hand-work and street hawking, and do not mix with the Arabs. On no occasion has there been a mixed marriage; they do not even marry with the Jews.

Nablus is the only Arab industrial town. In its so-called factories Arab soap is manufactured from oil, but these primitive soap factories cannot compete with the modern factories established in Haifa, and are being driven out of business. The town consists of narrow alleyways and street bazaars. Everywhere one sees the small, windowless, square Arab houses, whose courtyards are hidden from the street by high walls. The old Palestine untouched by Jewish immigration still goes on here: nothing has changed since the Turks left the country. Many Arabs, who had followed the fundamental changes in their country with mixed feelings, retired to Nablus, and slowly the town developed into the headquarters of the Arab national movement.

In these days of unrest a particularly animated life prevails in Nablus, for the town has become the centre of the rebels, who hide themselves in the hills by day and attack English military convoys and Jewish settlements at night. Hither come the rebels' representatives to obtain for them food and money; from here they receive their orders, here their atrocity stories are thought out and spread throughout Palestine.

As we drove into Nablus we found the town living in a state of war. Everywhere small groups gathered, animatedly discussing events. Here there was no longer any talk of revolution or revolt, here one heard only of a holy war. They declared with pride that they were successful against Jews and English. When I visited better-class Arabs, they told me that the Arabs had succeeded in "conquering" huge supplies of weapons and munitions from the English, and that Arab bands had slaughtered no less than 400 English soldiers in a single battle.

It seemed as if they themselves believed these fairy-tales.

The embitterment of these people is to be explained by the fact that they have enjoyed no advantages but have often suffered injury from the Jewish immigration. Since time immemorial there have been in Nablus, in the Arab towns

and villages, lords to whom the land belonged and fellahin who tilled it. These fellahin were paid five to seven piastres a day, the money paid to them being taken away again by taxes and imposts. With the Jewish immigration these wages rose, the fellah was no longer the blind servant of his lord; life grew more hasty, more expensive, more uncomfortable. The Arabs felt themselves threatened not only economically but in every phase of life. Just as the outward picture had remained unchanged, so had time here also brought no change in the inner life of the Arab. His house was still the Arab's stronghold, and these houses were all divided into two parts. The greater part was occupied by the harem. Here lived the Arab's four wives permitted to him by the Koran. These were always only four, but very rarely the same four. Marriage and divorce in the Arab world depend not upon officials but upon the parties. The wife, however, has no word in the matter.

Whilst she is still living as a maiden in her father's house she is regarded by her father as an article of value, as a piece of capital. Amongst the Jews there is not much rejoicing when a daughter is born: she implies worry; one must provide a dowry to marry her off. The Arab would prefer a son but he has compensation when his wife presents him with a daughter. The more daughters he has the richer he feels, for he needs not to worry about a dowry; on the contrary he can sell his daughters for good money. The Arab desirous of marriage seeks out a maiden not according to the desire of his heart but according to the depth of his pocket. If he possesses much money then he can get a beautiful maiden, but if he is poor then he must content himself with less attractive ones. He does not inform the girl of his intentions but the father, from whom he inquires the purchase price. Then there begins a long haggling, for days, for weeks; the bargaining often goes on for years, until finally the price is arranged. Then the wedding day is appointed and the future wife is brought veiled to her husband. Only then does the man discover what he has



IN THE ARAB QUARTER OF JERUSALEM



ARAB CHILDREN IN A VILLAGE—VALLEY OF JEZREEL

obtained for his money, and the woman to what man her father has given her future fate.

In Nablus there was much complaint that the prices of women had risen, and the Jewish immigration was blamed for it. With the general rise in the standard of living, many who had previously not been able to afford this luxury were now able to pay high prices for their wives, and prices on the women-market rose from day to day. Once one could have got a hard-working, pretty piece of womanhood for £30; now every moderately pretty and strong Arab woman costs £100, and prices ranging up to £250 are often paid. These prices are offered by non-resident Arabs who come from districts where Jews live, and if young men in the pure-Arab districts want to get a wife they often have to cross to the Arab countries across the border, since they cannot pay the high prices. In Syria one can get wives for £40 to £50, in Cyprus even for £20 to £30; therefore Cyprus has become, in recent times, a paradise for the marrying Arab.

"I can assure you," an Arab official of the Ottoman Bank said to me in Nablus, "even such episodes add to the general hatred of the Jews, and one must not judge the Arabs harshly if they take to arms in desperation. The great changes caused here by the Jewish immigration have not spared anything—none of the ancient, hallowed traditions nor family life—and these people know no other remedy. Of course, the Jews are not directly responsible, yet they are indirectly the cause that the Arabs in Nablus are no longer able to find wives in their own town."

The greater part of the day—the siesta—and the whole night are spent by the Arab in his harem, where at the present time one can only seldom find the prescribed four wives. Very few can allow themselves four wives at the prevailing high prices and this naturally causes embitterment. For it is the wife and not the man who does the work, and the more women there are living in the harem the less labour must the man perform; on the contrary there would even remain for

CHAPTER XII

FELLAHIN

IN Nablus we were joined by fresh troops and now began the more exciting part of our journey. Here in the centre of the Arab revolt the Government suspected the existence of the terrorists and the munition supplies. Therefore village after village was searched as closely as individual Arabs had formerly been. When we set out the lieutenant was the only man who knew the object of our journey.

Again and again it has happened in the past that the Arabs have found out in some way or other which village was due to be searched, so that they have had time to hide all forbidden objects, and the soldiers found, on their arrival, an innocent village which even protested against this molestation. The lieutenant told me that he was recently sent to a village where he saw six coffins surrounded by weeping women. The villagers informed him that they contained the bodies of bandits who had been killed in an encounter with the police, and they were taking them to another village where they thought the men had belonged. The lieutenant searched the whole village and found nothing, and then, possibly remembering that these Arabs do not use coffins, he thought he would examine the handiwork of the police. He had one of the coffins opened—it was crammed full of weapons of all kinds.

We travelled on the usual lorries hired from the Jewish Co-operatives, which even supplied the drivers. It was an unusual contrast, the heavily-armed, steel-helmeted soldiers in the lorry, and the driver at the wheel wearing his usual

shorts and open polo shirt. The English soldiers related heroic tales of these drivers and tried to get steel helmets for them. Whenever a Jewish driver received a steel helmet he never parted from it, and I saw later in Tiberias one of these drivers bathing in the lake: he was wearing nothing but a pair of abbreviated drawers and a steel helmet.

Now we learned our objective, and soon we stopped at the little Arab village of Azzour, some fifty yards off the main road. It was encircled with a wire and had only one exit on to the road, which was now blocked with soldiers. The lieutenant entered the village; with him was the District Commissioner, who legally was the real director of the investigation. Martial law had not been declared in Palestine. The civil officials were responsible for law and order; the soldiers were merely given to them as auxiliaries and were subordinate to them. This was a source of complaint amongst the soldiers. "We are not allowed to use weapons," they said, "without the written order of the District Commissioner. This red tape is terribly unsoldierlike; it leads to hesitation and makes our work boring and ridiculous."

The District Commissioner turned to an Arab and said politely and in a friendly way: "Salaam! I should like to speak to the mukhtar!" The mukhtar is the village headman, who is appointed in accordance with the wishes of the villagers, and who is responsible to the Government for all the happenings in the village. The mukhtar came, greeted us in Oriental fashion, placing his right hand on his forehead, then on his breast, and bowing.

In former times we would have been most warmly received, since the Arab loves company and honours strangers. If we had not come with soldiers and machine-guns, the mukhtar might have invited us into his house and offered us coffee to drink and narghiles to smoke. This time these signs of friendship were absent; anyway, it would have been difficult to muster up narghiles for a hundred soldiers.

This was my first visit to an Arab village, for the first time

I had the opportunity of seeing the Arab peasant, for whose sake the whole battle was being waged, at home. In the village lived some hundred and fifty families, each family occupying a house that was partly built of mud and partly of stone. The houses looked like little fortresses; the windows were like loop-holes, the courtyard was surrounded with a high wall.

Whilst the District Commissioner was chatting with the mukhtar, trying to persuade him to hand over the hidden weapons, I gazed curiously at the village. It was a purely agricultural village; the inhabitants all lived on the produce of the soil. Work was still going on in the fields, and the corn lay all ready for threshing on the threshing-floor. The workers were women; youths and girls joined in; only the men did nothing.

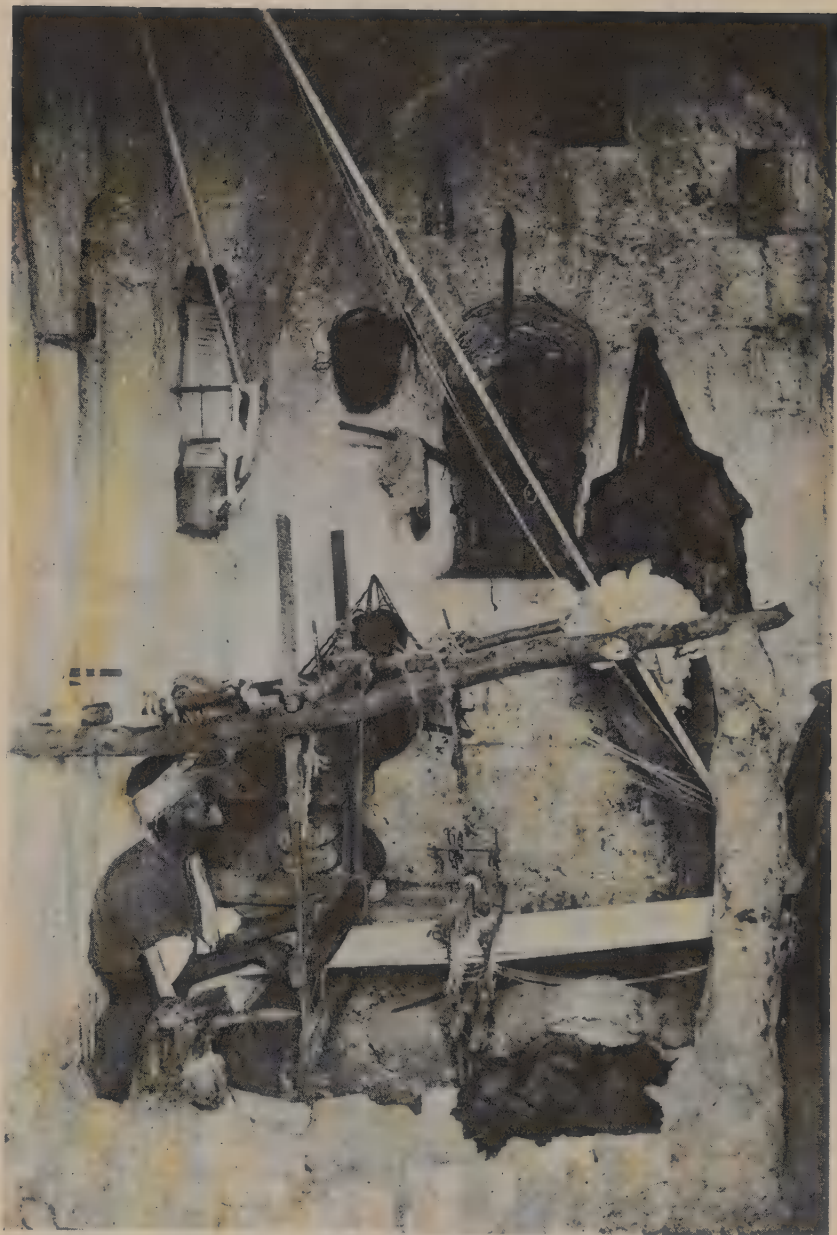
In the fields wheat, barley and millet were cultivated. The harvest supplied domestic needs and the small surplus was taken to market by the wife. I had often been told that the Arabs can live for ten days on one shilling, and here I saw the truth of this statement vividly illustrated. Everything that they need is produced on the spot: the women make flour from the corn with a hand-mill, the flour is mixed with water to make a flat cake which is baked in an oven like a round bee-hive. Meat is rarely eaten, being replaced by vegetables which are home-grown.

In villages where I did not appear with a great military contingent I always received a friendly welcome and have even shared in the modest meal of the Arabs. We sat on the ground in a circle, drank sour milk and took olives and rice out of a common pot. For half a piastre a family of ten, in these villages, can eat itself full.

The District Commissioner had the order not to touch women and children and to enter the houses only when the women had already left them. This procedure is well known to the Arabs and therefore they hide everything that they have to hide in the voluminous dresses of their wives.



PREPARING MEAL IN THE COURTYARD OF AN ARAB HOUSE



WEAVING IN RAMLEH

The debate between the District Commissioner and the mukhtar still went on. The latter tried to convince the District Commissioner, with high-flowing phrases, that they had nothing to conceal, and swore on the Prophet that not a single gun was hidden in the whole village. But the District Commissioner was not to be put off and gave the order to search the houses. He turned to the mukhtar and said: "Get the women and children into the mosque, so that we can enter the houses!"

Out of the low, dark houses the men now brought their wives. Hitherto I had seen only veiled Arab women, but on the land the veil is not worn, and so at last I was in a position to form an opinion of their aesthetic qualities. When I saw their unveiled faces I came to the conclusion that veils were, after all, an improvement! Amongst the eighty women and girls I could hardly discover a single one with the least claim to beauty.

The Arab women have their own cosmetics with which they decorate themselves to please the men. These cosmetics are reminiscent in many ways of the aids to beauty amongst European women. Even these simple Arab peasant women had their finger-nails stained red; indeed, they appeared more advanced—they had applied the colour to the whole finger. Their eyelids were smeared with a dark antimony. They used no lipstick to redden their lips, but here also they were more thorough-going, for they had the colour tattooed on to their upper lips. Their figures, so far as one could judge through their dresses, were deformed by the continuous nursing of children or by child-bearing. It was impossible to guess their ages.

They took their children with them into the mosque and at last we could enter the houses. These consisted of one single room from which the women indeed had disappeared, but where their perfume still remained. There was hardly any air in these rooms; breathing was difficult and one's eyes smarted from a heavy smoke. Nor were the rooms quite

empty. In almost all the rooms we found chickens and goats, in one we even found a starving cow. The only things we did not find were rifles.

These searches have not much point. They only unnecessarily arouse the population; usually nothing is found. Every child in Palestine knows that the Arabs never keep their rifles and ammunition in their houses, but bury them, with their money, somewhere in the fields. At night, when these peaceful peasants become determined rebels, they go to the hiding-place, fetch out their weapons, go on their raiding expeditions, and at the first ray of dawn bury everything again.

In these villages the supplies of weapons have greatly increased in recent times. Arab agitators visit the peasants and promise them that at the end of the struggle the land and wives of the Jews will be distributed amongst them. With this expectation the peasant digs up his money and buys rifles and ammunition from wandering gun-runners. Then at night-time he marches against Jewish colonies, and lets himself be persuaded to besiege the roads although he really has not the faintest idea what it is all about.

The fellah is represented by the Effendi class as the great sufferer and victim. So long, however, as he stays on his land he has no reason to complain. But there are in Palestine very many fellahin who no longer possess house and land and who are, in fact, faced with complete destitution. When Jewish colonists seek out a piece of territory and begin purchasing land there, the land is usually acquired from Arab small landowners. The fellah who before had not seen £10 in a whole year is now offered £10,000 to £20,000 for his land, and it is seldom that the fellah can resist such an offer. Thus simple peasants become wealthy capitalists overnight. Whilst formerly they had lived happily without money, they now do not know what to do with their sudden wealth. Men who were accustomed to reckon in piastres do not understand the value of the pound and just as they had become wealthy overnight, so overnight they again become poor

devils. The same process keeps repeating itself. The peasant emigrates to the town, rents a house and buys what he formerly could not afford, one wife after another. He visits houses of ill-fame, spends his whole day in cafés, smoking a narghile, and at the end of a few years he is taking the last pound out of a stocking where not so long ago £10,000 had reposed. Only then does he think of his fate. He would like to return to the land, but he possesses no more money to acquire a little piece of earth and there is nothing left for him but either to find some job as a labourer or to plunge into the Arab town-proletariat. To this day there is not a single institution in Palestine which has attempted to educate the Arab to apply his money to productive purposes. There is no Arab mortgage-bank, and no Arab factories in which the fellah can invest his suddenly acquired wealth. There are examples in Palestine which go to show that the Arab is capable of keeping abreast of the Jew in agricultural things. Some fellahin have been wise enough to sell only half their land to the Jews: the money received they invested in the remaining half, in citrus culture, and their orange groves are every whit as profitable as those of the Jews. But, unfortunately, they are in a very small minority.

The soldiers were finished with their investigations. Every house had been searched, and nothing had been found. There remained only the mosque where the women were gathered. Now they could again return to their houses since the lieutenant wanted to take a look at the mosque. Only a quick look, for he had orders to exercise extreme caution so as not to make it appear that the Government officials had any anti-religious attitude. He had even to obtain the mukhtar's signature to a declaration that the Korans in the mosque had remained intact after the inspection. The lieutenant went into the mosque and after a few seconds came back. He handed the declaration to the mukhtar who, however, politely refused to sign it. "I must first of all convince myself," he said with a friendly smile, "that everything in the mosque is indeed in order."

Against this one could raise no objections and he disappeared with a few men into the mosque. Minutes went by before he again appeared and with unchanged countenance declared: "I cannot sign the declaration. You have destroyed the Holy Books."

The lieutenant turned as white as chalk. He turned to the District Commissioner and said energetically: "I give you my word that when I was in the mosque everything was intact. It must have been the mukhtar and his men who have destroyed the Korans."

The situation immediately took on a new aspect. The District Commissioner and the soldiers who had carried out the inspection in a friendly and courteous way were quite changed when they saw the mukhtar's trick. Orders were given that all the men were to be gathered in one group, the mukhtar with them, until the District Commissioner had made his decision. Now the Arabs were also aroused. They perhaps did not know, or did not wish to know, that the mukhtar himself had destroyed the books. They shouted and cursed the soldiers who surrounded them. The District Commissioner had the mukhtar brought to him: "You have tried to deceive us. You are no longer worthy to be mukhtar of this village. In Nablus I'll see to it that you are removed and an honourable man put in your place. But the village must pay for your trickery. I impose a collective fine of £50 upon the village, to be paid at my office within a week, in cash or in corn!"

The mukhtar turned to his men, informed them of the punishment, and the information was received with a terrific roar. The soldiers found difficulty in holding back the unruly Arabs. Peacefulness was over. The whole group of Arabs had become a howling, gesticulating mass. But the task of the soldiers was finished. They climbed again into the lorries and we departed. But for a long time we heard the clamour behind us.

Hardly had we left Azzour when the men and women



ARABS INSPECTING PHOTOGRAPHS IN JEWISH SHOP



BEDOUIN TENT ON EMPTY BUILDING SITE IN HAIFA

began to pack together all their possessions. Asses and camels were loaded up, a long caravan of women was formed, and it left the village. The men waited until night-time, dug up their weapons from their hiding-places and distributed themselves in groups in the surrounding hills. The fine had driven them from their village. For them it was incomprehensible and inconceivable to scrape together a fortune of £50; neither did they want to sacrifice to the English the harvest that already lay upon the threshing-floor. They preferred to leave the village, and they sent their women to Nablus, where they were received and harboured as refugees. The bands which the men had formed set out to avenge themselves upon the Jews, whom they blamed for everything.

A great number of Palestinian villages were evacuated in these days by their inhabitants in the same way, and the majority of the bandit bands are composed of men who have fled into the hills from collective fines. The fellahin have always complained of the taxes that burdened them, and the Government has shown generosity in gradually lightening this burden when the income from other sources has increased, until large districts for years have hardly had to pay any taxes at all. But they still live as before in continual fear of taxation, and they tremble lest the time of the Turks shall return, when they had to sacrifice everything in taxes. For this reason it is almost impossible to carry out a reliable census in Palestine. The census officials are driven out by the enraged peasants, or are given falsified figures. The peasants are always firmly convinced that every census will be followed by new taxes, and the census officials remind them of the tax collectors of Turkish times.

When we arrived in Nablus the news of the incident was already known in the town. It was inexplicable how it had spread so quickly—quicker than our lorries. In Arab circles no one gave credence to the theory that the mukhtar himself was the evil-doer. The rumour persisted that the English had destroyed the Korans.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FATHER OF ZIONISM

OUR motor-caravan drove back rapidly from Nablus to Jerusalem along the excellent road, and yet the journey seemed to last an eternity. There are really no great distances in the country; Palestine is about the size of Belgium or Wales. With a good car one can travel from the northern frontier to the southern frontier in less than five hours, and one needs only two hours to cross from east to west. Good metalled roads lead north and south, and to a less degree east and west, joining the principal towns, and cars in Palestine often attain seventy to eighty miles per hour. The nervousness which prevails in the country does not spare the drivers of these cars, and finds expression in the driving. It is therefore not particularly easy to drive a car on the Palestinian motor roads. One can discover no rules amongst the drivers, and although I have spent many hours riding in cars on the roads, I have not been able to make out whether one has to drive on the left or on the right. One drives as one wishes; one overtakes as much as one wants. Mr. Hore-Belisha could find a paradise in Palestine for his activities.

Now we made rapid progress, since there was no traffic on the road. We ate up the miles, but the time that went by seemed to be endless. To-day every drive is full of surprises and dangers; one never knows when one is going to crash into a mine, or when the car is going to be bombarded with bombs or bullets. One's heart need not quite be in one's boots, but one breathes a sigh of relief when one finally drives into Jerusalem.

In the hotel I was received like a returned prodigal. Jerusalem had experienced uneasy days since my departure: an English police officer had been fatally wounded by unknown assassins, a great Jewish timber-yard in the vicinity of the Old City had been fired, and a Mills bomb had been thrown at the Jaffa gate, injuring twenty-five people. This was the first real bomb that had exploded in the country; hitherto only primitive home-made bombs had been thrown, which seldom caused much damage. The appearance of the terrifying Mills bombs caused a panic, and an aggravation of the riots was feared.

Neither the Government nor the police could quieten the population. Every day the Government published official communiqués, which, however, only gave a few of the tragic events, seeking to lessen the seriousness of the situation by an ostrich policy. I myself had often had opportunity to discover the inaccuracy of these official reports whenever I had been an eye-witness of the encounters. I had even counted dead and wounded when the official communiqué had stated with enviable optimism: "No casualties." These two words had become a byword in the country and an Arab paper published a caricature with the heading "No casualties," showing a number of dead English soldiers, Jews and Arabs. Of course, the Government had an excuse. It was always difficult to fix the number of victims amongst the Arabs, since these always took their dead and wounded with them. The number of English and Jewish victims usually corresponded to the facts. Yet rumour always increased the numbers, and we journalists found it difficult to find out the truth in the rumours.

Since we vainly waited for news from official sources, we used to gather every evening around the wireless to listen to the events of the day from the Italian radio station of Bari. Bari sent out Palestinian news in several languages, including Arabic, and caused much mischief amongst the Arab population. It received its information from the Italian journalists who had been sent as special correspondents to Palestine, and

who pursued their own way in their search for news. They did not associate with us, but lived together in the Italian school and worked in co-operation with the Italian Consulate.

As a result of their activities the Government found itself compelled to introduce a censorship. It hesitated a long time before undertaking this step, and false reports such as the account of the bombardment of the Old City in Jerusalem had first to appear in the world Press before the censorship was put into practice. But even this seemed to be futile. What the censor cut out of telegrams was sent by 'phone. In the end even telephone conversations were forbidden. Journalistic work in Palestine was made infinitely difficult—almost impossible.

But even without the censor we had lost interest in the daily events. The bombing and shooting which had stirred us at the beginning gradually began to bore us, and our interest drifted away from the riots. But Jerusalem in these days could offer no alternative. In order to kill time we went to the Café Vienna and ordered champagne in the morning out of sheer bravado. But even that became boring in time. Once, when we were sitting in the Café Vienna, a colleague said: "I would give a year of my life if I could now be not in Jerusalem in the Café Vienna, but in Vienna in the Café Jerusalem."

We had even to leave the café shortly before seven o'clock, and we began to make nightly motor excursions into the towns where there was no curfew. A Jerusalem journalist always took us with him in his little Ford. These night rides were full of adventure. The open car was nearly always shot at, and we drove through a rain of rifle bullets before we could get a drink in Tel Aviv or in Haifa.

One night an especially venturesome company decided to drive to the Dead Sea. The journey only lasted some three-quarters of an hour, but this stretch of road is the most dangerous in the whole of Palestine. The barren rocks of the desert of Judea are occupied by bandits who, at night-time, blow up

the bridges on the road with disconcerting regularity. But the company reached Kalia, a bathing-place much frequented in peaceful times. Profound silence lay over the place, the full moon lit up the countryside and was reflected in the water of the Dead Sea which lies about 400 metres beneath sea-level. The approaching car awoke the few inhabitants of Kalia; they grasped their weapons that were standing in readiness and were already prepared for the worst. They had been certain that Arabs were in the car, for who else would come at night to the Dead Sea if not bandits.

They bolted their houses and took up a position of defence when we knocked on the door. "Who are you and what do you want?" came the mistrustful question from inside. The people could hardly believe their ears when they heard the answer: "We are English journalists from Jerusalem and want to have a swim in the Dead Sea." For the people of Kalia, as well as for the journalists, this somewhat adventurous moonlight party remained unforgettable.

So it went on until the car of our friend was one night set on fire. In the official communiqué of the next day it was indeed stated that the car "was only a little damaged"—in reality nothing but the metal-work was left of the little Ford, and we had to give up our excursions.

Now for the first time we discovered that Jerusalem had other sights apart from the Old City, with its Holy Places and terrorists. In the city is to be found a mixed collection of peoples who live in four great quarters outside the city walls: the Armenian quarter in the south-west, the Greek and Latin quarters in the north, and the Jewish quarter in the east. The Jewish quarter had already been begun in 1860, yet here usually live the religious Oriental Jews, or Jews who have come into the country some decades ago and cannot escape from the proletarian class. The Jewish middle class live in Rechawia, where modern villas or great blocks of flats give the whole quarter a thoroughly European character. These houses are no flimsy cardboard castles; they are usually

built of stone-faced concrete in contrast to the lighter houses of Tel Aviv.

Here there were some other cafés besides the Café Vienna, here there were shops, newspaper-stands and a few cinemas that were allowed to open in the afternoon. And here were to be found the headquarters of Jewish life in Palestine, the most important organisations of Jewry: the Zionist Organisation, the Jewish Agency, the Jewish National Fund which purchases land, the Keren Hayesod which finances building construction, and the offices of the Waad Leumi, which represents the Jewish community in Palestine. It took a long time before I could find my way amongst this labyrinth of Jewish organisations, and whenever I thought that I knew them all, a new one suddenly sprang up.

The chief organisation of the Jews in the country is the Kneseth Israel, a legally constituted collective organisation of the Jews with a permanent committee, the Waad Leumi. These organisations aim at taking into their own hands the destinies of the Jews living in the country and at making them independent of the Zionist Organisation which still has its roots abroad. The Jews living in Palestine play no leading part in the Zionist world organisation, whose congresses are held abroad and which is often controlled by Jews who have never been in Palestine.

And yet these foreign Jews are the most important factors in Jewish constructive work, for from them comes the money which makes it possible. In the campaign which Jews carry on for Palestine no weapons are employed; the opportunities of livelihood for the Jews are not created by ruthless might, but bought with money. Here a land is being built up in the same way that hospitals in England are maintained—by charity. The best brains of the Zionist movement are always travelling. They give lectures to Jews in every country of the world, fill them with enthusiasm for the idea and then return with the money which they have collected on their journeys. With this money are obtained the requisites for a

Jewish colony; lands are bought and settled. The two Jewish funds, the Keren Kajemeth and the Keren Hayesod, have jointly collected some £10,000,000 in thirty-six years and invested it in Palestine. The sum of Jewish investments in the country is estimated at £90,000,000.

"Really a trifling sum," I was told at the Jewish Agency, "when one reads that Germany, in three years, has spent eight hundred million pounds on its rearmaments, and that the English armaments budget amounts in a single year to more than three hundred million pounds. But we have to rely upon our own resources, upon the sympathy and understanding of the Jews in the Diaspora."

In the office of the Jewish Agency three pictures decorate the walls. In the middle hangs a picture of Theodor Herzl, to left and right the pictures of Arlosoroff and Weizmann. These three portraits signify three periods in Jewish reconstruction which was begun with Herzl before 1896. At that time there was already a Zionist movement, especially strong amongst Russian intellectuals. Shortly after the emancipation, when the Jews were beginning to play an increasingly greater part in the public life of European States, there were already Jews who regarded their position as a "political anomaly." But they were either scholars or visionaries. The scholars wrote essays and books (the literature of the Zionist movement is tremendous), the visionaries dreamed of an independent Jewish State in Palestine, which they believed had been neglected by every living being and was only awaiting the return of the Jews.

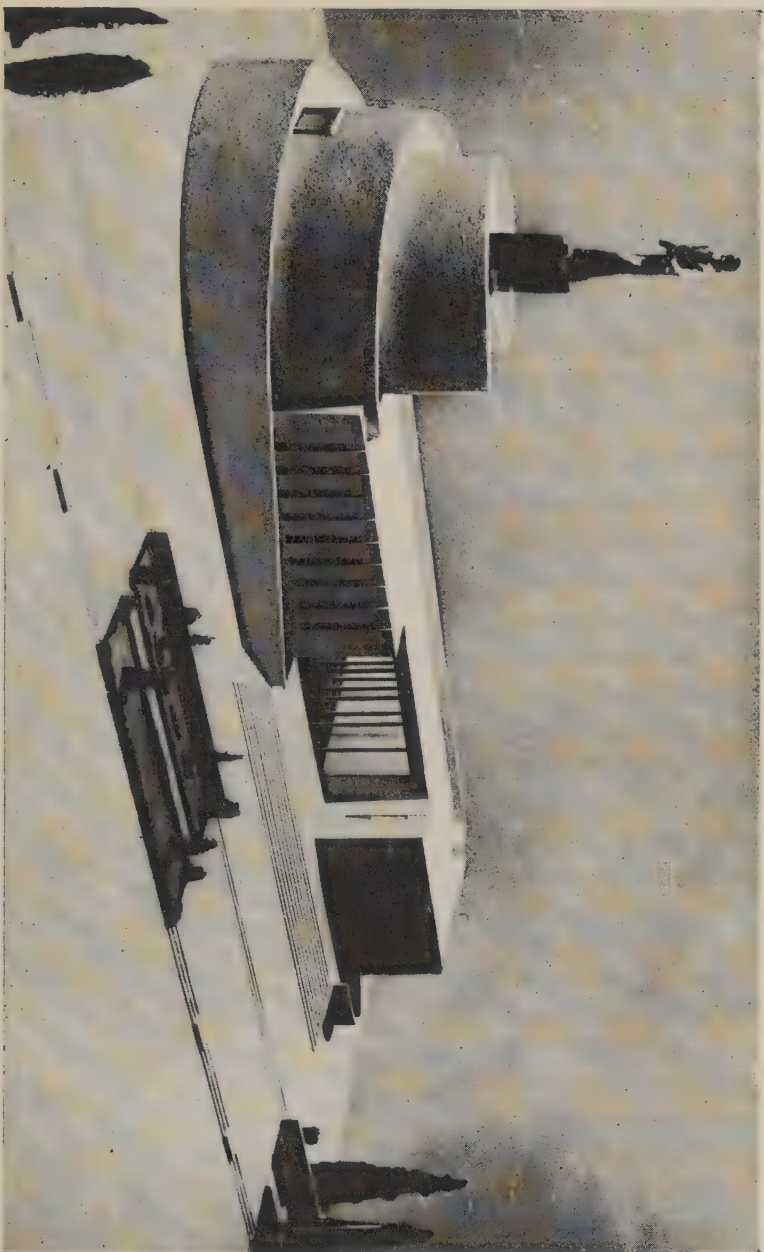
One of these visionaries, Rabbi Schonblœm, went to Paris and for weeks sat in the waiting-room of Jacob Rothschild, to whom he wanted to make this adventurous proposal. "You, Mr. Rothschild, have money, more money than all the other Jews in the world together. You are looking for ways to invest it. I have a scheme for you, a bigger scheme than you have ever dreamed of. Buy Palestine from the Turks, erect there with your money a Jewish State and we Jews will,

in gratitude, make you our king, the successor of David and Solomon."

The visionary was given no opportunity of stating his proposal to Rothschild personally; the secretaries thought him mad and kept him out. But the son of Jacob Rothschild, the then very young Edmond Rothschild, noticed the Jew in his father's waiting-room, and the man related his idea to the son. He spoke of a dream and his story captivated the imagination of the child, who began to take an interest in Palestine, which continued until his death. When he grew up he founded colonies for Russian and Rumanian Jews in Palestine, established various institutions there, expending no less than 80,000,000 gold francs. His family continues his work; shortly before I came to Palestine, the son of Edmond Rothschild visited the country and inspected the institutions created by his father.

Upon all this vague theorising there suddenly burst like a bomb a book with the challenging title *The Jewish State*. Its author was called Theodor Herzl and the old Zionists asked with astonishment: "Who is this Herzl?" He was an Austrian journalist of Hungarian origin, the Paris correspondent of the Vienna journal *Neue Freie Presse*. Herzl had no connection with official Jewry, he was not even aware that there was already a Zionist movement in progress. He had discovered Zionism anew for himself.

He had given no thought to his Jewish origin and was on the point of being converted when he was again reminded of his Judaism by the Dreyfus affair. He discovered that emancipation was no solution for the Jewish problem. This could only be solved if the Jews were once again to form their own State and to stop hanging round the necks of foreign peoples. Soon a group of young Jewish intellectuals gathered around Herzl and the time of political active Zionism began. Already, one year after the publication of *The Jewish State*, the Herzl group assembled in Basel, held a congress and declared: "Zionism aims at the creation for the



MODEL OF A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THEODOR HERZL ON MOUNT CARMEL



JEWISH PIONEERS LIVING IN TENTS

Jewish people of a national home in Palestine on a political basis."

Herzl also created the Zionist Organisation and undertook its diplomatic relations with the Powers. In 1903 the English Government offered the Zionist Organisation land in Uganda for colonisation purposes. The offer was declined upon religious grounds, but Herzl clung to the English despite that.

If to-day, when only thirty years have gone by, one reads Herzl's books, one is forced to believe in his prophetic gifts. He journeyed to Stambul, where he attempted to win over the Sultan to his plan; later, when he met the Kaiser in Palestine, he also tried to interest him in the scheme, but he did not place much hope on him. Herzl died in 1904, but in the preceding years his movement had grown so large that the work could not but go on after his death.

Herzl lies buried in Vienna. In Palestine his only memorial is a room filled with his furniture, which is shown to foreigners. He was a comet which appeared and then vanished, but which caused far-reaching changes in Jewish life.

Deep in thought, I left the Herzl room in the house of the Jewish Agency, and went from this relic of the past into the modernly equipped offices where men were sitting and working to realise Herzl's dream.

CHAPTER XIV

CAPTAINS OF ZIONISM

OF the labyrinth of Jewish organisations, the Jewish Agency was the one whose aims and significance I understood most clearly. I found the others superficial beside it; indeed it seemed as if the work performed here in the Jewish Agency was being repeated by the other organisations but not furthered. The Jewish Agency was already provided for in the Mandate treaty: it was to stand at the side of the Government and advise upon all questions touching the Jewish National Home. Therefore it soon became the Alpha and Omega of the Jews in Palestine, for in the long run it is the Government and not the Jews that determines the fate of the Yishuv in Palestine. For Jewish immigration the Jewish Agency has a still more special significance: it suggests the number of immigration certificates each year (usually too many in the opinion of the Government), and receives them (usually less than the number demanded) for distribution.

The Jewish Agency has developed into a kind of Jewish government and has divided itself up into different "Ministries" which are modestly called departments. Thus the Jewish Agency has a department for politics, for finance, for immigration, for labour, for trade and industry. It has a president and also a chairman of the Executive. The president is an Englishman, the only West European in the whole affair, Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Dr. Weizmann is not yet an old man, yet he is the last representative of Herzlian Zionism who shared actively in the struggles and endless travellings to and

fro of the first years. He clings to his English citizenship, and he has only transferred his domicile very recently from Europe to Palestine, where a house is now being built for him in Jerusalem. This house, however, will see him only very seldom, since he will still have to spend most of his time outside of Palestine. In the great company of Zionist leaders in Palestine he is perhaps the only one who, in appearance, general education and personality, arouses at first sight the impression that he is at home in diplomatic drawing-rooms and that he is a trained politician. In the London office of the Jewish Agency there are a number of similar personalities, but they are sadly lacking in Palestine.

Weizmann is the man who is capable not only of presenting Jewish demands to the High Commissioner, but who also enjoys respect in the Colonial Office in London. He has even access to the Prime Minister with the demands of the Zionists. When he addressed the High Commissioner on the outbreak of the riots he—and he alone could have permitted himself to do this—*demand*ed that energetic measures be taken to suppress them. During the interview—so runs the story in Palestine—his temper ran away with him, and when the High Commissioner made only conditional promises he jumped up from his chair and shouted: "Then I shall have to fetch from London what I cannot get from you!"

He wrenched the door open and disappeared without another word. The next day he went to Haifa and was just on the point of boarding a ship when the High Commissioner appeared in the harbour, approached Weizmann and said to him, calmly and mildly: "Dear Weizmann, I believe you forgot to say good-bye to me!"

This story is perhaps not true—although it was related to me by people who ought to know—yet it is characteristic of the two men: of the energy of Weizmann and of the kindly mildness of the High Commissioner.

After this little incident Weizmann left and shortly after his arrival in London he succeeded in getting Mr. Baldwin to

receive him. In the Jewish Agency it was stated to me, with pride, that Weizmann's conversation with the Prime Minister lasted no less than five hours. When his "old friend" Ormsby-Gore was appointed Colonial Secretary, he also had free access to him.

Weizmann's influence in English circles is attributed to his activities during the World War. Two different legends are current. One says that Weizmann—who is professionally a highly reputed chemist—invented a poison gas during the war and offered it to the English Government. When the English Government wanted to know how much money he wanted for it, he said he wanted no money, but that his payment should be the foundation of a Jewish Palestine. And so came the Balfour Declaration. The other legend—which appears to me more probable—says that Weizmann made some important discoveries to do with potash during the war, and was paid for his discovery. Apart from his activities as a chemist he was a Zionist politician, and it was only natural that he should use the connections he made with the Government as a chemist to further his political aims.

Weizmann is a man much liked and disliked amongst the Jews: he has friends and enemies. As an orator at public meetings he always achieves tremendous success with his audience. His appearance itself is impressive: he is elegant, well-groomed, cultured and his face strongly resembles that of Lenin.

His West European culture, his lively, passionate temper separates him from the other Jewish leaders in Palestine. Since the beginnings of political Zionism, the Jews from Russia and Poland—known as Eastern Jews—have had the upper hand in the leadership. They were the first settlers, and from their ranks the first leaders in Palestine were chosen. These Eastern Jews, even if they have lived in the ghettos cut off from the Gentiles, have absorbed many of the characteristics of their surroundings, especially the lack of a sense of time and a typically Slav lack of temperament. These

negative qualities are compensated by them with an unlimited energy which however can never be suggestive and fruitful, since they do not apply it but let it run to waste within them. This inner energy is continually throwing them forwards until they are again driven backwards by their lack-of-time sense and lack of convincing temperament. They have no understanding of the thought-processes of Weizmann, the cosmopolitan man of the world, nor for his gestures which, although they seem natural to us, they regard as poses.

From the ghetto they have also brought, with other peculiarities, a certain attitude which now hinders their work in Palestine. Accustomed to a hostile surrounding where they were persecuted by street children whenever they appeared in the streets, where they were pelted with stones and abused without even having the right of defending themselves, they have come to regard everything with mistrust and often with an unconscious hatred. Their mistrust has developed amongst them in Palestine an inferiority complex, and their hatred has developed in them a persecution mania. These psychological obstacles prevent them from feeling at home—like Weizmann—on the diplomatic parquet, and make them see in every Government action a move against themselves. But they form the majority amongst the Jewish leaders in Palestine, and in the past differences went so far as to drive Weizmann completely out of office in 1931. But they soon realized that without Weizmann they could do nothing; they made an armistice with him so that he could pursue his diplomatic activities, but they allow him no say in internal affairs.

Dr. Weizmann himself is not a party man like the labour leader, David Ben Gurion, who was elected chairman of the Executive of the Jewish Agency chiefly by the votes of the Jewish working class. His influence in Palestine is tremendous, one might say that Ben Gurion is the dictator of Jewry in Erez Israel. He still belongs to the ghetto generation, which could not develop even physically in the cramping atmosphere

of the tiny ghetto streets. If one compares them in appearance with the Arab leaders—and this I found myself involuntarily doing—then the comparison is sadly against them. The Arabs are all impressive in appearance, men of six foot, and besides them the Jewish leaders with their average height of five-foot-four seem lost.

The Arabs wear the picturesque dress of their country or else attire themselves carefully in the latest European fashion; the Jews on the other hand appear to place no importance upon their clothes. Even in their speech they are at a disadvantage. An Arab can state even the greatest nonsense with some conviction, and if he does happen to be right, one has no doubt about it. With the Jews however—even when they were right—I missed this important gift of convincingness; their speeches were always monotonous and of little appeal. Despite that they are successful with the Jewish masses, because they themselves come from the masses.

Until within recent years the East Jewish element controlled Palestinian Jewish public life without a rival. Since Hitler's third Reich a rival has appeared in the German Jews. In the three years of the Hitler régime some 30,000 German Jews have come to Palestine; this number is small beside the 100,000 or more Eastern Jews. The Germans, therefore, had to subordinate themselves to the latter if they wanted to avoid an open struggle. This did not come easy to them. Already in the past there had been a wide gulf between German Jews and Eastern Jews. The Germans always spoke of the Polish and Russian Jews as "Pollacken," with a certain never-veiled contempt. They missed in them the desire for assimilation, they never understood their emphasised Jewishness, and laughed at them when they massacred the German language with their Yiddish idiom. The Eastern Jews again, with their innate hatred, despised the assimilationist German Jews who baptised themselves and married their daughters to Christian officers. They called them "Jeckes," which was a bad term of abuse in their vocabulary.

In Palestine these ancient differences again came into conflict. Now the German Jews had nothing more to laugh at, and it was with some satisfaction that the Eastern Jews said: "So this is the result of your assimilationist ideals!" At first they still allowed the representative of the German Jews, the old Zionist Kurt Blumenfeld, to have a say in matters, but in time this Western European was also pushed aside, and the executive is once again composed purely of Eastern Jews.

But they have critics in their own circles—the radical group of Revisionists, with its leader, Vladimir Jabotinsky. This Captain of Zionism really deserves this title, since he did, in fact, fight for the realisation of a Jewish state in Palestine as a captain during the World War. Jabotinsky is a writer, and his opponents in Palestine said to me: "He is a writer of belles-lettres who has wandered into politics. He thinks in novels and leading articles which cannot exist in daily life and which can scarcely be realised. But he will not allow himself to be convinced; he tilts dangerously, but hopelessly, at wind-mills. We are sorry for Jabotinsky!"

Vladimir Jabotinsky is the best and most inspiring speaker amongst the Jewish leaders; to hear him is to be hypnotised. He also is small and insignificant in appearance, yet one quickly forgets that when one listens to him, and just as with the Arab leaders, one believes him even when he is talking the greatest nonsense. When during the World War he saw that England was marching against Palestine, he gathered young Jews around him and placed himself with them at the disposal of the English Government. His Jewish legion did not play any decisive role, yet it had a great moral significance: Jews contributed their blood for the country and helped to create the foundations of a Jewish Palestine. Intransigent, like a soldier who only follows his orders, he follows his ideals, which he envisages as an order from within. For him Palestine is the country which exclusively belongs to the Jews, and where only the Jews have a say. But he himself said with emphasis to the Shaw Commission which came to

Palestine after the riots of 1929 to inquire into the grievances: "There is no Zionist who wants to drive the existent peasant population out of Palestine." For me Jabotinsky appears a tragic figure, because as a result of his activities which endangered peace and order, he has been expelled from Palestine and may no longer return to the country of his dreams. He must feel like Othello when he thinks of his achievements during the World War. "I have done my duty," he is perhaps thinking; "I can go."

Jabotinsky accuses the "reigning Zionists" of not being energetic enough, and of being ready to share the land with the Arabs. Another Jewish group, led by Dr. Judah Magnes, the president of the Hebrew university, accuses them, on the other hand, of making no attempt to live in peace with the Arabs. In fact, Ben Gurion and his adherents stand in this connection closer to Jabotinsky than to Dr. Magnes. During the years that have gone by only little has been done and much left undone from this point of view; there are hardly any social contacts between Jews and Englishmen, or between Jews and Arabs. The limited mentality of the Eastern Jewish leaders excludes common themes; the rare meetings pass in yawning boredom, and repel the different parties rather than help to bring them together.

The Jews had a Captain of Zionism who seemed destined to achieve a bridging of the gap. This was Dr. Chaim Arlosoroff. The child of Eastern Jewish parents, he had been brought up in Germany, and so he brought with him to Palestine a compromise between two sections. He was filled with the Western European culture and passionate temperament of Weizmann and with the burning inner energy of Ben Gurion, a happy mixture which the Jews miss to-day.

People who knew his strength and weakness said of him: "Palestine was never in world history the land of milk and honey as we learned in the Bible. It only appeared so to the Jews, who had spent a generation in the desert and who here,



ELECTION POSTERS IN TEL AVIV



JEWISH FUNERAL PROCESSION IN TEL AVIV

at last, found some fertile land instead of sand. In exactly the same way it is for the Jews who have come to Palestine from the Russian and Polish ghettos a true 'Land of Promise,' since here they can live in freedom and prosperity after the repression and poverty of the ghetto. Arlosoroff did not come from the ghetto; for him Palestine was a temporary descent, but he wanted to help in raising it. His soul was rent into two. He struggled between truth and fiction. Once he asked himself in despair: 'Is there any use in wasting your youth and energy here? Nothing will ever come of this fantastic dream!' But then he visited the Jewish colonists, came back inspired, and said with enthusiasm: 'I will dedicate my life to this country; the future of Palestine is certain!'

From the memory-filled room of Theodor Herzl I now went to the successor of Arlosoroff, the present director of the political department of the Jewish Agency, Moshe Shertok. After the murder of Arlosoroff he, who had been Arlosoroff's secretary, had become his successor. Two motives influenced his appointment: firstly, it was hoped that Shertok would be able to complete the work begun by Arlosoroff in the way the latter would have done it, and secondly because he spoke fluent Arabic, a rare thing amongst the other Jewish leaders. Most of them speak, apart from Hebrew, Russian, Polish and Yiddish. But I found Jewish leaders in responsible positions who spoke no English.

Moshe Shertok received me in a small, plainly furnished office. I went to him to see what reply he would make to the interview given me by the Mufti—in other words, to hear the other side. But this other side was a different world. There was nothing of the romantic, mystic atmosphere around him such as I had found around the Mufti. In his eyes I sought in vain—for after all he stands at the head of a passionate movement—for the fanatical fire which I thought I saw in the eyes of the Mufti. For me the Mufti was the rebel leader; Shertok however—his opponent in the same struggle—was the painstaking official.

If this be a defect he does his best to atone for it by an almost superhuman industry. He works twenty hours a day and he said to me: "If the Palestinian day had a hundred hours I would still complain that I could not get everything done."

Of the Chief Jewish Directorate, he is the only one that has remained in Palestine. Weizmann and Ben Gurion travelled to London after the outbreak of the riots, to carry on the struggle from there, as if from headquarters behind the lines. Shertok leads his soldiers here in the field. Besides carrying out directions, he negotiates, comes and goes; his life knows no rest. If I myself had not seen it, I would never have believed what he is capable of performing. At six-thirty in the morning he travelled to Tel Aviv, took part in a memorial service for Arlosoroff, had discussions with labour leaders, telephoned with London for thirty minutes, flew to Haifa, more negotiations, received the High Commissioner, accompanied him to Mishmar Haemek to show him the burnt plantations, again telephoned to London, flew to Cairo, had discussions—and next morning at six-thirty he was again sitting at his desk in Jerusalem. And the day and the speed began all over again.

Even whilst I was interviewing him, the telephone rang continually; he argued in Hebrew, English, Arabic, Polish, Russian and German. And in the meantime he told me about his career: "My parents came to Palestine from Russian Poland when I was two years old. They settled in an Arab village and I grew up in Arab surroundings. Then I became an officer in the Turkish army, and finally a professional Zionist in the labour movement, editor of the labour paper *Dawar*, and secretary to Arlosoroff. After his death I succeeded him."

His childhood is still fresh in his memory and he maintains excellent relations with the Arabs in his village. "They often come to me to discuss their private affairs." The Emir Abdullah also thinks highly of Shertok and likes conversing

with him in the unusually beautiful, literary Arabic which they both speak.

The events of recent days have not been able to shake Shertok from his calm. He regards the development of things with a profound sadness, but does not allow himself to be carried away with passion.

"What do you think," I asked him, "lies behind the Arab movement?"

"I think," answered Shertok, "that the movement is aimed neither against the English nor against us. It aims merely at the creation of an independent Palestine. But of that there can be now no talk. We acknowledge the justice of the view that we cannot speak of Palestine as of a Jewish state, but in the same way Palestine is no longer a pure Arab state. It is not true that we wish to drive out the Arabs. The Jewish immigration with its introduction of prosperity has resulted in the Arabs' increasing by 70 per cent—without immigration—due to the birth rate and improved conditions. To-day there are over 800,000 Arabs living in the country, whilst their number in 1918 was under 500,000."

"But the Arabs," I said, "oppose Jewish immigration only partly for economic reasons. They lay more stress on the political motives."

"Politically, our rights are based upon the Balfour Declaration," answered Shertok, "and Jewish immigration can be determined only by the absorptive capacity of the country and not by the will of the Arab politicians. The possibility of the creation of an independent Arab state depends leastly upon Palestine. There are larger and more important Arab states more able to realise this idea. Whilst the Arabs in Irak, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Transjordan and also in Egypt have already large and partly independent Arab states, for us Jews Palestine is the only country where we can dream of the creation of a national home. Besides the Balfour Declaration we have a second right to Palestine. Our first colonists found here stony and sandy deserts, malaria-infested swamps, and

hundreds of them died of malaria, dysentery and black-water fever. They are our dead heroes, and we would be desecrating their memory if we should now give up everything to the Arabs without a struggle."

"What would the suspension of Jewish immigration mean?" I asked.

"Of this possibility we think not at all"—and now his voice rose with passion—"we reject the idea completely. We have not made our infinite sacrifices for the 400,000 Jews now living in the country, but for the millions abroad for whom Palestine means hope, and more than hope: a last refuge. We have not drained the swamps, reduced child mortality by 50 per cent, for the Arabs—although they have benefited by it. The world wants to solve the Jewish problem, and here in Palestine a practical solution is offered. The Jews have shown that they are capable of achievements not only in foreign surroundings, but also in their own country. Why are we not left to continue our work in peace? We do not destroy Arab orange plantations, but build hospitals; we do not shoot at English soldiers, but make the neglected land fruitful. If immigration is now stopped, Jewry will lose its confidence in the future of this country and a dangerous weapon will also be placed in the hands of the Arabs. They will see that they need only to throw a few bombs and then all their wishes, no matter how absurd, will be fulfilled."

Shertok had to go, he was already expected at three different places. I saw him drive away in his car, a young man got in beside the driver—his bodyguard. Like the Mufti, Shertok too has had a bodyguard placed at his disposal by the Government. But this was the only thing he had in common with the Mufti.

CHAPTER XV

RESURRECTION OF A LANGUAGE

I LEFT the Jewish Agency and was walking along King George Avenue, when a little boy stopped me. He spoke to me in Hebrew and asked me something that I did not understand. When I did not answer he repeated his question more loudly, and then louder still, for he must have thought I was deaf, not for a moment thinking that I could not understand Hebrew. At last he pointed to my watch so that I thought he was asking me the time. I answered in English. Now it was I who was not understood, and I repeated my answer in German. This he seemed to have understood, for he quickly said: "Jecke Potz" and disappeared. I thought that "Jecke Potz" meant "thank you" in Hebrew, yet my Jewish friends informed me that it was quite otherwise. It was a bad Yiddish term of abuse which I had swallowed. Not only had I not been able to speak Hebrew, but had even committed the sin of answering a genuine Palestinian Jewish boy in German.

This was not my first unfriendly encounter with the Hebrew language. When in Tel Aviv I wanted to visit the harbour works with an English permit, I was not allowed to enter since no one wanted to understand this English permit. In a factory a new method was explained to me in Hebrew for a quarter of an hour before I could get a word out and say that I had not understood a thing. The method remained an eternal secret to me, since no one could be found who spoke English or German.

Here in Rechavia only Hebrew was spoken, below in the

Old City only Arabic, and if one wanted to get anything out of the officials then one had to speak English. The Government recognised all three languages as official languages in the country, and they were all to be seen peacefully together decorating street-signs, official documents, bank-notes, postage-stamps. But I could scarcely find a living being who spoke all three. Arabs and Jews are restrained by a nationalist consciousness from learning the language of the other: "If you want anything from me," they say, "then learn my language. I don't want anything from you."

This threefold speech in the country did not appear to me so very unnatural. In Switzerland, French, German and Italian are spoken; in Belgium, French and Flemish; in Czechoslovakia the languages are Czechish, German, Slovenian, Ruthenian and Hungarian. If one travels only two hours from London westwards, one already finds the Welsh speaking a language that is incomprehensible to the Cockney.

For the Jews who are here gathered in Palestine from every country in the world, the common Hebrew language forms the only bond. For most of these Jews, Hebrew had never been entirely lost. The language lived in prayer books, but for 2,000 years had never and nowhere been spoken—not even in Palestine. The few Jews who had not left Palestine throughout the centuries had left the language of their forefathers, and just as they approximated to the Arabs in customs and usages so they did also take over their language. In the Diaspora the Jews spoke the respective vernaculars, and adhered more firmly to these languages than to the difficult Hebrew language. Thus the Spanish Jews, who were driven from Spain 400 years ago and emigrated to Turkey, still speak a kind of Spanish called Ladino. The Jews in Poland and Russia, about 30 per cent of the Jews in the world, speak Yiddish, a language that has developed from Middle High German and has been mingled with Hebrew and with Polish-Russian elements. By this Yiddish jargon, which sounds

extremely funny to German ears, the Jews of Poland and Russia show that they marched eastwards from Germany.

When, at the end of the last century, the return to Palestine began, there also began the problem of the language. The immigrants, who were almost exclusively Polish and Russian, clung to their Yiddish and also spoke Polish and Russian, until at last a movement was set on foot for the resurrection of the Hebrew language. The Hebrew, however, that the settlers found at hand, was a very uncivilised rabbinical language that was useless for daily life. But simultaneously with the Eastern Jews came also Oriental Jews, the Sephardi cabbalists from Morocco, into Palestine, and they introduced their own Sephardi-Hebrew, which was simple and which they had some time ago made into a living language. In contrast with this clear Sephardi-Hebrew stood the Ashkenazi-Hebrew of the rabbis which was ever more and more thrust into the background, until at last a conscious language movement arose which succeeded in creating a Hebrew vernacular on the basis of the Sephardi language. The way of writing was also preserved; as in the time of the Bible, one writes from right to left, using only consonants, so that whoever does not understand the language cannot decipher the writing.

To European ears Ashkenazi-Hebrew sounds strange and hard; on the other hand, the Sephardi-Hebrew spoken now in Palestine is soft and pleasant; one hardly has the feeling that it is an Oriental language that is spoken here. But not only to the ear—also for the sense—is the Hebrew language no longer an Oriental one. The words of the Bible have been preserved, but not its structure; those who have adapted the language have freed it from the descriptive ballast of the Bible, so that one can express oneself to-day just as briefly and pregnantly in Hebrew as in any other civilised language.

Whilst the old Ashkenazi-Hebrew of the rabbis showed great resemblance to Arabic, the new language moved away from Arabic. The latter is still the complicated Oriental language of the Koran; gay and full of pictures, one rarely

expresses oneself directly in it, but always in roundabout ways. Therefore, for those who know both languages, it is more romantic and richer, and is a paradise for poets. In Arabic are to be found countless forms to express the same thing and many words for a single concept. I was told that Arabic has 135 expressions for the word "camel" and over 200 words for "desert," and there is still an endless chain of mutations of these words. The Arabic language seems to be created more for Oriental ideas than the Hebrew language, which has now become almost European.

"We," declared my Arab friends, "have greater poets than the Jews"—and this statement may well be true. The Arab poet finds an inexhaustible treasury of words in his language, whilst the new-Hebrew poet has often to invent words if he wants to express himself in a modern generally comprehensible way. The Arab poets have also contrary descriptions from us for the things of daily life and for many natural phenomena. We call the camel "the ship of the desert"; the Arab calls the ship, if he does not want to say simply "babur," the "camel of the sea." Our poets sing of a clear blue sky, but the Arab finds it nothing extraordinary. If he alludes to heaven, it is of a heaven with clouds.

The Arabs of Palestine usually do not speak a pure Arabic, and cannot boast of poets and authors. The centre of Arab poetry is Damascus, in Syria, as it has been for centuries, or in the last decades, Cairo, Bagdad or Beyrouth, but not Jerusalem. Statistics show that between 1923 and 1931 only ninety-six books in Arabic appeared in Palestine, and of these ten were translations. More interesting is the fact that these statistics reveal that of these books only eleven were of a literary nature, the others being society publications, merely thin brochures.

In Palestine I found only one Arab writer of distinction; he is named Arif-al-Arif and had an interesting political career before making his name as an author. He was at the Mufti's side in the revolt of 1920, and in the great conciliatory distribution of posts he was made District Officer by Sir Herbert



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Samuel. He was the only one with whom Sir Herbert's move succeeded: he disappeared from the political scene, became a good civil servant, and in his leisure time wrote a book about the life of the Bedouin. He sought in vain, however, for an Arabic publisher in Palestine, and so the book of the Arab author appeared first in Hebrew.

In contrast, the history of the language shows a long stream of Hebrew poets and writers. In the years between 1923 and 1931 there appeared in Palestine 1,120 books and 1,202 brochures in the Hebrew language, and in recent times this number has greatly increased.

These poets and writers were those who gave the new language its final form. Already, in 1881, one of them, Eliezer Ben Yehuda, began to work for the Hebrew language, and he was the first who consciously sought to fill up its gaps. He invented countless words for new ideas, and with infinite patience he adapted a dead language for living needs. Often he used the Bible. He commandeered Arab words, ingeniously modifying them into Hebrew form. When a Hebrew word was being sought for the modern word "electricity," Ben Yehuda found what he wanted in the book of Ezekiel. In the first chapter of the prophet of the Babylonian period, it is said that when he was walking he suddenly saw "chashmal," which might perhaps have been lightning, but which was not; the philologists knew no translation for the expression; the English translators of the Bible used the word "brightness." This mysterious "chashmal" was adopted for the word electricity.

The work of Ben Yehuda was taken over by a body consisting of philologists that at the same time supervises the purity and fineness of the language. Every new word is examined by this language committee (Waad Halaschon) and rejected or approved. It is also responsible for the beautiful romantic names of the new Jewish colonies. At the head of the language committee stands I. Ben Zvi, who has himself invented a large number of Hebrew words. Thus I was told by Moshe

Shertok that the words for insurance and disarmament come from him, and every Jew in public life is the father of at least one Hebrew word.

The majority of the words originate in the newspaper editorial offices, which at the same time have the opportunity of introducing the new words to the public and of popularising them. In Palestine appear five Jewish dailies, including the *Davar*, with a daily circulation of 25,000. It has the third largest circulation in the Orient, the first two places being occupied by Arabic newspapers which do not appear in Palestine, but in Egypt. The Palestinian Arabs have three daily papers, the largest having a circulation of 3,000. This is the *Falastin* of my friend Joseph Hana, who was not particularly depressed when his paper was prohibited by the Government. "When we again appear," said he, "we shall undoubtedly sell double our numbers and rapidly make up our losses." He said this in spite of the fact that the collective circulation of all the Arab papers in Palestine is less than the circulation of the *Davar*. The great differences between Hebrew and Arabic book and newspaper production are due, apart from the proverbial book-hunger of the Jews, to the fact that the Arabs are for the most part still illiterate; in Palestine only some 130,000 of the 1,000,000 Arabs can read and write. Of every thousand Mohammedan Arabs only 144 can read and write, as compared with the 934 per thousand of the male Jews. The number of literate Jews is high even in comparison with European states, as, for instance, 756 per thousand in Italy; and the number of literate Arabs in Palestine is low in comparison with other Arab countries, e.g., 229 per thousand in Egypt. The Jews maintain their own schools and a few attend foreign schools, whilst in this respect the Arabs rely completely upon the Government, and even then they do not take the full advantage of their educational opportunities. It is only seldom that an Arab girl goes to school; the boys, as far as they can go to school at all, soon cease, because they are required to work at home.

Now that the Jews have once again found their lost language, they do not want to hear any other. Especially intransigent is the youth, which persecutes with hostility any attempt to introduce a language other than Hebrew. In the last thirty years the Hebrew language has become dominant in Jewish Palestine, and one can hope for no employment or advance if one does not know it.

Especially hated by them are those who speak German, not because of their political hostility to Germany, but because the sudden appearance of the 30,000 German-Jewish immigrants has jeopardised the autocracy of the Hebrew language. When I was being conducted around a Jewish colony by a young official of the labour organisation, we conversed in German until we reached the colony. Here he suddenly began to speak English. I was astonished. "Look here," I said when I saw that he spoke English only with difficulty, "as far as I am concerned, you can carry on with German."

"But," he said, "it is better for us to speak English. The colonists have less objection to it; you will get no information if you try to speak German with them."

On a Palestinian road I met a young Jew with whom I had travelled from Trieste. I was glad to meet him again, stopped the car, got out and greeted him in German, which was the language we had used on the boat. But my friend did not seem at all pleased.

I was offended and said to him: "Listen to me. I have seen many faces in the year that has passed since we met, but I remembered yours and was glad to see you again. You ought to be glad also."

But his unfriendliness persisted and he pointed to a nearby colony: "There live the Jeckes [German Jews]; go to them if you want to speak German."

The same young people have made the appearance of a German newspaper impossible. At first an attempt was made to publish one in Palestine, but the printers refused to print a newspaper in a foreign language. The editors went to Syria,

had the paper printed there, but the defenders of the language waylaid the copies brought by the train and destroyed them. The Germans have to rely, if they want to know the events of the day, on small lithographed pamphlets, but even to these there is opposition.

The Jews even have a society, which they call the legion of the defenders of the language. The members of the society persecute in the street and in public places persons who speak a language other than Hebrew, molest them and do not even shrink from physical interference.

The rapid spread of the Hebrew language is shown by a small incident which I experienced on the beach of Tel Aviv. With an English cameraman I tried to make a small film of Jewish life on the beach, but the inquisitive Jews kept on getting in the way of the lens. We asked them to get away from the camera in every language at our disposal: German, English, French, and the cameraman, who came from Japan, even used Japanese. But it was all of no use. At last a man came up to us and said: "You had better tell them in Hebrew!" and we asked him to do it for us. He therefore said something in Hebrew to them—and the path in front of our camera was cleared in a second.

So strong is this language-consciousness amongst the second generation, that they want to learn no second language besides Hebrew, and one no longer finds amongst them the linguistic talent that distinguishes the Jews in Europe. Even for English they show no interest, and thus in the English Mandate which has a lively cultural life there appears only one newspaper in English, the *Palestine Post*, with a circulation of 5,000. On the other hand great interest is shown in English literature, and Shakespeare, Shaw and Wells are widely read, but only in Hebrew translation. All the classics and the famous modern European writers are translated into Hebrew, and enjoy great popularity together with the Hebrew writers.

For the last few months Palestine has also had a broad-

casting station which sends out programmes in the three official languages. It was always an experience for me to hear the language of the Bible coming from the loud-speaker, and whenever "Jerusalem Calling!" sounded, I listened to the Hebrew announcement, although I understood nothing of it. I always felt a romantic thrill in hearing the language of Moses relayed by the most modern invention of our time.

CHAPTER XVI

PICTURE GALLERY OF HEROES

I HAD now been in Palestine for some weeks and had spoken with Jews and Arabs. I was gradually gathering the arguments of both sides and these were often contradictory. Only one claim seemed to be common to both. I was told by Jews and Arabs, they used almost the same words: "The blood that has been shed here by our forefathers, and by our brothers, binds us indissolubly and eternally to the soil of Palestine. Not only does ancient history support our right to it, but even the history of recent times. During the World War we fought for Palestine's independence and freedom, and our blood has mingled itself with that of British soldiers upon the battlefields."

For a somewhat similar reason many English cannot understand the meekness with which England listens to protests from the Jews and countenances disorders by the Arabs. They said: "After all what is this Mandate? It is only a matter of form. Our presence in Palestine has deeper roots. Don't forget that England had to wage a difficult and expensive campaign for Palestine. Before we received the Mandate from the League of Nations, our soldiers had first to *conquer* the country for the League."

For us Europeans, the campaign in the Near East during the war was overshadowed by the stirring events on European battlefields.

Even for me, listening to an account of it, it seemed like a historical discovery, full of romantic heroism. Many men

who at that time had fought against each other are still alive in Palestine to-day: Jews, Arabs, Turks, Germans and English. It was not very difficult to find ex-soldiers of this campaign, and on this afternoon when it so happened that there was no bombing and shooting, I listened to the story of shooting that had taken place eighteen years ago.

As the war gradually drew out its weary length in Europe, and Germany could not consolidate her position in Europe after her early successes, and when Italy and also America declared war, Germany attempted to strike a blow at England by undermining her position in the Near East. At the beginning of the war the Germans still dreamed of realising an old plan: they wanted in the heat of the struggle to conquer for themselves the road to Bagdad. Now this dream was over, it had changed into a desperate effort to break through into Egypt, to blockade the Suez Canal and cut off England from India, Australia and New Zealand. The Turkish battalions stationed in Palestine were given German officers; German troops were sent to Palestine, huge supplies of war material arrived—the offensive was prepared. But they did not find England unready.

The English Military Intelligence in Cairo learned of the German plan, concentrated troops for defence, but attempted at the same time a political game in hostile territory itself. The German High Command in Jerusalem had not calculated with the Oriental surroundings in which the campaign was to be carried out. They relied entirely on their own power and felt themselves strong enough to put their plan into execution. The British in Cairo knew the country better. They knew that there was a fanatical resentment in the ranks of the Arabs against the Turks which was now also directed against their German allies. Therefore a young officer was sent to the Arab countries to try to urge on the Arabs against the Turks and Germans. This young officer was a certain T. E. Lawrence who was raised to the rank of captain. People outside the Intelligence did not think much of him, and if they

noticed him it was only because of his extravagant eccentricities. On the day that he was appointed captain he appeared in Cairo with one star on one shoulder and three stars on the other. "A queer chap!" said his comrades and thought no more about him.

But soon they heard that this queer captain had achieved success with the Arabs. They gathered around him, he distributed weapons amongst them, and organised the revolt in the desert. He relied upon the Bedouin. These nomad Arabs love battle and it is indifferent to them against whom they are to fight. Lawrence understood their language and their mentality. His fame rapidly spread in the desert, and when the German High Command learned of his activities, his work of organisation was finished.

But the Germans underestimated the seriousness of the revolt. A German, who was serving at that time in Palestine and whom I now met here, told me: "I came to Jerusalem with the news of the rising and suggested a counter-move against Lawrence in the desert. My proposal received a cool reception, I was sent out of the room and heard the gentlemen there laughing at me. At that time we could have still employed the same methods as the English, namely promises, money and weapons to organise a counter-revolt, but the German High Command did not want to rely upon the unreliable Arabs. They also did not think much of Lawrence. 'He will run around with the Bedouin until they murder him,' was their opinion, if they ever believed in his existence at all."

In the meantime Lawrence began his advance from the south. At last the German High Command did order officers to sabotage Lawrence's work. But it was too late. They failed completely. One of these officers who was picked out to be a German Lawrence, Dagobert von Mikusch, has translated the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* into German.

"We began our march from the South," I was told in Jerusalem by Captain George Haig who took part in the

campaign with Lawrence, "and we had about 2,000 men. Lawrence left the leadership of the Bedouins to Emir Feisal, whilst he, in reality the soul of the campaign, remained in the background. The task assigned to him was important, but without Allenby's troops he could never have defeated the Germans. With his 2,000 Arabs he held the important strategic Hejaz railway and the eastern flank. His achievements at this time were superhuman. He blew up the railway bridges himself, single-handed, and personally led his men in the battles."

The Arabs in Lawrence's army were not Palestinians. He gathered his troops in the Hejaz where King Hussein had placed himself on the side of the English in open revolt against the Turkish Sultan, who was not only his temporal lord but who, as Khalif, was also his spiritual lord. Nor did I find any Arabs in Palestine who had fought with Lawrence on England's side in the World War; on the contrary they had mostly served in the Turkish army, or bought their freedom from military service. It would have been almost impossible for them to have joined the English troops, for Palestine was completely occupied by the Turks and Germans whereas they had only insignificant outposts in the Hejaz.

In the same way only very few Palestinian Jews were able to fight on the English side. Despite that a Jewish Legion came into being, mainly composed of European Jews, which placed itself on the side of England in the hope that in the event of an English victory England would assist them in the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

Apart from this Jewish Legion, many Palestinian Jews, since they could not openly join the English, helped the Allies as secret agents.

The history of the British campaign in Palestine shows that all three—English, Jews and Arabs—shed their blood for the country. The only point is that the Arabs who fought for England were not Palestinian Arabs, and the Jews who fought for England were, for the most part, not Palestinian

Jews. The exploits of the English and Arabs during this campaign are recorded for ever in Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*; the exploits of the Jews are enshrined in the club of the Jewish Legion in Jerusalem.

When I was visiting the club of the Jewish Legion in Jerusalem I noticed that the club-room was decorated with portraits. These form a kind of heroes' gallery and are a memorial of the stirring events of the war. In a place of honour hangs the picture of Aron Aronsohn. I must confess that this was the first time I had heard his name, yet it is not unknown to those who took part in the campaign. He, with his brother Alex, was one of the few Palestinian Jews who were able to get out of Palestine and join the English army. Aron Aronsohn was the son of a Jewish landowner and was born in Zichron Yaakov where his father had his farm.

"Aron was a genius," one of his former comrades told me in the club, "perhaps one of the greatest geniuses that Jewry has produced. Whilst he was still living in Zichron he earned fame as an agronomist, his name being known as far away as California. He discovered new agricultural methods, new ways of grafting; his father's farm was an experimental farm where new wonders were ever being performed. But at the same time he was also a politician and a Jewish patriot. He awaited the arrival of the English with longing, for he hoped that it would bring with it the creation of a Jewish Palestine, which—in his opinion—could never be realised under Turkish dominion. And when the English appeared on the frontiers of Palestine he decided to join them."

He and his brother smuggled themselves in secret ways to the English. He carried with him important information of the Turco-German dispositions, and he soon became the Jewish Lawrence. No one in Palestine knew of his whereabouts; he went about in disguise amongst the Palestinians, always returning to the English headquarters with news gleaned from the enemy. Then he began to organise Jewish young men whose task was to guide the English in

country unknown to them, to spy out the movements of the enemy troops, much in the same way as Baden-Powell organised his Scouts during the Boer War. His brother Alex fought with the English, was appointed liaison officer on Allenby's staff, was promoted to captain, and finally won the D.S.O.

At home in Zichron, their sister, Sarah Aronsohn, watched the adventurous careers of her brothers. She was their confidante, the only person who knew of Aron's secret movements. Ever and again Aron's envoys visited her, coming disguised and by secret paths, since the streets and towns were occupied by the Germans, and Sarah gathered important material for them from German and Turkish officers. At last the Germans learned of the secret activities of the Aronsohns, and since they could not lay their hands upon Aron or Alex, they ordered Sarah's arrest, in the hope that she would betray her brothers' hiding-place to them, and also to put an end to her own activities.

Turkish soldiers led by a Turkish officer came to the house and questioned Sarah. She refused to give away any information. The officer had been ordered to force a confession from the woman by every means, and so he employed the methods of the Spanish Inquisition. Needles were thrust under her finger-nails, she was beaten, huge quantities of water were forced down her throat until she collapsed, fainting and streaming with blood: But not a word passed her lips. She lay there helpless, a beautiful young Jewess at the feet of the Turkish soldiery, in agony of torture, but with unbroken spirit. Her beauty and courage won the sympathy of the Turkish officer; he raised her up and took her into the bathroom so that she could wipe the blood from her body. Hardly had he left the bathroom when he heard a shot ring out. He ran back to the bathroom and found her dying: Sarah Aronsohn had shot herself.

The news of the young Jewess's heroism spread rapidly, and in Palestine she has become a Jewish St. Joan. Romantic

incidents are related of her, of how she was trampled and tortured by the Turks; songs have been composed about her and her name is the subject of many legends. One of these legends has connected her romantic fate, in the imagination of her countrymen, with another romantic hero, namely, with Colonel Lawrence. In Palestine it is said with conviction even to-day, that Lawrence was seized with the passion of love only once in his unsentimental life, and that the object of his passion was the tragic Sarah. I tried to discover the truth of this and was able to certify that Lawrence had never seen Sarah and hardly knew anything of her existence. Their romance is nothing but a mournful legend.

On December 9th, 1917, only five weeks after the publication of the Balfour Declaration, Allenby's victorious troops marched into Jerusalem. On December 11th took place Allenby's own entry. The inhabitants expected a grand military display, but Allenby was influenced by profound religious feelings and did not want to appear mounted triumphantly in the city where Jesus had walked his path of suffering. He marched humbly on foot at the head of his troops, and in his suite were Alex and Aron Aronsohn. The Turco-German armies were on the retreat. In the Valley of Jezreel took place their last rearguard action and soon the whole of Palestine came under English military rule. But Aron Aronsohn did not return to his plantations in Zichron. He became a politician, who wanted to see the fruits of his labour of sacrifice.

The peace negotiations began in Versailles, and there the fate of Palestine was to be decided. Arabs and Jews followed these negotiations with the same interest, waiting to see that the promises made to them respectively would be fulfilled. They sent envoys to London and Paris. Amongst these envoys was Aron, who was to represent the Jewish standpoint, whilst Emir Feisal went to represent the Arabs. The Jews throughout the world were rejoicing; they believed that they had attained their object, and even the sober-minded

Aron Aronsohn was inspired with hope. During the campaign confidential promises had been made to him, and he had had countless means in his hands to obtain the fulfilment of them.

From London, where he had been carrying on preparatory discussions, and where he had made himself almost unpleasant by the energetic way in which he had pressed Jewish claims, he travelled to the Peace Conference in Paris by 'plane. But his 'plane never reached Paris. Aron Aronsohn disappeared for ever in the Channel, and with him there went a man whom the Jews believed had been called to realise the Jewish state in Palestine painted by Herzl.

The mysterious circumstances of his disappearance and the role he played during the war have made of him a romantic hero. The Jewish legionaries, for whom he is an idol even to the present day, will not believe in the unfortunate accident which robbed them of their best warrior. When we spoke of the mysterious death of Aron, some colonists said to me: "Aron had to die, since he knew too much and was too dangerous for the enemies of Zionism and of Jewish Palestine. The aeroplane in which he was travelling did not plunge into the sea, but Aron was thrown into the water during the flight."

Alex was a soldier and he could not realise the political testament of his brother. When the war was over, his time was also over. He left Palestine, to be troubled no more with the fate of the country, and now he lives in Paris.

The family continued its agricultural work where it had been interrupted during the World War. The father Aronsohn still lives to-day, with his youngest daughter, Rifka Aronsohn, in Zichron Yaakow, honoured and hated by the present Jews of Palestine, according to the view taken of his children's activities in the World War. Even in judging the deeds of the Aronsohns, Palestine Jewry is divided into two large camps: the older settlers, from whose ranks the Aronsohns came, honour the memory of Aron as that of a saint. "Had he not died," they say, "we would not be now playing

a secondary role. He would have fought for us, for our rights and our interests, and have created a single Jewish Palestine." The newcomers, who only know the romantic story of the Aronsohns from hearsay and cannot grasp the holy motives behind their deeds, say: "Aron Aronsohn was an English spy. For everything that he did he was well paid, and we cannot see why he should be regarded as one of our national heroes."

The national hero of the new arrivals is Joseph Trumpeldor, a former officer of the Jewish Legion who was killed, not during the war, but during the riots of 1920. And whilst in the shops in Palestine I could find not a single picture of Aron or Alex Aronsohn, almost every shop window displayed that of Trumpeldor.

CHAPTER XVII

AN IDEAL IN PRACTICE

I HAD hardly been in Jerusalem three days when I wanted to get out into the restless country again. When I expressed my desire to Shertok he asked me what I had already seen, and when I told him about my adventurous journeys on the besieged motor roads, he said: "Quite a lot—but you have really seen nothing of Jewish Palestine. You must visit the colonies if you want to get a clear picture of our work of construction."

Hitherto I had encountered three strata of Arabs in my lightning tours, and had made the acquaintance of city Arabs, peasants and wandering Bedouins. But I had seen only one Jewish stratum: the Jews in the town. This was due to the structure of the country. If one travels through Palestine, one meets the Arab population in the towns and villages in all its different classes; they come to meet you, and since one only rarely encounters the Jews, who live not in villages, but in farm-like enclosed colonies, one gets the impression that Palestine is a pronounced Arab state. These Jewish colonies are only seldom situated on the main roads; they are still too young and economically undeveloped to have realised the overwhelming significance of the main road. Thus it happened that whilst on my travels I had seen Arab Palestine even when I was not looking for it, I had to go in search of the Jewish colonies.

But what is the best way to get to them? The roads all led through the restless Arab towns and villages; many roads were

completely closed to private traffic, and whenever I wanted to leave Jerusalem the same problem was always cropping up which met me on my first journey to Tel Aviv. I complained to my friend Dr. Arieli. He worked in the Arab bureau of the Jewish Agency and promised to help me.

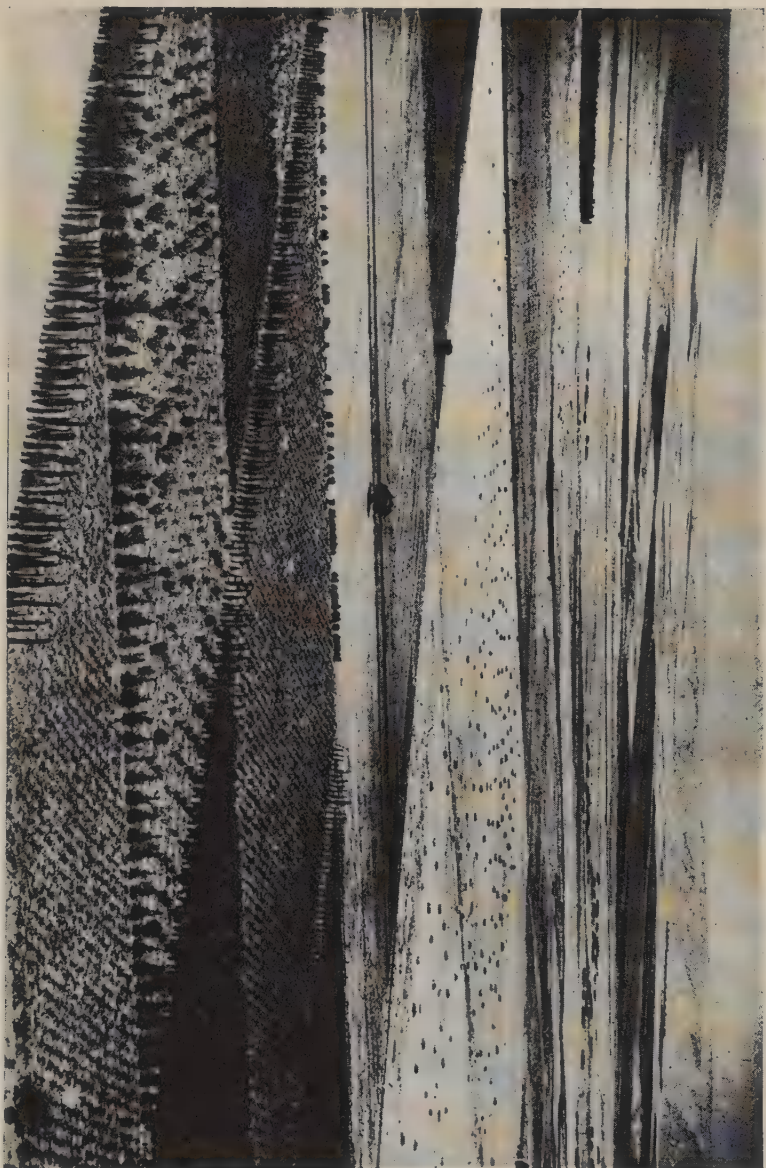
"But I hope," he said to me, "that you want to see the Jewish work of construction and not the Arab work of destruction. You know," he complained bitterly, "I can hardly understand your colleagues. They came to us, just like you, and asked us to show them the Jewish colonies. We were pleased at their interest; I myself drove along the dangerous roads with them and showed them the new settlements, schools, joyful children and fine cows. But all that seemed hardly to interest them. They looked at them for a while, but then they became impatient. 'Very nice, very nice,' they said, 'but we want to see the burnt-down orange plantations and the bullet-scarred houses.' If you, like your colleagues, only want to see the daily sensations, then you had better go with a military convoy. But if our achievements here are a sensation for you, then come with me!"

The same evening he brought good news to the hotel. "We are starting off to-morrow morning at six," he said. "I will show you the Jewish colonies as far as Tel Aviv, and from there Mr. Shertok will guide you personally. For this second part of your journey I have a special surprise for you."

"What sort of a surprise?" I asked impatiently. "Can't the journey begin with it?"

"It doesn't depend upon us. You must be patient."

Punctually at six next morning he called for me in a car. For these officials, who are for the most part self-sacrificing idealists, there are no office-hours in Palestine. They work from early morn till late at night. And yet they usually draw only a small salary. A man like Arieli, who speaks seven languages, holds a responsible position in the Arab bureau and works sixteen to eighteen hours a day, receives hardly more than £120 to £150 a year. Men like Ben Gurion and Shertok



SWAMPS TURNED INTO FERTILE LAND



BORING FOR WATER IN A JEWISH COLONY

receive salaries of between £600 and £1,000 a year. Great care is taken that the money at their disposal is invested in Palestine and not spent on administration. The Jewish Land Fund, which has collected £5,000,000 in thirty-six years, has expended less than 5 per cent of this money—about £230,000—for administrative expenses.

We drove along the Jaffa road that was now very familiar to me; I knew all the Arab villages that we passed, by name. At Lifta a battle had raged last night between Arabs and Seaforth Highlanders and the village was now being searched. It was the first sign of life that I discovered in the picturesque place. A little farther lay Kolonia, a large Arab village with Moza, a small Jewish colony, near by. The two parties stand close together here, and not a night passes without rifle-shots coming from the Arab village which lies on the hill. These shots come from a distance of half a mile and have a more or less demonstrative end. They are directed against the Jewish "Arza" Workers' Sanatorium. "At this place," explained Har Eli, as we drove by at full speed, "Theodor Herzl planted a cypress tree on his first visit in 1898, but it was soon destroyed by the Arabs. The Arabs still regard this piece of Jewish soil as the place where the new Zionism set its foot for the first time in Palestine."

At the fourteenth kilometre-stone we suddenly left the main road, drove to the right along a sandy path, and in the distance, in the valley between two hills, I glimpsed a number of yellow houses. "That is Kiryath Anavim, our first stopping-place," said Arieli.

Now for the first time I learned that the Jewish colonies stretch right to the gates of Jerusalem, only they hide themselves from the eyes of those who drive by. Besides the hills and mountains, which take up the greater part of Palestine, the country has only two plains of importance. One, the coastal plain, extends from Gaza in the south to Acre in the north, and attains in parts to a breadth of fifty kilometres, but narrows down at Jaffa to sixteen kilometres. Its southern

portion, the Shfela plain, is occupied by only a few Jewish colonies; on the other hand its middle portion, called Sharon, which begins to the north of Jaffa and stretches to Acre, is for the most part taken up by Jewish colonies. The second plain is the Jordan Valley, with a breadth varying from two to twenty kilometres, which contains Jewish colonies only in its northern portion. These two chief plains are connected by the small plain of Esdraelon, better known as the Valley of Jezreel, the Land of the Biblical milk and honey. It is almost exclusively in Jewish hands. The Arabs complain bitterly that these fertile plains are becoming ever more and more taken over by Jews and that for their own agricultural activities only the stony, craggy hills are left.

I mentioned this to Dr. Arieli, but he protested vigorously: "Certainly our colonies are in the fertile plains, but when we took them over they were just as stony and barren as the hills are now. The Emek, which is what the Jews call the Valley of Jezreel, was a swamp-land infested with malaria. The Arabs had centuries at their disposal to do all that we have now achieved in only from ten to twenty years. Why, then, did they not do it? We have not conquered an acre here with weapons, but we have bought it from the owners for good money. No one forced them to sell their land, they all did it as free men of their own will."

We had not yet reached these plains, we were still in the highlands of Judea, some 600 metres above sea-level. Around us were barren and rocky hills which were almost all crowned with little Arab houses. These houses were built of the same stones that lay on the hills, they belonged organically to the hills on whose slopes and summits they were erected. This harmony did not seem to be an accident, but a conscious imitation of the surroundings. Arieli confirmed me in my opinion: "That village up there"—he pointed to a black hill on the right—"is called Abu Gosh; there used to live a powerful Arab who ruled the whole district like an uncrowned king. When there were not yet any Jews in the country to attack,

they attacked other Arab villages which were compelled to erect these houses in inaccessible spots so that the Tyrant of Abu Gosh would not be able to reach them. Thus they tried to make their houses as invisible as possible and built them to look like the surroundings."

The memory of those stirring times still lives in many place-names: to the east of these hills, in the neighbourhood of Ramallah, there is a place called the "Robber Pass." Despite the ill-treatment that they received from these robber chieftains, the Arabs regarded them as national heroes and looked upon their marauding expeditions as a sort of sport. To the Arabs, these bandits were Oriental Robin Hoods, but to the Jews they were simply criminals who endangered life and property, and who were an obstacle to the peaceful progress of civilisation. The Jewish mentality, fashioned by the ideals of modern Europe, was far removed from the medieval imagination that still pervaded the mind of the Arabs.

Opposite the barren yellow hill of the village of Abu Gosh I now saw another hill which was freshly contrasted in its rich verdure with the arid stony district. "The yellow hill," said the doctor, "belongs to the Arabs, the green one to Jewish colonists. When the Jewish colonists came here in 1919 both the hills were yellow, but they have succeeded in making here a wonderful agricultural experiment. When the number of people in Biblical times increased, and the plains became insufficient for the population, they had to try and spread agriculture into the hills. They built terraces on their slopes, transported earth from the valley on to the terraces and in this earth they sowed their seeds. An attempt was made to repeat this. It was a bold experiment and hardly anyone believed it would be successful. But the colonists have achieved it."

Three young Jews on horseback interrupted Arieli's story and stopped our car. They were members of the watch; their task was to keep strangers away from the Jewish settlements. Only after a long palaver did they let us drive

on to the colony where we were received by its head, a trained agronomist. He told us the history of the colony.

"When we came, seventeen years ago, we were seven: six Chaluzim and a goat. As all Jewish colonisation always begins by giving a name to our future paradise, we called the arid countryside Kiryath Anavim, village of grapes, in the firm and optimistic hope that we would make it worthy of its name. At first the task seemed impossible. We lived in tents; at night we had to defend ourselves against Arab attacks, by day we built the terraces and dragged up earth from the valley with our hands. Only modest means stood at our disposal, and so we lived almost solely on the milk that our goat gave. And now come along. I'll show you what this goat has grown into."

He led us into a cowshed. There in long rows stood eighty cows; in front of each one stood a small tablet with Hebrew letters. "Those are the names and the particulars of our cows," explained the agronomist. "We have given them beautiful Biblical names; this one is called Rachel, this one Ruth and that fine specimen is Judith. We began our dairy-farming with cows imported from Switzerland, but most of those you see here are Palestinian ones. We are proud of them. They give six to eight thousand litres of milk in a year, which is a marvellous achievement when compared with the cows of the Arabs, which yield only eight hundred to a thousand litres in the same time."

Milking happened just then to be in progress. It was done mechanically and the milk flowed, without coming into contact with the air of the cowshed, into a hygienic room next door where it filled the churns. Then, after going through various processes, it was loaded on to lorries and driven to Jerusalem. The Jews of Jerusalem drink the milk of Kiryath Anavim.

He led us from the stalls on to the terraces, and now I met for the first time the Jewish peasant of Palestine. Here I found a completely new type of human being, for hitherto I

had only seen the town Jews. Of course, these town Jews are also bound up with Zionism and Palestine, but they do not embody the true ideal of Zionism. In their customs and usages they continue their lives from where they had interrupted them in Europe. The Jew, however, who has decided to leave the European cities and to settle upon the difficult land of Palestine has had to begin his life anew.

This life is full of privation and difficulty. It requires a certain greatness of soul to turn away from the town. Therefore I found the majority of the Jews in the Palestinian towns, and only about 25 per cent on the land. When I now saw the representatives of this minority, I realised that the town, with all its characteristics, lay far behind these men and women. The earth to which they had bound themselves took them back once again to their Biblical forefathers: they have become hard, rough, obstinate, the sun has burnt them black and the heavy labour has steeled their muscles. Even their features have lost the typical racial characteristics, and their outward appearance reminded one more of German peasants in Pomerania than of Palestinian Jews in Tel Aviv.

I found it difficult to start a conversation with them. Not only did the Hebrew language divide us, but also our whole world of thought.

The earth and the monotony of their labour has turned them into slow-witted people; the quick comprehension which one admires and envies in the Jews of Europe and America has disappeared completely. "Yet they are excellent land-workers," said the agronomist to whom I made this observation. "After all, there is not much point in pondering too much over Spinoza if one has to work on the land year in and year out."

I had found the same difference that exists between the Jews on the land and the Jews in the town, also between the Arabs of the town and the Arabs of the village. Here a reverse process has taken place. With the growing prosperity and industrialisation, Arabs have migrated to the towns where

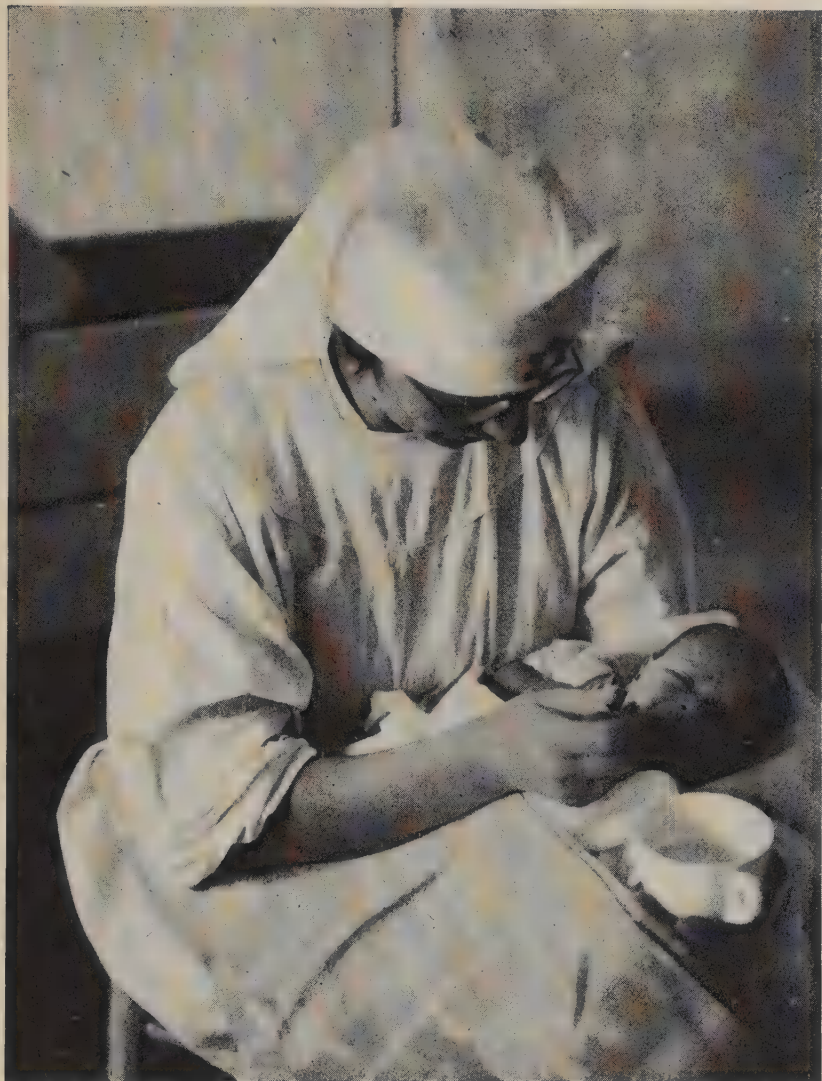
they have acquired the worldly wisdom of the city dweller. They have become quick-witted, acute and versatile, and they despise the Arab peasants, the fellahin, saying: "Their heads are as hard as the stones amongst which they live."

The Jewish peasants cultivate here vineyards and orchards on land that is not their own private property. Kiryath Anavim belongs to the Jewish people. It has been purchased from the Arabs by the Keren Kayemeth on behalf of the Jewish people, developed with the aid of the Keren Hayesod, and the men and women who till it hold it only as hereditary tenants. As long as they worked at a loss they were supported by the Kerem Hayesod, but the colony soon became profitable and the colonists began to pay rent for the land and to repay their loans. When I was continually informed that neglected land was being put under the plough here, I asked involuntarily: "Is your activity profitable?"

The agronomist answered: "Your question is justified. In the beginning we did indeed fear that agriculture would be a financial failure. But time has shown that the colonies can be made to pay. In recent years all the colonies that are of more than five years standing have shown a surplus. There are five colonies each with a profit of more than two thousand pounds, but with none was the surplus under three hundred pounds."

The Jewish people possesses in all, as common property, a little more than 350,000 dunums of land in Palestine (one dunum = 100 square metres). But besides that there is also private property. Close upon 400,000 dunums of land belong to the Palestine Jewish Colonisation Association (PICA), which was founded jointly by Baron Rothschild and Baron Moritz Hirsch. On this land lives a different type of Jewish peasant, whose acquaintance I was to make later. Finally, there is still another 250,000 dunums of land in private ownership, so that Jewish Palestine controls in all a little over a million dunums of land.

Jewish land in Palestine amounts to only some 6 per cent of



NURSE IN A JEWISH HOSPITAL



STUDENTS OF THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY

the whole area, and not more than 12 per cent of the area that can be used for cultivation. When I heard this I turned to my Arab friends and asked: "There is still 88 per cent left to you for tillage, so what do you want?"

But they answered: "These statistics come from the Jews; we go by the figures of Sir John Hope Simpson. He came to Palestine as special commissioner in 1930 to inquire into agricultural colonisation, and he reported that almost 30 per cent of our own country population is landless."

Sir John Hope Simpson was of the opinion that Palestine was already over-colonised and said: "In this country there is no more room to swing a cat."

In the time that has gone by since this statement the inhabitants have increased by 100 per cent over his estimate. Where previously Sir John estimated that only 600,000 could live, there are now living to-day 1,200,000 Jews and Arabs.

The Jews bluntly refuse to discuss Simpson's statement. "We simply don't recognise it, because it does not correspond to the facts. By reason of this statement the Government ordered an inquiry to discover the numbers of landless Arabs, and some three thousand two hundred landless Arabs came forward. Every case was individually tested and it transpired that of this large number only about six hundred were genuine and the other two thousand six hundred were rejected. Simpson also said that there was no water in the country. We have in the meantime found water almost everywhere in the places which he claimed to be waterless."

When in Kiryath Anavim I now saw the green and the yellow hill, I asked: "Very well, supposing that Simpson was wrong, why, then, do not the Arabs try to cultivate the hill opposite as the Jews have done with their hill?"

The agronomist answered: "Unfortunately such cases are exceptional. In your journeys later on you'll see Arab orange plantations which are just as fine as ours. In the neighbourhood of Tel Aviv there is a great plantation which belongs to a certain Taji Effendi: it is the finest in the neighbourhood."

The man owned the whole of the land round about, sold half of his property to us and invested the money he received in his own plantation. He is one of our biggest competitors. We have no objection to that, for we have seen that if the Arabs compete with us only in agriculture, then they leave us in peace in other things. But Taji Effendi's example is rare. The Arabs who have allowed their land to decline for centuries will not even now learn to change. They understand nothing of the new agricultural methods of production for the market. But then how should they know? We are educated people who have received an agricultural training before coming into the country. The Arab has been left completely to his own resources, his agricultural education is only just now slowly beginning. It will take many years before he will see that he will have to produce more on his land than he himself and his family need. At the moment he treats his land like a spendthrift. He needs five times the land to give the same result as us." He motioned sadly with his hand and said: "Come, I'll show you our poultry farm."

But Arieli looked at his watch and hurried us: "We are already expected in Mikweh Israel."

The agronomist could hardly understand how we could show no interest in his famous poultry farm and gazed disfavouredly after our car as we drove back on to the main road.

In Mikweh Israel I was shown an agricultural school with 300 pupils. Its director, Mr. Krause, a Jew from France, received us and said: "The school was founded sixty-five years ago by Baron Rothschild, to train our youth in agriculture. With its seven hundred acres it is one of the largest agricultural schools in the world, and we carry on important experimental work here. This was not always so; in the beginning we had very much to struggle against."

"What do you call the beginning?" I asked.

"Well, the first fifty years," he answered, smiling.

An instructor, who had come to Palestine from California, took me over the whole school in a car. "Mikweh Israel,"

he said, "is famed in Palestine. Here you find the oldest trees in the Jewish country. The school is known as a colony of shade, and here you'll find the shadiest spot in the whole country."

I was then subjected to a young lecture on agriculture, and I felt as if I was in a botanical garden: I found everything wonderful, but unfortunately I did not understand much of the subject. At last we came to the museum. The oldest object in this museum is fifty years old and is a poisonous snake found by the first pupils in Mikweh Israel. In show-cases stood, preserved, magnificent oranges, maize and other agricultural products which were the first to crown the efforts of the early Jewish settlers. In the Jewish museums of Palestine they do not collect antiquities.

Later I learned that a leading reason why the Arabs do not invest more money in the improvement of land is because, by the Arab law of inheritance, it has to be broken up into hundreds or even thousands of portions. In such conditions, with the best will in the world, improvement would be impracticable.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOVE WITHOUT ROMANCE

OUR next stopping-place was Givat Brenner, a large wide-spread colony. Here we already found ourselves in the plain, and Jewish colonies alternated with Arab plantations. I also saw the plantation of Taji Effendi; it really was not inferior to its Jewish surroundings. Whilst the Jewish plantations concentrate chiefly on citrus fruits—oranges, lemons and grape-fruit—the Arab plantations grow also melons, vegetables and bananas. The Arabs are gradually trying to imitate the success of the Jews, and they already own 125,000 dunums of citrus groves as compared with 155,000 of the Jews.

We passed through Rechovoth, which was started as a colony in 1890 and which in the forty-six years of its existence has become a small Jewish town. Here I saw a further development in Palestine: the peasant becoming a farmer who cultivates his own land and who is already enjoying the comfort of the small-town dweller. Rechovoth has cafés and cinemas, asphalt streets and a public water supply. The inhabitants are already able to afford cars and send their children to schools in Europe. Here is to be found the excellent agricultural experimental station of the Jewish Agency, and the Sieff Chemical Institute, which is directed by Dr. Weizmann.

Leaving behind this small town, we drove on into the nine-year-old colony of Givat Brenner (Givat means hill and Brenner is the name of a murdered Jewish labour leader).

In the colony live about five hundred and fifty people,

but new Chaluzim are continually arriving: the settlement is not yet complete. The oldest colonists already inhabit stone houses or wooden barracks; the newcomers still live in tents. But even these tents have electric light.

I asked for the head of the colony, but I received the answer: "Here there is no head; we are all equal." At last there did come a man who, although he was not called the head of the colony, was so in fact. These communal colonies—Kvuza—in which the Chaluzim live are organised on a 'communistic' basis. But there is trouble waiting for those who accuse the colonists of political Communism. "We have adopted communist economic forms," I was told, "because they seem the best for our purposes, but politically we persecute Communism." And yet in a few colonies one does find political Communists, but these the settlers cannot help. "The Government pushes them down our throat. They are hunted in the towns, and if they are caught they are either deported, if they are not Palestinians, or if they are already Palestinian citizens, they are banished to our colonies as a punishment. We are supposed to reform them here, but we want nothing to do with them: they only cause mischief and we are always glad to get rid of them."

"How do you get rid of them?" I asked.

"They are sent to Sarafand, to Aujat-el-Hafir or to Acre, or else they are exchanged for Zionist prisoners in Russia."

This was new to me. I learned that in Russia, the original home of Zionism, Zionist agitation is forbidden. "The Russians have distorted the idea and have founded a Jewish Soviet near Manchuria called Biro-Bidjan," I was informed; "the official language in Biro-Bidjan is Yiddish, but every other Jewish element is lacking. Religion is discouraged, and the language of the ghetto merely serves to make accessible to the Russian Jews the philosophy of Communism. It is, in fact, only a Jewish buffer state; if a Russo-Japanese war should break out, then these poor Jews will be the first to be slaughtered. But the Russians encourage settlement in Biro-

Bidjan and oppose that in Palestine. If a Jew expresses himself in favour of Palestine, he is arrested, and has to perform penal work under the supervision of the OGPU until we can obtain a certificate for him and exchange him for a Palestine Communist."

In the colony all the members have the same rights and the same duties. No difference is made between professions and sexes; men and women share in the work. Every such colony is made as self-supporting as possible. Amongst their members I found peasants who worked on the land, cow-herds, poultry breeders, cabinet-makers, barbers and all sorts of artisans, nurses, doctors and teachers; but they all shared equally in the income. All the work is specialised: nothing is done as a sideline.

The colony is administered by various committees. There is a committee for finance, for the purchase of books, for poultry-breeding, and there is even a committee for cinema visits. The committees embrace every sphere of life and when a new problem crops up a new committee is rapidly founded to solve it. The work of the committees begins when the day's work is done, then begin the negotiations and debates. The members who do not work in the committees also employ their leisure time in work. When the day's work is done, stone houses are built to replace the tents and wooden barracks, the courtyard of the colony is laid out with a garden, or one reads. Most of the colonies have their own library, and it was not rare to find 30,000 books in some colonies. The favourite occupation in leisure time is to search for water. Most of the colonies have achieved success in this, now it has become a hobby. When a well is found, the discovery is celebrated with great rejoicing.

The colonists work hard, but from time to time the town helps to amuse them. Some attempt is still made to keep the peasants in contact with urban cultural life. The Habimah Theatre Company tours the colonies, which also have the rare privilege of hearing concerts by Hubermann and other

famed artists, who give their services free. Once a week the whole colony piles itself on lorries and drives to town to visit the cinema.

I visited the finance committee in Givat Brenner: in a tiny office in a wooden barrack worked a man, the secretary, assisted by two girls. At their disposal stood the most modern office methods: filing-indexes, and adding-machines. In a corner stood the iron safe containing the colony's common money. I risked the question:

"Who has the key of the safe?"

"I have," said the financial secretary.

"Has it ever happened," I asked cautiously, "that one of your predecessors has—how shall I say—run off with the cash?"

"Never!" came the indignant reply, "such a thing can never happen here. There may be small incidents amongst our colonists, but these are settled by the colonists themselves. There has never been a serious crime."

"They must all be angels in the colony?" I suggested somewhat uncertainly. But the answer came firmly: "Yes! Angels!" The secretary was offended.

When I was being conducted around the colony I found tending the cows a man whom I had known in Berlin. Then he had been called Martin and also had a surname. The latter he had forgotten here and his other name had been changed into the Hebrew Marduk.

"How do you find it here in Erez Israel?" I asked him.

His answer did not sound very convincing when he said: "Fine!" Something was obviously on his mind, but he was reluctant to say what it was. To cover up his sorrow he spoke of the cows which had been placed under him and then we both fell silent. He grew pensive and I did not want to disturb his thoughts with indiscreet questions.

At last he turned to me and said: "Do you remember the girl whom I married in Berlin just before my departure?"

"Why, of course," I answered, "where is she and how is she getting on?"

"She is here in the colony—but—" the words emerged with difficulty from his mouth—"but she is no longer my wife." So that is what he had on his mind. He was suffering from a broken heart.

I tried to give a cheerful turn to the sad story and said: "Forget it, man! Don't let that get you down. Just now when I was wandering around the colony I saw a whole crowd of pretty girls. Go and console yourself with them."

"It is not so easy as it looks," he replied.

Marduk was not alone in the colony with his broken heart. Many marriages made in Europe before the departure have been shattered in Palestine. The difficult conditions of life, poverty and disappointed hopes have caused the husband and wife to drift apart. Often they had not even been made for each other: these marriages usually had only a short history behind them. The young people met in the Zionist organisations, and found that they had a common aim: both wanted to emigrate to Palestine. Often the man already had a certificate in his pocket, the woman did not know how long she would have to wait for hers. With the certificate of the man, however, the way to Palestine was open and so she married him, not out of affection but out of self-interest. There was very seldom any love between them when they got to Palestine, and in that country they soon separated. Or else the young couple got acquainted during the Haksharah, married quickly and then only in Palestine had time to discover that they were not suited to each other.

Marduk, who had at last become conversational, opened his heart to me: "Kaete"—that was the girl's name—"married me only because she wanted to come to Palestine and I had a certificate. I however was very much in love with the girl. Our married happiness, when we finally reached our destination here, lasted only two weeks longer, and soon she was looking for the happiness, that she apparently could not find with me, amongst other comrades in the colony. I had hardly noticed the change in her, when I was summoned

to the social secretary. 'Marduk,' he said to me, 'your wife has come to me and has taken me into her confidence. She wants me to tell you what she could not say herself: she doesn't love you and would be grateful to you if you would give her her freedom.' What could I do? I consented to the divorce with a heavy heart. I left the common room that we shared, but after a few days my place was already taken by another comrade."

"Try and forget the girl," I advised awkwardly. But the man merely sighed again. "Easier said than done. With you in Europe, if you feel yourselves betrayed by a girl, you just keep out of her way until you have forgotten her. But here in the community of the colony I see her every day. We eat in the common dining-room. The only point is that she is now living with another man."

Marduk was still too new to Palestine, therefore he regarded his fate so tragically. Through the common work, the differences between the sexes gradually disappear. The husband and wife regard themselves in time only as working comrades. There are still marriages based on love or affection, but in the majority of marriages common sense plays a greater role than passion. Life in the colony is intimate, people know themselves too well, and yet too little, to be fortunate in choosing their marriage partners. Neither have the women at their disposal the means with which women in European and American countries attain success with the men. The heavy labour leaves behind its traces on their bodies, they wither quickly, they have neither time nor desire to make themselves pretty. In none of the colonies did I discover powder or lipstick. During their work and also in their leisure time the women go about without being made up. Their clothes also do not assist their charms: they usually wear the same as the men, shorts and blue shirt and have no smart dresses at all.

Here in Givat Brenner I saw women performing together with men the heavy work in the fields and I felt really sorry

for them. Most of the women were already withered, but amongst them I also saw a pretty girl whose beauty could still have been saved. But the colonists rejected the idea. "Our whole system would be overthrown," they said, "if we made a difference only because a girl is prettier than another. Young or old, pretty or ugly, they must here do the work that is assigned to them."

Whilst the wife works in the fields, her husband is perhaps busy in the cowshed; the day is full for both of them. Their leisure time they also spend in the community, they are only alone when they enter their common bedroom. The common bedroom, however, means only very little for these toiling, tired-out people. Exhausted, they undress themselves, get into their common bed and drop off to sleep immediately without bothering about each other. They embrace only in the same way that one washes one's teeth: not because they find enjoyment in it, but only because health requires it and the body demands it.

Apart from very rare exceptions love in the colonies knows no romanticism. The day comes, however, when one feels lonely in the large community and then one seeks out a girl whom one has known for weeks and whom one has met daily. The comrade becomes a bride, but hardly anything alters in their relations. Perhaps she leaves her old table in the common dining-room and comes with her plate and cutlery to the table of her betrothed. But that is all. The romanceless engagement period also does not last long. As soon as they have agreed to live together in the future, they go to the social secretary and inform him of their decision. They are given a common room and then they plunge, almost immediately on making the decision, into the marriage relations. One has no time to go to the Rabbi to have the marriage legalised, one just waits until the Rabbi comes to them. He does not come often, but when he comes he always finds a large number of couples whom he marries *en masse*.



JEWESS FROM GERMANY IN THE ORANGE GROVE



GIRLS PLOUGHING IN A JEWISH COLONY

Many marriages, however, do not last as long as that. Already, after a few weeks, differences of opinion arise, husband and wife again visit the social secretary and take to different beds, but not to different tables. In the dining-room they continue to sit together.

Just as the woman cannot make herself beautiful for the men, so have the men also no means of winning the heart of a woman with presents and little tendernesses. He has no money to pay for presents, he cannot even give her flowers. The few flowers in the newly-laid gardens are carefully protected by the garden committee. The flowers are more important for these stolid men than the women who are to receive them.

The few romanticists who are to be found in the colonies suffer terribly from the unromantic conditions, and even seek escape in suicide. A psycho-analyst of Tel Aviv, with whom I discussed the unsentimental life of the colonists, said to me: "I am always being called to the colonies to heal broken hearts. There are also amongst the colonists, even if they are rare, eternal dreamers who cannot console themselves after a divorce. They become melancholic, withdraw into seclusion and become a burden to the community with their dreamings. Then I have to see what I can do. I have to make once again an industrious peasant out of the disappointed lover. I have found that men console themselves with greater difficulty than women. Perhaps it is because they are in the majority, and that it is more difficult for them to find a wife than for a woman to find a husband."

In the colonies I found only a few pretty girls and I told my guide this. He knew the reason: "Real beauties can only very rarely adapt themselves to life in the colonies. They come only—if they come at all—for quite a short time. In the town where people are not equal, they play the same role that beautiful women play in Europe. The shops are full of things which they can buy or which can be given to them. They can make themselves up and wear expensive

dressess, and they do, in fact, get on through their good looks: in the offices of Tel Aviv you will find the employer who has intimate relations with his secretary just as in Paris, London, or Berlin."

In the past the women in the Jewish towns had the same success that they do in America: the man was her slave. At that time, however, there were very few women in Palestine; there was only one to every three men. This situation has now ended. More and more women have come to Palestine, and now there is already beginning here the time when the women must strive for the men.

CHAPTER XIX

SEED OF ABRAHAM

THE unromantic sobriety of love-life in the colonies stirred me deeply. I asked: "Is there nothing that binds these people together? Not even the child?"

Whilst I was still in Givat Brenner the inhabitants of the colony were increased by a *sabre*. This Hebrew word means cactus thorn, but is also the name given to children born in Palestine. The mother, when the time of her confinement approached, was taken to a maternity home, but the father continued to work in the fields even in these difficult hours of his wife.

There he was still when a comrade brought the news: "Telephone call just came from Tel Aviv. Your wife has had a son." The man's face broke into a tired smile; he wiped the sweat from his brow and then took up his spade again. Work continued, but in his eyes a sparkle glittered: his heart was overjoyed with the news, and he could hardly await the day when his wife should return with his child into the colony.

As soon as a woman is with child, then an exception is made: she receives lighter work and this grows ever lighter as the months pass. In the last weeks she is completely freed from all work; the whole colony takes care of her; during these weeks she has a beautiful, carefree life. The child, however, only belongs entirely to her while it is in her womb and during the few days in the hospital. As soon as she leaves the child-bed, her happy exceptional state is over.

She cannot devote herself to her child; her hands are needed for work. The little sabre is taken from her and is placed in the baby-house. Each colony regards it as its first task to build its first stone house for the babies. Thus I frequently saw that whilst the parents often lived in tents, the babies inhabited a magnificent stone house. These are like little children's hospitals; they are furnished with an extravagance which is in abrupt contrast to the otherwise primitive conditions of life. The babies have light, air and sun, and begin here in luxurious surroundings a carefree life which will last to their fourteenth year.

They are the children of the community which takes care of them. Trained nurses replace the mother; it is the work which is assigned to them in the colony, and to this work they have to devote all the twenty-four hours of the day. The doctor of the colony has enough time to spend several hours a day with the babies. Every child that is born in a Jewish colony is protected and cared for with as much attention as the Dionne Quintuplets.

In the fourteen years of its untroubled life the child often changes its home. But it never goes to the home of its parents; the parents come to it. They dwell in little, scantily furnished rooms which hardly have the hygienic requirements that children demand. At first the children are placed in the nursery, which is the second stone house to be built. And then they are put to school in the colony. Here they are taught by the teachers of the colony and continue to receive constant medical inspection. They are not particularly hard-worked in the school. I found no particular signs of knowledge amongst them when I asked them various questions. Yet talent is not neglected. If a child shows any special aptitude, for example, singing or drawing, it is sent to the town at the cost of the community and perhaps even to Europe to be educated.

The schools of the colonists are often almost as luxurious as the children's houses. In Mishmar Haemek I found a

boarding-school which had no common dormitories: there were only four children to each room. In the small, prettily decorated rooms I found all sorts of playthings which the colonists sent to their children.

Only at the age of fourteen, sometimes even at seventeen, is the child put to work, to earn the money which the colony has "invested" in him. This sum is not insignificant. "The principle is," I was told by the head of the school in Mishmar Haemek, "to sacrifice everything for the benefit of the child. We have reckoned up that every child costs the colony about £700 in cash from the day of its birth to the time he is put to work, not reckoning his bed and board. We have to count every piastre, but in the matter of the children nothing seems too dear for us."

Yet this sum means a terrible burden for the poor colony and this is one of the reasons that restrains the colonists from having many children. A second reason, I thought, was the lack of romance in married life. The tired, apathetic people lose all desire in begetting children; the wife can hardly allow herself the luxury of confinement. This results in the fact that one finds only few children in the colonies.

Yet one has the impression that children are always on the way. During my stay in Tel Aviv I was invited to the homes of three Jewish families, and in all three I found that the wife was pregnant. When I was therefore invited to the home of a fourth, I said quite accidentally to the husband: "Is your wife expecting a child?"

The man stared at me when he said: "Yes. But how did you know?"

"It seems to me to be the thing here in Palestine," I answered with embarrassment.

In the streets, in public places, one sees everywhere future mothers—but they are all still young people and are expecting their first child. They call it "inner Aliyah" (inner immigration), but pursue no conscious policy of population increase. The Jewish Agency has not found time to inspire the popula-

tion policy that exists in Germany and Italy, where mothers with many children are publicly rewarded. I missed this in their programme, for, after all, the child born in Palestine does not need a certificate to come into the world. With a conscious birth-policy, the Jews could easily attain their object: a Jewish majority in Palestine. But married couples say: "Life is too expensive and too uncertain to have more than one child. In any case, one child is already a luxury; we have to buy its cradle and its baby clothes on the hire-purchase system, and we even pay the midwife in instalments if we don't belong to the Sick Fund." There is a story running round of two poor parents who once said with relief: "One more instalment to the midwife, and the child is ours!"

Amongst the older settlers procreation was not a problem. In the oldest Jewish kvuza of Daganian, I afterwards found a family with seven children. Daganian has much of interest to show, but the family with seven children is its real sight. Families in the colonies have on the average 0.7 children, so that without immigration the Jews would not only not increase, but would die out.

The Arabs are well ahead of the Jews as far as the birth-rate is concerned. There are no Arab families with less than four children, but even fifteen children in a family is no rarity. The Arab wife brings one child after another into the world, and with such numbers it does not very much matter if some of the children die. The all-Jewish town of Tel Aviv has an infant mortality of only 57.1 per thousand, the lowest in the whole Near East, and less than Switzerland, which has the lowest rate in Europe. In the Arab town of Bethlehem 336 of every thousand new-born babies die. The Government tries everything to alter this condition of things and has succeeded in reducing the average rate to 180 per thousand, which is the lowest amongst the Arab states. But progress is difficult. The Arab husbands who hide their wives under veils from the glance of strange men will not allow men doctors to assist at the birth of a child. Therefore the



A SABRE FROM DAGANIA



MOTHERS VISIT THEIR CHILDREN

Government is increasing the number of women doctors in its employ.

The Arab is known to be a good father; the Jewish father in the colonies deifies his only child. In the colony he has only little time for it. He has to visit it in the baby-house or in the children's-house if he wants to see it. Since the distribution of labour is different, the father and mother only seldom see their child at the same time, and therefore the child binds them less together. Here the child does not sit in the father's lap whilst it smilingly caresses the face of its mother—but unforgettable for me will be the scene when in a colony my glance followed a tired-out father coming home from his work and going into the baby-house to his little one. Hardly did he appear, when his child came running from the group of children to his father, who lifted him high into the air, kissed him passionately, and then took him, with the pride of all fathers, for a little walk.

"You accuse us of giving up our children," said this father to me, "and it is a fact that we are less together with our children than is usual with you. But we spend a few hours with them every day, the whole of the Sabbath belongs to the child—and these few hours are more intimate and more intensive than the years which the European father spends with his child."

Their whole undivided love is given to the child. It is spoiled and everything is allowed it. "The parents live in the community," the head master in the school of Mishmar Haemek explained to me, "and give up private property; everything that they create is created in communal co-operation. The only thing in whose creation they alone and not the whole colony shares is the child, the only thing that remains to them of their individual life."

This overwhelming love results in that the children, whose education has cost the community so much money, appear to the observer to be badly brought up, real cactus thorns. They are unfriendly, lacking in politeness, and one cannot

expect any five-year-old "gentleman" in an omnibus to give up his seat to a lady. In the town the child is left completely to itself during the day and spends it in the streets. Nowhere in the world have I seen so many gutter-snipes as in Tel Aviv. They lead in the street an unrestrained, noisy life. Their cheekiness leads to bravado. I once observed a group of children in Tel Aviv playing on a building site, when the foreman appeared and tried to drive them away. They ran off, and when the foreman disappeared they returned and in revenge set the scaffolding alight.

But one cannot be angry with these cheeky children, when one sees them riding horses bare-backed at the age of four, and when one is struck by their peculiar beauty.

Seldom have I seen such beautiful children as amongst the sabres. They spend their whole life in the air and in the sun and become healthy, powerful, strapping youngsters. They have blond hair and blue eyes. A Jewish woman doctor theorized to me: "They are the children of hard-working parents who so use up their energies that they convey no pigment to their children. After two or three generations the children will again become dark."

The problem of profession for the children is not yet acute since only in few colonies does there already exist a second generation. Daganía with a third generation is extremely rare. But as the years pass and the sabres grow older, the problem will appear. It was with genuine interest and not merely as an empty phrase that I asked each Palestinian child that I met: "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Not a single one that I questioned thought of a professional career. No one wanted to be a doctor or a lawyer. Their longing lay in other directions. Most of the children wanted to continue their father's work on the land; in Nahalal I found a boy with an ambition very rare amongst Jews—he wanted to be a sailor. In the towns also, in Tel Aviv and in Haifa, which are closely connected with the Mediterranean,

many children have a longing for the sea. This desire may one day result in a Jewish mercantile marine.

Already a few ships sail the Mediterranean under the blue-and-white Jewish flag with an almost exclusively Jewish crew. A school of navigation has been founded for Jewish seamen in Tel Aviv. A technical high school has been established in Haifa for boys with technical talent. In Jerusalem, on Mount Scopus, there is already a Hebrew university with a philosophic and a scientific department which has already earned renown in the intellectual world.

The characteristic Jewish qualities such as we know them are completely lacking in the second generation. I found that they approached closer to the Arabs in their thoughts than to their own fathers. The country of Palestine which was for their fathers only a home of choice, is for them the motherland. It has made them into Palestinians: Jews and Arabs, they have both become the sons of Palestine.

CHAPTER XX

TEARS AMONGST THE CYPRESS TREES

FROM Givat Brenner I drove back to Tel Aviv to meet Moshe Shertok who was to take me to the Emek. At last I learnt from him the surprise that had been promised me on the previous day. "We are now going to fly to Haifa to visit the colony of Mishmar Haemek where twenty thousand cypress trees have been burnt down in the last few weeks. His Excellency the High Commissioner is coming to view the work of destruction."

I was pleased at the prospect of meeting the High Commissioner, for I was hoping to see him in a more intimate surrounding than in his residence at Government House. It was very difficult to obtain access to him in these days. A few journalists were invited to lunch with him, but even these invitations depended on the censor. There were only very few amongst us who worked in accordance with the censor's ideals, and so, correspondingly, very few enjoyed the privilege of lunching with His Excellency. The disappointment of those who received this invitation was possibly still greater than that of those who did not. The food was excellent, but they had not gone there for the sake of the food. They really wanted to get an official statement from the High Commissioner, and in this they were not very successful. Whenever they began a conversation about topical events the High Commissioner was always very adroit in putting an end to it immediately. Here is an example. Stuart Emeny of the *News Chronicle* said, when coffee was being served

after lunch: "The situation is rather complicated, Your Excellency?"

But Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope merely answered: "You are right, you are right, it is rather complicated, isn't it?"—and turned to another guest.

We all knew that Sir Arthur personally helped in composing the official communiqués and that he personally directed the work of the censor. The censors were officials of the Government Press Department and a District Commissioner, whose task apparently seemed to be to hinder all journalistic work and not to aid it. Individual work was impossible; every piece of exclusive news that one got hold of had first to be communicated to the Press Department.

It was of no use if we happened to be eye-witnesses of a battle and saw Arabs being killed and English soldiers wounded. We informed the censor of what we had seen, but he only said: "Very interesting what you say, but you cannot despatch the news until it comes from us."

Since, however, the newspapers were constantly demanding fresh and good material, ways had to be found of getting round the censor. Some journalists drove to Haifa and gave their telegrams to passengers setting off on the boats, so that they could send them by the ship's radio as soon as the ship was outside the three-mile limit. Another colleague always flew backwards and forwards from Jerusalem to Port Said: from Egypt he telegraphed the information gathered in Palestine.

Another obstacle was that the censors held up the telegrams too long, so that they only reached London when the papers were already on the streets. A desperate colleague therefore went to the telegraph office and wired his editor the following: "Urgent Press telegrams lying unread in Press office whilst censor spends time in bar of King David."

Shortly afterwards he was asked into the Press office and the censor said to him: "You know, my friend, that we let

through everything that corresponds with the truth. I am extremely sorry, but I can't let this telegram go."

"Why?" asked the journalist.

And the censor calmly replied: "Because it isn't true! I haven't been in the King David for weeks!"

The censors considered their chief task to be to keep us away from the High Commissioner, therefore this unexpected meeting with him was a pleasant surprise for me. I was pleased not only because I had the hope of spending a few hours with Sir Arthur in highly interesting surroundings, but also because he would not know of the presence of a journalist and would therefore speak more freely.

We flew off from Ramleh with the little Misr machine and I saw Palestine from above: green patches on the surface alternated with sand dunes. Looking down I saw the plain of Sharon to my left, to my right was the plain of Esdraelon, and between them were the hills of Judea. Like long serpents the empty main roads crawled along the country, and where Palestine ended in the west the Mediterranean shone blue.

I had not yet got accustomed to my seat in the aeroplane when we already glimpsed the modern town of Haifa on Mount Carmel: the sea was filled with ships, modern houses appeared beneath us; we were already in Haifa. When we landed in the aerodrome we found a group of English high officials and officers waiting, but this reception was for the High Commissioner. Soon he also appeared, high over our heads. He came flying from Jerusalem in a large, military machine escorted by two smaller ones. Even for the High Commissioner, himself, the main roads were not safe. On the ground was already waiting the escort which was to take him to Mishmar.

Immediately after his landing a long motor-caravan was formed: in front drove an armoured car with machine-guns at the ready, then a lorry and a private car with steel-helmeted soldiers, and finally the High Commissioner's Rolls Royce with the English flag waving on its radiator, the cars of his

entourage, and more soldiers and an armoured car. The numerous soldiers were no guard of honour, they were bitterly necessary. One could not tell whether snipers were not lying in wait for the High Commissioner's caravan, although the road had been searched with meticulous care.

When the column drove by the Arab village of Yagur, a search was just in progress: the Arabs of the village, only a half an hour before the High Commissioner drove by it, had attacked Jewish workers in the Nesher cement factory; we saw the wounded lying still bleeding at the side of the road; they were Jews and Arabs mixed, since the fire had been answered.

The whole colony was gathered in the open square when the column entered Mishmar. The latter did not stop in the square but immediately drove on into the hills where the burnt cypresses stood. The High Commissioner and his entourage were here received by a group of Jews; the Jews stood there heavy with sorrow as they mourned the destruction of their work. When the High Commissioner saw this picture of destruction he remained sunk in thought without saying a word, but drew figures in the grey-black ashes with his stick.

The impression made by the burnt trees on his following was very great. The District Officer, an Arab, said: "I can understand the political struggle and also realise that men must fall in it; but I cannot understand the vandalism which destroys these innocent trees."

For the High Commissioner the sight was tragic not only as a politician but also as a man. He is an enthusiastic gardener who loves plants and flowers above everything, and who follows the afforestation of Palestine with special interest. This was not his first visit to Mishmar, he had also come there in time of peace and had liked to while away a little time amongst the cypresses here on the hill. "I believe," he used to say, "that this cypress forest is the most beautiful spot in Palestine."

And now this beautiful spot, his favourite resort, the work of many, many years, had been destroyed overnight, and there was nothing left for the Jews to do but bitterly bemoan the destruction of their labour. I was standing very close to the High Commissioner and could see that he was struggling hard with his feelings. He would have liked to have added his tears to those of the mourning Jews.

Finally, he pulled himself together and turned to the police officer who was standing at his side. "How is it possible," he asked, "that the police cannot keep these barbarians away?"

The police officer replied: "We are powerless, Your Excellency, since we have not enough men. Before, when there was peace in the district, I had twelve men; now, when even a hundred and twenty would not be enough, six of my men have been taken away and stationed elsewhere. It is an impossible task to keep the Arabs from the plantations with only six men."

Sir Arthur pondered and said to the police captain: "I would like to talk to you later. Come back with me in my car." I afterwards saw the police captain getting out of the Commissioner's car. He was looking pleased, for he had obtained his desired reinforcements.

Before the assembly returned to the colony we stood a while and admired the view. Before us, in its magnificent green splendour, lay the Balfour Forest, and we saw the first saplings that had been planted in honour of the late King George's Jubilee. Jews and Arabs had been fighting for years for the ground where the King George Forest is gradually arising. Of late years, already before the riots, the purchase of further territory had become almost impossible for Jews, every land transaction was opposed by the Supreme Moslem Council, Arabs who sold their lands were pilloried in newspaper articles, denounced as traitors in mosques, and even forbidden entry into mosques. By energetic measures they have succeeded in getting a large number of small landowners to register their



THRESHING IN NAHALAL



ORANGE SELECTION ON THE MOVING BAND

lands as family entails so that they cannot be alienated to the Jews. In the Ramallah district an agreement touching 5000 dunums of land was annulled. The Arabs only gave up the struggle for this piece of land when the Jews declared that they wanted to afforest the land as a memorial for the Jubilee.

This work of afforestation is of tremendous importance for a country which, during the centuries, has lost almost all its forests and whose hills on which, once upon a time, the oaks, cypresses, and olive trees abounded, have become bare stony slopes. The Government gives energetic support to afforestation which is aimed, on the one hand, at compensating the extremes of climate, and on the other at making Palestine independent of the burdensome import of timber for fuel and building. The work of afforestation is carried on almost exclusively by the Government and the Jews, whilst the forests have even to be protected from the Arabs.

Only with difficulty could the High Commissioner tear himself away from this magnificent view, when he finally again got into his car to drive down into Mishmar to visit the colonists. I was told that in previous years a visit from the High Commissioner was an occasion for the greatest rejoicing: the colonists believed that Sir Arthur was a friend and a real advocate of their ideals, and it seemed as if Sir Arthur also felt himself at home amongst the colonists. On the present occasion his reception accorded with the general atmosphere; it was silent and colourless. The colonists pressed in crowds around him as he was conducted into the common dining-room, where coffee and fruit were awaiting us. The Commissioner seated himself in the middle, around him sat the older colonists and his entourage, at the other tables sat the rest of the colony. When Sir Arthur entered the dining-room he greeted the assembled colonists with a loud "shalom" and a surprised murmur travelled through the room before a joyful "shalom" resounded in answer from 500 throats. Never yet had Sir Arthur saluted the colonists with their

Hebrew greeting and the tactful gesture of the High Commissioner aroused a little joy in their great sorrow. The older colonists took advantage of the opportunity and recounted in Hebrew their desires and complaints to the rare guest. The High Commissioner listened attentively and then had everything translated. On previous occasions there had been dancing and singing, but now the High Commissioner was depressed and the colonists were in too sad a mood to be interested in such festivities.

And yet the visit of the High Commissioner meant a ray of hope for the colonists, and they accompanied him with affectionate joy when he returned to his car and the column took the road back to Haifa.

I took leave of the column and continued my journey into the Emek. The Jews are proud of their work in Palestine, but doubly proud are they of their achievements in the Emek. This plain is the only lowland between Egypt and Asia Minor, which leads from the coast into the interior: this explains its significance, which is strategic as well as agricultural. It lies between the hills of Ephraim and Galilee, and in the past it saw clashing weapons, trampling hoofs and rattling war chariots. For centuries it has furnished passage to soldiers and was the gateway of Palestine. Already in 1478 B.C. Pharaoh Tuthmoses III fought against the Syrian coalition, and from that time until 1918, when Allenby gave here the final blow to the retreating army of Germans and Turks, the history of the Emek was an unbroken chain of battles and campaigns. Four strong fortresses, which are now being excavated in Meggido, Taanakh, Jezreel and Bethshan are memorials that the Emek has to show of its history.

The eternal campaigns were not conducive to agricultural activity, and travellers who passed through the Emek only fifteen years ago found neglected fields and the poorest Arab villages of the whole of Palestine. Then, in 1921, the Jewish National Fund purchased from the Syrian Arab family of Sursuk its first territories in this region and the first Jewish

colonies gradually arose. The task of the colonists was to make the swampy land again fertile. It was inhabited by a few hundred fellahin, a few thousand Bedouin and millions of mosquitoes. The mosquitoes have disappeared, to be replaced by some 5000 Jews who now live alongside the wandering Bedouin and the fellahs in a countryside that is luxuriant, healthy and rich.

CHAPTER XXI

BATTLE OF TEL YOSEPH

IN Mishmar Hacmek, Shertok had taken his departure from me: "Unfortunately I must return to Haifa, but I am leaving you in good hands. Mr. Feiwei will accompany you and David will drive you."

Feiwei I had already met in Tel Aviv, but of David I had not yet heard. I asked: "Who is David?"

"You don't know David?" said Shertok with astonishment. "Of all our excellent drivers, he is the best, the safest and most courageous in the whole of Palestine. If you drive with him nothing will happen to you."

Now David came along with his car and greeted us. "We must hurry if we want to get to Tiberias before sundown. We cannot drive on the main road as we would never get through the Arab villages alive. Only yesterday I tried to reach Tiberias via Nazareth, but I was pelted with gigantic stones which smashed my mudguards. Therefore we'll have to go by side roads which pass through Jewish colonies; they are bad but safe. Anyhow you need not be afraid, nothing will happen to me. Firstly I drive fast and secondly I have taken certain precautions."

"What sort of precautions?" we asked. "Are you, perhaps, armed?"

"No," said David, "but I have grown a moustache. Now I look like an Arab."

The town Arabs all wear little Chaplin moustaches and now David also possessed one. But it was not a very efficient

precaution; in driving past no one could notice the tiny moustache and as soon as he was stopped it would be quickly discovered that David was no Arab. In previous weeks Jewish chauffeurs who had to drive through Arab villages had tried wearing a tarbush but their trick was soon discovered and even the tarbush did not protect them from the shooting.

Under the questionable protection of David's moustache we therefore drove off and soon found ourselves amongst the Jewish colonies of the Emek. The road was bad, the car—despite David's capability—could only go slowly; we were bumped up and down.

We had now been driving for hours on end, always on Jewish soil; the only Arabs whom we met were Bedouin who had pitched their black tents here amongst the Jewish colonies. The land where their black tents now stood had in previous decades been a no-man's-land: the proprietors lived in Beyrouth and did not bother about the swampy, malarial countryside. No one stopped the Bedouin when they came here from Transjordan with their goats. They returned here regularly, and so gained a certain right to the land where their goats grazed. The Jews who bought the land from the Syrians found them there and were not allowed to drive them away. According to the Palestinian land law, a grazing place can only be taken from the Bedouin if one provides them with a corresponding pasture, and the Bedouin did not want to pasture their goats in any other spot.

We stopped for a glass of beer in Afula, a little town in the Emek, which was intended to be a rival to Tel Aviv when it was built. But the plan came to nothing, the town development stopped short; it obtains its only urban characteristics from the innumerable little boot-blacks who besiege every new arrival.

Eastwards from Afula lie two large Jewish colonies, Ain Charod and Tel Yoseph, which I was bent on seeing: "Good," said David, "we can drive there, but we shall have to spend the night there."

I was pleased at the prospect of spending a night in a Jewish colony. I had already seen life in the colonies in the daytime and I had wanted to see its "night life," but my wish had always been refused. "We have rather restless nights," I was told; "it is better for you to get back to town before sundown. We have our hands full with keeping the Arabs away from the colonies; we have no use for guests, just now."

Tel Yoseph, with its sister colony Ain Charod, is the most beautiful of all the settlements in the Emek, a model farm for the other colonies. As our car drove into the settlement I encountered only women and girls.

"Where are the men," I asked.

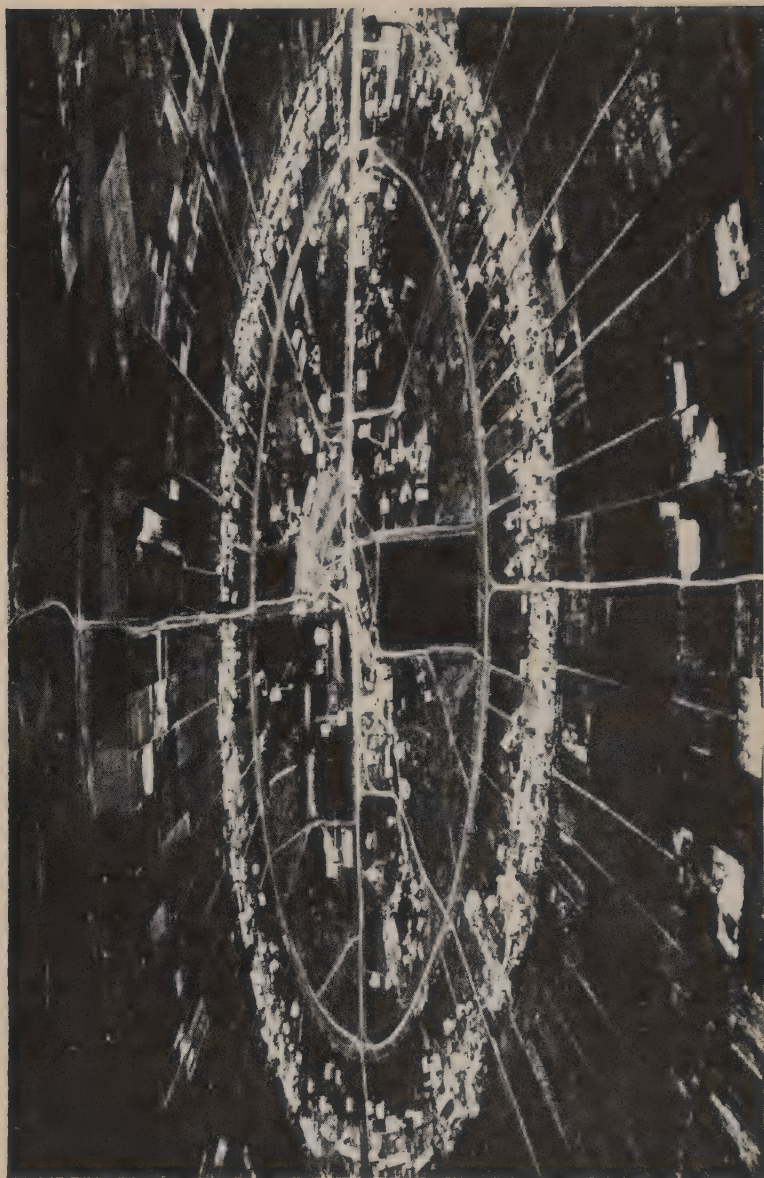
"They are sleeping," came the answer. "Nearly all the men of the colony have night duty. They have to be on guard to keep away the Arabs. This has been going on for nine weeks. In the beginning, when we still believed that it was only a matter of days, perhaps of a couple of weeks, the men of the colony willingly undertook these duties. During the day they cultivated their fields and at night they stood on guard. But now they are at the end of their strength, and since guarding is now more important than gardening, the fields are being neglected."

The air was laden with an electrical tension. Five Arab villages encircled Tel Yoseph and it had been proved that the incendiaries who had been at work in the Emek had come from these villages. A commission had descended upon the villages, and had punished them with a collective fine of £400, a fortune that is inconceivable for the poor Arabs. In order to escape the fine they preferred to leave their villages. They sent their women and children to Jaffa.

As the sun slowly sank behind Mount Tabor, the men of the colony appeared. Many of them carried primitive rifles that had been placed at their disposal by the Government. Others dug trenches at particularly dangerous spots. Later, lorries came up with sand-bags, and with the sand-bags little fortifications were erected.



VALLEY OF JEZREEL



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF NAHALAL

I could feel clearly that something was in the air. An attack was expected that very night. The great dining-room was empty, the colonists had had no appetite for supper. Small groups gathered and discussed the position in the twilight. Suddenly the leader of the settlement appeared. He was visibly excited as he said: "The telephone wires have been cut!"

It always began this way. This is, as it were, the visiting-card of the terrorists. A mounted messenger was sent to the nearest police station. He soon returned with a rocket-pistol and the promise that in the case of necessity the police would be on the spot as soon as possible.

In the semi-darkness the strategical position was rapidly discussed. Two posts were set up high over the roofs of the colony: one on the roof of the baby-house, the other on the roof of the bath-house.

These posts were made secure with sand-bags and occupied by a strong contingent. Other men took their places in the trenches. Sentries were placed on the outskirts. Up to ten o'clock nothing happened. The settlement's searchlight roamed the district like the beam of a light-house, and its dazzling ray cut deep into the black darkness. For brief fractions of a minute I saw the sentries leaning on their rifles and gazing into the distance. Otherwise an uncanny stillness lay over the whole place.

I stood with the leader of the settlement on the balcony of the refectory and listened intently for steps or voices. Then, shortly after ten o'clock, this uncanny silence was rent by a shot. The searchlight turned like lightning into the shot's direction and we saw the guard running towards us. In the distance appeared the Arabs.

The man next to me fired his rocket-pistol and immediately the answer came from the police station. The searchlight was extinguished, the colony now lay in complete darkness, but everyone was already at his place. We heard the police car approaching and soon seven Arab policemen were standing

on the balcony. They were conducted by the leader on to the roof of the baby-house.

I was standing all alone on the balcony when the Arabs opened fire from the east. The shooting, which was answered by the guards, lasted only a few minutes, and then resounded the battle-cry of the bandits: "Aleyhum! Aleyhum!" [On them!]

The first attack was beaten off and all became again silent for some seconds, but then the battle-cry burst out with redoubled strength, and now they advanced with determination. The whole air was filled with the war-cries of the Arabs, with war-cries that had not changed for centuries. They shouted "Aleyhum" and "Allahu Akbar" just as they had done five hundred years ago in Spain, or fifty years ago in the Sudan. To judge the number of the bandits by the strength of this battle-cry one would have put them at five to six hundred. In reality I was told that the number of bandits taking part in the raid was only sixty.

The night was dark, but ever and again appeared the flash of guns; in their fleeting light I saw that the Arabs had cut through the barbed wire which encircled the whole colony. Four men were already in the courtyard. All the shots were now concentrated against these four men and soon two of them fell severely wounded. They screamed and moaned; other Arabs lifted them up and dragged them back.

In the rain of bullets I left the balcony and went over to the baby-house. I wanted to see how the forty smallest members of the colony reacted to the shooting. I found the entrance only with difficulty, and had to crawl along, since the Arabs had now changed their tactics and had gathered in the proximity of the baby-house. Bullets were already rebounding from its cement walls.

The battle had now been going on for forty minutes when I heard the drone of aeroplanes in the distance. The drone came ever nearer, and in a few minutes the English military planes were over the settlement. Now they circled and fired

rockets which lit up brilliantly the whole district. The Arabs were seized with panic. Now I could see them clearly; they had already surrounded the whole colony and shot alternately at us and at the 'planes. These came lower and at last opened fire with machine-guns on the bandits, who now realised the hopelessness of the struggle. They reassembled with lightning speed and fled into the mountains. I looked at my watch. It was ten past eleven when the last shot was fired, and we all had to wait another six hours before we could inspect the battlefield in the bright light of the morning.

At dawn the roll was called and it was found that no one of the colony had been hurt. In the proximity of the barbed wire large pools of blood showed that many Arabs had been hit, but they had taken all their dead and wounded with them. The houses showed marks of the battle. On the wall of one house I counted no less than nineteen shots, on the wall of the baby-house I counted forty. The empty cartridge-cases were lying about and were collected. It was found that over eight hundred shots had been fired by the Arabs. That morning the colony presented its usual appearance and one noticed nothing of the excitements of the past night. The children were playing in the playground, the women were milking the cows in the stalls—the day began, as usual, with joy and confidence, until night should again bring its troubles and anxieties.

CHAPTER XXII

YIGAEI THE WATCHMAN

I FOUND myself thinking of the scene which had met my eyes last night in the baby-house. The bullets of the Arabs—who were attacking the baby-house with obvious deliberation—rebounded from its cement walls. On the roof, above the heads of the children, Arab police with a machine-gun fired on the rebels who belonged closer to them than the Jews whom they had to protect. The air was filled with the crackle of the shots, with the yelling of the Arabs and with the colonists' staccato commands; and mingled in all this was the droning of the 'planes. The ghostly illuminated countryside seemed to me like hell upon earth.

In this hellish concert of unloosed passions the only place that seemed to me to preserve its calm was the baby-house. Here an incredible peacefulness prevailed. The children were all lying on the floor, showing neither excitement nor fear. Aloud they counted the shots that thudded against the walls of their house, and from time to time they asked the nurse, who lay on the floor with them: "What do you think, Mirjam, will many Chaverim [comrades] be wounded?"

They still remained on the floor when the fearful battle was over, until a Jewish watchman came in and said: "It is all clear! You can go back to bed!"

The nurse got up, switched on the light, put each child into its pretty little bed and tucked them all in. Then she extinguished the light again, remained standing at the door for a few seconds and was just on the point of tiptoeing out of the room when from the beds came a voice.

"Miryam!" called the weak voice, and the girl went to the bed.

"Go to sleep," she said, "it is late. The others also want to sleep."

But the others showed no such desire. They called out: "We won't go to sleep until you sing us a song!"

The room remained in darkness, only from outside did a little light enter: the 'planes were still illuminating the district with their Verey lights. The girl leaned against the door and began to sing a Hebrew song in a low, melancholy voice. I stood beside her and admired the scene: the beautiful dark girl softly singing with eyes closed, the little heroes in their beds, and the song that sounded like a dreamy lullaby.

Only ten minutes ago the relentless sound of death-dealing bullets had sounded in my ears and now there was this soft, melancholy air. The scene had changed as quickly as in a film. The girl sang for a while, then remained silent for a few seconds on the threshold, and since no protests came from the beds she closed the door and went past me. She was a young Jewess from Germany. I stopped her and said: "Excuse me, would you mind singing to me again the song you have just sung to the children?"

She blushed and said with embarrassment: "But it was a children's song."

"But I would like to hear it again," I said persuasively. "Do sing it, please!"

And in the dark corridor she sang softly to me the lullaby. For me it was a song without words—I did not understand the Hebrew text, and when she had finished I asked: "What do the words mean?" She translated them for me. It was an old song about Arabs who came at night-time to attack the Jewish colonies, but each verse ended cheerfully with the refrain:

"Sleep my child, sleep, peace is in Erez Yisrael—
Guarding us with his men is our brave Yigael!"

"Who is Yigael?" I asked.

"He is the leader of the shomerim."

Here in Palestine every European language becomes incomprehensible to newcomers since they are always being mixed with Hebrew words. So I had to ask: "What are the shomerim?"

"They are the members of the great Jewish watchmen's organisation," came the answer.

Chance had it that I should meet Yigael the next day. On hearing the news of the raid he came as quickly as possible to Tel Yoseph, inspected the watchmen and detailed instructions in the event of a repetition of the attack. When he was finished with this he came to me in the refectory and we drank tea together.

"You must be a great hero, Yigael," I said to him, "to be celebrated in songs. How does the song go?"

Yigael looked uncomfortable and said, stutteringly: "I don't know of any song, nor am I a hero. I just do my duty."

He was a man of perhaps forty to forty-five, a son of Jewish Palestine. He began talking about his childhood: "When I was still a child we lived here in continual fear and despair. We were only a few people in the colonies; the nearest colony was far away; we never knew when we would be attacked. At that time the Arabs did not yet have political slogans, they simply formed robber bands which plundered the colonies of their beasts and money. We were unarmed and unprepared, the Government would not help us, and so we had to resolve to undertake our own defence. We founded the Hashomer. In each settlement we selected strong young men to stand on guard at night. In the beginning they had only sticks, but later we were able to give them arms. Then it was simple, we didn't need gun permits." Yigael thought for a moment and added: "They were fine times."

"How do you mean?" I asked. "Haven't you got any weapons now?"

"We have, if you can call them weapons. When England

took over the government our good guns were confiscated and we received in their place primitive police guns, each colony getting only from two to four, whilst previously we had had dozens. Of the four guns two are always sealed; the seals may only be broken in case of danger. Every now and again a commission comes to see that the seals are untouched, and we are heavily punished if a seal should be missing from one of the guns."

Yigael now stands at the head of an organisation which embraces 2,000. The men of his organisation are watchmen, a profession which is highly valued in the colonies and which is a full-time job. The watchmen are just as hard, blunt and ruthless as their Arab attackers—thus last August incidents occurred which resulted in the sentencing of Jewish watchmen to long terms of imprisonment.

Yigael complained of these sentences: "They are unjustly heavy. An Arab who was caught with a smoking revolver in his hand received only a few weeks; another who stabbed a Jew in the back in front of the eyes of the police got a few years. We are not treated so leniently when we come before the Bench, for the judges are all against us. Imprisonment is always worse for us than for the Arabs. The Arab in prison often lives in better circumstances than he does at home; he has a carefree life, a clean dwelling and good food. The Jew, on the other hand, languishes in prison and is missed by the colony. We don't want Jews to be more lightly punished than the Arabs, but we do protest against their always being punished more severely than the Arabs."

I myself during my presence in the country saw an especially gross example. A young Jew—it was before the riots—had been arrested and a revolver found in his pocket. The judge gave him seven months for illegally carrying a weapon. An Arab, and this was during the riots, when the Government proposed especially severe sentences for unauthorised weapons, was condemned by the same judge and for the same offence to ten weeks' imprisonment. This

was too much even for the Public Prosecutor, who entered an appeal for the condemned Jew: the Court of Appeal reduced the punishment to fourteen days. In the previous year there were fifteen death sentences in Palestine; in the present year, when there has been so much killing and death sentences might have acted as a deterrent, not one man has been sentenced to death. The English judges are not amongst the most popular people in Jewish Palestine.

"Imprisonment is nothing new for me," said Yigael; "I myself spent several years in prison in Acre and Damascus in the time of the Turks. But at that time we still had the right to defend ourselves. Now this right is not granted and what is the result? One Jew after the other is shot from ambush. And we have to stand by with folded arms whilst our brothers are murdered by the bandits. Certain Englishmen say—I have read it in the *Davar*—that we want to erect Erez upon English bayonets. I can assure you that we needn't have had the English bayonets. When there were only 60,000 Jews in the country and the 350,000 Arabs attacked us—not, as now, every seven years, but almost every day—we had to rely completely upon ourselves; the Turkish bayonets would not help us. At that time you didn't hear of Arabs slaughtering whole Jewish families, as they did in Hebron and Safed in 1929, when we had the protection of English bayonets. At that time there were no pogroms, as in 1920 to 1921, when the country was even under martial law. We mourn every English soldier who loses his life here, but we don't make ourselves responsible for it. We could take up the fight against the Arabs ourselves, if the English would only let us."

England, when it took over Palestine in 1917 to 1918, found a country that was armed to the teeth. It tried to disarm the country, but to-day one can definitely state that the Government has completely failed in this, and there are to-day in Palestine more weapons and ammunition than ever before in its history.



JEWISH WATCHMEN OF THE EARLY TIMES OF ZIONIST COLONISATION DISGUISED AS ARABS



FORTIFICATIONS ROUND JEWISH PROPERTY

In the Orient weapons are no rarities, but gun-permits are. In every black Bedouin tent, in every primitive Arab hovel, at least the father keeps a gun hidden. The new houses of the better-class Arabs are almost small arsenals. The Arab loves his weapons, more than his wife or camels, and it would be the hardest blow for him to have to separate from his gun.

The ways in which the weapons and the requisite ammunition have come into the country are innumerable. In point of fact, peace has never prevailed in Palestine, the country has always been shaken by revolts and wars, from biblical times to our own. In the guns of the Arabs a whole chain of military periods is reflected. They have guns still dating from the time of the revolt against the Egyptian Governor, Ibrahim Pasha, when methods similar to those of the present rising were employed. Indeed, the majority of their weapons date back to Turkish times, not merely because the Turks were very generous in distributing guns, but because they exercised absolutely no control in regard to them. During the World War began "the good old days" for the gun-loving Arab. The Turks received a large supply of German guns and ammunition when the attack on the Suez Canal was planned. Still more guns were brought into Arabia by Colonel Lawrence when he organised the resistance. Since then time has passed, but has not taken the guns with it.

The growing new generation of young Arabs was not satisfied with these old-fashioned weapons, and thus active gun-running began both on the east and in the south. This smuggling became particularly lively, when, by reason of an agreement with Ibn Saud, munition-transports were again permitted to enter the Red Sea. Since that time agents of European armament firms have been permanent guests in Saudi Arabia. Hither come not only the sellers, but also the buyers. Jeddah is the chief market place of the whole Near East for arms; from here weapons are smuggled through the Arabian Desert in never-ending caravans to the neigh-

bouring countries where they are forbidden. In this way fire-arms come to Palestine, Iraq and Syria.

A strange thing is that these caravans do not always deliver the goods to those who have ordered them. The desert has its own news-service; in some secret way the Bedouin learn almost immediately when a weapon-transport is leaving Jeddah on its six to eight weeks' journey. As if springing suddenly out of the earth the Bedouin then plant themselves in the caravan's path. They are usually in the majority, and of what use are the crowds of weapons and guns of the attacked convoy if they are all nicely packed in boxes and sealed up? The Bedouin sometimes employ less crude methods. They are rich, they possess considerable amounts of gold that was generously distributed by Colonel Lawrence at the time of the "Revolt in the Desert." A great part of this gold during the past twenty years has been invested in weapons by simply bribing the caravan leaders to hand over their loads. After such a transaction the caravan leaders continue their journey and give out that they have been attacked on their way and robbed. Or else they often disappear for ever, join the Bedouin bands and themselves help to waylay the next weapon convoys.

The chief gun-runners are not Palestinians but Druses from Syria. They are to be found everywhere in the villages of Palestine offering their contraband for sale. Prices recently have risen very high: a gun that used to cost £3 now fetches £8 to £10. Ammunition is either smuggled in, or else manufactured within the country itself. The authorities were always astonished to find huge numbers of English cartridge cases after Arab attacks, and had assumed that the Arabs had obtained their bullets by raiding English depots. But it has been discovered that the Arabs have made a habit of searching the battlefields of the Great War for spent cartridges which they have again filled up. Little villages have their own secret cartridge-filling factories and a cartridge-filling machine was even discovered in the prison in Jerusalem. But this

sort of thing is not unusual in the Near East: some convicts in an Egyptian prison were once even found manufacturing counterfeit coin.

One discovery stirred the whole of Palestine. In a Greek Orthodox monastery on the Nablus road, a few miles from Jerusalem, lived a certain Father Nicola who was paid by the police to give them information about the troubles. Since rioting in this district grew ever more serious, the Assistant Chief of Police, Captain Rice, drove out to the monastery to see if he could learn anything from the Reverend Father. On arriving, he was told by a servant that Father Nicola was busy and that he would have to wait. Captain Rice was astounded at such impertinence, pushed the servant aside and burst into the Father's room without knocking; the Father *was* extremely busy, filling cartridge-cases for the Arabs, whilst around him lay twelve bombs which he had already prepared.

The Jewish population of Palestine also is well armed, but their arming is of more recent date than that of the Arabs. This fact alone means, of course, that they have better weapons than the Arabs. Their leaders are mostly extremist Jews, but fortunately the wiser parties are able to control them. In general this Jewish military organisation has been created not for attack but only for defence. It was born after the bloody massacres of 1929, when unarmed Jews were slaughtered in masses by the Arabs. At that time the Jews realised that they must arm themselves if they wished to avoid similar incidents, and it has been shown that the mere presence of a Jewish military organisation has completely altered the whole tactics of the Arabs. In my opinion the strength of the Jewish military organisation is overrated. People speak of 50,000 armed Jews. But there are only some 16,000 Jews with a military training, and of these only 8,000 belong to the military organisation. These latter possess very good guns, abundant ammunition and understand how to handle them.

In view of the strict prohibition, the organisation is naturally a secret one and therefore the leaders of the whole movement are Jews who have come to Palestine from Russia. They have learned the system of secret organisation and underground work in Tsarist Russia, and are now applying their experience in Palestine. A wonderful system has been built up which has made possible the preservation of the secrecy of the movement. Armed Jewish youth is divided up into cells, each cell consisting of one group-leader and six members. The group leaders again are collected in sevens to form a new group and so it goes on until the chief of the whole organisation is reached. Thus in the whole of Palestine only six men know who the leader of the organisation is, just as in the subordinate groups the members of each cell are known only to each other without knowing those of a second. The police have already succeeded in seizing one group, but have thereby only managed to maim the activity of the group in question. Not even the most thorough interrogation could elicit anything, since the captured members themselves knew nothing.

The idea of the secret organisation is that it shall be brought into action only in the case of "utmost necessity." Utmost necessity means open war: that is to say, if the English should give up defending the Jews or if the Balfour Declaration should be revoked. In the latter case the Jews are resolved to conduct an open war and to defend their rights in Palestine with force of arms.

The Arabs of Palestine are inclined to overestimate the real strength of this Jewish organisation and to exaggerate its real significance. A highly placed Arab personage declared: "We know that if the Jews should also employ terrorist methods they would be able to cause immensely greater damage in our ranks than we in theirs. Their weapons are better and more modern than ours. Besides that, they possess accessories which are lacking to us and which would quickly decide the whole struggle in their

favour. Thus the Jewish colonies of Palestine possess more than eight hundred tractors which could easily and speedily be turned into real tanks. Seven thousand automobiles stand ready to support a Jewish mobilisation: these would facilitate the movement of Jewish troops on the good roads. They have innumerable searchlights for night fighting. Above all, they have hand grenades and scientifically prepared bombs which alone would suffice to destroy an Arab success. We have information as to the numbers and strength of the Jewish secret organisation and therefore we would never allow things to go as far as open war."

The defence organisation which is called "Hagana" (self-defence) is financed by wealthy Jews and the masses have great confidence in it. When, in the first days of the riots, the houses of the Oriental Jews in the suburbs of Tel Aviv were attacked, they did not call for the police but for the members of the "Hagana." But even then the "Hagana" refused to take action, since its principle is only to do so in case of "utmost necessity." The only duty that it has performed during the present riots has been limited to the placement of guards. These guards are easily and quickly mobile and form a link between the attacked and the police without themselves taking part in the struggle. Thus Jewish motor-cycle columns patrol the dangerous roads and inform the police if anything occurs.

From the English point of view this organisation has certain advantages that are not to be underrated. The Jewish section of the population is resolved to support the English, since they know that the security of the Jewish National Home depends purely and solely on England. It is not improbable that imperialist policies of expansion will grope greedily after Palestine in the near future, and that the English will be compelled to defend by force of arms the rights they have received from the League of Nations. In this case the secret organisation of the Jews will be turned into a public, well-organised army, naturally on the side of the English. There-

fore this Jewish organisation, which in its structure and its outlook is so completely un-Jewish if we think of the peaceable, pacifist-minded Jews of Europe, has a significance that spreads beyond the borders of Palestine. Just as to-day it keeps back the Arabs from the Jewish settlements, it will perhaps one day keep a hungry European power out of Palestine.

I learned that the Jews have already approached the British Government in London and suggested Jewish conscription in Palestine. These Jewish soldiers, so the suggestion ran, should be only partly stationed in Palestine; the rest would be at the disposal of the British Empire for service in other colonies. This they did out of gratitude for the English blood shed on their behalf in Palestine.

The proposal was rejected. The English Government feared that the establishment of such an army would complicate the situation and would lead to open revolt in the Arab and Mohammedan countries under their ægis.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MAGICIAN OF TEL OR

TEL YOSEPH was now overcrowded with visitors. People came from the neighbouring colonies, from Ain Charod and Beth Alpha, to look at the "sights" that the Arabs had left behind. A police commission of inquiry came along and also Joshua Gordon, the liaison officer between the Jewish Agency and the English police department. The colonists withdrew to discuss, under his chairmanship, the measures of defence to be taken in the event of another attack. Joshua Gordon explained to me: "It is really a foolish act of desperation on the part of the Arabs to attack such a large colony as Tel Yoseph. They can't reckon on being successful, for this colony, with its more than five hundred souls, is strong enough to defend itself. In the sister colonies live over seven hundred and fifty people who can immediately hurry to the help of Tel Yoseph. It would need a small Arab army to 'capture' Tel Yoseph. But all these attacks are inspired by a bitter, almost mad, hatred, and are very reminiscent of the old sword dances of the Mohammedans when, in their fanatical religious mania, they slaughtered each other." When Gordon went to the meeting we felt strongly that there was nothing more for us to do here. We were superfluous.

Joshua Gordon had taken David away from us. "I hope you won't be angry with me," he said, "but I can make better use of him." And we continued with a new driver. We had also received new passengers: two of Jigael's lieutenants travelled with us in the car to undertake a tour of inspection

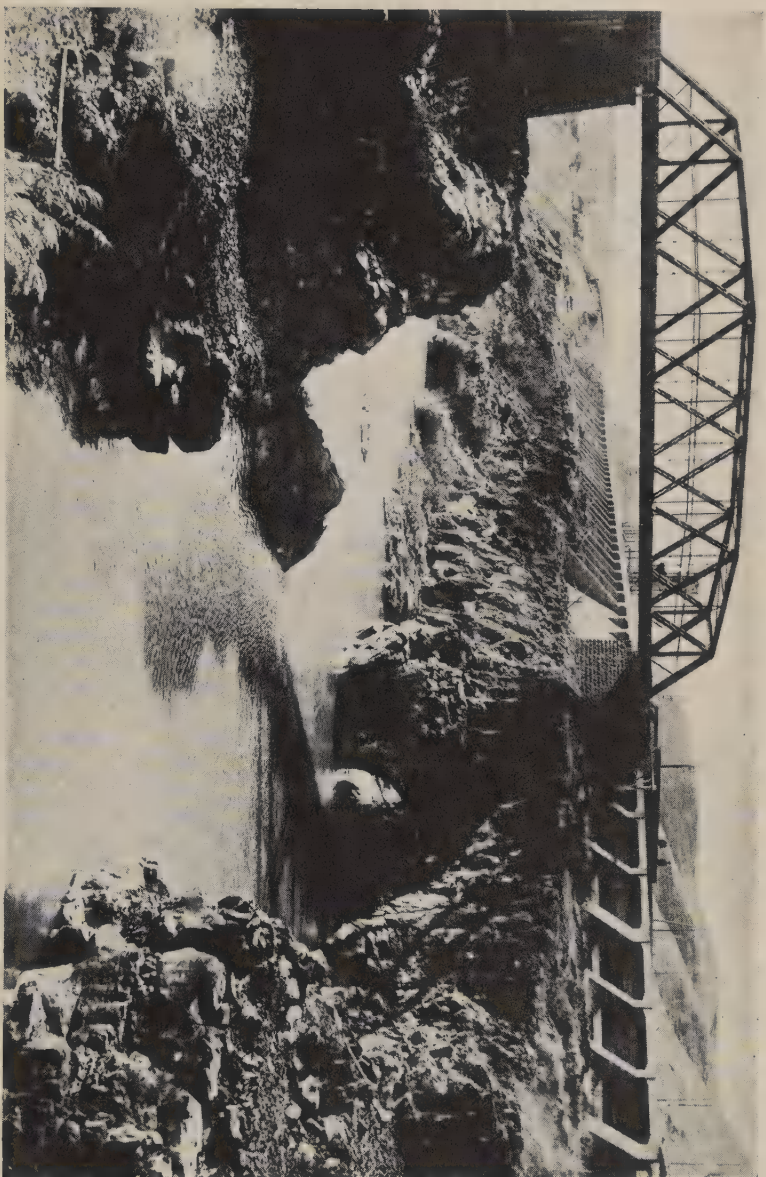
of the PICA colonies. They had guns (and also gun permits), and I felt myself a little safer with the two Jewish watchmen. But even their guns were not of much use against the nails that strewn the road. When we again drove by Afule and were travelling between two hills in the direction of Tiberias, one tyre burst, and then a second. The driver stopped, jumped out of the car and said: "That is what I don't like, a breakdown between two hills. Whilst I change the tyres you must keep a look-out."

The watchmen went up the hills, we—Feiwei and I—covered the road, whilst the driver got on with the job. The time appeared to me to go very slowly; although the driver worked feverishly he seemed to make no headway. Suddenly I saw a large group of men in the distance making their way towards us. I shouted out: "I think the Arabs are coming!"

We all ran back to the car in order to defend ourselves from behind cover in case of necessity. The danger was not particularly great; we ourselves had weapons and could reply to the fire of the Arabs; the shots would be heard in the police station which was not very far away and help would soon come. We were still discussing the strategic plans for our defence when the Arabs reached us—and went peaceably by. They were riding on their asses and did not intend attacking us. We must have looked very funny to these peaceable people as we awaited them in our position of defence.

One of the watchmen said, as we gazed after the Arabs with relieved minds: "Only a very small part of the Arab population participates in the terror actions. We have received trustworthy information according to which the number of the terrorists is about fifteen hundred. That is all there are on the Arab side, and it is incomprehensible to us how eleven English battalions, over thirty military 'planes and thousands of police cannot put a finish to these fifteen hundred rebels."

But despite that we again took up our watch until the driver had finished with the tyres.



POWER STATION ON THE JORDAN



ARAB FISHERMEN ON THE LAKE TIBERIAS

The car was now climbing Mount Tabor. In the distance we saw Nazareth, the Holy City where Jesus spent His youth, but which is unapproachable for non-Arabs. Especially large were the stones that were here thrown at passing motor-cars.

Our car was the only one on the main road, but near it we were always meeting groups of Arabs from the villages lying round, going with their asses to the Arab town of Beisan. When they passed us the times of Jesus lived again: just as these Arabs, He too had ridden on an ass from the city of His youth to the city where the Cross awaited Him.

The car stopped again, but this time not because of a breakdown. We had come to one of the Jewish colonies of the PICA where our watchmen had business. I went with them into a house and we were received by some twelve young men. These formed a special guard which had been sent from Tel Aviv and which occupied the little colony like a detachment of soldiers. They lay on camp-beds and played cards, whilst their guns were leaning against the wall: in the daytime they had nothing to do; at night they had to be very wide-awake, since the Arabs of the little villages around attacked the PICA colonies in increasing numbers.

Whilst the watchmen informed their colleagues of their secret instructions, I went round inspecting the colony. It reminded me of an East European farm, with small, low, stone houses and barns which were so built as to form a fortified wall round the inner courtyard. This plan was no accident. When this colony was being built, Arab attacks were a daily occurrence and the settlers had to live in little forts from the very beginning: the walls had to be thick to keep out the Arabs.

The PICA is a private organisation that was founded in 1891 as a limited company in accordance with English law and provided with a capital of £2,000,000. This capital was later greatly increased. The shares were distributed amongst a number of bodies, managed by an administrative committee, but in reality controlled by the Rothschild family. The

inhabitants of these colonies are certainly Zionists, but are not in line with the post-war Zionists in Palestine. They are the people of the first Aliyah who, inspired by the new idea of Zionism, came to Palestine and settled on the land. The surroundings and the work they had to do were completely new to them, and this led to great financial and moral catastrophes until Baron Rothschild came to the rescue and helped the colonies on to their feet again by dint of great financial sacrifices. Only then did the colonies enter upon a more favourable period of development and they rapidly became exact copies of little middle-class Russo-Jewish towns.

The Jew himself worked on the land, but his labourers were exclusively Arabs. At that time no objection could be raised against this, since there were not enough Jewish hands, but to-day the Jewish Agency and the Histadruth are often at loggerheads with these PICA colonies because they will not give up their Arab labourers when Jewish unemployment is on the increase in the town, and no land stands at the disposal of new arrivals for colonisation owing to the refusal of the Arabs to sell.

On the other side the PICA colonists claim that their attitude is the more proper one from the political standpoint. If they are to live side by side in peace, then work must be distributed between Arabs and Jews.

The refusal to participate in the common work of building up the country, and the employment of Arab labourers, drove a deep, almost unbridgeable, gulf between the Kwuzoth and the PICA colonies, and I have nowhere heard such indignant protests against the Zionists as in the PICA colonies. They are the Jewish Effendis, who feel themselves affected by the social and economic changes in the same way as the town Arabs. Thus for constructive work the Jewish Agency in Palestine is pulled in various directions: they must defend their position both against the Arabs and against the older colonists.

When we left the colony we did not leave the PICA territory. The heat which had previously been bearable grew increasingly

greater here, and with every kilometre-stone we felt ourselves nearer the tropics. A large hoarding that we now passed gave the reason for this: on it stood written in English, Arabic and Hebrew: "Sea-Level," and every yard that we proceeded took us farther below it.

My companions said to me: "You will soon get a glimpse of the Lake of Galilee. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful." And they, who had seen the view often before, still had their breath taken away. The car drove quickly along the serpentine path that led below sea-level, and at the last bend there opened up before us a most impressive panorama: the lake, upon whose shores the Galilean had wandered, where he had caught his fish and fed the poor. In the distance, and even close at hand, something mystic lay over the lake; the water and its peculiar surroundings gave a fitting setting to the picture that we have of Jesus.

The waves of the disturbance in Palestine did not reach as far as Tiberias and the Lake of Galilee; this small district was now the most peaceful and safe spot in the whole country. In the town Jews and Arabs worked together, and they bathed in the waters of the lake. They were easily distinguishable from each other by their dress, both in the town and in the water. When bathing the Jews wore bathing-trunks, as is usual everywhere, but the Arabs are wise and protect the upper parts of their bodies, even when bathing, with a shirt, whilst they leave the lower part of their body uncovered.

We continued northwards on a good road and saw the summer villa of Lord Melchett—he is not spending this summer in Palestine but in no less interesting Austria—and then we turned south, driving past the hot springs which, like the Lake of Galilee, serve as a popular bathing resort, and soon we reached Dagania.

I visited the sights of this, the earliest Jewish Kvuza, where all the members live in stone houses and where trees of over forty years of age afford a pleasant shade. One of the sights of the colony is its cemetery: only very few of the young Jewish

colonies possess cemeteries. In Daganian the tombstones already take up two rows.

From Daganian we sped onwards in order to visit Tel Or and return in time to Tiberias. Tel Or stretched out its feelers right to Daganian. As we drove here over the Jordan, I saw the first dam of its great power station.

Up to the year 1929 Palestine was a land of darkness. In the towns indeed there were electrical plants, but the country was shrouded in darkness as soon as the sun disappeared; only candles and oil lamps lit up the villages and settlements. Then a man came who repeated the story of the Bible. He was a pioneer who had come to Palestine with an ideal. He had the words of the Bible before his eyes when he said: "Let there be light!" For years he laboured until he reached his goal: "And there was light."

Pinchas Ruthenberg was the name of the man who set his mind on damming the waters of the Jordan and of the Yarmuq in order to turn their power into electricity. The idea seemed absurd, for there was not overmuch water in the beds of these rivers, but Ruthenberg sought for a possibility and he found it.

He came to Palestine after a somewhat hectic past and after having earned a good name in his original home in Russia as a revolutionary politician. There he had occupied a leading place in the movement, led the youth and played some part in the murder of the infamous Gopin, an agent-provocateur of the Ochrana. After the victory of the Socialists he became Governor of St. Petersburg and it was thought that a great future lay ahead of him in the new State. Then he suddenly left Russia, turned his back on his political career and came to Palestine to make his name as an engineer.

I met him once during the difficult years of his preparatory work in Karlsruhe, in the university's institute of hydraulic technology. Here he smoked one cigarette after the other and was engaged in building small models of the Jordan and the Yarmuq, constructing model dams and model locks, seek-

ing on a small scale the solution that he wanted to realise on a large scale in Palestine.

He nervously smoked thousands of cigarettes before he found the solution. The lower course of the Yarmuq was dammed to form a lake; the Jordan was closed a few kilometres beyond, between the Lake of Tiberias and the mouth of the Yarmuq, and led by means of a canal into the lake formed from the Yarmuq. From here the water is led by an upper water canal to the lock from which it rushes at a height of twenty-seven metres on to the turbines.

The rainfall is limited to only four months in the year, so these alterations of nature, this complicated work of concentrating the waters, had to be carried out in order to create a sufficient flow for the turbines. The power station was completed at the beginning of 1932. There was light in Palestine. A new picture was made of the Biblical countryside: high-tension wires were set up and the tiny Jewish colonies were provided with electric light just like the large cities. The water of the old Jordan was put at the service of the most modern technique.

Ruthenberg continued to build. New transforming stations appeared in Haifa and Tel Aviv; the price of the current—which was high in the beginning—was able to be reduced so that electricity in the Holy Land is no longer a luxury. As I stood here in Tel Or by the holy river and saw the water rushing down in a torrent, I understood for the first time how it was that the colonies—even the smallest and poorest—could afford electric cookers and refrigerators, and how it was that the newly-arrived Chaluzim had electric lights in the most primitive tents.

The thundering of the machines and the rushing of the waters were still in my ears when we drove back to Tiberias. Tiberias is a miracle town. It is idyllically situated on the banks of the Lake of Tiberias, enclosed by hills upon whose stony summits the sun's rays break. Luxuriant are its gardens which are known throughout Palestine: the fruit ripens in

Tiberias many weeks earlier than in other places; the town hardly knows any winter.

Tiberias is holy both for Christians and for Jews. After the destruction of Jerusalem the town became the centre of Palestinian Jewry, the Palestinian Talmud was born here, and Tiberias has remained to the present day a centre for the orthodox Jews who come from all over the world to honour the graves of their holy men. Moses Maimonides, Rabbi Akiba and Rabbi Meir Ba'al Ness are buried in Tiberias, and to their graves the religious Jews make pilgrimage.

The night that I spent in Tiberias was very restless. Like a giant shadow the revolt pursued me; none of the previous days had passed without my witnessing some incidents. I sat in an hotel with a Jewish police officer and two English policemen who opened their hearts to me; they were not satisfied with the measures of their own Government. "Our powers are not sufficient," said one policeman, "to keep the Arabs in check. We are some ten men for a district of a hundred and eighty kilometres, we have to patrol in ones if we want to supervise the whole district, but there is not much use in that. A lone man is lost."

His tale was interrupted by shots and a dull explosion. They jumped up, ran in the direction of the shots, but found only the unbroken darkness of the night. In despair, helpless, they returned to their beer in the hotel, when the news came that the holy graves of the Jews had been destroyed by unknown miscreants. It was ascertained that these were no Arabs of Tiberias who had destroyed the graves, and when on the next morning I left the town to drive to Afule so as to return to Haifa by the Hejaz Railway, I saw small groups of Arabs and Jews together heatedly discussing the desecration.

CHAPTER XXIV

TOZERET HAAREZ—MADE IN PALESTINE

THE train that was to take me back to Haifa was already waiting. The carriages stood on the small-gauge track and bore the superscription: "H.R.—Hejaz Railway," although they had really nothing to do with it. They were only part of the connecting train which travels to the Hejaz Railway.

Where now the lines of this railway lead through hills and deserts, in ancient times wandered streams of pilgrims from the north Arab states to the Hejaz to Mecca and Medina. In those times weeks and months passed before the religious pilgrims reached the holy cities. Hardly had they touched the Holy Black Stone with deep emotion, when, after a short visit to the narrow bazaar streets and to the overcrowded brothels, they already had to begin their tedious return. When they took leave of their friends and relations they were never certain whether they would once again see them in this earthly life. On the long caravan roads, organised robber bands lay in wait for the pilgrims; they killed the men and seized their beasts.

In order to put an end to this state of things, in order to make the holy journey shorter and safer, a religious collection was made in the Mohammedan world. Rich and poor gave willingly for the building of a railway from Damascus to Mecca and Medina. The necessary money was soon gathered. In 1900 the building was begun and eight years later the first train steamed southwards filled with enthusiastic pilgrims.

Even at that time critics maintained that this religious railway line served strategic rather than religious aims, and in point of fact only six years later soldiers replaced pilgrims. The railway carried the Turks to meet the Bedouin troops organised in the south by Colonel Lawrence. Lawrence realised the danger that the railway implied for his plans and therefore he had it destroyed, blowing up the bridges himself single-handed. The destruction made by the troops was continued by the Bedouin after the war, and what the soldiers left of the railway they stole away in the years following the war. Now the railway stops short at Maan in Transjordan; the few pilgrims who still use the railway have to travel the 113-kilometre stretch to Medina by caravan.

The railway is administered respectively by Syrian and Palestino-Transjordan officials. It is, however, religious property (Waqf) and the Bompard Declaration of 1923 guaranteed its Moslem character. But since the war its importance has decreased and only a few pilgrims use the trains which leave three times a week from Damascus.

The connecting train from Haifa to Samakh was also only full whilst on Palestinian territory, and the passengers were no religious pilgrims, but Jewish and Arab peasants who were travelling to town or back to their land. The passenger cars are continually being replaced by goods wagons in which the products of the developing Emek are taken to Haifa. The train on which I was now travelling had only a few passenger cars, the rest consisting of goods trucks.

When the train began its slow journey to Haifa, I was sitting in my compartment with the Jewish colonists, whilst Arab fellahin and a few Indian pilgrims occupied the others. The little antediluvian engine was obviously straining itself to get us to Haifa as quickly as possible, since we had been told that Arab snipers were lying in wait even for this peaceful train.

In order to chase away the boredom of the slow journey, I began a conversation with my travelling companions. The

only subject of conversation was the Arab rising, and they all asked me: "How long do you think it will go on? Don't you think that the Government is now going to employ more energetic measures? Don't you think that we Jews ought to take the matter into our own hands?"

These same questions had been following me for days through the Jewish colonies, but I could not succeed in diverting the conversation from this topical theme. Suddenly, however, the subject did change. I took cigarettes out of my pocket—they were English cigarettes—and offered them to my companions. They looked at the mark and refused them with thanks. "Thanks very much," they said, "but we only smoke Tozeret Haarez."

"What brand is that?" I asked.

"Tozeret Haarez means 'Made in Palestine.' We only smoke cigarettes manufactured in Haarez. You ought to try them some time. I think they are better than your English ones."

Now that I knew, I looked in the shop windows of Haifa for products that were "Tozeret Haarez." I found masses of them. In many shops hung a poster, designed in the blue-and-white Jewish national colours, with three smoking chimney-stacks in the picture and the Hebrew letters: "Tozeret Haarez." Under the poster lay textile goods, leather goods, small articles of daily use, cigarettes and provisions, and I was amazed that the young industries of Palestine could already produce all this.

I learned later that the industries of Palestine cannot at the moment stand upon their own feet. It is doubtful whether Palestine has any future at all as an industrial country.

With most of the things that were here displayed under the poster, only the labour was "Tozeret Haarez." The raw material necessary for their production came from abroad. In 1935 Palestine imported almost 18 million pounds' worth of goods from abroad, and this huge sum was for the most part expended upon raw materials required to keep the factory wheels of Palestine in motion.

Tobacco-leaves for cigarettes, wood for orange boxes, timber for buildings, cotton and wool for textiles, leather for bags, all came from abroad, and the country does not balance its imports with its exports. Only 5.5 million pounds' worth of goods in all were exported from Palestine, of this only 4.2 million pounds worth being Palestinian products. The excess of imports over exports was greater than the whole budget of a small European state.

The Arabs follow this catastrophic development of the balance of trade with ever-growing anxiety. They point out that exports cannot keep pace with the unnatural imports: only five years ago imports were round about 6 million pounds and exports were over 2 million. Although the volume of trade has increased, the difference between export and import has remained proportionately the same, and the Arabs claim that it will always be the same. The Jews, on the other hand, claim that the unfavourable balance cannot be avoided in a country which is still in the process of being built up, and that in any case it is compensated by the capital imported by the Jews.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the country is dependent upon the import of foodstuffs as well as of raw materials. In 1935 Palestine imported:

17 million kg. rice,
 18.3 million kg. wheat,
 32 million kg. flour,
 344,000 animals for slaughtering,
 2.25 million kg. butter,
 4.8 million kg. fish,
 78 million eggs,
 12.6 million kg. fresh fruit,
 1.9 million kg. coffee,
 24.8 million kg. sugar,
 14 million kg. potatoes.

—the whole amounting to 2.1 million pounds.

The Arabs emphasise that before the Jews came into the country Palestine was not burdened with this immense import. Everything that was required in the country was produced at home, and the Jews have been the cause of Palestine's indebtedness. They also point out that the amount of imports is three times the whole note currency, and that the continuation of this swollen import must lead to a catastrophic financial collapse. As long as the trade balance, they say, is equalised by the import of capital, there is no imminent danger. But they oppose the immigration of Jewish capitalists, and the disappearance of capital import would then, in fact, lead to collapse.

The Jews are now trying to increase the export of the country by every means at their disposal. But the figures of export statistics show that the exports of the country are limited almost exclusively to agricultural products. These are on the increase, but the various industrial products on the other hand show a definite tendency to stability, and in many cases they have decreased. Thus the export of soap fell from £120,000 in 1931 to £79,000 in 1935; the export of wine during the last year was £10,000 less than in 1931. The only great increase is shown in the export of artificial teeth, which is to be reckoned as one of Palestine's most important articles of export: with its £33,762 it occupies third place in the long list of exports, coming next under soap and wearing apparel.

Palestine is intended to be the market for the Near East, but as yet it has economic relations only with Europe and the U.S.A. It does practically no trade with the surrounding Arab states, and its trade with Syria—which is, with Egypt, perhaps the only exception—shows an unfavourable balance of £800,000. Despite the fact that the colonists are ever urging that only "Tozeret Haarez" be bought, they are in practice forced to buy for the most part goods from abroad. Germany occupies a leading position in the Palestine market: this seeming paradox of Jews buying goods from an

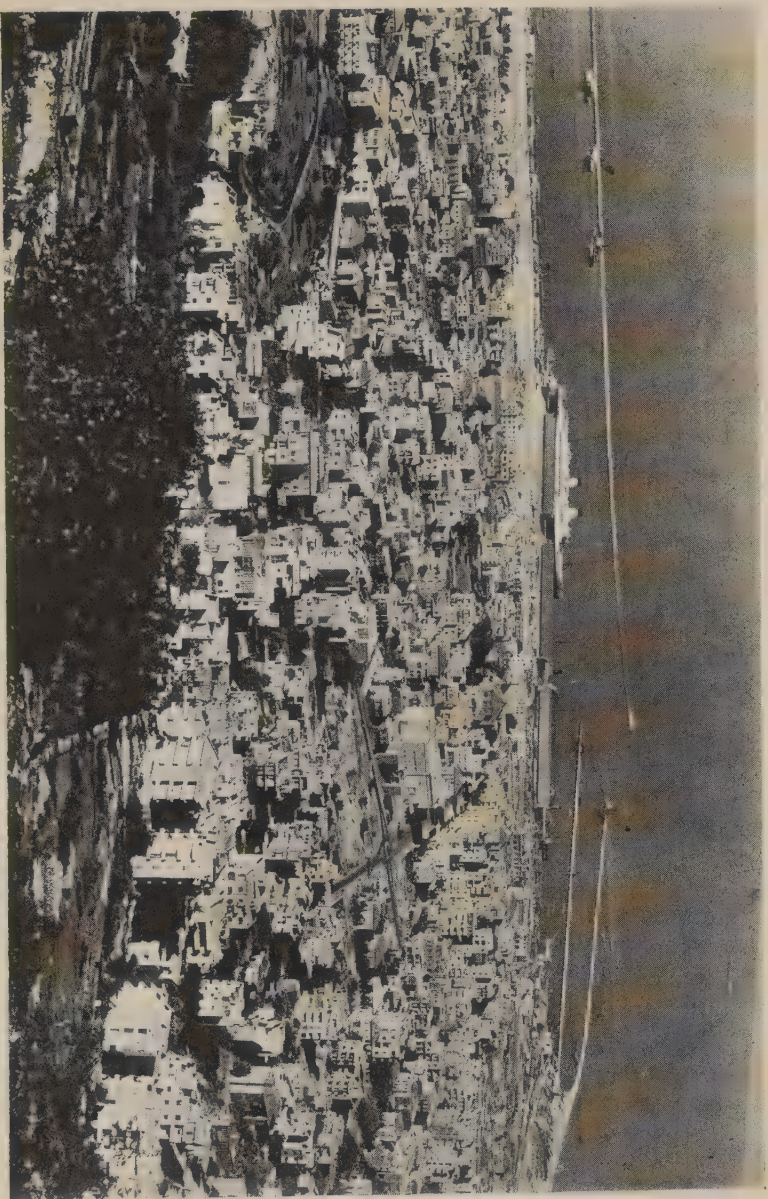
anti-Semitic country is to be explained by the peculiar conditions governing the export of Jewish capital from Germany. Jews who wish to migrate from Germany to Palestine are indeed allowed to take their £1,000 with them, but this £1,000 has to be in goods. Thus Germany has an artificial preference in Palestine.

Since the country is only a British Mandate and not an integral part of the British Empire, there is no imperial preference for British goods, and England has to carry on a propaganda campaign to increase the sale of British goods in Palestine. The placards with the inscription "Buy British!" are almost as frequent as those with "Tozeret Haarez!"

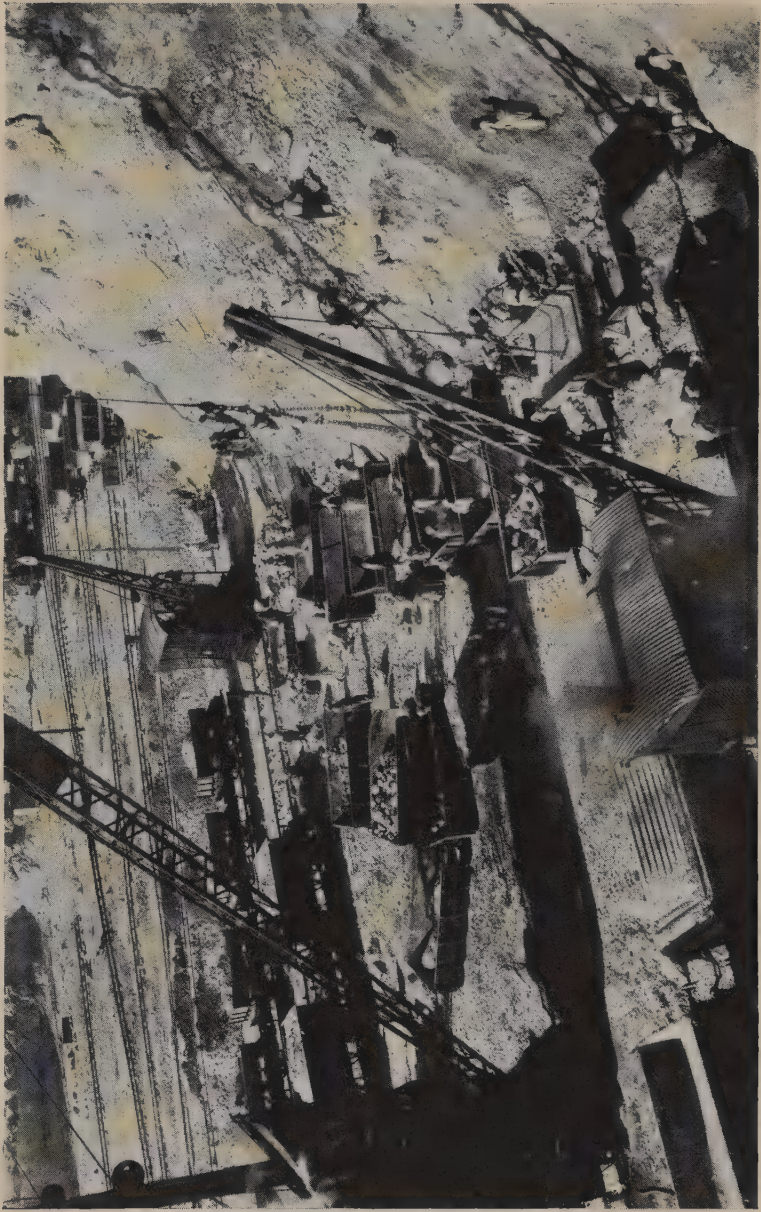
I took advantage of my presence in Haifa to obtain an insight into the industrial development of Palestine, for Haifa is Palestine's industrial town *par excellence*. The town itself—especially in normal times—literally hums with commercial activity. In the wide, well-planned streets stand Palestine's first baby skyscrapers: commercial buildings of six to eight stories where every room is filled with an ever-increasing activity. As a harbour, Haifa is well on the way to equal Alexandria—its greatest competitor in the eastern Mediterranean—and even to overtake it. In a single year the registered tonnage in the harbour has increased by 1.5 million tons and the harbour, which fifteen years ago had absolutely no commercial importance, embraces more than all the Syrian harbours (Beyrouth, Tripoli and Alexandretta) together, and its annual tonnage is only 1.2 million tons less than Alexandria.

Here Jewish industry is slowly arising. Just as in modern agriculture, or perhaps still more slowly, an Arab industry is developing alongside Jewish industry in Palestine. But as yet very few factories are to be found in Arab hands. Despite that Haifa is the centre of Arab capitalism: many Jewish factories stand on Arab soil, or have been built by the Arabs who are earning huge fortunes from the high rents.

In the harbour the work is shared by Jewish and Arab



HAIFA



“ NESHOR ” CEMENT WORKS NEAR HAIFA

dockers, and this circumstance has had the effect of sparing the town any really great disturbance. The Arab towns around Haifa are the breeding-grounds of the Arab revolt, but the flames have not yet reached Haifa itself. The rich Arabs of Haifa fled at the beginning of the rising from before the Arab Nationalists who wanted large sums from them for national aims; the workers have only partly joined in the general strike, so that if the town gives one a quiet or even uncannily silent impression in the Arab quarters, yet in sections the common Jewish-Arab life still continues.

Modern Haifa, unlike Tel Aviv, was not founded by the Jews. The Jews were only following the German Templars who had already founded a colony here in 1869. At that time only a few Arab fishermen lived here, Acre was the big harbour, and the small fishing village could make no progress in the shadow of its mighty rival. The Templars who appeared here under the leadership of Christoph Hoffman were attracted by the beauty of the countryside: in the west the eternal blue of the Mediterranean which was framed on the east by Mount Carmel. The German colony founded by them has lost none of its importance. It is, with the other German colonies in the country—Saron and Wilhelma—exemplary in many ways. Between Jews and Germans there is just as little contact as between Jews and Arabs, although the Jews learn a great deal from the Germans. The German settlers are peasants in the German sense of the word: Swabians from Württemberg who have brought a centuries-old peasant tradition with them to Palestine and who here in the sand have achieved a possibly more impressive labour than the Jews. Above all they understand better how to exploit the land, and the variety of their cultivation shows all sorts of vegetables in addition to the plants that the Jews cultivate.

When one points out this fact to the Jews and says: "Your cultivation in comparison with the Arabs is indeed outstanding, yet is unfavourable in comparison with that of the Germans," one receives the answer:

"When we have been in the country as long as the Germans we shall most certainly be streets ahead of them!"

Yet this assertion cannot be accepted literally. Much that the Germans created in fifty years was destroyed during the World War and they had to begin again from the beginning. Everything that I saw in Sarona and Wilhelma is the work of eighteen years, and it could hardly be better or more complete.

For Haifa these agricultural colonies have now little significance; the town has gradually developed into a centre of industry, and one already even sees signs of the beginning of a heavy industry which is the first in the Near East.

The country has a large number of large-scale enterprises; amongst the Jewish enterprises are the Nesher Cement Works, the Rothschild Mills, the Shemen Soap Factories and many smaller factories. English enterprises are those of I.C.I. and the Iraq Petroleum Company. A large part of the Haifa Bay was acquired by the Jewish National Fund for industrial purposes, and here the visitor is received by a rare picture in the Orient of smoking factory chimneys and extensive factory buildings.

The largest factory is the Nesher Cement Works, which belong to a Mr. Michael Pollak, but Baron Rothschild took an active part in its foundation. Mr. Pollak had extensive oil interests in Russia before the war, but Rothschild, who had the development of Palestine at heart, tried to persuade him to sell these interests and invest his money in Palestine. "The country has a future," said Rothschild to Pollak, "and if you should lose money there, I'll reimburse you from my own pocket." Pollak followed the advice of the Baron against his own convictions, founded the cement works and quadrupled his fortune, which would now have been nothing if it had remained invested in the Russian oil-fields. His factory is the largest in the Near East and employs about eight hundred Jewish and Arab workmen, who form a small colony in the factory's vicinity. I saw workmen's houses in the Potash

Works on the Dead Sea, and also in Tel Or at the Ruthenberg Power Station; they were all modern, hygienic stone houses, built with a certain middle-class comfort. The workers of the Nesher factory, however, live in primitive wooden barracks. My social sense revolted against this contrast, but the workers themselves said to me: "But what can you expect? The proprietor of the factory, the millionaire Pollak, also lives in the cheapest hotel in Haifa!"

The Jewish factory workers, the Jewish proletariat, have managed to wage a successful struggle for decent wages. They form the greater part of the Jewish working class, 69 per cent, whilst only 8 per cent are employed on the land as labourers.

It seems as if agricultural activity is more easily and quickly learned by the Jews than a trade, and it has been shown that the short time that was at the disposal of the Jews for their re-training was not sufficient to make first-class skilled artisans out of them. There are many carpenters, shoemakers and tailors in Palestine who have learnt their trade for only three or four months before setting up as independent craftsmen: therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that the shoes that they make pinch horribly. Nor is their work very thoroughly executed. This is due to the short time at their disposal for the completion of their work. Everything is expected of them at lightning speed. Hardly is a house begun when it has to be ready. Therefore I had the feeling that even houses that had been standing for two or three years were not yet complete.

I found a chain of episodes significant of the work of these artisans. In almost every Jewish hotel where I stayed there was running water in the room with the usual two taps. When I turned the taps I once noticed that warm water streamed from the cold tap and cold from the warm; on a second occasion both taps produced cold water, and on a third both taps were inscribed "cold," but one of them gave the lie. The hotel proprietor declared in this last case: "The plumber

didn't have any taps marked 'hot,' so what could I do? I had to stand by and watch him fitting up 'cold' taps everywhere."

The cupboards of a certain cabinet-maker all open from left to right, since the workman had no locks that locked in the opposite direction. A Jewish artisan delivered a looking-glass to a café with its left side an inch lower than the right. When the customer complained, he just waved his hand and said: "Well, what does an inch matter?"

But in the Jewish quarter in Haifa they have achieved excellent work. Here the town is not only beautiful, but gives a solid, concrete impression. A stay in Haifa after a stay in the cardboard castles of the mushroom town of Tel Aviv is a pleasure, and the Jews have indeed chosen Haifa as a place of recreation: above, on Mount Carmel, stands one hotel next to the other, awaiting the ever-increasing holiday makers.

I stood on the terrace of one of these hotels and gazed down upon the wonderful town which stretches from the slope of Carmel to the Mediterranean. Close beneath me was spread in ever-widening dimensions the Jewish quarter; in the north I could see the beautiful stone houses of the wealthy Arabs and the tin huts of the Hauranis. And close by the water were the warehouses of the Iraq Petroleum Company. But that was England in Palestine.

CHAPTER XXV

WHICH IS FOR EVER ENGLAND

FOR English capital which has been entering Palestine in ever-greater quantities, Haifa is the import harbour. A certain interest had been shown in financial circles in London in the first successes in Palestine, and the Jews cleverly managed to exploit this interest for their work of construction. They went to London with attractive commercial propositions and succeeded in obtaining a considerable amount of English capital for Palestine so that the future of Palestine now depends not only upon Jews and Arabs but also to a large extent upon the financial resources of the "City." The financiers regard the possibilities of a stoppage of Jewish immigration with anxiety, since it must lead to a moratorium in the country, to a fall in prices of Palestinian land and shares, and to a great loss on the Palestinian capital market.

Of the big English financial institutions that have interests in Palestine the Prudential Assurance Company, Barclays Bank and Lloyds Bank have special prominence. The Prudential even owns estates in the country. Of industrial enterprises, I.C.I. has its Near-Eastern headquarters in Haifa, and in recent years the interests of the Iraq Petroleum Company in Palestine have largely increased. From my hotel terrace I could see the gigantic oil-tanks glittering in the bright sun; tankers were being filled with oil in the most modern way. But from the hotel I could not see the pipeline which brings the oil from Kirkuk in Iraq over a distance of 1,200 miles, and which is of greater significance for England than the millions invested in Haifa.

This pipeline has a romantic history. Its construction was begun in 1931, but it had taken close on ten years before the stretch it was to cover had been pacified. It leads through a deserted wilderness, devoid of all life, but where the hostile Bedouin are at home. These appeared to regard the giant snake with mistrust and they had to be subdued before construction could be begun.

This work was left to Major J. B. Glubb, an English officer who is regarded in the Near East as the successor of Colonel Lawrence. But his silent, effective work is known also to select circles at home, and only recently he received from the Royal Central Asian Society the distinction of the Lawrence Medal.

Major Glubb, a man in the forties, had perhaps an even more difficult task than Lawrence with his Bedouin. Lawrence's task had been to win over the ever-fighting Bedouin for a war; he had also money and arms, the two most powerful bribes in the desert. Glubb, on the other hand, had to pacify the warlike tribes, take away the weapons which they had received from Lawrence and turn them into harmless, peaceful sons of the desert.

Glubb left the town and went amongst the Bedouin. He left behind his English officer's uniform and appeared amongst them in their own simple, picturesque dress. He shared their black tents with them, partook of their meals of goat's cheese and goat's milk, and spoke their colourful language. He did not employ the cunning methods of political agents and was really the man that he appeared to be: a genuine friend of the Bedouin. The Bedouin quickly recognises a friend and is grateful to him, and Glubb, who came to keep them in check, became their leader. To him they went with their petty troubles, asked for his advice and followed his suggestions. In the years during which this friendship grew, the desert became ever more peaceful and safe, until finally in 1931 the construction of the Iraq pipeline could begin.

Cynics who comment upon every Government deed with

satirical irony, said to me: "When they had to make the water supply for Jerusalem independent of the Biblical ponds of Solomon, and conduct the spring waters in pipes to Jerusalem over a distance of sixty kilometres, the Government required a whole ten years. The I.P.C. required only two years for its twelve-hundred-mile pipeline. So you can see how quickly our Government works."

It was a technical masterpiece that was here achieved: in only two years the underground pipe was laid, pumping stations erected in the desert, and in 1935 the oil harbour was in full motion; the oil of Iraq was flowing direct to Haifa.

Major Glubb left Iraq six years ago and continues his excellent work in Transjordan. I hope I might meet him in Amman. The work of the oil company reminds one of Utopian American films. It has, in Haifa, its own aerodrome with a squadron of 'planes. The 'planes fly to and fro between the oil-wells of Kirkuk and the tankers of Haifa, carrying orders and engineers. Individual incidents still occur on the pipeline; the pipes are dug up and shot through and the streaming oil set alight. Like a superhuman torch in the hands of a Cherubin, the fire then flames up in the desert, but the company has its own firemen with asbestos uniforms who are sent immediately to the spot to extinguish the fire and repair the pipes. The pipeline also has its own soldiers: a division of the Transjordan Frontier Force is occupied purely with guarding it. The cost of this small army is borne by the company.

Adventure and modern business are here mingled in the Iraq Petroleum Company. Haifa, however, notices nothing of the adventure, but only the advantages of the business. In Haifa the oil is exported in its crude state, but sites already exist for the construction of oil-refining plants. This will lead to an expansion of Haifa's activities and also to a further concentration of English interests in the town.

The presence of the English enterprises places an impressive argument in the hands of the Jews. If they want to make

clear the profitability of Palestine, which has only been created by Jewish immigration, they say: "Why is English capital being invested here in Haifa and not in the pure Arab countries? Why in Palestine and not in Transjordan? The English, who are putting their millions into our country, must realise what we have done for Palestine, otherwise they would have been here before the Jewish immigration or have sought out another Arab country as their field of activity."

The directors of these great English companies stand solidly behind the Jews. They scarcely let themselves be influenced by the sentimental arguments of the Arabs, and say: "Certainly the Arabs are right if they say that Palestine is their country; they want to live here in distress and poverty and be free. But that is an abstract argument if it means that the country is going to remain backward and neglected. The world has got to decide whether it wants here in the Near East a medieval state, where the land is neglected and the people live in uncivilised conditions, or whether they want to have an active, living bridge between East and West. The romantics who vote for the first are with the Arabs. The materialists, however, who are for the second, must go with the Jews."

The English Government seems to have taken up the second standpoint in deciding to extend the harbour of Haifa. The sum of £1,000,000 was assigned for the reconstruction, and England built a new important naval base in the Mediterranean where large warships can anchor. Now the warships anchor in Haifa, but the sailors would have preferred Alexandria. "Haifa is a boring town," say those who miss Alexandria's night clubs. "It is hardly worth while going ashore." Night clubs, however, do not determine the policy of the Empire and the step that has been taken in Haifa is to be continued in Palestine.

For a long time it seemed as if England would have to give up the Suez Canal and seek a new way to India. On the continent Iran (Persia) and Afghanistan stand in the way of an overland route. In Persia the influence of the Russians is too

great and the country fears a limitation of its independence if England should appear on the scene. For this reason the country has refused to permit English civil planes, on their way to India and Australia, to land there. Afghanistan is possibly still more closed to a peaceful English invasion. The southern tribes of the country are in a continual state of war with the English soldiers in Northern India. These two hostile and jealously enclosed Mohammedan states can be efficiently held in check from Palestine. But even for Egypt a strong English hand in Palestine signifies a certain restraint. Just as Haifa would be able to replace Alexandria as a naval base, so could a rival canal be constructed from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea if things should come to such a pass.

This projected canal would begin at Gaza in the south, continue through the desert and reach the Red Sea at Aqaba, on the Transjordan-Palestine frontier. It would be somewhat longer than the Suez Canal, but it would be on English soil, where its control would be much easier. Aqaba is also an ideal base for the English Red Sea fleet. To-day it is only a tiny fishing village with merely six soldiers of the Transjordan Frontier Force as "garrison," but it could, in the coming years, overtake Suez and Port Sudan, and become in the north what Aden is in the south. Its bay is protected against winds and against possible enemies, it is already being used by English naval units, and streets are already being built to connect Aqaba with its hinterland.

Palestine and its sister country Transjordan have for the British a perhaps greater significance than for the Jews. Yet both are called to rely upon each other in shaping the future. Without the Jews Palestine would have remained a pure Arab country that sooner or later would have been lost to England and whose pacification would have been too expensive. The Jews have already changed the character of the country. They stand firmly on the side of England, upon whom their fate depends, and they are ever ready to protect English

interests to the utmost, since they know that these correspond to their own.

The English sphere of interest begins in Haifa and ends in Akaba. In these two harbours, the one a former fishing village, the other a future naval base, are the English interests, and not in Jerusalem, where the Palestinian Government has its head full of internal Palestine problems. When I was again flying back to Jerusalem in the little Misr 'plane I cast a last glance back at the blue water of the Mediterranean and thought of the history and great names and sacrifice, and said half aloud to myself: "Which is for ever England."

CHAPTER XXVI

PILLARS OF EMPIRE

FROM the air even the war seems peaceful—the fighting soldiers appear like scattered tin soldiers in a play-room. Palestine, from the aeroplane window, was untouched by battles and raids; the petty details were invisible, and I saw only the gigantic work which has been created in the country either by Nature or by the hand of men.

The loud engines permitted no conversation, and so I now remained alone with my thoughts for the first time in weeks. Since I had been travelling in the country I had been uninterruptedly loaded with information, my head reeled with figures and statistics; now I had twenty minutes to think over the often contradictory statements, and also to observe Palestine symbolically from above. The comfort which had surprised me at the beginning of my journey, and in which the aeroplane also shared, was now for me, as for all Palestinians, a matter of course. Only too quickly does one forget that the country is really only eighteen years old and that everything which had been omitted in the centuries has had to be made up in this short time. From above I now saw the wonderful motor roads, the poles which carried the telephone wires into the smallest Arab villages and the smallest Jewish colonies; I saw the trains slowly moving forward like little toys; on the rocky hill-slopes I saw trees; pumping stations appeared over springs where water was obtained for the municipal water supplies. Most of this had been created not by Jews or by Arabs, but by Englishmen.

In these days of unrest Jews and Arabs are united only on one point, in criticising England. But every philippic—whether Jewish or Arab—always ends with the affirmation: “But at bottom we are glad that we have the English. They are at least gentlemen and mean us well, in their own way.”

My Arab friends said: “England is definitely on our side; you can see that in the mild prison sentences and in the lenient way they pursue the insurgents. Had the Italians been masters in the country, the strike and revolt would never have been possible. In Libya, Graziani had the ringleaders of a revolt arrested, taken up in military planes and thrown from the sky into their villages. Such a thing is unthinkable of the English administration. Their methods may sometimes be energetic, but they are always tinged with humanity.”

The Jews, again, said: “The Government in the beginning neglected a great deal, but we have got used to that. In 1929 every child knew what was in the air; we all awaited with bated breath the outbreak of the revolt, only our English masters did not want to notice it. The High Commissioner went on leave; his Chief Secretary Luke rejected our energetic demands for reinforcements from Egypt. This time the troops have been brought here, but their measures are not energetic enough. Yet we realise that England has a difficult position to deal with. Perhaps they are on our side, but they have to take thought for the millions of their Mohammedan subjects in other countries who would be offended at an anti-Arab attitude. We also realise that England has other difficulties. The Government cannot very well declare martial law and thereby admit to the League of Nations that the civil administration of the country is not in a position to guarantee law and order, and thereby also give Italy—which is only waiting for this opportunity—a ground for criticising English colonial administration. We Jews, too, would be heavily hit by such a declaration, for it would be followed by a moratorium, and the economic development of the country would be hindered for years.”

When England took over Palestine eighteen years ago the country was the most neglected Turkish province, ravaged by the campaigns of the World War, and plundered by the retreating Turkish troops. Palestine was not a second Belgium, where everything had to be rebuilt. Here, in fact, there existed nothing that was modern. The country had no roads; the caravan routes were unsafe; organised robber bands lived in the hills. There was no water, no electric light, no schools and no hospitals. Time had passed Palestine by; its fields were neglected and stony, and the whole administration consisted purely of tax gatherers. Legislation was based on the primitive, superstitious Ottoman law. The first Englishmen who came into the country did not know where to start.

But the English have made the most of these eighteen years. Fifteen years ago it would have been impossible to telephone from Jerusalem to Haifa. To-day—on my return to Jerusalem—nobody was astonished when an American calmly went to the telephone operator of the King David Hotel and gave her a slip of paper, saying: "You mind getting this number for me?" The slip of paper contained a New York telephone number, and the man took it as a matter of course that he would be able to 'phone his wife in New York.

The first work of construction, before the Jews came to Palestine, was undertaken by the military administration, which was soon in the position to hand over the government to the civilian High Commissioner, and the maintenance of peace to the police. At that time there came to Palestine English police who had been in warlike conditions for eight years. They had spent four years at the front during the war and then had fought in Ireland as members of the famous Black and Tans. And they still were unsatisfied: they sought new adventure in Palestine. Palestine owes much to these hardened, rough men, but it has much to blame them for. Already, on their trip to Palestine, a small palace-revolution broke out amongst them when they were dissatisfied with their quarters and food on the ship. Blood looked like being

spilt when they forced their commanding officers, at the point of the revolver, to consider them not as soldiers, but as civil officials with a right to second-class and not third- and fourth-class conditions. They brought with them to Palestine the atmosphere of the free companies, and were hardly able to contribute anything to making the three different strata of population live together in peace.

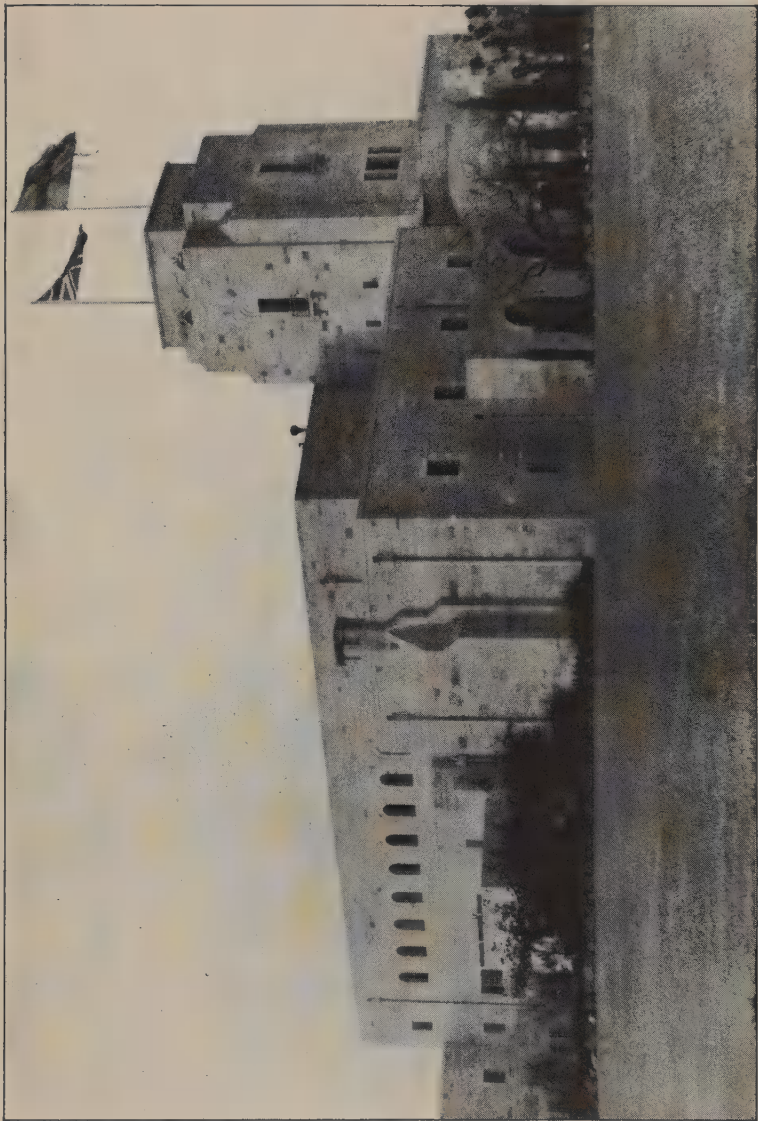
Since that time a gulf has existed between the British constabulary and the people, and even the self-sacrificing and generous work of the present police chief, Inspector-General Spicer, has not been able to bridge it. The uneasy relations between police and people is to be attributed to the fact that the Government is served with very bad information. It should have been the task of the Criminal Investigation Department to keep an eye on the political currents in the country, but it seems as if they have been lagging a little behind events.

It was somewhat significant that almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the revolt the chief of this department went on leave—and was not recalled from his leave. In Oriental countries these departments usually employ Greeks and Armenians, who live amongst the people and are ready to gather the necessary information. These important middlemen are not at the disposal of the C.I.D. in Palestine. Therefore it must rely upon Jewish and Arab informers, but the material which these deliver is hardly reliable. I learned that these informers receive a fixed salary of £4 a week, and I said to the officer who told me this: "How can you expect good information for such a ridiculous sum?" But he replied: "My dear chap, you don't know the country well enough to express an opinion on this. It would not be any use paying more, for as soon as they saw that they could get more for their information their demands would continually rise, and they would only sell us their information in bits."

The population is better informed of events amongst the police and Government than the police is of events amongst



SIR ARTHUR WACHOPE, THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER, VISITING A JEWISH COLONY—ON HIS LEFT MOSHE SHERTOK



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

the population. The Jewish and Arab officials consider it a national duty to inform their communities of what they know. This became clear to me when I was to travel with a convoy which was to search an Arab village. I wanted to make sure of the time by telephone. I asked the corporal over the 'phone:

"It was 8 a.m. that we were supposed to drive to A, wasn't it?"

But the man on the other end became furious and shouted down the 'phone: "How can you mention the time of a search on the 'phone?"

All conversations are tapped and the information obtained is put to good use. The village in question knew shortly after my indiscretion that a search-party was coming and had time enough to hide its fire-arms.

In the early days of my visit an officer was pointed out to me who was supposed to know everything that went on in Palestine. He was Captain Domville, of the Royal Air Force, director of the R.A.F. intelligence. "This fellow," I was told, "already knows exactly who you are, what you want here and all particulars about you." He is a soldier and hardly bothers about the civil administration. Even the omniscient Captain Domville, however, could not follow the movements of the terrorists and ever more and more English soldiers were waylaid by large bands and killed.

The English officials are separated by outlook and language both from the Arabs as well as from the Jews. A large number of them speak Arabic, but only a very few understand Hebrew. At a meeting of the Jaffa Harbour Committee Jews and Arabs took part in the debate and the English District Commissioner presided. Arguments flew backwards and forwards, the Jews spoke Hebrew and the Arabs Arabic, without understanding each other; the District Commissioner in the chair understood neither. But he did not allow himself to be influenced by that; he listened to the debate for a while and then made his decision.

I asked an English official: "Why don't you learn the languages of the country?"

He merely shrugged his shoulders: "It is not worth it. After two or three years I shall be transferred from Palestine, and then I'll be left with my knowledge of Hebrew whose only use will be to read the Bible in the original. And, my dear fellow, I am not going to burn the midnight oil for that."

These officials do not feel very comfortable in Palestine. They have themselves told me so. Most of them come either from the Colonial Office in London, where in an office they have imagined colonial administration to be quite different, or else from African territories—Tanganyika, the Gold Coast and Nigeria—where they have lived in different conditions. The life of officials in the latter colonies is indeed filled with responsibility and difficult work, but one finds time for leisure and for pastimes which one could not allow oneself elsewhere. The English official has a large number of servants and horses at his disposal, spends more time at tennis, golf or polo than in his office; he hunts big game and arranges gay parties under the tropical sky, where the men wear dinner jackets and the women smart evening dresses, even in the most remote villages of the desert. He can afford all this because his pay is higher than at home and the cost of living lower. It is even desired that he shall do all these things, for then his prestige amongst the natives rises.

In Palestine this fine life comes to an end. The men whom they have to govern are no longer primitive natives, but often educated people who wish to go their own way. Here one cannot rule with commands. If the population does not like an order, it bombards the officials with protests, sends complaints to their superiors, writes letters to English M.P.s and succeeds in having unpleasant questions asked in Parliament. These protests have become a national disease in Palestine. Protests are made against everything. Applica-

tions are made and meetings called. While I was in Palestine the Arabs protested against some statistics which spoke of "Jews" and "Non-Jews." "We are Arabs and not 'Non-Jews,' " they said to their District Commissioner.

But the officials find it easier to satisfy the Arabs than the Jews. The Arab population had always been repressed, and after the inhuman tone taken by the Turkish officials and their own Effendis, even the Colonial style of the Englishmen seems to them to be a great advance. Since the life of the English officials is not made so burdensome from the Arab side, they often tend to favour the Arabs in their private feelings, whilst they try their best to act fairly in administration. Outside the office, however, they often give public expression to their feelings.

The wife of a very high English official once exclaimed aloud in a company of people so that all in the room could hear: "I think the Jews are dirty!"

"But, madam," another Englishman said to her, probably thinking of the protests that the Jews would no doubt make, "the Arabs are still dirtier."

"Oh, no, they are not dirty," said the lady; "they are just picturesque."

I myself heard another lady member of Jerusalem's English society carrying on open propaganda for the Arab cause amongst the journalists in the vestibule of the King David Hotel. She was the wife of a high English official. This sort of thing quickly gets to the ears of the Jews, in a country where walls have ears, and the husband in question was to be pro-Arab.

Even the Chief Secretary of the Government, J. Hathorn Hall, who ranks next to the High Commissioner, is regarded in Jewish circles as an anti-Jew in the Palestinian sense, and as an anti-Semite in the general sense. He does not escape his share of the malicious gossip that abounds in Jerusalem. He is accused by the Jews of having rejected all police protection during the riots, so that it seemed as if he had nothing

to fear from "his Arab friends." French journalists said to me, somewhat astonished: "We were amazed when such a high official of the Government as Hall recommended us to read the Arab Press, and when we had the Arabic text translated we only found incitements to further excesses, and an unfounded, dastardly campaign in its columns. We had the impression that Hall himself did not really know the contents of the Arab newspapers."

I myself think he must have known of their contents, whether he approved of them or not, because shortly afterwards he had them suppressed.

The British officials make no social contacts with the Jews and Arabs; they only meet them during office hours. But for this they are not really to be blamed. The whole country is consumed with a kind of jealousy. Whenever an official is seen with an Arab or a Jew, the fact is noted, and the conclusion is immediately drawn that he is pro-Jewish or pro-Arab. Therefore the English maintain themselves like a closed colony, and avoid attending any concert or festivity organised by the two communities. A high English official who went to a Hubermann concert in Tel Aviv was straightway declared to be pro-Jewish. Another who took part as a spectator at an Arab sports meeting, not in his official capacity, was said next day by the Jews to be pro-Arab.

Above all jealousy, party, gossip and protest stands the person of the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope. He has been at the head of the Government since 1931, and last New Year's Day it was announced that his office had been renewed for another five years. Up to the middle of April, that is up to the outbreak of the riots, both Jews and Arabs said: "Wauchope is the best High Commissioner that Palestine has ever had!" And, in fact, Palestine has entered upon a peaceful and impressive development under his government: the budget surplus reached the total of the note currency, the land seemed peaceful and satisfied, a rare prosperity prevailed.

Everyone admits that the High Commissioner has played a large part in this peace and prosperity. He is a soldier—he has been wounded more times (sixteen) than any general in the army—but he takes painful care not to employ any military methods in Palestine. Kindness and mildness characterise him in his personal contacts. In his decrees he tries to preserve an almost impossible fairness. He is popular and beloved whenever he appears in Jewish colonies or Arab villages. Government House—his residence—is the only place where the leaders of the Arabs meet the leaders of the Jews. He knows that he is liked and esteemed by the Jews and Arabs, and that is his reward. At the beginning of the riots he relied upon the influence that he thought he had upon the Arab leaders, and tried to persuade them with good words. He was deeply disappointed and his faith shattered when he saw that his words found no response in the Arabs, but he did not give up hope. After seven weeks, when the unrest seemed to have reached its climax, when murders seemed to be the order of the day and at last the most resolute energy was expected of the Government, Sir Arthur was still bombarding the villages only with leaflets. These were composed by himself and were addressed to the Arabs in his usual kindly manner. But someone exploited the mildness of the High Commissioner and distorted the original English text in the Arabic translation. Where the High Commissioner said: "Stop the terror actions, let the Royal Commission come to Palestine and you will have opportunity to bring before it your grievances," the translator replaced the word "grievances" by "injustices" and this word gave the leaflets a completely pro-Arab character. The Jews, of course, protested.

Quickly has the country forgotten what it owes to the High Commissioner, and it has now begun a campaign against him. The walls of the houses are chalked with the inscription: "Wake up, Wauchope!" Arabs and Jews call the High Commissioner—who happens to be a bachelor—

"Lady Wauchope" as a sign of his weakness. But those same people, who revile him publicly, thank him deep down in their hearts, with love and gratitude, for his immense achievements in Palestine. Sir Arthur is a victim of the political labyrinth that was created here in Palestine during the World War.

CHAPTER XXVII

GOATS AND THEIR MASTERS

THIS labyrinth had become still more complicated during the last few days. We had all believed that even if the Arabs outside Palestine followed the development of the situation with interest, yet they would be persuaded not to take an active part in it. But suddenly unexpected news burst upon the relative calm of the last few days. Close to the Palestinian border stood 60,000 armed Bedouins ready to break into Palestine and hurry to the help of their brethren. Our informer added that these Bedouins were under the personal leadership of Emir Tallal, the son of Emir Abdallah, and that no army was large enough to stop it.

Transjordan is only about an hour's journey by car from Jerusalem. It was therefore possible to drive immediately to Amman, the capital of the country, and test the truth of this fantastic story on the spot. Upon the main road leading from Jerusalem to Amman leaders of the Palestinian Arabs had been driving for weeks, after Sir Arthur Wauchope had appointed the Emir Abdallah as mediator. They drove to Amman, the Emir made proposals to them, they rejected them and came back to Jerusalem. This had already happened two or three times, the negotiations had not been successful, nor had we taken them very seriously.

Now, when my Palestine journey was approaching its end, and the disturbing news reached Jerusalem, I resolved to conclude my overlong journey with a trip to Amman, in order to round off what I had learned.

The road leading to Transjordan is completely outside the control of the Government. It passes between the hills of Judea which reach their highest point at Jerusalem, and then descends to 400 metres below sea-level. From the valley it then climbs to Amman which lies again some 600 metres above sea-level. On its whole extent are to be found only two large settlements, Jericho on Palestinian territory and As Salt on Transjordan territory, otherwise only Bedouin live amongst the rocks of the barren countryside.

I completely ridded my head of the idea of travelling on a Jewish car, and turned to the Arab Strike Committee and asked them to release an Arab car for the journey. My request was refused. There was still one other possibility: a convoy of the R.A.F. travelled daily to Amman and formed the only connection between Palestine and Transjordan, but in the last few days an order had been given that no more civilians were to accompany the military cars.

"I must get to Amman at all costs," I said to Marbach, the hall porter of the King David, who could usually manage everything. He produced Abraham, a Jewish taxi-driver. "For hard cash," said Marbach, "Abey will drive to the end of the world. Try him."

I told Abey where I wanted to go, but he protested: "I'll take you to Damascus, to Jaffa, to Nablus, to hell if you like. But through Jericho I would not drive for a million."

I was already giving up hope when Marbach got me out of bed next morning: "The former Chief-Minister of the Emir is driving to Amman, and he will take you with him if you can get ready quickly with your dressing."

I jumped into my clothes and was downstairs in a minute. An elderly gentleman with a tarbush on his head was awaiting me and introduced himself: "My name is Hassan Khalid Aboul Houda, I should be very glad to take you to Amman. You'll have to stay the night there, and can come back to Jerusalem with me to-morrow."

In front of the hotel stood the sandy-coloured car awaiting

His Excellency, with the black-red-white-green flag of Transjordan on its radiator. "In this car we shall be safe. It is the private car of His Highness the Emir."

At the wheel sat a chauffeur wearing the uniform of the Emir's bodyguard: his uniform was khaki and he wore a cloth helmet, similar to the spiked helmet of the old German army. We drove rapidly past the Garden of Gethsemane. The houses became ever more infrequent, until the last sign of life disappeared and we were enclosed by the monotonous yellow loneliness of the hills. The first men whom we saw here in the wilderness were Arabs armed with field-glasses—on the look-out. I was surprised and asked Khalid Pasha: "What do these Arabs want? Are they spying out cars so that they can shoot at them?"

"They are not Arabs," came the reply, "but English detectives disguised as Arabs, watching the hills."

Soon we saw Arabs who were no longer Englishmen. As soon as the houses disappeared, there appeared the black tents of the Bedouin. The little Bedouin children ran to the road and gazed after the car until we vanished from sight, but then we had already met other children who appeared from tents farther along.

These Bedouin form the last romantic patch in the Palestine that has become so dull and sober. The electric light of Ruthenberg does not burn in their black tents. They know nothing of the great changes that are going on in the country. They are to-day still the same as they were five hundred years ago: the restless, eternally wandering sons of the desert and the wilderness.

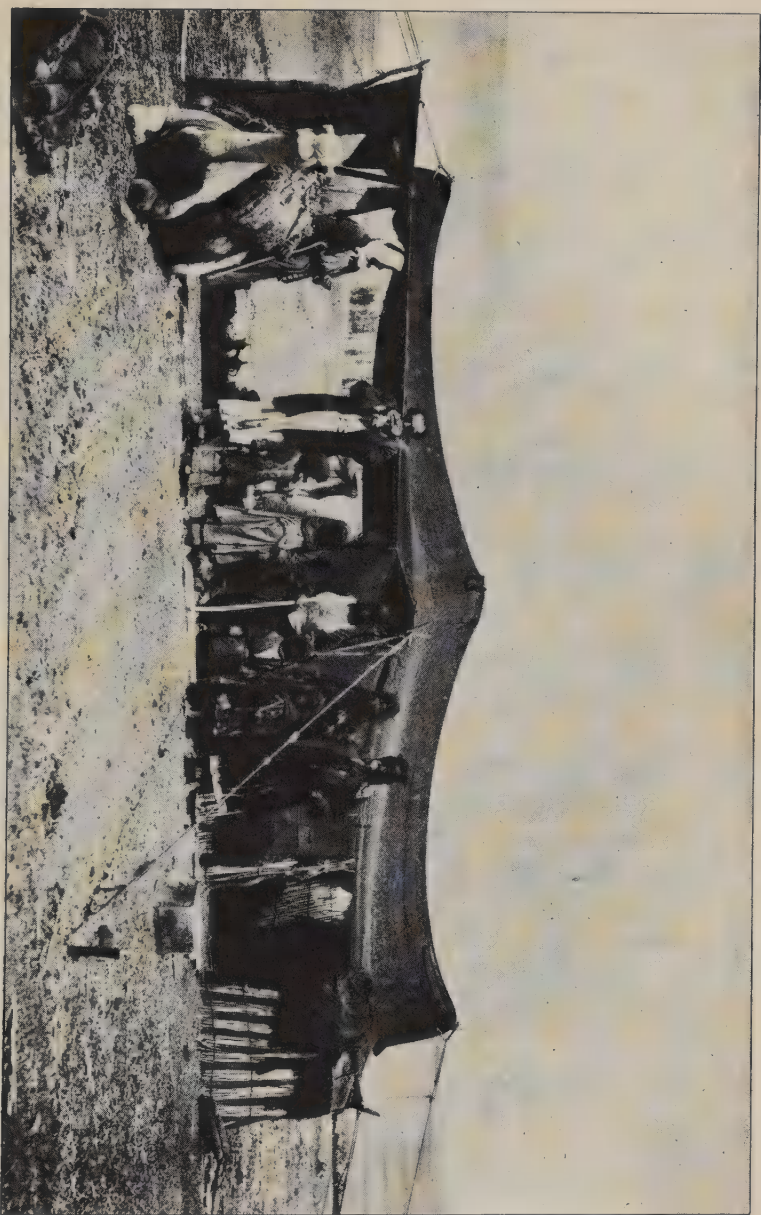
When on the next day I passed the same spot I no longer found their tents there. They had packed together their few belongings and had withdrawn deeper into the hills. They and their goats are always on the move. They just pitch their tents where it pleases them. They do not have to pay any attention to their goats; these find here, where my eyes could hardly discover the smallest blade of grass, sufficient pasture

to still their hunger. The goats of the Bedouin are responsible for making the formerly fruitful countryside into a stony desert. Wherever they appear the trees, shrubs, grass—everything green—disappears and grows no more. Major Jarvis Bey, the former Governor of Sinai, once said: "The Bedouin are not really the sons of the desert, but its fathers."

The Bedouin and their goats are closely bound together. The Bedouin live almost exclusively from these animals. From their hair they weave the black cloth of their tents; they drink their milk, eat their flesh, and they exchange their superfluous goats for salt, matches and cheap cotton material.

In former years large herds of camels were to be seen grazing with the goats. These meant a fortune for the Bedouin, but this fortune has lost its value through the progress made by Palestine. The camels used to form the means of conveyance and transport for the caravans, drew the ploughs in the fields, and turned the oil-mills. To-day, on the fast motor roads, there is no more place for the camel. Ploughing is done by tractors and the mills are driven by electricity. No one wants to buy camels from the Bedouin and they have become only an unnecessary burden. The Bedouin have felt the disadvantages of civilisation.

They keep as far away from civilisation as they can, but civilisation pursues them and exploits them. Thus the Bedouin played a certain part in the "Revolt in the Desert," and the memory of Lawrence is still fresh amongst them. They call him Sheikh Aurans and will not believe that he is dead. At that time Lawrence used to move mysteriously amongst the Bedouin. On a swift camel he came at evening to a tribe, spent the evening by the camp-fire, shared supper with the members of the tribe and slept the night in a black tent. When the Bedouin visited his tent next morning it was already empty: Lawrence was on the way to another tribe. Just as then he had disappeared from their tents, so he



BEDOUIN FAMILY IN FRONT OF THE BLACK TENT



BEDOUIN WOMAN IN THE MARKET OF TIBERIAS

has disappeared from their life, and they wait and hope that he will one day again reappear on a swift white camel.

These Bedouins know nothing of the frontiers that the Europeans have drawn between their grazing lands, and nothing of the states that have arisen after the war. For them there exists only one single unit: their tribe. About twenty-five tribes live in Palestine and Transjordan under powerful sheikhs, and they recognise the authority only of these chiefs. If they were able or wished to sell their lands, they would be the richest of the rich: one single tribe, that of the Bene Sachr Bedouin, possesses over 800,000 dunums of land in Transjordan; this is almost equal to what the Jews have in the whole of Palestine. The sheikh of this tribe is also the most respected chief of the Bedouin. I met him later in Amman, where he was visiting the Emir. He came like a medieval warrior, with an entourage of a thousand armed members of his tribe, and whilst he was consuming a European menu in the Palace of Amman, his men lay round the camp-fire on the outskirts of the town eating the food sent them by the Emir.

The name of this paramount chief is Mithkhal Pasha Ibn Faiz, and he is known beyond the borders of Palestine and Transjordan. In 1929, before the riots, the Government dared to take the step of trying to break his power. He was arrested and brought to Jerusalem. Then when the revolt broke out, it was feared that the six thousand men of his tribe would join in the Palestine revolt, and the Government decided to send Mithkhal Pasha back to his tribe, to pacify the excited elements. But the Pasha refused to leave his cell.

"You have brought me," he said "to this place of shame, and here I will await my people, who will free me honourably." At last a high English official had to visit him in his cell and request him to leave. Only then did he return to his tribe.

Just as it was difficult at that time to restrain the Bedouin from joining the revolt, so now it is not easy to keep them quiet. They love battle and welcome any opportunity that offers them a fight. The different tribes wage eternal wars

against each other, but these wars are not of a serious character; they are rather the sport of the desert. This bloody sport has its rules like football. The war game of the Bedouin is called in their language Ghazu, and consists of organised raids upon hostile tribes. The Bedouin taking part in the Ghazu usually meet in the oasis of Azrak where also Emir Feisal and Lawrence assembled the Bedouin. Here they provide themselves with water for the next day, and then the march begins. In silence they approach the tents of the rival tribe and the sport starts. Men fight against men, dead fall and prisoners are taken. They retreat with the latter and wait until the other tribe ransoms them.

Shortly before we reached Jericho the tents of the Bedouin again disappeared. From here a road branched towards the Dead Sea and in the distance we saw the houses of the Palestine Potash Company. This company produces chemicals from the waters of the Dead Sea under a concession granted to an English-Jewish group of financiers. The Dead Sea is heavily saturated with these chemicals and bathing in it is certainly to be counted amongst the seven wonders of our time. One can hardly swim, but one cannot drown.

The air here was more sultry than in Tiberias, we were much deeper below sea-level, and the countryside looked to me as I always imagined that the sea bed would look without water. Great stones lay in the sandy soil; between the stones grew wild plants that I had never seen elsewhere. The neighbourhood of the Dead Sea made a mysterious picture.

Now even in the heat of summer one appreciates the climatic differences that are to be met with in a car ride of an hour. In winter one finds here differences of climate for which one must travel days on end in Europe: Jerusalem lies covered with snow; here under sea-level, by Jericho, the climate is tropical; to the north at Tel Aviv and Haifa you have the Mediterranean climate of Spain and Greece. In its small area Palestine unites the climates of three continents.

Beyond Jericho a tyre of the Emiral car burst: the chauffeur

used enough swear-words to bring its walls crashing down a second time. The democratic nails are no respecters between cars. Turning to us he said: "Silly business this puncture only a hundred yards from the Allenby Bridge. Beyond the bridge such a thing could never happen."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Because Transjordan begins there," he said proudly.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON THE OTHER BANK OF THE JORDAN

THE car of the Emir stopped for a short time at the little frontier houses which stand on either side of the Allenby Bridge. The necessary frontier formalities were quickly got through. A frontier policeman who was wearing khaki trousers, a helmet and a striped pyjama jacket, which probably seemed more picturesque to him than his monotonous khaki uniform, looked at our passports and let us pass. If one has a visa for Palestine then one can automatically go on to Transjordan. The country is also under British Mandate and is administered by a special commission which is united to Palestine through the person of the Palestine High Commissioner. Yet, despite that, it is not easy to get into Transjordan. Entry into the country is, on emergency, forbidden to Jews, and they have to obtain special permission if they want to drive into Transjordan. This permission is only seldom granted and to acquire land is definitely forbidden to foreigners. The only one who regularly enters is Moshe Shertok who has to negotiate with Emir Abdallah.

Before his arrest Fakhry Bey Nashashibi had spoken to me of a "Jewish imperialism." At that time I had not properly understood what he meant. Now I realised that Fakhry Bey meant a Jewish invasion of Transjordan. The Jews claim rights to this country for historical and for economic reasons. The Bible knows no Palestine and no Transjordan; these were created after the war. In Biblical times there lived on both sides of the Jordan only Israelites. The tribe of Reuben lived

to the south of Wady Zerqa, to the north lived the tribes of Gad and Manasseh. Edom in the south was a strong garrison town and the Jewish kings used Akabah as a harbour.

After a chequered history the Jews under their Maccabean kings succeeded in winning dominion over the land once again but lived in continual war with the Nabatœans, who finally conquered the country after the appearance of the Romans. These latter allowed them to keep it by treaty.

The country which at that time stretched from the Red Sea to the Euphrates was for the Romans a kind of buffer state against the uncivilised people who lived to the east and who endangered the Roman provinces of the Near East.

After the World War, Transjordan again became a buffer state, a kind of Near-Eastern Manchukuo. It was erected to form a wedge between Jewish Palestine and the surrounding Arab states. The Jews claim, however, that they would prefer to be without this protection if they could only enter the country where now they are allowed to purchase no land and which has such great economic possibilities.

The Jewish problem cannot be solved in present Palestine, which the Jews designate West Palestine, but only in the original land which spreads upon both sides of the Jordan.

In Transjordan there is sufficient space gradually to accommodate all the Jews who live in the Diaspora. The land embraces an area of 90,000 square kilometres and is about two and a half times as big as Palestine, but it is occupied by only some 300,000 people, most of whom are wandering Bedouin. For immediate agricultural activity it is argued that an area of 4.6 million dunums of fertile land would be available, and in time many millions more.

Whoever—like myself—never visited Palestine before or shortly after the war, and has seen it only as it is to-day, can, by travelling to Transjordan, get a picture of what it was like. Now on the Palestinian side of the Allenby Bridge everything seemed to be orderly, but hardly had we gone three hundred yards on the other side of the bridge when modern Palestine

suddenly ceased, and—bump, bump—we were driving on a primitive road of Nature and could proceed only slowly. In winter, during the rainy season, the road is impossible. My only consolation was that the road makes no invidious distinctions. It shakes up the Emir just as much as ordinary travellers. Now I understood why Sir Arthur Wauchope always flies to Amman.

The surroundings changed as well as the road. The countryside, broken up by hills, lay covered with weeds, neglected and deserted, nowhere could any agricultural activity be seen—only the destructive goats of the Bedouin consuming the weeds. Houses became more infrequent, the few fellahin lived in huts which both outside and inside were untouched by modern art.

On the way, Khalid Pasha described to me the autonomous constitution of the country. It has its own Parliament, whose members are elected by the inhabitants of these wretched huts in a more democratic way than are the members of the German, Italian, Austrian or Hungarian Parliaments. Every Transjordanian over the age of eighteen who is not a Bedouin can choose electors by secret ballot, and these in turn elect the sixteen members of Parliament in the same way. The country has its own ministry under a Chief Minister, Ibrahim Pasha Hashim, whom I had already met in Jerusalem and whom I was to see again here. It has its own ruler, its own army and only eight English officials, who act as legal adviser, financial adviser, director of lands, director of survey, director of customs, inspector of antiquities, chief auditor and chief forest ranger, in addition to the British Resident and the officers of the Transjordan Frontier Force and the Arab Legion.

In Palestine, Arabs and Jews asked me: "How is it that the Transjordanians are so advanced as to have everything that we are still fighting for? They can decide their own destinies, but we have nothing to say, and the administration of our own country is in the hands of over four hundred English Civil Servants."

But the small English administrative body in Transjordan has much less worry than the huge bureaucracy in Palestine, with its mixture of peoples. Peace and order prevail in the country so far as can be expected of a typically Oriental land. This is, of course, due to the Arab Legion and the Transjordan Frontier Force, which have created here in town and country a security that was formerly unknown. In one year the number of murders has fallen from forty-seven to nineteen, and the number of thefts from 1,646 to 715.

In the desert, which takes up 72,000 square kilometres of the whole area, the Bedouin continue their war games, but here also Major J. B. Glubb has created a peace which was previously completely unknown in this part of the world.

After arriving in Amman my first question was whether I could see or speak to Glubb, but I was told that the major had left the town some weeks ago and was now staying with his men in the desert. Where he was, no man knew, not even his commanding officer, Colonel Peak Pasha. Major Glubb is the uncrowned king of the desert, where the Emir has hardly anything to say. He alone is responsible for this tremendous territory; he has power of life and death, and it is a miracle to learn that this single, lone Englishman controls a desert territory of such extent. He has not one Englishman at his side, but relies on a small group of Bedouin warriors whom he has personally selected and trained, and of whom every one is his personal friend. This troop consists of a hundred and thirty men and is known in Transjordan as the Desert Patrol. Its members are all sons of respected sheikhs and they are all happy to be allowed to wear the picturesque uniform which has been designed from their Bedouin dress. The major exercises a tremendous influence on his people and through them he is able to impress the Bedouin in the desert. Just like Lawrence, Glubb is continually travelling in the desert and he shares the life of the Bedouin as did his great predecessor. His activity in preserving peace and order are based

upon five desert fortresses: Azrak, Basr, Jafar, Rum and Mudawara.

Major Glubb was described to me as the typical English officer. He is slim, tanned by the desert sun, disarmingly quiet in his manner, simple and modest. He is married, and his wife waits in Amman whilst he is wandering somewhere in the desert. But she does not worry about him, she knows that he is safe amongst his Bedouins.

Amman—a town of about 20,000 inhabitants—is full of sights worth seeing. It contains well-preserved ruins of the Greco-Roman period, with an amphitheatre and an odeum dating from the time when the town was still called Philadelphia. The only, but good, hotel of Amman is also called Philadelphia and its proprietor informed me with a certain pride: "I have not called my hotel after the American town but the American town gets its name from my hotel."

Near the hotel, in a small, low house, His Highness the Emir has his office. The next morning I was awakened by shouts of command as if a small army was exercising under my window. I went to the window and saw a small group of helmeted soldiers drawn up in front of the tiny office house, where they were changing guard, and on whose low roof the festive flag of Transjordan was being hoisted. Shortly after that the Emir appeared in the same sandy-coloured car which had yesterday brought me to Amman, to take his place at his office desk. He keeps fixed office hours, appears punctually in the little house, like a Civil Servant. But he is not overloaded with work, everything is done for him by English advisers at whose head stand Mr. Cox, the British Resident, and Peake Pasha, the commanding officer of the Arab Legion.

Khalid Pasha promised me an audience with the Emir, and whilst I was waiting I went to the bazaar, where I found masses of all those Oriental things which I had missed in sober Palestine. This bazaar was no attraction for foreign tourists, but a lively, busy, shopping quarter for the natives, where they can buy Japanese stuff and hand-made articles dirt cheap.

In the streets there was great activity, already a mixture of East and West. Modern cars drove alongside ox-carts, Bedouin caravans with asses and camels came into the town, Arabs stood round in large groups discussing the events of the day. And all this mixed traffic was regulated by the smart traffic police of the Arab Legion who performed at street crossings a kind of Swedish drill every time a car or a camel appeared on the scene.

I searched in vain for the unrest of which I had been told in Jerusalem. Even in Jericho I had been told: "In Amman you will find the shops closed. The Transjordanians are striking in sympathy with us." But in Amman I could see nothing of the sort. The peacefulness seemed to me strange and almost uncanny, just as the unrest in Palestine had also seemed strange and uncanny in the beginning. But one gets used to everything. And now I found that I missed the shooting and bombing which provided the only entertainment in Palestine.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE HEAD OF THE HASHIMITES

It was the King's birthday and the Emir did not go to his office. The troops of the Transjordan Frontier Force and the Arab Legion paraded before him and the British Resident, Mr. Cox, and then he sent his car for us. Hardly had Khalid Pasha and I left the Philadelphia Hotel when an Arab gutter-snipe pelted the Emiral car with stones. We both ducked, and when the danger was over I asked Khalid Pasha: "Whom were the stones meant for, the Emir or us?"

"The stones have no particular significance," he said; "that boy is notorious. He does the same to every car; the Emir has already had his father arrested for not bringing him up properly."

The people in Transjordan obviously did not visit the sins of the fathers upon the sons: they try to reform the guilty father whilst the son continues his evil course.

The palace looked like an English country house. Life-guards with spiked helmets stood in front of the main entrance, but the West European atmosphere disappeared as soon as we entered the courtyard. Giant Circassians in black-and-red Cossack uniform stood with folded arms at the door of every room. Nubian slaves were already carrying tea and cakes in preparation for our visit; they happened to be called coffee-slaves. A major-domo in the picturesque dress of the country conducted us to a reception-room where we were to await the Emir's appearance.

Emir Abdallah, the last living son of King Hussein, former

Sherif of Mecca, descendant of the Prophet, is the head of the Hashimite Dynasty, which has ruled for centuries in the Hejaz. But he is a head without a crown. His father had helped Lawrence organise the "Revolt in the Desert," becoming King of the Hejaz for the part he played. Lawrence wanted to choose from his three sons a leader for the revolt. The eldest, Ali, was no warrior. Abdallah, who was the second son, imagined himself to be a general, but had the great misfortune to lose his first battle, and in the desert lost battles are not pardoned. So Lawrence chose the youngest son, Feisal.

This choice of Lawrence's was Abdallah's first disappointment. And his disappointment was still greater when Feisal was afterwards made King of Syria and finally King of Iraq. Even Ali obtained a temporary royal title and ruled in Jeddah. Only for Abdallah there seemed to be no royal throne.

When Feisal died in Switzerland, Abdallah finally believed that his time had come. But he was once again disappointed. The young Ghazi, son of Feisal, was brought back to Baghdad from England, where he was still at school, and crowned king. Abdallah has abandoned the idea of ever becoming King of Iraq and he is maintaining most friendly relations with his nephew Ghazi, by whom he is highly respected. Once a year he travels to Baghdad and pays an official visit as the head of the family.

His Highness is strongly convinced that he is the most efficient and most capable of Hussein's three sons. He attended the university in Stambul at the time when the Sultan was still reigning; he indeed learned very much of the politics and the peculiar diplomatic methods of the Sublime Porte. But Lawrence wanted neither a politician nor a diplomat.

In the general distribution of states after the Great War he had to be satisfied with Transjordan. When he came to Amman, eighteen years ago, he found an Arab village of some 3,000 inhabitants. His residence was a large tent, and most of

his courtiers were desert nomads who considered their goats more important than their new ruler. But in the course of time and with the help of British advisers Abdallah succeeded to consolidate and develop his country under more difficult circumstances than it was in the case of Iraq or Saudi Arabia.

Later he obtained from England the privilege of being saluted, like a real king, with twenty-one rounds on festive occasions. He has no disturbing ideas and is loyal to Great Britain. He regards England as the best colonising power and is willing to follow the guidance of his British advisers.

The country has not grown larger in these eighteen years, but his tent has grown into a palace with a throne-room, even having its guard of honour, which presents arms whenever Mr. H. R. Cox, the British Resident, calls upon His Highness. Mr. Cox is the real ruler of Transjordan and carries on the Government with the aid of fifteen British officials. Abdallah himself is not much occupied with affairs of state. Thus he has much time for his four hobbies. These are reading books in Arabic, writing Arabic poems, playing chess and his home.

Critics say his poems are not particularly good, but he plays chess well. He once invited Señor Capablanca to Amman, had a tent erected in the courtyard of the palace, and played chess with the master for three days. Three games were played. Two were won by Capablanca. One by Abdallah.

As to his fourth hobby, Emir Abdallah has not overstepped the bounds set by the Koran. The Koran permits four wives, but until recently Emir Abdallah had only one—and a large harem. He has two sons by his wife, the twenty-four-year-old Crown Prince Emir Tallal, and the twenty-two-year-old Emir Naif.

His eldest son, Emir Tallal, was educated in an English Public School and is in the eyes of the Arabs a promising young man. He is living in his own palace, a small yellow building on a hill opposite the Philadelphia Hotel.



H.H. EMIR ABDALLAH



ARAB SHEPHERD IN TRANSJORDAN

The major-domo reappeared and with him Emir Abdallah, who entered unannounced. He sat himself upon a settee and motioned me to a comfortable arm-chair. Between us stood on a small table, like a symbol, a portrait of the late King George V. The Emir was wearing Bedouin dress, the loose coat (which they call "Abaye") of heavy silk and the Kefie, or headcloth, likewise of silk, which was encircled by a thick golden cord. When, during our discussion, he became rather warm, he took off his Abaye and I saw that he was wearing under it a white linen jacket and a cotton shirt. He played with his sword hilt, which was a masterpiece of pure gold, beautifully inlaid and ornamented.

He is a lively, informal, friendly man with laughing eyes, and is fond of a joke. In his presence I did not feel embarrassed, and our conversation soon turned into a wordy debate which is a very rare phenomenon in interviews with royalties.

Abdallah himself, apparently, also enjoyed the situation. He asked me in Arabic what I thought of his capital, and laughed in doing so. He knew that I could not have been particularly impressed by Amman, therefore his question was not the usual empty phrase of kings to begin a conversation, but a gentle irony. I said, however, that I found Amman wonderful since it had given me an opportunity to make his acquaintance. This obviously flattered him, and the smile in his eyes turned into a broad and hearty laugh.

Then he turned to his secretary and asked me to put my questions. I said: "I have travelled the dangerous roads of Palestine and have seen the revolt at close quarters. I have also reflected how one could put an end to the situation. I found only one way out. One must find an authoritative personality with whom one can negotiate. I believe, therefore, that it would be a solution if there was an Arab king in Jerusalem."

The Emir understood that I meant him. He burst into a laugh and was still laughing when he gave the answer: "Unfortunately I have nothing to do with it. You must

put your view to the English!" But for a minute he grew a little more serious, pondered, and asked me: "Have you perhaps stated this point of view to the High Commissioner?"

"Not yet," I said.

"If you should see him, please do so!"

He became silent for a few seconds and then continued speaking: "It is sad that two brother peoples like the Jews and Arabs should not be able to get on with each other. One must understand the revolt of the Arabs. They are not a people untouched by culture; on the contrary they are a people with a great cultural past. One cannot simply ignore them, limit their lives and suppress them. The revival of the Arab people is a historical necessity. It will, perhaps, not take place to-morrow, it will, perhaps, take years, but I am strongly convinced that the culture of the Occident will once again return to the Orient, and the world will see the re-creation of a mighty Arab state. This cannot be stopped. We seek to speed it on."

"Has the present Arab revolt any connection with this idea?" I asked.

"Only indirectly. Our final object is not yet clear, therefore the people fight for momentarily pressing problems. The most urgent is Jewish immigration, by which the Arab people of Palestine feels itself threatened. Already a large part of the soil is in Jewish hands and they have to stop it before it is too late."

Emir Abdallah ibn Hussein was the first Arab who honestly condemned the acts of terror. I asked him whether he thought a peaceful solution was still possible, but he shook his head. "Very difficult, a peaceful solution is almost impossible. We are not concerned any more with organised bands but with certain elements from the lower strata of the population. My opinion is that these have gone mad like a man bitten by a rabid dog. How can you negotiate intelligently with crazy people?"

Then he said: "I have always had the idea of erecting in

Palestine and Transjordan a great Semitic State which the Jews and Arabs—both Semites—should help to build in common. The Jews have great advantages, they have European culture and much money. It would be more sensible if they would share these things with us for a common aim, instead of simply excluding the Arabs from the development which they are now making. Palestine is a house which belonged to the Jews perhaps 2,000 years ago, and which was finally left by them. During the centuries in which it stood empty, the Arabs came and made it their home. More centuries passed, no one came to ask back their rights, and we Arabs have grown accustomed to the house. Now the Jews appear and ask to be accepted as guests in this house. We have accepted them with friendliness, willingly shared the house with them, until they now feel themselves too much at home and want to throw us out."

Emir Abdallah defended the Arab standpoint, but he is a sensible man. He stood in close contact with the Jewish leaders and was prepared to open his country to the Jews. He became an "ardent Zionist," for he owns some 800,000 dunums of land and hoped to sell a large part of it to them. He needed the money because he only gets a small grant of £14,500 a year.

It was related to me during my visit to Amman that at a great meeting of 200 sheikhs he explained his plan, but Tallal, his son, opposed the idea. He stood up at the meeting and declared briefly: "If you open up the land to the Jews, I'll shoot you." Tallal, although educated at Harrow, has remained a son of the desert, and Abdallah knew that he was in earnest. He therefore tried a different method. He said at the public meeting: "Why should we not allow the Jews to come into our country? We shall take their money and then drive them out again."

I was told in Amman that when the Palestine revolt took a more serious turn, Tallal was sent to his cousin Ghazi in Baghdad, but soon reappeared in Amman to have a chat with

his opportunist father. The Emir had no desire to interfere with the Arab insurrection in Palestine. This conversation took place on May 10th, and it was closed by the shot which Tallal had promised four years previously. The shot missed. Tallal was arrested and imprisoned in the palace.

I asked the Emir whether these rumours were true, but he protested: "Tallal is the best son that a father can wish. He would not perpetrate such a deed. Between us there are no differences, he obeys my wishes and orders."

Our conversation turned from politics and we spoke of Arab art and literature. On this subject the Emir is perhaps still more at home than on the subject of politics. I mentioned to him that I could not discover any signs of an important contemporary Arab literature. The Emir laughed and merely said: "My dear friend, first learn Arabic and then you'll be astonished at the number of excellent writers and poets that we Arabs have. If you want to know anything about Arab literature I can recommend someone to you who can tell you all you wish to know. He is a Jewish professor in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem."

The audience was over. The Emir left his palace and drove to the outskirts of the town where 200 sheikhs were assembled with their Bedouins, awaiting the Emir's arrival. A gaily-coloured tent of huge proportions was here set up, inside whose shady interior the sheikhs were gathered, and here Abdallah addressed them.

It was clear to me that the news of the Bedouin rising was only a fairy-tale of overheated imaginations and a wish-dream of the Arab terrorists. Amongst the Bedouins there was indeed an embitterment which had to be soothed. The Palestinian agitators had already reached Transjordan and were spreading the most impossible tales of events in Palestine. They brought with them pictures of the destroyed roads of Jaffa, and claimed that the whole town, also the Old City in Jerusalem, Haifa and Nablus were now nothing more than a heap of smoking ruins.

When I was talking with Arabs in the bazaar street they asked me: "Is it really true that on the day before yesterday there was a great battle at Tulkarem in which six hundred Arabs and three hundred English soldiers were killed?"

The Emir performed superhuman efforts to restrain a possible revolt. Here in the gigantic tent he said in his address: "We were not disappointed after the war. We enjoy freedom and independence. We have no Jews around our necks. We are freely allowed to carry our weapons. Not the English, but I, am your lord, and your sheikhs are the lords of your tribes. What more do you want? But if you now organise an open revolt and participate in the Palestinian conflict, then we shall run the risk of losing all these rights. You are strong and I have confidence in your strength, but you must believe me when I say that England is still stronger. An open war against them is no Ghazzu. What will you do against aeroplanes?"

His arguments were successful and after the picturesque palaver the excited sheikhs again withdrew. But some went in the direction of the Palestine border, and when next day I set out to return to Jerusalem with Khalid Pasha, I saw in the distance their silhouettes on the hill-sides. Soon we overtook them and left them behind us, still resolutely advancing.

CHAPTER XXX

THE TASK OF A MESSIAH

I AWOKE in Amman the next morning and had the prospect of spending half a day in idleness out of the twenty-four hours which I had ahead of me in Palestine: the Emir's car, which was to take me back to Jerusalem, was not available until 2 p.m. I once again visited the bazaar. When I was standing in front of a stall, haggling over the price of glasses filled with coloured sand, a small group gathered around me and I clearly felt that the men comprising it had no friendly intentions towards me.

"What do these men want?" I asked my interpreter, the bartender of the hotel, and the latter tried to soothe me.

"Oh, they are only inquisitive!"

But these inquisitive spectators soon staged a small demonstration. New agitators had arrived who, overnight, had changed the peace of Transjordan into restlessness. In loud tones they aired their feelings, cursing all foreigners, who only came in order to take their land away from them. When this demonstration began to get more clamorous I returned to the hotel, followed closely by the crowd. Here I found awaiting me a piece of information which was doubly unpleasant on account of what I had just experienced.

Khalid Pasha had sent a messenger from the palace, who greeted me in Oriental fashion, and said: "Peace with you, lord! My lord Khalid Pasha is deeply regretful, but he cannot put the car of His Highness at your disposal; you will have to return to Jerusalem in a hired car." He bowed again, once more said: "Peace with you!" and disappeared.

This news sounded to me like a death-knell. I knew that bands of excited sheikhs were roaming the hills surrounding the Jerusalem road, and I knew that the Jericho road which I would have to travel was the most dangerous in the whole of Palestine. I would indeed be fortunate if I could reach Jerusalem alive in such circumstances: the chances were ten to one against. The sandy yellow car of the Emir was a certain protection, but the hired car with its hated foreign passenger would only be a target for snipers.

It was 11 A.M.; a car was hired for me to start off at 2 P.M. Thus I still had three hours to settle all my worldly affairs. I wrote a letter to my wife: it was supposed to be a letter of farewell. After this I awaited events with a calm, fatalist, cheerful philosophy—when punctually at two o'clock the sandy yellow car of the Emir—like a mounted royal messenger bringing a pardon—drove up with Khalid Pasha.

"I was able to arrange to have the car for you after all." That was all the latter said, and we left Amman under the protection of the Emiral flag. On this journey back I felt myself much more important than on my journey to Amman. Yesterday I had discussed with the Emir the possibility of mediation between the Jews and Arabs, and he had told me that he would be prepared to bring the quarrelsome brothers together if the Jews also would approach him. Now he sent a formal message to Shertok through me:

"My house," he said, "is open to the Jews who wish to come to me and ask for advice. Formerly Mr. Shertok used to come often to Amman to consult me on current questions, and I am willing even now to show him the way to end the conflict."

I thus believed that I was the instrument of good, and could hardly await my arrival in Jerusalem. With the dust of the journey still covering my body I hurried to the Jewish Agency and conveyed the Emir's message. But Shertok had doubts. "For me, as one of the leaders of the Jews in Palestine, it is almost impossible to travel at present to Amman. I would

only be risking my life unnecessarily on the dangerous journey. But I will make every effort to arrange a meeting in Jericho. Unfortunately we cannot hope for much from it."

Apart from the message I also took back to Jerusalem an idea of my own, which I discussed now with Shertok: "Transjordan," I said, "is closed to the Jews and open to the Arabs. There ought to be a law compelling the Arabs to invest a part of the money which they receive from the Jews for land sold in Palestine in the purchase of land in Transjordan."

I advocated this plan with enthusiasm, but Shertok poured cold water on it. "The idea isn't new," he said. "Dr. Ruppin, a Jewish economic expert, has already worked out a similar plan, but nothing ever came of it. We Jews have nothing to do with it. We only pay for the land, but are not in a position to say what the Arabs shall do with the money. We are all hunting for a solution, and every single man in Palestine thinks he has found one. Some say: divide up Palestine into cantons on the model of Switzerland, and let the land have Jewish and Arab cantons. But where will that lead to? The Jewish cantons would develop at tremendous speed, whilst the Arab cantons would only move slowly. Others say: prohibit the sale of land to Jews for the time being. But that would only make impossible the real idea of Zionism, and the Jews—just as they are in European countries—would be forced into the towns. Everything depends upon whether the Arabs want to live with us in peace or not."

In the evening, when I was sitting talking late, with some Arab friends in the King David, I told them of my visit to the Emir and also of my solution. They all protested vigorously against the idea.

"You are a Hungarian," an Arab Government official said to me, "and I ask you: can you imagine foreigners coming, one day, to a large number of Hungarian peasants and saying to them: 'Here you have money, now go and leave your native land and buy land in Rumania with it.' We love Palestine, which is our fatherland, more than the money of

the Jews. For us this soil has more value than what the Jews can pay for it. This value cannot be expressed in pounds or piastres, it is something that cannot be grasped in one's hands—it is called patriotism."

"But," I interrupted, "the money that streams into Palestine through the Jews is all to the benefit of the country."

He laughed: "If we Arabs have to go and settle across the frontier, then we cannot benefit from the prosperity brought by the Jews." Then he added in a more serious vein: "But even if we remain here, we prefer to live on the milk of our goats rather than endure the Jews about us. In this country, if our fellahin sell their property to the Jews, they leave the piece of earth which has belonged for centuries to their family, they leave the graves of their fathers, the houses wherein they have grown up, they leave the home to which they have been accustomed and to which they are bound. The new masters have no understanding of these sentimental motives, but for us they are not to be measured with the whole money of all the Jews on earth.

"We have hundreds of examples to prove the justice of this claim. In 1925 Alexander Sursuk sold to the Jews twelve thousand dunums of land in the village of Al Hartiya, not far from Haifa. Sursuk is an Arab, but an Arab from Syria. For him the land—which he has never seen—did not mean much, yet it meant a great deal to the sixty families of the Arab Zubeidat tribe who had been cultivating it since time immemorial. Soon after the sale the houses were demolished and the village of the sixty families ceased to exist. We attempted to annul the sale, but the court decided against us, and nothing remained for the Zubeidat people but to turn to the Government. The Government wanted to settle them on State property near Beisan, but the offer was refused. They gave three reasons for this refusal: firstly, the conditions of life in Beisan were different from what they had been accustomed to; secondly, since they had been living in the hills, they found the district too hot for their children; and thirdly—this

was the most important reason for them—they did not want to leave the land where they had been born and bred.”

A young Arab lawyer who was present went on: “The peasant, no matter whether he is English, French or German, clings to his mother-earth with a superstitious fervour. Why do people want to deny this right just to the Arab peasant?”

“When the Royal Commission comes to Palestine, the Jews will bombard it with statistics, will parade their model colonies, and will tell it that everything that is so nice and beautiful here has been created only by them. Behind them stands the collective wealth of world Jewry, their Press and their immense influence in European countries and the United States. We Arabs are left completely to our own resources. We are poor, control neither banks nor newspapers, but we shall seek our arguments for the Commission in the depth of our hearts. We shall say that the greatest sacrifice is demanded from us in exchange for a doubtful and uncertain future: we are compelled to give up our fatherland, our past, our tradition. And we hope that the English who love their fatherland and value tradition will understand our feelings.”

But an Englishman, who had joined our discussion of the problem, merely shook his head: “The Royal Commission is not the first commission to come to Palestine, and I am afraid it will not be the last. Ordinary mortals have perhaps never had a more difficult problem to solve than that which faces the members of this commission. Jews and Arabs have conflicting aims, but both believe, according to their religion, that the Messiah will appear to them here in Jerusalem. Of Jerusalem’s seven gates, one is bricked up. Legend says that will be opened only when the long awaited Messiah will appear. The solution of the problem is truly a task for him.”

Hardly had he said these words when the crack of rifle-shots was to be heard through the open window. So loud were the reports that we supposed that the firing was going on in our immediate vicinity. We all ran for cover behind the

broad pillars of the King David Hotel. The shooting showed no signs of stopping. The lobby—it was two o'clock in the morning—became animated. The few guests rushed out in pyjamas or dressing-gowns, and even the hard-boiled journalists, who scarcely bothered any more about bombs, were seized by a sudden sense of professional duty and appeared on the scene now that the shots were directed against themselves.

The night porter summoned the police by 'phone, but a sleepy voice answered: "We already know about it!" The receiver was jammed down. The hotel manager who saw all his prospects of tourist traffic disappearing with every shot, tried to persuade us that there was no shooting at all, but a journalist turned to him and said:

"Hang it all, man, you ought to be glad; it is a new attraction for your hotel. You can now advertise: 'Ring-side seats for Palestine revolt. Comfortable trenches in marvellous natural garden. Rooms with running water and solid sand-bags. Own garage, electric plant and machine-gun nests!'"

After a while fear left us, and we dared to leave the shelter of the pillars and go out onto the terrace. Outside a battle was in full swing. In the Jewish quarter, to the west of the hotel, soldiers were illuminating the district with Verey lights and searching for the attackers, but nothing was attempted against those who were taking pot-shots at the hotel. The rockets turned night into day and the city wall and the David Tower were brilliantly lit up. The beauty of the scene almost made one forget its horror, when a shot resounded almost in my ears, and a bullet whizzed, about two inches from my head between me and Stuart Emeny of the *News Chronicle*, and ping-ed against the wall. That was the last shot. The city shrouded itself again in darkness and we returned to the hotel lobby. Two hours later, when we had almost forgotten the whole affair, a solitary policeman arrived. He took some notes and departed. The next morning a police officer came and gathered up the bullets. That, apparently, was all that the police considered necessary for the discovery of the

assailants. The incident was mentioned forty-eight hours later in the official communiqué which added as usual: "No casualties."

The police officer did not know that there was a bullet missing. The bullet which had just missed my head was reposing in my pocket. I had taken it as a souvenir of my eight weeks in modern Palestine.

The bursting of rifle-shots and the firework display of the Verey lights were the final performance given me by Palestine. That same morning I drove for the last time along the death-road from Jerusalem to Ramleh. As a matter of fact I had already booked my return ticket at Cook's three weeks ago, when news had come of a serious turn in the situation: a bomb had been thrown at the District Commissioner's office in Jerusalem and it was feared that the long-expected martial law would be introduced. I had handed my ticket back. But martial law had not been proclaimed and I had again booked my ticket. Then news had come that the Palestine Government had decided to stop immigration, a move which probably would have stopped Arab disturbances but would have caused Jewish ones—and again I cancelled my ticket. By then I had hardly dared put my nose into Cook's, and my continually changing plans of departure had gradually got on the nerves of every other travel agency in Jerusalem.

But now I was definitely leaving, and I was firmly resolved that nothing would keep me back. At Ramleh I boarded the 'plane which was to take me to Egypt.

A fresh, cheeky wind was blowing and it played with the little aeroplane as with a ball. As the earth receded, I cast a last glance at Palestine. I could see only the sand dunes that spread along the coast, whipped by the foaming waves of a furious sea.

THE END

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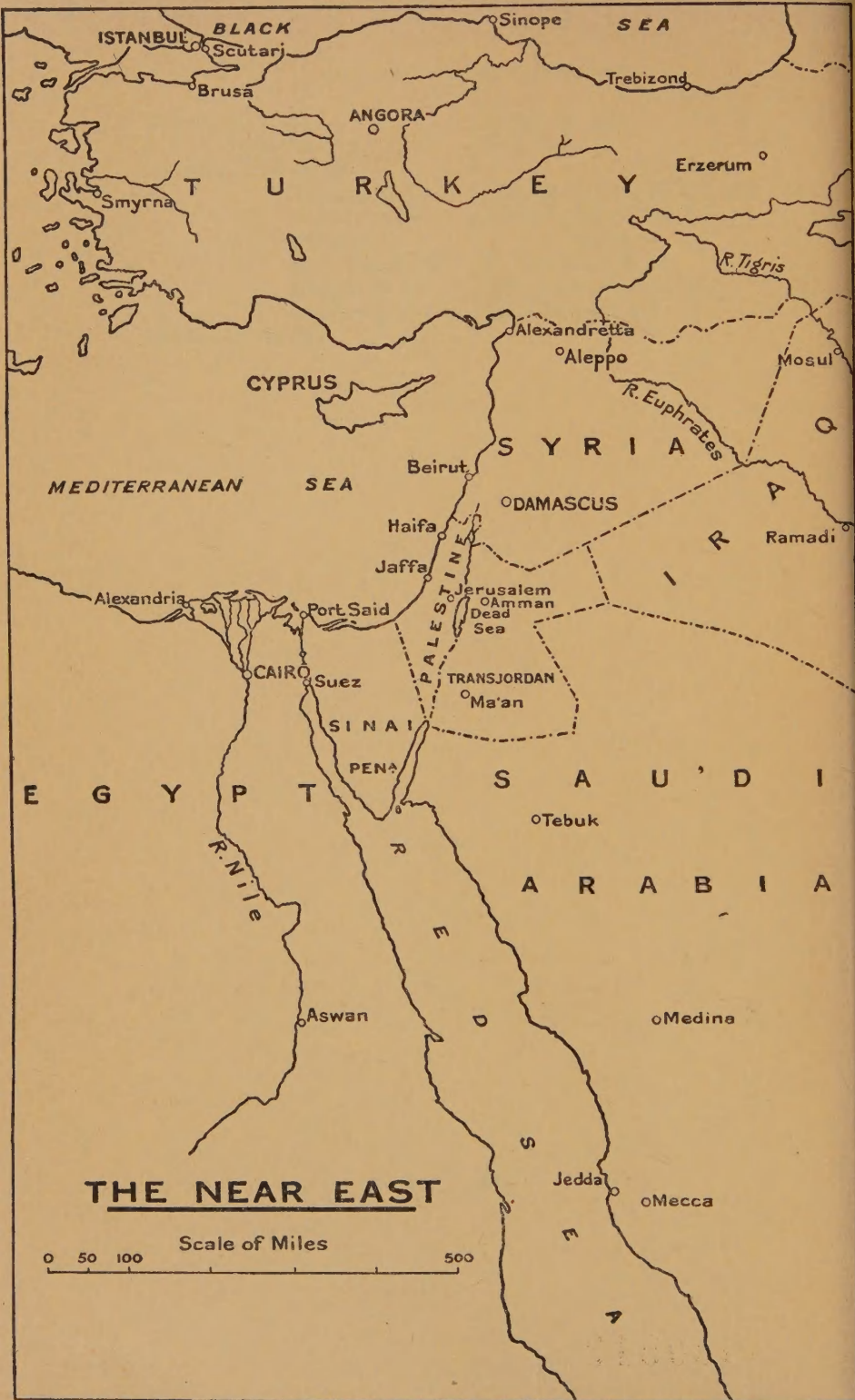
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BLACK SEA

ISTANBUL

Scutari

Sinope

SEA

Brusa

ANGORA

Trebizond

Erzerum

T U R K E Y

Smyrna

R. Tigris

Alexandretta

Aleppo

Mosul

CYPRUS

S Y R I A

Beirut

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Haifa

DAMASCUS

Jaffa

Ramadi

Alexandria

Port Said

Jerusalem

Amman

Dead Sea

CAIRO

Suez

PALESTINE

TRANSJORDAN

Ma'an

SINAI

PENINSULA

S A U D I

Tebuk

A R A B I A

R. Nile

Aswan

Medina

Jedda

Mecca

THE NEAR EAST

Scale of Miles

0 50 100 500

PALESTINE

Scale of Miles
5 0 5 10 15 20 25

Jewish National Fund Land.....
P.I.C.A. Land.....
Other Jewish Land.....
Roads.....
Railways.....

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