

of the Hebrew University. As there were then no Arab civil servants in Western Jerusalem, Hebrew replaced <sup>English</sup> as the language of instruction. These courses are still running in Jerusalem, twenty years since they were first started. The tutorial classes and the Tel Aviv diploma classes, however, have meanwhile been wound up, in view of the large number of other evening courses now provided by other organisations, especially in Tel Aviv.

In 1965, I was both surprised and grateful to receive for that year the prize awarded annually in memory of the late David Rosolio, an exact contemporary and friend of mine, who had been civil service commissioner <sup>in</sup> till 1961. The prize is given for contributions in Israel <sup>in</sup> the practice and theory of administration. It is announced at the annual two-day conference of public administration held at the Hebrew University. Till now, prizes have been awarded to seven persons and, on all other occasions, I have been a member of the three-man selection panel under the chairmanship of Reuven Shari, till recently the civil service commissioner.

Shortly after my return to Jerusalem, I was invited by Walter Eytan, by now director-general of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, to design a course for senior members of that department. I arranged that the heads of several divisions of the Ministry should themselves be some of the lecturers. But some apparently feared that their own comings might come to light in the process. The whole proposal was mysteriously blocked at the last moment and the course never took place. I was indignant; but Eytan could do nothing about it.

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It was about this time, in 1950, that I was approached by that visionary, Alexander Ezer, to join him in a grandiose project—to organize the first international exhibition in Israel. This exhibition, *The Conquest of the Desert*, was to be held in a convention centre being built in Jerusalem under the auspices of the Jewish Agency, for future Zionist Congresses.

I had known Ezer (then Yevserov) as one of the editors of an English-language economic periodical published in Tel Aviv between the wars. It had published several of my articles on nineteenth-century development in Palestine under the Turks: I felt that I owed him some help in return. I was impressed by the sheer audacity of his latest proposals for which *he* had undertaken himself to raise the money, both for the convention centre and the exhibition. I agreed to become his European manager, with an office in London, which I would use as a base for travel to thirteen other countries. My job was to persuade governments and exporters to exhibit in Jerusalem. These countries were Eire, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Italy, Austria (then still under **Four-Power control**), Greece and Turkey. In addition to getting the participation of various U.N. agencies as well — in particular U.N.E.S.C.O. in Paris, I.L.O. and W.H.O. in Geneva and F.A.O. in Rome — I also had to get the registered with the international bureau of exhibitions in Paris, no easy matter.

From Ezer's point of view, I had several advantages. I had a British passport and could travel freely around Europe, largely without visa, financing provisionally my own trips. Then I had useful contacts, not only in London and Paris, but also among the Israel diplomats in the countries that

I visited. The exhibition was to be held in 1951; but, in 1950, an economic depression hit Israel, due to the arrival of 240,000 largely penniless immigrants in 1949. This seriously reduced the amount of capital obtainable by Ezer from the sale of shares in the *Binyanei HaOoma* ('Buildings of the Nation') company that he had formed to build the convention centre and organize the exhibition. The construction of the walls of the vast hall stopped for lack of funds, and the exhibition could not be held until the hall was at least roofed over. So the exhibition had twice to be postponed. On each occasion, many prospective participants whom I had lined up cancelled their applications: I had to start all over again to enrol new ones. What had seemed at the beginning to involve eighteen months' work, in the end took three years. It involved many visits to each of the centres included in my 'parish'. To some of them I had to go back half-a-dozen times. In the process, I learned a great deal about the terms of trade and its organization. I was particularly impressed with the forceful methods used in Belgium, Switzerland and Finland. (At that time, Western Germany was still beyond the pale, as far as Israel was concerned.) I only wish British export trade was promoted in such a manner. I received much help from the Israel chambers of commerce in London, Paris and elsewhere. In London, Sir Isaac Wolfson helped me to open an office. He put at my disposal his buyers; he helped me acquire some of the furnishings needed for the convention centre and for the exhibition. This was the start of a personal friendship that has lasted till today. It was fascinating for me to hear from Sir Isaac himself the various factors that have contributed to the successful establishment of his world-wide financial empire. These factors include, first, his eye for well-

situated properties and his willingness to fly, at any hour of the day or night, to any part of the U.K. to clinch a deal. Another factor was his realisation that the grandchildren of many Jewish business-owners had been educated at universities and were disinclined to go into the family business, which could thus be bought at a low price. A third, his retention of the original boards of these companies, subject to his personal supervision. He has an amazing capacity of being able to run his eye down a long list of goods in stock and pick out the one item that is eventually shown to be over-stocked. Lastly, there are the very high salaries paid to his buyers, the key-men in the organization. This makes them immune, not only to all corruption or disloyalty, but also to any desire to leave him, as they could never get a comparable income elsewhere.

In the course of my travels, I got as far on one side as Ankara — a weary train journey across the hot, endless plateau of Anatolia. On the other side, I reached Tampere, the snow-covered centre of heavy industry in Finland. I even went over to Dublin, although Israel had then not received *de jure* recognition by Eire. I was asked by the Israel Embassy in London to take up that matter with the President, the gaunt and humourless Eamon de Valera. He explained to me that, as a Catholic country, Eire was primarily interested, as far as the Middle East was concerned, only in the sufferings of the Arab refugees, some of whom were Catholic. Any exchange of ambassadors with Israel (and any Irish participation in the Jerusalem exhibition) were out of the question.

My travels from one European capital to another occasionally involved my acting as courier between one Israel embassy and another. The fact that a courier with a

British passport was carrying an Israel diplomatic bag was occasionally regarded by customs officials with the deepest suspicion, particularly in Vienna, where the airport was in the Russian zone.

As a matter of fact, I was far more security-minded than they were. It took me a long time to cure the Israel embassy in Rome, for example, of the practice of leaving the key in the door of the safe containing the Foreign Ministry cypher books. The safe stood in the room of the first secretary who was continually being called in to the ambassador's room next door. Very little dexterity would have been needed to make a beeswax impression of the key — a matter of seconds. Once the cypher was compromised in this way, a new one would have to be prepared, at great expense.

The *Conquest of the Desert* exhibition eventually took place in 1953, in the roofed but unfinished convention centre. (It is now complete and serves as well as the city's magnificent concert hall. Although there were many participants both from within Israel and from abroad, the cost of maintaining exhibition staff for three years instead of eighteen months swallowed up all the profits. Before closing down my office in London, I managed at least to pay all bills outstanding out of the rentals I had received from all over Europe.

In February, 1954, I was invited by the Jewish National Fund to go on a fund-raising tour in South Africa. The J.N.F. office there was run by Alan Rose, twenty years my junior. He had come out from England after serving in North Africa, with distinction, as a sergeant in the British armoured corps. We travelled together all round South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Northern Rhodesia, visiting the stupendous Victoria Falls, and raised quite a lot of money.

I was fascinated and horrified by what little I could learn, while on tour, of Southern Africa's racial problems. This filled me with a desire to know more, and the late Israel Hayman (then a leading lawyer in Johannesburg) and his wife Ethel (a distant relative of mine) arranged for me to come out to teach public administration at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. The professor was then 'Copper' Le May, a Balliol man like myself: I taught in his department for four months. During all this time, I was the Haymans' house guest.

It so happened that my room in the University was next door to the common-room of the anthropological department. I became an honorary member of it, with access to their splendid library. I spent much of my time reading widely about Bushmen, Hottentots and Bantu.

My students were very young: most were English-speaking South Africans. They included some bright Jewish boys who had matriculated from school at sixteen and came straight to the University. A few were Afrikaners, and there were at that time even some coloured students.

I had many talks with leading Afrikaners, whose fanatical, ingrained Dutch Calvinism is basically responsible for South Africa's racial prejudices today. I left South Africa with an undying hostility to *apartheid* in all its forms.\*

The only thing that was a failure during my visits to South Africa was a week-end in the Kruger National Park, where I had been promised lions galore. For some reason, they failed to turn out; but I did see two beetles.

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\* See my speech in the House of Lords on 22nd July, 1964: Hansard Vols. 695-702.

# A LIFETIME IN JERUSALEM

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