Episodes

A MEMOIR
by
Beatrice L. Magnes

A Judah L. Magnes Centennial Year Publication

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Berkeley
Judah L. Magnes Memorial Museum
1977

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Foreword

"I don't believe I have ever been really unhappy," Beatrice Magnes wrote, despite the fact that her father died before her birth and her mother died a few years later. Beatrice, as well as her brother and five sisters, was brought up by a generous, somewhat neurotic bachelor uncle in a home that she felt was ruled "with a rod of iron" by a "narrow-minded snobbish but efficient housekeeper."

Beatrice's father, Benedict Lowenstein, like many German-Jewish immigrants of mid-nineteenth century, worked as a peddler after coming to America. In due time, he moved from New York to Memphis, Tennessee, where he and his brothers opened a dry goods store called "Lowenstein's," which still exists. Beatrice's mother was born in New York and was reputed to be a great beauty: that beauty was inherited by her daughters. All six Lowenstein children had a good education, however the girls who went to Normal College – now Hunter College – received an education considered unusual for the times.

The Lowenstein's were part of the well-to-do Jewish community and belonged to the leading Reform congregation, Temple Emanu-El. For the most part, they participated in a gay social world. It was a time of "busts and bustles," elaborate hats, and formal group-photographs. Beatrice, who was considerably younger than the others, rebelled against much

connected with this lifestyle. Opera and concerts she was glad to attend, but she refused to go to good dressmakers, ride horseback – which "required" top hats and long skirts for side-saddle – and avoided the big social balls whenever she could. Her interests were athletic and she enjoyed tennis, rowing, and climbing mountains. In the Adirondacks, Beatrice spent part of many summers with her sister and brother-in-law, Florence and Louis Marshall, indulging in the rowing and climbing she loved so much. She participated actively in the lives of her sisters' and brother's families and enjoyed her nieces and nephews who were about her age. She wrote plays with both friends and family; sometimes her friends enacted her plays. All her life Beatrice Magnes was an active correspondent with many friends and with those nephews and nieces, and it was not unusual for them to correspond in verse.

The Lowenstein family was not religious. Beatrice sometimes went to services and was delighted by a young rabbi, Judah Leon Magnes. She had met Magnes at her sister's home in the Adirondacks; they saw one another often, and in 1908 they were married. Beatrice had been interested in Zionism before she had met Magnes, but she became an ardent Zionist after her marriage. In 1912, with her husband and her first child, David – then a baby – she went to Palestine for the first time. Conditions were crude, but she became fascinated by the country.

Beatrice and Judah Magnes had a thoroughly happy marriage – often under stress, because it was Judah's way to speak his beliefs frankly and act upon them, disregarding the hostile reactions he might engender. The rebelliousness in her firmly supported him. A few years after they were married, Magnes resigned as rabbi of Temple Emanu-El because he could not woo his congregation to what he called the "counter reformation" – the bringing in of more traditional Judaism into the service. After his resignation, he headed the New York Kehillah, an organization that was active in Jewish education and other Jewish socio-cultural problems. Judah's new job gave

Beatrice the opportunity to broaden her knowledge of the Jewish community by meeting many eastern-European Jews. During World War I, Magnes was a pacifist and earned the enmity of many people, but his quiet, loving manner, his oratory and the conviction of honesty that he inspired, made him revered.

Beatrice Magnes did not participate in the conflicts in which he was the center, but she advised, suggested, and abetted. After the trip to Palestine in 1912, Judah's view of Zionism differed from that of the orthodox Zionists. He came to believe that it was essential that Jews and Arabs live together peacefully in Palestine. He urged a bi-national state to be composed of Arabs and Jews. In this he was later joined by Martin Buber and other distinguished Jews. He was attacked frequently, sometimes viciously, by other Zionists for his position. Most of their married life, Beatrice was engaged in providing Judah support while under attack. After his death, when she no longer had to sustain the role of emotional protector, she relaxed and assumed much of the gaiety of her youth. .

In 1922, the Magneses moved permanently to Palestine. They settled in Palestine because Judah had become the first Chancellor and then, later, the President of the Hebrew University – where he laid the foundations of the great institution that it is today. Beatrice made a number of trips to the United States in order to visit friends and relatives, but she was always eager to return. Life in America not only seemed too easy to her, but also lacked the inspiration of the settlements in Palestine, the Hebrew University and, later, the State of Israel.

Until shortly before the State of Israel was established and the War of Independence began, the Magneses lived on the top floor of a two-story Arab house – outside of Herod's Gate in Jerusalem. They were friendly with the Arab owner and his family, and Beatrice frequently visited with the ladies of Arab households. The Magneses worked with some Arabs and some Jews to create a bi-national state. The Arabs, however, were

terrorized; in some cases they were killed by anti-Zionist Arabs. After Judah's death in New York in 1948, Beatrice returned to Jerusalem where she lived until her own death. During the interval of return, she was visited not only by many of the people of Israel, but also by all manner of visitors from the United States, England, Europe, and Africa.

Beatrice and Judah's three sons, David, Jonathan and Benedict were born in the United States and for the most part were educated in Palestine.

Throughout her life Beatrice Magnes was keenly interested in current events. She kept up with American politics and the activities of her many friends and relatives; she had the capacity to make thumb-nail sketches of people and events, often with acid wit, and she could laugh at herself. Her wit made her a delightful companion and correspondent. In 1965, she wrote:

The Old Ones

Adenauer, Eisenhower,
We all recall your former power.
Chang Kai-Shek and Old B.G.,
We've heard you to satiety.
Franco, Bertrand Russell too,
It's time the rag you ceased to chew.
Papandreou and DeGaulle,
Pride cometh just before the fall.

Slow down, old men, and take a seat,
And write your memoirs indiscreet.
Speech may be golden, but silence is best
'Til you achieve Eternal Rest.

Not long before her death and years before the Arab oil embargo, she wrote:

Fair justice hath degenerated
and power politics instated.
Benighted nations must rely
on knowing where their interests lie.
And this of course is tantamount
to voting for their bank account.
Meanwhile disputed waters boil
On fuel – mainly Arab oil.

Here is a final indication of Beatrice's character: when she fell outside her home in Jerusalem, Beatrice realized that she had broken her hip. She called to her maid and asked her to put a pillow under her head and then to call the ambulance. This was a happening, like others, to be faced with that sense of reality and avoidance of fuss that is courage, that was her pattern of life. Beatrice never felt sorry for herself. During her last years, she suffered two broken hips and had to move about in a wheelchair; with two cataracts, she could scarcely read. It became her habit to wheel herself about her apartment – knowing the geography of the furniture and even knowing where various papers were filed. She would bring them out and show them to people, presenting this letter or that photograph to a friend, nephew, or niece.

With strength, good sense, devotion and humor, she stimulated and made more pleasurable the lives of many people.

James Marshall

Preface

There is no proper sequence in the pages that follow unless it be that which is inspired by association. One memory suggests another that, in turn, suggests still another, and so it goes . . .

I am reminded of a Dickens character with a similar tendency, who would begin with a speech of high moral sentiment and somehow end up in the cabbage patch. This weakness seems to be my special gift, however, I hope that, despite a somewhat informal account, the reader will not find my rambling too disturbing.

This account would not have been written if it were not for a pleasant coincidence. About ten years ago, Howard Mumford Jones and his wife came to see me. I happened to ask rather casually about the part of Cambridge in which they lived. Mrs. Jones said: "Oh, you wouldn't know, it's a very small street." I told her that I had lived in Cambridge and knew some of the small streets and once more asked her for the name of her street. "Francis Avenue." she replied. "Oh," I said. *"The avenue named Francis has romances that entrances."* "What," she said. "You know it? At what number did you live?" "Fourteen," said I. "That's the Turner house," she exclaimed. "That's where we live. We bought the house from Mrs. Turner."

A rather friendly atmosphere may develop from precisely such small beginnings. In 1964, after Mrs. Jones had paid three visits to Israel, she spoke to Mr. Barnes, of the Simon & Schuster publishing house about me. He wrote to me in April, 1964, and asked for a few examples of my writing style. With a bit of persuasion from him and others, combined with having the good luck to have a friend capable of deciphering my handwriting, I embarked upon this record.

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Girlhood

For more than forty years, my home has been in Jerusalem. I have had a long, varied, and happy life, and I am ready for the grave next to Judah's in the Sanhedria cemetery. I don't believe I have ever been really unhappy, although, naturally, I have been saddened by the loss of relatives and friends.

In the beginning, my life differed little from that of most of the lives of our friends and neighbors in those big brownstone houses on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. I was born there three months after my father's death, the youngest of six children. My mother lived only until I was five, and my dearest and closest sister Elsie, was about seven and a half. She and I were much younger than our other sisters or our brother, and came to be called "the children." Our father's unmarried brother, Bernard, left Memphis and came to New York when he became our guardian. Unfortunately, a housekeeper and so-called house mother was then employed by him to care for us. This woman was far from a mother to us, and even though she was efficient, she was an embittered woman with an unhappy past.

The brownstone houses in the neighborhood were alike, and so were the visitors who came to visit. Like our family, they were descendants of German Jews and they were seat-holders at Temple Emanuel, a Reform congregation. The handsome Moorish-style building was at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third

Street, and almost everyone we knew lived nearby. Although the houses looked alike as I indicated earlier, our street was glorified by having Vanderbilts at both corners of Fifth Avenue. Across Sixth Avenue, the "wrong side of the railroad tracks," lived the families of the coachmen and grooms of the carriage and home-owning upper classes. I mention this because although I began my education by attending a private school, I later went to Public School 69 on Fifty-fourth Street. My Mother's cousin, Randolph Guggenheimer, was President of the New York City Board of Education and he was in favor of mixing the masses and classes. It was in public school that I became attached to two little girls, Annie Fenwell and Lizzie Leahy, both daughters of Irish coachmen, or grooms. Since my parents were dead and our home was ruled with a rod of iron by the narrow-minded, snobbish but efficient housekeeper, who did not approve of my little friends, they were sent away.

My older sisters were beautiful, graceful, and gracious, and were married while I was still a child. They belonged to another generation. Uncle Bernard seemed to feel that we children must have everything that the offspring of wealthier families enjoyed. Perhaps I was a revolutionary. I don't know. I refused to go to the best dressmakers. I refused to take horseback-riding lessons and wear long, black, side-saddle costumes and silk hats, or to ride with young suitors in Central Park. I wanted a bicycle. I wanted ice-skates. I had no interest in parties at Sherry's and Delmonico's, although I was forced to go from time-to-time in the hopes of finding well-heeled suitors. Such suitors as there may have been were young bankers and lawyers, but in 1908, no one could imagine a girl from Temple Emanuel marrying an impoverished rabbi and going all the way to Palestine.

All this sounds dull, quite dull, as it should, because that was our life. After Grammar School 69, my sister Elsie was registered in an exclusive private school. She refused to attend, and instead took and passed exams for Hunter College, which was formerly a normal college, and I followed her there two years later. Our independence proved to be a turning point in our lives, and we made lasting friendships during this period.

When I was about eight or ten years old, the family as well as teachers, had the impression that I might be a poet. Alas, the afflatus was not precisely proven. I always enjoyed writing verses but I did so principally for amateur plays in college and for my freinds. At the age of eight I wrote things which even today strike me as being rather remarkable for a child so young. At the same time that I had a poetic flair, I was exceedingly mundane. Once, my brother got me an annual subscription for Harper's *Young People* as a birthday gift. I enjoyed this gift subscription enormously, but when I was about ten, my brother, who also held the opinion that my future was to write poetry, stopped the subscription and in its place gave me two exquisite volumes of Shelley and Keats. This was a tragedy for me because I had just reached the last instalment of a serial "Dory Mate," by Kirk Monroe, and I had left two miserable boys who were lost in their small boat in the fog off the Newfoundland banks. What had happened to them? My subscription had ended without being renewed and I thought I would never find out. Perhaps fifty years was to pass before my brother, who was always a great prowler in secondhand bookshops, came across a bound volume of "Dory Mate" in perfect condition. He sent it to me in Jerusalem and I was glad to learn that the two boys had been picked up by an Icelandic boat and taken safely to port.

My elder sisters acted *in locos parentis.* I was taken everywhere by them and my life in those days was what people today might consider a life of glamour. I took the experiences they exposed me to in my stride – everything from concerts to the best restaurants, to trips abroad, to California, to Florida, and to meeting rather interesting people. But I write about this incidentally, as part of my first life – up to the time I joined Hadassah in October 1907, met Jews, and realized that my life was going to be bound with theirs.

My mother died when she was only thirty-seven. Those who knew her often spoke of her unusual beauty and kindness. Her pictures show a sweet face, but the photographs of those days were black-and-white, and stiff, so that I can't help thinking

that her natural, normal posture must have added to her beauty. My elder brother, the archivist of the family, once sent me a few specimens from his collection. I recall an item from the late 1860's that he had clipped out of the *New York Sun* (Mr. Dana's old newspaper) which included a description of a ball that had taken place in New York. Evidently, my mother was the belle of the ball. I remember that the dress she wore was described as being black lace over yellow satin. Other details also stand out, like her being led out onto the dance floor by the Master of Ceremonies to lead the Virginia Reel. Strange to say, but I remember that the other side of the clipping contained a notice that the Board of Aldermen had voted to permit the construction of an elevated railway on Third Avenue.

When I was last in New York in 1953, I took a farewell ride on the ancient El, just for fun. Some of the old advertisements were still plastered on the 59th Street station. The train was not full, and the passengers seemed as familar and friendly to me as did the old signs. It was a pleasure to chat with those seated nearby, and I enjoyed myself so much that I rode all the way down to the station for Wall Street. I only regret that I did not stay on until we got to the Battery. The subway ride back was too prosaic for me after this ventue into the past.

When I was a child, perhaps no older than five or six, I had a terrible earache. My two sweethearts – both doctors – one an audiologist, the other a general practitioner, were beside my crib. I had a passion for watching fire engines and the nursery windows were barred, possibly to keep me from draping myself too far out in my longing to see "the hook and ladder cart" rush by. Someone banged on the bars to prevent me from hearing the engine bells, but I heard them anyway. However, I was too miserable to jump out of bed to look. These two doctors seemed to have been fond of their little patient because for several years they sent me presents on my birthday.

During our school-days, Elsie and I read *Children of the Ghetto* and *Grandchildren of the Ghetto,* by Israel Zangwill, with great interest. As the ghetto about which Zangwill wrote

concerned the East End of London, we somehow failed to realize the connection between it and the ghettos of eastern Europe. At that time, neither my sister nor I had the faintest idea that Zangwill was the first English Jew to not only meet Theodor Herzl, but also to be convinced by him of the great need for a Jewish home in the Land of the Bible.

In 1898, Zangwill came to America to visit Daniel and Florence Guggenheim. The Guggenheims were family freinds, and as soon as we learned of Zangwill's arrival we begged them to let us meet their distinguished guest. As a result, a visit was arranged to take place when the Guggenheims returned from the seashore to their city house. In due time, the appointed hour arrived.

Early September was hot, as usual. Florrie Guggenheim's birthday was celebrated by Zangwill with a gift to her of a not very attractive, large photograph of himself. He inscribed it "To Florrie, September 3rd '98 – in the shade."

Zangwill, accustomed to the chilly climate of England, had brought only his heavy underwear and had to borrow American summer underwear to tide him over during the hot spell. When my brother-in-law, Louis Marshall, said to him: "Zangwill, a string of your underwear is hanging out," Zangwill replied quickly, "No, no! Not mine, Guggenheim's."

It became evident that Zangwill did not think much of Elsie or me when we were ushered into his presence. At one point he referred to us as "those two great, overgrown girls." Well, we were tall and we were athletic, but we also had fair hair, healthy, rosy complexions, and blue eyes – and of course, we were rather thick through the middle, and possibly quite dumbfounded in the presence of such distinguished company. Years later, when he married, he and Mrs. Zangwill entertained JLM and me in London and I learned about his taste. The woman Zangwill had chosen to marry was a dainty, shapely, dark and pretty little woman, and, as far as I knew, a woman who had never handled a tennis racket or a golf club in her life.

Oh dear dead days of busts and bustles,
When shapes were more esteemed than muscles.

One of my school friends, an admirer, wrote to me during this period: *"Have just seen I.Z. and wish I hadn't . . . ."*

One of my earliest memories is of the gentlemen from the South who came to dinner at our house on 52nd Street. Despite their Scottish surnames, these men were southerners in speech and in manner. Because they came to New York as buyers for the family business in Memphis, Tennessee, we got to see them periodically. During these visits, my sister Elsie and I were cautioned not to sing a song which was still popular in the North, long after the end of the Civil War: "Hang Jeff Davis on the sour apple tree."

Jefferson Davis was never a hero to the North. In the South, of course, he was idolized. My grandmother's family lived in the South until the end of the war and then came to New York. It was fun for us to visit my mother's cousin Helen and to hear her stories of the war. Here is one story that she told proudly. It seems that when she was fifteen, she had "beautiful, black corkscrew curls." One day, as she gazed at a display of bright epaulettes in a shop window of one of the local stores in their home town of Lynchburg, Virginia, a tall soldier who stood in back of her, patted her corkscrew curls and asked: "Are you a little Rebel," She answered promptly: "I'd rather be a Rebel than a Debbil," as she turned around and looked up. After years and years of telling the story, her face still assumed an ecstatic expression as she recounted this portion of her tale; "I looked up and it was General Robert E. Lee.

From the older members of our family, I once heard of the following incident in the life of my father. During the Civil War, a Tennessee man tried to smuggle tobacco across the Ohio River to a northern customer. He was caught and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the North. When the war was over, my father was selected to go to Washington to plead for the man's pardon. In so doing, he spoke to Lincoln, but he was not successful in effecting the pardon.

My father noticed Lincoln's voice, with its high and rather nasal twang. This voice, as had been recorded elsewhere, was why Lincoln was not asked to speak at the Gettysburg

memorial services and Edward Everett was chosen as chief orator. Eventually, Lincoln was asked to say "a few words." His Gettysburg address, now quoted by many Americans, lasted only two or three minutes, while the lengthy oration of Edward Everett has been forgotten.

Another presidential voice, also unattractive was that of Theodore Roosevelt. My sister and I were taken to Lyric Hall in New York to hear one of his campaign speeches, when he was nominated for the vice-presidency. Elsie and I were disappointed with his high squeaky voice but were rather impressed by his "bodyguard," two Rough Riders in ten-gallon hats who had been with him in Cuba, when he was the hero of the 1898 Spanish-American War.

My father's brothers continued the business in Memphis after he retired due to ill health. Today, not a single member of our family is in the "business," which is run by a corporation but is still well-known along the Mississippi Valley by its original name, "Lowenstein's." Pictures sent to me recently by a Memphis Lady, show handsome, modern, steel and glass buildings – a far cry from the original modest store which my father, Benedict Lowenstein, built about a decade before the Civil War.

My Uncle Bernard, whom I mentioned earlier, was a very handsome bachelor, however, I believe he had illusions of grandeur. His writing-paper was decorated with a crest, which depicted the family name of *Lowenstein* or *Lion Stone* quite literally, with a grey lion rampant on a grey stone. Uncle Bernard had fashionable friends, went to fashionable entertainments, and wanted us to be in fashion, too. My elder sisters seemed to acquiesce, but Elsie and I rebelled against much that he expected of us. As we grew older, we changed somewhat and had no objections to subscriptions to the opera and the philharmonic, to the theater, and to being taken to see great foreign actors and actresses – even though we did not understand much about these cultured events at the time. We attended performances starring Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanore Duse, Agnes Sorma, and two whom we could understand, Henry

Irving and Ellen Terry. We were too young to have had a chance to see Edwin Booth, but I distinctly remember Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle. (In those prim days, girls did not meet "theater people.")

Uncle Bernard knew some great opera singers but he had an odd way of hearing an opera. He would wear his white gloves, white tie and tails, attend the first act, get bored, leave, and on another occasion attend the second act, eventually hearing all the acts. Once, he actually invited me to have lunch with him at a hotel in order to meet Lotte Lehman. Mme. Lehman was the leading Wagnerian soprano of her day, and her recitals always packed an audience when she performed at the Met. I was thrilled, and so were my schoolmates, when I told them I was to meet her. I wore my best coat and hat, which bore a few tiny brown roses as decor. After we were seated at the table, Mme. Lehman looked at me and said: "I thank you for wearing that hat." I was speechless with pride. Then she added "You see, I am a member of the Audobon Society and I lose my appepite when I see a hat trimmed with birds' feathers."

At this point I will insert a little paragraph I wrote for the *Jerusalem Post* concerning the first appearance on the stage of Ethel Barrymore which I happened to witness, and which I recalled at her death.

The death of Ethel Barrymore brings to mind an incident in the early life of an Old American-born reader of the Jerusalem Post.

When I was a child, my sister and I were visiting at the summer home of an older sister and husband. A barnstorming company, starring Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in Sheridan's play "The Rivals," had come to that country town for a one-night stand. Our brother-in-law seated us next to a handsome boy and said to him "John, look after these girls. I'll call back for them, good-bye." John explained to us that Sidney Drew was his uncle, and that he and his sister, Ethel, were having their summer vacation on tour with Uncle Sidney. When the main character in "The Rivals" came on the stage, John whispered excitedly, "That's my sister, Ethel. It's her first appearance and she's so

scared that she has lost her voice." As a matter of record, it took Ethel Barrymore years to get control of that voice. As she wrote in her autobiography, her voice would suddenly grow faint and husky even after she had begun playing more important roles on Broadway.

Such occasions were rare, however, our greatest enthusiasm was for the Met soprano, Emma Eames; she was the most beautiful woman and, to our taste, had the most perfect voice of all. I recently came across some old snapshots I had taken. They show our bedroom and study adjoining in the 52nd Street house. On the walls are many framed pictures of Emma Eames in various operatic roles. Over the bookcase stand busts of Beethoven and Wagner. Elsie's guitar and my mandolin hang on a door, in true teenage fashion. There was also an upright piano – and I seem to remember that when we ought to have been doing our homework, we spent time picking out the notes and trying to sing the words to some of Emma Eames' great operatic roles. Today, Eames' name is practically forgotten, although two or three of her early gramaphone recordings may be found in the archives of the New York Public Library. I wish I could hear them again. I feel confident that, although I cannot recapture that first, fine, early rapture, her voice would come through to me as perfectly as it did when the recordings were made at the beginning of the century.

One of my mother's cousins married a beautiful woman who loved art and was a patroness of musicians. Their daughter and I were friends; through them I was invited to concerts and to private musicals, where many great musicians performed. These cousins had a country estate overlooking the Hudson River, and I was always impressed with the fact that the estate was more like a museum than a home. My room had a painted ceiling, a four-poster bed with pleated mauve canopy and – although mauve was not my favorite color – nothing prevented me from sleeping soundly. My older sister once accompanied Cousin M. to the auction sale of house furnishings belonging to Stanford White, then probably the most distinguished architect in America. Cousin M. began to bid on an Italian antique

canvas ceiling. "But," said my sister, "why do you want another ceiling? You have plenty," to which the lovely M. replied in her sweet and dreamy fashion: "One can always use a ceiling."

Many years later, after she and her husband had died, the contents of their museum-like mansion on the Hudson were to be auctioned. A preview was permitted to a reporter for *The New Yorker.* He was guided around the house by the butler, who was still in charge, and then he was taken to the old stable which had been without horses and carriages for many long years. Looking about the vast bare structure, he asked: "But what are all those huge rolls of canvas stacked up in the corner?" "Those," replied the butler sadly and solemnly, "are Madame's ceiling."

The estate and the house were bequeathed to the nearby municipality to be used as a public park. The empty house proved to be of no use and was demolished. Years later, on one of our visits from Jerusalem, we heard a benefit concert, given by a famous string quartet, in the exquisite Greek theater which had been one of M.'s chief delights. During intermission, I wandered to the lawn where the house had stood and recalled the gay, interesting days, and the fun we girls had managed to have in spite of the plethora of fine furniture to be seen everywhere.

In those years Judaism entered our young lives in a limited way; most of our friends were German Jews, but I knew very little about Jewish traditions. When I was eleven, I was sent to Sunday School: after that, I went to Temple Emanuel on Saturday mornings. All in all I went there for about a year, because I was to be confirmed when I was fourteen. We learned some Hebrew in Sunday School, but nothing about Jewish traditions. Thus it was that I had never seen a Seder or a Sukkah or a Hanukkah light for, in those days, Reform Judaism was mostly confined to the prayers contained in the Union Prayer Book. I remember being indignant when one of our German-Jewish friends remarked with evident satisfaction "Well, I think our service is quite like the Christian Unitarian Service." "Why should it be," I replied, 'we're Jews."

Strange to relate, but I had never met a Rabbi until I met Dr. Magnes. In the 52nd Street group, we heard little and talked little about Jewish problems. I thought *Children of the Ghetto* a brilliant, wonderful book, as I indicated earlier, but it was a book I received as a prize in Sunday School, and that book did not evoke any thoughts of the ghetto on the Lower East Side or elsewhere, for that matter. Later, when I read *Grandchildren of the Ghetto,* I thought of it in the same terms as *Children of the Ghetto.* I liked both books for their style and their author, rather than for their content.

My sister Florence married Louis Marshall who, though a Reform Jew, was much interested in Jewish questions of all kinds and had many friends amongst the Conservatives. Through him I met them but I wasn't at all interested in what they spoke about. My social work was mainly at the College Alumnae House, where I lived for a time. Some of the children at the House were Jewish, but most were non-Jewish – many from Bohemian parents. By the time I was thirteen or fourteen, my best friend was a Christian, Amie Burr – who later married a Presbyterian minister – whose mother was like a mother to me.

In 1905, Elsie and I, with my friend, Amie Burr, rented a home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and attended Harvard summer school. Elsie was a truly beautiful woman and seemed to have collected quite a few Beaux Arts' architects as her admirers. As a result, she decided to study Architectural Design. My specialty was English, and Amie, whose poems were always accepted by the best magazines, stayed in the house and wrote rather profusely.

Mrs. Turner, the owner of the house, had generously left all her linen and silver, books and piano music for our use. Her sole request was that we save the Copley portraits of her ancestors in the event of fire. This request made quite an impression upon us, and so every evening when it got dark, Elsie, Amie, and I would remove the portraits and rush out into the garden with them in our long, white nightgowns – our black cocker spaniel, Lucky, barking joyously at our heels throughout these farcical

fire-drills.

One day, the three elderly maiden ladies who lived across the street invited us to tea. The drawing room, half-darkened to keep the sun off the antiques, was furnished with slippery, ancient, horsehair-covered chairs. We expressed the hope that our antics in the Turner garden had not disturbed them too much, whereupon one of the sisters replied: "Oh, no, we are glad to see young ladies so happy on the lawn." Another sister then remarked: "But your friend, although he has a nice voice, sings rather badly, doesn't he." Our "friend" was actually Caruso, singing on that famous "Rici Pagliaccio." The three sisters had neither seen nor heard a gramophone until we arrived!

When the summer courses were over, a friend sent his automobile and chauffeur to us and we stayed on to tour the historic and literary sites in the neighborhood.

In 1906, I saw the first Vanderbilt Cup Race near Garden City, Long Island. Herbert Lehman drove a few of us down to the race in his big, open car. On the way back, inspired by the fast driving, Herbert took us along the country roads at racing speed. I recall that in those days I wore a pince-nez and they were blown off in the rush of the wind and lost forever.

During the school holidays in late December, our uncle, a devotee of fresh air, insisted that Elsie and I should join him in Atlantic City. We were not keen on that, because our school friends were just then having jolly parties in the city. Every day we would walk with Uncle Bernard for several miles to Absecom Bay, where he had a small sailboat, "Bluebird." The man who looked after the Bluebird was called Cap'n Fen Doughty. This Fen tried his utmost to make sailors of us. He scorned "them newfangled" steering-wheels, and was faithful to the old, long, wooden tiller. When we weren't at the till, he called us by our real names, but as soon as we were set to steering with that old tiller, both of us became "Tillie." "Tillie," he would say "now watch the throat of that thar sail. It's fluttering." Then we would manipulate the tiller until the wind (and what a nasty wind that was) filled the throat of the

sail. It was Uncle Bernard's thought that we would learn to get our sea-legs. Not I! His idea was that later, when we went abroad, we would be able to spend our evenings in the ballroom of the steamer. Not I. What we did pick up was how to sail a boat, how to take long walks beside the winter sea, and how not to grumble about cold weather.

When much younger, I was taken sailing in Pleasure Bay and up the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey. We often raced with three young men, and I was fascinated by the names of two of them. They were Hartwig (Hardy, for short) and Saling. I thought that Saling was a nickname because he generally sailed the boat, but later on, when I read the autobiography of his eldest brother, Bernard Baruch, I discovered that his name was actually "Saling."

Today a trip to Europe is even less of an event than was a weekend in 1902. But I had the privilege of going abroad with my elder sister, Sadie, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Untermeyer, their nine-year-old son, Eugene, and his faithful governess, Fraulein Anna Burgfeld. We crossed early in June on the "Oceanic" – one of the finest of the Luxury Liners of the day. All the conditioning that my Uncle had insisted upon when I was a schoolgirl had not given me the sea-legs he had expected. I spent most of the voyage in my cabin, occasionally venturing up on deck, and I never saw either the dining-room or the ballroom. How happy I was to get off that ship!

My sister, who knew London well, let the others go ahead with the luggage in a large four-wheeler carriage. She took me, as my first treat, to Baker Street in a hansom cab I was also taken to the Tower, Westminister Abbey, and to Rotten Row. At Covent Garden, I heard Caruso and Melba perform *La Boheme.* This performance turned out to be one of Caruso's first appearances outside of Italy. (There was a desk in my bedroom in the hostel which the chambermaid had neglected to clean out. In a drawer I found an open letter, written in a huge sprawling hand, to "Dear Santos-Dumont," from Edna Nay, asking Caruso to meet her after the show. Edna Nay was then the loveliest and most popular musical comedy actress, and was

currently in *The Belle of New York.*

From London we went on to Paris. With young Eugene and Fraulein, of course, I went to the Eiffel Tower for the first and last time. Eugene always spoke German with Fraulein and English with me. When we reached the top of the Tower, an American lady said to me: "How well that little German speaks English." I knew Paris very well from maps which I had studied so closely that I was able to walk around without assistance. But in those days a young girl did not walk around Paris alone, so my nephew Eugene was sent to trail after me. My sister and I had received a very thorough training in French. We knew all the grammar, but we had little experience in conversation. My brother-in-law knew only the imperative mood and used to poke gentle fun at us because we didn't get along nearly as well as he who only had his simple imperative at command!

My brother-in-law seemed to have many friends in Paris. We went to the opera and to the races. There I lost my first, but not my last bet. We attended dinner-parties, and one evening quite a large party was given at Armenonville – that charming open-air restaurant. I found myself seated beside a small, dark, unhappy-looking "foreigner" who was a flyer, a headliner – the first man after Bleriot to cross the English Channel in a balloon – Santos-Dumont.

Since my elder sisters had given me tips on what was called "dinner-table conversation," I began with my opening wedge, which in this case seemed definitely appropriate. "What have you been to see?" The answer was suprising and rather abrupt: "I never go to the theater." Silence. I thought: "He can see the lovely Edna Nay without going to the theater." As both he and the pompous but kindly relative on my other side seemed more interested in the fine French cuisine than in me, the silence continued.

We were living at the Ritz and often at dinner I had a chance to gaze at all the V.I.P.'s, amongst whom were white-haired old Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his lovely Cleo de Merode. I admired his taste, but I knew he was a bad old king with a fortune derived from the slave trade in the Belgian Congo.

There weeks were devoted to Carlsbad, where my brother-in-law underwent the "cure." I suppose it would have been dull inasmuch as there were very few young people, but actually it was most amusing and I met people of various nationalities. I even had the distinction of refusing to meet a potentate.

The two pretty blond Clark girls were told by the Grand Visier, Izak Khan, that the Shah of Persia desired to see some American girls. They came away from the presentation disgusted. The Shah had barely looked at them. My turn came next. "No, thank you," said I. The evening before, at a musical show, I had been able to judge the Shah's taste. He almost fell out of his royal box in the endeavor to get a closer view of a small, dark ballerina with a pair of decidedly worthwhile young legs.

The most entertaining man there was a Polish attache to the Czar of Russia, and at one point I found myself writing a ballad about three of the men taking the "cure."

Ballad of a German Spa

They came from the ends of the earth, all three
To Heinrichsbad they came
Hoping to cure their various ills;
Fearing the German doctors' bills
To Heinrichsbad they came,
One was a Persian potentate –
From Teheran he came –
He had been keeping many a Persian date,
And never cared a fig what he ate,
And that is why he came –
And one was a Russian general;
From Petersburg he came,
But caviar to the general grew
Somewhat indigestable too,
And that is why he came.

Those who arose very early in order to drink the waters paid a lower "cure-tax." It was in this manner that my sister took me

to the spring a couple hours earlier than usual. There, for the first time, I met my fellow-Jews from Poland and Galicia and Russia, with sidecurls, beards, and long, black coats. I did not connect them with Jews of similar background who lived on the Lower East Side, and I could not have guessed how many I would see and get to know in Jerusalem.

We attended the races in Carlsbad, however, they seemed a farce to me. The usher who opened the door whispered some tips on the races, and five out of six of my horses won. I do not know how these "successes" were "fixed", but my usher got his tip and I was able to buy an exquisite dressing-gown I had seen in a shop-window in town. (Since that time I have gone to only one race-day at Sarafend in Palestine, and that was during the days of the British Mandate. No luck!)

Several weeks later we found ourselves in Kiel to meet our "sailor uncle," who had come down from the island of Marstrand, Sweden, in his boat, "Fertig." The "Cap'n" in charge explained that "Fertig" meant "Ready." We sailed on the Baltic and through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. We met naval officers, one of whom, captain of German warship, introduced us to the navy's luncheon club and to their rather inadequate golf links – but I was then a golf fan and welcomed any kind of game.

An Italian warship was at anchor nearby. One day at lunch a few blond officers in great uniforms turned up. Without knowing anything about them, I said to my sister: "They must be Italian naval officers. You know there are blond Italians." When our German captain heard this, he begged to differ: "Fraulein, those are the Green Hussars from Dusseldorf."

II

Marriage

October 31, 1907 – First meeting Hadassah 8:15 p.m. Young Women's Hebrew Association (YWHA – Lexington Ave.) (Diary Entry)

This marks the beginning of what I consider the second of my four lives. Let me relate what led up to this active identification with Jewish life, followed by my marriage to Judah and my eventual move to Jerusalem.

Although Jewish immigrants were pouring into New York during the time of my diary entry and although many problems arose as a consequence of that immigration, including the question of Zionism, I cannot recall a single instance when Zionism was discussed in the Lowenstein circle. In fact, my own initiation into this very problem came about in an incidental way.

In 1907 Jacob Schiff, then the most influential and probably the wealthiest Jew in America, made an attack in *The American Hebrew* on the outspoken Zionism of Professor Schechter, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York. Mr. Louis Marshall, President of the Reform Temple Emanuel in New York, decided to answer Mr. Schiff. Despite the fact that he was a Reform Jew, Marshall presented a remarkable defense of Professor Schechter's Zionism – so much so that he might just as well have been a Zionist.

Louis Marshall's handwriting was very distinct and, as we

were camping in the Adirondacks during this episode, there was no way available to us to type his manuscript, so I suggested writing it out for him in longhand. I will always remember the first words of Marshall's reply: "Although I am not a Zionist and never expect to become a Zionist, still . . ." and it went on, quoting from the great writers on Zionism. It was a magnificent exposition of what can be done by a good lawyer.

After writing the article, I found that I had become mildly interested in the subject of Zionism, which up to that time had meant nothing to me. For some reason, I had a vague notion that Zionists were men in white nightgowns with long hair and straggling beards, who paraded the city streets with printed admonitions on top of long poles: "Repent before it is too late." At any rate, I asked Louis Marshall if I could get anything more to read about this subject. He grinned and asked "have you a dollar?" "Yea, I have a dollar." "Well, send it to the Bloch Publishing Company in New York and they will send you more for a dollar than you will ever read." How right he was! I managed to struggle through Pinsker's *Autoemancipation* and Moses Hess' *Rome and Jerusalem.* There was also a third, short brochure written by Dr. Harry Friedenwald, then President of the hitherto unknown-to-me Zionist Federation of America. The article was called *What Will the Goyim Say?* It described the Jew cringing before the *goyim,* lowering his voice when he said the word "Jew."

All of this waxed extremely repugnant to me, although I had very little Jewish interest or knowledge. And so, when Friedenwald talked of a center in Palestine, where Jews could hold up their heads and act like normal beings, I became very interested.

Shortly after the article went off, Dr. Judah L. Magnes, then Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, came to the camp as the Marshall's guest. I had known Dr. Magnes slightly, but had taken no special interest in his views or in his deviations from standard Reform Jewish ritual or outlook. Magnes had just returned from Palestine after having attended a Zionist Congress, and he had much to share with Louis, who was greatly interested in

learning anything of Jewish concern.

How had the rabbi of Temple Emanuel come to take up a cause like Zionism? After JLM graduated from the University of Cincinnati and Hebrew Union College, he received a modest stipend to enable him to study abroad. He went to Berlin for Jewish studies, and later to Heidelberg, where he acquired a Ph.D. While in Berlin, however, he began to meet young Jewish students from Eastern Europe for the first time. During vacation, a fellow-student from Germany suggested a walking tour through the Harz Mountains. But Magnes, who had become intrigued by the students from Eastern Europe, decided to learn more about them, and made use of his vacation break to go to Poland. There he learned about a movement among the Jews for a return to Zion. He became an enthusiast, imbued with the idea that Zionism might be a solution to the Jewish problem. He wrote to his father about what he had learned, and his dear father, whom we called "daddy," replied that California was good enough for him.

In those early days, Zionism was anathema to the Reform Jew. When young Magnes returned to America to explain and to extol the idea of a Jewish center in Palestine, he was vilified by the Reform rabbis. One exceptionally brilliant preacher, Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, published a weekly paper: *The Reform Advocate.* Daddy subscribed to it, but when a genuinely vindictive editorial appeared against Magnes, Daddy called his eldest daughter to him and said: "Take that dirty sheet away and don't let it ever come into this house again." After that, Daddy showed sympathy and real interest in the cause his son had been advocating.

When JLM first became a Zionist,he did not think in terms of a binational state; the same is true of his first visit to Palestine in 1907, when he traveled all over the Levant – although he was impressed by the fact that the vast majority of the inhabitants were Arabs. On his second visit in 1912, he saw that there could be no peace unless Jews and Arabs ruled the country together. (And he was rather amazed at a remark by Zangwill, who, when asked about the Arabs, said "Well, they can go trek.")

When we settled in Palestine in 1922, Judah was too busy setting up the Hebrew University to be concerned much about political problems. He took up the idea of a bi-national state after the Arab riots of 1929. This idea was opposed by most Jews, but however strongly they opposed it, they did no harm to its advocates. On the Arab side, however, intimidation was practiced against anyone who advocated such a solution.

All of these matters were far from our minds at Louis Marshall's camp in the Adirondacks more than sixty years ago. What the two men discussed interested me, too, and sometimes I would forget tennis, golf, boating, or fishing in order to hang around them so that I could hear what they said. Dr. Magnes evidently noticed my interest and in time, when we returned to the city, he telephoned me. "My secretary, Lotta Levensohn," said he. "is about to form a group of girls who want to make a study of Zionism and Jewish subjects. I have sent her to see Miss Henrietta Szold, whom I believe you know, and Miss Szold will give her advice. I wonder if you would like to join the group."

I was just ripe for that sort of thing and was very glad to accept the invitation. Miss Szold refused to become president, stating that she would be an ordinary member; in this manner Lotta Levensohn became the president of the group – all of whose members were about half Miss Szold's age. Miss Szold delegated me with the responsibility for "Current Topics," which meant that I had to read the Jewish and general press, as well as any articles which contained reference to Palestine, Zionism, or related subjects, and report my findings at the next meeting.

I first met Henrietta Szold at a dinner party attended by a number of older, learned Jews (Judge Mayer Sulzberger, Cyrus Adler, Professor Jacob Hollander of Baltimore, Louis Loeb, the artist and illustrator of Zangwill's books, Louis Marshall and Dan Guggenheim) and some of their wives. To this day, I don't know why I was invited; perhaps it was because more men than women were there. Miss Szold sat opposite me at the table; she was demurely dressed and not in decollete. I was young,

frivolous, quick at repartee, and abysmally ignorant of Jewish matters, but I had a good time. Years later, when I knew Miss Szold well, I told her that I had imagined she disapproved of me that night at the dinner party. "On the contrary, I was admiring you."

After that first Hadassah meeting, I got to know Miss Szold rather well. She lived with her mother, Mrs. Sophie Szold, across the street from the former building of the Jewish Theological Seminary. Students were in the habit of dropping in to see and discuss their work with their learned neighbor. In later years she told me that one evening, when her bell rang, she opened the door to an apparently very young man and said to herself: "Oh, dear, another student. And I have so much work on hand. This will keep me up until all hours." But with her unfailing courtesy she let him come in. "Good evening. Are you Miss Szold? My name is Magnes. I've heard much about you and I feel that we ought to know each other." This meeting was the start of a lifelong friendship. *Magnes was at her bedside when she died at the Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem about forty years after their meeting.*

The Szold flat was dark and small, and appeared darker as the result of Henrietta's mother's love of plants. The only south window ledge was full of flower pots and, since Mrs. Szold had the green thumb, the plants grew tall and eventually shut out the light. One morning, when I saw Miss Szold on some Hadassah business, she asked: "Is there an odd smell in this room?" "Yes, there is." "You see, Mother insists upon spreading sheep manure on her beloved plants. But we are living in a small flat, not an airy garden," she said, with a tolerant smile.

Not much seems to have been written about Mrs. Sophie Szold. In the summer of 1913, my husband and I both felt the need of a real change and rest. We found a couple of rooms in a cottage on Nantucket Island. When Mr. and Mrs. Felix Warburg heard of this, they suggested that we go to their country house inasmuch as they would all be abroad and the servants would be at the house. We changed our plans accordingly and took our two small sons and a quiet, lovable Scottish nurse, Alice Clar, to

Woodlands at White Plains. It was a great estate, with woods and water – a perfect place to relax. At table there was a Swedish butler, "Oscar," so quiet and efficient that we had no orders for him except that we would not have meat on the table. At our first meal, we found a special plate of matzoth. "Why, Oscar?" "I thought Jews ate matzoth." We thanked him politely and as we both liked matzoth, they continued to be on the table all summer.

During the weekends we would have a few guests; once Mrs. Szold and her daughter came. Naturally, Mrs. Szold was entranced with the gardens and the masses of flowers there and on the dining table. She praised the imperturbable Oscar for his artistic flower arrangements. Alice, the nurse, who ate in the servants' dining room, came back with the report that Oscar had told them that that nice Mrs. Szold was the finest visitor ever to have come to the house.

Oscar's remark takes me back a few years.

At our little summer cottage in Chappaqua, New York, our weekend guests were Mrs. Burr and her daughter, Amie – my best friend. Our maid of all work Gisella Itzkowitz of Budapest, had lived only among Jews. One day when the two Burrs and the two Magneses were seated together, Gisella came into the room. Gisella, who was always outspoken, said: "I never before had a chance to meet Christians. And I think Mrs. Burr is the finest lady I have ever known." How right she was. Magnes, in an allegorical mood, said; "Gisella, we all begin by climbing the mountain on different sides, far off. As we go higher, we hear each other's voice, and at last we all meet at the top." "Oh, Dr. Magnes," exclaimed Gisella, "how wonderful, I will never forget it." About forty years later, in New York, Gisella, still an exhuberant white-haird lady, came to see me. She asked about the family and then about Mrs. Burr and her daughter. "Gisella, do you remember what Dr. Magnes told you?" I repeated his allegory. "Oh, Mrs. Magnes, I don't remember a word of it. What I do remember is that Miss Burr asked for fried onions for breakfast."

My account is running years ahead.

In 1964, Miss Szold's archivist, Mrs. Emma Ehrlich, came to see me. During our visit, I showed her the diary entry which had turned up after having been buried in an old trunk for many years. She asked: "May I have your diary for my archives?" I said: "Oh, no, but you can tear out the page, if it interests you to know about the first meeting of Hadassah. But wait a minute, let's see what is written on the other side." I turned over the page to November 1, 1907, and found "JLM phoned to find out how I liked the meeting." From that time on JLM phoned rather often, and he often came to see me and lend me books on Zionism. By the beginning of 1908, the year of our marriage, we were close friends. Unlike other young men, JLM never brought a present – except for one time when he came with a bag of roasted peanuts, which we shared.

In February, I went with friends to the tiny "whistle-stop" town of Mohawk, in a central Florida lake district. We lived at the Jolly Palms – more of a fishing and shooting lodge than a hotel – built beside one of the smaller lakes. Almost every day we went out with the men and their guide to shoot quail or fish for the lake bass. We would sling hammocks in the orange groves at mid-day and eat our quail and guava jelly sandwiches, and then we would take forty winks, as did the dogs – all pointers – who searched out the quail.

In April, 1908, I went away with the Burr family to the British Isles, and was gone for four months. Magnes and I corresponded quite a bit during this period, and he sent me introductions to some of the leading Zionists in both England and Holland – although I really had no intention of going to Holland at that time.

Through Magnes' introductions, I managed to get to the first Seder I had ever attended. That was at the house of Rabbi Moses Gaster, Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Congregation, in London. It was a simply magnificent Seder. I knew very little about the ceremony and had told my friends that I would probably be home by ten. The Seder started at about nine and, by the time we got through the first part of the service, I was a little worried. Next to me on one side was

Vivian Gaster, aged fourteen. I said to him: "I know one song in the Haggadah, the *Had Gadya.* When you sing that, it's over isn't it? I seem to have missed it." "Oh," he said cheerefully, "It'll probably be sung by midnight." Again I was worried. What would my friends think? They would have the police out looking for me. Vivian clarified: "But there'll be a ripping dinner in between." The dinner consisted of the largest roast-beef I had ever seen and sure enough, about midnight, the *Had Gadya* was sung. On my other side, a young Rhodes scholar was seated. Without any inhibitions about Jewish customs – because I did not know them – I said aloud: "Would be you be kind enough to telephone for a taxi?" The scholar said: "Shut up. I'll tell you what to do. If you have to take a taxi, let's go out into the street to the nearest taxi stand." I noticed some rather shocked faces near where we were, but I didn't understand what it was all about until we got into the street. The scholar explained matters to me, saying that never before had he met so ignorant a Jew. *Observant Jews do not travel on the Sabbath or holy days.* Apropos of this commemoration of the Exodus from Egypt, I recall that in 1902 my sister Elsie, and her husband, Paul Herzog, Senior, were in Cairo. When they visited the Cairo Museum and saw the mummy of Ramses II, presumably the Pharoah connected with the Exodus, Paul gazed at it and remarked ironically, "Look at you, and now look at us, back again and staying at the best hotel."

My next experience during Passover week, 1908, occurred when I was invited to have lunch with the Bentwich family, at Birchington, Kent. Their parents and ten of their eleven children were at the table. Afterwards, some of the young girls played exquisite music. The only one missing at the table was not in the country at the time: it was Norman, the eldest son, with whom we became very well acquainted after we settled in Palestine.

I had some American friends in Germany who begged me to visit them. I decided to do so, cross the Channel, and stop briefly in The Hague, where I presented my introductions to Mr. and Mrs. Jacobus Kahn, who were the leading Zionists of

their day in Holland. They were holding a small Zionist meeting at their home. Interestingly enough, I had met two or three English Zionists, who chanced to cross the Channel on the same night-boat I was on. Together we went to call on Mr. David Wolfsohn of Cologne, the man who succeeded Herzl as President of the World Zionist Organization. I remember being taken to visit Josef Israels, the great Jewish artist, then a very old man sitting on his balcony gazing at the sea that he loved to paint. My diary reads:

One young American Zionist, not Magnes, had actually followed me to Europe and was also present. Mr. Israels made the embarrassing mistake of thinking this young man was either my husband or my fiance, which caused a ripple of laughter and somehow or other annoyed me. Later, in New York, when JLM wrote to inform Wolfsohn of our marriage he replied: "I am very pleased because I thought that young lady would make a fine wife for our Magnes."

Aboard ship, I found several farewell gifts awaiting me, including a huge bouquet of violets. No gifts from JLM but a wonderful letter. As to the violets, I suggested to Amie that we might throw them overboard before they wilted in the cabin. She imagined that the flowers came from JLM and wrote this charming poem which later appeared with her best-known poetry:

Unfaded give them to the deep,
These flowers, the fairest of the land.
See, as they fall, a billow leap
To clutch them in a cold-white hand.
No morrow and no yesterday
For their frail loveliness shall be,
Held like a pearl, from earth's decay,
By the imperishable sea.

It would be a pity not to give the reader eight more lines which might otherwise remain buried treasure:

A cry of the weary year
A flurry of snow in the blast
And the red-streaked gray of winter's day
Slipping into the past.
But my listening heart can hear
A bird that must sing and sing
A song of the morn and of youth reborn
And of Spring – Spring – Spring!

Much later, I told Amie that the violets were not objects of sentiment. Amie was a good sailor and I was not, but early one morning, just as I was faintly aware that I had any sea legs, our cabin steward knocked on the door, "Young ladies, would you care to come up on deck and see the ship sink?" This was a rather alarming question, and we began to look for our life-preservers immediately. We soon learned, however, that a British tanker was afire and slowly, ever-so-slowly settling, while the crew was being evacuated to the "Majestic" in small boats. *Later on in these reminiscences, I will touch upon our connection with the sinking of the "Titanic" and the ship-wrecked Italian steamer "Bulgaria."*

We girls tried speaking with as many Englishmen as possible, not only to hear what they had to say, but also to learn how they spoke. We went to the Covent Garden Market, to the wholesale fish market, Billingsgate, to the Thames, to Petticoat Lane, and to the old part of the city. In Billingsgate we greeted a handsome young fishmonger leaning against his cart. He cried out, "Ello, girls, 'ow are ye? Oll rite?" At this moment, a bobby approached us and gently advised us: "Young lydies, it's not Billingsgyte ye want to see. It's the Taar right there, down the river." We beat a retreat, but the words of our Apollo of the wheelbarrow remained with us as a cheerful greeting to this day.

On the horse-drawn busses of 1908, we tried to get front seats on the roof and to engage the drivers in conversation. This was always easy, since they were decidedly chatty as a lot. One fellow, who seemed to be very fond of his horses, said to us: "I myntyn (maintain) and always will myntyn that if you slit a

'orses tongue like a mynah bird, you'd get 'im to speak." We had never heard of a mynah bird but later, on a P. & O. steamer, I met a woman missionary from India who was taking one back to England. She let me hear it "speak"; out came a rather faint and unintelligible sound. To this day, I don't know if the bird's tongue was slit or not.

Naturally, being tourists in London, we lunched at Dr. Johnson's dingy old coffee house, The Cheshire Cheese. Each table was in a compartment. A dingy grey parrot with one pink feather in his tail was in ours. I made a stereotyped remark in the stereotyped hoarse voice: "Ello. Polly want a cracker?" Polly replied cynically and surprisingly: "Ello, what's the matter? Got a cold?" We could hear the suppressed explosive laughter of the waiter in the adjoining compartment.

In that Age of Innocence, in spite of our seemingly-bold advances to strangers, we were treated with the utmost courtesy and sometimes with hospitality. I cite but one example of what happened to us. Amie and I noticed that Gerhardt Hauptmann's play *Hannele* was being performed at a small theater in North London. We made the long ride by horse-bus. At the entrance we were told that tickets had to be bought in advance for Sunday performances. "No sales on Sunday." We appeared so disappointed that the manager came to the rescue. "I'll find you a couple of seats. Come in and we'll count it as hospitality."

At Durham Cathedral, the verger, a very old man, spoke of the tricks of memory. "How well I remember my youth, but tomorrow," he said, turning to little Mrs. Burr, "tomorrow I will have forgotten *you." How often Amie and I recalled that to her, pretending that she was easy to forget.*

In the breakfast room at Harker's York Hotel, the kindly waiter suggested that we should get into conversation with the white-haired prelate at the adjoining table. "He's the Bishop of Chester and he likes to talk to young ladies." We took the advice and our pleasant chat ended with a cordial invitation from the Bishop to visit him and his family in Chester.

We did not visit the Bishop, but we spent one night in Chester and admired the picturesque, ancient, half-timbered

houses and the graceful cathedral.The verger turned up the seats of the choir stall to show us the wood-carvings on the other side. They were carved with angels and cherubim. The verger assured us that there was "Nothing rude, like the choir stalls in Lincoln." *We had been to Lincoln Cathedral, too, but – again recalling the Age of Innocence – we girls hadn't noticed anything "rude."* From Chester, we made a side trip to Hawarden, the home of the late Mr. Gladstone. I think it was there that we heard that his initials G.O.M. signified Grand Old Man to his friends and "God's Only Mistake" to his political enemies.

In Carmarthen, South Wales, where we stayed one night because of no train connections, we had the good luck to see actual coracles in use – primitive little river boats scooped out of thick trunks of trees, like those used in the days of King Arthur.

Apropos of the cordiality and courtesy shown to me in England, I must recount an incident about a woman we met on our way to Scotland, where many foreigners have felt more at home than in England. While on the train en route to Edinburgh, we found ourselves in the same compartment with an attractive Scotswoman. We got into an animated conversation and felt rather friendly as the train approached Edinburgh. At a certain point, our traveling companion invited us to spend a weekend at her home. She wrote out her name and address and we were overwhelmed to find that our would-be hostess was the Lady of Stirling Castle. Thrilled by memories of that grand old Scottish ballad, we looked longingly at Mr. Burr. Alas, for romance! He thanked the good lady and said he regretted that our itinerary would not allow us the time for a trip to Stirling Castle.

Since my thoughts have turned to hospitality, I recall the description by some witty American whose name eludes me:

"In California they ask you to come and spend the winter. Going towards the Atlantic Coast, you'll find a New Yorker who may take you out to dine at a hotel. And down East, in Boston, you'll be well-received if someone asks "Have an

apple?"

I seem to recall so many details about petty things and quaint remarks that I'll try to get back to the old "Majestic" and the voyage home during a restful week in August on a calm summer sea.

I went directly to the country to be with my sister, Elsie, and her family. I had not been there long, when a surprise telephone message came through from New York from JLM. I thought he was vacationing in Peniac, New Brunswick, with a guide, Harry Allen. Said he: "I came back sooner than expected. A friend broke his wrist and I felt that I ought to be here." Something made me suspicious. "I think you are the friend. I'll come to see you tomorrow. *Later, when I told my elder sister, Florence, and her husband, Louis Marshall, that JLM and I were to marry, their first reaction was one of delight, as they were fond of both of us. Louis said with smile on his face: "It might be more disconcerting than you think because he might want you to go live with him in Palestine." I said that that would be all right. "It doesn't matter where he goes. I'd follow him in rags if need be to the world's end."*

We talked a great deal about Palestine in those days and actually, in 1910, when we went to Germany, our plan was to go on to Palestine. We were ready to leave when we learned that there was a quarantine in effect because of the incidence of cholera in the Middle East. In 1912, when Nathan Straus began to talk about it, we thought it would be a good plan for both of us to go together, because we knew that some day we hoped to settle in Palestine. It was not until 1922 that we thought it was possible for us to pluck up our roots and go there: by that time, we had three sons.

No story about Judah or me can be complete without reference to our love, baseball. JLM wanted me to meet his closest friend, Solomon Lowenstein, and his wife. Linda. Sol and JLM had been roommates in their college days in Cincinnati. We met at the Polo Grounds for a game. I felt an immediate liking for Sol and Linda, and throughout their lives they were our friends. They, too, were baseball fans. Sol had a large touring car and often took us on trips. He generally drove

the car, but he had an auxiliary chauffeur, to whom he often turned over the driver's seat on long trips. The chauffeur was Irma Berger, one of Linda's sisters. She and I have been fast friends since those early days, too. Sol never seemed to know the way and would call out to Linda, who generally sat in the back seat with us, "Lady, is it the next turn to the right?" she might answer "Yes, I'm sure" and then, when he began to turn, she might say: "I think." This phrase "I'm sure – I think" later became a convenient expression for our three boys.

Sol and JLM had a treasured younger friend, E.M., whom they had known in Cincinnati. When I first met him, I was not well-impressed. He seemed rather coarse and noisy, but in time I found him brilliant and thought his stories amusing. When we were planning a summer trip, Sol would ask "Where shall we go?" To everyone's surprise, I would suggest a visit to E.M., whose father-in-law ran a hotel in the Catskills for Orthodox Jews. E.M. always had a fund of excruciatingly funny stories about the Orthodox Jews, and, moreover, he and his wife showed us the warmest hospitality.

Although E.M. and others I had begun to meet seemed rather crude, I soon began to fit in and to judge character rather than manners. Fortunately, this adaptability has become helpful because JLM had thrown in his lot with our Jewish people, most of whom had never had the advantage of being taught by "lady-like" governesses, who were often great bores. *I wonder why Elsie and I were rebels, instead of following that narrow, lah-di-dah path which led nowhere in particular.*

Our wedding was not announced in advance. Only the family and half a dozen close friends were invited to Elsie's house. Dr. Schechter, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary, performed the traditional ceremony – the first I had ever attended – with an antique Spanish brocade canopy over us. The canopy came from the Seminary Museum, and the four poles were so long that they could not fit into a motor-car; we were obliged to find an open carriage in order to transport them to the 68th Street house.

The announcement in the papers the following day caused a

stir. One old-fashioned lady inquired: "Why did they elope?" Then came masses of telegrams, letters, and wedding presents. All our spare time was taken up in writing notes of thanks, a task we had avoided previously by not announcing an "engagement." The old friends and relations had sent silver or golden gifts to my big sisters. "Not for us," I cautioned them, "unless you send a butler along to do the polishing. We have only one maid-of-all-work." As a result, we received really practical labor-saving gifts. It was fun when the old guard came to our narrow Livingston Place flat to see "how the other half live."

Before we were married, Judah had lived somewhat beyond his means in an apartment on Riverside Drive at the corner of 79th Street. We had decided that we could not keep up this place, and we were lucky to find a small apartment in about as attractive a part of New York as there was in those days. *We had really decided to take an apartment on the seventh floor which had a beautiful view of the river, but when we learned that Mark Twain wanted it as a pied-a-terre in New York we decided to give it up and be satisfied with one two floors lower. When Mark Twain died in Redding within the year, his daughter promptly told us that the apartment was free. We moved up to the top floor and that "vista." When I went up there to see it again, Miss Clemens was arranging to pack the books. I looked at some of the volumes "Presented to Mark Twain" from writers, and I was sorely tempted to pocket a few with the autographs of the famous.*

This acquaintance with Clara Clemens led to a later friendship between JLM and her pianist husband, Ossip Gabrilowitch, and although Tschaikovsky was not JLM's favorite composer, how he enjoyed Gabrilowitch's playing of the piano concertos while at the same time conducting his orchestra.

From the doorway of 17 Livingston Place one could step out into pleasant Stuyvesant Park. The old neighborhood had other attractions for us. My parents had lived in a house nearby when they were first married, and my brother was born there on

Christmas night of 1869. Across the park was the Friends' Meeting House, where our Chappaqua neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, were married.

The Quakers, like the "unreformed" Jews, had no organ, but Mary Cox wanted music at her wedding. The organist of St. George's Church, which was adjacent to the Meeting house, opened all the windows and played for her!

On the other side of the Meeting House was the Friends' School where our three boys were taught some years later. Livingston Place, moreover, was within walking distance of the great Jewish East Side, where one could go to an orthodox synagogue on the Sabbath.

Our eldest son, David, was born there and took his airings either on the roof or in the park. Gisella, our maid, evidently had preconceived notions of what a "gentleman" could do or not do. When JLM, I, and David, who was still in the pram, started out for the little park on her Sunday off, she refused to let us go at first. "It is not right for a great gentleman like Dr. Magnes to wheel a pram. I will take David out today." It took quite a bit of persuasion to send her off to visit friends.

It was a walk of about five minutes to 352 Second Avenue, to the United Hebrew Charities building, where the newly established Kehilla, or Jewish Community, had an office. JLM was Chairman of the Community.

When we married and for a couple of years afterwards, Judah was Rabbi at Temple Emanuel; at that time, he tried to bring about a counter reformation. This counter reformation was aimed at re-introducing Jewish tradition into the temples. At that time very few traditional practices were observed, and I still remember that shortly before we married, I saw a Hannukah light for the first time.

I did not find it difficult to adapt, and was cheerful about assuming the role of a rabbi's wife. This role was not particularly demanding because the rabbi's wife was not expected to associate with the members. I was agreeable and talked to the temple members but I did not have any particular role to play in the life of that congregation. My position was

neither particularly annoying nor particularly exhilarating – I just took it in my stride. The main thing was that I was married to Judah; I was interested in everything he did and had become attracted to the idea of the counter reformation. Being a rabbi's wife did not interfere with my style of life. Judah's contacts with his parishioners were limited. The congregation at Temple Emanuel used rabbis for weddings and funerals but otherwise had little use for them. There was absolutely no social intercourse. Temple members did not seek the rabbi for any kind of solace or help in time of need. The people who came to Dr. Magnes with problems were either the more educated people or the poor. The life of the Temple Emanuel German Jews was entirely separate from any spiritual or religious leadership. I really don't know what they were doing in Temple Emanuel. I know that Judah was considered to preach a good sermon, but the fact that young Jews from the Lower East Side came and filled the otherwise empty pews was somehow resented. The religious element, however, played a definite part in our domestic life. Before we were married, I had heard nothing about Jewish dietary laws or other details connected with traditional Jewish observances. It happened that at that time Judah had a very fine maid-of-all work who came from an observant Hungarian Jewish family and who therefore knew all about the dietary laws. We decided that we would keep a kosher house because we knew we would be having observant as well as non-observant friends at our home and wished to be able to invite everyone. We used the Singer Prayer Book in Hebrew and in English. We said Kiddush and Grace every Friday night and sang Z'mirot at the table. Much the same procedure was observed during lunch on Saturday. On Friday nights, however, Judah blessed the children – our own as well as any others who may have joined us. And, when we came to Jerusalem, we found that our friends sent their children to our home for the Friday night celebration.

Before we went to live in Jerusalem – in fact when we were at Chappagua during the war – among our friends on the settlement was a Dutch family called Frenis. Their little boy, Dicky, used

to come over every Friday night, and once when someone asked him what he was going to be when he grew up, he replied "An engineer and a Jew." "I can understand an engineer," the friend answered, "but why do you, who are not Jewish, wish to become a Jew?" "Because I go to the Magnes' every Friday night and they have such lovely things to eat." he replied.

When we lived in New York, Judah went to synagogue every Saturday morning and took the boys with him. In the country this was not so convenient, and so we had a shortened service in his study. When we were in Jerusalem, we went to Henrietta Szold's house with the boys. Other friends joined us there – perhaps no more than a dozen people in all – and everyone who could read Hebrew took part in the services. Later on, many more people wanted to join us in our service; out of this group emerged the Jeshurun Synagogue. In due course, the Jeshurun Synagogue bought a piece of land, but in order to do so, the interested parties had to bribe some of the leaders of the Greek Orthodox Church. Dr. Magnes objected to this device and he rarely went to that synagogue because of his objection. Near where we lived, in the *Mea Shearim,* there was a very orthodox synagogue which Judah happened to like and he went there most frequently.

Before we were married, I had been spending much of my time as a volunteer at our Alumnae Settlement House, then on 72nd Street near the East River – a congested district with a number of cigar factories. Few funds were available for the Settlement and we had no musical instrument except for my old mandolin. I happened to mention this to Eugene Meyer, later Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank. Not long after, he wrote to me saying that he would like to send a piano to the Settlement. He showed thoughtfulness in many ways throughout his long life. When he was young he would speak of his ambition to become a leading financier, during which time he would also speak of his model, Bernard Baruch. I was, I hope, sympathetic although I was not interested in banking. Still, he and I agreed about many things. When I last saw him at his summer home in Mt. Kisco, he, his wife, Agnes and I were

sitting in their exquisite garden at dusk. The name cropped up of someone called "Eugene," whom I had known in our youth, and of whom we used to have a poor opinion. In explaining to Agnes, we both said rather charitable things about him. There was a silence. And then came Eugene's voice out of the growing darkness: "Say, Bea, haven't we two mellowed?

The head worker at the Alumnae Settlement was Mary Hill. She and her husband, Archie, had a tiny weekend cottage at Chappaqua, New York. When they decided that they must leave for California's milder climate because of Archie's health, I took over the remaining lease and began to go there for weekends. In 1907, I told JLM about it and he suggested that it might be a good place during midweek as a writing hideaway. I usually stayed over Monday – a rather long weekend – and I noticed that he would turn up early Monday mornings. When I left in the afternoon, he would walk to the railroad station with me. Occasionally, we ordered Eugene Donahue's horse and carriage from the livery stable.

On the evening of our wedding day, October 19, 1908, we took the train for Chappaqua. Gene Donahue had been asked to meet the train. As usual, he addressed me as "Miss." "Oh, Gene," said I, "not Miss, now, but Mrs." His reply has always stayed with me. "So much the better. Jump in!"

That tiny cedar cottage became our summer home and later on it became our winter home.

During the years we lived in Chappaqua and later, on visits from Jerusalem to New York, we were often guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Warburg. "Our suite," consisted of a bedroom, a living room, and since this was America, of course, we had a bathroom to ourselves. Since our suite was on the first floor of their French Gothic house, we could "lift" our guests directly up there in the little elevator without passing the other rooms.

When Judah's father, David Magnes, accustomed to the simplicity of his own old two-story frame house in Oakland, came to see us there, we later walked down three flights with him to dine with our host and hostess. "Daddy" Magnes could not grasp the size of it all. "Do you mean to tell me that they

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live in the whole house?" Our son, David, like his beloved grandfather in many respects, made a similar remark when he was quite young and accustomed to the unassuming cottage in Chappaqua.

When David was about five or six and we were living at Chappaqua, I brought him to the big city for a treat. We went to look at the house where I was born. David gazed at it for a long time and then, taking a deep breath, he asked: "Do you mean that whole big house was all yours?" "Yes, David. And it wasn't big enough for all the people who lived in it." Then I showed him the house of our neighbor, Henry Dittman. *Henry had an enormous mouth. He would lay a pill on the back of one hand, open his mouth, tap the fingers of one hand with the other, and the pill would pop up into his mouth every time.* We walked down the street to the shopping area, then called Sixth Avenue – and now the Avenue of the Americas. I expected to find everything changed, but after we had passed about ten unfamiliar shops we came upon the old sign: "D. Brown, Niagara Express." We looked inside and, sure enough, there was D. Brown, seated at his desk, his shining black sidewhiskers as white as snow, and there, too, was Jim, the "young" assistant, a man with grey hair, leaning against the desk. We told him who we were not expecting much response. But D. Brown's memory was remarkable: "Remember, Jim, we used to take their trunks to the train when they went away for the summer. And all those children used to come here to get weighed on our scale." Then, turning to me "Your mother was the kindest and most beautiful lady in the whole neighborhood! Remember, Jim?" Jim nodded sadly, as though thinking of the days that are no more.

I hoped that picture of the past was something David would retain forever. When we were home again, his father asked him about it. David's sole reply was that Henry Dittman popped a pill right into his mouth. The sentiment of Mr. D. Brown and Jim had not impressed him.

As for Judah and me, it never seemed to make much difference – palace or cottage, bathroom or pump-and-portable-

zinc-tub, Sherry's or the Ritz, or the lean cow of Mr. Moshebek milked at the door of our first home in Jerusalem. The world seemed "so full of a number of things," almost all of them entertaining or interesting.

Chappaqua, when we lived there – first in 1908 and after an interval during the First World War – was a small, unpretentious village and on our side of the railroad lived the descendants of the original settlers, even from pre-Revolution days. Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Cox – like many others in that district – were Quakers. The Friends' Meeting House was about a quarter of a mile away. Mary Cox, a woman of great good sense and a loving heart, had a school in her house and later on, when they were old enough, our three boys were among her pupils. It was a great relief to me during the years of war hysteria to be with people who loathed war as much as we. When the draft law for men under thirty-five was passed in 1917, JLM was nearly forty years old. He went to New York daily by train, and he still looked so youthful that scarcely a day went by when he was not stopped by the Military Police in Grand Central Railroad Station; of course, they thought Judah was eligible and he had to verify otherwise.

Judah felt that the war could have been settled by negotiation. When it broke out in 1914, he foresaw a grim future. We were in Morrisville, Vermont, on that August 4, with members of the family. I remember Paul Herzog saying that it would be a matter of one hundred days. Judah, studying the matter very closely, said "I don't think we shall see the end of it." Because he was a pacifist when the United States entered the war, he was considered dangerous to the Jewish community which wanted to appear patriotic. Inasmuch as he was over thirty-five he did not have to sign up, but some of Judah's friends in that age group who refused induction – like Roger Baldwin and Scott Nearing – were tried and sent to prison. The Zionists were a little afraid of JLM because they wanted to appear very pro-British and pro-American, and when they did have contact with him they were careful not to let it be known.

A year or so after the end of the war, we moved back to New

York, near Washington Square and near JLM's office. Commuting had become rather inconvenient for a man who had to attend many evening meetings. Our boys were transferred to the old French School not far away, at Stuyvesant Square. We then became very freindly with a strictly orthodox Jewish family living on the Lower East Side. Many of their neighbors had moved away to the Bronx and Upper West Side of the city, but Ben Koenigsberg was faithful to the tiny synagogue where his father still worshipped. It was named the Shinover Chevra, after the town in Galicia where the father was born.

There were many sons from among his father's friends who were descendants of the founders of the synagogue who remained attached to the East Side and stayed. Koenigsberg owned a tenement house on the East Side, and not far away there was a room which was used by the Shinover Chevra. The Koenigsbergs used to invite us to Saturday morning services and afterwards to their home for Shabbat lunch. It was a most delightful experience. After lunch we would sit around singing Z'mirot and the neighbors would drop in to join the party. We sometimes brought friends along with us and one day we brought Ernest Bloch. Bloch told us that he was so deeply influenced by the simplicity of the service that later, when he wrote his own Sabbath Service for Orchestra and Baritone Soloist, he recalled that other Sabbath at the point where the music suddenly stops and the singer cries out, *"Hear O Israel,"* as Bloch said, "Alone, like the prophets, in the wide desert."

In Poor Richard's Almanac, Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Three movings are worse than a fire, and a rolling stone gathers no moss." Well, we JLM's must have been an exception – moving contentedly from Livingston Place to Sutton Place, to Cos Cob, Connecticutt – near Greenwich – then to Chappaqua, Westchester County, New York, and back to the city, on East 11th Street, Near Washington Square.

Judah was paid $6000 by Temple Emanuel. The sum was not considered a high salary, even in those days. We had few expenses because we lived simply and we managed very nicely. During the War, when Judah received no salary, we found we

did not have quite enough to keep up the rather larger house we had taken in Cos Cob. Moreover, we were not very comfortable amongst the Christians in the neighborhood who were "hot for the War." We heard that a house adjoining a house we had lived in earlier during our married life was vacant in the Quaker district of Chappaqua, so we moved there.

While we were in Cos Cob, we had among our friends the family of Maurice Wertheim, himself a loyal friend. He had bought the "Windy Ghoul" Paradise for Boy Scouts, formerly the estate of Ernest Thompson Seton, author and boy scout leader. There, amongst forests and a lake, our three little boys had a great time playing with the three little Wertheim girls who were about the same ages as our sons.

Another family we got to know during this period was that of William English Walling. Mrs. Walling had been born Anna Strunsky. After the 1903 pograms in Russia, when so many intellectual Russian Jews fled to the crowded East Side of New York, it became the vogue for wealthy young men, not of Jewish descent, to do social work in this district. Several of these men married Russian-Jewish girls, Walling among them. Anna's eldest child, Rosamund, went to school in Greenwich with our David, and our families found that they had much in common.

In 1937, when JLM and I were in Geneva, friends told us that Rosamund was living there. She was working at the League of Nations and had married a very pleasant and intelligent Albanian who was also on the staff. It was a happy reunion. We did not get to see their child, and always regretted this, wondering what the child would be like – a direct descendant of a Revolutionary Russian Jewess, an American with a long, almost Puritanical ancestry, and an upper-class Albanian.

Quite a bit has been written about the Kehillah New York Jewish Community of a more factual nature than it is possible for me to submit. I want merely to touch on its beginnings, because its work is related to the visit which Judah and I paid to Palestine in 1912, and to the beginnings of Hadassah's practical work. After a police commissioner had made unfounded

aspersions about crime in the Jewish East Side, JLM thought it about time that a representative group, consisting not only of the new arrivals but of the long-settled Jews of New York, should reply.

The Kehillah was an attempt by Judah to get all elements of the community – rabbis, teachers, tycoons – to work together. The list of members of the Board of Governors was a remarkable one and Judah succeeded in getting the diverse elements to "clear" the Jewish name and to bring the various Jewish activities under some sort of control. However, when in 1917, it became known that Judah was a pacifist, his influence declined.

The problem was many-sided; quite possibly the aspect most important to JLM and his colleagues was the improvement of the conditions of Hebrew education for the Jewish youth of New York. This was the one department to survive. Dr. Samson Benderly, who was brought from Baltimore on the recommendation of Henrietta Szold, was placed in charge of Jewish education. Benderly had very definite views on the need to make Hebrew schools as attractive in the children's eyes as the American public schools which they attended during the day. He struggled to bring the children from the classrooms in dingy cellars and basements up into the daylight, to compete with more modern facilities, teachers, and methods. Some of the parents objected to the schools being brought out of the cellars because they claimed it was "too modern."

Benderly was tireless in his search for teachers and pleasant quarters. Once, in a filthy cellar, he met a young man with a remarkable gift for teaching. After arranging to take him on, Benderly said with some hesitation: "But would you mind wearing a clean collar?" "A clean collar! Why?" Benderly was taken aback but contrived to answer: "Well, perhaps it might be more aesthetic." "Aesthetic!" echoed the young man. "But I am not certain that beauty has entered into my philosophy."

Benderly's most ardent disciple, young Alex Dushkin, took over the Hebrew Department when Benderly retired. Later, when Alex came to Jerusalem with his family to become

Professor of Education at the Hebrew University, the New York Bureau of Jewish Education was on firm footing. It still continues its mission more than fifty years after its inception.

Elsewhere I mention the contribution of Nathan Straus, who enabled our Hadassah group to send the first two nurses, Miss Kaplan and Miss Landy, to Jerusalem. Some months before the nurses went to Palestine, I had a visit at our hotel in Jerusalem from Miss Elka Goodall. She was then a midwife in the Old City and received her training in Australia. She stressed the urgent need for genuine, trained nurses in Jerusalem and charged me with taking that message to Hadassah in New York. From so small a first practical venture has grown the enormous work of the Hadassah Medical Organization and the Hebrew University Medical Center. I have written about it now because I do not know of any other record of Miss Goodall's concern for the health of the Jews of Jerusalem.

If it had not been for the Bureau of Jewish Education of New York Kehillah, of which Magnes was chairman, it would have taken a much longer time for Hadassah to come into existence as a practical working organization. This is how it happened:

Magnes collected money for the educational work of the Kehillah and naturally gravitated towards the rich in New York. Nathan Straus was a philanthropist who was not interested in education but rather in taking care of the poor and the sick, and was the initiator of the New York Milk Pasteurization Ordinance. He did not respond to my husband's glowing accounts concerning the need for modern Jewish education in New York, but when the word Palestine was mentioned, Mr. Straus, a man of sudden whims, exclaimed: "Palestine, Palestine!" picked up the telephone and called his wife, Lina. "Would you like to go to Palestine?" Mrs. Straus, always ready to do what her husband wanted, responded in the affirmative. Then he turned and said "Doctor, would you like to go to Palestine?" "I think we would both like it very much, but my duties here will probably prevent it," answered Magnes. However, he put out a few feelers during the next day or two and asked me if I would like to go, and I put out a few feelers

and found that our nurse, Bessie Trask, could come to stay with our two-year old boy, David, if we went away for a couple months or so.

Meanwhile, we scraped together enough for our passage. Early February found the Strauses and the Magneses aboard the Cunard liner *Laconia,* bound for a Mediterranean cruise which was to end in Egypt. Wherever the boat stopped, we looked for the Jewish communities as well as the ordinary sights. In Madeira, we located the president of the Jewish community but we learned that we needed an interpreter inasmuch as he spoke only Portuguese. My husband could not believe that it was possible for someone to speak only one language and still be the president of a Jewish community.

On our next stop, Gibraltar, we were walking through the business section when my husband saw "Abarbanel" on a sign and exclaimed: "Hah, a Jewish sign. Let's go in." We had a piece of luck there. Abarbanel's turned out to be a wholesale textile establishment, and the man who was doing business there turned out to be the president of the Jewish community of Gibraltar, Mr. Ben-Adi. From that moment, we were the guests of Mr. Ben-Adi and when we left, he added to our store of kosher food which the New York Kehillah had provided for our use aboard ship.

The New York Kehillah had put aboard the boat a brace of kosher chickens and tins. In 1912, it was a great event to have Jewish pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land, and our steward had set aside a small cupboard where he stored ritual food for our dining table. Once, when another steward opened the door of the cupboard, our steward cried out "Leave that there cupboard alone. It's the doctor's Kosher food." *Actually, we were not very strict about kashrut, but the community was acting very strictly for us. And this was the case with our steward who, when pea soup with marrow balls was served, recalled our portions because he had had special balls prepared for us, without marrow.*

After Gibraltar, Judah decided that in addition to eating only kosher food, he would grow a beard. In Naples, the climax

came. It was customary in those days for small boats with men who sold souveniers and the like to come alongside the big tourist ships, climb aboard and, when possible, to sneak into the cabins and remove cameras, fieldglasses and other portable items which they could later sell in Naples. The stewards, who were acquainted with these petty thieves, would take them to the lowest deck after being captured, open the hatch, and throw them back into the water, where their accomplices would drag them out, dripping, but safe, into the boats, minus the camera or field-glasses. *Magnes was devoted not only to his new beard but also to his loden cape and Tyrolean hat and he could pass very well for a brigand. One of the stewards took him for such, found no camera on him, but decided it would nevertheless be good to throw him overboard. At this point the head steward rushed up and called out "That's the doctor!" That cured him of the cape, hat, and beard for the rest of the journey.*

Nathan Straus' passion was to heal the sick and feed the hungry. In the annals of New York City one may read that after many failures Straus eventually persuaded Mayor Hugh Grant to join in the crusade against tuberculosis by not only introducing pasteurized milk, but also helping to pass a city ordinance making it mandatory to pasteurize milk. He was so devoted to this idea that he brought a pasteurizing apparatus with him in order to spread the idea abroad. We told Nathan Straus about Ben Adi. Straus then showed us how pasteurization worked and asked us to take it ashore the next day in order to explain it to Mr. Ben Adi. To the best of my recollection, Ben Adi was subsequently convinced to do something about milk in Gibraltar.

Our last stop was Alexandria, where we disembarked to make our way to Cairo. It was near noon, and we attended the services in the courtyard of the Great Synagogue where we met some of the old Egyptian-Jewish families who then lived in Egypt. From Cairo, we went to Port Said, met the Strauses who had stayed on board, and were transferred to a shaky old Turkish boat that was to take us to Jaffa. The Turkish boat was

shaky and the sea was in a terrific state; all I could do was to lie flat in my tiny cabin. In the early morning, a few people had the courage to disembark. Straus was averse to being dumped into one of the wildly-weaving boats and so we stayed on board and went to Haifa. After some of the passengers were gone, Judah discovered an unoccupied cabin, no larger than the tiny single to which he had been assigned; he went in and fell asleep. On the journey to Haifa I wondered why Straus kept looking into my cabin, shaking his head sadly. It developed later that he had been unable to find Judah and thought he had fallen overboard and that I was already a widow.

We arrived in Haifa and were indiscriminately dumped into boats, along with sacks of grain and other freight. I found myself sitting on a mass of sacking. At last we arrived at the little port. As we stepped ashore, I had my final attack of seasickness; I laughed until I cried. It was quite evident to me that I was having my first attack of pure hysterics. I recovered in the quiet atmosphere of the German Hotel on Mount Carmel. There we were met by Aaron Aaronsohn, and later by Manya Shochat, and others, who had been told we were on our way.

The following is Judah's description of what happened as we landed:

We reached Jaffa the next morning – the same Jaffa sticking up like a citadel – yet, even from the sea, not the same, since along the shore to the north there was many a new building. The sea was like mountains and valleys – like the day Jonah sailed. I was sorry Beatie was too sick to see the reckless, skillful boatmen drive their boats with rhythmic shout over the hills and valleys of waves, dance alongside the steamer with numberless yells, spring aboard the ladder like monkeys and, strong as lions, bundle passengers, trunks, bags and merchandise with a swing and a pitch into the hands of other men in the bobbing boats below. The secret of landing at Jaffa is to place yourself with a sublime, peaceful faith into the hands of the boatmen. The less will you have of your own, the drier, sounder you will reach your seat in the boat. Mr. and Mrs. Straus refused even to think of landing in that weather. I was not sorry, for I

had intended to do this because it was farther away from Jerusalem, our objective.

Our landing at Haifa was peaceful, on a sunny afternoon, Monday, February 26, 1912, three days before Purim. I was most interested in Beatie's feelings in touching the soil of the land for the first time. She was hardly in a condition to think of much – having been rudely yanked out of bed and pulled back and forth before being put into the shore boat. She will not object, I am sure, if I say that during the pull between the ship and the shore, she wept a bit and laughed a bit. That was doubtless due largely to the excitement of landing; but I venture to think also that that described her feelings upon her approach to the land we had so often spoken and dreamed of. Now that we have both seen quite a bit of the land, we shall have another bond to hold us together – the same dreams of the same land we have both visited and learned to love. But at that moment of landing. I know that she must have wept at being privileged to set foot upon the holy soil of our people; and she must have laughed to see how all of nature was smiling – green balmy, white and blue, the sounds and sights of the springtime.

We were driven through the narrow streets – with a Jewish shop with Hebrew sign here and there – to Graff's German Karmel Hotel. We were in Cook's hands and as a consequence knew nothing of Epstein's Jewish Hotel Herzlia. But this is Epstein's fault as well, inasmuch as the hotel is not advertised. Cook's never, of their own free will, patronize a Jew in anything.

Aaron Aaronsohn arranged our tour. Among the first places we visited was the site of the present Reali Hebrew High School and Technion. Plans had already been drawn at the time of our arrival. The stones were everywhere in sight, and I think it was the first of the Yemenite aliyah, *immigration,* whom we saw chipping away at the stones and preparing for the building operations. We were fascinated by the slender, spiritual faces of the Yemenites with their strange, staccato Hebrew and long white gowns.

The next day, Manya told Magnes that there was at last a real Jewish hotel in Haifa. She insisted on his coming to Epstein's little boarding house in the lower city. As far as I can remember, this was the only time that Judah got sick to his stomach from eating bad food. However, it is good to report that in later days Mr. Epstein's cuisine improved considerably, as did his hotel.

Our tour started at the railway station. We went through the Emek where there was then only one settlement, Merhavia. We got out of the train at Zemach.

At that time, Aaron ran his agricultural experimental station in Athlit. There were no automobiles, so our exodus from Haifa was with the diligence of a station wagon with horses. At Athlit, the first of that long rather dismal row of palm trees was planted and Aaron honored us by letting one of us plant the first sapling, which he named with its Latin name, Washingtonia Robustus, for our son David, with whom he had become acquainted in America. The Strauses also planted trees. With great enthusiasm, Aaron pointed to the hillside back of the Athlit station and said: "The quality of the earth there is so sweet that it would be an ideal place for peach trees." Later, Mr. Straus gave him the money to buy that plot of land, but the war came in 1914, Aaron died, and the British came and "planted" a prison. Many of us remember the dingy, unattractive spot, so different from Aaron's dream of peach trees.

At the station we met several of Aaron's helpers. The youngest was named Abshalom Feinberg, the hero of the Nili spy ring, who was killed by the Bedouin when he was carrying messages to the British during the First World War. What a handsome man, and how interesting he was!

We drove on to Zichron Yaacov nearby; the entire hillside was covered with masses of wild cyclamen. We stayed at Mr. Graff's hotel. The beds were about three feet wide and the accommodations were not the most perfect, but we and the Strauses were happy and slept well. There we met the Aaronsohn family, including two young daughters who were

helping Aaron in his work. We spent several nights in the three-foot beds, enjoying every bit of our stay, and we visited the nearby settlement Umm el Jamal, now Bet Shlomo and Meir Shefeya. It was Purim, and the teacher, who came all the way from Bat Shlomo, had arranged a dramatic presentation for the evening which was to take place in the schoolhouse – David Pinski's *The Eternal Jew.* The teacher played the title role and the female lead was played by the beautiful Zipporah Schechter, daughter of Professor Solomon Schechter's twin brother, who had emigrated from Romania in the 1880's.

From Zichron, we drove to Hadera where we were Avshalom Feinberg's guest. Feinberg's mother was away visiting her sister in Tel Aviv, so he got out all her best linens, which were so thickly embroidered that it was almost impossible to find a corner of the pillow which did not scratch your face. Avshalom was a charming host and we were sorry to leave him to go on to Nablus. Our next overnight stop we spent at the Hamburg American Packard Hotel. *The steamship company after which the hotel was named was very much concerned with tours in Palestine in those days and had hotels practically everywhere tourists went.* We met the Samaritans and had our first encounters with street Arabs and were enormously impressed. The next event was a long drive to Jerusalem, which we reached from the north. We came in past Ramallah, down the edge of Scopus, into the city. Our hotel was kept by the Kamenitz brothers in the building where the old post office was later located. The hotel itself was rather dingy. It was, of course, strictly kosher and considered second-class. The Fast, a hotel kept by German Christians, was situated across the street. As tourists came, the first-class guests at the Fast discovered that the kosher food at the Kamenitz was much more interesting and tasty than the food they were getting at the Fast, so they used to come over to the Kamenitz' for their lunches. Actually, some of Kamenitz' dishes were so good, that I took recipes back to America. While we were in Jerusalem, David Yellin sent one of his students to teach me a bit of Hebrew at the hotel. This was my first experience with Sephardi pronounciation. From

Jerusalem we went to Tel Aviv and celebrated Seder in the Tchernowitz family's home. The head of the family, Rav Tzair, was indeed a scholar. At midnight, and by moonlight, we all walked home together on the dusty Tel Aviv-Jaffa road, singing at the top of our voices. *Today I think that no voice can be heard or noticed amid all the noise of cars and motorcycles.*

While we were in Tel Aviv a friendly Bokharian Jew sent his private carriage, horses, and coachman to us; we were taken for drives around that part of the country. Mr. Straus, a Reform Jew, was also not mindful of the orthodox prohibition concerning travel on the Sabbath. When informed, he asked why an Arab drive could not be sent with the carriage. "Because," answered his kind friend, in horror, "These are also Jewish horses!" Mr. Straus, who loved animals almost as much as he loved the poor, related this incident frequently.

When the time came to leave Palestine, Nathan Straus was anxious to avoid racing out into the rough waters of Jaffa in another of the small, uncomfortable Turkish or Egyptain boats in order to meet the big Austrian boat in Alexandria. Happily for him, he was in a position to charter an Austrian boat and have it brought to Jaffa to meet him. The day we boarded it, the water was calm as a lake and the voyage to Alexandria was smooth. *Aboard ship were the Strauses, and a young man and woman they had picked up somewhere to take to America, and Dr. Bruenn, to whom Mr. Straus had already given the small laboratory in Jerusalem to enable him to study and help in connection with malaria, trachoma, and ringworm..*

While in Palestine, Nathan Straus learned that malaria was prevalent and that the poison came from the sting of the anopheles mosquito. *The laboratory which he fitted up to combat malaria was later turned over to the nucleus of Hadassah in Jerusalem.* Eleven years later, JLM and I were visiting Ein Harod with the Straus' niece and her husband. The kibbutz was then still on the southern side of the Valley of Jezreel. Half the workers were down, or nearly down, with malaria. Mary and Henry Bernheim were shocked to find the little hospital unscreened, thus enabling the anopheles mosquito

to sting a malaria patient and then go out to deposit the poison in the blood of a still healthy worker. They left a donation to have that hospital screened. About a year after that, JLM and I were once more visiting Ein Harod. The hospital was neatly screened this time, but the doors wide open. When we asked the nurse about it, she said: "It's so hot. We can't have our air screened can we?" Later, when Ein Harod moved to the northern and higher side of the Valley, health conditions improved. Only too often, however, one met these brave pioneers suffering from a high temperature and passing it off casually as "only malaria."

At this point I want to recall the incident in New York when Dr. Magnes, with a chance allusion to Palestine, brought us out here and caused Mr. Straus to take back to America Dr. Bruenn, who became associated with our little Hadassah group.

Mr. Straus gave us enough money to send our first two nurses, Miss Kaplan and Miss Landy, to Jerusalem. *This was to prove to be the sequence of events by which a chance allusion to Palestine led to the first practical work of Hadassah in this country.*

Our Austrian boat took us from Alexandria to Naples. As indicated earlier, Nathan Straus was not interested in educating as much as he was in feeding and in nursing; however he said to JLM: "Doctor, you know my brother, Isidore, would be interested in your sort of thing. Why not change your passage from the *Mauretania* to the new Titanic on which Isidore and his wife are going back to America?" Magnes, however, was quite firm about not changing his passage because he had arranged to meet Professor Alexander and Dr. Weizmann in Manchester to talk over the possibilities of his ideas of a university, or, as Nathan Straus called it, "your college." Precisely at this juncture we read in the Naples paper that England was suffering its first railway strike and that the Channel boats, which were railway owned, had stopped running. For a time, it looked as if we might not get to England to take the *Mauretania* but might have to go to Cherbourg and board the *Titanic.* When we got to Torino, on the border

between Italy and France, news came that the strike was at an end and the boats would be running that night. In this manner we did not even leave the train in Paris, but went around it in the ceinture and on to Bologne. In England, Dr. Magnes had the necessary interviews with Professor Alexander and Dr. Weizmann, and we went on to Liverpool to board the *Mauretania.* About three days out, the news came of the disaster of the *Titanic.* Women and children were saved, but there were not enough life-boats to save the adult men. The Strauses had no chance of survival inasmuch as Mrs. Straus would not leave her husband. The last that was seen of them was when the boat was already perilously slanting. Arm in arm, they were heard to say the Shema, *Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One.*

A sidelight concerns a young American couple on the Mauretania. The husband was a lawyer whose business in Paris had prevented them from catching the boat train from Cherbourg to cross on the Titanic. We heard his wife complaining to him constantly for being on the dull Mauretania instead of on the gay maiden voyage of the new Titanic. When the news came that the Titanic had gone down, she broke down in hysterics.

On our return to America, "Daddy" Magnes travelled all the way from California to New York to welcome us. He listened with great attention, but when JLM said, "Daddy, the Jaffa oranges are superior to those of California," Daddy, the mildest of men, but a loyal Californian, was so offended that he would not speak to his otherwise "perfect son." I might have added that the Florida oranges are more tasty than those of California, but wisely, I kept my peace.

When the First World War broke out, Judah was chairman of the Kehillah and of course, was very busy in that capacity. In 1916, he accepted an invitation from the JDC to go to Poland on their behalf in order to investigate the conditions of the Jews there, but even before he went I remember that Judah created a deep impression during a speech he delivered at one of the fund-raising meetings in Carnegie Hall when he gave a graphic

description of the sufferings of the Jews in the war zone.

Judah sailed for Germany in July, accompanied by his secretary, Alex Dushkin, but the Germans would allow only one person to the East. In Vilna, he met the leaders of the Jewish community and afterwards started on his way to Lodz. The horses drawing his carriage bolted; as a result Judah broke his foot. Judah was placed in the Jewish Hospital in Vilna where he met many Jews who came to visit him and whom he probably would not have met otherwise. The Germans must have felt that he was getting from the people a too prejudiced view of conditions, so they had him taken from the hospital into a private nursing home. After some time, he was sent to consult a Berlin specialist with his foot in a plaster cast. *(He was able to get about with a couple of canes.)*

Judah had wanted to go to Russia to determine the condition of the Jews there and proposed to make the journey via Sweden. When he tried, he was denied a visa because two prominent members of the American-Jewish community had reported to the Russian Embassy in Washington that he had been making anti-czarist speeches.

When he received the invitation to visit Poland, JLM knew that travel would be difficult, especially since he felt sure that America would be entering the war. For the first and, as far as I can recall, the only time in his life, Judah was afraid that he might be delayed and unable to return to his family. It was arranged that he should get away from Berlin via Copenhagen and board a Scandinavian Steamer which sailed around the north of the British Isles; in this manner, he reached New York in November. The journey was made safely, but its beginning was marked by an entirely unexpected turn of events.

One evening, Magnes visited an old friend, a physician, who was known as a gourmet. At that time, food was so scarce in Germany that JLM found his friend eating a slice of black bread and one sardine – even the head and tail – for his supper. In conversation, the physician said casually: "Tonight the trans-Continental express is bringing a man named Aaronsohn from Palestine." "Aaronsohn!" exclaimed JLM, "I know him

well. I'll go to meet him." The railway station was in complete darkness for fear of air-raids, but as the lighted train drew in, JLM saw "the round head of the sandy-haired Aaron emerging from the window and heard him call for a porter." JLM slipped under the window in the darkness and said softly "Aaronsohn." They had not seen each other since 1912, but the tones of the Magnes voice were unmistakable. "Magnes," answered Aaronsohn. "Magnes, You here? You have come from heaven."

Why heaven? Well, Aaronsohn, although a Turkish citizen from a country fighting alongside the Germans, was actually spying for the British. Now he wanted to get to England by whatever means possible. When JLM found passage on a Swedish steamer for New York, Aaronsohn went with him, via Copenhaben, to Oslo, where the boat was due to take on passengers.

At the Oslo pier Aaronsohn said to JLM: *"Go on board. Present your ticket. They will notice you because your leg is in a plaster cast. Then, having shown your ticket, come back, ostensibly to say "Au revoir" to me. Give me your ticket. They will let you back on board without asking for it again."* The ruse worked. Aaronsohn secreted himself in the empty upper berth in JLM's cabin until they were well out in the North Sea. *The ships did not use the English Channel because of the mines, but took a northerly course over Scotland and made a stop at Kirkwall.* It appears that Aaronsohn, even before he knew that his ruse would succeed, had telegraphed from Copenhagen to British Army Headquarters to arrest him at Kirkwall. The military police, quite unaware of the plot, took him off the boat as an enemy citizen and shipped him to London. There he was expected, and the Army shipped him off to join Allenby's forces in Egypt. When the British armies advanced over the Sinai desert, he served as a guide because of his knowledge of every minute track and spring of water along that dry, sandy march.

Aaronsohn had given Magnes permission to tell the story to Henrietta Szold, then American secretary of the Agricultural Experiment Station, as well as to his friend, Judge Julian Mack,

on condition that beyond that, the adventure should remain a secret. Here in part is Aaronsohn's letter:

. . . What made life and work not only possible, but even attractive to us in Palestine, under even the traditional Turkish misrule, was the religious freedom, the autonomous communal life, the possibility of fostering the national culture, the use of our national Hebrew tongue; to feel, if not independent, at least at home in the old cradle of our nation; to tighten again the old bones between the Land and the people; to regenerate the people in regenerating the country; to win, if not always the esteem of all, at least the respect of all.

That was what we were striving for, and thanks to our honest endeavors, we achieved it. And how brutally, methodically, we have been robbed of it.

. . . This German war came, all too soon, as a complete corroboration of my predictions. Did I not see long ago how deep the German poison lay, and did I not always warn my American friends and colleagues even against the poisoned German science, a thing so many people have recognized now to have been right and timely? Did I not, in private talks and public lectures, warn against the German danger, at a time when it was difficult for anyone who knew to express all this without appearing provocative and suspicious? Did I not harm myself in so doing, and still go on?

In 1912, or early 1913, at your home . . . I explained to you all why, in my opinion, Great Britian must bring Palesstine under Protectorate, and that before the railroad tunnels of the Taurus and the Amanus were opened. At the same time, I gave my views of the importance of a British Protectorate for the realisation of our Jewish national hopes, and what reasons Great Britain would have to foster our work. You asked me. "But why do you not submit a project to the British authorities?" And I answered only that on account of being an Ottoman subject, it was not as much a delicate matter for me, as a dangerous one for others. Should the Turks get knowledge of such a step by a Palestinian Jew, our whole work would be ruined. I told you, too, that I had it in mind to be in Egypt and

see Kitchener . . .

What I wish you to remember was that then, already, I was of the opinion that Great Britian, and only Great Britian, could help us. At that time, I stood alone. Official Zionism considered that our future was linked with that of Turkey and we had to go hand in hand.

If, at that time, I had very little hesitation, though an Ottoman, to advise England to seize Palestine, I saw very little justification in doing so against the views of official Zionism. And as long as we were going with the Turks, I tried to keep silent and remain neutral. I felt bound by the responsibility I had towards the Institution I had created and was leading and I long refrained from any step which might jeopardise our work. When the European war broke out, I bitterly regretted having to stay in Palestine and maintain the work of the station. But I remained where I was. Then came the horrible days of November, 1914, and I was horrified in getting an entirely unsuspected aspect of the Turkish methods.

You know that lately I had tried to keep away from official Zionism, and you know why. I became an outsider. I kept aside even from the communal life too, in order to avoid friction with Ruppin and the like.

But when the persecutions of November began, and when our leading men got scared and did not dare show their faces, when I got the strong conviction that Jewish massacres were planned, and there was no man to stand up courageously, I had to apply the technique of our sages: "When there is no man, try to be the man." In November, 1914, I got the conviction that Jewish massacres were planned by the Government. A month ago, in Berlin, I got written evidence from official circles that I was right in my conviction, and I had not gone wrong in my appreciation of the new capacities the Turk had acquired or developed under German education.

. . . In olden days people used to try a new medicine on the dog, and watch the results. Here was the same experience – German Kulture tried on the Turks, and the beautiful results. German education was the right element to bring out a new

aspect of what the Turk was capable. Thanks should be given to the Germans.

My experience with Djemal Pasha, certianly one of the three greatest men in Turkey today, an experience of several months, augmented my belief that Turkey must be entirely torn to pieces. Applied to Turkey (and to Germany too) I believe it to be true and "les peuples ont le Gouvernement qu' ils meritent, ou plutot le Gouvernement n'est que la projection aggrandie et publique de la moralite et de la mentalite d'une nation."

When it became clear that, without the shadow of a doubt, our lives depended on the caprice of a Djemal, or any other Turk suffering from sadism, I went over, mentally at least, to the "enemy." If I did not cooperate with the English before then, it was simply because of mere material impossibility, but at that time already, before my conscience, I took the engagement to work with them, to do all in my power to rid our country of the Turkish scourge.

. . . Would I have left the country and openly taken service on the English side, it would have been bad enough. My character and my standing would be impaired. But I did worse. I stayed where I was. I organized a whole movement, I became connected with the Intelligence Office, as people who are afraid of words, call it. I do not like mincing words. Put it clearly, and say I became a spy.

The Turks have committed against us those crimes "que effacent le passe et forment l'avenir." *We shall never again be able to go along with them. Long ago, it was my conviction that we ought to turn to the English side. Now everybody, even overpatriotic German Jews, who have any knowledge of the Turks and of conditions in Palestine say we must go with England. I had to do what would best serve. My knowledge of the country and my numerous connections could best serve. I offered them.*

I never believed in Jewish solidarity before. I am a strong believer in it now. And I learned to believe in something else: in Jewish discipline. Not a man moved a finger unless I authorised him to do so, but then you should have seen with what

devotion and self-sacrifice they did their task. Men who not very long before were opposing me, in mere political trifles, and for this were talking of drawing their revolvers, these same men, when they realized I was not playing at trifles, were risking their lives in order to bring me any slight information which might be of value to the cause. In order to avoid any misrepresentation, neither myself nor any one of my collaborators touched a penny for his services. I have put into the enterprise. Nobody can say we were doing this for the sake of vile money; leave that for the Arab spies. We are not doing it for honours either, for nobody is more conservative in this respect than the British and we do not see them showering honours on spies, no matter how great the service. We are not even sure of their confidence: they may think us capable of betraying them just as we were of betraying the Turks. We do not do it for vengeance; we do it because we hope we are serving our Jewish cause. We did not even ask for promises. We considered it our duty to do our share and we are still foolish enough to believe in right and justice, and recognition of the cause we are serving.

Judge Mack passed the letter on to his close friend, Julius Rosenwald, a great admirer of Aaronsohn's and chief financial supporter of the Experimental Station. Rosenwald was a staunch ally of the English but, owing to some odd contradiction in his character, he drew the line at spies. That was the end of his help. After Aaronsohn was killed in 1919 in a plane disaster, the Station was abandoned, deeply in debt.

In May 1923, JLM and I stopped by to see what remained at the Station. JLM wrote a moving letter to Rosenwald:

I am sending you two roses from Aaron Aaronsohn's grave. My wife and I drove there recently. The stately palms line the road into the Experiment Station's grounds, but the road itself is all overgrown with poppies and thistles and daisies and weeds, as though no one was so poor as to enter this graveyard of many high hopes. Camels and asses were grazing over the experimental fields, and the camels had nibbled off almost all the young leaves of the fig orchard. The windmill still stands, as do the buildings. In the lower rooms of one live a few Arab women,

who gathered armfuls of flowers for us in their delight at having someone come there. In the shed, American farming implements are piled in disorder, useless, rusting. We climbed the rotting stairs and looked through a boarded window where eleven years ago we had been happy and full of plans over some cups of tea. There, the test tubes were all in order along the wall, and at the other end specimens of wheat, some of them strewn along the floor. At the back of his house, we gathered lavendar and roses from glorious bushes and as we picked them, Aaron never felt so near or so dead.

Dear Friends: May I not appeal to you to do something to clear Aaron's good name? He sacrificed everything – his debts, his name signed to checks for the Experiment Station that have never been honoured. I do not ask that you help re-create his work, although it would be fitting that in his death he might have some part in the new budding life here in the land he loved. Please help to pay his debts and keep his name from ill-use and contempt. Do this, if for nothing else, for the sake of those days, so long ago, before that War filled men's souls with bitterness and disappointment.

Perhaps I am not the right person to appeal to you, and perhaps the cause of Palestine has but little interest for you. Please do not let the one thing or the other stand between you and the old and deep affection you once had for Aaron Aaronsohn. The letter was never answered, but shortly after Rosenwald's death it was found in his little vestpocket wallet, where he had been carrying it for nearly ten years.

One bright spring day in about 1920, when we were in Washington with Oswald Garrison Villard, he suggested our going with him to the graduation at a colored high school not far away in Virginia. The building was old, but clean and not too dilapidated – about as good as the public school Elsie and I had attended when we were children. There were only about five white people at the ceremony in the morning. We stayed for lunch and for some festivities in the afternoon. There was quite a crowd on hand. I am not overly fond of crowds, but that was one of the quietest and most civilized crowds among

the many I have been part of. Towards evening, we drove back to the railroad station with the colored President of Howard University in Washington. He and JLM had much to discuss about education, and when the train came along they were far from finished. Said JLM, "We'll continue our talk in the train." "Oh, no, we won't," said the University President, "I'll ride in the Jim Crow car." JLM at first, having forgotten that he was south of the Mason & Dixon line, was rather taken aback, but then said: "Then I'll ride in the Jim Crow car." "No, you won't," was the answer, "the conductor will make you get out when he comes to collect the tickets." It was a nasty shock to JLM and to me, but not to Villard who had more experience with the problems of colored people in the United States.

The Garrison part of Villard's name came from his mother's father, William Lloyd Garrison. In the 1850's, he and his magazine *The Liberator*, preaching Civil Rights for the colored people, were almost as much vilified in the North as Martin Luther King was in Alabama a century later.

On several occasions, Villard took us to see his elderly mother, Clorinda Garrison Villard. I recall her telling us about an incident which took place during her girlhood. She was standing behind her father's chair, affectionately rumpling his hair, when he said: "My dear, have you found them?" "Found what, father?" "My horns, Clorinda. Don't you know they think I am the devil?"

I often thought of that story during the days when JLM was considered anathema by the opponents of his noble striving for a Jewish Center in the Land of the Bible, for his love of peace during the war, and even for his defense of civil rights for the colored people in the United States. *How could a man espousing such unpopular causes be so popular? For there were many who called him "Magnet" rather than "Magnes," in spite of divergence of opinion.*

III

Palestine

In 1922, we set out for Jerusalem once more, this time to make our home.

In May, we sailed away and after a summer in Europe and England, we found ourselves in our first Jerusalem home. The rolling stones' lived in three other houses and did not seem to have missed the fact that they gathered no moss. We have been in a fire; we have been under fire; we have been "sniped" at; we have been in a shipwreck, a calamity in the desert, and an earthquake. As is evident, we have been in some rather precarious situations from time-to-time. *And I don't remember ever being frightened.*

Frieda Warburg repeated to me a conversation she had with the married daughter of one of my parents' close family friends. This lady said to Mrs. Warburg "What does she want to live in that part of the world for, among all those Jews and Arabs?" Mrs. Warburg replied: *"You don't know what an interesting life she leads there. She meets not only all the Jews and Arabs but a lot of interesting people – nobility, royality, authors, and other interesting people who just don't come to us here in our narrow group in New York. She meets musicians as well, and I don't think she would have the chance to meet people like that if she lived the kind of life you are leading in New York."*

We first stayed in Berlin. Judah went on behalf of the Joint Distribution Committee, so the boys and I stayed for a time at a summer resort near Munich. They were taken about by a tutor who spoke to them in Hebrew. I stayed in England for a month with friends as I was not too well at the time, and we had a German nanny to look after the children. In 1922, Germany was recovering from the war, but the exchange was still very unstable. I was almost ashamed that our family of five plus a Nanny were able to stay in a very good pension for just a dollar a day for the six of us.

Our trip across the Mediterranean began in Venice. We left on a small Italian steamer, the *Bulgaria*, which stopped at various ports along the Adriatic. One night at about one o'clock, the boat ran onto a sharp rock, split open like a sardine tin, and lay at a perilous angle of about 45 degrees. All of us dressed, put on life jackets and went on deck. The captain wisely took the fourth-class people in the life-boat before the deck people, because they were rather hysterical and he was afraid of panic. Eventually we were all rowed to a small, rocky, uninhabited island not far away. While we were standing on deck, an Englishman came up to me holding his life jacket and said in the casual English manner: "I suppose one has to wear this kind of thing. How does one put it on?" I tied it up for him, and from the moment he "tied himself to us" and scarcely left us till we reached Egypt. While we were balancing on the sloping deck, a sigh of satisfaction came from our oldest son, David. "Well, David, what's so pleasant about all this?" David answered cheerfully, "At last I have a subject for a composition." We shouted with laughter, much to the amazement of the rather dignified French-Italian group standing not far away. Yes, David had a subject for a composition! Eventually we were transferred to a larger and better boat, and after a stop of a few days in Egypt, we sailed for Jaffa.

In the afternoon of November 2, 1922, Balfour Day, we drove to Jerusalem in an open car. The last *hamsin* of the season was blowing just before the rains. Our house was not quite ready so we stayed at the Allenby Hotel, successor to the old

German Fast Hotel which used to cater to first-class passengers in 1912. On the morning of November 3, I woke up to find that there had been a heavy rain during the night. Jaffa Road, then still unpaved, was a mass of mud. *I was surprised to see a young woman wearing a white dress and white shoes, picking her way across the rain-soaked street.* We drove out in a carriage on a crisp, brilliant November day to see our new home.

Norman Bentwich, then Attorney-General in the Mandatory Government, had selected the house. It was a well-built Arab house without any of the amenities to which Americans are accustomed. There was a courtyard with doors opening into the various rooms, and it had to be corssed, rain or shine, without any protection. There was no paved road to the house, but it did have a magnificent view of the Kidron Valley, Mt. Scopus, and the Mount of Olives from the northeastern windows. I found that someone had already begun to unpack our cases. I was delighted to see my dressing gown and a hot-water bottle hanging on a hook, in the spacious living-room with its two-domed ceiling. I could see that some of our books had been unpacked. An empty wooden case was in the room, and seated on its edge was Norman Bentwich.

Although he had known me in America and seen our tiny cottage in the country, he was a bit anxious about how I would feel about such a primitive mansion in Jerusalem. I took one look and said "Oh, what a beautiful house!" Norman was so delighted with "my verdict," that he raised his legs for joy. The law of gravitation took him backward with the case, so that all I saw was a pair of wildly-waving, presumably-ecstatic feet sticking out of the box.

We lived in this home for three years and then moved a bit farther up the hill. The neighborhood was mixed and included Jews, Moslem and Christian Arabs, and British government officials. Much kindness and hospitality was shown to us as newcomers.

While I was happily unpacking, a white vision with a white hat appeared in the arched doorway which was the entrace to our courtyard. Without introducing herself, the guest said "Oh,

you cannot live here in this confusion. You must come and live with me." Hers was an exceedingly heavy English accent. "You must let the servants do this work for you." I explained that I had one servant, that I was enjoying my work enormously and, moreover, that there were five of us. "Oh, that doesn't matter,"said my surprising neighbor. "You can all come and live with me." The woman turned out to be the wife of one of the judges of the High Court. She and her husband lived alone in a large, lovely house higher up the hill. She had three servants but she was accustomed to having even more servants, inasmuch as they had lived in India for many years. *I was surprised to find people like that living in Jerusalem. I remembered the old days of 1912, when life had been simple and people did a lot of work for themselves.*

I liked everything about the place. I had been used to living in the country and used to camping, so the fact that we had to pump and carry water – a reality of our existence of that time – didn't trouble me. There were no buses during this period and we walked, often carrying big parcels. We were happy to live a simple life, however. I was rather amazed to find that the English tried to maintain the kind of social life they enjoyed in London.

We weren't in our home very long before we received an invitation to a great celebration at Government House on the occasion of the silver wedding of the High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Lady Samuel. I remember saying "I'm not going; I didn't come here to wear evening dresses. I came here to be a pioneer – *perhaps even a pioneer deluxe, because I had a servant."* Once more I remembered the simplicity of 1912 and rather resented the English attempt to introduce "social life."

Judah went to the affair. Later I became accustomed to the English way of life and I went, too. It took a long while before I could get used to receptions and functions, especially at Government House, which was then in an enormous building on Mount Scopus. Of course there was not central heating, and I marvelled that English ladies could come to "do's" as they liked to call them, in *decollete.* I never went without a shawl. *At an*

especially crowded evening, the fringes of my beautiful watermelon-colored shawl got caught in what seemed to be dozens of medals on the chest of a slender, dark, bearded young man. It looked as though we were hopelessly trapped, but the High Commissioner's young A.D.C. was skillful in separating us and said, rather wittily "An international complication." Everybody laughed except the dark young man. I had occasion to see him many times in other years, and I never saw him smile. He was then Prince Regent of Abyssinia, Ras Tafari, and later became the Emperor Haile Selassie. When Italy invaded Ethiopia he and his large family fled to Jerusalem. His wife and children happened to take the house next to the one in which we were then living. During his exile, he did not live there but rather stayed at the King David Hotel, later taking for himself one of the handsome Salameh houses on the hill. Anyone passing by his home could note the expression on his face as he stood on the balcony; it always bore a familar mournful cast.

The Samuels celebrated their silver wedding by not only giving a ball and reception, but also most generously taking a house in Jericho which would be at the disposal of friends for winter vacations, since the climate of Jericho, about 800 feet below sea level, was much milder than that of Jerusalem.

We spent a fortnight in Jericho in December, 1922. JLM went back to attend to some work while I stayed on at a quaint hotel across the road from little Bet Miriam (Miriam was Lady Samuel's middle name.) *The hotel had a lower floor given over to Arab guests and Arab food and an upper floor devoted to Western guests and Western food. The housekeeper, Olga, was a Russian and belonged to the Eastern Orthodox Church; she had come to the Holy Land as a pilgrim before the First World War. Olga did everything to make me comfortable: she spoke an inimitable pidgin English which somehow didn't matter, for our friendship lasted many years.*

When the Samuels learned that I lived across the road, they asked me to teas and to join them during their walks. During our strolls, I learned for the first time what it means to be followed by a C.I.D. sleuth. The High Commissioner would stop before

some eucalyptus trees to remark that he believed this to be the finest grove of its kind in Palestine; the C.I.D. man a few yards behind him, would linger to gaze into a ditch, perhaps pretending to see a frog. In any event, these were the beginning of a long and happy friendship between Beatrice Samuel and Beatrice Magnes. Thirty-five years or more after that, when Lady Samuel was unable to travel, Lord Samuel, the former Sir Herbert, came to Jerusalem to visit his family. His son, Edwin, asked me to come to see his father, who was not up to walking. We had a pleasant chat, if one can use so informal a word as chat, even with an old friend who had been educated during the reign of Queen Victoria and later at Balliol, Oxford. When I rose to leave I said: "I think our friendship began because your wife and I were both 'Beatrice'." "Ha, no," said he. "There were other reasons." I wish I could imitate on paper his fine, mellow voice. When I sent my love to his wife and daughter, he made a note of the message in a small diary, adding: "You see, I now keep my memory in my waistcoat pocket."

Lord Samuel's wife died several years before he did. When he became ninety, there were many celebrations, both in and out of the House of Lords. In reply to my note of good wishes he wrote: *"My* Beatrice would have been made very happy by all these doings."

Samuel's eldest son, Edwin, lectures in Public Administration at the Hebrew University and has written books about his life here and abroad, which I admire for their humor and simple, unpretentious English. When Edwin met his wife, Hadassah, she spoke no English, only Hebrew and French, and he spoke no Hebrew; in this way it came about that their courtship was carried on in French. Today it seems to me that Hadassah knows English better than I. I once asked her "Hadassah, what is this Hebrew word in English?" She was quicker with the word than I, who have never been an agile polyglot. As for Edwin's name: was there anyone apart from his parents, who called him Edwin? To his old friends he is *Nebi.* The origin of that name goes back to about 1917, when General Allenby's army had driven out the Turks and was stationed in the

Jerusalem area. To the northwest of this area, there is a high hill called *Nebi Samwil,* the Arabic meaning of which is the "Prophet Samuel." Young Samuel, a lieutenant, was seconded to the headquarters on that hill. He arrived when the officers were at mess and introduced himself modestly: "Good evening. I am Samuel." "Ha-ha," joked one of the men at the table. "Nebi Samuel." and that old Arabic name has been his for the past forty-five years.

Some of our early impressions and activities in Jerusalem come out in the following letter which I wrote to the family in New York on April 23, 1923:

Such a quiet house! Before seven o'clock in the morning, everyone has cleared. Summer schedule. The boys are in school and Judah is having some tennis with Van Vriesland and Kisch. I can turn over and have another snooze or read a bit – just now it is "Bliss" by Katherine Mansfield. And I wish that I could write like that, or like Somerset Maugham, whose fine, rare sketches – on a Chinese Screen – are also on the table. Then I fall asleep some more, or decide to dress and go into the living room. It is cool and lofty and spacious with vaulted ceilings and arched wall spaces – a delicious Devonshire creamy color – two long couches and cushions all dark blue, and everything bright with flowers from the garden. I shall enclose a little kodak time exposure which I took the other day. Nothing happens all morning unless I go to meet Judah in the city for a prowl about the old streets or a bit of shopping in the bazaars.

One day this week we went to the Shephardic section and climbed to the top floor of their big Talmud Torah perched on that marvellous southeast corner of Zion, where the hillside drops sheer for hundreds of feet to the valley of Kidron with its villages and terraced gardens – and beyond is the Wilderness and the magic light on the Mountains of Moab. I don't see how the teachers can concentrate sufficiently to teach – or the boys to study with that view. For the charm of Jerusalem is that one does not grow accustomed to the beauty of it. Nor does one grow blase among the crowds in the bazaars or watching the sheep and the shepherds at Herod's gate at Twilight. Just fancy!

That is only a five minute walk from our house. The camels are amusing always, but the little ass is still my favorite animal. That heavenly braying! Did you ever notice that his tail goes up and down as if somebody were working a pump-handle to force out his choicest notes?

One finds beautiful materials in the bazaars. I have some soft woven silk mesh the color of this paper. The sash and the scarf are to have a pale flame-colored lining; my chain is old silver with flame-colored coral. It is simply luscious, like the bloom of an apricot. I adore it almost as much as my knotted brown costume from the Town and Country Shop (Haven't I the name a bit twisted?) Evelyn Waley, whom I liked better than anyone who came to Jerusalem this winter, has one just like mine. She knows what to select.

There was another girl visiting here. Her name is Winifred Spielmann, and I have told her that she must look up her ancestry and find out if she is related in some dim and distant fashion to your family. She looks like the reincarnation of your portrait in the front passage (at Basil Mansions) with Chum. Wouldn't it be romantic if you had had the same great-great-grandaunt? However, she didn't express any special preference for bull-dogs, so the resemblance may not be spiritual. It was rather fun, endeavoring to chaperon her and her cousin – a girl named Iris Castello – on our trip to Syria. We had forgotten that there were such girls, about twenty-four, with minds and an attitude towards life that indicate that the war just missed hitting them. Not enough men in England and heaps of men here and enough attention to make up for the lack of it at home. Fortunately, at the last moment, our party was joined by the young wife of the present Governor of Ramallah. She knew how to talk society gossip to those girls who were hankering for someone who knew their beaux at Government House. Judah and I had a beautiful time listening to the chatter of the Governor's wife – the stream of gossip and scandal and her views of the Administration were, to us untutored Americans, views unlike anything outside of an English novel. A plucky little woman – her husband has been

transferred to a post in Nigeria – twenty years of it, if he lives, a good pension for her, if he doesn't – so – she and Baby Pat are preparing to follow him soon. Fancy having your life cut out for you like that! I know it is an old story to you Britishers, but we can't get used to it. And we never know what we are going to do. We can't make up our minds to leave when our year is up. Judah feels there are many things calling him back to New York, and yet we do not wish to run away from Palestine. We both love it here – and we enjoy looking on and being at parties and balls and meeting people. It is a liberal education for provincial Americans. We continue to drink at this fountain of learning in spite of the bitter taste of the waters.

Mrs. Snowden is here now. She is *sharp and has picked up quantities of correct information about the Jews.*

We took the youngsters to St. Stephen's gate to see the Nebi Musa procession as it came from the Mosque of Omar. It was heaps of fun in the jam of holiday makers in their best clothes. All the Arabs around us wanted to give Ben a front place and buy sticky candy for him. The number of times he was lost that afternoon, while my heart went pit-a-pat – ugh! Those common people are good and friendly, but you never know what may set them off – and against the poor Jews.

Judah and I did not go to the shrine at Nebi Musa – as it would have interfered with the dates arranged upon for our trip to Syria. But we were driving through the valley between the Lebanons. Early in the morning the roads became alive with pilgrims gay and beautiful, piled on camels, crowded on donkeys, all bound for the little hill with its shrine of Nebi Zaur. Of course we stopped the car and waited for the festivities to begin. The costumes were delicious. You should have seen the pleasure on the faces of the peasant girls when I patted some particularly charming bit of embroidery in order to express my admiration! Some of the men had been to America – one didn't like the farm to which he had returned. "Me for the factory in Detroit."

The factory hand was a mighty good bulwark when the jam closed in to watch the dancers on the hill. Wild, barbaric,

sweating creatures, naked to the waist, slashing their bodies with sabres, digging sharp pointed awls into their skin, and when they let up a bit, there was their Haj or "holy man" urging them on to further excesses! Grunting, bleeding, beasts they were – mad with religious frenzy – and incidentally getting enough emotional stimulus to carry them through another year of monotonous work on the farms. We didn't stop to watch them climb the hill where they were planning the sweet pastoral divertissement of lying flat on their tummies whilst horses pranced on their backs, to the tune of the Haj's exhortations.

Our friend from Detroit didn't precisely blame us when we said we had seen more than enough – he evidently preferred 365 days of Detroit pep to one day of excess, followed by 364 days of dullness. He fought a way out for us through the mob, with his kefiya half torn from his head and quite careless of his beautiful blue embroidered jacket. These were the Metawilah "a fantastic sect of the Lebanons" about whom you can read in the guide-books.

I am heartily ashamed of myself for having written so much already and for having more to write. Sunday we are planning to go to the Samaritan Passover at Mt. Gerizim. We may take Jonathan along to see the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb. He is very tender-hearted but he will adore it. Our neighbor Abdul Alemi invited them to watch the killing of a lamb to be served at a family banquet. They were all on hand at 6:30 A.M. and I thought at least one of them would loathe it, but they all returned with shining eyes, joyous over the quantities of blood and with good appetites for breakfast.

We may go to Meiron for the Lag b'Omer pilgrimage next week.

In November 1923, JLM was asked by Professor Albert Clay to join a Yale archaeological expedition to northern Syria and Iraq. The two of them visited sites from Mosul to Bosrah. On their return from these uncharted desert areas, the two automobiles in which they were being driven side by side dashed over a deceptive rise in the sand into an unsuspected

wadi, or drywater course. The car in whichJLM was a passenger turned a complete somersault and landed on its four wheels. Judah was quite unhurt, but the others suffered some bad sprains and cuts. The passengers in the other car did not fare well. Some suffered serious injuries and the desert guide was killed. Where were they? Fifty miles from the last Bedouin camp, but that was all they and their drivers knew. After collecting all the food and water in one spot, and placing a young Yale student with a gun to guard their meager rations, JLM and a French army officer who had joined the party decided to have a look around the following morning. One of the injured students lying on his back had observed a flock of birds flying in a northeasterly direction. "There may be water there," he suggested.

JLM and his companion followed the flight of the birds and suddenly found themselves looking down at a village on the banks of the Euphrates. Help was soon forthcoming. They spent the next night in Palmyra. Professor Clay had been longing for years to see the magnificent Graeco-Roman ruins in that lonely desert, but his back was too badly sprained to permit walking. JLM sat beside his bed in that strange, lonely, tourist hotel and read what he found in the guidebook about Palmyra.

When Judah returned to Palestine, I met him in Tel Aviv and that evening we went to a theater to see an amateur group, called the Jerusalem Dramatic Society, in *Macbeth.* Our youngest boy, Benedict, was acting the part of Macduff's little son. JLM, after all his nightmarish adventures, felt he was dreaming. It was only when we got home to Jerusalem on the following day that Judah told me about the tragedy in the desert.

Another longish trip I did not join Judah on was a pilgrimage to Mt. Sinai. *As mentioned earlier, I was never happy riding a horse or a mule. The bicycle and the lowly donkey suited me better, and I knew that much of the journey to Sinai would have to be on camel-back.* When Judah and his party arrived at the orthodox monastery on the mountain, they learned that their papers contained no permit to enter the building to see the

old library and its famous manuscripts. What a dissappointment. But at least they climbed to the summit of the mountain that day.

With Nelson Glueck, Judah made several trips to archaeological sites across the Jordan, but I went with him to Petra, "the rose-red city, half as old as time," from Ma'an, that strange desert city on the rocks through which one gains entry into Petra. There we left the automobile, mounted horses, and rode through the cleft called the *suk.* JLM had taken a number of pictures en route. One of the Arab guides walking beside him offered to carry his camera. Evidently he became curious and opened the "box." Of course, all the pictures and the remaining film was light-struck. That night we slept in a cave with natural rock-walls of vari-colored stone – blue, red, and yellow – *I think*. Without the aid of photographs, I can recall vividly the magnificent facades and contours of that hidden land. That trip, and a later one in 1932 across the desert to Palmyra, were probably the most memorable of the many Judah and I were to take together.

The formal opening of the Hebrew University on April 1, 1925, would naturally be somewhere on the grounds of Mt. Scopus. A site was to be selected. JLM, then Chancellor, and I walked out to the edge of the large grove of Aleppo pines. The land dropped sharply down towards a valley, with the Wilderness of Judea beyond. JLM made his way cautiously down the slope to a narrow ledge jutting out over the valley. He spoke to me in his usual tones without raising his voice. The acoustics were perfect. I heard everything he said.

Directly after that day, groups of eager students began to hack away at the rocky hillock under the guidance of an expert engineer. Eventually, semi-circular rocks were carved into stone benches and rose in tiers from the narrow ledge, almost to the trees above. Seating was readied for about 1,200 people. The engineer, Louis Green, who had experience in bridge building in India, found no difficulty in constructing a strong platform support out over the valley by tall posts. The pessimists predicted a crash, with poor Lord Balfour and everybody

precipitated downward into the wilderness, but Mr. Green knew his job well, and not even a minor accident occurred when the great day arrived.

On April 1, the weather was perfect; the wind arrived from precisely the right direction. The two Bokharian antiquity dealers, Baru and Shlomayeff, provided colourful rugs to cover the bare boards of the platform and the orators' table. The ceremony was due to take place in the afternoon, but a long, winding stream of Jerusalemites and visitors began to climb the steep short cut to Mt. Scopus by morning. Slowly and closely-packed, they trudged, as may be seen in those photographs so familar to many of us. The swelling crowds seemed to stand in a solid semi-circle behind the stone benches. Some estimate that 10,000 persons were there that day, a far cry from the seating capacity accommodating twelve hundred people.

The guests who had tickets arrived later to take their places on the hard, uneven stone benches. Finally came the procession of speakers and VIP's who were to mount to the platform: Dr. Weizmann, Lord Balfour, Sir Herbert Samuel, Norman Bentwich, in full British University regalia replete with cap and gown, and Lord Allenby – who was not attired as one expected in the uniform of the conqueror of Jerusalem, but rather in a brilliantly-shining black top hat, frock coat, and striped trousers, like a London banker on a week-day en-route to business.

The procession emerging through the trees marched slowly and impressively down a side path. Dr. Magnes owned no cap and gown. An English official, not to be among the speakers, offered his gown but could not find a cap. He told Dr. Magnes that it was quite good fun to march bare-headed, and cautioned him against wearing his own hat. Dr. Magnes assured him that he would not do so, but the photographs taken that day show a magnificent Professor Weizmann walking beside a black-gowned and, alas, a slouch-hatted Chancellor Magnes. In spite of this impropriety, however the ceremony went off without a hitch.

The speeches were generally short, impressive, and to the

point. There are still some people alive today who sat in the audience, facing the stage, who must recall JLM, seated behind Rabbi Kook and Chaim Nachman Bialik, twitching at their coat-tails to hint that the sun would soon be setting behind Jerusalem's western hills. The twitching was not over-effective, and it was nearly dusk when the long, weary-but-contented-procession began to wind its way slowly down the hilly path to the city. *And it was the evening of the First Day.*

The banquet that night was a lively and successful affair. It was held in the basement of the Police Headquarters in the old Russian Compound. Mr. Ambursky, the genial host of the kosher hotel inside Jaffa Gate, arranged the meal. He started us off with his *piece de resistance*, gefilta fish. This was immensely appreciated by almost all the guests, but a handful of our English Jews were doubtful as to the propriety of serving a dish so Yiddish – whatever that meant to them – to our titled V.I.P.'s. *I have observed that the more cosmopolitan people are, the more they are interested in good foreign food, be it in Jerusalem or Kamenitz-Podolsk or the Poodle Dog in San Francisco.*

And it was morning of the Second Day.

A tea party was planned in the gardens of the University. We had been grateful for a perfect day on April 1, but alas, alas. April 2 dawned with a downpour that made an al fresco tea impossible. Our thoughtful neighbors on Mount Scopus, Sir Herbert and Lady Samuel, offered the ballroom at Government House. The little tables and most of the other odds and ends were capably transferred. That year was a year of drought, and the tins of rainwater for the tea had to be hauled down to Government House cisterns. The water was boiled for tea on primus stoves. *The distinguished guests staying there were rationed to one Shell Oil tin apiece per day; much to our delight there were no audible complaints.* But where were the cakes? They were to have been hauled up from town to the university in a covered cart. The Jerusalem baker was contacted, and assured us that they had left the bakery in ample time. However, no cart bearing cakes was discernible on the long road

to Scopus. Quite suddenly, the cart emerged from a little side street, just in time to be steered away from the university entrance to Government House. The driver explained that he had a friend living nearby, and that it seemed a good opportunity to visit him en-route to Scopus.

After that, the tumult and the shouting died, the guests departed, and sighs of relief replaced speeches. There had been some anxiety previously, especially about the safety of Lord Balfour, as his name – to the Arabs – was associated with the unpopular Declaration. One of our pessimists, recalling that most tourists arrived in Palestine with heavy coughs or "Grippy tummy," had previously expressed the hope that Lord Balfour might be laid up in Cairo with a bad cold or something, to prevent him from exposure to Arab assassination in Jerusalem. Hence, those sighs of relief when everyone left in safety.

A few days after the opening of the university, JLM and I left for Naples, where we were to connect with a steamer leaving for New York. Julius Rosenwald and Felix Warburg, both philanthropists and friends of ours, were then in Naples, and meeting them became a good starting point for us, inasmuch as the object of our journey to America was connected with the collection of funds for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

At luncheon one day, the three men – Rosenwald, Warburg, and Magnes arranged to discuss plans. Another guest staying at their hotel was Walter Meyer, a man who had no interest in the Hebrew University at the time, but later left a large bequest in his will. *Walter was one of my friends. His sister and I had studied Italian with a beautiful young teacher from Bergamo in northern Italy.* Since Walter and I were not part of the Hebrew University meetings, we went up the mountain to Bertolini's for lunch. After lunch, Walter suggested we take a taxi back to town. Everyone knows the wild speed that can be attained by a Neapolitan chauffeur. My Italian deserted me as we rode at breakneck speed, and I called out to the driver in Arabic. Evidently the man had been in Tripolitania, for he understood me and turned around, smiling: "Si, si, signora, Piano! Piano!" and slowed down a bit. Walter gazed at me disapprovingly. "Is

that all you learned at our Italian lessons?"

As far as the running of the University was concerned, there were difficulties between Judah and Dr. Weizmann. Dr. Weizmann lived in London during the early period of Judah's administration and thought he could take a hand in running the University from there. The last time we were together was at our home in Jerusalem in 1947, when everything was peaceful and friendly between them. I was not present, but I know that Judah went to see Weizmann on May 15, 1948, the day that the independence of the State of Israel was proclaimed. Both were in rather poor health at the time, and they discussed the establishment of the new State. Dr. Magnes said, "You know that I did not believe in an exclusively-Jewish State. For a long time I was in favor of a bi-national State, but now that there is a State I will join in helping anyone to make the State a good State."

Many of my recollections concerning the Hebrew University are bound up with Teddy, our dog, and the driver of the little bus that plied its way between the university and the town. The now "President Magnes" and Teddy used to walk down the hills, across the ditch, and up Mt. Scopus to afternoon meetings of the Senate. The professors were often late, and Dr. Magnes would ask: "If the dog can be prompt, why can't you be, too?"

One afternoon, as Dr. Magnes left the new physics building, he closed the main door and Teddy was left behind, forgotten in the lecture hall. At 6:30 the following morning, the night watchman telephoned the house: "I have just found your dog in the physics building. What shall I do?" Dr. Magnes asked: "What time does the first bus go back to town?" "Seven o'clock." "Well, just ask Schwartz to take Teddy and to stop at the usual station and let him off." Shortly after seven a.m., Teddy's familar bark was heard at the front door of our flat.

This episode led to an earnest conversation between Dr. Magnes and his youngest son, a schoolboy in the days when parents were not lavish with pocket-money. "Father, please introduce me to Mr. Schwartz." "Why?" "Well, perhaps if he knows me, he'll take me on the bus at the cut-rate or even free

of charge." Dr. Magnes was not a member of the well-known "Society for the Advancement of Protektsia" – as a few of his colleagues may remember, and his unfortunate son had no introduction to the influential Mr. Schwartz.

In the light of later convulsions, the earthquake we experienced in Palestine in 1927 does not seem like a major disturbance, but it was disturbing enough at the time. Here are some contemporary notes set down in a letter I sent to Louis Marshall on July 13, 1927:

It is full moon and I am out on the terrace writing.

Of course you want to hear about our experiences during the earthquake. I am sure you read more general news about it in your papers than we did in ours. Much damage was done, although for us it was only an unpleasant experience. The house was rocked and shaken in a sickening fashion, but only plaster was cracked; a couple of glass objects fell – net loss 22 cents, no stones dislodged or foundations displaced. Benedict was out taking a music lesson at the time, and came home with the news that his violin teacher's wife had fallen out of bed! But just as he came in, Dr. Kligler arrived from the University with news that the buildings had been badly damaged. We went right up there. Some of the walls are in very serious condition and it will be necessary to do much reconstruction before the buildings can be entered with safety. The whole rock ridge on which the University Government House and the Ascension Chapel and the old Arab village of Tor (Mt. of Olives) are located got it badly. In Tor, people were killed, and one at Government House, but by some miracle, nobody at the University received even a scratch. Several rooms were wrecked and in three cases people had just left them. Judah's office is a mess. It is considered unsafe to go in there. Lectures are being held at one of the buildings in the city.

The Arabs have suffered more than the Jews all over the country. The Jewish villages are comparatively modern and few of the houses fell, but in the old tumble-down Arab villages there has naturally been great destruction – quite a number of people killed and injured. Curiously, no Jews seem to have been

killed, although some in the old city of Jerusalem were hurt by stones.

We had a baseball game on July 4th. David was manager and actually managed to scare up 18 American players on the great day. The American Consul threw the first ball. Judah, Captain of the Reds, was considered the hero after a snappy three-bagger and a lively run to third. And 50 years old the next day! All he wanted was the usual private celebration but someone gave him away, to his great disgust. The University had a really delightful evening garden party but there were a couple of speeches praising him shamelessly and several organizations advertised their congratulations in the papers. Otherwise it wasn't so bad. David had the 4th and 5th off from school. By the way, we telephoned to his school in Haifa after the earthquake to say that we were all fine and heard that all was well there, although much damage had been done to two neighboring Arab villages.

During the troubled days in Palestine, the Jewish self-defense group was the Haganah. This group helped to bring refugees who fled from Nazi terror into Palestine *without benefit of visas, of course.* The British Mandatory Government, careful not to offend the Arabs by accepting visa-less immigrants, considered these refugees "illegal." If these unfortunate were caught before slipping into the country and merging with the Jewish settlers, they were transported or sent to concentration camps. At that period, JLM was Chairman of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in Palestine. The Haganah required money to bring in the "illegal" refugees. One of their leaders approached JLM for JDC funds. Any whisper reaching the Government of "illegal" expenditures would have negated the Joint's usefulness. The Haganah leader, a noble and intelligent man, could well understand the loss to the Jews of Palestine if the JDC ceased functioning and he had to look elsewhere for help.

A large group of visa-less refugees, mostly German, were about to be deported to Mauritius on the S.S. Patria, at anchor in Haifa harbor. To prevent this, the Haganah planned to blow

up the ship's engines, but some of the young refugees from abroad offered to do the job. Unfortunately, they were not as experienced in the use of explosives as the Haganah; they used too much dynamite, so that not merely the engines but also the entire ship blew up. Hundreds were drowned and hundreds were saved. The rescued were taken to a concentration camp at Athlit, on the seashore, not far from Haifa. Soon after, JLM and I visited some of the survivors in prison. They had been given comfortable quarters, sufficient clothing and food, but I noticed that many had lost their spectacles and were unable to read. Some even had to be steered into the dining room.

We were able to get in touch with an optician in Haifa, who offered to provide glasses at cost price to all who needed them. Back in Jerusalem, I hunted out what JLM never used, a handsome gold "presentation" spectacle-case, sold it for the value of the gold and then went begging from Jerusalem's shopkeepers to make up the required sum. The optician was as good as his word. Later, when the refugees were released, I met several in Jerusalem and was told by them that they were still wearing those concentration camp glasses. All honor to the Haifa optician, hitherto unrecorded – name forgotten – who gave his time and skill to be of such help.

In 1938, a few years before the Patria incident and the constant sniping between Arabs and Jews, two of the leading Moslem families were at loggerheads with one another. The Nashashibis were planting bombs near Husseini homes, and the Husseini's returned the same "favors." Our neighbor, a peace-loving Moslem, who had just passed a sleepless night after an explosion in his garden, came to us and suggested that we should move away, at least for a time. "We would not want anything to happen to Dr. Magnes and his family." Actually, we had been thinking along the same lines, so we went house-hunting.

Almost all available flats in the Jewish quarters were being taken by refugees from the Nazis, and only three were offered for lease. Two were up one flight of stairs; we decided on the third, which was on the ground floor, because, as JLM put it –

not too seriously – Teddy, our dog, was growing old and rheumatic and he ought to be saved the trouble of climbing stairs.

The new flat faced a small green park, which, after JLM died, was named – as were the streets bordering it – Magnes Square. *This would have pleased him. He liked to watch the children at play and afterwards, at dusk, he would sit on one of the benches and perhaps be joined by a friend or neighbor for a quiety chat.* Some side windows looked out on the Square, but our front entrance is on the street that ends at the Square. I have taken as my address the name of the street, since I would feel rather uncomfortable as *Mrs. Magnes of Magnes Square.*

During the war years, 1939-45, there was a lull in the sniping, but after the partition was voted on at the U.N. during November 1947, the trouble began in earnest. Our section was cordoned off from a mixed quarter by the British soldiers. If we wanted to visit anyone, we might have to do it by going through back gardens or by climbing back fences. If shooting occurred, walking often entailed doubling-up under the protection of stone garden walls. Kindergarten children and short people could walk upright, but it was a nuisance for us because both Judah and I were tall.

In Palestine, we had the chance to sample almost every slice of life, as Frieda Warburg had forecast to the friend who wondered how we could leave New York. With JLM I was to meet Russian revolutionaries, generals, musicians, royalty, nobility, agronomists, orange-growers, British Tommies on leave, famous authors, architects, and scientists. It is not possible to describe them all, but I wish I could. We even had some odd encounters with murderers.

During the Mandate, some English officials used Arab prisoners to look after their fine gardens. They would turn up in dingy prison garb accompanied by a groggy Arab policeman who held a gun. The murders came along, too, but they were clothed in red, probably as a warning as to their character. One of our neighbors took advantage of this privilege.

The heart of our youngest, Benedict, went out to these

unfortunate men in red, who seemed quite happy to have a day in the fresh air.

From 1933 to 1939, we rented a flat from the mother of Musa Husseini, who had been a student in Germany and had learned so much from the Nazis. One day, young Musa went to the Mosque of Aska and murdered Abdullah, the King of Jordan. He was hanged later, but that was after we had moved away from his mother's house. The mother was a pleasant, quiet, and helpful woman, but we had no chance to see her again.

We met the Maharajah of Kapurtala, and, more interestingly, we met his cook, from whom we learned some of the Maharajah's eating habits.

A neighbor during the Italian occupation of Abyssinia was the warm-hearted Empress of Abyssinia and her young family. Through the Empress and her family we picked up culinary ideas, too, but we never used them, since we were not overly-fond of sharp red peppers in our food. Perhaps if I had ever found it necessary to go in for slimming, I might have taken to sharp red peppers three times a day. *I have wondered why so many Abyssinians are thin, almost emaciated, and yet apparently enjoying normal health . . .*

My thoughts go back to a young leader in the underground movement of liberation from British rule. We had been friendly with a Hebrew University student who came to the house to coach our youngest son for a mathematics exam. After a series of lessons, the young man said: "Dr. Magnes, I need the money badly, but my conscience tells me to stop teaching your boy. He is a musician, not a mathematician, and we are making no progress." At this time, a young girl, whom this student later married, also came to the house in order to accompany Benedict on the piano as he practiced the violin. These lessons and practice sessions were successful where the mathematics failed. The young student must have received a scholarship to continue his studies in Italy, where he found the Fascists' methods worthy of imitation. When the young man returned to Palestine, he became the leader of an underground group that

stopped at nothing. In due time, he was hunted by the British police, who eventually found and shot him. His real name was Abraham Stern, but he was known and is still known by his pseudonym, *Ya'ir*. The end to the life of one who had once been such an unpretentious, neat, and conscientious lad was indeed sad.

During the war, when Churchill was ill with pneumonia in the hospital on board a British battleship at harbor in Alexandria, the daily bulletins were signed by his three English physicians. One, a "thorough Englishman," had a long German name which I have since forgotten, but let us say that his name was Winterhalter. We were somewhat used to Englishmen with foreign names – for instance, the head of the British Police here was a descendent of a Greek family – Mavrogordata – we called him Mavro, for short. Then there was the well-remembered Colonel Meinertzhagen. Of course, there were the Battenbergs, but they had their name translated into Mountbatten.

In Cairo in late 1944, JLM was in close touch with the British Army medical authorities and was able to secure a number of vital drugs for the Hadassah hospital in Jerusalem. When Henrietta Szold became ill, he telegraphed to Cairo for the then-newly discovered drug, penicillin, unobtainable in Palestine. The penicillin was sent promptly, with a covering letter from Winterhalter. Later on, this doctor came to Jerusalem and JLM suggested giving a tea-party for him. We invited Hadassah physicians, some of the British in the Department of Health, and a few others. As frequently happened in those days, there was no electric current that afternoon, and the entrance hall was dark. I was maid-of-all-work, serving tea and greeting people at the door. I thought all the guests had arrived except for the doctor from Egypt, so when there was an additional knock on the door, I said to the tall, thin figure at the entrance, "Dr. Winterhalter, I presume?" "Yes, thank you so much for inviting me." he replied. At that moment, JLM appeared. "Beatrice, you know Sir John Shaw?" – for many years Chief Secretary of the government. Of course, I knew him; we had dined with the

Shaws just a short time earlier. JLM asked Sir John, "Why did you say you were Winterhalter?" "Oh," said Sir John cheerfully, "I only thought she was pulling my leg." Later, the real doctor did turn up. This time there was no mistake.

After the war one day, Archdeacon Stewart's wife asked me over to tea to meet her mother, Lady Clapham. Her husband, a distinguished mathematician at Cambridge University, had been knighted during the war. Lady Clapham described their house in Cambridge which was far too large for her now that she had to do all the work while the usual maids were employed in armaments factories. She remarked with great humor, "I would tell friends not to call me Lady Clapham. It would have been more appropriate to call me Charlady Clapham."

Letting one subject hang on the heels of another, I would like to give some idea of "social" connections between Jerusalem-Israel and Jerusalem-Jordan after the War of Liberation.

We were quite cut off from old associations and acquaintances in Jordan. Archdeacon Stewart had been elevated to become Bishop in Jerusalem and lived in St. George's Cathedral Close, just beyond the famous Mandelbaum Gate. In his exaulted position, it was simple for him to "cross over," as we called it, from Jordan to Israel. His wife, who had been an active member of our Society of University Women, might have come with him, but she did not like to take advantage of his position. I saw her only once again, at a wedding. This meeting with a former neighbor was a happy occasion.

Who knows the origin of the name Mandelbaum Gate? An English writer, rather more imaginative than factual, translated Mandelbaum into English, 'almond tree,' and thought that an almond tree had been growing there. However, Mr. Mandelbaum, who kept a large, rather untidy shop on Jaffa Road, owned the large, rather untidy house where he rented out rooms and which stood where, until 1967, the gate separated the State of Israel from "the Royal Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan."

JLM and I enjoyed walking of an afternoon, and quite a walk

it was, to the Patt Bakery on the Street of the Prophets. There was a tiny tea-room and in summer a few tables were set up in an equally-tiny garden. Mrs. Patt was a genial hostess and introduced her regular visitors to one another. Her "children" included policemen, the director's wife, the English district official, the lady whose husband endowed an Orthodox Jewish Seminary, and others. We were all quite sociable.

Mrs. Patt, now retired, and our youngest son Benedict, tell precisely the same story. Benedict and three other young musicians who played a string quartet, would practice until late in the night and then stop off at the Patt's for tea and buns. "You remember," said Mrs. Patt some thirty years later, "we kept open late in those days. We were poor then and every purchase, even a *grush,* meant something to us." When the four young men entered, they found Mr. Patt asleep at one tea table and Mrs. Patt nodding at another. Mrs. Patt started to go into the kitchen, but Benedict placed her back in her chair, "I'll take care of it." he said, and soon returned with six steaming glasses of tea – four for the quartet and two, one each for them. The musicians would then select their buns or biscuits and Mr. Patt, awakened by now, would enjoy a late party with them.

Once Mr. Patt said to JLM: "I have three daughters. If I could also have a son, he would be your Benedict," but he gave him an old Jewish pet name "Reb Boruchel." Reb Boruchel had been the man he respected most in the Polish town where he had been born.

When, during World War II, the German Army had reached El Alamein, there was a general feeling that the Jews of Palestine would become refugees. Meanwhile the English officials and their families in Egypt were fleeing to Palestine. Where were all of us to go? During the lull in the troubles between Arabs and Jews, our destination – so we said – would be Iraq. JLM and I each packed our old rucksacks with what we thought we might need for such a trek. Besides a few toilet articles and a small supply of biscuits, our selections were characteristic. JLM added a fountain pen and a quantity of paper on which to write his impressions along the way. In my sack were patience, solitaire,

cards, crossword puzzles, and pencils. I recalled that when we were shipwrecked in the Adriatic in 1922 and were taken in small boats to a rocky island, that I had a pack of patience cards with me in my handbag, and that I had placed the cards on a flat rock, playing quietly instead of going into a huddle with some of the other passengers.

With the German threat from Egypt looming over us, I recall that some Jews, refugees from the Nazis, declared in more or less the same words: "If I ever see a *pickelhaub*, a German war helmet, again, I'll kill myself." To have seen the Nazis again would have been a greater torture than seeking death by one's own hand.

Late 1947, was an uneasy period for Jerusalemites. There was so much sniping and bombing that certain sections of the city were cordoned off by the British Army. Jews were confined to one section, Arabs to another. Nobody was permitted on the streets at night without a pass. Electric wires were sabotaged and it became necessary to use oil lamps and candles. The YMCA building was considered a neutral meeting place. When word came to Professor Sukenik, of the Hebrew University Archaeological Department, that monks living in the Old City of Jerusalem had specimens of ancient Hebrew scrolls, he arranged to get a pass and to meet them after dark at the YMCA.

The scrolls had been uncovered by Bedouin in caves near the Dead Sea. Almost instantly, Sukenik believed them to be authentic. At the YMCA, the specimens were lent to him by the monks; quite naturally, they were for sale. Sukenik would rush out through the black streets to our house, a distance of about a mile, to show the treasures to Magnes and to examine them closely with him. In the semi-darkness of the library, the two men sat close together. The oil lamps were dim, so I would sit nearby, holding two candles on tall candlesticks. How truly ancient those scrolls appeared to me. They were inscribed on skin and I seemed to see fragments of goat's hair still clinging to them. *Later, Professor Sukenik's son, Yigael Yadin, told me that I had imagined that.* Such enthusiasm in that dimly lit room of

ours! JLM was convinced that they were genuine and produced from his "Special Fund" the L 50 sterling required for their purchase.

In 1953, in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, I saw many Dead Sea Scrolls acquired later for the Hebrew University, but the price paid for them by an American friend was about $50,000. By that time, they were famous and people in New York flocked to see the scrolls in their neatly-arranged glass cases. Some years after the exhibit I was told by Yigael Yadin, who succeeded his father in the field of archaeology, that in the United States a television performance about the scrolls had been enacted by his brother, Joseph Yadin, who took the role of his father. The show must have been exceedingly interesting, but from the point of view of actual romance, it could not have approached the drama of the knock on our door that heralded our first scrutiny of the scrolls by the light of a small lamp and the beams from two flickering candles.

Judah's espousal of Palestine as a bi-national state was mentioned earlier, when I described the circumstances in which Judah first became a Zionist. During the troubled times when the country's future was under continuous debate, most of the Zionists would hear nothing of Judah's ideas.

Unfortunately, the few Arabs who did agree with him were in physical danger from their own people. One day, at the law courts, we met a sympathizer who was a prominent Arab attorney. JLM asked: "Why don't we see you these days, Omar Effendi?" In reply, Omar Effendi removed his hat and showed us a deep dent on the top of his bald head. "A broken skull. That is what I got coming home in the dark after having expressed my views." At about the same period, a young Arab from a distinguished family, who also said publicly that a bi-national state might be the solution, was murdered in the village of Tor on the Mount of Olives. This frightened other Arab acquaintances. For instance, we had been quite friendly with a Moslem and his wife, an attractive woman who accompanied him when he was invited out and did not cover her face with a veil. This Moslem became afraid to visit us, but

when we were in Egypt in December, 1944, both the Moslem and his wife were there, too. We were staying at the Mena House, close to the Pyramids, and we offered to go into Cairo to have lunch at their hotel. The man refused our offer and said that the two of them would come to us at the Mena House, where there were few, if any, Moslem Arab guests. *The House consisted of mainly French and Italian-speaking Christian Egyptians.* On arrival, they asked to have lunch served in our room because they did not wish to risk being seen with Jews.

In May 1948, when we were in New York, an old acquaintance, formerly Egyptian Consul in Jerusalem and then representative of Egypt at the United Nations, came to see JLM at the hotel. This was shortly before the State of Israel was proclaimed. When I accompanied him to the elevator I said "This is, alas, not *au revoir,* Effendi. This is probably good-bye forever." He was profoundly shocked.

Though there was no case of any Jewish believer in the plan for a bi-national state being physically injured by his own people, the British C.I.D., the equivalent of the F.B.I. in the United States, took a serious view of it. They insisted upon posting a young sleuth outside our house, although we both objected. The sleuth was told to follow JLM discreetly. Poor Gumshoe Bill, as we nicknamed him. He little knew how often we slipped out the back door and down a side alley to escape his attention, and he remained secreted in the shrubbery across from our front door. The little lady of the house with the shrubbery was friendly to him, and we were amused to see our Gumshoe Bill beating her carpets and escorting her young daughter to school. Eventually, we persuaded the C.I.D. to have him withdrawn.

Some of the young Jewish extremists were not slow in retaliating against Arab sniping and bombing in the months after partition was voted at the U.N. Many young Jews were sent to the Sudan and to Eritrea by the British. Our neighbors were heartbroken when their son was thus exiled. JLM, to appease them, visited the Reviewing Judge, but the reasons why the young man had been sent away were all too apparent. JLM

succeeded in having the lad's law books sent out to him in order to enable him to study for a possible Bar examination "some day." Well, this man passed the Bar brillantly after the War of Liberation. His extremist group sent him – a most presentable young person – to further their cause in the United States. Late in 1948, shortly after JLM's death, when I was in New York, the man came to see me. He wanted to express his thanks for JLM's help when he was in exile and he regretted that he had not had the chance to "confess" to Dr. Magnes about all the crimes he had committed for the sake of the Jewish State. "Oh," said I, "but he knew all about that from the Reviewing Judge." My bright young visitor deflated visibly. Since then, I have seen him again and, although he was handsome and entertaining, he did not seem quite as "cocky" or "heroic." as in the past.

Our eldest son, David, was twelve years old when we settled in Jerusalem. Soon after our arrival, he went to an excellent boarding school in Haifa, and later on he went to the Mikveh Israel Agricultural School. Still later, he went to study horticulture at the University of Reading, in England. By 1932, he was one of the pioneers in the orange-growing district of Natanya. He built a small house and has lived in it ever since. Natanya has grown to be one of the larger cities of Israel, and David is clearly considered an old-timer with the experience of those difficult early days in the district. In 1936, David married Norah. I had met Norah twice before David knew her – the first time at a tea. She made a pleasant impression, however, neither of us knew the other's name; I hadn't the least notion that she was Jewish and she had the notion that I was the wife of the Bishop. Later, after David met her at a dance, he asked me to invite her to his birthday party. A few months later, this city girl became the excellent wife of a farmer of the village of Natanya. The little house they built no longer looks like a working man's home because Norah has managed to make it very attractive. The trees, the sub-tropical shrubs, the palms and the vines have prospered; roads have been laid where it was once only possible to plough through the sand on a donkey. *JLM and*

I used to spend part of summers in Natanya. Within a few minutes' walk of the house, the labour organization built a large rest home. We would go to this rest home for our lunch instead of cooking at home during the heat of the day. We were thus able to meet groups of workers on vacation and, although we felt rather close to the land and our people, we were able to make still closer ties with many diverse types who came to the rest home from various sections of the country.

Jonathan, our second son, began to take responsibility on his small shoulders from the time he was very young. He used to say "He isn't three yet" – "He isn't six yet." When "He wasn't ten yet," our family was en route from America to Palestine. We stopped for a time in Berlin. At the hotel, one morning very early, Jon awakened us, looking pale and distraught. "I can't find Benedict. I've looked out of the window but he hasn't fallen down into the street. I've looked and looked." We arose hurriedly. The hotel had long corridors, and at the end of one of them we found our young rascal helping the green-aproned Diener, manservant, to shine the shoes for the guests on our floor!

Jon was eager to finish high school and to enter a kibbutz. One summer he managed to skip a year as a result of the constant studying he subjected himself to; thus, he graduated with boys a year or more older than he. With one of his classmates, Rani Volcani, he was accepted in an excellent kibbutz, Geva. They were there contentedly as young dirt farmers, for about a year and a half. After that, they studied at the Agricultural College, University of California, Berkeley, where they remained for about two years. On their return, they were given jobs at the Agricultural Experiment Station in Rehovot. Soon after, Jon went on to get his M.A. in Physiology at the University of Pennsylvania. On his return, he became an instructor at the Hebrew University Department of Physiology. Judah, as President of the Hebrew University, opposed Jon's appointment, thinking it might be considered undue influence. However, the scientists wanted Jonathan and the President had to consent. Jon received his

Ph.D. from the Hebrew University; he is now a full professor and the Director of the Department of Physiology in the University-Hadassah Medical School.

When California was suggested to Johathan and Rani, they were reluctant to leave Kibbutz Geva. They were happy planting grapevines and grooming muddy horses. When someone said to Johathan, "But in California you may increase your knowledge and perhaps be a leader and teacher in the kibbutz when you come back," he answered rather abruptley: "Enough leaders in our family."

David and Benedict held the same view and so did their parents. Magnes was a well-known name in the land, and it was hard to avoid a front-row seat. JLM used to slip away on the Sabbath to any little synagogue where he wasn't recognized and take a back seat. Said he: "I feel humble when I enter a house of prayer. That isn't the place to be a V.I.P."

David often gave his first name rather than his family name in order to avoid being singled out as a Magnes. Benedict, quite a "big shot" in the small musical community of the early days, said he knew he was overrated and asked us to let him go to New York, where nobody knew him, and where he would have to make his way through his own merits.

When Benedict was thirteen, he became a boarding pupil at a school in Birchington, Kent, England. His desire was to continue studying violin with his Jerusalem teacher, Margery Bentwich, who was spending the year in Birchington with her married sister, Thelma Yellin. While at school. Benedict had an accident and became a patient at a nursing home in Cliftonville, not far away. I came to England to be with him. Margery, the violinist, and Thelma, who was an accomplished cellist, as well as a visiting friend who was an excellent violinist, came over to the nursing home and rejoiced the young patient by playing *The Beethoven Serenade* for him. It was just before Christmas. Another friend, Laura Livingston, who had been in Jerusalem with us, was spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Bell, wife of the Dean of Canterbury. The trio and I were invited to a tea party at the Beanery, where the three musicians played *The*

Serenade. It was a very jolly, informal party – parents, children, old retainers, and the Archbishop and his wife, for whom the party was arranged in celebration of her birthday.

Back again in Cliftonville, to the small private hotel next door to the nursing home: I heard a few guests growing voluble over a bazaar patronized by Lady B. The fact that she was titled seemed to excite them. I didn't dare tell them that I had just been talking to the Archbishop of Canterbury, because they would not have believed me.

On New Year's eve, when Benedict was able to be up for a few hours daily, the Lady Mayoress, who was a hospital visitor and had taken a fancy to Benedict, asked us to come to supper and spend the evening with her family and a few friends. When I telephoned the surgeon to ask if he thought that particular evening would be too exciting for his patient, he replied: "No, I think it will be excessively dull." It wasn't a bit dull, although nearly all that has stayed with me is that the black cat was trained to stand up on his hind legs to beg like a dog for something to eat. One of the guests, a young aviator, who instructed beginners to fly in a Piper Cub, invited Benedict to fly with him the following day. The surgeon rejected the idea, saying: "He's had one bad fall and I want to permit him to leave here soon, so completely cured that he will be strong enough to carry his suitcase to the railroad station."

It was a miraculous cure, but it did not cure Benedict of breaking bones. Perhaps he inherited that propensity from his father and mother, *but this is not going to be an account of the bones broken by the Magnes family.*

Although Benedict has not lived here for a quarter of a century or more, it is amazing that ever-so-many unexpected recollections of him are repeated to me by those who knew him. Mrs. Norman Bentwich once remarked, "Judah is not known in Jerusalem as the President of the Hebrew University, but merely as Abu-Beni, the Arabic for 'Benedict's father."

Benedict is definitely musical, although music is not his profession. While he was taking viola lessons in Jerusalem many years ago, he was also giving lessons, and from what we are told,

he was a good teacher. However, this detail – which has nothing to do with the quality of his teaching – seems worth recording. He was giving lessons to a young Arab grocer, when someone passing by the shop on St. Paul's Road heard the strains of Hatikvah, the Jewish national anthem. The passerby looked inside the shop and saw the young Arab playing the fiddle, and asked: "what is that melody?" The Arab answered: "I do not know the name. Mr. Mag-a-ness has taught it to me." The passerby did not enlighten him.

Many years later, at a tea party, in a British Consul-General's home, a man was introduced as Mr. MacInness, who succeeded Mr. Stewart as Bishop in Jerusalem. Said Mr. MacInness, "You know, Mrs. Magnes, I don't seem to recall you, but I distinctly remember Ben racing his donkey over St. George's School playing field." Now Ben is a devoted husband and father, who commutes to his work daily between Scarsdale and New York. "Sometimes," wrote his wife, "he hurries through dinner in the evenings and then makes a dash for his viola." "He can still play well enough to keep up with his professional quartette," said one of our musical friends. *But as I said before, his work in New York does not give him much time for music.*

In 1936, our first son married Norah Moses, an English girl who had come here on a visit. She was a true Londoner of a long-established family, but she gave up city life to live with David on a small farm in Natanya, by the sea. Fortunately, she had never cooked in England and learned here. She learned so well that now, in my opinion, there is no better cook or baker in Israel. A year later, Jonathan married. He had known his girlfriend, Hava, since they were schoolchildren. JLM and I were friends and neighbors of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Danziger.

In the summer of 1937, I was in the American Hospital in Paris with one of my periodic broken bones. My leg was "in extension" – immovable for a long time. Dr. Danziger came to see me. Hava was in London, a student for a year. About a week earlier, Jonathan crossed from France to England. He sent the following words to me on a postcard: "The trip was nice. London is nice. Hava is nice." So when Dr. Danziger appeared, I

said "I think you'll soon have a son-in-law." "What," he exclaimed, horrified at the thought of giving up his young and only daughter so soon. I showed him the card. He paced up and down the small room, the he suddenly stood still. "What are we going to do about it?" I answered, "Precisely what I am doing." "And what is that?" he asked eagerly. I pointed silently to my immovable leg.

Well, it would have been impossible for us to have chosen a better or more lovable parents-in-law for one of our sons.

Our third son, Benedict, also married the perfect wife. That young man had been in the United States attending a summer music school for advanced instruction. There, at Adolf Busch's school in Blue Hill, Maine, he met his Frances, Busch's young and most promising violinist. She has recently resumed her career after having been busy as a wife, mother to the boys, and a model home-keeper. JLM was exceedingly proud of her. When we spent a few weeks together in the Adirondacks, he said "I would rather hear Frances practising scales than listen to some violinists play a whole sonata."

Frances Magnes, Benedict's wife, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the descendant of a musical family. I believe the family still has a gold-handled cane presented to her violinist grandfather by a Czar of Russia. When Frances was a very small girl, her talent for the violin was evident. A top teacher took her on as a protege and one of the top private schools gave her a scholarship. Later, her father gave up his business in Cleveland and took a modest position in New York in order to enable her to study with Adolph Busch. Frances was his star pupil and became first violinist of the Sinfonietta String Orchestra, which was one of the great musical attractions in the United States about twenty years ago. During this period she gave her first solo recital in Carnegie Hall. When JLM read the headline in the next morning's New York Times: "Magnes brillant debut," he sighed contentedly and said: "Thank goodness, they're not referring to me this time."

In the summer of 1932, when we had no hint of the atrocities that were soon to disgrace Germany, a friend named Fritz had

invited us to lunch at his hotel in Berlin. We must have dawdled over the meal, because when he took us on to the Pergamon Museum the doors were closed.

"Too late," said the watchman. "No admission."

"But," argued Fritz, "I am a member of your Board of Trustees."

"*Verboten.* Forbidden to enter." snapped the guard.

At this precise moment, the door opened and the curator emerged, ready to go home. Our youngest son, Benedict, was with us. He had joined us after an archaeological expedition at Patmos. On the way to Patmos from Palestine, the team had to make a stop-over at Rhodes and, while waiting for the boat to Patmos, Benedict became freindly with a pleasant German guest with whom he went for a daily swim. The curator of the Pergamon Museum turned out to be none other than that very swimming companion! When the man saw Benedict again, he embraced him and had the doors reopened; the lights were lit, and he proceeded to become our guide. I have always been most grateful for this coincidence and courtesy, because the massive Assyrian stone reliefs are among the most remarkable archaeological finds I have ever seen. It was worth noting that through the influence of a swimming companion, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Museum,and the President of the Hebrew University gained admittance to something which in Germany was *verboten.*

Before our marriage, I had heard many great artists at the Metropolitan, at Carnegie, at the now-defunct Mendelsohn Hall, as well as at private performances in my cousin's home. In Jerusalem, most of the great musicians from abroad came to our house to see JLM. Amongst the first was Heifitz; that was in 1926. He was young and enthusiastic, and one day after lunch he said: "Everything in this land is marvelous. But the best of all is a Jaffa orange. Will you take my picture, while I am holding a Jaffa orange?" On his later visits, he was more reserved. *One evening, at his home in New York, he played the Grieg Violin Sonata with Vladimir Horowitz. Heifetz seemed pleased to have someone there whom he had known in*

Jerusalem.

Later on others came: Adolph Busch, Schnabel, Elman, Toscanini, Huberman. Generally speaking, all of them seemed to show pleasure in meeting JLM. Once, Elman turned up unexpectedly with his accompanist. JLM was out, so I gave them tea and took them out for a bit of sightseeing. On his return to America, Elman was soloist at a concert in the open-air theater in Berkeley, California. JLM's sister's husband was Chairman of the University of California's Music Committee, and, after the concert, the two of them entertained Elman. JLM's sister naturally asked if he had seen her brother in Jerusalem. "Oh, your brother! I have known him since he lived in New York. But his wife! Now there's an exceptional person. There was a water shortage and water was pumped into the tank only once a week; she took me to the bathroom to show me how they filled the tub when the water come to eke out the limited supply in their tank." A prosaic memory, but an amazing one.

Busch and his wife were in great sympathy with JLM. It was a genuine joy to both of them when, some years later, our youngest son, Benedict married Busch's first violinist and favorite pupil. Still many years later, probably due to this friendship, the Busch's son-in-law, Rudolf Serkin, came to see me. By that time I wasn't much of a concert-goer and told Serkin I could not be at his recital that evening. "But I'll come later to the reception my near-neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Korngold, are to give for you." "Then," said Serkin, "I'll play for you there." He was as good as his word, and those who had been at the concert hall said that his midnight performance of the *Wanderer Fantasie* was worth more to them than the entire recital.

The Toscaninis and Huberman were simple and delightful guests, enthusiastic about the view and the sunset from our little balcony. About the Schnabels: I will try to make a long story brief. Mrs. Schnabel had been an outstanding lieder-singer, but when the Schnabels came to Jerusalem, her voice was no longer strong. She gave a recital with Arthur Schnabel at the

piano. At that time, she still had the grand manner and the clear enunciation of her youth and a student of voice could learn much from her. The grand mannerisms, however, were passe. A long time after that, when our son, Benedict, lived in New York, he attended an informal musical party. In the course of the evening a famous violinst sang, a singer played the violin, and a pianist danced. Ben was a keen musician and a clever imitator, and for some reason thought of the night in Jerusalem when Mrs. Schnabel gave her recital. Before long, he began to mimic Mme. Schnabel's rendition of Grieg's *Ich liebe Dich.* When he got through, there was neither applause nor laughter. He soon learned that a member of the Schnabel family had been present in the room.

All in all, we did not lack for visitors of diverse nationalities and interests. An old letter dated May 21, 1928, indicated how the stream of life flowed by us in Jerusalem forty years ago.

Since my return to Palestine in February with Benedict, I seem to have taken a deep breath of relief and to have shirked all responsibility, including correspondence. Sometimes I am appalled at the thought that I have written only one real letter to all of you – nevertheless I have not felt guilty enough to be willing to settle down and write the long letter which appears to be the only kind worth sending so long a distance. Now the so-called season is over and perhaps I can recall a few of the outstanding events.

The greatest treat was Paul Herzog's visit. He is a lovely person. He was enormously interested and amused and made himself quite at home, although during the Passover, Easter and Bebi Musa season, Jerusalem is a trifle too hectic to be considered homelike. In addition to the annual religious shows of the Three Faiths there were the visitors – American professors, including Breasted of Chicago and Hocking of Harvard, Messrs. Tawney and Grimshaw of England, the Robert Speers and other delegates to the International Missionary Conference, the Van Der Veldes of Belgium, Max Brod of Germany, young Speiser of Bagdad (who is to be at U. of P.), the Woodburys, Julia, Shane, Mr. and Mrs. Peirels and the

Eugene Sperrys, Richard Shuster, Joe Cowen, Edgar Friedlander and the Kuhns of Cincinnati – some of whom I mention because they brought letters of introduction from some of you. At times, our living room contained such a quaint assortment of people that I felt like asking the "nice ones" to come back in June. We had no time to find out what they were thinking about and now they are scattered beyond recall. However, it was not bad to have them concentrated while Paul was here, as he enjoyed meeting most of them – but it would have been nicer to have kept him over when we had more leisure.

At least he found time to attend the Armenian washing of the feet on Armenian Good Friday (which comes on a Thursday). With Greek holy fire, various denominational foot washings, Palm Sundays, old style and new style, Moslem processions, and Seders public and private, one doesn't always manage to take in all the shows.

However, we all got quite a kick out of our visiting Royalties. Paul even came in for a grand party given for the Crown Prince of Italy and he accompanied Judah (as A.D.C.) when Princess Mary of England paid an informal call at the University. His good French was useful on the occasions when we were encountering the Van der Veldes. Mr. V de V is very hard of hearing. French, unless shouted with the right accent, can be depressing. V de V orates in the Grande Maniere with fascinating gestures and we enjoyed him enormously. We also enjoyed an evening call upon Princess Mary. When Lady Plumer, in an informal note, asked us to come over to Government House to meet H.R.H., we rather expected parlour games. But it appears that even so simple a matter as drinking lemonade with royalty is a formidable informality. It was a small party but the men wore there tails (no "decoration," however) and the women came with gloves, a return to medievalism from which I have not yet recovered. Benedict, for instance, did not know that there were such things as long gloves and marveled at me for possessing a pair. The men bowed low over H.R.H.'s hand and the women were supposed to courtesy and shake hands at the same time. I did not attempt to do more than shake hands

and nobody paid any attention to what I did, anyway. Lord Plummer then brought up Mary's antiquated brother-in-law, Lord Boyne, to be entertained, if possible, by me and I think he really had a good time. I know I did, for I gave him an "earful," ranging from Maria the cook and the inexpensiveness of Hebron glass, to the Seder service and Two Black Crows . . . And I think it pleased them to feel that they had made more of a hit with the Jerusalem audience than the Italian Crown Prince, who had finished playing his engagement in our town the previous week.

When royalty wants to go to bed, it just goes. It does not say Good Night or Pleasant Dreams or Glad To Have Met You. It leaves the room, which then grows comparatively animated. Dear old Lord Plummer, who had been rather subdued all evening waxed eloquent: "The Princess is an enthusiastic sight-seeer, just like her mother." I began to feel like a friend of The Royal Family, but I did not feel intimate enough to say, a propos of her enthusiasm, that when visiting the ancient city of Hebron H.R.H. made just two remarks, one being "How quaint". At the university she said "How interesting" and "How beautiful."

However, she is young and pretty and has the most beautiful golden hair, just like a princess in a story book – a German story book, for she looks more German than English and one is rather surprised to hear her talk English without a trace of German accent.

I hope you like this sort of chatter – the boys do, in spite of their loathing of neckties and starch.

David is now a real member of the downtrodden proletariat. You know he was always coming with some tale of woe about the low wages the other fellows were getting. He is now getting low wages himself but I heard no complaint. He is delighted to have a job for the summer. He went around the country looking for it and finally landed one on the new orange plantations near Hadera, at 17½ piasters – about 87½ cents – per day. He is working for a fine group of young men and ought to get quite a bit of experience before going on to Reading for the autumn course in horticulture.

Jon is cheerful and busy and has begun to shave. He is almost as tall as David and looks broader, although I believe he is not. Still he seems to be an elephant and David a giraffe. Benedict is a colt and a very leggy one. He had a class party at the house the other night, and made a hit with his conjuror's outfit. He does not object to being "the head man" in the show. The tennis court is very good this year and all five of us enjoy playing. It would be too complicated to tell how our wicked, fascinating landlord, the old Haj Alami, tries to steal water from our tennis court tanks. To some of you I would have to explain, in the first place, that water is worth stealing in this country. Watered milk is perhaps more valuable than whole milk.

In May, the country was often swept by hot, dry winds from the desert which enabled the farmers to thresh their wheat and barley as in biblical times. There are days when the wind is so hot and dry that opening an east window is like opening the door of a furnace. I learned the trick of hanging a wet sheet in front of an alcove in our sitting-room. Behind it an electric fan would blow "dampness" towards the room, making it reasonably comfortable. On one such afternoon, an anti-Franco Spanish grandee turned up with a letter of introduction. JLM asked me to sit in on the visit inasmuch as the language was to be French and he thought he might have to turn to me now and then for a word or so. In the course of the visit, I noticed that our guest would turn occasionally to gaze at the blowing white sheet. I meant to explain our system of air-conditioning to him, but forgot to do so. After he left, I imagined him murmuring: "Cette Madam Magnes! Blanchissage dans le salon!"

Sabra is the Arabic word, adopted by the Jews for "prickly pear." In Israel, a young person born here goes by the pet name of Sabra – sharp and thorny outwardly, sweet within. It is a good appellation, but even residents born abroad cannot be blamed if they are muddled about the prickles and fail to see the true worth, the warm-heartedness and courage of many of our youngesters. I should like to recount some anecdotes that highlight Sabra characteristics:

Mrs. Shulamit Cantor, one of the early settlers in Jerusalem,

who at one time trained Hadassah nurses, has given us some interesting reminiscences in the *Kol Israel* series of broadcasts "Thanks for the Memory." However, she omitted one incident which, though it turned out not to be serious, indicates an attitude towards life. The first Cantor home, in the early 1920's, was in the Herod's Gate quarter, and was on the second floor of an Old Arab house which was spacious enough but, like many of the old houses, rather primative in several respects. To provide a specific example: the dark, irregularly-paved stone stairway to the second floor had no hand-railing. One day, Mrs. Cantor stumbled and fell down the steps. She suffered no real damage but, as a result of the accident, she thought it was about time to get the landlord to install a railing. She spoke to the women of his family. "But," asked one of them, "did anyone see you fall?" "No, but I might have been badly hurt." "Oh, well, Mrs. Cantor, if nobody saw you, it doesn't matter does it?"

Here's another tale: A Jerusalem woman, visiting one of her German friends in a hospital, bought him a few illustrated magazines. The man was well enough to sit on a bench in the garden of the hospital. Soon the patient and the visitor were joined on the bench by a huge Mosuli patient whose head was swathed in bandages. The man picked up the magazines without a "by your leave," to the amazement and disapproval of the "correct" German. The bench was near the narrow entrance gate and, at four o'clock, visitors' hour came around. A struggling mass of visitors all tried to get in first. The gatekeeper kept thrusting the roughest ones back with his stick. Again our German patient was shocked, while the Mosuli laughed and chuckled as though he were witnessing a comedy.

Still another: a middle-aged German, accustomed to the correctness and inflexibility of his country of origin, found himself facing one of the familiar sights of Jerusalem. A group of young Moroccans had completely blocked the sidewalk. The German, grumbling audibly about the manners of "these people" stepped off into the roadway and walked around the group, still grumbling. He was followed by a woman, possibly

conditioned to the ways of "foreigners" through having been born in that greatest of melting pots, the United States. She smiled at the young men and asked rather helplessly, "How am I to pass by?" The men smiled, parted like the Red Sea, and she proceeded airily along the aisle they had prepared for her. Looking back, she noticed that the aisle had already vanished, leaving it to future pedestrians to choose their own method of keeping on or off the sidewalk.

Or again: a customer in a well-stocked green-grocer's shop had just finished selecting vegetables and fruit. The young Iraqui who had served her was beginning to add the account. At that moment, one of his young pals turned up and began talking to him. The customer suggested, in Hebrew, that he might wait until the addition was completed. To this he agreed heartily, but he kept right on talking. By some miracle, the account was correct. The customer went to pay at the desk followed by the talkative intruder who asked: "Madame, do you understand English?" "Yes, why?" "Well, a little while ago an Englishman told me to 'shut up.' What does that mean?" She translated, privately agreeing with the perceptive Englishman. "Oh," said the young man, laughing. "Is that all? I thought he might have said that I am a fool. I'm not going to let anyone call me a *fool.*"

And now, if you will indulge me, I should like to reflect on a few of the Englishmen's traits, which have been a constant source of delight and insight. Any American who has travelled on a London commuters' railroad may be surprised to observe that when the Englishman finishes reading his morning news he does not begin to talk to his neighbor, as would an American, Frenchman, or Italian. The Englishman quietly takes up the crossword puzzle and works silently until he reaches his London station. The non-English members of the Sports Club in Jerusalem during the British Mandate found that those who were not playing tennis or hockey were often passing the time playing solitaire. Sipping tea, they seemed quite satisfied, preferring not to talk. Crossword puzzles and solitaire are definitely an English way of relaxing and passing the time. Now,

one of the highly-placed English officials during the time of the Mandate came back from leave in England without his wife. It appeared that she was too ill to travel. When I asked him how she felt, he put it this way: "I'm sorry to tell you that she is growing weaker. Why, she used to solve the crossword puzzles in the *Sunday Observer* and now she is doing those in the *Evening Standard." Because I have an English daughter-in-law who received both of these newspapers, I was able to understand, and I believe that I showed the proper sympathy.*

The following is an incident which occurred during the first trip I made to Europe. My nephew, Eugene Untermyer, then about nine, went sightseeing to the old Five-Cornered Tower, *Fuenfeckige Turm,* in Nuremberg, where many medieval forms of torture were on exhibit. The Iron Maiden, *Die Eisene Jungfrau,* seemed to us the worst of all. Eugene could not bear to believe that tortures had been so cruel as to place victims within the "Maiden," whose spikes penetrated the bodies of the miserable creatures. And so, Eugene said to the guide, "I don't believe it." *Ich glaube es nicht.* The guide told him to look at a sign in the room: "If you don't believe it, it's written there." *Wenn du's nicht glaubst da steht's geschrieben.* There is a connection between the account I have just shared and the one that follows . . .

The day the newspapers carried the news of Thomas Mann's death, a German woman acquaintance who was not too congenial, dropped in. I told her that Mann had been in Palestine and that we had seen quite a bit of him and his wife. I didn't say this to impress, but evidently something of the kind happened. She turned up the next day to tell me that she had been with her cousins the previous night, and they had told her to tell me that Thomas Mann had never been in Palestine. "You may have meant his brother," she concluded. I did not contradict her statement. The following day an article appeared in the press that she and I both read, telling of the visit of Thomas Mann to Palestine, where he had collected local color for his book *Joseph and his Brethren.* When I saw her shortly thereafter, it appeared that she had believed the press account

since it was "written," *geschrieben,* although she avoided any mention of her error.

I have attended lectures in New York, London, and Berlin. In Berlin, the professor, in referring to a certain distinguished writer, added gratuitously: "Of whom you have never heard." In London and New York, professors would say "Of whom you have probably heard." Even though you had never heard, you felt yourself not quite so ignorant as in Berlin. Naturally, many Germans do not answer to that description, but there is something about German educational methods which in many cases nurtures that kind of abrupt, unyielding mentality.

Everyone who comes to Jerusalem sees a romantic ruin almost directly across the street from the entrance to Barclay's Bank. This was the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration where, before the bombing took place, a sister was always to be found praying at the altar, day or night. Adjoining the chapel was a hospice, the home of *Les Soeurs Reparatices,* who also took in English and French ladies wishing to live in the Holy Land. Among them was a handsome, elderly, white-haired lady, Mademoiselle Verrier. She gave lessons in French and was very much in demand because she spoke the best French of Touraine, and many people wished to avoid the Levantine French, which we called "Beiruti."

Dr. Magnes went to Mlle. Verrier for his lessons, but he was never permitted beyond the grille where a very forbidding doorman looked out and waved him into a small reception room. When an important meeting prevented him from attending the lesson, he sent me to explain to Mlle. Verrier, inasmuch as there were no telephones and I would get the brunt of her disapproval.

Mlle. Verrier also taught Mr. Lippincott, then an American on tour in Jerusalem, who was also sometimes out on business for the Consulate, "Ah," she would growl, *"ce Lickinpot.* Does he not know how important it is for a diplomat to learn French?" She corrected their compositions using violet ink only and, with her remarks, treated them as if they were boys in the lower grades of a French school. *Mlle. Verrier bought her ink at*

the small stationery shop of Karlin & Gabrilowitch, nearby. Sometimes the shopkeepers were out of purple ink and she would grumble "Ce carlot. Does he not know that he is providing me with purple ink?" Whereupon Karlin would send poor young Gabrilowitch scouting about town; sometimes he succeeded in getting her a bottle of the desired color. The mademoiselle also taught our younger sons French. She came to our house but, in order to get there, it was necessary for her to hire a carriage and horses. It was her custom not to pay the driver when she arrived at the house, but rather to instruct him to return in precisely one hour for his pay. For the sake of the three piasters to go there and the three piasters to return to the house, the driver was always prompt. Naturally, we reimbursed her for her outlay.

Judah and I were delighted with the French accent acquired by our sons. Benedict was quite good, and when we were in Paris he would mimic not only the accent, but also the physical stance of the young Frenchmen. Sometimes he was privileged to be invited to parties. During the early stages of conversation he would always mislead the girls into thinking that he was French, but because his vocabulary was woefully inadequate, he was careful not to speak too much.

On one occasion Benedict went directly to the Conservatoire of Music, Room 17, to join a pianist who was to work with him and his fiddle on a Brahms sonata. Room 17 was empty, and so were all the other rooms on the floor until he got down to the fifth room. This was crowded with a chorus of young people, directed by a woman very well-known to the French as a choirmaster. He stuck his head in through the door, whereupon she wheeled around and demanded "Tenor – Baritone – bass?" "Baritone" said he. She waved him toward the back of the room where he calmly shared the book of music with another baritone.Benedict had a good voice, could read music with ease, and had no trouble pronouncing French text. *"Magnifique!"* exclaimed his companion. *"Magnifique!"* Benedict was so pleased with himself that he went to all the other rehearsals and received free tickets for the family to attend the gala concert at

La Salle Pleyel.

After our marriage, JLM and I had one maid, Miss Gisella Itzkowitz. By the time our three small boys had become five years old, we had the great luck to find Alice Clark of Arbroath, Scotland, to help with the children. When Gisella arranged to visit Budapest in order to see her old mother, Alice, the nurse, "imported" her older sister, Agnes, from Scotland.

Although I was nominally the head of the household, Agnes Clark showed me many a trick. When she caught me throwing away pieces of string, she remarked: "When we lived in Arbroath with Miss Cary, she would never waste string the way Dr. Magnes and you do." JLM was much amused and thereafter would turn over to me bits of string to be unknotted, with the admonishing words: "Miss Cary!" It is a custom I have retained to this day. When Edward Warburg, the son of our old friends, was in Jerusalem, he saw me at this task and recalled that his grandfather, Jacob Schiff, once considered "the richest Jew in America," saved not only string but also scraps of writing paper on which he would write to his family.

Alice and Agnes had some connections in California, and since they were growing older and a bit stiff, Alice startled us by deciding to leave for California. Her successor, Nanny, proved to be another treasure; she stayed with us, crossing over to Europe, with our family in 1922. When we left Germany, en-route to Palestine, we had to say good-bye to Nanny; it was a hard parting for all of us.

When we settled in Palestine in 1922, servants were still called "servants." By gradual stages, they evolved into "help." Sometime later I was enlightened to hear Zahweh, our "help," who was with us for about fourteen years, say over the telephone: "This is the Magnes housekeeper." Since that day, we have had a "housekeeper."

Until the founding of the State, we had a series of women – and even a man – who hailed from various countries and denominations. A Yiddish-speaking Mrs. Cohen, who came because we were Americans and perhaps might have influence to help obtain a visa for the United States, wasn't a very good

cook. We tactfully used our "influence," called *protektzia,* in this part of the world.

What I remember best about Mrs. Cohen is the one morning she came from the market with a clean white puppy, who was not very lively. She spoke in Yiddish, "It's a dog of a local breed. I hope you don't mind." He cost only six piasters, about thirty cents. We thought of naming him *"Hiegah,"* but eventually decided on *"Six Piasters."* Six Piasters was with us only a short time, petted, but rather depressed. One night, alas! a jackal wandered out from the Valley of Yeshosafat and bit him. Rabies were so prevalent then among wild jackals, that we took the poor little puppy to the Pasteur Institute for observation. His was a positive case.

Our next young dog, *Nemi,* and our neighbors' two handsome Seloukis were later infected by jackal bites. It wasn't exactly a safe locality for pets, but when Teddy was brought to us in the Spring of 1925, he was irresistable. I said to him sadly: "Little teddy bear, I'm sorry but we can't keep you," whereupon he turned over on his back, held up his four brown paws beseechingly, and stayed with us for sixteen years. When he was old and somewhat stiff, JLM said to him: "Faithful friend, you are still with us. Our boys have all gone away," and Teddy wagged his tail with true understanding.

Mrs. Cohen left behind her a sweet young girl from Safed, who spoke a Hebrew dialect which threatened to ruin my newly-acquired Hebrew. She needed help and we took on Yehudah, a courteous and efficient Yemenite man. When our Safed maiden decided to marry Mrs. Cohen's brother we switched over to Maria Androsenko, a Siberian woman of the Greek Orthodox church. She was with us eight years and left only when asthma indicated a change of climate to a monastery near Jericho. As she put it in her "pidgin English," wheezing and purring as she spoke: *"Me go Yeruchon, Madame."* Then followed a series of admirable Hungarian girls, all of whom got husbands. Zahweh Ary, a Quaker from the town of Ramallah, "ran us" faithfully for fourteen years.

Our first German housekeeper, a wonderful woman, was with

us until she retired after five years on "restitution" from Germany. The Germans who followed were not too wonderful, although two of them got married. The third is still with me, a treasure and a true "housekeeper." I must not omit an interesting Jugoslav woman, our standby in moments of need, who still comes when we ask her to emerge from an old folks home for a day or so.

Unless you live in a mud hut, the floors in the Middle East are of stone or tile. Parquet floors requiring polish are rare. The floors here must be washed, and the women who come to do it are called *Spongias.* I assume the word is derived from *sponge,* although the work is usually done by winding a large wet cloth around a brush at the end of a stick. Who are these *spongia* ladies? They are mostly Russians of the Greek Orthodox Church who came here by the thousands before World War I on a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. Their men went back to fight in the Russian army, leaving many of the women at the various Russian hospices in Palestine. These women, mostly middle-aged or elderly, were good workers and available for regular housework or for *spongia.*

Masha, a demi-religious woman who lived in the hospice on the Mount of Olives and sang in the choir at their church, was lame but very active and quite able to walk rapidly up and down the hills to reach our home, scrub all day, and then walk back. Then there were Tatyana, Sonya, Matrona, Anastasia. Anastasia would come now and then to help out with the cooking if our own Siberian Maria was not availalbe. She would ask: "Madame, what you like? Props (perhaps) omelette?" "Well, we had that yesterday. Think of something else." "Yes, Madam." Then Anastasia would think and finally come out with this suggestion: *"Madame, props you like omelette?"* It was useless to continue the discussion and moreover, her omelette was excellent. Then there was the Arab woman, Im Issa, who walked all the way from Bethelem. And there was a man – not a spongia – who carried the water to our laundry. Our first laundress was named Maria, which to Abu Moussa became the generic name for laundresses. He would come to the

kitchen door, long after old Maria, the laundress, had resigned and ask in Arabic, no matter what the name of her successor might be, if "Maria-washing" was expected and was he to haul water from the cistern. After 1948, Jews came from Turkey. They spoke French, so when Fanny or Regina or Rachel, from Urfa, came to work and our "housekeeper" spoke only German, they could not chatter and there was a blessed silence on "spongia day." Now the Hungarian housekeeper, who speaks German and some Hebrew, has introduced to our household an excellent spongia who speaks only Hungarian. But even when the housekeeper is not on hand to interpret, Mrs. Spongia and I get along famously with the aid of our four hands and my fourteen words of that improbable language, Hungarian. She, too, is a treasure.

One day Benedict's beloved donkey, Paddy, was missing. Little Paulina, our Russian extra, lived on the Mount of Olives. As she descended the steep path with the Garden of Gethsemane on her right, she passed an Arab house on her left surrounded by a high stone wall. She heard a donkey bray and instantly recognized dear Paddy's voice. She climbed the stone wall and shouted to an Arab within, "That's our donkey." The Arab swore by Allah that it was his own donkey. However, when she called out "Paddy, Paddy," our donkey came running towards her. The Arab sensed that he had lost his case as surely as in a court of law, and opened the gate. Paddy followed little Paulina all the way down the hill and up the hill to our home, and there was great rejoicing and plenty of praise for Paulina.

One evening JLM had a few University friends at the house. Benedict, standing at the piano, gave them an imitation of the school music teacher. Said he dramatically: "I will now give you a sample of my work." It was warm weather and the front door was wide open. Johathan stood outside with Paddy, and upon hearing Benedict's prearranged oration, he pinched Paddy's nostrils hard. This evoked a loud and long bray. The Professor of Philosophy, Dr. Hugo Bergmann laughed so heartily that he nearly rolled off his chair . . .

Somehow I find that living in Jerusalem without JLM does

not seem to provide much material for this final chapter. I was a first-class breaker of bones, and after breaking one in Paris and another in the Adirondacks, I succeeded in breaking three in Jerusalem. These last have, not surprisingly, left me more or less house-bound. Moreover, with failing eyesight, I don't read much, but I have my family, my friends, my correspondence, my incurable tendency to write in mediocre verse, and perhaps best of all, recollections not only of my past life but also of much great music and poetry to keep me out of mischief.

Actually, my memory is "a dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies," even though at intervals "solitude and pain have been my portion." I have the effrontery to disagree with the poet who wrote so sadly, "It is not now as it hath been of yore." I often find the earth and every common sight "still apparelled in celestial light." But I refer to sights. Sounds seem to be much louder and more frequent. I don't seem to put up well with the many decibles unnoticed by the youth of today. However, I do like to listen to the news on the radio, including baseball news from America, and I did follow the recent U.S. presidential campaign with interest.

My nephew, James Marshall of New York, a Republican partly by descent from an upstate New York father and grandfather, voted as a Democrat for the first time in the 1964 elections and gave good reason for doing so. I cheered him on with the following verses:

Oh ship of State, Beware, beware!
Be careful that you do not share
the sorry fate
that once befell
a gallant little caravel
of ancient date.

When it was steered
it veered and veered
to any casual wind prevailing
preventing calm and steady sailing.

The waves engulfed, the tempest roared
the sailors were completely floored,
until they found they had aboard
a stowaway.

Without delay,
they tossed him to a passing whale
and then with confidence set sail.

Sail on, sail on, oh ship of State,
beware, before it is too late,
of sailing with another Jonah –
beware the man from Arizona.

These must have pleased him, for he sent out a number of copies – one to another nephew, Paul Herzog – who formerly lived in Washington. There Paul had become friendly with Hubert Humphrey and sent him a copy. To my surprise Senator Humphrey sent me a charming note with two adjectives of praise and a reference to his enjoyment of my verses.

Have I talked too much? If so, I'll ring off with these splendid final words from Hamlet: *"The rest is silence."*

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