



בס"ד

My Encounter With The Rebbe שליט"א

by Zalmon Jaffe

20th Instalment

Shovuos 5748/1988 until Shovuos 5749/1989

Introduction

When I handed to the Rebbe "My Encounter No. 13", the Rebbe acknowledged this as follows; "Many thanks.... Thirteen is Bar-Mitzvah but the real majority is TWENTY" (see Bamidbar Chapter 1 Verse 3).

The Rebbe then gave me a Brocha that I should in due course publish Instalment number Twenty, in good health and joy.

Well, the Rebbes words of prophecy have come true and just as he also blessed us many years ago that we would receive much nachas from our grandchildren and our great grandchildren, this Brocha has also been fulfilled and is continuously being fulfilled in very great measure.

So, herewith is "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita" Instalment Number Twenty, which covers the period from Shovuos 5748(1988) till Shovuos 5749(1989).

I am grateful to the A-mighty for bestowing upon me good health and strength to enable me to continue to write about the Rebbe. I also thank my beloved Rebbe for his unsurpassed encouragement, wonderful blessings and mainly - His extraordinary activities which have made possible the continued publication of these "Encounters with the Rebbe Shlita".

This year, 5749, has been referred to by the Rebbe as the year of the Young Child. The Rebbe has also maintained that this should be a year of happiness and joy because , in addition, this is a Leap Year, and we have an extra month - and not just any month, but a second Adar, which is in itself a month of Simcha and Joy.

This second Adar has been notable to us for the fact that we celebrated the Weddings of two of our granddaughters, Aaron Jaffe's Bar-Mitzvah and our own Golden Wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage.

Our family is T.G. growing in quality and quantity and every single member is a loyal, devoted and in some cases, a zealous subject of the Rebbe. So, when I write about members of our family, it is really about the Rebbe and the Lubavitcher movement in general, which is also growing very speedily and rapidly in quality and quantity.

So far, five of our grandchildren who have married, have wed Lubavitchers. Most of these families have boys named, Yossi, Yitzchok, Menachem Mendel, Levi, Sholom Ber and Moishe. Also girls called Dina, Chaya, Channah and now Mushkie.

So it could, and probably would happen that these names would be duplicated and quadrupled

in our family.

We have already two of each of the following names: Yossi, Menachem Mendel, Shmuel, Moishe and Channah and Golda. We have tried to differentiate some of them, for example – my son-in-law Rabbi Lew is Shmuel, whereas my grandson is Shmuli (Jaffe).

One granddaughter is Golda Rivka (Lew) whereas the Jaffe one is just plain Golda (not plain at all but very attractive). Menachem Mendel is a Lew called Mendie, whereas Menachem Mendel Yunik who married a Lew is named just Menachem. These are easy, but we have a Channah (nee Jaffe) and Channah Lew and a Yossi (Lew) and another new Yossi — a Marlow (who married Channah (J)).

We have baby Moishe, a Lew grandson aged 1½ years, and another Moishe (Cohen) 3½ years old, a great grandson.

However, it is not as "bad" yet, as the time when Rebbetzen Channah died many years ago - everyone named their newly born baby girls - Channah. Subsequently, a few years later on - in one single class of 22 girls - everyone was called Channah. The teachers had to call them by their surnames instead of their forenames.

I still carry on the custom of writing to the Rebbe every single Friday. This year, I have been well rewarded by receiving four letters from the Rebbe in reply. I have reproduced these letters later on in the book.

The question I have now to ask the Rebbe is "Where do I go from here?"

Do I carry on writing? or is number 20 the limit? I do know that I am inundated with requests for earlier editions and instalments of this book. Should I reprint and/or re-edit these editions?

I am sure that the Rebbe will advise me what to do in due course.

Meanwhile, I do hope that you will enjoy reading my latest Instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita".

My good friend Walter Hubert, who now resides in the Holy City of Jerusalem, with his wife Rebecca and family, never fails to write me a letter of appreciation on receipt of my book. This year, he wrote, amongst other things:

"As usual, we enjoyed every line, indeed every word of your adventures. You should definitely prepare a cassette of these nineteen booklets, which would not only brighten the lives of thousands of people, but, more importantly create an awareness of the greatness of the movement, and of the Rebbe Shlita in particular.

I should be happy to become involved in such a venture — Keep me advised".

All the best from Rebecca and Walter".

I do realise that I did make a special tape of some few pages from my last book for the Rebbetzen ZtzL, and I do know that she enjoyed it.

Actually, I need a good and active agent. I have had numerous enquiries for the "Whole sets of my books", and very many requests for my "latest and past editions". But, T.G., I am pretty busy with my business activities and I do not have the time (I have the inclination) to attend to these matters. The first editions are still in great demand. I would have to get them reprinted as I have none at all left in stock. Some fan, offered £50 a set for as many copies as I could manage to send. All this money, together with other donations have been given to our Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva and receipts have been issued to these donors.

I wish to thank once again, Gita (Lewis) for her usual perfect typing of this book, and to her husband Benzion who has been most reliable in checking the contents.

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

The excellent photograph of the Rebbe on the front cover of My Encounter No 19, last year, was taken by Shimon Rooman, the photographer of Crown Heights. I have used this photograph again on this years cover too.

Halacha

It was taught by Elija: "Whoever studies Torah Laws every single 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 preceeded and prefaced by — a Word of Torah.

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

Why Eat Crabs?

I have written in the past, about the great danger (to Kashrus) of eating a vegetarian meal, prepared by non-Jews — for example on a plane or in a restaurant or hotel.

Besides the non-kosher cutlery and crockery, plus the utensils with which the food is prepared, it is very probable that one might consume a whole insect which was lying unseen or camouflaged in the salad. Eating a whole Treife creature is liable to a heavier punishment than eating a portion or a piece of a non-kosher animal, like a pig.

Many people consider that they can partake of a Fish meal in a hotel or other public place, with complete safety as far as Kashrus is concerned.

Besides the cutlery and crockery which are used and which have been washed together with other utensils in the same "dirty" sink containing fat and scraps of meat, we have to consider the kashrus of the fish itself and the manner in which the fish is cooked in non-kosher pans and so forth.

I have taken the following relevant facts from the "Thought for the Week, Vol 7, No 18" published by the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva.

The Kosher laws of fish are relatively simple. A fish, to be considered Kosher, must have fins and scales. The scales must be removable without damaging the skin of the fish. Fish having cycloid or ctenoid scales (comb like) are kosher. These are circular and are only partially attached to the skin, and can be raised and scraped off with the skin left intact.

It is a fact that all fish that have scales also have fins, therefore the scales are a definitive sign of Kashrut; however, some fish have fins but do not have scales, they are therefore non-kosher. There is no restriction against eating the blood from fish, nor is any ritual slaughter necessary.

Fish are considered Pareve (neither meat or dairy) and may be eaten together with dairy or meat dishes. However, fish may not be cooked or eaten with meat.

The big problem confronting the Kosher consumer comes when buying fish with the skin removed. The Halacha (Jewish Law) states very clearly that fish must be recognised as a Kosher fish to be eaten. This means that it must have skin (so that the scales or scale markings are evident) or it must come with a Hechsher - Kosher certification, which is a marking on the package testifying that the Rabbi saw the scales of the fish.

This is very important for it is extremely difficult, sometimes even impossible to determine the origin of a fish, after the skin and bones have been removed. There are certain fishes that are non-kosher but belong to a kosher 'family'. For instance, Turbot is non-kosher but is considered a flounder (which is generally a Kosher fish and therefore can be marketed as a flounder).

Most Rabbinic authorities permit canned salmon. The reason is that you can clearly see the salmon skin attached to the salmon with the scale markings, and also, salmon has a distinctive colour. Kashrut certification is necessary for all smoked fish products as many plants use the same smoke-rooms and utensils for smoking Kosher and non-kosher fish. (Sturgeon is a very popular non-kosher smoked fish.) Herring products, also need Kosher certification as some spice blends could contain non-kosher ingredients. Some varieties of herring include wine, which must be Kosher certified.

It is obviously always preferable to purchase fresh fish, but you must make sure that the knives and cutting boards have not been used for non-kosher fish. Also make sure that a clean paper is put on the scale before weighing the fish. (They may be using the meat scale).

When fish is imported from a great distance e.g., Canada or New Zealand, the packers will wish to save money on the freight and transport, so they will remove all the skin and bones and only the flesh of the fish is forwarded. It is too expensive to ship the whole fish.

The worst category is minced fish. This must be bought from somebody who is 100% reliable not to sell treife fish.

Many shops are buying boxes of fish, which have been minced on the trawlers. There is no way of knowing whether these boxes contain ONLY kosher fish.

The same problem applies to scraps, sold as a 'job lot' to fishmongers. It is very possible that some of the scraps are from Treife fish.

According to the Talmud there are 700 species of fish that are unclean. According to an announcement of the Smithsonian Institution, there are 40,000 kinds of fish. Thus, subtracting 700 from 40,000, we have 39,300 Kosher fish available.

Why Eat Crabs?

Arrangements for Our Shovous Visit

Four weeks before Shovous, Roselyn warned me NOT to repeat the same mistake which I had made the previous year — when we had vacillated too much, that we had missed the opportunity of buying cheap APEX tickets for our flight to New York:

This vacillation cost us over £350.

There were certain conditions attached to these Apex tickets:

- (1) They had to be purchased at least three weeks before departure.
- (2) One had to travel on those specific dates as shown on the tickets.
- (3) They were not transferable. If one missed the flight, there was no rebate on the unused portion. It was a dead loss, just worthless.

However, this year, we knew exactly the precise date of our departure and also the day when we intended to return home. So, we bought these cheap Apex tickets.

Now, you may recall that at the end of last year "My Encounter number 19", I wrote that Yossi (Lew), my eldest grandson had become engaged to be married to Shterny Begun — a pretty young maid from Brazil (sounds like the title of a song), who was presently learning and studying in Crown Heights - and that Shmuel was still discussing the venue and the date of the wedding with the beguns.

Yossi had submitted to the Rebbe two dates for his wedding. They coincided with the Yom Tov of Yud Beis Tammuz and Yud Gimmel Tammuz — June 27th and 28th.

I had already expressed doubts about these dates, because the Rebbe would be, in all probability, holding a Farbraingen or relating a Sicho on one or on both of these two dates.

It was suggested that the Sichos could be relayed directly to the Hall and the guests would be quite pleased to interrupt the wedding feast or the dancing for a little while, in order to listen to the Rebbe's talks.

I expressed grave doubts about this, too. The Rebbe replied — as follows —

"About these suggested dates for the wedding, this should be discussed with friends who

understand these matters and with knowledgeable people".

It was obvious, to me anyway, that the Rebbe considered that these days were not suitable.

Yossi then submitted the date of Tuesday June 14th. The Rebbe replied immediately — that this date was in order, and gave a blessing.

So - now - only a few days before Yom Tov, we were notified that Yossi's marriage would now really take place, at 770, on Tuesday June 14th, which was three weeks after Shovuos.

We had booked our Apex Flight home for Sunday may 29th, which meant that ten days after we returned home, we would have to fly back to 770 for the Ufruf and wedding. This would involve us in a lot of unnecessary travelling, so we decided to remain in New York for the whole period, until after the wedding. And — of course, our cheap Apex return tickets were now completely worthless.

It was a great pity that we did not know a few weeks ago about this date. Of course, a few weeks ago we did not even know the girl! We did not even know that there was a girl, at that time!

Meanwhile, my daughter Hindy had already been in Crown Heights for over two weeks. She was the Guest Speaker at the Neshei Chabad Annual Convention. She did return home to London, after Shovuos, and came back, a little later on, with the family, in time for the wedding.

This Lubavitch Women's Organisation had held its usual Annual International Convention a week before Shovuos at 770. They had required a Guest Speaker and had telephoned to Hindy in London.

Shmuel had been their Guest Speaker on many occasions in the past and had always proved to be a popular choice. He was quite prepared, again, to make the effort and to fulfill this engagement. He even became quite excited at the thought of spending an extra week at 770, but Hindy pulled him up short — and explained that in this instance, they had invited her, Hindy, to be their Guest Speaker.

She had been certainly surprised to receive this invitation, but decided to accept the challenge. She could only do her best.

However, she really could not travel alone — all the way to New York — a young woman, all by herself. So she prevailed upon a young man to accompany her as a protector and chaperon. There was just one condition — she had to provide him with nourishment throughout the whole time that they were away.

His name was Moishe, and he was my youngest grandson. He was only four months old and he had still to rely upon his mother Hindy, for his sustenance.

Hindy was an outstanding success. There had been a crowd of over one thousand three hundred ladies present at the Shabbos afternoon session. They were all inspired by her words, and even more by her practical example of showing that one can have K.A.H. a very large – a huge family – and still have a successful career.

Of course, she had taken along Moishe as an example of her work, and he was very much admired. In all, she spoke at eight meetings.

On Sunday morning, Hindy and Moishe went to 1304 President St, the Rebbe's private residence to collect a dollar each, direct from the Rebbe personally.

Every Sunday morning, immediately after the Shacharis service from 11a.m. until about 1.30 to 2.00p.m, the Rebbe hands out between four to five thousand dollars. (When does the Rebbe eat?) Men, women, many with babies in arms, boys and girls arrive from all over the world.

They also take this opportunity to exchange a word or two with the Rebbe and to receive a brocha in addition to the dollar. It has developed into a Micro-Mini Yechidus.

The Rebbe asked Hindy whether her husband, Shmuel was with her. When Hindy replied, "No", then the Rebbe handed to her an extra dollar for Shmuel which he had to give to Tzedoka.

She had already left the Rebbe's premises when she was recalled (The Rebbe told her that "I have just heard from your father" and proceeded to give her a dollar for "your father and a dollar for your mother, which should be given for Tzedoka in Manchester").

Binyamin Klyne explained to Hindy that she had to inform me immediately of the Rebbe's actions and instructions and that these dollars should be redeemed — at once — in Manchester, and when we arrived at Crown Heights, then Hindy would hand over to us the original dollars which the Rebbe had given to her on our account.

Incidentally, at the Women's convention, a very large cake, beautifully decorated, was made in the Shape of a Sefer Torah and placed on the Top Table. It was in memory of Our Rebbetzen ZtzL.

The Rebbe walked in and related a Sicho to the women and stood up to leave. On his way out, he glanced at the cake, took hold of it and tried to lift it, pretending to do Hagboah. All the women clapped and cheered. The Rebbe then remarked that the cake now belongs to him and he is presenting it to the heads of Neshei Chabad for distribution to all the women.

— 1304 —

When we had arrived at Crown Heights, it was discovered afresh that 1304 president Street, the Rebbe's private residence had now become the centre — the hub of the Lubavitcher world.

All the daily services, the worldwide broadcasts of the Sichos, and the distribution of dollars, all these now took place at this, the Rebbe's home address.

Regularly, every Sunday and Thursday — and occasionally on some other special dates, the Rebbe visits the Ohel where he normally spends between six and seven hours (at each visit) at the Previous Rebbe's ZtzL graveside.

On Shabbos, the Rebbe removed entirely to 770 for that one day. Otherwise, the Rebbe never left 1304.

There were four main rooms on the ground floor of 1304, all intercommunicating. One entered the front door and passed through a large porch into a good-sized reception room, from which the main stairway led to the floor above, to the Rebbe's private apartments.

From this reception hall, one entered into the dining room, where Roselyn and I, together with members of our family had spent so many happy and delightful hours with our Dear Rebbetzen ZtzL.

This, in turn, led to the small morning room, a little kitchen was situated alongside and near the rear door of 1304.

Another staircase was sited nearby, but hidden from the general view. Also a small lift or elevator had been fixed for the benefit and convenience of our beloved Rebbetzen ZtzL. I am told that the Rebbe does not use this lift.

The Outer Reception room was now used as the Beis Hamedrash, or Shul for davening and so forth. As many as three hundred people have been crushed and squeezed into this small area. (One good reason why the display cabinets and niches have been temporarily relieved of their invaluable treasures).

A large Oran Hakodesh (ark) was placed on the mantelpiece. This was covered by a Peroches (curtain) on which was embroidered, the words, in Hebrew, "In memory of Rebbetzen Chaya Mushka.

Since the Rebbetzen ZtzL passed away, on the 22nd Shevat, the Rebbe has been officiating at all the services and reciting the Kaddish. The Omud — the lectern for the reader or officiant was placed a few yards to the right of the ark.

When the Rebbe returned from the Ohel, his car would drive up almost to the back door. The Rebbe would ascend by the (hidden) staircase to his apartment on the first floor.

At the precise time announced for davening, the Rebbe would descend by the main stairway, very slowly and steadily with his right hand lightly brushing the banister railing.

Immediately after the service, the Rebbe again ascended this staircase. He would normally be followed by Label (Groner) who would then receive instructions regarding the daily problems of Lubavitch. These would cover the wide spectrum from International and Israeli topics, to the personal problems of individual and private people, as well as Brides and Bridegrooms.

Label spends most of his time working at 1304. Although Binyomin (Klyne) does work at 770, he spends much time with the Rebbe at President Street too.

During the week, 770 was left neglected and truly spiritless. No boys were lolling about, waiting and chatting.

No crowds of women with children and babies were gathered onto the pavement.

And, to make matters much worse, the New York City Council had decided to spend Twenty Five Million Dollars to put in new sewers and to resurface the whole of Eastern Parkway and additional avenues of trees would be planted.

I was told that after completion, this four lane carriageway, with its two slip roads would be even more imposing and nicer than the famous Champs Elysees in Paris, France.

It was just our Mazel that the main work being done, when we were in Crown Heights during Shovous, was in the immediate area and just opposite and around 770 — from Brooklyn Avenue to Kingston Avenue.

It looked like a battlefield. Huge gigantic machines were digging and ploughing up the road. There was devastation and havoc everywhere. Mountains of sand were dotted all about. In addition, it had been raining heavily and large pools of water made it even more difficult to cross the road. It was a quagmire.

"Roselyns" bench facing 770, together with other forms had been carted away. "my" telephone in Brooklyn Avenue had disappeared. There were the usual three telephones on the central verge, near the entrance to the Subway, but on the day after we arrived, a car had crashed into these telephones and uprooted the lot. The driver had completed the exercise by decapitating himself. It was a horrible bloody scene and made telephone communications even more difficult than it had been before.

On the day on which we arrived, we were just in time for maariv at 8.45p.m. After the service, the Rebbe related a Sicho and then distributed dollars. When the Rebbe decides that he is going to relate a Sicho (after Maariv), the shtender, lectern, is immediately moved forward and the microphone put in place.

A signal — a loud buzz is sent to 770 and the siren is sounded throughout the whole area to intimate to everyone that a Sicho is about to commence.

When those who had been fortunate enough to attend the service had received their ration, and had departed by the rear door, then the front door and porch were opened and the thousands of people who had been waiting outside in president Street formed a line and entered 1304 to see the Rebbe and obtain their dollars too.

When I approached the Rebbe, he asked me;

"Has Mrs. Jaffe arrived too, and how is your leg?"

I at once sprang up and did a little dance, a jig, to show the Rebbe that T.G., it was now O.K. Everything that occurs at 1304 is videod and relayed direct to 770 and to other places and cities in the U.S.A.

Next morning — six boys each demonstrated to me their version of how I had danced for the Rebbe on the previous evening — and each one was different. Chaim Baruch Halberstram remarked "You looked wonderful on the video dancing for the Rebbe - and - the Rebbe's beautiful smile! One can see how happy you make the Rebbe!" Chaim Boruch is in charge of the Communication Centre — 200 outside lines are available.

Actually, Sunday is the regular and main day for the distribution of dollars by the Rebbe. The whole of president Street is crowded — is thick with people rushing towards 1304. They come by taxi, by bus and on foot. Women pushing two seater prams or strollers containing two babies and accompanied by 4 or 5 slightly older children were very prominent. (Single seater prams are not very much in demand in Crown Heights)

Everyone knows that on Sunday one can see, meet and even speak a few words to the Rebbe — and on top of this — to receive a cash payment. Therefore, people — all types — Orthodox, very Orthodox and extremely Orthodox, as well as not yet Orthodox, arrive from all over the world.

Yarmulkies are provided for those who have "lost their heads", and Esther Sternberg who is in charge of the women's line always has a good stock of head coverings and scarves, handy for those who were almost left out in the cold.

When I arrived, I had handed to Label my letter with all the "usual enclosures" including "My Encounter No. 19".

Next morning, I received the Rebbe's reply in hebrew, which when translated, read as follows;

"Everything has been received and many thanks. The time is auspicious for "TOV VEYOFFE" (Good and Nice) which was written by YOFFE, Shy'chye" (Label commented "very cute, very cute indeed")

"Also for the leaflets, newspaper articles and album. Thanks and thanks. I will remember you at the Tzion"

Hindy had duly handed to Roselyn and me the two special dollars which the Rebbe had given to her on our behalf and which we had already redeemed in Manchester. I sent a note thanking the Rebbe for his thoughtfulness and consideration and for this wonderful gift.

Reports On My Latest Edition No 19

I received very good reports about this latest edition. Chaim Boruch Halberstram donated twenty dollars to our Yeshiva, so it must have been good.

I handed him a copy of this book and also one of last years editions, because "he needed two books, otherwise there would have been a fight with his wife and all the family — eight children K.A.H."

He added that when he retired to bed that night, his wife, Mindy was reading and "she burst out laughing and squealing". Chaim Boruch asked her "what was the matter?" She replied, "I am reading Jaffe's book". Chaim Boruch also informed me that Our Rebbetzen ZtzL had told him that the "Jaffe's are unique".

My friend and protector, Yisroel Goldshmidt remarked that I had made a mistake in my book (Z.J. — "Only one mistake?") "You had written", he said, "that we did not know that your grandsons Sholom Ber and Benzion had pooped under your tallis for the Birchas Kohanim after we had made sure that they had left the reserved area. Well, we knew alright — we saw six feet standing under one tallis".

One or two others also pointed out a few small mistakes.

Dovid Mandelbaum retorted "the whole book was a mistake" (With friends like that, who needs enemies?)

Jeffrey Goldman called again, personally, to collect his copy. He handed me fifty dollars for our Yeshiva. I am not sure whether my writing is improving every year — but Jeffrey is certainly getting better and better every time I see him.

Rabbi Chadakov informed me that his wife had reported that I have a very special talent to write wonderful books with a marvellous sense of humour.

Mrs. Sarah Rivka Coen from Paris, France sent me a four page letter full of praises and compliments. "It is so vivid, you give details that help to express something that is so hard to express — My duties don't permit me to be very often near the Rebbe but thanks to you, it almost was --- as if!! Through the way you speak of the Rebbe, I understand more correctly what is expected from us and what we can do (and not do) to please the Rebbe.... Sometimes I feel ashamed when my children don't behave the way they are supposed to do. But, when I see that all children and grandchildren (EVEN yours) are sometimes "naughty" it helps me not to

accept it, but to fight it with more optimism.

It is your wife. She gives the real image of what a Jewish woman should be and behave: - hidden but there. I admire in her the way she is and I think she gets from the Rebbe what she deserves",

Moreover, Sarah Rivka Coen is the Editor of the (French) Yiddishe Heim, and she wanted me to let her have some previous copies and also permission to translate some of my work into French for her many readers. I acceded to her requests and she sent me a very nice substantial cheque for our Manchester Yeshiva, but I have still to see some of my writings in the French Yiddishe Heim.

My niece, Malka Edrei, of Kfar Chabad promised to translate my books into Ivrit. Mrs. Van Halen asked permission to make a Dutch version. A Russian gentleman promised me a Russian edition, but — so far, my books are obtainable only in the original — English language.

Malka did apologise and stated that she found it impossible to do justice to my books and to my style by printing it in Ivrit!

Dr Ryter reported — "All your old editions are in my waiting room. Patients actually miss their turn so that they can finish reading a story".

— 770 —

On Friday night, and Shabbos, the Rebbe had transferred to 770 and remained there over Yom Tov which commenced on Saturday night.

Yisroel Goldshmidt and Michael Zerkin continued to look after me exceedingly well. Mendel Dubov also assisted because there were so many people at 770.

They informed me that they had been instructed to give top priority to the following five "elderly gentlemen"

(1) The RebbeShlita. On his passport it states that he is 86 years old. T.G. he is a very young 86 both physically and mentally. May the A-mighty bless the Rebbe with health and strength to remain young until 120.

(2) The Rashag ZtzL, (3) Rabbi Chadakov, (4) Zalmon Gurary, and (5) "Yours truly" Zalmon Jaffe.

I was very happy to be included with the Rebbe, but somehow, I felt very young towards my other three friends.

On this Friday evening, everyone was pushing and shtupping which to sit and placed it in the special reserved area.

Hundreds of people were pouring into 770 - and so was the rain. It was now thundering and lightening too. It had rained ever day since our arrival at Crown Heights and Roselyn and Pincus had just saved our apartment from being flooded, by unblocking the drains, otherwise there would have been a catastrophe.

It was fully expected that the Rebbe would relate to us a Sicho after Maariv and all rushed forward towards the Rebbe's platform in order to see and hear the Rebbe much better.

It seemed pretty dangerous for me to remain in that area, and I was advised to jump upon the Rebbe's platform to escape the crush - which I did.

By the end of Maariv, all the boys standing at the front and being pressed and crushed from behind were wringing wet with perspiration. They all had red hot faces. And, this was even before the Sicho had started - but, the Sicho did not start at all.

After Maariv, the Rebbe turned around wished us all a Good Shabbos, signalled for a Nigun - and left the Shool.

O.K! but on the following evening, the first night of Yom Tov we were fully confident that there would be a Sicho. There seemed to be no question about that at all. Again, I picked a good spot - and then rushed onto the platform and stood right behind Label (Groner).

And again - the Rebbe turned around and said in a loud voice "Good Yom Tov - Good Yom Tov - Good Yom Tov" and to the tune Ve Somachto, the Rebbe left.

On the first day of Yom Tov, I had a chat with Shlomo Kunin. An old lady, who had become attached to Lubavitch in Los Angeles, had passed away. She left forty million dollars. In her will, she left Los Angeles Lubavitch many millions of dollars. The will was disputed by the Lady's family and after about 3 or, 4 years, they had settled the matter, or maybe the Judge had settled this matter and Lubavitch received twenty-one million dollars. That is what is referred to as a good brocha from the Rebbe. What a windfall, and they needed every penny of it.

I asked Shlomo Kunin to help me with the singing of the Ho-Adress VeHoemuna. "Oh no", he retorted, "not if the Rebbe keeps his arms folded." Yisroel Goldshmidt advised me to sing these verses very quickly, if I intended to do a solo.

Well, the Rebbe did keep his arms folded. I struggled through the first four verses — and the other eighteen seemed to stretch endlessly into the far distance. Then the Rebbe came to my rescue. He lifted up his arm — and away we all went, everyone joining in and singing with Gusto in time to the Rebbe's "conducting".

On the second day, the Rebbe again had his arms folded. My voice was not too good that morning. I croaked through the first verse. The Rebbe saw — and heard my dilemma — immediately raised his arms and saved me from a long haul and acute embarrassment.

Shlomo Kunin agreed, that if one made the effort and showed willingness, then the Rebbe would help.

My grandsons, Dovid, Yossi, Levi and Pincus took it in turns to sit in my place and so reserve my seat for the Farbraingen. It is always a pleasure — for all my neighbours, too, when I crawl into the space wherein has sat one of my hefty grandsons K.A.H., because I take up much less room.

Very often, however, a little thin lad would sit in the place of his grandfather, a huge fellow. Then we are in trouble.

On Sunday, for the big Shovous Farbraingen, Levi kept my place. I came home and stayed until Mincha at 6.45p.m.

Suddenly Levi arrived. He had arranged for a few boys to keep my seat, but he had promised

them some water melon!! Roselyn fixed him up with a nice parcel of Kuchen, Fruit and 2 litre of soda.

Golda Rivka also dashed in for food, plus Cheese Cake and so on. Our apartment was like a "Chinese Take—Away".

At the Koss Shel Brocha distribution after the Farbraingen, Maariv and Havdolah, I was lucky to be pushed upwards and forwards by Yossi onto the tables with the line leading to the Rebbe. When I left, people were pouring into 770 in their hundreds — and they had not even been at the Farbraingen.

After Yom Tov, I wrote to the Rebbe and thanked him most sincerely for helping with the singing of the HoAderess VeHoemune.

I also mentioned that instead of returning home to Manchester next Monday, we hoped to spend the week or so before Yossi's wedding to Shterny, in Miami Beach.

Most of our grandchildren were present at our Yom Tov meals including two new members of our family — Shimon (Posner) and Shterny (Begun).

At one meal, Chaya gave over to us one of the Rebbe's Maamers, (At that moment, Yossi and Shimon were not present). It was very beautiful, the manner in which she related it, but she became involved in an argument with Levi about the interpretation of a certain verse. They went at it "hammer and tongs" and to all of us, it was most interesting and rewarding.

Shovuos was always a favourite time for us to see the Rebbetzen ZtzL, and we spent many happy and delightful hours with her, exchanging views jokes and confidences. We certainly do miss her very much especially the times when our grandchildren sang or said words of Torah, and the Rebbetzen ZtzL would interrupt with "Umberuffen" or "Bravo" and clapped her hands enthusiastically. However, no one misses the Rebbetzen ZtzL more than the Rebbe. It is very lonely at the top.

The Rebbe is, moreover, showing us all a great example of how to face adversity with resolution and with a cheerful countenance. We all pray that Hashem will continue to give the Rebbe strength and health to carry on his good and invaluable work for all of Klal Yisroel.

The Kinus HaTorah was held on that day — Isru Chag. Since my friend Rabbi Mentelik O.H. had passed away last year, Rabbi David Raskin was now in complete charge — in full control of the speakers for this event which takes place three times a year, normally on the day after each Yom Tov — Isru Chag.

On the Rebbe's instructions, I had been addressing the "boys" at the Kinus HaTorah for about 17 years and Dovid asked me to continue to do so. I spoke for 20 minutes. The boys loved it — as Roselyn always says — they lapped it up, because it was a light hearted happy speech about the Rebbe, and not a complicated pilpul. Rabbi Pekarsky said, "I heard your talk on the hook-up. It was music to my ears, lovely language, wonderful appropriate adjectives — Best ever:"

The wedding of Yossi, the son of Label and Esther Turk, who were our very good friends in Manchester, was scheduled to take place on that same evening.

Roselyn and I went to the Kabolas Ponim in the hall in Eastern Parkway, almost opposite to 770. We then attended the Chuppah outside 770, which concluded at 8.30p.m, after which Roselyn and all the guests returned to the hall for the dinner dance.

The Rebbe had been at the Ohel, so I ran all the way to 1304 to join the Rebbe at the Mincha and Maariv services, which were expected to commence at about 8.40p.m., before returning to the wedding celebrations.

On this evening, the Rebbe made a record. He did not return from the Ohel until one hour later, so it was nearly 10.30p.m before I stepped into the hall for the wedding.

We had also promised Chaya to be present at her birthday party straight after the wedding.

As it was now after 10.30p.m., I sought out Roselyn and suggested that it was now time to go to Chaya's. Roselyn did not realise that I had only just arrived. She really thought that I had been present at the wedding dinner all the evening, and that I had already partaken of the main chicken course. She begged me to wait a few moments whilst she ate hers.

Meanwhile, I could not find a seat, but Label approached me with the information that we had a special reserved seat for me – It was next to him on the Top Table. Reluctantly I accepted, there was no where else to sit. But, there was also a proviso, a condition — that I should make a speech. He needed someone from Manchester to say a few words on his behalf. Reluctantly, I accepted, although I was not prepared. I still managed to please him and Esther — I said nice things about them which were true and well-deserved – and the audience was pleased because I spoke for only a few minutes.

We arrived at Chaya's at about 11.30p.m. — Nu — as the English and Lubavitcher boys proverb states — "better late than never" but, which we in England transcribe to "Better never late!"

I have said before that, "The only predictable factor about the Rebbe is his unpredictability". That evening, I rushed to 1304 to be in time for the Rebbe's Mincha on his return from the Ohel — and I had to wait for more than an hour.

On another occasion, Dovid Mandelbaum rushed over to our flat, to inform me that the Rebbe had already davened Mincha, and that Maariv was due at 8.45p.m. It appeared that the Rebbe had concluded his "business" at the Ohel very much earlier than usual and had returned to 1304 unexpectedly - early. It was very nice of Dovid — thoughtful and considerate.

He also asked me what I intended to do about my Yahrzeit, which would be on the following Sunday. Dovid certainly has a remarkable memory. He always remembers the day of my Yahrzeit, every year.

I told him that I considered it more meritorious and praiseworthy to daven with the Rebbe, at his minyan, with the Rebbe actually officiating, and to say Kaddish after the Rebbe had done so, than to form my own minyan to daven.

All the services are relayed from 1304 to 770, to various places outside New York and even to a few privileged houses. After Maariv, I was prompted by Rabbi Pinson, the gabai, to sing "Deedon Notzach" when the Rebbe commenced to leave the "Shool". I did not need very much encouragement and started to sing this Nigun. The Rebbe walked to the stairway and walked upwards, slowly and deliberately. On his way up, he turned around and looked and stared long and hard at me. He never raised his hand in encouragement.

I was not wearing my glasses, and I could not see exactly the expression on the Rebbe's face, but it did seem to me that the Rebbe was a little annoyed — but at least he could really hear that I was present.

Rabbi Pinson told me on the next day that the Rebbe was certainly — definitely pleased and that I should sing every time!!? So — I sang the Rebbe "out" after Mincha. He raised his hand — I raised the roof.

Yechidus

On the following night, Wednesday, the Rebbe had indicated that there would be a Yechidus — not the old fashioned type when the Rebbe held private interviews, or Yechidus with (mostly) individuals. The Rebbe would spend all night long from 8.00p.m until about 5.00a.m in the morning having these private interviews with well over a hundred people — some would see the Rebbe for a few seconds to receive a birthday brocha, others would spend an hour in the Rebbe's presence.

T.G. today there are so many thousands of people who want to have a private talk with the Rebbe on one or two nights that are available, that it is now absolutely and humanly impossible for the Rebbe to see anyone privately.

On this Wednesday evening, there would be three types of Yechidus. (1) General (2) For Barmitzvah boys and Basmitzvah girls, and (3) Brides and Bridegrooms (Kallohs and Chassonim).

Hindy had now flown back home to London. She would be returning to Crown Heights for Yossi's wedding. Meanwhile, she had asked Roselyn and me to represent the parents and to accompany Shterny and Yossi at this Yechidus, as none of their parents would be at 770 at this moment of time.

But we were told in no uncertain manner by everyone, including all of the members of the Rebbe's hierarchy, who should have known the rules— that not only should the grandparents NOT go with the Chosson, but neither should the parents.

It was only at the very last moment, that Label (Groner) indicated to Yossi, that Roselyn and I could accompany them at their Yechidus.

The General Yechidus commenced at 8.00p.m. and the Rebbe quoted the following Sicho:

"At Mattan Torah all Jews were together and every year we celebrate. All Jews gather together again as One Man with One Heart, to receive again the Torah at the Anniversary of this event.

Love your Neighbour as yourself and fulfill the Mitzvos connected with this Yom Tov — from today until the 12th Sivan (which makes up the Seven days of "Yom Tov". Every Yom Tov has seven days except Shovous which has, according to the Torah only one, so we add these extra days from the beginning of Shovous to the 12th Sivan to

make up the seven "semi-holy days").

You come from various different places and do business still as One Man with One Heart, materially and spiritually and connected with Torah and its Mitzvos, to do and fulfill the Shelichus of the A-mighty — men, women and children, especially in the year of Hakhel. All have heard the words of Torah which signifies the Unity of all Jews and all Yisroel, even all men, women and children.

We are standing in the Beis Hamedrash where we have learned, davened and layened. We have now to give Tzedoka — Tzedoka which is the main Mitzvah.

We are now all dividing and leaving for different destinations, but, as I have mentioned before, all connected with the Torah and with today.

We have to live with the times and the piece for today is the Siyum of this portion in the Sedra of Nossu, which deals with Birchas Kohanim (the Priestly Blessing) which are not connected with any other matter or Mitzvah. It states elsewhere "Honour your father and mother and then you will live long years".

Similarly, it is a Chiyuv (an obligation) for the Kohanim to bless the Jews, on behalf of the A-mighty and the "I the A-mighty will bless them".

The A-mighty will bless them through the Kohanim. It is an obligation for the Priests to bless the Jews, but they (the Kohanim) must be "whole" perfect, whereas it makes no difference whether the men, women and children are not 100%, they all receive the blessings. It is a positive command and it is not necessary to examine or discuss the matter whether they are entitled to the Brochas or not. They all obtain shalom (peace) which includes all the blessings and comes from G-d alone.

This is a Zeman, time of Simcha, and Yom Tov — which should be kept up during the whole year and with additional and new liveliness. The year of Samach and Tesamach, you alone, should be happy and make others happy too.

Also connected with Tzedoka, if you give a poor man Tzedoka with a cheerful face, then this poor man is happy and rejoices and makes everyone else to rejoice.

Soon, we shall have the Priestly Blessings in the Temple — the Beis Hamikdosh and as it states in the next Sedra of Behaloisecha, the Levites and the Kohanim will light the lamps. A Sheliach represents the Sender. We are the Sheluchim of the A-mighty. The old and the young to give Tzedoka and all stand firmly together, proud of our Yiddishkeit, then there will be peace in Our Land in every detail, even in the lands outside Eretz Yisroel. You are sons and daughters of Avrohom, Yitzchok and Yaakov, and of Soro, Rivka, Rochel and Leah.

Jerusalem belongs to every tribe and therefore to all people of Yisroel."

The Rebbe had spoken for 35 minutes and then commenced to give dollars to the 350 people who were present (during Succos there were more than 10 times that number).

The hall had been divided into two by a row of tables. Men on one side and the ladies opposite. The men's line proceeded to file past the Rebbe. There were all types ranging from Chassidim to hippies. Tall, fat, thin and little. They wore big hats and little kappels and Mea Sheorim hats. On receiving their dollar, some men walked backwards always respectfully facing the Rebbe, whilst others just casually walked away from the Rebbe. Roselyn said she noticed that many men accepted their dollars with their left hands. She felt like shouting out — "with your right hand, please - with your right hand". The Elder Chassidim, at least, should have known better. The women filed past the Rebbe after the men's line had ended.

The next Yechidos was for the Barmitzvah and Basmitzvah children who were accompanied by their parents and even by their little brothers and sisters. The mothers were in the womens section and they were warned, "Don't join together (with the men) to receive your Tzedoka dollars from the Rebbe".

The Rebbe spoke to them for ten minutes. He stated (in brief).

"At Matan Torah all the generations and future generations of Jews became one with the A-mighty, with the Shool and Beis Hemedrash. (The children were the guarantors for the safeguarding and keeping of the Torah.)

You have become Barmitzvah and Basmitzvah. I bless all of you and your parents who have given you education — also your teachers (male and female).

This liveliness (lebedikeit) of today (Barmitzvah etc.) should last your whole life with Simcha, joy, without boundaries and limitations. You should give Tzedoka on the day of your Barmitzvah etc. and to give more than on any day of the year. If it is a Shabbos or Yom Tov - give on Erev Shabbos or Yom Tov or afterwards. You will be a source of Nachas to the A-mighty and to all parents."

Label Turk took his son Pincus and his Zaidie too, and all received dollars. There were about sixty boys plus about 160 Dads and brothers. Afterwards it was the turn of the girls with mothers and sisters.

The next Yechidus was for the Brides and Bridegrooms. As I have already explained, I accompanied Yossi, the Chosson, and Roselyn went with Shterny his Kalloh.

The Rebbe told them, the group, in brief:

G-d bless you and in all Yisroel and with the blessings of the Written and Oral Torah.

You should build an everlasting edifice and keep the Mitzvos of the Torah. At Shovous time was the marriage of the Jewish nation to the A-mighty. A permanent connection - with instructions of how to live every day.

This is an auspicious and good time, for the Bobbies and Zaidies too. It should be a happy and Freiliche year for all the family who shall now be busy preparing the wedding. After which, all the blessings, for example of the Sheva Brochos, which will also be applicable for the whole year afterwards, together with special Simcha to serve the A-mighty with even more Simcha (Samach TeSamach) of the Brochos and good resolutions based on Torah for parents and Bobbies and Zaidies.

Before the wedding more Tzedoka should be given in their merit - everyone should give.

When G-d sees that everyone is joyful with the Chosson and Kalloh, He will bless them with children in a good Jewish way.

With the preparation of the wedding and the day of the wedding plus Sheva Brochos, all the Jewish people will join in with this great Simcha. I shall give Tzedoka to the Chosson and Kalloh and to their relations and there will be a complete Simcha in general and in the particular details.

Let there be Simcha and Joy in the Preparations of the wedding, on the actual wedding day and afterwards too."

There were about one hundred Chassanim. The Rebbe distributes the dollars and this, the third Yechidus concluded at 10.20p.m.

Life At The Apartment

One day Roselyn had prepared a really good meal — the main dish being Halibut — the best and dearest of fish — and vegetables. But, Levi wanted Sugar puffs for his evening meal. Sugar Puffs! I put my foot down — If Levi wanted Sugar Puffs, he should get up out of bed, before noon and have these Sugar Puffs for his breakfast. Poor Roselyn had been working hard, in the basement cooking this wonderful evening meal — and this cheeky boy wanted Sugar Puffs — and he picked up a huge bowl, filled it with these Puffs and added milk right to the brim. I reall became angry and would have given him a proper "Frask" across his face — but he is a big boy K.A.H., and I could not reach so high. Then he started to cry — I assure you I never touched him — and Roselyn, who was very fed up by this time, declared "Oh, let him have these Sugar Puffs. I do know he will eat the fish later on as usual". He finished the bowl, and again filled it — to the brim with more Sugar Puffs and milk.

After all this, he stood up with a happy satisfied smile and gave forth a huge loud Belch (Noun: the ejection by force of wind from the stomach). He did not apologise for this rudenes or maybe, he followed the Arab custom of belching at the end of the meal to show his appreciation to his hosts for a wonderful repast.

However, Levi remained standing, the happy satisfied smile had slowly disappeared from his face, which had now become very white. It seemed that this extraordinary large belch had brought up the taste of the Salami which he had eaten for lunch. Therefore, he was still technically speaking, meaty, and should not have been drinking milk.

We had plenty of Rabbonim, our own, present to discuss the Din, and how Levi could be koshered. A stomach pump could be used if one was available. We did nave a plunger, but the problem was where to plunge the plunger. The conclusion was — it was decided to stick Levi into the ground for 24 hours. He would then be kosher.

And the Halacha: "Always obey your Zaidie".

We had the same problem in reverse a few days later — again with Levi. He is so impetuous! There was some vauscht hamburgers on the table. Oh! — he did fancy them. He was just about to pop some into his mouth, when he suddenly remembered that he had eaten hard cheese about an hour or so previously.

The Halacha: "It was still hard cheese on or in Levi".

Shalom Ber (L) went into business. He was responsible for collecting all the used plastic

bottles from soda and coke and returning them to the suppliers. He received 5 cents a bottle, so he would save up to 40 bottles and received the princely sum of two dollars.

The two Channah's — one Jaffe and one Lew decided to help me by going for the Shabbos breads and cake. They had arranged to collect the trolley, the order, and the cash at 7.00a.m on Friday morning. They did not turn up until 11.a.m. Obviously it was not possible to buy all the items we required so late in the day.

They managed to get the 25 breads and the 6 special large ones. The 25 bulkies and the 6 larger type ones, but all the "Cinammon Sticks" were sold out. They then spent about ½ an hour trying to get our number to phone us and find out what we would accept instead of Cinammon Sticks, before they realised that we had no telephone at all in our apartment.

I explained last year that Lubavitch makes full use of the latest technology and scientific equipment to spread out the knowledge of Torah. Special use is made of the latest communication invention — FAX.

Label (Groner) explained it thus:

Lubavitch has approximately four hundred branches (the number is growing rapidly).

The Rebbe will relate a sicho on Thursday afternoon. This sicho is printed at once and "faxed" to all the Lubavitch central (or chief) offices — in Israel, Australia, England and so on.

These central offices will, in turn "fax" all their branches so that within minutes (actually seconds) all — and every branch in Eretz Yisroel and in England and so on will have the Rebbe's sicho for Shabbos.

One morning Label discovered that he had received, on his machine, sixty faxes and during the afternoon, another 30 had arrived.

Label again told me that for the past three Sundays, about 4,000 single dollar bills had been distributed by the Rebbe on each of these days.

All these people coming from all over New York — and from all over the world just for ONE dollar!!

Of course, it is the "Hatzlacha Rabba" (Great success) part — the brocha with which the Rebbe hands over the dollar which counts — That is the main objective.

Yossi Gutnick is from Australia. A fine young man and a great philanthropist. I was told the story of his huge success:

(1) That he awoke one morning and he found a pot of Gold.

(2) That he had bought some land in South Africa. The Rebbe told him not to sell this land —

and it was then subsequently discovered that there was a Goldmine under his property. "A load of rubbish" retorted Yossi (referring to the stories, not to the gold).

Personally, I would say that in the Stock Exchange boom, before the crash, Yossi did make millions on Gold or Gold Shares and on the advice and with the guidance of the Rebbe, he lost no money and escaped the crash with great success.

Yossi would not confirm this viewpoint, either. All he would say was that the Rebbe is an expert on Stocks and Shares and on all types of businesses.

"And the secret of my success", he added was, "Give Tzedoka until it hurts and do what the Rebbe tells you".

This year, he has visited the Rebbe in Crown Heights — six times.

As I have mentioned before, I was receiving special V.I.P. treatment from Yisroel Goldshmidt and his friends. As soon as I approached 1304, the barriers were removed and I was literally "led up the garden path" — followed discreetly by Sholom Ber (Lew).

Although Avrohom, My son, had now arrived at Crown Heights with Susan to attend Yossi's wedding, he had missed me that morning, and went to 1304 with Dovid instead. I was already inside 1304. Avrohom and Dovid marched swiftly and resolutely up to 1304 and without slowing down, they barged into the barriers, sent them flying and marched up the steps intending to enter 1304 against all opposition.

But — Michael Zerkin saw them coming and immediately turned the key and locked the door — it was a "lock out" and poor Avrohom and David had failed to force their way inside.

They were made to wait for a few minutes. The guards explained to me that they did not object to or mind the barriers being knocked down, but at least they should have replaced them.

Avrohom and I wished to see Yudel Krinsky on a private matter. Yudel already had an appointment at 12 noon which would take about an hour or so. But, he advised us to slip in first — for a few minutes and just before noon — which we did.

Actually, the fellow arrived for his appointment at 12.15p.m, so Yudel told him to put on Teffillin meanwhile. Turning to us he commented "that will teach him not to come late".

The Rebbe has often remarked that "770 hours or times" are exceptional, sometimes real "topsy turvy". What can one expect from people who sleep all day and are awake and busy all night. Like nocturnal animals, they live a life of their own. They are in the dark — we are also in the dark and cannot understand their attitude.

Some of our grandchildren are no exception and have also joined the Night Life Sect. It was 11.30p.m on Saturday night after Shabbos when Pincus (Lew) entered our apartment. He appeared a little dazed — like a zombie — and it was obvious that he had just awoken from a

deep sleep. He had missed Maariv and everything else.

He asked for wine - "I want wine give me wine". We presumed that he wished to make Havdolah and offered him lights and spices — "no — no lights — no, no spices". He filled his glass and mumbled something incoherently. No one could understand or hear a word of this Mumbo Jumbo.

He drank the wine, after which he picked up a large Challoh from the table and casually walked off with the Challoh and out of the flat.

We came to the conclusion that Pincus must have been making Kiddush.

A Reception For The Visitors

On Friday after 1.00p.m, the Rebbe called up Rabbi Yudel Krinsky — one of the Rebbe's private secretaries — and told him to arrange a large Kabolus Ponim for all the visitors on Motzei Shabbos, the next night. Rabbi Myer Harlick told me that 90% of the Shovous visitors leave for home by Yud Gimmel Sivan, Sunday, so this reception would have to take place on the Saturday night at the very latest. The Rebbe took every opportunity to announce this reception to advise everybody to be present. Shabbos terminated at 9.10p.m so it was suggested that the party should commence at 10.30p.m.

The Rebbe wanted everyone to attend - visitors, guests, locals and boys and a Seuda had to be provided too.

Within five hours on Erev Shabbos, when most shops had already closed for Shabbos, and, or were sold out of bread and other foodstuffs, Yudel had arranged a Seuda for 1,500 people. The menu consisted of Gefilte Fish, Herring (two types), Salads (three types), Generous portions of Water Melon, unlimited supplies of Soda and Drinks and the Rebbe's mashke — small "nips" — Rolls too of course.

I entered 770 at 10.30p.m. — I always like to be punctual — on time. I found Dovid in his element. He was the real Whizz kid. He stood upon the Top Table — dead centre and whizzed bundles of plastic plates, cups and cutlery to the far corners of 770. He whizzed and flung with uncanny accuracy these bundles which landed exactly where they were needed, even at the four corners of the hall. If it would have been left to Dovid, he would have whizzed the fish on the plates, including the salads and perfectly "dropped" them at the various places on all the tables. He might have dropped a few too on the floor, but look at the time it would have saved! Actually Dovid was a good pitcher but he had no confidence in his catchers. It needed team work. Anyway within minutes the tables set for about 1,000 people were looking quite nice with tablecloths - paper, cutlery - plastic, food - digestible, drink - fizzy and wet, and then some of the speakers - flat and dry.

The Rebbe had suggested that there should be five speakers to address the gathering. I was very thankful that I was not included in this list.

Yudel Krinsky was in charge of the proceedings and the speakers were to be Rabbi Yaul Kahan, Rabbis Chadakov, Gorodetsky and Zalmon Gurary.

The hall was obviously packed and over 1,500 people enjoyed the meal. Yudel commented "What a wonderful Top Table, 25 of the best and nicest people from all over the world".

Rabbi Zalmon Gurary had a "new" list and insisted that I should speak. He threatened that the Rebbe would be notified of my talk, even of my attendance.

The first speaker was the Chairman, Yudel Krinsky. He spoke very nicely for 15 minutes. Yaul Kahan followed with the Rebbe's Sicho. His speech also took 15 minutes. Speaker No. 3 was Avrohom Shen Tov who now took over the Chairmanship. He spoke for 5 minutes on account (yes, on account that he realised that there were another dozen speakers on the list.) Rabbi Chadakov was No 4 at 11.35p.m., he spoke for 30 minutes. No. 5 was Rabbi Gorodetsky who was not too well, and he sat down after 3 minutes at 12.07 a.m.

Then No. 6 Zalmon Gurary had a good time for 20 minutes, and so did No. 7 Nissen Mindel for 20 minutes. He had some interesting stories to relate. He also said — On Pesach you may eat when you want, but not what you want. On Succos — what you want, but only where you may. On Shovuos — where and what you want. Speaker No. 8 was Rabbi Marlow, clear and concise for just one minute.

The time was now 1.00a.m in the morning. The first seven speakers had taken over 2 hours. The following eight speakers, including Rabbi Marlow, Yossi Gutnick, Ashkenasi, Yaralevsky, R. Hirson, Z. Jaffe and Raitchik had taken less than ½ an hour altogether. I said that we read of a wonderful example in this Sedra of why one needed a Rebbe. "Great self-important men declare that they do not need a Rebbe. Surely I can contact and appeal to the A-mighty myself — direct". But, when one is unfortunately in trouble, one needs to obtain the services of the best lawyer and advocate to plead his case to the Judge. We see this at the end of this Sedra, when Aaron, a prophet, the High Priest and older brother of Moishe Rabbeinu, appeals to Moishe, his Rebbe, to intercede on his behalf to the A-mighty in order to cure Miriam his sister.

During my talk, most of the audience were listening intently but about 200 people were chatting and shouting amongst themselves. I was annoyed and challenged the Chairman to tell them to keep quiet. He remarked that they were Israelis and could not understand one word of English.

The episode reminded me of the time a young man approached me and with a beaming smile, explained how much he was impressed and thrilled by the actions of my grandchildren when they rushed and pushed forward against all obstacles in double quick time — like a cavalry charge to go to the rescue of their Zaidie who was in dire straights during the Hakoffus on the night of Simchas Torah.

"Oh", I said proudly, "I recall that scene very well. I suppose you read about it in my book".

"Book", he retorted, "I cannot read a word of English, but I happened to be there when it occurred".

There were reports of this Kabolus Ponim — in the Kfar Chabad News, the Jewish Press and the "Algemeiner" — all with photographs.

My niece, Malka Edrei, sent me a copy of the Kfar Chabad newspaper and so did Yossi L. my grandson. There was a photograph of me making my speech. (I have put a copy of this on the following page.)

In the Jewish Press, there was a photograph of Yossi Gutnick and the caption underneath stated that this was the noted philanthropist Mr. JOSEPH G. NICK from Australia!

Although the function did not end until about 2.00a.m, many of the audience left before the conclusion — very unlike that certain meeting where the speakers were so boring and uninteresting that gradually every person had left the hall. Only the Chairman remained — and — one other person on the Top Table. The chairman asked this fellow, "Why is it that although everyone has left the meeting, you are still here". The fellow replied, "I am the next speaker."

A REPORT OF THE FARBRAINING IN THE KFAR CHABAD NEWSPAPER, ALSO INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THOSE WHO ADDRESSED THE GATHERING.

עולה אל דוכן הנואמים אחר היתמימים הראי שונים בארה"ב. זהו הרב לייב פיונר. הוא מנלה סודות מהיחרר. חדרו של כ"ק אדמור שליט"א ב"770. הוא מספר, היה החרר בו הוא התגורר - יבדלחט"א - עם הרבנית נ"ע. בתקופה הראשונה, לפני שעברו לדירתם ברחוב פרוידינט פינת רחוב נירויק.



ר' זלמן יפה

חוברת מהודרת כתשורה מיוחדת

להשלמת התמונה המתארת את "770" באותן שנים מעלה הרב פיונר זכרונות מאחת ההתוועדויות של שבת פרשת שלח (כידוע נהג הרבי שליט"א להתוועד בכל שבת-מבכרים החודש, בפקודת חותנו הרבי נ"ע), התוועדות שבה האיר הרבי שליט"א באור מיוחד פרטים שונים בפרשת המרגלים. נאום קצר אך רב תוכן מרתק.

הנואם האחרון הוא הרה"ח ר' שמואל לו משלוחי ליובאוויטש בלונדון. אף הוא עומד על סגולת היום המצין תקופה חדשה בהפצת המעיינות חוצה, ובכריז משלב גם מתשובות הרבי שליט"א בימים האחרונים לחותנו הר"י זלמן יפה.

הרב מאיר הארליג נועל את החלק הרשמי של ההתוועדות והקהל יושב להתוועד בקבר צות או לעיין בחוברת המרהיבה שיצאה לאור במיוחד כ"תשורה" למשתתפים בהתוועדות זו - חוברת הכוללת פירסום סיפורים, מכתבים וקטעי עיתונות אודות הרבי שליט"א, שלא נדעו עד הנה.

המשימה שליחות!

הרב פוגלמן הצביע גם על רמזים שונים במספר 47 בתולדות כ"ק אדמור שליט"א, ועוד. הוא גם מצא דבר מפליא, ואולי מרהים, בסה"ק 'תולדות יעקב יוסף' (בפרשת תשא) שם נאמר:

"...כי רמו על ב' פקודות אחד לשכינה ואחד לישראל. וזה שכתוב לפקדיהם ואימתי יהיה נשיאת ראש בזמן פקידה שלא יאחר כשיהיה מספר תש"א שהוא נקימה על עובדי ע"ז שיתאחדו החומר והצורה להשיב רבים מעון ויכנע היצר הרע והוא הכל טוב."

סודות מהחרר ב"770"

הנואם הבא היה דמות ידועה ומוכרת בבית-חינו - הר"י זלמן יפה ממנצ'סטר. בשפה לבבית מאוד הוא מתאר בקיצור את תולדות התפשטותה של ליובאוויטש בעירו ועובר לתיאור היחידות הראשונה שלו אצל הרבי שליט"א. ר' זלמן זוכה, כידוע, לקרובים מיוחדים מאת כ"ק אדמור שליט"א וסיפוריו,



מאנן ומנהל ההתוועדות הרב מאיר הרליג

החושפים מעט מדברי כ"ק אדמור שליט"א אליו, בהזדמנויות שונות, נשמעים ע"י הציבור בקשב רב.

אחריו דיבר בהתלהבות הרה"ח ר' שלום רובער וולפא, מנהל מוסדות ליובאוויטש בקריית-גת. הוא עמד על סגולתו של היום שאיפשר, ת"ל, את התפשטות פעולותיו הק' של כ"ק אדמור שליט"א עד ל"מבצע יום-הולדת", מבצע שנועד, אולי, להעלות אל תחום הקדושה גם יום חול רגיל, ובאמצעותו - את מושג הזמן בכלל. הרב וולפא מצא גם רמזים נאים כשיעורי התניא של ימי הסגולה, להנאת השומעים.

חוזרים שוב אל אותם ימים מופלאים של 'בראשית', כאשר כ"ק אדמור שליט"א הגיע והשתלב בכל הפעילות העניפה, בתנופה גדולה, אך ב'הצנע-לכת' האופייני לו. שוב



הרב לייב פיונר

ל-הצלחה רבה. בציון עובדה זו נפתח המעמד והגה"ח רבי יואל כהן שליט"א מוזמן ללמד ברבים את מאמר החסידות שזה עתה יצא לאור.

את המאמר אמר הרבי שליט"א בשי"ק פ' שלח, שחלה ביום כ"ח סיוון, בשנת תשל"ו. הוא פותח בפסוק הראשון של הפטרת השבוע "וישלח יהושע...", ומסביר בהרחבה את ההבדלים, מבחינת התוכן הרוחני, בין המרג' לים שנשלחו ע"י משה ואלו ששלח יהושע, חוץ הסבר הלקחים שיש להפיק מכך בעבודת ה' בכל הדורות. שכן "ההורה היא נצחית".

הלכה אחת - כמה שעות...

הכל מקשיבים ללימוד המאמר היטרי ועם סינונו נקרא אל המיקרופון הרב צבי פוגלמן, שליח ליובאוויטש בוואסטע מאס. הרב פוגלמן נמנה עם תלמידיה הראשונים של תומכי תמימים בארה"ב ובקיץ תש"א כשהרבי שליט"א הגיע לכאן הוא היה אחד התלמידים הבולטים. בדרמטיות הוא לוקח את קהל המא' זינים ארבעים ושבע שנים אחורה ומתאר את אוירת אותם הימים. את הפעילות להפצת תורה שעם בוא הרבי שליט"א קיבלה תנופה, את ההתוועדויות שלו, את חרדת הקדש שאפפה את כולם עוד בלילה הראשון, כאשר כ"ק אדמור שליט"א ערך את ההתוועדות הראשונה ובמשך כמה שעות (!) כיאר פנים רבות בהלכה של 'ארבעה צריכים להודות'.

רמז מפליא ומדהים

הוא גם מציון בהשתאות את העובדה שה'קול'קורא המפורסם של כ"ק הרבי מוה' ריי"צ נ"ע בסיסמת 'לאלתר לתשובה לאלתר לגאולה'. הופיע זמן קצר לאחר בוא הרבי שליט"א והקהל מאזין בדריכות לתיאור ההת' גרשות שאחזה בציבור האמריקאי האדיש עם פירסום ה'קול'קורא' בעיתונות דאז.

— Miami —

Next morning, Sunday, we collected our dollars from the Rebbe. Roselyn and I (women and men) in separate lines as usual.

I had left a note for the Rebbe that Roselyn and I were leaving for a few days vacation in Miami.

When I emerged from 1304, I thought that

- (1) An invasion had started, or
- (2) There was a Crown Heights Gold Rush.

But — no— it was a Dollar and Brocha rush. The whole of President Street was jam-packed and crammed tight with a great multitude — there were speeding prams and twin strollers full of babies, all rushing and crushing towards 1304. People were arriving from all directions by foot, taxis, cars and even by private buses. We may yet see a helicopter!

The police were overwhelmed, but good natured. They had a difficult job to keep the people and the traffic moving.

Having received our dollars, we made our preparations to leave for Miami next morning, Monday. We hoped to return to Crown Heights in time for the invasion of the Lews from London and of the arrival of the shining Brazilian Shterny (STAR).

It would be, without any doubt, an all embracing and lovable reunion.

We had arranged to fly down to Miami on the 10.00a.m plane. A number of people complimented me on my address at the Kabbolas Ponim. Yaakov Rappaport said, "As usual, you were the hit of the evening, the only person they listened to". Levi said, "Zaidie, you were very good, short and to the point", but when he gave a complete "chazore" – repetition of my speech, imitating my every gesture and intonation of voice, I became highly suspicious of his praises.

Label Groner handed me two replies to my last letter. I had also asked the Rebbe whether I should carry on writing my weekly letter to him.

The Rebbe receives so many hundreds of letters which he opens and reads all by himself that I

did not want to burden the Rebbe with an extra delivery.

Label said, "Carry on Zalmon, because the Rebbe enjoys your letters".

Yankel, the Mikvah man, is also the agent for many diversified business activities, from Banking and changing Travellers Cheques, Departmental Stores Seconds, and to looking after the Mikvah.

"You want a taxi to the Airport? — I have a taxi". He arranges for a Russian taxi driver to call for us at 8.30a.m.

At 8.00a.m. Hindy phoned from London to the Itkins upstairs. She had an urgent message for me. A nephew of ours was extremely poorly and was going to have a very serious and dangerous operation. I hurriedly wrote a short note for the Rebbe and left it at the home of Binyomin Klyne, who lived a few doors away and asked him to let the Rebbe have this as soon as possible. An urgent brocha for a successful operation and recovery was needed. Incidentally, and in due course, my nephew did make a remarkable recovery T.G.

We duly arrived at New York La Guardia airport at 8.50a.m, and there was plenty of time to get this plane. Actually, there was much more time than we had bargained for, there was a two hour delay.

But — if we were very quick, we could catch the Pan Am 9.30a.m plane. That was the good news. The bad news was that as soon as we arrived at this terminal, they took our suitcases direct from the taxi and flung them down the luggage chute to the baggage department below.

So, we had to retrieve our luggage from the baggage room downstairs, where they already had been checked in for the 10.a.m plane, delayed until 12 noon.

I begged them to allow Roselyn to enter this baggage room downstairs. We have had plenty of experience of this before, when Roselyn has found our suitcases within almost seconds. But, No — they would not hear of it. They had the check-in tickets and knew exactly for what they were looking.

At long last and after a considerable delay, the coloured gentleman with the red cap brought up our two suitcases. I recognised mine — so I was safe as far as my Tallis and Teffillin were concerned. The second suitcase bore no resemblance whatsoever to Roselyn's — Definitely not hers!

It was getting close to boarding time, but Roselyn obviously would not fly on this plane without her suitcase. The gentleman wearing the red cap was insisting that we should take both these suitcases — after all, what was the difference between one case and another case. We might even be better off! The whole position was becoming ridiculous and ludicrous. I am certain that no one, absolutely no body would believe such a silly story which I am relating.

It was now too late for Roselyn to search for her own luggage downstairs and in spite of the

assurances of the gentleman with the red cap that it was quite in order for us to take the "wrong" case, we decided to wait the extra two hours for our originally booked plane, and ensure that both of our very own suitcases accompanied us on this flight to Miami.

We ultimately landed at Miami Beach and took a taxi to the Sans Souci Hotel. At this moment, it was, I believe, the only Jewish Kosher Hotel which was open.

Until just after Shovous, there were about 250 to 300 people staying at this hotel, but, when Roselyn and I arrived, most of the guests had returned home.

This dining hall could seat six hundred guests, but on the day when we returned to New York, there were only ten of us staying in this huge place.

The management had offered free complimentary drinks, whisky and so forth at dinner, but these still did not have the effect of making us see double — still only ten people were present.

It rained every day of the ten days which we spent in Miami, although it did soon clear up — and it kept very warm.

On Shabbos it was different — we had a visitor and her name was Mary or something similar. Her full name was Typhoon Mary. All day long it was thundering and lightening. The sheet rain was so heavy it was not possible to see more than a few yards and the sea was in a turmoil. It was impossible to rest with the noise of the storm, so we missed our Oneg Shabbos sleep. It was a typical, topical, tropical storm.

We did have a minyan in the hotel shool three times a day. The "minyan men" came from all over Miami — and there were still only ten men at every service.

We were lucky to meet a very nice couple with whom we became very friendly — Professor Joseph Jacobs MD, ERCP, ERCP(C). He specialised in Paediatrics at a hospital near Ontario, Canada.

This doctor used to live in the U.K. — in Cardiff, the capital city of Wales. He and his charming wife emigrated to Canada. He had a brother in Manchester, whom we knew very well.

I know many doctors who will never discuss health matters with their patients unless they personally visit them at their surgery.

Professor Jacobs was extremely friendly and took a delight in assisting, even acquaintances, with their medical problems. For example, Roselyn had a very bad eye complaint, it became red and uncomfortable. She has consulted many doctors at hospitals in Manchester about this matter. Dr. Jacobs was interested in her case. We were all descending in the lift one morning and he was enquiring about her eye. The lift (elevator) arrived at the ground floor level — but for the next fifteen minutes we remained in the lift whilst Dr. Jacobs asked Roselyn many pertinent questions. He ended up by writing out the details of some eye lotion which the local

chemist would make up for her — and it did help.

He and his wife were also very generous people. He was interested in my book. I sent him a couple and by return he sent me a very substantial cheque — in sterling — for our Yeshiva. It was very gratifying. He also sent us an open invitation to spend a holiday at their home in Hamilton, Ontario.

Another coincidence — he was very friendly with the Lubavitcher Sheliach in that town — none other than our friend Rabbi Zalmon Itkin, one of the sons of our landlady Mrs. Simma Itkin.

In due course, we left Miami and returned to La Guardia airport in New York — and there to meet us and greet us were Yankel and the Russian driver.

As they say — if it cost money — then it is worth money!

I went directly to 1304 and Label handed me the Rebbe's reply to my letter. The Rebbe had written "Thanks".

"What were you looking for in Miami which caused you to travel from Crown Heights?"

This reply was very intriguing.

I immediately wrote another (usual two page foolscap) letter giving my reasons for going to Miami. I commenced with a "Moshul" and explained that just as the soul comes down — has a Yerida — in order to obtain an Aliya — to ascend higher, so I went down to Miami in order to go up higher at Crown Heights. Mainly though, the simple facts were that although I was very fortunate to see the Rebbe three times every day, plus a few words at the dollar distribution, for the whole two weeks we were at Crown Heights, Roselyn saw the Rebbe only three times — at the Dollar Rush.

We had originally booked only to stay for two weeks in Crown Heights — as we do every year at Shovuos. Then suddenly, a marriage was arranged to take place a week or so later. So, instead of returning home to Manchester, we decided to stay the whole four weeks in the U.S.A.

In previous years, after Roselyn had done her cooking and daily chores, she used to relax on the bench sited opposite to 770 — watching and waiting for the Rebbe to enter — and emerge from 770 — from his home, from the Mikvah or from the Ohel. On Shabbos, she used to sit and wait for the Rebbe to walk from the library to 770 — and then to return. She was rewarded very often with a smile and a wave.

Finally, she enjoyed the unique and delightful experience of spending a few hours, chatting with our dear friend the Rebbetzen ZtzL.

But, today, there is no bench, no road, no Rebbe at 770, no people going inside and coming

out. 770 is without a soul. Even on Shabbos, when 770 does come to life, the Rebbe stays inside the building all day and we do not have the pleasure of seeing him outside.

Roselyn would have been quite satisfied to have to stay in Crown Heights, although in those ten days that we were away, she would have seen the Rebbe only once at a dollar distribution. But, personally, I thought it only fair to give Roselyn a break from the basement apartment — and from our grandchildren just for a few days. I was having a very relaxing time with the Rebbe — morning service 10.00a.m., Mincha at 3.15p.m. and Maariv at 9.30p.m. So I was "alright Jack".

And yet, I do know that Roselyn would have definitely and gladly decided to stay in Crown Heights if that was what the Rebbe wanted, — and so on.

I immediately received the Rebbe's reply as follows:

"I have received and read through your two page letter and still I cannot find one answer to this simple clear question — What were you seeking in Miami that caused you to leave Crown Heights? End of correspondence on this subject".

I was delighted to read the last sentence and said, "T.G. for that, it lets me off the hook".

YOSSI'S UFRUF

We had returned from Miami to attend the Aufruf of Yossi at 770, and afterwards the wedding. As usual, there were many Chassanim who were called up to the Torah on that day.

Therefore, this Shabbos days Farbraingen coincided with Yossi's aufruf. Lippy Brennan remarked that as the Rebbe was "Mesadir Kidushin" at the wedding of Hindy and Shmuel many years ago, it would be interesting to see whether the Rebbe would take special joy on this occasion of their eldest son's calling up.

Well, the Rebbe did not let us down. Suddenly and without warning, the Rebbe started singing "Samach TeSamach" (a part of the Seven Blessings which are recited at a wedding), Of course, everyone joined in — until finally the Rebbe actually stood up — singing and dancing at our wedding.

Both Shmuel and I were instructed by the Rebbe to say L'Chaim to him on a large tumbler of wine full to the brim.

After the Farbraingen, we made our way to a local shool hall for Shabbos luncheon. Three Chassanim had joined together to host this meal in order to save triplication of guests and to save expense.

On the day before, Friday, I had met Mrs. Pakkar who wanted to know where was the Shabbos Challah. Surely she knew from which shop to buy this Challah — but after nearly choking with

laughter, she explained that she was looking for the Shabbos Kalloh — a special party arranged for the Kalloh by her family and friends to coincide with the Chosson's Ufruf Kiddush. I am sure they had a jolly good time amongst friends?!

At our luncheon with the three Chassanim, we were not only amongst friends but amongst acquaintances. I was the guest of Shmuel and Yossi but only an acquaintance of the other two.

Therefore, when a certain Rabbi from London who was the father of one of the Chassanim came around with drinks for his special guests, he was maybe quite correct in not offering me a glass of Mashke, but it was a little embarrassing to me. I was passed over — although PASSOVER had been about eight weeks ago.

As we learn — it is a general rule that one does not mix one Simcha with another one. Sensible and correct: It would have been much more enjoyable to have celebrated Yossi's Kiddush with just relations and close friends and his own acquaintances.

I was walking home afterwards when I was approached by a nice gentleman. He introduced himself to me as Rabbi Aaronson. He asked me, "Are you a visitor or do you live here?" (I thought to myself: — I do have a rented apartment here in Crown Heights, but I normally only live in it for two weeks at Shovuos and at Succos for two weeks — plus maybe a few days in between, occasionally. So, to be truthful I must be a visitor) I replied, "I am a visitor".

Rabbi Aaronson then added, "Will you come to my home for Shabbos meals?" I said that it was very kind of him but I also have T.G. a wife. "Oh, bring her too", said my newly found and expectant host. But, I added, "I have T.G. nearly twenty grandchildren here, who have come for the wedding and I would have to bring them too".

That took the wind out of his sails. He could only say, "The invitation for you, that would be O.K. For your wife also O.K. — but for all your grandchildren K.A.H., I would have to ask my wife". End of conversation. At least he had good intentions!

On the following day at the dollar distribution, Roselyn, under pressure from Hindy asked the Rebbe for a brocha for her eye, which was still bothering her. The Rebbe told her: "You should have long years and see good with both eyes". A wonderful smile and brocha. The Rebbe then recalled Roselyn and gave her another dollar for the wedding day.

The Rebbe had also handed me a dollar. I thanked him warmly for everything. He replied, "You are very welcome and Hatzlocha Rabba" (lovely smile too.)

On Monday night, Myer Harlick arranged a Farbraingen. He referred to it as "Roots". He wanted speakers who could recall and talk about events which occurred at 770 about 30 or 40 years ago. Again a huge crowd of about 1,000 to 1,500 people enjoyed a similar repast to the Farbraingen which took place after Yom Tau.

Myer insisted that I should say a few words. I complained that I was not prepared — but I did address the gathering. I was told afterwards "You were marvellous Zalmon and you speak

much better when you are unprepared".

One fellow told Avrohom that I had spoken for an hour although I was certain it was for only twenty five minutes. It might have sounded like an hour to this fellow.

I spoke about the Old Times, about the Shidduch of Hindy to Shmuel — all the gossip of that time. Rabbi Tennenbaum said, "You certainly made them laugh and be happy".

Actually, the main punch line I forgot — it was, at the first meal which I had with the Rebbe at Yom Tov upstairs (about 12 men were present), the Rebbe asked me whether I had enjoyed the experience. I replied, "Of course, I did — except that the whole atmosphere was so melancholy and dreary".

I added that "one should make the Rebbe happy and Freilich". The Rebbe replied, "I agree and YOU have to make the Rebbe freilich". This was the lesson and message which I intended to convey to the assembly — and I forgot it.

I once asked the Rebbe why he gave me so much Kovod. The Rebbe told me "It is for the work which you are going to do in the future".

Many years later I recalled these words to the Rebbe — I said, "You told me many years ago that you are giving me this Kovod because of the work you are going to do in the future". The Rebbe answered, "The same applied today too."

A Bridegroom on the day of his marriage — or earlier still, if he has to leave Crown Heights to travel to a different town or country for his wedding, is given the privilege of davening his "Pre-Chuppah" Mincha with the Rebbe's own Siddur. The special Amidah, said by the Chosson, privately on this occasion, includes the Vidduy, the confession, which we all say during the Mincha service on the Eve of Yom Kippur.

Furthermore, when a Chosson is given this opportunity of collecting the Siddur directly from the hands of the Rebbe, his parents, the Kalloh's parents and even the grandparents are invited to accompany the groom and to share in this great Simcha — and to receive a brocha from the Rebbe.

At one Mincha service at 1304, the Rebbe descended the great staircase from upstairs. He held in his hands two Siddurim, one for himself and the other one for the Bridegrooms who were waiting for the Rebbe. One Chosson was being married in Crown Heights on that day, whereas the other one was flying to Miami where the wedding would take place on the following day. On some occasions, there might be as many as five Chossonim waiting for their turn to daven Mincha with the Rebbe' siddur.

When Yossi went to collect the Siddur on his wedding day, he was accompanied by Hindy and Shmuel, by Rabbi and Mrs. Begun, and by Roselyn and myself.

We all stood in a straight line in the small kitchen at 1304, and which stretched from the bottom of the hidden stairway to (almost) the rear door.

The Rebbe handed his Siddur to Yossi and gave him a brocha. He then wished Mazel Tov to Shmuel and gave him a brocha and a Nickel. The Rebbe then wished me also a Mazel Tov, gave me a brocha — and Plonk Plonk, dropped Two Nickels into my waiting palm. Brochas and single nickels were given to Shterny's father and mother and to Hindy. But, Roselyn also received Plonk, Plonk, Two nickels into her waiting palm.

Shmuel observed that the Rebbe handed to Roselyn and me the extra Nickel — because we had just also gained an Ainickel (Grandchild).

Yossi's Marriage to Shterny

Rabbi Kalman Marlow, the Rabbi of Lubavitch and the Av Beis Din — answers questions of Halacha from all over the world — especially the Lubavitch world.

He always speaks — short — concise — and to the point. He is usually invited to Messadur Kedushin (to officiate) at all the local Lubavitch weddings.

It takes him twenty seconds to do this job which automatically — and hopefully turns out to be a life-sentence.

Lubavitch do not believe in long engagements, and the Tenoyim (the engagement document) is only completed about an hour or so before the wedding ceremony. Rabbi Marlow required witnesses to sign this document (and so to confirm that this Tenoyim was in order), but he had to ensure that these witnesses were not related to the Chosson and the family, nor to the Kalloh and her family and so on and so forth.

Roselyn commented "Start with Lubavitch! They had better be quick before everyone becomes a relative".

Roselyn and I were requested to be at the hall across the road from 770, but on the next block, at 4.30p.m, when the photographer would be in attendance. (By a coincidence, he was Mr. Trainer, who had taken the pictures and the film at the wedding of yossi's parents, Hindy and Shmuel, when the Rebbe himself officiated and was Messadur Kedushin). He was Trainer then — and he is still Trainer today. I think he has also the same high ladder today which he used over 25 years ago.

So, at 4.30p.m, the Kalloh arrived and photographs of the Kalloh looking this way, turning that way, smiling and laughing — and looking pretty, were taken.

The bridesmaids joined in — again looking and turning all ways — and Keep still there! — Watch this Dicky Bird. Then Hindy and the Beguns also joined the fray until 6.30p.m when it was time for the Kabbolas Ponim — and more pictures.

The Chuppah at 7.30p.m was almost on time. Rabbi Marlow was Messadur Kedushin. Label Groner read out the Rebbe's letter. Mendy Lew gave Chazzonus.

We all then transferred back to the hall at 8.00p.m. — and we commenced a new series of pictures — this time the Chosson was also included. This filming and picture taking went on

until nearly 10.00p.m.

Fortunately, the guests in the dining hall were being served with the Hors D'oeuvre and the soup. The orchestra was playing and the guests were dancing.

But, the picture ballroom/studio was crowded K.A.H. In the Jaffe/Lews company, there were about 35 members. But in the ALL LEWS family – from Patriarch Dovid Lew and including all the Lews, there were about 65/70 members. It was not easy to arrange that all these 65/70 men, women and children and babies should all be concentrating and looking at the Dicky Bird at one and the same time. Some of the children must have seen plenty of birds on the ceiling too, as well as on the floor.

Anyway, until we could complete the family albums and return to the main hall, no progress could be made with the dinner.

There were over 100 participants saying "Cheese, cheese" and looking at the dicky birds. I then realised that the most important person at the wedding is not the Chosson, nor the Kalloh, but — THE PHOTOGRAPHER —, and I can well believe that the whole, the sole idea of the wedding is to provide pictures for the entertainment and amusement of our future generation.

I was reluctantly dancing with my friend and neighbour — Lazer Avtzon. Reluctantly - because he insisted upon pulling me and whizzing me around and around. He then banged his feet down hard on the floor harder and harder and harder — Bang, Bang, Bang. He maintained that he was imagining that the Jaffe's apartment was right underneath. It was no imagination. He was acting normally and naturally.

Last night between 12.30a.m, after midnight until 4.00a.m, the Bang, Bang, Bang on their Floor which of course, was our ceiling was terrible and terrifying. Maybe they were practising for the wedding, but I think that they were all drunk, because by 3.30a.m they were singing a Nigun which was completely out of tune. It sounded terrible and our poor nerves were on edge.

Now, at 10.00p.m there was a big fanfare — Trumpets, Drums and Cymbals — introducing for the first time — Rabbi and Mrs. Yoseph Yitzchok Lew — and then the wedding did go with a swing — until 1.00a.m.

Young Baumgarten picked me up and carried me around on his shoulder. Then I was sat in a chair and carried around on that, too. I was getting hot and so joined the pack by flinging off my jacket, tie and hat. I was wild with excitement — and Roselyn went wild because "You have no right to be carried. G.F. you might fall and undo all the good work done on your hip. You should have more sense."

Shmuli said he saw on the video "hundreds of screaming wild men and boys. In the centre was a real wild one, screaming and shouting louder than the rest. It was you, Zaidie. A real wild man from Borneo, dancing with abandoned frenzy".

Mendel Feller, the son of Moishe and Mindy Feller — Shmuel's sister and brother-in-law, said

that he was in Boston that morning and he heard me starting the Nigun at the Rebbe's minyan at Shachris of Samach TeSamach. In fact, Levi (Jaffe) has been very pleased with me. When he is in 770 and the service has just Concluded, Levi would declare — "Now you will hear my Zaidie start a Nigun" — and I have never let him down T.G.

I was invited to recite the poem which I had written for Yossi and Shterny. I ascended the stage and spoke into the microphone. Although most of the men and boys did listen, the order in general — was bad, especially amongst the ladies. The women were not interested in listening to speeches. Each of the ten women and girls who sat around every table, was determined to be the main speaker at the wedding. They were not really interested whether the others were listening — the principle objective was to get on with this, their main speech.

The end result was that every woman in the hall was busily engaged in propounding her views on clothes, children, food and the "unspeakable daily help".

Everyone was talking at the same time. I protested that no-one was listening to my poem, but most of the boys insisted that they could and did hear every word.

But — I could very well see a close friend of mine actually carrying out a full blooded and loud conversation with his neighbour. He apologised afterwards and said that he was telling his neighbour to keep quiet and LISTEN!!

Moishe Feller consoled me by explaining that he had very much experience in making speeches at weddings. The secret was — to get on with the job, irrespective — even in spite of that, no one was listening. You had a job to do — so get on with it.

"Forget you are talking to an audience. Philosophise — just you — and the A-mighty together — on the platform and so on and so forth.

I am afraid that this was no consolation — not to me, anyway. If I wish to hold a conversation with the A-mighty, I do not have to stand on a stage in front of hundreds of people. I can talk to the A-mighty at home, alone and in private.

All in all, it was an extremely friendly wedding. Roselyn complained that the photographer spent too much time on his ladder overlooking the women's department. He was probably astonished and dumbfounded to see Shterny holding a brightly coloured umbrella and balancing on a table, held high up in the air by many friends, and busily throwing coloured serviettes (napkins) back at the girls and ladies. I expect he found all this and much more very interesting.

The photograph below is some of our grandsons at Yossi's wedding. Pictured from left are Rabbi mendy Lew, Rabbi Dovid Jaffe, Pincus and Benzion Lew.



Here is the poem I wrote regarding Shterny and Yossi.

The story of Shterny Begun and Yossi Lew,
It sounds improbable but nevertheless its quite true.

For many months we urged and encouraged Yossi to marry,
But until he did meet his ideal girl he decided that he would tarry.

His wife had to be someone special and well learned too,
With beauty and with sparkling eyes nothing less would do.

His Semicha he had obtained and as a Rabbi he was now Ordained,
And so his relationship with those "next in line" became very much constrained.

His inseparable friend, Sholom Ber Harlick had already chosen his future mate,
And had even decided upon the wedding at a very early date.

Then without any prior warning we were told that Yossi had been smitten,
And that he and a young lady had to the Rebbe already written

We were not yet told the name of this young girl but who
said Roselyn — "if we start with Lubavitch might be from Brazil or even from Timbuctoo.

It was confirmed that the attractive maiden did have sparklingeyes and a very strong will
And she did not come from Timbuctoo but actually from Brazil.

Her name was Shterny and Yossi had hitched his future to this precious super star,
And brought her down to his very own world right from afar.

The wedding had been arranged but not the place nor the time,
And after 20 hours of discussion, of agreement there was still no sign.

Then to avoid any arguments and inter-fraternal fights,
It was decided that the Chuppah should be at Lubavitch H.Q at Crown Heights.

Yossi then decided that there was NO reason to tarry,
And chose the 29th of Sivan as the day that they should marry.

Meanwhile our Shovous return flight had already been booked,
And we found to our horror that our "goose had just been cooked".

We had to return home to Manchester on a definite certain day,
But now we had to attend this wedding so more money did we have to pay.

Once before, baby Yossi had forced us to postpone our flight for another single week,
So as to be present at his Briss so another flight did we seek,

May we always find Simchas as reasons for staying,
And we shall always be happy content and delighted to be paying.

In this weeks Sedra we read of how wonderful for good can be a wife's influence,
And we all realise how Shterny can act that part with her beauty, wisdom and good common sense.

We wish our Chosson and Kalloh much happiness, joy and good health,
Together with Nachas, Simchas and very much wealth.

Yossi has now BEGUN very well indeed,
And we hope that all those "next in line" will follow with the greatest possible speed.

The day after the wedding, Roselyn and I left for home. Avrohom and Susan intended to leave on the following day. The Rebbe had given me a brocha for a good journey. I could not quite grasp the exact words, but it must have been a "real good one" because - well - you may see the results —as follows.

Our old return tickets had now become invalidated (as you have already heard previously). New standby tickets were now available – this was the first day of their issue – so for £158 each, we could fly direct to Manchester.

The check-in girl at the counter, confirmed that our old tickets were useless and sent us to a different counter to purchase our standby tickets.

This new girl was very sensible and advised us to have a word with the supervisor, first. There was always time to spend £316 on new tickets.

The supervisor asked us, "Why did you not fly home two weeks ago, on the date as stated on your ticket?"

I explained that we were not too well and I showed him my nose which had been burnt by the Miami sun. He said "O.K.", and wrote on our tickets the following : "O.K. let them ride — W.O" — So off we went on the long ride home to Manchester.

We were told that it was obviously too late to obtain Kosher meals at this hour — we had anticipated this and Roselyn had prepared some sandwiches. Then — whilst on the plane — the Stewardess brought us kosher food too! When we order this in good time, we never get it — but at a moments notice, it is forthcoming. So was it not a good brocha from the Rebbe?

Twenty five years ago, we were seen off at the airport by three members of the family — Avrohom, Hindy and Shmuel. On Wednesday, there were K.A.H. 25 grandchildren who wished to say farewell to us at the airport. I did not feel inclined to order a special bus. They were all prepared however, to accept a cash compensation in lieu of the special bus. We had a comfortable and swift journey home.

We had been home only a week, when Dovid (Jaffe) telephoned. He gave over to us the most unexpected and amazing news that - he had received his Semicha, the Rabbinical Diploma which confirmed that he was now a fully fledged and practicing Rabbi. What a relief after all the anguish and heartache of the past few years. He suddenly decided that he wanted to become a Rabbi, turned over a new leaf, studied hard and within a short time was successful. He is a very good natured boy and has a wonderful brain, but he had refused to study.

I can recall Rabbi Tennenbaum, his Rosh HaYeshiva, pleading with me — crying on my shoulder, and begging me to take him away from his Yeshiva. He was the bane of his life and of all the teachers there too. He was always "in trouble" with authority. He was mischievous. Rabbi Tennenbaum said that "he should be a lawyer — he has the answers to everything".

I maintain that he will end up as a Rabbi-Tycoon. He has a keen head for business and has many good and sensible ideas for making money — real — Big — Money. He has been almost self-supporting whilst he was learning in New York. All he needs now is a nice good girl, so that he may settle down.

My mechuton, Sidney Beenstock, Avrohom's father-in-law, is T.G. a very wealthy man indeed. He is also a very generous person and has supported Jewish education in Manchester to an enormous extent. He has personally erected the premises for the Manchester Jewish Grammar, and the Bury Jewish Nursery and Primary school besides others, — all at his own expense and at no cost to the community.

One of his pet hobbies is tinkering with old cars. He bought an old van, modified it and made it into a caravanette, to sleep two people.

It is tied here and there with bits of string and wire, but it did the job. It was Sidney's pride and

joy and worth more to him than a brand new Rolls Royce.

Well, Dovid had come home for the summer vacation. He wished to do a tour of Europe for the Mivtzaim of the Rebbe — of about 3500 miles. He intended to visit France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark and so on, and two of his friends would accompany him, so, he borrowed Sidney's caravanette —

I warned Dovid not to rely on this vehicle – even for 350 miles. Well, I was overoptimistic - because they just managed to reach the port of Dover — 250 miles away, when the engine seized up – and it was towed back to Manchester.

Meanwhile - and - fortunately, Dovid had taken out a very expensive insurance policy, which allowed them to hire a car from a rental car firm, and they toured Europe in comfort and instead of sleeping in this caravanette, they visited and stayed with newly discovered Lubavitch friends all over the continent, on the Rebbe's work.

When they returned to Manchester, Dovid, with the help of Golda, cleaned up the old caravan, put back the bits and pieces of wire and string, and it looked almost as good "as new" again, just as Sidney had left it.

When he returned home from his holidays, he could not find anything wrong or different in this vehicle.

Shmuli's birthday is on the 17th Tammuz, a fast day. Yet, this year, we had the peculiar anomaly of Shmuli celebrating his birthday with a lovely party, plenty to eat and drink for his 16 friends and Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne who said a few words of Torah. Shmuli recited a Maamer. The reason, being, of course, that the 17th Tammuz came out on a Shabbos and the fast is postponed until the following day, Sunday the 18th.

So, my great nephew, Eli Bergin, whose birthday and Barmitzvah was on the 18th had the misfortune of having to fast on that day, which is not normally a fast at all.

However, he layened the portion of Vayechal (the special section for a fast day), and he made a real feast of that — it was a pleasure for him to read and for us to listen.

One day, Shmuli decided that it was vital for him to fly to New York and to see the Rebbe. He prevailed upon Max to obtain for him a Couriers ticket, which cost from "nothing to £100" depending on how much notice/or guaranteed flight one required.

When he returned from Crown Heights, he intended to fly to Nachlas Chabad in Israel, to inspect the Yeshiva, its facilities and its faculties, prior to going there to study. After which, he wanted to go to 770 for Tishrei.

Therefore, he was softening up his two Zaidies with the objective of getting them to help his Dad with the expenses. What these young lads do get up to!

However, he had a wonderful time at 770. He returned with great excitement — many stories

— and seven dollars from the Rebbe. In that one week, he also attended three Farbraingens in which two of the highlights were the Rebbe singing a solo of a Russian song, and again singing Samach TeSamach.

Yeshiva Gedolah — Lubavitch Manchester

Our Yeshiva T.G. continues to make good progress. Under the direction and guidance of our illustrious Rosh, Rabbi Akiva Cohen and the Mashpia, Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, and Rabbi Singer, we are going from strength to strength.

We must not forget the superhuman efforts of the management under the joint-chairmanship of my son Avrohom (Rabbi Jaffe) and Rabbi Vaisfiche, together with the treasurer Sholom Weiss and Rabbi Dovid Hickson and Benzion Lewis joint co-chairmen, who have been given non-paid full time jobs to ensure that finance is available for the material and spiritual needs of the boys and their teachers.

A number of distinguished Rabbonim have visited the Yeshiva, including Rabbi Kalman Marlow, the chief Lubavitcher Rabbi and Av Beis Din of Crown Heights. They have all been tremendously impressed and especially "surprised and delighted to see the boys actually sitting and learning".

It seems that all parents wish to send their sons to our Yeshiva, but we have room at present, for only thirty two boys. These have come from Manchester, London, The U.S.A., France and from countries all over the world. We also have a very long waiting list.

Parents have asked me to use my influence so that their sons would be accepted here. I have no influence whatsoever. Avrohom does have some, but the Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen is in complete charge of that department.

I heard that someone actually wrote to the Rebbe asking him to use his influence to get his boy into our Yeshiva.

Our boys are still being well trained to carry out the Rebbe's Mivtzaim — and are continuing to give that vital service of holding individual Shiurim on a regular basis with young men and married ones too, who wish to increase their knowledge of Talmud, Chassidism and Yiddishkeit in general.

Once again, it is my pleasure to include some sample editions of the "Thought of the Week" which are printed and distributed direct to the Jewish public every week. On the following page is an article about Tzivos Hashem. I will include some more later on in the book.

Ilan Grossman is still competing with the Yeshiva boys by printing and distributing every week the "Sichos in English".

We also receive the Rebbe's sicho direct — by FAX.

Furthermore, the Messibos Shabbos Groups publish every month, a very fine publication for the younger members. This is an exceptional production containing articles, stories, drawings, cartoons, quizzes and competitions. The Editors are Yehuda and Dovid Pink and Dovid (D.E.M.) Uhrmacher. They are doing an excellent job and we are proud of them.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1988

The third largest Jewish organization

in America was established in 1980 and has over 100,000 members, all under 13 years of age

Three and a half years ago a new organization appeared on the American Jewish landscape. Tzivos Hashem.

It is a restricted organization. Restricted to boys and girls aged 13 years old and younger. Its purpose is to guarantee that there will be a Jewish tomorrow.

We live in an era of extreme assimilation. Most Jewish organizations are experiencing serious decline in membership. Recruiting new members is difficult if not impossible.

Yet Tzivos Hashem has in three short years become the third largest independent Jewish organization in America. And with over 100,000 members it is the fastest growing Jewish organization in recent history. This despite the fact that each year 20% of its members leave the organization when they reach the retirement age of 13.

What is Tzivos Hashem? It is children. Children united for a Jewish tomorrow.

Why is Tzivos Hashem so successful?

Tzivos Hashem was founded by the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson. He recognized that children, because they are more in touch with themselves and therefore with G-d, often have a greater sense of destiny than adults. Such wisdom is fragile, however, and often erodes with age.

Tzivos Hashem unites these children, providing the information and inspiration needed

to grow in a Jewish direction.

After all, a young child is like a young tree. He can grow straight and erect or bowed and bent. She can reach for the heavens or grow warped and misdirected.

Whether today's Jewish child grows up with eternal values or grows up to worship the idols of pop culture—or worse yet, to subjugate himself to a cult—is not a matter of fate but a matter of faith. Tzivos Hashem is faith. Faith in today's children and faith in their future as Jews.

If you have a child of your own, or know of a Jewish boy or girl who does not yet belong to Tzivos Hashem, let us know and we will send them a Tzivos Hashem starter kit.

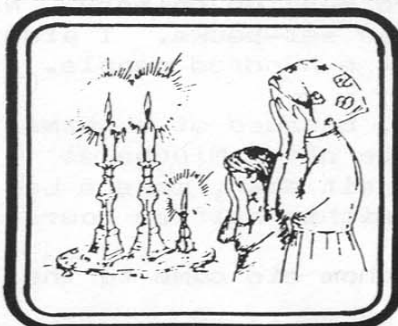
Tzivos Hashem

For more information about Tzivos Hashem, or to support its work, please return the coupon below to:
62 Singleton Road, Salford M7 0LU

Please send me more information about Tzivos Hashem
 Please enroll the child listed below in Tzivos Hashem:

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City / State / Zip _____

"Children's Campaign
For A Jewish Tomorrow"



MANCHESTER Friday 16th December
CANDLE LIGHTING 3.35 London: 3.37
Glasgow: 3.29

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS:

BO-RUCH A-TOH ADO-NOI E-LO-HEI-
NU ME-LECH HO-OLOM A-SHER KI-DE-
SHA-NU BE-MITZ-VO-SOV VI IZI-VO-
NU LE-HAD-LIK NER SHIL SHI-BOS
KO-DESH

Women and girls (3 years & up) don't forget to light candles today!
Girls light BEFORE mother and WITH a BRACHA

Hakhel Parties

On July 27th, 22nd of Mencahem Av, we had just returned home after spending a few days travelling on business, when the phone rang.

To our great delight, it was Label Groner speaking from Crown Heights.

The Rebbe was enquiring about my health. It seemed that my last Fridays letter had gone astray temporarily. The Rebbe normally receives my Friday's letters on the following Wednesday or Thursday.

The Rebbe also wanted to know, "Did you dance on the Yom Tov of Yud Beis and Yud Gimmel Tammuz (12th and 13th Tammuz)?" (The Rebbe was intent on discovering whether my "leg" was still O.K.) To reassure the Rebbe — I replied, "Yes". Then — next question, "Did Schneur Zalmon arrange any Hakhel Farbraingen this year?" I replied, "No".

"Did Mrs. Jaffe arrange any Hakhel Farbraingens this year?" Again, I could only reply, "No".

In that case, added the Rebbe (through Label Groner) you should both — each of you, arrange a Hakhel Farbraingen. Hindy maintained that Roselyn has made plenty of Hakhel parties in our flat in Crown Heights. Shmuel agreed, but Roselyn has decided to make a special one.

I arranged for my Farbraingen to take place on Monday 11th Menachem Av. Unfortunately the Yeshiva was now closed for the summer and many Baalei Battim were away on holiday. Nevertheless, I carried on in spite of these set-backs. I ordered the food and drinks and expected about a hundred people.

Avrohom said that this was just silly, because at a normal weekday Farbraingen, which takes place after Mincha at 7.30p.m., only about ten people would sit down, make a Lechaim and hear a word of Torah — all within half an hour.

My Mashpia, Rabbi Akiva Cohen and Avrohom did come to the conclusion that I had erred in not making this Farbraingen as soon as the Rebbe had suggested it, because at that time there were 30 Yeshiva boys in Manchester who would have formed a good nucleus — basis for my Hakhel party. It was essential to have this Farbraingen as soon as possible.

All that Monday afternoon, Roselyn and with the help of Golda and Dina were busy setting the tables and preparing food for fifty people.

Avrohom was most annoyed — fifty people!!

He advised me to cater for twenty and then, if and when more people would arrive, then it would be easy to add on a few more places and would not look as bad as an empty table.

In the event — at 7.30p.m promptly — that in itself was a miracle — fifty people sat down to partake of drinks and refreshments. During the course of the next hour or so, twenty men had to leave, but another twenty arrived in their stead. So, there was a total of seventy guests during the evening.

All the top men of Anash were present and they all made a speech. I told them that the Great Rabbi Marlow always and invariably says a few words, maybe for only thirty seconds, but he never refuses — so there is no excuse for NOT speaking.

The following made nice complimentary remarks about me, Rabbis Akiva Cohen, Avrohom (my son), Dovid Hickson, Dovid Schurder, Sender Liberow, Chaim Farro, Phaivish Pink and Yechiel Vogel. It was a most successful and enjoyable evening and I duly thanked the Rebbe for his lovely suggestion.

Roselyn had arranged to have a special Shaalos Seudah party on Shabbos to mark her Hakhel party, but on the day before, Friday, Leah, my granddaughter, presented us with another great-grandson. So, Roselyn had to postpone her Hakhel until a little later. (The Rebbe had suggested that we should make these parties straight away!)

And the baby? — He postponed his Bris too. He was yellow, like a Chinaman.

The question is, when do Chinese Jewish babies have their Bris? A certain Mohel went to examine a baby regularly for six weeks before he realised that the baby was a natural yellow looking child.

After four weeks, Gavriel was ready to be circumcised — I was given the honour of being Sandek — and Roselyn's party also took place.

When the Rebbe had suggested to us that we should make a Hakhel Farbraingen, this was the signal to a great many more men and women that they should also make a party. "Everyone jumped upon the Bandwagon".

In fact, Leah phoned Roselyn one day at 4.15p.m.

"Bobby, I am making a Hakhel party at 4.30p.m. (in 15 minutes time) and I am inviting you to come along. As my friends will be bringing all their babies too, I think you had better stay at home. The shrieking and crying of the babies are not for you Bobby".

Roselyn thanked her for the lovely invitation, which gave her plenty of time to prepare for the celebrations — and for her thoughtful consideration — and stayed at home.

Dovid phoned one morning to wish us a Happy New Year and to enquire about our health. He informed us that he will be spending this Yom Tov in Jail — officiating for the inmates. He was practicing the Unesana Tokef — the very emotional prayer said during the time of Musaf.

AAH! — Dovid who is not a good speaker, and even garbles a Mincha Amidah — has become a Chazan and intended to sing one of the most difficult Cantoral pieces in the whole of the liturgy.

Rabbi Shem Tov O.H. used to say that the Lubavitch makes "Menshen" from Shtainer (Lubavitch makes proper men even from stones), so in that case, it would not be too difficult to make a Chazan from a Dovid Jaffe.

My sister, Rosy, sent me this article which was printed in the Jerusalem Post. I found it very interesting.

We were now approaching the month of Tishrei. Roselyn and I had already booked our flight to Crown Heights for Succos, which would leave on the day after Yom Kippur.

The exiles were returning to Crown Heights from all the four corners of the world, in order to spend the Holy Days and the holidays with the Rebbe at 770.

Channah Jaffe and Channah Lew, Golda Rivka, Shalom Ber and Shmuli were on their way back from England and Israel, whilst Mendie and Pincus were returning from Minnesota. These would join Chaya and Shimon, Yossi and Shterny and David and Levi who were all residing in Crown Heights at that time.

Shmuel who had been globe-trotting and visiting Canada and Australia amongst other countries on speaking engagements, always turns up for Succos too. With Zelda Rochel, it made the Jaffe party, including Roselyn and myself, up to 18 K.A.H.

The Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen and his brother from Israel — Osher Lemel, together with twenty boys from Our Yeshiva flew direct from Manchester. "It was a Chassidische British plane", said Osher Lemel, who incidentally wrote a lovely letter to the Rebbe about Manchester and how, besides the Yeshiva, he loves our Shool. He said the Rebbe

POSTSCRIPTS

CHABAD-LUBAVITCH always seems to come up with original campaigns. One of the fellows here at *The Post* received an envelope in the mail a couple of days before Rosh Hashana from Chabad in Hong-kong, of all places. Inside, there was a "Rosh Hashana prescription" from the "Pharmacy of Life" made out in the name of "Ish Yehudi" (Jew). A packet of honey was enclosed together with the authentic-looking prescription form, which carries the following instructions: "Take on the night of September 11 for a happy and sweet New Year. Dip challa and apple into honey as prescribed. Proper blessings can be found in your prayerbook." The prescription is signed by Dr. Av Harachaman (Merciful Father), and the "medicine's" expiry date is 120 years. Finally, at the bottom of the form, a "warning": "KEEP WITHIN REACH OF CHILDREN." Such a very nice way of saying Shana Tova!

would be delighted with a nice letter — My life long advice to all Lubavitchers has been "Write pleasant things to the Rebbe and so give the Rebbe Nachas and satisfaction". The Rebbe receives plenty of the other kind.

Succos Flight

Chaya phoned me from Crown Heights to inform me that Sholom Ber had collected a dollar from the Rebbe on that Sunday before Yom Kippur, when the Rebbe recalled him and said, "Are you not Zalman Jaffe's Ainikle (grandchild)?"

"Yes", confirmed Sholom Ber.

"Well" said the Rebbe, "Here is a dollar for your Zaidie too. Give it to him when he arrives for Succos".

Furthermore, a letter arrived by post from the Rebbe on that very day. When he had signed it, the Rebbe had added the words, "Refuah Shelaima" (for a complete recovery) in his own handwriting.

As someone suggested — the Rebbe had sent the remedy before the illness. The brocha and the dollar first.

For about forty years, I have officiated at the shool on Yom Kippur. I have davened Shacharis and Mincha — and also sang the special Haftarah of Jonah.

I was just concluding the Amida of Shacharis on this Yom Kippur morning, when I felt very hot and dizzy. I was making a supreme effort to complete the service when — I must have fainted and I was placed on my back whilst the Hatzolah and the doctor were called.

My great-grandson, Moishe, had been told to watch out during the Avoda, when "all the people would fall flat on their faces". Moishe wanted to know why then, had Zaidie fallen flat on his back!

Although the ambulance men wanted to take me to hospital for tests and so forth, the doctor said it was not necessary as there was nothing at all wrong with me. However, he did advise me not to daven Mincha, But I was allowed to recite the Haftarah.

On the following page is the letter which the Rebbe sent to me.

The Rebbe acknowledges receipt of all my letters and at the approach to the New Year which will be coming to us and to all Jewry for good and blessing.

The Rebbe with this brings his blessing to "them and to all that belongs to them", together with

blessings that you should be inscribed and sealed for a Good and Sweet New Year, materially and spiritually.

The Rebbe writes in hebrew, for a complete recovery.

Our flight to New York next morning was via Dublin. At 10.00a.m we flew from Manchester on a local plane and we boarded the Jumbo Jet which was due to leave Dublin at 12 noon. We found that everything was perfect. Even our Kosher food was on board.

At 12 noon we were off. Yes - I mean just that - we were OFF — OFF the plane.

It was discovered that one of the wings was broken and had to be either repaired, replaced, stuck with glue or tied with string. Anyway, we were ordered off the plane. I was not allowed to take the Kosher food with me — "It would be still on the plane when I returned".

Every half hour, there was an announcement relayed over the loud speakers — "Regarding the Irish Airways Flight to New York, there will be a further bulletin issued in 30 minutes time".

At 2.30p.m we were told that the engineers were making good progress (We were watching them all the time through the windows and all we saw were a couple of men walking along the wing and scratching their heads), and the plane might leave at the latest 6.00p.m, but "not to worry, because we would put up all the passengers overnight in the best hotel in Dublin".

Roselyn was becoming distressed, desperate and worried — She had to be in Crown Heights that Night because tomorrow was Friday, Erev Shabbos and Sunday night was already Yom Tov.

Normally, in such cases, Roselyn would become angry and shout at me — to shout at the

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מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

בייה, ימי הסליחות, ה'תשמ"ח
ברוקלין, נ. י.

הרויח אייא נויי קניין
מוי"ה שניאור זלמן שלי
זוג' תי'

שלום וברכה!

מאשר הנני קבלת המכ'.
לקראת השנה החדשה, הבאה עלינו ועל כל ישראל

לטובה ולברכה, הנני בזה להביע ברכתי, להם ולכל אשר

להם, ברכת כתיבה וחתימה טובה לשנה טובה ומתוקה
בגשמיות ובווהניות.

בברכה

airline management. But, in this instance, she was blazing with fury, and many fiery remarks and statements were targeted direct onto the airline manager, "A bull's eye everytime".

The upshot was, that we were flown to London direct from Dublin to join the last TWA plane, which was due to leave London for New York at 6.30p.m.

On our way to the new Terminal No 4, we bumped into some familiar people who were also going to catch this plane — These were Shmuel, Golda Rivka and Zelda Rachel — plus all the Sudaks and some Salek's and many more Lubavitchers – all rushing to catch this last TWA plane.

Preparations for Succos

Lazer Avtzon was again in charge of making the Succah this year. It had to be large enough for the "Itkins, the Avtzons and Zalmon Jaffe's grandsons".

At the last moment, Lazer became unwell. The two permanent brick walls were obviously there and the roof with the beams and spars was fixed. The two prefabricated ends with the doors and so forth had to be placed in position and the Schach (leaves) had to cover the roof sufficiently well.

I prevailed upon our boys to complete the job. Rabbi Myer Avtzon, Lazer's father was supervisor which seemed to be only to ensure that the part of the roof which was over the place where Myer would sit would be well covered with Schach and fully kosher.

In one hand, he held the set of plans which showed the position of the tables, chairs and benches. In the other hand, he held a huge stick or broom handle with which he would poke poor Sholom Ber who was sitting (and standing) precariously on the roof ready to move the Schach and spread it all over the roof.

Shalom Ber could make no progress until Myer was completely satisfied that his part of the Succah was according to the most strict Halacha, 100% kosher.

On Friday night, Shabbos we had "Nisht" eighteen people for dinner. It was decided that Shmuel and Chaya should relate words of Torah.

I am afraid that Shmuel monopolized this department. Poor Chaya could hardly get a word in edgeways. He gave "Chazora" repetition of the Rebbe's sichos and spent nearly an hour on extraneous subjects as well. He really had a wonderful time.

Every year, the Rebbe presented to various illustrious and notable people - or delegates or representatives from different CHabad organisations from Israel or world wide, with sets of Arba Minim. (Lulov, Esrog, Hadassim and Arovos)

This year was no exception. Rabbi Akiva Cohen (the only Rosh HaYeshiva to be so honoured) and I were on the list of these important people.

Every year, the onlookers and bystanders outnumbered the invited recipients or guests, by ten to one. In their view, it was most important for them to be present in the hallway of 770 to ensure that they would know what was happening and to make sure that therw would be no

room at all for the above-mentioned illustrious and notable people. It was always a complete chaos.

It was decided again, this year, to eliminate all those boys who certainly had no right nor reason to be standing in the hallway. Therefore, they cleared everyone from the hall and firmly locked the front door of 770.

After which, all those men who had been invited by the Rebbe to come along at this hour to collect their Arba Minim were allowed inside.

So, there we were inside this hallway, many scores of boys outside all trying to look through the very small decorative window set high up in the door. Ladders, chairs and other boys' shoulders were used.

All we could see from the inside were not more than two faces at one time, looking in and staring through this small aperture. And, if an important personage had arrived, and which necessitated that the front door should be opened, — well one could not believe nor imagine such a mad rush and scramble by boys whose very life depended on them being allowed inside — even for a few minutes.

Personally, I also never realised how many friends I possessed, all shouting, "Zalmon, Zalmon, let us in. We want to come in for only a couple of minutes".

At last, all of us standing inside did have room to move and to breathe a little more easily.

However, the Rebbe was waiting at the door of his study, so we were still pushed and herded into the waiting room where the Esrogim, Lulovim, Hadassim and Arovos were all lying on table ready to be picked up by the invited guests. The Rebbe gave us all a general brocha and a few short words and a smile when I left the Rebbe's presence.

Avrohom Meisels came to the flat a little later on in order to tie up and fix the Lulov, Hadassim and Arovos ready for benching, and to use during the service on Yom Tov. The Esrog was left free, for holding in the hand separately.

By this action, Avrohom Meisels thus became an unofficial partner of mine with the Rebbe's Arba Minim — an unofficial partnership he has held with me for many years.

On Sunday evening, the first night of Yom Tov, we also had T.G. a full house — but in the Succah. This time, Yossi was to give the "repetition" and Chaya wanted to help him along. We also sang and joked all night. They then left us to go dancing in the streets.

During Yom Tov, most of our grandchildren were in and out of our flat all day and all night. They actually did what they had threatened to do on more than one occasion — they cleaned out, completely, both of our fridges.

Simone Itkin proved a very good neighbour and let us have a couple of loaves and a couple of

bottles of milk until Kahan's opened next morning.

I could not bear that our grandchildren should continuously be coming in and going out of our flat at all times of the day and night.

Picking up the Arba Minim in the Rebbe's waiting room.



another satisfied customer.



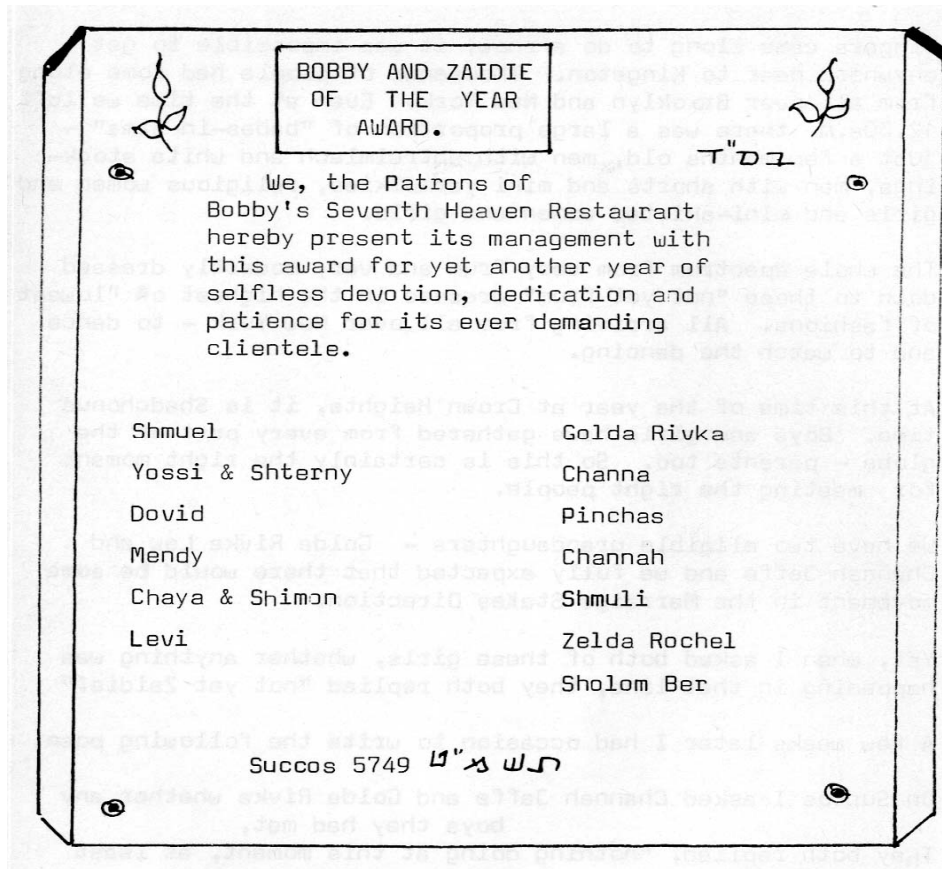
I presented them with an ultimatum — "Either you are here with Bobby and Zaidie, as good grandchildren, who have joined us at our meals to discuss Torah, sing and reminisce about old times — and so give us some Nachas — OR — you treat this place as a restaurant and come in just for meals at all times of the day and night without any consideration whatsoever for Bobby and Zaidie".

After a short discussion, they unanimously decided to treat this place as an ever open restaurant — cheeky!!

After Yom Tov, they did have the bright idea of presenting us with a very nice Gold Metal plaque on a wooden base, which would hang on a wall, and would express their feelings in this matter.

The size of this plaque is 12 inches by 14 inches.

I tried to take a photograph of it, without success. I have reproduced a copy of it on the following page.



One night at 12 o'clock midnight, Roselyn and I walked down to the Kingston Avenue area to join in the dancing, but it had not yet started. We left at 12.30a.m. We did intend to call to see Chaya at Empire Boulevard, but it was just impossible to get through the human barrier — to get past the crush. Shmuel said that at 1.00a.m there were three times as many people present.

On the nights that Mordechai Ben David and Avrohom Fried the singers came along to do a show, it was impossible to get anywhere near to Kingston. Thousands of people had come along from all over Brooklyn and New York. Even at the time we left 12.30a.m, there was a large proportion of “babes-in-arms” - just a few months old, men with shtreimlech and white stockings, men with shorts and mini yarmulkies, religious women and girls and mini-skirted women and girls.

The whole spectrum from very frum and very modestly dressed down to those "not yet frum" dressed in the highest of "lowest of fashions. All arriving from all over New York - to dance and to watch the dancing.

At this time of the year at Crown Heights, it is Shadchonus time. Boys and girls have gathered from every part of the globe — parents too. So this is certainly the right moment for meeting the right people.

We have two eligible granddaughters — Golda Rivka Lew and Channah Jaffe and we fully

expected that there would be some movement in the Marriage Stakes Direction.

Yet, when I asked both of these girls, whether anything was happening in that line, they both replied "not yet Zaidie!"

A few weeks later I had occasion to write the following poem.

On Succos I asked Channah Jaffe and Golda Rivka whether any boys they had met,
They both replied, "nothing doing at this moment, at least not just yet".

And yet, just at that time they had both written to the Rebbe
for approval to meet a boy I suppose.
But this was denied, even tho' they had certainly been meeting
a boy right under our nose.

Well, both had been busy, but it was a secret to keep,
And poor innocent Bobby and Zaidie! It was enough to make them weep.
When Adar arrives we increase in Simcha it is said,
Therefore within 3 weeks from Adar Rishon, both granddaughters were wed.

Visit to Great Neck

For the first time for many years, we did not visit the Great Neck community last year. Kasriel Kastel decided that it was not worth the effort. However, there was now a new Lubavitcher Sheliach based in that area. His name was Rabbi Yossi Geisinski, who had just married our good friend Channah - Itkin. Yossi and Channah had gone out of their way to make this Simchas Beis Hashoeiva a great success, and had supplied all the "material" needs, such as the refreshments which were excellent and plentiful.

They wanted our group to provide the spiritual requirements so, we took a bottle of vodka, but we also supplied a great deal of atmosphere too. About 150 people were present and the whole affair was a great (neck) success.

No expense had been spared. A band had been booked for a fee of \$700. Fortunately or unfortunately they never turned up.

But, by good fortune — Shmuel himself provided an excellent one-man band. He was on top form and spoke - on and off for over an hour. He covered various aspects of the Succos scene, such as the Arba Minim (the four types, Lulov Esrog etc.), the Ushpiezin, those special guests who visited the Succah spiritually every night.

He also spoke about his recent experiences in Moscow and Leningrad and other parts of Russia.

He was very lively and so were all the people present. We danced and we sang.

Mendy had brought along his Succelle which I afterwards translated into English. I also said a few words — very few.

We had arrived at Great Neck at 8.00p.m and left well after 10.30p.m. We had taken with us three car loads of Lubavitchers who had danced and sang and made the evening the great success that it was.

Roselyn, our two Channah's and Zalda Rachel had encouraged the women and girls to take part in the dancing outside the Succah. Levi and Shmuli (Jaffe) and Mendy and Sholom Ber (Lew) Yossi Itkin and his wife Nechama helped to keep the party going with a swing. I would also like to mention the following members who individually and collectively were outstanding:— Yehuda Cohen who sang Cantoral pieces. Avrohom Brackman, Yoseph Yitzchok Levy (the son of the late Beryl Levy), Shimon Freundlich from London, Rabbis Dovid Leine and Yoseph

Rosenblum who were all excellent.

So was Rabbi Shlomo Tiechtel (accompanied by his sons Shmuel, Dovid and Beryl) who brought us home. All very tired, but happy in the knowledge that we had done a good night's work on the Rebbe's mitzvaim and had made people happy on Yom Tov.

I do not think that Shmuel was too tired because afterwards he went dancing all night (in the Kingston Avenue area) and never went to bed all night.

Shalom Ber was disappointed that he had missed the Rebbe's sicho. I think that he was more disappointed that he had missed one of the Rebbe's dollars which were handed out after the Sichos.

Visit to Asbury Park

The following evening, we took fifteen people on our Annual pilgrimage to Asbury Park.

For some unknown reason (to me) the venue of the Farbraingen was to be in Mottel Simon's succah, where we found only fifteen of the Asbury park people, including Rabbi Carlebach present. No band, of course — the comparison to the Great Neck Farbraingen of the previous evening was absurd — as far as attendances were concerned.

Yehuda Blessosky (with his son Hillel) drove us to Asbury Park together with Mendy and Shalom Ber (Lew) and Roselyn and Channah and Zelda Rachel (Lew) came along to dance with the women — which of course never materialised. Our women remained inside the Simon's house and gossiped.

Levi and Rabbi Moishe Slonim made up the party. We all did our best. Rabbi Marlow always a stalwart on our visits to Asbury Park really excelled himself. He spoke for more than three minutes. I actually gave over a sicho from the Rebbe — not too badly for me, but, poor Mendy's succelle made heavy weather.

We davenned Maariv in the Succah, but it was too cold for me, so I davenned outside.

We were at Asbury Park from 9.00p.m until nearly 11.00p.m. (Yehuda had some little trouble in starting the car — that was all we were short of!)

I heard later that Avrohom Meisels travelled five hours to Boston and only 20 people turned up. The Rebbe was satisfied. He considers that every Jew is important.

Childrens Rally

There was a Childrens Rally — Tzivos Hashem — on the 2nd day of Chol Hamoed. 770 was like Fort Knox. All the doors were firmly locked. I was about to apply for a pass when I saw a door that was slightly ajar and a friend allowed me to enter.

T.G. there were more children than ever before — all seated from wall to wall. Only about twenty adults were present, excluding the Madrichim.

My friend, Uncle Yossi (Rabbi Goldstein) welcomed me with another little puzzle.

A lip in Hebrew is SOPHA, Sin-Pay-Hay, the gematria of which is 385.

There are two lips = $385 \times 2 = 770$.

Then when one opens and closes ones lips and makes a lovely smile, you are making a happy 770.

A few uniformed commissioners were patrolling around to make sure that the children did remain seated — "Sit — sit — sit down", they continuously exhorted the children.

The usual Twelve Torah Verses were recited by small young children, boys and girls who had come from all over the world. For instance, Verse 1 was recited by young Schmerling aged 4 from Australia, followed by children from 2 — Safed, Israel, 3 — Montreal, 4 — Chile, 5 — Brazil, 6 — London (Shtrocks) 7 — Paris, 8 — Miami Beach, 9 — Crown Heights, 10 — Rome, Italy, 11 — Antwerp (Channah Silberstein, and 12 — from Jerusalem.

An extra verse 12a was a brocha for our Rebbe and was sung with gusto by a group from Kfar Chabad. The Rebbe encouraged them by clapping his hands — faster and faster.

The Rebbe then related the first Sicho:

"We have all gathered and together recited words of Torah, the Written and Oral Torah. We say the same pesukim, verses with the same words every time, but these words are the foundation of Yiddishkeit. All the children sitting here are members of Tzivos Hashem, little boys and little girls all in G-d's Army.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued a special Order of the Day to the soldiers — there is a new mission - to fight again against the Yetzer Hora (the evil inclination).

We say these twelve verses every Yom Tov, every Succos, every year.

We want something new this year — so open up the book of orders, that is the Torah and we find rules, regulations and commandments which will cause you to give extra Nachas to parents and teachers. Even food, when we eat the same food every day, it will become monotonous. So, what new thing do we have this year? It is a Leap Year, not the usual twelve months but thirteen months. And the extra month is another Adar, another month of Simcha and Joy.

The children are given special Shelichos this year, "Not to let in the Yetzer Hora — keep him out".

This year is now a whole year of Tismach, so be well prepared to continue with this joy.

You have now an extra 30 days for learning and doing Mitzvos — an extra month of Simcha.

Where do we find and look for a new "message" in the Torah? — in the Sedra of the Torah.

On the same 4th day in the same Yom Tov, we find more orders. We also find something which binds all the verses of this section. We read about the tribes of DAN, NAFTALI AND ASHUR — three tribes under one flag. Three tribes, but all with the one order of the day. Dan had to pick up all what the other tribes had lost.

Lost articles had to be returned. The Order of the Day teaches us the lesson that whatever we have lost should be returned.

Tzivos Hashem also has its own special flag. The Torah Hashem is Temima — complete, wholesome. All can be Temimim: Avrohom — Temimim, Yitzchok was an Olah Temimim — complete (intended) sacrifice, and Yaakov was Ish Tom — Temima. Also the new year is complete and Tzivos Hashem is Temimim"

As usual, the Rebbe handed to the Madrichim and Madrichot dimes to give to the children. There was a solid mass of people listening and watching the Rebbe on T.V. (closed circuit) and to the Rebbe's words being relayed outside. One section of the crowd looked like a summer carnival — it consisted of women and girls.

Michael Barman from Crown Heights told me that he had been sick.

He sent his wife to the Judaica Store to buy something for him to read — and she bought my book.

He then congratulated me - and said, "You are Zalmon Jaffe! Your book is wonderful, so "haimish" and although I live in Crown Heights, there are many new things about which I have learnt".

On Shabbos Chol Hamoed, Rabbi Weinberger asked me, "Were you not in Shool this morning?"

"I was", I replied

"But I never heard you singing HoAderres veHoemuna".

Little Rabbi Cohen from Israel — "Why didn't you sing HoAderres?"

(We only sing this tune on Actual Yom Tov. Shabbos Chol Hamoed is not actually Yom Tov — and I do not wish to chance my luck too far Z.J.)

Here is a photograph of the Rebbe on his way out from the Shool. There are approximately 55 people on this picture.



Chol Hamoed

The crush and the crowds during the circuit for Hoshanois was “worse” (or better) than at any time.

I am always given a little preference and I started out about the seventh behind the Rebbe — I ended up by being the 107th.

Everyone wants to participate with the Rebbe in the circuit of the Bimah. That has to be expected and accepted. But, why should a young man with No Tallis — No Arba Minim also push and shtup his way around the Bimah. There was also a man going around the Bimah with No Tallis and with no Arba Minim, but he did however carry something - Yes - a Baby. He had a tough time getting around — and the baby was certainly in some danger. This baby had more sense than his Dad.

The Rebbe was leaving Shool one day and he stooped down to pick up some papers from the floor. Myer Harlick declared that "they are not Shaimus" — holy words. The Rebbe retorted "But this is a Beis Hamedrash — a shool — a holy place must be kept clean".

Here is a picture of the Rebbe exhorting and encouraging us all to sing.

Ever since I have been going to 770 for Succos, I have always waited in the line to bench with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. Although the Rebbe had actually presented me with my own set, I came to the conclusion, as stated in my previous books, that it was more praiseworthy to bench with the Esrog that the Rebbe himself (and thousands of men too) had used.



In the past, I had the cooperation of some of my grandsons, notably of Levi, Shmuli and Sholom Ber who would arrive at the Communal Succah at about 5.30a.m immediately after the dancing in the streets had concluded, and sit on the bench in the Succah — because they were now one of the first in the line. I would come along at about 7.30a.m and discover one of my grandsons covered with an old blanket and fast asleep, but guarding my place.

The Rebbe would arrive at about 8.40a.m and the line would be ready to bench Esrog at about 8.45a.m but, before that happy moment arrived, there were about a dozen men who belonged to the Old Men's Club — and "Old School Tie Brigade" (without the tie) who were allowed to be the first to use the Rebbe's Esrog. So, they did not have to wait at all.

This year, I decided to take advantage of my position, or age, and join the club myself though this necessitated joining the half hour shiur by Avrohom Meisels on Torah Or.

Myer Harlick was actually the first to bench, obviously, because he held the Arba Minim in his hand, and he had to supervise the line to ensure that it moved along at a good steady pace. I have noticed in the past many men who were prepared to caress the Esrog, to say the brocha with deep concentration and devotion, and to shake the Lulov thirty six times, but Myer would certainly not allow that to happen. Label Groner was the next person to bench — he had to be at the Rebbe's side, and the third person was Yehuda Blessofsky who had volunteered to look after the Coffee and Cake department in the Succah. He brought into the Succah, two huge containers which held 30 gallons of water each — altogether 60 gallons of coffee.

Although there were only about a dozen elderly men who were given the honour or privilege of by-passing the line, the pushing and shuffling that went on amongst them was absolutely unbelievable.

Myer Harlick had to ensure that the Arba Minim would be returned to the Rebbe, in the shool, in time for Hallel.

Very often, the Chazan would be too quick and Myer might be delayed - so the Chazan was put on the Red Alert - to slow down whilst a messenger was sent post-haste to make sure that Myer would come through AT ONCE.

When the Rebbe accepted the Arba Minim from Myer - after their use by thousands of men - the Hadassim and the Arovos required pruning, cleaning and straightening up a little. Sometimes a new Esrog was required.

Once the Rebbe found that a ring from around the Lulov was missing. He sent Label for a replacement ring, but there was something wrong with that one too. The 3rd one was O.K.

During Yom Tov, and Chol Hamoed, we layened a lot in Moshiachs Sefer Torah. A beautiful Sefer, but Oh - so heavy. Good strong men were chosen - invited to go Hagboa - lifting up the Sefer Torah - opened up at the place where we layened, turning it around and around still held high - for all to see. Then it was gently lowered onto the table, rolled up and taken away to be

tied up and dressed with the mantle.

And yet, I saw a big strong man finding great difficulty in lifting it up from the table. He actually held it aloft for a second when he collapsed under the great weight. This happened to two men. One has also of course, to remember that almost the whole weight of this Sefer Torah is concentrated on one hand.

Jean

Hindy, my daughter (Mrs. Lew of London) is very fortunate to enjoy the services of her unusual "Daily woman", Jean - the Goyta, as she calls herself.

Unusual because she knows all the Jewish customs — as per Lubavitch. She can make all the various blessings and sings Lubavitcher tunes all day long. Obviously with two housefuls of young children, she was bound to learn something.

She is also a Poetess and I have published some of her poems in previous books. Herewith is the poem which she composed this year.

My Gesture

Today after many years with the Family Lew,
I did something I've always wanted to do.

Encouraged on by Tova Gittle,
I did this thing which might seem little.

Of its significance I'm not quite sure,
I think it's to help keep the Torah's law.

To remind each Jew from far and wide,
Always to the Torah to abide.
So, today I did what I've always wanted to do,
I "Shook the Lulov" just like a Jew.

I did not do it frivolously,
I did it with honest sincerity.

For although I'm not a Jew like them,
I trust in G-d whom they call Hashem.

Hoshannah Rabbah

Late at night, we recite Tehillim. We have speed merchants and it takes them only one hour and twenty minutes. (In Manchester it takes me two hours on Shabbos Mevorchim). It was impossible for me to keep up with the "Leaders" or readers.

That night, I arrived inside 770 at ten minutes to one a.m. The place was overcrowded. I did not relish having to push my way right through to the front, so I tried a new experience. I stayed in the middle of the Shool.

At the front and near to the Rebbe, everyone is concentrating on saying Tehillim. At this new spot - halfway in the Shool, one could not see or hear the Chazan nor the Rebbe.

Many people were actually walking about, pushing past and spoiling concentration. Two young teenagers dressed in the modern garb stood immediately in front of me holding a Tehillim - and jabbering away non-stop. I told them to say the Tehillim -and they were taken aback.

I said, you have come to say Tehillim haven't you?

"Well", replied one, "Everyone came here, so we also came". They did however make amends for a short while - and concentrated on reciting a few chapters.

Two young men wearing Kepotas were also chatting non-stop albeit quietly. I asked them why they were talking so much. "It goes quicker that way", one of them replied.

Dovid Mandelbaum wanted to know why I was not present at the Tehillim. I was missing from my usual place near the Rebbe.

The Rebbe however, did know that I was present because he passed me on his way into the shool and encouraged me to sing.

Dollars were handed out by the "Tankiston" before we left the Shool, and the Gabai, Zev Katz handed me an apple and a sachet of honey - and a brocha for a sweet year.

Levi begged Roselyn to wake him up next morning at 11.00a.m the latest. He insisted that Roselyn should use every means at her disposal to make sure that he would get out of bed.

From 11.00a.m., onwards, for an hour, Roselyn threw water over him, thumped him, smacked him, took all the covers off the bed and finally a bucket of cold water was emptied upon him.

The net result was a soaking wet, "Levi", snoring heavily and happily and contently on top of a very very damp bed — but — "Are you getting up Levi?" "No fear — not this morning Bobby".

With the help and assistance of Esther Sternberg, Label Groner and Myer Harlick, Roselyn and I managed to go together for Lekach from the Rebbe and we were accompanied by some of our grandchildren.

In photograph No1, Roselyn and the Rebbe are exchanging lovely smiles. The Rebbe is giving her a good handful of cake. He told her one piece (or pieces) is for you, with the brocha for a sweet new year and the other piece (or pieces) is for Manchester. (Roselyn gave these to Susan who baked a large cake and added in the Rebbe's Lekach.)

In this picture, you will notice Label facing the camera. I am next to Roselyn, Zelda Rochel and Channah and Pincus Lew are standing behind Roselyn.

In photograph No2, the Rebbe is handing me my rations, which I am accepting with extreme pleasure and satisfaction. Roselyn is holding a great fistful of the Rebbe's cake, Channah is standing in between us and Label and Myer (Harlick) are facing the camera.

Photograph No1.



Photograph No2.



The Rebbe said to me, one piece is for a sweet year and Hatzlocha Rabba. The second piece is for Nachas from all the family and the third is for health and your foot should be well and healthy.

To Channah Jaffe, the Rebbe said — We should hear good news. I never gave this a second thought. I never imagined that Channah Jaffe was in communication with the Rebbe, nor that in a few short days that Golda Rivka Lew would become engaged.

As I have often remarked, "Poor Bobby and Zaidie!! They are the last to know!"

At 12.30p.m., there were established five lines in and around 770.

Line No1 was the continuation of the Old Line for men who desired to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog. This had been in existence since about 7.00a.m. At about 10.30a.m., the Rebbe needed the Arba Minim for "shaking" during Hallel and for the Hoshanos, so there was a definite lull

in the movement of this line. The Arba Minim were duly returned to the Communal Succah and the line carried on with the benching.

Line No2 consisted of women who wished to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. Only on Hashona Rabba were the ladies given the opportunity to bench, but they had to wait for the Mens' line to end first. They waited near the Women's Shool.

Lines No3 and 4 were for the Rebbe's Lekach. No3 for the men went along Eastern Parkway, up the drive of 770 and reached the Rebbe standing at the door of his small Succah. No 4, the ladies line approached the Rebbe from the other side, coming along Union Street and into the rear of 770.

The 5th line, a new idea, was for entrance to 770 for the Hakoffus that night.

We are always delighted to enjoy the warm hearted and generous hospitality of our friends Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky at luncheon on Shovous and on Simchas Torah at their home.

Besides other guests, their family is also growing in quantity and quality K.A.H. with sweet little Channie growing up into a beautiful young lady — "not yet eligible" says her father Moishe, but she is a real pretty doll and she will soon be "taken care of", I am quite sure of that!

To ensure that there will be no problems in the future, Moishe has already met my challenge of building a Succah alongside his home, which will seat over sixty guests.

Channah Jaffe was more often late than not and so missed hearing Kiddush or Havdolah. No problem. She took the wine and made Kiddush — or Havdolah for the other girls. After Kiddush, they also insisted on TWO CHALLAS!

Simchas Torah

Until last year the Hakoffus and the 17 verses of Ato Horaiso which preceeded the Hakoffus used to take about an hour — sixty minutes or 3,600 seconds of concentrated singing and dancing.

Last year, the Hakoffus were out of this world and took 3 hours. On this, occasion tonight they lasted 12 hours. But, there was an innovation. Instead of reciting each single verse of Ato Horaiso individually one at a time, they were said wholesale — six to ten verses at a time. The Ato Horaisa is said three times before the Hakoffus, so there would be a saving of about 20 minutes.

Each verse of the first Ato Horaiso on the first night was recited by the Rebbe who was "sponsored" by various people who would pay up to five thousand dollars for each verse which the Rebbe recited on their behalf.

On the next night, illustrious and distinguished gentlemen were given the honour of reciting one of these verses. (During this recitation, these 17 verses seemed to extend to about 25). All the other Ato Horaisos were rushed through.

In any case, it was impossible this year, to hear anyone saying one word. The place was so overcrowded.

Even I, who was always given the same Possuk "Malchuscho", and which I shrieked out at the top of my loud voice, could not make any impression — no one — but nobody outside my small area could hear anything.

And — it was only because I was expecting to be called up to recite this verse and that I saw the Gabai Zev Katz standing 2 yards away point his finger at me, nod and smile that I knew that I was on.

The Rebbe's platform had been edged away from the far side wall and brought nearer to the Oran Hakodesh. On top of this platform was placed another but very much smaller one — just for the Rebbe.

All the special notable guests were just dropped down, pushed and squeezed into the well at that far side.

Leading from the platform, the whole area was criss-crossed with wooden boards forming

access lanes in order to get from one spot to another — if allowed to do so by the “heavy gang”. Five steps led up from the floor (ground) to the platform. There were another 5 steps at the edge of the platform facing the "dancing area" which led to a "small railway type cutting" sloping upwards until it reached the centre area. This square had been raised about two feet so that everyone would be able to see the Rebbe dancing. This grand design was "planned" by some architectural eccentric.

I was asked to join the distinguished gentlemen in the well — Lehavdil — "the Black hole of Calcutta" — but I had suffered enough pains and bruises during the past years that I refused to take any more chances of broken bones.

I sat on the step of the Rebbe's smaller platform, very comfortable, I was.

Michael Zerkin who together with Shmiddy had continued to look after me like a long lost brother, suggested that I should move from there. I told him not to be so silly — but he was right. The stampede and the crush became unbearable, so I joined Zalmon Gurary at the top of the 5 steps which led onto the platform. Each of the 5 steps was taken up with two or three bodies. Overlapping like sardines in a tin.

One of my legs was stretched out alongside Zalmon's side. The other leg passed through Zalmon's other leg and squeezed through to the men on the lower step. None of us could move without disturbing everyone else.

On the second night, we were lying on the steps the same way, when there arrived a veritable Giant of a Fellow, a V.I.P. about 30 stones weight. He was taken to the well — but within minutes he was being escorted to our steps falling on the way upon people lying on the floor of the platform.

Can you imagine the impact of 30 stones — 4201bs on that tin of sardines.

Obviously, it either burst its sides, or some of the sardines went flying. I was one of those poor flattened sardines and lay on the floor, stretched out, with my head lying on Chanina just behind me.

A young lad, he told me that his name was Menachem Yunik, was also very helpful and protective to me. I have known him for many years. He was close to the Rebbetzen ZtzL. He is a very nice boy, but, why did he keep calling me Zaidie?

During the singing when the Rebbe leapt forward to ensure that everyone sang and "danced" — loud and clear — the Rebbe would be swinging his arms around and around. I came very close to being knocked out by the Rebbe's flaying arms, in spite of being pushed well back and lying down flat on my back.

The Giant V.I.P. was given one of the smallest of the Sifrei Torah for the Hakoffa. He held it against his chest and his one hand completely covered this Sefer Torah. It could not be seen. It looked very incongruous and I noticed that the Rebbe was laughing.

The Rebbe asked me on the first night whether I had torn my suit. I answered, "Not yet". On the following night the Rebbe asked me the same question. I replied that, so far so good.

Actually, the Rebbe should have conveyed these questions to Yossi.

After my rather terrifying experiences last year during the Hakoffus when my grandsons galloped to my rescue, it was decided that Yossi should accompany me at the Hakoffus as my bodyguard, whilst the rest of my grandsons would be in direct communication with each other and ready to act at a second's notice.

Yossi reported that he never imagined that it would be so tough. Herds of men and boys were in this small dancing square, all trying to keep out of the way of the Rebbe, who was dancing with the little Sefer Torah and at the same time, pushing and pulling everyone else out of their way so that they could see the Rebbe.

No notice and no respect was paid to those venerable (but not so venerated) and illustrious gentlemen who were holding a Sefer Torah. No notice and no respect was even paid to the actual Sefer Torah.

Fortunately, I was holding, in this instance, a very small Sefer Torah, so I just relaxed, stretched out my feet and relied on Yossi.

Yossi came out not too badly. O.K., so his Kapota was ripped and torn all over. Fortunately he had bought a second and inferior Kapota when he was married a few months before. Both legs were full of large bruises and cuts but, he said, "It was well worth it — right in front of the Rebbe".

Another fellow had both legs of his trousers torn right down from his crutch.

I would say that, except for the Ato Horaisos which were cut short, the Hakoffus and the Rebbe were just as exciting, freilich and stimulating as last year. The boys were more frenzied and wild and packed even tighter together than ever before. When the Rebbe, dancing and conducting with the little Sefer Torah turned to them, they went frantic and delirious with excitement.

Throughout the twenty editions which I have been writing over these 20 years, I have endeavoured not to repeat or write about routine matters that occur year by year. Therefore, one must understand that the davening and the Farbraingen wer the same or similar to past years. The Rebbe was Chosson Beraishis, as usual.

At the Koss Shel Brocha, the Rebbe handed me, in addition to the wine which he poured into my cup — a small bottle of Vodka.

Shmuel maintained that it was the first time for 5 years since the Rebbe had given me a bottle of mashke.

Someone asked — "What is the vodka for?"

I replied that the Rebbe never gave me explicit instructions, so I imagine that it is for drinking purposes only.

The Rebbe handed a bottle to the Chief of police, with the remark that "You do so much for me, I must do something for you".

Shmuli said to him (the Chief) "Let me have a drop".

"NO way", replied the Chief, "It's mine and I won't part with one drop of it".



Receiving Koss Shel Brocha and Mashke from the Rebbe.

The old established custom of placing a book of Psalms, a Tehillim/or a Chumash for the Rebbe to use during the morning's service has been discontinued. Gone are the days when all who desired to obtain that treasure would turn up at 770 in the morning with 20 others and draw lots to find the lucky winners (two) who would be allowed to place their Tehillim or Chumash on the Rebbe's shtender. After the Rebbe had left the Sefer would be reclaimed by

the lucky owner.

Poor Shmuli! His chance has now gone for ever.

I officiated at Mincha on the first day of Chol Hamoed. I was told, "You are a wall to wall Chazan. We cannot find many Cantors or readers who can be heard stall the four corners of the Shoal".

I even had an Aliya at the Rebbe's minyan at 770 on the second day of Yom Tov. I fully realised that the Rebbe was responsible for that honour.

The Rebbe had spent the whole of the Month of Tishrei at 770, but I believe that he will return to 1304 immediately afterwards.

On the day after Yom Tov, in the morning of Isru Chag, the Rebbe distributed dollars.

The Rebbe handed me a dollar and wished me Hatzlocha Rabba (great success).

I told the Rebbe that I was leaving for home that afternoon, so the Rebbe presented me with another dollar. And — then — he added a third dollar and intimated that I should take all the brochas home. I should not leave any behind at 770 and "Make sure you take them all home".

I replied that I will take them all home, all the brochas that the Rebbe has given or will give to me.

With that, I took my leave from the Rebbe with grateful thanks and appreciation for the wonderful reception and exceptional friendliness shown to Roselyn and to myself during our fifteen day stay in Crown Heights for Yom Tov.

As one fellow remarked to me, "After Simchas Torah one leaves 770 a Spiritual Giant, but a Physical Wreck".

Shidduchim Are Arranged

When we had returned home, Avrohom confided that he wanted to let me into a secret. I had to promise not to tell a soul — except perhaps maybe to Roselyn.

Well — Shush! — Channah is being introduced to a wonderful boy from a lovely family — but — Shush! — promise not to tell any-one — it's a secret.

"Oh, come on Avrohom", I interrupted, "Get on with it and let me have the good news".

The boys name was Yossi. He was the only son of Big Chief Rabbi and Mrs. Marlow. I had known Rabbi Marlow for many years — a fine man and if his son would take after him, then Channah should be a very happy girl.

I discovered afterwards that all the Jaffes and even the Lews had known about this for a couple of weeks already. "Big Secret!!"

Roselyn and I were of course, very pleased and we awaited further news.

There was then a telephone call from Crown Heights with the good tidings that the Rebbe had given his approval to the Shidduch and had extended his brocha. Mazel Tov and Mazel Tov.

We were then startled to learn that the Kalloh was Golda Rivka (Lew) and the Chosson's name was Menachem Mendel Yunik. Menachem actually spoke to us on the phone. He added, "Reb. Zalmon, I also wish you a happy Shabbos". As I said, we have known each other a long time.

Well, we never expected Golda Rivka to become engaged so quickly – so soon and to Menachem Yunik. We considered that this was really a well-kept secret - but as I have mentioned before "Bobby and Zaidie are always the last to know".

We have known Menachem since he was a very young boy. He had also been very close to the Rebbetzen ZtzL and he was now a very fine and friendly young man - from a very lovely Lubavitch family.

Menachem's father has been given the honour of acting as the Rebbe's Major-Domo at the Farbraingen. A position which the late Rabbi Mentelick O.H. used to hold before he passed away.

So, what about Channah and Yossi Marlow?

Well, Roselyn has requested - warned me to "be brief, do not become involved in any stories or rumours -just keep to the bare facts".

The Rebbe approved the Shidduch and after two or three meetings, Channah and Yossi wrote into the Rebbe, that they would like I get married.

The Rebbe agreed and extended his warmest blessings. Susan and little Dinah and Avrohom and Aaron, who would soon be Bar-Mitzvah flew to Crown Heights for the vort.

The Marlow's treated them exceedingly well and made them very welcome. They celebrated the occasion with a sumptuously catered party.

All were delighted with the Shidduch - and with each other - and all were very happy indeed.

So, T.G. we had two granddaughters who desired to wed as soon as ever possible. I would have preferred that both weddings should take place at about the same time, so that all our grand-children could be present at the two affairs - some were residing in New York, Minnesota, Israel and Australia.

There were, however, the problems of hiring of halls, caterers and many other personal considerations which had to be settled and discussed before deciding on the exact day of the wedding in London and the one in Manchester.

The aim of all concerned was that they should take place during the month of Adar.

A few days later, I received another call from Label Groner on behalf of the Rebbe who was enquiring about my health.

It seemed that my brother Ephraim, my doctor, was becoming a little alarmed (he never told me) about a bad bout of Influenza which had developed into pneumonia (he never told me that, either).

He had given me the full treatment of antibiotics and I was starting another session.

Ephraim advised Susan and Avrohom to inform the Rebbe and to obtain a brocha for a speedy recovery.

Oddly enough, except that Ephraim had warned me not to leave the house. I was not bed-ridden, I did not feel so badly at all.

Anyway, Label enquired about my health. I could and did reassure him and the Rebbe extended his blessings for a complete recovery.

The Rebbe extended a Mazel Tov to me for both granddaughters. Furthermore, the Rebbe handed to Avrohom "a dollar for your father and here is a dollar for your mother. I do not want

her to be jealous", (Label said, "You are taking all the best boys".)

The Rebbe also quoted the sedra — "that Avrohom was not well, so G-d sent to see how he was — He also sent angels to keep him company".

He concluded, "The deeds or actions of our forefathers are an indication – a pointer to us, their children".

We had planned to visit Eilat in Israel during February as we have done previously, but in these new circumstances, we flew to Eilat straight away, so that it would not interfere with any marriage arrangements.

Our Trip to Eilat

We normally stay at the Hotel on a bed and breakfast tariff. Roselyn went on full board on this occasion. The bed was too soft so they placed a full length board under the mattress.

We were often puzzled to know whether a Taxi was available - ready for hire or not. Some had their lights on - others had them off. We were told - "keep trying to wave one down - if the Taxi does stop for you, then it is free for hire".

We arrived at Eilat on the day after the Israeli election. The whole country was in an uproar in a turmoil.

The Aguda party with the assistance of the Rebbe had gained six seats. Although the Rebbe did not claim or desire any ministerial posts in the cabinet, he did want the Law of Return (Who is a Jew?) to be amended so that the definition of a Jew was someone who had a Jewish mother, or had been converted according to the Halacha and by a recognised orthodox Beis Din. The Aguda had promised to help in this campaign.

During the whole of the two weeks that we remained in Israel, the Jerusalem Post published articles and photographs of the Rebbe every single day.

When I spoke to my various relatives in Israel, they explained that they never voted for Aguda in the past, - but, because the Rebbe wanted them to vote this time for the Aguda - they did so - and so did many hundreds of other voters.

The Rebbe — and Lubavitch, certainly showed their strength in Israel at this election.

On my return home, I discovered that Channah's wedding will take place on Tuesday February 7th — second of Adar 1 and Golda Rivka's will be on February 27th — twenty second of Adar 1. This wedding had to be on a Monday because Menachem's father, Rabbi Yunik had to be on time and fit to carry out his duties at the following Shabbos Farbraingen at 770.

Chanukah

In Manchester, as usual, we placed a Giant Menorah in front of the Manchester Town Hall in the great Albert Square. (We still had the huge ones at Lubavitch House and the Adass Yisroel Shool).

Sir Sidney Hamburger, a good friend of ours and of Lubavitch, lit the lights in the presence of hundreds of Jewish people and many non-Jews. He spoke very nicely.

HIS WORSHIP, The Lord Mayor of Manchester attended — but this year, His Worship was a Woman. She turned up in her full official regalia — Red Robes, Gold Chain of Office and a Black Velvet Tricorn Hat with White Feathers and a White Cravat completed her outfit.

She spoke very well about LEWB-avitch and the festival of "CHAIN—IKU".

On the following page is a photograph of the Lord Mayor and of me eating doughnuts, which were enjoyed by all who were present.



On the second day of Chanukah, I received a splendid and unexpected surprise. Label Groner telephoned me that the Rebbe was FAXING a message to me, that he had seen my daughter and grandchildren at the dollar distribution.

He had presented to Hindy two dollar bills, clipped together which she should hand over for the Zaidie. Chaya had just presented us with another great granddaughter, Moussia — that was why Hindy was in Crown Heights.

Hindy thought these were for Shmuel — the new Zaidie. Label interrupted and said that "this is Zalmon's daughter".

The Rebbe obviously knew quite well who Hindy was. He does not make mistakes — and to make sure, he said — "Give to Z-A-L-M-O-N J-A-F-F-E."

On the phone, Label enquired about my health and so forth.

He continued by saying that the Rebbe had spoken on Thursday night and proposed that one should give Chanukah gelt **Straight away** and not wait until the fifth light — to children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Roselyn and I were included in this message into which was added a brocha for a healthy and freilich Chanukah.

I maintained that "I suppose this refers to all my grand-children who are locally or in England".

Label indicated that he sent Chanukah gelt to all his grand-children who lived in Israel too, and I had no excuse, but to send to Levi in Australia, Golda and Shmuli in Israel, Chaya, Shimon and Baby, Yossi and Shterny, Channah in Crown Heights, Mandy and Pincus in Minnesota and all the rest in Manchester and London.

Our Chanukah letter from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe acknowledges my letter with thanks and quotes the saying that "I (G-d is the source of all blessings) will bless those who bless you. And with the extra brochas which will be even more that the main ones.

Also the time is right — the days of Chanukah which light up (everything).

And, may it be the will of the

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מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.
בי"ה, ימי חנוכה תשמ"ט
ברוקלין, נ. י.

הרו"ח אי"א נוי"נ עוסק בצי"צ וכו'
מוה' שניאור זלמן שי'
וזוג' תי'

שלום וברכה!
מכי נתקבל ותייח,
וכבר מילתי אמורה: ואברכה (הי מקור כל הברכות)
מברכיך בברכתו של הקב"ה שתוספתו מרובה על העיקר,
והזמ"ג גייכ - ימי חנוכה מאירים,
ויה"ר שיאירו בכל השנה כולה.
בברכה

A-mighty that they will light up the whole year.

With blessings.

Signed by the Rebbe.

For a change, Shmuel was again in Crown Heights. He phoned to Hindy that the Rebbe had given him a dollar for his Shver. Am I not doing well?

Shmuel arrived back in London during the following week. He phoned me to confirm that the Rebbe had sent regards — plus — another THREE dollars. I am even doing better than ever!

That week, we had the pleasure of meeting Yossi, the Chosson. He arrived on the Monday to spend a couple of days in arranging the wedding technicalities regarding the Civil Marriage.

Everyone has to look up to him — he is 6ft 2ins tall, but he is such a nice gentle young man that he does not look down on anyone.

He is obviously very bright — he chose Channah and he was the Head Boy in the Yeshiva. He is quite good looking, has good manners and is polite.

But, mainly, he has an extremely good sense of humour, which is very important in dealing with the Jaffe CLAN. He has even tried, with occasional success, to turn the tables on me!

I was asking him the catch question about the triplets — three healthy baby boys all born almost at the same time and yet they each had their bris on a different day. The answer — One boy was born on Friday before Shabbos — so the bris was on Friday. The second baby arrived at Twilight time — "Sofek" not sure whether it was Friday or Shabbos — his bris was on Sunday. The third boy was born definitely on Shabbos — so his bris was on Shabbos.

Yossi fought back. He said a healthy baby boy was born definitely on Shabbos, was by Caesarian delivery, not the natural way, so he could not have his bris on Shabbos. That is the Halacha.

Yossi is also a very lucky boy — not only because he is to wed Channah — but, after the couple of days, he went to get the plane back to New York. It was full. So, he went the next day. He sat in the plane for four hours and then all the passengers were ordered to leave. A leak in the fuel pipe was discovered. The following day was Friday, much too risk. So he stayed in Manchester over the Shabbos and left on Sunday — almost a week.

It is a great advantage to be lucky!

A week later, a number of Lubavitcher boys sat on this "same" Manchester to New York plane. After five hours, all the passengers were ordered off — there was a leak in the fuel pipe! Is it not unbelievable?

They were flown to London and caught the 6.30p.m plane which ultimately left at 12.30a.m after midnight. A few of the first class passengers were sent by Concorde.

The First Yahrzeit of our Rebbetzen Ztzl

The 22nd day of Shevat 5749 was the first Yahrzeit of our Rebbetzen ZtzL, and it was on a Shabbos.

I felt that it was important for ms that I should spend that day with the Rebbe in Crown Heights.

It appeared that I was not the only one who had that brilliant idea, because there were more people present at 770 than there had been even for Simchas Torah. Most had arrived on the Friday and stayed for only 3 or 4 days. For instance, Yossi Gutnick from Australia, Kopul Backer from South Africa and Avrohom Rappaport from Canada. Also 300 women had come from all over to attend a special women's convention which was held in honour of the Rebbetzen ZtzL.

I left Manchester on Thursday afternoon and returned from New York at 6.00p.m on Sunday evening, arriving home twelve hours later. Max (Cohen) my grandson-in-law also went for the same length of time, but he flew from London.

Roselyn could not find the stamina, nor the strength to travel to New York for only 3 days so I went alone.

Rebbetzen malka Cohen, the wife of our Rosh HaYeshiva and Reuven Cohen and son from Leeds were also on our plane.

Each of us confidently expected to be met at the J.F.K. Airport by relatives or friends, but I did promise Malka and Reuven a lift to Crown Heights in case their relatives did not manage to get to the airport. They too, confirmed that in the unlikely event that no one came to meet me, then they would give me a lift to 770.

In the event, we were all let down so we shared a taxi to Crown Heights.

It took us ages to get through immigration. A Jumbo Jet from Tokyo had arrived just ahead of us, so there were about 700 passengers waiting in line. Every few minutes, announcements were made over the loud speakers — in Japanese — one of the many languages that I could not yet understand.

When we finally arrived at the customs with our baggage, we discovered that the Officers were extremely thorough and diligent. The suitcases of the passengers just in front of me were

searched very painstakingly. They even carefully examined an old wooden coat hanger, and poked it and probed it all over with a knife. They were obviously looking for drugs.

When my turn arrived, I offered to open up my bag — but the officer just waved me through. The least I could do, was to wave back at him.

I drove direct to the apartment and found that Chaya L. and Yossi L. were waiting for me. Chaya had wisely placed emergency rations in the fridge e.g. Eggs, cheese, cake, drinks, milk, and so forth — so I would not starve.

I was delighted to note that Chaya and Channah L. had even prepared my bed. But, when I looked into the second bedroom, I nearly had a fit. All the beds were piled high with bedding and clothing. Even the floor was piled high with bedding, clothing and odd boxes. It was very distressing to see. I was only pleased about one thing — that Roselyn was not there to see such a tip.

It appeared that the Police, or fire department had closed down down the Yeshiva in Kingston Avenue because of Fire hazards. Dovid had dumped all his belongings into our flat. It was fortunate for us that the officials did not follow Dovid to our flat.

Our "Persian" carpet was missing from the best bedroom, so I made do with the "Daily Telegraph" newspaper which I had brought with me from Manchester. It was a very large edition with a lovely coloured supplement. This made an excellent modern carpet for my best bedroom.

I felt extremely tired. I looked at my watch and soon learnt the reason why — it was 4.30a.m, although by New York time, it was only 11.30p.m.

I was sleeping on my own — I had not yet seen any of my other grandchildren, so I locked the door of the apartment and retired to bed.

I arose at 7.00a.m. next morning (bad habit) and discovered that Dovid had been sleeping in the closet — not the water closet (bathroom) but the closet in the hallway which was piled up high with old bedding and old clothes.

It appeared that Dovid had returned to the apartment — to keep me company — at his usual bedtime of 4.30a.m and found the door locked. So, he made himself nice and comfortable in this closet. Dovid can sleep anywhere, anytime, especially during the morning from 5.00a.m until lunch time.

On that Friday morning, I made my way to 1304. There were a few hundred boys and men already waiting outside. Yisroel Goldshmidt and Michael Zerkin were guarding the entrance and were allowing only those special and privileged people to enter for the morning 10.00a.m service.

Yisroel called out to me in a loud voice "Come along Zalmon. This way Mr. Jaffe. Make room there for Zalmon Jaffe to come through". I obeyed orders and a path was opened up for me.

I noticed quite a number of important and self-important men from abroad who were being refused admission, but one could not blame Yisroel or Michoel — They could not be expected to know everybody. There were literally so many thousands of people who desired to daven with the Rebbe, that they had to be firm and selective.

Max told me afterwards that he had arrived at 1304 at 9.00a.m with Avrohom Weiss. They were the first people to arrive and fully expected to be allowed into 1304 for the service — but they were refused admission.

Max is always in "trouble". He told me a story of what had occurred on his last visit. There were not too many visitors to see the Rebbe at that particular time, and he had attended the services with the Rebbe at 1304 on four consecutive days.

On the fifth day, he was on his way to 1304 by car and was driving up Kingston Avenue. An ambulance was trying to overtake, but unfortunately crashed into and rammed Max's car. He was not allowed to leave that spot because the police were taking copious notes about the accident. Fortunately, there was already a patient in the ambulance otherwise Max would have enjoyed a free ride to the hospital — or the police station. When, at last, he was allowed to leave, he discovered, when he arrived at 1304 that the service had already started — and the "heavy gang" refused, quite rightly, to allow him to enter, in spite of Max's entreaties and legitimate excuses because of the accident. However, they did offer him some little comfort and consolation by allowing him to be the first in the line, so, when the front door would be opened after the service, then he would be the first of all the waiting multitude to receive dollars from the Rebbe.

There he stood, with his nose pressing against the glass door — and his eyes staring through and becoming glazed — but he could see nothing and hear nothing.

It had now started to rain and it was becoming a little uncomfortable. Then the heavens really opened up — but thankfully so did the front door of 1304 — but, not to let anyone enter out of the rain, but only to inform everybody the good news, that the Rebbe would first of all be giving a Sicho, before the distribution of the dollars — and they still had to wait outside because inside the place was packed tightly with people.

So, for the next half hour or so, Max received the full force of the tempest and the lashing rain. His clothes were dampened but not his spirits.

When the line finally entered 1304, they resembled the "Orphans of the Storm" very much bedraggled. Nevertheless — no one complained at all.

Today, after the service, Max and Avrohom Weiss who had rented a car took me as well to visit the graveside of Our Rebbetzen ZtzL. We took with us the particular prayer books which contained the special verses which are recited when visiting the graveside of a saintly person.

We noticed that there were quite a number of "kvitlechs" entreaties, which many people had

written and placed directly on the Rebbetzen ZtzL last resting place.

We stood there, reciting these prayers and thinking about our beloved Rebbetzen ZtzL. Meanwhile, just a few yards away entirely hidden from anyone's view, the Rebbe Shlita was standing alone, solitary inside the Ohel of the Previous Rebbe ZtzL. He had very much to tell his Father-in-Law even though it was Friday, and the Rebbe Shlita had to get back to 770 in time for Shabbos.

I had been invited for Shabbos dinner on that Friday night by Chaya and Shimon (Posner) but I still had to prepare my Shabbos day luncheon. This had to be eaten in the short time between the end of Shacharis and the beginning of the Farbraingen. I had also invited Max to join me for that meal.

Chaya had sent me two pieces of Gefilte Fish, a potato pudding and a lokshen pudding. I then went to Mermelsteins and bought one pound of chopped liver, one pound of corned beef and one pound each of coleslaw and potato salad. So, we were well fixed up. I put the two puddings from Chaya on the "Blech" (the steel top on the gas stove).

I then went to Kahans. I saw Beryl and asked him for a packet of Matzos. He said I was lucky because he had just the one packet left — and handed me a packet of tissues or napkins. (I heard afterwards that these are actually called "Matches") I retorted that I wanted Matzos to eat not to wipe my nose and face.

He requested me to go to the counter — and there I was handed a box of Matches. Believe me, I nearly went on strike — they were playing with fire.

I was really annoyed and again repeated and shouted that I wanted Matzos—Matzos—Matzos.

"Oh, you want your grandson Maxie! We have just seen him passing by this shop".

That Friday evening, Shabbos was the actual day of the Rebbetzens ZtzL Yahrzeit and the Rebbe officiated at the Omud at all the services on this day.

The "heavy gang" were very strict and no one was allowed into the very reduced reserved area around the Omud and the Oran Hakodesh — except three people. I am pleased to report that I was one of these privileged men. I was well looked after by Yisroel Goldshmidt and Michoel Zerkin.

I noticed Max who had pushed himself well forward to the barrier. He was getting hotter and redder by the minute — there was no room for him to move either a hand or a foot.

The Rebbe davened rather quietly so everybody wanted to hear him and to see him. Max subsequently told me that he was extremely envious of me. There I was, actually walking about the small reserved enclosure whilst he was packed tight — worse than a sardine in a tin.

On Shabbos morning, a large table was used for the layenning, the reading of the Sedra in the

Sefer Torah. This had been placed just a few yards in front of the Oran Hakodesh. It thus saved the Rebbe from having to struggle together with the Sefer Torah to reach the Bimah which was usually sited in the center of the Shool. On this Shabbos, they had removed this Bimah altogether. It left more room too, for the congregation to stand.

On that morning, it took the Rebbe just 18 minutes "CHAI" to reach "BORRCHU".

The Rebbe read the Haftorah as usual, and my new Mechuton, Rabbi Kalman Marlow was given the Aliya wherein we read the Ten Commandments — because of his position as Chief Rav of Lubavitch. He just managed to wish me Mazel Tov — "en passant".

When the Rebbe made his way to the table, a cheeky fellow jumped right over the barriers and stood very near to the Rebbe. The "heavy gang" went about their work very quietly and efficiently, called up reinforcements and without fuss, carried him bodily and briskly over the barrier and dumped him.

Discipline had to be maintained and the "heavy gang" showed their true worth and value at that moment so that the Rebbe should not be inconvenienced by boys breathing down his neck. It only needed one boy to set an example and thus wreck the whole order and discipline.

After the service, Max and I rushed into the flat. We made Kiddush and had a good tuck into the fish and then the liver. We very nearly forgot the corned beef, but, we did forget the two puddings "roasting" on the Blech.

Yossi and Shterny popped in to make Kiddush and I invited them to finish off all the liver, meat and salads and not to forget the two puddings lying on the Blech.

I was told afterwards that they did manage to find a few soft spots in the lockshen pudding, but the potato pudding had become dried up and as hard as a brick. It was impossible to make any impression on this with one's teeth. Shterny said that she never eats this type of pudding.

We rushed back to 770 to claim our seats at the Farbraingen. Pincus was sitting in my usual place to ensure that no one else took it. Rabbi Marlow arrived just before the Rebbe entered the hall and sat down next to me — but divided by the Iron Pillar. It was a proper mechitza and Rabbi Marlow only just managed to touch my fingers in order to wish me Mazel Tov once again.

During the Farbraingen the Rebbe related a sicha which took 1 hr and 15 mins. The Rebbe mentioned Koheles (Ecclesiastes which starts "Koheles by the Son of David, King of Jerusalem — Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity"), and quoted the end of verse 2 Chapter 7 (this whole verse reads "It is better to go to a house of mourning than to go to a house of feasting, for that is the end of all men and "Vechai yetaim el libo" — which translated means "and the living should take this to heart"). The Rebbe mentioned this latter phrase over 20 times during this sicha.

Chai — Life — was of course one of the names of the Rebbetzen. The Rebbe suggested that

when one added the letter "lamed" to Chai, it became Chayil — strength. MaiChayil el Chayil — from strength to strength.

All the letters in the Sefer Torah hang down from the "invisible" line and of all these 22 letters of the alphabet, only the Lamed is raised above the line, upwards — strength to strength. (Chai — upwards when the Lamel is added).

I am indebted to Yossi (Lew) for the synopsis of this sicha which I have abridged slightly.

The Rebetzen's Yahrzeit

"And the living shall take to heart". This phrase in the Book of Koheles is King Shlomo's advice to those who are experiencing the passing of an acquaintance. The passing of any person, particularly a righteous person, must motivate the living to think about themselves and increase their positive and constructive activities.

Similarly, the celebration of the anniversary of the passing of the Rebbetzen o.b.m., a Tzadkanis (saintly woman) must inspire us to add and strengthen our Divine Service.

It is only logical that one should derive a lesson from everything that occurs around him, including the passing of a person. As a human being possessing intellect, one must try to understand the practical relevance of any particular event which he witnesses. This practice takes on an even greater significance and meaning when it becomes an instruction in Torah, in our case, the book of Koheles.

The practice of "taking to heart" the passing of the Rebbetzen becomes increasingly stronger as time progresses our activities to propagate the study of Torah and the observance of Mitzvos are intensified to an even greater degree.

As we now begin a new period after a year of mourning, we must be particularly motivated to introduce and infuse even greater enthusiasm into these activities.

As spiritual as the soul may be, its full potential is realized only when it descends and functions in this physical world. This holds true even after the soul departs from its body and continues to attain greater spiritual levels; it still continues to affect this physical world.

The Twenty Second of Shevat — A Special Day

The idea of the soul's continued influence on the lives of those living in this physical world is alluded to in today's date — the 22nd of Shevat.

The number twenty two corresponds to the twenty two letters of the Aleph Beis. The configuration of these letters form the words of the Divine utterances which were used to create this physical universe. "Shevat" is etymologically related to the Hebrew word Shevet, a stick, which refers to the concept of ruling (with a firm hand). This implies the 'controlling' quality inherent in Torah and the service of a Jew. A Jew, through his observance of Mitzvos, transforms this world into an abode for the A-mighty. This demonstrates an aspect of the Jew's dominion over the world for this physical world was created solely for this purpose; to be

transformed through the Jew's service.

Fire is a vital part of our lives; we often depend on it for our comfort and sustenance. In a spiritual sense, 'fire' alludes to a 'flame' of G-dly vitality and Life - a 'heavenly fire'.

Thus, in our spiritual service, 'kindling' alludes to the igniting of a 'blazing' and vigorous love for G-d within one's heart. One's Divine mission in life is also to imbue physical objects with this Divine 'flame', by using them for G-dly purposes.

A person may underestimate the value of his efforts in this respect. He may feel that unless he is igniting a 'great blaze' of G-dliness, his service is meaningless. Therefore, the Rambam states that the Torah considers kindling i.e. imbuing one's self and environment with a 'flame' of G-dly energy, an accomplishment even if he only 'kindles the slightest amount'.

With regard to the Rebbetzen, who was elevated by a 'flaming fire' - when her soul ascended. The soul, in Gan Eden, constantly climbs from one lofty level to another, thus, one may think that she would no longer wish to descend to this world. However, today's portion of the Rambam teaches that she 'desires ashes' i.e. she yearns for a share in the elevation of the physical world, for that is the purpose of the entire creation.

This must motivate us to increase in her merit, our activities of learning and teaching Torah and the observance of mitzvos whereby the physical world will be elevated.

A Lesson From Our Parshah

The portion of Torah read today, Yisro, also expresses the theme of the soul's desire for an influence on the physical world. The Torah relates that after the first few commandments which the Jews heard from G-d, their souls departed from their bodies in spiritual ecstasy. They were not able to tolerate this, for they realised that the ultimate spiritual experience must include the physical aspects of their existence, since the objective of Torah is to transform the mundane. Therefore they asked Moshe if he would transmit the remainder of the commandments, enabling them to receive it while their souls would still be able to remain in their bodies.

A New Sefer Torah

In commemoration of the Yartzeit, a new Sefer Torah was written and completed. The Torah is formed by utilising the twenty two letters of the Aleph-Beis — which relates to the twenty second of Shevat, the day of the Yahrzeit. As previously mentioned the world was created and is sustained through these twenty two letters.

The significance of the first letter, Aleph, is stressed in this week's Parshah. The Torah commences with the letter 'Beis' of Beraishis. The letter 'Aleph' complained. "Why does not the Torah begin with me?" It is in our Parshah where the Ten Commandments commence with the letter of 'Aleph' of 'Anochi' (I am your G-d) that this 'complaint' is remedied.

The letter 'Aleph' of Anochi plays an essential role in the service of a Jew. Every Jew through the study of Torah becomes united with the actual essence of G-d, as symbolised by the 'Aleph' of Anochi — I am, ('I' referring to the essence of a being).

To go back to Friday night, as arranged, I went to Chaya's that evening for Shabbos dinner. I had the opportunity to welcome three new members into our family circle. They were Yossi Marlow, the fiance of Channah J., Menachem Yunik, Golda Rivka's Chosson and Moussia (Posner) my first "Lew" great - granddaughter. So, with Shimon, Shterny and Max my 'Old' grandchildren-in-law this made a total of six grandchildren (and great grandchildren) — and six direct descendants — Chaya, Channah L, Mendy L and Pincus and Yossi (Lews) and Dovid J. Also present were Mrs. Zalmon Posner, Chaya's mother-in-law, Yisroel Deren, Chaya's brother-in-law, with his son Asher and another grandson of Mrs. Posner. A nice family gathering of sixteen K.A.H. I was surprised that all were still on speaking terms with Yisroel — after all, he was the Shadchan for Chaya and Shimon. Asher, his son is an expert authority on my books — he can quote perfectly from all the nineteen editions — "Page, chapter and verse". He corrected me on many occasions when I quoted an article or even a sentence. He was always right.

Shimon and I made Kiddush pretty punctually. We did not vacillate. We got on with the job. We enjoyed a typical traditional Friday evening meal and it gave Chaya the opportunity to show off her prowess in the cookery department.

We really enjoyed ourselves — excellent food, excellent company making jokes and singing and reminiscing about the Rebbe and 'Old Times'. I left for home at 10.45p.m having spent over four hours in non-stop entertaining.

Mrs. Posner maintained that it was the finest Friday night Chassidische Farbraingen that she had ever attended in Crown Heights.

I needed to obtain two bottles of Vodka from the Rebbe personally — one for our Annual fundraising dinner for our Yeshiva Gedola, and one for the Rambam's Siyum. I had sent into the Rebbe six bottles of vodka. I presumed that if I sent in six bottles, then I might have a chance of receiving at least two bottles which I required to get from the Rebbe.

The custom is that the representative of some organizations which will be soon celebrating an exceptional event, will collect a bottle for the Rebbe. He will then announce publicly the type of function which will take place and invite everyone to attend.

There were, on this afternoon, 30 men waiting in the line. The first half dozen or so, collected their bottles and mumbled something into their beards, which no one could hear or understand, and leave the Rebbe's platform.

Label Groner called me up to the Rebbe's table. The Rebbe lifted up one of the bottles of vodka which were standing on the table — it was a litre size — much larger than any of those which I had sent into the office.

The Rebbe then opened this bottle and poured a small drop from this bottle into his glass of wine, and also poured me out a little into the tumbler which I was holding, wished me L'Chaim and handed me the bottle.

Label then insisted (Probably on the orders of the Rebbe) that I should make my announcement clearly and distinctly — which I did. I spoke in a loud voice and the talking and chatting ceased immediately.

I said — "On behalf of the Friends of the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva Gedola, which is one of the best in the world, I wish to thank the Rebbe for his wonderful brochas, which have ensured the financial success of this function".

"I now invite you all, men, women and children to attend this annual affair when we will drink to the Rebbe's health with this bottle of vodka, and so make it a social success as well"

Label than handed me the second bottle and told me to make another announcement. The Rebbe agreed and encouraged me to do so by swinging his arms upwards, down and sideways.

I said, "As the Rambam Siyum will be taking place only a few days or so later, you could — and should all stay for the whole week."

I was later inundated with requests by people who wished to stay with me at our home.

That night at about 5.00a.m in the morning, I heard someone enter into the flat. It was David, of course, who had arrived at his usual bedtime hour. I turned over and went back to sleep.

I heard the kettle "singing" but after 15 seconds the sound terminated. A half a minute later, I heard the kettle singing again — for about 15 seconds — then — another 4 minute pause and then the singing again — and again.

I went to investigate this unusual singing kettle and discovered that the Singing kettle was an electric drill. The outside door of our apartment had been forced open and broken three months ago. Dovid had repeatedly promised to repair this door, and door knob and lock. He is a very handy boy. But, he had to wait all these months to do this job, and finally decided to do these repairs at 5.00a.m in the morning when, I and all normal people were trying to get some sleep.

Next morning, accompanied by Pincus, I walked along to 1304. We noticed Shmiddy and his car at 770. When we arrived at 1304, we could not see Michael Zerkin either. There were the usual few hundred people waiting outside — to be allowed into the Rebbe's house.

To save any arguments, I led Pincus to the rear door of 1304, I left him there with my Tallis andTeffilin and retraced my steps to the front.

By that time, Yisroel who had returned from 770, saw me and gave me an "Aliya". He called me up in English — "Come on up Zalmon Jaffe — this way Zalmon Jaffe".

I entered the building and walked right through to the back door and with the help of Sholom Gansberg, let in Pincus. (If Yisroel or Michoel would have been available when Pincus and I first arrived, there would have been no necessity for all this subterfuge — obviously).

Shalom offered us coffee. A nice gesture, by a very nice boy, who is and always was one of Roselyn's (and my) favourites.

Max had davened at 770 when the services from 1304 are regularly relayed. He arrived at 1304 just in time for the distribution of the dollars by the Rebbe. Yisroel Goldshmidt apologised profusely to Max for refusing him entry to the service on the previous Friday morning and let him go right through, where he joined Pincus and me who were waiting in the line for the dollars.

I invited Menachem Yunik, Golda Rivka's Chosson to join us, as he was now almost a member of the family. He hesitated, then took a chance and did join us. At the last moment, he very nearly opted out, but Pincus persuaded and prevailed upon him to remain with us. (Pincus is also K.A.H. a big tough fellow)

When I reached the Rebbe, he handed me two dollar bills, clipped together – then- straightened up — put his hand into his inside pocket and like a magician, produced a single fifty dollar bill, accompanied by one of the Rebbe's nicest smiles and said:

"This is for the occasion of your Fiftieth Anniversary — your Golden Wedding. You should give this for Hachnosas Kallah (to help poor brides). Roselyn shares in this too, of course. You should make Hakhel (gathering) parties for the celebration of this Simcha, just as you have suggested in your letters".

"I do not wish to mix in at a private affair - and - more often than not — I do not do so. But, as you have already written to me about it, I agree that you should carry on with these Hakhel parties which you and Mrs. Jaffe intend to arrange".

The Rebbe then indicated that every member of the family who would attend the private family party should donate to us — the sum of 50 pounds, dollars or even pennies. (At this subsequent function held at our home in Manchester, all but 8 of the 42 people present were children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. The little babies and toddlers even personally handed me their 50 pence coins. It was a beautiful and very satisfying feeling. It was a pity that Channah and Yossi (Marlow) in Crown Heights and Golda and Shmuli in Israel could not be present. I would have received another four 50 pence coins also.

I then introduced Max, my grandson-in-law ('Avrohoms Aidim' says Label to the Rebbe), Pincus and finally our new Chosson Menachem Yunik. "AAAAAH", said the Rebbe pointing at Menachem -"Yunik!!"

I thanked the Rebbe for his most exceptional and extraordinary friendliness and remarked how very wonderful to me had the Rebbe been on this visit.

When we left the Rebbe's presence, Menachem was so overwhelmed that he hugged and kissed me and said it was well worthwhile going with me to collect our dollars from the Rebbe. This was not a Micro-Mini-Yechidus - It was a good Old Fashioned Yechidus.

Pincus was very impressed with the fact that the Rebbe had already prepared in advance this 50 dollar bill knowing full well that I would be along to collect my dollar.

An hour or so later, Mrs. Fruma Yunik, Menachem's mother arrived at the Rebbe's side for her dollar. The Rebbe wished her Mazel Tov on the occasion of Menachem's wedding in four weeks time and handed her an extra dollar for that wedding. About 1,500 people had filed past the Rebbe since I had introduced Menachem and till the arrival of his mother. The Rebbe not only remembers faces, but also the names and particulars of practically all those thousands of people who approach him for dollars.

When it was the turn of our friend Mr. Freundlich from London, the Rebbe handed him \$2, then recalled him for another \$2, and then a further \$2 for precious stones. He is in the diamonds and precious stones business!

When I returned to our apartment, Mrs., Simma Itkin was terribly excited. Menachem had phoned and told her all about the \$50 and our Yechidus with the Rebbe.

Mrs. Itkin admitted that she is also now a "mechuton" of ours like the like the old saying, "If one throws a stone in Boro Park, one will hit a Rebbelle, and if one throws a stone in Crown Heights one will hit a relative". T.G. and K.A.H., I have so many new relations.

Avrohom met me at the airport when I arrived home next morning at 6.30a.m. He already knew all the news — Max had phoned him right away. Menachem had also phoned his Kallah, Golda Rivka who told her mother, Hindy, who told my wife Roselyn — and many more people — That is what is called the Lubavitch Express Grape Vine.

Chayim Zussi Margolin explained to me, "One should always smile because one needs more muscle and it takes more effort to frown.

The Rashag

I was very sad indeed to hear that the "Rashag" Rabbi S. Gurary, the brother-in-law of the Rebbe had passed away.

He was 92 and over the past few years, he had been a little unsteady on his feet. He always recognised and waved to me immediately from afar, and he did not wear spectacles.

In spite of the fact that he was slightly paralysed and could not speak too distinctly, he still managed to obtain very large donations for the Yeshiva in Ocean Parkway.

For many years, we used to sit together around the Rebbe's table during Yom Tov. He had a keen sense of humour — he even enjoyed my book — but Roselyn and I had to deliver it personally to him at his apartment.

He was older than the Rebbe and possessed this status of seniority to enhance his claim to become the Rebbe on the demise of the Previous Rebbe ZtzL.

But, when the decision was taken to appoint our Rebbe as Leader, then he threw the entire weight of his being wholeheartedly to support and cooperate with the Rebbe.

There were no recriminations. He became a real Chossid of the Rebbe. Just as Aaron was the older brother of Moishe and accepted Moishe as his Rebbe, similarly, so did the Rashag who was the elder brother-in-law.

When, a few years ago, his son took the law into his own hands regarding the ownership of the library and the invaluable books therein, then the Rashag supported the Rebbe.

When the Rashag's wife assisted her son in his warfare against the Rebbe and Lubavitch, he still supported the Rebbe.

When his wife left him — all alone — an ailing person in his flat above 770, he still nevertheless remained loyal and devoted to the Rebbe right until the very end.

The Rebbe attended all the Shiva services which were held inside the Rashag's apartment. At the morning services all had to put on their Tefillin outside the flat before entering.

My Birthday

We are told that "With the arrival of Adar, Simcha is increased", — with the addition of the second month of Adar, joy is doubled.

I was born on the 7th of Adar, so I had two birthdays this year.

I was in Shool on that day, which is also the birthday of Moishe Rabbeinu O.H. The Chazan did not want to say Tachnun. (This prayer is said every weekday except on a Rosh Chodesh, Yom Tov or special days — like Yud Tes Kislev, or if the Mohel Sandek or Father is present on the day of the Bris, or a Chosson during the 7 days Sheva Broches and so forth)

Many people do not say Tachnun, a prayer of supplication, on the Birthday of a Great Tzadik, or saint. But Lubavitch do say it. I explained to the Chazan that we say Tachnun at everybody's birthday with the notable exception of Our Rebbe.

This fellow who was not 100% Lubavitch took grave exception to my remarks and attitude.

"Are you suggesting that the Rebbe is a greater man than Moishe Rabbeinu?"

"I am not suggesting anything", I replied, "But the Rebbe's birthday is on Yud Aleph Nissan and no body says Tachnun ever during the whole month of Nissan".

T.G. this year, we had two granddaughters who were to be married in Adar. Then Avrohom's son, Aaron would be Barmitzvah just before Purim, and to complete the Simchas in Adar, Roselyn and I would be celebrating our own Golden Wedding on the 21st of Adar 11 — March 25th.

The Rebbe had agreed to our suggestion that we should hold a private family dinner — and also a very large sumptuous Kiddush for all our relations and friends — by open invitation.

The Rebbe presented us with a fifty dollar bill for the Hachnosas Kalloh fund.

We certainly had many nice Simchas to look forward to.

Channah and Yossi's Wedding

The Jaffe's had started to arrive home for Channah's wedding to Yossi Marlow. Golda and Shmuli came from Israel, Dovid from Crown Heights, Leah, Max and children together with Aaron and Dina all lived here. And, the Kalloh had been busy shopping — shopping every day. Channie Kotlarsky was here for about a week. In addition to her, other wonderful attributes, she was very friendly and soon made herself at home at Avrohom and Susan's.

My niece, Malka had come from Kfar Chabad specially as had Roselyn's brother Leslie from Canada and Susan's brother Mike from Jerusalem.

So T.G., all the family were now in Manchester, except for poor Levi who was studying at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva in Sydney, Australia. He was one of the Rebbe's Shiluchim. He is just 21 years of age.

Levi did ask permission from the Rosh HaYeshiva to allow him to fly over for the wedding, but, he met with a point blank refusal.

I suppose the Rosh reasoned that as Levi was a Sheliach, direct from the Rebbe, he had to show a certain degree of discipline — he had to set a good example and sit and learn and do the Rebbe's Mivtzaim.

The fact that it entailed a journey of over 12000 miles at a cost of over £1000 were important but of secondary consideration.

On the Monday, the day before the wedding, the Marlow family arrived in Manchester. They stayed at the home of Avrohom and Susan, except of course, the Chosson who had a body guard and was not allowed to see his Bride until they would meet under the Chuppah. He resided temporarily at Zaidie and Bobby Beenstock's home.

Tuesday 2nd Adar February 7th soon arrived and we all prepared for the Chuppah. As at every wedding, everyone had good intentions of ensuring that the Chuppah would commence promptly, so that, automatically, the dinner and the dancing would be on time.

It is terribly bad manners to invite guests for dinner for 7.30p.m and which does not commence until 10.00p.m.

There had been the Futerfas wedding on the Monday in London, and the Herzog marriage would take a place on Wednesday, also in London. In between, we had Channah's Chuppah in Manchester.

There were many friends who had come over from America, and quite a few Londoners who wished to attend all three weddings.

Avrohom hired a fifty seater bus to bring all the guest from London to Manchester, including Hindy and Shmuel and just Ten K.A.H. of the children. All the rest were in the U.S.A.

It was a very luxurious and comfortable coach and all the youngsters were thrilled to hear that films would be shown on the journeys to and from Manchester

In the event, the films were of the Rebbe relating sichos. I was told they were quite good and very much appreciated.

This bus would leave Manchester on the return journey at 1.30a.m.

Meanwhile — in Manchester — at 12noon there was a ring on our door bell.

I opened the door and there was Dovid standing there. But no - this boy was much bigger than Dovid — and I realised that it was actually Levi waiting to enter.

He explained that, yesterday, he was sitting at the table in the Yeshiva — when suddenly he felt very homesick. His sister was being married — all the family would be present — but not him, not Levi.

He felt extremely depressed — and Levi has always been very impetuous and impulsive — and without thinking or worrying about the consequences of his actions. A friend of his allowed Levi to use his Visa Credit Card — he was the only person who knew that Levi had left for the 12000 miles flight to Manchester.

Levi considered that if he returned to Australia early, on the day after the wedding, then no one would be the wiser or even suspect that he had even left Sydney.

The wedding went with a swing. The Kabbolas Ponim, the Chuppah, dinner and dance were all on time. Rabbi Marlow was Messadur Kedushin.

Yossi at 6 foot 2 inches and very good looking and with Channah, slim and pretty made a lovely couple.

There was plenty to drink — and plenty to eat and everyone was happy.

Avrohom made a short speech of welcome and called upon Rabbi Marlow to say a few words. He spoke for about fifteen minutes YES — F-I-F-T-E-E-N minutes. I could not believe it. His usual time is one or two minutes. I was told that he spoke very well indeed.

But, unfortunately, I personally could not hear too well as Rabbi Marlow spoke too far away from the microphone.

Moishe Kotlarsky who had arranged the Shidduch was the second and final speaker. He made a typical "Moishe Kotlarsky" humorous address. It went down well.

The usual hectic and exciting dance took place. I did notice that Levi occasionally dropped off to sleep.

The wedding ended at about 1.30a.m.

On the following page is my poem about the wedding. It contains all the relevant facts that occurred.

Channah and Yossi

2nd Adar 1 5749 — 1989

Our Kalloh of today is a lovely girl named Channah,
She is pretty "bechaint" and has a wonderful manner.

She was enjoying life in Crown Heights at work and study,
But—then entered Moishe Kotlarsky — a real busy body.

He could not bear to see such a lovely girl unattached,
and without further ado he was arranging a match.

He wished to ensure that she remained in New York,
So he introduced a young man about whom everyone did highly talk.

He was the son of Rabbi Marlow, the Lubavitcher Rav, whose greatness is world renowned too,
But his son Yossi, is even greater, because he is almost six foot two.

He is handsome, intelligent extremely well-learned,
right at the top of the class,
And good looking and brilliant Channah was exactly
his type of lass.

The Rebbe agreed that this Shidduch should progress,
And sent them a brocha that the A-mighty should them bless.

Channah was only nineteen and was not yet prepared for a Chosson to meet,
But Yossi was firm and strong willed and swept Channah off her feet.

The Wedding

Golda and Shmuli had arrived from Israel as well as Malka and Uncle Mike,

Uncle Leslie from Canada, the Marlows, Dovid and many boys from Crown Heights.

But, poor Levi was stuck in Australia, Susan was most upset and shed many a tear,
When suddenly, without notice, as if by magic, Levi did appear.

He had been sitting disconsolate, he seemed to be the odd man out,
So he jumped on the next plane home, without even giving the Rosh a shout.

Within 24 hours he was home and about,
But returned early next morning, before the Rosh would find out.

A 50 seater bus had travelled up from London, the passengers included Shmuel, Hindy the
children and the Bebbe,
The driver then announced that a film would be shown and it was very good because it was all
about the Rebbe.

The Kalloh was at home fasting and trying to keep calm,
She found the right answer in reciting a Psalm.

The Chosson was in Shool also fasting and trying to keep calm,
He also found the answer by reciting some Psalms.

Channah looked a dream as she walked to the Chuppah outside;
She looked really lovely and a very gorgeous young bride.

Avrohom the Rav of the Shool amidst all the shtupping and pushing,
Prevailed upon the Rav of Lubavitch to Messadur Kedushin.

Seven times the Kalloh walked around the Chosson, with all the parents Bobbies and Zaidies,
Whilst the crowd were singing and swaying towards the Chuppah, especially the ladies.

The wedding was on time, the dinner, the band, everything was well done,
It was a tremendous success and most people stayed and danced until one.

Suddenly during the dancing, a head appeared in between my legs and I was hoisted upwards, I
dare not let go,

During these days at the Jaffes abode, it was very like a riot,
So Rabbi Marlow spent most of the time learning in Shoal where it was certainly much more
quiet.

It has been a great pleasure and honour for all of us here
To have with us Big Chief Rabbi Marlow and his Rebbetzen we give them a loud cheer.

The Chosson was late for Shool this morning, but on him it was very hard,
Because he couldn't move from his abode without Aaron his protector and personal guard.

We are proud of Avrohom and Susan who worked so hard to make the wedding go with a swing,
We hope the A-mighty to them much Nachas from their children and grandchildren will bring.

The week is now almost over, we may now return to normality and Peace,
And we pray that from our newly married couple, Love, Happiness and Simchas will never Cease.

As the verse says in Hebrew: Marlow LeMarlow
(Higher and Higher still).

Big Chief Rabbi Kalman Marlow

I have known Rabbi Marlow for many years. For the past six years, we have been travelling together to Asbury Park with a group, on behalf of the Rebbe, to make people happy and freilich during Succos or in the Succah.

He was our Chief speaker, although his address was only just for a minute or two, but what he did say was concise and to the point.

He was appointed the Chief Rabbi of Lubavitch and the Av Beis Din a couple of years or so ago. The Rebbe will always refer to him for rulings on Halachic questions. Rabbi Marlow's answers are always given at once, spontaneously — no vacillating — he does not need to look up the Shulchan Aruch or other Seforim to discover what is the Halacha.

He is extremely modest. Even after his promotion to this, the highest post in Lubavitch, he still accompanies us to Asbury Park on the Rebbe's Mivtzaim.

He would never say that he is too high and mighty to go and do the Rebbe's basic work — to help all Jews whenever and wherever possible.

He created a very great impression when he came to Manchester for a week, to attend the marriage of his son Yossi to Channah, my granddaughter.

Rabbi and Mrs. Marlow were the honoured guests of Avrohom and Susan. One can well imagine the excitement and the noise on these few days before the wedding, so he spent most of every day in the Lubavitch House, where the Shool and the Yeshiva were sited.

He loved to spend the time learning and studying alone in the peaceful and quiet atmosphere of the Shool — when no one was present during the day.

But — as soon as a Shiur took place, Rabbi Marlow was one of the first to take his seat and listen to the Rabbi.

We have a daily shiur for one hour given by Rebbe Balkind to about twelve to twenty elderly gentlemen (The Levi Yitzchok Shiur) on elementary Chumash and "Alshich". Rabbi Marlow was not too proud to attend this Shiur — in any case, he is not even a Senior Citizen yet.

Rebbe Balkind still talks about the great Rabbi Marlow who joined his Shiur on a number of occasions. Rebbe Balkind asserted that he could tell straight away, by the odd remark and

observations which Rabbi Marlow made that he was a great learned man who "knows his stuff".

When Avrohom, the Rabbi of the Shool gave the daily Shiurim on Tanya, Shulchan Aruch — or related a Sicho or a Maamer on Shabbos morning, then Rabbi Marlow was again one of the first to sit at the table.

He set a wonderful example in thoughtfulness and modesty and humility.

He did not separate himself from the rest and learn by himself in a corner.

We have rather too many "clever men" who will not join in the Official Shool Shiurim. They can learn much better than the Rabbi and will even learn a Sicho alone rather than study this or a similar one with the Rav and other gentlemen. Avrohom indicated that it is better that they should come to learn, albeit alone, than stay at home in bed.

Rabbi Marlow enjoyed himself in Manchester. He told me that he liked the set-up here in Manchester. (Was he referring to me?) He and his Rebbetzen stayed with Avrohom and Susan for over a week and NOT one discouraging word or argument was exchanged. The more they saw of each other — the more they liked each other.

The question arose: Who should Messadur Kedushin (officiate) at the wedding? The Rabbi of the Shool where the marriage would take place and who was the father of the Bride, or the Rabbi of Lubavitch, the father of the Chosson, who officiated at nearly all the weddings which took place in Crown Heights.

Rabbi Marlow gave the ruling that this task belonged to Avrohom the Rav of the Shool. Avrohom asserted that this honour should be given to Rabbi Marlow.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Rabbi Marlow was persuaded to accept this "Kovud".

Levi's Travels

On the day after Channah's wedding, Levi left Manchester very early to return back to Sydney, Australia.

He had only been gone for a few hours when Avrohom's phone rang. It was the Rosh HaYeshiva calling from Australia.

He informed Avrohom that Levi had just casually walked out from the Yeshiva and disappeared. No one has seen him since. A friend of Levi's did hint to the Rosh that Levi had gone home for the day to attend a wedding.

The Rosh had spent a very worrying few days. Avrohom explained that Levi had really come home, and that he was T.G. well.

The Rosh said very forcefully, "Then he should stay at home. We have no room here for such thoughtless and inconsiderate boys. We don't want him here".

But said Avrohom, "he is already on his way back to you and will be in Sydney within the day".

The Rosh was very firm and implied that Levi would be sent straight back to Manchester.

Well, everyone became busy! All had influential friends in Sydney — and even Melbourne. Avrohom spoke to friends, Shmuel called up a number of close friends too. All to no avail. There was only ONE BOSS — one man in charge of that department and what he will decide will be final. Incidentally everyone agreed with the Rosh — even Avrohom and Shmuel.

The verdict was that Levi must return at once to Manchester. (Avrohom wished to save the £1000 air ticket — the money could have gone to the Yeshiva). He should study in Manchester or London Yeshiva — and after four weeks, if good reports were forthcoming then they would take him back.

The only good things that have emerged from all this is that Levi would now be able to attend Aaron's Barmitzvah and our own Golden Wedding in Manchester. We T.G. for small mercies.

All this bother and trouble was really very sad. Levi had been very happy in Sydney. He was popular amongst the boys and also the staff. (The boys even volunteered to learn double their quota for Levi's sake). He enjoyed working on the Rebbe's Mivtzaim, which entailed travelling

as far afield as Bombay and Singapore on Shelichus thousands of miles away.

He wrote me a nice letter about his activities during Pesach.

"On Sunday", Levi wrote, "Israel will be playing football against Australia in Sydney. Therefore, some of the Yeshiva boys went round to their hotel to put on Tefillin with all the players and the managers etc." (It seems that Israel won the match).

"I am going to be in North Sydney for the Sedorim where over 80 people will attend the Communal Seder".

Four boys went to Brisbane and two to Nepal. The rest of the boys will be in charge of three Communal Sedorim in Sydney.

Re. Nepal: The Israel authorities contacted the Rebbe to inform him that two hundred Israelis will be in Nepal during Pesach, and they would like the Rebbe to send someone to attend to their Sedorim and so forth.

Nepal is North East of India, South of Tibet, right amongst the Himalayan Mountains — and Mount Everest. I expect the Israelis were in KATMANDU on the River VISHNUMATI. In the event, there were 500 Israelis in Nepal.

He sent a box of 100 Matzos to Bombay. Furthermore, he is working in a Model Matzo Bakery and so far, 1500 children all under Bar and Basmitzvah came along and learnt how to bake Matzos, and actually baked their own Shemura Matzos.

He concluded by saying that he is very happy in Sydney and is learning well, and hopes to get his Diploma of Rabbi very shortly.

Golda Rivka Lew and Menachem Mendel Yunik

The wedding of Golda Rivka to Menachem Mendel took place in London on Monday Adar 22 — February 27th.

Why on Monday? Because Rabbi Yunik had to ensure that he would be back in Crown Heights in time — and fit — to officiate at the Farbraingen on Shabbos at 770.

As I have already stated, we have known Menachem for many years, since he was a very young boy. We often found him at the Rebbetzens ZtzL. He confided to us that one of his ambitions was to be able to introduce his Kalloh to his friend, the Rebbetzen ZtzL.

Then, suddenly, the Rebbetzen ZtzL passed away and Menachem was distressed at her passing, and furthermore, because he had not yet become a Chosson.

So what happened? — In due course, he found that his Kalloh Golda Rivka had also been very close to the Rebbetzen ZtzL for very many years. Roselyn and I had taken her along with us since she was a very young girl. She had sang and said words of Torah — until she became too old to sing in company.

The wedding, the Kabbolas Ponim and the Chuppah were punctual. Rabbi Pevzner from Paris, an uncle of the groom was Messadur Kedushin. Rabbi Yunik had actually brought with him from 770 a quantity of the Rebbe's own wine for drinking under the Chuppah.

The dinner and the dancing was at the Watford Town Hall, at the same place where Chaya's festivities took place two years ago. Everything went with a swing and it was extremely freilich.

Rabbi Yunik made the best speech — He wished everyone "LeChaim".

The Jaffes are K.A.H. building up a large enclave in Crown Heights with four grandchildren now married and living there. It is a good foundation.

On the following page is a small poem which describes the wedding.

Golda Rivka Lew looked so pretty and demure,
It was no small wonder that Menachem wished to see her much more.

His father is Rabbi Beryl Yunik, whom the Rebbe honours — which was very fine,

For he washes the Rebbe's hands for Hamotzie and fills his glass with wine.

Chaim Boruch Halberstram quoted the Rebbetzen who said that the Jaffe's are unique,
She obviously foresaw the future that the Jaffe's would soon have a Chosson, also Yunik.

Menachem was upset that he couldn't introduce his Kalloh to the Rebbetzen, and shed many a
tear,
Then happily discovered that Golda had been a personal friend of the Rebbetzen for many a
year.

Menachem said his Maamer by heart with avidity and zest,
But his heart he had given to Golda, it was now all for the best.

Golda Rivka arrived at the Chuppah, she looked just like a little dolly,
Which made everybody happy and delighted and extremely jolly.

The Kalloh's brother Mendie, with Chazonus welcomed the beautiful glorious bride,
mendy was excellent — very professional and we with him shared much pride.

Seven times we walked around the Chosson and waited patiently in line,
Until the Chosson's uncle, Rabbi Pevzner received the Rebbe's special wine.

After the Chuppah, there was a telephone call for the Chosson, he took it in the lobby,
It was a Mazel Tov from the Rebbe's Label Groner, which also included the Chosson's new
Zaidie and Bobby.

The dancing during the dinner was hectic and ecstatic
With shirtless boys on friendly shoulders and a troupe of acrobatics.

On Sunday a twenty four seater bus with all the Lews — from London to Manchester was
heading,
They were on their way to celebrate their Bobby and Zaidies Golden Wedding.

But in addition that day was the last Sheva Brochos for the Chosson and Kalloh, you see,
So the dinner had to commence at the latest at half-past three.

During the month of Adar, Simcha is greatly increased, they say,
But why should it always happen that two simchas are held on the self-same day.

We wish Golda and Menachem much success and joy and good health,
And that they will always enjoy much Nachas to celebrate many simchas amid great wealth.

Aaron's Barmitzvah

The next Simcha was Aaron's Barmitzvah. We had the family Seuda on his actual birthday, Wednesday evening, at which only the family, his teachers and Rabbis and a few close friends were present.

Aaron said the whole of the Barmitzvah Maamer perfectly and in Yiddish and by heart. After which he gave a Pilpul.

Avrohom read out the letter which the Rebbe had sent to Aaron and I read the Poem.

Avrohom does not send invitations for the Kiddush at the Shabbos morning service. The Rebbe always discourages this because he does not want anyone to be tempted to transgress the Shabbos by coming by car and so forth.

Aaron layenned the whole of the Sedra. He was being constantly restrained from rushing. I will admit that he was very clear — in his diction, but no one really wants the whole layenning to take only ten minutes on a Shabbos.

He then recited the Haftorah, Parshas Zochar — which has been my own Bar Mitzvah Haftorah for the past 40 years or so — a real Chazoka ---- But for a grandson — well, it was a pleasure to let him have it and a pleasure to listen to.

My poem is on the following page.

Aaron's Barmitzvah

9th Adar 11 5749

Yehuda ben Tema in 'Pirkei Ovus' did say: "Be bold as a Leopard; Light as an Eagle, swift as a deer and strong as a Lion,
To carry out the will of Your Heavenly Father Sheba—SHOMAYIM".

"Keep in perfect health", cries Yehuda ben Tema "and follow the examples of those aforementioned names",
So Aaron accepts this ruling and takes part in many games.

His favourite one is Football; it elevates the soul (not sole),
Because his ambition is to beat the Yetzer Horah who is guarding the open goal.

For the fight against the Yetzer Horah one must keep very fit,
Even if the game is tough and the "evil inclination" strong Aaron will never say I quit.

"Do not vacillate, go over the top at once" the Rebbe Maharash has said,
So Aaron whacks the ball with all his might, right over the goalies head.

The Perek says, "Do not separate yourself from your team mates" or you will end up in a mess,
You need their support to work together and you will then achieve great success.

Aaron will never be "left outside", Forward, Forward is his role and sometimes on the wing,
If he will keep all the Mitzvahs, then Nachas to his family will he bring.

Avrohom acts as Referee, his linesmen are Rabbi Lippy and Phaivish Pink,
To see that Aaron obeys the laws and receives fair play are their objectives too, I think.

Aaron has reached maturity and has joined the senior league as of now,
This game is much more serious, but the same rules do apply — and how.

When Aaron first put on Tefillin two months ago, he recited his pre-Barmitzvah Maamer,
He was word perfect and fantastic and to us it was only just a reminder.

That Aaron is also a brilliant scholar in secular and Jewish studies too,
He has many good examples to follow — his parents, sisters and brothers, bobbies and zaidies
and even the family Lew.

There is no question but that in the future, he will be able to recite any Haftorah at random,
And ensure the Rebbe's brochas that he will become a Yiras Shomayim and a very great
Lamdan.

In conclusion we all wish Aaron a successful career with long and healthy years as well,
That we may all enjoy much Nachas, pride and joy from him, and in much Chassidic
Scholarship will A-Ra-Ron Excel.

Our Golden Wedding

The Golden Wedding, the Fiftieth Anniversary of a marriage is a time of Thanksgiving to the A-mighty.

Fifty years — a Lifetime of good health and of illness. Good times of joy and simcha and occasionally not so good times.

"Joy shared is happiness doubled. Trouble shared is sorrow halved"

The Rebbe had agreed to our suggestion that we should:

(1) Hold a family dinner at home and

(2) Later on to provide a Kiddush on Shabbos for all our relatives and Friends.

The actual date of our marriage was on the 21st of Adar which coincided this year with Tuesday 28th March.

After much discussion and heart searching, we discovered that it would be impossible that all of our children (including Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren) could be in Manchester at the one and the same time.

The day when most of our children would be here was Sunday 5th March. On March 6th, Ten Lews were flying back to the U.S.A.

Their flights could not be changed.

That Sunday was also the final Sheva Brochos for Golda Rivka and Menachem, so the dinner had to conclude before nightfall in order to bench and say the Sheva Brochos. These would be invalid after nightfall.

In the event, we were fortunate that we had 32 "children" with us. Channah and Yossi (Marlow) were back in Crown Heights and Golda and Shmuli had returned to Israel for Seminary and Yeshiva respectively. Levi was still here and Dovid had just returned from Crown Heights to see his Zaidie Sidney Beenstock.

My brothers Ephraim and Joe with their wives, Yetta and Eleanor, Brother-in-law Bernard with Rita and our Mechutonim Tobie and Sidney Beenstock. Shmuel's brother from New York

came along to, so, together with Roselyn and myself, made the number up to 43.

When we had celebrated our Silver Wedding 25 years ago, most of our children were also not present. Hindy and Shmuel and Baby Yossi (Height as per his own passport was — 18 inches) were residing at Crown Heights, and Avrohom had just announced his engagement to Susan, at this, our Silver Wedding Celebrations.

Today we had hired a special 20 seater coach to bring all the Lews to Manchester (and return). Baby Moussia was only a few months old, so she could not sit on a seat even if she wanted to. Rebbetzen Yunik and her sister intended to travel but they did not feel to well on that morning.

The bus arrived in very good time at 3.00p.m. After "Cocktails and refreshments", we sat down at 3.30p.m to enjoy an excellently catered dinner.

As one would expect at a children's party, the atmosphere was terrific and the laughter was spontaneous, infectious and boundless.

All the children — and the babies too, handed to me (and Roselyn) their fifty pence coins.

The donations of the married ones to the Hachnossas Kalloh fund were more substantial.

My opening remarks to the assembly were to give thanks to the A-mighty for giving us the pleasure of welcoming our children grandchildren and great—grandchildren and brothers, sisters-in-law and mechutonim, in good health to this wonderful occasion of our Golden Wedding. We are thankful and grateful to the A-mighty for His mercies. I hoped that Roselyn and I would have the merit to attend the Golden Weddings of Avrohom and Susan and of Shmuel and Hindy.

I continued that I would like to say a few words about Roselyn my wife—your mother—your bobby and your great bobby. She has looked after me and stood all my nonsense for all these 50 years. It has been real tough on her.

Now — In praise of my wife, I can do no better than to quote almost verbatim, the verses from "proverbs" which we recite at home every Friday evening on Shabbos. Many recite the words in Hebrew but do not appreciate their meaning.

King Solomon wrote this:

Roselyn has censored a lot of these paragraphs.

A Woman of Worth who can find,
Her value far exceeds that of gems.
The heart of her husband trusts in her — he lacks nothing.
She treats him with goodness, never with evil,
all the days of her life.
Her husband continues to call her his sweetheart,

Yea, even after 50 years.
She rises while it is still dark,
and does not let her husband sleep,
so he is always early at the synagogue.
She girds her loins with strength and flexes her arms — and her poor husband is petrified with fear.
Her lamp does not go out at night,
She reads in bed and her husband cannot go to sleep. She puts her hand onto the sewing machine,
And repairs all the clothes of the Lew grandchildren.

She holds her hand out to the poor,
And extends her hands to the destitute. She makes her own tapestries,
And divides them amongst her children and grandchildren. Her husband is well known at the gates,
As he sits with the elders and she joins them at a LeChaim.
She provides food for her household,
Yea, even Shalosh Seuda and Melave Malka for her great grandchildren.
And, in her Seventh Heaven Restaurant in Crown Heights,
For all her grandchildren at home and abroad.

She nurses her husband in times of sickness,
And she could be classified a doctor of medicine. She accompanies her husband on his travels,
Yea, even so far away to the West to see the Rebbe Shift, Or to the East to Eretz Yisroel.
She basks in the smiles and the friendship of the Rebbe and receives many brochas.
Verilly she drives the chariot,
Yea, even at 95 mph, but she fears not — but others do.

She opens her mouth with wisdom, of times with aggression
And does not eat the bread of idleness — she prefers Matzo
Her children rise and acclaim her,
Her husband does praise her greatly.
A G-d fearing woman is the one to be praised,
Give her praise for her accomplishments and let her deeds laud her at the gates.

Brother Joe spoke very emotionally and exceptionally well.

He had lived with us for many years after our Mother O.H. had passed away. Ephraim and Bernard added their praises and congratulations. Avrohom and Shmuel spoke words of Torah and also extended thanks to Roeslyn and me for all the years of unselfish aid which I had given.

Yossi reminisced about Life in our apartment next door but one to 770. He mentioned the wonderful times which we enjoyed with the Rebbe — and especially Roselyn's cooking, with Fish and Chips being the "piece de resistance".

Hindy and Chaya also addressed us. We sang and joked in between the courses.

The best speech was given by Roselyn. It was unanimously agreed that she had excelled herself. Channah and Yossi phoned us from Crown Heights to wish us Mazeltov.

But — the most superb speech of all was the one that Roselyn remembered — after all had gone home — what she should have said. "Ah", Roselyn complained, "If I would only have had this sense to prepare it and write down a few notes".

She maintained that she should have given thanks to the A-mighty that most of all our Children, Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren were present with us today, and, mainly that all were 100% perfect in Yiddishkeit and in keeping the Mitzvos. This is a very great blessing, because most Jewish parents desire their children to travel on the right path. Many times though, it is a matter of Mazel.

The general verdict was that the Dinner was fantastic and brilliant. Sholom Ber remarked that it was a marvellous affair — nearly as good as the Dinners and the laughter which we enjoy in the flat in Crown Heights.

However, we still had to bench and recite the Sheva Brochos for Golda Rivka and Menachem, after which we remained in our places and chatted until the Lews boarded the coach at 8.15pm. and returned to London.

On Shabbos March 25th, we held our Kiddush in the Hall of the local Jewish Preparatory School. We issued an open invitation to all our friends and relatives to join us. About 350 attended. Dayan Krausz and Rebbe Balkind were amongst those who made a special effort to be present.

We served everything even Fresh Salmon. There was a general complaint. We had provided so much food that it was impossible for them to eat any luncheon at home that day.

On this occasion, only nine of our "children" out of the 32 managed to be present. None of the Lews could manage to attend.

Golda (Jaffe) was enjoying herself at the Girls Seminary of Rabbi Chaifer at Kfar Chabad. She seemed to have plenty of time for visiting and travelling around Israel.

Shmuli was learning well at the Yeshiva at Nachlas Chabad, but he was also "going places" — all over Israel. He does not confine himself to only from "Dan to Beer Sheva".

In fact, he told me that a party of men and boys, including Yeshiva boys — although I cannot vouch for the truth of this, went on a guided tour, by bus, to EGYPT from Tel Aviv.

They took their own food and davened "three times a day" with a Minyan. They saw all the famous landmarks including the Pyramids and the Sphinx and Cairo in their two day visit, and they also went to the Rambam's shool.

They also distributed leaflets to the Egyptians which exhorted them to keep the Seven Noachite Mitzvahs. (Do NOT Murder, Do NOT Steal and so forth)

The following is a copy of the leaflet. I hope that it is the right way up!

الحمد لله
سبع فرائض بني نوح فرضت على كل
ام العالم من قبل نبينا موسى مدبرة ومفيدة على كل ام العالم ،
سبع فرائض بني نوح

سبع فرائض فرضها خالق الكون من قبل نبينا موسى مدبرة ومفيدة على كل ام العالم ،
فرض تطبيق هذه الفرائض السبعة - التي تكون الاساس للعالم الصالح ، وان عدم تنفيذها
يؤدي الى خراب العالم وتدمير البشرية ، وكل من يخالف هذه الفرائض السبع كلها او بعضها
يخاطر بحياته ، وكل من يلتزم باحدا هذه الفرائض السبع ، ويؤد بها اطاعة لامرب العالمين ،
يعتبر من الصالحين التقاة من ام العالم .

ها هي الفرائض السبع

- ١ - حظر عبادة الاصنام
- ٢ - حظر شتم الذات الالهية
- ٣ - حظر القتل
- ٤ - حظر النهب
- ٥ - حظر التجماع
- ٦ - الحظر من اكل عضو من حيوان حي
- ٧ - تحميم قضاة

١ - حظر عبادة الاصنام
لا يجوز لاحد ان يعبد اي كائن سماوي كان او ارضي الا الله وحده ، لكل عبادة
اصنام طقوس خاصة بها او كلها محظورة ، خاصة ، حظر السجود للاصنام يتضمن
منع اي اشغال بها او مجرد التفكير بها او النظر اليها . وليعلم الانسان انه
مراقب من الله بجميع افعاله ، واعماله واقواله ، وان الله عين ترى واذن صاغية ، عندئذ
تكون اعمال الانسان سليمة وعادلة .

٢ - حظر الشتم للذات الالهية
محظور على الانسان سب الذات الالهية سواء ذكر اسم الله او ذكر وصفه باية صورة اخرى

٣ - حظر القتل
لقد خلق الله الكون لاسكانه لذلك فقد امرنا بالتكاثر والتناسل بغية توطيد العالم ،
ومن يقتل نفسا كانه يهدم العالم ويمس جوهر خلقه ، يفقد ذلك القاتل حق الحياة
بهذا العالم ، ان الجنين في رحم امه يهدم نفسا حية ومن يقتله يعتبر قاتلا وتسرى
عليه جميع قوانين القتل . والذي يتسبب لموت انسان ، مثل كمثل الذي يجمع صدقة
حتى الموت . ان كانه قتله يهدمه .

Psalm 121 For Hospitals

The Rebbe had advised the Neshei Chabad in Manchester (Lubavitch Women's Organisation) in a sicho, that it would be a good idea if all Jewish ladies went into hospital for childbirth should have Psalm 121 placed over their beds as a guard and protection, as has been the custom for hundreds of years. (Psalm 121 — Shir LaMaalos — A Song of Ascents: I lift up my eyes to the mountains — from where will my help come? My help will come from the L'rd, Maker of heaven and earth...

Your guardian does not slumber The L'rd will guard your going out and your coming from now and for all time").

My granddaughter, Leah (Cohen) who was the "Chairman" approached many hospitals and the Matrons really welcomed the idea. They said it was good for morale — even for the non-Jewish women.

In the event, it was decided to obtain, from Crown Heights, this Psalm which together with two poster-sized pictures formed a set of three. Two of these were views of everyday life, whilst the third was Psalm 121 camouflaged to look like a modern impressionist painting. They looked very nice and decorative and were fixed at both ends of the ward. There was a picture in each labour room too.

The Matron of one of the largest hospitals was overjoyed and desired that Leah should make an official presentation of these lovely posters — and she wanted publicity.

Leah contacted the local Jewish Press — and the Matron contacted the Salford City Reporter and Gazette — a free newspaper which is delivered every Thursday to every home in Salford, of which only a very small fraction are Jewish.

The local Jewish Press did publicise this event, but the non-Jewish Newspaper printed an article all about Leah, under the heading of Women This Week. This was accompanied by a large photograph of Leah and her baby daughter Soro.

The article in this non-Jewish newspaper which has a mostly non-Jewish readership is headed "Why Saturday is Leah's day of Rest".

Women this week

Why Saturday is Leah's day of rest

MOTHER-of-three Leah Cohen won't touch a light switch on Saturdays...

She won't go near a telephone — and she won't get in a car.

Housewife Leah is not superstitious — Saturday is her day of rest.

She belongs to a branch of the Jewish faith known as the Lubavitch organisation, one of the strictest religious groups.

And when they say Saturday is their day of rest — they mean it.

Absolutely no work is done on a Saturday — it's a day for the family, and the synagogue.

It begins Friday night at sunset — when the family share a meal already prepared.

Said 22-year-old Leah: "Cooking is forbidden on the Sabbath so all the food is prepared before the Sabbath commences.

"We keep the meal hot — but we can't switch the gas up or down. When we've served the meal, we can't turn the gas off — so we leave it on low

until the Sabbath is over."

Washing up is left, unless the family haven't enough dishes to last — and Leah has.

Lights are worked by a time switch set to come on and go off when it gets dark — but if one of the children accidentally knocks the time switch off, the family have to put up with the dark until the Sabbath is finished.

The following day — Saturday, Leah, her husband and her three youngsters aged three, two and nine months, enjoy another pre-cooked

meal.

But if anyone spills crumbs — they don't vacuum them up.

Said Leah: "We are allowed to clean it up in any other way than with the vacuum. Our laws were set thousands of years ago, and they have had to adapt to modern society."

But she doesn't find the rules restrictive. She said: "I have been brought up like this and for me it is just a way of life.

"We just see our friends and the family come round — it is a totally family day."



Rules relax her: Leah Cohen with Soroh.

I received a nice letter from Australia.

Michael Berkovits,
12/36 penkiuil Street,
Bondi 2026,
Sydney, Australia.

Mr. Z. Jaffe,
105 Cavendish Road, Salford, Lancs,
M7 ONB.

Dear Mr. Jaffe,

My name is Michael Berkovits. I am a 15 year old boy living in Sydney, Australia.

Last Shabbos, I walked into the ZAL of the Yeshiva Gedola and found several copies of your encounters lying around on the tables. I have heard a lot about your diaries from plenty of people and have always wanted to read one so I thought this Shabbos would be an opportune time.

I picked volume 19 which was the closest to where I was sitting and I could not put it down. I finished reading it 3 days later which is a personal record for me for reading. I instantly fell in love, I thought to myself how I would love to own a set of your encounters so I asked your grandson, Levi how I could do so. He told me I would have to send you a letter. This is the letter!

I have already started instalment 17. I would like to read 18 chai, but it was unsurprisingly gone and nowhere to be found.

Enclosed is a money order for \$50.00. Could you please send how ever many instalments I can get. Please write back to me immediately if I have not sent sufficient funds for all of the available encounters.

Please keep up the good work and you should go from strength to strength in all your future publications.

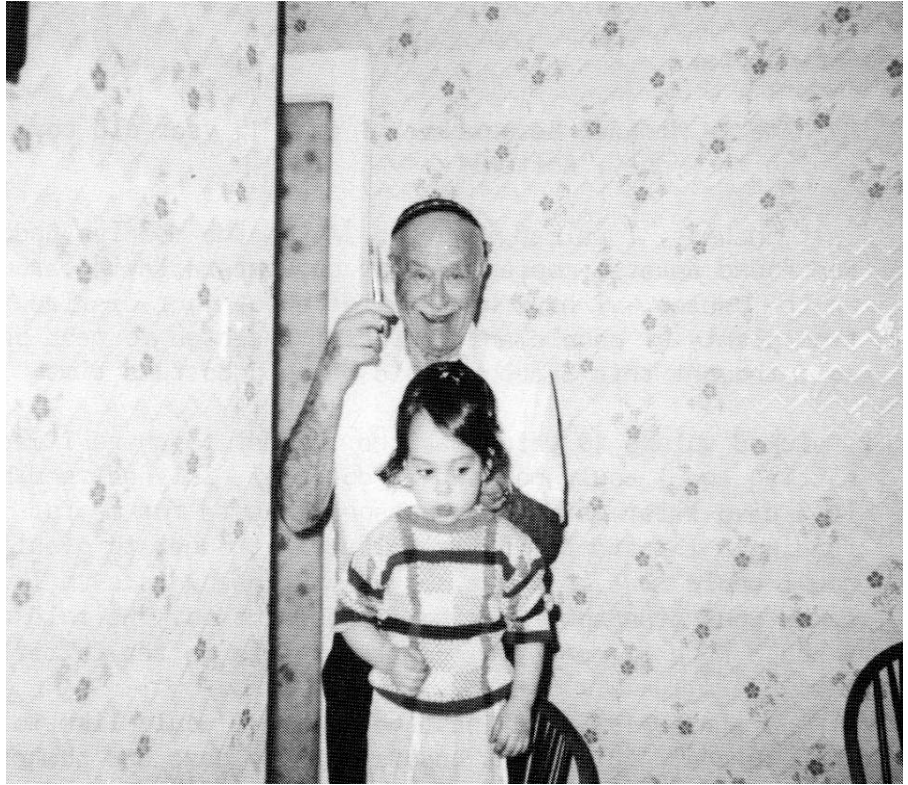
Keep "My Encounter with the Rebbe" coming strong for many years to come.

Thanking you,

M BERKOVITS

My great grandson Moishe Cohen's 3rd Birthday.
You are jealous Grand Zaidie, because I have more hair

After the Sedorim,
moishe told me "I
cried because I
wanted Murrer on
Erev Pesach. They
gave me some —
and I cried because it
was too strong".



The Rebbe's Matzo

On Monday morning before Pesach, my new grandson, Yossi Marlow walked into our house. He had travelled overnight from Crown Heights, where the Rebbe had given him a full piece of Matzo to hand over to me — together with the Rebbe's Rosh Chodesh letter, and with a dollar bill, from the Rebbe clipped inside.

Yossi gave me these with outstretched arms.

Yossi explained that he had all these actions permanently recorded on a video and on one part, one can see the Rebbe preparing the Boxes of Matzos for delivery to Israel. It entailed the taking of Challah. The Rebbe took out of each box a small piece of Matzo — a Token Challah and the boxes were then sealed and packed into plastic sheeting. (On the video, I noticed that Menachem Yunik was kept busy at helping at this job).

The Rebbe then stood outside whilst the boxes were loaded into cars and which then drove off to the airport.

The Rebbe then re-entered into 770 and remarked to Label that he wanted to send some Matzo to Zalmon Jaffe in Manchester, and it should be given to his new Ainikle, Yossi to take there.

Yossi was called and the Rebbe gave him this Matzo which he had personally had placed into brown paper for protection.

The Rebbe then confirmed that the letter and the dollar had been given to Yossi, and then waited whilst Yossi had descended the steps and left 770.

Here is the letter and the dollar.

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
493-9250

מחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקווי
ברוקלין, נ.י.

ביה, יום חמישי פ' תזריע,
ראש-חודש ניסן, התשמ"ט
ברוקלין, נ.י.

אל בני ובנות ישראל
בכל מקום שהם
ה עליהם יחיו

שלום וברכה!

ראש-חודש ניסן — אין דער קביעות פון דער וואך — איז שטענדיג אויך דער ערשטער טאג פסח. הייאר איז דאס דאָנערשטאָג, דער טאָג אין וואָך פון יציאת-מצרים.

פסח איז דער ערשטער יום-טוב פון אלע ימים-טובים; ספעציעל פון די שלש-רגלים, פסח, שבועות און סוכות — דער ערשטער ניט נאָר אין צייט, נאָר אויך און בעיקר אין חשיבות, ווי עס ווערט אונטערשטראַכן אויך דערמיט וואָס שבת און די ימים-טובים זיינען „זכר ליציאת-מצרים“; פסח איז דער יסוד פון זיי אלעמען.

די דאָזיגע דריי ימים-טובים זיינען פאַרבונדן איינער מיט די אנדערע מיט אַ געמיינזאַמען אינהאַלט, געמיינזאַמע שטריכן און דינים, וועלכע זיינען שייך צו זיי אלעמען גלייך. גלייכצייטיג אָבער האָבן זיי אייגנאַרטיקע שטריכן, דינים און מנהגים, מיט וועלכע זיי צייכענען זיך אויס און ווערן אויסגעטיילט אַלס: פסח — זמן חירותנו; שבועות — זמן מתן תורתנו, און סוכות — זמן שמחתנו, אין צוגאַב צו דעם וואָס אלע דריי זיינען מועדים לשמחה.

דער ענין פון שבת און יום-טוב, אין צוגאַב וואָס קדושת-שבת און שמחת-יום-טוב דרינגען דורך די דאָזיגע טעג, דאַרף די קדושה און שמחה נמשך ווערן אויך אין די וואַכעדיקע טעג און דורכ-נעמען דעם טאָג-טעגלעכן לעבן פון יעדן איד, מאָן, פרוי און קינד, במשך פון דעם גאַנצן יאָר.

הייאר קומט צו נאָך אַן ענין: ס'איז אַ שנה מעוברת, אַן עיבור-יאָר, וואָס אַדאַנק דעם וואָס ס'איז צוגעקומען נאָך אַ חודש איז דער יום-טוב פסח „געשטעלט“ געוואָרן אין זיין שלימות אַלס חג האביב.

די אויבנדערמאַנטע (און אויך פילע ניט דערמאַנטע) ענינים אַנטהאַלטן גאַר אַ סאך אַלגעמיינע און פרטיות'דיגע אַנווייזונגען, ביז בנוגע למעשה בפועל, סיי פאַר די טעג פון דעם יום-טוב אַליין, און סיי פאַר אַלע טעג פון אַ גאַנצן יאָר. אויף אייניגע נקודות וועלן מיר זיך דאָ אַפּשטעלן.

• • •

דער ענין פון אַן עיבור-יאָר איז באַקאַנט, און ס'איז וועגן דעם גערעדט געוואָרן מערערע מאל, וויבאַלד אַז אַן עיבור-יאָר איז ניט קיין זעלטנהייט: אַן עיבור-יאָר דערשיינט זיבן מאל אין יעדן מחזור (ציקל) פון ניינצען יאָר, וואָס דאָס פאַרויכערט, אַז פסח זאַל אַלע יאָר זיין אין דער תקופה פון פּרילינג, ווי תורה פאַרלאַנגט. וואָרום וויבאַלד אַז ישראל מוּנִין ללבנה, אידן ציילן די חדשים פון יאָר לויט דער לבנה, און דער לבנה-יאָר איז מיט אַ צאַל טעג קירצער פון דעם זון-יאָר, דעריבער קומט צו אַ חודש יעדן צווייטן אָדער דריטן יאָר, כדי „אויסצוגלייכן“ דעם חשבון.

וואָס ס'איז ווייניקער באַקאַנט איז אַז אין דעם ענין פון אַן עיבור-יאָר איז פאַראַן אַ פּנימיות'דיגע נקודה — דאָס צוזאַמענבינדן (חיבור) פון „זון“ און „לבנה“, וועלכע זיינען אויסגעטיילט איינע פון די צווייטע: די זון איז טאָג, די לבנה איז נאַכט; די זון האָט אַן אייגענע ליכטיקייט, די לבנה שפּיגלט אַפּ די ליכטיקייט פון דער זון; זון און לבנה האָבן זייערע אייגענע און אייגנאַרטיקע טעטיקייטן, און זיי זיינען טעטיק אין פאַרשידענע צייטן.

אין א גייסטיקן און סימבאלישן זין איז די זון א משפיע — א „געבער“, און די לבנה איז א מקבל — א „נעמער“.

אין מענטשלעכן לעבן איז אויך אזוי: עס זיינען פאראן „געבערס“ און „נעמערס“, און דער געבער און נעמער זיינען צוויי באזונדערע וועלטן, און אויסער דעם וואס איינער גיט און דער צווייטער נעמט, האבן זיי לכאורה ניט קיין שייכות איינער צום צווייטן. אזוי, לדוגמא, קען אמאל מיינען א איד וואס גיט צדקה צו אן ארעמאן: אז בעצם האט ער קיין שייכות ניט צום ארעמאן; אז בשעת ער פארנעמט זיך מיט זיך אליין, בפרט אין תורה מצוות און תפילה, ווען ער וויל שיינען ווי די זון מיט דער ליכטיקייט פון נר מצוה ותורה אור — איז איצט ניט די צייט צו פארנעמען זיך מיט אן ארעמאן, כפשוטו, אדער אן „ארעמאן“ אין אידישקייט, וכו' —

קומט דער עיבור-יאָר און לערנט, דערמאָנט און מאַנט, אז דאָס איז ניט אזוי: אז „זון“ און „לבנה“ זיינען ניט צוויי אָפּגעוונדערטע וועלטן, נאָר — מצד דעם וואָס ביידע זיינען באַשאַפֿן גע- וואָרן פֿון איין בורא-עולם און ביידע זיינען באַשטאַנד-טיילן פֿון איין און דערזעלבע וועלט — האָבן ביידע גאָר אַ גרויסן שייכות און פֿאַרבונד איינער מיטן צווייטן: און אַז דער פֿאַרבונד איז אַ שטענדיקער, אַז אינערלעכער, ווי מ'זעט עס אויך אין טבע: די זון הערט ניט אויף צו שיינען, וואָרום ווען ס'איז אין איין אָרט נאָכט, איז אין דער זעלבער צייט אין אַן אַנדער אָרט טאָג.

נאָכמער, דוקא דורך חיבור פֿון „זון“ און „לבנה“, פֿון משפיע און מקבל, ווערט דערפילט די ג-טלעכע כוונה.

בפרט ווען עס רעדט זיך וועגן צוויי אידן, וואס ביידע זיינען א טייל פון גוי אחד בארץ, און נאָר מצד זייערע גופים זיינען זיי אָפּגעטיילט, אָבער מצד זייער נשמה, חלק אלוקה ממעל ממש, זיינען זיי איין זאך ממש.

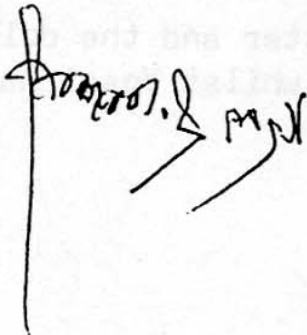
דער עיבור-יאָר אונטערשטרייכט אויך, אז אַ משפיע און אַ מקבל (סיי די השפעה אין גשמיות — טאָן אַ אידן אַ טובה אין פרנסה וכדומה; און על אחת כמה וכמה אין רוחניות) זיינען גאָר אַ נאָענטע פֿאַר, וואָס די ג-טלעכע השגחה ברענגט זיי — ספּעציעל זיי ביידן — צוזאַמען אין אַ געוויסן אָרט, אין אַ געוויסן מאָמענט, כדי דער געבער זאָל געבן דעם נעמער און גלייכצייטיק „נעמען“ פֿון אים דוקא: און דער נעמער זאָל נעמען פֿון געבער אָבער גלייכצייטיק „געבן“ אים, און אים דוקא: און, אדרבא, געבן דעם געבער נאָך מער ווי דער געבער גיט אים, לויט דעם באַקאַנטן מאַמר פֿון תורה, אַז מער ווי דער בעל-הבית טוט פֿאַר דעם אָרעמאָן, טוט דער אָרעמאָן פֿאַר דעם בעל-הבית.

• • •

ויהי רצון, אז צווישן די הכנות צו פסח, זאָל יעדער איינער און איינע אַריינטראַכטן זיך אין דער אויבנדערמאָנטער נקודה, בפרט אין צוזאַמענהאַנג מיט די ווערטער מיט וועלכע מען גרייט זיך אָנ- הויבן דעם סדר של פסח: כל דכפין ייתי כו' כל דצריך ייתי כו',

און מ'זאָל זוכה זיין אַז עס זאָל זיין זמן חירותנו אין דעם פֿולסטן זין, די גאולה האמיתית והשלימה על ידי משיח צדקנו,

און עס וועט מקוים ווערן תיכף ומיד דער יעוד „ולציון יאמר איש ואיש יולד בה והוא יכוננה עליו“, בקרוב בימינו ממש.

בכבוד ובנרכה
לחג הפסח כשר ושמה




The Maamer Nigun Reappears

For the first time for nearly four years, the Rebbe related a maamer which was relayed all over the world, and which was preceded by the special maamer nigun. It was the first time since the Gurarys lawsuit against Lubavitch had started.

All this was very exciting.

Everyone was happy and freilech — but not in Manchester. Because — here it was about 2.30a.m after midnight, and, although Sholom Weiss had phoned most of the people, no one would answer the telephone.

So, Sholom and his son Dov Ber rushed along to Lubavitch House and heard it — all by themselves. It was only a seven minute maamer, which was recorded — and everyone had the opportunity of listening to this during the next day.

Tuvia Zilbershtrom from Jerusalem was in Manchester for a few days. He maintained that all Yeshivas world wide and especially Lubavitch Yeshivas should follow the example of the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva Gedola, and learn how a Yeshiva should be run. With discipline — with good humour — good food — and last but not least — continuous and continual learning and studying.

Incidentally, there is a printers error on Page 48.

It should read that Rabbi Dovid Hickson and Benzion Lewis are co-vice chairmen.

Lag B'omer

Last years Lag B'Omer Experience was a huge success.

Over 600 boys and girls (separated), together with parents and some sisters and brothers — which made the total of over 1,000 people were present in a local public park.

Everything was free to the children.

Giant inflatable Rubber Castles were provided and yet the children insisted upon climbing up onto the roof of the Mitzvah Tank.

Numbered tickets had been distributed with which to claim a prize. There were 15 prizes ALL FREE.

A number was called and a young boy came forward to obtain his prize.

Five minutes later, he brought it back.

He admitted that he was not Jewish and it was not right that he should accept it.

I do not know why he had returned it. It was not a Tanya or something of Jewish interest. It was a construction set. He was prevailed upon to accept this prize.

The Lag B'Omer Experience concluded with a Grand Firework Display.

The whole affair, afternoon and evening, had been a wonderful success and the local Jewish newspapers gave us a marvellous write up - for this "Kiddush Lubavitch".

After the tumultuous and exciting few weeks, Susan insisted that she would like a holiday and a rest — in Israel — away from the children — and away from the nasty cold and wet weather which we were enjoying here.

So, Susan and Avrohom left for the hot climate of Israel. They took with them little Dina.

As soon as they had left these shores, we enjoyed a Heat-wave in Manchester.

And, when Avrohom and Susan arrived in Lydda, they were met by Golda and Shmuli, Channah and Yossi who were also there on a holiday and at the last moment, Dovid also flew

across.

So, only Aaron and Leah (and Max and children) were left in Manchester — and Levi in Australia. Avrohom and Susan had the rest and "the rest".

I have received over the years, many lovely letters from the Rebbe. At the beginning of Nissen, just before Pesach, it was my very good fortune to receive a most beautiful and exceptional one, a copy of which I am reproducing herewith and also the English translation.

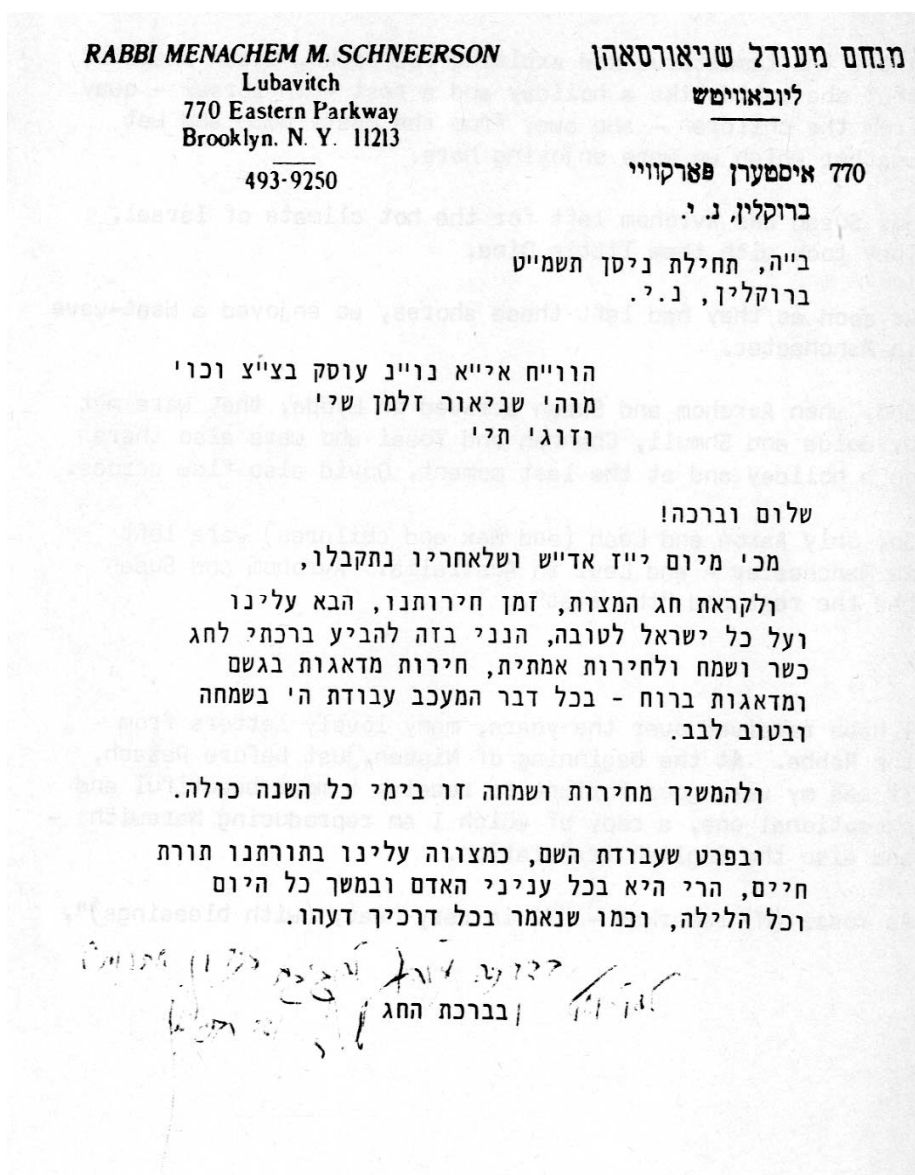
As Yossi (M) remarked — "It is very heavy (with blessings)".

English translation of the letter received from the Rebbe for Pesach.

B,H.
The Beginning of Nissan 5749
Brooklyn, New York.

The Worthy Chassidic Individual G-d Fearing Person Exalted and Honoured who occupies himself in public affairs and so on and so forth.

Shneur Zalmon, who shall live and his wife, who shall live.



Peace and Blessing.

The letter of the Seventeenth of Adar 11 and those following have been received.

At the approach of Chag Hamatzos, the time of our freedom, which will be coming to us and to all Jews, for good. I would like to convey to you, herewith, my blessings for a happy and Kosher Yom Tov and for true freedom. Free from physical worries and from spiritual worries.

From all things that withhold the serving of Hashem in happiness and with good heart.

And, to draw from this freedom and happiness, throughout the days of the whole year.

And, especially in serving Hashem, as we are commanded in our Torah — the Torah of Life, which includes all aspects of Man and throughout the whole day and the whole night as it states — "In all your ways know Him".

(The Rebbe then added in his own handwriting) "With a blessing once again for your wedding anniversary for long days and good years.

And with Yom Tov blessings.

Signed — by the Rebbe, personally

I shall end as usual.

"The Rebbe always concludes a sicho with the declaration that Moshiach is coming N O W.

M A M O S H (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 the acronym of

MENACHEM

MENDEL

SCHNEERSON