

you will see a place where there was a line of barbed wire. Then there was one block of ruined houses, a place where there was nobody to enjoy(?) it. There was barbed wire this side, barbed wire that side. We saw the little Arab children playing. Up across we could see Jewish children playing. In between the houses were going to pieces being filled with rats, becoming breeding places for disease. Neither side dared to venture into the no-man's land between because he was in danger of being shot if he did.

I wanted to see Tekoah, the place where Amos lived. Incidentally when I got to Tekoah I found 3 fine Arab families living in one big cave. They were living in that cave, and had about a dozen children in that cave. They were very friendly. We could not talk to them at all. We shook hands with them and they with us. Very nice. On the way over there we were with a young Christian Arab from Bethlehem who was guiding me as we walked over toward Tekoah we met a large group of Arabs. I guess we had stopped there to rest. And this large group of maybe 20 Arabs came along. They turned to my friend and began talking very rapidly to him. He talked rapidly back to them. They talked back and forth, back and forth. Then they became quiet. Then they started again and had a big argument among themselves. I did not know what they were talking about. After a little they walked on, and we went on to Tekoah. I turned to him and said, What was the discussion about? He said, They asked me if you were a Jew. I told them, No, and you were a Christian. They said, How do we know he's a Christian. How do we know he's not a Jew? He said they argued voraciously, and I could not prove to them you were not a Jew. So finally he said, I said to them, Do you think I'd be with him if he was a Jew? When he said that that seemed to settle the argument. Then he said he quieted down a bit, and then after a while they began a big argument among themselves.