INSIDE THE OLD CITY THE DEFENDERS RADIOED FRANTICALLY FOR HELP, BUT REPEATED COUNTERATTACKS FROM THE NEW CITY TO RELIEVE THEM WERE REPELLED

as much as the gunfire. For 11 days and nights this went on while Jews sniped at Arabs from rubble piles and subterranean passageways, and Arab artillery and dynamite squads blasted a way through. A few deserters tried to throw ropes over the wall and escape, but they were quickly picked off by the Arab marksmen. Finally there was only one way out: surrender. The Jews resignedly agreed. There was no alternative, and the beaten Jews knew it. At 9:30 a.m. on May 28 two aged rabbis clutching white flags went slowly across no man's land into the ranks of the Arab Legion. There was a hurried council and the Arabs marched into the last Jewish defenses. One by one the Jews came out of their cellars to be rushed off quickly. The women, children and old men were handed over to the Red Cross, and the men were taken to prisoner-of-war stockades.

The battle of the Old City was over. Beyond it lay the New City, bigger and more strongly defended. And elsewhere in Palestine Jewish forces were faring better than the little group in the Old City had. But the Legion was astride the only supply route from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and it had struck a crushing blow to the morale of the new state.

Next day, 5,500 miles away, the U.N. Security Council tried once again to reach an agreement on how to bring Jew and Arab to a temporary truce at least. Once again the wavering policies of the member nations could not be reconciled and the delegates failed to accomplish anything but ask for a four-week cessation of hostilities. But since five such requests had already failed, there was little hope that this last call from Lake Success would be heeded in the Middle East.

SKILLFULLY CREPT THROUGH THE GUNFIRE TO PLANT DYNAMITE UNDER WALLS

A WOUNDED ARAB LEGIONNAIRE IS CARRIED TO SAFETY BY CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS