



בס"ד

# **My Encounter With The Rebbe**

**by Zalmon Jaffe**

## **25th Installment**

**Shovuos 5753/1993 until Shovuos 5754/1994**





THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Taken by Louis Tiffenbrun

During Shovuos 1975, the Rebbe publicly presented to the members of the "Tanya Publication Committee" - Rabbi Nachman Sudak, Hershel Gorman, Bernard Perrin and me, the first copies of the Hebrew/English Tanya.

I had a special arrangement with the Rebbe that each of the four Tanyas would be autographed by the Rebbe.

Standing near to the Rebbe are: Rabbi Myer Harlick, Rabbi M. Chadakov, Dr. Nissan Mindel and Rabbi Binyamin Klyne.

## INTRODUCTION

I am grateful to the A-mighty for giving me the health strength and the determination to produce and publish this 25th Instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlito."

I have been blessed by having Roselyn at my side, together with my own, immediate family growing and increasing in quality and quantity (K.A.H.)

Just before Shovuos, I forwarded the manuscripts of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlito" No. 25 to the printers.

I hoped to fly to 770 about four weeks after Yom Tov to distribute this 25th Instalment to some of my readers.

On December 4th, just before Chanuka, at the Conference of the thousand Lubavitcher Shiluchim at 770, a special group of doctors issued a thirty three page report on the health of the Rebbe.

It contained very strong indictments against some members of the Secretariat.

Obviously, there had been a clash of personalities. Each person has been doing and believing what he thought was best for the Rebbe. Each and every person, whether laymen or medical advisers, have different opinions.

We must accept the premise that everyone has the well-being of the Rebbe at heart.

Then, ten weeks ago, the Rebbe suffered another stroke - almost two years to the day since his first attack.

The Rebbe was taken to the Beth Israel Hospital and it was discovered that the Rebbe had experienced a massive stroke. The doctors had reported that the Rebbe's brain had been severely damaged and - clinically the Rebbe was "not alive."

The Rebbe was put on a life support machine and has been in a coma now for many weeks.

We certainly must continue to pray to HaShem to help our Rebbe to make a complete recovery.

The A-mighty knows what is best. We are in His bountiful Hands.

Meanwhile, I shall continue to write this book in my usual manner - in the form of a diary. I hope you will find the contents enjoyable.

There will be time, hopefully, to discuss the various problems and facets of Moshiach at the end of this book.

## HALACHA

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

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

## Shool Etiquette

When one is standing in the Presence of a Great King it is obvious and well understood that one should act with restraint, humbleness and dignity.

Moreover, when one enters a House of Prayer and is standing before the Shechina to praise HaShem and to extend thanks to Him for past kindnesses and to plead for further help and sustenance for one's self and family, then one would certainly expect this person to act with humility, decorum and modesty.

It would be irresponsible and frivolous of him to gossip and chat with his neighbours. He should make the most of the limited time at his disposal to pray to the A'Mighty.

When one is praying with a Minyan, there are certain rules which must be obeyed.

On Shabbos, it is pointless to arrive an hour late for the service and to spend the time "catching up" so that one can be amongst the first to leave the Synagogue. And they consider that it is a Mitzvah to enjoy a gossip during the Krias HaTorah (the Layening).

We have a famous saying which reads: "Al Tifrosh Min Hazibur", which means: "Do not separate yourself from the congregation."

Therefore, if by some unavoidable circumstances one did arrive late in Shool - either on Shabbos or on a weekday, one should always endeavour to plan to recite the Shemonai Esrai together with the Minyan. This, the Amida, is the main part of the service and it is always referred to as the TEFILLA.

I well recall, many years ago, when Dayan Golditch, Z.Tz.L., entered the Shool for the evening service just as the congregation was commencing to recite the Shemona Esrai, Dayan Golditch did not hesitate for one second but joined the worshippers at the Amida.

Furthermore, whenever the congregation is standing one should always do the same.

If one did come to Shool late and is davenning alone, and even if one is reciting those special paragraphs in the Siddur where one is not allowed to interrupt or to be diverted, one should always be united with the Minyan.

For instance: (1) When the assembly is reciting the first verse of the Shema one is obligated to cover one's eyes to show unity.

(2) When the Chazan is repeating the Shemona Esrai and the Kedusha is being recited then, even if one is forbidden to interrupt his own prayers (as stated above) one must remain standing and concentrate on what the Chazan is saying but, as the Rebbe said in a Sicho, one should not mouth the actual words of the Kedusha but listen with intensity - and that will give one the merit of joining in the Kedusha with the congregation.

(3) Under the same circumstances - during the repetition of the Amida - one should also stand up and just bow at "Modim" ("We thankfully acknowledge that You are G-D.....")

(4) Again, under similar circumstances, one should be upstanding when the Minyan is saying the Shemona Esrai. Also when Hallel is being recited and certainly when the Oran Hakodesh (the Ark) is open.

(5) One should concentrate on the layenning during the Krias HaTorah. Every word should be heard. Incidentally, it is not essential to be upstanding when a mourner is saying the Kadish but one is obligated to join in and answer "Yehai Shemai Rabbo" and "Omain".

I once noticed at 770 some older Yeshiva boys who had remained seated during Hallel and even when the Sefer Torah was being brought out from the Ark. When I remonstrated with them they explained that, "They were not up to that part of the service yet."

I pointed out that they were just plain ignoramuses who should have known better. They apologised to me profusely.

Boys attend a Yeshiva and girls go to a Seminary and although they study and learn to a high standard they remain ignorant of some basic laws regarding reciting prayers in a Synagogue.

Roselyn has told me quite often about young ladies who have attended a Sminary and have arrived late for the Shool service on Shabbos. Instead of commencing their davenning they chat and jabber with their friends even during the Kedusha and the Krias HaTorah. They remain seated and talk non-stop. They have obviously not been taught even the basic rules appertaining to the Shool services.

As Rabbi ShemTov, Z.Tz.L., once told me, the minimum time it takes a man to daven is three minutes. One minute to put on his Tefillin and one minute to take them off. And he still manages to talk for a minute during the davenning.

#### AN UNUSUAL AND UNEXPECTED HALACHA

Dayan Levi Raskin of Lubavitch, London, was in Manchester and he spoke about an unusual (to me) Halachah.

He stated that the following passage is written three times in the Torah. "Do not boil the kid in the milk of its mother." Therefore, there are three interpretations of this prohibition.

- (1) Do not boil them together.
- (2) Do not eat them (milk and meat) together.
- (3) Do not receive any benefit whatsoever from this operation.

"And," continued Dayan Raskin, "This means that even when one visits a supermarket to buy cat food one should read very carefully the list of ingredients which are contained in this cat food, and if there is any whey (milk) therein, mixed with the non-kosher or horse meat, one is not allowed to buy this product and give it to your cat!"

## **FAMILY TREE**

During the course of this year we have been blessed by HaShem with (nisht) ten additional great grandchildren. K.A.H. KAIN YIRBU.

### Avrohom Jaffe married Susan Beenstock.

(Avrohom is the Honorary Rabbi of Lubavitch/Kahal Chassidim Synagogue; Chairman - also unpaid - of the Lubavitch Organisation in Manchester and of the Manchester Yeshiva. He has very many more similar unpaid jobs. Fortunately, he has an income from his many business activities.)

<b>Name</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>Married</b>	<b>Children</b>
Dovid	28	Rochel	Menachem-Mendel Yakov Zvi Moussia
Leah	27	Max Cohen	Moshe Soro Gavriel Levi Shalom Ber Menachem Mendel
Levi	26	Devorah	Chayale Moussia
Chana	24	Yossi Marlow	Menachem Mendel Levi Moussia
Golda	23	Avremel Kievman	Menachem Mendel Dovid Yisroel Arye Leib
Shmulie	21		
Aaron	18		
Dina	10		

### Hindy Malka Jaffe married Shmuel Lew

<b>Name</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>Married</b>	<b>Children</b>
Yossi	30	Shternie	ChayaMushka



			Sholom Ber Channa Dovid
Mendie	28	Rivka	Chaya Mushka Channah Simmy Esther
Chaya	27	Shimon Posner	Mousia Freddie Chanah Dovid
Golda Rivka	25	Menachem Yunik	Yosef Yitzchok, Avrohom Baruch
Pincus	24	Channah	Dovid
Channah	23	Yosef Lipsker	Chaya Mushka Zelda Rochel
Zelda Rochel	21	Hershy Vogel	Dov Ber
Sholom Ber	20		
Toby Gittel	18		
Shaindel	16		
Ben Zion	15		
Bas Sheva	13		
Yisroel	11		
Yocheved	9		
Moshe	6		

18 boys; 14 girls

We have (nisht) seven great granddaughters named after our dear Rebbetzen, Z.Tz.L., Chaya Mushka, and Avrohom and Susan have (nisht) four Menachem Mendels as grandsons. Hindy and Shmuel possess four Dovid grandsons named after Shmuel's father (O.H.).

## LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

After the bumper edition of "My Encounter" number 23, which contained my review and report of our visit to Russia, I did consider that my last instalment, No. 24, would be an anti climax.

Therefore, I was extremely gratified to receive the same high praise and compliments concerning this issue as on previous editions.

There is one letter which I am always delighted to publish. It is from our dear friend Walter (Hubert). Since my very first edition he has never failed to acknowledge and to acclaim every single instalment. He has written me lovely letters and this year he has again excelled himself.

I extend my sincere thanks to Walter - and to his dear wife Rebecca for the wonderful sentiments in this message. (Letter on the following page.)

Mr. E. W. Brill from New York wrote:

"Dear Reb Zalmon, - I have just completed your 24th instalment and I realised that I am missing numbers 22 and 23. I hope you still have copies. Cheque enclosed."

"I do not get to Crown Heights as much as I used to but when I read your accounts of Yom Tov in 770 I feel like I was also there."

(The cheque was for \$50 which I had pleasure in paying into the Yeshivah account.)

Mrs. Sarah Yarmush wrote a long letter. She included the following paragraph: "I have only one complaint, you write so eloquently that I have been unable to put down the book and go to bed at a decent hour."

Our good Friends, Professor Joe (Jacobs) and his wife Margaret wrote from Canada and extended their good wishes. A postscript read: "We enclose £36 an instalment on your million dollar 24th instalment of your 'Encounter with the Rebbe.' We just loved reading it."

One of our "adopted" nieces, Judith (Leigh - nee Epstein) said: "I don't want to finish it. It is marvellous - fantastic."

Raisie (Minkovitz) complained that, "It is much too short."

I went shopping at Kahan's Supermarket. Beryl's father-in-law, Velvel Shilkraut was dozing behind the counter. I woke him up by shouting, "Mr. Shilkraut, what is the matter? Are you not well that you come to work and spend your time sleeping?" He seemed to be very annoyed with me and screamed at me that it was all my fault because I kept him up all night reading my book.

**Walter I. Hubert**

A.C.C.S., F.R.S.A. F.Inst.D.

0621WIH11

21 June 1993

Mr Zalmon Jaffe  
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My dear Friends, Zalmon and Rosalyn

Mazal Tov on the 24th edition of "My Encounter with the Rebbe", which is really excellent and worth at least £250 per copy (see my cheque enclosed).

Your skills can be likened to the quality of vintage wine, which gets better as it gets older. Thank G-d we still have a long way to go until your 120th.

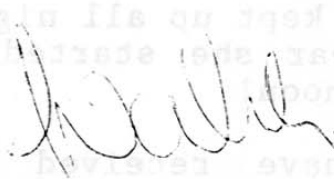
We are now in the 25th year of your "labour of love", and it is our fervent hope and prayer that this silver year will be the one with a golden future for your beloved Rebbe, in so far as he will be restored to good health so that his strength and leadership will be a source of wonder and admiration to the world.

I do look forward to your next visit to Israel when we hope that you will please come and visit us so that we can happily update one another on the continued growth (TG) of our respective families.

In the words of my late Father, "please keep up your good work!"

With renewed good wishes from house to house.

Yours sincerely



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My daughter Hindy told me that after all these years she has now solved the problem of "being kept up all night reading my book" - this year she started to read it during the afternoon!

I have received scores of similar compliments with the same theme that "your book keeps me up all night."

## THE HEALTH OF THE REBBE

Towards the end of April we received a terrible shock. We heard that the Rebbe had become really unwell and that an ambulance had arrived at 770 to take the Rebbe to hospital. A stretcher was carried into the Rebbe's room.

Susan, my daughter-in-law, was panic stricken and she phoned me to discover the latest position.

I had not heard anything, as yet, so I phoned Hindy in London; Chaya at Crown Heights; and Avremel in Liverpool. Avremel called his father in Crown Heights and phoned me back with the latest reports.

Susan phoned me again. Everybody's telephone lines were buzzing and were busy, busy, busy.

Finally, I contacted Label at 770 who assured me that it had been a false alarm and that the Rebbe was doing fine.

I enquired whether the Rebbe was coming down to the Shool at 770 and was told, "Not yet." We were due to be at 770 shortly and hoped the Rebbe would be enjoying better health.

Nearly every Friday during the summer I phoned Label at 770 to discover the latest reports about the health of the Rebbe.

Label invariably reported that, "The Rebbe was doing fine and the doctors were well satisfied". Although - reading between the lines (the Rebbe once wrote to me that he could not understand why I should read between the lines when the actual words were straight forward and unambiguous) it did not sound too promising.

For instance, I heard that the "Rebbe had a good week and one day he had been present in the Royal Box for twelve minutes".

Then we heard a report from doctors Ira Weiss and Maher that, "The doctors were frustrated about the slow progress although they were satisfied with the Rebbe's general condition. They feared for the sight of the Rebbe's right eye and cast doubt upon whether the Rebbe would be able to walk satisfactorily".

Then, in another report, we read that sixteen years ago when the Rebbe had suffered a heart attack, his progress and the ultimate recovery was impossible to believe. It was a medical miracle and higher than nature.

So we had to have faith!

## NACHAS

Just before Lag B'Omer, over two weeks before Shavuot, our granddaughter Channah (Marlow) gave birth to her first daughter so she and Yossi have now K.A.H. two boys and a girl - another Mushka.

I telephoned to Crown Heights to wish them a hearty Mazel Tov and Channah replied, "Thank you, - Oh Zeidie, you are so lucky in having so many new great grandchildren K.A.H. Now you can sit back and enjoy so much Nachas." Well, I do thank G-d, of course, for all these blessings.

At this time there were many rumours "flying around" about the health of the Rebbe. One doctor reported that the Rebbe had two blocked arteries and needed a bypass operation at once. Another doctor maintained that the Rebbe's blood required thinning. There were many such reports and Label told Avrohom, on the phone, "Tell your Dad not to listen to any rumours."

I then heard that the Rebbe was present at the Mincha service in the Royal Box on the following day.

Max and two of his sons, Moishe aged 6 and Gavriel, four years old, flew to 770 for the weekend so as to be in Crown Heights for Lag B'Omer; hopefully to see the Rebbe. Unfortunately, they suffered some disappointment because the Rebbe did not emerge that weekend.

## OUR VISIT TO 770 FOR SHOVIUOS

This year we travelled with American Airlines again and, because we had our numbered seats already reserved, I failed to see why we had to check-in two hours before the flight was due to leave.

Avrohom always maintained that under these circumstances, a half an hour before departure left one with plenty of time. Rosalyn, however, preferred to be at the airport two and a half hours beforehand. Therefore, we compromised and arrived at Manchester Airport one hour prior to the time of departure.

The taxi dropped us at the usual place and we loaded our suitcases onto a trolley.

To our dismay we discovered that American Airlines were now using the new terminal 2 which had been opened only a few days previously. So - up and down lifts and escalators - a slight wait for the courtesy (free) bus to drive us the short distance to Terminal 2 - then more walking - and running - and more stairways - till we ultimately arrived hot and dishevelled at the check-in desk with just forty minutes left before our departure.

We found that Dovid (Jaffe) and Rochel, together with their two sons, had been waiting for us for over half an hour. They were genuinely convinced that we had already checked in and gone through to the exit gate.

Jane Docherty, the Security Officer, was again on duty. Last year we spent over half an hour with her but this time we went through pretty quickly because (1) she recognised us straight away, (2) she was more experienced, and (3) we had to rush to catch our plane.

Jane asked the usual routine questions. "Who packed the suitcases? Were they our own suitcases? Had they been under our constant supervision all the time? Had we been handed any parcels?" And so forth.

But the silliest question was, "Have you an electric razor?" Even Jane had to admit - after looking at my long beard - that it was a stupid question.

Following is a photograph of Rosalyn and me saying "farewell" to Menachem Mendel and Yankie at the airport.

We enjoyed a good and uneventful flight to J. F. Kennedy, New York, and as we were leaving the airport we were being constantly intercepted by taxi drivers, touting for business, who wished to take us to Crown Heights for \$35. The most we had ever paid for this ride has been \$20 and that was because the taxi driver had lost his way - and for which we had to pay!

Obviously we refused these offers and quickly obtained a regular taxicab at the rank.



We had been travelling for about half a mile and I was contemplating how fortunate it was that I had brought along the little trolley so that I could easily haul the suitcases and the four heavy cartons of "My Encounter, No. 24" books down the drive to our apartment, when I suddenly realised that once again we had left the little trolley behind at the airport.

Roselyn was absolutely furious with me. Her motto was - "Attack is the best form of defence." She maintained that it was getting beyond a joke and it happened every time we took this trolley to New York. She even suggested that I left the trolley behind deliberately so that I could fill up my book with a lot of nonsense.

We returned to J. F. Kennedy and I left Rosalyn in the taxi with the luggage whilst I went through the usual and well-known, by now, routine of recovering my trolley.

When we ultimately arrived at our apartment the price shown on the meter of the taxi was, even after our deviation, only \$23 which was \$12 less than the amount quoted by the taxi touts.

It was a welcome relief to discover our grandson Sholom Ber (Lew) awaiting our arrival at the flat. He did not need the trolley. He just tucked a suitcase under each arm and made short shrift with the four hefty cartons of books.



The flat was clean and spotless - like a palace. Sholom Ber had done a wonderful job and I can guarantee and recommend that he will make someone a marvellous housewife!

He, together with Levi (Jaffe) had improved the quality of the apartment by laying down new carpets and purchasing a new armchair for Roselyn. I had to insist that they should allow me to pay them the money which they had spent on these added luxuries!!!!?

I immediately went to see Rabbi Label Groner at his office and handed him the usual batch of letters etc, which I generally brought to the Rebbe at this time of the year. These included a letter from me; a short "Get well" note from Roselyn; a copy of my "Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita, No. 24"; my normal donation to the Rebbe's special fund; some letters from friends in Manchester; and my usual five bottles of vodka.

Label was very busy. He had received five hundred faxes that day which required attention. There were also faxes upon faxes complaining about not having received replies to the originals.

Next morning, Thursday, I was in Shool at 7.15 a.m and I said the "Gomel" prayer during the Reading of the Torah. This prayer was to extend thanks to HaShem for showing kindness and benevolence to me by escorting us through the dangers and perils of a three thousand mile flight over the Atlantic Ocean and bringing me unharmed to the (comparative) safety of 770.

I met my grandson Pincus (Lew) in Shool. He was telling me that Channah (his wife) was expecting a baby at any time. He then rushed off to open the doors of the Oran Hakodesh (the Ark) to collect a Sefer Torah. (It is our custom that during the ninth month of the pregnancy period the husband fulfils the Mitzvah of Pesicha, of opening the doors of the Ark in order to take out and then to replace the Sefer Torah.)

But he was not praying with that group. I wanted to know whether he stood around all morning going "Pesicha" at every conceivable occasion. He replied, "No!", but he had just missed the opportunity of having this Mitzvah at his own Minyan.

I met Michoel Zerkhin who confided that the Rebbe had not emerged for two days but last Shabbos he did hold a Yechidus. (The modern day version consists of people filing past the Rebbe who sits outside his room.)

During the course of the day I noticed that many men and boys were carrying "bleepers" or special pagers which would notify them as soon as the Rebbe was expected to enter the Royal Box in the Shool.

They would then rush to 770 to be present at the service together with the Rebbe.

For example: at 3.20 p.m. that afternoon the boys near our flat screamed and yelled, "Quick, Rabbi Jaffe, the bleepers are calling everyone to dash to 770 because the Rebbe wil be coming out to the Mincha service."

Therefore, I also dashed - I discovered that Mincha had already commenced but that the Rebbe was not yet visible. Hundreds were streaming into 770. There were not too many present when I arrived but at the end of the service the Shool was crowded including all the two hundred and eighty boys from the Ohel Torah Yeshivah. Many of the members of the hierarchy were in attendance too, including Rabbis Pinson and Katz (the Wardens) and Rabbi Weinberg, and so on.

After the service, the curtains around the Royal Box were unfolded and we were privileged to see the Rebbe. After two and a half minutes the Rebbe indicated that the curtains should now be drawn.

I met Mendie Gorman who showed me his bleeper. The display panel screened a message that the Rebbe had been visible to all at 770 for two and a half minutes. Other messages were shown when a button was pressed.

The range of these beepers was said to be many miles - even as far as New Jersey. Obviously, people who were that distance away from 770 could not arrive in time to see the Rebbe but, at least, they knew what was happening.

These beepers could be purchased for \$40 and one would have to pay Chaim Boruch Halberstram the sum of \$16 a month for the relay or broadcast service. Alternatively, they could be hired from Chaim Boruch for \$20 a week inclusive of everything.

Today was the eve of Rosh Chodesh and it has been the custom, ever since the Rebbe has been unwell, to declare a fast on Erev Rosh Chodesh. We hoped that by fasting and praying, reciting the whole of Tehillim, saying the long "Ovenu Malkainu" and reading the portion of Vayechal in the Sefer Torah, that HaShem would heed our pleas and petitions and would restore the Rebbe to full health.

Although many people did fast the whole day, most of us, on the advice of the Rabbonim, only fasted half the day.

At 8.30 p.m that night, there was another general alert - the Rebbe would be coming out for Maariv. People and beepers were streaming into 770 from every direction. After Maariv, the Rebbe was visible for three minutes. Roselyn was also present.

Sholom Ber declared that the Rebbe had not been conducting with his head so intensely for the past six months.

Roselyn had opened her soup kitchen during the day and we had a little reunion when some of our grandchildren and great grandchildren called into our apartment to extend a welcome to us. They were: Levi and Devorie (Jaffe) the newly weds who were beaming at us and at each other with extreme pleasure and delight; Hershy and Zelda Rochel (Vogel); Channah (Marlow) and her three children; Channah and Yoseph (Lipsker) with

Moussia; Sholom Ber (Lew) and Chaya (Posner) with her three daughters. Eighteen altogether (K.A.H.)

To repeat the old adage, "We all had a wonderful time, and Roselyn and I enjoyed much Nachas - but when they left - it was a Machaya!"

Label had requested my views on how the Rebbe looked when I saw him in the Royal Box. I had to admit that, in my opinion, the Rebbe did not look as well today as when I had seen him last during Succos, over seven months ago.

At that time the Rebbe had spent over two hours during Simchas Torah in the Royal Box and had even been called up Chosson Beraishis. But today, it was becoming more infrequent and irregular to see the Rebbe even for a few minutes only. It was frustrating for us but even more frustrating for the Rebbe.

Mentally, the Rebbe was extremely alert and he replied to all queries through Label. But physically, the Rebbe was very poorly. He needed, very urgently, the blessings and assistance of the A'mighty to restore him to good health.

On Shabbos and Yom Tov, Mincha now took place at about 1.30 p.m, an hour after the morning service had concluded. We were fortunate to see the Rebbe at that time albeit only for a minute or two.

On those days we partook of our midday meal after Mincha.

On the first Shabbos I davened downstairs in the Shool. It was a real Balagan - people talking, studying, discussing Torah problems - and I regret to say - also gossiping. Complete chaos and disorder everywhere.

Zev Katz, the Warden, called me up to sing the Haftorah. In spite of my loud voice I was neither heard nor seen.

However, when I officiated at Mincha I made a supreme effort and used the full force of my lungs and throat and davened at the top of my voice. So a few who were seated in the Ladies' Gallery, just above where I was davening, did admit to me afterwards that it was the first time for many months that they had actually heard the Chazan at the Mincha service.

Yossi Kazan advised me to Daven with the special Minyan upstairs in the Beis Hamedrash at 10.30 a.m. The Chassanim were called up for their Aliyas at this Minyan prior to their wedding. The doors adjoining to the Rebbe's room were left ajar during the Krias HaTorah, and I was lucky to be honoured with an Aliya.

There was also a considerable amount of talking and discussions at their Minyan too but not on such a vast scale as downstairs. And, of course, there were fewer people present here.

I had an argument with Zalmon Lipsker - one of the boys who considered that he had the Divine right to stand at a certain spot when the Rebbe is revealed in the Royal box, irrespective of who else wishes to see the Rebbe.

Others may have travelled from the other end of the world in order to be at 770 for a few days just to see the Rebbe.

That is not Zalmon Lipsker's business. He has been standing at that place for many months so how dare someone else usurp his position?

Many years ago I also had an argument with his father, Rabbi Lipsker (O.H.) who was officiating at the morning service on Yom Tov. I had approached him beforehand and intimated that the Rebbe had instructed me to sing "Ho-Aderess Veho'emuna on Yom Tov. The Rebbe had said this was a "Chok Velo Yaavor" - ("A statute which could never be superseded - it was forever!") I therefore required Rabbi Lipsker's compliance.

When we came to these verses Rabbi Lipsker glanced up at the Rebbe and noticed that the Rebbe was standing at his lectern with his arms folded. Therefore, he rushed off at great speed all these verses, and I was left singing, almost alone, accompanied by vibrant hisses from a few ignorant worshippers.

Rabbi Lipsker retorted afterwards that no one had the right to start singing these verses until, and unless, the Rebbe gave the signal by raising his arm. No one else had the authority or the cheek to commence the singing.

I explained that the Rebbe had given me this order: that I should always sing these verses on Yom Tov and not to be discouraged or influenced by anyone. I told him that I would complain to the Rebbe about his negative attitude, and in due course I did protest to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe gave me a message to deliver to Rabbi Lipsker. I was to inform Rabbi Lipsker that the Rebbe had a definite arrangement with me to sing Ho-Aderess Veho'emuna on Yom Tov - and Rabbi Lipsker "had no right to interfere in our business."

I took a great delight in passing on this message. And yet - over the years - it transpired that on quite a number of occasions I was left singing these verses all alone but accompanied by hisses and shushes from half the congregants. The Rebbe always liked to test me and enjoyed to see (or hear) me fulfilling his orders in spite of all opposition.

On the second day of Shavuos, we experienced some great excitement. Screams and shrieks of "Hatzola!" and "Fire!" were reverberating throughout 770.

The morning service had just ended and a woman was making her way out of the building from the ladies Shool. She nearly fell but made a grab at a junction box, placed on the wall, to steady herself and to regain her balance.

Unfortunately, she pulled this box right out, and it happened to be a live electric contraption - and how the sparks did fly!

She did not cause a fire but burned her hand and caused panic and pandemonium!

In the past we never strayed far from 770. We had come to New York to see the Rebbe and we could not afford to miss even one opportunity of seeing him.

There was always great activity at 770 - with the Rebbe, obviously, at the centre of the action.

In addition, there was the usual weekday routine - Morning Shachris always at 10 a.m (even on Shabbos, Tom Tov and Yom Kippur), Mincha was at 3.15 p.m and Maariv, in winter at 7.30 p.m and in summer after 9.30 p.m.

On many occasions when the Rebbe was extremely busy, we had to wait for half an hour or more. The Rebbe's Mincha could even be cancelled at short notice and, when the Rebbe visited the Ohel, the graveside of the previous Rebbe (Z. Tz.L.) to pray on our behalf at this holy site, then Mincha was held as soon as the Rebbe returned to 770.

Occasionally the Rebbe would arrive early, at about 8 p.m., but mostly he would return at about 9.30 p.m to 10.30 p.m and we davened a late Mincha.

Therefore, sometimes we might spend most of the day waiting for the Rebbe. But that is why we came to 770.

Often, after Maariv, the Rebbe would relate a Sicho and follow this with the distribution of dollars.

Sunday was a big day for handing out dollars.

It was not possible to hold Yechidus as in those early years when the Rebbe would have private interviews with more than a hundred people during one night. Labels used to make appointments for months ahead.

The Yechidus commenced at 8 p.m when all those who were celebrating a birthday would have the privilege of entering the Rebbe's study and to receive a Brocha on this special occasion.

Women with children and babies would be the next on the list and finally, the V.I.P.'s who might remain closeted with the Rebbe for more than an hour or so.

Yechidus sometimes went on until 7 a.m next morning. During the "season" the Rebbe would hold Yechidus on two or three nights a week. But during certain times of the year the Rebbe would see no one at all. It would, of course, be humanly impossible for the

Rebbe to have Yechidus with the thousands of people who desired these interviews, at the present time.

So the Rebbe had a wonderful idea. He extended an open invitation to everyone and anyone to visit 770 on Sunday mornings and he would present each person, man, woman or child, with a dollar.

I have known people who have flown from England for the one day just to see the Rebbe and obtain a dollar.

On these Sundays, the Rebbe would greet many thousands of people from about 11.30 a.m until approximately 5 p.m.

Everyone filed past the Rebbe and were given a dollar - often even more than one - and the recipient could seize this opportunity of exchanging a few words with the Rebbe and to request advice and blessings.

The Rebbe would remain standing at the same spot during the whole of the six hours whilst handing out dollars and blessings.

We also enjoyed many Farbraingen on Shabbos and on Yom Tov when the Rebbe would deliver a Ma'amer and relate Sichos for over six hours at a time. We also sang Nigunim and drank LeChaim for the Rebbe's health. The Rebbe would reply "LeChaim Velivrocho". Very often the Rebbe would enquire of me, "Why are you unemployed, Mr. Jaffe?" He desired me to say Lechaim again.

During a weekday Farbraingen those people who could not understand Yiddish were provided with headphones with simultaneous English (or French or Ivrit) translations for which a small fee was charged.

During Succos we waited in long lines to "Bench Esrog" with the Rebbe's Arba Minim - to receive cake on Hoshana Rabba - and Koss Shel Brocha from the Rebbe's Havdolah cup at the conclusion of a Yom Tov which carried on until 4 a.m. Occasionally, the Rebbe would also present me personally with a small bottle of vodka as well.

There were always additional and unexpected activities going on. Kinus HaTorah at which the Rebbe had insisted that I must always address the gathering - Mivtzaim - and so forth.

These were all routine activities which have all now been postponed until the health of the Rebbe will be restored.

Fortunately, we had about twenty five grandchildren and great grandchildren presently at Crown Heights. Therefore, they visited the apartment every day and enjoyed the facilities of Roselyn's "Soup Kitchen", the Nosherei and the Meals Services. So we were kept very busy!

All the members of our family had an open invitation to join us for meals - at anytime. All they had to do was to fill in their names in the Special Meals Register which Roselyn had prepared and then she knew exactly how many of our children would be arriving for each meal especially on Shabbos and Yom Tov.

Even so, we had many unexpected and unannounced guests. One of our grandchildren who arrived at the last moment maintained that he knew that his Bobby always held vast quantities of food - in case of emergency - and this was the emergency - at least for him and his wife.

We also reciprocated by having meals at Chaya (and Shimon) Posner's and at Channah (and Yossi) Marlow's. We also enjoyed a special reunion Shabbos luncheon with the Gorman's at the apartment of Levi and Devorie which was sponsored by Hershel and Shoshanna. Grandfather Jack (Gorman) brought along a large bottle of the finest Scotch which he shared with Levi.

In spite of this, Levi recited a Sicho very commendably.

RABBI M. A. CHADAKOV (Z.Tz.L.)

Just before last Shavuos, 5753, we heard the sad news that our dear, old friend Rabbi Chadakov had passed away. Over the past few years his health had been gradually deteriorating but, in spite of this, he was always present at 770 to be with the Rebbe - right until his very last moment.

The Rebbe always referred to him, with pride, as "My Private Secretary", and in this capacity Rabbi Chadakov enjoyed the Rebbe's confidence and was constantly at the Rebbe's side on every occasion including public gatherings and Farbraingen.

He was at the beck and call of the Rebbe at all times day and night - and served the Rebbe with love, loyalty and devotion for over forty years. Roselyn and I were always very much impressed with his sincerity and integrity. He witnessed and actively participated in the tremendous growth and rise of Lubavitch under the leadership and guidance of the Rebbe. He was involved in every aspect of this work, all from his tiny office, which became overcrowded when two visitors were present. And yet, from this small office he was in touch with the Rebbe and with the entire world.

For the past thirty years Roselyn and I always enjoyed the privilege of having a private meeting with Rabbi Chadakov before we left 770 for home.

He always insisted that I should fulfil my full daily "rations" of learning and study.

Actually, Rabbi Chadakov gave me some excellent advice regarding the publication of these books, mainly that I should print an index which would display the headings of all chapters together with the numbers of the relevant page.

This would simplify the problem of finding a story or an article which one desired to read again.

I will never forget the moment when, on my very first visit to the Rebbe, I enquired the time of our Yechidus from Rabbi Chadakov and he replied, "At the early time of Chatzos, Midnight!"

Or when Roselyn and I, together with Avrohom and Hindy, were relaxing in Miami Beach, and Rabbi ShemTov phoned us, very much annoyed, to remind us that it was the fifth light of Chanuka when the Rebbe personally handed to the Yeshiva boys a silver dollar, as Chanuka Gelt. And how dare we take Avrohom away at this auspicious time!

He insisted that Avrohom should return to 770 for that one night to receive his silver dollar from the Rebbe.

And so it was arranged. But, within a few moments, Rabbi Chadakov telephoned me to say that the Rebbe was very unhappy that money should be spent unnecessarily on "wheels" and that if Avrohom would give Rabbi Chadakov his Power of Attorney to act



on his behalf, then Rabbi Chadakov would obtain this Chanuka Gelt for him from the Rebbe - and the same conditions would also apply to Hindy.

I commented - "And what about Roselyn and me?" Rabbi Chadakov maintained that he would have to ask the Rebbe and would phone me back.

He did so with the information that the Rebbe had considered the matter and, because Roselyn and I were really "one" then if we would give Rabbi Chadakov our Power of Attorney then the Rebbe would hand him just one dollar for both of us together.

Rabbi Chadakov always suggested, immediately upon our arrival at 770 from the airport, that although it was not a night for Yechidus but, if I desired, it could be arranged that I should see the Rebbe straight away - or I could leave it over until later. How could I refuse such an offer?

On one occasion, Rabbi Chadakov rushed me into the Rebbe's waiting room at about 10 p.m and instructed me to enter the Rebbe's sanctum as soon as Rabbi Chaim Gutnick from Australia emerged.

After two hours, Rabbi Gutnick eventually came out.

I then spent an hour with the Rebbe - after which, Rabbi Chadakov, who invariably waited at 770 until the Rebbe had left for home, told me, "Zalmon, you do not realise how much good you have done for the Rebbe by cheering him up after spending two, long, arduous hours with Rabbi Gutnick and his difficult problems."

It was only recently that we had the pleasure of meeting Ethel - Rebbetzen Chadakov - a most charming lady with a very youthful outlook. She is an authoress in her own right.

Last year, when I sent her a copy of my latest instalment, she immediately forwarded a cheque to me at my home address. There was no accompanying letter.

It seemed that the motto of Rebbetzen Chadakov was, "Deeds speak louder than words and money speaks in all languages."

It did not need any letters to explain what were the intentions of Ethel Chadakov, and the treasurers of our Manchester Yeshiva were delighted to send her a receipt for her most generous donation.

## THE MIDTOWN TORAH FORUM

Shimon (Posner) had invited me to attend one of his regular Shiurim which were held at the Republic National Bank on 5th Avenue. It had a very imposing entrance which reached to the height of the fourth storey.

Our meeting room was on the eleventh floor and Shimon asked the young lady who was sitting at the enquiry desk which was the number of the room where our meeting and luncheon were to be held.

This young receptionist denied any knowledge of there being a room prepared for fifteen luncheons and she stressed that, in fact, all the rooms were already taken.

Shimon's face went through all the different shades of red and ended at purple. He had just grabbed the telephone, which was lying nearby, when the receptionist blurted out, "Oh, I am so sorry Rabbi, but here on this pad lying in front of me are the details of your meeting and luncheons - it is room "A".

We entered this huge room with a massive solid table to sit thirty people. On this occasion, fifteen places were set with individual white table cloths and bread in separate baskets.

I took my seat unobtrusively at the bottom end of the table, where there were no places set for the meal, and commented that I had come only as an observer to watch the proceedings and to analyze the effect that Shimon was having upon the members of his Class. I was introduced to a number of distinguished personalities - and, yes, they really did look very illustrious.

One was Harvey Finkel, a Vice President of the bank and in charge of overall arrangements. He needed to look prestigious. After all, he was the First Vice President.

The Chairman of our group, the Midtown Torah Forum, (which when translated means: Rabbi Shimon Posner) was a very friendly and likeable person. His name was Elliott Passo. He was a very genteel gentleman and immediately invited me to join him near the head of the table.

My friend from Great Neck, Phil Machnikof, also honoured us with his presence.

A sombrely dressed waitress brought me a luncheon menu. I learnt that all the food served in this bank was strictly kosher - for everyone - for Jews and non-Jews alike.

I told them the story of the man who entered a Jewish restaurant. He wished to be assured that this eating place was 100% kosher. So he demanded to know the name of the owner of this establishment.

He was told - "The A'Mighty."

"And who was the cattle Shochet?" asked the man. "Aaron the High Priest" was the reply. "And the Supervisor? - "That would be Moshe Rabbainu" was the answer. The customer considered the matter very carefully and finally decided to "have fish"!

I ordered a plate of soup, a mushroom omelette and coffee. I certainly trusted the Kashrus but a midday meal of meat was not very tempting.

Elliott, however, did order a nice piece of steak. Shimon had distributed leaflets explaining the subject matter of his lecture which he was now ready and prepared to deliver. In this instance his theme was Shavuos.

There followed some questions and answers and finally there was a general request that I should express my views about the Rebbe. I explained why one needed a Rebbe who would be the best interceder on our behalf to the A'Mighty. I told them that even Aaron, the High Priest and a prophet, had to appeal to his Rebbe - his brother Moishe, to pray to HaShem to heal his sister Miriam.

I am often asked, "Why do I need an intermediary to get my message across to the A'Mighty?" And furthermore, "HaShem is everywhere - and is available to us always."

But, if and when one is in trouble, one would spare no expence to obtain the best lawyers available. Moreover, if the Judge held this lawyer in great esteem, it would certainly help matters.

They wanted to know what does the Rebbe expect in return? I explained that the Rebbe requires his Chassidim and devotees just to keep G-d's Mitzvahs and to love all Jewish people as oneself.

Shimon said that I was fantastic and that everyone enjoyed my talk and wished to hear more at the first opportunity.

There were some gorgeous cream chocolates in a small container. I was tempted - I love gorgeous cream chocolates - and I took a small bite. That was my undoing because the cream happened to be a watery liquid which spurted out and dripped all over my tie and the lapel of my jacket. My fingers were horribly sticky and so were my tie and suit.

## HOMeward BOUND

It was our last Saturday evening and, after Maariv, it was announced that Yechidus

Would now take place and all those special visitors should form a line in order to file past the Rebbe.

Roselyn and I were waiting in the queue, very anxious and excited, that at long last we would have the opportunity of seeing the Rebbe.

After standing in the line for half an hour we were informed that the Yechidus had been postponed until the following morning, Sunday, and all these visitors should again join the line on the morrow at 11 a.m.

We were leaving for home on that day so we made every effort to be in time to see the Rebbe.

Unfortunately, this was again postponed until the next day, Monday. We later learnt that the Yechidus did actually take place at that time but Roselyn and I were already back home by then - no Mazel!

I could not tempt any of our grandchildren with my offer of \$20 to take us to the J.F.K. Airport. Those who had cars were busy, and those who were not busy had no cars.

Therefore, I went round to the taxi office in Kingston Avenue and ordered a car to be at our apartment at 4.15 p.m. This would give us ample time to check in. I informed the receptionist that we had two large suitcases, two massive boxes (containing literature for Dovid's Day Camp) plus our hand luggage, so she should make certain that we had a large car. She assured me that this would be no problem. The fare would be \$20. I had to pay \$5 as deposit.

At 4.15 p.m the taxi duly arrived and Levi and Sholom Ber started to wheel out and load up our baggage together with our hand luggage - and, of course, the little trolley.

It was a large estate car but it was soon filled up with our luggage. But when I opened the door I discovered that there was hardly any room for Roselyn and me to sit down. A man and his wife and son were already seated and their baggage was also packed tightly into the rear of the car. We were informed that the fare would still be \$20 for each group.

The name of the other passenger was Rabbi Dr. Woda who was returning to Tzefat, Israel, via Paris with Air France. He was a faith healer and used his hands to caress his patients. He would have loved to get his hands on the manager of that taxi company - and it would not have been a caress.

However, we were both adamant that we would not pay the double fare.

The driver, a Russian from Georgia, contacted his H.Q. and it was decided to allow us \$5 each which meant that they would still be gaining \$10.

We again refused to pay because we could have obtained a taxi for ourselves only - for \$20.

So the arguments raged hither and thither until the driver suggested that he would take us back to his H.Q. and we could discuss the matter personally with the manager.

We then realised that by now it was getting late and we might even miss our plane - because Rabbi Dr. Woda's group had to go to the Air France terminal first, whereas our flight with American Airlines was some distance away. So we had no option but to accept these terms and we rushed off to the airport.

On the inward journey from Manchester one of our suitcases was damaged. We did not notice this tear until we arrived at our flat. Levi phoned the Airline and he was advised to bring the suitcase to the airport straight away and it could be exchanged for a new one.

Levi explained that it would cost \$20 to get to the terminal and \$20 to return to Crown Heights - \$40 for nothing. So he obtained permission that when we would be returning home it would be in order to arrange matters with "Carmella" at the airport.

Therefore, we had to see "Carmella" first and she gave us a chit which would entitle us to obtain a new suitcase, free, at Manchester Airport.

Meanwhile, maybe as a consolation, we discovered that we had been upgraded to Club - or Business class.

Our baggage was checked in and sent through - when, "Yes, you have guessed correctly," - our little trolley was missing - once again.

We retraced our steps, literally. When we reached the point of our arrival we asked a porter, standing nearby, whether he had seen this trolley. He had a good laugh and remarked that the average time that an unattended article remained intact and untouched by hand was about thirty seconds.

After a further search we concluded that we might have left the trolley in the taxi.

It was extremely comfortable in Club Class but Roselyn had one complaint. When she sat down and relaxed into her seat she could not get up without assistance.

When we arrived home we phoned Chaya at Crown Heights and suggested that we may have left our trolley in the taxi.

One hour later Chaya phoned us back. "Yes," she said, she had found the trolley - it was still in the taxi. She was wheeling it home when she met Levi. He took one look at her

and blurted out, "What are you doing with Zaidie's trolley which I personally loaded into the taxi yesterday?"

## REPLIES FROM THE REBBE

The Rebbe is still being constantly inundated with requests for advice and blessings and, T.G., the Rebbe is very alert and is giving his full attention to all these petitions and problems.

As I have stated and written on many occasions, one Rebbe can provide effective Brochus and advise for hundreds of thousands of people (not only his Chassidim) at all times of the day and night. Yet, the Brochus of many hundreds of thousands are proving futile and ineffective to help our dear Rebbe.

We have to appeal and pray continuously to HaShem - to recite extra Psalms and to donate more Tzedoka and hope that The A-mighty will hear our petitions to restore our Rebbe to full health, very speedily.

The Rebbe is extremely poorly and gravely ill, physically. But, T.G., the Rebbe still possesses the unique power of being able to extend inspiring and potent blessings with resultant, miraculous cures - as the following examples from my own recent experiences will show.

During the past year it became urgently necessary to appeal to the Rebbe in order to help two members of our own family. I was given permission to quote these two cases but, because of the danger of "Ayin Horoh" (the evil eye) I have been requested to omit their names. I have to respect their anonymity.

(1) A young man had just returned by air from a visit abroad and was rushed to hospital suffering from excessive blood clots to his heart and lungs. As his father explained to me, these clots were being bombarded to these vital organs like a shooting gallery.

The doctors were very despondent and they had never experienced this malady in a young man before. There was no known cure. Only a miracle could save him. Sometimes, an elderly person did recover. Avrohom, my son, was asked to contact the Rebbe straight away to seek his help at this frightful and appalling time.

The Rebbe extended a Brocha to this young man for a speedy and full recovery and counselled us not to worry. The Rebbe was proved right, T.G.

I desired to see the patient in hospital but was informed that he had now returned home. I therefore decided to visit him at his abode.

The lounge was filled to capacity with oxygen cylinders - but of the patient there was no sign. I was told that he had felt extremely well and had caught the first train to London to see his friends and to make arrangements about starting work again. "It is a miracle," declared the young man's father, "And we owe all this to the Rebbe."

(2) The second case concerned a woman who had caught the dreaded disease of cancer - in her pancreas. Eighteen months ago her husband revealed to me that his wife was so ill that only a miracle could save her - and the only person whom he knew and who could work miracles was the Rebbe.

I contacted the Rebbe who extended his blessings to this lady and stated that, P.G., she would make a good recovery. He doctors then discovered a new method of by-passing the blockage and, although the tube needs to be changed every four or five months, she is, T.G., leading a healthy and normal life.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. A friend of mine, a professional, was finding it hard to make a comfortable living in Manchester. He discussed the matter with his wife and concluded that it might be a good idea to emigrate to Israel with his wife and family.

He considered that a man with his professional qualifications would have no difficulties in settling in Israel.

I was flying to 770 within a few days and my friend took this opportunity of handing me a letter to give to the Rebbe.

He maintained that the matter was extremely urgent (I had no idea at that time of the contents of his letter) and that he needed a reply from the Rebbe straight away: He gave me his Fax number in order that there should be no delay.

I saw Label at 770 and explained to him the vital importance of receiving a quick reply from the Rebbe.

Within a couple of hours I had the answer which was, "Yes, you should go to Israel on Aliya." So I immediately Faxed this reply to Manchester where my friend was awakened at 4.30 a.m because his telephone was combined with his Fax machine.

Still, as the matter was so urgent, I did consider that the sooner he received the reply the better he would be pleased.

I returned home the next day and I found my friend in a state of shock. He never expected such an unambiguous and straight forward reply, and so quickly.

He suddenly realised that he could not just get up - pack his bags - and take his wife and family to Israel.

He had to wind up his affairs - sell his house and other property and effects - which would take him about three years.

Therefore, he needed another Brocha from the Rebbe, that he should generate such good progress that he would be able to emigrate to Israel within the three years.



And - "Please, Zalmon, do treat this matter as urgent", he added!!!

I was told afterwards that his wife had lain awake all night long - tossing and turning - and worrying about the future.

Finally she gave a "Kvetch" and croaked, "Oh G-d, please advise us on what to do, or send me some sign."

At that very moment the telephone rang - with the Rebbe's reply!!!

Was not that another miracle?

Aaron (Jaffe), one of our grandsons, was presently studying at our Lubavitch Yeshivah in Manchester.

Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, his "Mashpia" had suggested that as Aaron had been learning here for a number of years, it would be a good plan for him to get away from "home" for a while. He recommended that Aaron should contact the Rebbe for advice on this matter.

Aaron sent a Fax and then more Faxes to the Rebbe asking to which Yeshivah he should go next year and he suggested Montreal; 770; or Kfar Chabad, and he showed a preference for 770.

At long last Aaron received the Rebbe's reply which was, "REMAIN IN MANCHESTER for another year, after which you can go to the Ohel Torah at 770."

Shimon (Posner) was offered four options regarding his future work. He enumerated these to the Rebbe and asked the Rebbe to advise him which one to accept. The Rebbe had no hesitation in choosing option number 4 which, by a coincidence, just happened to be the one that Shimon himself rather fancied.

## BABY SIMCHAS

On our return home I learnt that the Rebbe had attended a weekday Mincha service and had been present in the Royal Box for twenty one minutes and thirty four seconds, which was a big improvement and really good news.

On July 5th we attended the third birthday party of our great grandson Y.Y.Y. (Yoseph Yitzchok Yunick) at Croydon, London. On this day he had his very first haircut and the celebrations were called the "Opsher" (cutting).

It was lovely to see the young lad looking so well (K.A.H.) considering that he had been so gravely ill in Crown Heights. The Rebbe had given me a special Brocha that he would be a healthy and "a Gezunte Yingle" (a healthy boy) and at three years old he was (K.A.H.) a little giant.

A quarter of an hour before the proceedings were arranged to take place, two hundred people, men, women and children, were present in Golda's and Menachem's garden on a beautiful summer's day. Golda Rivka had prepared refreshments in great abundance on tables around the garden and Menachem gave a talk on the importance of this third birthday - not only because the boy had his first haircut but he now had to wear Tzitzes and a Yarmulke and ensure that he made Brochas on food, and so on - although Yoseph Yitzchok had been very fluent in saying the Brochas for quite a while already.

Y.Y.Y. then sat on a chair and every one of the (over) two hundred guests, men, women and children, formed a long line and each person cut a few strands of Yoseph Yitzchok's hair. It was very impressive and, fortunately, he had plenty of hair to be cut.

It was about six weeks since the birth of Leah and Max's new baby boy and the Bris has still not taken place. Then one day, the Mohel came along, examined the baby and gave permission for the Bris to take place in eight days time, seven weeks late - on the day after Tisha B'Av.

I have always been under the impression that as soon as the baby is declared to be fit then the Bris should take place straight away.

In fact, I remember that last year, when their fourth son Sholom Ber was born, his Bris was also postponed. The Mohel arrived at 10 a.m one morning and declared that the Bris should be performed at once.

Max was in his car - over a hundred miles away (fortunately he has a car phone) and Susan, who was in charge of the catering arrangements was in town shopping and could not be contacted. Chaos reigned but the Bris took place at 4 p.m and even the Seuda was ready and prepared.

I heard, afterwards, that the Rebbe had issued instructions a few years ago that if the baby's Bris had been postponed because the boy had been seriously ill then, as soon as he became fit, one had to wait another eight days before the Milah could be performed.

Of course, it is not the fault of the Rebbe that I had not heard of this ruling but it is strange because, as I have stated above, I always understood that the Bris should take place as soon as the Mohel had pronounced that the baby was well enough.

I had an interesting conversation with Label about the postponement of a Bris. He told me that many years ago Shmuel Leviton had been blessed with a new born grandson and the Mohel wished to delay the Circumcision.

Rabbi Leviton was insistent and adamant that the Bris should take place on the eighth day because it states quite distinctly in the Torah that a baby boy should have this Mitzvah on the eighth day.

So they asked the Previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.) who replied that, in addition to the verse which Rabbi Leviton had quoted, there was another one in the Torah which exhorts us to "Guard one's health" and this verse takes precedence.

Label confirmed that if the baby had been very seriously ill then he would have to wait the eight days longer, but if he had been only slightly unwell then the Bris had to be performed straight away.

The severity of the jaundice was measured on the "Billi Rubin" scale (By mistake I used to refer to this as Ben Ruben - it must have been his brother.)

In Britain, the scale commenced at 100 and the danger point was 150. I was told that on Max's baby his measurement went up to 300. He was really very ill.

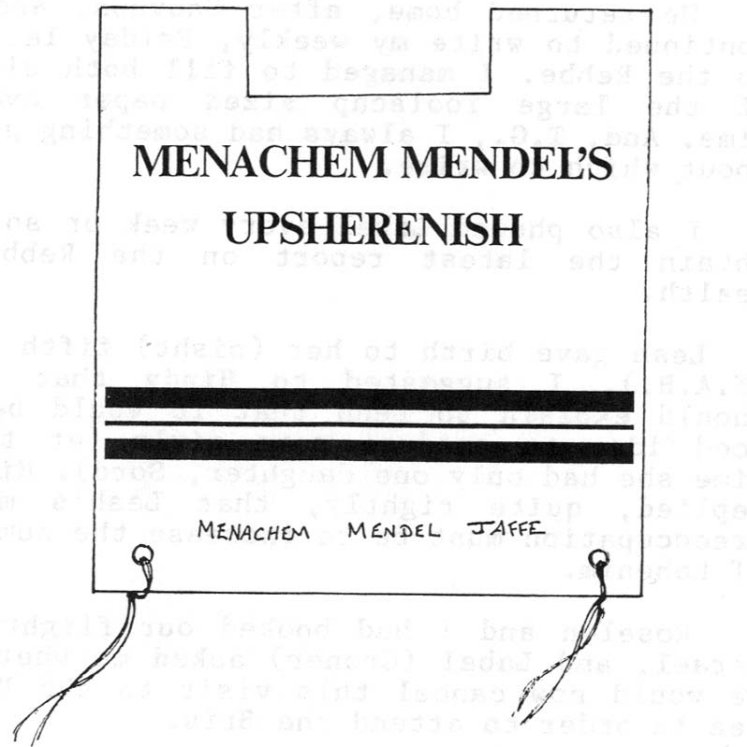
At his Bris he weighed over twelve pounds and appeared to be a big lad. It was amusing and unusual to see such a large face lying on the pillow.

It was a real Family Simcha. Max honoured one brother-in-law, Dovid, to be the Sandik. Another one, Avremel, held the baby, whilst Yossi (Marlow), a third brother-in-law, gave the baby his name - yes - Menachem Mendel. Avrohom, my son and the grandfather of the baby stood by and beamed with pleasure.

Barry Glickman's baby was due to have his Bris on the actual Tisha B'Av. I was told that the Seuda could not be postponed until the following day. Rabbi Schneebalg has suggested that if it was considered too late - 11 p.m. - to hold a big Seuda, then they could have Mezonos.

Also on Tisha B'Av, we heard that Yossi and Shternie (Lew) had presented us with another great grandson. It was hoped that I would be the Sandik. They had now moved to Atlanta and, at that time, I did not fancy the long journey to Georgia.

The Front of Menachem Mendel Jaffe's Opsher Invitation



Part of Shalom Ber's, invitation

Sholom Ber's previous birthdays were fun  
unmatched,  
But when he turns 3 there are strings attached.  
We'll all gather together to cut his hair,  
A Kippa and Tzitzit, he'll begin to wear.  
With 613 Mitzvot, so much he can do,  
As he begins his life as a proud little Jew.  
Years will pass and Sholom Ber will say,  
Mummy, some time ago on a special day,  
I had long, beautiful, brown hair,  
Remember when they said: is that a girl there?

## VISIT TO ISRAEL

We returned home, after Shovuos, and I continued to write my weekly, Friday letter to the Rebbe. I managed to fill both sides of the large foolscap sized paper every time. And T.G., I always had something good which to write.

I also phoned Label every week or so to obtain the latest report on the Rebbe's health.

Leah gave birth to her (nisht) fifth boy (K.A.H.). I suggested to Hindy that she should explain, to Leah that it would be a good idea to produce some girls (at this time she had only one daughter, Soro). Hindy replied, quite rightly, that Leah's main preoccupation must be to increase the number of Kohenim.

Roselyn and I had booked our flight to Israel, and Label (Groner) asked me whether we would now cancel this visit to the Dead Sea in order to attend the Bris.

I informed label that, going by past experience with Leah's new born sons, I should still be in time for the Bris when we returned in two weeks time. That did prove to be the case, once again.

Meanwhile, Shmuel was in Crown Heights still waiting for the Bris to take place of Pincus' and Channah's (Lew) first born son.

Rochel, Dovid's wife, also presented us with our very first Chaya Mushka Jaffe.

Meanwhile, in Israel, we were delighted to make the acquaintance of the Chosson of Sheva, the eldest daughter of our niece Malka (and Moishe) Edrei of Kfar Chabad. A very nice young man from Bnei Brak whose name was Yoseph Yitzchok Malka. It is unusual for a boy to have the same name as his mother-in-law.

Avrohom also sent me a fax to inform me that Shlomo Harris had become a Chosson. It was only a few weeks previously that his father, Aubrey, had complained to me that the Rebbe had promised that Shlomo would soon be a Chosson and yet there had been no progress! One should have faith!

## WE VISIT THE DEAD-SEA

Roselyn had complained about her bad back. She reminded me that we used to go to the Dead Sea every year and it seemed to help her very much indeed.

I was persuaded that it might be a good idea to make another visit to that area and to bathe regularly in the healing, salty and chemical waters.

We had booked at the new luxurious "Nirvana" hotel at Sedom. Nirvana means "eternal bliss" and is of Bhuddhist origin. Even the Neptune hotel in Eilat is named after a Roman deity!!

Before going on to the Dead Sea we stayed over Shabbos in Jerusalem at the Plaza hotel so that we could visit the Kotel and also see our relatives, especially my sisters Ada (Rebbetzen Unsdorfer) and Rosy (Goldfield). It was late on Thursday night when we arrived and were given room 1603 at the hotel. I remonstrated with the manager that we had requested a room on a lower floor - not the sixteenth!

He expostulated and remarked that "You can request but we don't have to give!!" He advised us to use the Shabbos lift. I advised him what he could do with his hotel and informed him that we would leave early next morning. He told us that every hotel in Jerusalem was fully booked up (!!?) but, if we would calm down a little, he promised to do his best to give us a room on the third floor.

Next morning I Davvened at the Kotel at 7.00 a.m and finished breakfast at 10.00 a.m. The manager kept his word and we removed into our new room at 10.30 a.m. The telephone was not working but "Moishe would attend to it at once."

We had been travelling all the previous day and arrived late in Jerusalem. We had risen early to pray at the Kotel. Roselyn wished to have a little nap and went to bed. But she had forgotten about Moishe! All day long from 10.45 a.m until about an hour before Shabbos, Moishe was busy with the telephone. He also brought to us another set and then a brand new telephone. He called for help to his mate Yitzchok who also brought in a couple of telephones. They each had a portable set too. After working at this all day they gave up and said they would see us again on Sunday morning.

No fear! We went off to the Dead Sea at 7.30 a.m. Meanwhile, I had been in the hotel foyer most of the afternoon trying to contact our relatives on the public phone whilst Roselyn was still lying on the bed trying to catch a nap.

On Sunday, we duly arrived at the Nirvana, a very beautiful, modern hotel.

I would like to explain that when we first visited the Dead Sea about thirty years ago, the hotel Moriah was situated at the edge of the sea. Since then, hundreds of thousands of tons of chemicals have been taken out annually from the sea, both by Jordan as well as

Israel. The evaporation is also tremendous, and now the Dead Sea seems to be slowly disappearing and dying. And the waters of the River Jordan have been diversified.

A canal has been built carrying the water from the east side to the west, and all the new hotels have built their own small lagoon adjoining their premises.

On Shabbos morning about twenty people attended the morning service in the Shool. One of the directors of the hotel, Mr. Lipsitch was spending the weekend at this resort. He was the building contractor for the Jerusalem Great Synagogue and was naturally well acquainted with my brother Maurice (O.H.)

We became very friendly and he gave me great honour. He called me up for the first Aliya (there was no Kohen present) and he kept referring to me as Rabbi Jaffe. This is not so unusual as at 770 I am always given the title of Rabbi.

I explained to Mr. Lipsitch that I was not a Rabbi. But Mr. Lipsitch insisted that I must be a Rabbi and that he had never seen anyone who looked more like a Rabbi. The main point about this debate was that he desired that I should give a Shiur at the Shalosh Seudos later on between Mincha and Maariv. He would not take no for an answer.

It was a long day and I had plenty of time to prepare for this Shiur.

The Sedra was Chukas. It contained the demise of Miriam and Aaron. Furthermore we read that Moishe struck the rock with his staff to bring forth water instead of speaking to the rock - and he was punished for this by not being allowed to enter Eretz Yisroel.

I could speak about Miriam. We mention her every day during the repetition of the six Remembrances - "Remember what HaShem did to Miriam on the way, as you came out of Egypt!" She spoke Loshon Horah about Moishe and was punished with leprosy.

However, I had a better idea and I intended to quote the Rashi on Chapter 21, verse 21, which states that "Moses is Israel and Israel is Moses" thus telling us that the Prince of any generation is the equal of the whole generation.

About fifteen people were present at the Shalosh Seudos and I was placed at the head of the table - all alone in solitary state.

I was then invited to commence my talk and I suggested that the Rebbe, being the Prince of our generation, is equal to the whole (nation). I did mention that I was close to the Rebbe - well - that was the end of my "prepared" Shiur.

My audience only wanted to hear stories about the Rebbe and the condition of the Rebbe's health.

Now started the fun! My listeners were all Israelis and could only understand Ivrit - no English and no Yiddish.

Whereas, although I could understand Ivrit when addressed, I could not actually speak the language fluently or well enough to give over a Shiur.

Fortunately, Mr. Lipsitch was bilingual and he volunteered to act as my interpreter.

The following might give some idea of how the Shiur was conducted.

I described my first meeting with the Rebbe at 770, nearly thirty five years ago. I explained that Rabbi BenZion Shemtov was our sponsor and he warned us that under no consideration should we shake hands with the Rebbe and we should remain upstanding. On no account should we sit in the Rebbe's presence. Mr. Lipsitch translated my remarks to the assembly and all nodded.

Then I continued, "At long last, Roselyn and I had the Zechus to actually meet the Rebbe after all these years. We entered the Rebbe's study and the Rebbe rushed forward with outstretched arms with the intention of shaking my hand." "Ah, no," I remonstrated, "Rabbi Shemtov had warned us not to shake hands with the Rebbe."

"Don't worry," exclaimed the Rebbe, "We shall not tell Rabbi Shemtov."

Mr. Lipsitch gave a roar of laughter whilst the rest of my audience sat around the table with solemn and expressionless faces.

Mr. Lipsitch explained in Ivrit the contents of my last remark and these were greeted with loud guffaws and bursts of laughter. I sat with a solemn face.

I then continued my story and told them how the Rebbe had insisted that we remained seated in his presence, and again, when I expostulated that Rebbi Shemtov would be aghast if he learned of this action, the Rebbe intervened and told us that for the first three times we were allowed to be seated in the presence of the Rebbe.

Once again Mr. Lipsitch gave a chortle and a chuckle whilst everyone waited to hear why Mr. Lipsitch was amused.

Mr. Lipsitch translated the gist of my remarks and again everyone beamed at me and smiled happily. It had now become obvious to me that my Shiur would take much longer than I had anticipated. I spoke for half an hour, but with my interpreter's translations it took over an hour - just time to Bench and then Daven the Maariv service for the conclusion of the Shabbos.

During the week there was a conference of Israeli Rabbonim at this hotel to discuss the problems of Shemita (next year)

We met delegates from Kfar Chabad and even more surprisingly - Rabbi Eliezer Avital who was in charge of the Limudei Kodesh at the King David school in Manchester



during the period 1983 to 1986 as well as Ammi Shot who was the Bnei Akiva Sheliach in Manchester from 1982 till 1986.

Both these gentlemen had known my son Avrohom very well when they were in Manchester and I was asked to extend their regards to him.

It is a very small world!

## OUR MANCHESTER YESHIVA GEDOLA

The reputation of our Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen and his aides Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne and E. Eidelman, continue to grow and our Yeshiva remains one of the most sought after of all the Houses of Learning in the Lubavitch Hierarchy.

We have a permanent waiting list of over thirty boys and it became impossible to limit the number of boys who attended our Yeshiva to thirty only, as the Rosh HaYeshiva had suggested.

Therefore, Avrohom and his Honorary Officers purchased a large, local school, which was situated nearby, for use as our hostel so that our numbers are again over sixty five.

Here is a nice photograph of some of our very clever boys. They learnt the whole tractate of the Gemorra Kesubos, which contains one hundred and thirteen pages, and including all the Rashi commentary, all by heart - and in only THREE weeks!

Well Done Boys!

It gives me tremendous pleasure to publish this report because it proves categorically that our Yeshiva boys certainly do learn and study the Gemorra and Talmud in spite of accusations from our detractors that we only concentrate on studying the Tanya and other Chassidic works.

All our Yeshiva boys do the Rebbe's Mivtzaim every Friday afternoon, which is their only spare time. But, as you may notice from the enclosed letter from the Hillock Hebrew Congregation, which is about five miles from the Yeshiva, they even do the Rebbe's work and walk there on Shabbos.

# HILLOCK HEBREW CONGREGATION

RIBBLE DRIVE, WHITEFIELD, MANCHESTER M25 6NJ

All Communications to:

Vivian Goldberg, Esq., 38 Sherbourne Court, Prestwich, Manchester M25 5BY

3rd June 1993.

Rabbi Jaffi and  
Mr Mendal Cohen  
C/o Lubavitch House  
Singleton Road  
Salford  
Manchester

Dear Sirs,

I have been asked on behalf of the members of the Synagogue and executive to thank the members of the Lubavitch who join us every Shabbat in all forms of weather in order to make up a minyan, and at the same time make Krias Haftorah which is very much appreciated.

We sincerely hope that this will long continue.

Yours very sincerely,

PP *Richard Goldberg*

VIVIAN GOLDBERG.

PRESIDENT.

## JEWISH TELEGRAPH



□ Lubavitch Yeshiva students who excelled in their studies this term. Pictured, from left: Shmuel Lewis, Yehoshua Smakler, Eli Brakman, Shlomo Sherman, Benyomin Bar-Sheehes, Menachem Samama, Aharon Jaffe. Bottom row: Elyahu Neuman, Mendel Cohen, Yisroel Altien. Not pictured is Zev Herman. These 11 students memorised the whole of the Talmudic tractate of Ketuvot on which they were tested by Dayan M Schneebaig

Here is a lately postscripts in the Rebbe's own handwriting, to a short, sweet letter from the Rebbe.

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON

Lubavitch

770 EASTERN PARKWAY  
BROOKLYN 13, N. Y.

HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן

ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי

ברוקלין נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
26th of Nissan, 5724  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Road  
Kersal  
Salford, Lancs.  
England

Greeting and Blessing:

I was very pleased to receive your personal regards through your son Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe. I trust that his visit was not only greatly enjoyed by yourselves and your family, but also had a stimulating effect in the community at large.

I reiterate my good wishes which I sent you in connection with Pessach, that Zman Cheiruseinu should bring you, in the midst of all our people, true freedom from anxiety material and spiritual, in your personal as well as communal affairs.

Hoping to hear good news from you always

With blessing

*M. Schneerson*  
Don't worry so much about business.  
More peace - more love.

## AN EXAMPLE OF PRACTICAL LUBAVITCH WORK

Avremel Bercovitz was one of our outstanding Yeshiva boys - not necessarily in the department of study and learning but definitely in the section dealing with the Rebbe's Mivtzoim.

The activities of this group took place mainly on Friday afternoons when there was no "Seder" - no set routine at the Yeshiva. It was for voluntary work done in the boys' spare time.

Avremel Bercovitz had informed me that he had been very successful in the "Tefillin Campaign". He claimed that he had as many as one hundred men putting on Tefillin every week, mainly on Friday. He did not possess a Mivtza "tank" or a Tefillin booth. He just stopped men and boys, haphazardly, in the street and there and then they put on Tefillin - in the open.

They were all keen to oblige and he had very few refusals.

During the course of his activities he had made the acquaintance of a Mr. "Milton" (not his real name) and had discovered that this gentleman had not been to a synagogue for over thirty years.

He also had two sons - one was eighteen years of age and the other fourteen years old. Neither of them had celebrated, officially, their Bar Mitzvah.

Avremel took the younger boy, Clive, in hand and prepared him for his Bar Mitzvah. Clive could not even read the Hebrew letters - the Aleph Beis.

But, however, one Shabbos morning, the 6th of Menachem Av (called Shabbos Chazon), just before Tisha B'Av, Clive, aged fourteen, accompanied by his father and mother and grandfather, arrived at the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva Gedola to celebrate his Bar Mitzvah.

All the "men" were called up to the reading of the Torah for their individual Aliyas, and Rabbi Eidleman arranged it well so that no son, brother or father would be called up consecutively, one after the other. This is not allowed according to Halacha.

The Bar Mitzvah boy had the first Aliya. His father had the third and the grandfather, who was his dad's father-in-law, had the fourth. This was in order because they were not blood relatives.

(I once attended a Bar Mitzvah. The boy was a Kohen and had the first Aliya. His father had the second one as he was a Levi. How did this happen? Because he was the boy's step-father!! I will admit that it looked peculiar.)

After the service, a very fine Kiddush had been provided. Words of Torah were addressed to the Bar Mitzvah boy together with best wishes, and a hearty Mazel Tov was extended to all who were connected with this Simcha.

The "Alter Rebbe" (the first Lubavitcher Rebbe) had stated that one should never "Opshatzen" a Jewish Neshama - pass a judgement on a Jewish soul - and especially on an uneducated Jewish lad. One could never foresee the future. Throughout our history there have been literally many thousands of cases, examples where a young boy could not recognize a Hebrew letter, and has later on become an outstanding scholar and a leading Rabbi.

## "GOOD HEALTH"

It was during the month of Ellul. For four weeks I had been feeling very unwell. Every night my temperature rose to nearly 102 degrees. My brother Ephraim, my doctor, had given me a course of antibiotics but it was to no avail. He also changed the drugs on a number of occasions, but these were not successful either.

Every night I had to retire to bed at about 8 p.m. One night I was given a dose of Paracetamol tablets to try to reduce my excessive temperature and these proved very successful indeed because, when I awoke at 6.30 a.m next morning, my temperature was back to normal.

I felt good so I went to Shool and even blew the Shofar - which is blown every morning during Ellul.

But during the course of each day my temperature would rise again to over 101 degrees.

Obviously there was something seriously wrong, and the matter was becoming urgent. So Ephraim arranged for Simon Hanley, a specialist in this field, to visit me at home on Thursday evening, September 2nd, exactly two weeks before Rosh Hashonah.

Meanwhile, there arose a great clamour that I should check my Mezzuzas even though they had been examined and changed, where necessary, only a couple of years previously.

I therefore asked my friend Phaivish Pink's son, Rabbi Yehuda, who is also a qualified scribe, to come at once to check my Mezzuzas, especially those on the outer doors.

To my utter amazement and horror it was discovered that on the Mezzuza guarding the back door the letter "BAIS" in the word BeShiftecho (when you sit at home) and the letter "RAISH" in the word BaDeRech (when you walk on the way) had both, not only faded, but had completely vanished. It was unbelievable!

Within one hour Yehuda had replaced this "Posul", defective Mezzuza. He also confirmed that all the remaining Mezzuzas were Kosher.

Meanwhile, Dr. Hanley had given me a thorough examination and insisted that I should attend his clinic at the hospital as soon as possible in order to undertake some tests.

Therefore, next morning, Friday, I was busily engaged in having special X-rays, vital scans and many other types of tests.

The net result was that Dr. Hanley had come to the conclusion that I had a suspected case of severe Pneumonia with fluid on my lungs and some other specific complications.



He ordered me straight into a bed in Ward C3 where I was to remain for the next seven days.

I made very good progress, B. H., and Dr. Hanley was pleased to authorise my departure from hospital on the following Thursday, just seven days before Rosh Hashonah.

For the past forty years or so I have been officiating regularly at our Shool during the High Festivals, acting as Second Reader, but this time my doctors strongly advised me to give up this arrangement.

However, my obstinate and stubborn nature compelled me to disobey the instructions of my doctors and the advice of my friends, and I insisted upon officiating again as hitherto.

Fortunately, I davenned really well and I suffered no ill effects.

My friend and neighbour, Leonard Gordon had dropped in to see me on the previous Shabbos to wish me well. He informed me, subsequently, that I had looked so terribly ill that he would never have believed, or anticipated, that I would recover so quickly and officiate so well just a few days later.

After Rosh Hashonah I still regularly attended Dr. Hanley's clinic at the hospital where I continued to undergo further tests and take more X-rays. And I was delighted to note that Dr. Hanley was satisfied with my progress.

Roselyn and I have enjoyed a fifteen years long tradition of spending Succos with the Rebbe at 770. In fact, I had already booked our flight to New York which was due to leave Manchester on Sunday, the day after Yom Kippur.

I explained all this to Dr. Hanley and I hoped - and fully anticipated - that he would express his approval and give me permission to fly to 770.

Instead of which, he was most adamant that I was in no position, healthwise, to undertake this journey. He suggested that it would be a couple of months before I could even contemplate flying to America.

And - he had obviously also assumed - not being aware of the extraordinary crush caused by the many thousands of visitors who joined the Rebbe at 770 at this time of the year - that I intended to spend this Yom Tov (holiday) at 770 in a calm and dignified atmosphere comfortably in their own, individual, plush covered seat in the Synagogue and the hundreds of worshippers would enjoy plenty of room.

He could never have realised, nor envisaged, that the Shool would be packed tight and overflowing with many thousands of pushing, shtupping, jumping and perspiring men and boys whose sole ambition was to stand as near as possible to the Rebbe, without any thought or consideration for anyone else.

## A NEW SUCCAH

Now, for the first time in fifteen years, it had become necessary for me to (1) build a Succah at our home, (2) purchase a set of Arba Minim.

My grandson, Rabbi Dovid Jaffe, the Sheliach of the Rebbe in Bowden, South Manchester, had arranged with a firm of timber merchants to provide Succahs at £125 each. Dovid had distributed leaflets, a copy of which I am printing on the next page, which proved very tempting and attractive.

I considered them good value and so did about sixty other people.

The leaflet advised me to "Think of the fun and excitement the whole family will have building and decorating the Succah." I was more than interested in the paragraph which explained that "The Succah ---- is easily assembled within thirty minutes."

Well, Avrohom sent me two strong, tough men to fix my Succah. It took them nearly three hours. Of course, they had to keep stopping for a smoke and a drink - being British workers.

Martin Sluckis also purchased one of these Succahs. Max told me that it took Martin and his father-in-law four hours to erect their Succah. They must have experienced some "great fun" as suggested in the leaflet.

It was now essential to purchase my Arba Minim. Avrohom had already obtained his Esrog from his son-in-law, Rabbi Yossi Marlow, who resided in Crown Heights. So he phoned Yossi that he should forward another Esrog for me.

In due course, Avrohom brought me two Esrogim both of exceptional appearance and shape. Even so, one was larger and more symmetrical. Avrohom suggested that it would be more equitable to draw lots to discover which Esrog should be mine.

I refused and stipulated that Avrohom should have the larger one because it behoved that the Rabbi of the Synagogue should possess the most outstanding Esrog.

Avrohom obtained for me the Lulov, Arovus and Hadassim from another source. I indicated that I would like to obtain eighteen Hadassim to match the number I always picked up from the Rebbe's study.

**Enjoy the cozy atmosphere  
of your own**

# **SUCCAH**

**This year**

**Together with Raynes building  
supplies, we have developed a SUCCAH  
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**The SUCCAH comes with all necessary  
parts, and is easily assembled within  
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**Think of the fun and excitement the  
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A project of Lubavitch South Manchester

## I OPEN A BRANCH WITH THE REBBE'S LULAV

On Wednesday, erev Succos, at 11 a.m, I received a telephone call from New York. It was Label phoning from Crown Heights.

As it was only 6 a.m in New York at that time, I was obviously a little perturbed and anxious to discover the reason for such an early call.

Label revealed that every morning he left home at 4:30 a.m and arrived at 770 at 5 a.m where he remained until late at night, so it was not really too early for him.

However, he had some wonderful news to impart - the Rebbe had instructed him to send me a set of the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

This was an extraordinary and astounding communication. It was difficult to believe that the Rebbe was sending me this unusual gift direct to Manchester, not just around the corner but three thousand miles away. I have never, ever, heard of such a great honour - and neither had anyone else, for that matter. I was certainly very proud of this distinction!

The Rebbe is still full of exceptional and astonishing surprises.

I enquired from Label how I would obtain delivery of this precious treasure and was informed that Levi Yitzchok Jaffe was arranging the transport.

It seemed that Pincus (Lew) had initiated this project. He was upset that because I had been in hospital with pneumonia and so forth, and the doctor had forbidden me to travel to 770 for Succos, as had been my usual custom, that I should be deprived, for the first time for fifteen years, of possessing and being able to use a set of Arba Minim from the Rebbe.

Pincus, therefore, had suggested to Label that it might be a good idea to approach the Rebbe with this proposal.

Label relished this suggestion but was a little apprehensive to introduce this unusual innovation to the Rebbe.

Furthermore, Label explained that the Rebbe did not prepare these sets of Arba Minim until after Yom Kippur and it would be doubtful whether I could receive one of these sets in time for Yom Tov.

However, he did consent to enquire from the Rebbe whether this project was viable. The Rebbe indicated that if Levi and Pincus would guarantee delivery, even for Chol HaMoed, then he would be delighted to give his permission and authorize the forwarding of this exceptional and extraordinary gift.

Levi and Pincus went together to collect the Arba Minim from the Rebbe's study. They also selected eighteen Hadassim which was the quantity I normally took myself.

(The very first time I was given the honour by the Rebbe I picked up only three Hadassim and the Rebbe had remarked, "You are not a businessman. You should take more." So I grabbed a handful and discovered that I had now eighteen. Thereafter, I always managed to select this number. The Rebbe generally had thirty six connected to his Lulav and the two Arovus.)

It was now erev Succos and Levi and Pincus had in their possession the Arba Minim which they had collected and promised to send over

They had discussed various methods, including a personal courier, a special postal delivery and so forth but, with the best will in the world - and assuming that there would be no postal hold-ups, nor delays, they could still not guarantee delivery of the Arba Minim until Sunday, the first day of Chol HaMoed, and maybe not even on the following day, Monday.

If there would be any longer delays, then there was every chance that I might receive the set even AFTER Yom Tov, when it would arrive too late to serve any useful purpose.

But, suddenly they received a tremendous stroke of good fortune. Rabbi Shmuel Vaisfische was flying over to Manchester on Sunday night and would be delighted to bring me the set of the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

Levi phoned me in order to receive my approval and also my confirmation that it would be better and safer to rely on the good offices of Rabbi Shmuel Vaisfische rather than to take the unnecessary risks with the postal or Airline facilities.

At least, I was pretty certain to have the Arba Minim in time for the Shool services on Monday. So I accepted with alacrity.

Levi then wished to know whether it would be possible for him - and "a couple of friends" to use this precious set for the Mitzvah of Benching (blessing) and the traditional "shaking" of the Arba Minim.

I agreed - I had no option.

I was not to know that this set would be used by about twenty five people every day - for three days - by members of the Jaffe family including the Lews, Marlows even Gormans and Laines. And last, but not least, by Pincus' three month old baby boy, Dovid.

I was told that the simcha, delight and pleasure which this Mitzvah gave to our family in Crown Heights was "out of this world." It was a grand opportunity to use the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

On Monday morning at 6.20 a.m, the door bell of our home rang and there on the doorstep stood Rabbi Shmuel Vaisfische holding the precious Arba Minim. His father, our old friend Rabbi Aaron Mordecai Vaisfische, who had driven his son from Manchester Airport, stood beside him beaming with pleasure.

Shmuel Vaisfische returned to New York on the following day and there were already rumours that Shmuel had come over to Manchester for the one day specially to bring the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

The Lulav, the Hadassim and the Arovus, tied together for immediate use, were wrapped in a damp cloth and then covered completely with silver foil. Plastic sheeting made the whole contents water and air tight. The whole contraption was placed inside an extremely tough cardboard cylindrical container.

It looked like a parcel of gold bullion - it was worth much more to me! - at that moment.

I undid the parcel and examined the contents. I was amazed and delighted to discover that each of the four kinds was in perfect and pristine condition, exactly as they were on the day that Levi and Pincus had collected them.

Furthermore, they were the nicest looking Arba Minim which I had ever had the good fortune to possess, a most beautiful Esrog, a perfect Lulav and eighteen lovely Hadassim - the quantity I have usually managed to obtain.

Furthermore, in spite of these Arba Minim having been used by so many people, there was not a mark on the Esrog - it was spotless. The Lulav, Hadassim and Arovus were all completely fresh looking as if they had just been plucked from the garden.

I wish to thank Levi and Pincus for initiating this unique project but also for their great care in ensuring that the Arba Minim would arrive in Manchester in such excellent condition in spite of the long journey and being used for three days by so many people.

It was absolutely unbelievable!

The arrival of these Arba Minim caused a great sensation in Manchester. I took them to Shool for the first Minyan at 7 a.m and there was a long line waiting to "Bench Esrog" with this special set of the Rebbe's.

Avrohom took charge at the later Minyan and most of the people used the Rebbe's Arba Minim. All day, and every day, people were calling at our house to fulfil this Mitzvah. Hindy and Shmuel (Lew) and family were staying with their son Mendie, The Rabbi of St. Annes on-Sea, a town about 45 miles from Manchester. They all drove up to our home, at about 12 o'clock noon, especially to make the blessings on the Rebbe's Arba Minim. Obviously, they had not yet eaten so Roselyn and the Succah were kept busy - the children were starving!

Shmuel remained in Manchester overnight in order to be in time to use the set early next morning.

Shmuel was raving about this, non-stop. "What a Zechus! - What a treasure! How lucky we all are to be able to participate in such a wonderful Mitzvah. So unexpected and all the more precious for that."

It was suggested that I should charge a small fee (for the Yeshiva). I retorted that the Rebbe has never charged for this Mitzvah.

My reward was that with the Rebbe's "branch" I had been able to open a branch in Manchester to give our people the merit of using the Rebbe's Arba Minim on Succos. It was very much appreciated by everyone, especially by all the members of my family, both male and female.

The Rebbe was delighted to hear that his "Branch" in Manchester had proved so successful.

## EREV ROSH HASHONAH

On erev Rosh Hashonah, Label told me that the Rebbe was accepting P-A-N-S (Pidyon HaNefesh Pleas for blessings for the NewYear) twice on one day.

People were walking past the Rebbe with these Pleas.

The Rebbe also permitted people to file past him for Yechidus - just to ask him for a blessing.

Thirty years ago, Yechidus meant being closeted privately with the Rebbe in his study and spending any time from one minute to one hour or more discussing one's problems with the Rebbe.

A few years ago, the point was reached when ten thousand men, women and children actually desired private Yechidus on one or two nights - which was, of course, humanly impossible.

So the Rebbe had a wonderful and extremely clever idea. The Rebbe presented dollars - mostly on Sundays. It was an open invitation to everyone and people came from all over the world in order - not only to receive a dollar and a blessing but to take advantage of being near the Rebbe to seek advice and guidance. Many thousands of visitors filed past the Rebbe every Sunday.

Now, today, we refer to Yechidus as the actual passing by the Rebbe - mostly in complete silence.



## REPORTS ABOUT SIMCHAS TORAH AT 770

As I did not have the Zechus of being present personally at 770 during Simchas Torah this year, I am indebted to Shmuel, Chaya and to Elan Grossman for the following details.

The main and underlying theme was the huge and exceptional number of people - men, women and children - who attended.

The crowds during Simchas Torah were enormous. I attended last year when more people were present than any other time in history and yet, there were twice as many present this year.

On the first night of Shemini Atzeres people were fainting by the dozen and were being continuously carried outside.

During the following afternoon, the entrance to 770 had been temporarily closed. Two new, massive steel doors which had been installed as part of the new building project, were locked and they completely barred the way into 770.

But, so many people wished to enter, all at the same time, and the pressure and crush was so great, that these solid steel doors were forced open. We have to thank G-D that no one suffered serious injury.

Since before erev Rosh Hashonah, the Rebbe had given his guests and visitors the privilege and honour of walking past the Rebbe and receiving blessings. Men, women and children filed past on alternate days. On one day the men marched by, then it was the turn of the ladies, then the boys on a different day.

The Rebbe was not too well at the beginning. He had an infection and suffered great pain, but a course of antibiotics rapidly eased the Rebbe's condition.

The Rebbe did attend most of the services and was present at the Hakofus. His visits lasted from as little as a few minutes to as long as an hour or so.

The Hakofus on the first night were not very Freilich. The Rebbe looked unwell - pale and wan. But on the second night things were much more lively and joyful and the Rebbe was much better and stayed for over an hour.

The Rebbe was not called up publicly for Chosson Beraishis, as he was last year, when a small Sefer Torah was taken up to him where he sat in the Royal Box. This year, the Reading of the Torah on Simchas Torah was read to the Rebbe privately in his room upstairs.

At 7 p.m on Shabbos, the day after Simchas Torah, the Rebbe appeared in the Royal Box and everyone sang ALL the Lubavitcher Nigunim, especially every favourite tune of the Previous Rebbes.

"It was very Freilich and joyful and went on for over two hours," said Rabbi Avremel Kievman, "And it made up to a great extent for some of the disappointments that were endured during one or two of the Hakofus when the Rebbe was apparently not feeling very well."

On Simchas Torah morning, the Rebbe was resting and they waited three hours for his arrival. Musaf was followed by Mincha at 5.15 p.m.

On a more personal note, Elan informed me that I was very much missed at 770 and people were talking about me. Everyone knew the story about the Arba Minim which the Rebbe had forwarded to me direct from 770 to Manchester. "By special courier," it was said. All were looking forward to our next visit, probably on Yud Shevat.

On the following Sunday, Shmulie phoned me from Australia. He was just concluding his Rebbe's assignment "down under" and he wished to enquire about my health. He also had heard rumours about the Arba Minim which the Rebbe had sent to me. I confirmed that this was correct. I could now boast that I was in charge of a real branch from the Rebbe and that people had actually used the Rebbe's Arba Minim in Manchester.

## Israeli Basketball Team 'Scores'

By AVROHOM SHMUEL LEWIN

TEL AVIV — One Sunday afternoon last month, a Subaru station-wagon drove up to the basketball stadium of Hapoel-Upper Galilee in Kfar Blum. Out of the car emerged Gershon Fried and Bezalel Kuptchik, two Lubavitcher activists who run a Chabad House in Tzfat, wearing yellow T-shirts with the words "Prepare Yourself, Moshiach is on the way!" and carrying signs that read *Baruch Haba Melech Hamoshiach*.

Yosi, the security guard at the stadium, began shouting excitedly: "Open the gates, guys, the fellows from Moshiach have arrived!" A bewildered bystander couldn't believe his eyes and went to the directors of the team to inquire whether the team became Baalei Teshuva. One of the directors replied, "Those fellows are our luck!"

It all started on March 8, when Hapoel-Hagalil hosted Maccabi-Tel Aviv to compete for the National League Championship. Maccabi till then had been holding the League Championship for the past 23 years. To beat them was like cracking a myth.

Kuptchik and Fried were aware that this being a major game, there would be thousands of fans. So they decided to utilize this event by going down to don Tefillin with the players (before the game) and the youth. They spoke about the importance of placing Mezuzos on the doorposts and about the fundamental principle of Judaism — believing that Moshiach can come now.

As part of a new generation in Israel that grew up completely divorced from Torah and true Jewish values, and are even hostile to it, most of the crowd felt annoyed by the Lubavitchers. In the end, Hapoel-Hagalil smashed Maccabi the unbeatable, 97-69 (a 28 point difference).

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## **With Tefillin & Mezuzos**

The next day, the Israeli papers were full of the great event. For the first time in 23 years, the mediocre Hapoel-Hagalil smashed Maccabi-T.A. They attributed it to the Lubavitchers who alerted the crowd to Moshiach. A month later Hapoel-Hagalil hosted Hapoel-Tel Aviv to compete for the playoffs. Again Kuptchik and Fried went down to the stadium equipped with Tefillin and posters on Moshiach, but this time they brought along clippings of the papers from the previous game so that they would not be viewed as *nudniks*. Again Hapoel-Hagalil beat Hapoel-Tel Aviv (who held the championship six times before) 72-66.

Spontaneously, thousands of fans ran into the court, hugged the players and trainer, and began singing MBD's "Moshiach oy, oy, oy, oy." The next day the papers were full with "Miracle in Kfar Blum."

Kibbutzniks who were raised and bred on the altar of atheism and hostility to Judaism suddenly started thinking, maybe there is something to Tefillin and believing in Moshiach after all. Immediately, they contacted the Lubavitchers to arrange for Torah lessons to find out more about their roots, while in every Kibbutz the hit-song was "Moshiach". Sports programs on radio here started all their shows with the "Moshiach" song. Northern Galilee was full of posters — "Prepare for the Coming of Moshiach."

Last Wednesday Hapoel-Hagalil hosted Hapoel-Tel Aviv for the final game which was to determine whether Hapoel-Hagalil would win the championship for the first time. A day before, the heads of the team sent a fax to the Lubavitcher Rebbe which read:

"To the Lubavitcher Rebbe Melech Hamoshiach Leolam Vaed:

"We members of the administrative committee of Upper Galilee Basketball team have complied with your wishes to draw the attention of the masses to the topic of Moshiach during our basketball games. At every game the mass crowd of fans sing the Moshiach song and we have permitted the hanging of posters on the walls of the stadium advertising the topic of Moshiach — free of charge.

"During training and before every game our place is opened to Lubavitcher activities among the players and fans. We sincerely believe that our recent victories came as a result of our publicizing the topic of Moshiach, and we express our gratitude.

"In the merit of the above activities, we request the Rebbe's blessing to win the national league championship tomorrow. This victory will enable us to play in Europe to compete for the European Cup. And with the help of G-d, there too we will continue to alert the attention of the masses to the topic of Moshiach.

At the end of the game, Hagalil beat Hapoel Tel Aviv 89-85 making them Israel's National Basketball Champions for the first time. The director of the stadium immediately ordered new kosher *mezuzos* to affix on all doors of the stadium. But most of all, the trainer of the team, Pini Gershon, announced that he has taken upon himself to don Tefillin everyday from now on. When interviewed on radio and T.V., the only words that came out from his mouth were: "I thank G-d, I thank G-d;" and "Moshiach, Moshiach, Moshiach." And all the secular papers wrote "If Pini Gershon, the atheist, has decided to don Tefillin, then we know for sure that indeed a miracle happened here." Even the non-Jewish players on the team came to the Lubavitchers before the game and after to put Tzedaka in a *pushke* and asked for literature on the "Seven Laws of Noah."

Kuptchik told THE JEWISH PRESS Monday that after this game, numerous secretaries of Kibbutzim, who previously were hostile to Judaism, are calling him and begging him to come to speak to them about Judaism.

"There is even one champion soccer team which has contacted our men and promised not to play on Shabbat if they get a blessing from the Rebbe," Kuptchik told THE JEWISH PRESS.

## EILAT

Once again we were fortunate to be able to spend a couple of weeks in Eilat in mid-December.

Every day was sunny and warm with the temperature at 25 degrees C, whereas in England, at that time, there were blizzards, ice and snow.

At this time last year, during Chanukah, there was no weekday morning Minyan at the hotel so I had to travel by taxi to one of the local Shools. The first service commenced at 5.30 a.m but I was lucky to find a later Minyan at 6.30 a.m.

This year, however, our hotel was crowded with very orthodox people - of all types - including many categories of Sefardim. On some weekday mornings we had as many as two hundred males holding services from 6.30 a.m until 8 a.m in every nook and cranny in the area around the "official" Shool.

The only problem was that there was only one Sefer Torah. During Chanukah we have to read a portion every day and on the two days of Rosh Chodesh Teves we had to layen an additional portion which was in a different section of the Torah. Hence the reason why we normally use two Sifrei Torah on these special days. If there is, however, only one Sefer Torah available, then we have to roll the parchment until we reach the correct place.

In this hotel the Sefer Torah was a Sefardi type which indicated that this was permanently fixed inside a decorated and adorned wooden and metal case.

It is our custom to roll the Etz Chaim (handles) of the Sefer Torah hither and thither but not to touch the actual parchment by hand, but the Sefardim have no option but to move the section with their bare hands until the required place is reached.

So, on these busy mornings, the Sefer Torah had to be continually moved backwards and forwards to allow every group or Minyan the opportunity to layen therein.

The script is similar, universal, in all Sifrei Torah. The Sefardim lifted aloft the open Torah - complete in its case - to display to the worshippers the parts from which we intended to read. Whereas we lift up the Sefer Torah for Hagbah after we have read the portion. We then tie it up with a cord or belt and cover the whole lot with a mantle and add, when available, the silver decorations. The Sefardim only have to close and shut the case.

As I have stated on many occasions, there are so many diverse customs and "Minhagim" amongst our various sects, some in direct contradiction and seemingly against the Halacha. (The Sefardim eat peas and so forth on Pesach - we are not permitted to do so. Many Sefardim make a Brocha and answer Omain themselves - we do not answer Omain

ourselves except on one blessing only - during the Grace after meals - when we bless HaShem for rebuilding Jerusalem.)

Therefore, whatever one does is always right - and - whatever one does is always wrong!

On our first Shabbos there was a tall, cranky old man who considered himself to be an extraordinary wonderful Chazan. He was certainly extraordinary! He was a miser, he could not bear to part with even one syllable of a word. He would lovingly chew it around and around - over and over again.

This was transmitted in a high-pitched, croaking voice. He was also a Baal Korah, but after he had recited the first section they refused to allow him to continue and someone else took over. Otherwise the service would have lasted all day.

He also insisted upon lighting the large, public Chanukah Menorah in the hotel vestibule on the first night of the holiday. He made the first blessing and then the second one. Then the second one again - instead of "Shehecheyonu".

He offered to officiate on the following night too but the management politely refused as they wished to retain the goodwill of their patrons.

I was given the honour of lighting the Menorah four times altogether. We also sang "Mo'os Tzur" and ate doughnuts.

I had my own personal Menorah in my room but this public one was also 100% kosher - large glass bowls filled with pure olive oil and with floating wicks, just like mine, except about fifty times larger.

On the second Shabbos - on Friday night - this tall, cranky, croaking Chazan was determined to officiate again. He put on his Tallis and stood at the "table" ready to start Mincha, but someone else stepped up beside him and commenced the service. The old Chazan stood at the same spot, still wearing his Tallis, ready and prepared to officiate for the Kabbolus Shabbos.

But before he had the chance to pounce there was nearly a riot and I was manhandled and pushed to the table and ordered to officiate. "Don't you remember what happened last week with this crazy Chazan?" "We shall not stand for his nonsense again." - they said.

At last he removed his Tallis - and I felt very sorry for him. I was told that it was better to feel sorry for this one man than to have to feel sorry for about a hundred people who would have to listen to his "Chazonus".

On Shabbos morning we commenced the service at 7.30 a.m. An hour later, at 8.30 a.m, there entered into the Shool two gentlemen who were accompanied by a young lad who was carrying a massive bag of sweets.

The gentlemen informed the Warden that the young boy wished to celebrate his Bar Mitzvah. He was a Kohen and required the first Aliya.

Unfortunately, we were then up to the third Aliya so it was suggested that the boy should have Maftir.

To me it seemed rather odd to offer a boy Maftir and give him the task of reading the Haphtorah with no notice and without preparation. I then realised, of course, that as Ivrit was his natural language, he would have no trouble with that part of the service.

And so it was. He was called up to the Torah. He was handed the printed card with the blessings for the Torah thereon. He read the script but stumbled a little over the unusual words.

The Haphtorah was easy for him. He ignored the notes (the Trop) and read it just like a story book. After which he recited the concluding Brochas. The sweets were thrown at him. We wished him and the two gentlemen Mazel Tov. The young lad immediately left the Shool feeling extremely proud of having been "Bar Mitzvahed" officially in our Shool.

They were not really interested in the rest of the Shabbos morning service.

We normally enjoyed a half hour's interval between Mincha and the Maariv service which concluded the Shabbos. I joined Roselyn in the vestibule and we sat just opposite the three elevators.

The nearest one was the Shabbos lift which remained standing for about five minutes on the ground floor. Thereafter, it descended to the basement where it remained for two minutes and then returned to the ground level.

After another long pause it ascended to the seventh floor, stopping at every storey for two minutes.

We reserved a room on a lower level, generally the second floor, so that we were never tempted to use the Shabbos lift - a usage which the Rebbe discouraged.

However, we spent a hilarious twenty minutes watching the people rushing to the lift, which was standing with its doors wide open, and then after a minute or so, rushing out again to catch another lift.

Sometimes they were unlucky and, although they were desirous of ascending to an upper storey, the Shabbos lift was 100% automatic and could not be manually controlled. So these people were carried down to the basement and, in due course, in about three or four minutes, they were brought back to where they started from - the ground floor - and out they all rushed to change elevators.



At 9.30a.m on the previous Friday morning I had been to the shops to buy a couple of bottles of Coca Cola for emergency use. I had just opened the small wicker gate – the rear entrance to the hotel – when a tall young man dressed in shorts and wearing a typical Israeli three cornered hat and dark sunglasses approached me and wished me “Boker Tov” (good morning) in perfect and fluent Ivrit. I responded, hesitatingly, to his greeting and when he added “Ma Shelomcha” (how are you?) I gave him the courtesy of a reply and made haste to enter the hotel.

I noticed that this persistent fellow was still following me and I thought, "Whatever did this odd fellow want from me?" He did not look like a Meshulach.

I made large, rapid strides to get right away from him and I heard him mumbling that I could see him now or speak to him later.

He was driving me mad. I did not wish to see him now, nor ever. And as for speaking to him, nothing was further from my mind as I rushed away.

I then heard this odd person shouting, "Uncle Zalmon, Uncle Zalmon, what is your hurry?"

I then realised that this fellow was my nephew Martin Mann from Manchester. He was staying in Eilat with his wife Pat - and not in Manchester, over 2,000 miles away, where I had imagined him to be at that moment.

He was not in the environment where I expected him to be. He spoke and dressed differently and his dark glasses made the perfect disguise.

During our stay in Eilat, I had contacted Yossi Hecht - as usual. He had just arranged a special Chanukah party. I also heard that over four hundred women were now using the Mikvah in Eilat. A few years ago the number was only forty.

I enquired from him about the health of the Rebbe, also from Rabbi Medanchik of Kfar Chabad and from other friends. Every report was the same - "The Rebbe was continuing to make good progress."

But, as I wrote to the Rebbe in my weekly, Friday letter, and also conveyed to Label on our return to Manchester, we received good reports but we do not see the Rebbe sitting in the Royal Box.

Label assured me that, P.G., when we would visit 770 for Yud Shevat, we might have the Zechus (the merit) to meet the Rebbe again.

We met a lady from London at the hotel. She had travelled with a charter company which charged those of their Jewish passengers who required Kosher food the sum of £8 per meal.

She had paid in advance for her meals but, as so often happens, although the documentation was in order, the actual meals were non-existent.

The stewardess assured her that the food which the Airline supplied was 100% Kosher except for the fact that it had not been blessed by the Rabbi. (Of course, the main thing is that the food itself should be a blessing).

This reminds me of the time when we chartered a whole plane from Aer Lingus, the Irish Airline.

We were told that everything had been attended to and was in order. The plane itself had also been blessed by a priest!

A few days after we had returned to Manchester we heard that nearly two inches of rain had fallen in Eilat in a few hours - this equaled the rainfall expected in Eilat over a period of two years.

This caused flash floods, havoc and untold damage. The Airport was closed all day. Yet within a few hours the weather was clear and warm again.

## ANECDOTES

We had an Ufruf (calling up) in our Shool on Shabbos. The wedding was to take place the following day, Sunday. The question was, how was the bride permitted to attend this service when it is customary that the Chosson and Kalah should not see each other during the seven days prior to the marriage.

The answer was that they had already been married for fifteen years and never had a Chuppah. Yossi Chazan had now arranged for them to be "married" under the Chuppah so I suppose that it was in order for the Kalish to be present in Shool for the Ufruf on the previous day. They already had a son and daughter but, as we say in England, "Better late than never."

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Hindy had attended a lovely wedding in London. Hindy reported that there were two Mechitzas - making three sections. The first Mechitza divided the hall in two. On the one side were the very orthodox people and on the other side - the not so very orthodox. Another Mechitza divided the orthodox section into two - men and women on different sides.

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Rabbi Chadakov (Z.Tz.L.) once told me - "I always wished that there had been someone like you Zalmon during the lifetime of the Alter Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.)"

We possess ample records of his writings - the Tanya, Shulchan Oruch, Sichos and Maamorim, but no one has described to us - for posterity - the daily and even routine matters and occurrences that took place at the headquarters of Lubavitch in those early days just as you narrate the daily events at 770 in "Your Encounter with the Rebbe."

"Even today, your first instalments are already history."

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Sholom Weisz informed me that at the conclusion of a Rambam Shiur at 770, about 1,000 dollars, each one packed separately, were distributed amongst the assembly. One can just imagine the excitement and turmoil when there were about seven times more people than dollars.

Sholom was lucky because he was a member of a wedding party - the father of the Chosson, no less. There were fifteen in his party and each one was permitted to walk past the Rebbe and accept a dollar from the hands of the Rebbe. Sholom reckoned that there were one hundred recipients and it took them seventeen minutes to collect their treasures.

Sholom also reminded me that in the past, when the Rebbe used to stand - never did he sit - for as long as six hours giving out dollars on a Sunday, that at the conclusion of this exercise the hands of the Rebbe were so numb that he had to keep them in ice for about twenty minutes to revitalise them. Furthermore, the Rebbe's legs were so stiff that he could not bend them and the Rebbe had to rest for a considerable period.

Sholom also told me that he had visited Great Neck and was informed that they missed me and they all drank a toast to my health and looked forward to seeing me in the near future. Philip Machnikoff sent me a "Get well" card. Whilst on the subject of Sholom Weisz. He has three Mechitonim whose names are Rosenbaum, Rosenfield and Rubinfeld. And I always complain about getting mixed up with names!

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On the 14th Teves, the day after Roselyn's birthday, Chaya (Posner) presented us with her first baby boy - her first son after three daughters.

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The Rebbe had an operation to remove a cataract from his eye. This reminded me of a story regarding Rabbi Dubov (Z. Tz.L.) who had a similar operation and was given a pair of dark glasses to wear so that the glare of the light would not hurt his eyes.

He insisted upon taking his usual Shiurim. But first he removed the dark glasses with the comment that, "The Meshugana doctor told me to wear dark glasses and I could see nothing - only blackness." He therefore took these off during the Shiur and replaced them afterwards.

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Aaron Goldstein was ready and prepared to leave Crown Heights by car for the fourteen hours journey home with his wife and children. He indicated that, to keep the children amused, his wife would read excerpts from my book during the journey. I considered this to be a slight exaggeration because it would more than likely put them to sleep on a fourteen hours car drive.

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Dovid persuaded a fellow in Manchester to put on Tefillin. This fellow indicated that he had donned his Tefillin once when he was Bar Mitzvah.

"Thirty years later," he said, "the Lubavitcher Rebbe had been responsible for him putting on Tefillin again - in 1963 - on a Lubavitch Charter Flight to 770, New York."

"And now, today," he continued, "another Lubavitcher Rabbi has made me put on Tefillin again. These episodes are becoming too frequent and regular."

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Rabbi Yaakov Rappaport always gives me a story for my book. The Russians maintained that they were always the 'FIRST'. They made a research into the origin of man and discovered that the first couple mentioned in the Bible were Russians. Why? Because they were naked - barefooted - and had only one apple between them - and they, thought that this was Paradise!

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"You want a Mechitzah? - Only over my dead body."

"I am sorry but that would not be a proper or Kosher Mechitzah."

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Every Thursday I noticed that a Scribe with a quill and ink was checking the forthcoming Sedra so that there would be no hassle, inconvenience or stigma attached to the Sefer Torah if it had to be returned to the Oran HaKodesh to be exchanged for another one.

Even then, I should admit that sometimes - but not very often - a mistake was still discovered during the Layenning.

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The Hoover Vacuum Company had come to the conclusion that they were not selling enough vacuum cleaners.

So they advertised in the Press that anyone who bought a new Hoover machine above the value of £100 would be entitled to receive two free return tickets to New York - worth at least £450.

Scores of Lubavitchers jumped upon the Band Wagon including many members of our own family.

And "Oy - Oy - did they sell vacuum cleaners!!" They sold so many that they lost £48,000,000 (forty eight million pounds) on this one publicity stunt.

All the top managers were sacked (fired) because this scheme proved too successful! - Madness!

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It was my birthday and, T.G., my grandchildren and great grandchildren were telephoning me all day long to wish me the very best, from cities in the U.K., the U.S.A. and other areas.

On one occasion when the phone rang and I lifted up the receiver I heard a little, timid, soft voice say "Zaidie, I wish you a happy birthday"

I said, "Who is it?" - She replied, "Chaya Mushka." I told her that, T.G., I had presently (Nisht) seven Chaya Mushkas. So I enquired what was her father's name?

She replied, "Yossi." - Well I had, at the moment, three Yossi's who had Chaya Mushkas.

I discovered that her father was Yossi Lew who now resided in Atlanta, Georgia.

A short while later - a second Chaya Mushka phoned from Orlando, Florida. Her father was also a Yossi, Yoseph Lipaker.

By a coincidence, I learned that the Rebbe had requested that all little children who were celebrating their birthdays should file past the Rebbe and receive a Brocha.

If I had known about this a week ago then I would have caught the next flight to New York and joined the little children.

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Sholom Ber (Lew) rang me at 6.50 a.m (nearly 2 a.m New York time). He was now nearly twenty years old but he has, as yet, no wife and no Chaya Mushka, although the Pirkei Ovus (Ethics of the Fathers) stated that a boy should marry at the age of eighteen. I very well recommend him! The Rebbe gave us a wonderful Brocha regarding Sholom Ber when Roselyn and I attended a dollar distribution one Sunday.

I had explained to the Rebbe that Sholom Ber had a high fever with a temperature of 102 degrees and he should be in bed.

The Rebbe replied that, on the contrary, Sholom Ber was a Gezuntie Chossid and that Roselyn and I should derive much Nachas from him - as well as from all our grandchildren.

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A few years ago, someone asked me, "Don't you feel proud when your son, Avrohom, rises up to give a sermon or make a speech?"

Well, at Shabbos Shaala Seudos, Aaron, the youngest son of Avrohom, rose to give over a Sicha. I sat on one side of my grandson and Avrohom was seated at the other side.

Aaron spoke really well. I was happily surprised because, when he converses with me normally, I cannot understand one word. He speaks quickly and slurs his letters. And yet, when he addressed us in public, he spoke slowly and distinctly. I was very impressed.

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Roselyn had been suffering for quite a long time with "bad eyes". The Rebbe had told her, "You should have long years and see goodness with both eyes." T.G., her eyes have improved and she now has no trouble with her optics.

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A few years ago, one of our Manchester leaders wished to purchase a very nice, large building for use as a Jewish school.

He put the facts to the Rebbe and wanted permission to buy this edifice for the school.

The Rebbe replied, "Yes - for the Yeshiva."

This reply did not make sense to our friend and he assumed that the Rebbe had misunderstood his question. But the Rebbe had said "Yes," so he went ahead and purchased this large edifice.

A few years later, the school was in a very bad way financially - and they sold the building - yes - to our Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva.

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Zelda Rochel and Hershy (Vogel) presented us with another great grandson. Very unexpectedly, I was given the honour of being the Sandik. After all, Phaivish, Hershy's father, and Shmuel, Zelda's father, surely had priority. So I also include them in my "Thanks for the honour."

The baby was born on the same day, 9th of Kislev, as the Rebbe Dov Ber. The Bris was not postponed and took place on the same date too, 16th of Kislev, so the baby was named just (only) Dov Ber.

That reminded me. We have another Zelda Rochel in the family - kindly presented by Channah and Yoseph (Lipsker).

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Our grandson, Mendie (Menachem Mendel Lew), was inducted by the Chief, Rabbi Jonathan Sacks as the Rav of the St. Annes Shool.

Unfortunately, due to my illness, I missed this important, wonderful and impressive occasion when the Synagogue was filled to capacity with religious and lay leaders, civic and other dignitaries, members of our family and members of the Shool. Fortunately, Roselyn was able to be present.

The Chief Rabbi publicly thanked Shmuel, the father of the new Rabbi, for "Showing them the light," many years ago when he introduced him to Lubavitch.

The Chief Rabbi also sent good wishes to me for a "Refua Shlomo" a complete recovery - and reminded me that he sings every Shabbos at the Shala Seudos (meal) the Lubavitch tune for the Zemirus of Bnei HaChala which I taught him many years ago when he visited us in Manchester.

By a coincidence, I had a good view of some of the proceedings. This induction took place just before Rosh Hashonah and the British Broadcasting Corporation had arranged for the Chief Rabbi to relay his New Year's message to the country from this ceremony at the Synagogue, and so it was videoed.

It was shown on the "News" by the T.V. station. I saw the Chief Rabbi, Shmuel and Mendie - and, of course, Benzion who turns up everywhere. I could not see Roselyn, but Hilda (Perrin) was certainly present. I saw her enjoying a cup of tea at the reception afterwards.

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## REMINICENCES

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### INTRODUCTION TO OUR FIRST ENCOUNTERS

On Sunday, the 19th of Teves, January 2nd, 1994, a Conference of Lubavitcher Shiluchim from the United Kingdom was held in Manchester Lubavitch House.

I was asked to address the assembly during the Dinner and I pointed out that yesterday, Shabbos, we read the Sedra Shemos, the beginning of the Exodus, and we learnt that Jacob, our forefather, went down to Egypt with seventy souls.

Well, T.G., I am also the progenitor of seventy souls "Kain Ayin Horah and Kain Yirbu". Roselyn is, of course, the progenitress, the ancestress.

By a coincidence, it is almost exactly thirty five years since our First Encounter with the Rebbe at 770.

If our own family, which represents only a minute portion of Lubavitch, has already multiplied so rapidly, then one can readily understand how much the whole Lubavitcher organisation has increased during this period. And not only in a natural way - but by the additon of vast numbers of new adherents and Baalei Tshuva who have become attracted and attached to Chabad through the activities, endeavours and encouragement of the Rebbe.

We may therefore now readily comprehend why the Rebbe is the leader of so many hundreds of thousands of Chassidim, world wide.

Thirty five years ago our dear friend Rabbi Benzion Shemtov, Z.Tz.L., had just opened the first Chabad House at his home in Stamford Hill, London.

Today, we held a conference of forty Sheluchim from all over the United Kingdom.

Now is a good time to pause, to reflect and to reminisce, in brief, about some of our past Encounters with the Rebbe and remind you of some of the two hundred unique letters which I have received during that period. Besides the Rebbe's messages contained therein every letter included words of Torah and blessings.

## "MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE REBBE"

My very first encounter with the Rebbe took Place in 1952. It was not a direct face-to-face meeting. It was by means of a letter which I had received as President of the Kahal Chassidim Synagogue, Manchester.

We wanted to send the Rabbi of our Shool, my uncle Rabbi Shmuel Rein, to visit the Rebbe as our emissary. He had himself written to the Rebbe for permission to travel. It was a long sea journey (there were no air services at that time) and he was not in good health.

The letter which we received from the Rebbe was in Yiddish. The following is my translation of this epistle

Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N.Y.  
7th Ellul 5712 - 1952

"To the Members and Honorary Officers of the Kahal Chassidim Synagogue."

"I have just received your letter and am pleased to learn how much you value the work of your Rabbi Shmuel Rein. I am also happy to note that you desire a closer liaison and contact with us here (at 770) - that being the main reason why you want to send Rabbi Rein as your Shaliach - emissary to Brooklyn.

I hope that just the same as with every living thing so will your good feelings also continue to grow and to permeate through your members into their homes and their activities.

This is the principal theme of our Torah and of our religion - that they are not relevant to a part of the day only, and the rest of the time this Yiddshkeit is not even noticeable. But ours is a living Torah, from a living G-d, which encompasses a Jew from the very first second until the last second of the 120 good years of his life - not only a Jew in Shool, at prayer and study, but also at home, in the street and in the office - as we recite twice a day in the Shema, "And you shall speak of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk on the road, when you lie down and when you rise up."

Now, regarding your enquiry whether Rabbi Shmuel Rein should visit me here, and further to his letter to me regarding his health. I consider that the strain of the journey, especially with the problems of eating and drinking, and other essential matters - although even amidst Simcha and happiness - would be too much for him. I am sure he has shown you the letter which I sent him and in which I have explained these above mentioned matters.

I wish to thank you for the good thoughts in wishing to send your Rabbi, especially from a congregation which prides itself on the name of Kahal Chassidim.

We learn that the Alter (Old) Rebbe wrote in the Tanya, Chapter 16, that "Good thoughts have to be united with deeds." That is, there has to be action too. Therefore, I hope that there will also be deeds; that means that the good results which you could have anticipated from the visit will be turned to good actions even though your emissary did not make the journey.

I end with good wishes for a Happy New Year to all the members of your Shool and to their families - to everyone - materially and spiritually."

This was the first lettet which I had ever received, albeit indirectly, from the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

Until that moment the Rebbe was, to me, some vague personality living thousands of miles away in the U.S.A., literally - we were worlds apart.

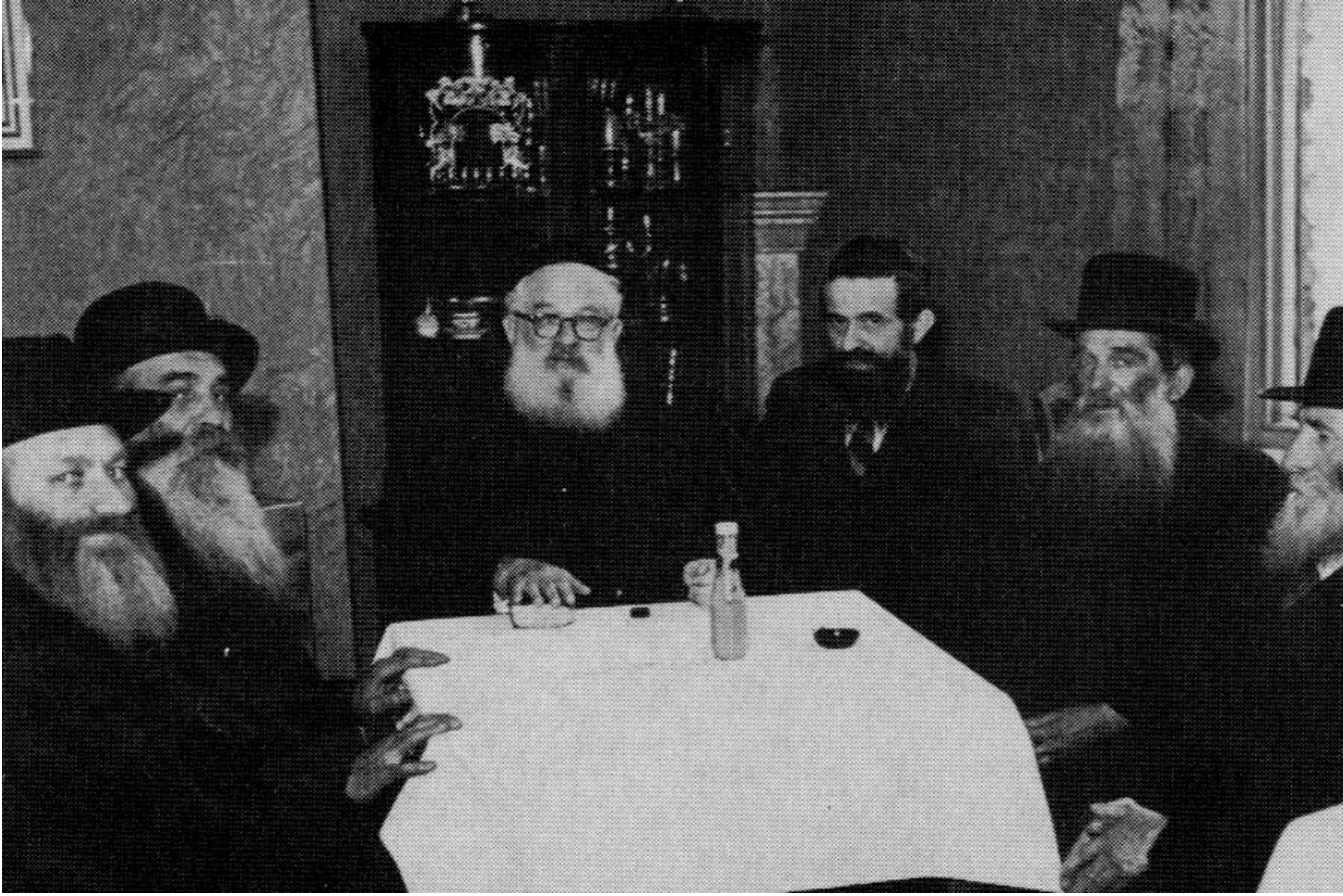
My first recollections of a Rebbe were as a youngster - when he was an even vaguer figure who resided thousands of miles away in the town of Lubavitch in Lithuania.

My maternal grandfather, Shneur Zalmon Edelman, was a devout Lubavitcher Chossid. My mother used to tell us that he left his wife and three daughters at home in Rakishik, Lithuania, and spent every Yom Tov with the Rebbe, Sholom Ber, who reigned from 1883 till 1920.

At the time of the Russian pogroms, about 1906, my mother, together with many thousands of Jews, fled to this country. She settled in Manchester where she subsequently met my father, Zaive Jaffe, who had come from Riga in Latvia. They were married in 1910. My father was not a Lubavitcher Chossid but my mother persuaded him to join the Kahal Chassidim Synagogue.

Until I was nearly thirty five years of age, the only contact involvement or knowledge I had of Lubavitch was that we davened in a "Lubavitch Shool". We celebrated a Yom Tov called Yud Tes Kislev, which was the anniversary of the date on which the Alter Rebbe, the founder of Lubavitch, was released and freed from a Russian jail - after having been sentenced to death for alleged treason. We also celebrated Simchas Torah in rather a hectic and merry manner, which was most unusual in Manchester at that time.

The old Chassidic, who included my uncle, Shmuel Rein, Alexander Nemtzov, Rabbi Rivkin and Rabbi Dubov, had all studied at the Lubavitch Yeshiva. They kept very much to themselves as they were old friends. I had no idea what Lubavitch stood for or what it meant. My uncle did give over a Maamer during Shalla Seudos on Shabbos in winter. It was in Yiddish and none of us - boys - understood very much of it. We did know that Rabbi Rein corresponded with the Rebbe, but we were not personally involved.



L. to R. - Rabbis Grossman, Dubov, Shemtov, Rein and Nemtzov posing with the Chief Rabbi Hertz

## I LEARN ABOUT LUBAVITCH



Then Rabbi BenZion ShemTov arrived on the scene. Matters changed very swiftly and dramatically. He was the ideal, the perfect soldier of the Rebbe - he served the A-Mighty - and the Rebbe and the Jewish people with friendliness, gladness, joy and self-sacrifice. He explained to us the Lubavitch teachings and doctrines. Furthermore, to enable us to comprehend more easily, he told us the following story about the Alter Rebbe, which explained in simple language, so that even a child could understand, the dogma of Lubavitch.

The Alter Rebbe shared his house with his eldest married son - Rabbi Dov Ber (who later succeeded him). Rabbi Dov Ber was known for his unusual power of concentration. When he was engaged in study or prayer he was totally oblivious to everything around him.

On one occasion, when Rabbi Dov Ber was thus engrossed, his baby, sleeping in a nearby cot, fell out of his cradle and began to cry. Rabbi Dov Ber did not hear the baby's cries.

The infant's grandfather, the Alter Rebbe, who was in his study on the upper floor, also engrossed in his studies, went downstairs, lifted the infant, soothed him and replaced him in his cradle. To all this the infant's father remained oblivious.

Subsequently, the Alter Rebbe admonished his son - "No matter how engrossed one may be in the most lofty occupation, one must never remain insensitive to the cry of a child."

The lesson which we have to learn is that we have to hearken to the cry of a child.

The "child", may be an infant in age, a minor or teenager, a Jewish boy or girl attending public school, fallen from the "cradle" of the Jewish religion, heritage and way of life.

Or it may be an adult in years, yet an "infant" with regard to knowledge and experience of the Jewish religion and heritage, as are so many Jewish students on the campuses of colleges and universities or in other walks of life.

The souls of these Jewish "children" cry out in anguish, for they live in a spiritual void. They cry out for a guiding hand that would restore to them the security and warmth and comfort of their faith, and give meaning to their empty lives, whether they are conscious of it, or feel it only sub-consciously.

We must hear their cries, no matter how preoccupied we may be with any lofty cause, for to help them back to their Jewish "cradles" takes priority over all else.

## ORIGINS

In 1926 I celebrated my Bar Mitzvah in the Kahal Chassidim Synagogue, Manchester. Many members had moved away from that area and soon afterwards my father (O.H.), supported by numerous friends, purchased a couple of large houses about two miles away in Waterloo Road and named it the New Kahal Chassidim Synagogue.

The members, in appreciation of the work done by my father (O.H.), erected a foundation stone in honour of Zaive Jaffe the founder of this Shool.

Many years later, the original Kahal Chassidim Shool also moved to new premises on the same road as was our Synagogue. It would have caused much confusion to have two Kahal Chassidim Shools in one road therefore they changed the name of their Synagogue to the Adas Yisroel.

Rabbis Rivkin (Z.Tz.L.) and Dubov (Z.Tz.L) were centred in the Adass Yisroel and my uncle, Rabbi Shmuel Rein (Z.Tz.L.) was the Rav of our Shool. Rev. Alexander Nemtsov (Z.Tz.L.) had a foot in both Shools. These four personalities made up the Lubavitch Yeshiva Old Boys Club - a very select and selective group.

One morning there was a blizzard raging and Rev. Nemtsov walked into our Shool completely covered with snow - and there was still no Minyan. Rev. Nemtsov declared that, "I have come into the Shool with 'Shnay' (Yiddish for snow and Hebrew for two) and there is still no Minyan." He was very clever at making good puns.

There was also an interesting story about Rabbi Rivkin. His mother had given birth to two baby boys who had not survived. So when Rabbi Rivkin was born she asked the (then) Lubavitcher Rebbe that the new baby boy would grow up to be a healthy adult.

The Rebbe, Sholom Ber, gave her this blessing but he forewarned her that she should place a small, golden earring in one of the baby's ears and, as long as he wore it, he would be safeguarded.

Subsequently, Rabbi Rivkin passed away on Erev Yom Kippur having reached a good and ripe old age. He had just been to the Mikvah and it was discovered that for the first time in his life he wore no earring. It was never found again!

## HOW AND WHY I BECAME AN AUTHOR

I was responsible for arranging the very first Charter Flight from England to visit the Rebbe Shlita in New York. This took place on 4th July 1961 - Av 5721.

On the 8th of Ellul of that year I received a letter from Rabbi M. A. Chadakov, the personal and private secretary of the Rebbe, which stated...

"...I would like to take this opportunity to suggest that it would certainly be worthwhile if one of the members of the group that came aboard the chartered flight from England would write a diary containing incidents and information of their visit here. A diary of this kind was kept by one of the visitors who came aboard the chartered flight from Eretz Yisroel last year and it was really of great interest.

I would also like to suggest that I think it would be advisable that you publicise your speech to the teenagers, about which you wrote in your letter, or at least excerpts from it, in newspapers and other means of publicity."

I decided to accept this challenge personally and I wrote a short account of this memorable "Visit to the Rebbe." I sent a copy of this to the Rebbe who, in due course, acknowledged this by writing to me as follows:

"...I take this opportunity to thank you for sending me the Diary which has revealed to me a new trait in your character, namely, a sense of humour."

As Rabbi Chadakov had suggested, I also read out this report to various Youth Organisations - it took thirty minutes to recite. It was a huge success. I do not know exactly how many of my listeners I had influenced but, many years later, Rabbi Chaim Farro admitted to me that this was the first contact with Lubavitch beliefs, doctrines and work. It had created a profound impression upon him and was in no little way instrumental in his decision to become a follower of the Rebbe.

From December 1959 onwards, I visited the Rebbe at 770 every year, sometimes twice and on some occasions three times per annum.

Ten years later, in 1969, I decided to write a personal diary of my visits to 770. There were so many interesting and varied occurrences and happenings which had taken place, and in which my wife and I were personally connected and involved with the Rebbe that I felt obliged to record these facts - in order that my grandchildren and great grandchildren should be able to read and to learn how their Bobby and Zaidie had spent their time at 770, and of the high honour and friendliness which the Rebbe and our Rebbetzen had extended to us over the years.

I printed only fifty copies of the first edition. I wanted to ascertain the reaction of the Rebbe before I wrote any further material for general distribution amongst my friends.



It was an instant success and I was requested (by the Rebbe) to "carry on writing." T.G. I am blessed - at this moment - with seventeen grandchildren (K.A.H.) and I have not sufficient copies left to supply even them. (By Shavuos 1994 we had been blessed with (nisht) twenty two grandchildren and thirty two great grandchildren)

## I RECEIVE A LARGE ORDER

After Shavuos 5738/1978 I had a mini-Yechidus with the Rebbe. He instructed me to continue to write further instalments of "My Encounter" and, "the next edition, being the tenth, should contain at least one hundred pages."

This seemed to me a rather difficult assignment. "On the contrary," the Rebbe said, "It would be easy."

Since then I have received a letter from the Rebbe dated Shevat 5739/1979 which contained the following paragraph:

"I thought it would not be necessary to make it more explicit when I expressed my hope that your next diary would contain 100 pages. But let me make it clear that it refers to a minimum as a prelude to larger ones in the future. Indeed, in view of the Farbraingens and events of the current year, it should not be difficult to attain this goal."

I am not sure whether my readers would welcome a complete edition devoted and confined only to the Rebbe's Sichos (talks).

These Sichos are published regularly, weekly in Yiddish and in English too. Surely, the Rebbe does not desire that I should compete with these professionals.

It is well known that I do include a number of Sichos in "My Encounter". I would not print a word of Torah unless it could be easily understood by an ordinary layman or housewife. Therefore, it is essential that I should translate the Sichos into basic, simple English.

I do realise that the effort is worthwhile because I have been flattered by some Lubavitch women telling me that it was the first time that they had understood a Sicho of the Rebbe!!

## MY FIRST CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REBBE

Suddenly, from right out of the blue, and quite unexpectedly, during Shevat 5713 (January 1953) I received my first personal letter from the Rebbe - from 770. It was written in Yiddish which I translated as follows:

"I was pleased to receive regards from you through Rabbi Shemtov. I was specially pleased to hear that your business is going well. I hope that the A-mighty will help so that your business shall go from "good to better."

According to my opinion, however, you should take it upon yourself to give immediately from your earnings a little more than Masser (tenth) to charity organisations and not wait until you may see a success to your business ventures - but to fulfil the sayings of our sages (Z.L.), "Give a tenth in order that you should become wealthy." This means that first one gives Maaser - and one should not be so exacting - but to give a little more. One can then rely on the honesty of the A-mighty that He, Blessed be He, will fulfil His promise of bestowing riches. The Holy Torah calls wealth "that which will be used for healthy, happy Yiddish matters. May Hashem, Blessed be He, give you good fortune."

Rabbi Shemtov just happened to be in Manchester at that moment. I proudly showed him the letter from the Rebbe. He insisted that I should reply straight away to the Rebbe and that I should write in English. I did so.

A completely New Vista - a New Era had now been opened up before me. I now had a confidant, and an advisor — a "Father" upon whom I could rely implicitly, and it is certainly a great relief. To be freed from the burden and responsibility of having to make vital decisions on one's own.

It is a great comfort to be able to receive an unbiased opinion and objective advice, especially from a Saintly person who will intercede on one's behalf, by fervent prayer, direct to Our Heavenly Father.

In due course I received a reply to my letter. It was in English too. In fact, most of our correspondence from that time onwards was written in the English language.

The Rebbe wrote:

"Sholom U'Brocho,

I was pleased to receive your letter. You need not excuse yourself for writing in English and should not hesitate to continue to do so. The important thing is that your letter should contain good news.

I was gratified to note in your letter that you feel the need and urge to devote more time to learn Torah and that to increase the amount of Tzedoko cannot make good the deficiency in the time of Study. That this is true, we can see from physical life. Each

organ of the body must receive its nourishments and although strength in one indirectly benefits also the rest, each and every one must receive its own blood and nourishment. Spiritually, the soul has its own 248 "organs" and 365 "blood vessels" namely, the positive and negative precepts, respectively, which make up the spiritual stature of the Jew. And although a greater effort in one Mitzvah benefits the whole organism, each Mitzvah has its own function which cannot be substituted by another.

I trust this feeling of the need for more time for study which springs from an inner desire for Torah, will be translated into practical deed, and without loss of time, and that you will go from strength to strength as our Sages rule: "Maalin b'Kodesh."

Your determination to give Tzedoko above Maaser is certainly praiseworthy, and in addition to all else, it is a Segulah for good business and avoidance of losses, so that not only would your anxiety about your surplus stocks prove unfounded, but even bring a profit, in accordance with the words of our Sages, "Aser bishvil shetisasher" (Give a tenth in order to become wealthy).

I am looking forward to receiving good news about your coming addition to the family, it would be advisable to have all the Mezuzos checked in the meantime.

May G-D help you and your wife to raise your children to the life of Torah, Chuppah and Maasim Tovim and that you continue to increase your share of Torah and Mitzvos.

With blessing

M. M. Schneerson (signed)

For the following six years, until I had the merit and pleasure of actually meeting the Rebbe at 770, in January 1959, I corresponded regularly with the Rebbe. In all, up to the present moment, I have received over two hundred and twenty letters from the Rebbe. They cover a wide range of subjects - communal and general, as well as personal. All have been signed by the Rebbe himself, who obviously very carefully reads the letters before signing, because on many of these there are alterations made by the Rebbe in his own handwriting.

Once, I did receive a very important reply to an urgent query of mine which did not have the Rebbe's signature. It just stated ("Because of Chol Hamoed this letter is unsigned.")

I hope to find the opportunity of quoting from some of these letters further on.

## OUR FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA

### The start of our adventures

During 1958, Roselyn and I felt that it was about time that we went to New York in order to see and meet the Rebbe personally. Travelling to the U.S.A. was an adventure - a "once in a lifetime" experience. The sea journey itself took five days - each way.

We decided to combine the Gashmius (the material) with the Ruchnius (the spiritual). In other words - to take advantage of our visit to the Rebbe and, whilst in America, to enjoy an extended winter holiday in the sunshine of Miami Beach in Florida.

Amid great excitement and expectations we booked our lovely stateroom on the "Queen Mary" for our outward journey and a similar one on the "Queen Elizabeth" for our homeward voyage.

We boarded the ship at Southampton on Sunday, 28th December, 1958. Roselyn's mother, Avrohom and Hindy and a few friends came especially to Southampton to wish us "Bon Voyage" (and also to see around and examine this magnificent and luxurious ship.) We also found waiting for us three bouquets of flowers, three baskets of fruit and innumerable telegrams and cards from the family and friends, from the Shool and from many organisations. It was real V.I.P. treatment.

The ship was almost empty (it was mid-winter) and there were only 92 passengers in the first class which normally has accommodation for seven hundred.

That night the ship pitched and tossed continuously. I managed to arise from bed at 11:30 a.m. next morning in order to Daven and then stayed in bed all afternoon. I was not sick – just uncomfortable – and Roselyn too felt a little dizziness. Boat drill was at noon - neither I nor Roselyn were present. Lunch time was 1 p.m. Both Roselyn and I were conspicuous by our absence.

By the following morning, the ship had stopped tossing - but it was still pitching. I had enjoyed a good night's sleep - and was also getting used to the ship's roll, so I felt much better. I walked to the Shool which was situated actually in the bows of the ship. The Oran Hakodesh was built and fixed permanently right in front so when we journeyed to New York we Davenned towards the west. As the earth is round we faced Jerusalem from the other side.

In Shool I met the Bobover Rebbe with seven of his Talmidim or Chassidim. We had a good nucleus for a Minyan, we only needed one more person. We arranged to Daven Mincha at 5 p.m. At 5.45 we were still one short but we managed Mincha and Maariv at 5.50.

Shacharis was at 8 a.m. because the Bobo (as Roselyn nicknamed him) went with his Chassidim to the Mikvah, otherwise known as the first class swimming pool at 7 am.

That night we met a hurricane. I thought that the ship was going to "turn turtles" and I nearly fell out of bed on a number of occasions. Oddments and books were sliding from one side of the stateroom to the other. But we did have a Minyan for Shacharis and no Tachnun is said when one is travelling, ruled by the Bobov. That suited me quite (s)well.

The "Queen Mary" was due to dock at New York at 10 a.m on the Friday. So we Devenned earlier at 7 a.m. At 7:30 the ship had stopped. We discovered that we were enveloped in thick fog. At 9.30 the "Mary" was still anchored alongside the Ambrose Lightship at the entrance to the New York Channel. We were getting a little worried about Shabbos. We still had five hours to spare - so I was hoping for the best.

Roselyn said, "Don't worry, what the Bobo does so will we do". At 11.30 the fog had cleared and we were on our way. We expected to land at 2.30 and Shabbos came in at 4.15 p.m. Avrohom, Rabbi Shemtov's son had just phoned us (to the ship) that we should get everything prepared, so that there would be no delay when we docked.

We disembarked at 2.45. Eventually, the Customs passed our baggage. We hurriedly packed all our belongings, which the officers had left strewn all over the dirty dock floor, and at 3.30 we emerged into the U.S.A. Avrohom Shemtov was waiting for us. He had brought all our Shabbos meals and had reserved hotels all along the route to Brooklyn. We staggered into Sorah and Mendel Shemtov's home just two minutes before Shabbos.

## OUR FIRST VISIT TO 770

We left at once for 770 in order to Daven Mincha at the Rebbe's Beth HaMidrash. Obviously I was excited because I was now going to meet the the Rebbe. I had been travelling for over a week and thousands'of miles - and now I was to receive my reward. Rabbi Shemtov, my Sponsor and guide had already warned me that I should not approach or speak to the Rebbe, otherwise I might have been tempted to wish the Rebbe "Sholom Aleichem" and to shake him by his hand.

I entered the Beth HaMidrash, and was struck by its smallness – it was not such bigger than a very large dining room. It is packed tightly with about 150 people all standing in a solid mass, and yet there was a completely empty space at one end where a table and a nice chair were specially prepared for the Rebbe. There was also a small bench to seat just four or five persons near the Oran HaKodesh.

I did not speak to, neither was I introduced to the Rebbe. He sat by himself with downcast eyes and Davenned. The decorum was perfect. Everyone Davvened and no one spoke at all to his neighbor. When the Rebbe got up to leave after the service, a large passageway was miraculously cleared for him. In between Mincha and Maariv one of the boys recited over one of the Rebbe's recent Maamers.

After Shool we returned to Mendel Shemtov's home and waited until 7 p.m to make Kiddush. Avrohom (Shemtov) and Freidel (Shemtov) were also present. Freidel's fiance, Rabbi Nachman Sudak, made up the party.

On Shabbos, we Benched Rosh Chodesh Shevat. The service commenced at 8.30 a.m because the whole Book of Tehillim (Psalms) was recited before Shacharis – this took an hour and a half. Shachris started at 10a.m – as usual. Rabbi Gurary, The Rebbe's brother-in-law, was given the third Aliya - which he always has. The Rebbe is always called up for Maftir and Haftarah, one could have heard a pin dropped.

## OUR FIRST FARBRAINGEN

The service concluded at about 12.20 p.m. We were informed that there would be a "Farbreng" at 1 30 p.m. Mendel and I rushed home to make Kiddush for the womenfolk and hurriedly ate a piece of fish and returned to 770 in good time.

The Farbraingen took place in the "Saccah", a temporary building which was between 770 and the apartment house next door. There were about 300 people present. The Rebbe sat in a lonely state at a table which was positioned upon a dais at the far end of this "Succah". A Number of Specially chosen Rabbonim sat in a semi-circle around him, not touching but surrounding the Rebbe. Everyone stood up or sat at the few tables which were located in the centre of the building. I was fortunate to find a seat at a table opposite and facing the Rebbe.

Wines, cake and strong drink - Benedictine and vodka - were very popular and were distributed amongst the assembly. This enabled all those present to wish the Rebbe, "LeChaim" (To life). The Rebbe would reply, "LeChaim Velivrocho" (To life and for blessings) The Rebbe would turn his head to face all around the room in order to catch everyone eye, so that no one would be missed, and all would receive a blessing from the Rebbe

Quite a lot of drink was donated for the assembly. The bottles were placed before the Rebbe on the table. The names of the donors and their special reasons, if any, for providing those drinks were announced. The Rebbe would touch or unscrew the top of the bottle the content of which were distributed amongst some of the celebrants.

We sang Nigunim and in between the songs the Rebbe spoke words of Torah (a Sicho). The Rebbe recited two Sichos of fifteen minutes each, after which we all stood up for the Maamar (a deep Chassidus discourse). This took 45 minutes and everyone listened very intently indeed.

There was further singing, and again everyone tried to wish LeChaim to the Rebbe and to receive his blessings in return. I was publicly reprimanded. "Zalmon", the Rebbe said, "Do not wait for Kavod (honour), get up and say LeChaim to me." I had already said it once but the Rebbe wanted me to say it again - and again.

Some of the Nigunim were terrific - with the Rebbe conducting with his fist faster, faster and faster and everyone singing, swaying and jumping up and down.

The Rebbe recited a third Sicho. This took fifteen minutes, and after more singing, the Farbraingen ended at 3:30 p.m - two hours of concentrated talks and singing.

The Rebbe arose, a passageway was cleared as if by magic - and he made his exit. The Rebbe met Roselyn, who was standing outside and wished her a "Good Shabbos" at the same time touching his hat. We rushed home to finish our Shabbos luncheon - it was almost 4 p.m. By 5 p.m we were back at 770 for Mincha and Maariv. The Rebbe did not



speak to any individual personally, and most of the time he wore a grave, solemn expression.

After Maariv, I asked Rabbi Chadakov to let me know when we could see the Rebbe privately at Yechidus. He replied that he had arranged it for Sunday, the following day, at Chatzos - midnight!

12 o'clock, midnight? It sounded crazy. To an Englishman 8 or even 9 p.m at night was very late for a conference, but midnight? I was told that we were very lucky because 2 a.m was considered quite early for an appointment.

Next morning, Sunday, I Davvened Shacharis at 770 at 9.20 a.m. Sarah and Mendel then gave us a lift to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in Manhattan. At 11 p.m at night we left to keep our appointment at 770. The place was a hive of activity. Rabbi Chadakov - the private secretary of the Rebbe - made us welcome. We also met Nissen Mindel whom we knew very well from his "old Manchester" days. He had married Netta Nemtzov who had lived near us in Salford. He was the Rebbe's private secretary and attended to the English correspondence.

## OUR FIRST YECHIDUS

This being my first visit to 770, I had plenty of advisers on protocol. Our dear friend Rabbi Shemtov was our chief sponsor. I took particular note of his instructions such as, "Don't shake hands with the Rebbe," "Don't Sit down," and so forth. Although our appointment was for midnight, it was 12.45 a.m. before we were called in. (Whilst we were waiting, a man phoned from Chicago for an appointment and Rabbi Chadakov told him that the earliest date available was after Peasach)

On entering the Rebbe's sanctum we were startled and amazed to see the Rebbe coming forward to greet us, his hands outstretched "Oh," said I, "I am sorry, but Rabbi Shemtov said that I must not shake hands with the Rebbe." "Never mind," answered the Rebbe, smiling, and with a lovely twinkle in his eye, "We won't tell Rabbi Shemtov." He shook hands with me. He then invited us to sit down.

"Oh dear, no," said I, horrified. "Rabbi Shemtov told me that on no account must I sit down."

"You may sit dower for the first three times, said the Rebbe. So I did - thinking to myself - that it had taken me forty years to get to America. I did not expect ever to come a second time, never mind a third time!

(Author's note: T.G., up till now I have crossed the Atlantic seventy times. I have seen the Rebbe privately on over one hundred and twenty occasions. In addition I have enjoyed many a mini Yechidus. I have also been privileged to be one of those fortunate men whom the Rebbe has invited for Shavuos meals. This has given me further opportunities to "talk" to the Rebbe. So, needless to say, I now STAND in the Rebbe's presence, and I do NOT shake hands.)

For the following two hours we remained closeted with the Rebbe. We discussed many and varied communal and general matters, as well as our own personal and family affairs. We had only seen the Rebbe at the services and at the Farbraingen, and it was amazing to us to behold such a transformation in a human being. Instead of the serious expression and far away look which the Rebbe habitually seemed to wear, (we very soon discovered that the Rebbe saw and knew everyone and everything and that the "far away look" was really far sighted and far seeing) we found ourselves now conversing with a very cheerful, happy and friendly - albeit Holy person. He had a gorgeous smile, and the dazzling twinkle in his eyes lightened the seriousness of the occasional criticism or rebuke.

The Rebbe said that he was very keen and concerned about Jewish education. He would like to see the Jewish Day School movement, such as we possess in England, extended until the age of sixteen. What we were doing for the young children should, and must, be accomplished for the older ones - with particular emphasis on girls. Jewish High School for girls and Jewish Grammar School for boys should be supported and encouraged.

The Rebbe considered it most important and vital that boys should spend at least twelve months at a Yeshiva before studying for a career. Girls should attend a Seminary for Higher Jewish Education.

The Rebbe had written to this effect a few months previously, in Tishrei 1958. He had stated:

"...in which you ask my opinion with regard to the future education of your son, Abraham Joseph.

Considering his age and the preparation that is required for life in the present troubled times, it is my opinion that he should dedicate at least one year to the exclusive study of the Torah. If this is difficult to arrange in Manchester, no doubt Gateshead or London will offer the proper conditions.

I need hardly say that the first thing that is most essential in life, on which everything else depends, including Parnoso, is courage and peace of mind. And to devote one year to the exclusive study of the Torah is the least preparation that a Jewish boy can do, before entering into mature independent life. This year, should not, G-d forbid, be considered as a sacrifice, rather as a very good investment, and a springboard for future success, whatever his choice should be, either a career or business.

I trust you will find the enclosed message interesting and useful.

With prayerful wishes for Chasimo Ugmar Chasimo Toivo, and with Blessing."

(signed) M. M. Schneerson

I was not too pleased with the Rebbe's suggestion that we should send Avrohom to Gateshead or to London. I wanted him to be with the Rebbe at 770. I was anxious that he should imbibe the Lubavitcher atmosphere at the highest level.

I did not have too much confidence in Avrohom's stamina and resolution to remain at Yeshiva for twelve months. I was hoping that he would be prevailed upon to stay at least for three months so that he would become a Chossid of the Rebbe, if not a Rabbi himself.

I had written those above mentioned ideas to the Rebbe. The Rebbe then intimated that he would accept Avrohom at the Yeshiva at 770 with "both arms wide open". Afterwards, if Avrohom desired to take up dentistry, he would have no objection and would acquiesce. The Rebbe informed Roselyn that Womens' organisations should interest themselves in childrens' and girls' Jewish education and not solely raise funds.

The Rebbe concluded our Yechidus by stating that he was deferring his main Brocha (blessing) to us until we returned from Miami Beach and after the Yud Shevat Farbraingen. He would then advise us regarding outstanding problems and instructions

about spreading the work of Lubavitch in Manchester. This appointment was for Sunday evening, 25th January, 1959, just before our departure for home on Tuesday morning.

The Rebbe rose to see us to the door and remarked, "Go and have a good vacation, and when you return we will get down to business." (This - after two hours!!)

Avrohom Shemtov provided us with refreshments - lemonade and cake - and a car to take us back to the Waldorf Hotel where we retired to bed at 4 a.m in the morning.

## YUD SHEVAT FARBRANGEN

We arrived back at New York from Miami on Monday, 19<sup>th</sup> January, 1959, and prepared for the Yud Shevat celebration which was due to commence at 8:30 p.m that evening.

I was told that there would be no food served - only drink and cake and spiritual food - Torah. The Farbraingen was expected to conclude by 1 a.m which was considered early!!

It was anticipated that a large crowd would be present but Mendel assured me that he had reserved me a seat. I also donated two bottles of drink.

This Yud Shevat Farbraingen was held in a large hall, Albany Rooms, which was situated about twenty minutes walk from 770 which was much too small. I reckoned that over one thousand Rabbonim, men and boys took part in this celebration. If one took into account the "fluctuating audience" - those who stayed for only one hour - then fifteen hundred would be a more realistic figure. There were also about thirty women present of whom Roselyn was one. They could hear but could not see anything at all behind the partitions.

The Farbraingen started at 8.30 p.m. It finished at 2.30 a.m - after six hours! I was offered a seat on the platform near to, but behind, the Rebbe. This I reluctantly refused. I desired to sit facing and watching the Rebbe who sat alone at a long table situated on the platform. He was surrounded by a semi-circle of about forty Rabbonim.

Drinks were served in paper cups - very hygienic. Cake and egg kichlech were served by hand - no plates - not so hygienic. A tape recording was made of all the proceedings and photo flashes were exploding all night. I sat just opposite the Rebbe but most of the boys had to stand.

The Rebbe himself was in complete charge and control. There was no chairman, the Rebbe was the only speaker. He suggested the Nigunim and conducted with his fist - just like on the Shabbos Farbraingen at 770.

The Maamer, which was preceded by the special Nigun, took forty five minutes. The Rebbe also recited eight Sichos of fifteen minutes each. The Maamer was a bit "tough" but the fifteen minutes talks were really good and enjoyable.

So we spent half the time singing and the rest of the evening listening to the Rebbe - a total of six hours.

I was particularly impressed with the Rebbe's talk on whether one is allowed to interrupt a man who is Davenning. Prayer is most important and has to be recited with the greatest Kavona (concentration and zeal). One should be careful not to interrupt anyone who is Davenning - praying to G-D. A saintly person prays with very much devotion and concentration: The higher a man is spiritually then the greater would be his Kavono.

Moishe Rabeinu (Moses) was on the very highest spiritual level of all. In this Sedra, Beshalach, we learn that Moses was in trouble: He had led the Jews out of Egypt very successfully - when suddenly they were faced with an insurmountable and impenetrable barrier - the Red Sea - a huge expanse of water stretching as far as the eye could see. At their backs were the Egyptians ready to strike. So what did Moishe do? He commenced to Daven – to pray and cry to G-D for help and deliverance. What did G-D do? He interrupted Moishe's prayers and told him, "Why do you come to Me crying for help? Now is the time for action. Lift up your rod (stick) and march forward - then I will be able to help you."

A Jew has to be a vessel to accept G-D's blessings. It is of no use to him staying at home all day and Davenning. That will not bring him sustenance for himself and family. He has to show himself capable, by his actions, of receiving the blessing of the A-mighty. There is a time for praying and a time for action.

I was given great Koved (honour). I had presented drinks to the Rebbe and I was requested to come up to his table. I was seeking the best and easiest way of getting there when I was suddenly yanked up by willing hands and had to walk on and along the table to where the Rebbe was sitting. He opened the bottle and filled his own glass with vodka, then insisted upon handing to me the bottle personally ("with your right hand"). He wished me "LeChaim" and I answered, "LeChaim Velivrocho." I then walked along the table back to my seat.

Towards the end of the Farbraingen, the Rebbe again requested me to come to the "Top table". He placed a few slices of cake into a bag, handed it to me and said, "Give the Baal Habostie (my wife) some and take the rest home for your children.

The Rebbe distributed further quantities of cake to other recipients. A Nigun was commenced, the Rebbe rose from his chair, left the hall and the Farbraingen had ended. There were about six pieces of cake left on the Rebbe's plate. Well! Talk about Rugby or American football! This was twice as fast and as rough as both games combined:

Was it worth it? Well, the victors who had dragged themselves slowly to their feet from under a pile, a crowd of Yeshiva boys, but still clutching a minute portion of the Rebbe's cake, must certainly have thought so!

## A FRIENDLY PEOPLE

Mendel had asked us to return to his home for a meal - at 3 a.m in the morning!! We refused. Avrohom Shemtov and most of the "Boys" had returned to 770 to learn the Maamer which the Rebbe had recited at the Farbraingen. They repeated this over and over again until they were word perfect. By that time it was 6.30 a.m Tuesday morning - just in time for bed!!

The following day it was freezing cold. Roselyn took me "shopping". The shops were boiling hot - like a furnace. In the summer it is just the opposite - outside is like a furnace and inside the shops it is freezing cold - like a fridge.

Mendel phoned to inform us that he had arranged a festive party especially for us and it would take place on Saturday night. He disclosed that Yechidus had been held on the previous evening - Tuesday night. There had been forty two private appointments and the Rebbe had left 770 at 6 a.m in the morning!

We had now been away from home for over a month. We disliked Manhattan - one tall building - another high building - and some taller still. The streets were dirty and untidy - we were not impressed with Manhattan.

We did like the winter sunshine of Miami Beach but the town was so - oh - artificial.

But - we loved to be near the Rebbe. Therefore, we were spending our last weekend in the States at Crown Heights. Once again we were offered the hospitality of Sarah and Mendel's home.

Shabbos service commenced as usual at 10 a.m. I was delighted to receive another Aliya. Mendel was flabbergasted - an Aliya on two occasions within a few weeks!!

Sarah and Mendel had been living at their present apartment for almost six months. They decided to combine a Chanukas HaBayis (house consecration) with a Melave Malka in our honour.

At 9 p.m., after Shabbos, over sixty men had congregated in their home. Roselyn and the ladies were in a separate, adjoining room.

Rabbi Caplan, an old friend of mine from Manchester, was "in the chair" - in charge of the proceedings. Many of the Rabbonim of the Lubavitch hierarchy were present and spoke - all about me. My eulogy was well interspersed with words of Torah. I was really made to feel like a V.I.P. and Guest of Honour. It was hard to believe, on occasions, that all these wonderful praises and flow of oratory were on my behalf. Avrohom Shemtov recited a little of the Rebbe's Maamer. I was given the honour of Benching (saying Grace) after such a lovely feast of rhetoric and of good food and drink. I really could not grumble or complain about my treatment at Crown Heights. From the Rebbe downwards everyone had welcomed us with open arms and given us every honour and friendship.

By 1.30 a.m we were returning to our hotel in Manhattan. On the car radio we heard a report from the chaplain of the Israeli forces discussing rockets and sputniks. He was concerned about the Halachic ruling regarding the sanctification of the New Moon when flights to the moon would take place. Also, the position regarding Shabbos when the earth would be encircled over half-a-dozen times a day. One would have the week of seven days in one twenty four hour period! A Shabbos every day!



## OUR SECOND YECHIDUS

On Sunday night at 10 p.m Roselyn and I again entered 770 for Yechidus with the Rebbe. Everyone was thrilled for our sakes - it was such a great privilege to have two private appointments in one visit to New York.

This interview lasted one hour. The Rebbe carried on the conversation just as if we had never left his presence at all since our first Yechidus. He reiterated his points about higher Jewish education.

He hoped that I would give his regards to "London and Manchester". The Rebbe suggested that I should arrange special meetings for this purpose. He added that Roselyn should address the ladies. I had no confidence in myself as a speaker, able to relate some of the Rebbe's Sichos to an assembly. "But", I remarked to the Rebbe, "What about the six hours recording of the Yud Shevat Farbraing. If I could obtain a copy of this tape, with the Rebbe talking for three hours, and the Neginim too, then I could make good use of it and bring the Rebbe's voice and intonations to the people of England." After a lot of discussion, the Rebbe decided to let me have a copy, as this was an exceptional case. This was the first time ever that the Rebbe had not only permitted this to be done, but had actually given the orders. No one would believe this at first. Mendel and Avrohom Shemtov were quite excited and I could not wait to hear Rabbi Shemtov's reaction. It would take a little time to make this copy - I did not realize then how much time!!

The Rebbe handed me a special book, for Dayan Golditch, one for Dayan Weisz and another for Rabbi Unsdorfer (my brother-in-law) In addition to these he presented me with a Tanya for Avrohom and a Siddur for Hindy; But best of all, he extended to Roselyn and me a most wonderful Brocha (besides all the advice he had proffered to us).

The Rebbe has accepted responsibility for all his Chassidim, particularly in Crown Heights. We, in England, do not realise to what extent the Rebbe rules their lives. For instance, Mendel Shemtov was uncertain regarding what action he should take about a certain problem he asked the Rebbe and he obeyed implicitly all the Rebbe's instructions. Phil (Phaivish) Vogel had been studying at 770 for twelve months. Aaron Cousins had been there two years. I asked them what their plans were for the future. They did not know and were not worried. They were delighted to leave all the responsibility to the Rebbe. They knew full well that they were in good hands.

Ans so, with the Rebbe's good wishes and Brochas ringing in our ears, we said farewell and took our leave of this saintly, friendly and powerful personality.

## HOMeward BOUND

Our ship was due to leave on Tuesday morning at 10.30 a.m. On Monday we visited the Rebbes's Lubavitch School. The first was for girls only - 500 attended. The second contained 450 boys.

I made periodic enquiries about the tapes. I was told that they would be available in a couple of hours time - then another few hours - then, it won't take long. In the event, we had to give Rabbi Chadakov permission to hand these tapes to Avrohom Shemtov who, in turn, would deliver them to the "Queen Elizabeth" next morning.

All the "boys" insisted that I joined them in singing and dancing before we left 770. It was a very hectic departure.

Next morning we arrived on board the "Elizabeth" with our cabin trunk and ten suitcases at 9:30 a.m. We were anxiously awaiting our friends and the tapes. At 10 a.m there was no sign of them. Neither at 10.30 nor at 10.45 a.m. Actually, they had arrived at 10.30 but were not allowed onto the ship - they had left it until it was too late. We rushed down. to see them - Mendel, Avrohom and Freida Shemtov, Phil Vogel, Aaron Cousins, Nachman Sudak and Yitzchok Sufrin - AND the tapes -which had not been completed until 1.15 a.m, the previous night. We said goodbye to our friends and the "Queen Elizabeth" left, the quayside shortly afterwards.

Avrohom Shemtov had given me four books of Tehillim which I placed in the Shool of the ship. I stamped them with the official "Queen Elizabeth" seal and signed with my own name.

Most of the journey home was rough and hurricanes were prevalent. We arrived at Cherbourg at 8.30 on Sunday morning, February 1st. The sun was shining. The first time we had seen it for a week. The French passengers disembarked by tender and we crawled across the Channel to Southampton for we could not dock before 5 p.m due to the tides.

We were met at Waterloo station in London by Rabbi Shemtov (and others) who took us to his home for a meal. A Women's meeting was in progress so we had a good opportunity to give personal regards from the Rebbe - and from relations and friends in Brooklyn. We left Euston for Manchester at 12 o'clock, midnight, and arrived home at 7:30 a.m on Monday 2nd February. We had been away from Manchester for 40 days and forty nights!

## MANY TAPE RECORDERS

As soon as we had settled down to our usual routine in Manchester, I arranged to make full use of the tapes which the Rebbe had provided for me.

I booked a large hall and advertised in the local press "the great attraction that one could come along to a Farbraingen in Manchester and actually listen to the Rebbe speaking." There was an exceedingly large attendance and one or two people really thought that the Rebbe himself would be present in person.

I had invited several prominent local celebrities including Dayan and Mrs. Weisz, Dayan and Mrs. Golditch and many lay leaders to our house for a preview. All were tremendously impressed.

I then travelled to London to hold a Farbraingen in Rabbi Shemtov's home. When I arrived with the tape and my machine, I found over forty people present and, to my horror, I noticed that every single person had brought his own recorder and intended to make a copy. I was nonplussed. I protested that this was a private tape and copies were not allowed - that is what the Rebbe said. It was of no avail. I was fighting a losing battle because, obviously, as long as even one copy would be made, then my opposition would be circumvented. I accepted defeat gracefully.

## AVROHOM STUDIES AT 770

Now, one of our first objectives was to ensure that Avrohom would travel to and settle in Brooklyn in order to study for twelve months at the Yeshiva in 770.

Avrohom had been a pupil at Manchester Yeshiva for many years attending evening classes after school hours. As he was still at college, it was not possible for him to be at the Yeshiva all day (Kol HaYoim). There were no evening classes for his age group (18 years) therefore, I had to provide him with private tutors. I was fortunate to obtain the services of Rabbonim Dubov, Margulies and Rapaport. In a couple of months time, when he would have completed his school curriculum, he would be given concentrated tuition most of the day and every day:

I contacted the Rebbe to discover the most appropriate time for Avrohom's departure from Manchester. Then, on 10 Iyar 1959, I received a letter from the Rebbe which contained this paragraph:

"With regard to your son, Abraham Joseph, I suggest that, you should get in touch with Rabbi Dubov, or other members of the faculty of the Manchester Yeshiva, that they should give him a formal examination so as to ascertain his status in learning, and then they should write about it to the Yeshiva Administration here in order to make sure that there would be a suitable class for him, etc."

The next correspondence on this matter came from the Yeshiva Administration at 770. This stated that they had received the reports from Manchester. They suggested that Avrohom should postpone his departure - for two years - and during that period he should study at the Manchester Yeshiva Kol HaYoim (all day)

Well, this did really upset me. I was furious. I was blazing and raging with indignation. I wrote at once to the Rebbe. I explained that we at Lubavitch went out of our way to encourage and prevail upon boys to attend Yeshivas - in particular to go to a Lubavitcher one and, in preference, to 770. I personally had put great effort, endeavour and much money into this sphere in order to propagate this idea. Yet, when I wished my own son to take- advantage of this scheme, I was told, quite bluntly, that he could not be accepted. Did one have to be a Baal Teshuva (one who has "returned" to Judaism) or belong to a non-orthodox family, before one could be eligible to be accepted by a Lubavitcher Yeshiva!

On the 25th Tammuz, 1959, the Rebbe replied as follows:

"I received your letter of July 24<sup>th</sup> and am sorry that you seem to be upset about the fact that the Yeshiva Administration decided to postpone your son's admission to the Yeshiva here. Needless to say, they had the interest of your son at heart, as they explained to you the difficulties and problems involved.

On the other hand, if you think that these apprehensions are exaggerated and that despite all that they have written to you, you still feel that you would like your son to be admitted to the Yeshiva here, do not hesitate to write to me and I will be glad to persuade the Yeshiva Administration to accept your son as a student. In this event, I think that the best time for your son to come would not be now, when most of the students are dispersed on various missions of the Merkos L'inyonei Chinuch, and the whole Yeshiva programme is greatly curtailed, etc. The best time for him would be to come closer to Rosh Hashonah when the Yeshiva programme begins again on a normal keel, and all the students will be present then, including those from England, who might be of help to your son in getting adjusted here

With blessing

(signed) M. M. Schneerson

I thanked the Rebbe very much indeed for his intervention and help in this matter. I was awaiting the requisite documents from the Yeshiva to enable Avrohom to acquire a temporary immigration certificate from the U.S.A. authorities.

Weeks went by and we heard nothing from 770. Except on the 15th Menachem Av, a paragraph in the Rebbe's letter stated:

"With regard to the necessary documents for your son, the whole matter was turned over to the Yeshiva Administration and, no doubt, they will take care of the formalities."

But - of the documents there was no sign!

Rabbi Shemtov obtained the air tickets. I was a little perturbed when I discovered that he had purchased a return ticket for Avrohom. I expressed my apprehension and concern. If Avrohom suddenly felt homesick, or the urge to return home, he could get on the next plane to England. It was that easy and so simple. I would rather that he met some difficulties and obstacles when that happened just to give him time to reconsider the situation and make further efforts to remain at the Yeshiva.

However, events turned out very much better than I had ever expected or hoped for.

I received a lovely letter from him within a week or two, wherein he expressed his great satisfaction and delight in being at 770 - the "hub of the world". He stated that I could never appreciate or understand what a wonderful thing I had done for him in sending him to Yeshiva. He had acquired and gained a new outlook, a new perspective of life, of Judaism and of Lubavitch. He had settled down very nicely.

Phil Vogel was assisting him in his learning. Three months soon passed and before we realised it, Avrohom had been at Yeshiva for twelve months. He was prepared, even anxious, to continue his studies for another year. When this period had come to a close, the Rebbe recommended that he should study for his Semicha. We engaged Rabbi

Dvorkin to supervise and help Avrohom and eventually, after five years since he had left Manchester in 1959, Avrohom became RABBI Avrohom Joseph Jaffe.

I have in my possession many beautiful letters from the Rebbe expressing his pleasure and satisfaction with the way Avrohom was studying, the good impression he was creating, and with the work he was accomplishing for Lubavitch in general.

## OUR SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA

Meanwhile, to retrace our Steps back to 1959, we now had another good reason for wishing to visit the Rebbe at 770. As the Rebbe had remarked - we had a hostage in Crown Heights. We considered that it would be an excellent idea to visit New York in case Avrohom needed moral support and encouragement. It was decided to repeat the previous year's itinerary and to take along Hindy, too.

Our first and main task was to book an appointment for Yechidus with the Rebbe.

In answer to my query and application, Rabbi Chadakov replied that he "was pleased to hear that you and your family will be visiting here soon. I see your son here every day. He was already privileged with an appointment with the Rebbe."

Rabbi Chadakov went on to offer us Tuesday evening, 15th December, 1959, the day of our proposed arrival in New York, or the following Tuesday night. We naturally accepted the first available date.

After a pleasant voyage, the "Queen Elizabeth" duly docked at New York on December 15th, 1959. This time we resided at the Hotel New Yorker. It contained 2,500 bedrooms and the window cleaner has a full time job. It takes him three months to do the round.

We chose this hotel because it was close to the dairy restaurants - last year we had to hire a taxi from the Waldorf Astoria every time we wanted a meal.

### THIRD YECHIDUS

Our appointment with the Rebbe was due to commence as 10 p.m but the Rebbe was officiating at a marriage ceremony (Messader Kidushin). This was almost the last occasion on which the Rebbe had performed this function.

Roselyn, Hilary and I entered the Rebbe's room at 10:40 p.m. He again rose, shook hands and made us all take a seat.

I had brought some gifts from friends in Manchester together with a special gift from Roselyn and me.

I also delivered letters and messages from quite a number of Mancunians.

The Rebbe does not accept gifts and was most reluctant to do so in this instance - fortunately, it was not possible for us to take them back to England!

The Rebbe suggested that when Avrohom returned home for good, then it would be a good time to send Hindy to attend the girls' Seminary in Brooklyn. Meanwhile, he would consider whether Avrohom should spend next Pesach at home in Manchester, and would let us know - after Purim. The Rebbe advised our Shool not to join with any other Synagogue but we should remove our premises to where most of our members were now living. After discussing other matters we left the Rabbe's presence at 12.20 in the morning - one and a half hours of privacy with the Rebbe.



## TO CROWN HEIGHTS FOR SHABBOS

It was Friday, 18th December, and time to remove from our hotel in Manhattan to Brooklyn in order to spend Shabbos near the Rebbe. We left quite early because we had always experienced difficulty in obtaining a cab to take us to Brooklyn. "They did not know the way", "They had never heard of Brooklyn", "They were just going off duty", and so on... On one occasion, I stopped a taxi and Roselyn and I entered and sat down before I told him my destination. I knew that by law the driver dare not refuse a fare, a customer.

Well - what a performance! The driver's face fell and he blurted out that his taxi had broken down. We just laughed and told him that we refused to bridge. He jerked forward - and stopped - jerked - jerked and jerked forward and stopped. It was like a Rodeo Horse Show. Well - ultimately he won.

This time we were lucky. We caught a taxi AT ONCE - with a very obliging driver. Unfortunately, it was the week before the annual general public holiday and we had not taken into account the extra heavy shopping traffic.

After thirty minutes we had only moved along ten blocks. We had now an urgent problem to solve. Would we get to Mendel's in time for Shabbos, or should we return to our hotel in Manhattan.

We held a quick conference with the driver and a swift decision was made. We descended from the taxi at the next subway station and caught the first train to Brooklyn.

Our foremost objective was to get across the River. It was too much to expect that we were travelling on the direct line to Kingston and Eastern Parkway - well - we were not. We were not conversant with the subway route so we alighted from the train and hoped that the holiday traffic and the Brooklyn bottleneck had been left behind. "Quickly, Quickly, Hindy," I shouted, "Get to the street and grab a cab." Off she rushed whilst Roselyn and I puffed along in the rear struggling with a large suitcase.

We reached street level - just in time for Hindy to overtake us. She had, of course, gone the wrong way.

Fortunately, we did obtain a cab almost at once. I emptied the contents of my pockets into Roselyn's lap and dashed out at 770 Eastern Parkway, just, in time for Shabbos. What a nightmare of a journey!

We spent the usual very pleasant and happy Shabbos - Davenning with the Rebbe. I again had an Aliya. Rabbi Shemtov had returned from a visit to Canada so we all had a nice reunion at Sarah's. We returned to Manhattan on Saturday night.

## YUD TES KISLEV - 1959

The next day, Sunday, 20th December, was Yud Tes Kislev, and this special Farbraingen was held at the Albany rooms again. We left our hotel early and picked up a taxi straight away. The driver was a coloured man. "Kingston Avenue" says I, "O.K. Boss," says he, and off we went. It was 6.45 p.m and we had arranged to pick up the Shemtov's first. When the fare meter on the taxi showed exactly double the normal fare we suspected that there was something wrong. When the driver informed us that we were now at the Kings Highway - I knew definitely that something was wrong. "What the !!?X???!!" I shouted at the driver. "Sorry Sah," says he, "I thought youse know the way." He turned the car around and commenced to retrace our route. We asked him to stop a moment - which he did, we paid the "crackpot" his fare, dashed out and caught another cab with a sensible driver. Of course, when we arrived at Mendel's, they had all left for the Farbraing.

Fortunately, a good seat had been reserved for me, very similar to the one I had occupied last year on Yud Shevat - facing the Rebbe.

At 8.30 p.m the Rebbe arrived and the Farbraingen had started. Once again, everyone filled their glasses and wished the Rebbe LeChaim. I was rewarded with a lovely smile and the reply of "LeChaim Velivrocho" - then about half an hour later again - and again. At midnight, Avrohom Shemtov placed the six bottles of Mashke (drink) which I wished to present to the Rebbe upon the top table. The Rebbe handed me a bottle to share out amongst the assembly.

The Rebbe related fourteen Sichos at this Farbraing - and Nigunim were sung in between these talks.

Towards the end of the Farbraing, the Rebbe called me up to the top table. "As usual" I had to walk along the table tops to get to my destination. The Rebbe presented me with a huge bag of cake and also a bottle of Mashke and said twice, "A sach geviross, a sach Tzedokah." (Lots of wealth and lots of charity).

This Farbraing lasted for seven hours and concluded at 3.30 a.m. Roselyn was tired and sleepy. Hindy was wide awake and excited and delighted with her "new friends." It would not take much effort to persuade Hindy to remain in Crown Heights.

## INTERRUPTED HOLIDAY

On Thursday, December 24th, Roselyn and I left for Miami Beach and took with us Avrohom and Hindy for a short holiday. It was nice and restful. The temperature was between 76 and 80 degrees, very pleasant. Every afternoon Avrohom and I had a Shiur in Gemorah. I was quite pleased with his progress. Tuesday, December 29th, was the fourth day of Chanukah. Whilst I was learning with Avrohom, at 4.45 p.m, I was interrupted by a telephone call from New York. It was Rabbi Shemtov. He was most annoyed. "Tonight was the fifth light and the Rebbe was giving out Chanukah gelt to the Yeshivah boys that evening. I had no right to take Avrohom away from Brooklyn at this time. I must, at once, send Avrohom back to New York in order not to miss this unique opportunity of receiving the silver dollar - Chanukah gelt - direct from the Rebbe."

"It is impossible," I encountered. "Nothing is, impossible," declared Rabbi Shemtov. And he was right. We tried over a dozen airlines and finally managed to obtain a seat on a new prop-jet flight which was leaving Miami at 10 p.m that evening. This would arrive at New York at 12:30 a.m.

I phoned Rabbi Shemtov at Brooklyn and informed him that I had booked the flight for Avrohom but - it cost \$150. "It is well worth it," he retorted.

Avrohom partook of an early dinner, changed into his "winter" clothes, packed a suitcase and he was almost ready to travel. Yes almost - because as he was about to leave the hotel there was another telephone call from New York for me - it was Rabbi Chadakov again. He explained that the Rebbe had learnt that Avrohom intended to come to Brooklyn to collect his Chanukah gelt. The Rebbe had indicated that (1) it was a pity to spend money on wheels - travel - which could be used for Yiddishe Tzedokah, and (2) in any case Avrohom would arrive too late, as the Chanukah gelt was being distributed between 9 p.m and 10.30 p.m. Therefore, Rabbi Chadakov suggested that if Avrohom would give him "power of attorney" then he (Rabbi Chadakov) would collect the silver dollar on Avrohom's behalf. We agreed to this on the understanding that I should also receive a silver dollar from the Rebbe. Rabbi Chadakov concurred. However, a few moments later there was another telephone call for me. Once again it was Rabbi Chadakov. He had spoken to the Rebbe who had pointed out that Chanukah gelt was only given to his Talmidim (pupils) and/or to those who learnt Tanya. So - if I would promise to study at least two lines of Tanya every day, then I could be considered as a Talmid. I agreed to this with alacrity.

Rabbi Chadakov then signified that as Roselyn and I were men and wife, we could only be treated as one unit, and were entitled to only one dollar between us. So, Avrohom would obtain his, we could get ours and poor Hindy would "be left out in the cold." Therefore, continued Rabbi Chadakov, if he would be given the "power of attorney" for Hindy, then he would get her a silver dollar too. "Clever Rebbe!!" We cancelled Avrohom's flight.

## OUR FOURTH YECHIDUS

We returned from Miami Beach to New York on Tuesday, 5th January, 1960. Our second Yechidus with the Rebbe had been arranged for 11 p.m that evening. We were due to leave for home on the "Queen Elizabeth" the following morning.

Rabbi Shemtov, Mendel and Avrohom Shemtov accompanied us to 770. Rabbi Chadakov gave us the silver dollar Chanukah gelt which he had obtained from the Rebbe on our behalf.

Shammy was really excited and delighted when he saw, T.G., our family entering the Rebbe's study - all together.

The Rebbe stood up and extended to us a wonderful welcome. Avrohom and Hindy remained standing during the Yechidus. I thanked the Rebbe for the Chanukah gelt and handed him an envelope containing \$150. Avrohom had saved this amount by not flying to New York to collect his dollar. The Rebbe remarked that this was not my money. It belonged to Avrohom who had to give it to charity. The Rebbe handed the cash to Avrohom and instructed him to give it to Rabbi Chadakov and to ensure that he got a receipt in his own name too.

The Rebbe asked Hindy whether she would be prepared to spend a year or two in Brooklyn. Hindy replied with an emphatic, unhesitating "YES!" Hindy's new friend, Debbie, had created a most wonderful impression upon her. "She is a fire," said the Rebbe. The Rebbe wished Hindy much success and good health. Whereupon, the children left the room after ten minutes. The Rebbe remarked that I was worried last year about Avrohom's future, and asserted that I had no cause to worry any more.

Rabbi Shemtov was outside in the hallway. It was his turn to enter for Yechidus after we had left. So, after discussing various matters we took our leave with most beautiful Brochas and good wishes ringing in our ears. I hoped that I would be seeing the Rebbe again - and soon!

We sang the new Nigun - Uforatzto, and danced with the boys at 770, and very reluctantly left for home.

Shemmy came to the ship to wish us farewell. He had spoken to the Rebbe after we had left Yechidus and the Rebbe had indicated that I would make a lot of money - but I must not fail to give the due amount to Tzedokah. Shemmy implied that the Rebbe seemed to be very pleased with our visit!

We had a pleasant, restful and leisurely voyage home. How leisurely can be deduced from the fact that we arrived at Cherbourg on Monday, 11th January, at 8 a.m in the morning and then drifted the few miles across the Channel to Southampton where we arrived at 10 p.m. All the passengers stayed aboard overnight and we arrived home next day at 4p.m in the afternoon.

## UNIVERSITY STUDENTS QUESTION THE REBBE

MARCH 1960

We now had our "own correspondent" at 770, who was also a good "public relations officer" as well as an excellent liaison between 770 and Manchester.

He (Avrohom) sent me the report of a meeting which 80 students had held with the Rebbe at 770. Here follows the official version:

"The following is a transcript made from notes taken by a few of the listeners who were members of a Hillel Foundation group that had an audience with His Eminence, the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlito, Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, on March 6th, 1960. About 80 students, boys and girls, were with the Rebbe, Shlito, for over an hour and a quarter, asking the questions and being given the following answers. The whole audience was conducted in English. However, it must be pointed out that this transcript has NOT been checked over by the Rebbe, Shlito, and it is NOT his exact words, so consequently, it is not advisable to take the EXACT words as what the Rebbe, Shlito, meant, but mainly the ideas.

REBBE SHLITO: This year has special significance, being the 200th anniversary of the HISTALKOS of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of general Chassidism. The word "Histalkos" does not mean death in the sense of coming to an end, but rather an elevation from one level to another on a higher plane. When one has accomplished his mission in life he is elevated to a higher plane. The significance of this for us is that everyone here can lift himself to a higher level by studying the teachings of the Baal Shem Tov and taking an example from his life.

From the very beginning, one of the first things the Baal Shem Tov did was to teach small children little things, such as blessings, and to explain to them how they could be near to G-D A-mighty - that G-D was very real for them and close to them and not far-removed in some seventh-heaven. He worked not only with the teenagers but even with six and seven year old children, making them understand that they should do G-D's will all the time not only on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday, but all the days of their life, and that through this they would be assured of a happy and harmonious life materially and spiritually.

The epoch of the Baal Shem Tov came after the Chmilnetzky pogroms which left the Jews in a state of dejection and despair. It was the aim of the Baal Shem Tov to encourage the Jews and to show them how they could meet the problems of their day whilst living a life of TORAH AND MITZVOS.

Our present age is similar in many ways to the time of the Baal Shem Tov. One third of the Jewish population have perished under Hitler and have been cut off from us. How great, then, is the obligation that lies upon each and every one of us to do as much as is

within his power to spread the light of TORAH and MITZVOS in his surroundings and throughout the world in general.

(At this point the Rebbe Shlito paused for questions and asked if the students preferred to ask all their questions and then he would answer them or whether they wanted each question answered as it was asked. The latter was decided upon and the students then began the question period.)

QUESTION: The Rebbe Shlito said that one should spread Torah. How and in what manner is this to be done?

ANSWER: Everyone must do as much as is possible in his immediate surroundings, by speaking with other people in a way that shows his certainty and confidence in the matter - for confidence is a characteristic of the youth specifically. An older person is always beset with doubts and hesitations, whilst the young are sure of themselves. It is this characteristic that we must utilise in spreading TORAH and MITZVOS, and everyone must work at 100% capacity. Every means must be employed, the newspapers, the radio, but above all, the most vital is the personal example we set in our everyday living.

QUESTION: There appears to be a contradiction in the view of death as we find in Job and Ecclesiastes. In Job it is considered a redemption, but in Ecclesiastes it is thought of as an evil that transforms everything into vanity. What is the view of Chassidus concerning an after-life?

ANSWER: As was explained before, death is not a cessation of life, and in this the term "after-life" is not a proper expression but rather one's spiritual life takes on new dimensions or is, as we have said, elevated to a higher plane. This is logical and follows from the principles of science which you consider to be the absolute truth. In science, the principle of the conservation of matter states that nothing physical can be completely annihilated. This table or a piece of iron can be cut up or even burned but, in no case could the matter of the table or of the iron be destroyed. It simply takes on a different form. So, likewise, on the spiritual level, what composes our spiritual life, our thoughts, feelings, etc. can never be destroyed, but it can change its form or elevate itself to a higher plane.

QUESTION: (The same questioner then asked) Is after-life of a soul personal or impersonal?

ANSWER: In conjunction with what we said before, the table is not destroyed when it is burned, it merely takes on a new form. So likewise, the soul takes on a new and higher form. In this the term "after-life" is inappropriate. Rather it is a continuation of life. Until 120 it is carried on at one level, and at 121, 122 and 123 it is carried on at another level, and thus we go higher in the realm of spirit. There is nothing metaphysical or mystical if you accept the truth (of science.)

QUESTION: What was the role that the Baal Shem Tov played in the Chassidic Movement?

ANSWER: The role of the Baal Shem Tov can be understood by noticing the relationship between an electric power-house with a switch that is connected to it by a wire. In order to connect oneself with the power-house, one must first find the right switch or push the correct button. So the soul of every Jew is connected with the power-house, but in order that one can enjoy the great benefits of the power-house the correct switch must be found or the proper button pushed. It was the Baal Shem Tov's merit to have discovered the right switch in every Jew so that through their connection with the power-house, their lives were changed from dark despair to one of harmony and happiness.

So, also you, in your own work in strengthening Judaism, must try to find the switch in the soul of every Jew. One can never know what will make the connection, perhaps one word, but by this you open up the well or inner fountain of his soul.

(Rabbi Levy, director of the Hillel Foundation at Princeton University, brought greetings to the Rebbe Shlito from Kfar Chabad. He had visited there during the summer and related his admiration for the love that is shown the Moroccan children. Never had he believed that such love between Jews existed.)

QUESTION: Can Israel exist as a political state?

(The Rebbe Shlito then asked if the questioner was speaking from an economical, religious or political point of view. The questioner then replied that he meant whether a political and religious state could exist harmoniously together.)

ANSWER: The world runs according to a general plan. In the case of a machine, it can be used for a small job, or if used at stronger capacity, it could do an even bigger job. So also in the State of Israel, it can be a state of Jews, or it can be something bigger, namely a Jewish state. But to be a Jewish state it must run according to the Messianic tradition. This is not a contradiction to its being a normal state with men, women and children as any other, and then it will be doing something exceptional.

QUESTION: What is the difference between Lubavitch and other Chassidic groups?

ANSWER: Lubavitcher Chassidim are often called Chabad Chassidim, from the Hebrew words CHOCHMA, BINA AND DA'AS, which indicate different aspects of the understanding. To serve G-D with the emotions alone or with the faith alone, or even with intellect alone, is not enough, for it would be an incomplete kind of service. Rather, there must be a fusion of all these elements in a way that permeates the entire being of a Jew every single day. However, the intellect is the most important of these elements and it is this that the Alter Rebbe stressed when he said that a Chassid must use his intellect and not be content with a life centred on the emotions or in faith alone.

QUESTION: Can Chassidim bring non-religious Jews back to their Judaism?

ANSWER: Certainly! Today it is required that one understands his religion and, therefore, Jews can be reached through the understanding. But, in order to reach the intellect of someone else, you must first utilise your own intellect for only through your mind can you reach the mind of another.

QUESTION: Why is Chabad Chassidim so successful in its activities?

ANSWER: Today everyone must understand something before he does it. I am not saying whether this is good or bad, but this is the situation. We require proofs and understanding. This is what CHABAD CHASSIDUS does, it explains aspects of Judaism so that they can be understood by the intellect. Also, being a Chabad Chassid, I naturally believe this is the truth and that this is why it is successful.

QUESTION: What is the function of the Rebbe?

ANSWER: As we said earlier, to find the right switch in every Jew to connect him to the power-house.

QUESTION: What is the Jewish attitude towards conversion?

ANSWER: Never have we openly converted. A Jew should be a good Jew and a gentile, a good gentile. There is enough to do in just seeing that Jews are good Jews. One might utilise the example of a body to bring out the meaning clearer. Every limb of a body has its particular function and the body is healthy as long as each part does its proper work. It would be no advantage for the stomach to stop acting like a stomach and begin acting like an eye. Each limb has its activity to which it is fitted. So, likewise, every created thing has its particular function. The Jew has his and the gentile has his, and it is of no purpose for one to do the work of the other.

QUESTION: This afternoon we heard a lecture by Dr. I. Bloch in which he explained that a Jew has a Divine spark and a non-Jew has not. Is this so?

ANSWER: A non-Jew does have a Divine spark but it is not the same Divine spark that a Jew has. To illustrate from the body again. Each part has its own function, the brain to think, the heart to feel, and the legs to carry one about. So the mission of a Jew in life is to transform the physicality of the world into something spiritual. The non-Jew has a different purpose and therefore, the two do not have the same Divine spark. This may sound chauvenistic but it is not my creation.

QUESTION: I understand that Chassidism elevates the woman to a state higher than she had before in Judaism. Could you explain this?

ANSWER: Traditionally, women were not taught Torah, except those laws which were directly relevant to herself. Chassidus taught, however, that the MITZVOS must be done with happiness, even the smaller MITZVOS like eating; if one eats to serve G-D. But all



these Mitzvos must be done with love and happiness, not automatically. However, first the woman must be made to understand the Mitzvah. We cannot expect her to be a good Jewish woman unless she understands the Providence and Omnipresence of the A-Mighty G-D and that He created not only the heavens but also the kitchen, and the kitchen therefore must be a Jewish kitchen. We must explain to her in great detail the teachings of Chassidus and the reason why of Judaism. For indeed, the woman has a great effect on her children and her husband. It is necessary then that she be taught the basic ideas of Chassidus.

QUESTION: Can a Jew be a Chassid even though he finds it necessary to work on Shabbos, especially in the case of a physician?

ANSWER: You mean he THINKS it is necessary to work on Shabbos. Really, it cannot be that it is impossible for a Jew to keep Shabbos. For, since G-D is good, he would not have commanded us to do something and then have put us in the position where it would be impossible.

(The question was continued and it was asked what should a physician do if a life was in danger?)

ANSWER: Under ordinary conditions, a physician must not desecrate Shabbos, and his entire life must be as holy and as Jewish as possible. However when an emergency arises and a life is at stake, it is not only not a desecration but one is even commanded to save the person. If one is a physician and a Talmid Chochom, the Mitzvah should not be given to another but he himself must save the person.

QUESTION: How far does the power of the Rebbe Shlito, extend in natural law? Does the Rebbe, Shlito, have preferred status as regards prayer?

ANSWER: This world is not separate from the higher worlds but is simply another step, the last one, on a long chain of worlds. Everything that influences this world comes from the higher ones. A miracle is something that happens which you could not have calculated. When a Jew connects his Divine spark with G-D through prayer, Torah and Mitzvos, he can affect things in the physical world that are beyond calculation. This power is not the prerogative of one Jew but of every Jew.

(At this point Rabbi Gurewitz, of the Brooklyn Hillel Foundation, thanked the Rebbe, Shlito, for his interview and started to leave, but the Rebbe, Shlito, then said the following:)

Now I want to ask you a question and at the same time perform a miracle. Everything has a purpose. What was the purpose of our coming together tonight? Certainly it was not merely to ask questions and receive answers, good or bad. Rather, it was to achieve something positive. All of us here are young, myself included, and have tens of years before us. We all must work to the fullest capacity, every one of us. Since six million of our people have been lost to us through Hitler, we have a special task to accomplish the

work what they have done. Everyone counts. No Jew is expendable. In your normal day-to-day life you must use your strength to add to the side of good and by this you will gain a life of happiness and harmony and, as I believe, this can be done only through a life of Torah and Mitzvos. This obligation lies upon every Jew and G-D has given us the power to carry this through successfully.

And now the miracle is that each of us, myself included, tomorrow should add to his own personal life more Torah and Mitzvos. If we can all do this, myself included, this indeed will be a miracle.

MY ORIGINAL DIARY, OF  
OUR FIRST CHARTER FLIGHT TO 770  
JULY 4TH 1961

(UN)EASY PREPARATIONS

One morning in January, 1961, I received a telephone call from Rabbi Shemtov - from London. He was very excited. He informed me that there was a special charter flight arranged from London to New York, leaving in a month's time. The cost was only £35 for each passenger - including free meals and transport to and from the Airports. He had taken the liberty of reserving three seats on this flight - for Roselyn, Hindy and me. It was undoubtedly an exceptionally cheap price, ridiculously low - an absolute bargain - but I really could not afford the time to leave my business for nearly three weeks - besides which - I had already been to America twice and had seen the Rebbe only twelve months previously.

Shemmy was quite cross with me. He pleaded with me, cajoled, threatened and finally persuaded me to accept these three super bargain seats. He added that there were still a few available seats and I should inform my friends.

I was very friendly with Frank Harris, the editor of the "Jewish Telegraph", one of our local Jewish newspapers. I revealed to him the extraordinary and astonishing news that members of Lubavitch were travelling to New York - and back - with meals and transport to the airports - and all this for £35.

This newspaper is published every Friday and there was a small paragraph printed about this flight.

I was enjoying my breakfast at 8.30 a.m when the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Cohen. She had just read the report in the newspaper and wanted to join our flight - after all £17.10 to cross the Atlantic was really a silly, a crazy price. She insisted upon taking advantage of this in order to see her daughter and son-in-law whom she had last seen 30 years ago - and to meet her grandchildren whom she had never seen. By 11.30 a.m I was still endeavouring to finish my breakfast - I was kept so busy answering the phone. I rushed to the office and found a similar state of affairs. All day long people were enquiring about the flight. "When are we leaving?" "For how long are you going?" "Put me on the list." "Take my deposit." ...and so on. The same thing was happening at home and Roselyn was having a hectic time because she had to prepare for Shabbos too. Many enquirers had complained to the supervisor that our telephone must be out of order because they had been trying all morning and our line was always engaged - busy. We were very grateful to G-D and thankful that we had a Shabbos. From the time when Shabbos came in until the end of the Day of Rest, we had complete quietness and repose.

After which, it all started again. I arrived home from Shool on Saturday night, after Maariv, and found a dozen people waiting for me and the telephone ringing away. This activity of hustle and bustle continued all day on Sunday and Monday.

By Tuesday morning I had a list of one hundred and twenty friends and Lubavitchers desiring to take advantage of our offer and to join our group for New York. I had also received £1,000 as deposits.

I telephoned the good news to Shemmy and requested him to convey to me, as soon as possible, the exact dates of our departure and return - so that I could notify my "customers".

Well, a week went by - two weeks - a month - six weeks - and still I heard nothing definite about the flight details. I was being nagged and pestered continuously. The telephone never stopped ringing - but they were not friends any more and I only received abuse and insults. I was getting bad publicity and the image of Lubavitch was becoming a little tarnished. The whole idea of a £35 American trip was being ridiculed. "It was just a publicity stunt and a bluff." I was becoming desperate, and was terribly annoyed with Shemmy for putting me into this horrible situation.

But, first of all, I returned all the money to the applicants and informed them that I would communicate with them as soon as I had some definite news.

One day, Shemmy came to Manchester on one of his regular, periodical visits. He arrived at his Lubavitch, Manchester headquarters - which happened to be my office - and - I really let him know exactly how I felt and what I thought about a man who would put a friend in such an invidious position. My reputation was such that people could always rely on my word. Therefore, I wanted my flight!

Well, Shemmy blurted out the whole story. Some Satmar Chassidim were keen and anxious to visit their Rebbe in New York and they chartered a plane for 118 Chassidim. They did not receive the spontaneous support which they expected so they invited the Lubavitch to join with them. That was all he knew about the whole affair.

This did not satisfy me, not at all. A decision had to be made. Either we had the flight to New York or I had to apologise to the Jewish Public and admit that we had been a little too ambitious.

Shemmy suggested that I should telephone the London travel agent who had organised this charter and I would receive an up-to-the-minute report - all the latest information.

I phoned at once and I did get the "latest information". It was a cursory denunciation and condemnation - in most impolite terms - of Chassidim in general and Satmar Chassidim in particular. The flight was OFF, OFF, OFF!!

Mr. M., the travel agent, did confirm that he had a long list of intending passengers - six Sat's and six Lub's. He was fed up with it and had wiped his hands of the whole sorry and sordid affair.

At last, when I managed to intervene and halt him in the middle of his monologue - I explained, with a glow of pride, that he should not be so impetuous and hasty - because I had a list of over a hundred potential travellers and for which I personally would guarantee. Mr. M. would not listen to any of my arguments and entreaties. He would have none of it! He would not waste his invaluable time with such unreliable people and fickle individuals.

I was very upset, hurt, surprised and disappointed, and I again reproved Shemmy. I had made myself look very foolish. People were making snide remarks about the £35 American Flight which would never leave the ground!

Shemmy had another great idea - a sudden inspiration. "Why bother with travel agents - contact the Airlines direct - we have the passengers (?) the money (!) and the organisation (!!). Phone them now - at once." "Kling op the 'Flying Tiger'." So I klined op the 'Flying Tiger' Airlines. Yes they did charter planes to New York but they were fully booked up for this year's programme. "Ah, no - just a moment, we do have a cancellation for our flight on July 4th." A quick glance at the calendar confirmed that it was not a Shabbos or Yom Tov, but it was during the nine days - a week before the fast of Av, a time of mourning for the Jewish people.

Shemmy hissed into my ear, "Nem Doss, Nem Doss." So I took doss. I was a little perturbed about visiting the Rebbe on these depressing days but Shemmy explained, and made it quite clear, that when one sees the Rebbe the sadness becomes gladness and a weekday becomes a Yom Tov.

I immediately circulated all our Lubavitch friends and supporters setting out the exact times and dates and other particulars. Of the original 120 applicants 60 had to drop out because (1) the time of departure was unsuitable, (2) the length of time in New York was too long, (3) it was too short. Anyway, by the middle of June we had our full complement of 118 passengers and also a waiting list of over twenty. One of these latter offered to travel in the wash room and pay the full fare. One woman offered to pay us 10% for her child, which was the rule amongst airlines. That meant she wanted us to take her boy of four years old to New York and back to Manchester, feed him well and look after him, all for £4 (\$6). Even then, she considered that she was generous because 10% was only £3.50! Another woman wished to go one way only to New York. She had received an offer of £40 for the return journey. We told her which way she could go!

I wanted Rabbi Shemtov to accompany us on this unique occasion. He desired this too. Shemmy was afraid to ask permission from the Rebbe in case he received a rebuff. So I wrote myself. In his reply, as a P.S. to a letter, the Rebbe had added:

"In which you wrote about the desire and suggestion that Rebbe Shemtov join and lead the group visit. Now, although it is my custom in such a case to hear also directly from the party concerned, but in view of the importance and urgency of the request, I will make an exception. My reply is that the suggestion is a very good one unless there are some compelling reasons to the contrary. May I add that I am gratified to note that Rabbi

Shemtov's work and leadership in the Lubavitch affairs in England is so well appreciated."

Our flight was due to leave on Tuesday, 4th July. Four days before departure I received a bombshell! The Airline manager phoned me on Thursday night from London to inform me that our flight to New York would have to be cancelled. A Manchester travel agent had informed - reported to the Air Authority in London - that we were not a Bona Fida Group - that we had accepted passengers, persons who were not members of Lubavitch or had not been members for at least six months. This was all nonsense. These travel agents were annoyed that we had started a new era - chartered flights from Manchester to New York - and were frightened that these would interfere with, and even ruin, their regular business. They decided to put a stop to this new type of traffic in its infancy. They therefore made this false accusation at the very last moment so that it would be too late for us to appeal.

This was a shocking blow, especially after all our hard work, and after the minutest details had been arranged and settled. I immediately telephoned to the Rebbe in Brooklyn and received the reassuring message that I need not worry and that everything would be alright. He was awaiting our arrival with keen and pleasurable anticipation. I confess - ashamedly - that I lacked faith. How could I not worry when so much was at stake - and I did not relish the idea of informing my eager passengers that they had better start to unpack their suitcases. There were two courses of action open to me. (1) To discover who were the travel agents and to persuade them to withdraw their accusation, and (2) to prove to the Air Authority that we were a Bona Fida group. Course number (1) was doomed to failure. I appealed to the boss of the travel agency for my sake - for the sake of my 118 passengers - for the sake of the many hundreds of friends and relatives who were awaiting our arrival - and lastly, for the sake of the £4,500 which we would all be losing collectively. The boss just laughed and sneered and said it served me right for interfering in their business. He was a hard nut and I could not crack it. We concentrated on course number (2). All day Friday we spent contacting every single one of our passengers by phone and telegram. We asked them to be at my house on Sunday and bring with them all their old membership forms. We had prepared a new certificate which they would also sign on Sunday. When I had these in my possession I was to phone the Flying Tiger manager, Mr. Clark, who would contact the Air Authority and hopefully receive permission to fly to New York.

We spent a hectic, worrying and uneasy weekend. By Sunday afternoon every single passenger had been to my home and completed all the necessary forms. I had telephoned Mr. Clark and the flight was still in the balance. We had to await developments. But, as far as my passengers were concerned, the flight was still on unless they heard directly from me to the contrary - and NO notice should be taken of rumours or stories.

#### The Flight:

The day before we were due to leave, on Monday, the "Manchester Evening Chronicle" printed a half-page article about our proposed trip and our difficulties. This was headed

by screaming headlines, "£35 New York trip is in danger". Lubavitch certainly had plenty of publicity that week. Tension was high, and my poor passengers were on the phone to me every minute of the day - "Was the trip on, was it off?" They had heard a rumour, somebody had told them this - and that. All I could say was, "The arrangements still stood and until they actually heard from MY office they must carry out the instructions already issued to them." Even Halberstadt, the caterers, drove me crazy. If the trip was off what should they do with the meat? Alright, he knew the answer to that one - PICKLE IT, but what about the plastic cutlery. He would have enough to last him for twenty years.

I awoke very early on Tuesday morning after a restless night. No news - well no news is good news. We had a quick breakfast when - suddenly - SHOCK - a cable from New York - "TO JAFFE, CHEETHAM HILL 3110 — FLIGHT IS CANCELLED WILL BE IN LONDON."

My mind was in a whirl. In my imagination I was already shepherding the 118 tearful and weeping passengers back from the Airport, the £4,500 paid to the airlines was already lost and I was being sued by everyone for false pretences and for the return of their money - when - I realised that the sender of the cable was a Rabbi Halpern who was expected from New York with greetings and good wishes from the Rebbe.

By the time I had revived it was nearly 9 a.m - the time arranged for Bus No. 1 to call at our home for our family and friends of Cavendish Road who had congregated outside, when shock number two - the bus ordered from Premier Cabs NOT ONLY arrived but came dead on time.

"Up with the luggage and call for Rabbi and Mrs. Unsdorfer on our way to Parksway." We hustled them in and were a quarter of a mile away when we had to return. In the excitement, the Unsdorfers had left the front door of their unoccupied house wide open!

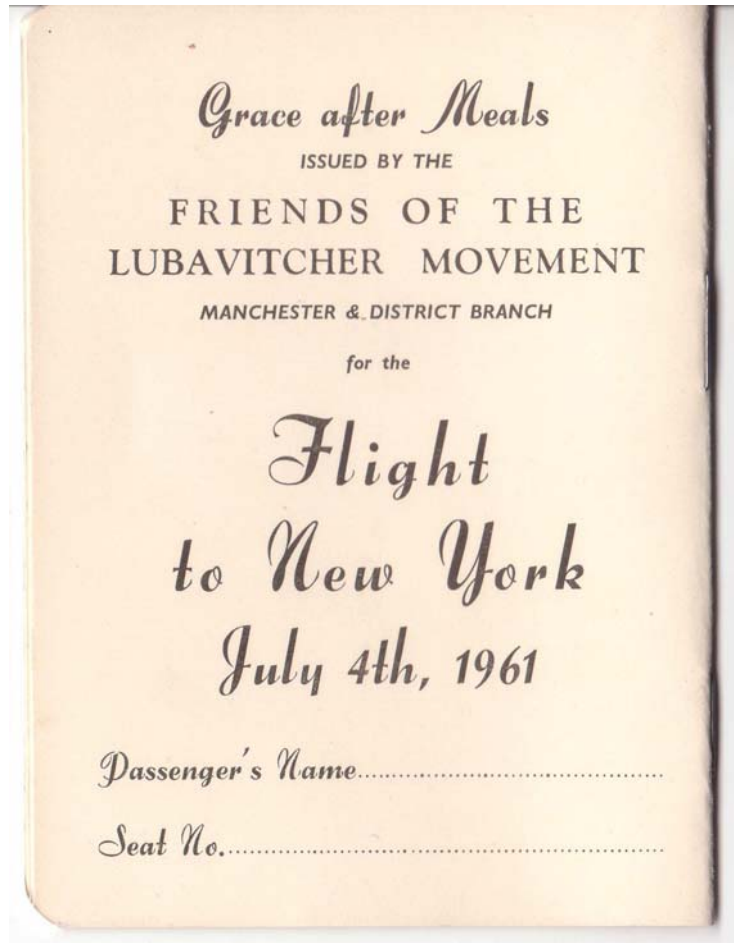
From then onwards things went almost according to plan. The three buses picked up the passengers after the usual delays and waiting for latecomers, the Birchas HaMozon – the Benchers - were distributed to the passengers to be used as tickets.

At the airport all was chaos and excitement. Crowds came to see us off - perhaps they could not believe we were actually on our way. I introduced myself to the representatives of the "Flying Tiger" and the BEA and, with their help and co-operation, it did not take too long to weigh the baggage and check in the travellers. By 11.45 a.m it was confirmed that everyone had gone through and we congratulated each other on a job well and quickly done.

"By the way," says he, "Just a matter of routine, I had better see your passport, just routine you know." He looked at my passport and then at me - and said - "I'm sorry, Mr. Jaffe, YOU cannot be allowed to go!!" Of course, I realised he must be

joking. Ha, ha, I the group leader cannot go, ha, ha! Must be a joke! It's got to be a joke. Good gracious, the fellow is serious!! He says my passport is two weeks out of date and this invalidates my American visa. If they do take me and I am considered to have entered the States illegally, they must bring me straight back. As they are a charter company and have no scheduled flights, they cannot do this and would be liable to a fine of \$5,000 for every day I remain in America. So - it's been very nice meeting me but there is nothing he can do about it. It is nearly 12 a.m and the plane must be off. I appeal to the Emigration Officers - they are not helpful - as far as they are concerned, I can go even on my out-of-date passport. I have an idea - I will phone the American Consul - Hello, hello, hello, hello It's the 4th of July and American Independence day, so there is no reply. The BEA fellow is helpful, very helpful indeed. He has found that I can get to Liverpool, extend my passport, and get the 10 p.m BOAC Jet that evening which would arrive only five hours after the group, and for £85 it was a bargain. My mind was in a daze by then but I must explain everything to Roselyn.

"O.K. Ros, everything is in order, you and Hindy carry on and I will be along later. ALRIGHT don't get excited. Now relax and keep calm. KEEP CALM for goodness sake." It's time to leave - everyone's gone mad, everybody is shouting, everyone - except Rabbi Shemtov, who remarks quietly, "Don't worry, everything will be alright!" I feel he





must be going crackers too! Moishe Pfeffer tugs my arm and says, "Come with me, Zalmon, I had this experience before and I think I know the way out." (I thought, yes - that's the way I am going.) He took me back to the Emigration Officers and got permission to speak to the Chief of the Passport Office in Liverpool. He in turn gave permission and instructions to the officers to extend my passport for three months. So, at last, everything was in order. We eventually left Manchester at 12.30 - half an hour late - on our four engined propeller plane.

After all the trials and tribulations we were actually airborne. Everyone is seated in their allotted place. There is plenty of leg space and all seem pleased with their neighbours. The first impressive moment was when Rabbi Unsдорfer read out the Tefillas HaDerech in Hebrew and then the English translation. Many of the lady passengers in particular felt greatly reassured and all settled down for a pleasant flight to New York.

At 2 p.m, after travelling for an hour and a half, we landed at Shannon Airport, Ireland, in order to refuel for our long haul to Gander, Newfoundland, eight hours flying time away. Everyone dashed for the customs-free shops to buy cigarettes, liqueurs and perfume. The plane was announced to leave at 4 p.m which gave us two hours in Shannon.

I wondered why we remained in Shannon for two hours - we had left Manchester only one and a half hours before. I discovered that whilst in Ringway, a fork-lift truck, which was loading our baggage, had crashed into the plane and made a small hole in the fuselage. They were now trying to patch this up.

Meanwhile, all the men davened Mincha in the lounge. We left on time but it was 4.15 p.m before we could unfasten our seat belts and relax. It was over eight hours since most of us had eaten. We were famished, and I could see that it would take the three stewardesses over an hour to serve the 118 passengers. I conscripted Hindy, David Kessler, Harold Glickman, Martin Weinberg, David Epstein, Irvin Landau and Mr. Ravitz to assist in "Operation Hunger Relief" and in ten minutes all had received their Halberstadt's delicious and luscious food parcels.

Rabbi Unsдорfer made the official HaMotzie and everyone praised the sumptuous and plentiful food. Fortunately, I had warned the stewardesses to serve black coffee only and it was peculiar to receive a complaint from Rebbetzen Sudak that she was refused milk for her 11 month old baby who made up the 119th passenger. After lunch we had communal Benching, everyone with their Benchers and singing with gusto and Kavono.

I then announced that Dayan Golditch would give a Shiur on Tanya, in English. Here the stewardesses interrupted and asked the members to please fasten their seat belts. A storm was expected – it saw a plane load of Lubavitch Chassidim and ran away. We were then treated to a talk on the Sedra by Rabbi Spector followed by Chumash and Rashi by Rabbi Unsдорfer. Tehillim, Nigunim and songs followed. It was remarkable that with such a diversity of characters - twelve Rabbonim, men and women, boys and girls, orthodox and not so orthodox, they should all unite and combine together to form one happy family and group of people all interested in each other and forming and cementing friendships. Only

one person complained. He said it was worse than Yom Kippur - then, at least, one could open the door and leave the Shool! The crew and stewardesses were wonderful. They said they had never had such a happy group of people and it was a lovely experience for them. They were not allowed to accept gratuities but, if we insisted on giving them money, they would be honoured if we would accept it back for our Church.

We stopped at Gander - to Daven Maariv - that wasn't the real reason - and we settled down for the last five hours journey to Ildewilde, New York.

The small hole made by the fork-lift truck in Manchester had affected the air conditioning. It was now becoming uncommonly hot. At this stage of our journey we had "drunk the plane dry." Not even a drop of water was to be had.

I walked to the front and, looking along the length of the plane, all I could see was a sea of red, flushed and perspiring faces - some gasping for air.

The coolest place was in the rear. Crowds had congregated at that spot and were chatting and gossiping. The Captain kept sending urgent messages - "There are too many people in the rear, the plane is dragging, come forward at once, otherwise it will become dangerous."

My watch showed 6.30 a.m but it was actually only 1.30 a.m New York time when we arrived there – 18½ hours journey and 21½ hours since we had left our home in Manchester.

The plane door was opened and we all filed out - to be greeted by a heavenly choir singing Uforutzto and other Nigunim. The parapet on the roof of the terminus building was lined with over 100 men and boys chanting a welcome.

The stewardess was so moved by this reception that she burst into tears.

We literally danced our way through the Immigration and Customs and everyone crowded into the buses which were lined up outside the airport.

#### THE REBBE'S BRIGHT AND EARLY WELCOME

It was nearly 3 a.m New York time when we finally arrived at 770 Eastern Parkway, the headquarters of the Lubavitcher Movement. Lemonade, cakes and drink had been thoughtfully provided for us and, whilst friends and relatives were being reunited, the rest of the 400 people present sang Nigunim, all waiting for the Highlight of the visit - our first meeting with our Beloved and revered Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlito. What a thrill and reward for me to see sisters and brothers, parents and children, who had not seen each other for 30 years or more, weeping and crying for joy, and blessing those who had made this £35 flight possible.

Since our last visit, a new Shool had been opened at 770. It was below street level and there was standing room for 1,500 people. (It was about a third of the 1978 area - Z.J.)

It was now possible to hold all Lubavitch Farbraingen at 770. There was no need to book an outside hall as hitherto.

All our pasengers and friends had congregated in this hall. I should imagine that this was the first - and the last time - that men and women were on the same level. However, the women had to take a "back seat."

At 3.30 a.m on the dot - there was a sudden and expectant HUSH - an almost unnatural silence - and a passageway was miraculously cleared in the midst of the tightly packed crowd of men and boys who lined the side of the hall. What a thrilling moment as - with head erect - with light but resolute steps, the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlito, strode to the dais and seated himself in solitary state at the table surrounded by a semi circle of about 50 Rabbonim. He gave me a wonderful smile of welcome. Everyone drank to his health and said, "LeChaim", and he replied to each one with, "LeChaim Velivrocho."

That the Rebbe, Shlito, should welcome us personally at 3.30 a.m in the morning was a remarkable experience. We were all very conscious of this extraordinary gesture.

We had come a long way to see this saintly and brilliant person, and we were not disappointed. Wearing a black, soft, felt hat with the brim turned down at the front, a neat black beard tinged with grey, an occasional humorous twinkle showing in his eyes, he had a vivid personality and looked younger than his 59 years.

He greeted us with "Sholom Aleichem". When we replied with, "Aleichem Sholom", he explained that in those two phrases were contained all the blessings including that of "Bruchim HaBoim" (Blessed are the newcomers), for it says in the Mishna that peace is the "vessel" that contains G-D's blessings. Unity and peace are the channels through which the Jew draws down upon himself G-D's blessings in the fullest measure - the kind of blessings which only G-D can bestow, and which therefore satisfy all our needs both materially and spiritually.

This is so even when one single Jew meets and greets another single Jew. When, T.G., so many Jews are greeting each other tonight and hearing a discourse on Torah, then the blessings showered upon us are increased immeasurably.

It was, he continued, now during the three weeks, and our Rabbis tell us that the Temple was destroyed because of "Sinos Chinom" (hatred without cause). How often do we hear the expression, "Oh I can't bear the sight of that fellow," even though we hardly know and maybe have never spoken to "that fellow". There is good in every Jew but they must be shown the right way. Many Jews practice Ahavas HaShem (love of G-D) and many practice Ahavas Yisroel (love of Israel - that is loving Jews), but they must be practiced together, one is no good without the other. The Jew who goes to Shool three times a day and dislikes his fellow man is no better than the Jew who like his fellow being but keeps

no other Mitzvos at all. A truly genuine, honest and religious Jew, who loves his Maker, will most certainly love his fellow Jew because G-D says, "Ve'ohavto Le'reacho Komoicho" - you must love your fellow Jew like yourself, and that is why we have to change Sinos Chinom (causeless hatred) to Ahavas Chinom (loving without cause) only because he is a Jew - and therefore has the possibilities of keeping the Mitzvos, especially the Mitzvos of Shabbos, Tefillin and, above all, of giving Tzedokah. (This last, by the way, is of the highest importance and must be given daily. No one can measure the rewards of giving Tzedokah, and at least 1pence per day must be donated to charity.) "When that time comes," the Rebbe, Shlito, concluded, "When we will love our fellow Jews - for no particular reason, not out of gratitude for kindness received, not in expectation of a favour in return, but for no reason at all, then we can expect the rebuilding of the Temple and the coming of the Moshiach, very soon and in our time, Amen."

That is the basis of the Lubavitcher Doctrine. Every Jew is important - whether religious or not, whether male or female, or whether he lives in a city or at the outposts of civilisation, he can always become more orthodox.

In the past ten years, Lubavitcher Yeshivos, Talmudei Torah and Schools have been founded, have flourished and are being increased rapidly in every country in Europe - in North Africa, Canada, Australia and in the South American states. In Israel another Village in addition to Kfar Chabad is being established and numerous schools and Yeshivos are making splendid progress in every part of that country.

In the United States alone, there were (at that time) 15 Academies that attend to the education of 16,000 youngsters. On June 28th 1961, the New York Herald Tribune stated that, "The Lubavitcher Educational movement is recognised as the largest International Jewish educational institution of its type in the world, reaching 30,000 youngsters."

Lubavitch has its own printing and publishing business which is really colossal. Millions of books on every aspect of religion are sent all over the world.

Lubavitch has its own Free Loan Society and Summer Holiday Camps for boys and for girls, and also Vocational Schools where the boys learn and study half the day and are taught a trade the rest of the time.

The complicated business of running this huge organisation is carried out by the Rebbe, Shlito, in person. He has two private secretaries - Rabbi Chadakov, who is also the Rebbe's Gabbai - or shadow. He has his own office, keeps long hours and works tremendously hard. He is a brilliant speaker and statesman, and is about 55 years of age. Dr. Nissan Mindel is the other private secretary, but only attends to the English correspondence. He is about 45 years of age and edits the famous Lubavitcher "Talks and Tales."

There are also six general secretaries, all Rabbonim, in the main office and the four telephones are ringing continuously day and night.

Besides all this, the Rebbe, Shlito, receives a fantastic amount of private mail from individuals all over the globe asking for advice, help, guidance and Brochos for some member of their family:

All this personal mail is handled by the Rebbe, Shlito, himself and one is amazed and astounded to see the huge bundles of unopened letters, mostly in Air Mail envelopes, which are taken into the Rebbe's office for attention every day. Yes - even after Shabbos ends, the Rebbe, Shlito, starts on the bundles, otherwise he would soon get far behind. When someone in a distant country is anxiously awaiting the Rebbe's letter, this would never do.

Three times a week the Rebbe, Shlito, has private appointments, or Yechidus, as we call them. They start at 8 p.m in the evening and carry on, without a pause, until sometimes 8 a.m next morning. Not a drop of water, nor a particle of food pass the Rebbe's lips during this period - in any case, as soon as one person comes out the next one goes in. At 8 a.m the Rebbe is as fit and as fresh as at 8 p.m the previous evening. He arrives at his office, as usual, at 9 a.m and he carries on his daily routine.

Quite a lot has been said and written about the wonderful achievements of the Rebbe, Shlito, and the remarkable insight he has. This Holy Person has such a tremendous gift of being able to discern the correct way to solve a problem, to give just the right Brocha or the correct advice when it is needed, that it has been attributed to him that he can perform miracles. I consider myself a common-sense sort of fellow, who only believes what he can see, and these stories of the supernatural should leave me cold. But - I can talk to you for hours of the wonderful Brochas which have come true. At the beginning it was always a coincidence. But it happens too often, and amongst my own friends and acquaintances. Practically every week one or two people come into my office asking me to write to the Rebbe, Shlito, for them - for his help, guidance and Brochas.

The Rebbe, Shlito, does not encourage talk about miracles.

I will now continue my story. The Rebbe, Shlito, gave another talk, there was some further singing led by Rabbi Dubov, and at 4.30 a.m, to the tune of "Kee Besimcha Tay'tzaiyu" the Rebbe, Shlito, stood up and left the hall, and the Kabolos Ponim was over.

Now the mad rush started for home. Taxis were at a premium and independent. But at 5.30 a.m I saw the last passenger on his way. The only casualty was Martin Weinberg - Mrs. Simon had gone off with his suitcase and left hers instead. This was not much use to him as it contained only ladies underwear and chocolates. He went off with his briefcase which contained only his Tallis and Tefillin, documents and money. I suppose it could have been worse and Mrs. Simon could have gone off with the briefcase too. She had his trousers but to take his Tallis and Tefillin - well that would have been too much!

We didn't have very far to go - our friend had gone on vacation and we had taken over their apartment.

It was now nearly 6 a.m so we Davenned Shacharis and went to bed.

## EVENTS AND DAILY ROUTINE

At 10 a.m the phone started ringing - and never seemed to stop until we left for home two weeks later. The B.B.C. wanted to interview us but would like to see us singing and dancing - I just felt in the mood! Reuters wanted to see me. Martin wanted his suitcase, and where was Mrs. Simon? By Thursday I had got into a routine, Shacharis at 770 was at 10 a.m. The boys were usually up at 7.30 and they learned first and had a cup of tea and cake. Mondays and Thursdays the Rebbe, Shlito, came in to hear Keriyas HaTorah and get an Aliya.

There was always so much activity at 770, and I don't mean all the different Minyonim that started after the official one. (there was always an unofficial one at 7.30 a.m.) At whatever time you arrived until 12 noon, you could get a Minyan, or a Borachu or Kedusha.

I generally got back home at 12 noon just in time for brunch. Too late for breakfast and too early for lunch. Martin Weinberg was still searching for Mrs. Simon. Yes, and he seemed to blame me too.

At 3.15 p.m every day, the Rebbe, Shlito, Davenned Mincha and, at 9.33 p.m Maariv. Yes, 9.33 on the dot. The Rebbe, Shlito, was a terrific timekeeper. He had to be - and, to have a Seder or routine, otherwise, he would not get his work done. He says that a good Seder halves his work, and as it sometimes still takes him 23 hours on occasional days, you can imagine it if he had no Seder. For this very reason, probably, the Rebbe never keeps the Minyan waiting at Keriyas Shema and is always one of the first to finish the Amidah.

Thursday night was Yechidus night. His first appointment was at 8 p.m and he had many Manchester people waiting to see him. I had arranged interviews for nearly 40 of our group, commencing on that night and throughout the following week. These had to be fitted in with his other appointments. Dayan Golditch went in at 2.45 a.m and did not leave until 2½ hours later - at 5.15 a.m. The Unsdorfers followed and they left at 6.30 a.m. The Rebbe speaks fluently in many languages.

Friday night, Shabbos, we had invited 14 guests for dinner. With us that made 18. The cooking arrangements were simple - we just ordered the complete dinner, whatever we wanted - gefilte fish, chopped liver, chicken, pickled beef, potato pudding - and so on and so forth. It was all delivered to us at 5 p.m. We had a lovely Shabbos meal and everybody was so very happy. At 12.30, after midnight, I had to wake everybody up and send them home.

Shabbos service normally starts at 10 a.m, but on Shabbos Mevorchim - when we Bench Rosh Chodesh - the whole book of Tehillim is said from 8 a.m until 10 a.m. Shool finishes at 12.15 after noon and on these Shabbosim, and generally only on Shabbos Mevorchim, the Rebbe has a Farbraing at 1.30 p.m. We dashed off to have lunch and it was eat when and what we could - we didn't do too badly, mind you. (in fact, I said about

our stay in Brooklyn that we had to eat and sleep whenever we could.) I returned to the hall just in time before the Rebbe came in at 1.30 p.m. He made Kiddush quietly and the procedure was very much like our first meeting but, of course, on a larger scale. This day, with most people on vacation, there were probably 500 present.

On special occasions such as the 12th day of Tammuz, there would be as many as 2,000 people. This is the anniversary of the previous Rebbe's release from a Soviet Jail in 1927, where he was under sentence of death for deliberately and continually ignoring the Communist laws prohibiting religious instruction to children and teenagers.

The Rebbe, Shlito, is in complete control. There are no other speakers and no chairman, of course. Obviously, we only want to hear the Rebbe when he is present.

The Farbraing lasted until about 5 p.m and the Rebbe, Shlito, gave six Sichos, that is, talks on the Sedra of about 20 minutes duration each and a Maamer - a very deep and penetrating talk on the mysteries and mysticisms of Chassidism. I confess that I found some of the Sichos very tough. The Maamer I could only understand about 10% and yet to see the Rebbe, Shlito, giving his Maamer, with his eyes closed, and in his special Maamer tune, and all the people standing perfectly still for the whole 40 minutes is a most impressive sight and is an inspiration to everyone present.

On Saturday night, after Shabbos ended, there was a Melava Malka in our honour. This was combined with a farewell party to 70 boys who were going on the Rebbe's Shelichos. They were going in pairs and travelling to Central America, Mexico, and all over the United States. Avrohom should have gone to Texas but decided to stay with us until we left for home. He subsequently went to Alabama, Indianapolis and Chicago. He sold Seforim, spoke in Shools and halls and even persuaded one boy to join the Yeshiva in Boston. At this Melava Malka there were about 250 present and the press was well represented. The Rebbe does not attend these functions. It was really exciting to hear people giving reports from all over the world, from Paris, Milan, Manchester and London. From Sidney and Melbourne, Rio-de-Janeiro and Jerusalem.

Finally, a gentleman with a big bushy beard spoke about the progress being made in Toronto. The speaker was a professor of philosophy at the university and was a recent convert to Lubavitch, or Chabad Chassidim. Chabad stands for Chochma (wisdom), Bina (understanding), and Da'as (knowledge), in other words, one must completely understand one's religion and from every aspect. Hence the importance of teaching the young and the old, boys and girls.

Every American newspaper carried full reports about our activities and meetings. The New York World Telegram said that Mr. Jaffe spoke in clipped English, whilst the Yiddishe Morning Journal said I spoke in "Oxford English"! - No comment.

We had a significant experience on the following day, Sunday. Rabbi and Mrs. Halpern, a young couple, were being sent by the Rebbe to Brazil. The young Rabbi was taking over



the Directorship of the Rio de Janeiro Talmud Torah where over 300 children were studying.

Avrohom suggested that we go to 770 to see them off because the Rebbe was sure to say "Farewell" to them. We waited from 2.15 till 3 o'clock and, although the Rebbe was in his office, he never came out, not even showed himself at the window which faces Eastern Parkway. I admitted to Roselyn that I was a little disappointed, after all the couple were leaving their hometown for a strange land and going, maybe, for good. Still, I suppose the Rebbe knew his business. At 8 p.m, when we returned to 770, the first people we bumped into were Rabbi and Mrs. Halpern. We were dumbfounded. They explained to us that they were already on the plane and the plane had actually started on the runway, when they found a technical fault and they had to disembark. The flight was now delayed for 48 hours. Needless to say, when they did leave 48 hours later, the Rebbe, Shlito, did say farewell to them.

On the following Shabbos, the 2nd of Menachem Av, I had Yartzeit for my mother (ALHS). I had mentioned this to the Rebbe at the previous Yechidus and the Rebbe pointed out, "Oh, so now we have a Chazon for Shabbos."

I accepted this invitation and officiated at all the services.

Immediately after the Davenning on Shabbos it was unexpectedly announced that there was to be a Farbraing. We were delighted, of course, and the usual procedure was carried out. The Rebbe, Shlito, was, T.G., very happy that day, full of enthusiasm and fire. At about 3.30 he announced that the Din stated that nothing must be prepared on Shabbos for after Shabbos. Therefore, all the drink must be immediately consumed and nothing left. We must hurry, too. I had just presented three extra bottles of vodka on the occasion of my mother's Yartzeit, besides which, there were still gallons of wine and Benedictine lying untouched. Nu....as the Rebbe Haist!.....

Rabbi Shemtov, who normally never drinks very much at all, immediately drank a tumbler full of wine, a tumbler of vodka and a tumbler of wine again - in that order.

In all the years that I have been visiting 770 this was the most exciting and lively Farbraingen I have ever attended. This was in spite of there being only 350 people present. Almost everyone was away on holiday and in camps. After Shabbos, the leaders were told about it on the phone. There was much gnashing of teeth and self denunciation for having missed a Farbraingen, so unexpected, yet so very thrilling and joyful.

Half an hour later, we lifted Rabbi Shemtov onto a bench and he slept on happily for hours and hours. He came into our flat next morning and wanted to make Havdola. Meanwhile, at the Farbraing there was great excitement. The Rebbe, Shlito, had made Kiddush but never touched another drop yet seemed to be gloriously inspired. The climax came with the Rebbe standing up with his arms working like pistons and singing Uforatzto in an extremely quick tempo. I felt myself yanked onto the bench and, looking around, I saw that practically every person was standing on the benches, dancing,

jumping up and down and singing together with the Rebbe, Shlito. No words can do justice or describe that scene. It was terrific and went on for about 15 minutes. The Rebbe then seated himself, and breathing heavily after his exertions, closed his eyes tightly and gave us all very wonderful Brochas in subdued tones. In the uncanny silence it was vividly impressive and memorable!

The two weeks passed very quickly. A bus load of us visited 250 boys in the Lubavitch camp in the Catskills. There, Dayan Golditch and Rabbi Shemtov had a long session on the see-saw. Their intention was to prove the old Chassidic theory - that if a person wished to elevate another he must be prepared to lower himself. We then visited 100 girls in a Lubavitch camp nearby. We were treated like royalty wherever we went.

Hindy was having a terrific time. So I was told. I saw her twice. Once - when I met her on the stairs, and the second time - she wanted \$10.

Martin Weinberg had traced Mrs. Simons to Chicago and with his case. She promised to send it to him but he never got it.

We had official receptions everywhere. Even the NeShei Chabad (the women) made a special women only party.

The day of our departure arrived. A message came through that the Rebbe was prepared to see privately any individual who wished to say farewell to him. He allowed us 30 minutes from 4.14 to 4.45. We had arranged for buses to leave 770 at 5 p.m for the Airport, so it was just right!

At 3.30, the group was congregated in the hall at 770 and then I received the biggest surprise of my life. All the passengers were so delighted with the arrangements that they felt they must repay me in some small measure for the work I had done. And so, on their behalf, Rabbi Unsdorfer made a nice complimentary speech about me and presented me with a beautifully bound Shass, printed in 20 volumes, with nearly every commentary. Every person had signed it and the Rebbe signed it too. This is something I shall always treasure. The Rebbe had at first hesitated, as he was not a passenger on the plane. I explained that wherever we of Lubavitch travelled then the Rebbe was always with us. An odd fact regarding the signatures on this Gemorrah was that all the men had signed on the right hand side of the page and the women on the left - and no Mechitzah - peculiar!

It was now 4.15 p.m and one at a time the members went into the Rebbe's room. As you can imagine, it took much longer than anticipated.

Instead of 5 p.m we at last got away at a quarter to seven. The Rebbe stood outside whilst we left and bade us all, collectively, "Tzaischem Lesholom", and he did not move until the buses were out of sight.

All the luggage was loaded into a special bus and the driver would not let us take out one suitcase until we handed him \$10 (£3.55) as a tip, and we had already paid for the buses beforehand.

We eventually left Newark Airport, New Jersey, at 9.30 p.m after further speeches, additional press interviews and more presentations of flowers to Mrs. Jaffe. The homeward journey took far less time than the outward flight and we did not stop at Gander. We had appetising and delicious hot meals - dinner and breakfast, and all sang the Benching together. Sermons were given and Tehillim were said. Dayan Golditch gave a Gemorrah Shiur, Rabbi Unsdorfer read out the Rebbe's Sicho, which had been translated into English and printed in booklet form. I presented every passenger with this booklet and a Lubavitcher Yarmulka on behalf of the movement. The time soon passed. We lost five hours straight away by putting our watches forward to English time. It was soon daylight and every man and boy put on Tefillin and Davenned. It was a wonderful sight. The aisle full of men with Tefillin and Davenning. The stewardesses said - it's very interesting, but what about the women - don't they do anything?

We landed at Shannon to buy duty free cigarettes and liqueurs again and at 4 p.m we duly arrived back in Manchester.

About 200 people came to meet us. First out of Customs was Martin Weinberg with only his briefcase. One bystander expressed surprise that a man should travel all that way to America for two and a half weeks and take only his briefcase!

It was the end of a most perfect holiday, but certainly not a restful vacation. All the members were so pleased that they wanted to book straight away, en bloc, for the next trip.

To me, the most rewarding feature was to hear people who had been away for over two weeks holidaymaking, visiting relatives and friends, seeing many interesting places and wonderful sights, exclaim in no uncertain terms, that the one thing they would always remember, the most stimulating, inspiring and lasting impression was the few minutes they had spent with the Rebbe, Shlito.

One and all were unanimous on this point and many informed me of their decision to keep more Mitzvos in the future.

## OUR SECOND CHARTER FLIGHT TO NEW YORK, 1962

### THE FLIGHT

Our first charter flight had been a tremendous success. Many people had been given the opportunity of seeing the Rebbe as well as meeting their relatives and friends - some of them for the first time. It had also presented Lubavitch with excellent publicity.

We were receiving continuous enquiries about our next flight. We decided, therefore, to charter another plane from the Flying Tiger Airline.

Once again, we had to accept the one and only date which was available. The return flight would leave New York on the evening of the 16th Tammuz, so we would be flying home on a fast day - the 17th of Tammuz. Fortunately, we would have six hours less to fast as we would be travelling from west to east.

Well, for \$35 return, we were glad to accept. We arrived at Ringway airport, Manchester, at 10 a.m on Sunday morning to commence our journey to New York. We discovered that, although our plane was on the tarmac, it was not quite ready to accept our passengers. It had brought over a group of one hundred U.S.A. servicemen from New York to Spain, from whence it had come direct to Manchester. On arrival it was found that this plane was fitted with only one hundred seats whereas we had contracted for, and needed, 118. It seemed that American troops required more comfort than the Rebbe's soldiers. But - we were assured - there was no cause for alarm. Another plane was on its way from Barcelona with the extra 18 seats. There would be a short delay of about one hour!!

At 12 noon we were informed that there would be a further delay and that we could not expect to leave before 3 o'clock. We were confronted with the problem of providing a meal for our passengers. There was definitely no Kosher food at Manchester Airport. In fact, there was no place at all in Manchester which could supply Kosher food for 118 people at a moments notice - except - maybe one - the "Holmes Caterers". I phoned the owner, Mrs. Fruhman. She could provide only tea, cake and biscuits. That was the best she could do. Her problem was that she simply had no bread with which she could make sandwiches. As our passengers were becoming "peckish" we were glad to accept anything because even a cup of tea at the airport was not kosher.

The Flying Tiger Airline was responsible for looking after all our needs because we had already checked in. Therefore, their representative obtained a fleet of buses to take us back to Manchester and promised to pay for our meals - even if it happened to consist only of tea and cake.

When we arrived at the "Holmes" we were confronted with mountains of vorsht and meat sandwiches - together with pots and pots of tea. Mrs. Fruhman had waylaid the bakers delivery van and commandeered the whole load of bread. So many sandwiches had been

made that every passenger was given a large bag full of food to take with in case of emergency.

We returned to the airport at 3 p.m. and learned that the extra 18 seats had been delivered. I accompanied the representative of the Flying Tiger to the plane to ascertain the length of time still required to complete the job.

I entered the plane and my heart sank. The whole cabin was in a complete, chaotic state. Seats were strewn all over the plane. Not one chair was in an upright position. All lay on their backs on the floor.

However, by some miracle or other, we did leave at 6.30 p.m - 8 hours late - and arrived at 770 at 8.30 a.m New York time. The place was almost deserted. The Rebbe had waited for us until very late - but 8.30 in the morning was a rather inconvenient time.

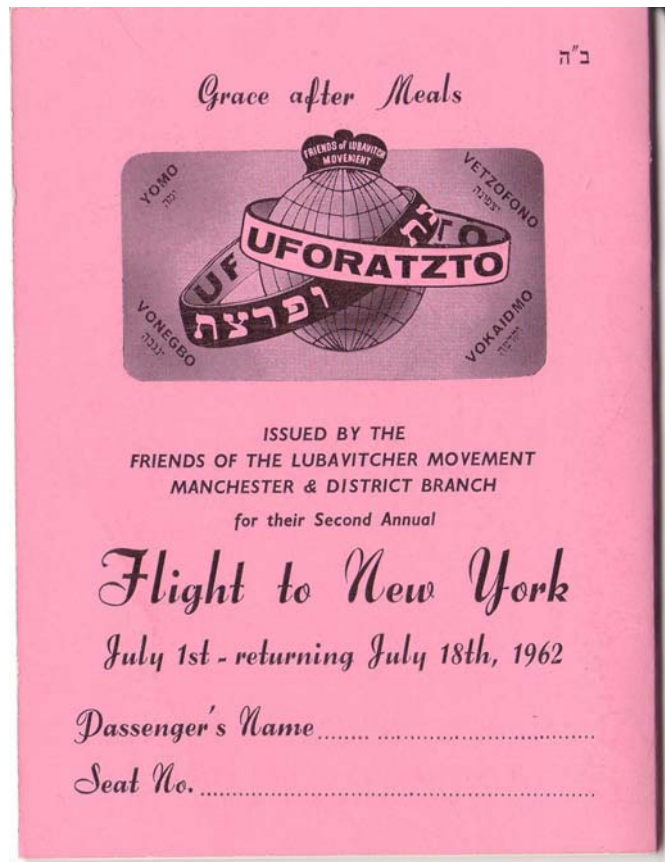
A few hardy and close relatives and friends were awaiting our group. They whisked away our weary travellers to more comfortable and luxurious quarters.

What a difference this was to the welcome which we received the year before! But - then nothing will ever compare to our first charter or recapture the excitement and thrills of that first unforgettable flight.

However, a very memorable event did take place during that visit, I shall refer to it as

#### A SHORT TIME FOR ROMANCE

Hindy, as usual, accompanied us to Brooklyn. Avrohom met us at the Airport and imparted to us all the latest news and events about 770. He kept interspersing his remarks with the name of one special friend - a Shmuel Lew, who seemed to be the paragon of all virtues, a Talmid Chochom of the highest degree, athletic and very good looking. He reminded us that we had met him at last year's Lubavitch Camp in the Catskills. I did not recall any such distinguished and outstanding young man.



They all looked very much alike - medium to tall in height, wispy beard, soiled white shirt with short sleeves. "Anyway," I interrupted, "What about it?" Well, Avrohom wanted to arrange a meeting between this Shmuel and Hindy. Roselyn said that on no account and under no circumstances would she consent or allow this meeting. "She is only eighteen years of age and there is plenty of time for a Shidduch."

During the whole of the three weeks that we were in Brooklyn, Roselyn was subjected to the most extreme pressure, by Shemmy and Avrohom, that she should allow this meeting to take place. "What harm would it do?" "They might not even like each other," and so on. Roselyn became a little worried and decided to remove the risk of even a chance meeting. She had a brilliant idea - an inspiration (at least Roselyn imagined it was her idea). We dispatched Hindy to Detroit, a thousand miles away from this Shmuel Lew - where the Lubavitch Girls' Camp was being held.

There she spent six days, always in the company of one Mindy Feller who constantly and consistently took every opportunity to tell Hindy about the wonderful and attractive brother she possessed - and "what a Talmid Chochoh!"

We learnt, afterwards, that Mindy was Shmuel Lew's married sister!

Almost at the end of our stay in New York - we were due to leave for home on the following Wednesday - Roselyn was, at long last, prevailed upon to invite Shmuel for Friday night's Shabbos dinner - but, at the last moment, she cancelled the invitation.

Meanwhile, there was an undercurrent of great activity going on with Rabbi Shemtov and Avrohom, whispering and plotting in corners. I heard later that they also involved the Rebbe. Shmuel was a counsellor at the Lubavitch camp in the Catskills. The Rebbe had advised him to leave the camp and to spend Shabbos at Crown Heights in order to meet Hindy. (We did not know about this.)

At that Friday night's dinner, Shemmy, who had made Kiddush and followed this with a few schnapps, "took the chair". The lights had fused and we were sat around the candle-lit table. It put Shemmy in a very emotional mood and he was reminiscing about his early days in Soviet Russia.

In his opening speech he flayed Roselyn for her obstinacy and obduracy. He condemned her unreasonable attitude which prevented two young people who, in Shemmy's estimation, were an ideally suited couple - from even being allowed to meet each other. Avrohom was the second speaker. His theme was very similar to that of the "chairman."

Under this concentrated attack, Roselyn relented. She consented to Hindy seeing Shmuel on Saturday night. Roselyn thought to herself, "We are leaving on Wednesday, in three or four days time, so it seems fairly safe now to let them meet each other."

Shmuel took Hindy on the Staten Island Ferry, which has become notorious and renowned as the "Lubavitcher Shadchonus Express." (Or - express Shadchonus!)

On the following evening, Sunday, there was a Farbraingen at 770, during the course of which the Rebbe called me up to the top table. He handed me some Lekach (cake) and indicated that I should give this to my daughter. I was told by Rabbi Dvorkin that this signified a blessing for a Shidduch.

This pleased me very much but I obviously did not expect the Rebbe's Brocha to be fulfilled with so much haste and speed.

Next day, Monday, Hindy and Shmuel met again for the second time.

That night, I received a message that the Rebbe desired to see Roselyn and me straight away. Roselyn refused. She had a bad headache, was already prepared for bed and was generally upset with this "Shmuel" business. She did not wish any further involvement - so I went alone.

I admit I do not remember much about this Yechidus. Events were moving too fast for me. I was being carried along by the current of circumstances over which I had no control. The Rebbe suggested that it should take place in the month of Tishrei or in Tammuz. I surmised that the Rebbe was discussing the Teniyim (engagement) but the Rebbe was talking about the WEDDING - and neither Roselyn nor I had yet made Shmuel's acquaintance!

It was time that we rectified this omission. It was arranged that I should pick up Shmuel at 770 on the next day, Tuesday, and take him to our apartment to meet Roselyn.

As we walked down Kingston Avenue together, he turned to me and said, "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Jaffe, on the wonderful way you have brought up your daughter - real Chassidish." Although I was obviously very pleased with this remark, I was a little taken aback.

His next statement completely took the wind out of my sails. He said, "You may think that this is very sudden, but you must remember that what it takes, lehavdil, 'other people' a year or two to discover, namely - their backgrounds, family history and so forth - we already know. What we do have to find out is our compatibility and whether we are attracted to each other." He then quoted (from Genesis, Chapter 24, verse 67) that "Isaac met Rebecca, she became his wife, and he loved her." That is the Jewish way - leading up to a lasting and permanent love.

I was nonplussed. He had only spoken to Hindy on two occasions and he was already talking about compatibility and - marriage!

I was flabbergasted, stunned, and I could not think of anything to say, and so I rushed him to the apartment.

I introduced him to Roselyn - Shemmy and Avrohom were also present. Roselyn remarked that she was very pleased to meet a friend of Avrohom and - if he liked Hindy - and if she liked Shmuel - then they could write, correspond with each other. After all, she was only 18 and when they would meet again "next year" then we could all discuss and talk about more serious matters.

I am afraid that Roselyn was fighting a losing battle. She had imagined that three days would be insufficient time - it seemed that three minutes were just about all the time they needed. Roselyn was interrupting and suggesting that they should write and they were arranging a meeting between us and Shmuel's parents at the Milk restaurant in Kingston Avenue to enable us to discuss matters over lunch.

Mr. Dovid Lew, Shmuel's father, could not manage to join us at 1 p.m (we met him later at the airport) but we had the pleasure of the company of Shmuel's mother and also his grandmother and his Uncle Lou.

I was the leader of the flight and I was kept pretty busy. Passengers were continuously interrupting our meal and conversation - there were so many problems to settle. Our buses were scheduled to leave 770 for the airport at 3 p.m. The Rebbe had kindly consented to see every single member of our group - each one of the 118 passengers - individually - privately in his study, before our departure.

Everyone would be permitted to stay for only a few seconds in order to receive the Rebbe's blessings. There was quite a lot to organise. Therefore, Roselyn - who was my "right hand man" - and I, had to leave our guests in the restaurant in the company of Rabbi Shemtov, Hindy and Shmuel.

The scene at 770 was chaotic, utter confusion and appalling.

Hundreds of travellers, their friends and relatives, together with hundreds of Yeshiva boys (who were always interested in everything connected with the Rebbe) were all milling around the vicinity of the hallway. I was in the waiting room doing my best to keep the queue moving. Passengers would enter into the Rebbe's study and would just not leave. We had almost - literally - to drag some of them from out of the Rebbe's presence. It was very fortunate indeed that it was our own chartered flight - and it could not leave without us. (We left New York three hours late because of this lack of co-operation from our members.)

Suddenly, a large commotion was heard outside. Rabbi Shemtov had arrived. He was holding a bottle of vodka and a glass and wishing everyone Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov. He pushed a glass of vodka into my hand and said, "Say LeChaim, Hindy has made up her mind and she is now a Kallah." What excitement! What a turmoil! But - poor Roselyn - she hardly knew the Chosson and we had not met the Mechutan. The only consolation, the anchor which kept us sane, was that the Rebbe had agreed to the Shidduch and given his blessing. That alone assured our rationality.



I confess that I did find it inconceivable that our Hindy, whom I had always considered a sensible and calm young maiden, should be so quickly and completely "bowled over."

There was a very wonderful sequel - a few days afterwards we received a letter from Rabbi Shemtov, written by himself, in ENGLISH, the only letter in English ever written by Shemmy. This is what he wrote:

Yud Tes Tammuz

"Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov!

My Dear, Dear, Dear Zalmon, Rosali and Hinda Malka!

To see Chassidishe happiness in your home and B.H. I feel in my soul like a happiness in my own family. I hope that everyone of the family of Zalmon Jaffe will understand my feelings.

I was very happy to see the nearness from the Rebbe Shlito to everyone of your family. For the 47 years in Lubavitch, I have never hear or see from the Rebbes to push a Shidduch like the Rebbe in the Shidduch of Hinda Malka (Le'arichas Yomim Veshonim Tovos....)

I am sorry for my broken English but I cannot ask somebody to write my feelings and I want Roselyn and Hida Malka themselves to read my beste wishes for long life in happiness (Begashmius Veruchnius)

I hope to hear from everyone and to see Besimcho

B. Szentow

## OUR THIRD CHARTER FLIGHT - 1963

### PREPARATIONS FOR HINDY'S WEDDING

We returned home to Manchester to receive a great ovation and a tumultuous welcome. We were showered with congratulations and Mazel Tovs. The local Jewish newspaper carried screaming banner headlines - right across the page - announcing that "HINDY JAFFE ENGAGED TO AMERICAN YESHIVA STUDENT."

Meanwhile, I received a letter from the Rebbe, dated 28th Tammuz, 1962, which contained also this paragraph:

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"...It is gratifying to know that you had a pleasant return trip and a heartwarming welcome, including the many good wishes of Mazel Tov for your daughter's Shidduch. It must have helped Mrs. Jaffe to get used to the idea that her daughter has grown up and there is much to be grateful for in the thought that the A-mighty has helped to bring up such a suitable Shidduch without undue strain and worry. May G-D continue to shower His blessings on you and yours from His open and generous hand."

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The first problem which we had to settle was the location of the wedding ceremony. I was anxious to have the marriage solemnized in Crown Heights with the Chupah outside 770. I did realise that the Rebbe had not been Messader Kedushin for nearly four years but, as the Rebbe had himself sponsored this Shidduch, I hoped that the Rebbe would consent to officiate at Hindy and Shmuel's wedding.

I could foresee that these two young people would be a tremendous asset to Lubavitch in general and to the Rebbe in particular. If the Rebbe would only give them his grand "send off" to their married life together, then their potentiality as extraordinary and exceptionally good Lubavitch workers would be fulfilled and realised.

On the 28th Menachem Av, 1962, I received another letter from the Rebbe in which he wrote:

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"With reference to the time and place of your daughter's marriage in a happy and auspicious hour, surely this is a matter for both sides to determine. In general, it is the Jewish custom to arrange the wedding in the place of the Kallah. As for the question of date, and your mentioning that if the place is Manchester, then it could be arranged during the winter months. I do not quite understand why this haste? Originally, you and Mrs. Jaffe seemed to be against an early wedding or even Tenoyim (engagement), and

now you seem to want to rush it in a few months time. But you do not even mention any reason for this haste.

If you desire to know my opinion, I would suggest considering the summer which would enable the Choson to end the year of learning without much distraction, and would enable your daughter too, to complete her studies. What is no less important is the fact that it is necessary to have ample time to discuss and arrange for the couple's plans after the wedding. In view of all this, you should have an open mind about the date of the wedding and begin discussion on the above mentioned points. In view of the note of urgency in your letter, I have replied to your letter ahead of turn..."

The Rebbe wished to know the reason for haste. As far as we were concerned, there was nothing to prevent the marriage taking place as soon as possible. Shmuel was in New York and Hindy in Manchester - well the phone bills were such that it would be cheaper for me to get them married at once. The Rebbe had suggested that it should take place in the summer - which confirmed what we had been told at our last Yechidus.

On the 27th Ellul, 1962, in a letter to me, the Rebbe had added a Post Script which read:

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"With regard to my position relating to Siddur Chupah and Kedushin, you can gather it from the fact that in about two weeks a cousin of mine will be married in New York to a Talmid of the Lubavitcher Yeshiva, but the Messader Kiddushin will be one of the Anash Rabbonim."

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This was a big blow to our ambitions that the Rebbe should officiate at the ceremony. I discussed the matter with Shemmy. He concurred with my viewpoint that although the Rebbe had hinted that he would not be Messader Kidushin, nevertheless, he had not expressed an unequivocal "No." If the marriage took place in Manchester then there was no chance at all of achieving our objective, whereas, if the location was Crown Heights, then there was every possibility that the Rebbe might relent and bestow upon us this great honour.

The Rebbe had also explained that I was a man holding a prominent position in the Manchester Community and I should not transfer this Simcha to another country. Ultimately, after much correspondence, the Rebbe permitted the wedding to be held in Crown Heights as long as I provided some function for my Manchester friends, relatives and colleagues. I therefore suggested that I would arrange to hold an elaborate dinner and Sheva Brochas in Manchester immediately after the marriage in Brooklyn. We intended to invite 450 guests.

On the third light of Chanukah 5723 (1962) the Rebbe confirmed that this was in order by writing:

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"You are right in assuming that there is no objection on my part as to the time and place of the wedding, in a happy and auspicious hour, as long as both sides agree on the time and place

From time to time I see the clippings which your son, Avrohom, submits to me and, of course, I follow your communal activities with keen interest.

In these day of Chanukah, may G-D grant that all matters of Torah and Mitzvos and the material blessings coming through them advance in a growing measure, as taught by the Chanukah candles, and that all your affairs, personal and communal likewise, flourish in a steadily increasing manner."

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The next task was to book the flight for Tammuz (July 1963). The Flying Tiger Airline had been ordered by the Air Authority to increase their prices. Although they admitted to me that they were making a handsome profit at £35 they were now forced to charge us £50 return. At this price we could offer to charter a Prop-Jet Airliner. We booked this with the Irish Airlines.

The months soon passed. Avrohom, who was in New York, booked the hall, the orchestra and also engaged the caterers for the wedding dinner. We would have to settle all the details and the prices when we arrived in Brooklyn. He had also ordered the invitations - here again the time of the Chupah and other particulars would have to await our coming to Crown Heights.

Meanwhile, we had sent out invitations to all our friends to attend the Manchester Sheva Brochas and had received all their replies. This enabled us to make the seating plan and complete all the details in connection with this affair before we left Manchester for New York.

So many friends wished to travel to New York for the wedding that we had to charter two planes! We invited all the 240 passengers to join us at our Simcha - and many did avail themselves of this opportunity to attend a Chassidishe wedding. Before we left Manchester airport the airline representative wanted to know whether our Rabbi wished to bless the plane.

Immediately we arrived in Brooklyn, I begged for an audience with the Rebbe - for, as yet, until this moment, we were still uncertain whether the Rebbe himself would be officiating at the ceremony.

It was with some agitation and no little trepidation, that I asked the Rebbe at what time would be the Chupah. He answered, to my great relief, that it would take place outside 770 at 5 p.m precisely.

Our next appointment was with the caterers. We were accompanied by our Mechutonim - Mr. & Mrs. David Lew.

Before discussing the menu, we were handed a large swatch of coloured cloths. These were six inch squares - samples of tablecloths and matching serviettes (napkins). We were offered white, purple, red, blue, green, navy blue, maroon, scarlet, pink, yellow, mauve - in fact every colour in the spectrum of the rainbow. We chose turquoise - as if it mattered. It was much easier to choose the menu.

David Lew was more concerned with the Smorgsabord - a Danish (or Swedish) word for what we refer to as a Buffet Dinner. It would consist of all types of food and delicacies - every kind of fish and meat dishes, liver and sausages, savories and desserts and fruits. This Smorgsabord was for the Kabolas Ponim (the Reception) which would take place an hour or so before the Chupah in the hall downstairs at 770

Shmuel's calling-up (Aufruf) was, of course, at 770. The warden co-operated with us regarding the Aliyas. He also intimated that one of our friends could officiate at the Service. There were a number of Chazonim amongst our wedding guests, so we asked Rev. Hass to Daven - but on no account must he repeat any words - as is the custom amongst cantors. He was greatly honoured to officiate at 770 in the Rebbe's presence. He Davenned very nicely indeed - and always recalls this as one of the great occasions of his life.

## HINDY'S WEDDING

It was now Sunday, 15th of Tammuz, 1963. The day of the Wedding had arrived.

Rabbi Chadakov had impressed upon me that the Rebbe must not be kept waiting. The Rebbe had said 5 o'clock and 5 p.m. on the dot it had to be.

At 3.45 p.m. the Smorgasbord was in full swing. The tables around the hall at 770 were heavily laden and groaning under the weight of so much food. The "Lady Collectors", who normally congregated and sat outside 770 in order to solicit for alms, were present inside the hall in full strength. It did my heart good to see them all having a good "tuck-in" - holding plates filled to overflowing with liver and meat and so on, and enjoying themselves just like all our other guests.

Shmuel had Davened Mincha. He used the Rebbe's Siddur which was always lent to a Chosson in which to Daven Mincha on the day of his wedding.

Meanwhile, Hindy - the Kallah, was being dressed and prepared for the chupah. Roselyn then took her and her "ladies-in-waiting" to visit the Rebbe's mother - Rebbetzen Channah. We had become very friendly and attached to Rebbetzen Channah through the good offices of Rabbi Shemtov. We always made it our business to visit the Rebbetzen whenever we were in Brooklyn. Shemmy used to take us to her home on the ground floor of the building situated at the corner of President Street and Kingston Avenue. There the Rebbetzen held court like a queen. Nevertheless, although she exuded grace, charm, majesty and regality, she was very much down to earth. She sat at the head of a large table surrounded by her admirers and courtiers and insisted upon hearing all the latest news and events especially related to births and marriages. She had a lively and energetic mind. She was fond of discussing the "Old days" in Russia with Shemmy and other close friends. Best of all, she loved to talk about her son, the Rebbe (so did we all). The Rebbe visited his mother every single day - without fail - on his way to 770 from home.

However, to continue with the Chupah. At five minutes to 5 o'clock the Rebbe returned from the Ohel where he had spent most of the day without food or drink.

Rabbi Chadakov assumed and surmised that the Chupah would now take place after Mincha. He rushed into the Rebbe's study to obtain confirmation of this - and he rushed straight out - shouting that the Chupah will take place at 5 p.m. as arranged.

The Chupah was erected in the centre of the pathway leading from the door of 770 to the street - the pavement (sidewalk) of Eastern Parkway.

As the clock struck the hour - precisely at 5 p.m. - the Rebbe came through the doorway of 770 and walked down the few steps towards the canopy. At exactly the same moment - Hindy and her "ladies" entered the gateway and walked up the few lower steps towards the Chupah - under which she and the Rebbe met at the identical moment. Shmuel was already there waiting.

Hindy, followed by Roselyn, the Lews and me, was to walk around the Chosson seven times. There were some bridesmaids "somewhere along the line". I saw them later on - in the photographs. Roselyn and Hindy had spent months of thought and planning on their dresses - I saw those later on as well - in the photographs! We all held lighted candles and it was our intention, as well as our duty, to walk round Shmuel seven times. But where was he? We did see the Rebbe standing very erect under the Chupah. Everyone held the Rebbe in instinctive reverence and great awe, otherwise, I am sure, the Rebbe would have been pushed right out from under the Chupah. No such reverence nor respect were given to the Kallah nor to the Mechutanim.

We had a terrible and fearful task, pushing our way through solid masses of Yeshiva boys and men who all wanted to be near the Rebbe, in order to encircle the Chosson those seven times. It was like a nightmare with the candles blowing grease into our faces and onto our clothes.

My suit was covered with a thick layer of candle grease and we were standing - outside the Chupah! But we had done it!!

Rabbi Kassonofsky read out the Kessuba. The Rebbe recited the seven Brochas and the ceremony was over. The time was nearly fifteen minutes past five o'clock, and Shmuel and Hindy were now man and wife. (I cannot blame the Rebbe for not wishing to officiate at weddings - it is definitely a danger to life and limb.)

By 5.15 p.m everyone had left the vicinity of the Chupah and all were arranging conveyances to take them to the hall. Suddenly, without warning, it began to pour - torrential rain!! If the Chupah had been delayed for even five minutes, then everyone would have been absolutely drenched. We gave thanks to the Rebbe for being brief and starting the ceremony punctually.

In due course, we all arrived at the hall for the 'Dinner and Dance'. Everyone sat at their allotted tables, men on one side and the women at the other side of the Mechitza - partition.

The Brocha HaMotzie was said over the bread and the waiters served the first course - the hors d'oeuvre. When - suddenly - the orchestra - the band - exploded into a lively and exhilarating tune which compelled everyone to join in the dancing.

The tables became deserted - the hors d'oeuvres left on the plates, untouched, and with trumpets blaring, we entered into an era of non-stop, uninterrupted dancing for the next four hours.

After twenty minutes or so the waiters came along and took away the hors d'oeuvres and placed the next course - the fish - on the table. Twenty minutes after that the fish was removed and soup substituted. And so it went on until the last course - the dessert and the coffee were served.

I did manage to swallow a few mouthfuls of food in between my dances. I noticed that one or two of the others did the same. But the music was so exciting and compelling that nobody cared to miss even one moment of the dancing - but it was very annoying and aggravating to me to see all this food, for which I was paying good money, just simply not being eaten.

There was no doubt that all our guests were having a jolly good time. I did my share and I believe that Roselyn also danced well and continuously in the women's department.

I started to dance with Mendel Shemtov who, seemingly wears a small brown beard. Well, suddenly, I found that my partner had grown a long bright red beard which reached past his waist - unbelievable!!

There was not one speech, not one word of Torah, and it took a very great effort on my part to ensure that we had a Minyan to Bench and say Sheva Brochas!

The whole wedding party, including the Chosson and Kallah and the Machutonim, returned to Manchester to continue the festivities. We recited the Sheva Brochas on the homeward bound plane at every meal and joined our 450 guests for the Dinner and Sheva Brochas in Manchester. We had erected a beautiful Mechitza of flowers in the hall and everything looked wonderfully well.

In contrast to the wedding dinner in Brooklyn where the food was left untouched, where the dancing was non-stop and where there was not one speech and not one word of Torah - here, in Manchester, everyone ate the meal - there was not one dance, but there were fifteen speeches and Divrei Torah.

After the festivities, Hindy and Shmuel returned to Crown Heights where Shmuel was to spend the following twelve months studying at the Kollel.



## OUR FIRST SHOVIOS VISIT - 1964

We had visited Brooklyn five times during the past five years. Twice in the month of Shevat and three times in Tammuz. Hindy had informed us that she was expecting her first baby around Shovuos time. So what better time than Shovuos could we choose to charter our next flight to see the Rebbe.

Since 1964, this Shavuot trip has become an annual event for Roselyn and me to visit the Rebbe in Brooklyn. (Until the year 1993 we had been present at 770 for Shovuos each year, with just one break due to illness, making a total number, including the other trips, of fifty trips to see the Rebbe.)

Hindy had rented for us an apartment opposite to hers in Montgomery Street. We spent a lovely Yom Tov in Crown Heights.

The baby was already due. Late on Sunday afternoon Hindy was taken to the hospital and we were now becoming anxious about our return flight home which was scheduled to leave on the following Sunday evening. There would be no problem if the baby was a girl, but a boy had to be born before 8.30 p.m to ensure that the Bris would take place on the Sunday before we left for home.

By 11 p.m the baby had not yet arrived, so we retired to bed. At 4 a.m next morning there was a great banging and clamouring on our front door. Roselyn rushed down to find out the news. But - it was Debbie Epstein, a dear friend of ours from Manchester. She had only just arrived in New York and had now taken advantage of our invitation that she should spend a few days with us in order to see the Rebbe.

Roselyn was terribly disappointed and her face fell. Not because it was Debbie but because she had expected news about the baby. A few hours later, however, we did learn that Hindy had presented us with our very first grandson - Yoseph Yitzchok.

Needless to say, the chartered flight took off without us. (I had to pay £150 extra for staying over the one extra day. Roselyn remained with Hindy for the following two weeks.)

The Bris was on the Monday at 770. We provided a sumptuous Seudah for everyone - Yeshiva boys and Baalei Battim. I was a little surprised when the Rebbe refused the honour of being Sandik. The Rebbe explained that there were already a good many people who were extremely envious of the friendliness which the Rebbe had been extending to me and to my family. Especially so in regards to the Messader Kedushin at Hindy's wedding. The Rebbe maintained that the jealousy of these people would know no bounds if he accepted this great honour.

He felt that, for our sakes, he should refuse. I realised that, as usual, the Rebbe was quite right. Rabbi Chadakov was the Sandik.

## AVROHOM'S PROGRESS

After five years of intensive study, Avrohom had now obtained his Semicha – his degree which entitled him to be called Rabbi Avrohom Yoseph Jaffe.

Except for 1963, Avrohom had been coming home to spend Pesach with us every year - and then would rush back to 770 to be with the Rebbe during the last days of this festival in order to take part in the "March to Williamsburg" where the Satmars congregated, and to participate in the Rebbe's "Moshiach Seudah" Farbraingen on the last day of Pesach, (Today the Lubavitch boys walk to Flatbush because the Satmars have altered the old saying of "If you can't beat them, join them," to "If you can't join them, beat them.")

Almost on the identical date, every year, I received a letter from the Rebbe mentioning Avrohom.

On 11th Nissan, 1960:-

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"I have already received report from London about the most favourable and lasting impressions which your son has left there during his visit. I trust that this will be repeated even in a greater measure during his stay in Manchester, and that he will have the Zechus to be instrumental in having other young men of your community follow in his footsteps. May G-D grant you and Mrs. Jaffe true Yiddish Nachas from him and your daughter."

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27th Nissan, 1961

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"...I was pleased to see your son Abraham Joesph back and present at the Farbraingen of the latter days of Pesach. Subsequently, he also visited me in connection with his birthday and he gave me regards from you. May G-D grant that you will always have true Yiddishe and Chassidic Nachas from him and from your daughter, in good health and happiness and gladness of heart "

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27th Nissan, 1962

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"I was pleased to receive your regards through your son, Avrohom, on his return. I was particularly gratified, of course, to learn how well he has used his visit, and of the Nachas that he has given you. I asked Avrohom if his mother also attended his public speeches,

and he replied in the affirmative, adding that she is a "severe critic" yet she was satisfied. I further understood from him, despite his modesty, that Rabbi Golditch was also satisfied with his talk with Avrohom in learning.

May G-D grant that you will always have Nachas from him as well as from your daughter and will have good news to report about all your affairs, both personal and public, including a substantial improvement in Parnosso"

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26th Nissan, 1964

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"...I was very pleased to receive your personal regards through your son Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe. I trust that his visit was not only greatly enjoyed by yourselves and your family, but also had a stimulating effect in the community at large..."

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The first action a young man, who has become a Rabbi, has to take is to get married.

He and Susan Beenstock had known each other almost all their lives. They were attracted to each other and it was decided to arrange a Shidduch. The Rebbe gave his blessings to this match and the marriage was arranged for the month of Ellul.

Although we had a Mechitza at Hindy's Sheva Brochas the year before, in any case the children demanded it, many people in Manchester could not understand the importance of this partition.

We received a letter from Avrohom, whilst he was still studying in Crown Heights, in which he wrote - amongst other things - the following:

"It states in the Gemorah that there is no Shidduch which goes without arguments." (This present argument was about the height of a Mechitza!?)

A wedding, according to Jewish tradition, has in it not only Simcha but holiness. We preface the Sheva Brochus during the Benching with the special phrase "Shehasimcha Bimono" - that the Simcha should be celebrated as "Above by G-D A'mighty," and the only way we are allowed to make this Brocha is when there is a Mechitza, as in Shool.

The main point is that the day of the wedding is the most important one in the life of the Chosson (and of the Kallah). It is their wedding day and on this day they lay down the foundations of their whole future together. --- and if the Chosson and Kallah desire the laying of this foundation to be with extra holiness and extra Mazel which, according to the Posskim can be achieved only through "the Simcha, Above, by HaShem" (and which

will give, automatically, extra joy to the lives of the Chosson and Kallah). It is now understood why the Chosson and Kallah insist on a "proper" Mechitza because this has a bearing on their whole future lives together.

This was followed by a very lovely letter from the Rebbe which I am photocopying and enclosing in full, on the following two pages, instead of just quoting the relevant paragraphs.

After the wedding, Avrohom desired to study at the Kollel for at least twelve months, but the Rebbe said, "No!" Avrohom should now stay at home and join me in the business. He should also become Rov of our Shool the Kahal Chassidim Synagogue - in an honorary capacity.

In a post-script to a letter to me, the Rebbe wrote:

"I trust that after reading what I wrote to your son with regard to his sermons in the Shool, he will no longer insist on a five minute limitation. May G-D grant that his words, coming from the heart, should penetrate the heart and be effective."

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON  
Ishavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
20th of Tammuz, 5724  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Shneur Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Rd.  
Kersal  
Salford, 7, Lancs.  
England

Greeting and Blessing:

I received your letter of June <sup>26th and</sup> 22nd, as well as your previous letters.

I was pleased to read that you were present at the celebration of Yud-Beis Tammuz in London, where you were also the guest speaker. I trust that you will agree with me, and this is quite obvious to me, that your presence in London does not relieve you from being present at a Yud-Beis Tammuz celebration in Manchester. And although, of course, you cannot be in two places at the same time, there are two days, i.e. 48 hours, in which to celebrate the auspicious days of 12th-13th of Tammuz. Surely, when G-d granted the opportunity to transform an ordinary weekday into a Yom-Tovdic day and a day of Segulo, one should take advantage of it, particularly a public figure, especially a prominent one, like yourself, whose first loyalty must be to his own community where he is a leader and pace-setter.

You do not mention anything about the outcome of the negotiations with the Director of the bank. I trust that this matter has eventually been resolved in a satisfactory manner.

With regard to the wedding arrangements, I do not understand at all the logic of <sup>going to solicit the advice</sup> of a Dayan and then ignoring it and being Broiges. At any rate it is not my business to complicate relations between one Jew and another, especially as it is of no practical consequence. I am certain that the Chuppah and the wedding dinner will take place with a Mechitzo and with due dignity and splendor\* in a happy and auspicious hour. And if it is your Zechus and that of Mrs. Jaffe to arrange this (if the Machutonim will not change their mind in the interim), may G-d grant that you should have the Zechus to celebrate many Simchas without, of course, any of the present complications.

I am only surprised a little that you should <sup>inquire</sup> ~~be in doubt~~ in your letter if I am in agreement with you in regard to your decision to arrange the wedding dinner, etc., for there can be no question about it at all.

\* certainly at least as at the <sup>תורה</sup> ~~תורה~~ of your daughter in

✓ Mr. B.  
arranged  
and

Mr. Shneur Zalmon Jaffe

I am also pleased about another thing, namely that you saw at once that the ~~news~~ <sup>message</sup> which I asked to convey, to ~~Dayan~~ <sup>Wais</sup> was well worth the trouble of conveying it to him, although at the time I noticed that you were not particularly enthusiastic about it. Needless to say, not being a prophet, I had not foreseen that there would be an immediate reward, but I mention this to emphasize that when one does something good, which is connected with Ahava's Yisroel, the reward is very often instantaneous.

With a blessing for happy tidings in regard to all the above, and with joy and gladness of heart.

M. Schweitzer

## THE IMPORTANCE OF TZEDOKAH

The Rebbe has consistently stressed the importance of givin Tzedokah (charity).

Here are just a few examples taken from some of the Rebbe's letters to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

12th Sivan 1957

"I received your letter of May 30th and I was pleased to read in it that you so quickly saw the fulfilment of G-D's promise, "Test me now herewith, saith our G-D....if I will not open for you the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing more than enough."  
(Malachi 3:10)

Thus, your pledge of £500 for Kfar Chabad has been returned to you many fold. It is a pity that you did not pledge more, so that the benefit would have been so much greater. I trust, however, that this will be a lesson for the future, to remember how trust in G-D is well rewarded

Having recently celebrated the festival of Shavuos, the time of our receiving the Torah, it is well to recall that, that great event is likened to marriage, in which G-D takes the part of the Groom and Israel of the Bride, and the wedding ring which the Bridegroom gives to the Bride represents the Divine blessings which G-D gives to Israel in all their material needs. In other words, Jews should always remember that they are betrothed to G-D and owe Him individual loyalty and devotion in return for which G-D takes care of all their needs, materially and spiritually."

\*\*\*\*\*

Chanukah 1962

"...I was gratified to read in your letter that you have again had occasion to see the benevolent providence in being able to sell quantities of your stock. May G-D continue to show you His benevolence in the future, and in a greater measure.

However, I am somewhat concerned that while you mention about things done from On High, relating to the sales, you do not mention at all about the things that have to be done here below (and which are entirely in your hands because "All is in the hands of Heaven except for the fear of Heaven.") I refer to your Tzedokah contributions from your business profits. One should remember that according to our Holy books one should not be tardy in remitting that which belongs to Tzedokah. On the contrary, it is even advisable to remit in advance of future profits, since the A-Mighty's credit is always good."

\*\*\*\*\*

And on the 3rd Nissan, 1963, included in a long, three page letter were the following paragraphs:

\*\*\*\*\*

"...I believe I mentioned to you that sometimes the order is "asseir" first and then comes the "tisseir" and sometimes it is reversed, namely, G-D extends His "credit" first, increasing the turnover of business and a proportionate increase in profits, expecting confidently that the "assier" will follow in a commensurate measure. In your case the latter order was followed. Hence, the increase of your Tzedokoh contributions should be at least proportionate to the increase in your volume of business, especially as in your case, bli ayin hora, the volume increase has been lemaalo miderech hatevoh.

A further essential point is this, namely, in as much as the business and profits have, thank G-D, increased in an unusual way, I do not think it is justifiable to approach the question of Tzedokah with precise calculation etc. It is self-evident that a person residing in a community is obliged to participate in the community charities, especially one on whom Divine providence has bestowed a position of prominence and influence which must be reflected in every aspect including philanthropy. Needless to say, when I speak of an increase in Tzedokah which has been practised before is but an increase in Tzedokah which is indicated by the growth of the business, as mentioned above.

All that has been said above is relative to financial profits. Important as they are, they are by far exceeded by gains which cannot be measured in terms of money. And thank G-D, you have been blessed with such a fine Shidduch for your Bas Yechida, and quite unexpectedly, and you have been blessed also with true Yiddish Nachas from your Ben Yochid (G-D bless them both) in a way which you also recognise was quite unexpected. One of the ways for you and Mrs. Jaffe, as the blessed parents, to say to G-D "Thank you" is by greater devotion to all matters of Torah and Mitzvos in general, and Tzedokah in particular, since Tzedokah is weighed against all the Mitzvos "



## THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF

### "MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE REBBE" - SHOVIOS 1969

I had been visiting the Rebbe in Brooklyn for ten years before I decided to write, "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlito." This is what I wrote in my first instalment:

This year, 1969, we arrived at 770 from England at about 7 p.m. Rabbi Chadakov informed me that the Rebbe would be addressing the Annual N'Shei Chabad Conference in about half an hour's time in the large hall, after which it was proposed that the women and girls, from out of town only, would form a line past the Rebbe who was sitting alone at the table flanked by Rabbi Chadakov and Rabbi Groner. They would be allowed just a couple of moments each to speak to the Rebbe.

Rabbi Chadakov suggested that after the file-past of women and girls had finished, we could then "tag along" and say, "Sholom Aleichem," to the Rebbe.

We rushed like mad to get to the hall before 8 p.m. There were about 500 women and girls present and all anxious to speak to the Rebbe. So - although only the out-of-town ladies were supposed to file past, all the 500 insisted upon joining the queue. Instead of waiting an hour for our turn, we waited seven hours till 3 a.m in the morning. We enjoyed an unforgettable experience. We were the last in the line. There were now three girls ahead of us. Each would hand the Rebbe a letter, four or five pages, which took the Rebbe four or five minutes to read. Then, without hesitation, he replied to the girl, "You must continue to do this, or that." "Stay at college." "Rabbi Chadakov will loan you 250 dollars to finish the course. "Pay back when you are able." "Go to camp this year and take this group and that course." She was tremendously pleased and uplifted when she moved away. The girl immediately before burst into tears - with joy, she said - on going to see the Rebbe for the first time.

Then our turn. "Why did you not come the day before Shabbos and have another Farbraing?" (I told Berel Futterfas that the Rebbe made a joke about coming for Shabbos Mevorochim. He said that the Rebbe does not make jokes and is now preparing for next year's flight to arrive in time for that Shabbos.)

The Rebbe asked me whether we Farbraing in Manchester. "Yes, every Shabbos Mevorochim," said I. "Oh, you will have to change your name to Kfar Chabad."

We were staying at the flat above the Kollel and adjoining the back of 770 in Union Street. This belongs to the Rebbe. "Where are you staying? he asked us. "Union Street," "Ah, good, Unity - Shalom."

Oh, I am a real Chossid now, and am well and truly at home at 770, where people trample on my feet with relish, and push me with their hard elbows. Mind you, I am becoming quite an expert myself at this. On the other hand, it is an amazing and unbelievable sight to see the hall jammed tight with people and not an inch to spare. Then the look-out gives

the signal that the Rebbe is on his way. A sudden hush falls on the assembly and, as if by magic, there is formed a large clearway through which the Rebbe passes on his way either to the platform during a Farbraing or to his own special place during a Shool service.

Incidentally, the Rebbe never keeps the congregation waiting at K'rias Shema or at the Amidah. After the services on Shabbos and Yom Tov, the Rebbe wishes everyone, "Good Shabbos" or "Good Yom Tov" very quietly. A pathway is again miraculously cleared for him and I normally start a Nigum so that the Rebbe is "played out" with a happy tune.

To my eternal surprise and astonishment, but also gratification, the Rebbe has continued to bestow upon me much honour. Once I was tempted to ask him why he treated me so remarkably well when, in fact, I had done nothing much to merit such favours. The Rebbe replied that it was not for the work which I had done but for what I was going to do.

Many years later, I asked the Rebbe again why I was so favoured and recalled what he had said to me on a previous occasion - that it was for the work I was going to do and not for what I had done. The Rebbe smiled and said, "The same applies today!"

## MEALS WITH THE REBBE

Once more I was invited to join the Rebbe for Yom Tovim meals, together with about a dozen or so other men. Obviously, this was a very great honour. Enjoyable, dignified - but oh, so tense! After all, we were dining with our own Royalty!

The guests assembled in the large dining room upstairs, on the first floor of 770. This was the residence of the previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L.). His Rebbetzen was our hostess but we did not realise this until many years afterwards. When the Previous Rebbetzen passed away, the Rebbe, Shlito, discontinued these meals at his Mother-in-law's home, although the Rebbetzen herself never actually attended the meals.

During all these years the Rebbe had given up the comfort and pleasure of his very own Yom Tov table for the sake of Kibud Ame - of honouring his own Rebbetzen's Mother

At the time, we were puzzled and surprised that the Rebbe did not sit at the head of the table - after all he was our King. (Rabbi Shemtov adamantly declined to attend these meals. He could not bear to see the Rebbe take a "back seat.") Yet it made sense, although, as I have already stated, we did not realise it at that time.

We sat around a large rectangular table. There were normally six seats on either side, with two chairs at the bottom end. Each place was set with a silver goblet for Kiddush and two loaves of bread. The table itself was laid with an immaculate snow white, linen cloth and the finest cutlery, crockery and glassware were provided. Wine, soda and other drinks were at hand for when required.

The top, the head of the table, was set exactly the same as all the other places but the chair was to remain unoccupied. This was the Previous Rebbe's Tische, and the chair was his too. It was a symbolic gesture. Therefore, the Rebbe, who was the younger son-in-law, sat on the left side, whereas Rabbi Shmuel Gourary (the Rashag) sat on the right. Next to him was Rabbi Simpson. My seat was always the same, next to Rabbi Simpson and almost opposite to the Rebbe.

On the first day of Shovuos, before luncheon, we partook of coffee and cake (not cheese) in the adjoining room. The Rebbe was not present on these occasions but the (Previous) Rebbetzen, accompanied by her Lady-in-waiting, welcomed her guests and presided over the gathering. She had a warm and gracious smile for everyone - a typical charming "Queen Mother."

To continue with the story. The Rebbe makes Kiddush quietly whilst his Rebbetzen listens at the door which is slightly ajar. We all follow suit, each one in a subdued voice.

Then we all wash. The Rebbe is served first, of course, but he will not commence eating until after everyone is seated and served - even the boys who are acting as waiters. I once asked a boy to exchange the tongue I was given for chicken. It took seven minutes. It seemed like seven hours - all waiting for me to be served.

The Rebbe eats very slowly indeed and sees to it that he finishes that course last. No one would eat after the Rebbe has put down his cutlery. Therefore, he is always watching and ensuring that all have eaten before he lays down his knife and fork. There is no talking or even whispering during the actual courses which consist of the usual Yom Tov dishes, fish, soup, chicken or meat, fruit then drinks.

I am always given the honour of Benching at one of the four meals. This means that I have to drink the whole goblet of wine and make a Brocha Acharonah, whilst everyone remains seated and quiet.

## GOOD YOM TOV

After Tikun Shovuos, 3 a.m in the morning, the first night of Shavuos, the Rebbe said the Maamer, a 45 minute, deep and penetrating talk on Chassidus, tough and difficult - for me at least. After the Rebbe left, at 3.45 a.m, Rabbi Y. Kahan then repeated the Maamer. It is uncanny - like a human tape recorder.

After every Shabbos and Yom Tov Farbraingen, there is a "Chazorah" (a repetition). I have strayed into the Shool at 1 o'clock in the morning after the end of Shabbos, and found about fifty boys listening to Yoel Kahan repeating all the Sichos and Maamer from the day's Farbraing. Many pull him up and correct him and/or help him out. One of the boys is, at the same time, writing it all down in a special shorthand of his own, and by Monday, the whole Farbraing is already in print.

This does not refer to a midweek Farbraingen like Yud Tes Kislev, when the Rebbe uses a microphone and all the proceedings are recorded on tape.

On the second day, at 8 p.m at night, we had the Shovuos Farbraing. There is a long platform at one end of the large hall. The Rebbe sits alone at the table surrounded by about 100 Rabbonim. In the well of the hall the Baalei Batim sit at tables surrounded by tier upon tier of benches on which stand the boys, reaching almost to the roof, something like a large auditorium. About 1,000 people are present normally and, on special occasions, even double that number. The Rebbe wishes everyone, "LeChaim", and during the course of the Farbraing, one takes the opportunity of saying "LeChaim" to the Rebbe

On numerous occasions, the Rebbe will say a Sicho, a twenty to thirty minutes talk on the Sedra, then a Nigun and more Sichos. Normally, a Maamer is also said by the Rebbe where everyone stands and listens enraptured and quietly for the forty minutes duration. The Rebbe gave a strong Sicho about bringing up children, who were our guarantees for the Torah - Toras Ernes - truth - which cannot be changed or altered - it is the truth! The parents were not accepted as guarantees, only the children. A man - a parent - uses his own so called "ideas" and does away with a Mitzvah. Years later, the son takes away two more - he uses his "so called" Head.

Parents had to teach their children from a few weeks old. When the mother sings a Yiddishe lullaby to the baby and even before the child is conceived - by keeping Taharas HaMishpocho. Then they know the child will be perfect and, in turn, will be a perfect father and then grandfather. It is up to the women!

During the Farbraingen, the Rebbe asked me why I was unemployed? I had not said "LeChaim" for a while. Once the Rebbe handed me a large plateful of cake and a bottle of wine. "What should I do with these?" I asked. "You will soon see," said the Rebbe. I was practically mobbed and just managed to salvage a few pieces of cake for my wife.

This Farbraing took seven and a half hours and ended at 3.30 a.m when the Rebbe gave out Kos Shel Brocha - wine from Havdolah - to everyone who filed past him with a glass

into which the Rebbe poured wine. This took another hour or more for our "Poor Rebbe". During this Farbraingen we had visits from Mayor Lindsey who was seeking re-election as Mayor of New York, and also some of the other candidates.

On the Sunday after Shovuos, was held the usual Kinus Hatorah from 4 p.m until 10.30 p.m when Roshei HaYeshivos and other prominent speakers addressed us and gave Pilpulim. The Rebbe is not present at these functions. I am generally asked to speak - which I did for ten minutes. I recalled the boys who used to learn at 770 when the Rebbe had only the small, upstairs Beis haMedrash. It was much too small and now, ten years later, the huge Shool was also much too small.

Now, Avrohom and Shmuel, Nachman Sudak and Faivish Vogel, amongst many hundreds like them, were spreading Lubavitch doctrines and working for Judaism all over the world. I had asked the Rebbe for a Brocha - not to be a Tzorus Chossid and write only when in trouble, all I wanted was to write to the Rebbe good news every couple of weeks.

I then told the Moshul. People who lived at the source of a river did not realise the blessings and benefits which the river is giving during the thousands of miles of its flow to the sea. Same with the Rebbe. Here in Brooklyn, the boys did not realise that thousands of miles away, the "river" was flowing stronger and larger than ever, bringing upon so many thousands of people and families untold blessings.

### A WARNING!

As stated previously, I have received hundreds of wonderful letters from the Rebbe. I have already quoted some of them.

It is now, with some little hesitation and trepidation, that I am including herewith the actual copy of the original letter which contained severe reprimands and strong reproaches from the Rebbe.

Nevertheless, this should be a warning to all that when letters or literature were sent to the Rebbe they would be personally and thoroughly perused and every word closely examined by the Rebbe.

Similarly, The Rebbe himself checks every communication which is sent out from 770 in his name.

I will admit, however, that even the Rebbe's rebukes are accompanied by words of Torah and many Blessings.

We were holding a big public concert in one of the largest halls in Manchester and Jan Peerce, the famous, international operatic singer was the star of the evening and he had submitted to us his programme.

In due course, we sent the printed brochure to the Rebbe - just as a formal matter of courtesy, because that has been our procedure since Manchester Lubavitch had been established.

We never expected to receive such a strong reply.

It is produced in full on the following three pages.

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON

Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213

Hyacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
11th of Nissan, 5731  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Shneur Zalman Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Rd.  
Kersal  
Salford 7, Lancs.  
England

Greeting and Blessing:

On the occasion of the forthcoming Yom-Tov Pesach,  
I send you my prayerful wishes that the Festival of Our  
Freedom bring you and yours true freedom, freedom from  
anxiety material and spiritual, from anything which might  
distract from serving G-d wholeheartedly and with joy, and  
to carry over this freedom and joy into the whole year.

Wishing you and yours a Kosher and happy Pesach,

Cordially,

*M. Schneerson*



P.S. It is not easy for me to write the following lines, but I have no choice, and I trust you will understand.

I am referring to the concert program arranged by the Lubavitch Organization in Manchester last December, which has just now come to my attention.

To begin with the positive, I wish to congratulate those who arranged this elaborate presentation, etc., and were instrumental in rendering great service to the cause. Actually it is nothing unusual for a Jew to do a good thing, especially for a person like yourself, and the reward of the Mitzvo is the Mitzvo itself.

However, precisely because one does expect the best of a Jew, it is all the more regrettable when some negative aspect mars the ~~whole~~ thing. One cannot overlook a negative aspect in such a case, because it is necessary to make sure that it is not repeated in the future. It is for this reason mainly that I am impelled to express my objections.

In the order of the pages of the said program, I note that on page four, where the (Honorary) Officers of the Lubavitch Organizations of Manchester are mentioned, the name of Mr. Dovber Perrin is not included among them. This is greatly surprising to me, for I surely do not have to point out to you, who are in the very thick of the Lubavitch affairs in your community, that Mr. Perrin is a devoted and dedicated worker and supporter of Lubavitch in Manchester. Undoubtedly the omission was an oversight. However, inasmuch as this list may serve as a photo-copy for future reproductions, not only in local publications, but also elsewhere, I am calling your attention to it.

Now I come to my main objection to the Programme itself which appears in the center of the publication.

I need hardly emphasize that a concert arranged for a Jewish cause should have a Jewish character, and not just a theatrical show. Certainly a concert arranged by and connected with Lubavitch. It is quite understandable therefore that I began to look for Jewish topics in the Programme, and I only found something of that nature at the very end of the Programme, after the intermission, and even there the topics are of a mixed nature, and suffice it for the wise.

I do not know who arranged this Programme, but it is well known that the artist has a rich repertoire of truly Jewish pieces.

There was added disappointment in the fact, which had so taken me aback that I was afraid to delve into it further, that the very first item on the program appears to be a church piece, composed for church service.

Much more could be said in connection with the above, but I want to spare you and myself further pain. Again, the purpose of bringing these regrettable items to your attention is not only to prevent their repetition, but also to urge you that if there are any copies of the brochure left, they should be immediately destroyed, at least insofar as the repertoire <sup>pages</sup> itself ~~is~~ concerned. Indeed, it seems to me as one of those fortunate breaks for Lubavitch that so far no one has come out with protests against Lubavitch in this connection.

To conclude on a good topic, may G-d grant that inasmuch as we are approaching the Festival of Our Freedom, may it indeed bring about freedom from all undesirable things, that henceforth our exchange of correspondence should be exclusively on positive and happy topics.

THE REBBE REQUESTS MY PRESENCE AT 770 FOR

SHOVUOS

On one occasion I had written to the Rebbe that, owing to certain pressures, it would not be possible for me to be present at 770 for the forthcoming Yom Tov of Shovuos.

Less than a week before the Holiday, I received the following cable from the Rebbe:

THE REBBE REQUESTS ME TO STAY AT 770 FOR SHOVUOS

POST OFFICE  
TELEGRAM  
No. OFFICE STAMP  
2

RECEIVED

Prefix. Time handed in. Office of Origin and Service Instructions. Words.

TAS463. COC102 BROOKLYN NY 34 9 730P EDT VIA WESTERN

By: HILTON ET JACOB 105 CAVENDISH KERSALANDS

By:

VERY SURPRISED YOUR WRITING ABOUT CHANGING LONG  
STANDING GOOD CUSTOM SPENDING SHOVS HERE STOP  
CONFIDENT YOUR PRESENCE HERE SHOVS AS PREVIOUS YEARS  
BSIMCHO VTUVLEVOV BLESSING ALL FAMILY=MENACHEN SCHNEERON

For free repetition of doubtful words telegraph "TELEGRAMS ENQUIRY" or call, with this form by this form, and, if possible, the envelope. B or C

===COC 105. TS 708

This put me in a very awkward predicament but, obviously, I had no choice but to fly to Crown Heights straight away.

When I subsequently met the Rebbe at 770, I explained that it was very unfair of the Rebbe because I was given no option and there was even no time to discuss the matter and give my urgent reasons for being unable to visit the Rebbe at this time.

The Rebbe answered that it was just because I would not have the time to discuss and argue about the matter that he had left it so late before sending me the cable. The Rebbe did not want to give me any choice of options - I had to obey my Rebbe's instructions and be present at 770 for Shovuos as usual.

## THE REBBE REQUESTS ME TO STAY AT HOME FOR

### SHOVUOS

On another occasion, we were prepared and ready to travel to 770 for Shovuos - as usual. When - once again we received a communication from the Rebbe in which he itemised and outlined all the reasons for our not spending this Yom Tov at 770.

Many excuses for not being present at 770 were suggested to us but the ONE and ONLY reason for our flight to New York - which was to spend the Yom Tov of Shovuos with the Rebbe, far outweighed all the many excuses.

So I wrote to the Rebbe and advised him that I did not intend to give up this wonderful Chazoka (tradition) and that Roselyn and I would be at 770 for Shovuos as usual - despite any inconveniences or difficulties.

The Rebbe was extremely pleased that we had not been rebuffed and not put off by his letter.

On the next page is the copy of the Rebbe's letter.

Mr. Shneur Zalman Jaffe

P.S. I refer to the subject of the problem of accommodations in our area, which you mention in your recent letters, as experienced last Shovuos when you were here, and the inconveniences connected with it. - I have, of course, kept in touch with the situation to see if there has been any improvement. I cannot say that I am quite satisfied, all the more so that it is difficult to speak for another person, especially if that person is also not very certain. On the other hand, it is certain that no Jew should have inconveniences at any time of the year, least of all during Yom Tov, when all aspects have to be with joy, and especially such a Yom Tov as Shovuos, the Yom Tov of Mattan Torah, when all the Yomim Tovim were instituted.

In addition to the above, there is another factor to be considered, namely that in line with various changes which took place lately, and as was also the case on this past Purim, there does not appear a likelihood for a joint Seudos on Yom Tov, at which I could join you and other Chasidim (except

אין רשות)

In the light of all that has been said above, and although it would have been a pleasure to see you here on Yom Tov during the davenning and Farbrengen, there are the overriding considerations of the physical inconveniences mentioned above, especially during the days of Yom Tov and Shabbos (adding also the fact that the (newborn) grandchildren could not accompany you), and also the fact that there would be no mutual Yom-Tovdike Seudos, it would seem advisable to defer the pleasure of your visit. Moreover, it appears from your letter that there is also a serious doubt whether there would be sufficient co-travelers to reduce the financial cost.

All this adds up to the conclusion that it would be best at this time to take the thought for the deed, and defer the pleasure for a more suitable time. Consequently, this letter is sent to you by special delivery, in order to halt registration for the flight and avoid further inconveniences.

I am appending herewith copies of pages 2 and 3 of an interesting letter which covered some aspects of Communal activities.

I have omitted page 1 which consisted of details and technical advice about my own business.

The Rebbe has an objective and unbiased mind and would offer me impartial and invaluable opinions and advice.

no objections could be raised. But if both considerations do not apply in this case, a revision of policy is indicated. I repeat, however, that this is outside my competence, and I have made this observation only for what it is worth.

4) A further essential point is this, namely, inasmuch as the business and profits have, thank G-d, increased in an unusual way, I do not think it is justifiable to approach the question of Tzedoko with precise calculations, etc.

5) It is self-understood that a person residing in a community is obliged to participate in the community charities, especially one on whom Divine Providence has bestowed a position of prominence and influence, which must be reflected in every aspect, including philanthropy. Needless to say, when I speak of an increase in Tzedoko, I do not mean at the expense of the Tzedoko which has been practised before, but an increase in Tzedoko which is indicated by the growth of the business, as mentioned above.

All that has been said above is relative to financial profits. Important as they are, they are by far exceeded by gains which cannot be measured in terms of money. And thank G-d, you have been blessed with such a fine Shidduch for your Bas Yechida, and quite unexpectedly, and you have been blessed also with true Yiddish Nachas from your Ben Yochid (G-d bless them both), in a way which you also recognize was quite unexpected. One of the ways for you and Mrs. Jaffe as the blessed parents to say to G-d "Thank You" is by a greater devotion to all matters of Torah and Mitzvoth in general, and Tzedoko in particular, since Tzedoko is "weighed against all the Mitzvoth."

matter

To turn now ~~to other~~ to the other "~~box~~" of contention", namely, Mrs. Jaffe's complaint that you are doing too much community-wise and exerting yourself too much, etc. Needless to say, it is difficult to express an opinion at this distance as to what should be the time limit allotted to communal responsibilities. Besides, it is difficult to make a hard and fast rule, since the need is not the same in a uniform way, in every matter and at all times. However, the way of the Torah is, generally speaking, the golden rule, avoiding extremes, but occasionally to lean over to "the right!" As to what should be the "golden mean" in your case in terms of actual time, I trust you will both together be able to arrive at an acceptable solution.

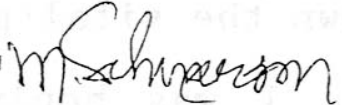


With regard to Rabbi H. as a candidate for Dayan, it is difficult for me to express a definite opinion, since I have only had two reports on him, one from you in your letter, and one from another source. But speaking generally, and in view of conditions prevailing nowadays, where there is a choice of candidates, preference should be given to the one who possesses a greater degree of Yiras Shomayim, especially where it concerns a Rabbinic post. Furthermore, the second source of information about him, to which I referred, has impressed me more, if you will pardon my saying so, for I understand that it was he, and he alone in the community, who had in a dignified but resolute way (though perhaps indirectly) refuted publicly the address by Dr. L.J.

By now you will have received regards through Rabbi Shmuel Lew, and may G-d grant that he makes the most of his visit and utilizes it also in the interests of the community, and no doubt he will find an opportunity to visit our institutions in London for a few days.

I will no doubt have occasion to write to you again before Pesach, but in any case I will wish you and everyone of your family a kosher and happy Pesach.

With blessing



## YECHIDUS

My Yechidus was the following night, Monday, at 8.30 p.m. The Rebbe said I must not tell anyone about this special Yechidus as all would want the same. When we "came out" at 9.45 p.m (Maariv should have been at 9.30) about 150 boys were waiting for us!! And now about this Yechidus.

When we had entered, the Rebbe rose and told Roselyn that it was nice to give her Sholom Aleichem again, for the second time, and asked her to be seated. She sat, with paper and pencil in her hand ready to write down the vital points which would arise.

I was hoping that she would not do a repetition of the previous year when, after 1 ½ hours of Yechidus, all Roselyn had written on the pad was - "The Rebbe said that the Farbraing was made specially for her." That was all she had written down!

I told the Rebbe that so far I had had a wonderful time socially and now it was time for a business discussion. The Rebbe asked Roselyn whether she had given permission to me to leave her and eat Yom Tov with the Rebbe. When Roselyn answered in the affirmative, the Rebbe said he hoped she did not mind. Roselyn replied that as the Rebbetzen had made this sacrifice, so could she and was pleased to do so.

The Rebbe said that his Rebbetzen had made this sacrifice for 40 years and Roselyn replied, "Biz 120 years." The Rebbe smiled appreciatively. In fact, during the whole 1¼ hours the Rebbe was laughing and smiling.

I told the Rebbe about my speech at the Kinoss HaTorah the previous day, about not wanting to be a Tzorrus Chossid. "Did you not give a Moshul as usual?" asked the Rebbe.

I was surprised because I do not remember ever having given a Moshul before. The Rebbe gets to know everything! So I told him what I had said about people living at the source of the river who could not appreciate what was happening many hundreds of miles away. The Rebbe liked it. I reported about the many complaints I was receiving from people who had no replies from the Rebbe to their letters. I said - Lehavdil - the Queen of England has a private secretary who acknowledges her letters. The Rebbe said it was not for a Chossid. But yet, he was looking for some Nusach that would satisfy not only his correspondents, but also himself. We discussed business and family, Lubavitch and communal problems. I realised it was now 9.30 p.m so I said, "The Rebbe will want to Daven Maariv." He replied, "Veil ess shtait in Shulcan Oruch!" "Yes," I remarked, "but not to Daven at 9.30 p.m - it could be 3.30 a.m like the other night."

"Yes," said the Rebbe, "that is so, but it was getting a little tight for Sefirah." He advised me to come for my next Yechidus at my usual time in the early hours of the morning so that no one would be jealous. The Rebbe said that he had received an anonymous letter from Detroit with B.H. on the top telling the Rebbe to go back to Lubavitch and not to interfere with people in America and pester them to do Mitzvos. I remarked that it was a good sign to get such a letter. The Rebbe agreed. I told the Rebbe about the Lubavitcher

who phoned Bernard Perrin in Manchester at 2 a.m and me at 7 a.m to give 'gruss' from the Rebbe. "Ah," says the Rebbe, "he was keeping 770 hours." When he mentioned Avrohom, the Rebbe said he always addresses him as HaRav Avrohom in his letters. The Rebbe asked me if I liked the apartment in Union Street. I replied that it was ideal especially as it was only seconds away from 770 and I wanted it for every Shovuos.

### MORE FARBRAINGEN

After this Yechidus, I realised that I had not asked the Rebbe for a Farbraingen for the following Shabbos. And there was another Shabbos after that one too.

B.H., since I have been coming to 770 there has always been a Farbraing on every Shabbos I have been present. P.G., I hope this will continue. But, if one wants something, then one must ask for it. I asked the Rebbe once, last year, and he replied that he was "not prepared". I said that the Rebbe should just sit on the top table and we would all sing Nigunim and make the Rebbe freilich.

"How can I sit on top without saying anything?"

"O.K.," I said. "You might arrange a couple of Sichos." In the event he spoke for five hours at the Farbraing. Also last year, my wife and I met the Rebbe outside 770. He touched his hat to Roselyn and asked her if she was enjoying Yom Tov in spite of my leaving her for the Rebbe's table. I thanked him for a previous Farbraing which I said was most enjoyable. The Rebbe replied, "It was my pleasure." Always the perfect gentleman is our Rebbe. I requested another Farbraing and the Rebbe told me to have a good rest on Shabbos and he also had heard that some wives were actually complaining that we had too many Farbraingen which spoil their Shabbos dinners, and so forth. In view of these remarks, there would be NO Farbraing on Shabbos. A lengthy correspondence ensued (not through the Post Office) in which I pointed out that I was resting every day and the Farbraing was the only time I could hear the Rebbe saying a word of Torah. Besides which, all those people had come on the plane from England especially to hear the Rebbe. One Farbraingen on Shovuos was definitely not enough. I really should have had pity on the Rebbe and given him a rest but a Chossid should have no Rachmonus when it means a word of Torah from the Rebbe. anyway, I was lucky and I prevailed - to the utter dismay of 40 Yeshiva Bochurim from Newark, New Jersey, and of Moshe Feller of Minneapolis who had been told by the office at 770 not to come as there would not be any Farbraingen on that Shabbos and they therefore stayed at home.

Now, here once again this year, I had the same problem. In addition to which, all the boys at 770 were driving me crazy to ask the Rebbe for a Farbraingen. Under no consideration would they ask themselves, although they wanted it so badly that some boys even walked the six miles from Boro Park especially to be present. They said they could not have the cheek - but poor me - I had to be the scapegoat. Well - as I wanted the Farbraingen too, I had no option but to ask.

So I wrote to the Rebbe asking for two Farbraingens. (By this method of writing and leaving the letter in the Rebbe's office, I normally received a reply on the same day.) The Rebbe replied that he himself had to open and read all the letters addressed to him and which were very confidential. All this took a long time. He therefore, had no time to prepare a Farbraingen. I wrote back saying that in view of the enormous amount of correspondence which the Rebbe received, would I not be doing him a favour by not writing so often (every two weeks or so) and making more work for the Rebbe. Once, I had complained to the Rebbe that he never replied to my letters (from Manchester) and I had to write again. "Oh," said the Rebbe, "It was worth it as I had another nice letter from you because of that."

I pointed out that the Rebbe had said that my Zeman (time) for coming was Shovuos. In the social and business department I was doing very well indeed, exceedingly well. I fully expect the same in the 'Learning department' - Talmud Torah Kenege Kulom. I think the Rebbe will agree that one Farbraingen is not really a sufficient injection for twelve months. As Brochas normally go in threes (Kohanim) so do Farbraingens. I wanted two more. I wrote the story about Winston Churchill who, when asked how much preparation he required for an hour's talk, replied, "I can start right away." For twenty minutes talk? - "I need an hour!" For three minutes address? "I need a week's preparation." So, Lehavdil, our Rebbe does not need any preparation for a five hour's Farbraingen. B.H., there was a Farbraingen that Shabbos.

It was a Freilich Farbraingen and all the boys congratulated me - and straight away started nagging for another one for the following Shabbos. During the Farbraingen, the Rebbe wished me Mazel Tov on Yossi's and Yenta Chaya's (my grandchildren) birthdays and told me to take a bottle of vodka and make a Farbraingen in London, not at Lubavitch House, but at Shmuel's house. The children were to be the real IKUR ORCHIM and after they had finished their share of the vodka, everybody else could then partake of the drink. (This subsequently took place - the children sat "on top", about forty or fifty people were present, and I told stories about the Rebbe.) An interesting Sicha was the one about Bikurim. The Rebbe said that this referred to an unusual and unexpected business deal - and Masser had to be paid on this immediately.

After Havdolah, I was at the door of 770 when the Rebbe was leaving. I was alone - everybody else had fled when the Rebbe approached. I held open the door for him and wished him, "Good Voch." The Rebbe smiled and wished me the same and asked, "if I was Tzufriidden?!" Yes, said I. (and then thinking about the following Shabbos) "So far so good!!!" - After having said this I was terribly ashamed of my boorishness and Chutzpah. The following day I decided that I had to apologise for my lack of good manners and sent a contrite and sincere letter of apology to the Rebbe and hoped for another Farbraingen.

The day after, the Rebbe received a brand new Cadillac from a wealthy follower who has often received - and is still receiving - the beneficent and successful advice of the Rebbe in his business problems. He sends a new Cadillac to the Rebbe every year. We were shown the new library and sumptuous offices next door which we do hope the Rebbe will

make use of - and soon. Although we always refer to Lubavitch House as 770, this building is now only a small part of the five or six huge buildings in Eastern Parkway owned by Lubavitch. I am not referring to our numerous schools and Yeshivos in New York. One new Yeshiva is costing three million dollars to build.

The following day I saw Rabbi Chadakov in his own private office, and I could not get a word in edgeways. The telephone was ringing continuously - from Israel, England, Australia, besides local Canadian and U.S.A. calls. The general office is even worse, there are three telephones. A young man wanted to see the Rebbe - "Earliest was four months, but he could write." A man had arrived from Uruguay with his son, he only wanted to look at the Rebbe. "His wish could be granted at Mincha." A Yeshiva boy brought in an old man at 7.45 a.m and showed him a pair of Tefillin and said, "These are Tefillin." He helped the old man to put them on. The man made the Brocha and recited Shema - the boy thanked the man - the man, with tears in his eyes, thanked the boy.

We were delighted to receive a phone call from the Rebbetzen inviting us to come and see her. This was a great honour which we accepted with alacrity. Roselyn and I arrived at 8 p.m and enjoyed an extremely happy two hours with Rebbetzen Schneerson. Tea and delicious cakes were served. The Rebbetzen agreed that it was (1) most important to make the Rebbe Freilich, especially at the Yom Tov "Tisch". (2) If you want a thing badly, like a Farbraingen, you must ask for it. It is so obvious. She intimated that there would be a Farbraingen on the next Shabbos too! She also said that she was in the next room during the Yom Tov meal and heard how we were enjoying ourselves. She told Roselyn to be careful when walking at night and, "Is she not frightened of the Coloureds?" I made a joke about them not touching us because we are not Americans - like the Maggid who was preaching in a Shool and all the congregation were in tears of emotion because of what he was saying. Only one man remained unperturbed. Afterwards, when asked why by the Maggid, he answered, "Well, I am not a member of this Shool."

Before we left we discussed the family and various other matters - and also told a few more jokes. A very pleasant evening indeed. I hope the Rebbetzen enjoyed herself as much as we did.

## SECOND YECHIDUS

The weeks were soon passing and it was now time for our second Yechidus. It was to be at about 2.00 a.m but we did not go into the Rebbe's room until 5.45 a.m. The time taken for a Yechidus varies from one minute to three hours, so it is hard to ascertain the exact time one is due in. Whilst we were waiting, we met Mr. Yehuda Paldry, an Israeli journalist, who had broken his leg twenty years ago. After three operations, it was decided that nothing further could be done for him and he walked, leaning heavily on a very big, thick stick. He had been coming to see the Rebbe for three years now. On Motzei Shvuos, whilst he was receiving his Kos Shel Brocha, bent double over his stick, the Rebbe asked him why he still walks with a stick. He should now leave it behind. Mr. Paldry smiled and the Rebbe said it was not a joke. "You don't need a stick." So, now he

walks fine without a stick. The men and boys who saw him previously walking laboriously with a stick, still cannot believe it. This is Mr. Paldry's own story and he is keeping the stick as 'Exhibit A' for a constant reminder. A boy going in before us used to be a first class hippy and a drug addict. He has now been at the Yeshiva at Kfar Chabad for twelve months!

On entering the Rebbe's room I said that since the last Farbraingen I had received a windfall - Bikurim! I went to pay the agent of our Landlord of the flat and he refused to take my money. So I had brought all the rent to the Rebbe as Bikurim. The Rebbe confirmed that the Sicha the previous Shabbos, on Yossi's birthday, was for Yossi ("Who bears my father-in-law's name" - said the Rebbe) as he was a "Ben Chomesh LeMikrah" - "that means," continued the Rebbe, "that he would be six, P.G., next year. So, we must bring him with us next Shovuos and stay again at the flat in Union Street." The Rebbe said that he now wanted to ask me a question. "Why, after 800 years, all this time, no one has asked questions on Rashi untill 1966/7/8. I told him that we have never had such a Godel Hador before who could answer such questions on Rashi. Also, never one who could ASK such questions on Rashi. I reminded him of his promise to have these Rashi Sichos put into print for posterity. I put in an aside about a Farbraingen on Shabbos.

"Ah," says the Rebbe, "You are smuggling in a Farbraingen. But, if you will ask a question about Rashi, then I will answer it on Shabbos." We discussed problems still left over from the previous Yechidus. Lubavitch - Shechita Board - Shool, and so forth. Plenty of humour too. I remember a few years ago that Rabbi Shemtov went to Brooklyn on our plane from Manchester without asking permission from the Rebbe, Rabbi Shemtov kept away from the Rebbe. He was afraid. I asked the Rebbe not to be angry with him as it was my fault. "Ah," says the Rebbe, "then I have two people to shout at now!"

I also recall when Avrohom, many years ago, wanted to grow a beard. So he asked the Rebbe if he could do so. I have since asked many people to guess what the Rebbe answered, and NOT one has ever got the right answer. He replied, "You must ask your MOTHER."

We left the Rebbe's room at 6.30 a.m and we were not the last. I took Roselyn home, returned and Davenned. At 9.40 a.m I saw the Rebbe leaving for home - since 8 p.m the previous evening! No food, no drink, no pause. And as fresh now as at 8 p.m the night before.

Another example of the Rebbe's attitude is when I complained to the Rebbe of the woman who interrupted her work on Friday evening to light the Shabbos candles. The Rebbe replied that, "At least she had fulfilled a Mitzvah."

Afer Davenning, I started on the Rashi questions. Now, instead of, "Is there a Farbraing tomorrow - Shabbos? (50 boys have already arrived from Newark.) Everyone was asking, "What is your Rashi Kashe?" I was most annoyed with all of them. They fussed and

congratulated, but when I pointed out that everyone should send in a Rashi question, all became afraid again. They were good at giving me advice, which I ignored.

I took a hint from Zalmon Shimon's Shiur which I had attended during the week. In this week's Sedra, Behaalosecho, 3rd possuk, it says that Aaron did what G-D commanded him. So what? Do you expect him not to do so. Why does Rashi say, "Sheloi Shono." Zalmon Shimon explained that Aaron, who was the High Priest for 39 years, lit the candles with the same warmth on the 39<sup>th</sup> year as he had on the 1st year. I did not like the explanation. (At the subsequent Farbraingen, the Rebbe said that he had spoken about this on a previous occasion for about two hours and I should ask the boys.)

Yitchok Sufrin, who had addressed us so well for twenty minutes on the plane, and helped with the Benching and Tefillas HaDerech, suggested that I asked the Rebbe his opinion on "Mesanecho," Chapter 11, verse 35.

At the Farbraingen, the Rebbe spoke for one and a half hours on this, in relation to Israel too. G-D does not have to "Kumu" - get up and fight. He confounds their deliberations. They will ultimately destroy themselves. We must not return one inch of Eretz Yisroel to the Arabs. There was a special Sicho for me too. "Tzsaischem Lesholom." Go in peace and come again in peace next year, P.G. Also, it is no use coming to see the Rebbe once a year and that is all. We had plenty to do when we were away from the Rebbe. He gave me a wonderful smile and said, "Now it depends on you." The Farbraingen always started punctually, normally at 1.30 p.m. Shool finishes 12 noon (from 10 a.m.) I once arrived at 1.33 p.m and the Rebbe was already sitting on the platform. He gave a sign as if to say why did I come so late. After Havdolah, I again held open the door of 770 for the Rebbe and said, "Good Voch, everything is now perfect, except for one thing."

The Rebbe was pleased and said it was a better reply than the previous week. "And what was that, 'Except for one thing?' I replied, "Because we were going home on the following day and leaving the Rebbe."

"Tomorrow! That is another day and I will see you again. In any case, Moshiach may come and everything will be changed."

Our buses left the next day from 770 and the Rebbe came outside to see us off. Someone asked me why the Rebbe gave me so much Kovod? Did I give plenty of money? Work hard for Lubavitch? Or, what was the secret?

I replied, "Men darf machen dem Rebbe Shlito freilich." - (We have to make the Rebbe happy.) That's all - in every possible way!

**TRY IT! JUST FOR ONCE!**

THE SECOND INSTALMENT OF "MY ENCOUNTER  
WITH THE REBBE SHLITO" - SHOVIOS 1970

AN IMMEDIATE YECHIDUS

It was nearly 11 p.m when we arrived at 770 on Monday evening, 25th May, 1970. I immediately went to see Rabbi Chadakov to ascertain the earliest possible moment when I could see the Rebbe, Shlito.

"Well," he said, "Yechidus is on Thursday, and I will try to fit you in. But, if you really wish to see the Rebbe sooner, then you can go in straight away. Rabbi Gutnick of Australia is now with the Rebbe and, as soon as he leaves the Rebbe's room, I could immediately enter the Rebbe's presence. Of course, if I accepted this offer for tonight I should not be allowed again on Thursday, so - "Which day to you prefer?" What a question to ask!!

Leaving Roselyn at the apartment, (which the Rebbe had kindly loaned to us) together with our grandsons Yoseph Yitzchok and Menachem Mendel, I rushed to 770 and took my stand outside the Rebbe's door. It was now midnight and, as Rabbi Gutnick had been with the Rebbe since 11 p.m, I expected to enter at any moment.

Suddenly the door opened. I was caught unawares and Rabbi Gutnick emerged. I looked at my watch - it was 2 a.m. I had been waiting for two hours.

The Rebbe looked very tired and depressed after three solid hours with Rabbi Gutnick (!!) but, nevertheless, gave me a lovely welcome. He said I must be tired because by my English time, which was five hours later, it was now 7 a.m in the morning and I had been up for 24 hours. I admitted that before I entered the Rebbe's sanctum I was indeed tired, but the Rebbe had certainly now made me wide awake.

"How are your children and grandchildren? And daughter-in-law? It is the first time I have seen her." "Surely not," said I, "She has been here before." "Yes," replied the Rebbe, "but she was not your daughter-in-law then."

I took this opportunity of telling the Rebbe that Susan wished to send special warm regards to our Rebbetzen and to say how impressed she was with our wonderful lady, by her grace and charm when she made Susan, Avrohom and the children so welcome at the time of their visit at Purim.

The Rebbe remarked that he had deliberately refrained from telling me to come on the Purim flight. He said that he took no chances, in case I would then not come for our regular Shovuos visit.

The Rebbe was not pleased, not one bit, when he heard that some Rabbonim were leaving 35,000 Manchester Jews Hefker whilst they removed themselves to Israel. It is against the Din, against the Shulchan Oruch to leave a community without first seeking and



obtaining a replacement. He was surprised that such a great Posek should ignore the Din because it suited himself. And the cheek of another Rabbi, also leaving to settle in Israel, to request the Rebbe to send a replacement from America to work for less money in a small community whilst he clears off to Israel.

Whatever answer can the Rebbe now give to people like the Lubavitcher Shochtim in Manchester who begged the Rebbe to allow Manchester to be left without kosher meat, when they see their so-called superiors leaving the town without compunction. When I remarked that one of these Rabbonim was over retiring age, the Rebbe interjected by saying that Rabbonim do not retire at all, at any age. Moishe Rabbeinu did not retire. It was a disgrace to give Rabbonim five year contracts. Incidentally, the Rebbe took great exception to people asking for a Brocha for something which they had done or decided upon without even consulting the Rebbe.

The Rebbe then requested me to provide a Rashi Kashe for the following Shabbos. I then reminded the Rebbe that this year we came especially for Shabbos Mevorachim, as the Rebbe himself had requested last year, and why should I have to work for an extra Farbraingen? Well - the Rebbe still persisted that he would like a Rashi question.

I then delivered the message from Manchester Lubavitch that we wanted Rabbi Chaim Farro as soon as possible.

"Oh, but not before Yud Bais Tammuz," said the Rebbe, "It would be cruel."

The Rebbe went on to say that because an extra man was coming, this did not mean that the rest could take it easier. Avrohom is still Rav of the Shool and is to carry on as hitherto. All must continue to work precisely as hard, if not harder, than at present.

"Chaim Farro's job is to see that everybody works HARDER!"

The Rebbe was pleased that Hilda Perrin had been helping at the Lag B'Omer Parade. He hoped she would continue her efforts for Lubavitch and that her daughters would support us too. The Rebbe was keen to hear about the good progress being made regarding printing the Tanya in Hebrew together with the English translation.

We discussed business matters for a few minutes and the Rebbe had a jolly good laugh when I explained to him that Avrohom took off a whole day from business to arrange the Lag B'Omer Parade.

I showed him the cable we received for Pesach from the Rebbe, the identical one which was sent all over the world - but ours had Niflee Niflous (instead of just Niflous). The Rebbe laughed heartily and said it was a Brocha from the Post Office.

Last year I was told to bring Yossi with us to Brooklyn on this trip. I reported that, as requested, I had carried out instructions and brought Yossi. "Oh," said the Rebbe, "You mean Yoseph Yitzchok."

It was now 3.05 a.m and I had been with the Rebbe an hour and five minutes. Before leaving I presented the Rebbe with five bottles of mashke to give out at a Farbraingen. "Which one?" asked the Rebbe. "Any one." I said, "It is for the Rebbe to give to whomsoever he wishes." "Is it from Manchester?" "No," I reply, "From me." Surely the Rebbe can find some deserving person or cause to whom to give the Mashke. The Rebbe admitted that he had stopped the giving of Mashke at the Farbraingen because it "got out of hand." The Rebbe wanted to know why I had brought five bottles - any special reason? "No," I replied, "But the U.S.A. Customs allow us to bring in five bottles free of duty." "What shall I do with five bottles? Take them home - but I don't like vodka," replied the Rebbe.

The Rebbe once again showed his humbleness and humility by saying, "Mr. Jaffe, I thank you!" What a wonderful and unique Rebbe we do possess. That such a great man and Tzaddik should actually thank me for coming to see him was so unheard of that it left me speechless. He then offered to take me home in his car.

I do believe that the Rebbe looked very much happier and more sprightly than when I entered an hour before. Rabbi Chadakov told me to wait a moment whilst he went in to see the Rebbe. He came out beaming and said, "You put the Rebbe in such a good mood!!" (T.G. for that I said to myself.)

Incidentally, on the following Thursday evening was the last official Yechidus for two weeks (until after Shovuos). The Rebbe gave over 70 interviews and Yechidus ending at 5 a.m in the morning.

### PREPARATIONS FOR YOM TOV

Shabbos was Shabbos Mevorchim. We commenced Tehillim at 8.30 a.m, and finished at 9.55 a.m - one hour and twenty five minutes - fantastic! The Farbraingen started as usual at 1.30 p.m prompt and went on till 5.30 p.m. The main theme - "Who is a Jew?" Conversions must be according to the Halachah. Bringing in all goyim (wives and children) and making a fifth column - there will be no peace unless and until we rescind this evil law. Then G-D will destroy all Israel's enemies.

After a particularly strong and effective Sicho on this subject the Rebbe sat with his head sunk and bowed down, very dejected, and not looking up at anyone at all. Meanwhile, Yossi, aged 6, and Mendel, aged 8, were standing up straight and together, each holding a cup of wine and waiting to say LeChaim to the Rebbe. The Rebbe taking no notice. For very many minutes (which seemed like hours) they stood in dead silence whilst everyone waited and wondered when would the Rebbe look up and if he would shake off his despondency? It was already getting most embarrassing so I stood up and in a very loud, clear voice said, "LeChaim" to the Rebbe. He looked up and replied, "LeChaim Velivrocho." I then pointed to Yossi and Mendel still holding their glasses and standing so straight and upright. The Rebbe's face became transfigured by a lovely smile as he replied to their Brocha of "LeChaim".

I was told by a great many people that this was the best part of the Farbraingen. It made the Rebbe so happy after his deep depression. Someone told me that the Merkos should pay for my ticket to come once a month to make the Rebbe "Freilich"! "You do such a Mitzvah, Mr. Jaffe. You make the Rebbe happy." The Rebbe honoured me by giving me a bottle of Mashke to divide amongst those present.

One Lubavitcher asked Roselyn, "What Mishpochah have you in Brooklyn, Mrs. Jaffe?" Roselyn answered, "The Rebbe."

The following day, Sunday, was the Annual Convention of the Neshei Chabad. 500 women were present. Roselyn and Hindy sat on the top table as honoured guests from England. Rabbi Gutnick from Australia was the chief speaker but there were many other speakers too. It took place at the Venetian Manor, Brooklyn, and commenced at 11.30 a.m with Brunch. Greetings, reports, discussions, dinner, presentations, film show and other entertainments followed in quick succession.

Subsequently, I met delegates to this Convention from Chicago and other cities as well as from Brooklyn. One told me that she had not had Yechidus for eight years. Another was going to settle in Israel and had tried for many months to see the Rebbe. A third woman had tried for three years. They were told to join the line and get a Brocha from the Rebbe. I am really a very fortunate and lucky person to be able to see our Rebbe so often.

Thursday was Erev Rosh Chodesh. The Rebbe went to the Ohel, the graveside of the previous Rebbe, to pray, say Tehillim and plead for all Jews. He fasts the whole day except for a drink before he leaves 770. During the three weeks we were in Brooklyn, the Rebbe went three times to the Ohel. It was 8.40 p.m when he returned, looking terribly tired, hot and really worn out. What the Rebbe does for us Jews!! Shmuel, my son-in-law, had Yartzeit and Davened Mincha. Maariv was at 9.20 p.m. I was asked to Daven for the Omed. A Chazan is supposed to be asked three times before he accepts. I took no chances and accepted straight away. As the Rebbe was still fasting I Davened extremely quickly. No one objected at all but, after Maariv, instead of going straight home for a meal, the Rebbe had Yechidus with Chief Rabbi Dreyfus of Belgium.

By trial and error I had now found a reasonably good Mikveh. The 'Rebbele' who owned the one I had used for the past few years had removed to Boro' Park. I was told that the Mikveh opposite 770 was now - beautiful, clean, spotless and had constant hot water! The one I decided to patronise was quite good and I paid my subscription for the whole three weeks in advance. When I went on Friday, about 2.30 p.m, I was the first one to use it. It was really lovely and clean but NO WATER!!

OUR VISIT TO THE REBBETZEN, AND WE REPORT  
ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW LUBAVITCHER YESHIVA

Friday, 3 p.m. was one of the highlights of our American trip, a visit to our really charming and gracious Rebbetzen. It is something to which we always look forward and we always make certain that we are not one second late. We were privileged and honoured this year to be allowed to take with us Hindy, Shmuel and their family (our grandchildren). Yossi and Mendel were very shy, Golda Rivka and Pincus were good but Yenta Chaya was terrific. She was singing Nigunim for the Rebbetzen all the time. We had nice fruit juice, cream cake and so forth. We stayed for two hours altogether. The Rebbetzen talked about Susan and Avrohom who had visited her last Purim. She had watched Susan waiting for Avrohom outside 770 for hours! She adored their "lovely children." We informed the Rebbetzen how impressed Susan had been with the Rebbetzen's friendliness and courtesy, and how much "at home" one was made to feel. We had a very good, enjoyable and happy afternoon, laughing and joking and occasionally being serious too. We told her that we were thinking of attending the dinner on the occasion of the opening of the new Lubavitcher Yeshiva. The Rebbetzen insisted that we do go and that we come back the following Sunday and report to her what happened. So, at 3 p.m. on that Sunday, we had the delightful pleasure of seeing our beloved Rebbetzen again. We went alone this time, so we had tea instead of fruit juice. We all agreed that it was a pity that the boys AND the men did not take an example from the Rebbe - in cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality and doing everything with a "Seder", also the perfect gentleman. He still greeted Roselyn with "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" and touched his hat whenever he met her in the street. We had a jolly good time for two and a quarter hours and the Rebbetzen asked us to come again next year, P.G.

This is an abridged version of the report I gave, and at which the Rebbetzen laughed uproariously! We received the official invitation to the Yeshiva Dedication Dinner. The following names were on the invitation: Rabbi S. Gourary - Chairman, then the Dinner Chairman, followed by twelve honorary (or honourable?) chairmen, eight co-chairmen, 59 vice-chairmen, one toastmaster and 45 committee men. In addition there was a guest of honour and a guest speaker. A total of 129 men. If they all came with their wives we were certain of at least 258 people at the dinner. A good nucleus. The building was supposed to have cost \$3,000,000 (without the land). It had three floors and every available space was being used (but not duplicated as in Manchester and London). The building had already been in use for nine months (and looked it) and an Opening Dinner had already been held a few weeks previously. Today was the Dedication Dinner and in a few weeks time was to be the Grand Opening at which Governor Rockefeller was due to attend. We walked around the premises, fifteen dormitories with four beds in each, that is for sixty boys on the top floor. Everything else was nice and modern. After the inspection we partook of refreshments, reception before the dinner. Marvellous, wonderful - plenty to eat and drink, hot and cold meats, and fish, desserts, liver, jellies and so forth. I did not want to eat too much as it would spoil my appetite for the dinner. 450 people were present. Mr. & Mrs. David Lew, my Mechutonim, were also there. My wife and Mrs. Lew did not sit with us. They were at a women's only table very far from us. David Lew

and I were given seats at a very nice table near the top, but we sat with other women and their husbands. Rather peculiar to say the least.

Two nice, jolly gentlemen approached me and asked me how I was and wished me well. I was taken aback! This was the first time I had met such friendliness in New York in all the years I have been going. I learnt afterwards that they were politicians and wanted me to vote for them. Then the Chief of Police arrived, a huge tough guy, almost a six footer and broad chested. (I thought to myself that I would not like to meet him in the dark.) I suddenly realised that it was my old friend Rabbi Gutnick dressed up as an Australian Army Chaplain in a blue uniform.

Dinner was called for 6.30 p.m and when the Chairman introduced himself at 6.45, I remarked that it was very good timekeeping for Lubavitch. But - unfortunately, we had a very long wait in prospect before we tasted food. It seemed from past experience that when dinner was served first NO ONE stayed for the speeches or for the appeal. So we were to have the speeches first. At this function half of the people, knowing of the new arrangements, arrived two hours later, still missed the speeches and came in time for the dinner. At only six tables, plus the top one, out of forty two tables, were the men and women sat separately. Bernard Deutch, the Dinner Chairman, dressed in a very light blue dinner suit with vivid royal blue frilled shirt and similar coloured tie, spoke for twelve minutes. He introduced the Chairman of the Executive, Rabbi Gourary, who introduced the Guest of Honour, who introduced the Guest Speaker - anyway, we will come to that later.

The Rebbe's message was read out by the Rashag, who added his own commentary for fifteen minutes. Mr. Gruss, the Guest of Honour, who had presented the land as a gift, and also furnished the kitchens, dining hall, science lab etc., spoke for 10 minutes. Rabbi Lockstein, Guest Speaker, addressed us for 45 minutes. A little fellow and wonderful speaker, with slow delivery like an actor, would do well on stage. He is president of Bar Ilan University in Israel. He said Lubavitch attracts the youthful intellectuals as well as all types of people. Holding the microphone which he barely "topped", turning from left to right and then back again, he said - slowly - and through grated teeth:

"I - offered - a - professor - aged 32 - a job - in - Bar Ilan. What - did - he - reply - this - young - man? ----- very long pause. He - must ask the Rebbe! I met a hippy - in Israel - who had been round the world - looking - seeking - searching - frustrated - who was going back home - to study Gemorrah. Why? - the Rebbe had told him so! Karl Marx said, "Religion is the opium of the masses." Michaelangelo was a sculptor and a painter. He made a picture of Moses holding the Ten Commandments. We hold - the Ten Commandments - (a great pause and shriek) ---- IN - OUR — HEARTS!! And we gave the Torah to the world!! In the Sedra it says "Va'yehee," when Moses finished the Mishkon, and "Va'yehee" always prefaces something bad. What can be bad about "finished the Mishkon"? There are various Midrashic explanations. But, he says it is bad because we are then left with the large mortgage to pay off. Once, the Baalei Battim used to have their bench or seat - their own "bank" in the Shool. Today – we have – the Shool – in the Bank."

Rabbi Weinberg then made the Appeal. Four people gave a total of \$65,000. Grand total was forty people \$100,000. We were offered to be made a "Torah Ambassador" for, \$10,000 - no customers! A Life Time Governor for \$5,000 - no clients!

So, at Last, at 8.30 p.m, dinner was served. And what an anti-climax this was. Three courses - excluding fruit hors d'oeuvres, soup, meat and sweet. No choice of anything. Take it or leave it! In fact, they left out the sweet course on our table entirely.

Then we started a new theme. Presentations of plaques to Guest of Honour, Guest Speaker, Guest? and so forth. Eight altogether. At 10 p.m it was decided to Bench. The Benching was offered to a dozen Rabbonim - all refused - they had not washed (had they eaten?) They even asked ME, I wouldn't accept. At last someone volunteered. He said, "Rabboysie Mir Vellen Benchen, etc." and then had a relapse. Everything was so quiet that Rabbi Weinberg announced that whilst those people were Benching he would carry on with more speeches. Ridiculous! Incidentally he is Prone to exaggeration. He introduced Rabbi Gutnick as Chief Rabbi of Australia (Rabbi Gutnick denied this in his speech). He refers to Maurice, my brother in Israel as Colonel Jaffe, and of course, I am Rabbi Jaffe. I have Semicha from 500 boys at 770 but not from one Rav!

Next day I went as usual to Rabbi Dvorkin's Shiur but found no one there. They had gone to a wedding. I met Rabbi Gutnick in the Office. He said, "You look a cheerful soul" I replied, "Wouldn't you be too if your Rabbi had gone to a wedding and there was no Shiur?!"

## ANOTHER FARBRAINGEN

Shabbos, I had, T. G., an Aliya in the Shool. At 1.30 p.m a Farbraingen was held and lasted until 6 p.m.

During the second Nigun, the Rebbe got so excited, he jumped up and waved his arms, conducting the tempo. When the Rebbe stands, all stand too. Everybody standing, singing and jumping and the tempo getting quicker and faster. It was impossible to keep up. Yet the Rebbe is egging me on, faster and quicker. After I had said, "LeChaim", to the Rebbe three or four times, he leaned over and said, "Say LeChaim (and in Yiddish) you are hiding yourself under the table."

Again on "Who is a Jew?" the Rebbe pointed out that the Druses, Arabs living in Israel right on the borders where it was more dangerous and who were Christians or Moslems, fought and were fighting for Israel. They did not want to become Jews. Not at all. Not on any account. When it came to the test, no Jew would give up his heritage.

The Rebbe was in a much better mood at this Farbraing - but - four and a half hours. It was tough - too.

Shovuos was now approaching and, once again, I had the Zechus of being invited to partake of Yom Tov meals with the Rebbe, Shlito. The seating arrangements and the food were similar to the past few years. The routine was the same too. This year I had a good helpmate in my endeavours to make the Rebbe Freilich. Rabbi Gutnick - who took my advice and followed my lead. A good time was had by all. I remarked that Her Majesty, the Queen, was well represented, from Canada, from Great Britain, and Rabbi Gutnick who was a Chaplain in Her Majesty's forces in Australia. The Rebbe said that he even had a higher title - a Kohen. Rabbi Gutnick told me after Yom Tov that it was the most enjoyable and memorable Shovuos he had ever spent.

Another interesting guest was Rabbi Laizer Nannas. He has been residing at Shikun Chabad in Jerusalem for the past four years after spending twenty years in Russian jails, mostly in Siberia. He was sentenced to death for teaching Yiddishkeit. This sentence was then reduced to ten years imprisonment. After serving this sentence in full (only a thief receives remission for "good conduct") he was jailed for another ten years. After these twenty years of hard labour, which killed most of the prisoners, he was released. He then waited ten years for permission to travel to Israel. All this time, for thirty years, he had tasted neither meat nor poultry. (Incidentally - on the Rebbe's instructions he visited us in Manchester for one day en route from New York to Israel.)

At the outset - at the first meal and recalling that the previous year I had earned good commission from the Rebbe for suggesting that we should continue to sing "Hoadress Vehoemuna" at 770, just as all Lubavitcher branches all over the world were still doing on Yom Tov, I declared to the Rebbe that I would like to discuss some business matter. The Rebbe agreed to hear my proposition as long as I spoke in Yiddish, for many of the dozen or so guests could not understand English. So the deal was settled and I was to be

allowed to commence the "Hoaderess Vehoemuna, Hu Elokainu, and Kalie Atoh," - I did very well, I must admit. In the event, I started the first tune on Shovuos morning. I felt like Nachshon Ben Aminodov who was the first to jump into the Red Sea. The congregation were hesitating quite a while before they joined in. The Rebbe commented that it would be much easier on the following day. It was. Subsequently, one fellow severely reprimanded me for singing in Shool without the Rebbe giving the signal. I explained that the Rebbe had already previously given me permission, and I certainly would not do anything against "protocol", he apologised profusely. The trouble was that I was then inundated with requests to sing various other Nigunim. Obviously, I had to decline. One cannot, or should not, overdo a good thing. I was quite satisfied with what I had achieved. I still carry on the custom of singing a Nigun when the Rebbe is leaving the Shool, but instead of helping me by joining in and being Freilich, I get blank stares and a few smiles of approval and even disapproval. Fortunately, my old friend Rabbi Shemtov and my new friend, Zvi Fisher, had pity on me and we danced and sang together for the Rebbe.

Well, to revert back to meals with the Rebbe. Every meal was Freilich. I sang many Nigunim and told a few good jokes. I had just concluded a very good one when the Rebbe observed that he did not like the joke at all as I had related something detrimental to the Jewish people. And I must immediately express something good about Jewish people - now and at once. This I did and the Rebbe raised his glass and wished me "LeChaim". At a subsequent Farbraingen I thought of something very good to say about Jews. This time the Rebbe made me say "LeChaim" in a very loud voice. The Rebbe takes a lot of salt with his food. Once, someone asked him why he uses so much salt. The Rebbe replied, "Because es is geshmack."

I asked the Rebbe a question on Rashi. In the Birchas Kohanim the words "Emor lohem" Rashi repeats and then again the word "Emor". He suggested I ask Rabbi Gutnick who is a Kohen. He gave one answer, but the Rebbe promised to discuss this question at the next Farbraingen on Shabbos. At the last Yom Tov meal we sang the Rebbe's Tehillim Possuk, which he quoted at every gathering this year, "Kee Elokim Toshiya Tzion," to the tune of Dayainu. The Rebbe was exceptionally pleased and, his face beaming, asked whose inspired idea this was. We explained that some of the Yeshiva boys had hit on this brilliant idea. This Nigun became "Top of the Pops."

This last meal on Shovuos had a very happy atmosphere. The Rebbe noticed that I did not eat too much at that meal. Instead of the usual Gefilte fish I was served with a fish head. The first time in my life that I had this "delicacy" on my plate. The fish continued to stare at me with cold but appealing eyes. I did not have the heart nor courage to disturb it. The next course was the soup. It seems that by the time I really got started on my plate of soup the Rebbe had finished - so that was that! Normally, the Rebbe was very particular to see that everyone had finished the course before he puts down his spoon and fork. I was unlucky this time. Then the meat arrived - everyone had meat except me! I once caused a great commotion by asking the boys to exchange my tongue (which I normally do not like) for chicken. Maybe they think I only eat chicken. So for the fourth consecutive meal I had to eat chicken and look as if I was enjoying it.



At the first meal I was given the honour of Benching which was much appreciated by me and, I hope, by the other guests.

On Shabbos, after Shovuos, our last Shabbos this year at 770, we again had a Farbraingen - thus keeping up my reputation of there always being a Farbraingen when I was present at 770. 1.30 p.m prompt until 5 p.m. It was extremely Freilich. The Rebbe stated that I was not Yoitzai with the LeChaim of my grandsons. (I had already wished the Rebbe LeChaim twice). Then the Rebbe started with my Rashi question which I had asked. I had asked one question on this Possuk. When he got to number eight question on this same Possuk he asked me, "How many is that?" I answered correctly. At eleven again, "How many?", at fourteen, once more - I answered, "Fourteen." Somebody shouted, "Fifteen." The Rebbe said, "We'll have an auction, anybody says sixteen?" (My answer was correct.) And so the Rebbe kept on asking more questions on the same Possuk until he had asked twenty questions!! Then he started on the twenty answers - brilliant!!

I found a Tehillim on the frontpiece of which was the Gematria of "Bes Moshiach" = 770. I showed it to the Rebbe who laughed heartily. One of the Rebbe's questions on this Rashi was why "Omar Lohem" was in the plural whilst "Yevorechacho" was in the singular. The answer was that the Kohen had to concentrate with great Kavono to feel that he was blessing each one individually and collectively. Afterwards, I told the Rebbe that this was no Chiddush - nothing new - because the Rebbe had told me many years ago that he spoke to everyone individually at a Farbraingen. This remark also pleased the Rebbe.

The Rebbe then spoke very strongly once more on the theme of "Who is a Jew?" He mentioned the Reform "Rabbi" who made conversions which consisted only of a certificate. This piece of paper which was given to the applicant straight away, without any formal instruction, stated that this man was now a Jew. Even Millah was not performed. This Reform "Rabbi" did not believe in shedding blood and he had pity on this poor fellow. So this man's children or grandchildren would, in time G.F., be able to marry one of your children or grandchildren. You must think of them and of the future.

The Rebbe handed me a bottle of vodka - "A little for now, a little for the plane, and the rest for Manchester." Shmuel also received a bottle - "To give to students." We did very well indeed.

Yossi and Mendel were standing at the doorway of 770 when the Rebbe arrived. He said, "Good Shabbos," to Mendel who gave the Rebbe his hand to shake whilst answering, "Good Shabbos" to the Rebbe. The Rebbe also shook hands with Yossi. A large argument and debate ensued on whether the Rebbe had given his hand first or if the boys were rude and had stuck out their hands. Whether it was correct or it was wrong, and so on. Well, the following day we had just returned to 770 when the Rebbe happened to be coming along. The Rebbe touched his hat, smiled at Roslyn and me, and FIRMLY and smartly shook hands with Mendy and Yossi who were again standing at the doorway of 770.

One afternoon, we took Yossi and Mendy with us to Utica Avenue. I went to a bank to change a traveller cheque - what a performance! I thought I was going to be arrested. The Bank Manager said that he had never seen an English travellers cheque and I should go to Wall Street. I told him a few home truths that even in the most primitive parts of India I had changed English Banker's cheques. But here, in New York, the so called centre of commercial civilization, when every hour or less we could hear on the radio the temperature, humidity and degree of air pollution, we were taken for forgers and thieves. When he explained the troubles he faced in Brooklyn with gangsters, with racial problems and slum conditions, (even in the better parts, the dustbins lined the streets every day at the week), I had to sympathies with him as he gave me the money.

It was getting late for Mincha. I didn't want to miss the Rebbe's Mincha at 770 but my foot was giving me trouble. So we all dashed down into the subway and caught a train just in time! Unfortunately, it was an express. (in New York, the slow trains stop at every station but the expresses miss out some stations) This train went flying past Kingston Avenue - the whole station vibrating and the train screeching - to the great delight and amusement of Yossi and Mendel.

Ultimately, it stopped at Franklin Avenue, the third station, and we had to wait twenty minutes for a train back. I was late for Mincha!

### SECOND YECHIDUS

The climax of our visit had now arrived. Sunday and our Yechidus with the Rebbe. There were so many people coming to see the Rebbe that the following night, Monday, was also declared a Yechidus night! I had never heard of such a thing. Shmuel, Hindy and the children went in on the first night. The Rebbe gave Siddurim to Yossi, Mendel and Chaya. They were with the Rebbe for four minutes. Moishe Stuart (four minutes) and then Neville Cohen - excited, worried and nail-biting - his first Yechidus ever - four minutes. Result - fantastic, marvellous and unbelievable!

Monday evening, Roselyn and I entered at 9.40 p.m. Never before had we been so lucky to enter so early. 4 a.m, 6 a.m, yes - but before 10 p.m!! Actually, some people were delayed so we took their turn. We received a splendid greeting from the Rebbe who remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, that we had come well prepared with pads and pens. I replied that we had come thousands of miles for this interview and every word of the Rebbe was so important that we could not afford to miss anything. "You are needing to write 1,000 lines or even 100 lines," added the Rebbe. "No," I replied, "But why should I take any chances?" I told the Rebbe what I had spoken at the Kinus HaTorah. The Rebbe was very pleased but said, I must be careful to tell that bit about Moishe Rabeinu only to those people who came from the town of Lubavitch (Report of my address to Kinus HaTorah follows later on.)

The Rebbe requested that I keep writing to him every two weeks as hitherto. We were leaving for home next day at 9.30 .p.m from 770. "Would we miss Maariv?" I asked. The

Rebbe told us that he will be visit the Ohel again so Mincha would be at 8.30 p.m and Maariv ten minutes earlier than usual. And - "My wife will be delighted to see me ten minutes earlier," said the Rebbe.

The Rebbe reminded me that he had not answered every one of the twenty Rashi questions. He would give these later on. The Rebbe advised us to come next year again for Shabbos Mevorchim. "Because you are always wanting a Farbraingen". I Said, "A Chossid must have no pity on his Rebbe if it concerns Torah." I pointed out that the Rebbe had spoken for fourteen hours over the Shovuos period - "It is a great deal of Torah. "Ah," Said the Rebbe, "You say that after the event, not before." I admitted that I could not understand everything at a Farbraingen. "Yes," said the Rebbe, "They are not words one uses every day in business." Also, I once told the Rebbe that in the English translation of his Pesach, or other, message some words were so difficult to understand that one needed a dictionary handy. The Rebbe said that, "The purpose of my letters is not to study English."

We then discussed our apartment which was on the top floor of the Kollel building. During Shovuos it was like Grand Central Station. Boys from all over the U.S.A. arriving at all hours of the night, sleeping here, there, everywhere - even on the floor. In spite of "PRIVATE" notices all over our place, one boy actually tried to come into our own bedroom. He wanted to sleep in that room "as usual." Even normally, some boys would be learning in a lovely but loud, clear voice until 4.30 a.m when the next shift would arrive and give us, at least, the feeling of safety and security. Otherwise we might have been afraid of strange passersby. Now and then we seemed to have a number of Chazonim and choirs practicing their whole repertoire at 3.30 a.m till 5 a.m. The Rebbe said that next year the apartment would be better.

As my landlord had again refused the rent, I offered the Rebbe this money as Bikurim - an "unexpected windfall." "Who is your landlord?" asked the Rebbe, "A very nice and exceptional gentleman, who likes to remain anonymous," I answered.

The Rebbe said he had, had received a "nasty" letter from Israel. "Some of my best friends are Lubavitchers" – complaining about the money wasted by telephoning the Farbraing to Kfar Chabad. It, would be, better to buy Phantom-jets! Cheek! It would probably cost them only a, few shillings, each, in Kfar Chabad. In any case, "Lo Bechayil eloh Bidvar Hashem!" I said that the Farbraings were received exceedingly well in London (in Manchester too, now) except that the Rebbe was not there in person and, also that it was an awkward time, 2 a.m – otherwise it was very nice indeed. Comfortable, chairs and tables, refreshments, no crush, etc. "Shush," said the Rebbe, "Don't tell anyone here they will, all want to go to London for the Farbraing." "Still," he added, "It is a pity I keep everybody up all over the world."

I remarked that a great impression had been made on Yossi and Mendel which will last them all their lives. "No, no," said the Rebbe, "They will come plenty of times."

The Rebbe said that I should write this diary again next year, (as herewith) but not about Moishe Rabenu at the Kinus HaTorah.

I should also speak in Yiddish next year at the Kinus HaTorah. "Oh, no, I cannot, let us say half and half." "O.K.," said the Rebbe, "But the year after that, all Yiddish."

The Rebbe informed me that there were a few letters hanging about his office for me. "Never mind now," I said. "I do not need the answers." "But," interjected the Rebbe, "You won't object to receiving the letter?"

I told the Rebbe that Chaim Farro was complaining that he had a headache, but I had told him not to worry because we will give him a bigger one when he comes to Manchester.

The Rebbe stated that the Shovuos trip must go on. If the Purim flight interferes then cancel the Purim flight. He was very pleased with my grandsons who had attended every service, at 770. We left the Rebbe after a stay of one hour and ten minutes.

Hershel Pecker went into Yechidus after we had left. He came out flushed and excited. The Rebbe had given him \$100 to buy his wife (whom he had left at home in London) a gift.

#### KINUS HATORAH

Here is an abridged version of my address to the Kinus HaTorah. First - a thank you to Rabbi Mentelik and also a couple of topical jokes. The Rebbe's theme over the past months has been, "Who is a Jew?" The goyim, lehavdil, here in New York, realised the dangers of pollution in the air, in the atmosphere and in the water, and were taking immediate steps to safeguard the health of the nation. In Israel, they are trying to pollute the whole spiritual existence of the Jewish nation - deliberate pollution, by injecting goyim into our midst. T.G., we had a leader who realises the danger to Klal Yisroel. The peculiar reaction of some Jews that the Rebbe has no right to interfere....

The greatest Jew who ever lived was Moses, our Teacher. He, under the guidance and instruction of the A-mighty, took the Jews out of Golus in Egypt - slavery, cruelty - and made them into a united nation. He taught them laws, the Torah, and made them into the first decent and civilised nation on earth. He led them to Israel with instructions of how to conquer and then divide the land amongst themselves. But, unfortunately, he did not enter or live in Eretz Yisroel. (This bracketed part for those from the town of Lubavitch only. Can anyone imagine Joshua telling the Israelites that they did not intend to be influenced by Moses because he never lived in Eretz Yisroel. That they were going to keep the Second day as the Day of Rest instead of the Seventh, as directed by the Almighty through Moishe. Every generation had a Tzaddik. Today we have our Rebbe, Shlito, who received Divine inspiration and guidance on urgent problems affecting us all.) I told the boys of 770 that they were living too near the MOUNTAIN. You cannot visualise the impressive greatness and inspiring dominance of this great Mountain unless you are many miles away from it. Same with the Rebbe. We in England, Australia, Israel and all

over the world, can see full well and realise the greatness of our Rebbe, much more so than you boys living next to and near Our Great Leader.

Could anyone visualise, 50 or even 20 years ago, that our Lubavitcher Rebbe would be celebrating a Purim Farbraing with 3,000 Chassidim in Brooklyn whilst thousands of Chassidim in every continent of the world would be listening to the Rebbe's words at the same, identical moment. Do the boys appreciate what the Rebbe is doing for them and for all the Jews with "Messiras Nefesh." The Rebbe never leaves his office - works almost 24 hours a day. No holidays (vacation). Erev Yom Tov, the Rebbe is kept busy with Farbraingen (14 hours Torah this Shovuos) which needs terrific preparation. Where could anyone find today, or at any time, such a brilliant brain and scholarship in one man who cannot only find twenty questions to ask on a couple of words of Rashi, but can also find and give the answers too. The Rebbe told me to speak only good of Jews! So I cannot tell you how badly most of you behave by going about with glum and miserable faces. When you have a chance of helping me by singing for the Rebbe's enjoyment and pleasure you just turn the other way and grumble and mumble. All seem obsessed with his own secret sorrow. Where are all the happy faces and smiles we used to see here years ago? Most of these happy faces belonged to boys like you who are doing the Rebbe's work and doing it well in every country of the world and going from strength to strength. The Rebbe does not need thanks, but everybody likes a little appreciation... I will conclude as last year. Please G-D, don't make me a Tzorrus Chossid. Give me the merit and opportunity to write good news to the Rebbe every week or so. You do the same with a happy heart and manner and so put our beloved Rebbe into a happier and more joyful frame of mind."

I was gratified to receive a tremendous amount of applause and acclamation. Rabbi Mentelik said, "Zayer goot, Mr. Jaffe, you have given big Chizuk to the Bochorim." Rabbi Chadakov said he heard "Pletzen" after my speech and Rabbi Tanel said he didn't understand a word but "Alle hoben gelacht hob ich aich gelacht."

It was now time to leave for home. The bus arrived at 770 but the Rebbe's car was parked outside. The Rebbe had been to the Ohel and the car would be required to take him home. The bus, therefore, parked further up the street. I was again given the honour of Davenning Maariv at the Omud. Again, very quickly, as the Rebbe was fasting. The time was 9.35 p.m and we were running late. We had very little time to spare in order to catch our plane. I rushed out as usual, had great difficulty in getting the passengers onto the bus. Everyone wanted to be the last one on. In addition to being late, I also hate to keep the Rebbe waiting to see us off. Moreso, in this case, as he was fasting too. He had expressed his wish to say farewell to us from the steps of 770. The Rebbe normally gave us this honour but it still could not be taken automatically for granted. At last we were all in the bus which then moved towards 770 and the Rebbe standing about 100 yards away. Then - a terrible calamity - the driver refused to open the door so we could see and wave to the Rebbe. "Not whilst the bus is moving," said he and he refused to stop, either, "Not allowed to stop on this road," said he. Although we could see the Rebbe's farewell, he couldn't see us because of the bluish tinted windows.

The plane left for home about midnight and took six hours and twelve minutes to Manchester. We drank the Rebbe's vodka. Shacharis was at 4 a.m and, at 700 miles an hour, I would say it was a speedy Davenning.

Also, Kedusha at 40,000 feet must have been a "Haicha Kedusha." T.G., we all arrived home well but tired.

Subsequently, I received a letter from the Rebbe saying how disappointed he was that I never said farewell before leaving 770 as I usually do. It was almost worth being held prisoner by the bus driver in order to get such a letter from the Rebbe, Shlito.

## WOMAN OF WORTH

I was delighted to be the Guest Speaker at the Girls Camp Reunion in Manchester. I read this poem: -

I am delighted to be present on this happy occasion  
To speak to girls - on whom depends the future of our nation.

A Jewish wife has always been a Partner of Equality  
Therefore she must prepare well and become - a Lady of Quality.

G-D told our ancestor Abraham in quite a categorical way  
To do what your wife, Sarah, tells you and listen to what she will say.

We learn that though Rebecca's mother and brother had to the Shidduch with Isaac  
agreed  
They wished to delay her departure, they said there was no need for such speed.

So they asked the maiden herself, as stated in verse fifty seven  
Rebecca replied, "I will go at once, it will be to me like heaven."

Rashi points out that by what this is meant  
Is that a woman should not be given in marriage without her consent.

The Torah does not mince words, it states quite distinctly  
That Isaac loved Rebecca, it could not say it more succinctly.

Again, we learn in verse twenty, chapter twenty-nine  
That Jacob loved Rachel and said, "I must make her mine."

For seven long years he served her father Lavan  
But these appeared in his eyes just a few days gone.

Because his love for Rachel was so sincere and great  
And he desired her for his wife and constant mate.

Many years had not passed, Jacob was unhappy with Lovon  
He had endured nothing but trouble, it was time to be gone.

Return to the land of your fathers, the A-mighty did state  
Jacob arranged his departure he could not afford to wait.

But first he had to discuss this matter with Rachel and Leah  
They were his mates and partners, he asked them to come near.

They decided to leave with their sons - the twelve tribes

And off they went quickly, in spite of Lovon's jibes.

Our history proves categorically that girls carry our banner  
They follow the example of our Mothers, as well as Miriam, Devorah and Channah.

Our beloved Rebbe has initiated a "Ten Mitzvahs" Campaign  
If we perform these most diligently, then much merit we shall gain.

The Rebbe stresses the importance to girls – of the last three  
You will soon realise why they are vital to you and to me.

You probably know well these Ten Mitzvahs –and how!  
But just to remind, you I shall read them to you now.

A most wonderful Mitzvah is to love another Jew  
Because if all follow this example, you will be loved too.

We must emphasise the importance of Hebrew education  
It is the very basis and savior of the Jewish nation.

It is also vital that the Mitzvahs we should understand  
So we should study the torah and obey G-D's command.

When a Jew puts on Tefillin, upon his head and arm  
He will be assured that he won't come to any harm.

A Kosher Mezuzza should be placed on all door posts,  
for a house to receive the protection of the L-rd, G-D of Hosts.

Coins should be placed in a box for the poor  
So that all will be ready when they knock on the door

The home should be filled with Holy Hebrew books  
Then the Torah atmosphere will pervade even the crannies and nooks.

If women and girls will light candles Friday night  
Peace and harmony will prevail, with the home sparkling and bright.

Our spiritual existence depends on the food we eat  
So make certain of the Kashrus of all your drinks and meat.

We rely on Jewish women to keep the family purity  
And thus ensure that the Jewish nation will last until eternity.

In conclusion, let your actions speak clear and loud  
So that the Rebbe and every Jew of you all will be proud.



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You will realise that I have quoted from a couple of my first "Encounters."

This is my 25th Instalment and I am sure that if I would use all these editions as a basis - a foundation, then I could produce many more Volumes of "My numerous and humorous Encounters with the Rebbe, Shlito."

However, this concludes for the time being my

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REMINISCENCES

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## OUR DEAR REBBETZEN (Z.Tz.L.)

This book would not be complete without some references to our dear friend our Rebbetzen (Z.Tz.L.)

Being a daughter of the Previous Rebbe (Z.Ts.L.) she had the upbringing and the training to possess the qualities of majesty, grandeur and elegance, in abundance.

Yet, when she married the Rebbe, she was prepared to take a back seat and to be the ideal wife, adviser and helpmate.

The requirements and needs of the Rebbe were her top priority. She was humble, gentle, kind and modest.

On every occasion we visited Crown Heights we always saw the Rebbetzen twice at her home in 1304 President Street, accompanied by some of our grandchildren.

She treated us like royalty with plenty of cake, fruit, soda and ice cream for the children and Russian tea for the adults. It took us many years before we realised that neither we nor the Rebbetzen ever drank this tea.

The Rebbetzen was of the opinion that English people loved their tea and therefore she served this to us. We certainly love our tea, as long as it was of the English variety - together with milk.

The children usually did their speciality acts for the Rebbetzen - songs and words of Torah - or even to sit on "Dods's" knees when they were still little babies.

The children departed after about an hour and Roselyn and I spent an extra hour, privately, with the Rebbetzen - chatting, laughing and reading excerpts from my recent book.

The Rebbetzen had informed me that she loved to hear me personally reading my book. It sounded so much better than when she read this by herself. When I had addressed the Kinus HaTorah, a recording was made of my talks. So Sholom (Gansberg) did his best and obtained a copy of one of these recent tapes for the Rebbetzen. The Rebbetzen frequently told Shalom and others that she loved to have the Jaffe's visiting her. She did not have to make conversation, she just relaxed and enjoyed herself whilst we did the entertaining.

The Rebbetzen was also very nice and considerate. Here are some of her actions and sayings which will prove my point.

We used to phone the Rebbetzen regularly every single Friday at 3.45 p.m our time – 10.45 a.m in New York. To save any hassle and expense she would always be sitting by

the telephone when I rang. So, I made certain that I phoned exactly on the dot of 3.45 p.m.

We would also discuss the contents of my weekly, Friday letter to the Rebbe which was received every Wednesday.

I had been very ill and the Rebbetzen asked me how I was feeling. I gave her a glowing report but she was not fully convinced and she interrupted me by saying, "Please let me speak to Roselyn so I can obtain an unbiased opinion."

She cheered me up one day by saying, "Mr. Jaffe, all those (people) whom you mention in your book are generally annoyed, but those whom you do not mention are insulted."

I asked the Rebbetzen whether the Rebbe disturbed her when he came home at 4.30 a.m. early morning from 770. She replied, "Oh no, I always wait up for him. She refers to the Rebbe as "My husband." The Rebbe calls her "My Missus." They converse together normally in Russian.

The Rebbetzen was always a good intermediary for me with the Rebbe. More often than not, the telephone lines at 770 were busy, engaged.

Occasionally, if I needed to deliver an urgent message to the Rebbe, all I had to do was to phone the Rebbetzen, who had her own direct line to the Rebbe at 770, and I was certain that it would receive prompt attention.

For instance, it used to be the custom to present gifts to the Rebbe on the occasion of his birthday on Yud Alef Nissan. Delegations would line up on the Rebbe's platform and hand over presents which would include the keys to a newly established Chabad House; an illuminated Address on parchment and other gifts.

Dovid Hickson had suggested that we should present the Rebbe with a silver decanter for his wine. It did not seem fitting or appropriate that at a large public Farbraingen, where many thousands of people would be assembled, that the Rebbe's bottle of wine should be covered with brown paper.

In due course, the Rebbetzen delivered the reply from the Rebbe. This expressed the Rebbe's thanks and appreciation for our thoughtfulness and consideration but he was bound to refuse, because, if he possessed a silver decanter than all his Chassidim would wish to own one as well.

Similarly, that was the reason why the Rebbe kept his Esrog in a cardboard box rather than in a silver container.

(The Lubavitcher chassidim do not wear a silver crown on their Tallaisim for a different reason. When the Alter Rebbe, over 250 years ago, was falsely accused of treason by the Russian government, he needed money to fight for his life. Therefore, every lubavitcher

chossid sold his silver crown in order to raise funds. The Alter Rebbe won his freedom but the chassidim never replaced these silver crowns on their Tallaisim as a constant reminder of this historical event.)

I had been very seriously ill in hospital in New York (a bad bout of pneumonia). I afterwards explained to the Rebbetzen that, T.G., I was lucky to be alive and I owed this to the fact that the Rebbe had been praying for me. The Rebbetzen indicated that it was not only the Rebbe who had been praying for me....

When we had published the first Bilingual Tanya - Hebrew and English, the committee desired to make an official visit to the Rebbetzen to present her with a specially bound edition.

She maintained that she would be delighted if only Roselyn and I would hand this over to her.

After a great deal of persuasion, the Rebbetzen agreed to receive an official delegation.

Max Cohen, who had just become engaged to Leah our eldest Jaffe granddaughter, was anxious to obtain one of the Rebbe's shirts to wear under the Chuppah at his wedding. He begged me to approach the Rebbetzen with this request.

When I asked the Rebbetzen whether she would do me this great favour, she readily agreed.

Before I went to collect this precious gift from her home, I explained to my grandchildren who were presently assembled at our apartment, that this shirt should belong to me and become a family heirloom.

There were loud howls of dissent and opposition. "How dare you, Zaidie, seize an article which belonged to somebody else."

I was very annoyed and Roselyn even suggested that I should not bother with the shirt at all. But, after due consideration, I decided that it would be extremely irresponsible of me to lose this opportunity of gaining such a splendid treasure

So I made my way to President Street, as I had already arranged with the Rebbetzen.

When I entered the morning room at 1304, the Rebbetzen noticed that I was depressed and upset and enquired what was troubling me. I explained the position to her.

The Rebbetzen turned to me kindly and told me not to be distressed. She had a simple remedy - next time that I come to see her she would give me an extra shirt for myself. I thanked her very profusely - and sincerely - but added, very naughtily - that if the Rebbetzen intended to present me with another shirt then I would rather take it with me now - "Please!"

So I returned to the flat with two of the Rebbe's shirts!

The spotless, snow-white linen table cloth on which was standing the best English china crockery, together with the cut glass table ware, looked simply gorgeous - until Shmuel accidentally knocked over a glass of raspberry soda.

The tablecloth became red - the childrens' faces turned white - and Shmuel's face became a deep scarlet.

The Rebbe's chair was always kept vacant. Obviously no one would dare to sit in the Rebbe's place.

## MORE HALACHOS

Next morning, Monday, David and I were at 770 to listen to the Layenning in the Rebbe's presence.

I was very pleased to see that the Rebbe looked very well (K.A H.) after his recent illness. He had lost a little weight and was gradually getting back to his old routine.

The Rebbe, as usual, had the third Aliya after which I stepped forward to the Torah in order to Bench Gomel (give thanks to G-D for a safe journey) and I was given the honour of Hagboh.

Dovid had never made this Brocha before. He was not yet Bar Mitzvah although he was already putting on Tefillin. Everyone was expressing opinions. Some maintained that Dovid did not have to make the Brocha, others said that he did. Rabbi Chadakov was philosophical and declared that a "Zaidie had to look after his grandson and especially should bring him closer to the Torah. When a Zaidie goes to the Torah, then he should take his grandson with him - and therefore - Dovid should Bench Gomel softly and quietly at the same time that I was making the Brocha."

This has already set a precedent for, on the following day, which was Rosh Chodesh, another fellow went to the Bimah to Bench Gomel and his son accompanied him too and also made the Brocha quietly.

Actually, I was told later on by Rabbi Dvorkin, that according to the strict Halachah (Din) a boy under Bar Mitzvah does not have to Bench Gomel. This ruling was given too late because everyone had followed our example and made the Brocha - in the presence of the Rebbe.

The Rebbe had Subjected Dovid to a searching and thorough examination - so said Dovid - and he (Dovid) was a little perturbed and worried. Because - Yossi Turk had confided to him that "The Rebbe can see right through people and that is the main reason why all the boys rush away and hide whenever the Rebbe appears. The Rebbe can tell at a glance whether they are learning or not." Obviously, they are afraid that the "truth will out" and so they all run away.

## BERNARD PERRIN

One cannot command honour (or respect) and yet it is showered upon those who do not seek glory.

Such a person is my good friend Bernard Perrin. Two great achievements stand in permanent recognition to his generosity, foresight and munificence.

They are (1) the Manchester Lubavitch Mikvah and (2) the publication of the Bilingual Hebrew/English Tanya.

Although both these projects were my own original ideas, the Rebbe suggested to Bernard that he should be responsible for both of these ventures and they would be a fitting memorial for Shlomo Perrin, Bernard's father.

I wish to thank Bernard for continuing to type all the contents of these "Encounters with the Rebbe" and preparing them for the Field's Press (Printers and Binders).

He is a perfectionist and thus he makes it easier for the printers, easier for the reader and, as Bernard does all this in a voluntary capacity it makes it easier for me and better for the Yeshiva.

I extend to Bernard my warm and earnest thanks for a job well done and hope that he and Hilda will enjoy many happy and healthy years together (till 120) with much Nachas from their children and grandchildren and that Bernard will carry on typing my books about the Rebbe until the revelation of Moshiach and beyond.

## YUD SHEVAT

We had accumulated sufficient mileage points from: the American Airlines to earn both Roselyn and me free flights to New York.

We did not wish to lose these tickets and, as we had been unable to be present at 770 for Succos, we decided to fly to 770 to be with the Rebbe on the 44th Anniversary of his reign.

We Arrived at New York on the Sunday, a week before Yud Shevat. We were delighted that Pincus, Channah and baby Dovid had come to meet us at the Airport - and in very good time too.

There had been very heavy falls of snow during the previous days and it was almost impossible to walk on the pavements (sidewalks) because of the piles of snow and ice and packed, solid lumps of ice. During the previous week, fourteen thousand people had fallen on the roads and sidewalks in New York alone and suffered fractures and broken arms and legs.

We spent seven days in Crown Heights and it had become so dangerous to walk that Roselyn had remained virtually a prisoner in the flat for the whole week. Rabbi Yitzchok Groner had flown in from Australia and he had been confined to his flat for nearly three weeks.

Pincus was a great help, and he and Sholom Ber (Lew) did most of our shopping by car. Sholom Ber had cleaned out the flat. It was spotless. He and Levi had bought a new armchair for Roselyn. I did not keep them in suspense and paid for it straight away.

Levi (Jaffe) and Pincus held a regular Shiur at 770 from 6.45 until 7.30 a.m. I joined them on the first morning because 7 a.m. was actually only 12 noon British time. They learned well and took turns to be "teacher"

I visited Label at his office. Workers were busy banging and sawing and making alterations.

Label confided that, "The Rebbe's condition was much more severe and serious than people realized." The Rebbe had not received any visitors for over two months.

I asked him, "What about the special delegation who brought along the Russian Tanya and other books from Russia?"

Label told me that the doctors had decided that it had been a big mistake. The four representatives had just walked past the Rebbe. The Rebbe had his head bowed down low all the time and had never looked up once.

I informed Label that I was still being pressed by people that I should see the Rebbe as it would do the Rebbe the world of good.

But, from past experience, I know that when I am well I do not mind receiving visitors but, when I am poorly, I cannot bear the sight of - even - my well-wishers.

I handed to Label the letter from Jeffrey Rose. That morning there had been a terrific - a horrific earthquake in Los Angeles and fifty three people had been killed, and roads, bridges, flyovers and buildings had collapsed.

Label had already received twenty telephone calls and many had suffered terrible shocks and experiences.

One woman felt like leaving and returning to Israel straight away - never to return. Houses had been shaking - furniture inside was falling about. Crystal glasses were breaking, and so forth. There was no water, no electricity and no gas. She wanted the Rebbe's advice - because there were rumours of another earthquake due shortly.

There were 200,000 Israelis living in California, and all those who asked the Rebbe for advice were told to remain and not to panic.



Mr. Gruin told Label about his baby's lucky escape. The baby was asleep in a crib (cot) with wheels which stood near a heavy, solid bookcase.

When the earthquake occurred, the crib rolled away and the heavy bookcase crashed down onto the exact spot where the crib had been standing only seconds before.

Meanwhile, there was no abatement in the stormy weather. Snow fell every day - and night. All schools were closed and, in New Jersey, there were electricity cuts for periods of 1½ hours. Regular announcements on the radio advised listeners to, "Conserve electricity - lower thermostat controls to 60 degrees - turn off the television sets - and not to use washing or other machines."

The school where Channah (Marlow) teaches was also closed so she bravely walked to our flat, bringing her baby, lovely Chaya Mushkie, to visit us. It was freezing cold with the temperature at minus 3 degrees which was equal to minus 35 degrees when the wind was blowing into one's face.

A few days later, Levi brought his little car right to the door of our flat so that Roselyn could easily enter, and we drove to the "Commune," which Roselyn refers to the block of apartments wherein reside the Jaffee, Marlows and Posners - also the Gormans and Schmerlings. Levi drove his car onto the pavement so that Roselyn could step out - right up to the frost door. All the children and Devorah came down to Chaya's flat where we were being entertained.

770 was almost deserted and the heat had been turned off. It was unbearable. I had to rush home to our flat to conclude my Davenning - in the warmth. Label Turk maintained that it was the worst winter in living memory.

Needless to say, we never caught even a glimpse of the Rebbe during the whole week we spent at 770.

The Gormans had arrived at 770 - Shoshana and Hershel together with brother Seymour and father Jack. They also came to celebrate the engagement of their son Yossi to Dina Shainovitz. Our Channah (Marlow) had arranged the Shidduch.

Pincus drove me to the reception. Roselyn would not budge from the apartment, and Levi and Devorah each sent - separately - a parcel of special, food, and cakes for Roselyn.

I asked Seymour what he thought about Levi. He answered, "Aah". It was not what he actually said but the way that he said it.

Seymour added that, "Levi is a GEM and it was a wonderful Shidduch. They not only love each other but they respect one another. This marriage was really made in Heaven, and last night they learned - had a Shiur together on Chumash and Rashi. It was lovely to perceive."

Pincus and Channah often came to our flat with their baby - Dovid. He is a very good boy. Right through the meal he sat and munched and munched until he had devoured a complete half a French Mezonus bread.

A special "Redemption Train" was leaving Florida at 8 a.m on Thursday morning to arrive at 770 in time for the Friday night Yud Shevat celebration.

So far, one hundred passengers had booked their seats. Kosher food, music, singing, classes and lectures had been provided for the men, women and children. It was expected that people from every state would join the train on its way to New York.

Many Lubavitchers objected to this enterprise. On Friday, I met Avremel Shemtov. He was returning home to Philadelphia for he had nothing to stay for at 770 over the weekend. I was distressed about the Rebbe's condition. He was crying.

I informed Label that I had heard rumours that the Rebbe would be distributing dollars. "No chance," said Label. "The Rebbe was not improving."

Label suggested that it was important that I should continue to write to the Rebbe as usual, every Friday.

When I asked Label whether we should come for Shovous, Label, replied, "we must have faith that the Rebbe will be with us," P.G.

Before we left for home on the Sunday, we were fortunate to be able to attend the Kabolus Ponim of the marriage of one of our favourite adopted nieces - Channah, the eldest daughter of our good friends Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky. This took place at 3:30 p.m and the Chupah was due on the steps outside 770 at 5 p.m. Just in time for Pincus to drive us to the Airport. The area around the Chupah was like a skating rink.

I certainly left my mark at this wedding. I was appointed to act as one of the witnesses of the Tenoyim - Yisroel Gordon was the other one.

Before we were accepted for the job, we were asked to sign our name - in Hebrew - on a large piece of white paper a sample signature with my father's and family name.

I passed with flying colours. Then I had to sign the copy of the Tenoyim and finally, when we were absolutely perfect, on the original - the main document.

#### SOME INTERESTING LETTERS FROM THE REBBE

RABBI M. ACHEM M. SCHNEERSON  
Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.  
HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש  
770 איסטערן פארקווי  
ברוקלין ג. נ.

By the Grace of G-d  
20th of Elul, 5720  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Road  
Salford 8, Lancs.

Greeting and Blessing:

I received your two letters of August 22nd and 26th.

With regard to the question of the Rabbi who has left, and you ask my opinion about the candidacy of Rabbi Liberoff, generally speaking, it seems that he is a suitable candidate. As for particulars, it depends what his duties would be, but surely everything could be arranged with the help of Anash.

With regard to the question of the merger between the two Shuls, I do not think that this is a good idea. For one thing, there is the question of Nusach, and for another, this is the time when the number of Shuls should be increased rather than decreased. Furthermore, you write that the other congregation is "small-minded," etc., which seems to indicate that there would be room for friction, etc.

On the question of arranging an affair in behalf of the activities of Lubavitch, I do not see why people want to postpone it until ~~after~~ Purim, inasmuch as time is of the essence and the activities demand support and expansion all the time. Therefore, it seems to me that the sooner the affair is arranged, the better it would be. Even if it has to be connected with a festival day, surely Chanukah comes earlier, and, being for eight days, it offers an opportunity to select the most suitable day of the week for this purpose.

In this connection I might again recall to your mind the story of the fundraiser, who, on receiving a check to cover a pledge, rebuked the donor. When the surprised donor asked him why he deserved the rebuke, the fundraiser answered, "Had you brought it earlier, I could have had another pledge from you since then."

As for your daughter's training to become a Hebrew teacher, you do not write how well this fits in with her studies at present. But the very fact that you ask my opinion on the advisability of her training for a Hebrew teacher at this time, suggests that it can be arranged so that her present studies would not be affected, and if so, it would be advisable.

To conclude on a word of thanks, I recently had the opportunity to view the film of the Lag B'Omer parade in London which you were kind enough to send me. It gave me much pleasure, and thank you very much.

Hoping to hear good news from you, and wishing you again a Ksivo vachasidim



## **MIXED DANCING BANNED IN SYNAGOGUE AFFAIRS**

MANCHESTER (P-O)—The ban against dancing by Jewish men and women applies only to synagogues, the president of the community council here hastened to announce. Sidney Hamburger said that the ruling against mixed dancing applied only to dances held to raise funds for synagogues.

! ?  
The ruling by the judges of the beth din had no intention of interfering with other Jewish dances, it was said.

One observer, Dr. I. W. Slotki, according to the Jewish Chronicle of London, pointed out that: "In Judaism there is not one law for synagogues and another for laymen." But he evidently was not in the confidence of the dayanim (judges).

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON  
Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.  
HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
3rd of Cheshvan, 5721  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Road  
Salford 8, Lancs.

Greeting and Blessing:

This is to acknowledge your letter of October 17th.

With regard to the film you requested, your request was turned over to the office. But, inasmuch as the film needs editing and splicing, it may take a little time before it will be available to you.

I was pleased to read in your letter about the good news in regard to Mr. Harris. May you always have good news to report.

Referring to the newspaper clipping, my intention was to call attention to the fact that it was "not necessary" to publicize that mixed dancing outside the synagogue affairs could be condoned or approved by the Beth Din. It is true that progress has to be made step by step, but while one is still in the first step, it is not necessary to say that the second step is in order. At any rate, may G-d grant that every aspect of Yiddishkeit in your community will advance step by step in accordance with the Torah, Toras Chaim.

I am looking forward to receiving good news from you about an improvement in your personal affairs. No doubt you have, in the meantime, received my personal regards through Rabbi and Mrs. Vogel.

With blessing,

*M. Schneerson*

As you probably know, it is our custom, ~~on~~ the authority of my father-in-law of saintly memory, that in cases of pregnancy the news be kept confidential and not publicised outside the immediate persons concerned, until the pregnancy enters the fifth month. This should especially be observed by ~~the Harrisers~~, and no doubt you will convey this to them.

*Your friends*

BBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON  
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770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.  
HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש  
770 איסטערן פארקווי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
21st of Teveth, 5721  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Road  
Kersal, Salford 8

Greeting and Blessing:

I have your two recent letters.

Needless to say, my reference to the matter of Tzedoko was not for the purpose of requesting an accounting, but only to express my concern, since so much depends on it. Moreover, our Sages of blessed memory have already told us that "It is good to activate the active," which means that it is useful also to encourage those who are already active.

I was gratified to read about your preparations for the Banquet of Lubavitch House (all the more since its financial position has been getting more stringent, coupled with the need for increasing the activities of spreading the Torah). May G-d grant that the preparations and the Banquet be with much success, and in a greater degree than anticipated.

Looking forward to hearing good news from you, both in regard to your personal affairs, as well as to Klal,

With blessing,

*M. Schneerson*

P.S. With reference to recording an address for the Banquet, it is not the custom to do so. This is also understandable from the point of view of Chassidus, which demands spontaneous reaction and inward inspiration, which the occasion itself should call forth, etc. Obviously, words spoken in the presence of a large congregation of Jews (and the Shekhina rests on every congregation of ten Jews) have a special significance, which cannot be obtained by a recording. You will surely understand.

*Many of  
M. M. S.  
inspiration  
and*

*when speaking  
in front of*

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON

Lubavitch  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן  
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

B.H. 28th of Tammuz, 5722  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Zalmon Jaffe  
105 Cavendish Road  
Salford 8, Lancs.

Sholom uBrocho:

I am in receipt of your letter of July 27 and the previous one, with inclosures.

It is gratifying to know that you had a pleasant return trip and a heartwarming welcome, including the many good wishes of Mazzal Tov for your daughter's Shidduch. It must have helped Mrs. Jaffe to get used to the idea that her daughter has grown up, and there is much to be grateful for in the thought that the Almighty has helped bring up such a suitable Shidduch without undue strain and worry. May G-d continue to shower His blessings on you and yours from His open and generous Hand.

In regard to the decision by the L'pool Kashrus Commission forbidding their caterers to accept functions of members of the Reform movement, and your inquiry as to my opinion, the situation is not very clear to me. If the above decision refers to private affairs of individuals who are members of a Reform congregation, I cannot see on what basis a Jew should be denied kashrus facilities, since all Jews, without exception, are bound to observe all Mitzvoth, including Kashrus, and it is not only the duty to enable them arrange a kosher meal, but it is also the duty to encourage them to request kosher catering. Surely there can be no differences of opinion in this regard. However, perhaps the question concerns not private affairs, but such undertakings that, if given supervision by a Dayan or Rov, might be misconstrued to receive sanction for the Reform movement itself. In such a case, each case has to be dealt with on its merits, and it is up to the Moro d'asro to pass judgment after exploring all pertinent factors, and then, too, every effort should be made to enable Jews to eat kosher, while taking necessary precautions to avoid giving public approval of the Reform movement.

As indicated, it is up to the local Rabbonim to make a decision in each case, and my opinion is given only in general terms, in answer to your request.

With regards and prayerful wishes to all, and looking forward to continued good news,

With blessing,

*M. Schneerson*

I will again remember in prayer Dayan Golditch's wife, when visiting the holy resting place of my father-in-law of saintly memory.

The Rebbe's ruling on providing Kosher food for Reform Jews



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ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
13th of Cheshvan, 5724  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Zalmon Jaffe  
105 Cavendish Rd.  
Salford 7, Lancs.  
England

Greeting and Blessing:

I received your letter of October 22nd.

With regard to your question about your trip to Hong Kong, I wrote to you in my previous letter that it is a good idea. Even if, as you wrote at the conclusion of your letter, there may be a possibility of larger importations from Japan, it does not affect your trip to Hong Kong, especially as Japan is not far away, and you could visit there also, if you find the need for it. As you write that your trip could materialize only in several months' time, it is possible that by then, prospects as far as Japan is concerned will be clarified.

I was pleased to read about the progress in your communal affairs.

Regarding your question whether it would be right to use some of the money collected for Lubavitch to help the establishment of a Mikvah ~~and~~ the Shul, the answer is as follows:

From the monies already collect<sup>ed</sup>/for Lubavitch, it would certainly not be right to take any for any other purpose. Similarly, pledges and funds ~~already~~ earmarked for London or Eretz Yisroel, also do not come into consideration for any other purpose. As for future collections, the answer would depend on the general feeling in the community, and you should, therefore, consult with one of your local Rabbonim on this matter.

I was sorry to read in your letter about the way Mr. -B.S. conducts his business. Nevertheless, I trust that, if you can be helpful to him, whether by advice or otherwise, you will surely continue to do so. Indeed I heard it once from my father-in-law of saintly memory, that <sup>being that</sup> a person who conducts his business in a good and efficient business manner, does not need as much help as the one who does not conduct his business in the most desirable way - the latter has priority.

With blessing M. Schneerson

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ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d  
16th of Kislev, 5727  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Shneur Zalmon Jaffe  
105, Cavendish Road  
Kersal  
Salford, 7, Lancs., Eng.

Greeting and Blessing:

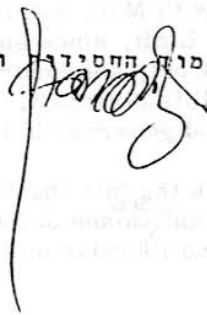
I duly received your letter of November 21st with the clippings, as well as the previous correspondence. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending me these newspaper cuttings.

As for your mentioning the fact that you had requested to "leave me out", surely you know that there is a Psak Din (in the Responsa of the Rashbo, quoted also in the Shulchan Aruch) to the effect that it is a Mitzvo to give public acknowledgment to the doers of a Mitzvo. Especially as in the present case there is also the aspect of Zechus Horabim, and it is well that such good works be publicized in order that they be emulated. Moreover as I had occasion to point out - and I believe also to you - the good works of Baalei Batim are usually more effective in their wider and profounder influence than the good works of a Rov which are taken for granted.

I heartily reciprocate your good wishes for Yud Tes Kislev. May G-d grant that all these blessings be augmented by G-d's blessings, in a measure far exceeding human measures, and that, together with your wife, you should have true Yiddish Chassidish Nachas from all your children and their offspring.

To conclude with the traditional blessing for the "Chassidic Rosh Hashono" of Yud Tes Kislev

גוס יום-טוב  
ליצנה טובה בלימות החסידות ודרכי החסידות  
תכתבו ותחתמו



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770 איסטערן פארקוויי  
ברוקלין, נ. י.

B H. Erev Lag B'Omer, 5734  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Schneur Zalman Jaffe  
Jerusalem.

Sholom uBrocho:

I just received your letter of Iyar 9 from Yerusholayim Ir-haKodesh.

First of all, to open with a blessing, here is wishing you and all the family a hearty Mazal Tov on your nephew's marriage scheduled for ~~xxxxxxx~~ the auspicious day of Lag B'Omer. No doubt my letter with blessing was duly received. May G-d grant that it should be a Binyan Adei-ad.

The reason for my prompt reply to your letter, despite the great pressures, you can guess. For, as usual, I come to you with a new "assignment". But a prefatory word will explain why. For, after reading your entire letter, it leaves the unmistakable impression that you consider yourself no more than S. Z. Jaffe, hence you write only about family matters and relatives, etc. Do not misunderstand. Every Jew is a "whole world," as we are especially reminded on Lag B'Omer, which is connected with Pnimius haTorah (RaShBY), with deeper insights into the concept of Ahavas Yisroel, as well known to those who are born in bread in Chasidic families.

However, there is the well known saying by our saintly Rebbes - az gut iz gut, iz beser nit beser? (What is good is good, but isn't better - better?)

I have in mind the fact that in addition to being Mr. SZJ, you are "MR. MANCHESTER," and surely you have heard about this appellation in reference to your good self. Consequently, your being now in the Holy Land, in addition to the great Mitzva of sharing and increasing the joy of the Chosson-Kalo and all the family, etc., there is surely a further reason (not necessarily in that order) - to arouse all Mancunians in the Holy Land, and those who have family ties with M/c, and inspire them with the spirit of RaShBY, without measure or limit, since such activity should be inspired by unbounded Ahavas Yisroel, and, moreover, you have seen Hatzlocho in your activities in this direction. And further more, since Mrs. Jaffe is your helpmate, and generous in her cooperation.

You will surely also not overlook the fact that one of the Mancunians living in Eretz Yisroel is a "certain" Moshe Jaffe, and will include him, too, in this your campaign, - and likewise on the principle "Good is

good, but better is better". Particularly in view of the fact of his dominating position in the Federation of Synagogues in Eretz Yisroel, which gives him the great Zechus, hence also great responsibility for all shuls in the Holy Land, including the unaffiliated, since he would surely like to see them join - and, again, to apply to each of them the principle, "Good is good, but better is better."

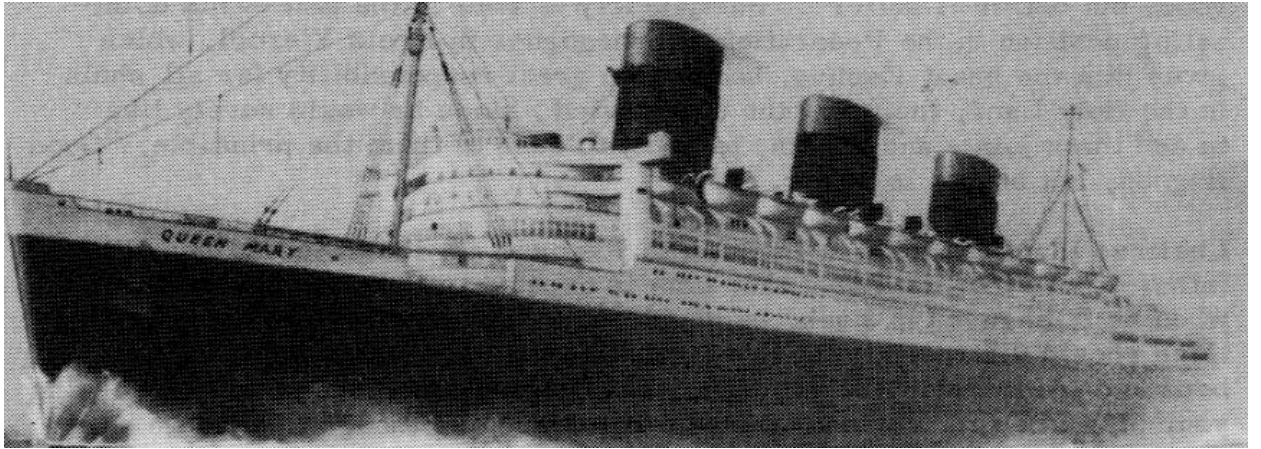
I believe I had occasion to mention to you once a word of the father of my father-in-law, to the effect that what is expected of every Chossid is that when he is engaged in a job, he should do it with pnimius, so that no other thing should distract him at that time, however important it is. I therefore hope and trust that if you accept my said suggestion about your "job" during your stay in Eretz Yisroel, you will consider it as though this is the only Shlichus which Supreme Providence has given you in Eretz Yisroel.

Because time is of the essence, and because of the importance of the matter, I am having this letter sent to you by Special Delivery-Express. And for better measure still, I will request the office to contact you by long distance phone, so that you can make the most of Lag B'Omer and Shabbos and subsequent days.

With blessing,

M. Schwartzson

PICTORIAL MEMENTOS OF SOME PAST ENCOUNTERS



Before the inauguration of the airplane service all journeys to the United States were by ship. We travelled on the "Queen Mary" which weighed nearly 80,000 tons.



Our first Charter Flight to New York. The group taken on the tarmac at Manchester Airport with, left to right, Freida Sudak holding her baby, Rabbis Nachman Sudak, Benzion Shemtov, Julian Unsdorfer, Mrs. Unsdorfer, Roselyn, Benny Rappaport and Z.J. (with white hat and shoulder bag).



The Rebbe is relaxed at a mini Yechidus



I open the door at 770 for the Rebbe - Notice the total absence of Yeshiva boys and Chassidim who (it those days) were hiding from the Rebbe.



The Rebbe shakes Yossi (Lew) (aged 5 years) by the hand.



Yossi (first in line) has just had his Bar Mitzva Aliya in the presence of the Rebbe.  
Shmuel is standing next to the Rebbe



The Rebbe is addressing a large gathering outside 770 in 1971. On the left is the Rashag, next (in uniform of Her Majesty the Queen's Chief Jewish Chaplain in Australia) is Rabbi Chaim Gutnick, then the Rebbe and Rabbi Chadakov.



The Rebbe has presented me with a set of Arba Minim





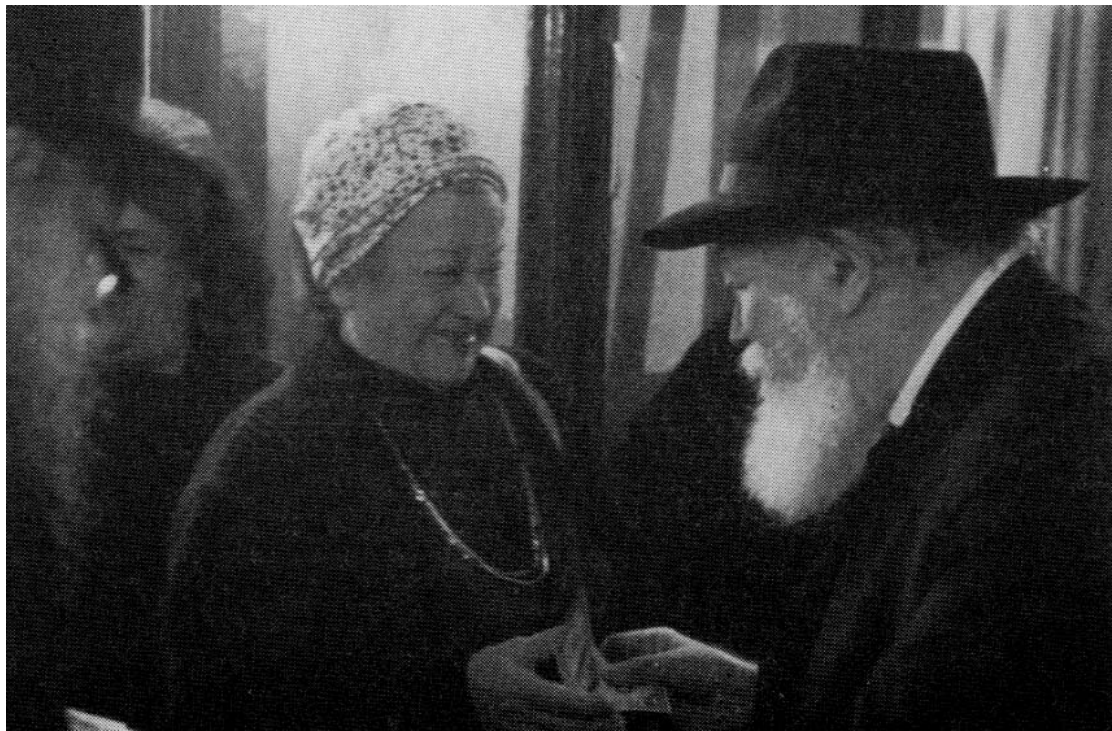
Kos Shel Brocha. I am holding Gavriel Cohen my great-grandson



Roselyn receives Lekach. I am close by and Pincus, Channa and Zelda Rochel (Lew) are behind Roselyn. Other members of the family were also present.



Dollars on Sunday for Roselyn and Z.J. Shovuos 1990



Dollars on Sunday for Roselyn



A Typical Scene during Succos at 770



The Rebbe has an Aliya. I am standing at the table.

Succos 5752



I was given the honour of officiating during Mincha



I take my oldest great-grandson, Moishe Cohen, to meet the Rebbe who refers to him as the "Little Kohen" and "Make sure he Duchens."



Outside the Ohel of the Tzemech Tzedek in Lubavitvch, Russia. (The Rebbe had ordered me to take Roselyn to the All Male Convention in Russia) August 1991



Farewell Yechidus. The Rebbe is handing dollars to Roselyn and my granddaughter Leah and Moishe, and to my daughter Hindy who is holding uncle Moishe.



When the Rebbe is not present, we all go round in many circles



A view of the Royal Box and part of the congregation



The Rebbe in the Royal Box. Rabbis Label Groner and Yudel Krinsky are next to the Rebbe.



## CONCLUSION

I wrote in my introduction that the Rebbe was still in a coma at the Beth Israel Hospital. Meanwhile, the Rebbe had also experienced another bout of pneumonia and the daily bulletin still reported that the Rebbe remains very critically ill.

The announcer went on to tell us that this was a very good sign that Moshiach was expected at any second now.

Why was this a good sign when the doctors had pronounced that the Rebbe's brain had been so severely damaged that the Rebbe was "not now clinically alive"?

There was a prophecy regarding Moshiach which stated that there had been an argument as to whether the Moshiach would be the son of Yoseph or the son of David.

The conclusion was that there would be two Moshiachs. The first one would be the son of Yoseph, who would eventually pass away, and he would be succeeded by the Moshiach, the son of David.

Now, according to the Chassidim of Crown Heights, this event is already taking place. The Moshiach, the son of Yoseph will not survive, but HaShem will make a miracle and the main Moshiach, the son of David, will take over.

In other words - the more poorly that the Rebbe becomes, the more is the prophecy being fulfilled.

We have now reached the nadir, the lowest point, and we should be prepared for the miracle by the A-mighty which will cause the Rebbe to become completely restored to health and to be revealed as Our Moshiach.

Therefore, the Jews of Crown Heights, besides saying Tehillim and studying all day and giving Tzedoka, are wearing their best Shabbos clothes and are dancing and singing in the streets to the accompaniment of music - prepared and ready for the great event.

Even the women have bought tambourines to greet Moshiach (as did Miriam and the womenfolk at the Red Sea).

The Jewish people have experienced many miracles in their long history - and HaShem, who showed us so many at our release from the Egyptian exile, will once more show the world the power of His mighty arm.

There is no hope - no way that we can expect the Rebbe to recover in a natural manner. The cure has to be by a method which is "higher than nature" - a miracle - and just as our forefathers retained consistent and undiluted faith in the prowess and help of the A-mighty, so today, have we to show the same faith and courage as did our ancestors so many years ago.

But, when my beloved friend, guide and teacher - the Rebbe - is lying so ill in hospital, it requires a superhuman ability on my part to show to the world a joyful face.

I am then approached by friends, on many occasions, who have exclaimed, "What is the matter, Zalmon, have you no faith that HaShem will once again show the world open and visible miracles?"

Therefore, I will conclude this instalment, No. 25, in my usual style and tradition.

Firstly - by extending thanks and gratitude to the A-mighty for continuing to sustain me - and Roselyn - in good health to enable me to produce another instalment of  
"My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlito."

And secondly, to inform you with perfect faith, that:

MOSHIACH is coming NOW

M A M O S H (definitely)

M A M O S H (undoubtedly)

M A M O S H (positively)

And, of course, the letters of

M A M O S H

are the acronym of

MENACHEM MENDEL SCHNEERSON

\*\*\*\*\*

This instalment contains 328 pages which is a record. My friend Aubrey Harris pointed out to me that the word הידוש has a Gematria of 328, ה = 8; י = 10; ד = 4; ו = 6; ש = 300; the word הידוש = something new.

This has been written in honour of our Rebbe, Shlito, who is an איש טוב (a good man) which also has a Gematria of 328.

א = 1 ; י = 10; ש = 300; ט = 9; ו = 6; ב = 2. (Whenever the word איש is used in the Torah it refers to an exceptional person.)

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To be continued B'Ezras HaShem

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