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Joan Comay

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the vaulted roof is a fine example of Crusader architecture. Part of a hexagonal chapel stands near the original landing stage. This was one of three chapels attached to a large round church similar to the mother church of the Order in Jerusalem. When the English Bishop Pococke visited the area in the eighteenth century, church and chapels, though ruined, were still standing, and in his travel account he wrote of the ' . . . fine lofty church of ten sides built in slightly Gothic taste.'

Since Athlit is in a military security area, would-be visitors should first confirm whether they could have access to the ruins.

In the Carmel hills overlooking the coast at Athlit is the abandoned Arab village of *Ein Hod*, now converted into a picturesque artists' colony, of which Marcel Janco, one of Israel's leading painters, is the founder. Haifa Municipality has provided it with electricity and water, and the small stone house-studios have charming patches of flowers and patios and a view of the ocean. In the restaurant-café, gay with murals, the villagers and the visitors relax together. There is a gallery, where the artists' pictures and ceramics are exhibited and sold.

From here, Mount Carmel closes in on the sea, forming the headland behind which lies the curve of Haifa Bay.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Haifa

In 1898, Dr Theodor Herzl came sailing across the sparkling water of Haifa Bay, moved to tears at his first sight of the Holy Land. He was thirty-eight years old, and already becoming a legend as the Messianic Prophet of an international Zionist Movement.

Then, coming to the small, still primitive town of Haifa, with its few hundred Jews, its colony of German Templars, and its Arabs riding on camels and donkeys, his soaring imagination converted it into a great modern metropolis, with the ships of many nations thronging its docks, thousands of white homes up the mountainside, and even a funicular railway mounting to the top of the Carmel. On his return from Palestine, he started work on his novel, *Altneuland* (Old New Land), which was completed in 1902, and described in detail his vision of the future port city in a future Jewish State.

Herzl's city of tomorrow is now a city of today – the second largest in Israel, draped in shining white from the pine forests at the top of the Carmel to the edge of the Mediterranean.

As a harbourage, Haifa has no known Biblical past. Other coastal towns with easier land access developed to the south of the Carmel Range (Caesarea, Jaffa, Ashdod, and Gaza), and to the north (Acre and the Phoenician ports of Tyre and Sidon). Recent excavations in a tel to the south of the city, called Shikmona, indicate that there was Jewish settlement here as far back as the time of the Romans. It was only in the

last half-century of Turkish rule, prior to World War I, that the port and town started to grow, stimulated by the German Templar Colony established in the 1860s, and the narrow-gauge railway line built by the Turks in 1905, with German help, to link up with the Hedjaz railway from Damascus to Mecca.

It was the British who really developed Haifa as a modern seaport, oil refining centre and naval base after their conquest of Palestine from the Turks in 1918. But the birth of Israel in 1948 cut Haifa off from the Arab hinterland. The Hedjaz railway branch-line was severed, and so was the oil pipeline from Iraq. Jordan's trade was diverted through Beirut, the refineries were shut down, and the British Navy steamed away for good. There were at that time many who expected Haifa to wither like a sawed-off branch. The opposite has happened. As Israel's only modern deep-water harbour, Haifa had to go on developing rapidly to keep pace with the phenomenal economic growth of the new State, while it has once again become an oil terminal and refining centre, on the basis of a new pipeline from Eilat.

In an average year the port has been handling about twelve hundred ocean-going vessels, 80 per cent of the goods going in or out of Israel, and over 230,000 passengers.

Haifa's most important business is ships, and its most poignant moments in the struggle for independence were connected with ships of a special kind – the small and shabby vessels that tried to bring Jewish refugees to the forbidden shores of the Promised Land. But most of them were boarded by British naval vessels when they reached territorial waters and towed into Haifa harbour, where their 'passengers' were disembarked and dragged straight on to waiting prison ships with deck areas caged in by wire, in which they were shipped out again to the detention camps in Cyprus – in the case of the *Exodus*, all the way back to Germany, a story that made world front-page news.

Haifa never got used to the anguish of these trans-shipments, or to the crowd of weeping relatives and friends pressing against the military barriers at the port. Then, suddenly, the Mandate was no more, and Haifa was the wide-open door to the Jewish State.

Through it came a great stream of D.P.s and immigrants. For them the excited moment of home-coming was when they packed the deck in the early morning to watch the rosy top of Mount Carmel rise out of the sea, and hail the pilot's launch riding out to meet them ('a Jewish pilot', they told each other, 'in a Jewish launch!').

As the country's one big seaport, and the dominant city in the north, Haifa was a glittering prize in the fighting of 1948. Actually, its possession was dramatically settled in the strange period of the Arab-Jewish sub-war between the UN Partition decision at the end of November 1947, and the birth of Israel in the middle of May 1948.

The turning point came on 21 April, when the British Commander-in-Chief, General Stockwell, announced that his troops, getting ready to embark, had given up further responsibility for Haifa and withdrawn into the harbour area.

Under cover of darkness, four small Haganah columns advanced towards key points in the city – the telephone exchange, the Government office building, the railway station, and the Arab headquarters. Fighting continued all next morning, with tremendous crashes from the Jewish home-made mortars called 'Davidkas' (little Davids), but the tide swung in favour of the Jews when the Arab commander and his aides fled. General Stockwell stepped in to arrange a truce, and the Jewish commander offered the Arab population full safety and equal rights, provided that they handed over their arms and all the foreigners fighting for them. The local Arab notables were at first willing to accept

these terms, but after a few hours they sorrowfully declared that they had to submit to orders from their national leaders, who insisted that the whole Arab population of Haifa should leave rather than settle down peacefully in a Jewish-controlled city.

British police reports give a terse official account of the deliberate self-exile of the local Arabs, at a time when the fighting was over in Haifa. Similar evacuations from Jaffa, Tiberias, and elsewhere steadily swelled a refugee problem which remains unresolved to this day.

On 30 June the final British contingent embarked, the last remaining figure on the quayside being a Brigadier-General who stood stiffly at the salute, while the bugles rang out and the Union Jack was furled. Thus the final curtain rang down on British rule which had been so gallantly ushered in thirty years earlier, when Allenby's army came marching in from the south. The Mandate had ended, to use T. S. Eliot's words, 'not with a bang but a whimper'.

In its human atmosphere as well as in its natural setting, Haifa is quite different from the ageless serenity of Jerusalem or the brash bustle of Tel Aviv. Haifa men pride themselves on being down-to-earth, civic-minded folk. During the most trying times, Arab and Jewish city councillors, merchants, professional men, and workers managed to remain friends with each other, and with the local British officials. This tolerant and progressive air has remained unchanged since the State, under the brisk rule of a Labour Party mayor, Abba Khoushy, who is apt to check on the street cleaners at dawn, forbids drivers to honk their horns, permits public transport on the Sabbath, and has planted pink oleanders down the centre of the main approaches to the town.

Haifa is built like a three-decker sandwich. The lower town contains the dock area and the business centre; up the slopes is the Hadar ha-Carmel (the Beauty of the Car-

mel); and at the top is Har ha-Carmel (Mount Carmel). The quickest way from 'downtown' to the suburbs on top of the Carmel is by the Carmelit, Haifa's tilted subway, which whirls you up at a preposterous angle in less than ten minutes.

The main business thoroughfare, running in the reclaimed area adjoining the harbour, used to be known as *Kingsway*, but has been renamed Independence Road. The street crowd is a colourful and amiable mixture of seamen off the ships, port officials and dock workers, young men and women in trim naval uniform, businessmen parleying over endless cups of Turkish coffee or glasses of lemon tea, tourists, Arabs and Druze in flowing robes, and khaki-clad kibbutzniks, hurrying from the bus station with the inevitable ancient brief-cases in their hands.

Two prominent buildings on the seaward side are the Dagon grain silo and the huge Government Hospital, to the south of which are the Bat Galim and Carmel bathing beaches. The silo is one of the tallest buildings in Israel and one of the most beautiful. It is worth visiting, for the view from the top and for its small museum tracing the history of wheat and flour in the Holy Land from Biblical times.

From the station, Carmel Avenue sweeps up through the old German Colony, with its solidly-built gabled houses, many of them still bearing inscriptions above their doors in old Gothic letters. Pross's restaurant, which dates back to the last century, still provides a good and substantial meal. The former German residents of this quarter, descendants of the original Templar settlers, were deported by the British authorities as enemy aliens at the beginning of World War II and have never come back. (A number of them now live in Australia.)

Hadar ha-Carmel has rather steep and congested streets, but it is pleasant to stroll along Herzl Street and to have

coffee and wonderful pastries at one of its pavement cafés, which have a Viennese air about them.

The handsome City Hall on Bialik Street houses in one wing a gallery of modern art and an archaeological museum, which should be visited for its Roman and Byzantine exhibits mainly from Caesarea, and for a noteworthy collection of ancient local coins. From the Memorial Garden in front, one looks down upon the harbour. The two old Turkish cannon standing here are a survival of a fort that once guarded the town.

High up on the mountainside stands the most arresting object in Haifa, the Bahai Shrine, with its gleaming golden dome. The whole slope below it right down to the German Colony is a terraced Persian Garden, through which runs a stairway lined by cypress-trees. The garden is being continued upward behind the Shrine, so that the whole effect will be that of a woven Persian carpet spread down the mountainside from top to bottom. To one side of the domed building is another one modelled on the Greek Parthenon, to house a museum and archives.

The Bahai faith, founded in Persia in 1844, upholds the unity of God and takes its inspiration from the Old and New Testaments as well as the Koran. It has no priesthood but attempts to adapt basic religious truths to modern needs. Haifa is the world centre of the religion, which now has several million adherents scattered over many countries.

The Panorama Road intersects the Bahai Garden above the Shrine and winds up to the top of the Carmel, with a more breathtaking vista opening up at each dizzy curve. Looking down from this vantage point, one gets a clear idea of the planned development of the Haifa Bay area between Haifa city and Acre. It now contains a number of Israel's major industrial plants, surrounded by housing projects for workers and immigrants set in green belts. The plain was known as the Valley of Zebulun, after the seafaring tribe of

Israel that settled in this part of the country in the period of the Judges. (Their emblem was a galley with a square sail and banks of oars.) The silted mouths of two small rivers, the Kshon and the Na'aman, had turned the area into a malarial swamp, until it was drained and reclaimed by Jewish settlers more than forty years ago.

The most conspicuous plant in this Haifa Bay area is the oil refinery, with its giant concrete cooling-vats, fretwork metal superstructure, and shining tanks. Other large enterprises concentrated in the industrial zone produce chemicals and fertilizers, assembled cars and trucks, textiles, steel, glass, cement, and soap.

Mount Carmel

There can be few more attractive residential districts anywhere than Har ha-Carmel, the top of the Carmel Range. It is an area of ridges and woody ravines, sunlit boulders and pine-trees, summer breezes, and glorious views of the Mediterranean and the Galilee highlands, with the white cap of distant Mount Hermon floating over the eastern horizon on a clear day. The heavy dew keeps this a verdant oasis even in the dry, hot summer, and the very name 'Carmel' (which means the Vineyard of the Lord) suggests the blend of fertility and religion which belongs to the mountain. From earliest times mystery shrouded the habitation of the Carmel. Its high places held the altars of strange gods and its hidden places the sanctuaries of fugitives and hermits.

And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel,
I will search and take them out thence. (*Amos 9:3*)

Above all there broods over it the memory of that fierce old man of God, Elijah, and his war against idolatry.

The Bible tells us, in the First Book of Kings, that after a three-year drought which God had sent to punish King Ahab and the Israelites for their pagan cult, the Prophet

Elijah gathered together on Mount Carmel 450 priests of Baal and 2,000 priests of Astarte and proved by a miracle that their gods did not exist. Elijah built an altar for sacrifice as did the other priests, but Baal did not come to the altar dedicated to him, whereas God sent a fire which burnt up the sacrifice placed there by Elijah. As a result of this miracle the people turned to the true God and all the idolatrous priests were put to death. Then, in answer to Elijah's prayer, came rain in abundance. The place where this miracle was performed is traditionally identified with El Muhraka (the place of burning), eleven miles from Haifa, as the crow flies. The spot where the pagan priests were then put to death is by tradition identified with Tel el-Kuassis (the mount of the priest), at a bend in the River Kishon.

There are several religious institutions on the Carmel associated with Elijah, such as the Carmelite Monastery on the French Carmel; another small Carmelite Monastery at El Muhraka; and a big cavern at the foot of the promontory overlooking Haifa, where the prophet took refuge.

The main built-up area of Har ha-Carmel radiates out from the Merkaz (centre), with its bus station and its neat shops and cafés. On a bright morning it is pleasant to wander on foot through the public parks, or past the villas and summer boarding-houses, framed in flowering shrubs. The Merkaz, and near-by garden suburbs like Ahuza and Neve Sha'anán, have a well-ordered and relaxed feeling, and one is grateful that this beautiful setting of hill and sea has not been ruined by unplanned jerry-building.

A fifteen-minute drive along a winding mountain road brings one to *Technion City*, the campus of the Haifa Institute of Technology of Israel, set in 750 acres of pine forest. It has impressive functional buildings for its lecture halls and laboratories, a beautiful auditorium named for Sir Winston Churchill by its English donors, and students' hostels with split-level bedroom-studies ingeniously adapted to the slope.

The Technion has an enrolment of 5,000 full-time students, of whom 7 per cent are women – a high percentage for a technological university. There are two courses of thirty-two students from twelve Afro-Asian countries doing (in English) a Bachelor of Agricultural Engineering Degree. The Technion also runs part-time refresher courses in a number of cities. It turns out 600 graduates a year in general science, engineering in various branches – civil, electrical, chemical, mechanical, hydraulic, and aeronautical – and architecture. On the campus is a Junior Technical College for training building technicians, giving a Technicians' Diploma after three and a half years of work. There is also the Technical High School of over one thousand pupils, offering a four-year course in eleven technical fields.

Also on Mount Carmel are the first buildings on the campus of the Haifa University College, opened in 1967 as an affiliate of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. It has been designed by Oscar Niemeyer, creator of Brazilia. The college now teaches liberal arts and social studies to over 2,000 students.

The *Carmelite Monastery*, on top of the jutting promontory of the Western (or French) Carmel, has behind it nearly eight centuries of history. The Order to which it belongs started here on the Carmel, and obtained its official charter in 1212, with Elijah as its patron saint. Their monastery was twice destroyed – and the monks put to the sword – first by the Arabs after the fall of Crusader Acre, and again by the Turks, after Napoleon's unsuccessful siege of Acre. It is not surprising that the present monastery was constructed like a fortress and located at a spot chosen with an eye to defence. Across the road from the monastery is the old lighthouse building, appropriately called *Stella Maris* (Star of the Sea), which now houses Israel's naval headquarters.

Not far away, dominating the ridge, is the Dan Carmel

hotel, with every bedroom window framing the glorious view. All the same, Haifa people regret the skyline of the mountain being broken in this way by any building.

From the suburb of Ahuza on Mount Carmel, it is a wonderful drive south-eastward through the pinewoods on the top of the range to the kibbutz of Beit Oren. From here the road descends through a rugged defile to the coastal highway, passing the forest of Ya-arot ha-Carmel. The many caves which pit the rock-faces along the road have held strange tenants in their time, from Stone Age men to Byzantine hermits.

Just before Beit Oren, a narrow side road turns off to the two big Druze villages of *Isfiya* and *Daliyat el-Carmel*. The handsome and dignified Druze from the Carmel move easily around Haifa city and frequent its Oriental coffee-shops, the men distinguished by their big cavalry moustaches. Isfiya, which is mixed Druze and Christian-Arab, stands on the site of the ancient Jewish village of Huseifa. A piece of a mosaic synagogue floor has been dug up here, and depicts a pretty garland of yellow flowers surrounding the Hebrew inscription 'shalom al Yisrael' (Peace be unto Israel); it is now in the Israel Museum in Jerusalem, and is reproduced in the design of the Israel one-pound note. At the end of the main street in Daliyat el-Carmel is the house occupied in the 'eighties of the last century by Laurence Oliphant, an early English supporter of the Zionist ideal. The tomb of Mrs Oliphant is in the village. Visitors to these clean and picturesque Druze villages can enjoy a friendly cup of Turkish coffee while they buy the gay basket-ware for which the Druze women are noted.

Nowhere else in the world can there be the same curious human mixture as upon the Carmel: Jewish suburbanites, kibbutzniks, Carmelite monks, Druze, Christian Arabs, Moslems, and Bahais – all living side by side among the

lingering echoes of primitive cavemen, pagan altars, hermits, and Crusaders.

Haifa has one exquisite moment which every visitor should capture if he can. It is the sight from the top of the Carmel of a huge orange-red sun, sinking into the sea, while a spangled veil of lights is flung along the ancient coast, from the Ladder of Tyre to Caesarea.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Galilee

Western Galilee

Running out along the northern tip of the Bay, eight miles from Haifa, *Acre* forms a romantic frieze of bubble domes, minarets, crenellated sea-walls, and palm-trees, etched against sky and water.

No other place in Israel except Jerusalem has had a more stirring history. Acre was a strategic prize from ancient times as a sheltered harbour astride the coastal route to Phoenicia over the Ladder of Tyre, a day's march to the north. History has recorded seventeen sieges of the city. As a Canaanite town it resisted capture by the Hebrews in the time of Joshua; 'Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Accho . . .' Judges 1:31; and more than a thousand years later, Simon the Maccabee also failed to take it. In the Hellenic period, it was renamed Ptolemais, and it is referred to by that name in the account of St Paul's journey to Jerusalem (Acts 21:7). But the most spectacular chapter in Acre's history was written by the Crusaders.

In 1104, after the First Crusade had secured Jerusalem, Baldwin I carried Acre by a combined land and sea assault, with the aid of the Genoese fleet. Its commercial importance revived and it became known as St Jean d'Acre, in honour of the Order of the Knights of St John (the Hospitallers). It fell to Saladin, the Saracen leader, after he had wiped out the Crusader army at the Horns of Hittin near Tiberias. Richard the Lion-Heart of England re-took it, and after the fall of Jerusalem, it remained the Crusader capital for a

century, when its loss marked the end of the Latin Kingdom in the Holy Land.

In 1799, Napoleon's advance from Egypt round the eastern edge of the Mediterranean was blocked at Acre. After two months of unsuccessful siege, he withdrew, abandoned his whole Near-Eastern campaign, and returned to Europe. His defeat was primarily due to British naval power, for Nelson destroyed his fleet in the Battle of the Nile, and Sir Sydney Smith captured his siege guns on their way to Acre by sea.

In 1948, in the War of Independence, Acre surrendered to the Israelis after a daring amphibious landing just north of the city.

The Turkish style dominates the architecture of the old town. The Ottoman Governor at the end of the eighteenth century, Ahmed Jezzar Pasha (known as Ahmed the Butcher), tried to restore Acre's commercial importance and to make of it a 'little Constantinople'. He built the splendid Mosque of El Jezzar, using for the arcades marble columns brought from the Roman ruins of Caesarea farther down the coast. These arcades enclose three sides of a large, sunny courtyard, and behind them are small domed cells for the scholars. The courtyard is paved with worn flagstones, and trees and flowering shrubs spring up in the corners. The sundial gives it charm, and the fountains gaiety. The Mosque closes off the fourth side of the square. The Ministry of Religions has painted it and restored the ancient inscriptions. The visitor who slips off his shoes and enters will find the proportions good, but the effect one of emptiness.

At the bottom of the stairs leading to the square is Ahmed Jezzar's fountain, and next door, luxurious eighteenth-century steam-baths, modelled on those in Cairo, and used today as a municipal museum. Here the Turkish tiling forms an attractive background to the collection of medieval ceramics and archaeological fragments through which the tumultuous history of the city can be traced, and also to a

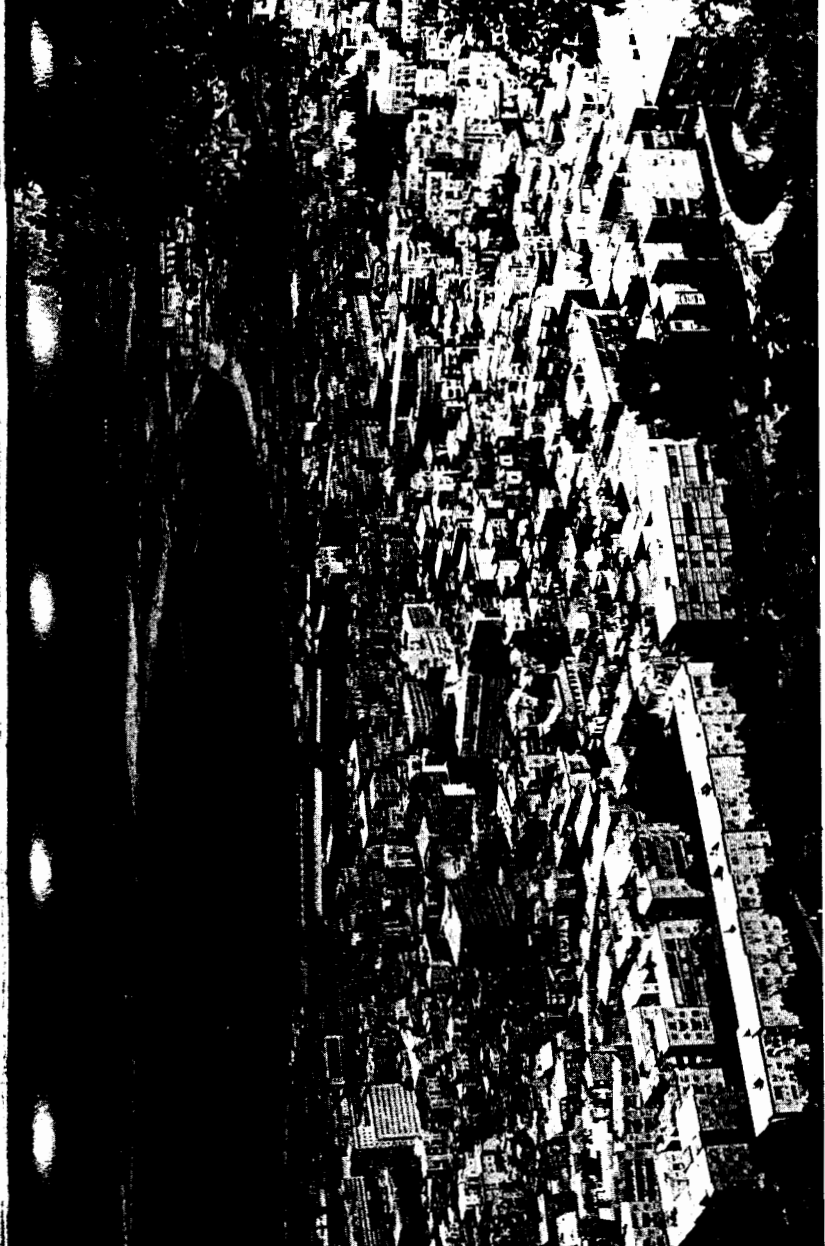
series of tableaux showing Arab and Druze village life and costumes.

Most of the buildings in Old Acre are squeezed together and threaded by narrow alleys, in which a rich assortment of communities amiably rub shoulders. The population includes nearly five thousand Christian and Moslem Arabs and twenty thousand Jewish immigrants from a score of different countries. New immigrant quarters have spread to the east, across the highway.

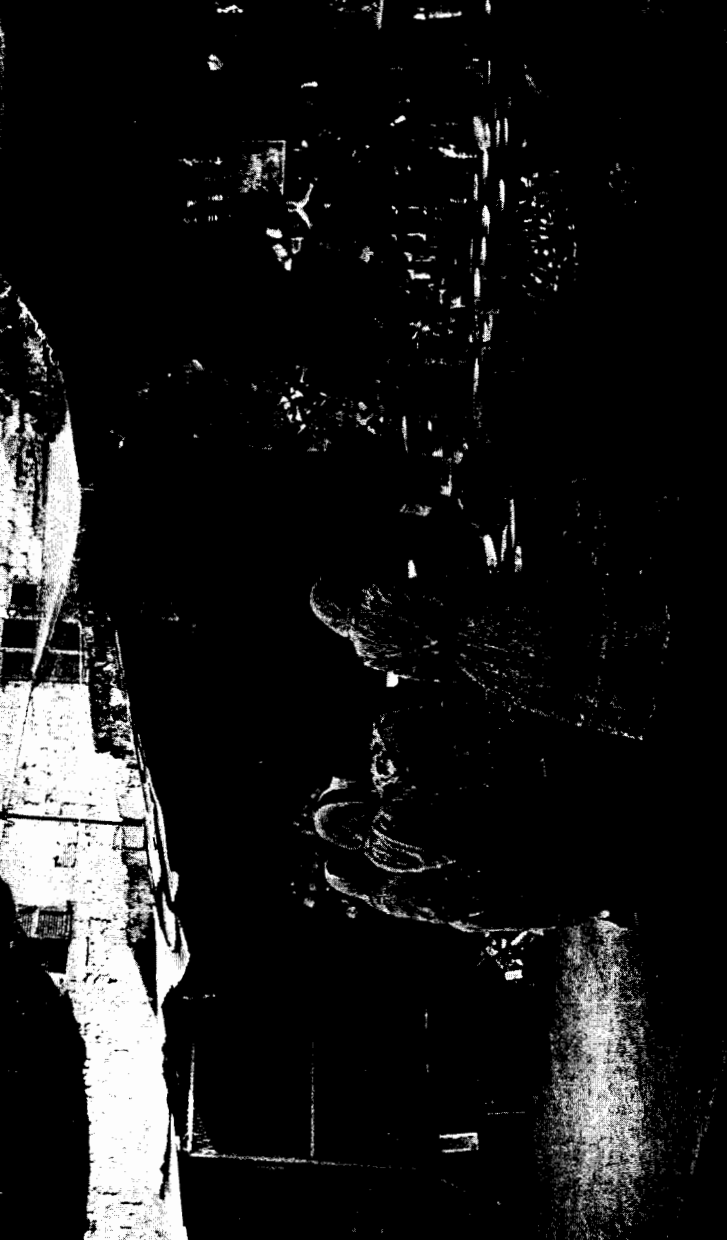
The chief meeting-place is the winding bazaar which crosses the Old City. Here Arab pottery jars jostle plastic cups and saucers, while in the metal-workers' street, European tinsmiths hammer out zinc buckets next door to Arab coppersmiths designing the traditional coffee urns. Little donkeys share with trucks the deliveries of fresh fruit and vegetables, and prices are settled in a dozen different tongues. Travellers to Palestine in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries talked of the grain trade carried on in Acre, with two to three thousand camels arriving daily in the season from Hauran (Syria). These have disappeared, and the trucks piled high with produce from the fertile Galilee have taken their place.

The most important Crusader monument is known as the Crypt of St John. The entrance can be reached from a lane off the bazaar. This magnificent vaulted stone hall under the Turkish Citadel has been excavated and is now believed to have been the refectory of the Hospitallers. At the base of one of the big columns that support the Gothic arched roof, a secret tunnel has been found and cleared. It leads right through the city to the water's edge and was almost certainly designed as a secret passageway offering the knights direct access to their vessels from the central hall, in time of emergency.

In the course of the clearance work, other openings were found in the walls of this tunnel, and these led to what



17 The great sweep of Haifa Bay from Panorama Road



18 Nazareth -- traditional copper Arab wares have given way to the modern convenience of plastic plates and aluminium coffee-pots

appeared to be a considerable network of wider tunnels marking the streets of the old Crusader city beneath the current street levels. When all this is cleared, which may take years, it will prove perhaps one of the most exciting Crusader sites in the world.

There is also the possibility that beneath the Crusader city is the city of Roman times, for remains of the Roman period have already come to light.

The Citadel, whose stone walls rise sheer above the lane leading to the so-called Crypt of St John, was built in the eighteenth century and rests on Crusader foundations. Before 1948, this was used as the central prison of Palestine under the Mandate. In its dungeons were locked up captured members of the Jewish underground resistance movement, and tablets in the execution chamber, which serves now as a small museum, record the names of those who were hanged. The novel and film 'Exodus' recall the 1947 jail-break of resistance fighters from the Acre prison. Here too are the cells where the Bahai apostles were imprisoned by the Turks more than half a century ago. The Citadel after 1948, looking less grim after being repainted a soft pink colour, serves as a Government psychiatric hospital. As new institutions are built, the patients will be moved out and there are plans to clear the moat and restore the Crusader citadel.

On top of the walls is a restaurant and night-club called 'Chumot Acco' (Walls of Acre). It can be approached through a secret tunnel.

The road down to the old port passes a number of Jezzar's cannon mounted on the sea-wall, and some captured French pieces that Sir Sydney Smith presented to him after the defeat of Bonaparte. The road ends at the port, now sanded up and shallow, with small fishing-boats riding at anchor in the lee of a crumbling medieval tower.

Between Acre and the Lebanese border stretch twelve miles of fertile coastal plain.

An avenue of eucalyptus-trees just beyond the city limits of Acre marks the entrance to the *Government Experimental Station*, where a former Turkish Khan (caravan inn), with a spacious cobbled courtyard, now houses Israel's most important stud farm for horses and mules.

A mile to the north of it is the house and tomb of the prophet and founder of the Bahai sect, Baha-Ullah (Glory of God), set in a beautiful flower garden. This is where he lived when he was released in 1892 after twenty-four years of imprisonment in Acre jail. The house is preserved exactly as it was, and its furnishings are an odd blend of Victorian and Persian.

The dramatic stone aqueduct that runs parallel to the main road was built by Jezzar on the remains of an ancient Roman one, to bring fresh water to Acre from the Springs of Kabri. Each of the aqueduct's hundreds of arches is a separate picture-frame enclosing a vista of farms and hills, orange-groves and cypress-trees, surmounted by a curved slice of blue sky.

On a small plateau next to the aqueduct stands a square museum illustrating the Nazi period. It was established by the nearby kibbutz 'Lohamei ha-ghettaot', which is composed of ghetto fighters.

Nahariya (River) gets its name from a small stream that runs down the centre of the main street. With its fine beach, its gardens, and its clean, pleasant pensions (boarding-houses) and cafés, it has become a popular summer resort. At the beginning, Nahariya remained a stronghold of the German Jews and the German language; there is an apocryphal story that when the Royal Commission of 1936 recommended a partition plan by which their town would fall within the Arab State, the angry inhabitants cabled Dr Weizmann that, come what may, 'Nahariya bleibt immer Deutsch' (Nahariya remains forever German).

The faintly scandalous archaeological pride of this very

respectable town is the remains of a Canaanite Temple that was discovered while digging the foundation of a house near the beach. A little figure of 1500 B.C. was found at the site, which seems to be that of Astarte, the Goddess of Fertility of the Canaanites. It may be pure coincidence that Nahariya is a well-known honeymoon resort.

Farther up the coast, the Club Méditerranée has another centre, this time a camp on a sandy cove. The living quarters are little huts of woven matting, and the young men spend their time skin-diving, while the girls in bikinis concentrate on their tan.

Where the highway crosses the frontier, high up the cliff, there are Israel and Lebanese police posts just round a bend from each other. Hundreds of feet below, the restless water worries at the stark-black rock, hollowing out the caves which give this cape its name of *Rosh ha-Nikra* (Headland of the Grotto). Its ancient name was the Ladder of Tyre, after the great Phoenician seaport a little farther up the coast. Above the sheer cliff the armies of the ancient Pharaohs, the Assyrians, Alexander the Great, and many others threaded their way. The rusting ends of the severed railway lines above the rocks are a mute symbol of the suspended relations between Israel and Lebanon. A bright red or yellow little cable car now takes visitors down the 110 yards of sheer cliff to the grottos down below. Rather like at Capri, the wind and waves have hollowed out the chalk rock and created picturesque caves into which the sea rushes with a tremendous noise. Narrow tunnels, walks, steps and platforms have been cut into the rock and electric light makes it possible to watch the sea thundering in and out down below. The walk, with a guide, through the grottos takes about fifteen minutes and costs about six shillings. A cafeteria has been built at the top hanging over the sea.

On the border ridge running inland from Rosh ha-Nikra there is a triangle of kibbutzim – Hanita, Matsuba and Eilon