

St. Stephen's Gate from the Outside.

out over the Damascus Gate to Jerusalem; the midday sun beat down, and I was glad to go round to the west to the shade of the Garden. Then I returned, via the Moslem cemetery, to the main road. The traditional picture of the Skull Hill is now changed, because there is extensive building and a garage instead of a field between the road and the cliff, so that it can be seen only with difficulty.

The natives didn't seem ever to have heard of one of the most famous of the sights, the Quarries of Solomon, which provided the stone for his Temple; in this enormous cavern right under the streets of the city, the workmen of Hiram, King of Tyre, quarried the snow-white stone for the Temple, and "there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house" because it was all done underground! After I had asked a dozen people where the entrance was, one man with a slightly longer memory than the others remembered that it had been blocked up during the fighting in 1948 in case some Jews got in at night and did a Guy Fawkes act to the Arab city. So I went over the road to the Grotto of Jeremiah, in the southern slope of Golgotha, where, if we may believe a fourteenth-century tradition, the Prophet wrote the Lamentations; it is not certain whether this so-called "grotto" is a natural cave or whether it has been excavated or enlarged. That completed my list for Jerusalem, so I bought a tin of corned beef and a loaf of bread and went up to the Bethlehem taxi-stand outside the Damascus Gate. Before it filled up I had had a good lunch, although the other passengers wondered where the crumbs had come from when they began to arrive. When there were five of us we wound round the hills to Bethlehem.

Somewhere on the road is the little white mosque which marks the Tomb of Rachel, sacredly guarded by



the Mohammedans. Jacob, who knew this place as Ephratah (the fruitful), erected a pillar on the grave of his beloved Rachel, and her death was the first consecration of Bethlehem. I never managed to locate this monument of sorrow, as the new boundary has caused diversions in the roads.

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM



BETHLEHAM (House of Bread) is one of the oldest towns of Palestine, as its position of fertility has few surrounding rivals. Ruth follows Jacob into its history, then David, who was born, tended his flocks, and anointed by Samuel here. But they all disappear before the One who was David's son and yet his Lord, at whose birth the unlettered shepherds and the learned sages bowed in worship. The skies and the fields, the rocks and the hills, and the valleys around have not changed - Bethlehem is still built on a hill, now terraced for vineyards and gardened with olives and fig-trees. The taxi-stand, the end of the road, leaves one facing the Church of the Nativity, erected on the site of the khan in which

Christ is believed to have been born. I finished my lunch on a wall overlooking the fertile valley, then walked up to the Church. Of all the tourist-trade-spoiled places, this is about the worst; there is more commercialism on all hands than anywhere else, and more shops selling trinkets than any other place. The Church was built in 327 A.D. by Constantine the

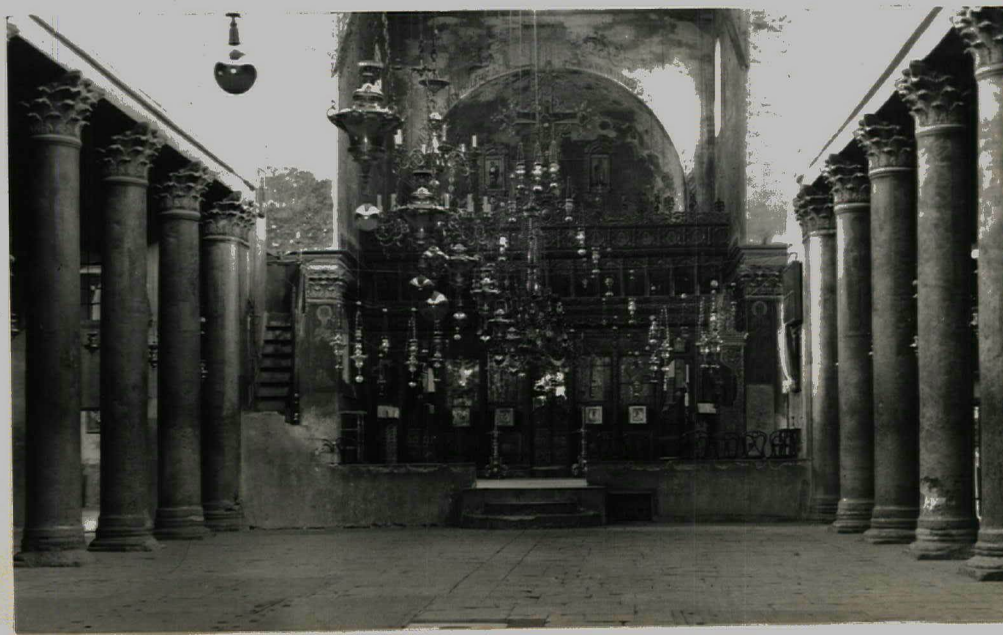


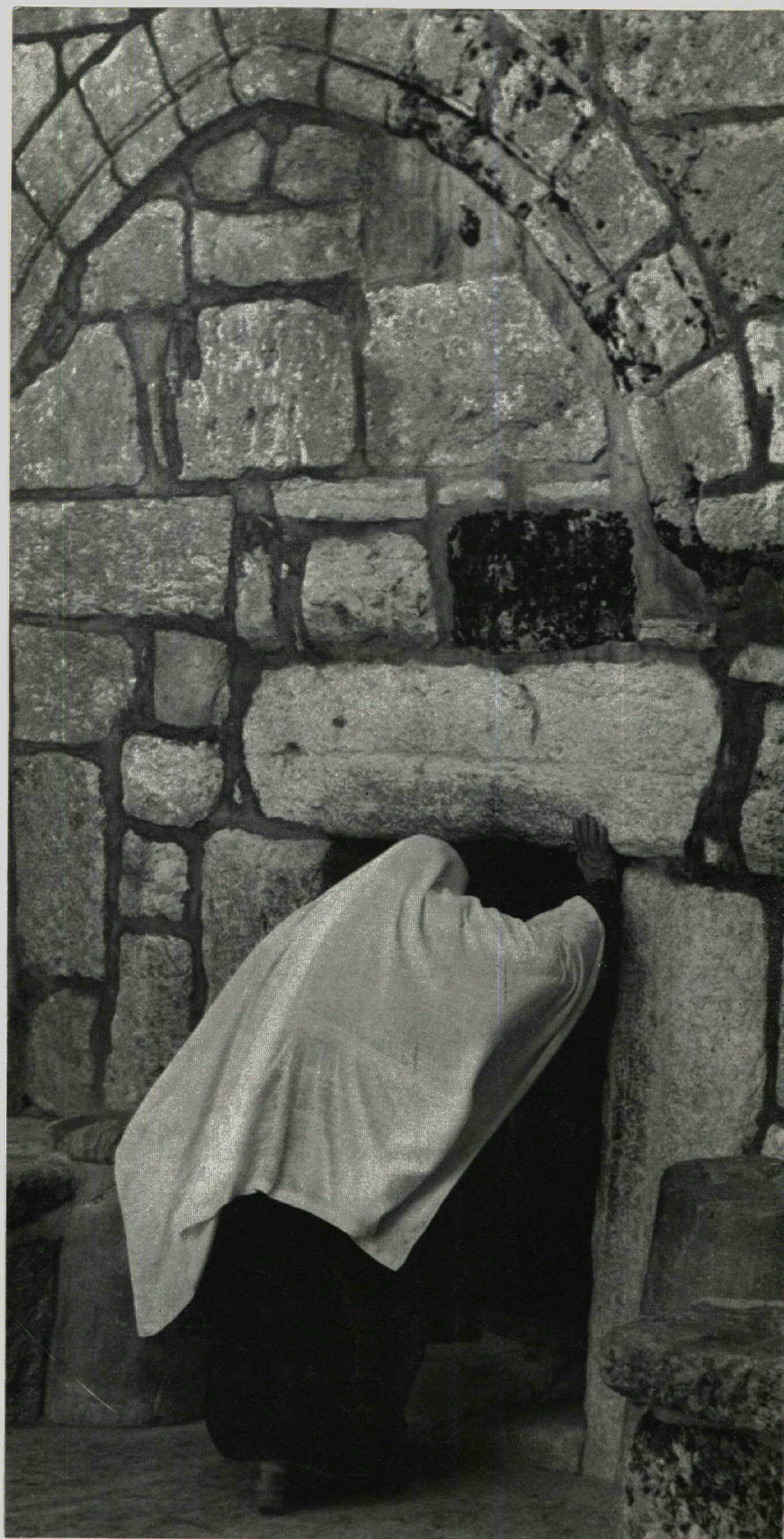
Great as a sign that he had become a Christian, and is the oldest in Christendom. It is the common property of the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who each have a stately convent adjoining it. The

exterior is not beautiful - it has more the appearance of a fortress than a church - but there is a dignity and a grand simplicity (in the stonework if not the occupants) about the church which is lacking in the Holy Sepulchre.



The tiny door to the right of the unsightly buttress opens into the inside of the Church, which startles you by being a cold, austere, Roman basilica, with four rows of massive Corinthian pillars of some dull red stone, which are said to have been taken from the





The partially-blocked door into
The Church of the Nativity.



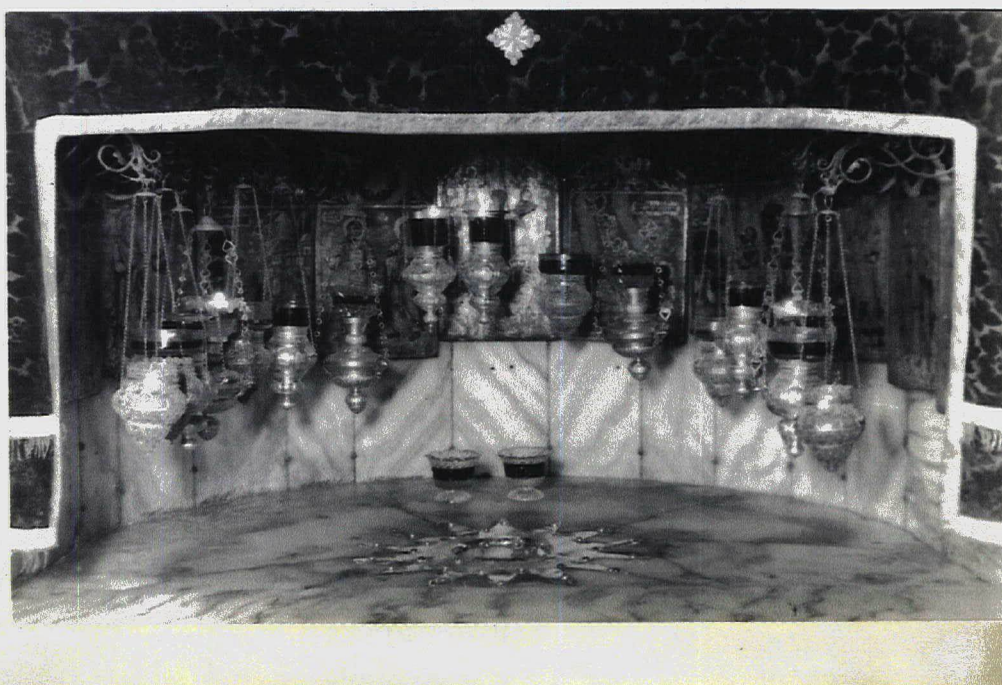
The Entrance to ↑ the Cave in which Christ was born ↓



temple of Jerusalem); on the walls are dim and faded gold mosaics, and in the roof English oak, the latter the gift of Edward IV in 1475. The central building has a continuous history of over 1,500 years, but the cave was recognised as the birthplace of Jesus Christ a hundred years after that event - it was sacred to the Christians even in the time of Hadrian. Over the stone front is the inscription "Given as a memorial before God, and for the peace and forgiveness of the sinners of whom the Lord knows the names." The small size of the door is said to be that it was made low in order to prevent the infidel from riding into the building on horseback and slaying the worshippers; others say that it has a symbolical meaning, being intended to teach the worshipper the virtue of humility.

As I walked up between the monolithic columns, I was aware that there was a service taking place at the high altar over the cave. It was an astonishing sight, almost identical with the pictures of mediaeval worship in churches; there were a crowd of ordinary peasants, complete with children, in the ordinary garb of the day, clustering round in an open semi-circle exactly as one pictures the pilgrims of Chaucer's day in the inn - and it was a pleasing picture, the common people worshipping. The actual cave can be entered either by going right or left, and by descending a spiral staircase; the two alternative ways meet in the solid rock twenty feet underground, and there is a long snakey tunnel with various holy spots and burials of saints in it. I turned left, and found that a Greek Orthodox service was taking place outside the entrance; there was a great deal of dull chanting and swinging of incense, but the performers looked so smug and superior that the Pharisees weren't in the running. I went right to the left, and came up the tunnel, but it was blocked just below the usual entrance; this was the Latin entrance and I saw all the additional attractions of the grotto without the main one. Then, of all the people to meet, I realised that someone trying to do the same thing was the old Hawaiian nurse and her Jewish protegee whom I had met in the Holy Sepulchre. They had a guide, whom the nurse persistently ignored, and he took us round to the other, the right-hand, side, and down the steep steps into the gloom of an underground cavern, a small cave about fourteen yards long and four wide; it reeked of stale incense, and was fairly well lit by a large number of oil lamps. The walls are of rock, but are mostly covered by tapestries, and the lamps have burned continuously for several hundred years. At knee-level there is an opening cut back, and this is the Birthplace of Christ.

In a marble slab there is a silver star encircled by the words "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est"; most of the visitors knelt and kissed the star. The removal of this star - its ownership is divided among the three churches - led to a quarrel between France and Russia which blazed into the Crimean War. There is no reason to doubt that the ancient tradition about this spot is correct.





The Manger (the Chapel of the Praeseptum) is opposite, only a few feet away. The actual manger was taken to Rome, and is now the most revered relic in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; what is left is shrouded in tapestry depicting the scene, and is difficult to comprehend. They both seemed so very low down in the rock for human purposes that it was difficult to accept the authenticity at face value; how different this tiny dark cave is from the manger and stable of imagination.

With the patient guide, we went over the rest of the warren of underground passages, and saw what could be no more than mythical sights - e.g. the station of the Magi, the chapel of Joseph, the chapel of the Innocents slain by Herod (built over the sepulchre of all twenty thousand) and the chapel of St. Catherine of Alexandria - but one or two subterranean chapels which are probably genuine. One contains the tomb of St. Jerome, and another undoubtedly the abode where he conducted a number of his keen controversies and translated the Vulgate; this was his study, and here he spent the thirty years until his death in 419. But as a whole the place was so churchified that it is difficult to feel any more

reverence for it than for a purely tourist attraction. We were not sorry to leave the alters, priests, candles, lamps, and censers.

We walked through streets where the commercial aspect was unpleasantly obtrusive. Bethlehem seems to be little more than a huge emporium and manufactory of religious souvenirs and articles de touriste. Every other house seems to be a shop for articles de piete, and there is an embarrassing wealth of religious specialities and curios, not only



crosses, crucifixes, rosaries, but all kinds of lay ornaments in olive-wood - rings, easels, glove-boxes, writing cases, inkstands, and camels, - as well as curiosities in mother-of-pearl and stone. Owing to the competition, most of them are ridiculously cheap. Past all this we paid a visit to the Milk Grotto, a cave which, thus crudely designated, is said to have been a temporary retreat of the Virgin Mary. For sheer ornamental beauty it matches anything in all Palestine, but the

tradition, although accepted by Moslems as well as Christians, is not many centuries old. We were also shown, nearby, a small round khan which is the plainly fictitious site of the house of Joseph referred to in Matthew 2:11. A short downhill walk amid the rough stone houses brought us to a most interesting and beautiful sight - the Shepherds' Field. In the fertile plain below, about a mile to the east, on a green slope is a group of ruins and a grotto surrounded by olive-trees, where the angel of the Lord is said to have appeared to the shepherds. A very old tradition vouches for the authenticity of the field, though the Grotto cannot be traced back beyond the 12th century. The scanty remains near the grotto are considered by some authorities to be the relics of the church named Gloria in Excelsis, which was built by the Crusaders.



These are converse views, the upper being the Shepherds' Field from Bethlehem, and the lower the Town of Bethlehem from the Shepherds' Field. It is also said to be where Ruth reaped for Boaz, and no doubt the poet-king of Israel played there as a boy. We didn't have time to visit the Grotto, but the sight of the Field was most delightful, and justifies the name "Ephratah", the "Fruitful". The top picture



also shows very well the sterility of the surrounding hills by contrast. We walked back through the village, and I bought some postcards, as well as having a look at the varied junk on sale as souvenirs. Then I walked through the village, by the main street, to the taxi-stance for Hebron; it is one of the delights of the old town of Bethlehem and Jerusalem that there will never be motor traffic there. The narrow main street shoots abruptly up at 30 degrees, by means of steps, and then is running up and down through the clustered warren of white houses. The usual by-standers seemed doubtful whether I would get back from Hebron so late at night, so I made an agreement with the taxi-driver that he would personally deliver me at Dr. Lambie's even if there were no other passengers and hoped that he would honestly stick to the agreed 10/-.

The road to Hebron from Jerusalem is the same as that to Bethlehem until the outskirts of that town are reached, and then it by-passes it to the north. The road winds round the mountain sides and into the valleys, while away to the left the Dead Sea is visible beyond rows of peaks, many of limestone but a few volcanic. You pass Bethlehem nestling on the east side of its curved hillside, with the fertile terraces running down from it. From then on the road is more on top of the plateau, but the country is remarkably the same - stone-ribbed limestone hills about two to three hundred yards from the road and a narrow, well-cultivated valley between them, the agriculture dying out as it climbs the terraced hillsides. Sometimes the hills fell back, and there was much cultivation, and at others they closed in and we had to climb over them. The road goes south through a wilderness of brown hills, but there are fertile interludes. After a few miles, a valley ran away to the left, and a high square building like an old castle stood just back from the road at the entrance to it. It is one of the inns, or khans, erected on lonely roads to give shelter to travellers; this one was so placed that grape merchants and others on their way from Hebron to the markets at Jerusalem could reach it before sunset, spend the night there in safety, and starting out before sunrise arrive in Jerusalem before the morning market. On the way home again they would reach the safety of its walls before dusk. This one, the Kalat el-Burak, or "Castle by the Pools", is special, because beside it are the famous Pools of Solomon. In the sun the huge green pools, like open-air swimming baths in size and colour, looked most inviting, and the old stone buildings to the left seemed interesting; but an Arab taxi stops for no man, not even a pedestrian in the way, and we swept on. "I made me ponds of water to water therewith the wood of the young trees," sang Solomon, and these may be they; there are three, still used as reservoirs, and they now supply the city of Jerusalem. The stand in a valley whose lushness and fertility form a remarkable contrast to the barren hills which rise all round.

The road then goes on for twelve or fourteen miles into a wild land of hills and tawny wadis; it was like navigating a small boat through the ocean, with waves of rock all round, one minute shutting off the horizon and the next spreading out before us as we breasted a roller. Once we were stopped at the police post, and a head came to the window to survey us, but one gets used to this regular scrutiny and ignores it. We passed the Lambie's, and then the road rose through the hills but otherwise the scenery was much the same, except that the wilderness got a little bleaker and there was not quite so much agriculture on the lower slopes. The hills to the west fell away, presumably to the coastal plain. Once a military car came flying down the road, forced us to a stop, had a quick look at us, and zig-zagged off again away from us, with a soldier in the open back waving frantically at the next car to stop; I pity the fugitive who was being pursued by that crowd.

Suddenly the road bent down into a fertile valley, where the lush green of cultivation is striped by the barrenness of harsh rock, and where the hills are fringed to the top with terraces of vines and olives and figs. And in this hollow lies HEBRON, one of the oldest towns in the world, a small, grey, stone-built place with white domes fading into the dusk. I wanted to see the Tombs of the Patriarchs, but could not make the driver understand that; we stopped to ask a crowd of boys, and they unanimously and collectively offered to accompany me. One seemed to speak English slightly better than the others, so I asked him to jump in; he did so, and brought with him an enormous box containing his trade - a shoeblack's equipment. I suppose they were all after a tip, as all foreigners have in their eyes unlimited wealth. He guided

the driver as far as the car could go, and then, leaving his brushes, led me on foot through sinister streets, dark and arched, which seemed to have been designed in remote times for a series of swift murders. Ominous doors were open, giving a glimpse of clammy stone stairs out of which came smells of unusual strength. Since it passed into the possession of Islam in the seventh century it has been a hot-bed of Mohammedan insolence and fanaticism; for sheer naked hatred of strangers it exceeded anything I have ever seen, and I felt that even the walls of the narrow streets were hurling insults and curses after me. The chief thing which I came to see was the Cave of Machpelah, and I decided that I would be content with it and not start any sight-seeing round the town; it was not only apathetic to strangers, but was tacitly aggressive to them.

Hebron is mentioned about forty times in the Old Testament, but nowhere in the New. Like Damascus, it is one of the most ancient cities of the world. It was built seven years before Zoan, the capital of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt, and comes into history with Abraham; in his honour the Arabs call it El Khulil, "the Friend" (of Allah). Here he built an altar unto the Lord, and walked and communed with him. Here he bought from Ephron the Hittite the cave and field of Machpelah, as the final resting-place for his family. Here the patriarchs spent a large part of their lives. Here David reigned over Judah seven years and six months before he became sovereign of the whole land and moved to Jerusalem. Here is the pool over which he hanged up the murderers of his rival Ishbosheth. Here he no doubt composed some of his psalms. Hebron is one of the four holy cities of Islam, and also of Judaism. Its topography is striking; it lies in a hollow, yet its elevation is nearly five hundred feet higher than Jerusalem. It lies 3029 feet above the sea, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem, at the foot of a hill in a well-watered and fertile valley, usually supposed to be the Valley of Eshcol, from which the spies of Moses returned with great clusters of grapes carried between them on poles. Even now it is a great fruit growing district, and is surrounded by vineyards, olive groves, almond, apricot and fig trees. In the markets, which were just closing for the night, the produce was still piled high in some stalls. The houses are built of solid grey stone, and many have domes as at Jerusalem.

The most important building in the town is of course the Great Mosque, under which is the oldest known burial-place in the world. Here are gathered the bones of Abraham himself, and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah, and they say Joseph. I approached the massive and imposing but gloomy structure by a dingy lane. It is 200 feet long by 150 wide, and upwards of fifty high, with two minarets. The high wall is supposed to date from David, and is of the mighty proportions of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem; like that wall, it is a spot at which Jews have been mourning for at least five centuries. The mosque itself was probably a Byzantine church, and is surrounded by the dwellings of dervishes and the forty hereditary guardians of the mosque.



The man at the door said that the visiting hours were from 7 to 11:30 a.m., and that one had to purchase a ticket at Jerusalem before being admitted. But after a moment or two he softened and offered to take me round for five shillings. I received in return the usual catalogue-receipt, and, leaving my shoes at the door, went with him into the mosque. It is one of the holiest places on earth to the Moslem, and many were gathering for evening worship. We padded over the

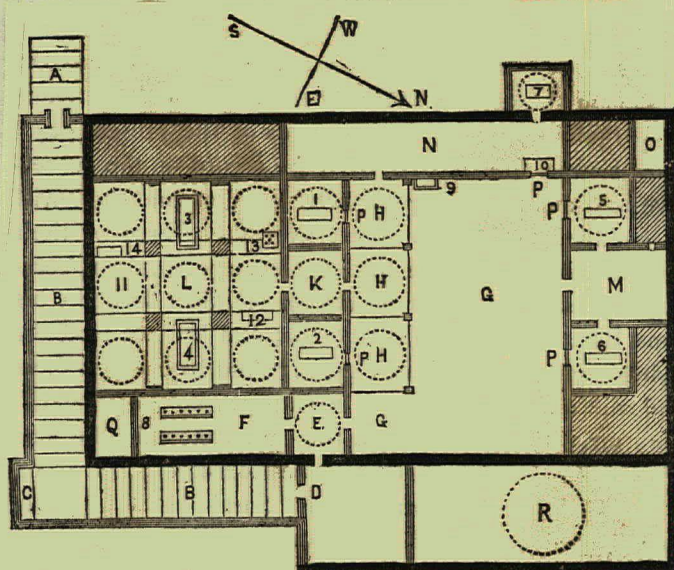


The passage marked "B"



One of the walls.

soft carpets and matting to Abraham's cenotaph, directly over his grave. The three mens' are covered with green and gold cloths, and the womens' with crimson; this, combined with all the tapestry round about, give them a musty, but very quiet and dignified appearance. No one has entered the cave below since the time of the Crusaders, who sealed the vault with iron clamps which are still in position; there is a tiny peephole, through which holy air may come up and a lamp be let down on a chain to see the grave. There has never been any doubt about the identity of this spot, and these caves are now as everlasting as the hills to which they belong. We passed through an open courtyard, various passages and cloisters, and saw the other huge and empty cenotaphs; all over there



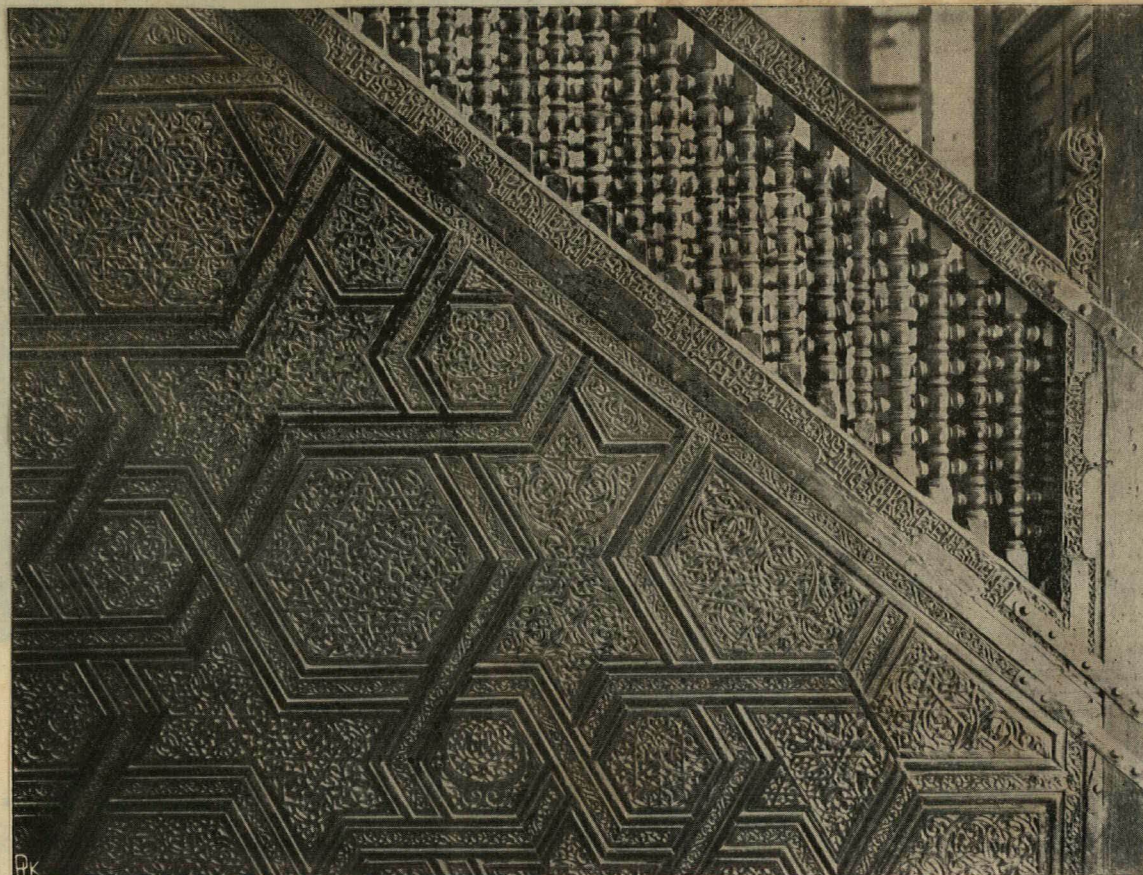
SKETCH PLAN OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT HEBRON.

Deep black lines mark the ancient Jewish Wall. Shaded parts unknown.

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| 1. Shrine of Abraham. | C. Fountain. |
| 2. " Sarah. | D. Here shoes are left. |
| 3. " Isaac. | E. Passage chamber. |
| 4. " Rebekah. | F. Mosque, containing two Shrines. |
| 5. " Jacob. | G. Outer court. |
| 6. " Leah. | H. Cloister of arches, with domed roof. The Outer Narthex. |
| 7. " Joseph. | K. Inner Narthex. |
| 8. " two Moslem saints. | L. Nave of Byzantine church. |
| 9. Fountain. | M. Room, leading to two Chambers containing Shrines of Jacob and Leah. |
| 10. Raised platform. | N. Do. to that containing Shrine of Joseph. |
| 11. Mihrab. | O. Minaret. |
| 12. Platform for the muezzin. | P. Windows. |
| 13. Aperture leading to Cave. | Q. Minaret. |
| 14. Minbar (or pulpit). | R. The Jāwaliyyeh Mosque. |
| A. Steps leading to outer door. | |
| B. Long narrow passage of easy steps, bounded on the left by ancient Jewish wall. | |



was an air of reverence such as a large church inspires. But the Moslems were not so calm at this infidel intrusion; they were gathering in groups for prayer, and a number were already on their knees, swaying back and forth. One, after eyeing us with suspicion, came up and asked roughly whether I was a Mohammedan - it's comforting to know that I don't look like one - and the guide made an evasive reply while we slipped through a curtain into another part of the mosque. There he showed me the part set aside for women, and then we came to a most beautifully ornamented pulpit, a masterpiece of carving. (See over.) It stands beside the Cenotaph over Isaac, right out in the open, rendered the more conspicuous by the graceful marble prayer-niche surmounted by bright multi-coloured mosaics.



The elaborate minbar (pulpit) and the cenotaph of Isaac. The Kufic inscriptions of the minbar tell us that it was made in the year 434 A.H. for the Ascalon shrine wherein the head of Al-Hussein, son of Caliph Ali, was supposed to have been laid.

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We passed on to the tombs of Jacob and Leah, and finally through a door in the middle of a gallery to Joseph's; I suggested that I had already seen the last resting-place of that Minister of Food in another place, but the guide assured me that this was the true one. He seemed in no hurry, but the mosque during the hour of prayer didn't seem the healthiest of places to me, so we soon passed down the long archway, and I collected my shoes and went. The crowd of children were waiting outside, and accompanied me down the steps with howls of an uncomplimentary nature; when I turned to take the photo of the entrance, they danced round in front of the camera until eventually I threatened to push the nearest one away - not perhaps the wisest thing to do in a place where they love strangers as they do in Hebron, but it worked, as the photo shows.

I walked back to the market place, where the taxi-driver was waiting, even insisting, to take me to the Lambies. In the gathering dusk we climbed out of the hollow in which the city lies, and sped through the barren hills to the Hospital. About two miles to the west of the city, off the main road, is the Oak of Mamre, traditionally associated with Abraham. It is in the garden of the Russian hospice, a majestic tree thirty-two feet in circumference, its crown dividing into four colossal branches spread out like wings. It is a holm-oak not less than three hundred years old, and is supposed to mark the spot where the Patriarch pitched his tent. Here "in the plains" (or rather "the oaks") of Mamre, Abraham entertained the three mysterious visitors "under the tree" in front of the tent, from here he accompanied the strangers to a hill from which he could look upon Sodom and Gomorrah, where he interceded in vain for them and later saw their smoke. Josephus speaks of "a very large turpentine-tree which has continued ever since the creation of the world", but he doesn't connect it expressly with Abraham.

There were just as many for supper as last night, but because of the early start the next morning everyone disappeared fairly early. Mrs. Lambie suggested that I might like a bath, and I just had time to do so and get downstairs before the lights literally went out.

EASTER SUNDAY, 5th APRIL.

The Irishman's movements woke me at 0445, and we started to pack up in the dark. The lights came on at 0500, and we had time for a quick wash and shave and even quicker breakfast before the procession moved off at 0530. I was with Dr. Lambie's new assistant, a young American doctor called Dillard, in his big American car. We were surprised to see the women from the refugee camps out at the crack of dawn, but I was even more surprised to learn that they were not going out for firewood but coming back with the first load for the day; they were in small groups, all with enormous bundles of bracken firewood on their heads. The land was very barren looking at that hour - almost harsh and defiant.

We reached the Garden Tomb in Jerusalem at 0615, and went in just as the five o'clock service was ending. It was grey and threatening to rain, and there was nothing exhilarating about the weather - yet. Quite a number of people came out of curiosity, as they would to any other Easter service on in Jerusalem, and I was glad that the elderly Hawaiian nurse was there.

A lot of people, particularly the Americans, had cameras, and seemed to have no hesitation in using them even during the prayers. It was not so bad to have stills, but there were at least a dozen motor-driven movies, and one television one driven from batteries. It was most distracting to have them going on during the service, especially as the whole thing was being televised, but the limit was reached when someone in the front started using flash-bulbs. I took one of the people coming in, thinking that I would be unable to use the camera later, but since twenty or thirty others were doing so I took one during the closing hymn.



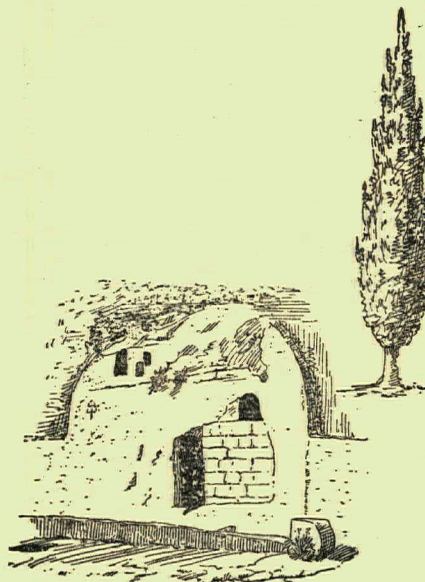
THE GARDEN TOMB (JERUSALEM) ASSOCIATION LONDON

THE GARDEN TOMB AND GARDEN OF
THE RESURRECTION JERUSALEM.
(NEAR THE DAMASCUS GATE)

ORDER OF SERVICE AND HYMNS FOR THE EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE ON EASTER DAY

THE
5TH APRIL, 1953, AT 6.45 A.M.

SPECIAL MUSIC BY THE JONER EVANGELISTIC PARTY.



"HE IS NOT HERE: FOR HE IS RISEN. COME SEE
THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD WAS LAID" MATT. 28:6

The service was very nice and simple, but it was difficult to concentrate with batteries of cameras whirring and clicking, even during the benediction; I was unfortunate in taking a seat near what turned out to be the television crew, because they were more restless than anybody else. The singing wasn't very great, but I for one couldn't blame them because I didn't know the first hymn myself. The Reverend Sylvester Smith of Kankakee, Illinois, U.S.A., a member of the

Church of the Nazarenes, preached a good sermon on the evidence for the Resurrection, after which we sang "Jesus Christ is risen to-day" and closed with the Benediction. Mr. May explained that they had to give every denomination a turn at speaking, and that was why we had this man. Mr. May himself took the Chair, and also expressed his regret that this would be his last service as warden. Afterwards the Lambies introduced me to Mr. Dawson, the vice-consul and a Crusader leader; how much that introduction was subsequently worth I don't suppose I shall ever know. I said good-bye to the Lambies outside on the road, and went up to the Consulate; it wasn't officially open, but I was allowed to leave my bag, and I went next door to the YMCA for breakfast. The public wirelesses were playing beautiful Easter music, there was as much as I could eat on the table, and I was charged a very small sum for it all; my estimation of the YMCA rose considerably. Not knowing the organisation as well as I do now, I was surprised to see large numbers of girls having breakfast, but subsequent experience has shown that this is quite normal. During the meal the sun came out, and the sky turned back to brilliant blue in no time. I spent a pleasant half hour going round the markets asking if they sold camel-inkwells. I had found that their true value was 8/-, so I priced them in a dozen shops; they all started about ten or twelve shillings, but came down to eight after a bit of bargaining. If, however, I held out for seven, they shrugged their shoulders and were not interested; at last I bought a nice one for eight.

I wandered back up to the Consulate at 0945, but when Mr. Dawson returned from the Jewish authorities at 1015 he said that the pass was not quite ready. Other people were ringing up with the same trouble, but he just said that he could do nothing for them and hung up. Since, he said, I was a Crusader, he would make an unofficial and special call on the Jews on his way back from Church and see what he could do - which was very good of him, for normally I would have had to wait until the Jew's good pleasure, which might have been a day or two; they were very overworked by the Easter rush. I read magazines in the Consulate for a bit, and then went back to St. Anne's Church to see if there was any more of the Biblical museum open; there was not, so I strolled through the streets, bought some bread and oranges in the markets, and had them for lunch back at the Consulate. Mr. Dawson must have had a short service, because it started at 1100, and at 1210 he rolled up in his car with the pass. With a feeling of unreality, for it was almost too good to be true, I walked up to the Arab frontier post at Mandlebaum Gate, just round the corner. They made no fuss at all, but I had to promise not to spend the few Jordan shillings which I had left in Israel territory, for, the customs official said, "they are our enemies, and we must not give them our money." If I had had any quantity, they would have confiscated it, with no opportunity of changing it back into sterling. After a few minutes I was free to walk the 60 yards or so across the shattered no-mans land which is all barbed wire and the ruins of houses not pulled down, to the Israel frontier post.

THE STATE OF ISRAEL welcomed me pleasantly, because if they are going to survive they must attract tourists for the money they bring. It took a bit of time to get through all their forms, but there was no real difficulty. While waiting, I enquired about getting up to Galilee, either by bus, car, or whatever they recommended. They were not very optimistic; to-day was the second last day of the Feast of the Passover, and there was no public transport on the road - it was like the real Jewish sabbath, when everything stopped. They said that public transport was hopeless, and hiring a car even worse. But someone was placed in that frontier-post just to meet my need; the manager of the Globe Express Travel Agency was waiting for his taxi to take him back to town, and he offered to take me with him and to see what he could do. We drove through the modern, wide streets of New Jerusalem, and came to his office, which was right beside the King David Hotel.

He said that I had come at a fortunate time, for, in order to combat the black market, the Government had to-day doubled the rate of exchange on the American dollar, so that instead of getting one Israeli pound for one dollar I now got two pounds. With this windfall in view, I counted up my money and told him to do what he could to get me to Galilee and back in thirty-six hours. For a long time he phoned all round the city, but because of the Feast there was nothing going anywhere. During this I went over to the air-line office to confirm my booking for the next night, and there I met four French-Canadian monks who offered to share their car to Galilee with me. It was a most tempting offer, because they had a pass for the military zone which included the Church of the Dormition in Jerusalem, and were going to visit it that evening; they invited me to come with them, to spend the night in their monastery, and then to go on with them the next day. I asked the Globe manager what he thought of the chances of getting back in time for the plane if we didn't leave till the morning, and he thought them very small, so I regretfully declined the monks' offer. Five podgy Americans who were doing the same route and catching the same plane as I was, somewhat reluctantly said that they could perhaps share a taxi with me, and I wasn't sorry when they too said that they weren't leaving till the morning - the Manager said he didn't fancy their chances of catching the plane, and I never saw them again. About 1445 he triumphantly said that he had found a car with an English-speaking driver who would do the round trip for 65 Israeli pounds, and he advised me to take it. It was a lot, but in the circumstances seemed worth it; as it turned out, it was a bargain. I went over to the King David Hotel - the finest in Palestine - partly to change a little cash and partly to have a look at the inside. It was good, about as good as the North British, or the Hydro at Pitlochry. They could still only give me the old rate of exchange, so I changed only six dollars, and then had a look around the place. Opposite it is the amazing Y.M.C.A., famed throughout the world. But I had little time for sight-seeing, for in half an hour the driver arrived in his four-seater Ford, and was ready to go; he was an excellent guide, and made intelligent, up-to-date comments on all that we passed. Like the Globe manager, he spoke Israeli and German, among other languages; the manager's secretary spoke only German, and he had to translate for her. It was astonishing to find that German is almost a second language in this new country, but it is hardly surprising when you consider where so many of them came from. At 1530 we filled up with petrol and started.

The Jerusalem-Galilee road has had to be re-routed because of the new boundaries, and now passes through or by six distinct districts, five of which I had not experienced before and so which deserve a word of introduction here.

The Coast is an almost straight line from north to south, with a slight inclination westward. There is no large island off it, and upon it no deep estuary or fully sheltered gulf. South of Carmel it is particularly strictly drawn, because the mountains no longer come so near to it as to cut up the water with their roots; from here sandhills and cliffs, from thirty to an hundred feet high, run straight on to the flat Egyptian delta without either promontory or recess, which is either a place for the roosting of sea-birds or a shelf for the casting of wreckage, and the failure to establish sea ports permanently for deep-sea vessels is proof of its inhospitability. Thus, while the cruelty of many another wild coast is known by the wrecks of ships, the Syrian shore south of Carmel is strewn with the fiercer wreckage of harbours. The currents are parallel to the coast, and come north laden with sand and Nile-mud that helps to choke the few faint estuaries and creeks; it is almost always a lee shore, the prevailing winds being from the south-west. Of the natural inhospitality there have been two consequences. In the first

place, no invader has ever disembarked an army south of Carmel until the country behind the coast was already in his power; in the second, this part has never produced a maritime people, and to the Jews the sea was a barrier and not a highway.

The Maritime Plain which borders the sea is only 200 yards broad at Carmel, but widens to six miles at Carmel's other end, twelve at Joppa, and thirty in the far south. The part which stretches for the forty miles south of the Crocodile River (itself twenty miles from Carmel) is the Plain of Sharon, crossed by perennial rivers, where over corn and moorland a million flowers are scattered - poppies, pimpernels, anemones, narcissus, and iris - "roses of Sharon and lillies of the valley". The shimmering air is filled with bees and butterflies and the twittering of small birds, and when darkness comes the soft night is sprinkled thick with glittering fireflies. To the south of the low hills that bound Sharon, the Plain of Philistia rolls on to the river of Egypt, about 40 miles, rising now and again into gentle ranges 250 feet high, and cut here and there by a deep gully with running water. Wells may be dug almost anywhere. The whole Maritime plain possesses a quiet but rich beauty; if the contours are gentle, the colours are strong and varied. Along almost the whole seaboard runs a strip of links and downs of pure sand. Such a plain, rising through the heat by dim slopes to the long persistent range of blue hills beyond, presents to-day a prospect of nothing but fruitfulness and peace; yet it has ever been one of the most famous war-paths of the world. It is open at both ends and has often been used for armies; from their hills the Jews could watch all the spectacle of war between them and the sea - burning villages, the swift busy lines of chariots and cavalry - years before Jerusalem herself was threatened. It was not really the whole of Palestine which deserves the name of the Bridge between Asia and Africa; it is this level and open coastland along which the embassies and armies of the two continents passed to and fro, not troubling themselves, unless they were provoked, with the barren and awkward highlands to the east. So it was that on this road, near Dothan, that Joseph's brethren met "a company of Ishmaelites come from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt".

The Shephelah, the land to which you come to over the Philistine Plain as you come up from the coast, has always been debateable ground - between Israel and the Philistines, between the Maccabees and the Syrians, and between Saladin and the Crusaders. The name means lowland; it is where the sloping moorland of Philistia breaks up into scalps and ridges of rock, and over these a loose gathering of chalk and limestone hills, round, bare, and featureless, but with an occasional bastion flung well out in front of them. They are like our 'downs', low hills as distinguished from high, and have been compared to the Scottish 'Lowlands'. It is the district where the low hills buttress the Central Range, but only as far north as the Vale of Ajalon. Half way between Jaffa and Jerusalem one is behind the spurs of the Shephelah, and the view of the coast is shut off, while in front are the high hills of the Central Range. The land in front is 2000 feet, and that behind 800. The cornfields straggle for want of space which is level, yet inhabited villages are frequent. The prevailing scenery is of short, steep hillsides and narrow glens, with a very few great trees, and thickly covered with brushwood and oak-scrub - crags and scalps of limestone breaking through, and a rough grey torrent bed at the bottom of each glen. Caves abound, and it is a rough, happy, land - just the home for strong border-men like Sampson, and just the theatre for his guerilla warfare. Here Joshua drove the Canaanites for so long that he required the day lengthened, and the head of the Vale of Sorek has usually been regarded as the scene of the battle in which the Philistines took the ark, and to here David brought greetings to his fighting brothers and slew Goliath.

Judaea, in which Jerusalem stands, and from which this present trip was to start, come to the east of the Shephelah. It is a high and broken table-land from two to three thousand feet above the sea, about thirty-five miles long and twelve to seventeen broad. Being isolated, she was slow and stubborn, and everything, like the annual crops, ripened a little later than elsewhere. What she lacked in initiative, she made up for in selfishness, provincialism, and bigotry. The greater part of Judaea consists of stony moorland, upon which rough scrub and thorns, reinforced by a few dwarf oaks, contend with multitudes of boulders, and the limestone, as if impatient of the thin pretence of soil, breaks out in bare scalps and prominences. There are some patches of cultivation, but though the grain springs bravely from them, they seem more beds of shingle than soil. The only other signs of life, beside the wild bee and a few birds, are flocks of sheep and goats, or a few cattle, cropping far apart in melancholy proof of the scantiness of the herbage. Where the plateau rolls, the shadeless slopes are for the most part divided between brown scrub and grey rock; the hollows are stony fields traversed by dry torrents-beds of dirty boulders and gashed clay. The ridge is often crowned by a village, of which the grey stone walls and mud roofs look from a distance like the mere outcrop of rock; yet round them, or below in the glen, there will be olive trees, figs, and perhaps a few terraces of vines. Some of these breaks in the table-land are very rich in vegetation, as at Bethany, the Valley of Hinnom, the Gardens of Solomon, and other spots round Bethlehem and Hebron. But the prevailing impression of Judaea is of stone - the torrent-beds, the paths that are no better, the heaps and heaps of stones gathered from the fields, the fields as stony still, the moors strewn with boulders, the obtrusive scalps and ribs of hills. In the more desolate parts, which had otherwise been covered with scrub, this impression is increased by the ruins of ancient cultivation - cairns, terrace walls, and vineyard towers. But the chief deficiency is there is no water - no streams, only an occasional pool; in the centre there is nothing to look to past the featureless roll of the moorland, and the low blunt hills with the flat-roofed villages. But there is the annual miracle, when, after the winter rains, even these wastes take on a glorious green; it is from this desert that the prophets borrow their imagery - "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Galilee is part of the same range of hills, but is in strong contrast to Judaea. Its characteristics are: (1) an abundance of water, which Lebanon lavishes on her by rain, mists, wells, and full-born streams. (2) a great fertility - profusion of flowers, corn, oil, and wood. (3) volcanic elements - extinct craters, dykes of basalt, hot springs, and liability to earthquakes. (4) great roads - highways to the world cross Galilee in all directions. (5) in result of the fertility and of the roads, busy industries and commerce, with a crowded population. (6) the absence of a neighbouring desert, such as infects Judaea with austerity, but in its place a number of heathen provinces, pouring upon Galilee the full influence of their Greek life, and (7) the closeness to the great mountains - "Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy Name - the dew of Hermon that cometh down on the mountains of Zion". The name "Galilee" means no more than "the Ring", and all was concentrated upon the Lake and its coasts - the focus of the province. The region is bounded by obvious frontiers, the Plain of Esdraelon, the Jordan, and so on. Most of it is covered with tilled crops or shrubs, and throughout the province olives were so abundant that a proverb ran "It is easier to raise a legion of olives in Galilee than to bring up a child in Palestine." Just as the massive limestone of the range is broken here and there by volcanic intrusions - which provide much of the good soil - so the nature

of the people was volcanic; they had an ill name for quarreling, and from among them came the chief zealots and the wildest fanatics of the Roman wars. But this inner fire is an essential of manhood, and burns the meanness out of men. From the first to the last the Galileans were a chivalrous and gallant race. According to the Talmud, they "were more anxious for honour than for money; the contrary was true of Judaea". For this reason, perhaps, the Lord chose his friends from these people - and it was not a Galilean who betrayed Him. The abundance of water made all the difference; in fact, the difference between Galilee and Judaea in this respect is just the difference between their names - the one liquid and musical like her running waters, the other dry and dead like the fall of a horse's hoof on the blistered and muffled rock. She was not out of the way of the great scenes of famous days; Carmel, Kishon, Megiddo, Jezreel, Gilboa, Shunem, Tabor, Gilead, Bashan, Merom, Hazor, and Kadesh, were all within touch or sight.

The Plain of Esdraelon is in shape a triangle; the southern side, or base, is twenty miles from the foot of Carmel to the lower Samarian hills, and the other two fifteen each. It is a free wild prairie, a great expanse of loam, red and black, which in a more peaceful land would be a sea of waving corn. There is no water visible, but it is there, hidden among the reeds, and here and there a clump of trees shows where a deep well is worked through the summer. To look across the scene is to appreciate the suitability of the test which Gideon imposed upon his men. The stream, which makes it possible for the occupiers of the hill to hold also the well against an enemy on the plain, forbids them to be careless in their use of the water; for when they drink in face of that enemy, the reeds and shrubs which mark its course afford ample cover for hostile ambushes. Those who bowed down on their knees, drinking headlong, did not appreciate their position or the foe's; it was a test in common-sense and vigilance. Esdraelon is a vast theatre, with its clearly-defined stage, with its proper exits and entrances. It is a vast inland basin, which breaks as visibly as river from lake, with a slope and almost the look of a current upon it. Hills rise on every side, and from them you appreciate the image of a large-limbed ass stretching himself (Gen. 49); it is a land relaxed and sprawling up among the hills to the north, south, and east, as you will see a loosened ass roll and stretch his limbs in the sunshine of a Syrian village yard. To a highlander looking down upon it, Esdraelon is room to stretch in and lie happy.



Ain Karem,
traditionally
associated
with John
the Baptist.

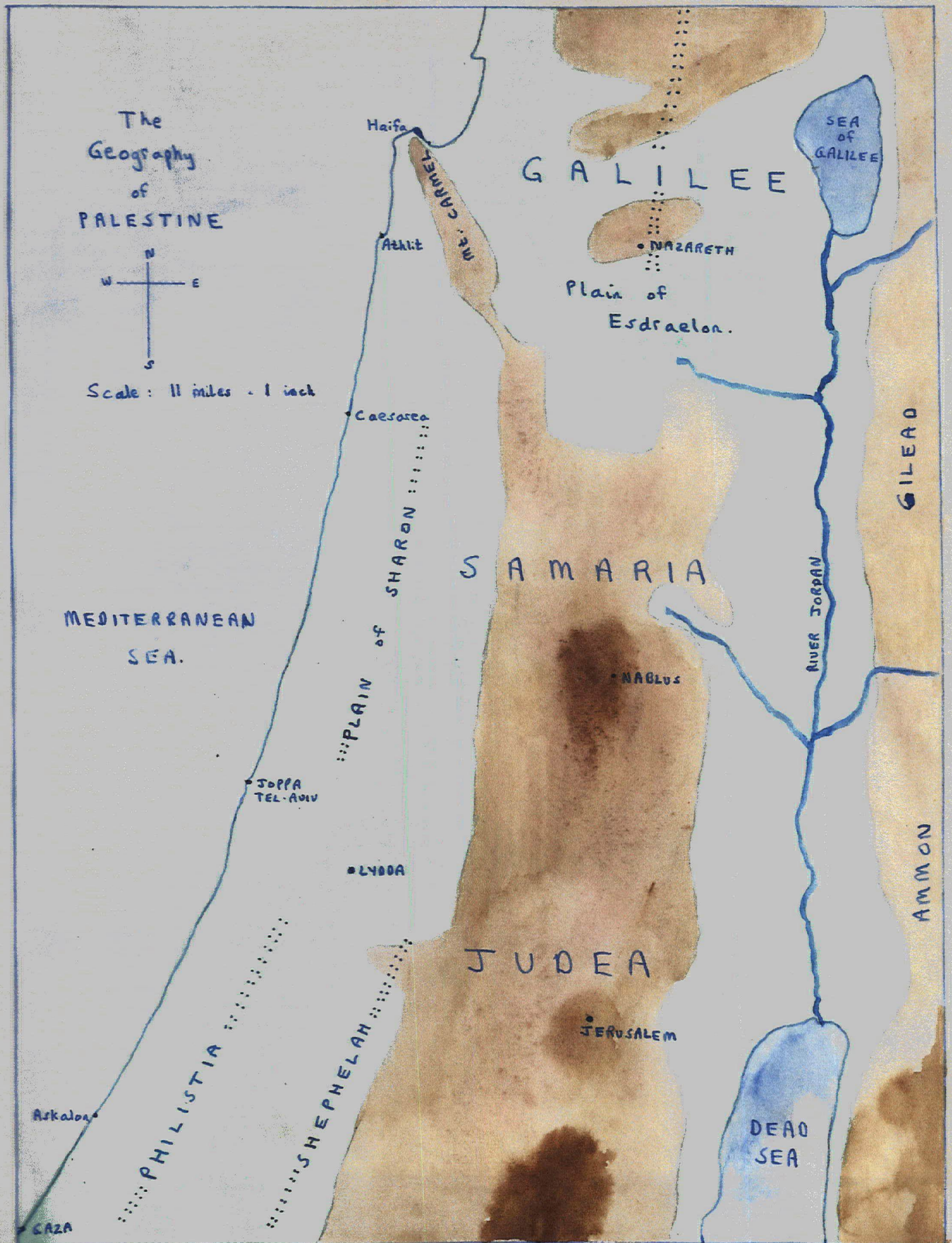
Mediterranean



The
Geography
of
PALESTINE



Scale: 11 miles = 1 inch



THE STATE OF ISRAEL

To understand the political boundary on the map opposite is like trying to do the long jump - you have to take a long run before you can jump. To understand why the dotted line runs just where it does means going back almost four thousand years - to the time of Abraham. God called Abraham to leave his home in Chaldea and to go to Canaan, where he received the promise that "unto thy seed will I give this land". This was the first of repeated promises that the Jews should possess Palestine, the others being to David, the minor prophets, and others. Abraham's descendents, grown in number to seventy, voluntarily left Canaan to go to Egypt where one of them was Minister of Food and could see them safely through the famine, but they remained there long after the shortage was over. The Egyptians, afraid of the consequences of an alien people in their midst in the event of war, tried to break their spirit by enslaving them, but Moses led them out into the desert and under Joshua they fought their way back into Palestine with the sword. The twelve tribes spread out, and were more or less united until the death of Solomon; but then the northern ten tribes chose a different successor to that wished by the southern two, and the Jews were divided into Israel and Judah respectively. After two centuries Israel was conquered by Assyria, and disappeared; where they are to-day some people would give a lot to know.

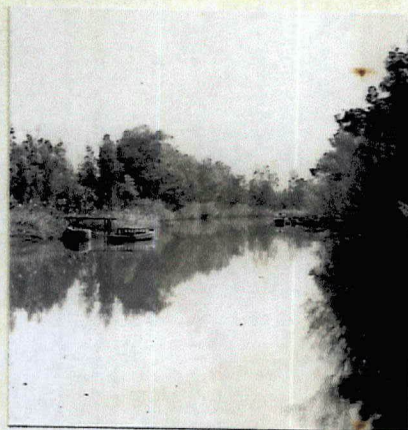
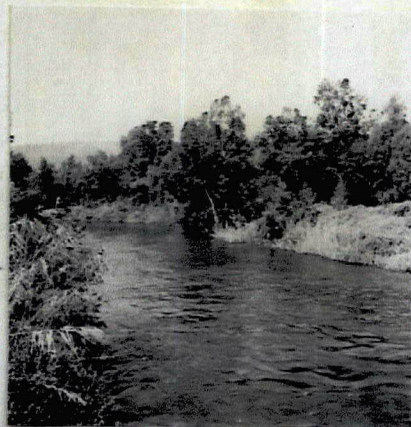
Judah, on the other hand, survived the turmoil. She suffered by being between two powerful nations - Egypt and Babylon - and it was the latter, with an eye on the wealth of the Temple, which carried her off in slavery. Some settled in their new home, but others were never happy and we have the psalm "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion; how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Soon they were to sing again, for the king of the Medes and Persians conquered Babylon, and allowed the homesick exiles to return. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." A faithful few set off, and they were independent in their own land until a few years before Christ was born. But then the Romans marched in, about the same time as they were marching into Britain; their policy was much the same in both countries - to let things alone as much as possible, and to interfere as little as possible in local affairs as long as the people paid their taxes and generally behaved themselves. Unfortunately the Jews didn't behave themselves; they had a strong sense of nationalism, but it went beyond blowing up pillar boxes, and sometimes flamed into open revolt. One Roman governor, wanting an opportunity to plunder, insulted and goaded the Jews until in rage and despair they rebelled - and whacked the Romans as they hadn't been whacked for over a hundred years. Naturally they didn't like it; there was consternation at Rome, and the best general was sent with the cream of the army to teach the Jews a lesson. The people of Judah, realising that they had committed themselves once and for all this time, fought them every inch of the way, and for four years that little people in an obscure corner of the empire withstood the whole might of the Roman army. Fearlessly and unflinchingly they contested their land, but the end could only be delayed; soon the country was a heap of smoking ruins, its people crucified or scattered throughout the world. No Jew was allowed to set foot in Jerusalem, and their cup of bitterness was full.

There were, of course, some Jews left, but it was not their land. But all over the world Jews were yearning to re-establish it as their

own. Prayers for the rebuilding of Jerusalem were said at the three regular daily services, and incorporated in the elaborate grace after meals; no sermon was concluded but with the words "and may the Redeemer come to Zion", to which the congregation responded with a hearty "amen"; no marriage was solemnised but with the wish "and soon may there be heard in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem the voice of joy and gladness"; there was no funeral but the mourners were reminded of "all those that mourn for Zion and Jerusalem"; at the Passover and the Feast of the Atonement pious Jews would say to each other "Next year in Jerusalem". The idea of the Return was as fundamental to their thought as the doctrine of the Second Coming is to our theology. But nothing practical was done about it until the middle of the nineteenth century; it wasn't that they didn't want to, but they hadn't the power. The Romans held it until the Arabs drove them out, the Crusaders had various tilts at the land, the Mamlukes finally drove out the Arabs, to be driven out in their turn by the Turks, and for four hundred years Palestine was subjected to such incompetent misrule as only a Turkish government could mismanage.

Then, during the first world war, the British under Lord Allenby drove out the Turks, and administered the land under a mandate from the League of Nations. They were soon faced with a difficulty; the Jews were filtering back - and we recognised their historical right to do so - but on the other hand there was a growing feeling of Arab nationalism, which increased as the immigration figures rose with the European persecutions in the 30's. Demonstrations turned to dynamite, but the Jews exercised remarkable self control until 1938, when they retaliated with the Stern Gang. The mandate had become unworkable, and Britain proposed partition, but this was not acceptable. The Second War was a temporary respite, but soon terrorism increased and the position became intolerable. Both said "This land is mine" - and both were right. In February 1947 we handed the problem over to the United Nations, who recommended that the mandate should be terminated and the land should be partitioned. At the prospect of having even part of the land to themselves, the Jews danced in the streets literally all night, but the Arabs were furious. The bitter fighting turned into open war as the British withdrew; we tried after a fashion to maintain law and order to the end, but it was impossible and we laid down tools on the 14th of May, 1948, amid chaos. The Jews immediately took the land allotted to them by the United Nations, and formed themselves into the State of Israel. The two countries went at it hammer and tongs until the 11th of June, when a month's truce was arranged. But soon after the United Nations' mediator was murdered the young State and the whole Arab league were fighting again - Israel for its life. Suddenly, for no reason which is appearant to the human mind, the Arab resistance collapsed; the Jews, of course, regard it as a miraculous intervention of God, such as took place under Joshua. An armistice was signed, and the present boundaries drawn up. Along the whole line there is an uneasy peace, and it may not last for long, but that is how the present boundary was arranged.

THE RIVER JORDAN,
as it leaves the Lake of Galilee.

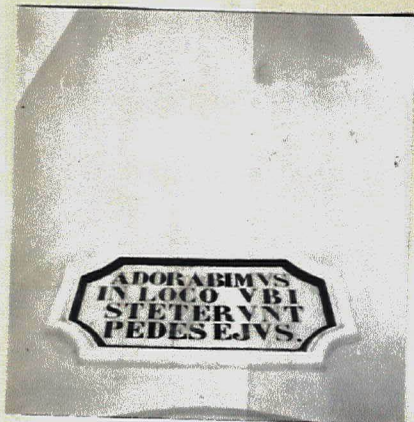


Jordan again.

The City of Tiberias,
on the shore of
Galilee, from the South



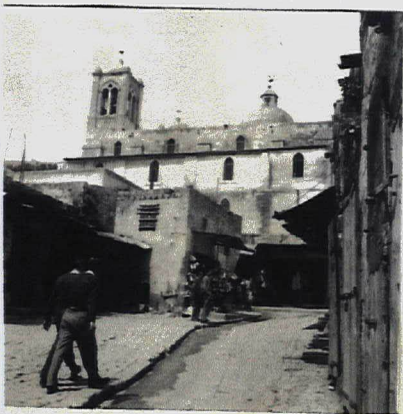
Tiberias,
Sea of Galilee
View South



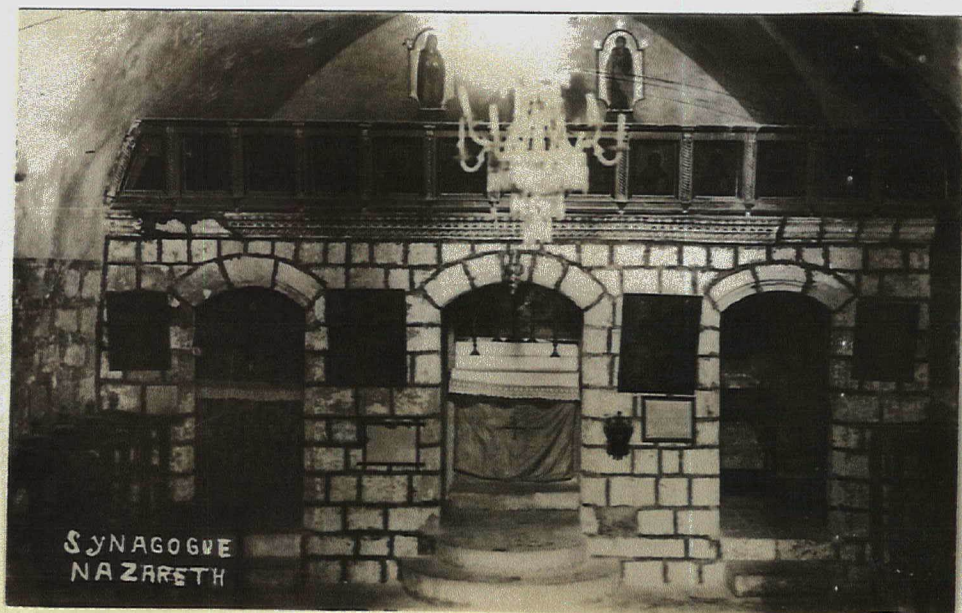
Cana - the inscription over the Church in which Jesus changed water to wine.



NAZARETH — Mount Tabor from it.
General View.



The Street leading to the Synagogue → in which they say that Jesus taught.





Nazareth.



The Southern
End of the
Sea of Galilee.

a pilgrimage to Nazareth - road twists
and winds for heights. very wild view to
NW, then suddenly ¹⁰⁵⁰ over rise into Nazareth
nestling in little valley among 6 hills or
more, about a mile across. White and
modern. Like Amman. Duller, if the hills
were not white limestone, and were continuous.
Climb up hills all round. Road ^{passes}
visiting well. Lot of Arabs. ^{- it is an Arab town} The hills tumble
down, especially high on the NW, but definitely
hills all round. The houses are blocks of white
limestone, and the cement looks better.

Behind the lower circle of hills,
and half way up the higher behind, is NAIN ^{to the East,}



o = the place from which it is said by

some they tried to throw Jesus, altho it is further than it looks, and others have a slightly lower one in the town, which would have been quite sufficient to killed him.

See and photo Church of Annunciation and Mary's well, blinding in the noon-day sun. Then back to the Market, and the driver arranges a guide to the Synagogue, which is believed to be authentic, in which Jesus taught, ~~was~~ but very impressive, and I didn't trust the guide, who kept wanting to show me another house of the Holy Family, although I had already seen one. Eventually he took me, and showed me the remains of the house, and also the place where Mary went to pray after the angel Gabriel had visited her. There

were two Churches below the present one.

Up in the car for lunch with the Doctor at the Emms, while the driver waits in the car, not apparently wanting any. Have corned beef and vegetables and - potatoes - his wife got a kilo and a half this morning. Then showed me over the hospital, and met the staff

Away at 1320; bright and hot sun
Up out of the bowl, ^{see over and then go} and, down into another,
with the plain of Jezreel beyond that. East bowl fertile in parts, but much rock. We ran down the ridge of a spur into the plain, with it on either side, an absolute sea of green, with still brown strips. The western Galilean hills hang on on the left right, and are therefore across a valley

from us. Ruins that might be Roman for
all that remains were an Arab village which
held out in the fighting and was razed to the
ground. Then down into the plain and along
the south of the green-with-rock-showing ~~hills~~
hills, the plain about 8 miles across to
the black range. All this is collective farming.
A great belt of Eucalyptus trees on the left of
the road used to be a malarial swamp,
drained by the gout. The hills to the right
have shrunk to hillocks, and are scattered
with fruit trees amid the wheat. They become
intermittent as we go onto the main road to
Blaija, and allow glimpses of the plain to the
right as well. All the fields are red and
green after the rain. Later they will dry

At 1335 Mount Gilboa. the ^{left} end of the
last block of Carmel, with a monastery on
top. Up into an extremely densely wooded
mountain, of which there are many scattered
about the not-too-flat plain. When ~~we are~~
we emerge we are very close to the
Carmel mountains, and see their wooded
slopes are green underneath. A few minutes ¹³⁴²
more brings us right to the Fort, and onto a
trunk road, which has cut between the hills
and their foothills, over which we have just
come. Fish are raised in an artificial pond.
The Carmels and their foothills leave a
trough for the road away back to Regidown.
We run along the fort, with plain away
to the ~~left~~ right. The hills are like the

back slopes of Craig Mohr, but higher, and perhaps a little steeper. - not much just here. Flat, fertile fields, little patches of wood, collective farms, and a number of factories, i.e. cement from Carmel, oil refinery, disappear away to left. Hundreds of cyclists and hitch-hikers, many girls. Nether 1355. Industrial town to house surrounding workers. At times the Carmel range drops to a very small rocky mound to the right, and the flat plain disappears over the horizon to the left.

Haifa City Boundary 1400 - great industry - car factory. Haifa in 3 layers - plain, $\frac{1}{2}$ way up mount Carmel, and on top. Very wealthy on top, now all being

joined. Carmel very low - soon $\frac{1}{2}$ way up,

see out to blue blue sea, ships, coast.

$\frac{1}{2}$ way Business, shops, & modern flats tall and ugly,

here industrial spread out below. All

modern up here. Then up to top. Wonderful

view of ultra-modern town and bay. Right up

to Acre. A whole town built on top - hotels,

shops, etc. Basser ^{even to-day because it is} ~~run~~ a labour town.

Photo of Elias monastery thru flats. There

are 3 tongues of the mountain - photo taken

from the west one, looking across to the "French"

one. All up the hill and in all the valleys

are extremely new and gleaming blocks of flats,

with plenty of trees between and the blue sky

above. Photo of place where Bad spent

Down the shrubbed and some rocky

limestone slopes to the sea, and along to
Tel-Aviv. Carmel slopes down a gently
but firmly to the sea, but once round the
end-piece it is typical rounded hill again,
dissected crossways a little, showing grey
through tufty green. The coastal plain is
 $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, dead flat, houses and camps,
green corn where they are not, then abruptly
up, wider to a mile. Carmel is positively
precipitous, but not really high. - c 200 ft.
Then little hard dunes left slopes as we
cut noticeably away to foot of hill, still
upright and dark grey limestone. Road to
Atlit at the point 1548. Coast about
a mile away over green fields, few
settled emigrants. Earth is chocolate

brown, many crops. Still that little ridge.

Carmel, continue at little ~~hilly~~ barely-

connected humps of gray-green 150 ft high,
about 40 yards away.

Same at Dor 1658. Then climb
a fraction into the foothills which appear,
and olives and bananas, potatoes. The
rocks stand out like square blocks of dyed
orange, the sand dunes have sand on top, as
we cross the railway and come nearer
the coast. Vast orange groves perfume
the air.

1570 - turn to Caesarea. Fields
very sandy - refugee camp, soon just
low sand dunes, then higher ~~over~~ over,
yet odd olive trees, over them and

back to fertile & irrigated. Bananas newly planted, and corn. The ruins are few and depressing, the only see being one of yellow flowers. This whole area 35 years ago was a malarial swamp, but the Jews have made crops and towns flourish. Photograph, despite notice.

Back on main road, 1530. There are numerous trees of many kinds, but just at road all to rt and left becomes vast sand dunes, just wild shrubbery, fine powdered light sand, miles of it. Now driving at steady 80. as have been since Nazereth. outskirts of Hadera 1535 rises brings fertile bit. Large tyre factory. Little more sand, then stays fertile

Back to yesterdays - rich and wooded -
Sharon. After the sandy bit, the trees
are less conspicuous, but are still in lines
in great profusion. Pass the Guard of
Sharon, all leading up to the Base at 1545.
Turn to west at cross-roads at 1548, fertile
continues, little gardens, lot of corn and
young trees. Turn So again just outside
Matanya, all ~~go~~ green still, but this
recently reclaimed - 3 years. Bring water
by pipes or from wells. Show signs
of sand through. Mostly arable, some
lemons, lot of protective trees. Then sand
again at 1555, just a couple of minutes.
A beer factory built on it, somehow.
Then the sea again, high sand dunes.

have to cut through them. But all around
is green, even to the right. Awful lot
of trees, mostly protective. Corn a lot,
potatoes with overhead irrigation pipes.
There are a lot of little houses all with
their water sprinklers going. Mile upon mile
irrigated and good. Odd sand-dunes
show where it isn't. The plain to the left
is hidden by a continuous little mound.
Outskirts of Tel Aviv - 16.5. Goes right.
More modern ~~are~~ white flats. Luscious
palms beside a factory. Then into a modern

St. Mary's Well,
Nazareth. Mary
was said to have
washed the Child's
clothes here. It is
the only Holy Place
in Nazareth which
might be authentic,
and that only because
there are no other wells.



One part of
Mount Carmel, →

.....
... and another.



The remains of the
Port of Caesarea.



A Typical Jewish Community Farm in the Foothills,





The Sea-front at Tel-Aviv.

It wasn't till we got to Tel-Aviv, and found that all the banks were shut for the holiday, that either of us thought about the financial side of our wanderings. The banks were scheduled to open at sundown, that is six o'clock, but as the driver was due back in Jerusalem at 7 he couldn't wait till then. So we drove to the El-Al Airline office to find out whether the bank at the airport was open, and if it was giving the new rate of exchange; the answer to the first was yes, but to the second, no, not until to-morrow. That set us quite a problem; at the old rate of exchange, the money which I had would not completely meet the 65 Israeli pounds, and in any case I didn't want to part with all my cash at this stage. The driver said that he would take a little less than 65 - the part which represented his commission, - but that most of it would have to be handed direct to his boss, and so he couldn't reduce the price much further. I suggested giving him the money, in dollars, but that would have got both him and myself into trouble - he for having foreign money in his possession, and I for giving it to an unauthorised person. I had a list of missionaries connected with "Echoes of Service", so we decided to look one of them up to see whether he could give any advice or pull any strings. The result was that I had a fine sight-seeing trip of Tel-Aviv and district to try and find him, but I doubt whether the address to which we went was that of the missionary after all - at any rate the lady who answered the door was non-committal and not very helpful.

As time was wearing on, we decided to set off for the airport and see what happened there. At Lydda the officials were not very helpful either - neither customs, bank, nor police. The problem was to let me get rid of the money to an authorised source who would give me an official receipt to get me through the customs, to satisfy the driver's boss, and to get the new rate of exchange - all at once - and it didn't seem possible. The bank was going to give the new rate as from midnight, but the plane left at five past that hour, and so I would have to be in it before then. After about half an hour's consultation and scheming, the customs' cashier hatched a fine scheme; I was to pay the Air Line the 36 dollars, and they were a trusty enough concern to give a receipt acceptable to the Customs - (i.e. they would not let it get into the black market.) The Air Line were to give the driver an I.O.U., payable as from the morrow, which would satisfy his boss, and he would collect it the next time he was passing. Thirdly, I give the Air Line a mandate to change the money into pounds as soon as the new rate came into force. This was all typed out in the office - the booking staff all joined in for the fun of it - and everyone was satisfied; in fact, the staff of El Al enjoyed it all immensely. The mandate I typed myself, in the following terms:-

To the Bank Leumi Israel,
Lod Airport.

I, Ian Leslie Shaw Balfour, holder of British passport no. G.41017, arrived in Israel at 12.00 hours on Sunday 5th April, 1953, and was informed at the frontier at Mandelbaum Gate, Jerusalem, that there was a new rate of exchange in force for the American dollar. On the strength of this statement, I spent all the remainder of my travelling allowance on a taxicab, the fare being 65 Israeli pounds. I was informed at my departure on the following night that the new rate of exchange was not yet available, and accordingly I left my allowance with El Al Israel Airlines before my departure on Flight 321/06 for Athens: Therefore I hereby give authority to El Al Israel Airlines to complete on my behalf any documents relating to the exchange of 36 American dollars into Israeli currency, which I deposited with the Duty Officer of El Al Traffic Dept. on the evening of Monday 6th April, 1953.

Yours Truly,

Everyone being satisfied, the driver went off to Jerusalem, and I went for supper. Afterwards I met again a character to whom I had spoken while I was waiting for the negotiations to be completed. He was a South African airman who was travelling home from Karachi, where he had been training Pakistani pilots. He seemed glad of company, so I encouraged him to talk. Now I understand about thieves boasting of their achievements; once started, he showed me all that he was smuggling through the customs - a camera and accessories to start with, and then he invited me up to his room in the airport to see more - £400 of sapphires, 16 boxes of cigarettes, whiskey, foreign currency of practically every nation, clothes, daggers, and a number of other things which his box is not known to contain. He also showed me how to send £1000 in a thin envelope. He talked of his wanderings, and seemed to want somebody to talk to. He had joined the South African air force, and been right through the war - of which he had a wealth of stories - and didn't know what he was going to do after some wild beast hunting - to steady his nerves after flying! He was still only 24, although he looked older, and said he always had. We had coffee in the lounge, and then went back to his room until it was departure time.

The customs were very quick and formal - they never asked for the receipts for the money which I had spent, after all my trouble! The theoretical search and sealing of all goods - down to the last post-card, - not only didn't take place, but they didn't even ask whether I had anything to declare. Then we went out to the plane, a Commando by make, and picked seats for ourselves. It was not nearly full, and I had a double seat to myself; it was fully padded, and tipped back so as to make a fine bed. After a long warming-up, we were off at 0005; the lights of Tel-Aviv were a great crescent spread out below, but soon they faded under the starboard wing and I had left Palestine. We droned back to Europe at a steady 240 miles per hour, and I fell asleep in the lean-back seats.



TUESDAY, 7th APRIL

Back to Europe

The lights came on at 0400, and the dome of stars disappeared as we sank through the clouds; there were little clumps of lights beneath us, and a moment later they grew to such proportions as only a large city can harbour. We dropped down for a very bad landing at 0405, and immediately taxied over to the customs-reception buildings. Most of the passengers were going on to other places, and did not require to pass through the offices, and I'm not sure what was the basis of division of those of us who were disembarking - the Americans were herded off somewhere else, and the remainder, two Greeks and myself, went quickly through a special customs of our own. I have rarely seen anywhere so dead as that airport at four in the morning - officials yawned, had no collars on, told you where to go and didn't care whether you went or not, and the empty waiting room was the last word in desolation. Someone said that a taxi would come for us, but no one seemed to believe it, and after waiting in the lounge, with its snack bar and price list but not so much as the ghost of an attendant, I wandered back through several doors which would have been vigourously slammed in my face if there had been anybody there to do it, and dug out a clerk to change some money for me. I gave him my last traveller's cheque, and received in return two hundred thousand drachma in paper notes, which sounded a lot until you saw the price of a sandwich. Then I returned to the solitary confinement of the waiting-room, and presently the other two came in and just sat like statues until 0515, when the taxi arrived. In the first glimmerings of dawn we drove for several miles through the deserted streets, and although it was hardly possible to see I could feel that we were in Greece; it was strange, almost uncanny, but I just seemed to know instinctively that this was the atmosphere I had been expecting of Athens - there was just something about it. It was a most peculiar ride; I hadn't told him where to go, and no one had told me where we were going. I tried to speak to him, but we could find no common language, and the other two were little better. Finally he dropped me outside a nice looking hotel in what afterwards turned out to be the centre of the city, and moved off before I could make any attempt to pay him. One thinks slowly at five in the morning, and I was quite prepared to accept the fact that I had gratuitously reached a bed without bothering to inquire why. I went in, and also accepted the rather remarkable fact that there was a man sitting at the receptionist's desk without question. By sign language I booked a room for the next two days - I was enough awake to realise that that meant three sleeps for the price of two - and he took me up in the lift to the top story and to a very nice single room. It was not yet six o'clock, so I turned in all standing for a few hours.

I had turned my watch back an hour, thinking that we had passed a time zone, and so I congratulated myself on being up at 0900; it was not until I realised that the sun was very late in setting that I checked and found I had been an hour behind all day - which doesn't say much for the people who normally provide public clocks. So it was really 1000 when I set out for the American Express office to pick up the mail; there was a note from Charles saying what he had done and with some directions as to how to reach Corinth, but no mail from home yet. There was also a map, in English, which was very useful because Baedeker's is in Greek, but the Express Officials were so overworked that they would take no further interest in me. As I left the office I realised that I did not have the name or address of my hotel, and while I could always find my way back on foot I could not have described it to anybody else if anything had prevented my returning personally. So I repaired again to the Hotel Central, Rue de Stade 26, and took a luggage label with me on my tours.

Although this city is the birthplace of Western Civilization, it has no very great Biblical importance, and so instead of chasing after Pauline relics I became a normal pagan tourist and followed Baedeker's Number One Tour. I always feel that Athens was one of the biggest disappointments in St. Paul's life; when he came to it, the city had fallen from its ancient splendour, and its moral and intellectual decline appeared complete. Not of course that he, being a Jew,



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PLAN OF CENTRAL ATHENS

ANCIENT MONUMENTS: 1) Stadium, 2) Temple of Zeus, 3) Hadrian's Arch, 4) Monument of Lysicrates, 5) Theatre of Dionysus, 6) Odeon of Herodes Atticus, 7) Acropolis - Propylaea, 8) Erechtheum, 9) Parthenon, 10) Acropolis - Museum, 17) Areopagus, 12) Pnyx, 13) Monument of Philopappus, 14) Theseum, 15) Agora of Athens, 16) Tower of the Winds, 17) Roman Agora, 18) Library of Hadrian, 19) Ceramicius, 20) St Eleutherios Church, 21) Capnicarea Church, 22) St Thodora Church. — **MUSEUMS:** 23) Archaeological Museum, 24) Benaki Museum, 25) Byzantine Museum. — **MODERN ATHENS:** 26) Royal Palace, 27) Old Palace (Parliament), 28) Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, 29) Academy of Athens, 30) University of Athens, 31) National Library, 32) Polytechnic School, 33) Royal Theatre, 34) Cathedral (Metropolis), 35) Zappion (Exhibitions), 36) National Tourist Organization

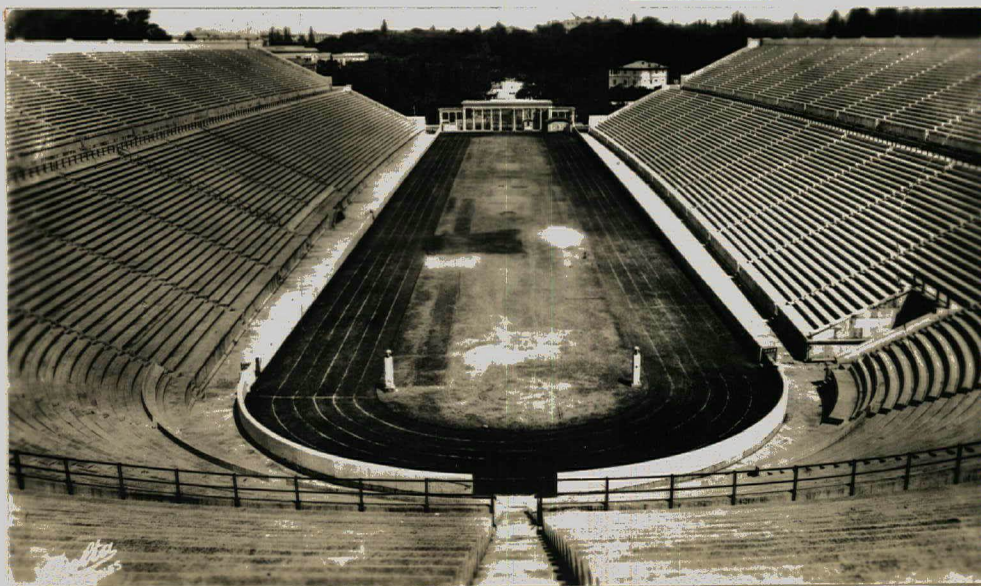
37) Aliens' Police Department, 38) Tourist Police Department, 39) General Post and Telegraph Office, 40) Branch Post Office, 41) Bank of Greece, 42) National Bank, 43) E.L.P.A. (Automobile Club), 44) Touring Club, 45) Tennis Club, 46) Larissa Railway Station (for Northern Greece), 47) Peloponnesus Railway Station, 48) The Athens - Piraeus Electric Railway. — **ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES:** 49) American School, 50) British School, 51) French School, 52) Hellenic Society. — **HOTELS:** 53) Grande Bretagne (AA), 54) King George (AA), 55) Acropole Palace (AA). — **RESTAURANTS:** Averof, 57) Cellars, 58) Costi's, 59) Zonar's, 60) Dally's. — **NIGHT - CLUBS:** 61) Argentina, 62) Brazil, 63) Miami, 64) Femina, 65) Shops of Greek Handicraft and Antiquaires.

GR - 15-4-51 10,000 printed in Greece

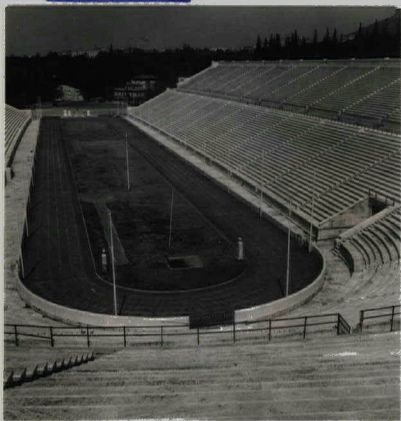
cared very much about the former, but he was grieved that the city was 'wholly given to idolatry', and must have felt helpless in the face of it. He was travelling for a higher purpose than pleasure, and earthly beauty was valueless in his judgment if it deified vice and made falsehood attractive. Added to that, he was alone in a strange city which had no attraction for him, and the sense of solitude must have weighed on his spirit. He did not get a good hearing, and I think he was glad to leave Athens as a place past praying for; perhaps the devil taunted him now and again about not being able to start a church there. I would not go to Athens to find Biblical inspiration, but as the 'mother of arts and eloquence' she demands our homage.

The geography of Athens is all important - as, indeed, I maintain it is everywhere else. The plain of Attica here reaches the sea, and about five miles from the shore an abrupt rock rises from the level, like the rock of Stirling Castle; it is bordered on the south by some rocky lower eminences, and commanded by a high craggy peak on the north. This rock is the Acropolis of Athens. These lower eminences are the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the Museum, which determined the rising and falling of the ground in the ancient city. That craggy peak is the Hill of Lycabettus, from the summit of which the spectator sees all Athens at his feet, and looks freely over the intermediate plain to the Piraeus and the sea. Athens and the Piraeus must never be considered separately, for one was the city and the other was the harbour; once they were connected by the Long Walls of Themistocles, which were in ancient times compared to a cable anchoring Athens to the coast. The city was not built by chance on the spot which it now occupies; the Acropolis was to Ancient Athens what our castle was to the Modern.

It would be interesting to go in detail into the history of Athens, but it would also be a life's work, so I will just mention briefly what I saw; I don't like leaving so much unsaid about the subject matter of the photos, but it is impossible to say it all in anything less than a library. I started at the Place de la Constitution, or Syntagma Square, which is the modern 'agora' of Athens, with its hotels and cafes; it is bounded by gardens on the east, and beyond them rises the Royal Palace, now the Parliament House, built in 1834 of limestone and Pentelic marble. In the palace garden, amid the palm trees, I had breakfast of bread and cheese, and some water bought at great price at one of the many street stalls. Then I went down the broad Rue des Philhellenes, and cut thru the trellised walks of the garden to the magnificent Zappion, an exhibition building opened in 1888, and set amid beautiful gardens. Then to the Stadion, the scene



of the Panathenaean games of the ancient world and the first Olympic Games of modern time. Built in a natural basin, the stadium was planned in 330 B.C., and the seats in Pentelic marble were added about 140 A.D. The rich marble decorations were renewed at the end of the last century; the entrance consists of a marble Corinthian propylaeum, and on a carved slab like a tombstone there is a list of the cities in which the modern Games have been held. I walked up the enormous arena, the race course of which is 224 yards long and $36\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and which ascends slightly. The course is separated by a marble parapet from a corridor, three yards wide, affording access to the lower tiers of seats. These are 24 in number, and higher up, separated from them by a broad passage, are 20 rows of benches, above which runs another passage overlooking the whole and protected on the outside by a parapet. There is accommodation for 50,000 spectators. It was a boiling hot morning with a clear sky, and the marble flung back the noontide heat like a furnace as I climbed to the back wall of the Stadion. Then I came back to track level to examine one of



one of the two original metae, or goals, consisting of double hermae, which divided the original course into sections.



Before that, chronologically, I payed my respects to the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, at the base of the Acropolis. This dated from 530 B.C., but was completed only by Hadrian. It rose on a 118 x 45 yard basis approached by three steps, and in all there were 104 Corinthian columns, $56\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and 56 - 67 inches in diameter. Only 15 of the huge marble columns remain; the interesting construction is seen in a fallen column.



The precincts of the temple consisted of a large levelled platform, created by Hadrian, 224 x 141 yards, which had to be backed up on the west side and at the south-east corner, where it is buttressed with huge substructions. It is now covered with grass, like the Temple Area of Jerusalem, and it reminded me of Inverleith Park. As I lay on the grass with my jacket off I was horrified to see the local boys playing football with their sweaters on. At the exit to the park which leads to the Acropolis is a sight which all visitors see, but behind the Zappion there was one which I was fortunate to be able to photograph - a shepherd in the native dress of Greece, like a Scotsman in a kilt. He smilingly posed, his stiff white kilt, embroidered jacket, woolen tights, and red upturned shoes with pom-poms on their toes dazzling in the direct sunlight. The sight which every one sees is Hadrian's Arch, erected either by



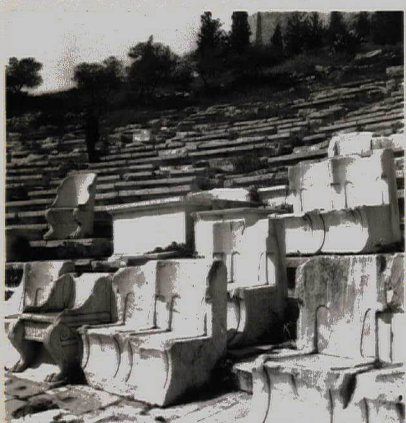
himself or his successor. This gateway, 14½ yards broad and 59 feet high, marked, as the inscriptions record, the boundary between the older quarters of the town and the new part of Hadrian's time. It was adorned with projecting Corinthian columns, of which fragments of the bases alone survive. Above the gateway rises an attica with three window-like apertures and a pediment in the centre. From the arch, the short Rue de Lysikrate leads to the beautiful

Monument of Lysikrates.

It resembles a small round temple, and is the oldest well-preserved monument in the Corinthian style. According to the inscription, it was erected in 335 by a certain Lysikrates who had won the victory in the Dionysian games. On a cubic basement rises a round building in Pentelic marble, 21½ feet high, with six Corinthian half-columns which support a tripartite architrave and sculptured frieze. The conical roof, consisting of a single slightly convex block of marble, is crowned with a vigorous acanthus flower, on which once stood the bronze tripod won by Lysikrates. The frieze, which dates from the prime of the school of Praxiteles, represents in very low relief, partly obliterated, the punishment of the Pyrrhenian pirates who had robbed Dionysos; before the god converts them into dolphins, they are being tormented in every possible way by his attendant satyrs. The road back to the main way was called the Rue de Byron, recalling the tremendous affection the poet has in the hearts of the Greek people still for all he did for them then.



On the way up to the Theatre of Dionysos I realised that I was



beginning to leave the populated part, and looked round for an eating-house before it was too late. But all the ones on show did not have very appetising meals to offer, so I fell back on the old stand-by of a loaf of bread and half a dozen oranges, which I took up and eat in the shade of a tree in the Theatre grounds. The full heat of the sun was now exposed, and it was really too hot to be out of the shade for long; I wished that it was just a little cooler, although rain would have spoiled the whole thing. The theatre was once the centre of the dramatic art of Greece, the spot in which the masterpieces of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes first excited admiration and delight. From the early fifth century this site was occupied by a round enclosed dancing space, while for each performance a stage had to be specially erected, the audience being seated in a levelled hollow in the Acropolis hillside. In the 4th century tiers of stone seats and a permanent stage were erected for the first time. The present semi-circular orchestra, paved with marble, and the remains of the stage building belong to Roman restorations. The pedestal for the throne of Hadrian, and the marble seats for the priests and state officials in the front row are preserved; that in the centre, set apart for

the priest of Dionysos, is adorned with reliefs. The auditorium was divided by narrow flights of steps into 13 'wedges' (kerkides) and by two cross passages into three main sections. The seats, originally for 14 - 17,000 spectators, are only partially preserved.

I climbed the almost perpendicular hillside to the site of the famous Asklepion, the sacred precinct of Asklepios and kindred deities, with which institutions for the treatment of the sick were connected. Of the Temple, founded in 420, only the foundations are left. The perpendicular side of the Acropolis is here faced with masonry, in which is the entrance to a round well-house converted into a chapel. Here the heat made me defy the laws of prudence and take a drink from the spring; then I sat in the cave and looked out over the plain to the hills in the middle distance, and watched the plains circling round and eventually getting in to land at the airport. From there I followed a colonade towards the west, or rather the remains of what was once a colonade, which led to a most dangerous-looking round pit, once roofed over, which is supposed to have been used for sacrificial purposes or as the abode of the sacred serpents. I like to think of it as the latter; it looks like a place where snakes would squirm and breed by the thousand.

Then I followed the steep path, now a well metalled road, up the side of the Acropolis hill. This abrupt limestone plateau of 512 feet, on which stands the castle of Athens, has formed from hoar antiquity the nucleus of all the settlements of the Attic plain. The avenue which ascends to the west of the Odeon of Herodes Atticus leads up to the so-called Beule Gate. Here I bought my ticket, and was asked to leave my little bundle of possessions with the keeper; I explained that it contained my sandwich lunch, but they still said

that no parcels were allowed inside, and that even my lunch would be safe with them. At the time I thought that it was to prevent tourists taking away souvenirs, but when I saw the litter-free inside I decided that it was more likely to stop people dropping wrapping paper. So I climbed over the parapet to the crags of the western slope, and there had had most of the tasty new bread and the fresh oranges. Below me was Mars Hill and the Agora, with the plain running away to the Piraeus, and the Theseion, the best preserved of all the ancient Greek buildings.

I showed my ticket, and climbed the marble stairs, with many gaps, to the Propylaea, the greatest secular edifice in Ancient Athens, composed entirely of Pentellic marble and erected in 437 B.C.. Then I reached the top, and facing me was the most perfect monument of ancient art, once far surpassing all other Athenian buildings in the brilliance of its plastic and polychrome decoration, and even in its ruins a marvel of majestic beauty - the Parthenon.

In the middle of the sixth century a large temple was begun on this site in Piraean stone, and after the battle of Marathon down to the Persian occupation was continued in marble. In the time of Pericles, after 447, the whole edifice as it now stands was rebuilt in Pentellic marble. On the massive basement in three steps, on a platform which measures $75\frac{1}{2} \times 33$ yards, rise 46 Doric columns averaging 34 feet high, eight at each end and seventeen on each side (The corners being counted twice). On the top rests the undivided architrave, above which runs a frieze, the most characteristic feature

of the Doric order. Many of the best pieces are now in museums, notably the British, but what robs the temple most of its glory is the lack of colour - the blues and reds of the carvings and the roof, which threw them into relief. The gable roof rose at an angle of $13\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, slabs of Parian marble $1\frac{1}{4}$ ins. thick resting partly on timber and partly on stone framework, adorned with wreaths and ornamental lions' heads. The present inside, the Cella or sanctuary proper, is two more steps up and enclosed by six Doric columns at the end. The inner sanctuary was 100 feet long, and was painted dark red; the ceiling was of wood in lacunars, richly coloured, and light was admitted by the door alone. The gold and ivory statues, golden oil-jars, bronze railings and massive folding doors completed the glory of Athens.



There are many other wonders on the Acropolis, but I was at the end of my last film and had to be content with looking at them. I saw the Erechtheion, a smoke-blackened copy of which stands in Euston Road, and the foundations of the Hekatompedon. Like the Parthenon, their marbles have yellowed to a cream colour because of the oxide of iron in them, and how much more beautiful they must have looked when they shone with gold and colour twenty-five centuries ago. The Colonnade of the Caryatides, in the centre, has an ingenuity which would be a pleasing variety if used oftener. Instead of supporting the roof with columns, it is done by six statues of virgins, seven and a half feet high, placed on a parapet; they bear the weight with grace and with ease, and put to shame the normal smooth pillar.

The best survey of the city is that from the Belvedere



at the north-east angle of the Acropolis. From it can be seen all the sights

which I have mentioned to-day, and many of the dazzling marble buildings of the town as well. The peak of the finely shaped conical hill of Lykabettos, 909 feet, was conspicuous and enticing. I don't think it an exaggeration to say that you can see everything worth seeing in Athens from this point, including things round the back like the Tower of the Winds and the Thesion. The Acropolis Museum is starred in Baedeker, but when I asked for it I was told that it had been closed for ten years! On the way back to the gate I looked over the side to one of the usual places for visitors, the Odeion of Herodes Atticus. It was, unlike most theatres of Roman times, constructed for the purpose, and was founded by a rich citizen about 160 A.D. The stage, the orchestra, and the auditorium, which originally held 5000 spectators, were in process of reconstruction, with what looked like a view to modern productions. The seats were coated with marble, and the lower 19 tiers had backs. The whole edifice was covered in Roman times with a superb roof of cedar-wood.



After collecting my bundle safe and sound from the gate-keeper, I went down the hill as far as was necessary to cross to the adjoining rocky plateau, separated from the Acropolis by a depression and descending abruptly to the north east, still called the Areopagus. I stopped to have a drink of lemonade at a caravan-shop parked at the divergence of the ways, and when I had drunk presumed to ask for a refill of water. It came back ice-cold, and when I returned the glass he refilled it with a smile and pushed it back at me; I had not yet learned to stop drinking ice water at midday, and had three before I finally declined his offers. Grateful and much refreshed and knowing better what some of the parables about cold water really mean, I turned to Mars Hill. 'A high outcrop of rock to the right as you descend from the Acropolis' is a pretty fair description; there was a sparse covering of grass, on which local families were picknicking, and one or two level parts where the boys were playing football, but on the whole it is rocky. For size and position it is closely akin to the Calton Hill, but is covered with scraggy trees and shrubs. There are on it a narrow flight of stairs in the rock, partly destroyed, which ascend to the site of some ancient altars; here met the time-honoured courts of justice, composed of noble and aged citizens who wielded supreme criminal jurisdiction. It was from here that Paul delivered his famous speech to the Athenians about their Unknown God. I couldn't find the traditional steps, but I hadn't saved up my last picture all afternoon just to go away empty-handed, so I took the only flight of steps I could see.



From the top of the Areopagus I looked at the dusty road running as straight as an arrow across the plain to the Piraeus, along the line of the wall of which Plato speaks. It seemed a challenge to me - he walked it, so why shouldn't I. The road looked easy enough from the hill, but the whole area is now built up, and, like Hamilton from the mountain top, was easier in theory than in practice. After I had gone about a mile, and confessed that I was



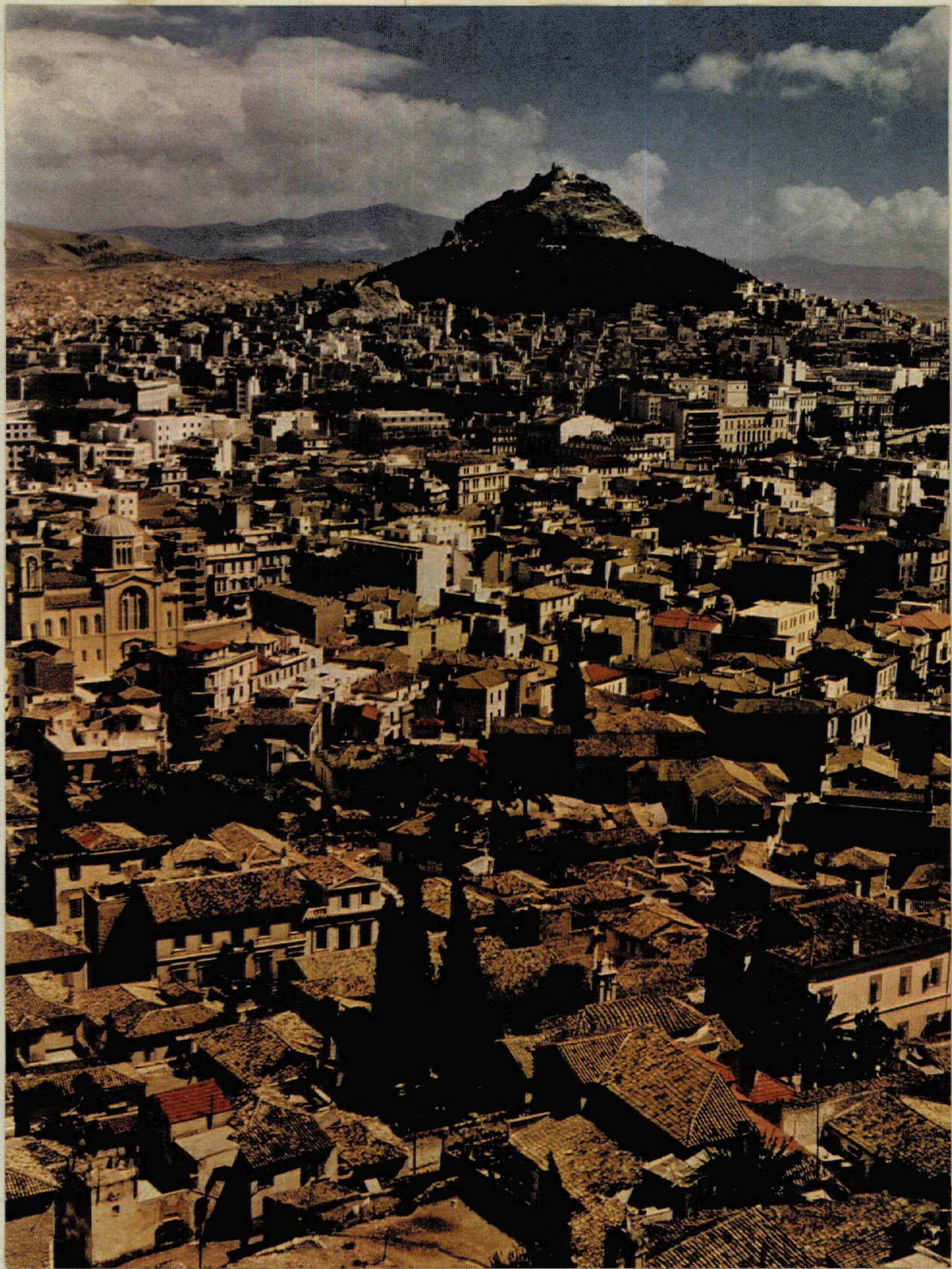
lost, I got three local boys to put me on the bus; it was so crowded that all I could see was the roof and the shoulders of the people around me, but my impression was that we were travelling along Fountainbridge - except that the sun was shining. When I got off in the Piraeus, I found myself in the midst of a flourishing sea-port, with quays opening onto the waterfront road. It was early closing day, and there wasn't a shop open to sell films, but eventually I passed one of the innumerable booths which sell newspapers and general junk and, in this case, some very faded-looking films. He asked the extortionate price of 5/-, but I could not argue under the circumstances, so I was robbed. With it in the camera I wandered through the docks, which contained mostly small craft, and from the platform of a floating crane took a view of the local trading ships. Another, of some bigger and steam ships,



with a gangway in the foreground, was not so successful because the camera jerked when

the cable release went off too soon. As the light of evening was soft and weak, I had to slow down to 1/50, but what the picture lost I gained, because the port was very peaceful and calm as the sun set. I walked right along the front, as far as their were boats anchored, and watched a passenger one depart for Turkey. The boats were moored end-on, and it was most interesting to watch a big steamer inching its way into its allotted place, having dropped its anchor well out in the bay. They were not all small boats - there were petrol tankers as well as the little sailing traders.

It was from here that I realised why Edinburgh gets the name of the modern Athens; the view from the end of the ridge might have been the one from a boat off Granton gas-works, with the humps of ground and the hills breaking the evening sky. I went into a waterfront eating house, which looked slightly cleaner than the others. I pointed to various things floating round in the unvaried orange sauce in the cooking pans, and sat at the usual marble-topped table; for all of which I was charged 7/6. Then I saw a clock for the first time to-day - it said half past six instead of half past five, and I realised that all day I had been an hour behind the rest of Greece. As dusk fell I took the rickety bus back to Athens, to the Place de La Concorde which is connected to Constitution Square by the Rue de Stade, apparently the main one of the City. I walked up through the brightly lit street with the Greek journalist who directed me at the Square; after arranging to meet him for dinner to-morrow - to improve his English - I went to bed and slept well.



Modern Athens : view from the Acropolis
to Mount Lycabettus.



The east end of the Corinth canal.