

בס"ד



My Encounter With The Rebbe שליט"א

By Zalmon Jaffe

16th Installment

Shovous 5744/1984 until Shovous 5745/1985

I wish to extend my grateful thanks to
Mrs. Gita Lewis
for the excellent and efficient manner in which she has typed this book - yes, this book,
because you are now perusing her actual work.

I am also indebted to her husband, Benzion, for his invaluable proof-reading, which has
eliminated many mistakes.

(How Gita and Benzion can read my writing is a constant wonder to me.)

INTRODUCTION

Once more it is my pleasure and privilege to present to you another instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita". This edition is the Sixteenth and covers the period from Shovuos 5744(1984) until Shovuos 5745 (1985).

I have described very comprehensively in the fifteen previous instalments about life at 770, Eastern Parkway, the Headquarters of the world-wide Lubavitch Movement, so I have avoided, whenever possible those routine matters.

I am grateful to the A-mighty for bestowing upon me good health, strength, and that particular attribute which enables me to write so much about the Rebbe.

I also thank my beloved Rebbe for His unsurpassed encouragement, wonderful blessings and mainly His extraordinary activities, which have made possible the continued publication of these, "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita".

I hope you will enjoy reading this, my Sixteenth Instalment.

I am delighted to include the note which I received from my friend Walter Hubert, Every single year, he has consistently written me BY RETURN OF POST, a beautiful letter of thanks and acknowledgement, and every year something different - I appreciate his thoughtfulness. This is what Walter wrote this year.

"Dear Zalmon,

Yechiel handed to me your latest publication which, I, of course, read on my way to St. Annes, in between meals and finally completed it by 6.00a.m this morning. As always I thoroughly enjoyed reading it and was very sorry when I came to the last page.

I have sent it to Rebecca by airmail express today and I am sure that she will derive the same pleasure as I did when she is reading it on her balcony in Jerusalem.

Very many thanks and I hope and pray that you will be publishing at least another 39 editions, each one bigger than the previous one.

Love to Roselyn. Best regards. Walter."

MORE HALACHIC RULINGS

by Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin

We recite every day during Shacharis, in the morning service, that "it is taught by Elijah:-whoever studies Torah Laws every day, is assured of Life in the World to Come

The Rebbe has declared on many occasions that a meeting, a conference, and even a book should commence with a word of Torah.

I will therefore begin this "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita, Instalment Number Sixteen" with the following Halachas as explained and expounded by Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin, the Rabbi of 770.

As usual, I had a number of Halachic questions to ask Rabbi Dvorkin, the answers to which, he gave me in his usual forthright manner.

When dealing with such matters, I like to verify that my facts are correct.

After Succos, I tried to contact Rabbi Dvorkin to confirm some points, but he had become unwell, and he unfortunately passed away in hospital just after Purim.

He has left a great void in the Lubavitch world. There is no one present, yet, (in my opinion) who will give a ruling on Halacha with such authority, with lightening speed and without fear of contradiction. (I obviously exclude the Rebbe, because, as I stated last year, the Rebbe has to draw the line somewhere, and it is too much to expect Him to answer thousands of queries on Halacha, in addition to the thousands of other questions which Jews all over the world keep asking the Rebbe daily.)

I had carefully written down the answers which Rabbi Dvorkin had dictated to me, but when I asked some Lubavitch Rabbonim to confirm these rulings, they hesitated, vacillated and even contradicted what Rabbi Dvorkin had told me.

For instance, he had once told me very specifically and categorically that one may wear an automatic watch (one that is automatically wound up by the natural movement of the wearers hand) on Yom Tov - as long as it is already wound up and going. On Shabbos men are not allowed to wear a watch, but women may do so, because a watch is considered as a piece of jewelry for them. Yet, a highly placed Chossid was incredulous when he heard this ruling. But one could not argue with Rabbi Dvorkin.

Here is an example of how Rabbi Dvorkin had the knack of being able to simplify what would seem to some to be a complicated and complex matter or Shaala.

A gentleman had rented an apartment from a Jewish owner on a yearly lease at (say) 100 dollars a month. Last year was a Jewish leap Year which contained thirteen

months, so the question which Rabbi Dvorkin was asked, was whether this fellow had to pay thirteen monthly payments in that year.

Rabbi Dvorkin did not have to look up the Shulchan Aruch, any Gemorras or other Seforim. Without any hesitation he ruled that in these instances, we accept the "Custom of the Land", and assume that every year contains just Twelve months.

I had been asked about the correct procedure regarding making tea with Tea Bags on Shabbos.

Rabbi Dvorkin stated that this was no problem. As usual, one obtained the water from the Shabbos Kettle with a glass or other container and poured this water into another glass containing the Tea Bags. I remarked that some people had mentioned the fact that by this method one was making colour on Shabbos. Rabbi Dvorkin retorted that there was no Shaala about making or squeezing colour - in Food.

Some people do make quite a lost of fuss about nothing at all. For instance, another fellow complained that a non-Jew who worked in a Jewish bakery did not wash "Neggle Vasser" (the washing of ones "nails" - neggle, or hands immediately on awakening in order to remove the impurities from ones hands). Rabbi Dvorkin had a good laugh. Of course a non-Jew does NOT have to wash "Neggle Vasser", but - there is no doubt that he should give his hands a good scrubbing after his nights sleep.

Another topical question - When one travels by air from the U.S.A. to England, for instance - from West to East - it often happens, especially during the summer months, and when the plane leaves late at night, that even before one can finish one's dinner, that it has become already morning. So what about the Evening Kriass Shema - or about the morning Shema, for that matter. We say the Evening Shema before we go to sleep - What if we did not intend to sleep at all. Similarly, we say the morning Shema when we awake - What if we have been awake all the time?

Unfortunately I could not confirm the answers which I received from Rabbi Dvorkin.

However, another Lubavitch Rabbi replied that - firstly - one should never forget to daven Maariv, which contains the Shema, as well. And, he felt that one should at least say the Bedtime Shema, - but not all the prayers one normally says when retiring to bed. And similarly at daybreak one should also say the Shema for the morning.

"Because the Torah does expressly state that one should say the Shema when one lies down and when one rises."

In other words, and to quote the Mishna: "at the time when one normally retires and at the time at which one normally rises."

Rabbi Goldstein from Ann Arbor near Detroit, had the following question to ask Rabbi Dvorkin.

He wished to attract Students and potential Baalei-Teshuvos to visit his home for Shabbos, and they often came by car. Was that correct? Rabbi Dvorkin maintained that they must arrive well before Shabbos - before the lighting of the candles. If and when they leave - by car!? - that is not your fault.

But one should NOT, definitely not, invite these people for Shabbos morning if there is the possibility that they will travel by car. In any case, what you do not know - you do not know!

EXPLANATION REGARDING LEKACH DISTRIBUTION

On the front cover of last years "Encounter with the Rebbe", was a photograph of the Rebbe handing me some cake.

One of my readers asked me what was the significance of this act - the Rebbe giving cake to his Chassidim.

On Erev Yom Kippur, it is the custom to ask the Gabai, the Warden of the Shul, for a piece of Lekach - cake.

We are afraid that maybe, unfortunately, and G-d forbid there might be an edict decided in Heaven that some of us will, during the course of the year, be forced to ask a fellow Jew for sustenance.

By anticipating this edict, and in order to nullify this decree, we ask and beg a fellow Jew for something. Incidentally, we have until Hoshannah Rabbah to perform this act.

Therefore when we are in Crown Heights, from what better person could we beg for sustenance than from Our dear beloved Rebbe.

The only criterion is that we must actually ask for this, "Please Rebbe, may I have some Lekach", and the Rebbe will reply, in Yiddish, when handing over the sweet honey cake - "for a good year and a sweet one".

I have heard another explanation of why we use the word LEKACH (cake). When the Sefer Torah is replaced into the Ark, the Ashkanazim recite a paragraph which contains the following verse, "KI LEKACH TOV NOSATI LOCHEM...", which is generally translated as "For I have given you good Doctrine". Forsake not my Torah (Teaching). It is a tree of Life to them that grasp it... and so forth.

The photograph on the front cover of this years edition shows me accepting the "Arba Minim" from the Rebbe.

LAG B'OMER IN MANCHESTER - PLUS PHOTOGRAPHS

Lag B'Omer last year fell on a Sunday. At 770 and at all Lubavitch branches World-wide, children's rallies, parades and outings were held on that day.

Manchester Lubavitch organised a very successful Parade and Outing at which about 750 children took part.

They were accompanied by two bands and many "FLOATS" were built upon wagons and trucks.

These depicted some of the Mivtzaim, eg. Teffilin, Shabbos candles and so on. They looked really magnificent.

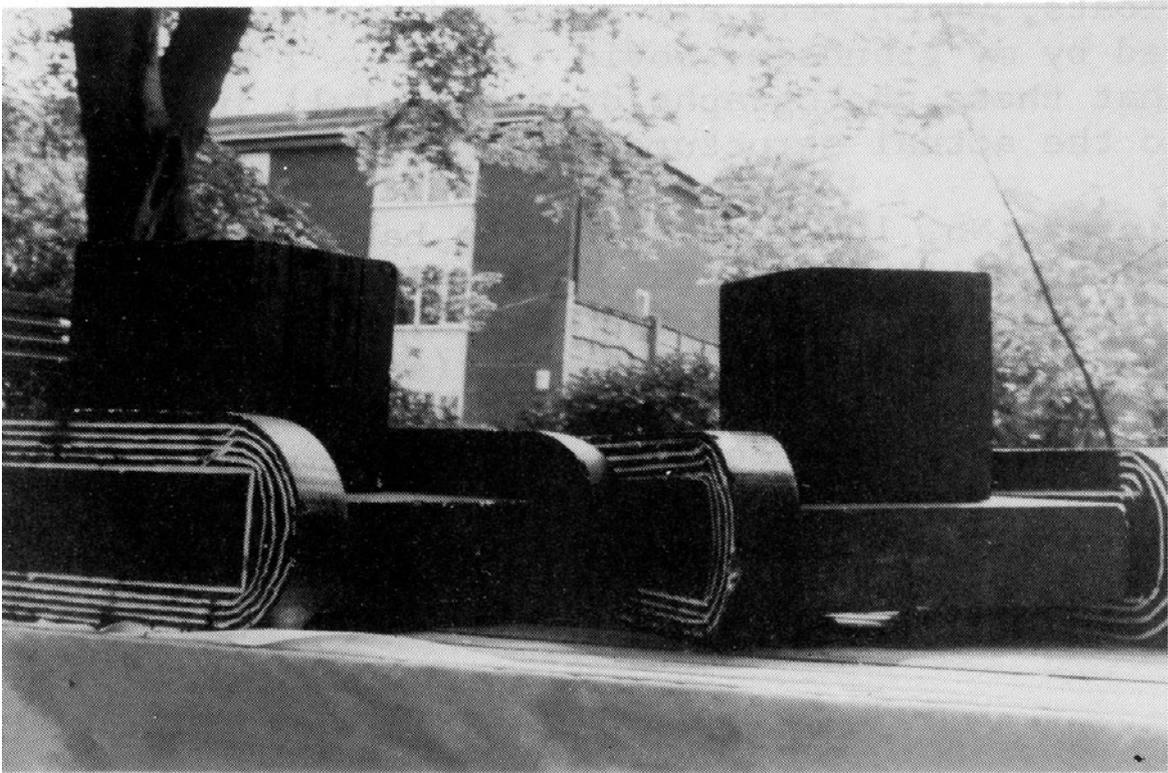
I have included photographs of two of these Floats, which were all designed and constructed by my grandson, Dovid (Jaffe). I am afraid that these photographs do not do full justice to the actual structures.

Picture No. 1 demonstrates the baking of Matzos. The other Architectural Masterpiece, which resembles a Tent or Indian Wigwam, represents Mount Sinai with the Tablets, (square Luchos, as explained in the Gemmorah and expounded by the Rebbe), balanced precariously on the top.

Picture No. 2 is a set of Teffilin arranged to resemble a TANK.



have included photographs of two of these



OUR JOURNEY TO CROWN HEIGHTS FOR SHOVIOS

We had booked our direct flight from Manchester to New York for Monday May 28th - just over a week before Shovuos.

Susan, our daughter-in-law, was expecting a baby at the end of the month, and we were hoping that it would arrive a little earlier than expected, so that we would be able to attend the briss, if it was a boy.

We had experienced this problem on a number of occasions in the past. (1) When Hindy was expecting her first child. She lived, at that time, in Crown Heights, New York, and we had arranged a Charter Flight from Manchester to coincide with Shovuos and also with this happy event.

On Sunday afternoon, a week before we were due to leave New York for home, Hindy went into hospital to have her baby delivered. We were faced with the following alternatives. If the baby would be a girl, there would be no problem at all. If it would be a boy, and born on that day, Sunday, there would also be no problem. But, if the baby boy would arrive after nightfall, then the briss would have to take place on the Monday - which would mean that I could attend the Briss, but I would miss my Charter flight home - pay an extra £200 for my return ticket and leave Roselyn to spend two or three weeks with Hindy. Well - Yoseph Yitzchok, the baby boy, duly arrived well after nightfall - with the consequences as enumerated above.

On another occasion, (2), we were at 770 when we received a cable from Shmuel in London, informing us that Hindy had given birth to her eldest daughter. We obviously would not rush back to England, so there were no alternatives.

Shmuel had asked me to please make a "Mee Sherbayrach", a blessing for Mother and Daughter at the Rebbe's Minyan that morning when the Rebbe would be called up for his Aliyah at Kriass HaTorah. The Rebbe knew about the birth before I was informed!

I recall naming the baby Yenta Chaya, and when Rabbi Dovid Raskin stumbled over the parents name, the Rebbe intervened and said bass HaRav Shmuel.

On the third occasion, it was Hindy again. We were actually leaving our home for our flight to Israel. The taxi was already at the door to take us to the Airport, when Shmuel phoned from London to inform us that Hindy had just given birth to her fifth son - Benzion. I suppose that we could have cancelled our holiday in order to attend the Briss, but we assumed that by the fifth boy, they ought to manage very well without us.

And now, the fourth time, which was this year. Our flight to New York was on Monday afternoon. On the day before, Sunday, at 10.30a.m., Susan presented us with an eight and a half pound bonny baby girl - Nechama Dinah - so off we went to 770 for Shovuos and to the Rebbe, with no fear of missing a Briss.

They filled the tanks of the plane with 14,000 gallons of gasoline, which for the 3,400 miles, meant a quarter of a gallon for a mile.

We enjoyed an uneventful and comfortable flight to J.F. Kennedy Airport, New York. On this occasion, Roselyn and I would be on our own at Crown Heights. All our grandchildren insisted upon waiting for Tishrei and Succos, and each and every one of them had a valid claim for staying with us at our apartment. So we looked forward to a – comparatively - restful holiday at 770 with the Rebbe for a couple of weeks around Shovuos. (There is no such thing as a completely restful and relaxed time at 770).

I have always assured my readers that I would do my utmost not to repeat anything from previous editions, unless it was absolutely necessary.

Well, this is what I wrote last Succos, when we arrived at J.F. Kennedy Airport, New York.

"We each had our own suitcase, Roselyn's was extremely large, twice the size of mine, because she had brought with so many dresses and accoutrements.

The Carousel started moving along in graceful circles and the cases and packages glided along around - and around - and were plucked from the line by eager and waiting passengers. My own blue suitcase came into view. I grabbed it, placed it on a trolley and waited expectantly and impatiently for the other four.

Round and around went the Carousel: gradually and imperceptibly the crush of people lessened until ultimately practically all the baggage had been claimed. Then the Carousel stopped - completely. We were also stopped - completely in our tracks. Where were our suitcases? The porter said - "that's the lot. There are no more" - and he disappeared."

That is what I wrote last year, and the same nightmare took place again with Roselyn's huge suitcase missing. She vowed never to take this one again!

In an issue of the "Readers Digest" published at that time, there was a story recounted about an Airline passenger, who, when checking in his luggage, asked the clerk to send one suitcase to Los Angeles, another one to Paris, a third to Tel Aviv and the fourth one to South America.

"Oh, I am very sorry", remonstrated the girl, "But we cannot do that". "But you did it last year", retorted the passenger.

So, after filling in the usual claim forms, at which I was by now adept and an expert, we made our way to the Taxi Rank. Again, just as at last Shovuos, it was simply pouring with rain.

A Taxi drew up and I told the driver to take us to Brooklyn. Before I could even touch the door handle, he spurted and raced away, with his tires screeching, squelching and squealing, and I was left standing. Not so the Taxi Rank Inspector (one is now always present to ensure that no Cabbie will refuse a fare), who whilst Roselyn screamed her protest, chased and ran after the Taxi.

It was not a forlorn hope, because the driver had been stopped by the lights and by the traffic, just a few yards ahead. It was comparatively easy for the Inspector to hand the Taxi driver a "ticket" - to pay 50 dollars for refusing a fare. I was told that a fine for a second refusal was 100 dollars, and if it occurred a third time, then it meant a three months disqualification.

The Inspector very quickly obtained another taxi for us.

We duly arrived and settled into our apartment.

WE MEET THE REBBE

It was still raining heavily the next day, Tuesday, when the Rebbe was due to arrive at 10a.m. I waited outside the door of 770.

The Rebbe strode towards me, waved his hand and gave me a lovely warm, happy beaming smile of welcome as he went by. The Rebbe did really surpass himself this time - which is stating quite a lot. T.G. and K.A.H., he looked very well.

The Rebbe then turned around and asked me whether my wife was here too, and was pleased when I replied in the affirmative.

Some boys who had been standing nearby, and had heard the Rebbe quite clearly, thought that the Rebbe had asked me whether I had davenned yet!! They always put two and two together and invariably get the wrong answer.

As usual, I had brought from Manchester many letters for the Rebbe, from Chassidim and friends. These I placed in the Rebbe's "Inward Tray" in the main office, together with a copy of my latest edition of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita, No. 15". I also commenced to distribute copies of this book to my many friends.

I received a very lovely note from the Rebbe, which was in Hebrew. My English translation of this is as follows.

"Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. I will mention your requests at the Tzion (of the Previous Rebbe Z.Tz.L) I extend Mazel Tov to you on the occasion of the birth of your newly born granddaughter. Her parents should bring her up and lead her to the Chuppah and Good Deeds. You and your wife will derive much Chassidishe Nachas from her - with long life and Good Years."

Last year I received a beautiful letter from the Rebbe with Brochas that Roselyn and I would enjoy true Chassidishe Nachas from each and all of our Grandchildren and great grandchildren in good health and happy circumstances and with blessings and with blessings. (It is said that there are three types of greatness. (1) One may be born great. (2) One may achieve greatness. (3) One may have greatness thrust upon him. I hope that "each and all of our grandchildren" will thrust "greatness" upon us.)

I heard a most unusual story - A man was blessed that he would live to be present at the weddings of all his sons. The youngest son has consistently refused to get married, because he does not wish to hasten the death of his father!!

CHILDRENS RALLY

A Pre-Shovuos Childrens Rally had been arranged to take place at 2.00p.m on that day, Tuesday, the 27th day of Iyar.

Children had been arriving since 1.00p.m. The Band was banging away - at least the big drum was, and at 2.05, the special entertainment got under way. It always had to be something different and new in order to keep the youngsters interested and amused.

On this occasion, it was a puppet show, with a proper Shovuos atmosphere. For instance - one of the puppets was Mount Sinai, and sang "I am Har Sinai and the Torah was given on me", and so forth.

I noticed that five boxes of dimes were prepared and ready for distribution by the Rebbe. Each box contained 50 packages and each packet 50 dimes = 5 dollars, that is 250 dollars per box, so the five boxes contained 12500 dimes, value of 1250 dollars.

The Rebbe arrived and was welcomed by the usual hysterical shouting, screaming and clapping which was referred to as singing. The girls as usual sat at the back of the Hall, and the boys at the front. When the Mincha Service was recited, a Mechitza, a partition divided the boys from the girls.

The special Twelve Torah Verses were each recited by twelve different boys and girls and were delivered in the usual robust, enthusiastic and fiery manner, to the constant approval and amusement of the Rebbe.

At 2.50p.m the Rebbe commenced the first Sicho (talk). (You will notice that the Rebbe will include in his Sichos todays portion of the Sedra and of the Tehillim, and now - a new theme: the days portion of the Rambam).

The Rebbe said:

"Every time that people gather together, especially little Jewish children, then this is a Simcha for them and a Simcha for G-d. The Previous Rebbe maintained that when G-d sees this, then He is indeed happy. Every Tzivos Hashem gathering brings forth G-ds blessings. (There are over 100,000 members of Tzivos Hahsem - G-ds Army in the U.S.A. alone)"

"The A-mighty is delighted to see the boys - Sons of Avrohom, Yitzchok and Yaakov, and the girls, the daughters of Soroh, Rivka, Rochel and Leah - all from different places, countries and continents - and from so many different homes. You should try and do more for Yiddishkeit, and concentrate more on the Mitzvah of to "Love your neighbour as yourself". Therefore the boys should have an influence on other boys; and the girls on other girls. As it states "As one man and one heart" to do Mitzvos with enthusiasm and proper devotion, and to learn Torah".

"We have to wage war - do battle against the Yetzer Horah, (the evil inclination). When the opposing army is biggest, then the victory is much greater. And we shall conquer because we will accept and obey the orders of the Commander-in-Chief with alacrity."

"Each and every gathering is different, and this pre-Shovuos assembly is a special one, because we have to be prepared to receive the Torah, which was given through Moishe Rabbeinu.

Our children are our guarantors for the Torah. At that time various other guarantors were suggested, but G-d would only accept the Children - not only those who were present at that time, but all the future generations, for ever."

"If you will listen to My Commandments, says G-d, you will be blessed with everything. THEN, with heads held high, He will lead us all to the revelation of Moshiach NOW."

After this talk, Rabbi J.J. (Hecht) translated this Sicho into English. He complained about the "bad order". "I can't compete with you." "I stopped speaking because you continue to speak", he shouted, and then screamed "Kids, – Kids – You better listen, you are the guarantors, so learn the Torah, do Mitzvos and keep the guarantee going."

During the second Sicho, the Rebbe pointed out that everywhere we can see underlined the (aspect of) Divine Providence - and especially at a Rally of Children, when so many Jewish Youngsters are assembled together. As the Baal Shem Tov stated - we should learn something new every day on how to serve Our Commander-in-Chief, the A-mighty even better.

"It is by Divine Providence that this Rally coincides with the preparation to Mattan Torah and that today's portion of the Sedra which we learn today - the third day - from Shelishi to Revii - from the third (section) until the fourth, we learn of the Mitzvah of Shuva - Teshuva - repentance. One has to make a Reckoning - to figure out whether one has done good enough, and if not, to correct this and make it 100% perfect."

"Then the A-mighty will accept this person's repentance. Similarly, the Tehillim which we recite today, on the 27th day of the month, contains the fifteen Chapters of Shir Hamaalos - the Songs of Ascent. From this, we may learn that we should serve G-d with Song - with Joy, and always strive to go higher and higher - from strength to strength with much energy and enthusiasm."

The Rebbe then mentioned today's portion of the Rambam, but first prefaced his remarks by saying that the Rambam wrote that "Even before one asks - does G-d answer and accept one's repentance, (because G-d knows everyone's thoughts).

The Rebbe added that even Children should learn the daily portion of Rambam:

"Today's Shiur mentions one and only one specific Mitzvah - a very vital and important one, which states that when one eats and is satisfied, then one must "bensch", bless the A-mighty. This will also bring blessings to his home, and to his parents. One should commence the day by reciting Modeh Ani immediately on awakening - that is to give thanks to G-d for returning the Soul to us."

"We all want Moshiach Now - and even before you even ask - then G-d will send Moshiach NOW, and G-d will give peace to the whole land - our Holy Land. Peace even before Moshiach will arrive."

At the third Sicho, the Rebbe reminded us - which he does at every Childrens Rally, that we have davened Mincha and recited the Twelve Torah Verses. That is Avoda and Torah, so we now needed to give Tzedoko to complete the Three Pillars (Torah, Avoda and Gemillas Chassodim), which support the world (our own individual world, and the large general world).

"There may be G-d forbid certain homes which do not possess enough money to fulfil the Mitzvah of "you should eat, and be satisfied" - or for even other necessities, therefore Give Tzedoko and G-d will repay you. Yes, G-d will repay. You will have no worries, no disagreeable problems, So give Tzedoko, this will strengthen your faith."

The Rebbe then distributed through 37 Madrichim (Boy leaders) and 47 Madrichot (Girl leaders), the 12,500 coins - three for each child = 4167 children. "One coin for Tzedoko, and the others for something special which will give joy and satisfaction to the giver and the given".

The Rebbe reminded all children that it was important for them to come to Shool and to listen intently to the layening of the Ten Commandments.

J.J. had the final word - he shouted out, "Bless our Rebbe, the Moishe of our generation who will lead us towards Moshiach NOW."

The Rally was concluded by the Rebbe conducting vigorously and ecstatically the screaming and Singing of "We want Moshiach Now" and Bimhayro Beyomainu (prefaced as usual by the "Yehi Rotzon" sung by Chazan Teleshefsky).

I was receiving very good reports about my latest edition.

Rabbi Dvorkin was extremely delighted and told me the following story which he asked me to include in my next "Buch".

I shall call this:

THE REMINISCENCES OF
RABBI ZALMON SHIMON DVORKIN

Rabbi Dvorkin unfortunately passed away on the 17th of Adar. He was ill for sometime and died in hospital at the age of 84.

I have mentioned on many previous occasions the immense knowledge on Halacha which Rabbi Dvorkin possessed. He was never at a loss for an immediate and correct answer to any Shaala. He had a quick and nimble mind, and was so sensible. He was also blessed with a wonderful sense of humour, which he probably needed, especially when dealing with young men at the Kollel and Yeshivas.

About twenty two years ago, he was the Teacher and friend of my son, Avrohom, and was instrumental in ensuring that he studied for and received his Rabbinical Semicha.

He often told me that if G-d had blessed a young man with brains, then, as his teacher, it was his duty to see that those brains were used to the utmost capacity.

Recently, he always found time for a little chat with me - and with my wife, and of course, we shall all miss him - very much indeed.

His last words to me were, "Shreib in Buch", (write it in your book), so I have no hesitation, nor qualms in carrying out his behest.

Therefore here are:

"THE REMINISCENCES OF RABBI DVORKIN"

Rabbi Dvorkin had read in my last edition about his pesak din regarding eating in the Succah when it was pouring with rain.

This reminded him of the very first occasion that he has come across this Shaala (question). He was then only a youngster and.....

Anyway, here is the story which Rabbi Dvorkin related to me:

He came from an extremely poor family which was nothing unusual in those days - about 80 years ago. They lived in Rackachov, Russia and the family consisted of four boys and a girl, besides the two parents - seven souls in all.

They could only afford to spend one rouble on the Shabbos meals. One rouble was equal in value to a U.S.A. Dollar (or £1 sterling today) There were 100 Kopecs in a Rouble, so a Kopec was equal to one cent or one penny. Therefore they had just 100 cents to purchase the Shabbos food for seven persons.

This is what they bought:

5lbs of White Flour for the Shabbos Challos for 20 cents. Yeast for 2 cents, and a little sugar.

Sufficient wine for twice Kiddush (only a ROV Koss - more than half the cup at a time) for Friday night and Shabbos luncheon and for Havdolah.

Two pounds of fish. These were very tiny - one INCH long, which were minced and chopped in their entirety, from head to tail, literally - including the bones and all. Meat was far too expensive at 12 cents a pound, so they purchased a Cow from head to foot - that is all - the head and the feet, from which they also made Calves foot jelly - "perchaw". His mother always managed to brighten up the Shabbos Table with seven candles - one for each person.

On Sunday, 30 lbs of coarse black flour was bought for 55 Kopecs, and this black bread eaten with oil and/or sugar was their staple and only diet for all their weekday meals.

Occasionally, they could afford to buy a Herring for three Kopecs - and sometimes they were even fortunate to pick up a bargain - one for half a cent - but this herring would be a little stale and slightly "off"

Their thirst were quenched with plain cold water. Tea was reserved for Shabbos morning only. He was lucky sometimes when his mother treated him to Candy - a boiled sweet for half a Kopec.

When he was eleven years old, he was sent, together with another one hundred and ten boys to the Yeshiva at Lubavitch, Russia.

There were 200 boys learning at this Yeshiva, but there was room and money for an intake of ONLY forty boys a year.

So, after a thorough testing, seventy of these other boys were sent home.

Young Dvorkin was a little lad - small size, and he was tested by the Previous Rebbe, who was the son of the then Lubavitcher Rebbe - the RASHAB. Finally he was examined by the Rashab himself. Young Dvorkin was accepted.

But, there was a condition - he had to pay three roubles (dollars!) a month. He did not have this, but a rich uncle was found who promised to pay this amount - which he did - for two months.

His mother had given him a cushion and a cotton pailiasse, which he could fill with straw, for a bed, in case of emergency.

He was lucky to rent a bed for 57 cents a month. There was no extra charge for the "swarms of bugs and fleas". In addition, he paid 20 Kopecs for the whole Shabbos meals. He never ever saw a Chicken - which was for Karporass (on erev Yom Kippur) only. He also managed to buy a quarter of a glass of milk for half a Kopec. (This was measured with a straw folded once, then once more.) This, with a little bit of KEZ (cream cheese) sufficed for a meal.

In the course of time, he could no longer afford to pay for this "bed" and was forced to leave this lodging. But his poor old landlady took possession of cushion in lieu of the rent which he still owed.

So, he filled his pailiasse with straw and slept on the floor in the Shool. Fortunately, he had his fathers old coat - very long and split, and which dragged in the dirt. This he washed and used as a blanket. But of course, he had no cushion, (and none for the following six years, until he found an old flock one). The Shool floor was cleaned only twice a year - for Pesach and Rosh Hashonnah.

After Rosh Hashonnah, he had nowhere to sleep. They did intend to build another storey onto the Shool-cum-Yeshiva, but this was not allowed, because the Church had to be, by law, the highest building in the town.

A Succah was built for the elder boys, and it was attached to the kitchen.

On that Succos, it poured with rain. So much so, that everything was flooded. It was absolutely impossible to eat in the Succah. As it was the first day, (and not the first night, when it is compulsory to eat in the Succah) they had their meal inside the house.

The Rashab, the Lubavitcher Rebbe sent his warden to discover where they were eating and found them inside the house -?! Well, Well.

Therefore, Rabbi Dvorkin had practical experience of this Shaala, and had it confirmed that one should always eat in the Succah - according to Chassidus - in spite of inclement and stormy weather.

Subsequently, he spent thirteen and a half years in the Yeshiva - It was seven years before he managed to travel home for a short visit. Roselyn remarked that the boys in those days were not molly-coddled like the Yeshiva boys of today, where they get everything they ask for. Even the poor girls who learn at some Lubavitch Seminaries have to fend for themselves.

He received his Semicha from the Previous Rebbe. He married and was appointed RAV and Shochet in a small town. After eight months, he gave up Shechita and practised as Rabbi only.

Many years later, the Previous Rebbe sent him to Ireland, to take charge of a large group of fifty-five Workers, Shochetim, Porgers, and Rabbonim. These had been engaged to do special Shechita in connection with the export of meat from Ireland to Eretz Yisroel. They worked there for five years, after which, Rabbi Dvorkin emigrated to New York. He had been great friends with Rabbi Hertzog, Chief Rabbi and De Valera, Prime Minister of Ireland. The Police would stop all the traffic when Rabbi Dvorkin wished to cross the road.

Recently, a Bridegroom asked the Rebbe Shlita a question on Halacha. The Rebbe told him to ask Rabbi Dvorkin. The Chosson again repeated his Shaala. The Rebbe replied that, "My father-in-law, the Previous Rebbe had made Rabbi Dvorkin a RAV". In other words, that he held a good Rabbinical Semicha (Diploma) and could and would deal very satisfactorily with all Shaalas.

Incidentally, it was over sixty years ago that Rabbi Dvorkin received his Semicha from the Previous Rebbe. This Yeshiva was the only Lubavitcher Yeshiva in existence at that time - with two hundred boys attending. (When I mention a Yeshiva, I refer to a Yeshiva "Gedola" where young men aged from fifteen years and upwards study and learn from early morning until late at night, and from where they would subsequently receive their Rabbinical diploma. There are some day schools in the U.S.A where young children also study Hebrew subjects - these are also called Yeshivas - (but NOT by me).

When the Previous Rebbe became our leader his main objective and preoccupation was to bring up a new generation of young men who would become Rabbonim, well versed in Halacha, who could immediately and confidently give the correct ruling to any Shaalos (questions on the din) that might arise.

These young Rabbonim would be sent to cities all over the world, as Shiluchim of the Rebbe to establish bastions and foundations of true Judaism.

Our Own beloved Rebbe Shlita, has carried on with this basic principle, and has sent Shiluchim to any place, anywhere in the world, where Jews are residing, even behind the Iron Curtain.

The result of all this activity, is that instead of just one Lubavitcher Yeshiva many years ago with two hundred boys - there are now scores of Lubavitch Yeshivas all over the world - in Israel, the U.S.A., Europe, Australia, Canada, South America, South Africa, and so forth with thousands upon thousands of pupils - we even have a Yeshiva in Manchester - and another in London.

In addition, there are countless thousands of the Rebbe's Shiluchim working amongst students and the general Jewish public in cities and towns all over the world to carry out the Rebbe's work and to strengthen Judaism.

You will now easily and readily understand what tremendous strides the Lubavitch Movement has made during the past thirty-five years, since our Revered Rebbe Shlita took over the position as our Leader and Guide.

MORE COMMENTS ON THE 15th EDITION

Rabbi Chadakov stated that his wife is word perfect in my book. She reads and recounts various excerpts to him all the time. He said that he cannot get a look in. She continuously interrupted his meal to relate to him some story.

Rabbi Label Groner declared that my book was beautiful, beautiful. His wife had remarked that she liked the new format. It was wonderful and must have cost a lot of money. She was up until 1 a.m after midnight reading the book.

Mrs. Itkin told me that she was reading my book on the subway on her way to work. She was so engrossed in the stories that she suddenly realised that she had gone past her station. It made her late for work and she was most annoyed.

Bassia Shemtov had to address a Women's meeting. She went to the Library at Kingston Avenue, and borrowed one of my previous books. She had a solid basis and a good theme for a splendid speech.

Nochum Gross - "It is a marvellous book".

Raizie Mincowitz - "You are right, you have hardly repeated anything".

A young lady who studied at Mochon Channah asked me whether I was Zalomon Jaffe. She had read my book and "it is great". She wanted to buy a copy. She had gone to Drimmer's, who sell practically every book of Jewish interest ever published, but of course they had none to sell. She needed one urgently for her sister. I had none available, either, at that time, but if this young lady still needs a copy, I will be delighted to provide her with one.

Freidishtok from Montreal - "Your book is so lovely. Everyone reads it and enjoys it".

Leima Mincowitz - "Your book is for all ages".

Itche Mayer Gurary from Montreal - "Everyone in the family reads it, and are always looking forward to it. Its wonderful". As a bonus, he gave me forty dollars for our Manchester Yeshiva. I don't charge for my books, especially to friends, but as our Yeshiva certainly needs money, I couldn't refuse this generous donation. However, I gave him another copy free of charge.

A young man said that his wife had borrowed my book from the Kollel. It was marvellous. She needed her own copy because she deals with Baalat Teshuvahs and she finds it very useful. Gill Hersh tells me this - about my book and the Baalat Teshuvahs - every year.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday - and still no sign of Roselyn's suitcase, so off she went to shop in Boro' Park, by the special Direct community bus. It was still pouring

with rain. She returned to Crown Heights with two new pairs of shoes, two dresses, underwear and many other "FIRST AID" articles - toothbrush, stockings and so forth. She had lost everything. Subsequently, Rabbi Chadakov consoled Roselyn by saying that "it was good business for Jewish shops, and she had gained two dresses", and so forth. Roselyn agreed, but it cost her much heartache and headache. Actually it cost me a lot more. We found the suitcase and the Insurance Company would only pay me £50 for "necessities". A new rule this year.

ANECDOTES AND STORIES

Thursday morning - There was a large crowd davenning in the Beis Hamedrash that morning. There was a much larger crowd not davenning. The Rebbe was expected soon in order to listen to Kriass HaTorah (layenning).

I was wearing my Tallis and Tefilin, so I placed my hat on the Table in the usual inverted position, - that is upside down (as is the accepted custom).

A friend of mine arrived he searched for a spot on the table on which to place his hat, could not find one, so placed his wet hat inside mine. What a cheek! I was just going to change them about, that is to put my hat inside his, when a third person came along and placed his exceptionally wet, dirty and filthy hat inside my friends headgear. So, was I lucky!! By the conclusion of the service, there was a pile of eight hats - and mine was at the bottom of the deck.

These days there is obviously no chance for me to have an Aliya, being neither a Kohen nor a Levi. The Rebbe is entitled to the third Aliya. In the past, I was lucky on many occasions to be honoured with Hagboah or Gellila. But this week, there were so many baby girls born, and so many fathers who wished to give names to their daughters, that it was just hopeless for me to expect a Mitzvah.

This reminds me of the Story about the fellow who could never get an Aliya. His friend advised him to tell the Gabai that he was a Kohen - that would do the trick.

He did so, and minutes later, the Gabai approached him with the request - that as there were two Chiyuvim - two men who were entitled to an Aliya - they had preference - so would the "Kohen" please leave the Shool for a few moments, whilst they called up one of these Chiyuvim - "BIMKOM KOHEN" - (When there is no Kohen, one calls up a Levi or Yisroel in place of the Kohen).

The Rebbe arrived at 10.00 a.m., and for some reason, probably the weather, Roselyn was the only person waiting outside to greet the Rebbe. She was handsomely rewarded with a beautiful smile and a Sholom Aleichem from the Rebbe.

The Airline had intimated to us that Roselyn's missing suitcase had at long last been found, and would be delivered to 770 at 9.30a.m. By 12.00 noon, there was still no sign of any suitcase. The Office had to be temporarily closed because Binyamin was to drive the Rebbe to the Mikvah, prior to His visit to the Ohel that day. I stood outside on the pavement in the wet and freezing cold, when the Rebbe's car drew up. The Rebbe stepped out and gave me a lovely wave and a gorgeous smile, and then strode smartly up the steps - like a young man. Suddenly, he turned around and enquired whether we had received the valise. I replied "Not yet, and that was the reason why I was now standing outside 770 in the cold, because delivery was expected at any time".

The Rebbe shrugged his shoulders and signified that he was not too pleased with the Airline. The suitcase was eventually delivered at 1.00p.m.

Roselyn was told that as a precaution and a safeguard against loss, she should always place a Tanya in her suitcase. She was given a Tanya by Mr. Melamed, which was printed in Buenos Aires. She had better be careful where she places this Tanya, or else, it might be sent to the Argentina.

We had now been in New York since Monday afternoon. We had experienced four days of atrocious weather conditions - non stop rain, cold, wet and windy, with the temperature at 60 degrees.

On Tuesday night, the radio had announced that five and a half inches of rain had fallen on that day, that there was flooding on main roads, with a five mile traffic jam.

By Wednesday evening, another seven inches of rain had fallen and some main roads were closed altogether. An Emergency Natural Disaster Area had been declared, with floods all over.

Incidentally, by the weekend, the sun had reappeared, and the temperature rose very rapidly. On Erev Shovuos, we would be sweltering in the heat of over eighty five degrees, and by the following Shabbos, it was ninety six degrees.

Well - that's America. However, this was still to come.

At 8.35p.m., the Rebbe's Car approached 770 in a Police Convoy, with lights flashing and sirens screaming, they seemed to be breaking all speed limits.

Mincha would be at 8.45p.m., then after an interval of fifteen minutes, we would daven Maariv.

I was standing in the hallway, when Dovid Mandelbaum advised me to get into the Beis Hamedrash because Maariv was due at any moment.

I pointed out that all the men and boys were nonchalantly lolling about and chatting - and even Rabbi Chadakov had not yet arrived. Rabbi Chadakov was my barometer. When he entered, I could assume that the Rebbe would arrive at any second. Dovid admitted that it does happen occasionally that the Rebbe does enter before Rabbi Chadakov - but not very often, he did agree.

At that moment, I was nearly knocked off my feet by a crowd of boys and men rushing about, and fleeing in all directions, followed by the Rebbe - and still no sign of Rabbi Chadakov - who arrived a few minutes later.

The whole Lubavitch World, from 770 downwards, makes full use of today's modern communications systems. e.g. Television and Radio to broadcast the Shiddur from 770, to every Lubavitch centre in all the continents.

In Manchester, in common with other centres, we have our local "Dial a Story", "Dial a Din" and so on.

Itche Mayer Gurary was very excited with a new set-up in Crown Heights. If one would dial (by phone) 735-3400, one could listen to a whole hour of a Shiur on Chassidus, and on 735-3477, one could hear a half-an-hour of Tanya, As these programmes are beamed automatically, it is possible to obtain them for twenty four hours a day, every day of the week.

Itche Mayer confided that these serve a very useful and unique purpose, especially for those who are afraid to come to 770 - openly - to learn these subjects. These people have no radio (certainly no T.V.). They only have the telephone. Therefore "we get right into their homes".

Itche Mayer, and Yisroel Vogel begged me to try it, and I would be enormously impressed. I replied that firstly I would have to get a phone fixed. There was none in our apartment.

Incidentally, the Telephone Code for Crown Heights was 212 which is the gematria of "Rebbi", RAISH = 200, YUD BAIS = 12. The Company has now changed this code to 718 which is the gematria of "M. Schneerson"!

Gematria (numerical equivalent) is the science of numbers, and they say that figures can prove anything. For example, the number of Lubavitch House in Manchester is 62, which is the gematria of "TOV MEOD" - very good. The number of my house is 105, which is 43 more than 62 - the gematria of 43 is "GAM" - also, so 105 is "also very good"

I asked my granddaughter Channa (Jaffe) to tell me something on the Sedra of BAMIDBAR. She replied that the gematria of BAMIDBAR is 248. We have 248 organs in our body, which in turn equals the number of the Positive Commandments in the Torah. I commended her on this idea and asked for the source of this good explanation. She replied that it was spontaneous, she had only just thought of it! (A Ganzer Rebbetzen!!)

Itche Mayer is the Rebbe's Shaliach in Montreal, Canada. They have built a new Mikvah which cost seven hundred thousand dollars - and it is the "best in the world". The bank donated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars - it must be the best bank in the world! I didn't want to pour Cold Water on this project, and I hoped it would not be liquidated.

We were in Buffalo together a few years ago for a Siyum HaTorah. We never had the time to visit Niagra Falls. Itche Mayer declared that those wonderful waterfalls were receding by five inches every year, so we had better go and see them quickly or else it "might be too late!"

Roselyn and I went to inspect the Old Mikvah in Union Street, which had just been reconstructed, renovated and refurbished. They had made an excellent job of the Old Place. It was now very modern, with many Mikvoas, bathrooms, dressing rooms and all amenities.

My friend, Yaakov Tuvya Rappaport, from Syracuse invariably has some interesting stories to tell me. Incidentally, he married a daughter of another friend of mine – Avrohom Rappaport from Toronto, Canada.

Although possessing the same name, they were not even related. A wonderful coincidence.

I should like to mention Avrohom Rappaport's younger son, Ezriel, just over Barmitzvah. He invariably sits, squeezed up tight to his father at the Farbraingen - and at the services too. A nice "Aidele" (gentle), nice mannered and happy young man. He always has a nice smile for me.

Yaakov has a tough job on the Eastern Coast. He declared that there were only Ten Shomer Shabbos families in the whole of his community. A few more do eat Kosher food, but it was hard going.

One fellow was not quite certain whether his father was a Lubavitcher, but his name was Menachem Mendel and every Shabbos he would sing "Assadur Lissudosso" at the meal (Lubavitch Zemiros)!!

Another person asked him why did not Lubavitch invest money to bring in a regular weekly income. Yankel replied that he had FIVE reasons for not investing. The first was that we never have any money "O.K. replied the other, "I don't need to hear the other four reasons".

My Bank Manager once told me - and he was actually referring to non-Jews - that any religious organisation that had money in the bank was ready to close down. A vibrant and active group was always prepared to spend money on new and additional facilities and therefore they were constantly short of cash and were continuously borrowing from the bank. In that case, Manchester Lubavitch must be one of the most successful organisations.

The Rebbe once told us that even in the middle of our business activities, we should try and take off some time to study - to learn. We should at that time be like a Yeshiva Bochur and just concentrate on our learning - and not even to answer the telephone. If it

was an important call, then the party will obviously try again later on - and no business will be lost because of his studying.

There is the story about a fellow who owned a shop and who in due course built up a very good and thriving business. In the course of time, he died and his son took over this shop.

Gradually, trade became very bad, and subsequently so terrible that the son decided to seek the advice of his Rebbe and try to discover where he had gone wrong.

The Rebbe asked him what his father did when he was waiting for customers. The son replied that he recalled that his father always took out a Gemorra or other Hebrew book and studied therein.

The Rebbe then asked the son what he did whilst waiting for clients. "I read a newspaper or other journal" he replied.

"Ah", said the Rebbe, "There is your answer".

"The Soton (Satan) will do everything possible to prevail upon a Jew to stop learning. As soon as your father took out a Hebrew book, the Soton became annoyed and immediately sent in a customer to distract your father and interfere with his study".

"You on the contrary, were already wasting your time by reading the Daily Newspaper, and so the Soton saw no point in intervening or interfering by sending in clients". That was the reason he was doing badly.

Many of my readers will have experienced similar instances. Personally, I know for a fact that when I am out travelling and am waiting to see a customer, that as soon as I decide to daven Mincha or to open a "Sefer" to study something, then my customer will arrive and frustrate all my good intentions.

Moishe Kotlarsky gave me a very warm welcome and took it for granted that we would "honour" him and Rivka by being their guests - as usual - for luncheon on the first day of Shovuos. There were only two of us this time, which rather disappointed Moishe, but he looked forward to a good crowd of us on Simchas Torah, when many of our grandchildren would be present - "some you lose - some you win" - said he philosophically.

He asserted that I should not have mentioned that I had celebrated my Seventieth Birthday. I mentioned that the Rebbe is not ashamed to tell the world his age. In fact, the Rebbe has often quoted that "it is not what is written on your passport that counts, but how you feel yourself".

Incidentally, I commenced to draw my state pension when I reached the age of seventy. I could have taken it on my sixty-fifth birthday but there were restrictions on my

earnings, whereas at seventy years, there were no restrictions and my pension would be increased by £10 a week - because I had waited the extra five years.

When Roselyn reached pensionable age, she decided to draw her pension at once. She assumed that she would receive a wife's basic pension of about £15 a week, and she objected to giving the government a gift of £4,000 (over the five years).

A long correspondence took place on the best method of payment suitable to Roselyn. She decided that she would rather collect her money herself from the Post Office every week, rather than that it should be paid direct into her bank. In due course, she received a book of vouchers, each one entitled Roselyn to go to the Local Post Office and draw the magnificent sum of - sixty-two pence - (just over half a dollar, at today's rate of exchange). And, furthermore, would she please return the £200 which they had paid Roselyn whilst the lengthy correspondence was taking place. It seemed that because I had not accepted my pension that she was not eligible to draw hers yet.

My Young friend Sarah Nemtsov celebrated her one hundred and fifth Birthday (K.A.H. - till one hundred and fifty - to allow for inflation). She had been provided with a walking frame to make it easier for her to get along and to ensure that she does not fall. She uses it all the time - - she pulls it along behind her!!

It was extremely quiet in our apartment this Shovuos. For the first time, for many years, not even one grandchild was in Crown Heights. Last year, Hindy, her baby and Channah were with us, whilst Yossi (Lew - now in South Africa) and Dovid (Jaffe, now in England) were both studying in Brooklyn.

I had only one person with whom to argue - my wife - and of course, this was always one sided. I can never win!

Financially, there was also a big difference. Up till this year, we always had a running account with Kahan's store. All my grandchildren used to run in and buy sweets, candy, ice-cream and so on, and we had to run in and pay. I was changing one hundred dollars travellers cheques with rapid and monotonous regularity.

I was just congratulating myself on spending so little money (comparatively) when I received a letter from Hindy. She explained therein that Yenta Chaya, who would be eighteen years old next Shovuos, was coming to study at the Beis Rivkah Seminary in a few months time.

It seemed that girl students had to supply their own bedding - preferably - two sets of everything, and also a pillow. It is rather odd that they have to buy their own sheets, blankets, towels and so forth. They also have to pay school fees - plus rent for their bed/sitters, and many other expenses which boys, who attend a Yeshiva do NOT have to pay.

Yenta Chaya will have to be careful not to get behind with her payments, because, if she owes rent, they may confiscate her pillow, like Rabbi Dvorkin's old landlady did when he was a young lad at the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Russia.

On Friday night, Hershel Gorman from London was the Chazan. He is a good cantor with a nice voice. I expected him to sing some Lubavitcher tunes in the "Lecho Dodi", but I think he was overawed by the occasion and was satisfied to canter along (sorry for the pun).

Yisroel Goldshmidt had resigned from his job of keeping the boys, who always congregated behind the Rebbe, - in order. I told him that he cannot, must not, and dare not give up this job, and allow the kids to run wild behind the Rebbe's back.

These young lads have a new system. They have been told - and they know quite well, that they are not permitted to talk during certain parts of the service - although some do ignore this rule and even answer back - rudely.

They now converse in sign language, mouthing and miming the words - and even making words up from the letters in the Siddur, and showing their great displeasure when their friends fail to understand the gist of the "conversation". The subsequent poke in the eye or punch on the nose, are definitely not mimed, and the usual reaction takes place with fisticuffs and blows being exchanged. Some boys are not even averse to using their feet. All this - behind the Rebbe's back!

So, until Yisroel finds himself a wife (he will automatically lose this job when that happy event takes place), he will have to do his best on behalf of us all.

No one else will take on this task to control the boys. It is tough, onerous, and thankless, so surely this should give him much incentive to get married.

Friday night, we were invited to Raizie and Myer (Mincowitz's) for Shabbos dinner. Raizie genuinely and generously wanted us to come for all our Shabbos and Yom Tov meals to her home. That was not possible, however, we had long standing invitations to visit other close friends of ours. And - it was also convenient - and selfish - to have some meals at our own apartment.

Incidentally, we again had good neighbours. The Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen had moved in next door (to 770 and to us) to the Library for Shabbos and Yom Tov.

Next day, Shabbos, quite unexpectedly, it was announced that a Farbraingen would take place at 1.30p.m.

I had an hour to spare, so I rushed home, made Kiddush for Roselyn, had a little to eat - and dashed back to 770, to reserve my seat and to be in time for the Rebbe's entrance.

The Rebbe always sets an excellent example regarding time-keeping and punctuality. If a Farbraingen is announced to commence at 1.30p.m, one can be absolutely certain that the Rebbe will walk into the Hall at 1.29p.m.

And yet, most of the Lubavitch Chassidim will invariably arrive not only late, but very late for an affair.

At a Family Simcha, guests were invited to an "At Home" from four till seven. One Lubavitch relative arrived at four minutes to seven. That was not so bad, because another relation arrived on the following afternoon.

We once had a Rabbi in our Shool who gave us a Shiur every Shabbos from five till six. One day, he actually arrived at five to six. A five minutes Shiur!!

FARBRAINGEN

At those Farbraingen which we used to attend at 770, twenty five years ago, the Rebbe related to us (1) various Sichos- talks - on the Sedra of the week and (2) a Maamer - which was a deep and profound discourse or thesis on Chassidus. This was the centre-piece of the Farbraingen.

When the Rebbe's mother, Rebbetzen Channah (O.H.) passed away, the Rebbe Shlita, held a farbraingen every Shabbos at which he introduced (3) a new theme - a Sicho on Rashi.

This was a skillful and scholarly review on a verse of Rashi from the week's Sedra.

The Rebbe would discuss and analyse this one verse and ask as many as twenty questions on it.

The Rebbe would then answer these twenty questions by quoting different Rashis from far and wide, - from different passages of the Chumash, the Prophets and Holy writings, from the Mishna and Gemorras and even from the Psalms.

The manner in which the Rebbe brought in all those various Rashis to prove some points in the verse which we were discussing was a masterpiece of Scholarship and ingenuity.

During the Farbraingen, which were held in between Pesach and Shovuos, the Rebbe would discourse on another topic (4) Pirkei Avos, the Ethics of the Fathers.

During present day Farbraingen, the Rebbe also includes the following subject matters (5) that day's portion of the Sedra, (6) that day's portion of the Tehillim. Occasionally, the Rebbe mentions (7) the Zohar and often (8) the Gemorra.

Since last Yud Alef Nissan, the Rebbe's eighty second birthday (till one hundred and twenty), the Rebbe has also included (9) that day's portion of the works of the Rambam.

Therefore at one Farbraingen, the Rebbe might discuss as many as nine subject matters or topics, which the Rebbe proves are connected and interwoven with each other.

At that Yud Alef Nissan Farbraingen, the Rebbe suggested that it was most important to learn Rambam every day. He reckoned out that if one studied three chapters every day, then one could learn the whole Rambam in twelve months. Many Chapters contained as many as twenty five to thirty five Halachas. Some, even forty and more, therefore the Rebbe considered that to learn about one hundred Halachas on some days - in addition to one's usual fixed studies - might be too much for those people whose days were taken up mostly with business affairs.

So the Rebbe suggested that these men or communities, should learn just one chapter a day, and therefore it would take them three years to complete the whole of the Mishna Torah of the Rambam.

The Rambam is very concise, straightforward, uncomplicated and unambiguous Halacha. There is no need to seek hidden meanings or mystical explanations.

The Rebbe related the following story as an example of what could occur. A certain man passed away and went to Heaven. There he maintained that it was not so easy to comprehend exactly what the Rambam had intended to convey in his Halachas. He boasted that he was so well versed in the Rambam's teachings, that he could find one hundred different explanations on one Halacha.

The A-mighty remarked that it would be very simple to prove what the Rambam had intended to convey. All He had to do was to call the author himself and ask him.

The Rambam came along and was asked what he had implied in certain Halachas. The Rambam was amazed and replied that each Halacha had just one straightforward and logical meaning.

The Rambam wrote that even little children would understand his writings and theses.

Dr. Shochet had another story about a similar cantankerous gentleman who also boasted to the A-mighty that "he knew all the answers", and could challenge dissent, when anyone quoted words of Torah. The A-mighty invited him to give an example of his prowess. "Oh No", replied this fellow, "Let the A-mighty quote some Torah and I will challenge it, find fault and disagree with it"!!

Rabbi Nimiton remarked to me that "They complain that the Rambam has become a Lubavitcher. Well, he certainly suffered from the Satmar type Jews of that period. He was actually put into Cherem (Coventry) and his books banned. Yes, he was a Lubavitcher alright. Our Rebbe is going through the whole process today.

At that Yud Alef Nissan Farbraingen, mentioned above, the thousandth edition of the Tanya had just been published TAF (400) TAF (400) RAISH (200). This contained the fascimiles of the frontispieces and the numbers of every Tanya ever printed - one thousand in all (This number has been surpassed since then).

The Rebbe distributed a copy to every single person who was present at that Farbraingen.

"When one learns in this Tanya, it is as if one learns in all the thousand Tanyas all together, at once". Our Manchester edition was number 378, and a nice photograph of the frontispiece was shown.

I do recall that two years ago, I attended a Yud Alef Farbraingen, and the Rebbe also distributed a similar comprehensive Tanya weighed nine ounces.

I reckoned out at that time, that the Rebbe had personally handled over five tons of Tanyas. It was a very exhausting exercise.

It came as no surprise to me that at this year's Yud Alef Nissan Farbraingen, the Rebbe allocated the task of distribution to his Tankisten, his agents.

Each copy weighed almost three pounds. Therefore, assuming that the total number of people who attended both Farbraingen were the same, (which, of course, is a wrong premise, as every year sees a huge increase in attendances) then it would mean that over fifteen tons of Tanyas were handed out that night. This is a lot of weight for one man, even a Superman to handle on his own. But, when in addition this weight consists of many thousands of three pound parcels, it is even more difficult.

I very much desired to own one of these special-historical Tanyas. The Rebbetzen even suggested that if I asked the Rebbe I might be lucky to be given a copy.

But, just at that time. I was visiting the Lubavitch Wholesale Book Store, opposite to 770. I asked Rabbi Michel Aron Zeligson, the manager (and a son of Dr. Zeligson, the Rebbe's doctor) whether he had any spare copies of this edition. Rabbi Zeligson was delighted to meet me and praised my book highly and profusely - and - could I manage to spare a copy for his wife? - She wanted her own signed copy. He then presented me with his own publication of the Lubavitch Hayom Yom (Daily Diary) with additional commentaries by himself, plus a new biography of the Rebbe. All this he gave me as a gift.

Then to business! Yes, he did have some of these Tanyas at ten dollars - but to me, only eight dollars, fifty, and for TWO copies, fifteen dollars for the LOT - a real bargain!

He is a nice boy, with a nice dad. A good doctor, who when I visited him professionally a few years ago, told me an interesting story, which is worth repeating.

A fellow was not feeling well and went to the doctor for an examination. The doctor pronounced that there was nothing very seriously wrong with the patient, and charged him ten dollars. He handed him a prescription for some medicine to be made up by the Chemist. The patient took this note to the Chemist, who charged him ten dollars for the bottle of medicine. The patient paid over the money and took possession of the bottle. He then immediately emptied all the contents down the drain. The Chemist remonstrated with the fellow and wanted to know the reason for this absurd behaviour.

"Well", replied the patient, "I paid the doctor ten dollars - he has to live. I paid you ten dollars - you have to live as well, and I spilled out the medicine, because - well - I also have to live!"

As a matter of fact, Dr. Zeligsan always related to me some good words of Torah.

As expected, the Farbraingen on Shabbos commenced on the stroke of 1.30p.m. It lasted four hours, after which we davened Mincha.

In view of what I have written above, it was interesting to hear the Rebbe give (1) a Maamer, then (2) a Comprehensive Rashi Sicho on a certain verse in the portion of today's Sedra of the week - i.e. from Shevii until the end. The Rebbe then compared this Rashi commentary to (3) another verse in Vayikra, plus (4) one on today's Rambam Shiur, coupled with (5) today's Perek Shiur, and finally (6) the Zohar was also mentioned.

The Rebbe went through the whole range of these quotations and explained the connection between all these subjects.

It was really a most profound scholarly and expert discourse. It was so lengthy that the Rebbe divided it into two parts.

MORE ACTIVITIES

Next morning, Sunday, at 9.00a.m., a special bus drew up to 770, and thirty five people alighted - all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Rebbe. I realised that they were not Lubavitcher Chassidim because not one of these thirty five people - men or women, wore a head-covering. One of our own Lubavitch boys - the one with the hat - acted as guide, and gave a lecture whilst some of the party were busy with Cameras and Movie films.

It seemed that they had come by charter bus from Washington D.C. to see the sights of New York. One of the famous places on their itinerary was the Headquarters of the Lubavitcher Rebbe at 770.

They all wanted to see the Rebbe, so they first of all went along to the new Mikvah in Union Street, not to have a dip, but to see what a Mikvah looks like, and to learn why one should keep "Family Purity".

They returned to 770 and waited for the Rebbe. This was the opportunity for some of our "boys" to have a field day, putting on Tefillin with all the men.

The visitors had a tight schedule and just could not wait to see the Rebbe who was a little later than usual. When they left, all the men wore Yarmulkas. Mrs. Shoshana Angyalfi (from Leeds) who had been standing by, overheard some of these tourists remarking how friendly were these Chassidim. She also heard one man say that they put a little box on his hand, and another little box on his head. Then he recited a little prayer. It was all very unusual, exciting and thrilling.

Later on, at 5.30p.m we paid our first visit to our dear Rebbetzen. We spent a truly lovely and relaxing two and half hours, and we were invited to come again on Yom Tov - after Mincha. The Rebbetzen suggested that we should join the marchers and walk right around the block. Sholom Gansberg would open the front door for us at exactly 6.00p.m and so save us the bother of knocking - which in any case would be difficult to hear, as the Rebbetzen and Sholom were ensconced at the rear of the building

Sholom is a nice jolly, friendly little fellow. He is a young man in his early forties and assists the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen. He was in SAMARKAND, Russia, at the same time as the Itkins. His family fled from Leningrad when the Germans approached, and eventually found themselves in Samarkand - thousands of miles away from the War and the battlefields.

The Jewish people soon opened some sort of businesses to make a livelihood. Sholom was about seven years old at that time.

After the war, they struggled and straggled all over Europe and suffered many trials and tribulations.

Mrs Itkin's eldest child was born in Russia. The next one in Vienna, another in Paris - and eventually all reached the safe haven of New York, where the rest of her children were born.

During the course of the few hours which we spent with the Rebbetzen, she invited Sholom to join us for some little time. He subsequently thanked me very warmly and said he had spent a wonderful time in our company, and he had enjoyed every minute of it. He is really a very good lad!

I subsequently presented our new Manchester Hebrew/English Tanya to the Rebbetzen. She was delighted and said, "Thank you very much indeed and how much should I pay?" The fact that the Rebbetzen had accepted this Tanya with such charm and grace was sufficient payment.

On Monday, the day before Erev Shovuos, the temperature had soared to over eighty five degrees and was still rising fast.

At 1.00p.m., I met Yitzchok Sufrin, who was just emerging from 770. He remarked, "Do not think that I have been davenning all morning, but with the temperature at over eighty five degrees outside, 770 is the only air conditioned public building around here."

Roeslyn and I had just seen the Rebbe and received a beautiful smile and a prolonged hand wave from him. The Rebbe is marvelous! K.A.H.

And yet, tomorrow the Rebbe is due to visit the Ohel again, and will be present most of the day in this hot humid atmosphere. T.G. He always remains cheerful and ready to bestow his gorgeous smile on me - and even more so on Roselyn who has been very lucky all week to meet the Rebbe ALMOST DAILY outside 770, and to become the beneficiary of these special smiles from the Rebbe.

There is usually a Farbraingen on the night of Erev Shovuos. It was impossible to discover whether there would - or not - be a Farbraingen on that Monday night. I, and many others were very certain that there would be one, but even Rabbi Chadakov could not confirm this. I seriously considered telephoning Sholom Weiss, in Manchester, who is in charge of the broadcasts - he would know alright.

In the event, there was a very nice, lively and concentrated Farbraingen, from 9.45p.m. until 12.15a.m. - two and a half hours. Some very nice Sichos and a twenty five minute Maamer. Here are some of the points which the Rebbe mentioned on that evening.

"At Mount Sinai, at the Giving of the Torah, all the Jews, including the Six Hundred Thousand adult males were gathered together as, "one man, with one heart - one nation". They exclaimed, we will do (obey-first) and then we will listen (understand).

Similarly, we are also gathered together in a holy place, a house of prayer, all praying the same words, and looking towards the East - Israel, Jerusalem. The Temple and the Holy of Holies - all together and with one voice.

G-d spoke to everyone individually - in the singular, "I am THY G-d" who brought THEE out of Egypt. Each person was able to repeat to others what he had heard from the A-mighty.

A man gives Tzedoko with a good heart, his parents taught him that - his Yeshiva too, but when he hears G-d Himself say give Tzedoko, then this is a different category, and he should give with a smiling face.

When the Jews were at Mount Sinai, and had to fulfil this Mitzvah of Tzedoko, each and every one of them were rich, having taken all the spoils of Egypt. (But even if they were not rich, what good was gold and silver to them in the wilderness). The only Tzedoko they could practise was the one of Hachnossas Orchim - hospitality.

They were so happy around Mount Sinai – no worries, not even regarding food and clothing. They learned Torah, and so they did not wish to move from that place. But in the portion of the week, which coincided with Shovuos, on Thursday, we read and learn that G-D told the Jews to get going and to travel onwards, It was of no use sitting and learning all day when one had a job to do, - to get to Eretz Yisroel where the Torah could be practised to the fullest possible extent, in all aspects. (So off they went, as Rabbi Chadakov remarked later, with a Seder (order), with flags flying and bands playing.)

In the portion we read tomorrow, we learn all about Pesach Sheni. That is - if a Jew is a very long way (from Judaism), then he still has a chance of celebrating Pesach, a month later and thus come back to Yiddishkeit."

The Rebbe then mentioned that we had to count fifty days of Sefira, and every second was precious. We should all have a joyful Yom Tov with everything we desired or needed.

One Mitzvah brings forth another Mitzvah. Ahavas Yisroel - Love - brings forth Achdus, Unity - One Man - One Heart. How can a man love someone else as much as himself? - Only because it is a Mitzvah, a Commandment from the Torah.

The Rebbe then enumerated the Mivtzaim, and when he came to those that concerned the women, he reminded us that the womenfolk were the "Crown of the House", and that the women were told first about the Ten Commandments.

The Rebbe concluded with the Shiur of Rambam (Sefer Zemanim and Hilchos Shabbos) and the Siyum of the Mesechta SOTAH.

Incidentally, I wish to thank Yisroel Noach Vogel, the son of Hughie, of London, who was of great assistance to me in obtaining some written Sichos, and also explained very well, a number of others.

When the Farbraingen had ended, but before the Rebbe left the hall, he called the Tankisten (Mitzvah TANK drivers and Mivtzoim workers in general) to collect from him WADS of dollar bills for distribution to all those who were present. One gentleman joined the Queue and the Rebbe handed him a packet of dollars, which he thought were all for himself. The Rebbe had to remind him that he was only entitled to one dollar for himself - his duty was to distribute the rest.

Another boy did not join the line or queue, and directly approached the Rebbe - facing him. The Rebbe was not too pleased and spoke a little harshly to this boy, who turned sadly away. The Rebbe had compassion on him, recalled him, and personally handed him a dollar bill.

It was now Erev Yom Tov. The Rebbe had gone off to visit the Ohel, and I decided to have a haircut.

My old friend, the proprietor of the Tonsorial Parlor (In English – a plain Barber Shop), had finally retired from work.

A new hairdresser had opened up a block or two away. I thought that I would give him a chance and went there for a haircut.

When I entered, the barber was already cutting a client's hair. Another fellow, nicely dressed, in a sombre suit and sporting a nice trilby hat, was sweeping the floor.

He beckoned me to sit in the other vacant chair, and without putting on any protective clothing or overalls he commenced to tie an apron around me.

He then asked me whether I wanted a haircut with a machine or with scissors. I asked him what was the difference. He replied that the difference was three dollars, because by machine it would cost four dollars, but with a scissors it would cost seven dollars. I had never heard that one before. At home, my barber uses scissors, comb and machine, plus cheerful courtesy and only charges me a dollar and a half, including his tip.

So, I said four dollars was enough and get going, cut off my hair - and I was in a hurry.

It seemed that his barber was also in a hurry, he switched on his electric machine and used it as a small lawn mower over my head. He ran the machine from ear to ear - over my scalp, and from forehead to the back of my neck, also over the top of my head.

The whole operation took exactly ninety seconds, and I then understood where the scissors came in - or in my case, where they did not come in. Because, obviously, there was no finesse and all the edges were left ragged and untrimmed.

I do have a gardener at home who mows and cuts our lawn like that - he then also charges extra for trimming the edges.

SHOVUOS

On the first day of Shovuos, the Shool was crowded, especially with women who had brought all their children including little babies, to listen to the Ten Commandments. These, as indicated by the Rebbe, were read by the Baal Koreh, in a loud voice, during the Kriass HaTorah.

Unfortunately, most of the babies were not quite sure of the procedure, and insisted upon accompanying the Baal Koreh. Many men commenced to bang their feet and clap their hands in order to quieten these babies, who, in turn, misconstrued what the men intended to convey, and took this as a mark of approval and encouragement, and so lifted up their voices a couple of octaves higher still. Fortunately it was a short laying, and I considered that the competition ended in a draw.

I now wear Platform Shoes at 770 - People stand on them (with my feet still inside) and use them as a Platform to obtain a better view of the proceedings.

The Rebbe had been called up to recite the Haftorah, as usual. I was already on the Bimah having been honoured with the last Aliya. As I have stated on more than one occasion, this is the best Aliya, because this allows one to remain on the Bimah whilst the Rebbe is reciting the Haftorah, and it enables one to hear and see in comfort.

It also enabled me to see a very peculiar and unusual happening. During the reading of the Maftir (prior to the Rebbe's Haftorah), the Baal Koreh and everyone concerned, were leaning downwards towards the Sefer Torah which was lying on the Shulchan (The Table), so as to enable them to read the words in the Torah.

After the Hagba and Gellila, when the Torah was held up aloft and then removed from the Table, a button or other gadget was pressed, which released a spring. The top of the Table then rose about Six inches or more, and enabled the Rebbe to read the Haftorah, standing almost erect and without having to be in discomfort by bending his neck or body.

On this first day of Shovuos, Roselyn and I were again honoured by Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky to be their guests for luncheon.

Moishe had been very upset to read again in my book - such glowing accounts about their gorgeous Shovuos milky luncheon, which was followed about an hour later, by the sumptuous meaty repast, to which scores of guests had done ample justice.

Moishe was extremely adamant that I should not mention these occasions in detail. It made him and Rivka most embarrassed. If I did insist on writing about these meals, then they would be most annoyed.

I do not wish to offend such outstanding and charming people, nor do I want to lose their friendship and the opportunity to be their guests amongst so many distinguished,

happy and cheerful people. So, I will content myself by stating that Roselyn and I were again delighted to be the guests of Rivka and Moishe at their splendid luncheon on Shovuos, which, we, together with their innumerable other guests enjoyed to the fullest possible extent.

Mendel Liberow informed me that he takes the "Release hour" every Wednesday. (Children are allowed to take off from school for an hour to study Hebrew subjects, given mostly by Lubavitch young men and women).

On Shovuos, he took with him, nine other older boys - to ensure a Minyan - and a Sefer Torah in which to layen to read the portion of the Ten Commandments for the children. It took them one and a half hours to walk to Canal Street, Manhattan - and only ten children turned up. This was a good sign because normally about thirty children attended his release hour, so it seemed that most of the children had stayed away from School on Shovuos - and gone to their own Shool from their own home.

Moishe Mayer Vogel went to his usual East Flatbush for Release Hour. All the usual thirty children were present - "Nebech" - a pity - these all went to School on Yom Tov.

Mendel Liberow walked all the way back to 770 and then walked to Boro Park on the Official March. Both of these young Manchester men mentioned above, have, since then, received their Rabbinical Semicha.

A coloured fellow wished to know to where all these thousands of boys were walking. And for what? - and why walk?!

The Rebbe was very keen that all should participate in this march. He particularly encouraged the older men to take part.

Unfortunately, my bad leg would not allow me to join in, so I did what the Rebbetzen had suggested - to walk with the marchers for a few hundred yards or so and then return around the block.

We then made our way to the library where the Rebbetzen was awaiting our presence. Sholom Gansberg was looking out for us and enabled us to enter without any trouble.

We spent another very relaxing and pleasant hour or so. It was really very nice, cosy and comfortable.

Someone asked Roselyn whether she had just returned from Florida. "No", she replied, "I have spent just two afternoons sitting on the bench outside 770".

Last week, Roselyn was serving hot porridge for breakfast, this week it is ice-cream.

SHOVUOS FARBRAINGEN

On the second day of Shovuos, the Farbraingen was due to commence immediately after the Mincha service, which was to be held upstairs in the Beis Hamedrash at 7.30p.m. Even hours before that time, the large Shool downstairs was already packed tightly with men and boys who wished to ensure a "good" place for the Farbraingen.

In pursuance of my usual policy, that is - I always daven with the Rebbe's minyan, so that my poor prayers will become intermingled and integrated with those of the Rebbe, and so, MAYBE, will prove more acceptable to the A-mighty.

This means that I invariably have the greatest difficulty in obtaining my usual seat at the Farbraingen.

For the past few years, I have been fortunate that some of my grandsons, either Yossi or Dovid, have been around to save my place. But, at this moment, Yossi was in South Africa and Dovid in England.

For the midweek Farbraingen, I had sat in my usual spot from 8.15p.m until 9.20p.m. I then rushed upstairs for the Maariv service. When I returned, I did not fare too badly, because the main influx of people had not yet arrived for Yom Tov. Even on the previous Shabbos, there was a little more room, because that Farbraingen was unexpected. There had been one on the Shabbos before, at which the Rebbe had presented a bottle of Mashke for the Fund Raising Dinner on behalf of the Ohelai Torah School, which was to take place over a week later. So, it was pretty certain that there would be no Farbraingen on this Shabbos.

However, the only certain thing was - "that the only predictable thing about the Rebbe is his unpredictability".

Today, when I finally arrived at my usual place, after Mincha, I discovered that the whole bench was packed solid with men - quite a lot of new faces too. I complained to my neighbour, Rabbi J.J., that as he knew I was upstairs, he should have saved my seat. He countered by saying that he had stopped another five men from joining the scramble for my most popular place.

I just managed to squeeze my feet onto the bench, and waited to put my plan "operation the Rebbe is here" into effect. That is - when the Rebbe arrives and all stand up - then I slide into the vacant space and sit down.

But - when the Rebbe arrived, J.J. would not - or, probably could not stand up. I did manage to slip in, sideways, but encountered the solid iron pillar, which, although standing erect, refused to budge - not even a millimetre.

My poor bad, left foot remained crushed against this pillar. I was in such agony that I had no alternative but to drag my foot out of the agonising and painful position. I had to

get out from there, immediately, even although the Rebbe was preparing to make the blessing over the bread.

I scrambled over the table and pushed my way out of that intolerable and dangerous position, and was prepared to stand in the aisle, between the two centre tables facing the Rebbe.

This passageway - the only one in the whole place – had to be kept clear so that if any of the older men had the need or urge to attend to their wants, then they could leave and return, unimpeded.

But, I regret to state that even this aisle was full of men and boys sitting on boxes, on crates or just standing. The only solution was that I should retreat and join the boys, at the rear, although I would have found it intolerable and impossible to stand continuously for five or six hours.

But, Benjy Stock came to my aid. He is a real "tough guy" - not tall - but broad and hefty. He guards this passageway and stops intruders from trespassing. It was bad enough with Benjy, but without him, there would have been chaos and anarchy.

Well - this wonderful Benjy stated that the Rebbe would not allow me to remain standing amongst the boys and might even announce that they should "find a seat for Schneur Zalmon".

To avoid that awkward situation, he pushed one man who was sitting on the bench to the left, and heaved another to the right - pushing and heaving and pushing until he had made a small aperture, for me. (I am certain that Benjy could have shifted the iron girder for me too).

I had just started to edge my way into this small space, when Rabbi Yehuda Keller, who was sitting further up the table, nearer to the Rebbe, said that he would exchange places with me. He must have listened carefully to the Rebbe's Sicho regarding Hachnossas Orchim, hospitality.

This Yehuda Keller officiates at the Omud, occasionally on Yom Tov, especially during Succos. He is a good Baal Teffila - reader - who gets on with the job. He is the only Chazzan who can keep up with the Rebbe. The Rebbe davens very fast, and when a slow Chazzan is officiating, the Rebbe may do a lot of learning whilst waiting for this Chazzan to overtake.

Well - I was in!! - very firmly wedged in between my two neighbours. They were very good and friendly men, and we took it in turns to move our hands or legs.

It was rather different to the time long ago, when I sat between two men who had left their engines running. - Whilst one man's engine would be gently ticking over, the other fellow's engine would be going at top speed. His knees and legs were shaking so hard,

against me, that my teeth were chattering. When this fellow turned off his engine, the other man's started with the same unfortunate reactions.

The Rebbe mentioned that there were still very many towns and cities in countless countries which had not yet printed the Tanya. The matter was becoming urgent and vital.

I met a fellow afterwards from a city in the U.S.A. They had not printed the Tanya in this town. They had been short of money or short of "desire" - but they were very keen now. He had never heard the Rebbe speak so forcefully on this subject before.

In today's Chumash portion, the Rebbe stated that the Jews had received the Ten Commandments and they now started to move away from Mount Sinai on their travels to Eretz Yisroel.

"NOT like here in Crown Heights" remarked the Rebbe, "When a march was arranged to go to "MAKAREV" Jews - to bring them closer to Yiddishkeit and make them happy on Yom Tov - and yet many men stayed behind at "Mount Sinai". They could not and did not want to leave this centre of Torah (770). They considered it more important to sit and learn at the spot where the Torah was given. But, today's portion says "No", get moving and spread Yiddishkeit all over and to everyone - everywhere".

I enjoyed an unusual experience when the Rebbe commenced the Maamer. Normally, I stand right in front of the Rebbe, and well protected by my many neighbours all standing during this Maamer.

But, in this instance, as soon as the Rebbe started very quietly and softly - and a little difficult to hear even from where I stood, there was such an onrush of boys and men to get as near as possible to the Rebbe, that all were swept off their feet in this stampede.

Yes - swept off their feet, but still left "standing" upright: just held up by their neighbours bodies and shoulders with feet hardly touching the ground.

I had mentioned Yehuda Keller's remarks about Hospitality - and the Rebbe's Sichon on this subject - that most of the Jews standing around Mount Sinai had plenty of gold and silver as well as jewels, so they could not perform the Mitzvah of Tzedoko by giving alms to the poor - so they fulfilled this Mitzvah by giving hospitality.

I cannot blame my friends who were still sitting in my usual seat, entirely, for their lack of "Hachnossas Orchim". They would not - or perhaps, dared not leave their "own Mount Sinai".

They had a good place, and they took no chances by leaving, or looking after Zalmon Jaffe. They had nowhere else to travel - to go to.

I will readily admit, however, that this Mitzvah of Hachnossas Orchim is certainly practised to a very marked degree in Crown Heights, generally.

Roselyn and I have been the proud recipients of many dozens of kind and sincere invitations for meals - every Yom Tov - Shabbos - and even when we have been accompanied by half a dozen or more of our grandchildren - Raizie and Myer mincowitz, Lippa and Malka Brennan, our friends from Manchester – and of course, Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky, to name just a few.

At this Farbraingen, the Rebbe became so excited during the singing that he started clapping his hands faster and faster.

I know that I write this every year. At the Childrens Rally, I could not bear to watch the Rebbe. But - at one moment this evening, it seemed that I was watching a film of the Rebbe clapping his hands very fast - when suddenly the film was speeded up to four times the normal tempo. I have used the expression before, of seeing just a blur of the Rebbe's hands, but this was just outstanding. It was supreme. I tried to follow the Rebbe's example - it was just hopeless and impossible, even if I could find the energy and stamina.

In another Sicho, the Rebbe was terribly annoyed with some Rabbonim in Israel who had prohibited little girls from lighting candles on Friday or Yom Tov nights. These Rabbonim maintained that it was now a Lubavitch custom, and one should not take orders or notice from a Rabbi in New York. They now say, that the Rambam is also a Lubavitcher now, (so maybe they should not now study Rambam).

At the conclusion of the Farbraingen, the Rebbe led the Benching, the Grace after Meals.

The Maariv service was recited and thereafter the Rebbe made Havdola, after which he distributed to the many thousands of people Koss Shel Brocha, the wine from the Rebbe's Havdola glass. Everyone filed past the Rebbe, who filled each and everyones cup with a little wine. When the Rebbe's own Bechar, cup was three parts empty, this glass would be filled again by Myer Harlick or another of the Rebbe's aides. This ensured that there would always be some minute drops of the original Havdola wine in the Rebbe's cup.

It took many hours - until 4.00a.m for the Rebbe to serve everyone, individually, but it was a happy and joyful occasion. Even those boys who had already received their ration insisted in remaining until the very end of the Koss Shel Brocha distribution.

KINUS HATORAH AND SOME MORE ANECDOTES

The Kinus Hatorah always takes place on Isru Chag, the day after Yom Tov, which this year was a Friday. Because this was a comparatively short day - with most people preparing for Shabbos, it was decided to continue the Kinus Hatorah on the following Sunday too.

Rabbi Mentelik invited me to choose whichever day I preferred - so I chose the Sunday.

On Shabbos, everyone expected that there would be a Farbraingen. But, to everyone's surprise and dismay – none was announced.

So again - "The only predictable thing about the Rebbe is his unpredictability". Last Shabbos - against all odds there was one, and yet today we had a "let down".

What was worse was that everybody wanted me to explain to them why there was no Farbraingen today. Why - and Why! I was told in no uncertain terms that I should bang and knock on the Rebbe's door and demand a Farbraingen! Silly people!

One fellow indicated that this was the second Shabbos - another one said it was the third time that there was no Farbraingen on a Shabbos since I have been coming here for twenty five years.

I was told that the unexpected Farbraingen last Shabbos was in my Zechus (Merit). "So what went wrong today, it is all your fault, Zalmon". (I just cannot win!)

That night, immediately after Shabbos, we performed the Mitzvah of "Mekadish HeLevona". (The monthly sanctification of the New Moon)

This time there was an innovation. On previous occasions, the Rebbe would descend down the steps of 770 followed and enveloped by a huge unruly crowd. The Rebbe would then search for the most suitable spot, from where to see the moon. He would hold his Siddur and say the verses therein. When he came to the words Sholom Aleichem, the Rebbe would turn to the nearest person, say these words and receive the Aleichem Sholom in reply. These words are said three times, so the Rebbe turns to three different people. One can imagine the shtupping and pushing going on, all around the Rebbe. Each one trying to be the beneficiary of the Rebbe's greetings. It was a constant surprise to me that the Rebbe was not G-d forbid, physically harmed in this turmoil and pandemonium.

But this year - at long last, things were different and more disciplined. The Rebbe's shtendur, his lectern, was brought out first, and placed in the most appropriate position on the lawn. A special portable electric light was placed on this lectern. So, when the Rebbe arrived, he went straight to the shtendur, and placed his Siddur thereon.

The huge crowds of people were kept away from the Rebbe's actual person by the iron railings around the lawn and by the stone wall alongside the pavement. When the Rebbe reached the verse of Sholom Aleichem, he would turn his head around and greet the first person whom he saw.

I suppose that when the moon was at a certain angle, and could not be seen from the lawn, that arrangements were made to position the lectern at another well-protected place.

I received regards about Yossi, my grandson, who was one of the Rebbe's Shiluchim in the new Yeshiva in South Africa. Michael Gurary, a cousin of Itchie Mayer and Nussy, told me that his parents reside in South Africa, and have informed him that Yossi is doing a great job there. He has organised Tzivas Hashem and has four hundred children in the School.

I asked him whether Yossi intended to come to 770 for the month of Tishrei. Michael replied that he was trying very hard to achieve that ambition. Actually, those boys studying in Australia (the Rebbe's Shiluchim) were entitled to visit 770 every TWO years. There was no precedent for South Africa, and the fare was twelve hundred dollars (cheap ticket) for each boy - ten boys would cost the Yeshiva twelve thousand dollars, which, to me, seemed a lot of money.

Subsequently, during the following months, Yossi was the ringleader and spokesman to try and arrange for the ten boys to visit 770 for Tishrei - until - one fine day, the Rebbe himself took a hand and told all the boys to please be so good as to remain in South Africa until further notice.

I was interested to hear that, Yossi, who possessed every edition of "My Encounter", was lending them to very many people with resounding success.

During the two weeks which we spent at our apartment at 760 Eastern Parkway, next door to the Rebbe's library, and next door but one to 770, we had constant trouble with motorists who parked their cars, without permission, in our narrow drive. Some of these cars were so wide that there was no room whatsoever for wheeling the "Shopper", or even to walk through to the door of our apartment.

One morning, I was very annoyed because a car was parked in such a terrible position that it became necessary to climb onto the wall in order to get through to Eastern Parkway. Every morning, I had left notes on the windscreens informing the drivers that I would take police action to remove their cars. But, of course, I did not - until that very morning. I complained to the Cop who was on duty at the corner of Kingston Avenue and Eastern Parkway. The policeman, strode purposely forward and said, "I will give him a summons and it will cost him twenty five dollars".

I prevailed upon the cop to leave it "this time", and subsequently discovered that the car belonged to our dear friend Chessed Halberstram. It would have been one way to break up a good friendship.

THE KINUS HATORAH ITSELF

As I have mentioned above, the Kinus Hatorah took place on two different days. The second and final part being on the Sunday.

Generally, this Kinus coincides with the day of our departure, and I am under great pressure to deliver my address at an early hour, so as not to miss my plane home.

But this year I had no excuse, so I was prepared to sit back and listen to the learned Rabbonim relating the words of Torah.

The Big Shool downstairs was being prepared for the "General" Yechidus - a contradiction in terms, except as I have mentioned many years ago, that when the Rebbe spoke, even to an audience of many thousands, each listener had the feeling that the Rebbe was talking only to him - or to her.

The Yechidus was due to commence at 8.00pm that evening. So the Kinus Hatorah took place upstairs, in the Beis Hamedrash.

Rabbi Yaul Kahn, who represented the Rebbe, was always the first speaker. Then, Rabbi Elberg followed. He spread out in front of him four very large Seforim - Gemorrahs, and so forth, for reference.

About ninety people were present - and one of these was a real good "sport", and constantly argued with Rabbi Elberg. It was good fun - for us.

Rabbi Aisenbach from Jerusalem, prefaced his remarks with "I have only a few short words" - but it still took him twenty minutes to convey his message - and only forty people were now in the Hall.

At 5.30p.m Rabbi Hecht from Eilat, Israel commenced his address and when he concluded, twenty five minutes later, the audience had now dwindled to only thirty strong.

Rabbi Hecht's son really enjoyed the bad rainy weather. Living in Eilat, he hardly ever saw rain from one year to the next.

Rabbi Mentelik had estimated that I would be called upon to speak at 6.00p.m. It was now just a minute to six o'clock, very good time-keeping, when Rabbi Mentelik called up the next speaker - But it was not me. It was Rabbi Chazzan from Australia, and he spent some little time in arguing with a member of the audience.

At 6.10p.m soda and cake were served. I had been sitting there for over two hours, so I could appreciate a little light refreshment.

At 6.25p.m. Rabbi Mentelick announced that Zalmon Jaffe will be speaking very soon, but meanwhile, "I will submit to you various points from the Rambam - and so for your edification..... and so on and so forth". He also had a private argument with a member of the audience.

However, at long last, I was invited to speak by Rabbi Mentelik. He introduced me in his own unimitable manner, praising me, my wife, my children and my grandchildren.

I thanked Rabbi Mentelick for his kind words, and reminded my audience that I had been speaking at these Kinus Hatorah for about Seventeen Years, on the direct orders of the Rebbe. We read the Sedra of Behaloscho on Shaboss and from Sedra I have leant two very important lessons regarding the vital attributes of a Rebbe. I made no excuses for mentioning these again. Lesson No. 1: Moishe Rabbeinu was asked by certain men, who desired to bring the Korban Pesach (sacrifice), but were at that time unclean. They wanted to know what to do - for instance, whether someone else could bring this sacrifice on their behalf - at the correct time, and if they could eat this later on that evening. But Moishe did not know what to do, so he decided to enquire from the A-mighty. At once, he received the reply to his query, and Rashi states on this verse, "How happy is the man who can ask his Rebbe, shaalas, questions, at any time and immediately receive an answer". (That they could celebrate a Pesach Sheni - another "Korban" Pesach, four weeks later.)

We also can T.G. ask Our Rebbe shaalas, and we do obtain the replies to our urgent questions straight away.

Lesson No. 2: At the end of the Sedra, we learn that even Aaron, the High Priest, the Kohen Godol, needed a Rebbe. His sister, Miriam, was desperately ill and Aaron who was the elder brother of Moishe and also a Novi - a prophet, in his own right, had to approach his Rebbe, Moishe, and beg of him to intercede on his behalf and on behalf of his sister Miriam to the A-mighty for a speedy recovery for Miriam.

Therefore, if a man of such outstanding attributes and stature as Aaron, needed a Rebbe, then surely we ordinary and "little" people certainly do need a Rebbe.

TEMPORARY FAREWELL

As I have mentioned above, the General Yechidus took place on that Sunday evening at 8.00p.m. Various groups were formed - for instance - Visitors; Bar-Mitzvah boys and their Parents; Brides and Grooms; Returning Yeshiva Boys; and so on.

We were leaving New York on the next day and we joined the "Visitors" group, which was the first to enter the Large Shool Hall. A table had been placed on a small carpeted platform, in the centre of the Hall, on which reposed a microphone. The Rebbe would sit at this table with the men on one side and the women on the other.

The Proceedings were conducted in Yiddish at this Yechidus.

In brief - the Rebbe said the following:

"The Torah states that when Jewish people are leaving to travel on a journey to different places, then words of Halacha should be related.

The Jews are the one and only people who are scattered all over the world. Their speciality is that this one and only nation is spread out all over the Universe. And yet although separated, far away, and in different areas, they are united and joined together - each with the other - to do G-d's work.

All these different areas, with their mixtures of various people, will, because of their unity with each other, bring down a Dwelling Place for G-d here, in this world.

When we pray, every day, Men and Women, little boys and little girls, we first start with Modeh Ani - Praise to G-d. In all our prayers, it is the din, halacha, to face the Holy of Holies, in the Beis Hamikdosh, in Jerusalem, in Eretz Yisroel. All are united in looking and praying towards the Holy of Holies. Whether we live in the Northern or Southern Hemispheres, all Jews are united and have the same outlook towards the Holy of Holies, and to the A-mighty.

Therefore, before we take leave of each other, we may discuss the Halacha which emphasises the Link that Jewish people have with G-d and with each other.

In todays Shiur of the Rambam - the Laws of Shabbos, we learn that we have no justification for travelling on this day of rest. One has to remain in that town.

Today, however, is not a Shabbos. Although the Rambam reminds us that we have to remember the Shabbos every day, and we do that, also, by mentioning the Shabbos every single day, by name.

We have to prepare for this Day. We also have to prepare for Moshiach. No Jew will have to remain in Exile. G-d will take every Jew by the hand and lead him to the Beis Hamikdosh - the Temple - and to the Holy of Holies. All the strength you received on

Shovuos will enable you to become closer to the Torah and to love the Mitzvahs of the Torah so that you should be able to do them with Joy and with Goodness of Heart, with Parnosso - good Parnosso, with your children, and with your children's children, all with true Simcha.

We should always fulfil the Mitzvah of Ahavas Yisroel and Achduss Yisroel, even when we go on a long or short journey - it is only a temporary one, because Moshiach will be here soon.

The A-mighty should give you good and easy parnosso - and Chassidishe Nachas.

I shall hand to each one of you a dollar for Shaliach Mitzvah, for Tzedoko. You should change this into the coins of your own country – for Tzedoko and Moshiach will come very soon”.

About three hundred and fifty people were present and we all filed past the Rebbe for the Dollar and for a Brocha - First the Men and then the Ladies. A steward was most annoyed with a young boy "You have got your dollar, so get out now. It's not a Circus...! " Poor boy, it is all very well for that steward, he sees the Rebbe every day, but this young lad is going away for maybe a year or more and wants the benefit of a few more minutes with the Rebbe.

Next day, we bade farewell to our friend Rabbi Chadakov. Then to Rabbis Label Groner and Binyamin Klyne, who as usual had their Office packed tightly with enquirers and sightseers. Most of them seemed to have nothing to do, but to stand and listen - and gape with awe and wonder at the extraordinary NON-STOP activity displayed in so calm a manner by Binyamin - and to a lesser degree by Label.

All one could hear was - "The Rebbe does not answer queries personally on the telephone".

"What is your name - your mother's name?" No, you cannot speak to the Rebbe".

"Yes, I do have a message for you. The Rebbe advises you to accept the New Job".

"Mazeltov on the birth of a baby girl - boy - twins - and I will tell the Rebbe".

"The Rebbe has replied that he will pray for the health of your father - (your mother - grandfather - friends, wife, etc.) at the Ohel, the Tzion of the Previous Rebbe".

We left New York in the sweltering heat of nearly one hundred degrees. I heard on the radio that there were eleven feet of snow in parts of Denver and flooding was everywhere.

Yes, that's America!

SHORT REPORT OF LONG ISRAEL VISIT

Roselyn and I made our usual visit to Israel during the summer and spent most of the time at S'dom near the Dead Sea. T.G., the Salt Waters do us the world of good and help us to withstand, healthwise, the months ahead.

We met Dayan Fisher at the Sharon Hotel in Hertzlia. He used to be the Av Beth Din of the London Federation of Synagogues, until his retirement recently. I found him making a thorough inspection of the Hotel kitchens and Kashrus arrangement, which he passed as satisfactory.

He has always been interested in and most impressed by the Rebbe. I had met him once at 770 during Shovuos.

He told me that he had travelled again to New York to settle a very important business in connection with a "get" - divorce. He expressed the desire to see the Rebbe for just ONE minute. But the Rebbe could not see him at that time, but he did refer him to Rabbi Dvorkin, who assisted him to solve the problem.

Dayan Fisher explained his connection with Lubavitch. He was sixteen years of age when he met the Previous Rebbe in Poland. He had gone to "town" to see an optician and when the time arrived for him to return to the Yeshiva at Mir, he discovered that he had no money to pay for his railway ticket, Rabbi Gurary took him to see the Previous Rebbe.

Dayan Fisher's own most vivid recollection of the Previous Rebbe was "his piercing eyes and very harsh manner". "What do you want", he was asked. Young Fisher explained that he needed to get back to Mir. "Are you wearing Tzitzis", blurted out the Previous Rebbe. Young Fisher was most, embarrassed, but shaking and trembling, he commenced to pull out his Tzitzis. The Previous Rebbe stopped him, and asked him questions about his learning. He then arranged for his warden to accompany Fisher to the Railway Station and to personally purchase the ticket for him. Dayan Fisher reckoned that the Previous Rebbe did not trust him with the cash and wished to ensure that he did not spend the money on other things.

The Previous Rebbe was quite right. Even today, I am approached on many occasions by men who ask me for money to buy a ticket to London (from Manchester). They have such wonderful prospects awaiting them, and only a few pounds will make all the difference between being out of work in Manchester, and obtaining a marvellous job in London. They never want the actual ticket, only the money. Many years ago, in my innocence and ignorance of human nature, I actually arranged to take such a fellow to London by car, on the following day. Of course, he never turned up!

Dayan Fisher related to me that he had just been approached by a Frenchman in this Hotel. He had babbled away in French about a certain Rabbi in New York - The Lubavitch Rabbi. It seemed that he had received a letter from the Rebbe, which he

always kept near to his heart, and in which the Rebbe wished him Mazel Tov and Mazel Tov on the occasion of the wedding of his daughter. He was so excited and greatly impressed with this letter. But Dayan Fisher was much more impressed - that this Frenchman - of all people - should be the proud recipient of a personal letter from the Rebbe.

Who can ever, even try, to estimate the quality and the number of people to whom the Rebbe sends letters.

The Rebbe has always been troubled by the Peace treaty arranged at Camp David and which the Rebbe has always considered is not worth the paper on which it is written.

On August 10th, I had confirmation of the Rebbe's viewpoint, in an article in the "Jerusalem Post" written by Shmuel Katz in which he states:

"Almost every day, we are provided with new evidence that, apart from accepting Sinai (and the Oil Wells and Yamit) the Egyptians never saw in the Peace Treaty more than a formal piece of paper. A fortnight ago they added new conditions for fulfilling the first element of the treaty - the maintenance of their Ambassador in Israel - who was to be the daily visible symbol of Peace".

No Ambassador - No Trade, No Tourism. Yes, Anti-Israel Propaganda and so on.

The rate of inflation was rising so rapidly in Israel, that it was cheaper to take a taxi than travel by bus. By the time the bus arrived at its destination, inflation would have pushed up the fare so that it would have been much quicker and, cheaper by taxi.

YESHIVA GEDOLA, LUBAVITCH MANCHESTER

Our Manchester Yeshiva continues to make good progress.

You will notice from the above heading that we have also achieved "greatness". - The Rebbe himself sent a letter addressed to the "Yeshiva Gedola, Lubavitch Manchester". So, obviously that is our name henceforth.

Unfortunately, we had no Shiluchim from the Rebbe this year, but, in spite of this, we have eighteen boys and are full up to our present capacity. We are seriously considering to extend our facilities. If we only did not need money for these schemes, life would be so much more simplified.

Amongst our pupils, are boys from all over the world, including the U.S.A., Canada and countries in Europe. There is good harmony between the boys and the boys - and between the boys and the Staff. They absolutely love and worship the Rosh Hayeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen.

The Rebbe, himself, has also encouraged and shown a special relationship with our Rabbi Cohen. For instance, the Rebbe presented him, personally, with a set of Arba Minim on Succos, and a bottle of Vodka at the Koss Shel Brocha distribution, - the only Rosh Hayeshiva to receive these honours for himself and his Yeshiva. The Rebbe also sent to him, before Pesach, a Box of Matzo for distribution to the Anash of Manchester. (More about all this later).

I met Sholom Kravchik, a fine young man, whom the Rebbe had sent to learn at our Yeshiva last year. He declared that the best and most enjoyable twelve months of his life, was the time which he had spent at our Manchester Yeshiva.

Benny Forta's father, whom I met in London, was ever so delighted with his son's progress in Manchester. He maintained that he had learned more in the eighteen months that he had been studying at our Yeshiva than in all his previous years.

He pressed me to advertise our wonderful Yeshiva, so that more boys could take advantage of our extraordinary good facilities, and of our exceptional - outstanding Rosh Hayeshiva, and of our splendid Mashpia, (Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne).

My grandson, Levi Yitzchok (Jaffe) who is over seventeen years old, has, together with other Talmidim, continued to give their services towards helping the Community with the Rebbe's Mivtzaim and other aspects. By speaking at different Shools, at Shabbos Shala Seudoss, and by visiting local schools.

Avrohom, my son, received a lovely letter from the Principal of the Manchester King David Schools, which has about fifteen hundred scholars, thanking him and the Yeshiva boys for their invaluable work in generating love of Torah and Mitzvahs

amongst his pupils, especially during the Yomim Noroyim and Succos. Here is a copy of the letter from the School:

Dear Rabbi Jaffe,

On behalf of the children and the staff of Kling David Schools, we would like to thank you most sincerely for coming to address us before Yom Kippur.

I should also like to thank you for organising the yeshiva boys to come into school every Friday and meet some of our children. I must tell you that this programme is most successful and we can already see good results from the children involved in this project. Please convey to them, our grateful thanks for making the effort to fulfil the mitzva of Ahavas Yisroel.

May I take this opportunity to wish you and your wife and family Gemar Chasima Tova.

Yours sincerely,

Rabbi Eliahu Aviad.
Director of Jewish Studies.

The Rosh Hayeshiva even encouraged Levi to make the Siyum of the rambam, on the Yarzeit, which he did very well indeed. We also celebrated the Siyum of the Rambam, publicly, later on, with great ceremony and splendour.

Benny Forta is in charge of producing and printing every week the pamphlet entitled, "A Thought for the Week" - "adapted from the works of the Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita".

These leaflets are distributed to thousands of people, including shops and business warehouses, and have proved very popular indeed. They are written in a simple and easily read style especially for the "Man in the Street". One does not have to be very learned to understand the meaning of these articles. The difficulty for me has not been to choose a few of those fifty-two "Thoughts", but which of them to omit. They are so good and worth reading.

I am now including a sample of them and am sure you will find them very interesting and edifying. Instead of interspersing these throughout the Book, I have placed them all together so that they can be found herein quite easily and read or re-read at any time that they are needed.

SEDRA NOACH

BODY AND SOUL

This week's Sedra tells of the birth of the first Jew, our forefather Abraham. Let us see what we can learn from the attitude of the first Jew towards his son Isaac's upbringing - in line with the saying "the deeds of the fathers serve as a guide to the children."

Isaac's birth was a miraculous, supernatural event, since Abraham was 100 years old and Sarah was in her nineties when Isaac was born. Yet, although Isaac's corporeal existence had come about through miraculous means, Abraham did not rely on any miracles when dangers threatened Isaac's spiritual well-being. When Ishmael exerted an undesirable influence on Isaac, Abraham followed Sarah's advice and sent Ishmael away. What great self-sacrifice was demanded of Abraham to take this harsh but essential action! This act was the antithesis of Abraham's normal inclination and natural instinct, for Abraham was the epitome of kindness. His whole personality was characterized by goodness; he was the warm-hearted friend of all wayfarers in the desert, the benevolent host par excellence - yet he forced himself to drive his own son (Ishmael) into the wilderness, perceiving that Ishmael's unwholesome behaviour posed a spiritual threat to Isaac - who was destined to maintain the continuity of Jewish existence. He did not let matters take their course nor did he wait for miracles to occur. Where the Jewishness of his child was threatened he took hard, determined and practical action.

Throughout the long history of our people we have always had enemies of two different kinds. There were those who sought to destroy our bodies, as in our own generation when six million Jews were murdered; and there are those who sought to destroy our Neshomo (soul), our spiritual existence, through the mechanism of assimilation. It is difficult to say which of these two is the greater evil. On the one hand, so long as the physical life of a Jew continues, he can always "do Teshuva" (return to G-d and the Torah) but when bodily existence ceases there is no longer the possibility of Teshuva. On the other hand, spiritual attack may be considered more dangerous - for two reasons. First, a threat to our spiritual life is seldom obvious or even perceptible; it is an insidious evil. Second, our physical attackers arise from outside our people, whereas the enemies of our spiritual life - such as assimilationists - often arise from our own ranks, presenting a far greater menace.

The lesson to be learned from the first Jew - Abraham - is that when the development of children is at stake, positive action is needed. Tragically, the attitude of many Jewish parents today is completely contrary to that of Abraham. No efforts are spared when it comes to making money and to ensuring social success; here parents exercise their ingenuity to the utmost. The most careful and detailed plans are made, nothing is left to chance. However, when their child's Jewish education is at stake, the parents decide to rely on miracles. They mumble meaningless platitudes that "everything will be O.K.", "The A-mighty will help", "You'll see he'll grow up to be a proud Jew despite everything", and on and on. Abraham's conduct must stand as an emphatic repudiation of this attitude! Where the spiritual well-being of our children is concerned we must be ready to take action to make self-sacrifices. Even action that "goes against the grain" of our natural instinct is sometimes necessary to make sure that our children survive, spiritually as well as physically.

REFERENCES:

Based, in part, on Likutei Sichos, Vol IV, p. 1250.

SEDRA VAYISHLACH

THE REFUGEE

“The experience of the Patriarchs is a guide for their descendants,” our Sages tell us. (1)

In last week’s Sedra Veyetze we were told how our Patriarch Jacob left his home, with nothing but his walking-stick; he spent years in a foreign land and foreign environment suffering the privations and difficulties of a refugee. Yet, eventually he became successful, and in this week’s Sedra, Vayishlach, we see him at the head of his twelve children, blessed by G-d materially and spiritually.

Jacob's greatest blessing were his children. Although all of them (except Benjamin) were born in a foreign land, they were all raised in their father's way of life; none of them was "lost to the fold".

The history of our Patriarchs, particularly of the "favourite" Patriarch Jacob, (2) is repeated in the life of every Jew to this day, in every land and city. This experience provides both a challenge and a promise. It is a challenge for a minority to preserve its identity, traditions and way of life and ensure that the new generation will follow in the same path. Sometimes the difficulties may be great, the obstacles many. Yet where there is a determination the results are assured. Our Patriarch Jacob succeeded, and we have the promise that his descendants will succeed, too, if they are inspired by his example and imbued with the same will and determination.

REFERENCES:

Letter, Erev Vayera 5718.

(1) Rambam on Genesis 12:6; Tanchuma, Lech Lecho Chapter 9.

(2) Bereishis Rabba 76:1.

SEDRA BESHALLACH (YUD SHEVAT)

PHARAOH'S DECREE - AN INSIGHT

The highlight of this week's Sedra is the dramatic episode of the splitting of the Red Sea. When Moses saw that the enslavers of his people had drowned, he led all the men in an exultant song of praise to G-d. Then Miriam the prophetess and all the women of Israel burst forth into song, rendering their chorus even more jubilant than that of the men by accompanying themselves with clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums.

Why were the Jewish women even more exultant and jubilant than the men at the final riddance of Pharaoh and his army? The answer may be found in the more tender

parental affection in woman's nature. The most terrible of Pharaoh's decrees in Egypt had been "Every new-born son shall you cast into the river" This wholesale murder of their children had affected the mothers more deeply than their menfolk, so when they saw their tormentors perish and realised that the Egyptian slavery was at an end, their jubilation was correspondingly greater than that of their husbands.

A deeper significance may be found in Pharaoh's decree to drown the Jewish children in the Nile. Egyptian economy was dependent entirely on the Nile and it therefore became the centre of Egypt's religious and cultural life. "Submerge your children in Egyptian culture; drown out their Jewish identity; let them be completely caught up in the fast-flowing current of commercial and economic activity" - was Pharaoh's cry.

The Torah is eternal. Its lessons, its laws and its stories are relevant and speak a clear message in each and every generation and under all circumstances.

Pharaoh's ideas and ideals still flourish. The Egyptians cult still thrives, created by society around us; Pharaoh's decree still echoes in the advice of the friendly next-door neighbour. "Nowadays what matters for the kids is material success. You've got to start pushing them towards careers as early as possible. Religion? G-d? Hebrew School? Well, I suppose it's O.K. till Bar Mitzvah but don't bother him after that."

Who must take the stand against modern Pharaoh? The fathers have so little time to spend at home and are so rarely with their children, that it becomes the task of the mother to stand firm and refuse to throw their children into today's Nile, the "rat-race" for material prosperity; and in later years, when the mothers will see the young men and women whom they have reared, imbued with faith and fine moral values, they, more than any, shall be the ones to rejoice over 'Pharaoh's' defeat.

REFERENCES:

Based on Likutei Sichos Vol 1 p. 139-143 "RENDERING...CYMBALS... DRUMS" Exodus 15:20 " ..NILE...EGYPTIANS... WORSHIPPED IT" Rashi on Exodus 7:17.

SEDRA TERUMA

GOLD & SILVER & BRASS

"And this is the offering which you shall take of them: gold, silver, and brass.... and let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them."

The instructions given in the Torah for the construction of the Mishkan - the Tabernacle - are clear, but are not completely understandable. Why were our forefathers instructed to use silver and brass as well as gold? Why was the Tabernacle not constructed completely out of gold? What was the function of the less precious metals, silver and brass, when enough gold was available to do the whole job?

The fundamental explanation of the question discussed above lies in the deeper meaning of the words "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them."

Our Sages say: "It does not say 'in it' (i.e., in the sanctuary) but 'in them' - within each and every one of them." Every Jew must be a Mishkan, a spiritual sanctuary for the Almighty, and all Jews must join together in building a tabernacle for Him, blessed be He.

The Jewish people consist of a variety of individuals ranging from "the captains of your tribes" to the "hewers of wood and drawers of water". There are those individuals who belong to the spiritual category of "gold", others belong to the spiritual category of "silver", while still others are in the spiritual category of "brass." It is of no consequence in the building of the Mishkan - all three metals, all categories of Jews are essential for its construction.

And just as this is applicable in spiritual sanctuaries, so were the instructions given to our forefathers when they were building the physical Tabernacle in the desert. Not only gold was to be used - but also silver and even brass. All metals - all Jews, become integrated into the sanctuary.

(It should be pointed out that the ultimate aim is to "refine" the brass and raise it to the precious level of gold. It is not sufficient to remain at the lowest level of the spectrum. But when the Mishkan was being built, there was not enough time to wait until this refinement occurred. Thus, brass was to be used, even while it was still unrefined...)

The lessons of the Mishkan and its construction from different metals are instructive to us today. Those who are at the highest level - that of "gold" - have a tendency to look down at the lower categories of Jews. To them, the Torah says: You can't do anything alone. In order to construct a sanctuary, you must include those who are lower than you. Only together with the silver and brass can you attain the level of "I may dwell among them".

And to the lower levels of our people, the ones considered "less precious", the Torah provides encouragement and joy. Whether he is inherently inferior, or whether he just appears to be in the lower categories, the Torah tells him he is a part and parcel of the Mishkan. Indeed, the sanctuary cannot be built without him.

The first instruction for building the Mishkan was to gather together all the Jews and to unite them for the one holy purpose - to build a sanctuary. This should also be the instruction to those who enter the atmosphere of Torah and commitment to Judaism for the first time. They must not be frightened because they were once so far away and unrelated to this new experience. Instead, they should be encouraged to come inside, to participate in the building of the Mishkan - because we must utilise them and because they are essential to the construction of the sanctuary. All Jews need them, just as the gold and silver needed the brass in the original Mishkan of the desert.

This is the way we will rebuild the sanctuary again!

SEDRA TERUMA

"A LITTLE LIGHT DISPELS MUCH DARKNESS"

The little girl in Israel was only five years old. One day, in the non-religious public school which she attended, she was told by a friend about the Mitzva of lighting the Shabbos candles. Although they and their classmates were far below the age of Bas Mitzva, declared her friend, they could nonetheless participate in the Mitzva of lighting the Shabbos candles as part of their Torah education. They could even say the Bracha (blessing), and if they wished they could give a penny to Tzedoko (charity). They would actually be fulfilling G-d's mission and they would be ushering in the Shabbos day.

When the little girl came home that Friday and excitedly told her mother about her new discovery, mother replied that she knew nothing about this whole business (she had received no Jewish education whatsoever). "Did you ever hear of such a thing!?" exclaimed the mother angrily, "A little girl should want to do things that her own mother doesn't do, and bring new ideas into the house!"

Well, you know what young children are. They get terribly excited and upset at the slightest thing. The little girl started to cry and she pleaded with her mother. "I'm not asking you to do anything. All I'm asking is that you should let me do it, I have a candle-holder; they gave me one in school. I know the Bracha myself; and they gave me a paper with the Bracha and the rules on when and how to light the candles. Please let me light them!" The crying and the tears had their usual effect. Mother gave in. "Alright, alright, do whatever you want to, just stop crying and leave me in peace."

Our little girl was overjoyed. They had told her what time candle lighting was on that day. She had her own candle-holder and her own candle. She put the candle on the dining room table, lit the candle herself, made the Bracha herself - and was in seventh heaven! They had told her that no-one should touch the candle-holder on Shabbos, and that it should not be carried or shaken. So she went around from one member of the family to the other and warned each one of them in her childish but serious way that no one should touch her candle or blow on it. When mother and father saw that it wasn't so terrible after all, they let her light the candle the next Friday without any fuss. The little girl again lit them with the same delight and enthusiasm as the first week, and her infectious joyousness spread to the rest of the family.

A few weeks went by. One Friday the father said to the mother that "it just somehow didn't seem right" to turn on the television with the little one going round the house singing that today is the holy Shabbos, and with the candle burning on the table. As long as that candle was lit he just could not bring himself to turn on the television. Some time later the telephone rang - and mother did not answer it!

Some weeks later the mother surveyed the Friday night scene and decided that something was wrong. If a neighbour or friend should come in, how strange it would look to see just the single candle burning on the table, to see her little daughter full of joy because she had just lit Shabbos lights and telling everyone that it was a holy light and a holy day etc. - while she, the mother was busy with the house-work as if it were just an ordinary day. "It just doesn't look right! I don't care what happens, I'm going to start lighting candles too!" But once she started lighting candles herself, she could not bring herself to turn on the oven. "After all I have lit a Ner Shel Shabbos Kodesh, "the light of the holy Shabbos day," and I have just declared in the Bracha that it is the holy Shabbos day; how can I now go ahead with making supper - and turn the oven on or off in violation of the Sabbath?"

No one likes cold food; so the mother started to make "Cholent" (the traditional Shabbos stew allowed to cook from before Shabbos until Shabbos afternoon for the midday meal). Naturally, the whole "Cholent" procedure affected the way they did things and the meals they ate the next day too. Later, mother decided that since she was now lighting candles, she should change into a better dress in honour of the Friday night atmosphere. Of course, she didn't feel like messing with any housework after changing, because she was afraid of dirtying her Shabbos dress.

And so it went on. From one thing to another. From one Mitzva to another. From one small candle lit by one little girl with self-sacrifice, following a scene and tears; to refraining from doing work while the candle was still burning; to the mother's beginning to light Shabbos candles; from there to the wearing of Shabbos clothes and on to refraining from housework the whole Shabbos. Eventually the entire household became transformed, and the family are now Baalei Teshuva, Jews who have returned completely to their tradition and heritage!

SEDRA KI SISSA

THE GOLDEN CALF - OLD AND NEW

This week's Sedra, Ki Sissa, contains the narrative of the idolatrous worship of the Golden Calf by the Israelites.

"Reinterpretations" of Judaism are not related to progress in science, as some would have us believe. Advances in science require no modifications in Torah. These "modernizations" of Judaism started almost at the beginning of our history. Forty days after the Ten Commandments were heard at Sinai, there was already a cult of golden calf worshippers. They did not deny or reject their Jewishness, "these are your g-ds, Israel" they declared; you are still "Israel" though your g-d is now a calf of gold.

Apparently these reinterpretations did not result from increased knowledge, or human progress, or more profound understanding, but were the product of the yetzer hara, the evil inclination, harboured within man. This is obvious; for we see that "reinterpretations" of Judaism are not the hallmark of our modern era (as many

mistakenly think). The dreary account of deviation from Torah started with the golden calf cult and continued throughout our history.

When Israel entered the Holy Land, at once there appeared worshippers of the baal idols. The Land of Israel with its innate holiness, did not protect them from idolatrous influences, and yet the people did not renounce their bond to the Land. There were some tribes that served G-d and others who worshipped like the Canaanites. What finally happened? In the course of one generation the dissident baal-worshippers returned to the loyal tribes.

Then came the period of the first Bais Hamikdosh, the Sanctuary or Holy Temple, in Jerusalem. An evil man Yeravam, (Jeroboam) arose who claimed that they could remain Jews, but why bother going all the way to Jerusalem to worship, when you have a golden calf in Dan in the north and another in Beersehva, in the South - so much more convenient than going to Jerusalem! And besides, Yeravam explained, traditional sacrifices could be offered at these new sites, with all the particulars of the ritual. This lasted several centuries, but Yeravam's golden calves were eventually abandoned.

The Babylonian exile had its sects, as did the period of the Second Bais Hamikdosh, down through the generations until our own. There is ample evidence from nearly every period of our history, that the impulse to introduce innovations and modifications into Judaism does not stem from an emerging science or culture, of whatever stature or quality, but from an estrangement from Judaism (whatever the cause of that estrangement). And when Jews become estranged, they can delude themselves that "these are your g-ds, Israel," even a calf of gold, instead of the One who proclaimed "I am your G-d who brought you out of Egypt."

"Modernizations" and "reinterpretations" of our faith, far from being a sign of advanced intelligence, of intellectual progress, are on the contrary, a sign of advanced foolishness - today more than ever before; for that golden calf cult could have imagined they - were right - no experience of the past intimated their error. Mistakenly, yet 'piously', they could declare that Torah was relevant for forty days, but on the forty-first, a new g-d is needed. But today, after our history has so cleverly illustrated that all movements which depart from Torah cannot long retain their Jewish identity - we surely have no excuse for making such mistakes.

SEDRA SHEMINI

A SMALL LOOSE SCREW

This Shabbos is known as Shabbos M'vorchim ("the Sabbath of blessing the new month") on which the forthcoming new month is announced. The Jewish calendar is a lunar one, set according to the cycle of the moon. When the new moon is clearly seen, we recite a prayer called Kiddush Levana ("Hallowing the month"). The first day of the Jewish month is called Rosh Chodesh ("First of the month") and the Saturday prior to Rosh Chodesh is Shabbos M'vorchim, as above. Chassidism emphasizes the need to

seek points of guidance and inspiration from the special days of the Jewish calendar as well as from current happenings in the world around. The current lunar expeditions, gain added significance in view of the observance of Shabbos M'vorchim, and provide us with a thought of profound insight into our basic attitude to Mitzvos-adherence.

The giant rocket stands ready on the launching-pad, about to blast off from the earth and streak through space with its crew of astronauts who will soon - tread upon the surface of the moon. The scale of the enterprise staggers the imagination. Hundreds of thousands of man-hours spent in research, study, planning and building; hundreds of millions of dollars - that could have funded projects affecting human life for generations - are expended on a journey of but a few days to the far-off planet.

Suddenly - an unexpected announcement is heard: Something in the vast complexity of the rocket's machinery is not in order. The launching will have to be delayed. What could be so seriously amiss as to delay the entire project? Surely a fault must have developed in one of the major "important" parts of the system - one of those multi-million dollar delicate pieces of equipment conceived of by the greatest scientific minds, designed by the world's leading technological experts, constructed by the most brilliant engineers. After all, we muse, what other unit of the moon-ship could, by its malfunction, so seriously throw the system off balance as to ultimately necessitate the costly delay of the launch?

Later however, we discover that we were completely in error. The faulty "unit" belongs to an entirely different category; it belongs to the class of the "simple", the "trivial", the kind of thing that needs no special engineer or profound scientific person to put it right. No electronic equipment is needed for its repair. It turns out that the giant rocket-ship stands immobilized on its launching-pad because of a small, loose, screw!

"Do not sit and ponder the worth of the precepts of the Torah", (1) say our Sages. "The most trivial and the most vital (of the Mitzvos) should be equal in your eyes".(2) How are we to understand this statement? If we should not attempt to evaluate the Mitzvos, then how can we even categorise them as 'trivial' or 'important'? The answer is that there are indeed two "classes" or categories of our precept - similar to the two kinds of parts of the moon-rocket mentioned earlier. There are some commandments that are stated in the Torah, and there are customs, Minhagim, that are not stated specifically in the Torah. There are those precepts that the Torah itself designates as "vital" and "essential" and others that receive a classification of much lesser importance. But we must bear in mind that the "simplest" of Mitzvos is vital to the overall system of Torah - and it must therefore be performed with the same sense of utter self-sacrifice, with the same feeling of "it must be just so - it cannot be otherwise" as accompanies our observance of the "major" and "vital" commands. We must remember that the space-ship is grounded and the whole mission is seriously affected even by the "trivial" loose screw. (The screw may even be in perfect shape - but it is loose, it is not fulfilling its function of joining two parts together.) We must similarly bear in mind that the simplest and most "insignificant" Torah custom should be performed with the same zeal, energy and devotion with which we perform a "major" Mitzva of the Torah.

REFERENCES:

From an unedited version of a discourse delivered on Shabbos Mevorchim Sh'vat 5733.

(1) Devorim Rabba Chap. 6:2

(2) Tanna D'vay Eliyahu Rabba Chap. 26

SEDRA KI SEITSAY

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

At the close of this week's Sedra, the Torah exhorts us (1) to have fair weights and measures. Immediately after these verses there follows the command (2) to remember the treacherous attack made by Amalek on the Israelites soon after they had left Egypt. The great Torah Commentator, Rashi, explains (3) the proximity of these two unrelated precepts as counsel to the Jewish nation: "If you have falsified weights and measures - beware of Divine retribution in the form of enemy harassment for, as it is written in Proverbs,(4) "Deceitful scales are hateful to G-d".

At first glance, it is difficult to understand the reason for such a severe punishment for using false weights. Surely this crime is just a variation of stealing, which carries a much lighter punishment.

Besides its simple meaning, "false weights and measures" may be explained in a more profound way. "False measures" may refer to the double standard applied by some to their religion. We all know that to be satisfied with one's lot is an admirable trait. Even the Talmud says (5) "Who is rich? - he who is satisfied with what he has." So, we reason, we should be satisfied with whatever we have achieved in our religious life. If we attend the Synagogue three times a year - good enough! If our children study only as much Torah as is needed for the minimum requirements of a Bar Mitzvah - good enough! If a Jewish school tries to expand its facilities, we are puzzled: "Why, in Europe, when I was a child, our Jewish school was a veritable shack - and it was good enough for us!" declares the old-timer.

In our material life, on the other hand, we act in just the opposite way. We push ourself to the limit, unmercifully. We work eight hours a day, ten hour a day, twelve, fifteen; and whatever we earn is insufficient. However far we advance our standard of living and social position - it is not enough.

It is this "false measure", this flagrant double-standard, that angers G-d. It is with regard to MATERIAL matters that the Talmud states: "Who is rich? - he who is satisfied with what he has." In MATERIAL matters we should strive to achieve satisfaction with a minimum. But in the realm of our religious observance and education - we should never say "I have reached perfection".

REFERENCES:

Based on an unpublished discourse of the Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita (See also Hayom Yom Cheshvan 24.)

- (1) Deuteronomy 25: 13-16
- (2) Ibid 17-19
- (3) Rashi Ibid v. 17
- (4) Proverbs 11:1
- (5) Aboth 4:1

SEDRA KI SOVO

AN EXERCISE IN TRANSLATION

We are currently in the month of Ellul, the month preceding Rosh Hashanah and traditionally associated with 'Teshuvah' (repentance) which, together with 'Tefillah' (prayer) and 'Tzedakah' (charity) form the three pillars of our service to G-d during the High Holydays and the days preceding them. The usual translations of "Repentance", "Prayer, and "Charity" do not however convey the true Jewish concepts of "Teshuvah", "Tefillah", and "Tzedakah".

TEHSUVAH is usually rendered "repentance". However, the exact translation of "repentance" into Hebrew is Charatah and not Teshuvah, Charatah and Teshuvah are almost opposite concepts. Charatah stresses a movement towards a new path of action by the individual. He regrets that he committed an evil deed, or failed to perform a good one, and now wishes to conduct himself in a new manner. Teshuvah, on the other hand, signifies return. A Jew is essentially good, and his innermost desire is to do what is right. It is only due to various circumstances, wholly or partly beyond his control, that he has erred. This is the Jewish concept of Teshuvah - a return to his roots and origins, to his innermost self, revealing his innate personality, which will now become the master of his life.

Tefillah is usually translated "Prayer" yet the exact translated of "prayer" in Hebrew is Bakashah

The connotations of the two words are contradictory. Bakashah means: a request, a plea. Tefillah means "to attach oneself". Bakashah stresses the request to the A-mighty to grant us our needs. However, we lack or desire nothing, superfluous. Tefillah signifies attaching oneself to G-d, and is relevant to everyone at all times. Every Jew has a soul that is bound and connected to G-d. However, the soul's ties to the A-mighty may become weakened.

To correct this we have specific times during the day for Tefillah - to renew and strengthen our tie with G-d. Hence, even for those who lack nothing material, there exists the concept of Tefillah, 'wanting to get closer to G-d,' so-to-speak. It is the means of strengthening the bond and attachment between the Jew and his Creator.

TZEDAKAH is usually rendered "Charity". But the exact translation of "Charity" into Hebrew is Chesed. We don't use here the term Chesed, but rather Tzedakah, for again, the concepts are antithetical.

Chesed stresses the kindness of the giver. The recipient may not necessarily be deserving, nor the donor really obligated to give, but out of his goodness, he gives. Tzedakah, on the other hand, comes from the Hebrew word meaning "Justice", signifying that justice demands of the Jew that he give, and for two reasons: First, he is not giving his own, but only what has been entrusted to him by G-d to give to others. Second, since everyone depends on the A-mighty to provide for his needs, although G-d certainly does not owe anything to anyone, so one is obligated to repay "measure for measure" and give to others, even though he does not owe it to them.

REFERENCES:

Adapted from a free rendition of a discourse of the Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita of Tishrei 5713 (1953) published in "The Yiddishe Heim".

OUR SUCCOS VISIT TO 770

I do not visit 770 for Rosh Hashanah. The Rebbe once told me about twenty years ago, that as I officiate as Chazan in our own Lubavitch Shool in Manchester during Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, therefore I had to stay at home during those days, and my time for visiting 770 was Shovuos. For many years now, the Rebbe has suggested that I should also come along for Succos, which I do.

For about thirty years, I have been davenning Shacharis regularly. This year - for the very first time, I was invited to daven Mussaf on the second day, only on a trial basis.

I received great acclamation and many complimentary remarks on my davenning. I suspect that some of them were back-handed compliments -but I can take it! Here are three examples:

"Zalmon, you were a wonderful Chazan - especially - for a man of your age!"

"It has been decided, Zalmon, that Michael (The First reader, but who took over the Shacharis on the day which I davenned Mussaf) cannot daven Shacharis, he has not much idea so we would prefer you to daven Shacharis all the time!"

And - Rabbi Balkind declared that my Mussaf was the best he had ever heard in this Shool! And my very good friends retorted that "he meant the best Mussaf he has ever heard - today! - Good Old Friends!

A Chazan benched Tal, - prayed for Dew on the first day of Pesach, after the rainy season.

It then poured with rain continuously for Two weeks. So the Chazan got his due, but we Jews didn't receive our Dew.

Before we booked our flight to New York for Succos, we had endless discussions about which of our grandchildren we should take with us. We had decided to take four.

Now - of the Lews - Mendel, Pincus and Yenta Chaya were keen to be with the Rebbe during the whole of the month of Tishrei. Dovid and Levi Jaffe were also in that category. So they made their own flight arrangements. Levi happened to be "momentarily financially embarrassed" - as usual - short of cash.

He approached his other Zaidie, Sidney Beenstock for financial aid. Sidney likes to be considered hard, tough and ruthless. All this is a facade, because he is really a very good natured fellow, indeed. The fact is that he very generously paid for half of Levi's Air Ticket.

When we jokingly observed that it was very sweet of him to assist Levi to travel to see the Rebbe - he retorted that his contribution was only for the return journey - to make sure that he would come home.

So that took care of five grandchildren - four grandsons and one granddaughter. Poor Yossi had to remain in South Africa, as per the Rebbe's instructions.

We therefore decided to take with us - for Succos - four more girls to even up the party. Furthermore, Roselyn would welcome some feminine company whilst I and the boys were sitting in the Succah. In addition, she could rely on the girls to help with the chores. Roselyn was always a Super-Optimist!

To simplify matters, we chose the Two Channahs and the Two Goldas - one from each family - all young teenage girls, Roselyn considered this to be a wonderful idea. All she had to do was to shout Channah and Golda, and four young maidens would rush to her aid.

In the event, none of them would answer her call because each one pleaded that they were under the impression that Roselyn had called or implied that she wanted the other Channah or the other Golda.

Therefore, we expected nine grandchildren plus Roselyn and me. We also considered it very probable that Leah (Jaffe) would come for the second days of Yom Tov with her Chosson (fiance) Max Cohen. This would bring up the total number of our party to thirteen (however we only managed to "sleep" Ten).

Leah's Chosson?! Max Cohen?! Who is he?

Well, that is another story, which I shall recount a little later on.

Meanwhile, Roselyn and I, accompanied by our two Channahs and two Goldas, had boarded our British Airways plane at Manchester for our direct flight to New York. It was a plane chartered by "Poundstretchers". They provided everything free of charge - travelling bags, drinks and so forth - but NO Kosher Meals. We had to order and pay for these separately.

After our unpleasant experiences every year, when we have trouble in obtaining food, even when we have paid for it (They are so untrustworthy that we always take sandwiches with us - just in case). I took the precaution of ascertaining from the stewardess whether our Meals had been brought aboard. I received a negative reply, which made me very angry. We had paid for six meals and so had Sholom and Ruth Simon and family, Dovid Hickson, Rebbetzen Cohen and babies, Hymie Pash and some other friends. I threatened that at least a dozen passengers were prepared to leave the plane in protest.

I was taken to the flight deck to have a chat with the captain, as a result of which, there was an announcement relayed over the Public Address system, to the effect, that the plane would be delayed for fifteen minutes so that special meals could be delivered to the plane.

The best speech I heard during this flight was by the stewardess, who requested me to "please break the seal on these Kosher food parcels".

Dovid met us at the Airport, but with six passengers, seven suitcases, a couple of cartons and hand luggage, we needed a taxi as well.

We duly arrived at our apartment in Crown Heights at about 10.30p.m and by the time the suitcases were unloaded and Roselyn was settled in, it was 10.45p.m. The thirteenth of Tishrei Farbraingen on the occasion of the Rebbe Maharash's Yahrzeit was already in progress so I rushed along to 770

Outside 770, the scene was like a fairground. The Rebbe's sicho was being broadcast outside, live but children were fighting, shouting, screaming and playing. Men and boys were chatting, nonchalantly and a few women were strolling about.

I entered 770, and the Rebbe was speaking. Otherwise one could hear a pin drop. Everyone was listening intently and not a sound emanated from any of the many thousands of people who were present. They did not wish to miss even one word of the Rebbe's Sichos.

I dared not - could not make a move and cause a commotion whilst the Rebbe was addressing us. So, I waited, and stood behind a solid phalanx of boys, who were mostly standing on benches at the rear of the hall.

I could see nothing, except the backs of these boys. I could, however, hear the Rebbe, who was quoting the well-known motto of the Rebbe Maharash (Z.TzL) "LECHATCHILA ARIBA". First - jump over the Top. If there is a problem one should get on top of it first. Don't go side-ways or underneath - meet it headlong - "over the top".

I took this advice, as soon as the Rebbe had concluded this Sichos, and tried to get over the top. The boys were, however, very nice about it and helped me through right to the centre aisle, which led to my usual seat, almost opposite to the Rebbe.

I walked resolutely forward, down the aisle, right up to the Rebbe, who of course, was sitting at the table on the platform above my head. I was immediately handed a tumbler, three quarters filled with wine. I said Le Chaim to the Rebbe and received a most beautiful welcoming smile together with the Brocha of "LeChaim VeLivrocha".

Next day, scores of people reminded me of the Rebbe's wonderful and outstanding smile and asserted that I was a very lucky person.

I drank all the wine in one breath or swallow, but the Rebbe indicated that I should now say LeChaim properly - on a FULL tumbler of wine, which I did. I felt very happy now and intoxicated with the Rebbe's smiles and two large tumblers of wine! I sat down, on someone's lap and then eased myself fractionally onto the bench. There were already many more people present than at last year's Simchas Torah. Last Shovuos, although overcrowded, was empty compared to this evening - and literally, many more thousands were expected next week for Simchas Torah.

Anyone who is present at 770 on these days of Succos, and especially on Simchas Torah, will readily understand the Mishnah where it states that no matter how full or overcrowded was Jerusalem during the time of Yom Tov - there was always room for the visitors and guests.

The Nigun of "Vayehi Bishurun Melech" was being sung. I thought we were celebrating a Sheva Brochos. But, no - I was told that latterly, nigunim from every Nossi (chief, prince) was being sung at the Farbraingen. This time - or at least the words, were from our very first Nossi - Moishe Rabbainu.

The Rebbe quoted from today's Shiur of Rambam. It was all about Nedorim, Vows, and how particular and careful one has to be in the wording of these vows. For instance, if a man marries (Kedushin) a woman, and she was under the impression that he was a rich man - and it is afterwards found that he was a poor man - then the marriage is not legal. Even if he had vowed that he was poor, and afterwards it was discovered that he was rich, it is still not legal.

As often explained, there is a long line of tables sited upon the length of the platform. The Rebbe, naturally sits in the exact centre of the middle table. Space is at a premium and limited. Therefore every niche and corner UNDER all the tables are occupied by young boys. At a Farbraingen last week, the Rebbe called out one of those boys who was sitting and crawling underneath him and enquired of him whether he could recite one of the Twelve Torah Verses. The boy confirmed that he could - and did. The Rebbe then asked another two boys to recite some Pesukim, which they also did. That will teach them! literally!!

EREV SUCCOS ACTIVITY

I was very pleased, indeed, when Label Groner again, on this Erev Succos, advised me to foregather in the Hallway at 10.30a.m on that morning, because the Rebbe would be inviting some lucky gentlemen to enter his waiting room.

There, they would have the opportunity - and the privilege, to collect the four separate and special species of the Arba Minim - viz: The Lulov, Esrog, Arovus and Hadassim, which the Rebbe himself had prepared and chosen. The Rebbe had ordered fifty sets and chosen the best twenty for his guests. These were all laid upon the tables in the waiting room.

Subsequently, there were seventeen recipients of these invaluable sets. Label Groner called out their names and whom they represented, before they entered.

Rabbi Chadakov and Dr. Nissan Mindel were the first and second, respectively, to be called - in their own personal capacity and for their own use. Then Rabbonim representing Kfar Chabad, Jerusalem and other communities entered.

When we reached number sixteen, my name was called - for Zalmon Jaffe, for himself, and the last, but non least – number seventeen was for Rabbi Akiva Cohen and the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva. Rabbi Label Groner had especially asked Rabbi Cohen to be present in the Hallway as he would most likely be invited to enter the waiting room in order to pick up a set of Arba Minim. Yet, when at last Rabbi Cohen heard his name announced, he just could not believe it. He was really astounded. I was by now quite adept and knew the procedure well, so we entered the room together.

The Arba Minim now lay loosely and individually on the tables. We first of all collected a cardboard box in which to place the Esrog, we took an Esrog, a Lulov, Hadassim and Arovus. The Rebbe kept bringing out fresh supplies of Hadassim and Arovus. When we recalled that of the original fifty super sets, the Rebbe had chosen the best twenty, it was most annoying - and it becomes more annoying every year to me, to see some of these Rabbonim picking and choosing the Esrogim and minutely examining the Hadassim right in front of the Rebbe. How happy and delighted would some people be to be able to obtain even one of the Rebbe's rejected sets!

Whilst we were all gathered together, the Rebbe stood at the door of his study and gave everyone a general Brocha, - "that all the blessings should be drawn down to us from the six points of the compass, towards which we wave the Naanuim (movements)".

Our Rosh, Rabbi Cohen, is a very modest man. He insisted that I should enter the room first before him, and whilst the Rebbe was speaking to us, he stood behind me, trembling and shaking.

We then all filed out, past the Rebbe. I thanked him for his invaluable gift, and wished him a "Year of health and joy - free from worries and aggravation". The Rebbe replied

"Vesomachto BeChagecho (you should rejoice at your festivals) - over Yom Tov and over the whole year".

Label Groner who was standing nearby indicated to me that this was a really beautiful blessing.

On Hoshaana Rabbah, I bought Twelve Hoshaanos for the family. They cost me nearly £25!

Someone remarked to me that K.A.H., the Rebbe is so active and energetic. He strides along so purposefully and confidently. He never slouches along - and yet, he is well past middle age.

I replied that many men in their early thirties would be delighted to be so young in heart, mind and body, like the Rebbe SHLITA (He should have many long and good years.)

Have you ever tried to emulate the Rebbe when he is clapping his hands at a Children's Rally - It is an impossibility!

Old friends of mine were continuing to arrive at 770 by plane, train and road. People were arriving by thousands – from Israel, France, and all over U.S.A. and Canada from everywhere, from all the world over.

Rabbi Medanchik, the Ex- Mayor of Kfar Chabad, gave me a lovely greeting - "Zalmon, you are wonderful and you make everyone happy and freilich. I don't mind where I go on the Rebbe's work - visiting Succahs and so forth, as long as I go with you".

This year, so many more extra people, men, women and children were at 770, that to protect the Rebbe from being pushed or even G-d forbid physically harmed, two barriers had been placed alongside the pavement, one on each side of the pathway, therefore, when the Rebbe alighted from his car to enter 770, he could walk unmolested across the pavement and up the steps to the door of 770. There was nothing to stop anyone standing on the steps, awaiting the Rebbe, as long as they were there before the Rebbe came along. But, there was such a surge of people, especially women, towards the Rebbe, when he arrived by car, that it was becoming hazardous and dangerous to the Rebbe.

I, and the men stood behind the right hand barrier, and Roselyn and the women behind the other.

The Rebbe alighted, waved to me - with a beaming smile, then turned to Roselyn who also received a radiant smile. As someone remarked - "You got the whole works today".

Similarly, Iron railings have been fixed on both sides of the pathway and steps leading up to the library door.

YOM TOV

On the first night of Yom Tov, we were awaiting the Rebbe to leave 770 and to accompany him - with song - the thirty or forty yards to the library, where our Rebbe and Rebbetzen had removed to spend Succos. You might recall that this library - for the personal use of the Rebbe, and containing thousands of priceless volumes, under the care of a brilliant librarian, was sited in the large detached house in between 770 and Itkin's house - 760. It was not expected of the Rebbe to have to walk all the way from his home in President Street on Yom Tov, so the library had been refurbished. It was a nice cosy place now and the small Succah attached thereto had been extended.

I had suggested to Roselyn that she should stand on our (Itkin's) lawn, close to the railings, so that when the Rebbe ascended the library steps, Roselyn could wish him a very good YomTov.

She took my advice and stood together with three of our granddaughters, and was fortunate to have the Zechus of receiving the good Yom Tov greeting in return, accompanied by a glorious smile.

On the second night, Roselyn was joined by thirty woman and girls who were eager to follow Roseyn's example and to greet the Rebbe, Roselyn was again lucky and received another brilliant smile from the Rebbe. A Frenchwoman, who was standing next to Roselyn almost fainted with pleasurable shock.

Next morning, a long argument ensued on whether the Rebbe would smile at our granddaughters or at some other ladies even if Roselyn was not present. Roselyn said that she would keep away and find out what would happen.

That afternoon - about three hundred women and girls had congregated on our lawn and were pressing against the iron railings, whilst waiting for the Rebbe to walk from 770.

Suddenly, there were sounds of a mad dog barking and rushing around. The animal came snapping and snarling at the women, and then jumped right over the railings scattering the females in all directions - to the right and to the left - just like a sheep dog.

I realised that it was a young man shouting OUT - OUT - OUT - OUT - OUT - OUT and rushing hither and thither - OUT - OUT - OUT, he barked.

He could not bear the sight of so many females waiting to see the Rebbe, even when they would be separated by an "Iron Curtain".

One of the Rebbe's secretaries passed by at that moment. I expressed surprise that a young man should take it upon himself - on his own personal authority, to chase away all these ladies - although as soon as he left to chase another section, they all returned to

their original positions beside the railings. Most people remarked that it was a stupid thing that he had done.

In any case, women are not sheep. They are human beings, our better halves, and some of them had travelled thousands of miles, and spent much money - to see the Rebbe.

Their usual place outside 770 was taken up by scores of boys dancing - so they had to stand somewhere - and the Rebbe was well protected by the railings.

One or two bystanders might have agreed with the principle, but certainly not with the methods used.

The weather was very nice for all Succos. We used Rabbi Myer Itkin's Succah as usual. Label (Itkin) helped to fix it up, and Dovid and Mendel helped a little. Unfortunately, we were losing some Succah Regulars. Last year, Rabbi Nochum Trebnick from Kfar Chabad had passed away just before Succos. This year, Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin was feeling unwell, and had removed to the abode and the Succah of his brother-in-law, Rabbi Dubrowsky.

Friday evening, Rabbi Myer Itkin was sitting alone in the Succah. So Roselyn and I, together without our grandchildren joined him and spent a delightful evening chatting and reminiscing. One of the highlights of that evening was when Myer Itkin sang to us a lovely Yiddishe Ditty. This so enraptured us that we insisted that Myer should spend a little extra time and teach us the words and the tune.

Fortunately, Mendy (Lew) has a good voice, a good ear, and a good memory, and within a very short time, he was word - and melody - perfect.

Subsequently, on two of our visits to the Rebbetzen, Mendy gave a rendition of this song. The Rebbetzen was most impressed. She loved it.

I have tried my best to present an English version for my readers. It is hard to translate some warm Haimishe Yiddish words into English.

It is difficult, nay, almost impossible to recapture the pathos of this simple little story, with its beautiful and haunting lilting tune, and sung in the original Yiddish with a warmth and a zeal which touches ones emotions and heartstrings. It is really the story of the Jewish people throughout the ages. - Frail but Indestructable.

"The Succah"

This is my EFFORT.

A Succelle, a little one,
From bits of wood was it done,

I built it with Tzorus and might,
I covered the DACH, with nice green Schach,
And I sit in this Succelle at night.

The bitterly cold winds, Blow through the cracks,
And put out the Candles and Light,
I make for myself Kiddush, And discover a Chidush,
The Candles are burning steady and bright.

With a deep heaving sigh,
My wife brings me nigh,
The first course of my dinner, all glatt, She stands so erect,
And tells me with Shrek,
That the Succelle will very soon fall flat.

Please do not be absurd,
And don't be disturbed,
Don't let the winds cause you distress, The storms will get stronger,
And the gales will last longer,
But the Succelle will stand "strong, firm and fast".

This ditty is concluded with the special paragraph which we add during the Grace after Meals, on Succos.

“May the merciful one restore for us, the fallen Succah of David”.

On Shabbos Chol HaMoed, we had all been invited by Sam Melamed, our neighbour, to join him and some friends for luncheon in his Succah.

Most of his friends turned out to be a host of Yeshiva boys from 770, who did full and ample justice to the food, the soda and the strong potent drinks which Sam Melamed had so liberally and generously provided.

A large number of Baalei Battim were also present, including me, and it was a pleasure to see the boys enjoying themselves so much, their spirits increasing to the same extent that the spirits in the bottles were decreasing. We sang songs and a good time "was had by all". I was given the honour of benching, leading the "Grace after Meals". Mendy sang "A Succelle" and some Chazzonus.

The Ladies and Girls were also in the Succah, but were more refined and ate and drank more sedately.

When we returned home - next door, we found our friend Sholom Gansberg waiting for us in our Succah. He had a message from the Rebbetzen - could we see the Rebbetzen right away - immediately. What a Question! Only Mendel and Pincus (Lew) and Channah and Golda (Jaffe) were available of all our grandchildren, at this moment. So off we went! Mendy sang the ditty about the Succelle again. -After a short while the children left.

I had tea in the new enlarged Succah. It was originally, just sufficient for the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen. But - they wanted Sholom to join them too, so they had it enlarged. How nice and thoughtful of the Rebbe!

I sat there with Sholom drinking tea and eating some of the Rebbe's favourite cake - chocolate truffle.

Roselyn had tea with the Rebbetzen in the Dining Room. The Rebbetzen always serves us with tea - has always done so. This time, Roselyn noticed that she barely touched her cup. She ultimately confessed to Roselyn that she does not like tea, but understood that we enjoyed a "Cuppa", so - like a perfect and gracious hostess - she served tea. How nice and thoughtful of the Rebbetzen!

We spent a pleasant two hours together. She explained that Susan (our daughter-in-law) had forwarded to her a nice letter and had enclosed some beautiful photographs of her bonny baby.

Max Cohen had sent me a message that if, and when, I saw the Rebbetzen, I should ask for one of the Rebbe's shirts which he could wear at his Wedding, under the Chuppah. I transmitted the message to the Rebbetzen who replied that she would do her best.

Oh, Yes. I promised to tell you the story of Max's progress – here it is.

MICHOEL (MAX'S) PROGRESS

One of Leah's (Jaffe) friends had recently become engaged at the early age of sixteen and a half. I was discussing this with Leah and she informed me that she was determined not to marry until she was at least, twenty two years of age.

A couple of months later, after our return home from Israel, she telephoned me with the startling, but very exciting and welcome news that she had become engaged to Max Cohen. A local lad, in his early twenties, who had been a friend of the family for the last number of years - so they knew each other very well.

He had attended Lubavitch Yeshiva in France, and Kfar Chabad in Israel. He was an outstanding organiser and excellent worker for Manchester Lubavitch.

It seemed that Leah and Max had phoned the Rebbe that evening for his sanction, permission, and a Bracha for their betrothal and marriage.

Within two hours, Label Groner had telephoned from New York with the message that the Rebbe had given his approval.

Obviously Avrohom and Susan knew what was transpiring, but it was a well-kept secret. Roselyn and I were completely in the dark.

Leah and Max desired to see the Rebbe before their marriage, and were planning a special visit. We had already been at Crown Heights for the first days of Succos, when we learned the British Airways had reduced the return fare from Manchester to New York to one hundred and fifty pounds (less than half) - just for that one week, because it was the last scheduled flight from Manchester until the next season. Many Lubavitchers took advantage of this cheap fare, including Leah and Max, so we had extra guests for Yom Tov.

I subsequently wrote a short poem about Max's Progress, which I append herewith. It is self-explanatory.

MAX'S PROGRESS

- (1) There was once a young lad, who really knew where he was goin,
He was energetic and lively, and his name was Michael Cohen.
- (2) He attended Lubavitch Yeshivas and places of learning,
But it had been decided, that a living he should be earning.
- (3) He joined a good youth club, can you imagine which? Torah and Mitzvahs
To teach youngsters of course it was Lubavitch.
- (4) He loved our Shool, but it was such a long way,

So he became the Rabbi's Lodger, for just the Shabbos day.

(5) I did warn Leah and told her to have a care,
And from this persistent and determined fellow, she should always beware.

(6) He put up for Warden, his nomination was carried,
But one or two objected, because he was not married.

(7) He took Leah to 770, for the Rebbe to say yes,
The Rebbe agreed, but insisted that he, a Cohen should on Yom Tov, the Rebbe bless.

(8) So he wasted no time, and wed the daughter of the Rabbi,
And now he is a one hundred per cent, fully-fledged Gabai.

(9) We all wish Leah and Max, healthy and happy years until one hundred and twenty,
With Nachas, pleasures and Simchas a plenty.

Every night, after Maariv, the Rebbe related to us a Sicho. He would stand at his lectern on the large platform, which was situated at the top right hand side of the Shool. The Rebbe would speak for about three quarters of an hour, sometimes for an hour and a half. I have even known the Rebbe to speak, once, for two and a half hours - on one Sicho.

I usually stood in the first row (of benches) facing the Rebbe. An hour before Maariv, this was already packed tightly with men and there was no room to move or to turn. It is not too bad on a weekday, because the Rebbe would speak through a microphone and everyone, even at the extreme rear of the Shool would be able to hear.

The awkward times were on Shabbos and Yom Tov - there was no microphone - and all tried to get as close to the Rebbe as possible in order to hear the Sicho.

To accomodate more of our friends, we lifted up the hinged seats of the bench, and we stood three or four deep in this confined space - for an hour - until the Rebbe arrived. When the Rebbe entered - another four men, literally dropped in, and onto us.

On Shabbos, it was decided that it was silly for so many of us to stand, squeezed and squashed together, for an hour in between Mincha and Maariv - in so much discomfort. It was a great strain - therefore, some of us should leave temporarily and return just before the Rebbe was due to arrive. The seat or seats would be kept reserved for those who had volunteered to ease the pressure for the others.

I volunteered - and discovered too late, that it was impossible to get back to the bench. I met Label who informed me that the Sicho would be relayed to the Communal Succah of 770, upstairs AFTER SHABBOS - and to the whole world - but not - to the shool downstairs. In effect - the whole world would be able to hear the Rebbe, clearly and distinctly - but not those in the Shool, who were not standing near to the Rebbe.

I therefore ascended upstairs, and after Maariv I sat at a table in the Succah very comfortably, and heard the Rebbe speaking - clearly and loudly. The Succah was pretty full with men and boys.

WE VISIT SOME OUTLYING COMMUNITIES

For the fourth consecutive year, we went to Great Neck Shool in order to make people happy on Yom Tov in the Succah.

We travelled in two cars, as usual - and consisted, mainly of three families. (1) The Jaffe's - Roselyn and me, Yenta Chaya and Golda Rivka (Lew) and Channah and Levi (Jaffe).

(2) The Blessoskys, Yehuda with his son Hillel and daughter, Goldie (aged 6) and (3) The Lane-Raskins: Dovid and his daughter Bassa and son Aaron Leib. Rabbi Medanchik made up the party of thirteen members.

When we arrived at our destination, we were a little disappointed, because instead of the crowd of two hundred people whom we expected, there were only about seventy present. The date happened to coincide with a very important Political Meeting. The local congressman, who was seeking re-election, was a great friend of Israel, therefore it was incumbent upon the Jewish population to give their active support to this gentleman.

Even Rabbi Ephraim Wolfe, the Minister of the Shool, felt compelled to show himself at this meeting, and rally to the support of their friendly Congressman.

Rabbi Wolfe did leave the meeting earlier and rushed along to see us at the Succah at 9.30p.m and extend to us a very warm welcome.

However, we may have been a little short in quantity, but we certainly made up for it in quality.

Rabbi Anshel Pearl, who was present to greet our party, Dovid Lane, Rabbi Medanchik and I, all said a few words to the assembly - and then - everyone danced - NON-STOP. The girls and ladies danced outside the Succah and our girls certainly did a grand job. At one time, only two elderly ladies were left sitting in the very large Succah. Everyone was dancing and having a wonderful time.

On the following night, we were once again, invited to visit the Asbury Park Community Succah. Last year, we celebrated the Simchas Bais Hashoayvoh in Motel Simon's Succah. Motel is the father-in-law of our Manchester friend, Rabbi Lippy Brennan, who now resides in Crown Heights with his charming wife, Malka, and children.

Lippy collected us from our apartment and drove Roselyn and me to Motel's home and Succah, where Sheila, his gracious wife, had prepared for us a wonderful substantial and appetising meal - just as she did last year.

However, after dinner, we adjourned to the Jewish Community Centre Complex. This was a tremendous, gigantic building where all activities took place. Everything was of the best and of the height of luxury. Under its roof was a full size Olympic Swimming Pool with high diving boards; a huge Gymnasium with every type of mechanical device for recreation, physical exercise and training. Restaurants, Bridge Clubs, Chess Clubs... Anything you could mention - they had it. I believe that a family subscription for the year was about one hundred and fifty pounds - very reasonable.

Actually, there was something that they did not possess - A Succah.

Rabbi Yossi Carlebach successfully persuaded the management to put up this Succah, against the stern and active opposition of the Reform and Conservative organizations.

Why did they need a small temporary plain wooden building, when they possessed such luxury. It sounded very odd to them!

I was accompanied by Roselyn; my grandchildren, Levi and Pincus; and Rabbis Marlow and David Morris, also not forgetting Motel and Sheila, Lippy and Malka, and Malka's brother Moishe - a very fine young man.

We found - in Rabbi Carlebach's words - between one hundred and fifty and two hundred people present, together with a two piece "orchestra".

We spoke, we sang, we danced and made merry for nearly two hours. The evening was a huge success and Rabbi Carlebach maintained that we had made a "Kiddush Lubavitch".

I am reproducing herewith a fascimile of a poster which was used in their publicity.



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We also renewed our acquaintance with the Mayor of Asbury, Mr. English. He spoke very highly of us, and even produced - in evidence - from his wallet, the miniature Book of Psalms, which Rabbi Medanchik presented to him last year. He invariably keeps this in his wallet always with him. He considers this to be his "lucky charm".

Moishe Simon paid us the compliment of driving us back to Crown Heights. He is a very nice fellow, and should make a good husband for some lucky girl.

(Incidentally, he did become engaged to a great friend of ours, Sorele Vogel, and they were married in London at the beginning of March '85).

dANOTHER CHILDREN'S RALLY

On Tuesday the fourth day of Chol Hamoed Succos, another Children's Rally was held. It is amazing to observe how many rallies take place - and at such frequent intervals during the year. As Rabbi J.J. Hecht has often remarked - the Rebbe is so busy and his time is so precious, and yet he finds the many hours to spend with young children, many of whom do not yet appreciate the greatness of the Rebbe.

The hall had been cleared of all the tables to make more room. In any case, being Succos, they were not needed here, and most of them were in the Succah where the children had already eaten before coming down into the hall. Extra benches had been set up and reached to the four corners of the auditorium.

Rabbi Goldstein was trying to obtain order. He was telling everyone to "Shush - Shush - and more Shush".

He explained that every Tuesday night, there was a Tzivas Hashem programme on the radio (there are one hundred thousand members in the U.S.A. alone). There was a contest, a competition about the Coming of Moshiach. We recite three times every weekday, in the Amida, in Hebrew of course, "Sound the great Shofar for our freedom, raise a banner to gather our exiles, and bring us together from the four corners of the earth into our Land....."

A young lad won the competition by producing the longest Shofar in existence. It was drawn on sheets upon sheets of paper, all joined together. The end product was a paper Shofar which stretched over half the length of the room.

The Rebbe then arrived amidst the usual hysterical singing, clapping and stamping, which went on for about five or ten minutes.

Rabbi J.J. then took over. We first of all davened Mincha. The Mechitza, a curtain was drawn, to separate the Boys from the Girls during the service. It was removed immediately after Mincha.

Rabbi Myer Harlick asked me to officiate as the Chazan - "Zalmon - Daven - Quick, Loud and Clear". I was very pleased to accept and, herewith is a photograph of me davenning at the Omud, in front of the Rebbe and about three thousand children. It is no small wonder that I needed two pairs of hands - actually, I really required two throats.



The Rebbe was always amused at the antics of J.J. who was shouting "There is a baby crying, who is the bigger baby - Mother or Child?"

"I want Ahavas Yisroel and I shall ask Security (the Police) to take out anyone who is talking - Poshut - OUT". The Rebbe really loved this.

Three young children from Morocco had composed a special song about the Rebbe and Yom Tov. They then proceeded to entertain the assembly by singing their composition in original Sefardic "Arabic".

The Twelve Torah Verses were recited by young boys and girls, mostly solo efforts, but one or two duets, in varying degrees of high pitched squeeks and squarks. These children came from Brooklyn, Madrid (Spain), Toronto (Canada), Mexico City, Kfar Chabad, Melbourne (Australia), Italy, France, London, Morocco, Belgium, and Nachlas Kfar Chabad, Israel. The world was well-represented.

J.J. wanted a round of applause for the "Kids". "The Balcony is giving me trouble", he added.

The Rebbe led the clapping - he led the whole way, because no-one could keep up with the Rebbe's speed.

The Rebbe then related to us three Sichos. In between each Sicho, J-J. gave the English translations for the benefit of those children who could not understand Yiddish. Some of the points which the Rebbe made were as follows:

"Hashem brought children into His army. The Torah explains the methods and ways of how we have to behave and live our daily lives. If we do as the Torah states, then it will be good for us."

The Order of the Day is how to behave in everyday life, especially when the Jewish children gather together."

In the Torah we learn that all kings had their own Army. Moishe was King: Joshua was King: and Dovid was also a King."

"The Army assembled before their King to be "reviewed". When the King saw that the Army was O.K. - that they were prepared to carry out their duties in a proper way to wage war against the enemy - the Yetzer Hora - the Evil Inclination, and He had received reports how they had successfully vanquished this enemy. Then the King presented Medals and promoted the common soldier to a higher position."

"Before Yom Kippur, you had to prepare for the battle. Now, it was a holiday. You have to dress in Uniform, in Yom Tov clothes. G-d would grant you the blessings of "You shall rejoice at your festivals, and a seal a Medal for a Good New Year."

"The Esrog and Lulov, are medals - and signs that you have done the Shelichus of the King and won the war."

"The 'Zeman Simchosainu' - the time of our rejoicing should be with us all the Year. You shall receive more and more presents, rewards and promotions when you keep the Mitzvahs. "

"G-d is happy and proud with his army, all dressed in Holiday clothes and prepared to love another Jew as oneself."

You should see that all your friends should join Tzivas Hashem. You should have a "Freiliche" year, learn more Torah, daven better and it will be a Year of Light and Blessings."

"And in your Zechus (Merit), all your parents, brothers and sisters will receive special brochos and rewards. In addition, there will also be extra special brochos and rewards for your teachers."

"This gathering is taking place on one of the nine days of Yom Tov. It is Tuesday, the third day, the day on which G-d mentioned "Ki Tov" (it is good) twice. One for Heaven and one for His creatures. Also one for us and one for other children. "Yogato Umotzosa" - seek - other children and give them the chance to join G-d's Army and to Love one's fellow Jew."

"In today's shiur of Chumash - from Shelishi to Revii (third to fourth portion), we read that Moishe blessed the tribe of Yoseph with all good things. ("His land shall be blessed by the A-mighty ") because Yoseph, in Egypt, fed - gave food to all the people. "With the precious things of Heaven - you shall have success with all things connected with Heaven - davenning, the Mitzvahs etc." and with all precious things connected with the Earth - such as good food, good dwellings, good and nice friends."

"The Rambam is also for children. Today's Shiur states that when you bring a Korban a sacrifice - part is for Hashem - and part for the Kohen or the owner of the sacrifice. We received this gift - of the Mitzvahs - from G-d. You should have a healthy year, with nice clothes and dwellings and especially nice parents, brothers and sisters."

But - do the Mitzvahs with Joy, without delay - in haste - and G-d will repay you "in haste".

"East Kosher, make brochos before and afterwards - and you should have Kosher Toys. (Z.J. - this is a new one)".

The Rebbe concluded by telling the children that they must not forget those people who do not know, nor understand about all these good things. They must "Love your Brother" - give him Tzedoko, by telling him (or her)."

The Rally ended - as usual by the Rebbe handing out to the Boy and Girl leaders, packets of dimes to distribute amongst the children. Three coins per child. One for Tzedoko; one to give true joy to a friend - or for something connected with Succos; and the third coin for the child to spend on Yiddishe and good things.

"And tell all the children who do not know yet - about dancing with the Torah on Simchas Torah and do the Mitzvahs the same way - with dancing and with pleasure."

The three songs, "We Want Moshiach Now"; "Sheyboneh Beis Hamikdosh"; and "Ach Tzadikim" were sung with gusto excitement and verve, with everyone stamping their feet and clapping their hands.

"With our young, with our old, sons and daughters, children and old men. We will all go forward to greet Our Righteous Moshiach - and bring True Peace and Salvation NOW", concluded the Rebbe.

HOSHANNA RABBA

On the eve of Hoshanna Rabba, the Rebbe also related to us a Sicho. We had to celebrate Simchas Beis Hashoayvo even on Hoshanna Rabba. It was an Inyan of Simcha, Joy.

The Rebbe said that, there was not too much time tonight for dancing because we had to say Tikun.

Nevertheless, we had to have more concentrated liveliness and dancing because there was less time.

Connected with the Sedra and the Shiur Rambam, the Rebbe stated that everyone had to be joined together by bringing a sacrifice to the A-mighty.

The rich man would bring a sheep or cattle. The poor man a bird or chicken. And the very poor man, some flour.

The Rebbe repeated the story about the Arba Minim.

The Esrog has smell and taste - This refers to a Jew who possesses Torah and good deeds. The Lulov has taste and no smell – This refers to a Jew who possesses only Torah. The Hadassim have smell and no taste – this refers to a Jew who has only good deeds. And the Arovus have no taste and no smell – This refers to a Jew who has no Torah and no good deeds.

Yet, we join all these types of Jews together - bind them in unity, to comprise one Jewish nation.

On Hoshanna Rabba, we said Tikun "all night". At 1.00a.m after midnight, the Rebbe arrived at 770 to say Tehillim. The Shool was very cold, from the Air Conditioning, especially near to where the Rebbe was standing. Dr. Ira Weiss told me that the Rebbe loves the cold, and K.A.H. he is doing and feeling very well.

The Tehillim took a record one hour and twenty minutes (plus an extra five minutes, because the Rebbe recited the Kaddish in between each of the Five Books of Psalms - he keeps the Yahrzeit for a relative on that date).

I do think that it was after this service that J.J. intimated that he considered that the Rebbe was going to distribute dollar bills. But he was not correct. The Rebbe did suggest that in the past, the Gaboim (Wardens) used to give out toffee apples, and that it was a good idea. They could not obtain toffee apples at such short notice, but they did manage to get scores of boxes of sweet apples from Raskin's Fruit Store, around the corner - at 2.00a.m at night - so everyone had sweet apples as the Rebbe had stated.

Next morning, the Shool was overcrowded for the service.

Here is a photograph showing the Rebbe ready to lead the procession for those "few distinguished Rabbonim" who were invited to join the Rebbe in the seven circuits around the Bimah. One cannot visualise - or envisage from this photograph, that the Shool is packed solid with about six thousand people, but Freidin, the photographer is only interested in taking a picture of the Rebbe, for which clients will pay. No one is going to pay money for a general view of overcrowded 770. And - no matter how packed is the place - no one will have the Chutzpah to press against the Rebbe - and so there will always be a minimum of a yard or two between the Rebbe and the nearest person. Most of those who would be joining the Rebbe are not shown in the photograph (except for a couple of their Lulovim in the foreground.) They are ready to pounce as soon as the Rebbe has passed by.



Rebbe and Arba Minim

Immediately after the service, the Rebbe commenced the distribution of the Lekach.

I met my old Manchester friend, Uzzi, who had arrived on the previous day. I had missed him at the Midnight Tikun. He confided that he had felt a little tired and decided to have a half-an-hours nap - and slept solid for twelve hours - and had missed everything.

Label, as usual, was a great help to us, which enabled all of our family to go together to receive Lekach from the Rebbe. As we were a mixed group, it had to be carefully planned. Esther Sternberg was a great asset, too.

I received my rations first - with the best smile ever from the Rebbe. Then Roselyn - after which I introduced each grandchild as they came forward to the Rebbe.

"This is Golda Rivka, this is Channah" - but it wasn't - it was Yenta Chaya - (and did my "children" keep reminding me of my error).

When Leah came nigh, I introduced her as the Kaloh. The Rebbe asked her "Have you received my answer to your letter, which I sent yesterday?" Leah replied, "No, Not yet". The Rebbe suggested that Leah should go into the Office afterwards and she would receive her answer.

Meanwhile Label took hold of Michoel and informed him that the Rebbe had given his brocha for the wedding and that the date was also in order.

I then introduced Michoel - "Here is the Chosson". The Rebbe intimated that Michoel was also a Kohen and added "You will tomorrow bless me (the Rebbe - and pointing to me) him and everyone". He wished us all a Sweet New Year.

Max made quite certain that the Rebbe saw and heard him singing out loud the Priestly Blessings on the following day.

There was an interval at 3.45p.m whilst the Rebbe and all davened Mincha, after which he continued with distributing the Lekach for a further few hours, until almost Yom Tov.

I found a new friend this year, who was desirous of sharing the Rebbe's Arba Minim with me.

He stood near me at all the morning services and when the Arba Minim were shaken (NAANUIM) I had to do this Mitzvah very quickly indeed, so that my friend would also have time to participate in this ritual.

On one occasion, the Arba Minim needed some first aid repairs. So we repaired to the Succah and he did a good repair job.

His name was Rabbi Avrohom Meizlish from Kfar Chabad. He was a seventh generation Sabra (all born in Israel).

His great, great, great(?) grandfather, Moishe Meizlish, lived at the time of the Alter Rebbe. The Russian-Franco War was being fought and the Alter Rebbe wanted the Tzar Alexander to be victorious. It was the lesser of the two evils.

Economically, it would be bad for the Jews, but good for Yiddishkeit, because it was well-known that when the Jews were doing well, economically, there would be much assimilation - as we can see toady.

So, the Alter Rebbe sent this Moishe Meizlish to Napoleons camp to "spy out the land". He could speak French very fluently. He obtained access to the Officer's meeting place, where plans for the campaign were being discussed. He saw a general making marks in the sand with his stick. Moishe copied these marks onto some substance by pressing his sharp thumb nail onto the material.

SIMCHAS TORAH

Simchas Torah was even more hectic and exciting than usual, with so many extra thousands of visitors, it was amazing how they all managed to congregate in this one huge hall.

Dr. Ira Weiss was very pleased to tell me that K.A.H. with so many thousands upon thousands (literally, upon) singing, clapping, stamping and swaying, there was not much trouble - medically - just minor tummy upsets.

Every Simchas Torah, one of the clocks is always knocked off the wall. This year, by some miracle, the clock remained, but the fingers had disappeared - It made it rather difficult to tell the time.

Fortunately, the Rebbe has his own gold wristlet watch handy, and it was placed on his lectern during the Hakoffus.

Ever since, I have been coming to 770 for Simchas Torah - many years now - the Gabai has always called me up to recite the verse of "Malchuscho" during the ATA HORAISA. He has a good memory, because I got this posuk again.

I was again honoured with the first Hakoffa, but the crush of people on the platform was so great - I could not move or push my way through - and I funk'd it.

At the Seventh, the last Hakoffa, Rabbi Katz sent me urgent signals that I should make the effort. I did and managed my usual ten yards Hakoffa.

On the following day, I had a partner for the first Hakoffa. I did not know where he came from, nor what happened to him afterwards. But, for the last Hakoffa, the Seventh, I did an M.K. (Moishe Kotlarsky).

I took a Sefer Torah, almost before the last round had been completed and streaked to the centre dancing area before the Rebbe arrived. From much past experience, I have learnt that this is the only way to ensure a proper Hakoffa.

The Rebbe was, as usual, the Chosson Beraishis, and Avrohom Parshon the Chosson Torah.

We were very delighted to see him. He asked me to bless him with the Priestly Benediction - as I did last year.

The Rebbe had indicated us at that time, that, even an ordinary Jew can recite this threefold Priestly blessing upon another Jew. So I blessed Rabbi Avrohom Parshon!

He had gone through a tough time since last Simchas Torah. He needed a very urgent and serious heart operation. Yet, no doctor would undertake to do this. It was too dangerous, and the chances of success were too slight.

The Rebbe sent a personal letter to a very great surgeon, in which he wrote, "Regarding our mutual friend, Avrohom Parshon, who needs a very urgent operation. I would ask you, for the sake of Ahavas Yisroel, to accept this assignment, I am sure that it – and you will be blessed with success.

The result of all this was that Avrohom Parshon was present today, and was rewarded and honoured with the Mitzvah of Chosson Torah - for which he had already paid the princely sum of thirty six thousand dollars.

Roselyn and I - together with all of our family presently at Crown Heights made our way to Rivka and Moishe's (Kotlarsky) home for our Simchas Torah day, luncheon.

We met Rabbi Elitouf, late from the Argentine, and now from Jerusalem. Also Rabbi Halperin from Jerusalem. We had a wonderful time, materially and spiritually - as we usually do. (O.K. Moishe, I will keep my promise - enough said).

FARBRAINGEN AND KOSS SHEL BROCHA

As I have stated previously, so many extra people had arrived for Yom Tov, that all my preconceived ideas regarding "my usual seat or place" at the Farbraingen went by the board.

At one Farbraingen, I sat on a bench with a high back, - I did not sit on the seat - but on the high back. The Rebbe arrived and signalled to me - he wanted to know whether I was sitting down or standing up. I stood up to show the Rebbe that I had been sitting down.

At this Farbraingen, I sat in the aisle, half on a soda crate, which I shared with Simcha Zerkin, and the other half (of me) on a tip of the bench. Simcha's son, Yisroel, aged six, sat upon my knee.

Simcha Zerkin is a brother of the Sofer (scribe) of 770, who has K.A.H. many sons. They are all K.A.H. huge giants and the three or four eldest ones are the official stewards or "bouncers". They work as a team, and if there is any kind of trouble threatened anywhere, the brothers are called and in no time at all, they settle the matter to their utmost satisfaction. The Yeshiva Boys refer to them as the Mafia.

Someone started the song that "we are the soldiers of the Rebbe, who is Moshiach".

The Rebbe stopped the singers in their tracks, and then gave over a Sicho. He was extremely angry that they were referring to him - the Rebbe - as Moshiach. At one time, he was almost in tears.

The Rebbe told us that this song had put off many people from learning Chassidus - and even caused Anti-Lubavitch feelings. Did anyone expect the Belz or Gerer Chassidim to become more friendly because of this song?

As far as I could gather, there was a newspaper writer in Israel who insisted upon glorifying the Rebbe, and referring to him as the Moshiach. Other chassidische sects were very annoyed, and the Rebbe sent a delegation to this fellow and told him to desist.

He refused point blank and what continued in his his own sweet way. No matter what the Rebbe did or said, this fellow just took no notice. He was a stiff-necked person. He had his beliefs - and he would not change them.

The Rebbe was upset - and yet, later on that night - this fellow was one of the first to approach the Rebbe for Koss Shel Brocha - and, of course, the Rebbe did not differentiate between his Chassidim and gladly poured him out his Koss Shel Brocha wine.

An amusing incident occurred towards the end of the Farbraingen. The Rebbe indicated to the Gabai that he should now announce what would be the procedure.

The Gabai stood up and said, in Yiddish - "First the Rebbe, should he be well, will daven Maariv".

The room reverberated with laughter, because we had to bench, say grace, first. The laughter was so spontaneous and prolonged, that the Gabai could not obtain order, until the Rebbe intervened and said "Kinder, Shtiel", (Children - quiet). One of the previous Rebbes had once said that:

(1) Some things one is prohibited from doing - according to the Din, Halacha.

(2) Other things one is allowed to do - according to the Din, Halacha.

A Chossid will even carefully consider whether he should do those things which one is allowed to do.

And, yet, some people will try to find a heter, a way out, for doing those things which one is prohibited from doing.

After the Farbraingen, the Rebbe made Havdalla and distributed Koss Shel Brocha. Rabbi Akiva Cohen, our Rosh Hayeshiva, received, in addition, a bottle of Vodka as a bonus.

FURTHER VISITS TO OUR REBBETZEN

On Sunday, the day after Yom Tov, we had the Zechus and the pleasure to visit Our Rebbetzen again. This time the venue was at her home in President Street, and we took with us all of our grandchildren who were at that time in Crown Heights - including Leah and her Chosson Max.

We spent a very fine and enjoyable time with Mendie's "Succelle" and Chazzonus, and some other contributions from those of our grandchildren who were not tongue-tied or overcome with shyness.

I again brought up the matter of obtaining one of the Rebbe's shirts for our Chosson, Michael. The Rebbetzen promised that she would let us have this as soon as ever possible.

Perhaps I could call for it tomorrow, Monday, on the day we were leaving for home?

Max was over the moon with delight and excitement.

I telephoned the Rebbetzen on the following day, about lunch time, and I was informed that the shirt was available for immediate collection.

I dashed back to the apartment and announced the good news, that I was now on my way to see the Rebbetzen once again. However, before I left on this wonderful mission, I called Max and the rest of the family together, and explained that in my opinion, this shirt should be a priceless Jaffe heirloom - forever - until eternity, to be used by our grandchildren, great grandchildren and so on "ad infinitum". What a wonderful heirloom this would prove to be!

The reaction to my short speech had to be seen and heard - to be believed. There was neither a vote of Thanks, nor general acclamation.

Max was sensible and fatalistic about the matter. He maintained that although he would have given anything to possess this treasure for himself, and was rather sad that he had to relinquish his claim, he was content that I should keep it as a family heirloom - if that was my ambition.

The female of the species, however, was made of much sterner stuff. I was even accused of trying to purloin something that rightly belonged to the Chosson.

"You had asked for the shirt on behalf of Max, so it should belong to him!"

"What right had you to even think of taking the shirt?" - and much more in this vein.

Roselyn was angry - very annoyed. Surely they should realise that the Rebbetzen only gave us this shirt because of our special relationship and friendship.

Roselyn even went as far as to suggest to me, that if this gift from Our Rebbetzen was going to cause such an argument and rift in the family, then it would be better not to collect it at all, in the first place.

I disagreed with her opinion, just as much as I disapproved with the general attitude of my grandchildren. It would be a crying shame not to take advantage of the Rebbetzen's generosity and goodness of heart.

I decided, first, to collect the shirt. At least there would be something about which to discuss - or to quarrel about.

I left them all in the apartment sitting with long faces - and even longer noses.

The Rebbetzen welcomed me in her usual warm and friendly manner. We sat in the morning room, and Sholom Gansberg was in attendance.

I think that the Rebbetzen could see that I was a little upset about something. With her gentle persuasive manner, she soon learnt from me, the reason why I was not my usual cheery self.

"Oh, don't worry about it", she said. "We can very easily rectify this situation".

"In what way", I enquired.

"By giving you another shirt", she answered.

I could hardly believe what the Rebbetzen was implying.

"Yes", she continued, "next time you come to New York, I will have another shirt ready to give to you"!

I suddenly became aware of what the Rebbetzen was saying, and on the spur of the moment, and without thinking, I begged the Rebbetzen, "Please, if I am to become the proud possessor of another shirt, then let me have it now".

After a deep and poignant pause, the Rebbetzen turned to Sholom and asked him to bring down another shirt of the Rebbe's. He did so, and handed it to the Rebbetzen, who placed the garment in a bag, and presented it to me, with her compliments. Sholom indicated that it seems that one has to be very cheeky to attain an ambition.

For me, it was an emotional, outstanding and momentous experience. I could not express to the Rebbetzen, in words, how grateful and behoven I was to her.

You may well fully appreciate what a rapturous welcome I received from the family when I returned with TWO Shirts. It did take a little time for the facts to sink in. But,

when at last, everyone realised that the Rebbetzen had come to our rescue in such a generous manner, that joy and happiness became unbounded. And, the blessings and praises for Our Rebbetzen became overwhelming and unanimous.

THE DAY OF OUR DEPARTURE

Monday, the day of our departure, had arrived. We had a pretty busy programme to fulfil.

We had to pack up, pay up and tidy up (the flat). The shirt was collected from the Rebbetzen.

We had to say farewells to Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner, and Binyomin Klyne.

The Rebbe's Mincha was at 3.15p.m., after which was the Kinus Hatorah, and Yechidus would take place at 8.00p.m.

Our problem was that we had to check in at the Airport at 9.00p.m., and so it would not be possible to attend the Yechidus.

The Yechidus for Brides and Grooms would take place two hours later still - so it looked bleak for Leah and Michael.

After Mincha, there was an announcement, relayed over the loud speakers by Label Groner, that "to all those visitors who were leaving 770 early, and would not be able to attend the Yechidus, the Rebbe sent them a Brocha and good wishes for a good safe journey (and good health). We should hear good news, and it should be a Year of Simcha".

After some discussion, Michael and I hit upon the solution to the problem of how we could attend the Yechidus. We loaded the twelve suitcases into the car, and together with the twelve passenger tickets, we drove to the airport at 6.00p.m. (when our Airline Flight Desk was opened). We checked in the luggage and obtained our twelve Boarding Cards. This would now enable us to attend the first Yechidus, drive from 770 and run, direct onto the plane, which was due to leave at 11.15p.m.

Rabbi Mentelick arranged a good and convenient time for me to address the boys at the Kinus Hatorah - he also allowed me only fifteen minutes. This suited me as I was very busy that afternoon. I spoke for exactly a quarter of an hour - and all wanted me to continue.

As Dayan Golditch used to say, "I would prefer that people should ask why I did not speak, rather than why I did".

Michael told me that he was in the Rebbe's waiting room, just before the time of Mincha.

Every Chosson was given the privilege and the Zechus to daven Mincha with the Rebbe's own Siddur on the day of his wedding.

Some of these marriages would be taking place a month or two later on, but whilst the bridegrooms were at 770, they had this honour bestowed upon them on the day of their departure for home.

Max was in the latter category.

He stood and waited for his turn to borrow the Siddur. "Tashkent's" Chosson was being married that same evening, so he received priority. When he had concluded Mincha, he handed the Siddur to Michoel.

Suddenly, a fellow rushed into the waiting room. The Rebbe enquired who he was. The fellow replied that he was a Chosson. The Rebbe seemed a little surprised, but discovered that his wedding was due to take place before Max's. So Max was the third on the list. The Rebbe gave them all a Brocha, "Ausbeten alli gutte zachan" (Your entreaties should be accepted and you should be blessed with good things).

I was told that many years ago, the Rebbe used to lend these Chassanim a Gartel too, (black woven belt), but when each and every Chosson pulled out a strand for a memento - well - the stock of Gartels soon became depleted.

The Rebbe then opened the doorway to give Tzedoko money to the children gathered in the hallway.

Max had a "Rebbe's eye view" of the scene.

He said it was horrendous. All that Max could see and hear, was a huge crowd of women screaming and babies screeching, all struggling to get near to the Rebbe. It seemed tough on the Rebbe who, persevered, and handed to every child and baby a coin for Tzedoko. When all the children had received their dimes, the Rebbe went back to the waiting room, where the three Chassanim were standing, and then entered his study and closed the door.

The Rebbe did not daven Mincha with that Minyan on that day.

On the day of our departure, after Mincha, I usually followed the Rebbe to the door of his study and managed to obtain a Mini Yechidus.

Unfortunately, on that day the Rebbe did not attend that Minyan, so I had no one to follow!

I am told that if one throws a stone in Boro' Park, it will hit a Satmar Chossid. If one throws a stone in Crown Heights, it will hit a relative.

Rabbi Goldstein always has something new to tell me - One blows the Shofar with ones lips.

A Lip, in Hebrew, is SOFA (Sin; Pay; and Hay) so this equals 385. But we need two lips for this task - $385 \times 2 = 770$!

FAREWELL YECHIDUS

There was a Chuppah in progress outside 770, so the Rebbe waited for fifteen minutes, so that the ceremony could be concluded before the Yechidus commenced. He did not wish to disturb the Chuppah.

This was the only Yechidus for the thousands of visitors who were leaving 770 for home, this week.

As on the occasion of the Shovuos Yechidus, the men stood on one side of the Hall, and the women on the other

On that occasion, there were three hundred fifty people present, but tonight, there were well over two thousand five hundred. (Label Groner confided that the Rebbe had handed out over two thousand five hundred dollar bills to our group, which confirmed my figures.)

In addition, there were three other groups who would enter after our departure - the Barmitzvah Boys and their parents; Brides and Grooms; and Yeshiva Boys returning to their places of Study.

Including those who had already left for home on that day and who could not wait for Yechidus, I would hazard a guess that about five thousand visitors were departing over these few days.

This was a very lot of people. In fact, the outstanding and most vivid impression I have retained is of a huge vast multitude, so vast and gigantic that they could not be counted - and all eyes trained and concentrated on the Rebbe - in spite of the Rebbe's warning that, especially during prayers, one should concentrate on our Heavenly Father, and not on a human being of flesh and blood. The Rebbe threatened, last year, that he would leave the Shool and daven alone in a small room if this occurred again.

It was announced that after the Rebbe had given his address, the men would file past the Rebbe and receive a Dollar Bill and a Brocha. I was standing at the head of the men's line, and would be the first to approach the Rebbe. But upon reflection, this did not help, very much, time wise. Because, as soon as the men's line had ended, the women's commenced - and it was here, that it was so vitally important that Roselyn and our granddaughters should be amongst the first of the ladies to step forward to the Rebbe, because we could then all rush to the Airport together.

Esther Sternberg promised to look after them and to ensure that they received priority.

Max had already received a Brocha from the Rebbe when he borrowed the Rebbe's Siddur, in which to daven Mincha. However, Max and Leah did join our group, because it would be far too late for them to wait for the Chossanim and Kallos section.

It was on an occasion like this, when thousands of people were gathered for Yechidus, that one could see and realise how quickly and greatly Lubavitch had multiplied over the past twenty five years.

When Roselyn and I first came to 770 in December 1959, our children, Avrohom and Hindy, were teenagers. Today, T.G. and K.A.H., we are (nisht) 29, an increase of over 700%.

When one realises that most of Lubavitch families have K.A.H. exceptionally large numbers of Children, and that we attract many Baalei Teshuvos who "convert" to Lubavitch, it is not difficult to understand what a tremendous increase there has been during the course of the past twenty five years in the Lubavitch population.

Furthermore, Lubavitch marriages are being arranged almost daily with partners who reside many thousands of miles from each other - between boys and girls from the five continents. For Example the following from Manchester: Mendel Liberow became engaged to a young lady from South Africa. Label Turk's daughter (late of Manchester) to a boy from Australia. Phishel Cohen married a girl from Argentina and Rochel Lipsidge to a Canadian boy.

The focal point, the hub and centre of the Lubavitch world is 770, and when so many young people come to see the Rebbe, their friends get very busy and try to arrange Shiduchim. The Tempo is being stepped up - very much so - and K.A.H., Lubavitch babies are being born every day T.G.

So, when the Rebbe talks about the Jewish Nation being scattered all over the world, then Lubavitch must take some of the blame - or the credit.

Although, one would assume that the Rebbe would have less and less time to spend on individuals, it is remarkable to note that no one is neglected or ignored. Queries are answered almost at once, by phone, through Label and Binyamin Klyne, who are also overworked to a great degree.

I had occasion to phone Binyamin about a certain matter. He informed me that for the past week, he had been trying to contact me. He had a message from the Rebbe, which was that he "thanked me for the good news and he also extended a Mazel Tov to us on the occasion of the birth of Hindy's new baby, Yocheved Miriam" (She was born on the 7th of Adar - my birthday - a nice present). As a matter of fact, we had been away from home for the whole of that week.

The Rebbe has become very much isolated at the top of the pinnacle. He simply has no time for himself, and Yechidus - as we know it, has become a thing of the past.

It seems only a few years ago, that I used to spend an hour or two with the Rebbe at Yechidus immediately on arrival. And - then a farewell Yechidus for another hour or two before departure. The Rebbe would hold Yechidus on two or three nights of some

weeks, and often from 8.00p.m until 8.00a.m in the morning - and talk to about sixty to eighty people. On some occasions eg. when many people desired to see the Rebbe on their birthday, for a quick Brocha, there might be one hundred and thirty interviews. Some spent an hour and others just a few minutes with the Rebbe. Some went alone, others with their wives and families.

Just imagine, if all those five thousand people who had left 770 after Yom Tov, wanted to have a Private Yechidus with the Rebbe - as in the past. And, if it took each person just one minute to enter the Rebbe's study - a minute to leave - and only one minute for receiving a Brocha from the Rebbe - and furthermore, if husband and wife entered together and halved the number of Yechidus, then it would take one hundred and fifty hours for this one "Session". If the Rebbe spent five hours per evening, it would take thirty days - a month - of continuous Yechidus (including Shabbos).

For many years, I was doing very nicely with two sessions of Yechidus on each and every visit, when one evening the Rebbe, very reluctantly, appealed to me to relinquish one of my Yechidus. A large crowd of Russian Jews had been lucky, and were allowed to leave the U.S.S.R. They had been kept spiritually alive, for many years, by corresponding and keeping in touch with the Rebbe. They had now come to Crown Heights to see and speak to the Rebbe, after all this time and hardship.

The Rebbe was deeply disappointed, and so was I, but the Russians certainly had a prior claim. I had to be content with just one session of Yechidus.

Tonight, the Rebbe addressed us for thirty minutes - from 8.20p.m until 8.50p.m. He told us, in brief:

"Shemini Atzeres (Simchas Torah) is the last Yom Tov of the month of Tishrei. G-d made this special Yom Tov for His beloved people, in order to say farewell and to give added encouragement to do the A-mighty's work in different places.

Jews cannot separate themselves from each other. This is connected with the Cycle of the Torah which we have ended and commenced again straight away.

Although divided into fifty three or fifty four Sedras, it is still only one Torah, although there are many verses in each Sedra, too.

Beraishis, is a very long Sedra. It covers a very long time - yet there is only one Mitzvah in that Sedra.

Noach is also a long Era, others are shorter periods. When we have learnt every word, every verse, every Sedra and thus learnt all the Torah, then we can celebrate Simchas Torah all together - because we have learnt all the Torah.

Why are you leaving? Why not stay here? Because we have the Holy Shelichus to spread out Yiddishkeit all over the world.

G-dliness is everywhere - and it is the same everywhere - in every Country, city, street and house. G-d gave us this special strength - to do Shelichus with joy.

When every Jewish child everywhere says Modeh Ani, with the same words and Nusach, he has a Shelichus from G-d to provide a Dwelling Place for the A-mighty down below. And G-d will bless everyone - Men, Women and Children, with blessings from Heaven to learn Torah with happiness and to fulfil the Mitzvah with Joy.

We will then not be short of Parnosso, and will be given our sustenance without worries.

We will be blessed even with our dealings with non-Jews and everyone will realise that G-d rules all the world. Additional study by non-Jews of their Halachas will ensure that they will keep their Mitzvos as stated in the Torah. The learning of their Halachas will help in matters of Parnosso, and also regarding Eretz Yisroel, because their task is to guard and help Jews - in the last years of Exile. This will bring hastily the end of the Exile for everyone."

The Rebbe wished us all a Year of Light, Blessings, Torah and Simcha and a Year of Redemption.

In conclusion, he made each and every one of us, a Sheliach Mitzvah, and proposed that we all file past him and he would hand each person a Dollar Bill for Tzedoko.

I was the first to receive the Rebbe's Dollar, and it took exactly an hour for the men to be "served".

Esther Sternberg kept her promise and Roselyn and our girls were the first of the women to approach the Rebbe. Roselyn was again fortunate to receive a wonderful smile and Brocha - Golda and Channah indicated that the Rebbe was smiling at Roselyn's funny hat - Cheek!

We rushed to the Airport and caught our plane in good time - it had been delayed for half-an-hour.

We all had a pleasant journey home, although the Kosher Food, for which we had paid, again never arrived.

I had a chat with the Captain on the Flight Deck, again. He was prepared to wait for fifteen minutes whilst the Kosher Food was brought aboard - but not the forty five minutes, which was the estimated time. (A month later, in Manchester, the Airline sent us five pounds each, as a "sweetener".)

Golda (Jaffe) did not miss the food. She had eaten so much "NASH" during the two weeks we spent in Crown Heights, that she was sick eleven times during the Journey - including the car trip to the Airport!

When I returned home, I realised that, because I was so busy on the day of our departure, that I forgot - for the first time ever - to say our farewell to Rabbi Chadakov. I immediately sent him a letter of apology. He, subsequently told Shmuel that he had received this letter, and he was holding it as a "Mashkon" (pledge or hostage) to ensure that I shall say farewell to him on our next visit.

SHMUEL AND HINDY VISIT 770 - BUT NOT TOGETHER

Shmuel suddenly had a yearning and a longing to see the Rebbe. He had not been present at 770 during Succos, because he had been sent on Shelichus behind the "Iron Curtain".

So, off he went, to 770 for a week's recuperation. He returned home just before Leah's Wedding.

A week or so after the marriage, Hindy took Zelda Rochel, who had attained her Bas-Mitzvah, to see the Rebbe. Baby Yisroel Aryeh Leib, also accompanied them.

Yisroel received a nickel every day from the Rebbe to put into the Tzedoko box. Once, the Rebbe gave Hindy a nickel, too, in addition to the daily smile and Brocha which she received from the Rebbe outside 770.

She was invited to visit the Rebbetzen and Yenta Chaya was also included in the invitation.

Hindy told me, that on the day of Leah's wedding, the Rebbetzen opined that Yenta Chaya might feel lonely and upset, at not being present at a family wedding.

So the Rebbetzen called (phoned) the School and other places before she did contact Yenta Chaya. At the school, the girl who answered the phone was rather abrupt and cursory. She never realised and could hardly believe that it was Our Rebbetzen to whom she had been so rude and curt. (The Rebbetzen always announced herself as Mrs. Schneerson of President Street. How modest and what an understatement.)

As Hindy declared, it should teach this girl a lesson - and to be careful what she says on the telephone. It might even be the Rebbetzen again.

Hindy added that "Yenta Chaya was quite at home at the Rebbetzen's abode and the Rebbetzen was endeavouring to make her into a good "Baalabosta".

Baby Yisroel also had a splendid time with Doda (Aunty).

Hindy returned home on Rosh Chodesh Teves.

On the following day, Shmuel flew back to Crown Heights. He had been invited by Lubavitch to be the chief speaker at a Students Pegisha.

As they say in England - "Hello! Hindy, and Goodbye!"

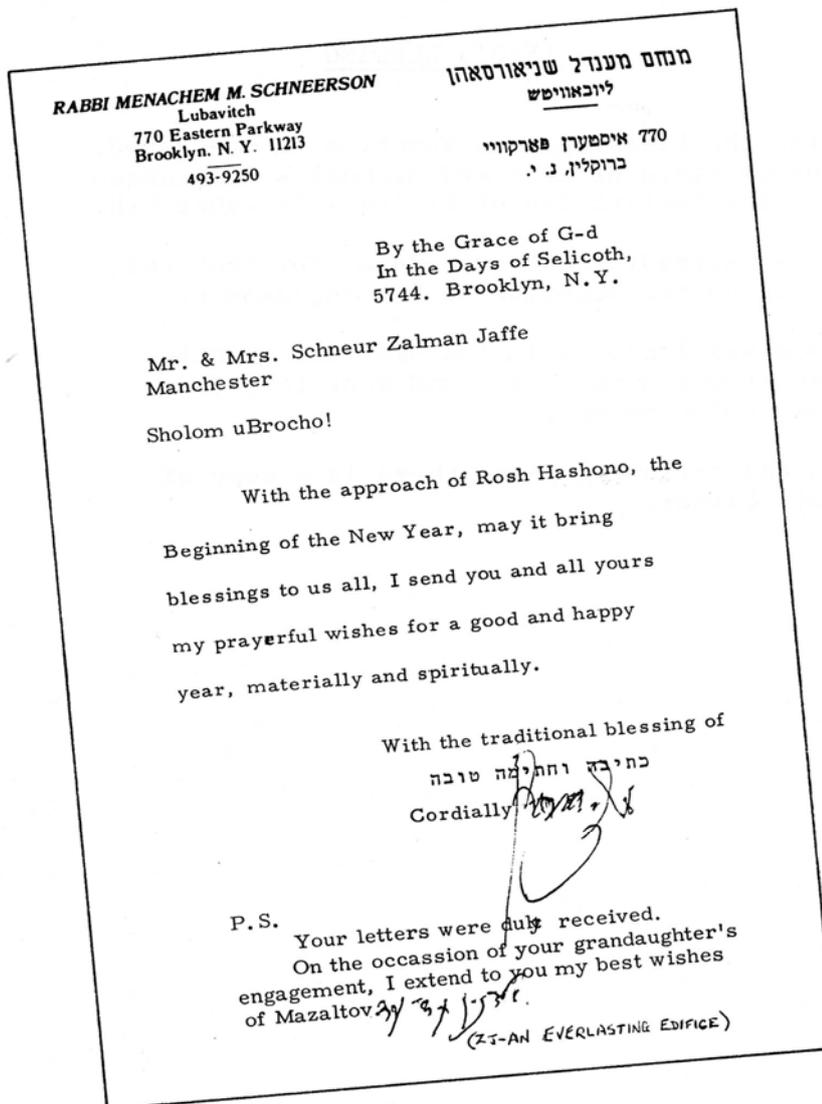
LEAH'S WEDDING

With the blessings and sanction of the Rebbe, the marriage of Leah and Michoel was arranged for the twelfth day of Kislev December 6th.

I had already received a Mazel Tov from the Rebbe on the occasion of her engagement.

This was included in the New Year greetings letter which the Rebbe had sent to me, a few months before.

Here, is a copy of this letter.



Leah desired and Max concurred, that her father, Avrohom, who was the Rav of the Shool, should be "Messadur Kedushin" at her Chuppah. So here is a classic example of a Man marrying his daughter!!

On the morning of the Wedding, Avrohom and Susan received a lovely letter of Mazel Tov from the Rebbe. They were both thrilled, excited and delighted.

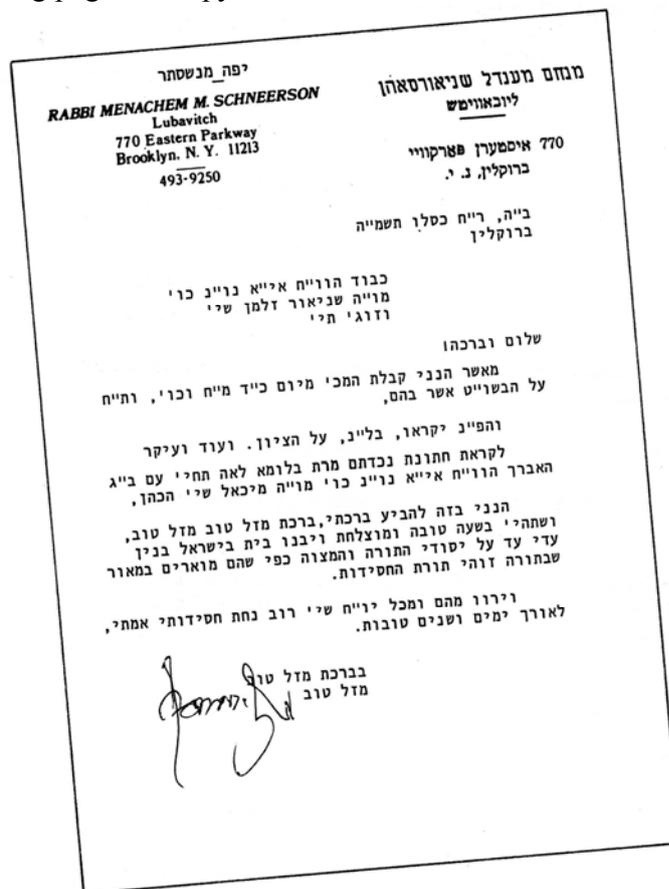
An hour or so later, a Cable arrived from New York, addressed to Avrohom and Susan.

It contained just four words - but what four words!!

"Mazel Tov - Moussia Schneerson".

Is not Our Rebbetzen a wonderful person!

Later on still, Roselyn and I received a letter from the Rebbe, too. It was in hebrew - and on the following page is a copy.



The Rebbe has added a new dimension to my name. He has prefaced my name with the word KEVOD (Honour).

Therefore the English Translation would be as follows:

B.H.
Rosh Chodesh Kislev 5745

To the Honoured, Fine, Pious and G-d fearing man, exalted and honoured Schneur Zalmon and his wife.

Greetings and Blessings:

With this I acknowledge your letters of the 24th of Mar Cheshvan and so forth, and I thank you for the good news contained in them.

Your requests for Brochas will be read at the Tzion.

And furthermore and mainly on the occasion of the Wedding of your Granddaughter, Bluma Leah (Tchye), with her intended partner, the young man, the fine pious, G-d fearing, exalted and honoured Michoel HaKohen. I herewith extend my Blessings for a Twofold Mazel Tov blessing. And may it be in a good and auspicious time, that they may build a home in Israel, an everlasting edifice on the foundation of Torah and Mitzvahs as they are illuminated by the Light of Torah - that is -Torah HaChassidus.

May you derive from them and from all your offspring, much true Chassidische Nachas for Long Days and Good Years.

With the Blessings of Mazel Tov, Mazel Tov. (Signed) by the Rebbe Himself.

Before the Chuppah took place, we had the Kabolus Ponim at which the Chosson recited the marriage Maamer.

At the Ufruf, one joker remarked to Michoel that he should beware of his father-in-law, because in that week's Sedra, Laban substituted Rochel with Leah. Michoel replied, he never wanted Rochel in the first place, only Leah, so there would be no problem.

The Chuppah was in the usual 770 tradition, sited outside on a platform, well lit and with a microphone. One slight difference was that our Chuppah took place - promptly.

Avrohom was Messadur Kedushin, and the Sheva Brochos were divided between various Rabbonim. The Rebbe's letter to the Chosson and Kaloh was read under the Chuppah.

Many people came from London, including Rabbonim, Nachman Sudak, Phaivish Vogel, Hershel Gorman, Benzion Hackner and Beryl Futterfass. Plus of course, Hindy and Shmuel and all the family (except Yenta Chaya in Crown Heights, Yossi in South Africa and Mendel in Israel).

At our apartment in Crown Heights we had plenty of practice of how to utilise a limited space to maximum capacity. For example, we NOW had five girls sleeping on mattresses in the lounge; three boys in the small bedroom; Shmuel and Hindy with two babies (in two cots) in the second bedroom, and Roselyn and I in another bedroom.

Five hundred people sat down to dinner, including thirty two Rabbonim; yes, 32. I did not realise that there were so many Rabbonim in the whole country.

The whole affair went with a swing. The Band was terrific and one simply had to join in and dance, even in between the dinner courses. The Kaloh never ceased dancing all night - what stamina! She looked just a Bride should look - Beautiful.

There were the usual "Variety Acts". Dovid balanced chairs on his nose, bottles and glasses on his forehead and swallowed fire - that was comparatively easy. He had drunk so much Vodka that a small spark to his lips produced a huge bellowing flame. Rabbi Lefcowitz did an "apache" dance with Rabbi Liberow, but most of the men just went around in circles. The girls, behind the Mechitza, however, danced as if they had been trained and well rehearsed by the Chief Choreographer of the Royal Ballet. They were really excellent - I was allowed to see them for a few minutes - on the video.

There was only one speech - not a short one - given by Shmuel, who then called upon various gentlemen to make presentations to the Chosson. One fellow who represented an important organisation was determined to sing the praises of the Jaffe family. He had just got into his stride when suddenly everything went quiet. Somebody had turned off the microphone and loud speakers. This seemed to please very many of the assembled guests, who rushed back to the dance floor.

Most people stayed until the very end of the affair - after 1.00a.m in the morning. This was most unusual, because this type of function normally concluded at 11.00p.m in Manchester -very occasionally at 12.00 midnight. But, everyone wanted more - and more - and the Caretaker, who was also the Security Officer, indicated that as he was on duty until 8.00am next morning, he might as well have some jolly people keeping him company.

After Shabbos, the Lews left for home. It was lovely having them all here. They were all gorgeous - but after three days of boisterous excitement and high spirits, it was a relief to return to normalcy - but wistfully sad to see them go.

Yud Tes Kislev concided with the last night of the Sheva Brochus. The Shool, the Yeshiva and the Lubavitch Organisation joined together to make a celebration Yud Tes Kislev dinner so that we could all participate in this "farewell" Sheva Brochus.

It was a truly magnificent affair.

CHANNUKA

Rabbi Leibov, from Kfar Chabad, Israel explained to me how all the Lubavitcher's in Eretz Yisroel made special efforts to fulfil the Rebbe's instructions regarding the Mitzvahs of Channuka.

Even the Israeli government assisted by producing one hundred and fifty thousand coins - each of the value of a hundred Shekalim - which were specially minted at the Rebbe's suggestion. These were distributed to the Soldiers in the Army.

I have made a photograph of these small Channuka packets - both sides - which I herewith, reproduce. Notice the words Channuka in English and Hebrew on the coin.

At home, in Manchester, Dovid made a most beautiful Channuka Menorah. What was unusual about it, was the fact that it was Mobile - a "menorable".

It was as large as a motor car and Dovid fixed it onto a trailer. The lights worked from a portable generator.

It was a very nice piece of workmanship, and Dovid drove it all over Manchester and its environments. It was seen by tens of thousands of people. Many sent us reports and told us how thrilled they were to see it.

We always have a Succomobile - but this is the first portable Menorah I have ever seen.

We do have a permanent fixed Menorah outside our Lubavitch House. It is about twenty five feet high, and we get a constant stream of passersby and many others who make their annual pilgrimage and come specially to see it lit up.

Below is the picture of the Israeli packets, which were distributed over Channuka.



The Chabad emissary in the U.S. town of T.... attempted to organise the erection of a large Channuka menorah on public property in the city. The local Jewish Community Council opposed the idea. The Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita wrote to the Council President as follows:

By the Grace of G-d
25 Cheshvan 5742
Brooklyn N.Y.

Greeting and Blessing:

In reply to your letter of Nov. 18 on the matter of placing a Channuka Menorah on Public property in T.....

The subject matter in general is not a new idea requiring investigation as to constitutionality, public reaction, etc. All this has already been fully weighed years ago, resulting in overwhelming support for the idea, and in Manhattan, in the city of New York, the largest in the U.S.A. also in Washington, the Nation's capital, as well as in Philadelphia, the birthplace of America's Independence, Channuka Menorahs are on display in many cities throughout the Union.

Thus it has long been recognised in the U.S.A. that the erection of a public Channuka Menorah is a positive thing because of its universal message of freedom of the human spirit, freedom from tyranny and oppression, and of the ultimate victory of good over evil, just as "a little light dispels a lot of darkness". These fundamental human aspirations and principles, as visibly symbolized by kindling of the Channuka lights, are surely shared by the vast majority of Americans.

Indeed, so enthusiastically welcome has the Public Channuka Menorah been that its inaugurals have been graced by the personal participation of the President of the United States in Washington, and of the highest City and State officials and dignitaries wherever the Channuka Menorah made its annual appearance.

You know, of course, the force of a precedent, especially one that has recurred many times, in every Court of Law.

Incidentally, the said Public Channuka Menorah has already become a familiar sight, since it has usually received good coverage by the media.

With esteem and blessing.

And a further letter:

By the Grace of G-d
13 Kislev 5742

Brooklyn N.Y.

Greeting and Blessing:

The matter of placing a Menorah on town property, which seems to have been made an "issue" in your community, is not a new idea, or a new problem - constitutional, legal, proper or otherwise - that has to be weighed and determined. The fact is that there are numerous precedents over the years in various parts of the U.S.A. To mention a most conspicuous one is the public lighting of a Channuka Menorah on public property in the Nation's capital. It was in 1979 that a huge Menorah was installed in Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House, with President Carter personally participating in the ceremony. Like all matters relating to the President of the United States, this event, too, received wide national coverage. Since then, the Menorah in Washington has become an annual event.

Let me emphasise that the Menorah in the Nation's capital was introduced without anyone making an issue of it, as a self-evident event in the public interest. That it was also constitutional, legal and proper goes without saying, since the President of the U.S. personally participated in it.

With esteem and blessing for a bright and inspiring Channuka.

PURIM

THE REBBE DOES NOT NEGLECT ANY JEWS

The Rebbe has always made a point of reminding those of our Jewish people, who have, unfortunately, been committed to a period in prison, that they have not been forgotten, and that there is someone "outside" who still cares for them.

On many occasions, especially during Rosh Hashonna and the Yomim Tovim, the Rebbe has sent letters to "Our brothers and sisters", who are unfortunately languishing in Jail. The Rebbe has always done his utmost to up-lift their morale.

On Purim, Michael Rose went to H.M. Prison, Manchester, to read the Megilla to the Jewish prisoners, and to take them "Shalach Monos" gifts.

There were six Jewish men in the jail, of whom, five attended the Service. Of these five, one was a coloured person. His Jewish mother had married a coloured man, and so he claimed his Jewish rights (and rites) and wanted to hear the Megilla.

Now, the interesting sequel to this, is that the sixth man who did not attend, seems to have suffered some remorse. He sent to us the following very fine letter, the original of which, I forwarded to the Rebbe. For obvious reasons I have omitted the writer's name.

24 FEB 65

In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope:

Number G73705
NO ANONYMOUS MAIL IS
ALLOWED. PLEASE BE SURE TO
PUT YOUR FULL NAME AND
ADDRESS ON EVERY LETTER.

Name

G73705

H.M. PRISON,
SOUTHALL STREET,
MANCHESTER,
M40 2AH.

Dear People of Lubavitch,

I am writing on behalf of other Jewish men and myself here at this prison. To thank you for your visit and gifts at Purim. I myself did not attend service given, but still received your gift at our meeting of the night.

Although my name says not, I am an Israeli (Gibon) I changed my name when I come here first. And because of certain happenings in my life at home I have ^{not} been a religion man for a long while but I respect my people and our religion whatever or whenever it may be. And your visit ~~make~~ me feel happy that someone out of prison is thinking of me. I will send letter now by saying again thank you for other men and me. Also please forgive my writing because I am just learning to do it like this.

With Kind Regards
Yours Gratefully and Humbly

At the Purim Farbraingen, the Rebbe related Seven Sichos and a Maamer. Shmuel translated and Susan and Avrohom produced and distributed these works.

Herewith is Sicho Six:

In the Megillah, we are told that all noblemen of the countries and all provinces elevated Mordechai. This is remarkably relevant now with regard to the Rambam, where we find that many non-Jewish countries are celebrating the 850th Anniversary of the Rambam. These countries include even Egypt, Mitzraim, and all exiles are called Mitzraim, for the word is related to "oppressor". This we find even to our days, where this terrible oppression which is called Camp David, which caused Israel to give away its sources of oil, and necessary territories, to the extent that the people were driven from the town of Yamit. Imagine, an army of Jews which used to chase people from part of Eretz Yisroel where a promise was made that they would remain there forever! The rationale of the Government for doing such a terrible deed was that "We have no choice but to keep our word". For that reason the Jewish army threw out the people from a place which has had an investment of sweat, blood and money, and most important faith in its future. A similar fact, of following political considerations instead of the advice of experts in the field, happened in Lebanon where every one knew that the necessary objective could have been fulfilled in a few days, which could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The President of the U.S.A. had then left the country, so that he could say he could not intervene, and a nod in this direction was made to the Israelis. Every Military expert, Jewish and non-Jewish, (provided he speaks from the military angle and not from the political) agreed that if they were allowed to conclude the objective, it could have been finished very quickly. The tragedy is that the political considerations intervened and through this, hundreds of Jewish lives were lost, in addition to many wounded. I am not aiming to aggravate anyone, but to speak about the necessity for the future. Those who misled the people then are still in positions of authority and are behaving in the same way in South Lebanon and are planning to do so in the Gallille, and to give back more territories, and are only trying to find the right formula to silence the public opinion.

May Hashem help that the celebrations of Rambam go ahead in the strongest possible way, particularly since a country like Egypt prides itself in the fact that the Rambam lived there, and are making many celebrations and marking the 850th year which people consider this is since his birth. They are issuing special stamps ect., knowing and publicising him as a Jew rather than in his non-Jewish name, and a Jew who stood firmly and did not kneel or bow down to the expectations of others. Similarly in Spain, where the Rambam lived for a certain time and Morocco. They all freely acknowledge his Jewish roots and lifestyle. This makes it even more imperative that Jews themselves should celebrate and commemorate the occasion in an infinitely stronger manner.

MATZO FROM THE REBBE

This year, before Pesach, we were fortunate to receive, again, a large box of Matzo direct from the Rebbe.

Our Rosh Hayeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, was the lucky recipient. He divided up these precious pieces and shared them between all the Anash of Manchester.

I was very surprised, albeit, delighted, when Rabbi Cohen handed to me a whole, perfect Matzo. I thanked him, profusely and asked him why I was so lucky. He replied, that he was told to use his discretion, and as I was one of those fortunate men to receive a set of Arba Minim from the Rebbe, on Succos - then he considered that I was entitled to a whole complete matzo.

I was truly grateful to him - and of course - to the Rebbe.

We distributed Shmura Matzos - not the Rebbe's - to all our friends and supporters in Manchester - and also to the Jewish Day Schools.

The Director of Jewish Studies at one of these schools, had the courtesy and the good manners to send Avrohom a letter of thanks.

A reproduction of that letter is on the following page.

ב"ה

CITY OF MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE

KING DAVID SCHOOLS

WILTON POLYGON
BURY OLD ROAD
MANCHESTER M8 6DR
061-740 3181

Department of Jewish Studies
and Hebrew Education

בית-ספר, המלך דוד" במנשסטור

22nd April 1985

Rabbi Jaffe ^{א.ס.א.}
26 Old Hall Road
Salford 7
MANCHESTER

Dear Rabbi Jaffe ^{א.ס.א.}

I would like to thank you on behalf of the children for the "מאכלי חמץ" and the Matzoh Shmurah (מזוג שמורה) which you kindly gave to us before Pesach.

The large amount of Matzoh which you sent was sufficient to give everyone (about 800 children) a piece, and the children were delighted to receive this special Matzoh.

This shows us your constant care towards the education of Jewish children and you true "אורבתי ישראל".

Thank you once again

Yours sincerely

Eliyahu Aviad
Rabbi E Aviad
Director of Jewish Studies

MY BIRTHDAY

I conclude this Edition with a copy of the letter which the Rebbe sent to me on the occasion of My Birthday.

My Birthday is on the Seventh day of Adar. Hindy presented me with a lovely birthday present - another granddaughter.

This day is also the birthday of Moishe Rabbainu, so they named the baby, Yocheved - after Moishe's mother, and Miriam, after his sister.

If Hindy and Shmuel keep giving their children double barrelled names, they will soon run out of stock.

I had advised the Rebbe about my birthdate, and appealed for a Brocha for health and sustenance.

Every day, Levi would ask me whether I had yet received a letter from the Rebbe.

In spite of my protests and arguments that one is not always lucky to receive a birthday letter, he still persisted in nagging me every day - "Have you got a letter, Have you got a letter". It was getting on my nerves.

Then, T.G. - and the Rebbe - one fine morning a letter did arrive. Here it is -

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
12th of Adar, 5745
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Shneur Zalman &
Yacha Raiza Jaffe
105 Cavendish Road
Salford, Lancs., M7 ONB
England

Greeting and Blessing:

I duly received your correspondence, which came in
the auspicious days of Adar, in proximity to Purim.

At this time, I extend to you and all yours prayer-
ful wishes for a joyous and inspiring Purim.

Referring to the central point of your letter,
namely R'Shneur Zalman's birthday on the auspicious day
of the 7th of Adar - may it be a year of Hatzlocho in
every respect, and, especially, that both of you to-
gether should have true Yiddish Nachas from each other
and from each and all of your children and grandchildren.

I take this opportunity of sending you also a
hearty Mazel Tov on the birth of your granddaughter, as
I have already sent a Mazel Tov to her parents. יונקו מרים

Again wishing you and all yours a joyous and in-
spiring Purim, and a growing measure of "Light, Joy,
Gladness and Honor" both materially and spiritually,

With blessing *M. Schneerson*

Enc.
P.S.

The mailing of this letter was delayed and yours, as
were received. Many thanks for the good news. *אין יום אדר*

To be continued B'EZRAS HASHEM -



The 'Menorah Mobile' as described on page 200