

He became a bit friendly with the daughter of the professor from San Anselmo. This displeased her father and mother and when he was not around they would refer to him as "that Jew," and speak rather disparagingly of him. They did not like him to be with their daughter at all. I found him quite a pleasant chap. I don't believe he came there until after Baepler had gone.

I immediately asked * Baepler, who had been there quite a while--some months-- I believe, I asked him, where was the office of health that I should go to to get my examinatin, as I was required to do on arrival in Jerusalem. Oh, he says, "I'll take you and show you where it is, but" he said, "there is no hurry", he said, "any day will do." So a few days passed, and then one day I we got to fooling around a bit and I picked Baepler up and started to walk out of the dining room and with that load in my arms my ankle got turned and it was sprained, so I could hardly walk. The next days I perhaps got more studying done than on most days, but less visiting places in Jerusalem, since I could hardly walk. Meanwhile, soon after I got there Dr. A° had arranged for me to take lessos in modern Hebrew from an elderly Jewish man. I had had a couple of lessons, for which I went to his house-- maybe half a mile from the shools. On the second or third day after the ankle was sprained I got out of bed and out of my room and started to go for my/lessong. However, even with a walking stick, it was very difficult walking, and when I got half way there I sat down on the side of the road to rest. A horse taxi came by and sow me, and asked if I would like him to give me a ride/--which I did, paying him after he got me to my destination. The Jew was very pleased at seeing what pains I had taken to get to him in spite of my ankle. He told his grown son about it, and his son, who spoke English quite well, said/ with ■ joy, pointing to me to another person, "He risked his life for Hebrew!"

Now when I had been thre a couple of weeks, I guess, maybe three, I don't know, I got to get to go tothe imm health office, and I could get around now then with my stick, and I said, "If they're going to examine me they can look at th ankle and give me advice on it." But when I got there I found that all they were interested in was having my permit putting a stamp on my permit and ever even looked at me, as