Ammunition Hill (Hebrew: תחמושת, Giv'at HaTahmoshet) was a military post in Jordanian controlled East Jerusalem, and the site of one of the fiercest battles of the Six Day War.

The Six-Day War, also known as the 1967 Arab-Israeli War, the Third Arab-Israeli War, was fought between Israel and Arab neighbors Egypt, Jordan, and Syria. The nations of Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria also contributed troops and arms to the Arab forces. At the war's end, Israel had gained control of the Sinai Peninsula, the Gaza Strip, the West Bank, East Jerusalem, and the Golan Heights.

Ammunition Hill

Words: Yoram Taharlev
Melody: Yair Rosenblum

It was the morning of the second day of the war in Jerusalem. The horizon became pale in the east. We were in the middle of the battle on Ammunition Hill. We had been fighting for 3 hours. It was a stubborn battle. Murderous. The Jordanians fought stubbornly. It was an exceptionally fortified area. At a certain point in the battle only 4 soldiers remained by me. We arrived there with a force of two platoons. I did not know where the others were, as the line of communication with Dudik the commander had been cut off at the beginning of the battle. At that moment I thought everyone had been killed.”

1. At two, two-thirty
we entered via the stony ground
into the fire and mine fields
Of Ammunition Hill.

2. Against fortified bunkers
and 120mm mortars
One hundred and some boys
On Ammunition Hill

3. The pillar of dawn did not yet raise
half the platoon lay, in blood
but we were already there
At Ammunition Hill.

4. Between the fences and the mines
we left only the paramedics
and we ran at the loss of senses
To Ammunition Hill

“At that moment a hand grenade was thrown from outside. Miraculously, we were not wounded by it. I feared the Jordanians would throw additional grenades. Someone had to run above the trenches and to guard. I had no time to ask who would volunteer. I sent Eitan. Eitan did not hesitate for even a moment. He climbed up and started firing his machine gun. At times he would pass me, and I had to yell to him to stay in my line. We proceeded in such a fashion for about 30 meters. Eitan was covering for us from above, and we purified the bunkers from inside, until he was wounded in his head and fell in the trench.”

1.
We descended into the trenches,
Into the pits and the channels
And into the death in the ditches
Of Ammunition Hill.

2.
And nobody asked anything
whoever went first fell
much luck was needed
On Ammunition Hill.

3.
Whoever fell was dragged back
so as not to block the passageway
until the next in line fell
On Ammunition Hill.

4.
Perhaps we were lions
but whoever still wished to live
On Ammunition Hill.
should not have been

We decided to try blowing their bunker up with the bazooka bomb. The bazooka made a few scratches in the concrete. We decided to try explosives. I waited above them until the guy with the explosives returned. He would throw me bundle after bundle, and I would place them one by one at the entrance of the bunker. The Jordanians had a system: first they threw a hand grenade, then they fired a round of ammunition, then they rested. So, between the firing and the grenade I would advance towards the entrance of their bunker and lay down the explosives. I set off the explosives and went back as far as I could. I only had four meters in which to move, as there were Legionnaires behind me. I do not know why I was awarded a Symbol of Merit. All I wanted was to get home safely.
1. At seven, seven-twenty
   to the police training school
   those who remained were gathered
   from Ammunition Hill.

2. Smoke raised from the hill
   the sun in the east rose higher
   we returned to the city – seven
   From Ammunition Hill.

3. We returned to the city-seven
   Smoke rose from the hill
   the sun in the east raised higher
   Over Ammunition Hill.

4. Over fortified bunkers
   and over our brothers
   that remained there at the age of 20
   On Ammunition Hill.

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1982: The First Lebanon war, The Sabra and Shatila massacre
1987–1993: The First Intifada (“war of the stones”)

**Dalia Ravikovitch:**
It influences the soldiers of the Givati and the Golani brigades, who find
themselves in inhuman situations and have to react in an inhuman way. In this
sense, I think we should feel pity not just for the battered but also for the ones
who beat, not just for the victims but also for the victimizers. What kind of men
are coming out from these acts? A man is someone who respects himself, but any
one who was in Hawara village or in Baytha, and broke legs and hands because of
an order he got, is a person that will never be a man again. It is true that the
immediate and obvious victim is the one whose body is hurt, but these soldiers
know they are shit. You can live a good life afterwards, and become rich and
successful, but this is just self deceit.