

בס"ד

My Encounter With
The Rebbe שליט"א

by Zalmon Jaffe

19th Installment

Shovous 5747/1987 until Shovous 5748/1988

(REJOICE AND BE HAPPY)

THE YEAR OF HAKHEL

INTRODUCTION

Once again, I extend grateful thanks to The A-mighty that I have had the Zechus and privilege to present to you another Instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita". This edition is the Nineteenth and covers the period from Shovuos 5747 (1987) till Shovuos 5748 (1988).

This year 5748 is the Year of Hakhel, about which I have written and explained later on.

5748 in Hebrew is TE SA MACH which means "Rejoice and be Happy", and as the Rebbe has often remarked --"I love to see happy faces around me".

I hope that you will enjoy reading this, my nineteenth edition and that you will derive much pleasure from it.

All the photographs in this edition are by Isaac Freidin of Cholon, Israel.

Unfortunately, on the 22nd Shevat (February 10th 1988) the Lubavitcher world suffered an irreplaceable loss.

Our dear friend, The Rebbetzen (ZTzL) passed away, suddenly. This was a terrible blow to all of us, but moreso to our Beloved Rebbe Shlita, who had lost a perfect wife, an ideal companion and a worthy adviser, of almost sixty years standing. She was a real AISHESH CHAYIL (WOMAN OF WORTH).

As this "diary" is written in chronological order, I have described some of our personal "Encounters with the Rebbetzen (ZTzL)" later on in this book.

Until a few years ago, I had many encounters with the Rebbe, at Crown Heights and inside 770.

I can well recall the time, a few years ago, when the Rebbe actually appealed to us to give up one of our Yechidus in favour of some of the many Russians who had just arrived from the Soviet Union, and wanted to see the Rebbe privately. The Rebbe did point out how much he enjoyed our company at these private audiences - and as we had a long chazoka, it was up to Roselyn and me to decide to restrict ourselves to just one Yechidus per session. After all - these Russians had been corresponding with the Rebbe for many years. - The Rebbe had been instrumental in keeping alive their religious beliefs and their steadfastness and devotion to yiddishkeit over a very long period in spite of the rigid opposition and repression of the

Soviet authorities.

So, when these Jews had, at long last, seen their dreams and ambitions fulfilled, and were now waiting to see the Rebbe in America, in 770, we had no option but to surrender one of our Yechidus in their favour.

During Shovuos, the Rebbe always honoured me by inviting me to join him (together with about another dozen men) for the four main meals of Yom Tov.

Furthermore, the Rebbe would always walk from his home in President Street to 770. On the way to his office, he would call in to see his mother, Rebbetzen Channah (O.H.) who lived on the other side of Kingston Avenue, and, finally, the Rebbe would again return home on foot from 770, in the evening or at night.

Therefore, I had many opportunities of "meeting" the Rebbe around 770 and having a little chat or a mini yechidus with him.

Yet, it is a peculiar fact, that during those days, when I had so many actual encounters with the Rebbe, that my first Five Annual "Diaries" consisted of only about Twenty-Five pages each, whereas, today when the car drives him almost inside 770, and the opportunities of exchanging even a few words with the Rebbe are extremely rare, that I manage to write about two hundred pages.

Obviously the Rebbe's workload has increased almost a hundred fold times since those early days, so there is much more about which to write.

My friend, Walter Hubert, has now gone on Aliyah, and lives with his wife, Rebecca and family in Jerusalem. So, now he sends me greetings from the Holy City. He writes:

My Dear Zalmon,

How time flies - it seemed only a few months ago since I (respectively "we") enjoyed No. 17 - However, No. 18 - "chai" - surpasses all previous publications - as the years go by - you are getting Thank G-d better and better - may you continue - BIS 120 - to entertain, educate and amuse your ever increasing number of avid readers.

All the best, Walter.

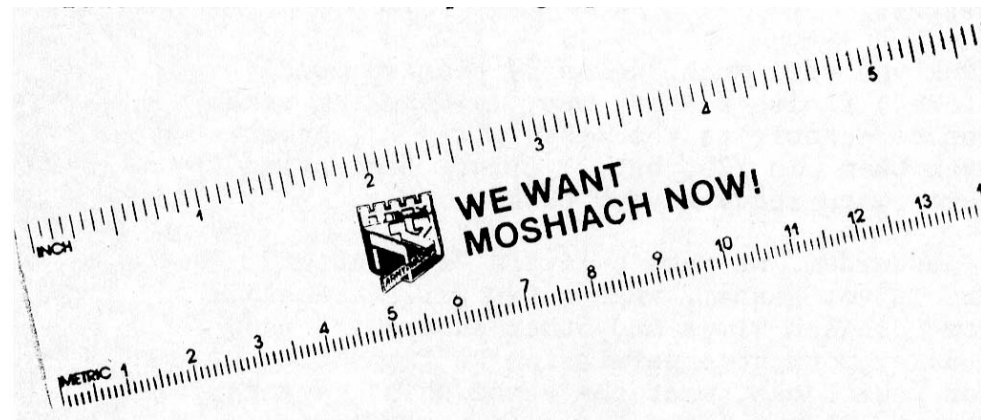
I also received a further two letters which gave me a great deal of pleasure.

One was from Chezky Unsorfer, only eight years old, the eldest son of my nephew (Rabbi) Zally Unsorfer, of London. Herewith is an exact replica of his letter,

DEAR UNCLE SAM BINZ
I LIKE YOUR BOOK VERY MUCH
MY FATHER GAVE ME YOUR
SHOUBOS book FOR 1926-1927
IT IS VERY GOOD AND
PLEASE CAN YOU SEND ME
A COPY OF ONE OF THE
OLD BOOKS THANK YOU

FROM CHEZKY
UNSORFER
YOUR
GREAT
NEPHEW

In every country we have rulers - Kings, Queens, Presidents and so forth - Chezky sent me a Lubavitcher ruler - herewith is a photograph.



I telephoned to thank him for his most welcome note, but, unfortunately, he was not at home. His mother, Deborah, however, told me that Chezky is continuously reading my book - all the time - from cover to cover. He loves it.

The second letter was from Mrs. Sarah Van Halen, from Amsterdam, Holland. Her son, Yirmiyohu, has been studying at our Manchester Yeshiva. He is a nice, friendly young man, a pal of Shmulis. He is the type of boy I always look up to, but if he grows much taller (KAH) I will get a permanent crick in my neck. He is about 6ft. 2inch already.

Sarah had been most anxious to obtain copies of all the past editions of my book. I negotiated a deal with Yirmiyohu. I supplied him with about a dozen copies of the previous editions and his mother supplied our Yeshiva with a nice cheque.

To me, she forwarded an unusual and very jolly letter which I quote:

Dear Mr. Jaffe,

Herewith do I send the money for the "Encounter" which my son Yirmiyohu brought back from Manchester.

Thank you very much, we enjoy them so much. Before I finish reading one, my daughter takes them to school, to the other girls. I have never been in 770, but, I almost feel being there, when reading your books.

In Amsterdam, we make a little "Newsletter" for Tzivos Hashem, what a few girls translate from Moshich Times and other papers. I want to ask you to give permission to translate from your books, what the Rebbe Shlita speaks to the children, when there is a Childrens Rally, because in your books, it is written very clear and understandable.

I hope my English is not too bad. Will you please give your answer to my son, because I speak to him usually every week, and we are now busy with the Chanukah paper. I will send you a copy when it is finished.

K.A.H. we have a big family and often I read a few pages in the middle of the night when I finish folding the wash, but thanks to your "Encounters", I go to sleep with a smile instead of being very tired.

Wishing that you and your wife can continue with your beautiful work in good health and until 120.

With greetings,

Sarah Van Halen and family.

Of course, I gave her full permission to translate any parts of my book - but NOT into DOUBLE DUTCH.

I also received a very encouraging letter from a young lady from Stamford Hill, Miss Channie Freundlich. She concluded her lovely complimentary letter with a P.S.:

"I thank you for publishing such beautiful and inspiring books. They are some of the best books I have ever read".

It takes great nerve for a young girl to write such a nice letter to me. I do appreciate it. I shall P.G, certainly forward to Channie this latest edition. She deserves it.

And, finally, herewith, a nice, witty letter from the Yeshiva in Australia.



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15 Cheshvan 5747
 17 November 1986

Dear Mr Jaffe,

Once again I must thank you for your generous donation to our library. As yet the books have not actually managed to appear on the shelves, because everybody has insisted on reading them first. I am confident, however, that I will soon be able to remove your works from their clutches (by force if necessary) and it will at last be possible for people to borrow them legally.

As always, your books are wonderful, and will, G-d willing, remain here to infuse generations of Bochrin and outside borrowers with the spirit and joy of Yomim Toivim in Lubavitch.

Thanking you once again for your gift, and with best wishes for the future volumes, I am

Yours sincerely, Yosef Dovid Slater (Libr.)

HALACHA

It was taught by Elijah: "Whoever studies Torah Laws every day is assured of Life in the world to Come".

The Rebbe has always emphasised that any meeting or convention - and even a book - should be preceded – and prefaced by - a word of Torah.

I have a long tradition of commencing my books with a word of Halacha.

THE LIGHTING OF THE SHABBOS CANDLES

During the course of the year, I had occasion to spend a few days in hospital, including the Shabbos.

My son, Avrohom, Rabbi Jaffe, explained to me that it was essential that I should also light the Shabbos candles in hospital, even though Roselyn would light them at home, as usual.

The fact that Roselyn benched at home, did not relieve me of the duty or responsibility of ensuring that the Shabbos lights would be burning in the place at which I was actually living at that time - that is - at the hospital. For the first time, I then studied the Laws concerning the Kindling of the Lights on Shabbos.

I am appending, herewith, these Dinnim, because I considered that it is important that both Women - and - Men, should understand them very clearly.

1. It is mandatory to honour the Shabbos by the lighting of candles. The proper time of lighting is 18 minutes before sunset. Under no circumstances may one light Shabbos candles after sunset. Although this commandment can be fulfilled by lighting only one candle, married women should light at least two candles, for it is written (Exodus 20, 8) "Remember the Shabbos" and (Deut. 5, 12) "Observe the Shabbos" (One candle for "Remember" and one candle for "Observe"). In deference to her mother, an unmarried girl should light only one candle. The candles should be big enough so that they burn at least until after the Shabbos meal.

2. It is customary to put several coins in a charity box before lighting the candles.

3. Although, ordinarily, the recitation of the proper blessing always precedes the Mitzvah, in this case, the Mitzva - the lighting of the candles -

is performed first and the benediction is recited afterwards. The reason for this change is clear: Pronouncement of the blessing officially begins the Shabbos, after which it is forbidden to kindle a flame. The practice is for the woman to light the candles, then spread her hands out around the candles and move her hands inwards in a circular motion three times, to indicate her acceptance of the sanctity of the Shabbos. She then covers her eyes in order to shut out the sight of the candles while saying the blessing, after which, she should uncover her eyes and gaze upon the candles. By looking at and appreciating the light after the benediction, it is thus considered as if she had said the blessing before lighting. (In order not to make an exception, this is the custom that also prevails on festivals in many Jewish homes).

4. The obligation to have candles lit on the Shabbos lies upon both men and woman, but the latter are given precedence, in as much as they are at home and attend to household matters.

5. Unmarried girls should light and recite the blessing before their mothers to avoid the argument that a blessing following the mothers is in vain. This is especially important if they are young and require assistance. The proper age to begin lighting a Shabbos candle is when the child begins to understand the idea of Shabbos (approximately three years old).

6. A man living by himself is obliged to light the Shabbos candles.

A MIRACLE OF TIMING

Last year, I was very lucky indeed that my "Encounter No. 18" was published in time and as usual for Shovuos.

Gita (Lewis), my typist, was expecting a baby and she begged me to let her have the manuscripts for my book as soon as possible, so that, hopefully, she could complete all the typing before the baby arrived.

Unfortunately, this year was no different from any other year - in so far that I was terribly behind with my writing. I gave Gita all the material that was ready and she managed to type about one hundred pages when – Yes- Mazal Tov – the baby, a boy duly arrived.

Gita said: "I might be able to do some typing after the first week, but - I can't promise - it depends on how much attention the baby needs".

Well - the baby did insist upon receiving full and undivided attention all the time. So, Gita had to "call it a day".

There were now only FIVE DAYS left before the closing date for the printers. It seemed to be an impossible assignment. It is not easy to obtain the services of a good, efficient and quick typist at a moment's notice. But, a miracle did happen, and Mrs. Hindy Olsberg volunteered to complete my work in the very short time that remained.

Obviously, the typing had to be done on the same electric machine which was used hitherto. So, Hindy's husband, Dovid, collected this typewriter from his cousin, Gita's, home and took it to his own house.

On arrival, he lifted it out of his car - and - it was so very heavy, that he could not hold it. It slipped through his fingers - and it dropped onto the ground and it broke! This was an unmitigated disaster!

Fortunately, however, this episode took place AFTER Hindy had finished all the typing. (Dovid was taking the machine back to Gita's), so that was another miracle. I am very grateful to Hindy for coming to my aid, just when it was needed.

I have now made a new resolution - that I shall work on my book during the course of the whole year, so that I may complete it in good time. But - then - I do make this same resolution every year!

Gita (Lewis) has not told me that she is expecting a baby at the moment. So

I shall P.G. let her do the typing as, she has a long chazoka and she is also a very good typist.

I thank her now, in advance. She reads my writing beautifully. It is peculiar, but, very often, I cannot read my own handwriting and I have to ask Avrohom to "transcribe" it for me.

LAG B'OMER LAST YEAR

I had written last year that our grandchildren, Leah and Max (Cohen), with their two children, Moishe and Soro, (our great-grandchildren) had travelled to Crown Heights to spend Lag B'Omer with the Rebbe at 770. Their departure was delayed for a day because Soro, aged three months, had no American Visa.

Whilst at Crown Heights, they had the privilege and honour of visiting the Rebbetzen at her home. - I knew this because when I spoke to the Rebbetzen on the telephone afterwards, she gave me regards about them.

Moishe was invited by the Rebbetzen to "come to Doda (Aunty) and sit on Doda's knee". Moishe enjoyed a good play on "Doda's knee".

Leah and Max stayed at our apartment (by courtesy of the Itkins).

Max maintained that the site of this flat was wonderful - it was next door to the library and next door but one to 770. As soon as they heard that the Rebbe was arriving at 770, they could be there within seconds together with Moishe and Soro and could ensure that the children would receive Tzedoka direct from the Rebbe.

Moishe was always very good, especially for a one and a half years old boy. On one occasion, the Rebbe handed him a coin - Moishe knew exactly what to do with it - he placed it into the slot at the top of the large charity box, which was situated on the wall in the hallway.

The Rebbe stood and watched Moishe's actions and reactions. Label (Groner) wished to move Moishe away, but the Rebbe presented Moishe with a second coin. This was most unusual - Moishe again did the correct thing, he put this coin into the lower slot of the charity box.

Soro was normally a very good baby, but when the Rebbe placed a coin right into her very little hand, she invariably cried. She probably wished to take a more active part in the proceedings and was a little envious of Moishe's ability to rivet the Rebbe's attention.

At the Lag B'Omer Parade, the Rebbe spoke for about an hour and the parade itself took over two hours to drive past the Rebbe who was standing on a special platform.

During this parade, an airplane displayed a special message in the sky. It read:

"The Beis Yaakov salutes the Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita and wishes Him every success". (Beis Yaakov was not a Lubavitcher organisation)

There were many scores of floats (displays on trucks) and many bands. On one occasion, a huge Cadillac full of V.I.P.s pulled up just opposite to the Rebbe - and out tumbled about a dozen clowns doing somersaults and tricks. Levi (Jaffe) was also clowning amongst them - he is always clowning and doing silly tricks.

The Rebbetzen watched the parade from an upstairs window in the library. She had an extremely good view and she enjoyed it immensely.

After the parade, the Rebbe went to inspect the Fair, which was sited two blocks away. There were side-shows, amusements and the usual Big Wheel which was doing good all round business.

The Rebbe then left to visit the Ohel - on Lag B'Omer!!

Max had asked the Rebbe for a Brocha for the journey home. The Rebbe sent a reply, through Label, as follows: -

"The Rebbe had noticed that Max and ALL the family had undoubtedly collected a Dollar each from the Rebbe on Sunday", and he extended a blessing for a safe journey home.

Incidentally, for their return flight, Leah had reserved seats for herself and Soro on the TWA flight to London. Max could not obtain places on that TWA plane and he and Moishe flew PAN AM to London

Leah arrived in London at 7.30a.m in the morning. Max came half an hour later. Max phoned Susan (in Manchester) to inform her that he could not find Leah and would have to make a further search for her.

At that identical moment, Susan's other phone rang. (It was a special emergency private, ex-director line). It was Leah - looking for Max.

Susan spoke to both Leah and Max at the same time and it was arranged where they could meet, so that they could all fly home together from London to Manchester.

ARRIVAL AT 770 FOR SHOVIOS

ANECDOTES AND REACTIONS TO MY DIARY

We left Manchester on Sunday 31st May - Erev Shouos was in a couple of days on Tuesday 2nd June.

We enjoyed a good flight, good food and good service and arrived at 770 at the reasonable good time of 2.30p.m.

At just after 3.00p.m, I left my new "Encounter No. 18" together with the usual various enclosures - cash, letters from friends, a letter from Avrohom with the Maamud money for the Rebbe and notification that the usual five bottles of Vodka would be delivered later.

I discovered that the Rebbe would be leaving for the Ohel at "any moment". Of course, "any moment" could well be within the next few seconds or within the hour - or even later.

The Rebbe's car was parked inside the driveway, almost touching the lower doors of 770. The Rebbe would only have a few feet to walk to the car door.

I was lucky, because the Rebbe did appear almost at once. There were a number of women, men and children standing around. I had positioned myself beside the car door.

The Rebbe, as usual, distributed Tzedoka coins to the children and the babies in arms, who were gathered around - and entered his car.

The Rebbe had not glanced at me, so I quickly wished him "Sholom Aleichem". His face lit up and he gave me a radiant smile.

He asked me whether my wife had come too. I replied, "Yes, of course". The Rebbe added that he hoped that Moshiach would come too.

To the tune of "Deedon Notzach", the Rebbe left for the Ohel, where the temperature was nearly 90 degrees.

The Rebbe returned to 770, very late, accompanied by his escort of Police cars and motor cycle outriders.

We held the Mincha service straight away and this was followed immediately by Maariv.

After Maariv, the Rebbe pointed to my leg, implying whether it was now better. I had to admit that there was not only no improvement, but there was actually a definite deterioration.

The Rebbe indicated his sadness at my answer by shrugging his shoulders, but, accompanied it by a charming smile.

Yossi (Lew) my eldest grandson related to me how he and some friends went to visit Jewish prisoners who were locked up in jail. There were Sixteen Prisons to be visited in and around New York State. Yossi and two friends, Chaim Kosofsky and Yitzi Winner were chosen to go to Rikers Island Jail, which was a top security prison.

They left Crown Heights at 7.30a.m Sunday morning and loaded the car with all kinds of "goodies" - baigels, cake, cheese,soda and so forth.

It took about an hour to reach their destination. They discovered that there were seventy five Jewish inmates incarcerated in that place.

Seventy five poor lonely people - some of them, were, maybe actually innocent, but they could not raise sufficient cash to ensure their release on bail. They spent five hours with these people, talking, holding discussions, dancing, singing - and, of course, - eating and drinking.

At least, these poor, people knew that at least the Lubavitcher Rebbe still cared for and did not neglect these very unfortunate men. Yossi and his friends had done a good and excellent job. But, before they were allowed to leave the jail, the guards checked their hands which had been marked with some sort of Infra-Red Ray when they had entered the jail. This invisible mark (to the naked eye) ensured that Yossi and friends were allowed to leave the precincts of the prison in safety.

Mr. Boesky, the financial wizard, who was sentenced to spend three years in jail for "insider" trading in shares - he also returned the sum of one hundred million dollars to clients was being sent to a special "leisure" prison of his own choice in California.

Since 3.00a.m after midnight, Roselyn had been up clacking and clattering around the flat.

She was still not acclimatised to New York time. To her, it was already 8.00a.m in the morning. Roselyn was busy cleaning and cooking. So, finally as there was no peace, I also arose.

I eventually and leisurely made my way to Yankel's Mikvah across the road, and arrived there at 7.30a.m.

Years ago, it was absolutely essential to go early to ensure that one could enjoy a relatively clean Mikvah. It was always overcrowded.

But, since Jimmy's free Mikvah had been opened (Zalmon Gurary's), Yankel had not been blessed with too many patrons.

But, on that morning, it was just like the "Bad Old Days". Yankel stood near the doorway, smoking a large cigar, holding a thick wad of dollar bills in his hands, and screaming vociferously at scores of boys who wished to use his premises. Jimmy's Mikvah was closed down for repairs.

"Ha, Mr. Jaffe", he greeted me, "I have a special clean Mikvah for you this morning". I had a good look at it - it left a lot to be desired. Yankel could see from the expression on my face, that I was not too pleased, so he blurted out, "but it will be even better tomorrow".

My friend Beryl Weiss from Los Angeles was there too. He maintained that the Mikvah was not clean enough and he was only having a shower that morning. "Ach! - I am not going into that dirty Mikvah".

Afterwards, he was waiting to cross Eastern Parkway. It had been pouring with rain all night and there were huge puddles of water gathered on the roadway. Beryl stood at the edge of the pavement.

I shouted to him to get away from the edge.

It was too late!

Three or four cars rushed by, each one crashing into these great big puddles - and Beryl "enjoyed" a real Kosher Mikvah - outside.

A short while later Label (Groner) gave me the Rebbe's reply on my letter which I had delivered at 3.00p.m on the previous afternoon.

The Rebbe extended many, many thanks to me - especially for the new "Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita, No. 18" Also for all the letters. I should hear good news - even better news, about my leg (hip). If my brother the doctor agrees, then I should carry on and have the operation in a good and propitious time, and He would "Azkir Al Hatzion" (Remember me at the Ohel - the Previous Rebbe's ZTzL Resting Place).

You will read about my hip operation further on in this book.

Jeffrey Goldman, my devoted fan from New Jersey, visited us at our apartment. He had called to see us last Succos, but Roselyn had not met him on that occasion.

Jeffrey is a lawyer, about 30 years of age and is married. He gave me thirty six dollars for one of my books. Mad! He treks and schlepps all the way from New Jersey (or even from Downtown Brooklyn, where he works) especially to collect one book - and pays me thirty six dollars for the privilege. O.K. so the Yeshiva needs the thirty six dollars and it is a great Mitzvah!

He related to me an interesting story - at the time when Lubavitch won the lawsuit last year - "Deedon Notzach" - the Rebbe had indicated that it was then a propitious time to ask the A-mighty for blessings (as I explained last year).

Jeff's friend, Rabbi Mordechai Weiss had advised him to arrive early and take a "qvittle" (petition) to the Rebbe at once.

Jeff left home at 5.00a.m in the morning, and travelled by subway all the way from New Jersey to 770.

He asked for a number of things, including his desire for a new job. Within a few weeks, he was actually offered - most unexpectedly - a new and much improved position. He hopes that all his other requests would be fulfilled.

Nachman Kreiman, just before Shovuos last year, wed Rabbi Pekarsky's granddaughter. He wanted to buy my book. I gave him one - free, no charge. But, he insisted upon giving me five dollars for our Yeshiva, Nice Boy!

My grandson, Levi, reported that it was the best ever and that he laughed all the time.

Another fellow, also agreed - "best ever - funnier than ever", whilst a third said - "best book, because it is more serious this year". (It seems that one CAN please everybody.)

Rabbi Label Groner's wife, Yehudis admits every year that "she was up all night reading my book", whilst Rozzie Melamed was very annoyed with me, and shouted and carried on, because her son, Yossi, was up all night also reading my book.

Yerachmiel Robbins from Wisconsin confided to me that he used to read all my diaries at the Levi Yitzchok Library in Kingston Avenue. He now purchases them from the Crown Heights Judaica and Gift shop in Kingston Avenue. Lazer Avtzon reported that, "You cannot believe or even imagine how many people read your book here. (It's a hot item!)" Everyone phones him to tell him that "he is mentioned in the book".

Label Itkin, "People phone me to ask me what is in the Encounter this year?!"

A gentleman next door informed me that "all the doctors around here have your "Encounter" in their waiting rooms. It is the most "used" book. Everybody wants to read it".

Mr. Schmerling, Chaya's friend from Switzerland, (the famous cheese and chocolate exporter) became ill and was confined to his bed. His wife went to the Gift Shop (ex. Drimmer's), to purchase a book for him to keep his mind occupied. By chance, she bought my "Encounter" and handed it to her husband.

"What kind of book is this?" he exclaimed dubiously.

He told me, afterwards, that "it was the best medicine and he was laughing with tears in his eyes".

I had sent a note to the Rebbe that I have K.AH had excellent reports about my book, this year. I had received lovely compliments and so on.

The Rebbe had replied to this note, by adding another "and so on" to the original "and so on".

I was telling Sholom Gansberg that this was the first time during the past few years that the Rebbe had made any comment on my book.

Sholom commented, "How do you know that?
I am not saying anything, but you don't know EVERYTHING!"

I indicated to Sholom that I never told the Rebbetzen about my leg. I kept it a secret from her.

Sholom just laughed and said, "You think that she doesn't know? She does know alright. You are both playing games".

Sholom then handed me twenty dollars for the Yeshiva. He said, "I overheard you saying that any money which is given to you for your books, will be credited to the Yeshiva, so here is my twenty dollars.

"No, No", said I.

"Yes, Yes", countered Sholom.

I told him that I could not accept any cash from him, as my book was a personal gift. However, he insisted and pressed me so much that I could not refuse it.

I certainly do not wish to belittle or embarrass Sholom, but Roselyn was adamant that this was the idea of the Rebbetzen. Was her woman's intuition correct?

Rabbi Aaron Y. Goldstein, from Ann Arbor, Michigan wished to correct an error in last year's edition.

I had stated that if at the end of the year, one had inadvertently missed some of the chapters of the Shiur or Shiurim of Rambam, then one could make it up to the end of the year - But NO - one could make it up even AFTER the end of the year.

Someone told me, "You look so Statesman like, Mr. Jaffe". Statesmanlike? - I don't know! But, I like to be called distinguished.

As Yossi related to me in the following story -

A few years ago he was one of five boys whom the Rebbe had sent to South Africa as Sheluchim for their new Yeshiva in Johannesburg.

On their journey to South Africa, they all wore ties (never before - and never again) and were treated like V.I.P.s (Very Important Persons).

The plane landed at Schipol Airport, Amsterdam for refuelling, and a delegation met them on the runway to escort them to the V.I.P. lounge.

But, firstly, it was decided to take photographs of these five very distinguished and important personalities. So, they all put down their hand luggage, formed a group and faced the camera.

The sun was shining in their eyes, so they moved the boys around - then a little further, then a little more, until they found the ideal spot.

The boys were now standing with their baggage well behind them.

Now, said the operator - "Look at the camera - say cheese - smile a little more - and so forth".

Whilst all this prodding and coaxing was going on, his colleague was running off with all the luggage.

This was their twelfth robbery that day and the police who were now waiting for them, caught them in the act and with the cases.

One photograph actually showed, in the background, one of the robbers running away with the luggage.

Rabbi Dvorkin ZTzL, had left a great void in Lubavitch. He was a man of great stature, knowledge and personality. But, life must go on, and someone had to take his place to give Halachic rulings and to try and settle disputes and arguments.

There were a number of excellent candidates for this position and each one had their own admirers and supporters.

Ultimately, it was decided that three of these Rabbonim should be appointed and formed into the Official Crown Heights Beis Din. (This was over a year ago).

Top of the list - the Biggest Rabbi of them all (K.A.H.) - literally - was my good friend Rabbi Kalmon Marlowe. He was appointed as the full time serving member of this Beis Din. Rabbi Avrohom Ozdoba and Rabbi Yoseph Heller were elected to serve with him. They have been kept very busy indeed.

The following is one of their latest problems.

Maggie Thatcher had called an election and when we left England, the country was gripped in a pre-election fever. When we arrived in Crown Heights, we discovered that another election was in progress at 770.

This was to elect a new governing body - the VAAD HAKOHEL - the committee in charge of the "needs of the community". This, in turn, would appoint the new Gaboim - Wardens.

It was felt that the younger "Baalei Battim" - married men, should be given an opportunity to be in control at 770. New people had new ideas for

improving the facilities at 770.

The election was taking place on that very night. Those who were eligible to vote were the following - all married men, and those men over the age of thirty who attended the services at 770, regularly. A total of seven hundred and fifty men voted that day.

Those who were elected to office were - Myer Harlick, Yehuda Blessofsky, Zalmon Lipsker, Yossel Losh and Menachem Gerlitzky. All were new members of the Vaad and they were all ready and prepared to work hard and well for the good of 770.

But, before they had the chance of actually starting to work, they were advised that "first - they should relax and rest after their tiring and difficult experience in fighting the election. The Old Guard should meanwhile carry on, as usual, until after Shovuos".

Then to everyone's surprise and consternation, the Aguda Chassidei Chabad, which is the official ruling body of Lubavitch declared that the elections were null and void and totally unconstitutional.

The case is now going before the Beis Din for the hearing and for its verdict.

Subsequently - at a much later date, the Beis Din decided that the elections were valid. However, the Rebbe wanted peace and not arguments, so the new elected Vaad had given way for the time being to please the Rebbe.

Chanina Spurling had arranged for Roselyn and me to visit the Rashag - the Rebbe's brother-in-law again this year and present him with my latest book. Chanina is now married.

He told me that last year, he had a serious accident. He said he was involved in a Bull Fight. He was tossed up into the air - then tossed upwards again - a much better effort that one. He reckoned that he was thrown a hundred feet up into the air. It sounded very much exaggerated, but it must have certainly seemed like it to him.

The Bull in this instance was actually a Bus.

He broke a bone and was in hospital for one and a half months, and he considered it a miracle that he was saved.

All he had in his pocket was a photograph of the Rebbe.

Sholom Ber Harlick and a couple of other boys took us along to see the Rashag at his apartment. Chanina had phoned that he would be along shortly, and we should please keep the party going until he arrived.

The Rashag was seated in an armchair and Roselyn and I sat on the two chairs which had been placed opposite to him.

We spent a lovely, lively, cheerful and humorous ten minutes when he abruptly stood up - and the party was over - before Chanina had arrived.

This is very much like the story of the fellow who phoned the Fire Brigade that his house was on fire. The fireman told him that they were busy at the moment, but he should keep the fire going until they arrived.

On the Friday before we left England, there was a big article in the London Jewish Chronicle - with screaming headlines announcing "Hassidim versus Blacks in Crown Heights". It went on to report that a Black leader had complained that "these Chassidim will not even shake my wifes hand, nor eat any food at my house!?"

When I arrived at crown Heights, however, I discovered that the media had been exaggerating and blowing up the story.

True, there had been objections to the Slip Road in front of 770, being closed, blocked up on the Shabbos. So, it was now open to traffic. But, when 770 is overcrowded and many children are playing on this road, it became pretty dangerous.

So, on Friday evening and on Shabbos morning, about eight or ten policemen stand erect, arms akimbo, and FACING 770 to ensure that people and especially children do not rush out into the road. They also slow down the cars which drive along this roadway.

This Coloured Leader objected to the "770 VIGILANTS" taking the law into their own hands. However - they have now joined forces to patrol and "crime-watch" Crown Heights. Especially on Friday nights by the Blacks.

So, now, Peace reigns at Crown Heights.

MONDAY NIGHT - FARBRAINGEN

About three hours before Maariv, a siren was sounded. This was to warn everyone that a Farbraingen would take place immediately after Maariv.

If this siren is blown twice, it meant that a Farbraingen would be taking place at once.

(A warning siren is also sounded fifteen minutes before Shabbos commences.)

Because I might experience some difficulty in climbing over the tables and benches on account of my bad leg in order to reach my usual place. I was persuaded - for the first time, ever - and hopefully for the last time, NOT to daven Maariv with the Rebbe's minyan upstairs, but to sit down and to reserve my seat - myself.

I did so. The Shul was already pretty well overcrowded, but on my left was placed a large steel crate which was chained to the bench and which reserved that spot for my new neighbour, Rabbi Kalman Marlowe who was the New Head of the newly formed Lubavitcher Beis Din.

It was a little uncomfortable sitting next to this solid immovable steel crate, but when Rabbi Marlowe eventually arrived, took away the crate and sat down beside me, it was even very much more uncomfortable.

Rabbi Marlowe is K.A.H. a very big Rabbi - in every sense of the word and he certainly made his presence felt.

But, whilst the crate was unbending - Rabbi Marlowe was not - and he shared my seat with him too(!?).

At 9.35p.m., the Rebbe marched into the hall K.A.H. like a very young man.

Here are just a few of the points the Rebbe made during this two hours farbraingen.

"This was the 49th day of Sefirah, so we make the Siyum - conclusion of the Mesechta of Gemorrah Sota, because that has 49 pages - one page for each of the forty nine days of the Sefirah. We need the extra day the fiftieth, to complete the "seven full weeks" as commanded in the Torah.

The Ramabm states that the Mesechta of Gemorrah Shovuos (OATHS - not Shovuos the yom Tov - although it is very co-incident) also contains forty nine pages. The Rebbe confessed that he could not discover any place where it stated that one should learn that Gemorrah during the period between Pesach and Shovuos.

The Minchas sota does have a connection with the Yom Tov of Shovuos. Rosh Hashonah also has a connection because the shofar was blown at the Giving of the Torah too. We also mention Matan Torah during the Mussaf service on Rosh Hashonah.

At that moment, the Jews were given Two Crowns. One for saying NAASER (We will do) and one for saying VE-NISHMA (We will listen - or understand)

Each individual Jew was then given a Third crown.

We were also making a Siyum of the Rambam Hilchas Nidorim and Nazir (the Laws of Vows and of a Nazarite). We learn that G-d spoke only to the children of Israel regarding the Nazir, therefore a non-Jew was "potur" free, from this "Mitzvah".

Non-Jews have to be persuaded to keep the Seven Laws given to the sons of Noach. No other nation would accept the Torah - only the Jewish people. So, we should "Rejoice with our Festivals", to ensure that all Jews should enjoy their Yom Tov Seudahs (meals)."

The Farbraingen concluded with the usual nigunim and with Chazan Teleshevsky singing the "Yehee Rotzon" followed by "Sheyiboneh Beis Hamikdosh", in which nigun everyone joined with much gusto - greatly encouraged by the Rebbe. After which the Rebbe distributed dollars to the whole assembly – for the Mitzvah of Tzedoka – through the agency of the “Tankinsten” (boys and men who regularly go out with the Mitzvah Tanks)

SHOVUOS

I have always loved and enjoyed Shovuos. It is a nice Yom Tov. The weather is normally very beautiful and sunny and of the two weeks which we spend at 770, there are only two days of Yom Tov. 770 is crowded, but not overcrowded, and we do find some little time to relax.

Yes, to relax - contrary to Succos, when, for nine hectic days and nights, we are constantly under the greatest pressures. Roselyn and I do not even eat our meals together in the Succah and our flat is T.G. full of our grandchildren K.A.H. who are eating, sleeping and dancing at all times of the night - and day - you will read about that later P.G.

Meanwhile, let us enjoy Shovuos.

Following is a leaflet issued by Tzivos Hashem for the children.

After the shool service on the morning of the first day, Roselyn and I visited Chavelle and Zalmon Gurary at their weekend home in Kingston Avenue. This is one of those few occasions when one can catch Zalman actually laughing. His Mikvah was still out of action. He asked me whether I liked a clean Mikvah. When I answered, "Yes". He said, "come on Friday Erev Shabbos then, because at this moment it is certainly NOT clean"

Chavelle was being the perfect lovely hostess, but she was determined not to say anything. She kept

Children — Boys and Girls — Everyone Wins a Prize!

SHOVUOT

The Festival of the Giving of the Torah!

5 7 4 7

BE IN SHUL
When The Torah is Given

Wed. June 3rd, 1987

KIDS!

Shavuot is your special holiday!
When Hashem (G-d) gave the Torah on Mt. Sinai, He was counting on **you** to be the guarantors. He knew that the children would make sure that the Jewish people would always love the Torah and learn to do its holy Mitzvot.
So make sure that You & Your Friends are there in shul when the Torah is Given!
Wednesday, June 3rd, 1987

WIN!

Win A Prize — Here's How!
Every child, boy and girl, who sends in a report that they were present in shul on Shavuot, Wednesday, June 3rd, and heard the Torah read, will automatically receive a great prize. Report must be signed by your parent(s).
Absolutely no strings attached — Just send your report to:
Tzivos Hashem
352 Kingston Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215
For Further Info. Call 716-467-6836

Bring your parents — Little Babies Too . . . Just Like At Mt. Sinai

LET'S ALL BE THERE!

A project of Tzivos Hashem / Labavitch Youth Organization /
National Committee for Furtherance of Jewish Education /
National Council of Meitevos Shabbos

her mouth well and truly - shut. She was afraid to say anything in case I "put it in my book". So, all I can say is that Chavelle looked very nice, but said - nothing.

After Mincha, about 2,000 boys went marching to Boro' Park and Roselyn and I marched next door to see Our Rebbetzen. We spent a glorious two hours, alone, with her and we all enjoyed ourselves.

The boys (and men) marchers returned at 11.45p.m before midnight. The Rebbe greeted them amidst great jubilation, excitement, singing and dancing. Even the Rebbetzen came to the front door to see and to welcome home the marchers.

On the second day of Yom Tov, we were again invited to join Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky at their home for luncheon - and to bring as many grandchildren as possible.

At that very same time, Lippy and Malka Brennan also made their usual Kiddush. Yossi and Dovid, our grandchildren represented us at this affair.

Lippy brought in two large plates of blintzes - one plate was for Dovid and the other plate for all the rest of the guests. Dovid and Yossi sat in a corner quietly and contentedly consuming all the available food. They finished off everything.

Their excuse was that because Roselyn and I, Chaya and Golda Rivka could not be present, then they had to make up for our absence.

As Levi once said "Dovid loves sea food. When he sees food, he loves it".

Meanwhile, as usual, Roselyn and I, together with Chaya and Golda Rivka were enjoying ourselves at the Kotlarsky's home, with about another thirty or so guests. Channie Kotlarsky is already fifteen years old (young) and she is now a lovely, pretty and "Becheint" young lady. I was delighted to present her with her own copy of "My Encounter No. 18", a special book for a special girl.

On this first day of Shovuos, we eat - at Rivka's and Moishe's, two Full meals.

First was the milky one - blintzes, cream cheese, all types of fish and salads - everything you would care to mention was provided.

We rested for an hour - most essential for religious and physical reasons -

and then continued with the main - the meaty meal.

There was plenty to drink aswell, so a happy, jovial and merry atmosphere pervaded the room. (One gentleman Rabbi rather liked the Drambuie. He drank it as if it was lemonade (soda). It made him very happy, very joyful - and very sick. He was laid to rest - in bed - to recuperate.

There was a bottle of Soda water on the table. We could see that it was Soda water because there was a label stuck onto the bottle - which proclaimed that very fact. It was no secret. Roselyn is fond of that drink and I half filled her tumbler. I also helped myself to a little too. It had a pink tint. I had never seen nor tasted coloured Soda or Seltzer Water. It seemed very strong and my head started to spin around. I was very dizzy.

When I had recovered, I found that it was actually, a home-made wine concocted by Shiur Raskin, Moishe's uncle from London.

I was extremely annoyed. In England, I could have sued Uncle Shiur for gross misrepresentation. The old Seltzer label should have been completely removed and a new one stuck onto the bottle, which should have stated,

"WARNING! DANGER TO HEALTH –
DRINK AT YOUR OWN RISK"

After we had all recovered, we continued to enjoy our meal, our company - and of course, the witty and pun-ny speech which Moishe always makes and which convulsed us all with hearty laughter.

Once again, Moishe called upon Sir Zalmon to bench, which he did.

It was Chaya's birthday on Shabbos. Many Lubavitcher girls were getting married at the ripe old age of seventeen years, some even at sixteen. So, she was being constantly teased by members of the family - I suppose that I was just as much to blame, as well.

However, I composed a poem for her - which warned her not to be influenced by other people - and not to be rushed into marriage, if she was not yet prepared, because she obviously had not yet met her Mr. (or Rabbi) RIGHT.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY - Shovuos 1987

Congratulations to Chaya, it is your birthday today,
you are a very sweet young lady and for your success we do pray.

Each and every day is for you a lovely vacation,
And yet, there are many who cause you the utmost vexation.

Regarding your future plans, they are constantly asking,
And it has even been suggested, that we approach Dovid Raskin.

Do not be bullied but enjoy every day,
Fate may interfere, and you may end up from home, a very long way.

Because Lubavitch has branches all over the earth,
And there is still room for more, especially for a woman of worth.

And when the time draws near for you and the Rebbe to decide,
To which lucky man you will become the beautiful bride,

Then we shall pray that you will give Nachas to the
family and to Bobby and Zaidie,
For one thing is quite certain, you will always be a lady.

"Many Happy Returns",
from Bobby and Zaidie
9th Sivan 5747

KINUS HATORAH AND MORE DOLLARS

It was announced that on the day after Yom Tov – the Friday, Isru Chag, there would be the usual Kinus Hatorah.

It commenced at 1.00p.m. Yaul Kahan, who also gives over the Rebbe's Sichos, had to be, as usual, the first speaker. He was followed in due course by Rabbi Elberg, and when he had concluded, then Rabbi Pekarsky finished - and that really concluded and finished the Kinus Hatorah for that Friday session.

We were then advised that there would be a continuation of this Kinus on the following Sunday at 3.30p.m.

Rabbi Mentelik assured me that this would certainly commence at 3.30p.m promptly - and "you, Zalmon, will be the first speaker".

But, the Rebbe was going to the Ohel that day, and no one would attend a Kinus until the Rebbe had left 770.

At 4.30p.m we were ready to start. I would have preferred to speak at about 5.30p.m which would suit me - and the boys - much better.

I need not have worried about that because Rabbi Mentelik had informed me that Yaul Kahan and Rabbi pekarsky would be the first speakers!!

"But they had spoken on Friday at the first part of this Kinus", I remonstrated.

"Oh", answered Rabbi Mentelik, "these two Rabbonim need to speak again", -"and of course they must speak before anyone else". - So! they speak twice - and I cannot get a word in edgewise.

Yaul Kahan related a Sicho - for twenty minutes. Then Rabbi Pekarsky spoke to us about "if one did shecht a hen on Yom Tov, then he deserves malkas a flogging!" He did not mention about speaking twice at a Kinus Hatorah.

However, I did entertain the boys immediately afterwards. I also read excerpts of events which occurred at 770 about twenty eight years ago.

At 8.00p.m a wedding was being solemnised outside 770. The Rebbe was not expected to return till about 9.15p.m for a late Mincha, so there was time for the Chuppah ceremony to be completed before the Rebbe returned.

On the following day, Rabbi Mentelik asked me to call into his office. He had for me, cake, bread and water from the Rebbe. Rabbi Mentelik was very methodical - He made quite sure that his office was locked. Then, he took out the treasure from a secret hiding place and wrapped the cake and bread in silver foil. I made a brocha on the water, a minute portion, and drank it there and then. If I would have taken that home, it would have evaporated on the way. I told him that he did a good job for me at the Kinus Hatorah. It was 100% perfect, especially the timing.

Every Sunday morning, the Rebbe distributes dollar bills. People come from all over New York and from even further afield.

A little "Rebbelle", aged about thirty five, sent his warden to collect for him a dollar note from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe handed over the dollar and sent a message wishing the Rebbelle "Long Life". It was an unusual Brocha for a young man to receive. Shortly afterwards, he was involved in a bad car accident. He was the only one to escape unscathed - with no serious injuries.

His Chassidim boasted that their Rebbe was a wonderful and clever man to escape so lightly. But, his warden interrupted and said – “the clever part was in knowing where to go and from who to ask for a Brocha”

Our Rebbe is a real gentleman, "Ladies first", was the motto for the collection of dollars.

The men had formed a line from the door of the Beis Hamedrash upstairs - down the stairs and into the Shool. This line extended into Eastern parkway.

When I reached the Rebbe, standing in the hallway of 770, he handed me a dollar and wished me HATZLOCHA RABBA (as in Ashkenazi). When an Israeli, a Frenchman or Sefardi comes along, the Rebbe wishes them HATZLOCHAH RABBAH with the stress on the last syllable. The Rebbe changes rapidly from one pronunciation to the other according to the recipient. The Rebbe knows everyone well.

The Rebbe then informed me that he had a geruss (regards) for me from my wife, who was in the line earlier. The Rebbe was greatly amused by this and showed it by giving a hearty laugh. This really made my day. It was these wonderful and unexpected moments that gave me added bonuses.

A fellow confided in me that the Rebbe always wished him well over the fast on Asara B'Tovas (the fast of the 10th of Teves). Of course, the Rebbe had given him a Brocha for BESUROS TOVOS (good news).

FARBRAINGEN ON SHABBOS AFTER SHOVIOS

I am indebted to yossi, my grandson, for the following resume. The Rebbe related to us the following Sicho:

"Half the Sedra of Nosso, contains the story of how all the princes, the heads of all the tribes brought gifts and cattle (for offerings) to the dedication of the Mishkan. All brought identical gifts. At the end of this Sedra, a count is taken of all the Golden Spoons and Silver Dishes and Bowls which had been brought and the total weight of all these articles. Also, the total number of Bulls, Rams, Lambs and Goats which were brought for the sacrifices.

But, where was the tribe of Levi? Why were they omitted?

In the last verse of this Sedra, we read that Moishe entered the Mishkan and G-d spoke to him, to Moishe. So, Aaron felt bad because he realised that as G-d had spoken to Moishe and not to him, therefore he, Aaron, was on a lower level than Moishe. But, Aaron knew all about this before, so he could not be upset about that. But, when he saw that all the tribes had brought gifts and has thus prepared themselves psychologically - in addition to materially and spiritually - in a proper frame of mind to hear the words of Hashem through Moishe, so then - did Aaron feel bad, because he was not in the proper mood.

Hashem said, "not to worry, he will be amply rewarded".

Then, in the first verse of the next Sedra, Behaloisecho, we are told that Aaron, who was a Kohen, but so also of the tribe of Levi, (who was feeling a little upset), was given the greatest honour of all, that of lighting the Lamps of the Menorah, which sanctified and consecrated the whole dedication of the Mishkan.

Rashi points out that the tribe of Levi were appointed as the bodyguard, special army of the King, and so became part of the King and are also treated as "Guests of Honour".

Regarding Guests of Honour, the Rebbe related that at his (the Rebbe's) wedding, his father-in-law, the Previous Rebbe ZTzL, stood up and poured out Mashke for everyone. The Rebbe also wanted to help, but, his father-in-law said, "No". However, the Rebbe explained to us that "all Jews are stubborn", so, "I stood up and helped". His father-in-law gave him such a look that he could

not sit down fast enough!

Again, - how does a boy of five appreciate what had happened at the Rebbe's wedding? The answer is that he has learnt this from his OPSHER, at the age of three (his first haircut), when he was the Guest of Honour and, received undivided attention.

On the Monday evening after Shovuos, we enjoyed another Farbraingen. My grandsons, Yossi and Mendy, and David and Levi and Pincus too, were very helpful in ensuring that I sat in my usual spot during all these Farbraingen.

This one also lasted just over two hours and the Rebbe related four Sichos. Herewith are just a very few points on which the Rebbe elaborated.

"The Jews showed the greatest Ahavas Yisroel (Love of a fellow Jew) at Mount Sinai. They were "as one man, with one heart" all wholeheartedly prepared to receive the Torah and the mitzvahs - given by Hashem.

In today's Shiur Chumash ("We have to live with the times" - said the Alter Rebbe) we read about Pesach Sheni, when those people who, for some exceptional reason could not bring the Pesach sacrifice on the eve of the fourteenth of Nissen, were given a second chance to bring it a month later, on the fourteenth of Iyar.

On the actual Pesach, in Nissen, we are prohibited from eating any bread or chometz. Whereas, on Pesach Sheni, this Korban Pesach was eaten with bread.

It is never too late to bring an offering. If one missed on the first day of Shovuos, one still had till the end of the (twelve days) Tashlumin. Shovuos is on the sixth day of Sivan. The following six days make up the twelve days - from Rosh Chodesh Sivan, These are reckoned as a semi-holiday period, and when no Tachnun is said during prayers.

The second day of Shovuos is only a Yom Tov in the Golus (Exile). Before the Beis Hamikdash was destroyed, the Korban was not sacrificed on the first day, only on the second day, which was not a Yom Tov in Eretz Yisroel. - This is explained in the Gemorrah.

For the sacrifice, the Kohanim had to be pure and the Holy Garments had to be pure and clean too. After his death, Aaron

"gave" his "clothes" to Eliezer, his son - Moishe and Aaron did not need Holy Garments because they came from a "pure" place. The third Beis Hamikdosh will come from a pure place - from above to below."

I normally sit opposite to Rabbi Weinberg and Rabbi Caplan. During the Sichos, they are continuously nodding and shaking their heads in approval of what the Rebbe is saying.

Occasionally, the Rebbe would mention or bring out an exceptional point, a new idea (a Chiddush), which would take these two learned Rabbonim by complete surprise. They would turn to each other in wonderment and amazement at the Rebbe's outstanding scholarship would chuckle their approbation and acclamation.

"The Rebbe discussed the days Shiur of Rambam, and concluded with that, "we have received the Torah and made the blessing of Shehechiyonu. So, what can we say on Isru Chag and on the days of Tashlumin?"

We should say that this should be the last day of the Golus. We must learn Torah every day. Women and children too, should learn the Halacha which is relevant to them. We must teach little boys and little girls as well. They are our guarantors for us - for the Torah."

I had noticed that the Rebbe had placed nearby, the five bottles of Vodka which I had presented "for the Rebbe's pleasure", plus another four bottles. At this Farbraingen, the Rebbe handed these to various Rabbonim who were celebrating a siyum (of Gemorrah). One bottle even went to a Frenchman (Rabbi).

Rabbi, Marlowe had received one because he was making a special Siyum. The Rebbe suggested that he should make a short speech inviting the general public to this function. Rabbi Marlowe made an even shorter speech - he invited all the Rabbonim - that's all - full stop.

The Rebbe asked him to continue. Rabbi Marlowe did not know what to say. The Rebbe prompted him and said, "What about inviting the Baal Habatim?" (the public).

On Tuesday, we were privileged to visit the Rebbetzen again - this time at 1304 President Street. Only Golda Rivka (Lew) accompanied us.

The Rebbetzen commented that she had heard that this years book was the

best ever.

"You have a wonderful talent - Umberruffen!"

She never stopped praising me which was very nice and pleasant but a little embarrassing. The Rebbetzen also enjoyed Jean's poems. She told us that the Rebbe once said that, "if you keep a proper Jewish home with the proper atmosphere, then even the non-Jews are impressed".

We chatted, laughed and had tea (!) and cake. Chessed was in attendance.

Roselyn had suggested that it would be a good idea if I would read some parts of my book and make a tape for the Rebbetzen. She could then switch on the machine and listen to me reading my book.

Sholom Gansberg had a better idea. He indicated that all the speeches and talks at the Kinus Hatorah were recorded and taped for the Rebbe, and it would be quite easy for him to obtain a copy of my half hour talk to the boys at the Kinus Hatorah. He promised to attend to this and let the Rebbetzen have this copy. He was very friendly with Johnny Hackner who was in charge of this department.

I asked the Rebbetzen whether it was in order for me to send my letters to 1304 Presdient Street. She replied, "Well, we live here, don't we?"

I had Yarhzeit last night. I was again given the honour of officiating at the Rebbe's minyan in the Bais Hamedrash for Maariv.

Next morning, at Shacharis, I had again a lovely minyan. The Beis Hamedrash was crowded, but the Rebbe does not attend on Wednesday mornings. I had concluded the service just in time at 10.15a.m, just before the Rebbe arrived. This was lucky, because as soon as the Rebbe entered 770, everyone present rushed to and through the doors, jumped upon the benches and the minyan became completely disintegrated.

Because Yom Tov ended on a Thursday night, I knew that there would be no Yechidus on the Friday, (although I have known one to take place, albeit very many years ago, on that day, when the Rebbe did hold a few private individual Yechidus).

I considered that maybe there would be a general Yechidus on Sunday, but at least on the Monday. By Tuesday, there should be no question of this, so we had arranged to leave Crown Heights on Wednesday evening.

Well, what happened? The Rebbe went to the Ohel on Sunday. On Monday, there was a Farbraingen and on Tuesday, the Rebbe again went to the Ohel - and the Yechidus would now take place on Wednesday evening. Just a little too late for us to be able to attend.

I davened Mincha at the Rebbe's minyan. After the service, the Rebbe turned to me, raised his arm, motioning me to sing - and off we went with Deedon Notzach, with great verve and gusto!

Label (Groner) commented that, "Yes, Zalmon, the Rebbe is very friendly with you, B. Hashem".

We had to leave 770 at 4.00p.m to get to the airport in time to catch our plane home. However, the Rebbe did send to Roselyn and me, Tzedoka money together with a Brocha for a good journey home. This made us very happy and we were looking forward to our next visit to 770 for Succos.

OUR MANCHESTER YESHIVA GEDOLAH

Our yeshiva, T.G. continues to make exceptionally good progress. Under the direction and guidance of our Illustrious and Distinguished Rosh HaYeshivah, Rabbi Akiva Cohen who is ably supported by our Mashpia, Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, the Yeshiva has gone from strength to strength.

We have now engaged a third Rabbi - Rabbi Singer. This ensures that all the boys, not only received the best possible tuition, but if any pupil needed, occasionally - a little private extra coaching, then we had the person willing and capable of providing this service.

We still have a long waiting list of boys anxious to join our Yeshiva.

My friend, Yirmiyohu Van Halem, presented me with a photograph of some of our Yeshiva boys, which I have reproduced here. Yirmiyohu is the tallest boy on the back row.



Our Boys continue to hold regular shiurim, lessons with local Baalei Battim, young married men who much appreciate this service. They visit hospitals and do all the Rebbe's Mivtzoim, for example, Teffillin, Purim, Chanukah and so forth.

The "Thought for the Week" are printed and distributed every week. They

are still very popular and herewith, I am including just a few samples of these leaflets.

But they do have competition and Elan Grossman has taken it upon himself, to publish - weekly - SICHOS IN ENGLISH. I have appended one which he distributed recently.

First is the Sicho:

DRY BONES AND AFTER

One of the most dramatic narratives in the books of the prophets is the story of yechezkel's strange vision in the valley of the dry bones and the prophetic message which G-d commanded him to prophesy there.

On Shabbos Chol Hamoed Pesach, this chapter of Yechezkel is read in the synagogue for the Haftarah.

The prophet relates his experience to us:

The hand of the L-rd was upon me...and set me down in the midst of the valley and it was full of bones. He made me pass them, around and around, and behold, they were very many on the surface of the valley and they were very dry....and He said to me: Son of man, can these bones become alive?....He said to me: Prophecy concerning these bones, and say to them : O dry bones, listen to the word of the L-rd!

(Yechezkel 37:1-4)

A TRUE PROPHECY - THEN

Certainly, the allegorical meaning of this experience was clear to the Prophet of Yechezkel as well as to all the Jewish people at the time of the Babylonian exile. G-d was assuring them that He would gather the remnants of the Jewish people, return them to Eretz Yisroel and rebuild the Beis Hamikdosh.

Yet, the vision seems to hold more than only the message in its symbolic context; and as the words of G-d through the prophet are eternal, this story must also hold an important lesson for us in our own age.

A thoughtful analysis of the narrative will reveal an underlying message addressed to sensitive Jews who care about the plight of their brethren, especially those who have lost the lifeblood of Yiddishkeit.

A TRUE MESSAGE -NOW!

The message seems to call out to us and proclaim that we must continue the vital work of spreading Torah and Yiddishkeit and disseminating the wellsprings of Chassidus.

There are those who argue that when there are Jews on the "outside", labelled as spiritual "dry bones", there is no use speaking to them until they have been brought "inside", and been clothed in "flesh, sinews and the living spirit"; only then can you speak to these "dry bones", and teach them the word of G-d.

They go on to rationalise that publicly preaching to those "dry bones" lying on the valley floor is a new practice, which was never done before. "We must walk in the footsteps of our predecessors", they argue, "and follow the actions of our fathers"; we must not deal with the "dry bones"!

The answer to these "pretense seekers" is - "the actions of our fathers" must be derived from Torah. The Written Torah has 24 books - one of which is the Book of Yechezkel - and here, in the story of the valley of the dry bones, we find the true "action of our fathers" and the lesson which we must derive from it:

Yechezkel spoke his prophecies in the diaspora, and this particular prophecy was said in a "valley" a lowly, far away place. The valley was filled with bones - of Jews, who had not carried out G-d's will. (see Gemorrah Sanhedrin 92b and Rashi loc. cit.) The bones were strewn about and forsaken, to the point that the Holy One, blessed be He, Himself, declared that they were "dry bones" - "very dry"!

Nevertheless, the prophet Yechezkel, tells us that G-d commanded him to speak to these bones: "And He said to me: son of man...prophecy concerning these bones, and say to them: O dry bones, listen to the word of the L-rd".

SPEAK TO THE "DRY BONES"

There is an important lesson here that must penetrate our hearts:

even if there are Jews who are void of the lifeblood and invigorating spirit of Judaism, and they seem to be in a condition of "very dry bones", we must speak to them! For after all, they are "children who have been captive among the gentiles" and have no idea of what Judaism is all about. They know not the aleph-bais of Judaism! They have neither spirit, nor sinews, nerves, nor flesh, nor skin. Despite all this, while they are still in that condition of "dry bones", the Holy One, blessed be He, says to us: "you are a man" and you have human feelings - you must awaken sympathy for these Jewish brothers. "You are a son of man" - imagine the pity your father must feel- go and tell the dry bones: "Listen to the word of the L-rd"; in their present condition give them the word of G-d.

This directive is clear, we have a responsibility to reach out and call out to "dry bones" Jews. However, one might still argue that it is sufficient to choose one skeleton of "dry bones" and dedicate all his efforts to that individual, after all, he probably will have greater success by focusing his efforts in that way.

Therefore, Yechezkel tells us that he was commanded to go into the valley filled with bones and prophesy. Yes, the valley "was full of bones". It was not enough to invigorate only a few Jews; he had to speak to the valley full of bones.

GO OUT TO THE STREETS

So, today, too, we must go out of our closed precincts into the centre of town, into the streets of New York and call out "O dry bones, listen to the word of the L-rd".

We must not limit our outreach work to those places where there are many living, vibrant Jews and only a few "dry bones" - rather we must call out our message in that valley where there are only dry bones.

This duty, to show our concern for our fellow Jews and to do our utmost to rejuvenate and invigorate them is closely connected to another precept taught to us in the Torah which deals with our duty to save a Jew from danger. In the portion of Kedoshim the Torah tells us:

Do not stand still when your neighbour's life is in danger (lit. over your neighbour's blood). On which Rashi comments: Witnessing his death, your being able to save him, if he is drowning in the river and

a wild beast or a robber is attacking him. (Vayikra 19:16)

SPIRITUAL LIFE-SPIRITUAL PERIL

When the Torah states in Devorim that "The blood is (associated with) the soul," (Devorim 12:23) the Torah means to tell us that the spiritual life - Torah and Mitzvos - are the true "lifeblood" of a Jew. Thus, when the Torah says "Do not stand still over your neighbours blood", it means, do not stand idly by when you see your neighbour in a state of spiritual danger. If he is losing his true life-force of Torah and Mitzvos, and is becoming "dry bones" you must do something about it.

This reference to helping a fellow Jew before he is overcome by a perilous moral degeneration is directly connected with the subsequent call to extend help to rejuvenate the "dry bones". Both steps are necessary.

Here Rashi gives us an example. If you see him drowning in a river of "raging waters", the negative forces of the mundane world; perhaps he was too deeply involved in the materialism of the world and began to drown in the river, or the ocean of corporeality. In such a situation the Torah admonishes us not to stand idly by, for we can save him by extending to him the lifesaving power of Torah and yiddishkeit.

YOU SEE HIM - YOU HELP HIM

So you say, "But why me?" The fact that you see him "drowning" is proof enough that you can help him! G-d would not show you such a phenomenon just to cause you grief, rather, you are witnessing it because you can help!

At this point, it would be appropriate to keep in mind the well-known adage of the Rebbe Maharash, who placed great emphasis on the importance of initiative in the path of Divine service. He used to say that when faced with obstacles in your path of serving G-D, do not be discouraged, "I say that from the start go from above!"

This manner of Divine service transcends all usual procedures and disregards all limitations. It lifts the individual into a higher realm of G-dly service and facilitates the spreading of Torah and Yiddishkeit.

Your lesson in the case of the Jew who is downing, is to "go from above" and not to fear the danger of the "wild beasts" or the "robbers"!

G-D PROTECTS, REWARDS AND PUNISHES

For this reason, the verse concludes: "I am G d". The Holy One, blessed be He, is the true ruler of the "river, the "wild beasts" and the "robbers". When you set out to save your fellow Jew, you must not fear anything in the world and you will go with the power of G-d and be successful.

There is an additional meaning pertinent here:

"I am G-d": Who is faithful in paying reward to those that obey My commandments and who is certain to punish those who transgress them". (Rashi) Since we are dealing with the "sly one", the evil inclination, which tries to pour cold water on our efforts, we must remind him that G-d is trustworthy to give us our reward.

As we say in Pirkei Avos:

Know....who your employer is that will pay you the reward of your labour (2:14), your employer is trustworthy to pay you the reward for your labour (2:16)

Sometimes, it is also necessary to remind the yetzer hora of the punishment in store for one who interferes with a Jew's Divine service. This will scare the yetzer hora and stop it from confusing and sidetracking the person who wants to save his fellow Jews by spreading yiddishkeit.

A CALL TO SHLUCHIM

This teaching is especially pertinent to Shluchim, the emissaries, who are involved in disseminating Torah and Yiddishkeit and spreading the wellsprings of Chassidus to the "outside". Those who carry out the holy mission of the previous Rebbe - (and an "agent can appoint an agent") must remember the command and directive, that their involvement in spreading yiddishkeit is not a condition of "embellishing a Mitzvah" (a luxury) - it is an absolute matter of life and death: the previous Rebbe declared: Do not stand still over your neighbour's blood; you can save him! And if you should find him when he is already in the state of "dry bones", then bring him back

to life!

Consequently, there must be an increase in all areas of spreading yiddishkeit and the wellsprings of Chassidus, in a manner of "from the start go from above".

DRY BONES - COME ALIVE

The prophecy of yechezkel ends optimistically, that when you follow your mission and tell the words of G-d to the dry bones, you will bring them back to life.

For the Holy one, blessed be He, promises:

Thus said the L-rd G-d to these bones: Behold I will cause the spirit of life to enter into you and cause you will live. I will put sinews upon you, I will spread flesh over you, I will cover you with skin, I will endow you with the spirit of life and you will live. And you will know that I am the L-rd.

And when yechezkel actually did what he was commanded to do, it all came true:

I prophesied as I was commanded;....and I looked, there were sinews upon them, and flesh came up and skin covered them above... and the spirit of life came into them, they came alive and stood up on their feet, an exceedingly great multitude.

This gives us the promise, the potential and the guarantee, that when we carry out our mission and speak the word of G-d to the "dry bones", through spreading Torah and yiddishkeit, and spreading the foundations of Chassidus to the outside, then we will be successful in bringing the dry bones back to life. So that we will establish "an everlastingly great multitude".

BACK TO THE HOLY LAND

And together with them we will greet Moshiach and go to our Holy Land.

And I will bring you to Eretz Yisroel...and I will place you in your own land.

And then as Yechezkel said in an earlier prophecy: "I will sprinkle

upon you purifying waters", (Yechezkel 36:25) which Moshiach will do - may he come truly in our time.

May all of these important projects see great success and those whose missions take them to distant places should remember that as the physical distance is increased - the spiritual closeness is intensified.

And when we carry out these directives, with Ahavas Yisroel, as we are commanded in the Torah - "Love your neighbour as yourself", this will bring the revelation of G-d's love for every Jew, for we are all the "friends" of the Holy One, blessed be He.

This will bring us the true freedom and liberation, and we will go to greet Moshiach with the true and complete redemption, speedily and truly in our days.

For the Thoughts for the Week, I have chosen only the following three examples:

PARSHAS LECH-LECHO

TZEDOKAH - CHARITY

QUESTION: I have been told that there is a special merit in dropping donations into a Pushkeh (a Tzedokah box or charity bank) every day. But, my means are limited. I can only give Tzedokah once in a while. What should do?

ANSWER: "According to the Quantity": The following is an excerpt from the Book of Tanya: The act of charity is performed in numerous times and whoever performs it frequently is praiseworthy. This is in contrast to performing it at one time and all at once, even when the total sum is the same, as Rabbi Moses Maimonides, of blessed memory, wrote in his commentary on the Mishnah taught by the Sages, of blessed memory: "And everything according to the act"... Maimonides explains the emphasis of the Mishnah on quantity as being "in order to refine the soul by means of the quantitative action".

The purpose of daily giving is not to have one give more than one is able, but that the same amount should be divided to be given every day. There is no difference to the charity fund whether one donates a lump sum or in several portions, but for the person giving the

Tzedokah, it makes a lot of difference - because a person must accustom himself to give Tzedokah every day.

Just as a person spends money every day on his needs and desires, so should he make daily expenditures for the things that G-d desires, namely Tzedokah. (From Likuttei Sichos, Vol 9, p.295)

The Alter Rebbe (Rabbi Schneur Zalman of Liadi 1745-1813, founder of Chabad Lubavitch) writes that the precept of Tzedokah in general possesses a greater quality - that the money given to charity elevates the remainder so that one's entire possessions become a fitting place for G-d's Presence to rest. G-d's Presence permeates it with goodness, ensuring that all one's wealth will be spent only for good, healthy and joyous matters.

PARSHAS VAYERA

A JEW IS A JEW IS A JEW

The opening verses of this week's Sedra describe how Abraham, the father of the Jewish nation, was recuperating from the physical ordeal of his circumcision - his covenant with the A-mighty that gave lasting expression to the "special relationship" of Abraham's descendants with G-d.

The Jewish people, who became a people through G-d's covenant with Abraham, has never been a "nation" in the regular sense of the word. Lacking the basic conditions and factors that form and build a nation, our people are a sociological mystery. Unlike members of other nations who share a common land, Jews are dispersed all over the world throughout the Diaspora, living in diverse conditions and speaking different languages. Yet, they are all Jews. Although there are certain Jewish characteristics which unite them, the fact is that these characteristics alone do not make a Jew. Despite our emphasis on total commitment and observance of all 613 commandments, a Jew who is ignorant and unpracticing, agnostic or even an atheist is still a Jew and is so regarded by Jewish Law.

A person who is born Jewish, though he may lack every semblance of belonging to our people, is, none the less a Jew. The question begs to be asked: "What makes him a 'Jew', while his Gentile neighbour of possibly much better character is not?" By what virtue

is he Jewish, what quality attaches him to his G-d and people? What is the "identity factor" that is so strong that the Jew himself can never enounce or forfeit it, no matter how hard he tries?

The answer is that Jewish identity is independent of personal convictions, good character and moral behavior. G-d's covenant and the choosing of His people is above and beyond mere friendly relationship with them. It is not like two compatible individuals who find each other interesting and develop a friendship. Being based on certain conditions and provisions his friendship is subject to change. In fact, the rationality of the friendship is its major weakness for as soon as the reason no longer warrants, such a relationship is destined to end. Furthermore, it does not involve the very essence of the friend, only certain aspects of him.

G-d's love and covenant with Abraham (and with Abraham's descendants) was not merely a result of Abraham's superficial characteristics and qualities. It is rather the "essential love" of a father for his son; a love which is not yoked within the father as a result of the son's qualities or greatness, but because he sees his son as part of his own self. Such a love cannot lessen with the passing of time the changing of circumstances. In the same way, G-d's love of the Jewish people does not depend on whether the Jew himself is deserving of that love; it is part of himself, should he like it or not. So strong is this bond that the Jew himself cannot deny, or hide this attachment to his people. Should he even try, the Hitlers will remind him of it, as history has shown time and again.

Jewish identity is more than a culture or landsman shaft. It is a matter of fact and not a matter of opinion, intuition or "feeling".

THIS IS OUR LIFE - TORAH!

No one can be expected to live as a Jew, much less be proud that he is a Jew, if he doesn't know what it means to be a Jew! Only a solid grounding in the fundamentals of Judaism can instill in children the faith, the beauty, the value of Jewishness.

A Yeshiva, or all-day Torah school, is the ideal method of teaching young English children their Jewish heritage together with a programme of general studies within a normal school day. Here a child can learn and absorb the knowledge and the feelings that will

help him identify with his historic people.

Furthermore, he will learn the G-d given commandments which are expected of every Jew - and which will imbue him with the moral and ethical values that have formed the basis of the entire civilised world.

Your child will learn Torah: the Five Books of Moses, the Prophets and the Scriptures. He will be introduced to the vast riches of the Mishnah, the Talmud and the Code of Jewish Law, with their profound commentaries. He will explore the endless storehouse of Divine knowledge and wisdom that will make him a better person, a fulfilled personality. And, then he will begin to understand what it means - and how beautiful it is - to be a Jew.

PARSHAS BESHALACH

A SCRATCH IN A SEED

This Sabbath falls between two auspicious days of the present month of Shevat. The tenth of Shevat is the Yahrzeit of the previous Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson of sainted memory, and the fifteenth is the New Year for trees.

The Torah likens the human being to a tree, and the Tzaddik (righteous and holy man) to a flourishing date-palm. In a remarkable statement in the Talmud, our Sages declare that a Tzaddik lives on forever: "For just as his seed is alive, so he is alive".

It is noteworthy that the word seed is used here rather than descendants, children, or disciples. By choosing the word seed in this connection, our Sages conveyed to us the specific images and ideas which this word brings to our minds. One of these ideas is the wonderful process of growth which transforms a tiny deed into a multiple reproduction of the parent, be it an ear of grain, or, in the case of a fruit seed, a fruit-bearing tree.

The education of a young child is like the planting of a seed. But, it is not the easy cultivation of a simple plant. It is rather the nurturing of potential fruit trees, which will ultimately yield generations upon generations of their own kind. Hence, much time and effort is required to ensure that our children receive a pure and proper Torah

training.

Another thought that the Talmud wished to convey to us by using the word "seed" is the care which a young plant or seed requires during the growth process, and that the effect of a little extra care at an early stage is multiplied in the final product.

If a notch is carved in a mature tree, the cut does not spread and the damage is confined to the particular area where the cut was made. If, however, a scratch should be made in the seed prior to planting it, the entire tree could be deformed as a result of that single scratch.

Likewise, if a middle-aged man should, under trying circumstances compromise in the observance of a mitzvah, G-d forbid, it is more than likely that the ingrained training and habit of his early years will eventually prevail and he will once again return to a full Torah observance. If, however, our youth is reared in a spirit of compromise, they become deprived of their natural warmth and zealous enthusiasm for a full Torah-life. This "scratch" in their soul can give rise, G-d forbid, to a spiritually crippled generation!

The Annual Dinner in aid of the Yeshiva funds was held at the beautiful home of Barrie and Gillian Bloom of Hale, Cheshire, some of our partners. We received a letter from the Rebbe to mark that wonderful occasion.

The letter discusses and explains the Year of Hakhel. This is the gist of the Rebbe's comments.

THE YEAR OF HAK'HEL

In ancient times when our Holy Temple - the Beis Hamikdosh - proudly stood in the Holy city of yerushalayim, the Jewish people would gather in the Temple once every seven years to perform the Mitzvah of Hak'hel. In that setting the King would read portions of the Torah for them and they would relive the experience of the giving of the Torah at Sinai. The Hak'hel phenomenon would evoke and intensify the attribute of reverence for G-d in all those present for the rest of their Lives.

Our Torah is eternal. So that even when the Holy Temple does not exist in a corporeal state the spiritual theme of Hak'hel continues to exist into eternity.

The Rambam writes:

It is a positive commandment to assemble all Israelites, men, women, and children after the close of every year of release (Shemittah) when they go up to make the pilgrimage, and in their hearing to read chapters from the Torah which shall keep them diligent in the commandments and strengthen them in the true religion, for it is said: "At the end of every seven years, in the set time of the year of release, in the feast of Tabernacles, when all Israel is come to appear...assemble the people, the men and the women and the little ones, and your stranger that is within your gates...."

(Devorim 31:10ff)

This Mitzvah was observed only when the Beis Hamikdosh stood and "the Jewish people dwelled upon their land". It was not performed after the destruction of the Temple and the exile the Jewish people.

The primary goal of Hak'hel is to fear the A-mighty.

The Torah expresses it thusly:

Let them hear it. They will thus learn to be in awe of G-d your L-rd, carefully keeping all the words of this Torah. Their children who do not know will listen and learn to be in awe of G-d your L-rd, as long as you live in the land...

(Devorim 31:12-13)

Moreover;

Even great scholars who know the entire Torah must listen with utmost attention....for Scripture has ordained it solely for the strengthening of true religion.

In other words, the awesome Hak'hel phenomenon had to bring the assembled men, women and children, proselytes and scholars to religious fervour, and instill in them intensified vigour in their commitment to the true faith, similar to the Siniatic experience.

Shemittah served as a fitting preparation for the theme of Hak'hel - when all men, women children ascended in one mass pilgrimage to the Beis Hamikdosh and when their unity was manifest; they heard

the Torah read by the king and they attained true fear of G-d and relived the Sinai experience.

HAK'HEL IN OUR TIMES

The eternity of Torah supersedes the limitations or restriction of time and place. Therefore even those mitzvos assigned to be performed exclusively by Kohanim and Levites to be done only in the Temple, also have a spiritual form and content which applies at all times, for all Jews.

In the case of sacrifices, we find that our daily prayers were instituted to substitute for the sacrifices, and when one studies the laws of the olah sacrifice, it is considered as if he actually sacrificed an olah.

Involvement in Hak'hel in contemporary times is not a matter of remembrance - for this reason we find that the Jewish leaders of past generations did not make Hak'kel gatherings after Shemitta.

Experience has borne out that people are enthusiastic and excited when they are told the history of Hak'hel, that in the time of the temple this year would be a Hak'hel year when the people and the king would gather in the temple. Furthermore, in the spiritual sense the Mitzvah may be fulfilled now, too, by attending a Hak'hel gathering which will effect more fear of G-d and greater Jewish unity.

THE HAK'HEL PLAN

At opportune times and on auspicious days, such as Shabbos or holidays, assemblies should be convened in an atmosphere of sanctity and every effort should be made to encourage and motivate greater Jewish unity and fear of G-d. This should be effected by Torah study, communal charity and prayer.

One who fits the role of "King" - a spiritual leader, Mashpia, educator, father, director etc. - in fact anyone who can make a good impression on another Jew, be he family member or friend, should utilise the opportunity to foster the goals of Hak'hel in his/her sphere of influence.

Teach them Torah with diligence and sincerity so that it will make a lasting impression, an influence their daily lives from this Hak'hel to

next Hak'hel. To fear G-d, to study Torah; do Mitzvos - all with joy and glad hearts.

Start during Succos, the Season of our Rejoicing, and do a Hak'hel act at least once a month throughout the year.

The Lubavitch Yeshiva of Manchester - as part of the Lubavitch movement worldwide - is dedicated to helping young Jews become even more fully and intimately aware of Torah and Mitzvos in the everyday experience.

I feel confident that all of you who actively support the various programmes of the Yeshiva consider it a privilege as well as an obligation to be partners in this vital cause. A "Partner" is, of course, much more than a "supporter".

With prayerful wishes to each and all of you, both materially and spiritually, and

With esteem and blessing of Rosh Chodesh,

Signed, the Rebbe Shlita.

I wrote last year that Lubavitch made full use of all the latest and modern scientific inventions to promote Yiddishkeit and Jewish education.

The Lubavitch Foundation in London received direct Television transmissions by satellite of some of the Rebbe's Farbraingen from 770.

These were arranged through B.T. (British Telecom).

B.T advertised this system to prospective clients by issuing a leaflet.

This leaflet featured the Lubavitch Foundation as being a "satisfied customer", and there was a nice photograph of the Rebbe in a prominent position thereon.

On the following page is a copy of this leaflet.

The original was nearly twice this size and in color and was posted to thousands of customers.

BROADCAST SERVICES IN ACTION

SHARING A MESSAGE ACROSS THE WORLD Using a combination of permanent broadcast network and outside broadcast links, British Telecom provides business, religious and other event organisers with the means to share an event live with a much wider audience wherever they choose, virtually anywhere in the UK or abroad.

Broadcast Services enable you to reach a wider audience via an effective, immediate and arresting medium without the cost and logistical difficulties of bringing large numbers of people to a single location.

Customer Lubavitch Foundation.

Objective To bring the annual broadcast address from the Foundation's head in New York live to the UK followers of the foundation.

Customer requirements Rabbi Schneerson's annual address is transmitted live via Brightstar satellite from New York. Rabbi Vogel, director of Lubavitch in London, asked Broadcast Services to provide a complete service from the satellite to screens at the Foundation's school in north London for an audience of 1000. International time zones meant that the broadcast would be live in London between 2.30 and 4.30 am. To allow the school to function normally, British Telecom OB engineers would need to install and recover all equipment, cabling etc. outside school hours. The signal was brought from the Brightstar satellite via Goonhilly earth station to the British Telecom Tower in London. A direct line-of-sight microwave link was then set up between the Tower and a dish temporarily installed on the school roof. The television pictures were relayed to two 8ft by 6ft screens in separate rooms in the school. One audience heard the Rabbi speaking in Yiddish while the other heard an English translation direct from New York. The programme was also carried to tv monitors in other parts of the school.



Technical Provision Broadcast Services provided one OB link from the Telecom Tower to the school carrying one vision and two sound channels, two projection screens, two loudspeakers and three 27 inch tv monitors fed by a video distribution amplifier.

Benefit An economical method of linking the Jewish educational foundation's worldwide audiences in a total package from satellite to tv monitor. The London Foundation has already booked us for the next worldwide broadcast.

Cost to customer £1,575

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For further information on these facilities and all Broadcast Services contact Broadcast Services Sales, 4th Floor, The Angel Centre
403 St. John Street, London EC1V 4PL. Telephone 01-239 1500

MY HIP REPLACEMENT

My regular readers will have long been aware that for many years, I have had trouble with my left leg.

Twelve years ago, I consulted a doctor in Harley Street, London, who confirmed that my left hip had become arthritic. He advised me to wait another ten years, when by that time he said, "The pain will become unbearable. You will walk with extreme difficulty and you would be unable to sleep at night".

When that moment did arrive, I should then contact him again, and he will give me a new hip, and within a few weeks I will be able to play Golf and drive a car. (This doctor is a marvel - I have never, ever, played Golf!)

Then, a few months ago - what that London doctor had forecast and prophesied, became true.

Suddenly, the condition of my left hip deteriorated very much indeed, and became so bad and painful that I could not walk up the stairs, nor put on my left sock or shoe without assistance. I could not sleep - and I could only walk with difficulty.

I could very well see that there would be no active future for me unless and until I had obtained a new hip - and the sooner the better it would be for me.

My brother, Ephraim, was my personal doctor, and he recommended that I should see one of the best men in England. This doctor did nothing else but replace old hips with new ones. He did four of these operations every Monday and Thursday, and each one took about two hours to perform.

He promised to do this operation very soon and he asked me to call him Mike.

It was then just two weeks before Shavuot, so I prevailed upon Mike to allow me to visit the Rebbe for Yom Tov, as usual, in order that I could place all the facts before the Rebbe, who, I hoped, would advise me on whether I should have this operation - or not.

On arrival at 770, I asked the Rebbe for his opinion and guidance. He replied, almost immediately that if my doctor (my brother Ephraim) would recommend that I should have this operation, then the Rebbe would agree - and he gave me a lovely Brocha, forthwith.

We returned home from Crown Heights on Thursday morning, June 11th and I immediately contacted Ephraim and conveyed to him the Rebbe's message.

He was very reluctant indeed to accept the responsibility of advising me to have this operation, because, all surgery, no matter how simple they appear, can be dangerous and have dire consequences.

However, as I was in terrible agony, and had also received the Brocha from the Rebbe, I prevailed upon my brother to recommend the operation.

I again contacted Mike and within a few days I received a letter requesting me to check in at Wrightington Hospital on Monday morning June 29th and to bring with me, amongst other things - a dressing gown, toiletries and three pairs of pyjamas - there was no mention on their list of - 2 pairs of Tefillin, Tallis, a Siddur and "Chitas", (Chumash, Tehillim and Tanya), but, in spite of their omission, I took them along with me.

Roselyn drove me to the hospital, thirty miles from Manchester, via the M62 and M6 motorways - a journey which took about forty minutes. On arrival, I was "checked" in and put straight into bed.

Roselyn had brought along plenty of food, plus a couple of packets of Matzo, biscuits, cheese, butter and so on for emergency. Also a bottle of kosher milk which she placed into the fridge, situated in the local kitchen next door to the ward. On this bottle she had written in large bold letters, the inscription "MR. JAFFE".

Roselyn then discovered that the hospital's main kitchen kept a large stock of Glatt Kosher meals, under the supervision of the Manchester Beis Din and provided by the Jewish Social Services. She arranged with the Catering Officer that he would supply me with at least one meal every day. This would augment the meals Roselyn intended to bring to me daily.

The first meal did arrive, as promised on that first day. There was a large label stuck upon the outside of this sealed tin, rather like an Airline meal, but smaller, which stated that the contents were "Steamed Fish with Vegetables". I opened the packet - yes, it was a very small piece of white fish with white potatoes and green peas. I do not normally enjoy soggy steamed fish - and I did not like the look nor the smell of this meal - not at all, but - as it was only a small portion - and I was becoming rather hungry - so in a couple of mouthfuls, I had disposed of my lunch.

At dinnertime, 5.15p.m, I was surprised when I was presented with another "Airline" parcel. I considered this to be very thoughtful and considerate of the kitchen staff. I was hungry and I opened the tin - again, it was poached white fish with white potatoes and green peas. I did not feel too good. No Sir!

When Roselyn arrived next day on her usual and routine visit, she held a conference with the Catering Officer who informed Roselyn that they had twenty two varieties of these kosher meals and he would ensure that I received some different kinds.

That evening, for dinner, they sent me braised steak with vegetables (Yes, with white potatoes and green peas). I could manage to eat only half of this small portion of steak. The remainder was what we call "KOSHKY" - some refer to it as "Rubber" meat - but whatever one calls it, the result is the same - one can chew this meat for an hour or so and still make no impression upon the meat - on one's teeth and jaws - Yes, a great impression.

You would hardly credit it, but my next meal from them was also "braised steak with white potatoes and green peas". It was no small wonder that I lost over a stone (14 pounds) in weight during my first week's stay in hospital.

I was then informed that Mike intended to operate on me on the following Thursday morning. This made me rather upset, because many years ago, the Rebbe had given over a Sicho, which I had publicised in one of my instalments of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita" - to the effect that no one should undergo surgery three days before the Shabbos. This would result in terrible pain, aggravation and distress on the Holy Shabbos day.

The Rebbe had pointed out in that Sicho that most of these operations had been arranged to take place many months ahead to suit:

1. The patient who would be hospitalised at a convenient time for him, and
2. The surgeon who would now have an extra weekend for golf as he could leave his patient under the care of one of his assistants, who, in most cases was inexperienced and just a "Learner".

(A friend of mine had a hip operation. He went into the "theatre" with his eyes open – literally - and he failed to recognise his "own" surgeon. He was not told who actually did perform the operation, but the net result was that one foot became 1 ½ inches shorter than the other one, so what did they do?

- They made for him a special pair of shoes – one shoe 1 ½ inches higher than the other one, so that this would even things out!)

In my case, what could I do? I consoled myself that this was an emergency – the Rebbe's Sicho did not refer to critical and crucial contingency - and if I refused this opportunity, I might have to wait over twelve months. I was helpless and the position was hopeless! It was very upsetting and distressing.

It was then discovered that I had a minute quantity of sugar in my system. They, therefore, decided to control my diet and eliminate this sugar, and - to postpone the operation until the following Monday! - which proves that, if one wishes to fulfill an instruction of the Rebbe, then Hashem will help one to achieve this ambition.

A hospital is supposed to be a place where one needs and gets - much rest and plenty of sleep! Ha! Ha! Ha!

This is how I spent a typical "restful" day.

At 5.00a.m in the morning, after a restless night, I took the opportunity to say my prayers.

(On the morning of my operation, I davened at 4.00a.m. The sun was shining through the windows. It was quiet and peaceful. I can assure you that I prayed with extra special Kavannah, concentration on that morning).

The day commenced, officially, at 6.00a.m when the night nurses, male and female, emptied the "night" bottles, brought water for a wash and for freshening up, and served cups of tea to those who wanted them.

At 7.30a.m, three or four porters arrived and wheeled out three or four beds, with the patient still inside and took them away to the theatre.

I really do not know why they refer to this operating place as the "theatre". The patient is certainly the star, but his role is a sleeping part. He has no speaking role, and is, hopefully not conscious of what is taking place and so cannot enjoy the show.

I was told that the theatre where hips and knees are replaced, resembled a joiners work shop - with saws, hammers and similar tools well in evidence.

A few hours later, the porters returned with the beds - and with the patients still inside. They had undergone minor surgery and were in the hospital only

a few days.

Before my operation, I was given an Iodine Bath. I came out looking like a Chinaman.

At 8.00a.m breakfast was served. I possessed my own crockery and cutlery and a cereal with my own milk sufficed to keep me content.

At 9.00a.m the mail and the newspaper trolley arrived.

At 10.00a.m my blood pressure and water samples were tested and my pulse and temperature were taken. A zealous eager nurse then helped herself to three small phials of blood from my - veins occasionally even from my finger tips - this vampire would get blood from a stone.

I was given pills and as a bonus, sometimes I had an injection.

This 10.00a.m programme was repeated another three times during the day, at 2.00p.m, 6.00p.m and finally at 10.00p.m with the vampire nurse always insisting on her full allocation of blood.

The ward doctor had to ensure that I would drink two very large jugs of water every day. So, every hour or so, he would remind me of my duty and obligations, because there was always the danger that I might become dehydrated - dried up - and that would cause complications.

The consultants and surgeons made their rounds twice a day and they were accompanied by a dozen students.

The dietician called a few times to make sure that I ate no sweets, sugar, chocolates or cakes.

A representative of the Ministry of Social Services checked and confirmed my identity and to ensure that when I returned home, there would be someone to look after me.

After my operation, a physiotherapist came twice a day to teach me to walk with the aid of crutches.

At 12.10p.m, afternoon, lunch was served. Roselyn had come along with additional supplies, and she offered to make me a cup of tea. She went to the local ward kitchen next door, to collect my bottle of kosher milk. It was in a pint bottle with a red top. When Roselyn opened the fridge door, there were thirty, one pint milk bottles - all with red tops - but my red top kosher

milk had disappeared.

Some of the non-Jewish patients were lucky to enjoy kosher milk for the first time in their lives.

However, from that moment and onwards, we poured our kosher milk into a large empty coca-cola type plastic bottle, with the words "MR. JAFFE" in large letters covering most of the area of the bottle. This could not be mistaken for the usual one pint milk bottle, whatever coloured top, and so there were no further mix-ups.

There were no official visiting times during the day, but many of my friends who were travelling on the motorway would pop in to see me.

The Anaesthetist called to check my heart, pulse, and blood pressure and to ask me general questions, before he would permit the operation.

He was followed by an assistant doctor, who explained to me all the gory facts about this operation.

But, firstly, he took out a blue dye pencil or crayon and marked a line of about twenty inches, from my hip and down my leg, ending with an arrow which was pointed downwards. The reasons for this line were twofold - to save the surgeon time and guesswork and to ensure that he would perceive at a glance that the left leg was the "right" leg.

He concluded with a rather amusing statement - "that this new hip was the property of the hospital and if, at any future date it was taken out, then this fixture had to be returned to the hospital". He was quite serious about this, because it was a special patented hip.

If, during the day, I was lucky enough to fall asleep, in between the aforementioned "appointments" and visits, I was very soon awakened so that "they could make my bed, or they wanted me to sit in a chair".

Many times during the day, a nurse would accidentally awaken me in order to replace my "little hat" (yarmulkie) which had fallen off my head whilst I lay half-asleep.

Dinner concluded at 6.00p.m and the official visiting hour was from 7.00p.m – 8.00p.m in the evening. At that time I very seldom received visitors - except for "Father" O'Brien and two other "Fathers" from local churches who always paused for a chat and to wish me well. Even they would not let me rest in peace!

The night staff arrived at 9.00p.m and carried on with the usual routine - blood, pulse and pills etc. till 10.30p.m when we were offered painkillers and sleeping pills.

I refused the pain killers but I did try the sleeping pills, but they just made no difference whatsoever.

Lights were turned out at 11.00p.m and I slept well - until 12.30a.m. - with or without the pills.

I then counted the hours until 5.00a.m when the next restful and relaxing day would unofficially commence for me.

As I have stated before, the operation was postponed from the Thursday until the following Monday.

Roselyn telephoned the Rebbetzen on that Thursday to inform her of this postponement. The Rebbetzen was exceptionally pleased and told Roselyn,

"Oh thank you very much for letting us know the position. We were getting really very worried".

One day, the Rebbe, seated in his car suddenly asked Binyomin Klyne to phone Roselyn direct (from the car). He wanted to hear from Roselyn how I was progressing.

By Friday morning, I was all ready and prepared for the operation, due to take place on Monday. I did not relish staying in the hospital over the Shabbos. It would be a very long day ending at 11.00p.m at night. I would also have to light the Shabbos candles myself and there would be no one to listen to my Kiddush.

In the event, I was lucky and prevailed upon the Sister to allow me to go home for the Shabbos - "as long as you are back here on Sunday, not later than 5.00p.m.", she added.

I was indeed fortunate, because although I was in hospital for nearly three weeks, I spent only one Shabbos there.

I therefore, returned home on Friday afternoon and at 3.45p.m (our time), I personally phoned the Rebbetzen and explained the whole position to her. She was pleased to hear my voice and wished me all the best.

Twelve days after the operation, again on a Friday, I was allowed to leave for home, for good - again in time for Shabbos.

I once more, spoke to the Rebbetzen on the phone at exactly 3.45p.m.

The Rebbetzen said that she loved my letters and that I should write regularly. Since that time, I not only telephone to the Rebbetzen at 3.45p.m every Friday, but I also post a letter to the Rebbe on the same day - every week. The Rebbetzen informed me that she receives the letters on Wednesday morning and when the Rebbe arrives home from 770 in the evening, he then reads them, too.

One cannot get better service than that - and if the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen like my letters, why should I deny them that pleasure.

I had been home for a few days when I received a very pleasant surprise.

Label (Groner) was on the phone from 770. The Rebbe was just leaving for the Ohel and he wished to know - direct from me, how I was feeling and all the details of my convalescence, also the name of my mother (O.H.) and he would "AZKIR AL HATZION" (Remember me at the Ohel).

Whilst in hospital, I had learnt again that very interesting Rashi in the Sedra of Chukoss Verse 21, Chapter 21.

"That the Prince of every generation is the equal to the whole generation - for the Prince is the whole".

Well, what could be better? - "Real Protection" - spiritually - the supreme best - by Our Leader, the Prince of our generation.

When I indicated to Ephraim that I was pleased that I had the best surgeon to look after me, he retorted that, "someone much higher up was guarding my welfare" and guiding my destiny.

CONVALESCENCE

I was at home convalescing. This did not entail any special exercises or taking drugs or medicines.

I had been given an instruction leaflet which stated "That the hip gets better by:

1. the passage of time and,
2. repeated attempts to walk (with crutches).

Nothing else whatsoever was needed. Let the hip take its own course. Do not try to force it. Do not discard your crutches for at least twelve weeks. Do not attempt to drive, and do not make any effort to sleep on the side for eight weeks after returning home".

Simple instruction!

The latter point was exasperating - I found it extremely difficult to sleep on my back. The result was that I was awake most of the night - and asleep most of the day.

I received scores of visitors and I noted with interest, that many unexpected - but very welcome friends came to see me, whereas a few close friends were conspicuous by their absence. I continued to make good progress.

Succos was now due in five weeks time, but officially, my next appointment with Mike, my surgeon, was not until after Yom Tov. I wanted to spend that Holiday with the Rebbe, as usual, but required to get the approval of my doctor. He consented to see me right away, and I went together with Roselyn, to his rooms in St. John Street.

He examined me thoroughly and seemed quite satisfied with my progress.

Now - my first question was, whether I would be allowed to visit New York in about four weeks time.

"Certainly", he replied.

(I did not confide nor admit that I intended to spend the whole time at 770, where many thousands of people would all be pushing and shuffling to see the Rebbe.)

I told Mike that I normally officiate at our Shool on Rosh Hashonah - I daven Shacharis and Mincha - so I asked him whether I could participate this year, too.

"Of course", he replied, "if you are capable". (I wondered what he was suggesting.)

Roselyn asked whether I could take a bath.

No he answered, "a bath is dirty – so take a shower".
(I dared not ask him weather I can dip in Yankel's Mikvah.)

My next question was: "May I go walking?"

"As needs be".

"Could I go on long walks?"
(I had the march to Boro Park in mind.)

Mike asked, "Do you like long walks?"

"No", I said.

"Then why go on long walks if you do not enjoy them?"

"Was there a danger of dislocating my hip?"

"Yes, if you force it".

(Again, I had visions of ten thousand people at 770, each and every one pushing and trying to dislocate my new hip.)

"When I go through the examination X-Ray frame at the airport, will it go Bleep, Bleep, because of the steel rod in my thigh".

"Yes", was the answer.

Roselyn asked whether he would give us a certificate to prove that I had been given a new hip.

Mike said, "No, and you will always be searched by the security police at the airport".

I asked a few more questions about; Driving? - Yes

Diving? - No

Swimming? - Yes

"Could I sleep on my side?"

"Yes".

I complained that my leg (not my hip) was paining me.

"Of course, it will hurt" (having done no exercises for so many weeks - this was obvious).

He then advised me to discard one of the crutches, and to give up the other one when I felt so disposed.

Mike then discharged me and said that he did not wish to see me for another twelve months. "Don't phone me, I will ring you".

SHOLOM GANSBERG WISHES ME WELL

One day, I received by post, a small parcel which contained a very beautiful and exceptionally nice letter from Sholom (Gansberg), and also a "TAPE" on which had been recorded my address to the boys at the previous Shovuos Kinus Hatorah. This took thirty minutes to play and it was very clear and good.

But - although, I knew full well that Sholom was obviously a sensible and considerate young man, besides being a good friend of mine, I still could not believe, or accept the evidence of my own eyes, that this tape was sent specially for me. This was the tape which he had arranged to obtain for the Rebbetzen.

I thought that perhaps Sholom wanted me to hear it first and then I would have the honour of presenting it to the Rebbetzen, personally.

Therefore, on the Friday, when I spoke to the Rebbetzen, I asked her whether she had received a copy of this tape. She replied in the affirmative, so when we had concluded our chat with the Rebbetzen, I then had the opportunity of thanking Sholom for this very unexpected, but most welcome and lovely surprise.

This was the very first time in all these years, that Roselyn and I could

listen to a tape which I had given at a Kinus Hatorah. We both enjoyed it and it was much appreciated.

In his letter, Sholom had apologised for the delay in obtaining this tape, but quoted the Rebbe who points out that every little thing that happens is "B'hashgocha protis", Divine Providence.

Sholom continued with the hope that "it is an appropriate time to hear good news" and quotes Mishlei, Proverbs, Chapter 15 - Verse 30, that "Good news makes the bones fat", (A good brocha for my new hip), Some of us quote this verse at the end of the Amida. It is the Rebbe's posuk.

He concluded with regards to your wonderful wife and signed it "Your Admirer and dear friend". This was really a very lovely personal letter.

Within a very short time, his brocha became fulfilled, about which you may now read.

CHAYA BECOMES A KALLOH

Roselyn and I were at home one afternoon when the phone rang. It was Chaya, speaking from Crown Heights.

She announced the good news that she had just become a Kalloh, and that her Chosson wished to speak to me - and the Chosson's father - and then the Chosson's mother, and finally, Shmuel, Chaya's father. Then it was Roselyn's turn to speak to Chaya - and then to the Chosson - then his father - then his mother, and finally, to Shmuel.

After the excitement subsided a little, we realized that the Chosson was the youngest son of the well-known illustrious and distinguished Rabbi, author and orator, Rabbi Zalmon Posner and his wife Risa from Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A. Their Shimon was twenty three years old.

Our immediate reaction was that this was a beautiful ideal Shidduch. It could not be bettered. We have known Zalmon and Risa for a very long time.

In fact a number of years previously, Zalmon and Risa had been our esteemed and welcome guests at our home in Manchester.

Before they left, Zalmon presented me with a copy of his books, "THINK JEWISH". He had inscribed inside it in very flowery Hebrew - to Roselyn and to me, with very good wishes that we should enjoy extensive Nachas from all our grandchildren and offspring.

During our regular Friday phone call to the Rebbetzen, she told us that Chaya had informed her of the good news and that "they were a very lovely family". Sholom had to add that "you are taking the best people".

Chaya and Shimon visited the Rebbetzen later on. Dovid (Jaffe) knew Shimon very well, and said, "he is the best".

When we subsequently did meet Zalmon later on, he said that he "liked the Yichus"! So did I.

Of course, all this was very sudden. We did know - and hope - that a Shidduch might be arranged sometime, but this is happening to all young girls all of the time, and, until the Rebbe agrees and gives his Brocha, there can be no progress.

As a matter of fact, even Hindy - Chaya's mother, did not know that her

daughter had just become a Kalloh.

She was, at that very moment, travelling to Manchester by train from London, in order to stay with us over the weekend.

My niece was to be married on the Sunday, so Hindy came along with five of the younger members of her family (K.A.H.)

(That is the origin of the saying -: "What is the difference between Nachas and a Mechaya?")

"When one's daughter arrives to spend a little time with you with K.A.H. her children - it is a real Nachas. But, when they depart a few days later - well - that is a Mechaya!!")

Therefore, Hindy had to wait until she arrived at our house before she learnt of the good news.

Then - she had also to phone New York straight away - and she spoke to Chaya - and to Shimon - then to Zalmon, and of course, to Risa, and finally to Shmuel. All this took twenty minutes. It was a Mechaya!?!)

My friend and fan, Monty Shizgall of Montreal, Canada, sent me eighteen Dollars for our Yeshiva - in exchange for one book, through his friend and fan, Harold Apenshlak (he used to live in Manchester). He gave Monty a terrific "write-up" - "Best Dentist" - "Keeps an open house - one does not need a Hotel" and so forth - I will not add more as I do not wish to embarrass Monty.

SUCCOS FLIGHT TO NEW YORK

We had booked our flight to New York, by British Airways, leaving Manchester a couple of days before Succos. We were taking one of our grandchildren, Shmuli (Jaffe), aged about fifteen years, with us.

After much discussion with Roselyn, it was decided I should travel in a wheelchair, because we had heard that this type of passenger received V.I.P. treatment – The very best.

After all, I still had my two crutches, although at this time, I only used one of them.

So, I telephoned the airline and said that I would like to reserve a wheelchair.

"What is your name", the girl asked. "Zalmon Jaffe", I replied.

She then indicated that her name was Fiona.

I said, "Do I have to contact you - or see you on my arrival at the airport?"

"Oh no", she replied, "I am not at the airport". "Then why do you tell me your name?", I demanded.

"Well," she answered, "I asked you what your name was - and you told me - so I thought that I should reciprocate and tell you my name, which is Fiona".

This was very nice of her, but this information would be quite useless to me.

However, she did commence the V.I.P. treatment by advising me what seats she had allocated to us, and furthermore, she had also reserved our seats for the return journey from New York, aswell.

I could envisage that these were special seats where I could stretch out my legs and travel in comfort and style. So Roselyn was right - and I was being well looked after, already.

On arrival at Manchester airport, I deliberately hobbled out of the car and Roselyn and Shmuli went to enquire about the wheelchair.

Yes - there it was waiting for me. The special wheelchair for Mr. Jaffe. But,

I would have to wait for a little while, until they could obtain a porter.

"Oh, that is not necessary", interrupted Shmuli.

"I will be only too pleased to take care of my grandfather".

His offer was accepted with relief and alacrity by the staff. I was left sitting in this wheelchair, holding two crutches, and being under the guidance of Shmuli (Oy Vay).

There was a half an hours delay, so Shmuli decided to wheel me around the airport lounge.

He must have thought that he was driving a racing car along the motorway. He drove this wheelchair like a madman. He had dozens of near-misses, but still managed to crash into many other poor innocent misses and misters. He also seemed to have an extraordinary grudge against little children, many of whom were sent flying –and without wings.

I kept my eyes shut – very tightly and was immensely relieved when I heard the announcement that:

“Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe should please take their seats in the plane, before anyone else”.

The wheelchair was left behind and I hobbled along on two crutches towards our specially reserved seats.

I experienced a terrible disappointment, because there was nothing special at all about our seats.

Except for those in the First of club class – and about half a dozen in our part of the plane, all the rest of the seats were exactly the same - rows upon rows of identical seats.

I sat near the aisle, which was good, But, on the opposite side of this aisle sat a young Jewish couple with three or four infants – which was bad, because not only did they all scream and cry during the whole journey (I wore the earphones, unplugged to keep out the noise), but either the mother or a couple of the children would stand in the aisle and many of the passengers who wished to walk down, or up, this passageway would have to knock against me or push me over, in order to get through and past these children and parents.

I was a total wreck when the plane arrived at New York.

I was asked to remain in my seat until all the passengers had disembarked. After, which, I again hobbled out of the plane with the aid of my two crutches - and - yes - waiting at the door was a nice coloured gentleman holding a wheelchair in readiness for me.

And, here again, I received the V.I.P. treatment.

We arrived at the Passport and Immigration Control Centre, and the hall was packed tightly with about four hundred people, all waiting to check-in at one of the seven cubicles.

But my new friend, my coloured, wheel chair attendant, took me right around these long queues or lines and delivered me direct to a lady immigration officer, who immediately gave me preference and attention. I handed her my passport and the filled out forms and asked her to also stamp Roselyn's passport. She was very reluctant to do this, because this courtesy and priority was only extended to wheel chair passengers. However, as I could not, obviously, be left alone in the large arrival hall, she did us the favour of allowing Roselyn through, as well.

But, when I asked for the same preferential treatment to be meted out to Shmuli, who had also brought along a friend, Elan Grossman, to enjoy the V.I.P. treatment, she became most annoyed and was adamant in her refusal to allow them through - and - they had to go back and join the very end of the long lines.

So, although Roselyn and I were one of the first passengers to arrive at the luggage hall and carousel, we had to wait for the boys, and I sat for a solid hour, in my wheel chair, until Shmuli and Elan had progressed through Immigration.

Instead of being the first to leave the terminal, I was now the last. Most of the passengers had long since collected their suitcases and had disappeared out of the building.

All this V.I.P. treatment had been in vain.

The only consolation - for me - was that I had been sitting comfortably in a wheel chair, instead of standing about - like poor Roselyn.

So it had not been a very good idea, after all!!

PRE-SUCCOS ANECDOTES

The Rebbetzen had told me that there were many more thousands of people at Crown Heights than there were last year.

Even before Tishrei, five thousand people had already arrived and nearly all of them had written a Pidyan Nefesh (petition) to the Rebbe - and most of them were already complaining that they had not yet received a reply from the Rebbe.

As the Rebbetzen had said, -

"Each one of these five thousand people considered that the contents of their letters and the writers themselves, were so important that they merited a quick response from the Rebbe."

Can one imagine - having to reply to an additional five thousand letters in a few days!

The Rebbe does receive every week, thousands of letters, and the Rebbe actually sends out hundreds of replies. I recall noticing last Shovuos, that Binyomin (Klyne) held a pack of about forty letters which were being sent out, one day, to Bridegrooms, on the occasion of their future marriage.

I shall be writing and sending - over fifty letters to the Rebbe this year, and - I do not expect any replies.

Is it not better to write when T.G. NOT in trouble.

I had written a note on the plane to the Rebbe, with the usual enclosures - cash, letters, maamud from Avrohom and so on and mentioned that I would be using just one crutch - for the sake of safety - because I was a little fearful of the crush, which might cause irreparable damage to my .new hip.

We landed at New York in good time and we settled into our apartment.

Yechiel (Vogel) had told me that four thousand people were travelling from Israel to 770.

I was also informed that the "New" hotel, (they refer to it as the Crown Heights Hotel) was completely booked up - at fifty dollars a night.

Last year, some people had even reserved armchairs and sofas in the corridors. Even some parts of the floor in the corridors, which were carpet

covered and secluded, had been reserved and hired out for "sleeping" only. This year it was a little better.

There was absolutely no room whatsoever in Crown Heights. Dovid Hickson had flown over a few weeks previously, just for a couple of days - only, especially to book a flat for Yom Tov. He was lucky, but he had to pay for a four weeks rental, even though he intended to stay only for one week.

Three boys arrived from Israel a few days before Rosh Hashonah. They spent nearly all day looking for a place where to stay. They had no success, so, they wrote a letter to the Rebbe asking him for advice.

The Rebbe sent them each - TEN Israeli Shekolim - Mitzvah money - and advised them to return home immediately - which they did. (Maybe they wanted to stay at 1304 President Street?)

I discovered that Mendy - now Rabbi Menachem Mendel Lew, who was working in Minnesota, had spent Rosh Hashonah in jail. It was a voluntary imprisonment. He wanted to spend some of the holy days of the year together with twenty men who were detained in sandstone jail. This prison was about ninety miles from Mendy's "home" in Minneapolis.

He hired a Mobile Home (Caravan) and together with his friend Yisroel Hertzog, drove to this jail.

They were happy to discover, when they arrived there, that there were only eleven inmates.

Mendy officiated on Rosh Hashonah - davened, blew the Shofar, layened in the Sefer Torah and gave them a sermon in the afternoon. They had taken plenty of additional food and drink, and they spent many hours in talks and discussion. They stayed for Shabbos, too.

After all that, I would consider that the prisoners would have been glad to get out of jail!

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

K.A.H., we had many grandchildren in Crown Heights, this year.

Roselyn had now to take stock:-

Which of them would actually be sleeping with us in the flat - overnight (in contradiction to sleeping all day long here), and, how many would be eating their meals with us.

Roselyn did not mind if all of them partook of all their meals at our flat. But, she did prefer that they should all sleep elsewhere, because it would give us a better chance to obtain a good night's rest, if we had no lodgers to disturb us.

Chaya had already booked in with FULL BOARD. Shimon, her Chosson, resided in a flat in Kingston Avenue - around the corner, so it would be convenient - -!

Hindy was also expected to be at Crown Heights during Chol Hamoed, Could she sleep at the flat? - How could we refuse?

"Would you object to my bringing the baby, yocheved, aged three? I could not find any place to leave her", she added.

"I suppose it will be alright", replied Roselyn, haltingly.

"Oh, yes, and by the way, I could bring Benzion with me, he is only eight years old, and he could travel for nothing - well, almost. It would be a shame not to take advantage of such a ridiculous offer. Could he sleep at the flat, too", Hindy pleaded.

Well - what could we do. So the number of persons altogether, who would be sleeping at this apartment was now SIX.

Incidentally and subsequently, Shmuel arrived unexpectedly, just before the last days of Yom Tov. He brought with him, Yisroel (five years old) also unexpectedly - another ridiculously cheap offer!

"But don't worry, Bobby, we shall not be staying with you - but - if I could leave him with you for just a few days, it would be wonderful. It would save him from getting in my way and under my feet", requested Shmuel.

O.K., that will make SEVEN full time boarders.

Roselyn always prepares a register, upon which is written all the meal times. All are invited to append their names at any, or all of these times, and thus Roselyn would know who is coming - and when - and would be able to cater for all who wished to attend.

P.G., if and when all attended a meal at the identical time, there would be eighteen of us - that is Chai - Life.

But, Chaya wanted her Chosson, Shimon to be with us, too. We could not refuse her plea for this one, but important extra person.

A little later, we did have the great pleasure of meeting Shimon, in person.

He was a real nice handsome boy, very tall, even bigger than Yossi. We thought that he might be a little overawed by so many vociferous Jaffe's and Lew's. But, he had a good idea already of most of the members of our family from my books. And, in spite of some of the adverse criticisms I have made about one or two of our grandchildren and of their various idiosyncrasies and pet foibles - Shimon took the plunge. Chaya and Shimon seemed extremely happy with each other's choice.

As it happened, Shimon soon settled in as one of the family. He must have enjoyed Roselyn's cooking because he rarely missed a meal. All those dishes which Shimon heartily disliked - and about which Chaya had warned Roselyn not to offer to Shimon, were all devoured with evident enjoyment and alacrity.

When I asked Chaya why Shimon ate most of his meals with us, she replied that he had no Succah in his flat - Fair enough!

But, he continued to sojourn with us even after Succos. Chaya explained that he had now become used to us, and, as he was almost one of the family - he just took it for granted. This was a great compliment to Roselyn and me. He felt no shyness and was already considered a member of the family. He also needs a good sense of humour - he has one - he has passed the test and he'll do!

I MEET THE REBBE AND MORE ANECDOTES

My friend, Jeffrey Goldman, had called to see me at 7.30p.m and he casually informed me that the Rebbe had just arrived at 770. This was a shock and a surprise to me. Here I was, taking my time, very leisurely, expecting the Rebbe to arrive for a late Mincha at about 9.15p.m, and the Rebbe was already at 770 well before 7.45p.m. Ofcourse, I should have realised that the Rebbe would be working late to prepare and select the twenty five sets or so of Arba Minim (Esrog, Lulav, Arovos and Hadassim) for those special and lucky Rabbonim and a gentleman who would be receiving these from the Rebbe tomorrow morning, Erev Succos.

So, I had to leave untouched, the gorgeous cream cake, with mouth watering icing on top, which Jeffrey had just brought specially for me, and rush along to 770.

I struggled into - and through 770, and had actually "forced" my way to within two rows of the Rebbe's platform, when CRASH - the barriers were put into position, and I was left locked out - of the Rebbe's private enclosure.

Yisroel Goldshmidt saw my predicament, made a passageway for me, sat me on the table (part of the barriers - from under which most of the young boys emerge from the SITRA ACHRA - the other side), and from which a few nice guys picked me up and carried me into this protected and privileged area.

After Maariv, I commenced to sing "Deedon Notzach" and the Rebbe descended down the steps of the platform with a lovely welcoming smile and with arms outstretched - pointed to my stick and said, "Throw it away, you don't need it now".

Hundreds of people afterwards warned me NOT to use this crutch again. It seemed that one of the Wardens had undergone a similar operation eighteen months ago. The Rebbe told him to "throw away the Shteken" - and - he didn't - and today he still used a stick.

On the following page are some photographs.

1. The Rebbe greets me.



2. The Rebbe orders me to throw away my crutch



In the past, I always went shopping for bread and cakes - very early on Erev Shabbos or on Erev Yom Tov. I used to be one of the first customers at just after 6.30a.m because, afterwards, one might have to wait in the bakery shop for about an hour or even longer.

I wanted to be careful with my new hip, so some of my granddaughters

decided to do the shopping for me, which was very kind and sweet of them.

Shabbos followed immediately after the first two days of Yom Tov, so we ordered for the three days, twelve huge challahs, twenty smaller ones and twenty five little ones - a total of fifty seven breads. Also, forty cinammon sticks and six pounds of cakes and kichels. I gave them a hundred dollar bill - "Don't worry, Zaidie, we will bring you all the change back to you", they promised, which they certainly did - the whole three cents!

Lazer Avtzon was busy, hard at work, building our Communal Succah - for the Itkins, the Avtzons and for the Jaffes.

He had decided to fix a roof this year, but he then changed his mind. He decided he would rely on faith, emunah, again.

In this world, it is the e-money which counts, very often. It had been pouring with rain all night and the unfinished Succah looked a mess. Nevertheless, there was ample time for his faith to be rewarded.

He then announced that:

"I have left one wall for you to make!"

I retorted that a Succah needed only three walls (even two and a half) to be Kosher, so I was quite satisfied with it. Anyway, as usual, Lazer had planned and built a very nice large Succah.

I discussed with Binyomin Klyne, the best method which I should adopt to ensure that I was not pushed or shtupped too much and yet that I would have a good seat or place for davenning and for the Farbraingen.

He had a simple answer -

"Be the first in and the last out".

But, even that is not so simple, because he added a rider to the effect that a friend of ours from London waited thirteen hours before a Farbraingen and then half an hour before it was due to commence, a cheeky young lad came along and chased our friend away. He became so annoyed that he asserted that -

"I used to come six times a year - and I am not coming anymore".

This made me very upset. I have heard on many occasions, a man declare

that:

"I shall not attend that Simcha or go to that Shool again, because I am very annoyed with them".

This is a very dangerous remark to make, because then, something will always occur that will make it impossible for him to attend even if he wanted to. I have encountered many examples of this during the course of my lifetime.

One of the latest incidents happened last year, when a friend of mine, I mentioned his name in my book last year, remarked that:

"I do not intend to go to 770 next year, because it is too overcrowded. It is alright for young people, but we are getting too old for that lark, Zalmon".

Well, unfortunately, he broke his leg and could not be present at 770 with us this year.

It is always better and sensible to add the hebrew words "Belee Naider" (without taking a vow - and all being well).

Next morning, Erev Succos, I was again invited to join a number of specially selected Rabbonim who were to receive a set of Arba minim from the Rebbe. I had been given this honour ever since I have been attending 770 for Succos.

Label (Groner) stood just outside the door of 770, and called out each of us by name, and that we should enter the hallway of 770, which had now been cleared and closed to everyone else.

The penultimate name announced was Rabbi Akiva Cohen, our illustrious Rosh HaYeshiva from Manchester - and still the only Rosh HaYeshiva to be so honoured by the Rebbe.

And, lastly - Mr. Zalmon Jaffe. Although I have a long Chazoka, and really did expect my name to be called, it is always nice to have official confirmation.

There were about twenty five to thirty of us, representing various towns, groups and organisations and we all stood outside the Rebbe's room, whilst the Rebbe gave us a joint and all embracing blessing.

I picked up an Esrog and placed it inside the cardboard box which I had

collected on my way into the room, then two Arovus (limited) and three Hadassim (unlimited) and one Lulov.

Rabbi Akiva Cohen and I were the last to collect our Arba Minim - and as usual, there was one Esrog short! Some silly fellow had helped himself to this, but fortunately Label had spotted the culprit in time.

Meanwhile, the Rebbe had brought out from his study, another huge handful of Hadassim and placed them onto the table.

The Rebbe had told me many years ago - when I had taken only the three Hadassim, that I was not a business man, because I should have taken more - so, therefore, I took another few.

I discovered that I now had eleven Hadassim, quite good, but still a lot less than the thirty six which the Rebbe normally takes.

The Rebbe thanked me for "throwing away the crutch". I indicated that, "I felt safer in 770 with it".

The Rebbe assured me, "that you will be safe in 770 without it - and you should throw it away - for good".

I reminded the Rebbe that last year, he wished me a "good year - and also regarding your leg".

I observed that this Brocha had now become realised.

The photographer, Isaac Freidin reproached me because he had taken a very good photograph of the Rebbe and me, but I held the Lulov in such an awkward way that it hid the face of the Rebbe. Silly of me! Anyway, the photo on the following page is not too bad.



I receive the Rebbe's Arba Minim

A few days later, Boruch Halberstam asked me whether I had been angry with the Rebbe?

Me? - angry with the Rebbe? I could not understand what he was talking about.

He explained that he had taken a video of the Rebbe presenting the Arba minim, and he could distinctly hear "the Rebbe, thanking me for throwing away the Grudge".

Of course, I had a good laugh for he had mistaken the word "Crutch" a stick to support a lame person, with a "Grudge", which means ill will or secret enmity.

Another silly Mikvah story - I was leaving the Mikvah about an hour before Yom Tov - but - I could not find my hat - no sign of it anywhere.

After twenty minutes Yankel had almost persuaded me, against my better judgement, that I must have come in without a hat (and walked through

Eastern parkway with only a Yarmulkie? - a ridiculous suggestion), when a young boy came rushing in - with my hat. It seemed that his grandfather had taken it home by mistake!! In another minute or two, I would have left - in a rush - to buy a new hat in Kingston Avenue, before the shops had shut for Yom Tov.

ROSELYN MEETS OUR REBBETZEN

Whenever Roselyn had any spare time - which was not very often - and she wished to relax - which was very seldom, she then enjoyed embroidering tapestries. Most of the subjects were of views of Jerusalem, such as the Kottel (the western Wall) and other pictures which depicted episodes in the Bible.

When completed, she had these nicely framed by professionals and presented them to our children, grandchildren and friends. I imagine that she has produced about twenty five so far.

She had now brought along a very beautiful tapestry, showing people at prayer at the Western Wall.

Roselyn had it framed especially to present to Our Rebbetzen. On the first night of Yom Tov, Channah (Lew) took it along to the Library, where the Rebbe and the Rebbetzen would be spending the following three days - two days of yom Tov and the Shabbos. Roselyn had included a short note to the effect that, as she had always explained to the Rebbetzen about this hobby, she thought it would be a good idea to show the Rebbetzen a sample of her work. Roselyn concluded with the hope that the Rebbetzen would honour her by accepting this as a "constant reminder of our very close friendship".

Shortly afterwards, Roselyn met Sholom Gansberg, who informed her that the Rebbetzen had expressed a wish to see her at this very moment.

Although I was in Shool at 770, Roselyn decided that this was an opportunity that should not be missed, so she went, alone.

The Rebbetzen greatly admired and was very impressed with Roselyn's work. It was "umberruffen!"

The Rebbetzen told Roselyn to place this framed tapestry onto the Rebbe's chair;

"Leave it there for the Rebbe to see, as soon as he enters the room", she added.

SUCCOS

On the first morning of Yom Tov, I arose early.

I had arranged to meet Shmuli, who was staying with friends about three hundred yards from our apartment. We wished to obtain tickets to enable us to take our turn to bench with the Rebbes's Esrog, without having to wait all morning outside.

It was 6.30a.m and I received ticket number 221. As three books were used simultaneously, this meant that there could be 662 people before me.

Itchy Mayer Gurary was at 770 at 5.30a.m and obtained number 20. Obviously he went away, but did not return until nearly 10.00a.m. He probably overslept. He was not allowed to push his way through the crowd at that time. (The Rebbe always arrived earlier on the first day, at just after 8.15a.m because the line took twice as long, as we had to make the additional blessing of shehechionu.)

So, the next day, I arrived even earlier at 6.15a.m. Michael Zerkin was supposed to be distributing the tickets, but these did not arrive until later, and so there was a line reaching almost to the end of the block, just waiting for tickets.

I stood in the line, with about five hundred people in front of me, when Shmuli came by. He was searching for me - and found me. He gave me his ticket number 57, for which I was truly grateful.

During the past twenty seven years, I have always sung the Verses for "HOADERES VEHOEMUNAH" on Yom Toy at 770, by order of the Rebbe.

The Rebbe had told me, quite categorically, that this was a "Chok" - a statute for ever. I should always sing this in spite of the Rebbe's occasional superficial non-cooperation. I should not be deterred and put off by the chorus of shushes and ungentlemanly remarks which might be extended to me, because seemingly, I was singing without the Rebbe's permission.

It was a challenge and the Rebbe loved to see whether I had the guts and the courage to carry on singing in spite of this - occasionally - fierce opposition.

On this first morning of Yom Tov, the Rebbe's arms remained folded on the lectern, so when I started to sing the first of the twenty verses of this

"Hoaderes", I was immediately interrupted by many people trying to "Shush" me down.

On this morning, I had discovered a new member of the opposition. It was my very good friend, Rabbi Myer Avtzon. He maintained that I had no right to sing without the Rebbe's active cooperation, or even permission. He indicated that I should again ask the Rebbe for this permission.

I wondered - What would the Rebbe say to me if I was so foolish as to bother him once more with the ruling that "I should sing this forever".

I tried to explain to Myer that the Rebbe could always stop me. To which, he retorted, that the Rebbe would never shame a person in public (I wish some of the Rebbe's Chassidim would remember this dictum).

However, as I did continue to sing, Myer actually used physical force to try to stop me. He almost tore off my Tallis. I should have paid him more respect because he was on a higher level than me. He resided at the flat above me. Actually, I do not think that Rabbi Avtzon liked or enjoyed my singing in the first place. He was an expert on nigunim and he had told me many times that I was a murderer of a tune. Whenever I sang a nigun in the Succah, he became obsessed with fury because I sang a note wrongly, out of tune, sharp or flat I did not burbule, trill nor gurgle. I was allegro and presto, and at the same time andantino, lento a paca and sotto voce. In other words - I could not sing at all, and whatever I did was wrong.

However, I was discussing this matter with a group of Rabbonim, and I commented that I was very lucky that the Chazan had waited for me to conclude my singing, before commencing and caring on with "Boruch Sheomar" - the next part of the service. But, I was informed that the Chazan dared not start that portion before the Rebbe had gathered up his Tzitzis. So, in fact, it was the Rebbe himself who was waiting for me.

The conclusion I have come to, is that the Rebbe, who has a terrific sense of humour, loves to hear me singing the Hoaderes Vehoemuna all by myself.

A young man wanted to know how I had the courage and the nerve to sing the whole of the Hoaderes Vehoemuna all by myself in front of so many thousands of people. It is the Rebbe who gives one this courage.

On the second day, I commenced to sing again, with the same opposition, hissing and shushing once more. But, on that day, I was joined by Chazan Beryl Zaltsman, and we sang the whole lot together - a very good duet. Anyway, it was twice the number as on the previous day.

On Shabbos, I decided NOT to sing - the order was for Yom Tov only, and not for Shabbos. Afterwards, I was inundated with enquiries from men and boys who wanted to know why I had not sung this nigun today, and how much they had enjoyed it. Human nature is always the same - what one cannot have - that is for what one craves.

A little Israeli boy of about three years old, wanted to know why I had not sang "Chay OLMIN"!?

During Mincha and then after Maariv at the Rebbe's Sicho, I stood on the Rebbe's platform. Yisroel Goldschmidt had placed there a chair for me too. On the third night, I felt a little embarrassed to take this seat on the platform, but Binyomin Klyne and Myer Harlick had emphasised that this was my place - and I had to stand (or sit) there.

On the first night, I stood with Nissen Mindel, Zalmon Gurary (who sat on an empty crate) and Rabbi Myer Avtzon. Nissen told me that when he wanted to put up the Memorial stone for his mother-in-law (O.H.) - our friend Mrs. Sarah Nemtsov, who had been one hundred and eight years old, the Rebbe suggested that he should add the names of his (Nissens) parents, who had been murdered in the Holocaust, and were buried in a mass grave and to which no access was allowed.

He therefore wrote a few words on this stone as a reminder and remembrance.

Mrs. Sarah Nemtsov had the Zechus, the merit, to be buried next to Rebbetzen Channah ZTzL, the Rebbe's mother.

On Shabbos afternoon, at about 5.00p.m we met Sholom Gansberg. He again indicated that we could visit the Rebbetzen immediately. We could not and would not keep the Rebbetzen waiting, so Roselyn and I went with Sholom - and Hindy and her baby, Yocheved, together with Pincus, Sholom Ber, Golda Rivka and Channah - all Lews - plus Channa and Shmuli (Jaffe) - quite a good delegation. The Rebbetzen handed Yocheved plenty of sweets, about seven or eight times. They both had a great time.

After a little while, I had to leave to attend the Mincha service at 770, and all the children left too. Roselyn and the Rebbetzen remained alone together.

When I returned with Pincus, to the Rebbetzen, I found Chaya ensconced there, too. She had surmised that we might be with the Rebbetzen, so she

came too. Unfortunately, she could not find Shimon, who was presumably at 770. Pincus volunteered to search for him and much to our amazement, he was found and brought in to see the Rebbetzen.

The Rebbetzen wished Chaya and Shimon a hearty Mazeltov - and us too. She verified that Shimon came from a very nice family and that it was a very good Shidduch.

The Rebbetzen had complained that she had not received any letters from me during the past week!

We had travelled to Crown Heights that week for Yom Tov.

One of the most difficult, arduous, strenuous and tough tasks which had to be performed by Yisroel Goldschmidt and the Zerkin boys during the service was to prepare and to place into position the Rebbe's lectern for the Birchas Kohanim, the Priestly Blessings. This took place towards the end of the morning service.

The spare shtender had to be placed on the ground level in front of the platform, so that the Rebbe would be facing the Kohanim. Benches and tables were moved hither and thither, right over people's heads - all this whilst the Rebbe was on the Bimah saying the Haftorah. A passageway had to be cleared on the left to enable the Rebbe to reach the Bimah - then this pathway changed to the right when the Rebbe returned.

The whole area was jam-packed and crammed with people.

There was no room for even one person to maneuver and yet, the Rebbe had to descend from his platform to allow about a hundred or so Kohanim - only a proportion of the total present, were enabled to stand on this platform, to carry out the duchenning.

Meanwhile, most of the people, men and boys had to be moved right back.

Big heavy steel chains held the tables and benches tightly clasped to the iron girders and pillars. Yisroel pushed and heaved the boys backwards and further backwards. He placed his back against the mass of boys, and stretched out his legs firmly against the pillar - and heaved and heaved - until most of the boys had been forced out of the restricted area, and he could obtain a passageway and sufficient space for the Rebbe to stand alone, without being jostled or even touched by anyone.

Yisroel indicated that, "you may stay here, Zalmon, but your grandchildren

(Sholom Ber aged thirteen and Benzion, eight) must leave."

They wished to stand under my talis during the Birchas Kohanim – but – OUT they had to go out of the special area and stood very much crushed behind the table (which acted as the barrier) together with the many hundreds of men and boys who were all hemmed in, but were striving to get as near to the Rebbe as possible.

The Rebbe came down from the platform, glanced at me standing there - looked for my crutch, and seemed pleased to note that I had thrown it away.

During the duchenning, I was leaning with my back to the table. I - and everyone else were completely enveloped in their own Talleisim, when I felt a tug around my feet, and a pull at my trousers - and - up popped Sholom Ber and Benzion right under my Tallis.

Immediately after the duchenning, they both popped back - from where they came, and no-one was ever the wiser!

The Rebbe told us that when the Torah mentions succos, it also mentions the word Simcha, three times. Therefore we say Good Yom Tov three times, each time louder than the previous one.

On the second day of Succos, after lunch, the Itkins had a party. They sang very nicely, but as each hour passed, the party became more noisy, vociferous, raucous and boisterous, and reached its crescendo at about 4.30p.m. Obviously it was impossible to have a little nap or rest.

Shabbos Chol Hamoed, especially during Succos is a real haven of rest. So peaceful, so nice. There is no rushing to stand in lines for tickets - for benching Esrog, nor the excitement and crush of the Hoshainos - and - I had not been asked for one cent - by anyone.

After dinner on the second night, Yossi wished to relate to us, one of the Rebbe's Sichos. But, firstly - he came downstairs into our apartment so that his Mummy and Bobby could also listen to him.

He spoke for half an hour and gave over a lovely concise version of the Sicho. He certainly knew his stuff.

I mentioned this fact in one of my letters to the Rebbe who replied, "Thank you for letting me hear such good news".

CHOL HAMOED

After the first two days of Yom Tov, no tickets were distributed for benching Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. It was "first come - first served".

Shmuli had promised that after he had ended the dancing at 6.00a.m in the morning, he would join the Esrog line and reserve a seat for me.

I arrived at 7.30a.m but could not find Shmuli. A few men and boys were sleeping with their heads bowed down at the top table in the Succah (the beginning of the line) but NO Shmuli. So I joined the line.

A few minutes later, Young Lowenthal from London approached me and informed that Pincus had reserved a seat for me in the Succah - Shmuli had transferred my business to Pincus. I followed young Lowenthal, who led me to Pincus, who happened to be one of those sleeping boys, whom I had noticed before.

He gave me his seat - FIRST in the line (however, when Myer Harlick eventually arrived with the Rebbe's Esrog, he gave priority to a number of illustrious Rabbonim - like Rabbis Marlowe, and Rabbi Avrom Asher Cohen of Jerusalem, and Mendel Futterfas who could not be expected to wait in line as we youngsters had to do – so I became the tenth man.)

Pincus related to me the Story of his trip to Italy to collect Esrogim. He had gone to assist the Rabbi of Crown Heights who had received the Franchise from the Italian government. On arrival at the Esrog orchards, they discovered that about ten competitors for various other markets had also arrived. So, there were representatives of Lubavitch and other sects. They worked together and even managed a minyan for Shabbos.

One year, the farmers got together and decided to increase the price of the esrogim. The ten Jewish buyers also joined together, decided to break the monopoly and not to pay any increase.

For six days, there was stal mate, then the farmers gave way.

Pincus and a friend collected one thousand and five hundred esrogim and Pincus collected exceptionally good wages, plus extra commission in the form of a few esrogim - all this helped to pay his fare to New York.

During Chol Hamoed, I was one of the privileged few who were allowed to accompany the Rebbe on the Hoshaanos circuit. As a protection, my friend

Avrohom Meisels, from Jerusalem, walked in front of me, like a tough war tank. I held on to his shoulder, whilst Sholom Ber - a much smaller tank, guarded the rear.

But, the good old system of not allowing anyone to fling themselves into and onto the line prevailed, because the tough guys like Yossi and Yehuda (Blessosky) and so on were guarding the exits and entrances right around the bimah.

Just before Mussaf everyday, Shimon, Chaya's chosson arrived to borrow my esrog - at the same time - very late - each day, but very much earlier than some of my grandchildren.

On Sunday morning, the Rebbe carried on with his custom of distributing dollars, as he does on every Sunday of the year.

There had been a doubt really, about this Sunday, because it was Chol Hamoed, and the Shul service did not conclude until 11.35a.m in the morning.

Again the ladies went first.

The Rebbe gave Roselyn a Brocha and a Mazel Tov for Chaya's engagement, and then the dollar.

Roselyn receives a Dollar from the Rebbe and also a lovely smile.



Whilst I was waiting in the line, I met Aryeh Kalman, a young man from Australia, whom Pincus knew very well.

He related to me that Rabbi Mordechai Shmerling from Melbourne, arranged to bring a party of five boys from Sydney and ten from Melbourne every year to see the Rebbe for Succos and Simchas Torah.

This trip was, of course, subsidised and they were also taken to Disney Park and other outstanding places of interest - for young lads.

One boy - on his return home, was asked for his impressions of his American visit. He replied -

"I wish I could be as young as the Rebbe" (when he saw the Rebbe on Simchas Torah.)

This Aryeh Kalman was a real live wire and was successful in getting all the line singing and clapping.

When I went to collect the dollar from the Rebbe, he also gave me a nice Brocha and said that he had regards from my ainiklech (grandchildren).

I knew that most of them were still in bed, although it was already 12.30p.m in the afternoon, and I could not think to whom the Rebbe referred. I then realised that Hindy had taken her children Benzion (8) and Yocheved (3) with her. Sholom Ber (13) had managed to push and squeeze himself to the top of the line, so that he was the first of the "Men" to obtain the Rebbe's dollar.

One gentleman told the Rebbe;

"I am Yankel Jacobs from New Mexico". The Rebbe replied, laughingly,

"And I am Rabbi Schneerson from Brooklyn, New York."

On the following pages are some more photographs.



From left to right: Rabbi Futterfas, Binyamin Klyne, Avrohom Meisels and Zalmon Jaffe. I borrowed his Siddur, he borrowed my Esrog etc.



Front row, from left to right: Rabbis Futterfas, Binyamin Klyne, Avrohom Meisels, Zalmon Jaffe, Rabbi Asher Lemel Cohen, Standing behind me is Avrohom Rappaport from Toronto and Shmuel Lew is behind Rabbi Cohen.

"Vesheentom Levonecho": "And you shall teach your children diligently":

My great-grandchildren, Soro and Moishe.



My young friend MEYER SMADJA from Paris, aged fourteen. He had danced all night, but, insisted upon attending all the services, so he slept in the Shul, with his back against the Rebbe's platform. Note the spare lectern - covered up - in the background, which is used by the Rebbe during Birchas Kohanim.



OUR ANNUAL VISIT TO ASBURY PARK

Once again we were invited to visit our friends at Asbury Park for Simchas Beis Hashoaiva celebrations in their Communal Succah.

Our dear friend Yehuda Blessofsky drove us to our destination in his large car. The passengers were Rabbi Kalman Marlowe, who sat in the front with Yehuda and his son Hillel aged eleven and a half years. Roselyn and I, together with our daughter Hindy and her children Mendy, Sholom Ber and Benzion sat in the rear and in the hatchback. That made nine of us.

Hirshel Zarchi drove the second car. His passengers were his brother Shlomo, Rabbi Velvel Keselman from Kfar Chabad, Levi Yitzchok Kaln a young man from London and last and not least Moishe Pakkar – who was to supply the music and the rhythm for our evening entertainment - five in this car - so we had a total of fourteen volunteers.

We left 770 at 5.45p.m. Yehuda's car was really huge. Three of us sat in the front, three behind and three in the extensive rear with the hatchback.

It was more like a large boat - or a small plane. This became more realistic as we travelled down the Freeway. (It is free - why pay tolls.)

The car started to sway from side to side, so much so that we expected the stewardess to announce that we had encountered a turbulence and that we should all fasten our seat belts at once.

This swaying became so pronounced that we were in danger of becoming sea-sick. Hindy said that it was a special Succos car and that we were being shaken like a Lulov - from all sides, from above, and from below.

Roselyn commented that the Rebbe had asked everyone to dance - but not the car.

Yehuda then confided to us that his garage mechanic had warned him that the car needed some new shock absorbers. We all needed them to absorb all the shocks we were getting that evening.

Anyway, it was an interesting ride, especially to us sitting behind Rabbi Marlowe. After watching his hat and head rolling violently from side to side we all became "Hatnotised".

When we arrived at our venue, we were terribly disappointed and upset to discover that only twenty five of the local people had turned up.

Rabbi Yossi Carlebach admitted that he had made a miscalculation. He did consider that Sunday would be the best night - which of course, it was not.

Well, together with our immigrants, this made a total of forty people. It was no use sitting down and crying. At least some people had made the effort to attend, so we had to satisfy them and ourselves and make a success of our visit.

Our first speaker was Rabbi Marlowe who, as usual, spoke concisely, short and to the point. A couple of minutes was all that he needed to convey to us some of the profound thoughts of the Rebbe,

Velvel Keselman told a Yom Tov story about a previous Rebbe. Mendy sang the Succelle. Moishe pakkar almost drowned the Succelle with his music, but he soon made amends and we all danced and sang to his lively and pulsating music. Roselyn and Hindy danced with the ladies, mostly of uncertain age.

After refreshments in the Succah, we went Succah crawling to our friends Motel and Sheila Simon - a very long tradition which we dared not break. After partaking of more refreshments, we left for home and arrived at 770 just after 1.00a.m after midnight.

I sent a report of our visit to the Rebbe, as I always do, and the Rebbe replied, in Hebrew.

This is the English translation:

"From your disappointment there (Asbury park) regarding the smaller crowd than usual, it would appear that your visit there was essential and in the course of time, this will become known".

The weather had become very cold. One morning I was sitting in the Succah waiting for the Rebbe's Esrog - in pincus's reserved seat. It was so freezing cold that I was shivering and my teeth were chattering - Sholom Backman obtained a blanket for me.

On that Moring the Rebbe supplied a new Esrog - actually the FIFTH one.

When the Rebbe arrived for the morning service, I was still feeling very cold. Then I commenced the "VeSomachta" nigun and the Rebbe drove us on for about five minutes - I then became quite warm.

Herewith is a typical (or topical) view of the Rebbe coming along 770 for Mincha. The Rebbe had spent quite a lot of time - and dimes - upstairs in the hallway giving out Tzedoka coins. The Rebbe is now nearing the Mizrach, the Eastern wall - note this white wall and it has taken the Rebbe almost half an hour to reach this point this afternoon.

Label Groner has his back to the camera.

Rabbi Garelik of Milan is facing the camera and standing near to the Rebbe.

I am either - obviously in pain, or I am the only one singing.



MORE ABOUT CHOL HAMOED

It was early on Tuesday morning and shmuli had saved a seat for me again, to wait for the Rebbes's Esrog. I had to be satisfied with seat number 2 this morning, because Shmuli had been again up all night dancing – as were all our grandchildren.

One night, Mordechai Ben Dovid, the popular vocalist and entertainer had come along to Crown Heights to sing to us.

Over ten thousand people from all over Brooklyn had assembled in the freezing cold to listen to him – after all – it was an hours free show.

However, most people found it impossible to get anywhere near the platform on which Mordechi was singing and the band was playing.

All the streets round about Kingston Avenue were packed tightly with men, women and children endeavouring to get nearer to the platform.

Today Yankel's Mikvah was rather unusual. It was nice, and clean and very hot. The steam was rising in clouds above the water.

Some dumb Frenchies could not put their toes into this boiling cauldron, (we would then have had some "French Fries") so they procured a hosepipe and started to fill up the Mikvah with cold water. Within minutes, Yankel had arrived on the scene and did he boil up! - even much more than the water. This phenomenon was accompanied by a concentrated tirade of no little venom which was very descriptive of the indiscretion of the parents and ancestors of those not so clever Frenchman.

The weather outside was still freezing and I was glad to get into 770 and enjoy the cool air conditioning which seemed to be comparatively warm compared to the temperature outside.

A French T.V. crew arrived to take films of the Rebbe and of 770 for showing in France. They all wore Yarmulkies but they were non-Jews.

On the following morning, a Chinese crew arrived with the same objectives. A French connection and a Chinese puzzle.

After the morning service, there was a Briss. Yosef Yitzchok Itkin was the proud father and the Seuda was arranged to take place in "Our" Succah from about 12.00 noon until 1.30p.m or even 2.00p.m.

We needed to use this Succah for our own luncheon. I went to reconnoitre the position. The tables in the succah (including our table) were set for sixty six people. I was also invited to join the party. I really had no alternative so I accepted. According to the old dictum, "If you can't beat them - join them". In other words, even if I had not been invited, I would have to join them, or I would have had nowhere to eat.

The menu consisted of fish, salads, chicken and kugel and red, white and green melons. In addition to the sixty six set places, many more were standing and eating in the aisle, including many children. Others were continuously "coming and going".

Benzion (Lew) who was eight wanted his lunch, so he sat down, ate his fill, benched and left. Rabbi Myer Avtzon benched and I was invited to recite the first "HoRachamon" - a great honour.

Incidentally, when I told Lazar Avtzon that a Succah needed only two and a half walls, we derive this from the Hebrew word Succah which is סכּה

The ס is complete - 4 sides.

The כ has 3 sides,

and The ך has only 2 and a half sides

AN UNUSUAL CHILDREN'S RALLY

There was to be a Children's Rally at 2.00p.m on that Tuesday afternoon. The Shul – 770 – was fortified like Fort Knox. It was impossible to force an entry. Every door was securely locked and bolted and there were no answerers to my repeated knockings.

I realized, of course, that the rally was only for the children, the boys and girls of Tzivos Hashem, but there were always a hundred men, or so, who managed to obtain access by some means or other.

Actually, Rabbi J.J. had once given me a "MADRICH" badge, but I had left it at home. I wished to be present in order to take notes for my "Book".

I stood outside irresolutely, when Yossi came alongside, and noticed my predicament.

"Leave it to me", he said.

"I will get you inside the hall. Just follow me".

He guided me to a special secret entrance.

"You have to know the ropes, Zaidie", he added.

Down and down we went - right into the cellar, and into a room that was full of machinery: Huge central heating boilers, a large air conditioning machine, giant stoves and other large mechanical devices and steaming pipes.

The object of the exercise was to reach a small door at the far end of this room. Our progress was impeded not only by the red hot machines which were set out so closely together, that it was extremely difficult to find a passageway through the hissing and clanging steel appliances, but we had to wade through over three inches of water, which covered my shoes completely and wet the bottom of my trousers.

Anyway, it was all in a good cause and we made it. However, when we turned the door handle, we found that it was locked. So, we both banged and knocked on the door, and we both shouted and screamed - all to no avail. There was just no answer.

"O.K., Zaidie", asserted yossi, "stay here and I will try and gain access through the normal and usual entrances".

About five minutes later, Yossi returned and said, "It is O.K. now - just follow me".

So, back we went through the water, scraping past the hot pipes and heavy machinery and back to civilisation, and into the domain of 770.

Yossi knew the security guard, a coloured gentleman, who, although he gave me black looks, did allow us to enter into the hall.

The young boys who had been into the communal Succah eating cake and candy, drinking soda and making the respective Brochas, were now all seated in the hall and being entertained until the arrival of the Rebbe, by Uncle Yossi (Goldstone), supported by a couple of variety acts. The girls did not need a Succah.

There was a very good juggler who used rings, clubs, balls, bricks and torches of FIRE. These latter he also placed inside his mouth - playing with fire

Elli Lipsker played the piano/accordion. Then, J.J. took over - and gave the boys and girls the final instructions and explained the arrangements regarding the Twelve Torah Verses.

When the Rebbe will enter, a bugle will sound a fanfare and we will all sing together the song, "Vayehhe Beshurun Melech", until the Rebbe ascends his platform.

I noticed that Chazan Teleshevsky was already here and waiting for his cue to sing the "Yehee Rotzon" at the end of the rally.

The Rebbe arrived at 3.20p.m and mincha concluded at at 3.45p.m. The division, a curtain, had been placed between the boys and girls during the davenning. After which, each of the Twelve Torah Verses were shouted out, aloud and through the microphone by boys and girls from all over the world. There were also a number of duets and even a trio. The vocalists came from Italy, Australia, Morrocco, France, England (Benzion Sudak from London), Canada, South Africa, Eretz Yisroel, the U.S.A., and even a three year old girl from Crown Heights.

The Rebbe led the applause for those who had recited the verses and we then sang "We want Moshiach NOW", with the Rebbe clapping,- and conducting in his usual inimitable and zestful manner.

The Rebbe then gave over the first Sicho.

"We are all gathered here together to discuss many things and themes connected with Tzivos Hashem. One is to show by example how to live.

The Army of Hashem has representatives from all over the world - who, individually perform their Shelichus, and every soldier has to show an example, by dedicating himself (or herself) to fulfill the commandments of the O.C (Officer-in-Command).

On certain times of the year, there are special things to be done. These have to be done as a disciplined Army - that is - all the troops have to do the same things, to do what is necessary to fulfill the order of the day.

We have prayed to the A-mighty, together, in a Holy Shul on a special day (on Succos) in the Year of Hak'hel - to pour ones heart out with special prayers, for one must have fear of the A-mighty.

What has Hak'hel achieved? - We have assembled one people, one army, for one purpose.

In the past, we gathered in the Beis Hamikdosh, the Holy Temple, on Succos in the Year of Hak'hel which commenced at the beginning of this Yom Tov.

We should have the same devotion and enthusiasm today and should Love your Fellow Jew as Yourself, going together as soldiers and comrades in G-d's Army.

Today we have no Beis Hamikdosh in Jerusalem, but, now the Beis Hamikdosh is down here.

Little children should make their Cheder or School, house or even their room, like a Beis Hamikdosh.

G-d has established special days in the year, yomim Tovim, which are celebrated at this time, at this special place.

During Hak'hel, we gather all the children around us and teach them, as well as other children who do not know the importance of these Mitzvos.

G-d rejoices with Jews who fulfill His commands, and gives blessings to all the children.

He has the keys to all the treasures and will give His good soldiers, the rewards - even more than they deserve."

(Z.J. – I am very sorry to report that very few children were listening, even to J.J.)

"Because of you, little children", continued the Rebbe, "your parents and grandparents will also be blessed as well as your teachers.

Love your Jewish friends. Get them all to join the Tzivos Hashem and you will make your home the recipient for G-d's blessings."

That concluded the first Sicho, after which Rabbi Hecht translated the Rebbe's words into English.

The Rebbe then gave over to us the second Sicho.

"There is another order of the day given on this special day of Chol Hamoed, on Succos, which could have fallen on any day of the week, but, today it is the third day!

"Every member of the Tzivos Hashem must know the orders which are in the Torah.

In the Torah, it states that every day a special guest visits our Succah. We have to learn what was the message which this special guest has brought.

Today he is Yossef, the Tzaddik - Jacob's Son".

(Z.J. - The discourtesy and rudeness shown by the youngsters is unbelievably bad - absolutely disgraceful.)

"Yossef was only seventeen years old when he left Eretz Yisroel and he lived till one hundred and ten years of age, so for ninety three years - almost all of his life, he had to deal with Egyptians. Yet, it had no bad effect on him living in Egypt. That is why he was called Yossef HaTzaddik (the saint). He teaches us that no matter how good we were yesterday, we can be better today!

We have to be careful of the Yetzer Horah (the evil inclination) who has different ideas. Egypt was a bad place, morally - and in the

Royal Palace, the temptations were even worse.

For over eighty years, Yossef was the most powerful man in the known world, yet he resisted all temptations. He was really good and that is why he was called the Tzaddik.

Let us learn from Yossef's wonderful example, and you will enjoy long life, do good deeds, give Nachas to your parents and influence your friends. Even the Yetzer Horah will have to go to the A-mighty and tell him to give all of you whatever you want."

Again J.J. translated the Rebbe's words into English, but he was terribly upset with the children and was very much heartbroken with their unruly manners.

The Rebbe continued with a third Sicho.

"We are always discussing the fact that the Tzivos Hashem has to wage war against the Yetzer Horah (the evil inclination) at all times, at every moment.

Even in a holy place like this, he takes out a toy or a watch and shows them that he is so clever – such a smart kid – and that they should do everything but listen to the words of Torah"

(Z.J. – The Rebbe was really annoyed especially with the Madrichim too.)

"They are not interested in Words of Torah about Hak'hel or about Jerusalem. They only listen to the Yetzer Horah who is now their friend. They are not ashamed to play with the younger kids all around them.

He is quite open about it, this smart kid. (Z.J.the Madrich) - and in a House of Prayer - a silly kid. Instead of bringing routine and order to the proceedings, he walks all around the place and interferes with the children and does not let them listen to the Rebbe. He has to show what a "good" Madrich he is."

(Z.J. - The Rebbe was really angry and his voice was strong and stern.)

"How does this Yetzer Horah get into this place? And, here we see the cleverness of this Yetzer Horah - the A-mighty is standing by the side of this lad and yet he does these daft things.

He is a soldier of the Yetzer Horah's Army and he is a smart guy, showing off to his neighbours.

When he gets the order of the day - he plays with toys instead.

Why does he do all these stupid things - on Succos in Shenas Hak'hel?

The Rebbe reproached the Madrichim for not teaching the children yiras Shomayim (fear of heaven).

The Rebbe concluded by saying;

"Have faith that the A-mighty will help us and then the A-mighty will reward us and we will deliver a full knock-out to the Yetzer Horah".

J.J. then took the stand. He said that he was too upset and heartbroken to translate the Rebbe's last Sicho. However, he did ask all the children to be upstanding and told them -

"You have not been good kids today. Will you promise to be good kids from now onwards and listen to what the Rebbe says? He then extended a Brocha to the Rebbe - that, "He should be healthy and well, and will lead us all to Eretz yisroel to meet Our Righteous Moshiach."

The Rebbe then handed to the twenty eight Madrichos sufficient coins that every girl would receive three. One for Tzedoka, one for assisting in the Hak'hel and the third with which to knock-out the Yetzer Horah.

The Rebbe then handed the Madrichim the coins for distribution to the boys. There were fifteen thousand dimes at three to each child = five thousand Children.

Everyone sang "Vsesomachto" and "Sheyeboneh Bais hamikdosh" with great zest and gusto, on which happy note, the Rebbe ended.

The following day, Wednesday, was Hoshonah Rabbah. Only seven people were allowed to accompany the Rebbe on the seven circuits of the bima for Hashaanass.

I was fortunate to be chosen as one of these men. I was still playing safe, regarding my new hip, and had begged Avrohom Meisels to be my protector again, and lead me around the Bimah with my arm clasping his

neck.

One stupid fellow shouted insults at poor Avrohom Meisels – How dared a young kid (he was probably a grandfather) go along with this selected band of illustrious gentleman.

On this day, after we had circumvented the Bimah these seven times, we carried on with the service, unlike the other days, when only one circuit was made and the Rebbe waited for nearly twenty minutes for everyone in the Shul to do their rounds. If that system would have prevailed today, on Hashonnah Rabbah, the Rebbe might have had to wait for about one and a half hours - which would have been ridiculous. After all - everyone else had all day long to go around in circles, as they normally do!

After the service, the Rebbe commenced the distribution of Lekach, Cake - for the second consecutive day. There were K.A.H. so many people, men, women and children who desired to receive some cake from the Rebbe that there was no alternative.

(On Yom Kippur, the Rebbe had to give out cake on the previous day, too. All this should give one some idea of the large numbers of people who had come to 770 to spend the month of Tishrei, and/or Yom Tov with the Rebbe.)

In fact, on the previous day, before Hoshannah Rabbah, Benzion had already arrived at our apartment with the Rebbe's lekach. He told us that he had seen a line so he joined it. In due course, he found himself facing the Rebbe and receiving some cake and a Brocha. Roselyn and I went during Hoshannah Rabbah, accompanied by Golda Rivka and Yisroel (Lew) and Channah (Jaffe). We were grateful to be given, also - cake and blessings together with a lovely smile for all of us.

The Previous Rebbe used to hold only the Lulov during the Hallel and then pick up the Esrog as well, for the Na'anuim (the shaking) section.

This year, the Rebbe had reverted to the Old Custom of holding all the Arba Minim (Lulov, Esrog, Hadassim and Arovous) together during all the Hallel.

At the end of a Sicho, the Rebbe said there should be Simchas Yom Tov. I shouted out "Vesomachto" - and Yossi said that I had immediately fulfilled the Rebbe's instructions to carry Simcha to the four corners of the world - (This Sicho was being broadcast.)

During the past few days, Roselyn had complained very much indeed about the (miss)behaviour of our grandchildren. I assumed that it was:

1. She had been under great stress for over fifteen days with the children coming in and out - in and out - of our apartment at all times of the night and day.

Although many were eating in the Succah, the doors of our two fridges were going non-stop - "Bing - Bang - Plop" all day and night.

And: -

2. As we had now finished with the Succah this year, all and everyone were congregated in just ONE Singular Room. There was no place to go relax or to rest – except into bed. There was no routine. Roselyn did not mind at all, cooking for as many as nineteen of us (K.A.H.) but she had insisted that Breakfast should be until 10.30a.m.

Lunch at 1.00p.m.

And Dinner at 6.00p.m.

Yet, throughout the day and night, they were constantly coming in for food and drink. Many of them turned night into day – and slept until 5.00p.m in the afternoon.

Roselyn had even been babysitting – to allow Hindy to attend 770, Farbraingens and so forth, and the two “babies” were constantly crying and fighting.

Roselyn says, they are all lovely children and give her great Nachas – but what a Mechaya when they all leave for home.

Rosely had now reached the end of her tether, and by that time, she had no nerves left, so it did make matters rather more difficult.

Therefore - I wrote to the Rebbe, and I thanked him for looking after Roselyn so well, which certainly helped and encouraged her to keep up her morale. I then enumerated all Roselyn's complaints about the children.

This the reply which the Rebbe sent to me through Label (Groner) (in yiddish).

1. The Rebbe thanked me for the letter and, "so you should always let

me know such good news".

2. "Thank you specially for forgetting (so I hope) in Shul about your crutches. May it be the Will of G-d that you should totally forget about them".

3. "I will remember you at the Ohel".

I had asked Label - "How many coins did the Rebbe hand out on his walk from his office to the Shul? For instance, from the time the Rebbe entered 770 for Mincha until he reached his platform for the service?"

The answer which Label gave me was "Between three hundred and four hundred coins at one time."

As I have mentioned previously, Shmuel had arrived with Yisroel, aged four and a half years.

Roselyn had always referred to our apartment as a dump - so he dumped Yisroel FORTHWITH!

Shmuel had always discovered valid and good reasons for travelling to 770, besides wanting to see the Rebbe as often as possible.

Chaya was now engaged to be married to an extremely nice young man, Shimon Posner, and it was now time for some movement from Yossi.

At this stage - and for the next three or four pages, I had written some very fine biographies about my eldest grandchildren. Yossi, Mendel and Golda Rivka Lew and Dovid and Channa Jaffe.

Unfortunately Roselyn would not allow me to print these paragraphs. She maintained that I was not running a Matrimonial Agency, nor advertising the merits and good attributes of my grandchildren.

She had put down her foot HARD and also her Large Blue Pencil.

A N D
CENSORED
THE WHOLE LOT.

Shmuel introduced me to Motel Lipshit from Moscow, who is the Shochet and Mohel. He came, officially to be present at his daughter's wedding. It took three months to obtain his EXIT permit from the date on which he

applied. He informed me that one cannot compare how things are today to this time last year – he said it was like the difference “between North and South”

He indicated that Shmuel had inspired and uplifted them all when he had visited them in Russia.

I asked him whether he had written to the Rebbe about this good news. He replied that he did not write much to the Rebbe. I maintained that he should write good news - why should one write only bad things or when in trouble.

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF SHEMINI ATZERES AND SIMCHAS TORAH

We had now reached two of the most exciting days in the "770 Calendar" - Shemini Atzeres and Simchas Torah.

I have been describing these two hectic days for many years now, so I will concentrate only on the highlights - those most unusual and extraordinary events which occurred this year.

On Wednesday afternoon, Erev Yom Tov, 770 was completely closed for re-planning and reorganisation. In fact at 3.00p.m, large queues were already forming outside in order to reserve their seats or stands for the Hakoffus, which were due to commence at about 11.00p.m that evening.

There were literally thousands more people present on this occasion than ever before. All day long, more and more visitors were arriving - by all manner of transport, each person lugging and dragging along his or her suitcase, many still searching and seeking somewhere to park themselves for the next few days.

I met Avrohom Rappaport and his son Kasriel (getting a big lad now K.A.H.) They always come along for Simchas Torah from Toronto, but they have their own apartment in Crown Heights.

Even at 770, it was impossible to put a whole quart into a pint bottle, and many hundreds or even thousands could not be accommodated inside 770 this year.

I do know that on some occasions, obviously not on Shabbos or on Yom Tov, "closed circuit television" was used, to which, in addition, a huge T.V. screen was placed outside 770 and all those who could not get in could hear and see the Rebbe "Live" whilst standing in Eastern Parkway.

The "Planners" had decided upon excellent innovations this year:

1. That only the Rebbe should stand on the platform – but, that was the decision every year and it never worked, so this year, they placed a smaller platform on top of the Rebbe's normal one. This would enable many more people to have uninterrupted view of the Rebbe. As there was only room for the Rebbe alone to stand there, I could never understand how the wooden slatted sides were subsequently broken off in the crush.
2. The installation of bleachers (which transformed the inside of 770 into a grandstand as at an amphitheatre, last year) - had NOT been

successful and the boys reverted back to the Old Fashioned "crates" (empty boxes) scaffolding.

3. Another good idea - with the same intention of allowing everyone to have a better view of the Rebbe dancing at the Hakoffus - on the Bimah or platform in the Centre of the hall, which was about twelve feet square, was the simple expedient of raising this platform by two or three feet. This enabled the men who were privileged to accompany the Rebbe on the first and on the seventh Hakoffah, to step off this platform, down three feet, and so again, they did not interrupt anyone's view of the Rebbe. (It did work once, as you will read later on).

And now to a most important and clever innovation. Every year there is much difficulty experienced by the whole multitude in following the service. About ten thousand people (more or less - K.A.H. who can count?) are packed into a solid mass - from one end of the hall to the other end. Like a full-sized foot ball pitch, including the grandstands reaching to the roof. Those at the far end neither see nor hear what is happening.

Even I, who was standing almost next to the warden, Rabbi Katz, could not understand a word of what he was saying. When he called upon the Rebbe to recite a verse of the ATTA HORAISO, all one could see was Rabbi Katz, waving his arms about and presumably appealing for order. We could hear nothing.

So, this year, the following wonderful contraption had been invented. A really great idea!

The seventeen verses of the ATTA HORAISO had been printed in large bold twelve inch high letters, each verse onto a single separate white sheet, the approximate width of about fifteen feet. These seventeen sheets had been fixed upon a roller which had been raised to roof level and lay suspended from there, so that everyone could see this sign.

The method used was as follows:

Yehuda Blessofsky stood on the ground level, underneath this sign and when Rabbi Katz announced that the Rebbe would now recite the first verse, then Yehuda would wave a large red flag which he had been holding - very vigorously, so that his colleague at the far end would realise that the Rebbe was now reciting this first verse. He would acknowledge this by waving a large red flag which he also held.

When the Rebbe had concluded this verse, Katz then announced that the

second verse would now be recited. All Yehuda had to do now - was to pull a long rope which would flip over the first sheet and this would automatically reveal and expose the second sheet, upon which was printed the second verse.

Well, Yehuda's rope refused to work – it was a “flippin” nuisance. It was a flop. Yehuda had to lower the whole contraption back to ground level. He flipped the sheet over, by hand, and hauled the roller and sign back to the roof.

This took quite a while and after a couple of ups and downs, this method was discontinued. The large red flags, alone, were used as a warning that the next verse was being said and that all should remain quiet.

No one in the hall could hear or knew which verse, in any was being recited. Complete anarchy prevailed!

Every year, I have been honoured by being asked to recite the verse “Malchuscho”. All of my grandchildren knew and anticipated this, but for the first time ever, in spite of my exceptionally loud voice screaming the words of the verse, they heard nothing.

There were seventeen verses each repeated three and a half times, and after each occasion, a Nigun would be sung.

The whole assembly only realised that we had concluded one of these sections when the Rebbe raised his arms with a tremendous gesture to compel everyone to sing the Nigun - and what a response did the Rebbe get.

Instead of the usual three minutes of concentrated singing, which we have enjoyed every year, and a similar three minutes of singing and dancing at each of the seven Hakoffus, the Rebbe seemed extraordinarily inspired this year, and we sang nonstop for fifteen to twenty minutes on each occasion.

The Rebbe's hands and arms were working overtime non-stop. Flinging his arms around and around -upwards and downwards - from side to side - then complete rolls, faster and faster, until one could see, in the well of the hall, only a huge black mass, heaving, rising and falling in ecstasy and wild frenzy - to the Rebbe's promptings - and with thousands of wide open mouths shouting and screaming the Nigun. (At the end of yom Tov, practically everyone at 770 was hoarse.)

I do not know from where the Rebbe gets his stamina, K.A.H. Non-stop turning around - to the North, the South, to the East and to the West,

determined to make every single person sing. One young lady was convinced that the Rebbe actually pointed to her personally, in order to sing.

But, then, each of the many thousands of people present all received that same impression.

I was considered to be one of the "Elders" of Lubavitch, so I was invited to stand in the four foot space between the side wall and the platform (which had been moved for that very reason), and to enjoy that special privilege and status.

"OY VAY" - K.A.H. there were so many of this type of person in this area, that I was crushed more than ever.

Incidentally, after Maariv and before the Hakoffus at 11.00p.m it was the custom to make Kiddush. It was also our custom, on this night of Shemini Atzeres, to make Kiddush in the Succah.

I was prepared to forego this pleasure and to "stay put" -where I was. I wanted to take no chances with my new hip and to endeavour to push through this phalanx of people, with maybe dire consequences for myself.

But, some of my hefty grandsons (they are all hefty K.A.H.), decided I had to go home and make Kiddush. So, whilst Yossi settled down in my place, my bodyguards of Dovid, Mendy, Pinchus and Levi protected and shielded me and led me through – using arms and legs to their utmost advantage and stamped their way through, and out of the building.

They subsequently returned me to my base, using the same method.

Now, there I was back in his private sector. My head barely reached up to the Rebbe's shoes, because he was standing on the second, the smaller platform. Yet, the Rebbe did not leave us out – we all received our ration with the Rebbe leaning down and sweeping us all up with his eyes and his arms, forcing all of those special privileged men to scream and shout and stamp their feet and rotate their arms – just like all the boys and men in the well of the hall.

The Rashag was present on the first night, but he was not too well and he left after about half an hour. We wondered with whom would the Rebbe dance the Hakoffus. We would soon find out.

I did manage to participate in the first Hakoffa with the Rebbe, but, as I

have explained previously, most of us do an M.K. (Moishe Kotlarsky's advice). We grabbed a Sefer Torah and rushed right down to the centre square platform and arrived there even before the Rebbe commenced to walk with his very small, tiny Sefer Torah.

We reached this centre platform and dropped the few feet still holding our own Sefer Torah - out of everyone's way. We could stand and watch in relative comfort, the Rebbe dancing with his Sefer Torah.

However, by the seventh Hakoffa, all the boys had come right forward to this platform and were crushing against it. I could not get down or out, from this square.

There was the usual shouting and screaming of, "Sit down, move, get out of our way, sit down and so forth". When at last, I had returned to the Rebbe's top platform, my hat had been flattened like a pancake. The Rebbe pointed to my hat and enjoyed a good laugh.

He asked Dr. Ira Weiss, who was standing nearby, to check my pulse, to see whether I was O.K., after all my tremendous exertions. Dr. Weiss reported to the Rebbe, that I was fit and well.

The following night, Simchas Torah, was even more hectic. There had been a Farbraingen first, but at 12.45a.m after midnight, we started the Hakoffus which continued non-stop until 3.30a.m in the morning - nearly three hours just for the Hakoffus, which usually took, at the most, about an hour or so.

This year, these Hakoffus were out of this world. I joined in for the seventh Hakoffa again. Once more, it was impossible to move out of the square - and I was not allowed to stand with my Sefer Torah. I had to sit down - anywhere - on the floor. I was fortunate that I found Yehuda Blessofsky and Yossi Samuels, upon whom I could lean. My legs were stretched right out and about half a dozen people were sitting on them. I was in agony, mentally (because of my hip) and physically (for the same reason), yet, I was in great ecstasy watching the Rebbe.

The Rebbe was in this centre square, dancing with the little Sefer Torah. He was holding it like a Conductor's Baton, and made sure everyone joined in by pointing this Sefer Torah at everyone individually.

The Rebbe was hopping, jumping and skipping, spinning around – around, occasionally even with both feet off the ground. And all the time, pointing the Sefer Torah at everyone.

At one point (maybe on the morrow) we sang the Hakoffus tune of the Rebbe's father (ZTzL). In this Nigun, there are a few bars of music where a few notes are emphasized, stressed and repeated. Sometimes this Down Beat (In Yiddish this "DRAY" – or "Men Drayt") is repeated by the Rebbe by as many as ten times.

At this Hakoffa, the Rebbe repeated those notes over and over again – well over one hundred times - yossi confirmed that he had counted one hundred and twenty five of these downward beats (or Drays) all sang at a very quick tempo.

The Rebbe did not once halt his gyrations and spinning around and around and still pointing the Sefer Torah at everyone like a small Lulov.

The Rebbe was dancing in sheer ecstasy with his eyes closed, still hopping and skipping around. It was no wonder that everyone, especially, the boys who were sitting on the floor, almost under the Rebbe's feet, could not refrain from kissing the Sefer Torah, nor even the Rebbe's Kappota. Many men would have done the same out of fervent love, if they could have got close enough to the Rebbe - especially at that moment.

It was very moving and emotional.

The Rebbe then returned to his lectern on the higher platform and continued to conduct the singing.

Every Simchas Torah, Rabbi Duchman brings along a huge bottle of Vodka or Whiskey (about a gallon) together with cake. Kiddush is made and he distributes drink and Lekach to his many friends. He is very sociable and never fails to join in and say LeChaim with each of his pals.

The result is that with the passing of every moment he becomes more truculent, argumentative and acrimonious - and drunk! Then the Zerkin boys came forward and asked him to leave the platform, which he normally did. On this night, however, he refused to budge. It was eyeball to eyeball confrontation - and the Zerkins backed down, which was most unexpected but prudent, in the circumstances.

There was an interesting story going the rounds about Duchman - who told the Rebbe that he was in the Succah one night with a couple of Satmars.

The Rebbe asked him whether he got out alive, ("or in good health" - was one version).

Duchman replied, "yes".

The Rebbe then maintained that:

"Either you are not a true Lubavitcher or they were not true Satmars".

Meanwhile, I had left the centre square and struggled to reach the Rebbe's platform. As soon as I arrived there, I was sent sprawling onto the floor right on top of the heaps and mounds of people already spread out and filling the entire platform. There was no place to walk, except upon limbs and bodies.

As soon as I managed to stand erect, I was howled and pushed down because:

"YOU - just one man - are blocking out the vision of a THOUSAND people who want to see the Rebbe".

I tried to crawl along amongst the bodies in order to reach a place of safety and where I could stand without interfering with anyone else's view Rebbe

On my way from the centre square, I had lost all my headgear. Sometime later my new hat had been discovered and recovered. Except that I needed to have my head covered, I would gladly have abandoned this now old battered dilapidated mockery of a new hat! My Yarlumkie, the precious gift, for which I had paid Chaya eighteen dollars, last year (as mentioned in last instalment) had completely disappeared. It was lost forever – I was advised on the morrow that there were thirty five pieces of bits of Yarlumkies lying on a table at 770. As there was no semblance of a Yarmulkei amongst the whole lot, I did not bother to claim any of these bits.

However, there was I, now at the end of my tether. I was aching all over, I was afraid of damaging my hip. I could not move in any direction – no one would permit me to stand.

And then- suddenly the CAVALRY had arrived at my side

FOUR BIG SIX FOOTERS -

Mendy, Yossi, Pinchus and Dovid (Dovid was six foot wide),

And they all half carried me to safety.

It seemed that all my family occupied a large vertical (upright) area halfway down the hall, underneath and against the women's shul.

There were nine of my grandsons, plus Shimon and also Shmuel. That made eleven altogether, standing on the scaffolding which reached right up to the women's shul. Above them, in continuation of this vertical line, were -five granddaughters, plus Hindy

They had all been watching my obviously painful progress to the top platform and afterwards, they could see my terrible plight, and the exertions I was making without success.

Simultaneously and spontaneously, four of the boys unanimously decided that they had to rescue Zaidie!

Either Pincus or Yossi was the first to fling himself down, headlong from the top of this sixteen foot lofty peak - right onto and into the solid mass of boys below. He was closely followed by the other three.

They ploughed through this phalanx like heavy tanks through an unprotected Infantry Brigade.

Dovid Schurder reported that "the blast and the shock waves of their advance was felt all over the hall. They left a trail of bruised bodies, all the way from their first dive into the boys in the well of the Shul until they reached you, crouching, stumbling and swaying near the Rebbe".

Dovid added that it took them not more than ten seconds flat to arrive at my side.

I was very pleased that they had come to my aid.

My pleasure, however, was tinged with a little sadness, because Dovid, Yossi, Mendy and Pincus had so obviously enjoyed this rescue operation. They loved the thrill and the adventure of crashing their way through those poor men and boys who happened to be obstructing their passage. I do know that I was only the excuse for their aggressive behaviour.

I cannot understand from where they have inherited such aggressive manner. – It must have been Zaidie Beenstock and Zaidie Lew – certainly! – of course!

There was a new fashion in boys jackets on this Yom Tov. It consisted of a split in the back the full length from the centre collar. It looked unusual but

extremely smart and comfortable. Very many boys had taken us this new fashion, with the help and cooperation of their friends or foes (temporary).

Rivka and Moshe (Kotlarsky) invited us to join them and very many others at their home for luncheon – we have a very, very long Chazoka for this – and they added:

"Please bring all your grandchildren as well as Hindy and Shmuel and ofcourse Shimon, Chaya's Choson, the more the better".

Such warm and open handed hospitality will surely earn them the highest rewards. Roselyn and I wish Rivka and Moishe "Hatzlocha Rabbo" good health, and that they shall enjoy much Nachas from all their lovely children K.A.H.

At home, I tried to emulate the Rebbe's actions on Simchas Torah, when he had swung his arms around and around and so forth for TWO hours - after two minutes I was absolutely washed out. I am not sure whether the Rebbe manages these tremendous physical jerks because he is T.G. so fit - or whether these "exercises" keep the Rebbe fit.

As the termination of Yom Tov coincided with the advent of the Shabbos, we would have to wait until after Maariv at the conclusion of Shabbos for the Rebbe's distribution of Koss Shel Brocha.

Meanwhile, there would be a Farbraingen at 5.45p.m, just before Shabbos commenced. It lasted two hours and concluded at 7.45p.m.

Sundown, the "SHEKEYA" was at 6.12p.m after which time, no one was allowed to drink or to eat, so everyone had to say LeChaim to the Rebbe before then, because, after that time, one would need to make Kiddush.

There was an undercurrent of chatter and noise going on. Many were uncertain of the Rebbe's instructions. So, the Rebbe lifted up his watch which was lying on the table, pointed to everyone that they should look at the watch and showed everyone the time, so they would realise that there was a time limit.

During benching, we did not say Retzay (the special paragraph for Shabbos) because we had not yet officially accepted Shabbos, but it was still Yom Tov for us, so, therefore we recited Ya'aleh Veyovo

But - we did recite the special "Horachamon" for Shabbos. The Rebbe explained that this verse could and did refer to the time of Moshiach when

everyday would be like Shabbos - The literal translation is:

"May the Merciful One let us inherit that day which will be all Shabbos and Rest, for life everlasting".

We davened Maariv after the Farbraingen, and all our family returned to our basement of the "Seventh Heaven". There were K.A.H. nineteen of us altogether at the table. Up till this moment, the male members had been eating in the Succah.

On the following day, Shabbos, there would be two Farbraingen. The first would commence at 1.30p.m after the morning service. The second at 5.45p.m after Mincha.

I arrived at 770 at 1.00p.m to claim my seat. It was not available. Yossi Marlowe, a son of Rabbi Marlow was keeping his seat, also the grandsons of Rabbi J.J. Hecht and another fellow had been sitting on their grandfather's seats since 7.00a.m that morning. They reproached me by saying surely one of my grandchildren could have guarded their Zaidie's seat.

Levi confessed that he had definitely reserved two seats – one for Shmuel and one for me. He had actually and physically sat in Shmuel's place, but he had also kept his eye on my place – "Remote Control" it is called.

I lost my seat because Levi's eye did not penetrate that far, and even if it did, it remained unseen, unnoticed and ignored.

However, I have always sat at that place for so many years, and no one could or should have the power to deprive me of what was mine. I decided that I was honour bound to claim my rights and my Chazoka.

So - I sat myself down - where I belonged.

Unfortunately Yossi Marlowe was already ensconced thereon. I could not fight him, so I joined him and sat on his knees. I was very comfortable.

Then Rabbi Marlowe arrived and he insisted that I should accept this, my seat, and he would go elsewhere. As he was the chief and the biggest Rabbi, of Lubavitch, I refused his magnanimous and self sacrifice offer.

However, Rabbi Marlowe did persuade a fellow –a real gentleman, who sat on the bench immediately behind us, to try and squeeze in another refugee next to him. I was extremely grateful to Rabbi Marlowe and to that nice

gentleman.

It was, however, a very tight fit. There were crates and young boys all over the place. The crate did remain mostly, static, but the youngsters were crawling about all over and under the area.

After the Farbraingen had concluded, I jumped up and at once, another seven jumped down, to where I had been sitting in order to reserve these places for the next Farbraingen at 5.45p.m. I had to admit that there was certainly no room for me, anymore, at that spot. I had now overstayed my welcome.

I therefore thanked them all for past favours received, and I fully appreciated the position.

I returned at 5.00p.m and there were no seats and nowhere to stand - just no where. I said Thank G-d that there were no places, for the sake of the Rebbe. It showed how much we appreciated him - that so many thousands of people were prepared to sit or stand for many hours in complete discomfort with crushed bones, to see the Rebbe and to listen to his words of Torah.

I am assured that the ladies in the women's shul were even far worse off. They had comparatively much less space than the men, and the net result was they could see very little and hear much less but, they also seemed well satisfied with whatever rations they could glean.

Anyway, Shmuel, who had managed to hold on to the seat which Levi had saved for him, then offered his place to me. I considered it more important that Shmuel should sit at that spot because he would be able to hear the Rebbe pretty clearly and imbibe well, all the words of the Rebbe. There were not too many, of all the thousands of people who were congregated in 770 that day, who would be able to give over, perfectly and lucidly and almost word for word what the Rebbe had related in his Sichos on that Shabbos day. So, I had to refuse his offer.

I was prepared to stand – anywhere! Then Shmuel spoke to Moishe (Kotlarsky) who discussed that matter with Yisroel (Goldshmit) and with Yaakov Zerkin, and they placed an empty crate for me in the middle of the passageway (one yard wide) on the platform, just two yards from the Rebbe. Yaakov exchanged this crate for a folding chair.

It was quite comfortable, but I could only see the Rebbe's profile. However, it was not too long before I was surrounded by crowds of people, breathing

down my neck, and trying to fold back my chair.

The Farbraingen concluded with benching, then Maariv and Havdolah by the Rebbe and finally Koss Shel Brocha was distributed until about 4.30a.m.

As someone remarked later on that day, Sunday, the Rebbe had stood distributing Koss Shel Brocha for five hours, and then, when the Rebbe returned to 770 at 10.00a.m he gave out Dollars – standing all the time for four hours, after which, he visited the Ohel – for another five hours standing - a Total of fourteen which the Rebbe spent standing on his feet all the time.

At 11.30a.m that morning, Sunday, Roselyn had returned with the Rebbe's dollar - which had been accompanied by a lovely smile from the Rebbe and with a nice Brocha.

Roselyn had been very lucky. She always receives these glorious smiles from the Rebbe. Once, we were in Eastern Parkway together with hundreds of women and men, waiting for the Rebbe to emerge from 770 and walk to the library next door. The Rebbe came towards us and he gave me this lovely smile, but, he actually waved his hand to Roselyn and gave her a brilliant smile. He had picked her out from amongst all the women.

At 12 noon, Sholom Ber informed me that the ladies line for the dollars, which had commenced just after 10.00a.m had now concluded and it was now the turn of the men and boys.

The line was moving very quickly and I should go immediately.

I joined this line outside the door of 770. It progressed to the lights at the junction and turned right - down Kingston Avenue. It then turned right - into union Street, through the Kolel Gardens, through the communal Succah and into 770, where the Rebbe stood giving out the Dollars. The Rebbe handed me a Dollar and wished me, with a nice smile, "Brocha Vehatzlocho Rabba" (Blessing and great success).

About an hour before, when the Rebbe had handed Hindy a Dollar, she told him that she was returning to London "today". The Rebbe had said, "Have a good journey and to hear good news".

I thanked the Rebbe for my Dollar and especially for the Brocha and emerged from 770. It had taken me thirty five minutes to go on this Hakoffah - circuit and the line was still as long as it was when I had joined

it over half an hour previously.

Shmuel told me that the Rebbe gave him a Dollar and then called him back
- gave him another Dollar and said (in Hebrew):

"Double is more helpful" (or stronger).

KINUS HATORAH

Kinus Hatorah took place again on two days. I decided to address the boys on the second day, Monday.

The General Yechidus was to take place on that evening and the 770 hall and shul hall had to be prepared and made ready to accommodate over five thousand people, men, woman, and children for 8.00p.m. Therefore, the Kinus Hatorah would take place upstairs in the Beis Hamedrash.

Unfortunately, our dear friend, Rabbi Mordechai Mentelik had passed away, and this Kinus would take place on the day of his funeral. He was in charge and control of these Kinus Hatorah's for as long as I, personally can remember, and his last words to Rabbi Dovid Raskin, who would now take over this task (til 120) was about the welfare and arrangements for this Kinus Hatorah.

The Kinus commenced on Sunday at 6.00p.m, because of the funeral. On that self-same day, there was a wedding, bar-mitzvah seuda, an engagement and a bris milah – all at 770.

Rabbi Mentelik could be very stubborn when it affected a principal. I had plenty of friendly arguments with him. He once told me that the Kinus Hatorah was for words of Torah – and not for telling stories. This was spoken in a temper, because he knew very well that the Rebbe wanted me to speak on these occasions. And, yet at another time, he allowed me to be the very first speaker, even before Rabbonim Elberg and Pekarsky – because I had to catch a plane home to Manchester.

He had left Poland only a few days before World War Two had started. He took his farewell from the previous Rebbe (ZTzL), who instructed him, that as he was going to England - on his way to New York, he should have a Chazora of Chassidus (a repetition and discourse on a Maamer) in London.

And, this should take place on the shabbos. On arrival at London, his friends tried to persuade him to leave England at once - and not to take any chances of, having to find another boat.

He was obstinate, He refused to budge. He had to carry out the instruction and the Shelichus of the Rebbe and he was willing and prepared to wait for the next boat.

Now, the boat on which he should have travelled to New York was bombed and sunk by the Germans. It was the first U.K. ship to be sunk in the war.

Rabbi Mentelik (O.H.) together with Rabbi Dovid Raskin (till 120) were greatly instrumental in helping us to establish our Yeshiva Gedola in Manchester.

At 4.00p.m, I was seated in the Beis Hamedrash. The first speaker was a Rov of Crown Heights. He, gave a discourse on the Mishneh Mikvo'os, because, and in honour of Rabbi Mentelik (O.H.).

He had promised us a short speech - a brief address and a watered down talk. At 4.25p.m, he was still embroiled in the Mikvah. He could not decide whether it was kosher or not. However, at 4.30p.m he did emerge after spending thirty minutes in the waters of that Mikvah.

There was quite a good crowd waiting to hear me. I spoke for half an hour, recalled the early days when I first visited the Rebbe twenty eight years ago. They loved it and lapped it up. Only my old friend Yitzchok Freidin was not very satisfied and kept heckling me. The boys were very annoyed but they raised the biggest cheer of the afternoon, when in answer to Freidin's query of why I did not present all and every boy with a book , so that they could read the stories for themselves - I told him, quite rudely, that I was talking to the boys and not to him. If he did not like my talk then he should leave the room at once and not cause a commotion. If he wanted a book, then he could go to the Judaica Gift Shop in Kingston Avenue, where, for ten dollars at a time, he could purchase as many of my books as he wanted.

“The boys loved it and lapped it up”

Lazer Avzon complained that “the boys didn’t help to take down the Succah because they said that they were listening to me”

I said that, if they had listened to me, they would have taken down the Succah.

GENERAL YECHIDUS

The shul/Hall was divided by a row of small tables. Woman and girls were on one side, and the men and boys on the other side. The whole area was packed tightly from end to end. I have never seen so many people at Yechidus K.A.H.

The Rebbe arrived at 8.00p.m and sat at his small table slightly raised and which was situated in the centre of the shul at the far side - facing the men and women. About five thousand people were present.

The Rebbe said:

"We will commence with the theme of a blessing, especially when we are taking leave of each other. At this time, it is usual and necessary, because there is a general desire to extend to each other these Brochas.

We all need Brochas, not only for the next hour - or two hours, two days or two years, but right until the time when Moshiach will arrive very shortly.

We know very well that whatever extra Brochas we shall give to each other, that G-d has plenty more to give.

We shall prepare for this short period until the advent of Moshiach at Eretz yisroel, at Jerusalem, at the Beis Hamikdosh, and at the Kodshei Kodoshim (the Holy of Holies).

We meet so many Jews going the same way, doing everything a Jewish heart desires, during every hour of the day and to bring up his family in the real Jewish way.

It was in the month of Tishrei that we made the A-mighty King over us and over the whole world. With the same unity, we did Teshuvah during the Ten days of Penitence and Yom Kippur - all together once in the year.

We davened the same as all Jewish people all over the world and concluded with the words - "Next Year in Jerusalem".

We then celebrated Succos and the other days of Yom Tov - all under "one Succah" and with the hope that on Rosh Chodesh Mar-Cheshvan we shall be in Eretz Yisroel. This will encourage

everyone and very soon Jews from everywhere will travel to Eretz Yisroel, with Moshiach at our head.

It is said that “how we spend Shaboss Beraishis will be the example of how we shall spend all the Shabbosim of the whole year”.

G-d sees all Jews as One, and it is greatest delight for the A-mighty when we help one another.

Furthermore, during this year of Hak'hel, we have a whole year to consider how to attract other Jews to Torah.

In this week's Sedra, we repeat the word Noach (Noah) twice. Noach also means, restful.

I shall make each and every one of you, my Sheliach for Tzedoka - and you will have great success.

When you return home, at the end of Tishrei, you will undo all the packages received from the A-mighty and you will find all the Brochas therein.

After Noach, we have the Sedra of "Lech Lecha" GO! Avrohom was seen going from one country, one land, to other places. These journeys will bring forth G-d's blessings as Noach - restfulness.

All the world will see how the Jewish people are blessed - and the non-Jews will do their best to help a Jew to make more Parnosso (a living - sustenance).

Before the end of the Exile, all non-Jews will be happy to help and assist Jews.

Each of you has a special Shelichus for this year of Hak'hel. How to live a Jewish life to be an example to everyone - men, women and little children. Each of you will have a beneficial influence on others.

Everyone is busy in one's own City and so forth. G-d will take men, women and children and very young children by the hand and take everyone to Eretz Yisroel, to Jerusalem, the Mount of the Beis Hamikdosh, the Tablets of the Covenant and to the Holy of Holies.

The Rambam mentions in the Shiur that Lech Lecha, GO! - includes

all the Souls found in every Jew.

The Rebbe had spoken for thirty five minutes.

We then commenced our slow progress towards the Rebbe (Roselyn said it was a slow shuffle). The men went first. It was peculiar to see that everyone was still shuffling and pushing. Poor Shalom Ber, only thirteen years old, was holding his brand new extra quality hat all the time. He was more afraid of having his hat crushed, than having his own person pushed and crushed.

Father's were carrying sleeping babies in their arms. The Rebbe gave everyone a Dollar. He never missed out - anyone.

When I reached the Rebbe, I was again fortunate to receive a lovely smile, as well as the Dollar. The Rebbe also advised me:

"No more crutches".

Avrohom Meisels told me that a fellow told the Rebbe that as he (the fellow) was getting on in years, he as now only planning for the immediate future.

The Rebbe told him that:

"I am much older than you and I have plans for Ten Years hence".
It was then the turn of the woman.

Yossi invited me to go upstairs into his work room. There was a T.V. set there – part of the close circuit television.

It was a wonderful experience to watch every woman and girl come forward to the Rebbe. I noticed that most women had something to say to the Rebbe. The pictures were mostly close-ups, and one could hear some of the conversation.

One lady thanked the Rebbe for such a wonderful joyous yom Tov.

The Rebbe replied that, "Next year it will be even more Freilech".

About 90% of the women were holding babies. The Rebbe placed the Dollars into the babies hands. The Rebbe was so delighted to give away the money.

One girl said;

"I want to marry a Chossid". The Rebbe replied, - "Omain".

One woman said her husband was not well. The Rebbe gave her an extra Dollar for her husband, and he should place it into the Tzedoka Box.

I was, of course, waiting for Roselyn. An hour had gone by and she had not yet reached the Rebbe. I said to the boys who were with us in this room – Shimon Jacobson, the "Boss", Yossi and Chaim Abrahams, who worked together preparing and planning and then printing the Rebbe's Sichos for world wide distribution, on the conglomeration of modern technical, video and computerised machines, including, FAX, Dovid and Mendy and Levi were hanging around too - that I was pretty sure that the Rebbe would say something to Roselyn.

AH, and - here she comes!!

The Rebbe handed her the Dollar and she then took her leave and disappeared from view.

This certainly was a disappointment after all my brave words.

Then, Lo and Behold - suddenly, she was on our screens again. The Rebbe had called her back to speak to her.

On the following pages are two photographs, taken by yitzchok Freidin.

The first shows Roselyn approaching the Rebbe.
You will notice quite a lot of women and girls still waiting to obtain their Dollars.



On this second photo, we can see that the Rebbe has just enquired from Roselyn (in Yiddish);

"Where are your grandchildren? They allow you to come alone, all by yourself?"

You may easily see what Roselyn replied - for every picture tells a story.



After this General Yechidus, there were three more categories:

1. Barmitzvah boys with their parents.
2. Brides and Bridegrooms.
3. Yeshiva Boys

Next day, we had to leave for home. Yossi had promised to discuss some of the Rebbe's Sichos with me - "and as you are not leaving 770 until 4.00p.m, we shall have plenty of time for this".

Yossi arrived at two minutes to 4.00p.m. We were just leaving our apartment, so it was not too easy - for me - to digest a couple of Sichos in two minutes!

That evening, on the plane, I had Yarhzeit. I thought that this Yarhzeit was on the next day, but forgot that it commenced with Maariv. I could do nothing about it, unfortunately, but hope and pray that there would be ten Jews on our plane, so that I could daven Maariv.

By a miracle, there were exactly ten "Men", no more, no less.

Chaim Farro and his son Mendy, Sholom Simon and his son, Mendel Vogel, Rabbi Cravchick, Rabbi Golomb, Mr. Vosner, Shmuli and Me = Ten.

We duly arrived home - in Manchester at 6.30a.m on Wednesday morning October 21st.

LITIGATION CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED

In last years "Encounter No. 18", I wrote that Barry Gourary was not at all pleased nor happy to have lost the Law Case regarding the library situated next door to 770, and that he intended to appeal against this verdict to a Higher Court.

Barry G. had maintained that the Previous Rebbe ZTzL had always referred to the library as "My Library" and so, therefore, this proved conclusively that all these books now belonged to him entirely, because he was the heir.

The Judge, however, had retorted that because he (the judge) always referred to his court as "My Court", this did not prove that it belonged to him - not one bit!

On November 18th 1987, the Appeal Court rejected the claims of Barry G. Therefore, the Agudas Chassidei Chabad had won - once again, and the Fifty Thousand or so volumes in this library were the property of Lubavitch.

Here are just a few points which the Judges had made in their summing-up.

The Previous Rebbe had written to the New York officials of the Agudas Chabad regarding the one hundred and twenty cartons of books located principally in OTWOCK, Poland, "that they should write or cable to the American consul in Berlin to ask him to contact the American Consul in Warsaw - that he should take the library of Agudas Chabad and of Rabbi Schneerson and also three boxes of sacred manuscripts, which are the property of Agudas Chabad, and should be sent straight to New York".

The Previous Rebbe had also written a letter to Dr. Alexander Marx, the librarian of the Jewish Theological Seminary, wherein he had stated;

"Books were still missing, several thousand, amongst them many ancient books of great value and very rare. These books are the property of Agudas Chassidei Chabad of America and Canada".

"Therefore, I turn to you with a great request, that as a renowned authority on the subject, you should please write a letter to the State Department to testify on the great value of these manuscripts and books for the Jewish people in general and particularly for the Jewish community of the United States to whom this great possession belongs."

Based on this reference to the United States State Department, the Gourary's claim that the Rebbe's only purpose was to gain the government's assistance. In effect, they claim the Rebbe wrote the letter in an insincere - even dishonest - manner to secure the library's safety; in their view the Rebbe's final line in the letter regarding the Jewish community as the rightful possessors of the library was just a figure of speech - an exaggeration, used only for an ulterior motive. We cannot agree. It simply defies reason and common sense to believe that a religious leader of the Rebbe's stature, whose life was dedicated to expounding the spiritual values of truth and morality, would deliberately write letters containing misrepresentations regarding the ownership of a valued and to him sacred national treasure in order to feather his own nest.

Instead, the district court correctly found that this letter flatly stated that plaintiff Agudas Chabad is the owner as trustee of the library turned over to it by Rabbi Schneerson with the intent that this "great possession" be administered for the Jewish community of the United States.

RABBI SCHNEERSON'S ESTATE

Rabbi Schneerson died in 1950 without leaving a will. His widow took out letters of administration, and his estate was closed in 1958. The library was not included in the estate. Each of Rabbi Schneerson's two daughters, including the appellant Hanna Gourary, executed a sworn "fiduciary release" declaring that she had received "everything due to me from said Estate". Although each daughter received some items of personal property, the record contains no evidence that either daughter received any books. Nor was the library included in Rabbi Schneerson's widow's estate when she died intestate in 1970.

The evidence further reveals that in the years following the Rebbe's death, neither defendant Hanna Gourary nor her mother ever acted as though they believed the library was theirs. His widow never went to the library or asked about its condition. Nor did Hanna Gourary. Neither contributed to its maintenance. Again, while this evidence is indirect, and circumstantial, it would be unreasonable to conclude that the Rebbe's wife and daughter - the objects of his closest affection - would be unaware of his disposition of so valuable an asset as the library. Their actions toward this collection strongly suggest that he must have told them during his lifetime that he no longer had an ownership interest in the library that they could

claim at his death."

I spoke to the Rebbetzen, as usual, on the Friday. She was also a little excited and informed me that the four hundred books which Barry G. had purloined and which had been held in safe custody by the police, were to be delivered to the "770" library on the following Monday afternoon at 3.00p.m.

As soon as this news became known, the twelve Shiluchim of the Rebbe who were studying at the London Lubavitch Yeshiva, left a farewell note for their Rosh Hayeshiva, and flew straight to New York.

I did not know whether the Rebbe would be pleased to see them, but I do know that Rabbi Hertz was certainly NOT pleased to see them go.

The Rebbe had told everyone to "go and learn with Simcha and with Joy".

Everyone was excited and keyed up. No one knew what to expect - or what NOT to expect. But, people were flying and flocking to 770 in their thousands.

Maybe there would be dancing in the streets and joy unrestrained and unlimited as there was when Lubavitch won the case, originally last year.

On Sunday 22nd November, Roselyn and I were in Scotland on business. At 8.15p.m that evening, Avrohom telephoned to inform us that he would be flying to Crown Heights on the next day, Monday at 6.00a.m in the morning.

It seemed that Levi (Jaffe) had been calling up every few hours from Crown Heights to persuade his father, Avrohom, to drop everything in order to be at 770 on this unique occasion. His message was:

"Come - Come - Come. Everyone who is anyone was here from all over the world. Great events were expected to take place. There were already more people at 770 than during the month of Tishrei".

-But no women, no Frenchies and no Israelis.

Avrohom requested permission to use our apartment, which we readily gave.

Max and Shmuli (my grandchildren) had also caught the intense excitement and feverish urgency of wanting to be at 770 when the books were being

delivered. They decided that they had to be present at such an historical and hysterical occasion.

Levi had also impressed upon Avrohom the vital importance of ensuring that I should be present, too, at that wonderful moment. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it was impossible for me to return from Scotland in time to catch the New York plane.

They had all reserved seats on the British Airways flight to New York leaving at 11.00a.m from London - Food was also ordered.

But - they had to leave Manchester extremely early because:

1. Avrohom's passport had become out-of-date?!?! and he intended to try and get a temporary extension for a few weeks, and,
2. Shmuli wanted to get a cheap student's ticket from a special travel office in London.

On arrival at London, Avrohom rushed to the passport office and Max accompanied Shmuli to the travel agency to obtain his cheap ticket.

Avrohom was very lucky and he returned to the London Airport at about 10.15a.m. There was no sign of the boys, and when the flight was closed at 10.45a.m they had still not arrived. So poor, worried Avrohom boarded the plane alone. The only consolation was that he had the choice of Three Kosher Meals, and could spread himself out on three seats.

Meanwhile Max and Shmuli were experiencing some problems in obtaining this student's ticket for Shmuli. Actually, there was really only one problem - the payment thereof! These travel agents must have suffered very much indeed with students, because they were only prepared to part with a ticket for Cash - hard currency - or pound notes. They would accept no Credit Card - not even from Max, who was not a student, but a business man of great substance. They did not heed Shmuli's own claim that he was an international and influential Banker.

Even when he showed them his hundred dollars BORSALINO Italian hat - they just chuckled - ignored his ridiculous claim - and refused to give him a ticket.

So, Max had to wait for the Banks to open at 9.30a.m, arrange to draw the cash, return to the travel agency and obtain the ticket. All this took time and when they finally arrived back at the Airport, they discovered that their

British Airways flight was closed - they were not allowed to join.

Fortunately for them - a Pan Am plane was also leaving at 11.00a.m and they just managed to catch it. (Americans it seemed were more keen on the business)

The plane had just crossed the Atlantic when there was an announcement over the loud speakers:

"Would Mr. Jaffe please make himself known to the Stewardess".

Avrohom did so and he was handed a note from the Captain in the cockpit, which stated that they had just received a radio message from the Officer of a Pan Am plane which was flying a few miles behind, to the effect that Mr. Jaffe's son and son-in-law were travelling on that plane and they would like Mr. Jaffe to wait for them on arrival at J.F. Kennedy Airport, New York. This was an amazing and stupendous piece of news - but what a relief to Avrohom.

What had happened?

It seemed that Max and Shmuli were dozing in their seats when the Captain announced that:

"We are just crossing the coast of Nova Scotia. You will also notice a Jumbo Jet flying two thousand feet below and just a little ahead. That is the 11.00a.m British Airways flight from London to New York."

Max became quite excited and asked the Stewardess whether it was possible for the Captain to contact that plane and to deliver a message. Max explained their predicament and told her that his father-in-law was travelling on that British Airways plane and might be at his wit's end with worry, because he had no idea where they were and what had become of them.

The Captain indicated that it was most unusual, but, under the circumstances, he would be happy to oblige.

And, he did so - with the result as stated previously.

Actually, it broke the monotony for the crew. It can be very boring in the cockpit of a Jumbo Jet gliding along with the automatic pilot switched on. Some of the crew sometimes dozed off, so this was a very welcome diversion for them.

Avrohom related this story to the Rebbetzen later that day and she really relished it! She turned to Avrohom and said,

"Very Smart - Very Smart!! Umberuffen! Your son and son-in-law are very clever".

Avrohom arrived at J.F. Kennedy just a few minutes before Max and Shmuli. They only carried hand luggage, so they could, and did go directly to the apartment.

Shmuli reported to me later on that;

"It seemed as if I had never left Crown Heights, and that it was still Succos. The place was still overcrowded.

We encountered Chaya (Lew) and her Chosson Shimon Posner who were just leaving the flat. Inside, I noticed that uncle Shmuel was already installed there, because his suitcase and his hat were lying on top of the table. My cousin, Sholom Ber had also flown in from London and would be sleeping at the apartment. My other cousins, Mendy and Golda Rivka were hovering around, and Pincus had popped into crown Heights on his way from Jerusalem to London, (he must have flown by way of India, Singapore, Australia and San Fransisco!).

Yossi and my sister Channah and brothers Dovid and Levi joined us later. So, altogether there were fourteen of us all waiting – with great expectations”

Avrohom – and all his party rushed over to 770 – next door, but one – and recived the following report.

The Rebbe would be soon leaving for the Ohel and was definitely NOT waiting for the books to be delivered at 3.00p.m. The idea of bringing in the Seforim under a Chuppah accompanied with singing and a band and dancing did NOT find favour in the Rebbe's eyes.

When the Rebbe stepped outside the door of 770, he saw that the whole area of Eastern parkway was packed tightly with people, presumably awaiting the arrival of the Seforim.

The Rebbe ordered everyone to immediately re-enter 770 and to carry on learning with Simcha and with Joy.
But - NOT ONE person moved –

As one cheeky fellow remarked,

"The Rebbe was not referring to me because I never spend any time in learning" - A Chutzpah!

The Rebbe was most annoyed, (not with that boy, because the Rebbe never heard him), and he became really angry. He wished to know why they all stood around, gawping - looking at the birds and the policemen instead of learning or studying inside 770.

Rabbi Dovid Schurder, a friend from Manchester, reported that for almost five minutes, the Rebbe harangued (told off) the assembled crowds - he had never seen the Rebbe so vexed and his face was inflamed. The Rebbe also added that his remarks were directed at every single person, including the Rebbe's own henchmen.

The Rebbe then pointed out that the LUCHOS (the Ten commandments) were first given to the Jewish people in the midst of great pomp and grandeur - with thunder and lightening - and impressive Majesty - but they did not last very long. But, on the second occasion, they were given quietly and without fuss - and these have lasted and will last for ever.

Similarly, when we won the litigation, there was great excitement and dancing and singing in the streets, for about a week - but - it did not last - and we had to start all over again.

Now, T.G. we have won the case a second time.

So - please - I do not want any fuss and everyone should carry on their work as usual.

The Rebbe then left for the Ohel.

A little later, armoured trucks, with a police escort, arrived with the four hundred books which had been packed into boxes. Only one hundred men stood outside and certain illustrious and distinguished elderly men were each given the honour of carrying some of the boxes into the library.

And that was that - that was all! A real Anti-climax.

However, Avrohom maintained that he was quite satisfied with his day out - to Crown Heights.

In that one day, he had seen the Rebbe, and also received from him a Brocha, a Nickel and a Dollar.

In addition, he and his family had spent a very pleasant hour with Our Rebbetzen. So, he had a very satisfactory and satisfying day. In other words, a day like this one at 770, was just right - just sufficient.

He added that he could not understand how Roselyn, his mother, could spend two hectic, frenzied weeks at crown Heights, and still managed to cope with so many grandchildren K.A.H. He indicated that his mother was a real Tzadikess. I would reply that Roselyn certainly undertakes too much. But, as the Rebbe once told her - That,

"your basement apartment should be your "Seventh Heaven".

YUD TES KISLEV
AND
CHANUKAH IN ISRAEL

After the wedding of Chaya and Shimon, Roselyn and I flew to Eilat, Israel to spend two weeks in the sun.

At Manchester Airport, we carried one piece of hand luggage which weighed 10 kgms. The check-in girl indicated that we were allowed to carry two pieces at 5 kgms each, but not the single one which weighed 10 kgms.

She was very adamant - Rules were Rules. So, we obtained a plastic carrier bag - took out my Tallis, Tefillin and a few odds and ends from my hand baggage and transferred them into the plastic bag. The girl was pleased and we were happy.

When we had turned the corner, we took out my Tallis, Tefillin and the few odds and ends and replaced them into the original hand baggage - which once again weighed 10 kgms.

There were no problems.

It was just before Yud Tes (19th) Kislev. I telephoned to Yossi Hecht and spoke to his wife Tila, who informed me that Yossi was at present in Arad for Yud Tes Kislev. There were no celebrations in Eilat, but on Motzei (conclusion of) Shabbos, there would take place a large public function for the town.

On that evening, Yossi called for us at our hotel at 7.25p.m - very punctually and we arrived at the hall to find the place packed with people.

More than one hundred men were sitting at tables which went down the length of the hall, whilst one hundred women were sitting at separate tables which went down the other side. There were also scores of young children who sat on chairs in between the two long tables. Some sat with their mothers. There were ample supplies of soda and cake.

Shlomo Fleishman had motored down from Nachlas Kfar Chabad, together with three young men, who were each accompanied by one small son. The journey took four and a half hours. They spent the shabbos in Eilat, and they visited nine shuls.

At this Farbraingen, Avrohom Eber was in charge of the proceedings. All the speakers stood upon a small raised platform and spoke through a

microphone. The Rebbe's letter was read out. Everyone stood up.

Aaron Cohen, the vice-chairman of the Religious Council of Eilat was the next speaker and afterwards, Mendy Saltzman, the Head of the port of Eilat, wished us a Chag Sameach. I was interested to learn that the Tanya had been printed on the Ocean, because, many thousands of Jews also spent weeks, even months at Sea, and the Rebbe had suggested that they should learn Tanya from one that had been printed at sea.

Yisroel Glickstein, who was one of the Eilat Rabbonim, and Rabbi Haidoya, the Sephardi Rav also spoke. All the oration were short and sweet. I was ordered to sit at the top table, together with about another half dozen men. On our table, there were three bottles of whisky. Two of these bottles remained sealed and the main speakers were given sips from the opened bottle to encourage them.

As I was not a speaker, main or otherwise, because all the proceeding were in Ivrit, so therefore, I did not need encouragement nor whisky.

When Yossi Hecht was called upon to speak, he filled up his tumbler. And, as he spoke for twenty minutes, his glass was being continuously replenished with good Scotch Whisky.

Some of his listeners could have done with a sip, now and then. Shlomo and his friends acted as cheer leaders and everyone sang very well.

The Farbraingen concluded with singing and dancing with the men and young boys at 9.30p.m.

Roselyn and I attended the Bris of Esmond's son in Jerusalem. Roselyn said, "women don't attend Brissim", but as it would be a good opportunity to meet our Israeli branch of the family again, she agreed.

We travelled there and back in the day, because Roselyn did not like the long, monotonous five and a half hour's journey each way by road. We went by air to Jerusalem where the weather was similar to that in Manchester. Rain and dull.

Actually, there were more women and girls present at the Bris than were men and boys. Thirty five women and girls were at the Seuda, plus twenty five men and boys, so, Roselyn was certainly NOT out of place.

Yossi Hecht had informed me that the earliest time for davenning Shacharis was at 5.35a.m. So, I had plenty of time to have a dip in the Red Sea, daven

and have breakfast in comfort. I then travelled from the Yam Suf in Eilat to 12 Yam Suf in Jerusalem where Rosy, my sister and husband Charles dwelt.

Well, I was now ready to act as Sandek. I was a little disappointed because a few days before at the Sephardi Shul where Yossi Hecht held the Yud Tes Celebrations in Eilat, I had noticed a special chair for this high "Office". It was a "two decker", and I would have needed a short ladder to gain access to the seat of this magnificent chair. But - No -it was Not for me! I sat on a stool of medium height with my legs upon a smaller stool, and all I had to do was to hold a little lad's legs wide open and to see to it that he did not move them. I felt a bit of a bully - the poor kid was fastened in a "ring of steel".

T.G. everything went off very well and we had now a yehuda Tuvye in the family. At the Seuda, I had a speech and read out a poem - here are a couple of the verses.

1. In this week's Sedra we read again about a dream,
and how the A-mighty arranged matters to be rather more than
they would seem.
2. How could I have ever dreamt that today I would be Sandek for
Esmond's son,
And, yet this most unexpected event, the actual fact has just
become.

Etc. Etc and finally,

8. And as we also learn in this week's Sedra, there could be nothing
remote nor even sinister,
Than for a young Jewish boy to become the Egyptian Prime
Minister.

A friend of mine asked me why did Yaakov's sons, Shimon and Levi first circumcise all the Males of Shechem before killing them. The answer is that if Jacob's sons would have massacred the Men of Shechem before their Bris, there would have been a huge outcry - "they are killing non-Jews, but later, when they had already been circumcised and were - had become Jews - well, who cared if Jews were being murdered?

Similarly, at a Bris, the baby beforehand is given every honour, is sat in Eliyohu's chair, is held by many Rabbonim - he is not yet a Jew, but immediately he becomes a Jew - then out he goes, back to his mother

without any fuss or ceremony.

Back in Eilat - we attended the first Channukah light kindling, by Yossi Hecht at the centre of the Tourist Centre. He made the full - proper Brochas and then lit a small candle Menorah in a glass case, to prevent the wind from blowing out the lights.

Afterwards, the huge benzine Menorah was lit - quietly. We sang two verses of Moaz Tzur and then played Chabad rollicking tapes to which most of the boys and girls - the majority of whom were non-Jews, had a good dance together.

Every evening, in our hotel, the Menorah was lit, properly, and doughnuts were distributed. We also sang Moaz Tzur and other songs.

In Manchester, we light the Big Public Menorah in the City centre, with full Brochas, but not mentioning G-d's name (just Hashem Elokainu etc.).

On Friday night, after dinner, we took a little walk.

In the centre of Eilat, under the palm trees, Rabbi Shlomo Sharfstein, from Heritage House, Jerusalem, held a public Oneg Shabbat. On the large table were set - wine, Challas, fish, herring, cake and soda.

He was philosophizing and singing and had attracted a couple of Jewish boys, and also a party of four non-Jewish girls who were very keen to learn all about Judaism.

Most of the visitors to Eilat were non-Jews, and there was a constant stream of young boys and girls who remained a short while to enjoy our Oneg Shabbat with this young Rabbi.

Directly opposite was a troupe of Negroes, who were beating on their tumtums - (tom toms) and singing African Negro songs.

We had confirmation of what had occurred when a PLO Terrorist attacked an Army Base in Israel.

Briefly - This Terrorist flew over this camp in a hand glider, and threw grenades and machine gunned everybody and everything indiscriminately.

The Soldier on guard duty ran away and the Terrorist having already killed five soldiers, intended to destroy, to wipe out the entire camp.

Fortunately, a fearless Lubavitcher soldier came to the rescue. He stood his ground and shot dead the PLO murderer.

This Lubavitcher received the highest citation and award from the Government and from the Commander-in-Chief.

Chabad and Lubavitch are so proud of him.

THE REBBE CONTINUES TO GIVE HELP TO ISRAEL

The Jerusalem post is often very Anti-Lubavitch. They are very annoyed that the Rebbe wishes to change the "Law of Return" to conform to the Halacha, regarding "Who is a Jew?"

But, on December 23rd 1987, they wrote a lovely article about the Rebbe's Ten Million pounds PROJECT to help Russian Jews to settle in Israel.

Here is a small part of that article which I have reproduced and I hope you will find it interesting.

"Offer a Soviet Jewish scientist a fulfilling job in his field and a decent place to live, and you won't need direct flights from Moscow to prevent him from "dropping out" and moving to America. Aliya will then appeal not only to the diehard Zionist and the Orthodox, but also to the non-committed Jew who just wants to be released from the shackles of the USSR.

That simple idea lies behind Satec, a new high-tech corporation being set up in Jerusalem on a strictly profit-making basis, and an enclave of cottages in the capital's Ramot quarter. Both were initiated by the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Menachem Schneerson, who placed a phone call from his Brooklyn headquarters last spring to Prof. Yirmiyahu Branover, a Habadnik who left Russia in 1972, settled in Beersheba, and built up an international reputation in the field of energy conversion.

The Rebbe told Branover he was worried about Russian Jews who were being allowed to emigrate in growing numbers. In order to increase Israel's attraction for them, he suggested a project, independent of government bureaucracy, that would employ and house immigrant scientists and engineers.

The energetic Branover, who has headed a self-help group of observant former Russian scientists since he came on aliya, in addition to his development of energy-conversion systems, acted quickly on the Rebbe's instructions.

The result is an enclave of 52 comfortable cottages, purchased en bloc from a single contractor, and a second-mortgage fund funded by Revlon Group chairman Ronal Perlman. Most of the homes are already occupied by Russian olim, and a larger project of 500 housing units is being planned in Ras Amar, near Jerusalem's

French Hill quarter.

Branover, known for his development of magneto hydro-dynamics, which substantially reduces the cost of electricity, explained to The Jerusalem Post that Russian olim are nearly penniless when they arrive, and that even if they apply for government mortgages, they rarely can afford to purchase an apartment here, especially in Jerusalem. The second-mortgage loan, repayable over 20 years and without interest, allows them to purchase a home.

With the housing available or in the planning stage, Branover then turned to the employment problem. "It is nearly impossible for immigrant scientists to get jobs in the universities or in government. These places are all saturated, and exceptions are made only rarely for famous or highly outstanding individuals. The only possible place to get work is in a commercial enterprise".

Satec - or Shamir Advanced Technologies Engineering Centre - was founded, thanks to an investment of \$4 million by Joseph Gutnick of Melbourne, who is chairman of Australia Wide Industries Ltd., a major conglomerate that controls a large number of public companies. Shamir is the acronym of the organisation of religious Soviet immigrant scientists, which has published different books on traditional Jewish and Israeli subjects in Russian translation, and which helped promote the back-to-Judaism movement in the Soviet Union.

When Russian emigrants who are waiting in Rome for U.S. visas hear about Satec, they are enthusiastic, says Branover. Some have already changed plans to drop out and have come to Israel. He says that a drop-out who is now a professor at the prestigious Massachusetts Institute of Technology told him he is seriously considering dropping everything and moving to Israel to work for Satec. Others have heard about it while still in Russia.

The company has already hired about 15 Russian scientists and engineers along with a number of western marketing and administration executives. Branover hopes that as the company takes off, the professional staff will be increased to over 100."

CHAYA'S WEDDING

Chaya's marriage to Shimon Posner was arranged to take place in London on Wednesday 11th Kislev - December 2nd 1987.

Roselyn and I had been invited to be the "Unterferers" (to lead the Bride and Bridegroom to the Chuppah). Obviously, her parents, Hindy and Shmuel should have had this honour, but Hindy was expecting a baby, and the custom is that there should be only two Unterferers and not three.

Similarly a pregnant woman does not normally act as "Quatter" at a Bris, (The lady who carries the baby from the mother and to the room where the Bris would take place), because this woman is not allowed to carry two babies at the same time.

I have attended many weddings, especially in London, where the Chuppah had been arranged to commence at 5.00p.m sharp, and yet had actually taken place at 7.00p.m. So, automatically, the dinner, which should have commenced at 7.00p.m, did not start until after 9.00p.m. Then, for some inexplicable reason, the Chosson and Kallah did not arrive until nearly 10.00p.m.

This meant that the Orators were still making their speeches at nearly midnight, and the scores of young men and girls who had been invited to come at 8.30p.m to dance and liven up the proceedings had to wait until after the dinner had ended before they could dance or obtain food. They could and did bite their finger nails in frustration and in hunger.

So, at Chaya's wedding, I had insisted that the Chuppah should start punctually at 5.00p.m prompt -and, it did!

First, we enjoyed a lovely Kabbolas Ponim, at Lubavitch House, London. The Chief Rabbi, Lord Jakobovitz was present too.

Shimon said his Maamer, then he went to prepare for the Chuppah by putting on a shirt which belonged to the Rebbe.

At 5.01p.m. (according to the time on the video machine), Chaya entered the Chuppah area. Besides Risia (Posner) and Roselyn, she was accompanied by a bevy of beautiful bridesmaids.

There were five of them and they all wore similar elegant dresses of turquoise blue. The eldest was Tobie Gittel, aged 13, Shaindel - 11, Bas Sheva - 7, and yocheved - 4. Channah Deren - 7 made up the fifth.

In addition, there were two Maids of Honour dressed in Mauve. Channah - 17 and Zelda Rochel - 15, and Golda Rivka - nearly 19 was dressed in white.

Together with Chaya, they made up a ravishing group of pretty young girls, that one could ever wish to see. I was most impressed. I had never realised that I possessed such good looking and attractive Lew granddaughters. In spite of maybe, being a little biased, I still maintain that they made a gorgeous picture.

The Rebbe's letter was duly read. Then Rabbi Zalmon Posner, Shimon's father, was "Messader Kedushin" (or as they say in English - "he married his son"!)

There was quite a good crowd at the Chuppah, but many scores of people arrived after the ceremony, and were they surprised?

Similarly, the dinner commenced strictly on time, although many guests were just arriving.

The orchestra played lively and well and the dancing was almost non-stop. In between we managed to partake of the food, and we also listened to Avrohom and Phaivish Vogel give blessings, short but good, to the Bride and Groom. Zalmon Posner then excelled himself and related a few Sichos of the Rebbe. He probably spoke well because everyone listened with keen concentration and appreciation.

Twenty five of Shimon's friends in Crown Heights held a lottery for one of them to represent them at the wedding. Levi Yitzchok Shemtov (Yisroel's son) won the Goral.

He took back with him, twenty five benchers (Grace after Meals, booklets) as a memento, but I was requested to autograph these, individually and specially for those boys who had lost the lottery. I wrote on some of them -

"Sorry you could not make it".

"Better luck next time".

"You are a good loser".

"The Rebbe will be pleased that you lost because you can sit and learn more".

and so on.

Yisroel Deren was the Shadchan - on behalf of the Chosson. I am not aware if he received any commission or fees, but Shmuel did promise him a few of my previous instalments of "My Encounter". I have put away a good stock for any future eventualities.

Tonight, he had a new job. Barman - with a portable bar. He went continuously from table to table handing out Drambuie or Vodka - one for you - and LeChaim - one for me. He became rather merry as the night wore on.

He was very friendly with Barry Weinmen, who lived in Manchester. He prevailed upon Max to give him a lift to Manchester. He slept all the way - after all those drinks, who would not - and they arrived at Barry's at 4.00 a.m in the morning (Yisroel wished to return to London within an hour or two)

Barry opened the door, sleepy eyed, and dressed in his pyjamas - and that was the end of a beautiful friendship.

Meanwhile, at the wedding, the dancing and the atmosphere was "lebedick" and "freilich" (lively and joyful). There was a nucleus of about one hundred boys who had discarded their jackets and who continued dancing until after 2.00a.m although the band had left at 1.30a.m. (Even the girls at the other side of the mechitza were going strong.)

Their dancing consisted of whirling, twisting and jumping and skipping. They seemed like an acrobatic troupe, somersaulting flying past each other and just missing one another by an inch or so. I was heaved upon some strong boys shoulders and whirled and whisked around. I had no time to think about my new hip, but I dared not even consider falling!

We retired to bed at Hindy's at 3.30a.m.

Roselyn had received many tributes for her new dress and her general appearance - and for her dancing.

So, everyone was happy!

A few weeks later on 13th Teves, Hindy gave Roselyn a lovely birthday present - a nice young man.

A few years previously, she had presented me with a lovely girl on the occasion of my birthday 7th Adar, so there would now be no jealousy or envy.

Hindy named the boy, Moishe, because:

1. He was born during the Sedra of Shemos, where Moishe's birth is first mentioned.
2. His Bris was on the Yahrtzeit of the Rambam (Moishe ben Maimon).
3. He was Hindy's 7th son (Moishe was the 7th generation from Avrohom). and finally,
4. My brother, who died in Israel two years ago was also a Moishe.

I was a little off colour and had been confined to my home for a week or two. Unfortunately, I had to miss the Rambam Siyum.

My friend, J.J. (Rabbi Hecht) had flown over specially to be the main speaker for this function.

He had called in to see me. He maintained that the Rebbe would be annoyed if he, J.J. would have returned to Crown Heights with no report about me and my health.

Afterwards, he sent me a typical flamboyant "J.J. letter" from New York which I enjoyed very much.

Also, at this same time, Rabbi Yossi Samuels of Milwaukee, visited me, too. He informed me that he had just arrived from Israel - on his way back to New York - he has a sister living in Manchester.

He had attended the Big Dinner to inaugurate the Rebbe's New Venture in Jerusalem for the Russian Jews. It took place at the Hotel Laromme, one of the nicest hotels in that city and the Rebbe had paid ten thousand dollars towards the expenses of this dinner. This took place after the official cutting of the "Turf" at the site of the project.

Each guest was given a small piece of Matzo, which the Rebbe distributes on Pesach, together with a little memento plus a small photograph of the Rebbe.

I was also pleased to welcome three young ladies who came to "visit the

sick” – Channa Feiga Hickson and Chaya and Soro Brown, all about nine or ten years of age. It was a very pleasant surprise and I much appreciated their thoughtfulness. My young friend, Danny Bergson, also about ten, was another welcome visitor. He is a very sensible and considerate young man.

To continue about the Rambam Siyum - Avrohom, my son, Rabbi Jaffe, was the chairman. Nearly seven hundred people were present and it was a great success.

Of course, in such a huge gathering, with all types of people present, one cannot expect to please everyone. Some wanted more Torah - others wanted less.

J.J. also paid a visit to the Mayor of this city and afterwards he addressed four hundred children at the King David Schools. His talk went down very well. His theme was about - how could one decide whether a certain duck was a healthy bird or not. It is placed into the river - if it floats with the current, then it is not too healthy, but, if it swims against the current, then it is a robust bird.

J.J. then used this story to illustrate the spiritual health of today's youngsters - The ailing youth who is floating with the rest of the crowd - with drugs and pornography and so forth - whereas a good Jewish boy or girl will fight against these "modern" currents, and remain spiritually and physically healthy.

SUSAN HAS THE LAST WORDS WITH OUR REBBETZEN

Susan flew to Crown Heights to spend Yud Shevat with the Rebbe and with Our Rebbetzen. She took with her, Golda and Dina. Dina should have attended school, but, she had only just started. She enjoyed her first day - she loved it. On the second day, however, she was in tears and refused to go again. She maintained that she had learnt nothing on the first day and she had wasted her time and so was not interested in repeating the experiment.

Susan had quite a reunion with her own family in Crown Heights - Dovid, Levi and Channah, plus Golda and Dina.

Dina was a little fearful and shy, at first, with the Rebbe, but then, afterwards, there was no holding her back.

Susan spoke to the Rebbetzen on a number of occasions on the phone to endeavour to arrange a suitable date for a visit to her home at 1304.

Unfortunately, on one day Susan was slightly unwell, and on another day the Rebbetzen was also slightly off colour. It was difficult to arrange a satisfactory day - and soon - the week or so had gone by,

Before Susan left for home on the Sunday 19th Shevat, she was fortunate to have a long chat with the Rebbetzen on the telephone. They discussed and talked about many interesting matters.

Just three days later – Our poor dear friend, the Rebbetzen had passed away.

OUR REBBETZEN (ZTzL)

It was at 8.45a.m on the Wednesday morning of the 22nd of Shevat (February 10th 1988) when Dovid, my grandson telephoned from New York to convey to us the heart-breaking and tragic news that Our Dear Friend, Our Rebbetzen had passed away, suddenly, during the night, (we had spoken to her on the phone only a few days previously), and that the funeral would take place at about 1.00p.m that afternoon.

The Concorde flight left London at about 10.30a.m, so there was no chance of getting to London in time for that. I did hear of some London people who flew this way, to be in time for the funeral - even at the cost of £1,770 for one way - at least they managed to arrive at Crown Heights in time.

On that Wednesday, there was no direct flight from Manchester to New York, so Avrohom and I travelled through London - on the first available flight - British Airways leaving at 2.00p.m.

We met Rabbi Pesach Efuno - and he was in a flap. He had travelled up from Brighton and intended to join Rabbi Nachman Sudak, Rabbi Faivish Vogel and my son-in-law Rabbi Shmuel Lew on the 11.00a.m flight, but he got mixed up with his terminals and missed that plane. He was joining us on the 2.00p.m flight - and "Could he join us at our apartment at Crown Heights, as he had nowhere to stay overnight."

We warned him that our flat was a bit "rough and ready" and would certainly not qualify for a Five Stars rating. Not even Four stars, nor One Star, but maybe a - Minus Five Stars. But - as it was next door but one to 770 - then for what more could one ask. We would be pleased to accept him as our guest.

(When we left Crown Heights on the following day - to return home, he did concede that I had not exaggerated the condition of our apartment. He would give it NO Star ratings, whatsoever - not even Minus Five Stars. "You were right Zalmon, your apartment is in much worse condition than I had envisaged - or ever expected". - That's gratitude for you!!)

We arrived at J.F. Kennedy Airport at 5.00p.m and hastened to obtain a taxi to take us to Crown Heights. As usual, these days, there was an Official in charge at the cab ranks to ensure fair play - that is - the first passengers in the line would get the first taxi.

This first taxi was having trouble with a man in a wheel chair. The driver maintained that it was a sheer impossibility to take this fare - plus the

wheelchair. So, he indicated to our group that we were "next" and we should make our way to his taxi. As soon as he heard that we wished to go to Brooklyn, however, he soon changed his mind and within seconds he had managed to bundle and to squeeze the man and the wheel chair into his car. He even offered his passenger cigarettes - in a non-smoking taxi.

We rushed to Crown Heights - in the next taxi - and discovered that Maariv was at 6.00p.m at the Rebbe's house at 1304 President Street, to where we quickly made our way.

There were literally hundreds, nay thousands of men and boys milling around in the street, facing the lawn in front of the Rebbe's home.

There were about six police doing their very best to stop people from rushing through. There was only sufficient room at each service for approximately fifty people from all those who were gathered outside and who wished to gain admission to join the Rebbe's minyan. Therefore a Lottery was held. For that Maariv evening service, the Gorrall was for all those whose surnames began with the letter CHOF. Fifty names were picked from about three hundred applicants. For the next service, a different letter was chosen, and, that system was used for the duration of the Shiva - and even afterwards.

In addition, all those special persons of the Rebbe's hierarchy and those who were well known to the police (in a nice way) were allowed to go through. I considered that there were almost two hundred to two hundred and fifty people present at each service.

Avrohom (and I) pushed our way to the barrier. We jumped over it and walked quickly up the side path to the back door of 1304. A policeman did make a half-hearted attempt to stop us, but it was quite dark and we marched forward in a very authoritative manner.

We discovered that the back door was locked. We also found Rabbi Chadakov and one of his grandsons, who had been standing outside for quite a long time. They could not get in and so they had left.

Just then, the door was opened - very slightly - and I was recognised - and allowed to enter with Avrohom.

The service was just concluding. The Rebbe recited the last Kaddish, moved from the Omud (the prayer desk) and sat down on a low stool about three or four yards away and near to the door leading to the living room.

Everyone was standing around and undecided what to do. Label Groner whispered - "Go along - past the Rebbe and out through the back door".

I happened to be the first in that line (having just entered) so I had the chance to be the first to extend to the Rebbe the usual and formal condolences addressed to a mourner "HAMOKOIM YENACHAIM..."

Avrohom followed me. The Rebbe had given me a very searching lingering look. I was told that he gave every person a similar long look.

When all those who had been attending the service had made their exit, then the front door was opened and everyone who had been waiting outside, in the street for such a considerable time were allowed to walk through the front door - past the Rebbe - and out through the back door.

After the last person had passed by, the Rebbe left the room and retired upstairs to his private quarters.

As soon as my granddaughter Chaya (nee Lew) who now lives at Crown Heights with her husband Shimon (Rabbi Posner) had learnt that we had arrived at Crown Heights, she at once invited us for dinner, immediately after Maariv.

Within the hour or so, we sat down to a sumptuous and delicious meal. In addition to Avrohom and myself - and Chaya and Shimon, their were also present, Shimon's parents, Rabbi Zalmon Posner and his wife Risa, Yossi and Golda Rivka (Lew), Dovid, Levi and Channah (Jaffe) and of course, Shmuel, Chaya's father. Chaya did well to prepare this lovely meal for twelve people at such short notice.

I then learnt the following facts:

The Rebbetzen had passed away in the hospital, but she was brought home in order that the Tahara - the washing and cleaning, could be carried out at the place wherein she had lived.

Afterwards, ten boys at a time walked around the coffin reciting Tehillim. It was not possible for a thousand boys to participate in this Mitzvah, so again, a lottery was held to ascertain which boys would be privileged to take part. After each circuit, the ten boys were relieved by a different lot of ten boys.

There had been over ten thousand people at the Funeral procession. But, at the cemetery there were only one thousand five hundred who had travelled

in twenty one buses and in private cars. However these could not penetrate into the actual cemetery area, because the gates had been closed. Only about one hundred or so were allowed to accompany the Rebbe to the graveside for the burial. These were mainly the men from the Chevra Kaddisha and the young married men who were studying at the Kollel and who had prepared the actual grave.

Next morning, Thursday, Avrohom and I were again fortunate to be allowed through to attend the Shacharis service, Moishe Kotlarsky and Michael Zerkin, in particular, were very helpful in this respect.

At 10.00a.m, the Rebbe descended from his private quarters upstairs and immediately commenced the davenning. As it was Thursday, we layened in the Sefer Torah. Before the Torah was raised for Hagbah, Rabbi Dovid Raskin started to make the usual special prayers for the health of a mother who had just given birth to a new-born daughter - and to give the baby her name in the presence of the Rebbe - even though the families were not even in the U.S.A. (This custom was started many years ago when Chaya (Lew) was born in London during Shovuos time. I was at 770 at that moment and Shmuel sent me a cable requesting me to make the special prayer for my daughter, Hindy and her baby, I presumed that Shmuel would actually name the baby in London. In the event, however, Dovid Raskin carried on with the usual formula of pronouncing the baby's name, and, I always recall that he was uncertain of Shmuel's name. But, the Rebbe interrupted and said - "Bass HaRav Shmuel" (The daughter of Rabbi Shmuel).

On this morning, Dovid Raskin mentioned a newly born girl who would henceforth be called Chaya Mushka - then a second - a third - and finally a fourth. Four little girls and each was named, Chaya Mushka, after Our Rebbetzen, It was, I assure you, a very emotional moment for all of us, but more especially, for the Rebbe, who, on the second day of Shiva, had heard his dear Rebbetzen's name bestowed upon four new daughters of the Jewish Nation. These will be only the forerunners of many tens of thousands of "CHAYA MUSHKA'S". The Rebbetzen's name will live for ever - and ever. But - it brought home to us, very forcibly, that Our Dear Rebbetzen's physical presence was NO longer with us.

After the service, we then visited the last resting place of Our Rebbetzen, which was situated just opposite the Ohel - the Tzion (burial place) of her father O.H., the Previous Rebbe ZTzL.

We again attended the Mincha, and also the Maariv service and then returned to the Airport to catch our plane home - via London, again.

Our example of flying to Crown Heights for just one day was followed by, literally hundreds of men. Rabbi Dovid Hickson left Manchester on the 11.00a.m direct flight to New York. Unfortunately, the plane was three hours late - so he just managed to get a taxi to Crown Heights to spend half an hour at President Street. He returned to the Airport in the same taxi and caught the same plane home, in which he had travelled from Manchester to New York only a few hours previously.

During Shiva, many Renowned Rabbonim called to see the Rebbe. Also Ambassadors from their Embassies, Consuls from their Consulates, Mayor Koch from New York City hall and millionaires from their penthouses were driven up to 1304 in their chauffeur driven, diplomatically immune Cadillacs on their pilgrimage to see the Rebbe and extend their sincere condolences to him.

On the Shabbos morning during Shiva, we benched Rosh Chodesh Adar. As on every Shabbos Mevorchim of the year, the Rebbe went, as usual, to 770 at 8.15a.m to recite, with the whole congregation, the whole of Tehillim (the Book of Psalms),

The Rebbe wished to show everyone that there must be no public mourning during the Shabbos day, therefore:

1. He sat at his usual place,
2. He recited the Haftorah which he does on every Shabbos during the year.
3. There was the Shabbos Mevorchim Farbraingen - with Sichos and singing, and,
4. He had his usual aliya during the Mincha service.

From then onwards, until after Sheloshim, when the official thirty days of mourning ended for the Rebbe, he never left his home at 1304. On the following three Shabbos days, the services were held there, too. During the week, he related Sichos, and on three or four occasions, he handed out dollars.

Members of the public, who still came from far and wide, entered by the front door of 1304, collected their dollar from the Rebbe and exited by the back door.

The Rebbe had given one hundred dollars for a Farbraingen to be arranged at 1304. Because of limited space, only a few people at a time were allowed

to participate, so a lottery was again held in order to pick out the lucky ones,

The Rebbe, himself, was not present. He had retired to his study upstairs.

However - on the next Shabbos Mevorchim - Nissan -the Rebbe again spent this Shabbos at 770, exactly as on the previous Shabbos Mevorchim. The Farbraingen was extremely joyful - freilich. After Shabbos the Rebbe returned home. He continued to daven at the Omud (to lead the prayers) and to say Kaddish, even after Sheloshim had ended.

In Manchester, we had held a Siyum of Mishnayos to mark the end of Shiva. At the conclusion of Sheloshim, very many siyumim took place including:

1. By Manchester Lubavitch
2. By the Neshei (women).
3. By the young girls groups.

I became very popular during this period and was invited to speak about Our Rebbetzen on all these occasions.

At the main event at Lubavitch House (men only) Shmuel, my son-in-law, was the guest speaker and spoke really well. Avrohom, the chairman, announced many new projects in memory of Our Rebbetzen.

1. A new Sefer Torah. (for our Yeshiva)
2. New GEMACH Fund (Free Loans).
3. Shiurim - quite a batch.
4. To name our place of learning after her.

Many other ideas and projects were instigated.

In Crown Heights, a Ten Million Dollar School is being built for two thousand five hundred girls. It will be called Chaya Mushka.

I was also asked to submit an article for the Kfar Chabad (Israel) newspaper and for the Yiddishe Heim of New York. At this moment, I do not know whether they have used any of my material.

He is the gist of what I wrote in these articles.

We have been visiting the Rebbe Shlita regularly every year for nearly thirty years. For the past twenty years or so, we have enjoyed the additional bonus of calling upon our Rebbetzen at her home in President Street, and latterly, also at their temporary abode for Shabbos and Yom Tov at the library next door to 770.

She was a very good friend to us – kind, considerate, cheerful and gracious. The Rebbetzen was a very good looking, fair complexioned, petite lady, who was always smartly dressed, and well-groomed. Surprisingly, she looked and acted quite youthfully and yet - "Majestic, Queenly and Regal" were adjectives which could well describe her, and her Presence would fill the entire room.

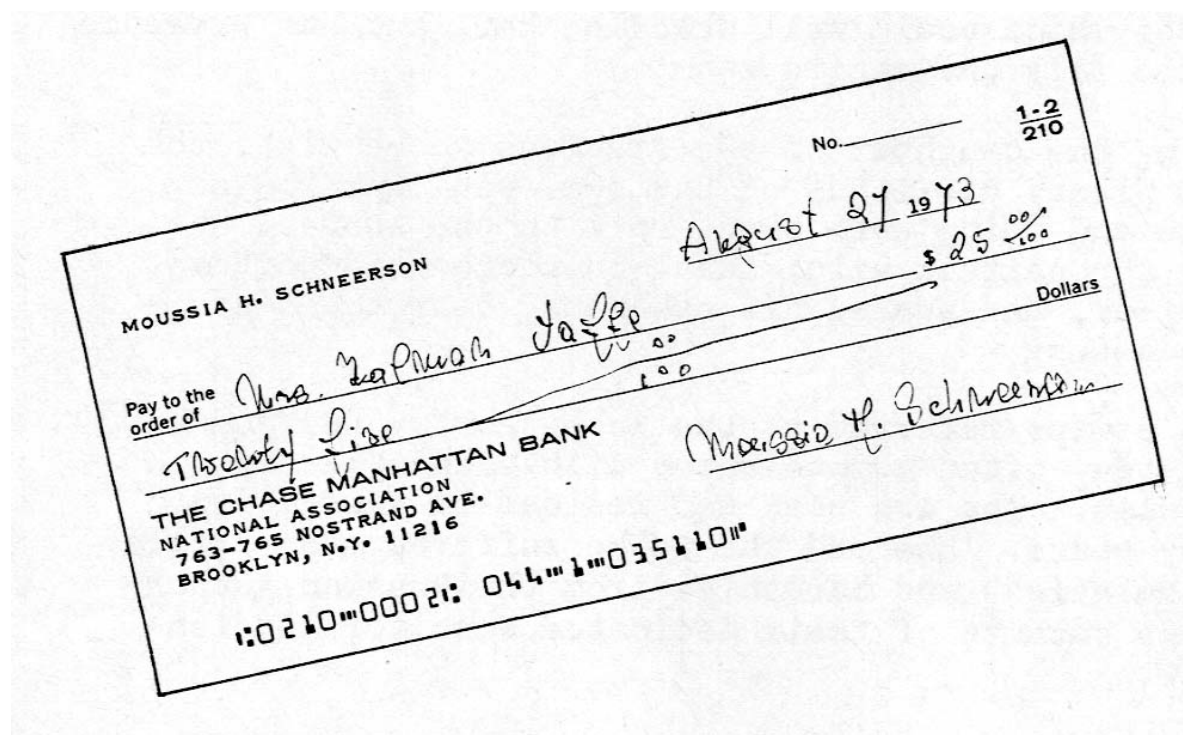
Being the daughter of the Previous Rebbe ZTzL, she had plenty of Yichus of her own, yet her whole life and being were bound up with the Rebbe. She was the perfect wife, ideal companion and worthy adviser, and shared his problems, heartaches and successes.

She always referred to the Rebbe as "My Husband", and they often communicated with each other in Russian. She was born and resided in Russia for many years. She and the Rebbe suffered many trials, tribulations and hardships from the Russian Authorities because of their dedicated work for Yiddishkeit.

I once asked her whether the Rebbe disturbed her when he arrived home from 770 at 4.30a.m in the morning after Koss Shel Brocha and so forth. She replied "Oh, No. I always – always- wait up for him".

She shunned publicity and when the new Hebrew/English Tanya was published, an official delegation wished to present her with a specially bound edition. She refused point-blank to receive any delegations and maintained that she would be happy to accept this from Roselyn and me only. It was only after a lot persuasion and a little "bullying" from me did she acceded to our suggestion to receive just a very small delegation.

Once she asked me to send her some articles from England which she required. We attended to this and in due course, she sent Roselyn a cheque for twenty five dollars signed by "Moussia Schneerson" Needless to say, we never banked this cheque. We kept this treasure and would never part with it.



The Rebbetzen was always very pleased to see us. Although she had insisted that we should visit her at anytime, even without notice, we never took advantage of this open invitation.

We always telephoned first in order to arrange a suitable time for her - for example - we had never been present at 1304 President Street whilst the Rebbe was there too.

Sometimes, after we had been enjoying the company of the Rebbetzen for about two hours or so, the telephone would ring. Sholom would answer it, then whisper something to the Rebbetzen. From past experience, we realised that this phone call was the signal that the Rebbe would be returning home in a very short while, so we immediately made our apologies to the Rebbetzen and prepared to leave her presence, in spite of her strong protest that there was no need for us to rush away.

She also indicated that surely we had better things to do and to see during the short time we spent at Crown Heights, than to visit her.

Sholom Gansberg once told us that the Rebbetzen had confided to him that she enjoyed our company tremendously because she did not have to make conversation. She could just sit back, relax and enjoy herself.

She spoke to us, always in perfect English, with a slight American accent.

I once informed her that I had received complaints from some people whom I had mentioned in my book. The Rebbetzen retorted:

"Those who you mention are annoyed and those who you do not mention are insulted".

She was a wonderful intermediary for us with the Rebbe. It was so simple and useful to contact her when we needed a quick reply to any queries. For instance, when I returned from hospital recently, I wanted permission to travel to London for a Bris and also a wedding. The doctors had refused to grant this request. Therefore, I phoned, as usual, to 770 and discussed the matter with Binyamin Klyne. He promised to inform me next morning, Friday, at 9.30a.m what was the Rebbe's advice. Next morning -9.30a.m, no phone call - 10.00a.m, still no phone call - This was N.Y. time, and it would soon be Shabbos in Manchester. So, I tried to phone 770. Anyone who has tried to phone 770 on any morning will know how impossible it is to get through. Friday is even worse. After half an hour, I gave up. So - I phoned the Rebbetzen, told her of my predicament and within just a few minutes, Binyomin Klyne was on the line from 770 with the Rebbe's reply which was:

"The Shulchan Oruch states that one must carry out the instructions of the Doctor, no matter how well one feels".

A few years ago, the Rebbe had given out an order that no one would be allowed to visit 770 for the Rebbe's eightieth birthday. Quite definite - NO ONE - so, again, I phoned up the Rebbetzen. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Jaffe, this does not refer to you. The Rebbe always looks forward to seeing you".

Binyomin Klyne only told me during the time of Shiva, that the Rebbetzen had phoned him to inform the Rebbe that "T.G. he has come home from hospital, and Boruch Hashem, he is fit and well".

Binyomin Klyne, "Who is it?"

"Never mind", said the Rebbetzen, "just give this message to the Rebbe".
"Yes, but who is it?" - almost demanded Binyomin Klyne.

"O.K. -then - it is Zalmon".

I said to the Rebbetzen that it is very good when one receives the Brochas

from the Rebbe. She replied that;

"Other people besides the Rebbe were praying on my behalf and wishing me a speedy and complete recovery".

That was a really nice thing to say and such a comforting thought.

The Rebbe is K.A.H. tough and likes the extreme cold.

The Rebbetzen, however, loves the heat. So the Rebbe had his work/study in a separate room upstairs.

On our frequent visits to her home or at the library (where a compact small apartment had been constructed at the rear), we invariably took with us some of our grandchildren.

The front door at president street opened into a large porch and then into a small anti-room. From this, we entered into a large room, with a parquet floor and a staircase at one side. (This is where the Rebbe's minyan was held during and after Shiva.)

From here, we entered into the dining room, where we found the Rebbetzen awaiting our arrival. She would be seated at the side of a rectangular table. Roselyn would sit opposite to her and I next to her.

The Rebbe's chair at the top of the table was always left vacant.

The tablecloth was white and spotless, except when once, Shmuel knocked over a bottle of Raspberry Soda and the cloth became red and Shmuel's face became white. Set upon it were cups and saucers and so forth - fruit and cake and special "goodies" for the young children - ice cream, soda and sweets - occasionally, we enjoyed chocolate truffles which were also favourites of the Rebbe's.

Each of the children then entertained us with songs or words of Torah. After about an hour, they left us and we carried on chatting, relating anecdotes, looking at photographs, talking about the Rebbe and his never-ending work, and reading excerpts from my latest "Book".

We were then served with Russian tea. The Rebbetzen never touched hers. She admitted, only recently, that she did not like tea, but she thought that all English people drink only this beverage, so she was very sociable and joined us. -We were also not too fond of Russian tea. We add milk at home.

The Rebbe always went home (or to the library) just before Shabbos or Yom Tov, and normally spent about twenty minutes or so with the Rebbetzen before returning to 770.

She had many lovely silver candlesticks and Menorahs, but she "benched licht" on the brass candlesticks which her mother had used and which she had brought over from Russia. Someone asked me whether I could discover if she benched licht with oil. Obviously she used candles.

Until eighteen years ago, the Rebbe would invite about a dozen specially selected men to join him at all Yomim Tovim Meals. These took place upstairs at the Previous Rebbetzin's apartment. Neither our Rebbetzen or any of the other women joined us at these meals. Our Rebbetzen ate together with her mother (the Previous Rebbetzen) in the adjoining room.

But, first of all, the Rebbe alone would go to our table and just before he started to make Kiddush, the door of the room would be opened - slightly ajar. It was the Rebbetzen waiting to hear the Rebbe's Kiddush, which the Rebbe recited very quietly indeed. After which, the door was closed and we, the Rebbe's guests, would make Kiddush ourselves, altogether and also very quietly.

Therefore, for the first twenty years since the Rebbe became Our Leader, he and Our Rebbetzen never ate their Yom Tov meals together. However, when the Rebbetzen's mother passed away, then the Rebbe discontinued these special meals and joined Our Rebbetzen for Yom Tov at their own home.

It is no small wonder that it states that before a man undertakes to accept the position as a Rebbe, it is essential that he receives permission from his wife first.

Before the wedding of Max, to my granddaughter, Leah Jaffe, we were at the home of the Rebbetzen. Max had begged me to ask the Rebbetzen for a gift of one of the Rebbe's shirts - which he, as a Chosson, would like to wear under the Chuppah. She acceded to this request and told me to call for this on the following day.

Before I left to collect this treasure, I told the large assembly of grandchildren who were gathered at our apartment that they should all realise and understand that this garment would belong to us and would become a family heirloom.

Well, the howls of protest and arguments that followed this statement were

just too terrible. How could I even contemplate to appropriate something that should belong to Max. To put it very mildly indeed - I was not behaving very nicely.

To be fair, Max did not enter into this argument, nevertheless, the anguished look on his face told its own story. It was terrible to behold. It was very embarrassing for me and I even considered cancelling this visit to the Rebbetzen. However, this would really be a shame - like cutting off one's nose to spite one's face - and so off I went.

A short while later - I returned - with TWO shirts. I had explained my difficult predicament to the Rebbetzen who had remarked:

"Don't worry, Mr. Jaffe, This is no problem. I will simply give you another shirt for your family heirloom when next you come to Crown Heights".

I intimated that I would rather take it now, if it was not too much trouble.

The Rebbetzen asked Sholom to go upstairs and to bring down another Shirt of the Rebbe's.

Sholom indicated that he was "flabbergasted" - and aghast to see such Chutzpah - "but you certainly achieved what you wanted."

This is what I call a very considerate friend.

On the happy occasion of the marriage of Avrohom and Susan's daughter Leah to Max, they were honoured to receive a cable from Our Rebbetzen.

I have reproduced this on the following page.

A few months ago, Max and Leah visited the Rebbetzen with our great grandchildren, Moishe aged 12 and Soro. The Rebbetzen said to Moishe:

"Come to Doda and play on Doda's knee".

Moishe did so and had a nice play on Doda's knee. What a Zechus for a little boy. He will remember this all his life.

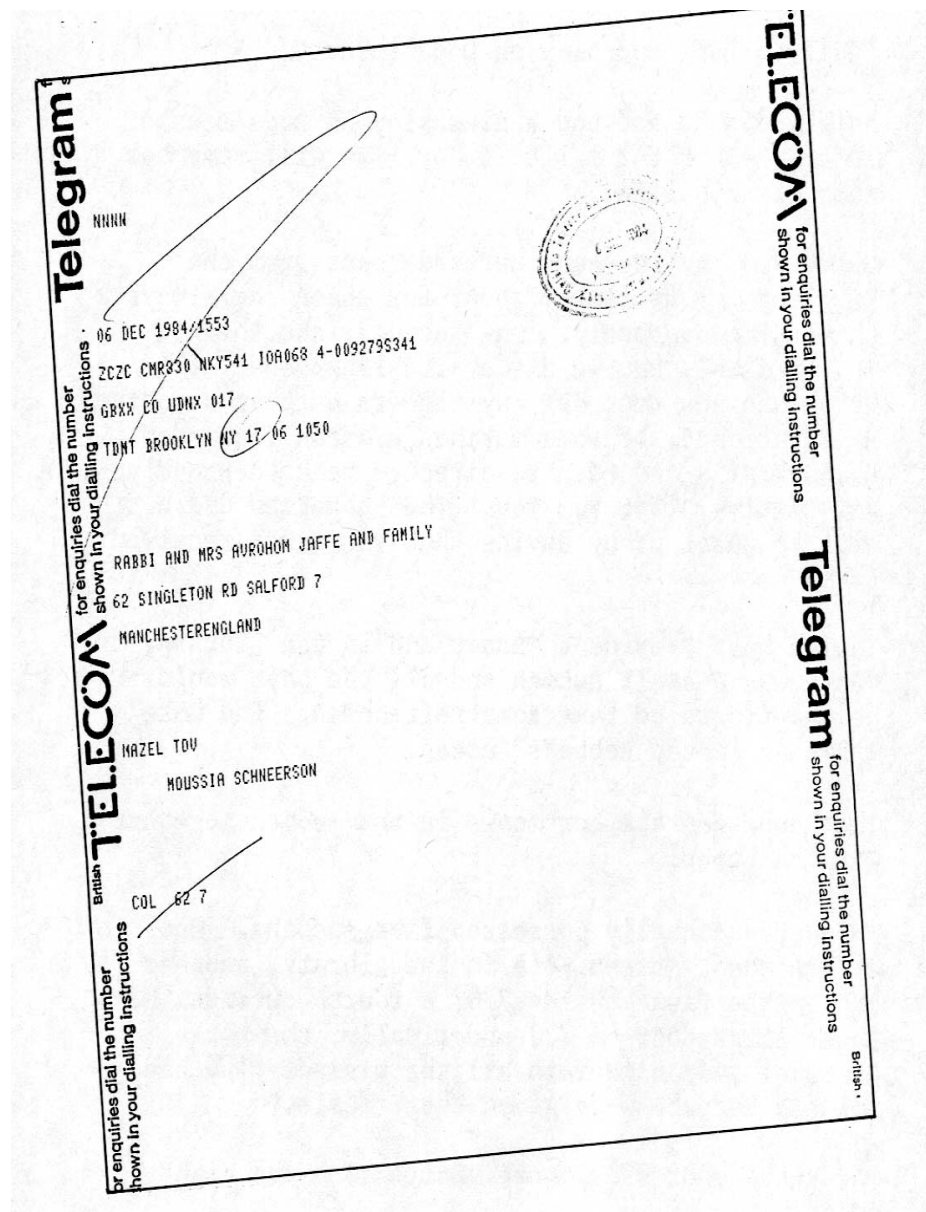
Every Yom Tov, we sent her red roses from the Kingston Avenue flower shop, for which she always thanked me profusely. One Shovuos, she thanked me, as usual, but we discovered later that Gill Hersh had not sent her any flowers on that occasion. My letter had, by some mischance, been forwarded to Australia and then re-directed back to Brooklyn a long time after Yom Tov. The

Rebbetzen did not wish to upset us by saying that she never received them.

Inside both President Street and in the Library, there was a small Succah and all the boys would be privileged to take some refreshments and make a Brocha in the Rebbe's Succah.

The Rebbetzen ate her meals in the Succah together with the Rebbe.

The Rebbe actually possessed five Succahs. One at president Street, one in the Library, another one on the lawn outside 770, a fourth outside the lower large door of 770 and finally, The large Communal Succah wherein all the visitors who had nowhere to eat, were given their meals.



The Rebbe addressed these visitors on the night of Succos.

Roselyn was always reprimanding our grandchildren for being so noisy and vociferous, because she felt sure that they would be disturbing the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen whilst they were relaxing in their Succah, which adjoined our apartment.

All who have visited 770 for a Farbraingen will have noticed that the Rebbe's bottle of wine is kept in a brown paper bag. For the Rebbe's birthday, it was suggested that we, Manchester Lubavitch, should present the Rebbe with a beautiful silver decanter. It was felt that the Rebbe deserved something special for his wine, and not a paper bag. I was commissioned to ask the Rebbetzen whether the Rebbe would accept this gift, as it would be silly to buy something which would not be used.

In due course, the Rebbetzen gave me the answer from the Rebbe. That, the Rebbe would not use this Silver decanter because if he did, then all the Chassidim would buy silver decanters, even those who could not afford to buy one. Incidentally, this was the same reason why the Rebbe did not use a Silver or expensive Esrog Box. - He used a cardboard box - and so do all of the Lubavitch Chassidim!

When Chaya, our eldest "Lew" granddaughter, went to study at the girl's seminary in Crown Heights, the Rebbetzen realised that she might be very lonely at first. One day she phoned Chaya's apartment and asked to speak to her. The girl who had answered the phone wanted to know who was calling and nearly collapsed when she heard that it was "Mrs. Schneerson from President Street".

We told the Rebbetzen that some intruders had helped themselves to our bread from our Succah on Yom Tov. She asserted that if we ever ran short of Challah, that Sholom (her helper) would always give us some breads on her behalf.

I had been in hospital for a couple of weeks. The Rebbetzen had telephoned on many occasions to enquire how I was faring. Over the past seven months, we have been speaking to her on the telephone every single Friday at 3.45p.m. (11.45a.m N.Y. time). She invariably answered the phone herself as she did not want us to waste money by waiting for her. Every Friday, too, I wrote my usual letter to the Rebbe, but addressed it to 1304 president Street. (That is where we live, said the Rebbetzen). The letter was normally received on Wednesday morning and, "My husband would read it when he returned from 770 at night".

She used one word very extensively - it was "UMBERUFFEN" which meant "Marvellous Kain Ayin Horah".

On one occasion, she asked me how I was - I painted a very rosy picture, but she interrupted me and said:

"Please do let me speak to Roselyn". She was so astute.

On the Friday before the fatal Wednesday, we spoke to her as usual, and her last words were:

Thank you for calling, it was lovely speaking to you and to Roselyn and I shall look forward to our chat next week P.G."

We have also suffered a severe blow and we shall always miss her.

LIFE JUST CARRIES ON

Life goes on inspite of personal sorrows and even public tragedies.

The Rebbe set an outstanding example of how a Great Personality, who is constantly in the public eye, display disciplined dignity and a congenial countenance no matter how much he is suffering in private.

Every week the Rebbe had continued to broadcast Sichos from 1304. They usually last about an hour each time.

People have never stopped writing to the Rebbe with all their problems - and even more important, boys and girls were continuously asking the Rebbe for his advice and guidance regarding their projected Shiduchim. Then afterwards, for a Brocha for their happiness and success.

Yet, even during those difficult and trying moments, the Rebbe still found the time to send me the following letter on the occasion of My Birthday on the seventh of Adar. This was the first written communication which the Rebbe had sent to me, to Manchester, for more than twelve months. One can well understand how I welcomed and appreciated this unexpected letter.

T.G. I still continue to write to the Rebbe every single Friday, but I would be exceptionally naive if I really expected the Rebbe to reply to any of these letters.

When one does arrive; then it is a real bonus - a Yom Tov.

Here is the Rebbe's letter.

יפה-מנשסחר

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
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מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש

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ברוקלין, נ. י.

ב"ה, ז' אדר השמ"ח
ברוקלין

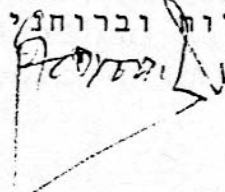
הו"ח אי"א נו"נ כו'
מו"ה שניאור זלמן שי'
וזוג' תי'

שלום וברכה:

מאשר הנני קבלת המכתבים ובהם בקשת
ברכה פ"נ,

ובעת רצון יקראו על ציון כ"ק מו"ח
אדמו"ר זצוקללה"ה נבג"מ זי"ע.

בברכה - בקשר ליום ההולדת -
לשנת הצלחה בגשמיות וברוחניות
ולחודש אדר שמח



The English translation is briefly:

Dated: the seventh of Adar "Peace and Blessings:

I have received the letters which contained therein requests for blessings
and "Pidyan Nefesh" (literally "redemption of the soul"), and, at an

auspicious hour, I will read these at the Tzion of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL).

With blessings - connected with your birthday for a year of success in material and spiritual matters.

And, also Simcha during the month of Adar.

(signed by the Rebbe)"

A few weeks later, I received another surprise and further rewards. The Rebbe does not forget – and he sent special Matzo for Pesach for "all Manchester".

Zalmon Liberow, who was leaving for Manchester during that week, was made the Rebbe's Sheliach to deliver to our Rosh Hayeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, four pieces of matzo for distribution to all Manchester. BUT, he had to ensure that Zalmon Jaffe would receive One Whole Piece. This was a truly remarkable percentage - Embarrassing, but rewarding and nice.

Most people could only obtain a small treasured crumb.

Channah (Jaffe) who had arrived home to Manchester for Pesach described to us how the Rebbe prepared the special water for the baking of his matzos.

Yossi had now obtained his Semicha - he could now be called Rabbi Yoseph Yitzchok Lew. He is an exceptionally learned young man, especially in the understanding and relating - very concisely - the Rebbe's Sichos and Maamorim.

One would have to search very far and wide to find his equal in this sphere.

I considered that it was now time for Yossi to get married.

Roselyn and I went out of town on business and Hindy informed us that Yossi and a young lady had both sent separate letters into the Rebbe about a Shidduch.

Hindy did not disclose the girl's name nor provide us with any other details. I remarked to Roselyn that she should remember that we are dealing with Lubavitchers and this girl might even come from Brazil or from Timbuctoo.

Next morning Hindy telephoned the good news that the Rebbe had

approved and given his blessings to this shidduch - that Shmuel had already flown to Crown Heights to meet the girl and her parents - and the young lady did not come from Timbuctoo but yes, certainly from Brazil, her name was Shterny Begun.

Yossi phoned us later on, with great excitement. She was a wonderful girl – with bouncing eyes - I discovered later that he had said "Dancing eyes".

Shterny also spoke to us. She said that she had heard a lot about Roselyn and Me. I was surprised that in spite of this, she was still willing to accept Yossi.

Shmuel reported that Shterny was a Gem. He was really emotionally moved, and said she was the ideal girl for Yossi. She was, "not only a very "pretty face" but "could learn well, too". They seem to be very compatible and so they will be able to enjoy a good Shiur.

At this time of writing, the venue of the wedding has still not been decided. It should, of course, take place in Brazil, which is - a - very - long - way.

It had been suggested that it should take place in New York - in June, July, August or December.

So far, Shmuel and the Mechutonim have spent about twenty hours discussing this matter.

I shall let you know in my next instalment P.G. where and when it took place, all being well.

The Rebbe always concludes a Sicho with the declaration that Moshiach is coming NOW.

MAMOSH (Definitely)

M A M O S H (Undoubtedly)

M A M O S H (Positively)

But the letters of M A M O S H are an Acronym of

MENACHEM MENDEL SCHNEERSON

In Perek Ovus (Ethics of our Fathers) Chapter 4, Verse 22, we learn that Rabbi Elazar HaKappar used to say:

"Those who are born are destined to die, those who die are destined to live again (to be resurrected at 'Techias HaMaisim') and so on..."

The Rambam also tells us that:

"After the arrival of Moshiach, then in G-d's own good time, the Resurrection of the dead will take place", and then the souls of parents will be united with those of their children.

The souls of the Tzaddikim with those of their disciples, and the soul of our Dear Rebbetzen will be united with the souls of all those who have loved, adored and respected her.

I would just like to finish off with one last photograph of the Rebbe giving out Dollars Galore.

