



**MY ENCOUNTER WITH
THE REBBE שליט"א**

by Zalmon Jaffe

17th INSTALMENT Shovuos 5745/1985 until Shovuos 5746/1986

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 Seventeenth and covers the period from Shovuos 5745 (1985) till Shovuos 5746 (1986)

After writing Sixteen instalments, it is surprising that I can still find something new about which to write.

Yet, such are the extraordinary and unusual activities which take place at 770, the Headquarters of the World Lubavitch Organisation, under the auspices of the Rebbe Shlita, that I have discovered that I have written even more pages than ever.

I feel confident that you will enjoy reading this, my Seventeenth instalment. The gematria, numerical equivalent, of TOV - GOOD is 17, so this Seventeenth instalment should be even better than usual.

Walter Hubert has a long tradition of sending me a nice note of appreciation, every year, in praise of my work. Here is a copy of the letter I received from him when I sent him my Sixteenth edition.

Walter I. Hubert

225 Clifton Drive South
St. Annes-on-Sea

11th June 1985
Mr. Z. Jaffe,
c/o Lubavitch Foundation 62 Singleton Road
SALFORD.7.

Dear Zolman

My sincere apologies in being some 3 weeks late in congratulating you, on yet again, writing a memorable enjoyable and witty report on your trips to the Rebbe.

As always, Rebecca and I enjoyed every word, and this year for the first time our youngest children Miriam and Ruth read the book with considerable enjoyment.

Thank you again and may you be given the strength to continue with your annual report until 120.

With fond regards to Rosalyn and yourself and renewed greetings from house to house.
Yours sincerely,

Walter

I also received this lovely letter from the Librarian of the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Melbourne, Australia.

RABBINICAL COLLEGE OF AUSTRALIA AND N.Z

Dear Mr Jaffe,

I would like to apologise for not writing to you sooner to thank you for your kind donation of the latest volume of your memoirs. You can now rest assured that it, along with several other volumes is not only in the Yeshivah Gedolah library, but it now rests in a special section devoted to it.

While I am writing to you, I would like to voice a terrible complaint about your books; people don't return them. I have studied the matter and it seems that the reason for this is that with other books the reader uses the book, and afterwards returns it. With yours, on the other hand, the book brings back so many fond memories that they lend it to someone else, who lends it to someone else... suffice it to say that they are never seen again.

Fortunately, there is a simple remedy for this problem. All you have to do is to make them a lot bigger, and they'll be too big to carry away. Besides which, all your readers here at the Yeshivah, and the borrowers from outside will have many more hours of enjoyable reading.

Seriously though, everyone here that has been lucky enough to read your books thinks that they're marvellous, and, hope that we will be lucky to see at least 104 more of them, which should make 120 all in all.

I hope I see you again the next time I visit the Rebbe Shlito, but until then be well, and please give my warmest regards to your grandsons Levi and Dovid.

Yours sincerely,

Yosef Dovid Slater (Librarian)

And, finally, just one of the short notes I received from Baruch Shmuel Levine, aged about thirteen, a friend of my grandson, Sholom Ber

Dear Mr. Jaffe,

I am sorry that I was unable to write to you before, but in any case I am writing to thank you for your **wonderful** instalments which were given to me by Sholom Ber Sheyichye. He gave me instalments 13, 14, & 16. These hairraising stories are giving me many hours of pleasure to read what Mesiras Nefesh you and your family have for Farbrengens &

even even for Passport photographs (instalments 13) & the Zechus of going to visit the Rebetzin.

Thank you once again,

Baruch Shmuel Levin

It is essential that I should keep up the tradition of beginning this Book with a word of Halacha. Rabbi Dvorkin (ZTzL) was of great assistance to me in this respect - I do certainly miss him.

However, here is, in my opinion –

ANOTHER IMPORTANT HALACHA

We flew to Eilat by Britannia Air Lines. They charged £5 extra for a Kosher Meal. There were many orthodox passengers on board, including a couple of Rabbonim and their wives. They refused to pay the £5, and, instead of which, they decided to accept a Vegetarian Meal, which was provided free of charge.

It seems to have become an accepted fact that one may eat Vegetarian Meals, as supplied by the Air Lines, and even restaurants - if Kosher food is not available.

Nothing is further from the truth.

It is a total misapprehension.

Sometimes, it is much worse to eat ONE leaf of non-supervised lettuce, than, G.F. a piece of pork or ham, because this lettuce COULD contain a whole insect, and no matter how minute or infinitesimal this would be, it is still a "whole animal" - which would carry the severe punishment for transgressing four prohibitions, whereas, there is only one prohibition for eating a piece of bacon G.F.

Furthermore, although, in this instance, all these were cooked vegetables, which also contained unsupervised cheese!!, there was always the problem of how and where they were prepared. The utensils would certainly be Treife.

I remember that when I was in hospital, my private room was next door to the Ward Kitchen. Every morning, all the dirty breakfast dishes and crockery - containing the remains of bacon and eggs, grease and other leftovers, were collected on trays, and the whole lot was dumped into a large sink, which was filled with boiling hot soapy water. All these dishes were washed and rinsed together.

One could very easily understand why it was not permitted to use a cup or any utensil which had been washed in this manner. They were certainly clean, but definitely NOT Kosher.

OUR ARRIVAL AT CROWN HEIGHTS FOR SHOVIOS

Shovuos, this year, was on Sunday and on Monday. We therefore travelled to New York on Monday, the week before, that is 20th May, on the direct flight from Manchester to J.F. Kennedy Airport, which took only six and a half hours.

This time we had no children with us, but Avrohom accompanied by his two youngest boys, Shmuel (13) and Aaron (9) were expected to join us in Crown Heights later on during the week.

Every year, I keep boring you with stories about the non-arrival of our Kosher Food. This time, we took every precaution. We even telephoned British Airways the day before our departure. When we checked in at the Airport, the girl at the counter welcomed us with the good news that our special meals were already aboard the plane. We left on time, and at 3.30p.m, the Stewardess delivered our food to us with a great flourish - but - they were NOT Kosher but vegetarian. As I have explained at the beginning of this edition, vegetarian food is not necessarily Kosher food. We never ordered this type of meal, we did not want this type of meal, we have never eaten this type of meal. Isn't it amazing how we always have trouble with our Kosher food on the flight to New York. We then went through the usual paraphernalia of filling out forms and accepting a basket of fruit in lieu of our meal. As a peace offering and gesture of friendship, Allan, the Chief Steward, who was a great friend of my brother Joe, overwhelmed us with over one hundred puzzles, small toys and games for "our grandchildren". Fortunately, Roselyn always takes sandwiches in case of emergency - It is always - An emergency.

On arrival at New York, we collected our luggage and a large and burly and jovial Customs Inspector invited us to proceed through the gate. He asked Roselyn, with a twinkle in his eye, whether she had any cocaine or heroin in her possession. Roselyn replied that, "Yes, of course and indeed she had". So he wished us Mazel and Brocha. I congratulated him on such a lovely and most unusual welcome to New York. He said he was a Kohen. That is why he blessed us.

We were just about to enter a taxi, when we were offered a lift to Brooklyn by two pretty, young ladies - aged about seventeen and a half years. They were Chaya Lew, our granddaughter and her friend Rochel Dinnerman. We accepted graciously and with alacrity. Chaya keeps the Lew and Lubavitch custom of arriving very late, but not too late. Chaya was studying at the Seminary in Crown Heights, so we expected to see quite a lot of her on this visit.

This car was provided with a burglar and foolproof lock for the boot. It was a secret device, all one needed was a very long finger, which Rochel did possess. She placed this into a hole in the boot lid, twiddled it about – and Ho Presto, the boot lid slid open. How marvelous were these modern engineering inventions!

Rochel was an expert driver. She wove in and out of the traffic, changing lanes to the best advantage, and finding all the best and deepest pot holes in the road. In England, during the nice weather in April, we talk about "Spring is in the air". In New York, all the cars spring in the air and crash into these pot holes. I can only surmise that the spring manufacturers bribe the City Council not to repair the roads. It really is too bad.

We arrived at our apartment in due course and found that the Rebbe was at the Ohel. We also found some willing helpers who volunteered to move our baggage into our flat. The cartons of books (my Diaries) were extremely heavy. I could barely move them, but Menachem Mendel Yunik and Channina Spurling, assisted by Dovid Green, a son of Professor Velvel Green of Minneapolis, made very light work of this. I was extremely grateful and their help was much appreciated. They did lighten the burden to a small extent by removing a few of the contents. Yunik told me that he can read the whole book in just over an hour. I did not like to hear that remark, but when he added that he remembered everything, every word in it, then I felt a little better.

The RASHAG, the Rebbe's brother-in-law, had requested Menachem Mendel Yunik to try and obtain my book for him. He had heard about these "Encounters" but had never seen one. I considered this request as a great honour to me and was delighted to accede to this. Subsequently, I received the report that the Rashag wanted copies of all my previous fifteen editions!

The Rebbe returned to 770 from the Ohel at 9.25p.m accompanied by the usual escort of Police Cars and Outriders speeding along with sirens blaring. As the time for lighting the candles on Friday was about 7.45p.m and it was getting quite dark, they had to rush. Mincha commenced at 9.35p.m and Maariv followed on immediately - without the customary fifteen minute interval in between.

I had greeted the Rebbe with "Sholom Aleichem" when he had entered the Beis Hamedrash, to which he had replied "Aleichem Sholom". He looked tired (who would not after spending a long day in the heat at the Ohel) but otherwise K.A.H., he looked well.

When he left, however, he gave me his usual lovely smile. He then turned around and enquired after my wife, "How is she?" and "is she with you?"

Next morning, Tuesday, was Rosh Chodesh. One of Rabbi Korf's grandsons was Bar-mitzvah. He was called up to the third Aliya. The Rebbe had the fourth, the last one, because it was Rosh Chodesh.

Leima Minkovitch's son, Hersh Laib had donned Tefillin for the first time that morning. So a joint party was held with the other Bar-mitzvah boy. Hersh Laib made a "practice run" with the Maamer saying about half. On the day of his Bar-mitzvah he will recite the complete Maamer.

The joint party consisted of the usual drinks - Vodka and Coka Cola with cake. We sat down at a table in a corner of the Beis Hamedrash.

CHILDREN'S RALLY

On that afternoon a Children's Rally was due to take place. At 1.30p.m I was preparing to proceed to 770, when a sudden storm was unleashed. There had been the usual "big drought" in New York for the past few weeks, so we now received the full impact of this concentrated fury - Rolling thunder, Forked lightening and Torrential rain. The heavens just opened up and swamped the whole area. The usual tidal wave cascaded through our back door (the space in between the bottom of the door and the outside step). Although these floods have occurred regularly and so often, it is still a terrible experience. We feel so helpless watching this nine-inch deep wave of water moving inevitably and inexorably towards our living and sleeping quarters. Nevertheless, we have learnt a little from this past experience. The waters can NOT be stopped, but they can be guided to some small extent. So, Roselyn and Chani Itkin, with the aid of shmatties, towels and brushes allowed the flood waters to progress into our apartment, through the living room, past the bedrooms and just before they entered our main bedroom, I had the task of diverting the water into the boiler house room, in which were situated some drains which would accept the water.

Therefore, I stood at this junction in nine inches of water. I really needed rubber waders - and brushed and brushed and brushed and diverted the wave - non-stop into the boiler room in order to minimise the damage.

I left Roselyn and Chani Itkin to tidy up and to dry out the place to make it habitable, and I dashed to 770, where I arrived at 2.15p.m, just a few minutes before the Rebbe made his entrance at the Rally. Rabbi J.J. (Hecht) was still endeavouring to secure some semblance of order. He even offered prizes of ten dollar bills. The Rebbe arrived and to the usual tumultuous and rapturous welcome of singing, screaming, clapping and stamping, he strode briskly to the podium situated on the dais at the far right hand corner of the hall.

We davenned Mincha, after which the Twelve Torah Verses were recited by the pre-chosen young girls and boys mostly, in this instance from New York and the U.S.A., with the notable exceptions of Sarah Weinbaum from London, England, young Hecht from Eilat, and two girls from Israel.

In the first Sicho the Rebbe mentioned that:

"This was a Kinus of Tzivos Hashem. A gathering of the troops of the Army of Hashem. Boys and Girls who had come along on this special day to hear the "Order of the Day" given by the O/C (Commanding Officer).

We learn from the Torah that every day in the month has its own speciality, its own Commandment.

We learn from today's edict how boys and girls, and adults too, should conduct themselves in their daily lives and in their service to G-d - with self sacrifice and with devotion and concentration.

We should do this with utmost joy, as Hashem has instructed us.

We have all gathered today, in this Holy Place, where we first davened Mincha together and then recited the Torah Verses. But, we always do daven Mincha at a Kinus, every time the same "Nusach". Yet, today we add something new, something different. It is "Yaaleh Veyovo" in the Amida. Because it is Rosh Chodesh. It is also a special month. What is the connection with this day, the first of Sivan, with Torah? We learn that on this day, all the Jewish people were gathered together "as ONE Man" to accept the Torah on Mount Sinai. Therefore every year, on Rosh Chodesh Sivan, we get this unity. We all stand opposite Mount Sinai to receive the Torah, especially young Jewish children, who are so precious to G-d, because they joined in and said "Naaser VeNishma" (we will do, obey, even before we will understand).

G-d is standing close to each of us and to every child to ensure that we do His service properly.

G-d created Heaven and Earth specifically in order to give the Torah to the Jewish people. So, let us study this Torah with this new spirit throughout the whole year.

This is the third month. The Torah is in three sections - TANACH - Torah, Niviim (prophets) and Cessuvim (holy writings). The Jewish people has three sects - Kohen, Levi and Yisroel. Let it be a year of Torah. As it states, "if you will keep my statutes" then G-d promises all blessings.

We will ALL depart from this Exile - upright - to greet our Righteous Moshiach, together with our Children, our Elders and all Klal Yisroel, to Eretz Yisroel - the Complete Land of Israel."

Many of the children were being terribly naughty. Most had been given coloured crayons and paper, presumably to keep them quiet, but they gave no order at all and were disinterested and disrespectful.

I felt like getting hold of the microphone and telling them how fortunate they were to have the Rebbe in their midst and to hear him speaking to them so often.

What would we in Manchester not give for this privilege and honour. The Rebbe makes such a self-sacrifice for all of these children. At this moment, some of them do not appreciate this special privilege.

Second Sicho The Rebbe continued:

"The third day of the week has always been a special day. When G-d created the Universe, He mentioned the words "Ki Tov" (It is good) twice on this day - "Good for

Heaven and Good for Earth". (Each and every Sedra is divided into Seven Sections, and we study one portion every day).

On Tuesday, the third day, we commence the third section, Shelishi, and carry on until we reach Revii, the fourth portion. The theme of this section is how the Jewish people were encamped in the desert, and the order in which they travelled.

The entrepiece of the camp was the Ohel Moed, (the Tent of Meeting). This contained the Oran Hakodesh, and in this were placed the two "Luchos Habriss" (Tablets) and afterwards the Sefer Torah.

The Twelve Tribes were divided into four groups, three tribes to each group and they completely surrounded the Ohel Moed (on all four sides, North, South, East and West). G-d desired that all the Jews should have the Zechus (Merit) to protect the Ohel Moed and the Oran. Yet they still remained only ONE camp and ONE big family. Even the little children had this Zechus to protect the Oran, and to ensure that no one should come to touch it.

And this is also how they travelled - with the Oran in the centre, and completely surrounded and protected by each and every Jew. Thus, and at last, they arrived, under the command of Moishe Rabbainu, to the borders of Eretz Yisroel, and thereafter, Yehoshua took over to conquer the Land.

This Golus, Exile, is also compared to the Midbar, desert, and, on our way through this desert, we are also surrounded by enemies, but we travel along in good order, protecting our heritage and religion which we hold so dear and which have sustained the Jewish nation for so many thousands of years.

Similarly, just as the Jews surrounded and protected the Ohel Moed and the Oran, so did the A-mighty protect the Jews with "His Clouds of Glory".

Your homes should receive all blessings including good parents and good health, and you should attend good Jewish Religious Summer Camps - Boys to a Boy's Camp and Girls to a Girl's Camp.

Third Sicho: The Rebbe quoted today's shiur from the Rambam. The "Order of the Day" which referred to the laws of today's date.

On Shabbos, Jews should be careful not to leave the "Camp of Israel". Although during the week, when they were busy with making a living they were allowed to do – as they remind their non-Jewish friends that they were also obligated to keep their OWN Seven G-D given Special Mitzvahs. (Not to steal, Not to murder, To set up Courts of Law, Not to have illicit intercourse, Not to worship idols, Not to blaspheme, Not to eat a limb from a living animal). These seven mitzvahs have to be kept by all people, of all nations, of the whole world.

Every day of the week is identified - connected with Shabbos. For instance, we say in our morning Prayers - on Sunday that this "is the first day BESHABBOS" (of the week, but literally "of the Shabbos") On Monday, "this is the second day" "of the Shabbos" and so on. Therefore every part of the weekdays includes Shabbos.

When we awake, we immediately say "Modeh Ani." We give thanks to G-d for restoring our soul to us. We then recite all the morning blessings "Blessed are You, L'rd Our G-d, King of the Universe - who has sanctified us with His Commandments and commanded us concerning the Washing of the Hands". So on and so forth. I reckon that there are twenty two Brochas in this section.

On Shabbos, we should also concentrate on thanking and praising G-d and learning His Torah."

The Rebbe concluded that "you all belong to the Machaneh (camp) Yisroel. You are protected and enveloped by G-d's Clouds of Glory, which gives you strength to fulfill G-d's wishes. You should have a successful day - a successful month and a successful year.

We prayed and hoped for Moshiach at Shacharis - He did not arrive. We prayed at Mincha - He still did not come. So we will repeat this at Maariv. When G-d will see this, He will speed up the Coming of Moshiach.

On this afternoon, we first davened Mincha, then we recited the Torah Verses. Therefore, now is the time for Tzedoka.

(Quotation from Pirkei Avos - Ethics of Our Fathers - "The world stands on three things, on (the study of) Torah, the service (of G-d) and deeds of kindness" Tzedoka)

So, I will present three coins to each child - one for Tzedoka, one for Jewish matters - Jewish learning - Yeshivas - or even a poor man who is studying Torah. The third coin may be used for your own personal pleasure.

We will conclude with singing "Sheyeboneh Beis Hamikdosh", "We Want Moshiach Now", and we may then celebrate the rebuilding of the "Third Beis Hamikdosh with Joy and with a Good Heart (Besimcha BeTuv Leivov)".

Rabbi J.J. had translated into English, in his own inimitable and exuberant style, each of the Sichos after the Rebbe had related them. He then extended a Brocha to the Rebbe - "We should be like one body - adults, children and teachers, and the Rebbe should, in good health and speedily lead us towards our Righteous Moshiach.

The girl leaders, followed by the boy leaders then filed past the Rebbe who handed out to them SIXTEEN THOUSAND dimes for distribution to the Children (Three coins for each child, means to approximately five thousand three hundred and thirty three children).

MORE ACTIVITIES AND SOME CORRECTIONS
TO LAST YEARS EDITION

After the Rally, I returned to the apartment - and you would not believe this - but a large van was actually parked in our drive. I have this problem every time I stay at the flat - I take every precaution. I use every kind of threat, and they still insist upon parking in my drive and blocking the entrance.

Fortunately, the driver of this van was still sat at the Steering Wheel. So, I played merry havoc with him. I was in a real good temper. I gave him an ultimatum - shift this vehicle at once, or I would get the Police to move it - and I went off in a huff.

Chaya, our granddaughter, rushed up to me and explained that this van belonged to the contractors who were attending to our flooded apartment and repairing and cleaning the drains.

So, I had to dash back to the driver and apologised to him profusely, and begged and pleaded with him not to go away and leave us, but to please finish the job. Was my face red?!

I noticed that there are now new tenants in Rabbi Dvorkin's (ZTzL) apartment. The Avtzon family. I have known Label, the eldest son, for very many years. They are a very nice family, in quality and quantity (Nisht Sixteen Children) some married. We got to know them very well indeed later on at Succos. You will read more about our encounters with them towards the end of this book.

Dovid Mandelbaum had warned me of the possibility that the Rebbe might daven Maariv rather earlier than at the usual hour of 9.15p.m. The earliest time for Maariv these nights was 8.45p.m., and the Rebbe had occasionally davened with a "small" minyan in his Waiting Room.

I therefore took the precaution of getting to 770 at 8.43p.m - just one minute before the Rebbe entered the Beis Hamedrash. It had been arranged with the Hanhola, the management, that Maariv would be held in the Beis Hamedrash on condition that the Yeshiva Boys would not chase and run after the Rebbe as soon as the Service was concluded, and would actually study for an extra fifteen minutes afterwards. This had been agreed.

(N.B. These boys normally learn in the Beis Hamedrash all the time. Just before the Rebbe is expected and is due to enter, they remove all the plastic covers from the top of the Rebbe's table, and clear, clean and tidy up the room and the furniture in general.)

Dovid Mandelbaum always finds some mistakes in my books. He informed me that the Rebbe said Kaddish for his grandmother on Shabbos Beraishis and NOT on Hoshanna Rabba, as I had written in my last year's edition on page 161. The actual Yahrzeit is on ISRU CHAG - the day after Yom Tov.

I was also told, that when I mentioned in the "reminiscences of Rabbi Dvorkin" that for Shabbos his mother bought two pounds of small one inch sized fish. The weight in the U.S.A. would be twice four hundred and fifty three grams = nine hundred and six grams, whereas the Russian Pound was only four hundred and five grams = eight hundred and ten grams, that is ninety six grams less of fish.

Mrs. Itkin told me that she loved reading my book. "It is easy English, and easy to understand, but I am not taking it any more with me on the Subway. I got so engrossed in the stories that I overshot my station. I was very late for work."

Dovid Rappaport is a son-in-law of Mrs. Itkin. He was a great friend of ours when he resided in London with his wife and family, and they now live in Milwaukee. He drove the nine hundred and twenty miles to New York in one day! He came to stay for a couple of days only.

He confessed that, "I have stolen one of your diaries from the Itkins - and it was certainly worth stealing!!" It was hard to believe that he had driven one thousand eight hundred and forty miles in two days just to steal one of my books. I would have given him another copy with the greatest possible pleasure.

By a strange coincidence, another fellow came crying to me that someone had stolen the book which I had given him, and would I give him another one.

In last years edition, I quoted on pages 165 and 166, the story which Rabbi Avrohom Meizlish told me about his great, great, great (?) grandfather, Moishe Meizlish whom the Alter Rebbe had sent to the Camp of Napoleon to "spy out the land".

I concluded this item with the story that Moishe copied out the plans by making marks on his stick with his thumbnail. But - that is not the end of the tale - I missed out the punch line, which was - Napoleon approached Moishe and shouted out that he was a spy. The best method to test whether Moishe was guilty was to "feel his heart". If it was racing and beating madly, then this would prove that he was a spy. So, a hand was placed thereon - and it was quite normal. So, he was "innocent" and allowed to leave, although Napoleon still suspected him and would have shot him if his heart was pounding.

Afterwards, when Moishe related this story to his friends, they asked how this was possible!

He replied that he had learnt this lesson at a Yechidus with the Alter Rebbe, viz: "in most people their hearts rule their brain, and what the eye sees the heart will want, but with a Chossid - his mind, his brain, should rule his heart. That is why, in the aforementioned story, his heart appeared to be beating normally, because his brain had already quietened down his heart.

Next morning, Wednesday, I had told Roselyn that the Rebbe would probably arrive at 770 at about 10.15a.m and it would be a good opportunity for her to greet the Rebbe with "Sholom Aleichem". I was in the Beis Hamedrash still davenning Shacharis, when I heard the sounds that made me aware that the Rebbe had arrived. Boys rushing hither and thither and jumping upon the tables to obtain a better view - over the heads of others - of the Rebbe entering 770 and handing out Tzedoka coins to the children. It was only 10.10a.m, and I was a little upset that I had advised Roselyn to come along at 10.15a.m.

Knowing Roselyn, I presumed and hoped that she would arrive at least five minutes earlier, and if so, she would be there in good time.

What actually happened was that Roselyn telephoned the Rebbetzen to let her know that T.G. we had arrived at Crown Heights safely and well. Our friend, Sholom Gansberg, who looks after the Rebbe and Rebbetzen answered the phone and suggested to Roselyn that she should ring again ten minutes later. From this answer, Roselyn deduced that the Rebbe was still at home. She walked to 770 and noticed that Rabbi Binyamin Klyne was just about to drive away to collect the Rebbe.

Obviously, she waited outside and did receive a lovely smile of welcome from the Rebbe.

Subsequently, Roselyn spoke to the Rebbetzen who said she was looking forward to seeing us. She sounded K.A.H. very cheerful.

I met a friend of mine from England, who, for obvious reasons, I will not name. He had just removed a Parking Ticket from the windscreen of his car. I commiserated him on his ill luck. He laughed and said he collects them! He explained that it was a rented car and easy to trace. Last year, he had received quite a few tickets and he never paid - in spite of receiving letters and cables with abuse and threats that he would never be allowed back into the U.S.A.

I enquired how much he had to pay. He replied fifteen dollars. I retorted, "Only fifteen dollars? Why not pay?" He answered - "If I don't pay in England, why should I pay in America?"

When I had arrived from Manchester, I had immediately left a letter and a package in the Rebbe's postal tray in the office at 770. The package contained my "Encounter, Number Sixteen", letters to the Rebbe from some Manchester Chassidim and friends, newspaper articles and some money and so forth.

Later that morning, Rabbi Label Groner called me and showed me the answers from the Rebbe. Yes - I do mean that he actually did show me the replies from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe uses the following system - for speed and convenience.

He will read a letter, and when he comes across a passage upon which he would like to comment or to answer, he will immediately write his remarks in pencil at that spot, either in the margin or in between the lines.

The Rebbe will then cut out, probably with a pair of scissors, all the relevant words and phrases with his answers thereupon, and hand them to Label to present them to the authors of these letters.

Label will then show them these cuttings, as many as half a dozen on some occasions, read out the replies, translate them when necessary, put them down in writing as a permanent record, and return all the originals to the Rebbe. On no account is Label - or anyone else allowed to part with these originals.

That is why it is very important and sensible to make a copy of any letter which is actually and personally handed in to the Rebbe. One can then identify these cuttings from the letter with one's own copy, and thus can understand to what the Rebbe is referring.

In this way, not even Label may comprehend to what the Rebbe's answers refer. The matter remains completely private and confidential between the Rebbe and the writer of these letters.

The gist of the Rebbe's reply to me was:

"Your letter, with enclosures - (Encounter, letters, newspapers articles, Pidyan Nefesh and so forth) were received with many thanks. I will mention this at the Ohel and that you should have good news".

At 5.30p.m, Rabbi Yudel Krinsky emerged from 770 and turned on the air conditioning in the Rebbe's car. The Rebbe loves cold air and cannot bear the heat. (The Rebbetzen cannot bear the cold and loves heat. So at their home, the Rebbe's study, where he work's, is like a fridge, and the living room is nice and warm.)

The Rebbe was expected to leave at any moment to go home for dinner - or lunch.

Over the past few weeks, this was the first I time that the Rebbe was leaving 770 to go home for a meal, even at this late hour. In any case, he would certainly return within a very short while to carry on working at 770.

I asked Yudel about his experiences in travelling with a Police Escort.

"Yes, it is good", he replied.

After three years, he has now got used to it. The Police certainly get moving and clear the traffic out of the way. He reckoned that he saved at least ten minutes on the journey from the Ohel.

"Yes", he concluded, "It is very good, very good indeed!"

The Rebbe did eventually leave for home thirty minutes later at 6.00p.m. He smiled to us and to the Gormans and gave coins for Tzedoka to all the children who were around 770 at that time.

Yudel informed me that the Rebbe would be going to the Ohel tomorrow (Thursday).

After Maariv, I mentioned this fact to Dovid Mandelbaum. He could not believe this, because there was to be an Old People's Rally tomorrow, so he went to confirm this with Yudel, himself - who - very diplomatically - and cleverly - replied that he was not quite certain. Dovid Mandelbaum said that he did recall that the Rebbe once missed a Children's Rally, because he went to the Ohel. I enquired, "What did they do?" He replied that they davened Mincha, as usual, said the Torah Verses and J.J. screamed at the children even more than usual.

Aaron Yechieliv wanted my book. He learns Tanya and Rambam and so forth with Russians.

He wished to translate parts of my book into Russian. He promised to let me have some sample pages in due course. Up till now, I have not heard from him.

Herewith is a reproduction of part of a Sicho which has been translated into Russian.

Roselyn and I went up to see the RASHAG in his apartment above 770. He had expressed a desire to possess all the fifteen previous editions of "My Encounter". Roselyn had insisted that we should take whatever instalments which we had available at our flat, which were Numbers Eleven and onwards, five in all.

The Rashag opened the door himself and I handed him the books. He invited us to be seated and we had a very pleasant chat. He remarked that he loves my "Bichel", and "You are a good Shreiber". Roselyn confided that she never realised that the Rashag was such a jolly fellow!



Еще задолго до октябрьской революции идеологи большевизма выработали свою линию в отношении еврейского вопроса. Согласно этой линии, евреям надлежало раствориться в окружающих их народах. Большевики понимали, что могут добиться этой цели, только лишив евреев Торы и обычаев — основы их обособленности и неистребимости. Еще бушевала гражданская война, лились потоки крови, свирепствовал голод, когда большевики начали свою планомерную атаку на веками существовавшую систему еврейского воспитания и духовного самоуправления. В 1919 году был принят указ о разгроме еврейских общин и конфискации их имущества. Подписали указ Сталин и Савелий Агурский, верноподданный еврей — братоубийца, ставший несколько ко позже одним из организаторов и главарей «Еврейской секции» большевистской партии.

Евсекция была создана тогда, когда власти убедились, что лобовая атака на бастионы еврейского духа терпит провал. Коварство замысла организаторов Евсекции состояло не только в том, чтобы действуя по известному принципу кнута и пряника, привлечь коллаборантов, расшатать вековечную систему еврейского воспитания и духовной жизни, но и в том, чтобы, используя язык идиш, маскируясь лозунгами о развитии светской еврейской культуры и литературы, обмануть также многих из тех евреев, которые никогда не стали бы осознанно на путь коллаборационизма. От ядовитой пропаганды против раввинов и Иешив Евсекция постепенно переходила к административным мерам, к разгрому синагог, арестам и физической расправе с людьми.

Смертельная опасность вынуждала многих раввинов, учителей, воспитателей, студентов Иешив, писателей бежать за границу.

Рабби Иосиф Ицхак Шнеерсон отказался покинуть Россию. Он хорошо понимал опасность схватки с Евсекцией, выслушал немало угроз, но... без Торы нет еврейства, и Ребе выбрал девиз: «При любых условиях сохранить еврейский образ жизни, даже если это потребует самопожертвования!»

Любите каждого еврея
за самого себя!

Прилагайте все усилия,
чтобы наши дети
(в каждой еврейской
общине) ВОСПИТЫВАЛИСЬ
В ДУХЕ ТОРЫ!

Естественно изучайте
ТОРУ — днем и ночью!

Мужчина
и мальчик,
от 13 лет
и старше,
надевайте
ТЕФИЛИНЫ,
каждый божий
день!

Помните МЕЗУУ
на каждой двери
вашего дома!

The next day, Thursday, saw a great influx of visitors from Israel, including:

Rabbi Chayfer and Rabbi Medanchik from Kfar Chabad: A large contingent came from France, and a very important group would soon arrive from England - My son, Avrohom, with his youngest, sons. Shmuel aged thirteen and Aron, nine years old. It had been originally arranged that Shmuel and Aron should come with us on the previous Monday. But, Avrohom took pity on us because when these two boys got together, and without the restraining influence of their father, they become absolutely uncontrollable and even have many a "stand up" fight together. We call it Brotherly Love.

At 3.30p.m, the Rebbe did leave for the Ohel, just as Yudel had forecast. A large party of French people who had just arrived stood outside 770, on all the steps, the drive, and along the pavement (sidewalk). They were mostly women with babies and young children.

The Rebbe descended and gave every child a coin for Tzedoka. He never missed even one including those hiding behind their mothers' skirts or fathers' trousers.

Hershel Gorman and family were present. Hershel was busy taking photographs with his' Polaroid Camera. He took one of me and handed me the picture within seconds. It was an excellent photo! He wanted to know how, "You came to get such a marvellous smile from the Rebbe last night!"

The Old Peoples' Rally was taking place in the Shool/Hall. There were about one hundred and fifty men and two hundred women present. Some in wheel chairs and many with walking frames. They were upset that the Rebbe did NOT address them on this occasion. Although, even when the Rebbe does speak to them, many continued to read their newspapers and "Yachne" (chat) with their neighbours. They were served with cold drinks and biscuits and most of them returned home by special buses.

Yaakov Rappaport always tells me a story for my book. This is one of his latest efforts.

The American Secretary of State, Rogers, went to Jerusalem, and Golda Meir took him to see the Western Wall.

He was much impressed and Golda told him to proceed to the Wall and - pray.

Rogers prayed. Golda asked him for what he had prayed? Rogers replied, "I prayed for Peace in the World". "That's good", declared Golda, "carry on, you are doing well".

"For what did you pray now?" "I prayed for Peace in the Middle East". "Jolly good, carry on", encouraged Golda Meir.

"And now?" "I prayed for Peace between Jew and Arab". "Wonderful, marvellous", asserted Golda, "have one more prayer".

"What did you pray for now?" "I prayed that the Jews would pull back to the pre-1967 borders".

"Come away", retorted Golda, "what good will that do - you are only talking to a wall!"

HAPPY TUNES

Whilst waiting at the door of 770, for the Rebbe to arrive, I got into conversation with two special Sholoms. Sholom Backman and Sholm Brochstadt.

I was particularly pleased with Sholom Backman. I have been visiting the Rebbe for over twenty seven years, and I have always made it my business to sing a Nigun, sometimes when the Rebbe enters the Shool, but always without fail, when he leaves the hall or 770.

It has been a tough self-assignment. Everyone liked the idea, but many did not bother to help with the singing.

Then a few years ago, Zusie Williamofsky asked me in what way he could make the Rebbe happy. I suggested that he should follow my example by singing for the Rebbe, who would be extremely delighted, and he, Zusie, would be well rewarded. This came to pass, and the Rebbe insisted that Zusie should always stand on a bench and make sure that everyone would sing when the Rebbe entered and left the Shool.

But - when neither Zusie or I were at 770, then the singing just stopped. In fact it never even started - until - over the past year, Sholom Backman has undertaken this responsibility of singing for the Rebbe. I can assure you that this is no easy task. Zusie and I are present at 770 on only a few days of the year (in my case - about thirty days), but to commit himself to singing on almost every day of the year is certainly no sinecure. I admire him and wish him good health to continue this heartwarming, albeit severe assignment until Moshiach will be revealed. I do know that the Rebbe is very pleased. He loves to see happy faces and to hear joyful singing.

I was asked whether I was jealous or envious that Sholom was taking over my job. I replied that I had been searching for such a man for twenty five years. It is good to know that someone is following my excellent example.

I was glad to welcome Sholom Backman into the camp of those who made the Rebbe happy.

He approached me before the Rebbe arrived for Mincha and suggested that we should work "hand in hand" (with the voice, and not tread on each others toes) in complete unison.

We decided to sing, We Want Moshiach Now NOW!

Shmuel, my grandson, was standing by my side when the Rebbe entered 770. "I want to see the Rebbe smiling at you", he said.

It was raining again, very heavily, when the Rebbe came into 770. He was wet through and just glanced at me as he passed by. Shmuel was a little disappointed, but felt better

when I told him, "if you had spent all day long without food at the Ohel in the pouring rain, would you feel like smiling?"

My other Sholom (Brochstadt) was the composer of the Rebbe's new Nigun.

I wished to discover the technicalities of "How a Nigun was born".

I do know that most of the Rebbes had their own favourite or special Nigun. I am not sure whether they all actually composed the tunes themselves, although certainly some of them did so.

The Alter Rebbe's (the first Lubavitcher Rebbe) Nigun is sung at all Lubavitcher weddings at, the time when the Chosson is being led to the Chuppah. It is also sung at the conclusion of most Farbraingens.

When I visited 770 for the first time - on Yud Shevat, twenty seven years ago, the Rebbe was teaching us a new Nigun (or so I surmised).

Over the past years, however, it has been the custom to put a tune to a verse or verses of the current Tehillim of the Rebbe. For instance, on the Rebbe's seventieth birthday, we commence to recite Psalm 71. On his seventy first birthday, we start saying Psalm 72 and so on.

For Psalms 62 and 63, there were already old established nigunim (ACH LELOKIM and TZOMO LECHO NAFSHI respectively).

On the year when we were saying Psalm 69, I can well remember that we had just concluded our Shovuos night meal. We were together with the Rebbe at his table in the apartment on the first floor above the Rebbe's study at 770, when we heard the boys returning from the Shovuos March, from Boro' Park.

The Rebbe went downstairs to greet them and to bless them.

They all came marching along Eastern Parkway singing the last two verses of this Tehillim, Number 69, to the rollicking tune of "DAYAINU" (which is sung on Pesach).

It seemed to take the Rebbe by surprise, but he was pleased and considered it to be a good idea

In these days, every year on the Rebbe's birthday, Yud Aleph Nissan, tunes are submitted at the Farbraingen, to the whole assembly, and the one which receives the loudest acclamation from the gathering (mostly boys) is adjudged to be the Winner, and this is termed the "Rebbe's Nigun" for the following twelve months.

Sometimes, a verse is set to an old Nigun - and that can also be the Winner.

So, every year, boys (or adults) compose Nigunim and fit in some of the words in the Rebbe's daily Tehillim. This year ten tunes were submitted.

The ten composers would each teach a group of boys and these groups would sing them at the assembly.

Shlomo Kunin has been successful on a large number of occasions, but his submission was not accepted this time.

Sholom Brochstadt was triumphant last year, too. So, he has been successful with his own compositions for two successive years.

My birthday is on the 7th of Adar. On a leap year, there are two months of Adar - Adar I and Adar II. I was speaking to Hindy and mentioned that I was not certain when to say my "New" Tehillim, although my real birthday would be on Adar II. She replied that it was obvious that from 7th Adar I to the 7th Adar II, I should say the two chapters of Tehillim - from the old year and for the new year. I was very sorry I mentioned it.

I met Sholom Gansberg (another Sholom), and handed him a copy of my book. He confirmed that the Rebbetzen had received hers and she takes it upstairs to her bedroom when she retires.

Leo Haziza, ex. Kosher International from France also wanted my book - also my photograph - which he took whilst I stood on the steps of 770. He exports the very best Kosher wines - not from France, but from Italy?!

I used to grumble about the hairdresser in Kingston Avenue. This year, I have a bigger complaint. There is now, no barber shop (Jewish) in Kingston Avenue.

The last one closed up (or down) just before Pesach. It was at the right time, because he would certainly be unemployed - out of work - for the next seven weeks (as per Lubavitcher minhag).

That evening, Avrohom arrived with his sons Shmuel and Aron.

They had celebrated a Simcha on the plane coming from London - a Barmitzvah. Ephraim Potash had discovered a fellow passenger who had never, ever, put on Tefillin. He never had a Barmitzvah, and of course, was never called up to the Torah.

He was about twenty five years old, and they opened a bottle of Duty Free Drambuie to make Kiddush. They explained that this did NOT free him from his duty in the future.

EREV SHOVIOS FARBRAINGEN

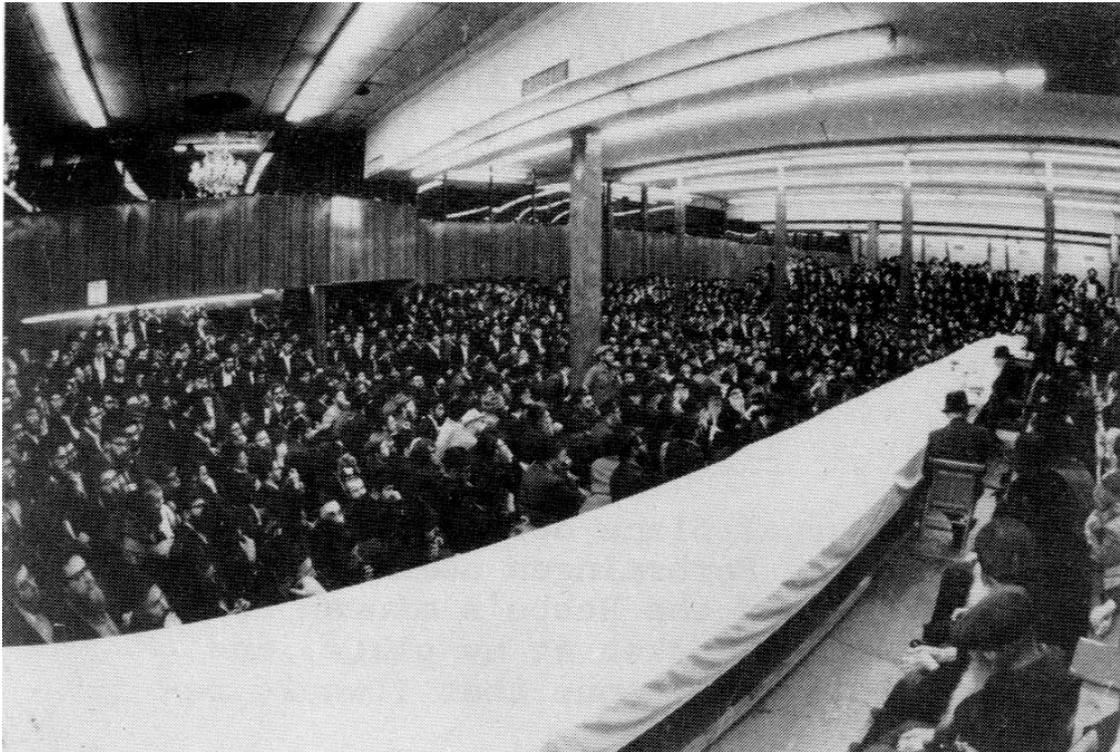
We were partaking of our evening meal and were taking our time. On Monday the Rebbe had returned from the Ohel at 9.25p.m, so we now leisurely made our way to 770, and arrived there at 8.00p.m - and found that the Rebbe had already davened Mincha. Maariv would be at 9.15p.m, after which there would be a Farbraingen at 9.30p.m.

I sat at my usual place downstairs for an hour before the Farbraingen commenced - and then left to join the Rebbe's minyan for Maariv. I left a token at my place, and explained to my neighbour that I would return in fifteen minutes.

When I returned, there was nearly a riot. J.J. declared, "You can't have the best of both worlds, Jaffe", and suggested that it would be fairer and simpler if I did not leave my seat at all - or, at least, I should leave a grandchild to safeguard it.

The whole problem is that T.G. the hall at 770 is much too small for the number of people who wish to and actually do attend the Farbraingen. A few years ago this Shool/hall was extended to its present limits.

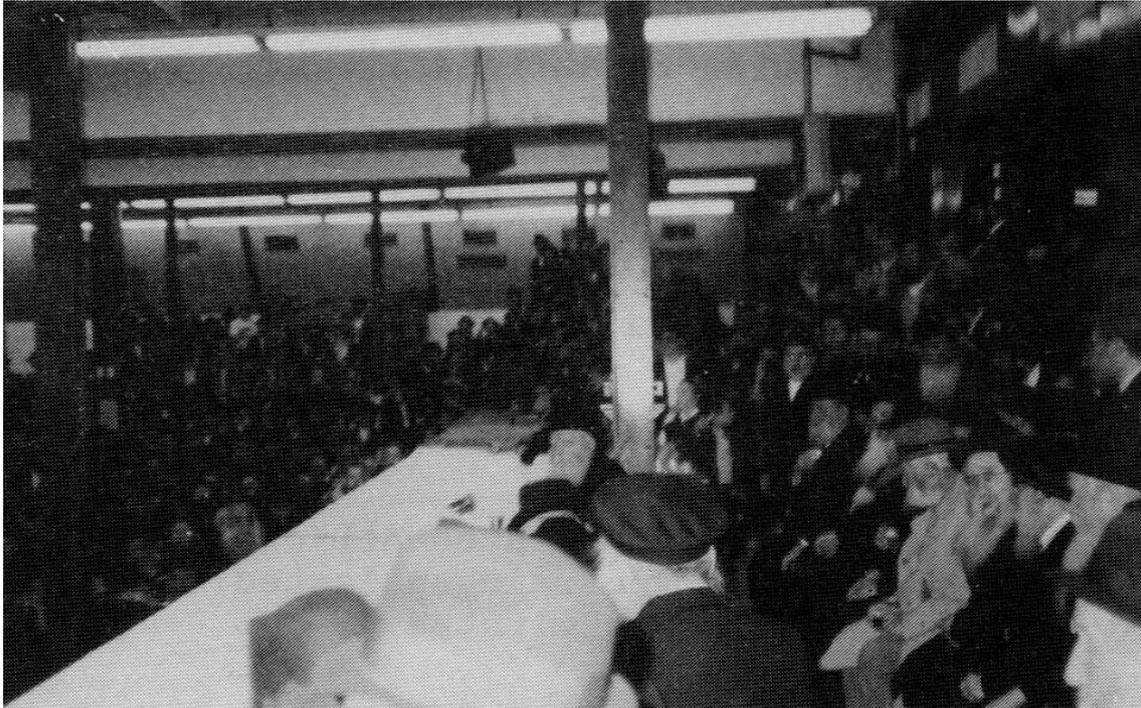
Herewith is a photograph of a Farbraingen in those days.



The Rebbe is sitting on his own in comfort, and Rabbi Chadakov many yards away. The top table is only half the length of the Hall.

Today the top table is running almost the whole length - note the position of the girder in both photos - packed tightly with people. Even the space underneath the table is full of boys lying two or three on top of each other. The men are almost touching the Rebbe on all three sides, and poor Rabbi Chadakov is pushed and squeezed continuously all the time.

And - it is much worse (or should I say, better) during the month of Tishrei (Rosh Hashonna, Yom Kippur, Succos and Simchas Torah).



This photograph was taken by my friend Philip Mechnikoff of Great Neck.

It is a modern miracle how we all manage to "fit in" - just like during the Biblical times in the Beis Hamikdosh.

The Farbraingen commenced at 9.35p.m.

The Rebbe started with the Maamer, which was most unusual. The theme was based on the two words - Naaser Venishma (we will obey, do the Mitzvahs, even before we understand) which the Jews responded, when asked if they would accept the Torah. Thousands of Angels were created on account of these two words - each word bore two crowns. But the Jewish soul is even higher than Angels.

The Rebbe was in a very good mood, so it was a lively Farbraingen. One Nigun went on non-stop for twenty minutes at least. The Rebbe spoke on the subject of Eruv Tavshillin, which is a connection between Shabbos and Yom Tov. The women prepare the food for this Mitzvah, which is actually "Ahavas Yisroel", because the man makes the Brocha for

himself and for all the Jews in that town. The Rebbe also remarked that one should give Tzedoka with a happy, friendly face and an "AYIN TOV" (a Good Eye).

The Rebbe once again enumerated ALL of the Mivtzaim - the whole Farbraingen lasted only one hour and twenty minutes.

On Friday morning, the Rebbe arrived at his normal time of 10.10a.m, and handed out his usual Tzedoka coins to the children who were congregated outside in the hallway.

Suddenly, there was an announcement, that the Rebbe was handing out Nickels (five cent pieces) to everyone:- Men, Women and Children. I quickly joined the line and received my Nickel together with a nice smile - which was just as important and appreciated. (According to the Halacha, when one gives alms to a poor man this should be accompanied by a happy and welcoming smile.)

A few days later, the Rebbe again distributed Nickels - and he has carried on this custom ever since.

I asked Dovid Mandelbaum why were the benches upstairs chained to the tables. The simple answer was that these benches had been taken downstairs "on loan" and were not returned - and so the poor boys had nowhere to sit and learn.

I met Rabbi Itchie Mayer Gurary, from Montreal. He immediately gave me a very nice donation for our Manchester Yeshiva - unsolicited - so all the more appreciated. He then presented our Yeshiva with an even much better gift - his son, Avrohom, to study with us at Manchester. This was a real scoop (for both of us).

I was just passing 770 when Binyamin Klyne and Myer Harlick shouted that I was wanted on the phone - it was a call from Manchester.

It was very lucky that I happened to pass by at that very identical moment.

Lippy Brennan was taking three newly published Tanyas to the Rebbe, from different cities in Ohio. Up till last year, the Tanyas had been printed in one thousand cities and towns. By last Yud Aleph Nissan, the number had risen to two thousand. It was now nearing two thousand five hundred. There seems to be no limit. I know that we in Manchester have just printed in three more local townships.

EREV SHOVIOS AND SHOVIOS

Friday evening, just before the davenning of Kabollas Shabbos, I noticed that my friend Hershel Gorman was grunting, coughing and continually clearing his throat. He had a Chazonishe Cold - a Cantors Cough, so I therefore gathered that he would be leading the congregation at the Maariv service.

After my mild criticism last year, because he did not sing any Lubavitch tunes, this time he sang Lecho Dodi with the "Vesomachto" nigun. It went like a "Bomb". The Rebbe was swinging away with his hands and arms, whilst Hershel was doing a short Jig and dance at the Omud. It was a great success – as I keep repeating, time after time – the Rebbe loves joyful people and joyful tunes.

On Shaboss morning, the service commenced at 10.05a.m. Within forty five minutes we had started layenning – much quicker than in our Shool.

I tried to get the “HoAderess VeHoemuna” Nigun going – as the Rebbe had instructed me over twenty five years ago – that I should always sing this on Yom Tov.

But – this time, I really could not make any progress – Then I realized that it was NOT yet Yom Tov, only Shaboss.

Rabbi Yitzchok Groner told us, at the Manchester Rambam Siyum, that the Rebbe's Sicho on the first Chapter of Rambam, he learnt it five times and still did not understand it. His Rabbi told him to study it much harder, again and again, until you do understand it.

Avrohom had arrived at 770 at 6.55a.m. To make sure of his place at the Farbraingen, Avrohom had sat on his seat on the bench, during all the morning davenning. He dashed to the apartment for Kiddush and a bite to eat

When he returned to 770, after fifteen minutes, not only was his seat gone, but the whole bench had disappeared!

The first Sicho took one and a half hours, and the second one over an hour. Obviously, there was no microphone and it was hard to hear. Many were drowsing, some were even sleeping. The Rebbe reprimanded and reproached these people.

Immediately after the Farbraingen, we davenned Mincha, so it was seven o'clock before most of the boys had the opportunity to partake of their Shabbos "lunch". Shabbos was out at 9.10p.m. We had to wait just past that time to bring in the first night of Shovuos.

On the first day of Shovuos, I met the Baal-Koreh going to Shool. This was his big DAY. Over a thousand young children and babies were expected to attend that morning - as per the Rebbe's instructions. They would provide competition to the Baal-Koreh during the layenning of the "Ten Commandments" - crying, screaming and shouting. So, Levi

Yitzchok Sudak told Avrohom that he distributes lollipops (candies) to all these children in order to keep them quiet during the layenning.

I sit in the front row in Shool. This is especially useful during the ritual of Duchenning (Blessings of the Kohanim).

The Rebbe descends from the platform (to make room for the Kohanim and in order to face them all) and stands at his shtender (podium) just in front of me.

Shmuel and Aron rushed to join me to stand under my Tallis for this part of the service. Many other young boys ran to their parents and grandparents.

A big fellow pushed his way from the back and stood right in front of me. I thought he was a Kohen and told him that he could jump over the bench to join the other Kohanim. "I am not a Kohen", he admitted, "I just want to see the Rebbe better". (Cheek!)

On this morning, HoAderress went with a real swing and the Chazan sang many Lubavitch tunes. The Rebbe and everyone present was delighted and all joined in - It was terrific.

I had expected Hershel to officiate on that first day of Yom Tov. He was prepared, he told me, to sing many Lubavitch tunes. Unfortunately, he was not invited to be our Cantor. However, he did have another chance on the second day, and did very well indeed - although he did try one or two special cantoral renditions!!

We now have a very long tradition of having lunch on the first day of Shovuos at the home of (Rabbi) Moishe and Rivka Kotlarsky. Avrohom and his boys went to Lippy and Malka Brennans for Kiddush - with all the frills.

When they were leaving, they wished Malka and Lippy a hearty Mazel Tov. A gentleman, eating heartily and enjoying a good meal, wanted to know what was the Simcha, and was informed that the Kiddush was in honour of their newly born baby girl.

On being told this story, Moishe (Kotlarsky) said it reminded him of the fellow who went along to a Simcha. A man standing at the door enquired on whose side he was on - the Chosson's or the Kalloh's. The fellow replied - the Chosson's side.

The man at the door told him to clear off because this was a Barmitzvah.

We had also been invited to Lippy's, but it was too far for me to walk and I could not, and did not want to break this long standing Chazoka of joining Rivka and Moishe for lunch.

We had partaken of a substantial "Milky" Meal, and were waiting the usual mandatory hour before we were allowed to start the Meaty repast.

Actually, one hour is too little time to wait. After a hefty meal with blintzes, this type of herring and that kind of herring, cheese cake, yoghurt, fried fish and boiled fish, eggs, dips and so on - and so forth - we need much more time to regain an appetite.

However, it is surprising how well one does manage to eat all the luscious meat dishes that are set before one. Avrohom and his gang arrived in time for the meat lunch. Avrohom was much impressed with the whole friendly atmosphere and lovely welcome. He also enjoyed the meal - Thank you very much indeed.

I dare not write any more about this visit. Both Rivka and Moishe have put me on oath, and I have promised not to expand or amplify on the matter of the meals which we enjoy at their home.

However, my readers will have some good idea of what transpires there. All I should add is - they get better and better!

Roselyn encountered Rabbi Zalmon Gurary on Eastern Parkway. She enquired whether she could visit his wife, his Rebbetzen. Zalmon was pleased, and pointed out where his new and additional home was situated.

His principal house is in Lefferts Avenue, but it is such a long way from 770, that he decided to purchase another house around the corner to 770.

But, to Zalmon, no house was a house unless it possessed its own Mikvah (Some need a Swimming Pool - Zalmon wants a Mikvah) so he is building this downstairs (more about this at the end of the book).

Roselyn went to see his Rebbetzen and enjoyed a very nice chat. The following day, we were invited for Kiddush.

Rebbetzen Gurary is a very lovely and charming lady. Her father was a very saintly Rabbi (or Rebbe) so she has good Yichus, pedigree. This is clearly perceived in her face, especially, by the gentleness and tenderness showing in her eyes - in other words - good breeding - a perfect lady.

THE MARCH TO BORO PARK AND OTHER AREAS
as reported by RABBI DOVID RASKIN

After Mincha, on the first day of Shovuos, the march to Boro' Park took place. The walkers left from 770 at 6.00p.m and returned there six hours later at midnight.

Two thousand, five hundred people, old men, young men, and boys congregated outside 770 and marched past the Rebbe.

Thousands of women and girls were present to see them leave.

The Rebbe stood like the Commanding Officer taking the salute from his troops as they marched forward to battle. They were not on tank warfare. They were an infantry division.

About one hundred and fifty very young boys stood on the steps facing the Rebbe. They sang and clapped in unison, just like a Military Choir and Band.

The infantry brigade walked along, singing this rousing tune, and all eyes turned left as they passed the Rebbe, who was beating time by vigorously clapping his hands.

The marchers were led by a Police patrol and many other police cars and vehicles were in attendance. Even a helicopter was hovering overhead and monitored the march all the way to Boro Park.

After a few moments and without much warning the heavens opened and sheets of torrential rain descended upon everyone. Within seconds, everybody was completely drenched. But - the marchers carried on marching. The Rebbe remained outside 770 completely unheeding the rain and still clapping and smiling. The Choir continued to sing and clap - and even most of the female onlookers never budged an inch. After five minutes the storm abated.

Rabbi Dovid Raskin maintained that this deluge was a Miracle. Why? - Because the Army of marchers had to pass Prospect Park - a notorious area, where, in spite of the Police escort and helicopter cover and protection - the local "baddies" were ready and prepared to throw insults and stones and missiles onto the marchers, but this sudden storm swept away, all these hostile groups.

When they arrived at Boro Park, they were greeted and welcomed by large crowds lining the Side-Walks and singing "Uforatzo". Fifty young Chassidishe children joined and accompanied the walkers on the last lap of their march and sang Lubavitcher songs in their honour.

One family, who resided on the main road, provided endless glasses of water and soda, and also cakes to cheer up the marchers - spiritually and materially.

At the main assembly centre, the Police had blocked up the entire area, whilst everyone danced and sang.

Rabbi Butman was hoisted upon some volunteer shoulders and gave a short discourse. His theme was that the children were our guarantors to the A-mighty for the Torah, and this should lead to Achdus - unity - of all types and kinds of Jews.

Some of the Lubavitch children (marchers) recited the Twelve Torah Verses and a jolly good rally took place.

They then divided into many groups in order to visit various shools in the neighbourhood where our speakers addressed the congregants. Some spoke on the Shiur Rambam, made a Siyum and left details of the Rambam daily Shiurim. In return they received many requests about our Camps and centres of study.

In due course, all the troops assembled at the main central departure shool, or area, where Kiddush was made and cake was consumed. My grandson, Shmuel, aged thirteen, had also joined in the march.

One fellow with little children told Dovid Raskin that, twenty five years ago, when he was a child, he remembers his father marching to Boro' Park with him. The main difference was that twenty five years ago, there were just a few hundred on the march, whilst today over two thousand five hundred took part, besides all those who walked to nearer and closer destinations like Flatbush.

Three Rabbonim who had been present at recent Rambam celebrations in cities which were closely connected with the Rambam, extended regards to the gathering. They were Rabbi Hecht who had been in Cairo, Egypt at the actual Rambam's synagogue, Rabbi Bistrizky at Tiberias and Rabbi Label Raskin at Fez in Morrocco.

One gentleman told Dovid Raskin, that, whilst other sects shouted, scorn and screamed abuse at them, Lubavitch danced, sang and preached love.

After more dancing in the streets, the police escorted them all back to 770.

They had left 770 at 6.00p.m after Maariv, and arrived at Boro' Park at 8.00p.m. After two hours stay, they left for their home base at 10.00p.m and arrived outside the Rebbe's library (his Shabbos and Yom Tov residence) at almost midnight.

When all the troops had been reassembled, they sang and cheered for their Commanding Officer. In due course, he showed himself at the door. What a tumultous and inspiring welcome did they give to the Rebbe.

He acknowledged their presence and triumphant return by vigorously beating time with his arms and whipping up all the tensions and pent up emotions of every marcher.

Each one considered that he had done a magnificent job for the Rebbe, for Lubavitch, and, for Yiddishkeit in general.

Dovid Raskin expressed the wish that all the Russian Jews should have only the same type of Messirass Nefesh as had those Jews in New York today, in going on this march to Boro' Park in the rain.

On the second day of Shovuos, we had the Zechus, were given the privilege, of visiting Our dear Rebbetzen. We took the children with us and we were served with tea, cake and truffles as well as orange juice and ice cream. The Rebbetzen never even touched her cup of tea. I asked her the reason and she replied that she never drinks tea. The perfect hostess. She was under the impression that English people love tea.

Aron soon became a great favourite with the Rebbetzen, with his cheeky face and friendly manner.

After a short while, it was time for the children to leave and Roselyn and I would remain with the Rebbetzen to enjoy an intimate chat. Avrohom and Chaya did depart, but Shmuel and Aron refused to budge - they were having a terrific time. We stayed for about two hours but we had to leave for Mincha and the Yom Tov Farbraingen.

After the Farbraingen that night, we davened Maariv, the Rebbe made Havdola, and the distribution of Koss Shel Brocha commenced.

The Rebbe stood at the extreme end of the long tables and two lines were formed, one on either side of the Rebbe. From a full silver Becher the Rebbe would serve about ten people from one line. The Becher would be refilled and ten people from the other line would receive their rations.

The Rebbe pours only a few drops into each cup, but about fifty gallons of wine are used in this process.

Avrohom had declared, "Don't be one of the first to be served, Dad, because I want to rush home (twenty five seconds away - he has long legs K.A.H. (Ken he Hurry)), and I will get my video and obtain some nice pictures of you - receiving the Koss Shel Brocha from the Rebbe". After Havdola, the usual pushing, shtupping and climbing commenced. Everyone around me was standing on the tables. I remained standing on the floor. I was determined not to move, so as to give Avrohom a chance to return before I received my rations.

It was when innumerable people were continuing to use my head as a stepping stone to achieve greater heights, that I decided to move. Willing hands helped me up on to the table - and - I had now arrived on the Conveyor Belt - pulled along inexorably towards the Rebbe. It was impossible to slow down. The speed - the progress was controlled by the Rebbe's hand on the Becher. The only stoppage, and for a few seconds only was when the Rebbe switched lines. I received my rations which the Rebbe gave me together with a

nice smile, and made my way homewards. I considered that I was the sixtieth or seventieth person to be served. When I entered our apartment, I discovered that Avrohom had only just arrived himself. He had experienced great difficulty in getting through - and out of - the Shool.

I did, for a fleeting second, consider returning to 770 and joining the line again, so that Avrohom could take a video of me - but I did not believe that the Rebbe would have approved. However, Avrohom did manage to film Shmuel and Aron receiving their Koss Shel Brocha. Aron did well. He must have a funny face, or maybe, just an ordinary Jaffe face, because the Rebbe always smiles and laughs at him. In this instance, Aron made a Brocha on the wine, drank most of it and wished the Rebbe "Lechaim". (Actually, Aron had left 770 before Maariv. It was about midnight and he was "dead beat" and went to bed. He was too excited to sleep and returned very soon to 770).

KINUS HATORAH

The day after Yom Tov was Isru Chag. Rabbi Mentelick's big day. The day on which the Kinus Hatorah takes place.

On this occasion, I was in no hurry to catch a plane to return home to Manchester, so I was in no rush to speak early on. On the other hand, my main audience consisted of the Yeshiva boys, who had to leave at a certain time to partake of their evening meal.

I therefore suggested to Rabbi Mentelick that, as I had plenty of time, he should announce early on in the proceedings that "Zalmon Jaffe would be speaking at say - 7.00p.m or 7.30p.m", then my prospective listeners could plan their time tables accordingly.

This did not appeal to Rabbi Mentelick. It was too much like being "too well organised". He gets just a teeny weeny bit flustered at these moments and could not concentrate on this new fangled idea.

In the event I spoke at 7.20p.m.

Thirty boys had to return to Morristown at 7.00p.m. If they would have been informed that I was going to speak at 7.20p.m, they might have made different arrangements. I received scores of complaints from boys who missed my talk.

Yaakov Rappaport remarked that it was a pity because, when he was a student, he never missed my speech. He added that, "It was the highlight of the Kinus, for me".

Rabbi Mentelick gave me a sentimental and fervent introduction, as he usually does, and I spoke for thirty minutes, mostly reading excerpts from my "Diary".

I prefaced my remarks by telling the assembly that when I first came to 770 over twenty five years ago, there was no singing during the services, even at Yom Tov. At that time I remonstrated with the Rebbe and explained that we in Manchester, as in most Lubavitch shools all over the world, did sing "HoAderress VeHoemuna" and "Kaili Ato", as well as "Hu Elokainu" on Shabbos too. But, here, at the centre and hub of Lubavitch, we did not sing these tunes at all.

The Rebbe told me that he loved lively tunes and lively people - just as he repeated to me two years ago, that he loves to be surrounded by joyful and happy faces and to listen to joyful and happy tunes.

The Rebbe impressed upon me that I should sing on every Yom Tov, all those tunes which I have mentioned above - "And this was a statute to me, from the Rebbe, forever".

At first, I encountered tremendous opposition, but, I prevailed for the Rebbe's sake. The result of all this is that you can now see and hear that the Chazan, on Yom Tov,

introduces very many rousing Lubavitcher tunes into the davenning, with the full approval, encouragement and active co-operation of the Rebbe.

Towards the end of my address, there was the sound of a coin being rolled along the table, just behind me. Everytime I paused for breath I could hear this rattling and rolling of the coin. I was getting quite rattled and annoyed myself, but I did not want to stop talking in order to turn around and see which stupid American kid was interrupting my speech.

It was fortunate that I did not, because I discovered afterwards that it was Aron, my grandson, who was misbehaving and being silly.

If I would have turned around at that time and seen that it was Aron who was causing this commotion, I would not have been responsible for my actions - grandson or not.

An elderly gentleman, who I thought could not speak a word of English, told me that my "Droshe was geshmak" (maybe he could not speak English - only understand it) and I told him a little of what went on around 770 and with our Rebbe.

I spoke for half an hour at the Kinus, and when I concluded, my mouth and throat were so dry that I could hardly "mouth" the words. Yet, the Rebbe will carry on speaking, almost non-stop, for five hours, without any hesitation and be as fresh and as clear at the end as at the beginning of the Farbraingen.

On that morning, Tuesday, Isru Chag, the Rebbe distributed Nickels again to everyone. I thanked the Rebbe for the Nickel "Very much indeed". The Rebbe replied, "You are welcome".

There is always something going on. There was no layenning today, Tuesday, so there was no Barmitzvah, but Michoel Zeligson made the OPSHER (the first hair cut) of his three year old son.

I took a snip of his hair and a nip of Vodka plus a bite of cake. Michoel introduced me to his charming and very pretty young wife, who thanked me for my book, and took a film of me cutting a lock of her son's hair - not the heir.

Michoel is in charge of the Merkos Wholesale Book Department. He told me that his father is the fifth generation direct in line from the Alter Rebbe, so Michoel is the sixth and his children the seventh generation.

I ordered five sets of English/Hebrew Machzayrim, and Michoel turned to the assistant, Richy, a jolly coloured fellow, non-Jewish, who was merrily singing the new Nigun of the Rebbe (MOGINAINU) in perfect Hebrew, and asked him, in Yiddish, to bring in the five Machzayrim and place them in a carton. Richy acknowledged the order - also in Yiddish.

This reminds me of the story of a fellow who went into a Jewish restaurant in London, England. He was served by a Chinese waiter who conversed in perfect Yiddish. This customer approached the owner of the restaurant and congratulated him on possessing such a remarkable waiter who could speak such fluent Yiddish. "Shvaig, (Keep Quiet)", interrupted the owner. "He came to England to learn the language!".

At 3.30p.m, the Rebbe emerged from 770 to visit the Ohel. About ten years ago, there were scores of people around 770 waiting for the Rebbe. But, just as he appeared at the door, everyone else disappeared and I was left standing, alone, with the Rebbe.

All I could see were the tops of heads showing above the low garden walls. As you can see, I had the Rebbe all to myself in those days.





Today, hundreds of people were waiting outside 770 to see the Rebbe. When he came out, crowds rushed forward from all sides to see the Rebbe depart for the Ohel.

There was also a party of sixteen girls from the top class of the Lubavitch Junior School, from London, in the eleven years old age group.

The Rebbe, accompanied by Label (Groner), who held a large bag of dimes, walked slowly down the drive and steps. He had to walk slowly because he was distributing dimes to every child and baby amongst the bystanders. The Rebbe, as usual, did not overlook even one single baby and was constantly getting fresh supplies of dimes from Label. I reckon that more than one hundred and fifty dimes were handed out.

Step by half a step, with many many stops, the Rebbe made very slow progress. Babies and children were surrounding the door of his car which was opened ready for the Rebbe. I was last in the line and the Rebbe almost gave me a dime. Instead, he gave - a start of surprise and a droll smile, which I returned a little sheepishly.

MORE ANECDOTES

Beryl Kahan of Kahan's Superstore was delighted with my book. He loved Golda Jaffe's story on page 149, where she related how pleased she was when "Bobby sent her shopping to Kahan's, because we had an account there, and she could obtain a lot of Nash on our credit".

I met our friend Molly Resnick (nee Sidi), the wife of one of the Rebbe's doctors, on Eastern Parkway. She screamed out that I had kept her up all night. This did not sound too good! until I realised that she meant that she was up all night reading my book.

I was delighted to see our friends Benzion and Gita Lewis at 770 this Shovuos. Gita does the actual typing of this book.

This was the first time that Gita had ever been to see the Rebbe. They did it in style by taking all the family - Raisel, aged ten and a half, Dovid Yaakov, six and a half, and baby Ettel Rivka just one and a half years young.

Gita maintained that although I give a very vivid and realistic description of events at 770, no words can really bring to life the excitement, the crowds of people milling around, and, especially, the actual Encounter with the Rebbe - All these need a personal involvement and experience.

Gita did however add, that my book certainly does help to a very considerable extent.

On Yom Tov, we met our old friend Yisroel Goldshmidt. He had about a dozen keys all hanging on a cord tied around his waist.

Roselyn maintained that this was not necessary on Yom Tov. Yisroel replied, "Can you think of a better or easier way to carry a bunch of keys - at any time!"

Roselyn and I sat on a bench outside - opposite 770 at 3.35p.m after Mincha. It was a good bench, because my suit was full of splinters, and some parts of my torso too. I am looking for a shop to get my suit de-splintered.

Just then, Rica, a married daughter of an old friend of ours from Antwerp, Myer Silberstein, paused for a chat. She had a baby lying in the pram and a young boy, Yossi, who should have been chained to the pram. He was continuously running away and Rica was continually shouting, "Yossi, Yossi, Yossi". I indicated that she should not worry and that he would be O.K. Rica asserted that her brother had informed her that four hundred thousand children disappeared in the U.S.A. every year, and she did not want Yossi to be the four hundred thousand and first. Rica was looking for a girl Head Councillor for the camp in Antwerp at a good salary and all fares paid. 770 was the ideal place to find a suitable person.

Yenta Chaya (Lew), our granddaughter, joined us. Rebbetzen Groner, Label's wife, told us that all the girls DO like Yenta Chaya, very much indeed, but they did not like the name "Yenta" and refer to her as "Chaya" only. So, from hereon and henceforth, I shall also call her Chaya - only.

She was accompanied by a nice sweet maiden well made up and dressed as if for a ball. Roselyn whispered to Chaya - only - that she must be a Kalloh. Chaya answered "Almost". Several hours later, we heard the news that she had become engaged.

She had been waiting eagerly and anxiously for the Rebbe's approval to the Shidduch. All day, walking up and down Eastern Parkway, with her nerves on edge. Then what a relief when the Rebbe's reply arrived wishing her Mazel Tov. What excitement!

The Mikvah that morning was nice and clean and hot. I was referring to the Showers. I have no comment to make about the Mikvah itself.

Avrohom was changing in the dressing rooms and he was humming a tune - "Bom di bi om bom" and "Bom di bi om bom" when a fellow told him to keep quiet, as it was not permitted to sing or hum in the dressing rooms of the Mikvah.

I had never heard such a nonsense and I told the fellow so. Some people will go to any lengths and find or invent any prohibitions in order to make others unhappy.

I once attended a Simcha in Manchester on a Shabbos and the Chairman warned the assembly that on no account should one clap one's hands to show approval or to express enjoyment. I expect that some people can always discover some prohibitions against any kind of innocent or simple enjoyment.

Rabbi Aharon Goldstein is the son of my friend Rabbi Goldstein who always tells me some interesting gematrias or other stories. Aharon has been the director of Chabad House in Ann Arbor in Michigan for over ten years. He is one of my keenest fans and he sends a good supply of Baalei Teshuvos to 770 every year.

He had a Shaaloh which no one could answer, so he asked the Rebbe.

This is the Question - We study the Rambam in a twelve months cycle at three perakim a day.

For some others, the cycle takes three years at only one chapter a day.

If inadvertently, throughout the year, he had missed a perek or two - here and there, may he make these up at the end of the year?

The Rebbe replied, that if these chapters were missed "Bedieved" by accident, and not by design, then he was permitted to make them up at the end of the year.

Yisroel Weingarten from Seattle, another fan, informed me that he went on a mission to Alaska last year. He took my book with him, and many people there were ever so pleased to be given the opportunity to read it.

Yehonoson Golomb wished to point out that although I had mentioned in my last year's edition that Sholom Kravchik had admitted that the best twelve months of his life were those than he had spent at our Lubavitcher Yeshiva in Manchester, this view and opinion was shared by and applied to all the six Shiluchim of the Rebbe, including himself.

I always daven Shachariss (the morning service) upstairs in the Beis Hamedrash. It is slow and takes forty five minutes.

I warned Avrohom not to daven downstairs in the Shool during the week because it takes nearly two hours.

One is constantly being interrupted by friends whom one has not seen for ages.

Similarly, on the night of Shovuos, I always say Tikun by myself in our apartment. I commence straightaway and carry on right through, with no disturbances nor interruptions.

At 770, I can well believe that only about 5% say Tikun properly. The other 95% do hold a Tikun (the book) but also hold conversations with their friends all through the night. It is, in my opinion, almost impossible to say Tikun at 770.

At 770, on Shovuos, one meets "half the world" (at Succos one meets the whole world there).

Rabbi Zalmon Posner, my good old friend had arrived from Nashville, Tennessee. He told me that one married daughter lived in Casablanca, another in Southern Brazil, a third one in California and a boy in Massachusets. (Join Lubavitch and see the World).

His "Brazil" family were celebrating the Opsher, the first hair cut, of their three year old son. It was their custom to throw sweets over him and explain that a Malach, an angel, threw down this candy to signify that the boy would always have sweetness. The little boy wished to know that if it was an Angel, why could he not place these sweets directly into his hands?

I met Rabbi Danny Dubov, the grandson of the late Rabbi Yitzchok Dubov (ZTzL) from Manchester. He had recently been married and I asked him what he was now doing. He replied that he was learning.

"For how long?" I asked.

So he gave me a Moshul, a parable:

"There is a legal argument. If one sells a field, does it remain sold - actually - for ever, or - does the field revert back to its original owner at the time of the Yoivel, Jubilee?"

"Similarly, if a man sells himself, is he set free at Yoivel or does he remain a slave for ever?"

"The same applies to Yeshiva Boys. Some are set free, leave the Kollel at Yoivel, whilst others remain at the Kollel for ever" (NOT Lubavitch boys, I am glad to say).

Label Dubov, told me that one Pesach, some boys were playing with nuts all along the pavement, when suddenly the Rebbe arrived with his own bag of nuts and joined in.

Similarly, on Channukah, boys were playing "Dreidle" for money - small stakes, when Rebbe passed and threw a handful of coins their bag.

Chaya presented me with a gift of a handmade Yarmulkie (Kappel). A friend of hers had knitted it and it was really very well done. I insisted on paying for this myself, after all, Chaya did not possess too much money, and it was really the thought that mattered.

After some persuasion, she was prepared to accept the cash.

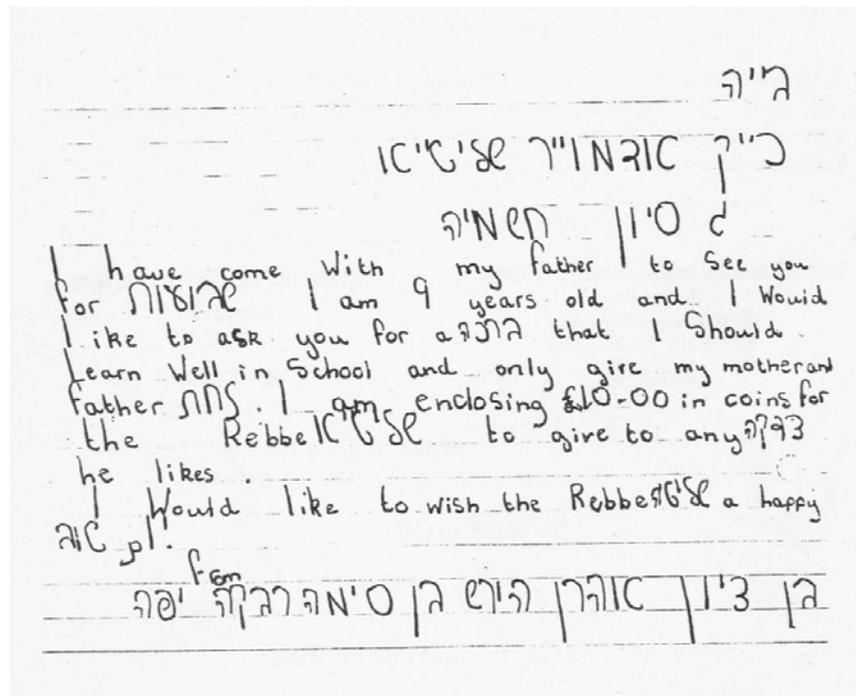
"How much was it?" I asked.

"Eighteen dollars" she replied.

"Oh Dear - Oh Dear" I muttered - and you can say that again!

When Avrohom and his sons Shmuel and Aron arrived at 770, the first thing they did was to deliver their letters to the Rebbe asking for Brochos.

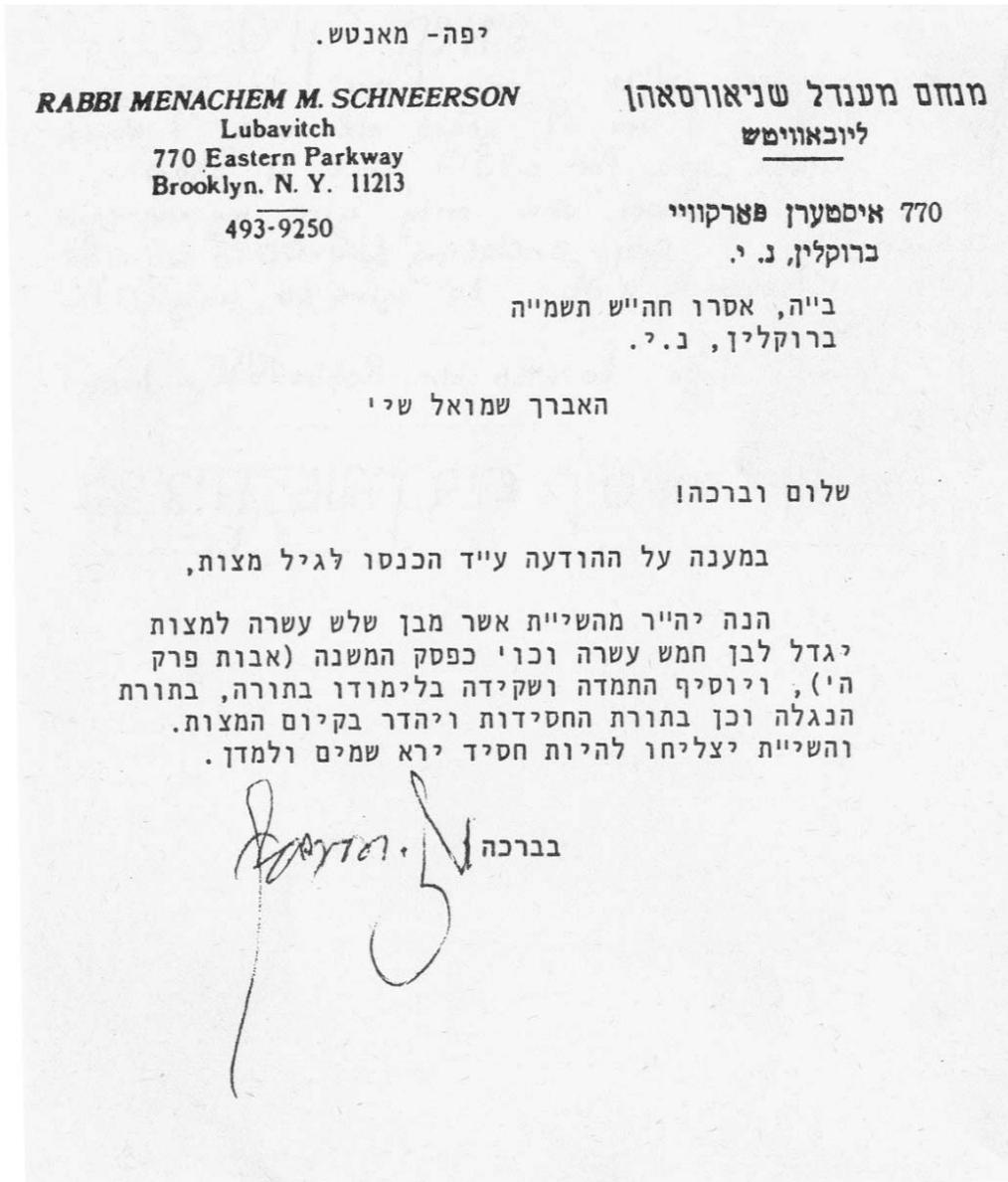
Shmuel wanted a special one for his Barmitzvah.



Herewith is a copy of the note which Aron sent in.

The Rebbe had replied to Aron "If you seek, you will find," in other words "if you work well, then you shall succeed".

And, here is a copy of the Rebbe's reply to Shmuel. A letter to a Lubavitcher Barmitzvh boy from the Rebbe which was sent direct to Manchester in time for his birthday.



The approximate English Translation would be as follows:

To "Master" Shmuel.
Greetings and Blessings.

In response to your notification that you have now reached the stage of performing Mitzvahs.

May it be the will of Hashem that, as in the Psak in the Mishna in Pirkei Avos, Chapter 5 Verse 22, that, at the age of thirteen years one has the obligation to observe the Mitzvahs, at the age of fifteen, the study of the Gemorra, and so on and so forth.

And so should you increase with diligence and assiduity the study of the Revealed Torah and also the Torah of Chassidus, in order to glorify the performance of the Mitzvahs.

And, may Hashem give you success to become a Chossid; to possess the Fear of Heaven; and to be a "Talmud Chochom" (wise and well-learned)

With blessings.

Signed by the Rebbe himself.

Shmuel was a very good boy - and so was Aron. It was only when they got together that the rumpus started. As we say in Yiddish - "They TCHEPPED each other". Then uncomplimentary remarks complemented with and actively supported by the exchange of physical blows, soon turned our apartment into a fighting arena.

It required all the diplomacy and skill - plus the active participation of Avrohom to bring peace and harmony back to the household.

Avrohom had brought with him a Video Camera. It kept him very busy indeed. He was forever rushing in and out of the flat to collect the machine and mostly having "just missed the Rebbe".

He did however manage to obtain some good shots of the Rebbe during the eleven days which he spent at 770.

One day he took the boys to the Ohel (of the Previous Rebbe (ZTZL)) where special and fomally arranged prayers were recited. Shoes were removed first and rubber gym shoes or sneakers were worn.

Whilst at the cemetery, Avrohom had a look at the Tombstone of Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin (ZTZL), his personal teacher and friend for the past twenty four years. Avrohom had once been told by Rabbi Dvorkin that during the first twelve months, one should not approach the grave of a departed to say Psalms or other prayers, because these souls were "very busy" for the first year after their demise!

Whilst still in Manchester, Aron had been looking forward to going into the "Ess and Bench" restaurant and buying and – eating hot dogs (Sausages).

One evening, he refused Roselyn's nicely cooked and tasty fish - he had wanted and obtained that for breakfast whilst Roselyn was still cooking it.

So, off he went to Ess and Bench and returned with two hot dog rolls and a can of soda (our fridge was full of bottles of soda!).

He sat down at the table with a special meaty cloth laid on and took a bite of the first hot dog. Aron spluttered and coughed. My -was that DOG HOT! - It was covered with mustard. He does not like mustard and he never ordered mustard. He had wasted his money - and what a disappointment after looking forward to this moment for so long.

Avrohom suggested that he should go back to the restaurant and exchange them. So, Aron returned to the shop and explained his predicament. (Brave Boy)

"Not to worry", commented the attendant, "here are another two".

To make sure, Aron opened up the new rolls in the shop, before he left - and again these were covered in mustard.

Aron was getting a little annoyed. After all, he was only a little lad of nine. The attendant apologised, made up another couple of rolls - and - added sauerkraut.

This was getting beyond a joke. Aron was not only hungry, but really starving, but on principle he would not accept sauerkraut. He hated the stuff. So, for the third time, the attendant made up Aron's order, and it was only Aron's prompt intervention that prevented the server adding tomato ketchup!

He duly arrived back at the flat and ate his rolls and dogs with extreme relish and satisfaction.

He finished off this enjoyable repast with the soda which he poured into a "Milchik" glass.

Roselyn was annoyed, but decided jokingly, that as there was no meat in the hot dogs, then it was not necessary to ask a Rav a Shaaloh about the glass. (I apologise to Ess and Bench for making a joke at their expense.)

Shmuel was becoming very worried. He was eating too much and was putting on far too much weight. He used to be a steady four and a half stone and now his weight was up to six and a half stones.

He also complained that he had a bad leg. Roselyn retorted that it was alright to play football.

"Oh", answered Shmuel, "I didn't play with that leg!"

I did not mind Aron playing football in front of 770, but why did he have to get me involved in a game of headball - whilst I was still wearing my hat!

HERSHEL PECKERS STORY

My old friend from London, Hershel Pecker, insisted that I should give him one of my books (Number sixteen). He would pay whatever price I demanded, and he also desired all the other fifteen instalments.

He is a very good Chazan and had officiated at our Shool in Manchester on many occasions. He is also an excellent craftsman in precious metals ("one of the finest"- interrupted Hershel). So he decided to emigrate to New York where there was much more scope in which to practice his special gifts.

He moved into an apartment which was situated over the Bank at the corner of Eastern Parkway And Kingston Avenue - almost opposite 770. The Bank is an English Bank - the Westminster Bank (U.S.A.) of London. This Bank issues Access credit cards to its customers. So Hershel hoped to have his own access to their premises.

Before he settled the tenancy agreement for this flat, he wrote to the Rebbe and asked for a Brocha. Incidentally, a very large tree blocked the view from the windows. He could not see anything at all of 770.

Next morning, a gang of workmen arrived and removed the whole tree and left just a small stump. This was a sign to Hershel that this apartment was O.K.

Four days before Chanukah, he was approached by the "managers" of 770 to produce, to manufacture a MENORAH according to the design of the Rambam - that is straight arms, not curved. He made it Gold Plated with Cups pointed downwards.

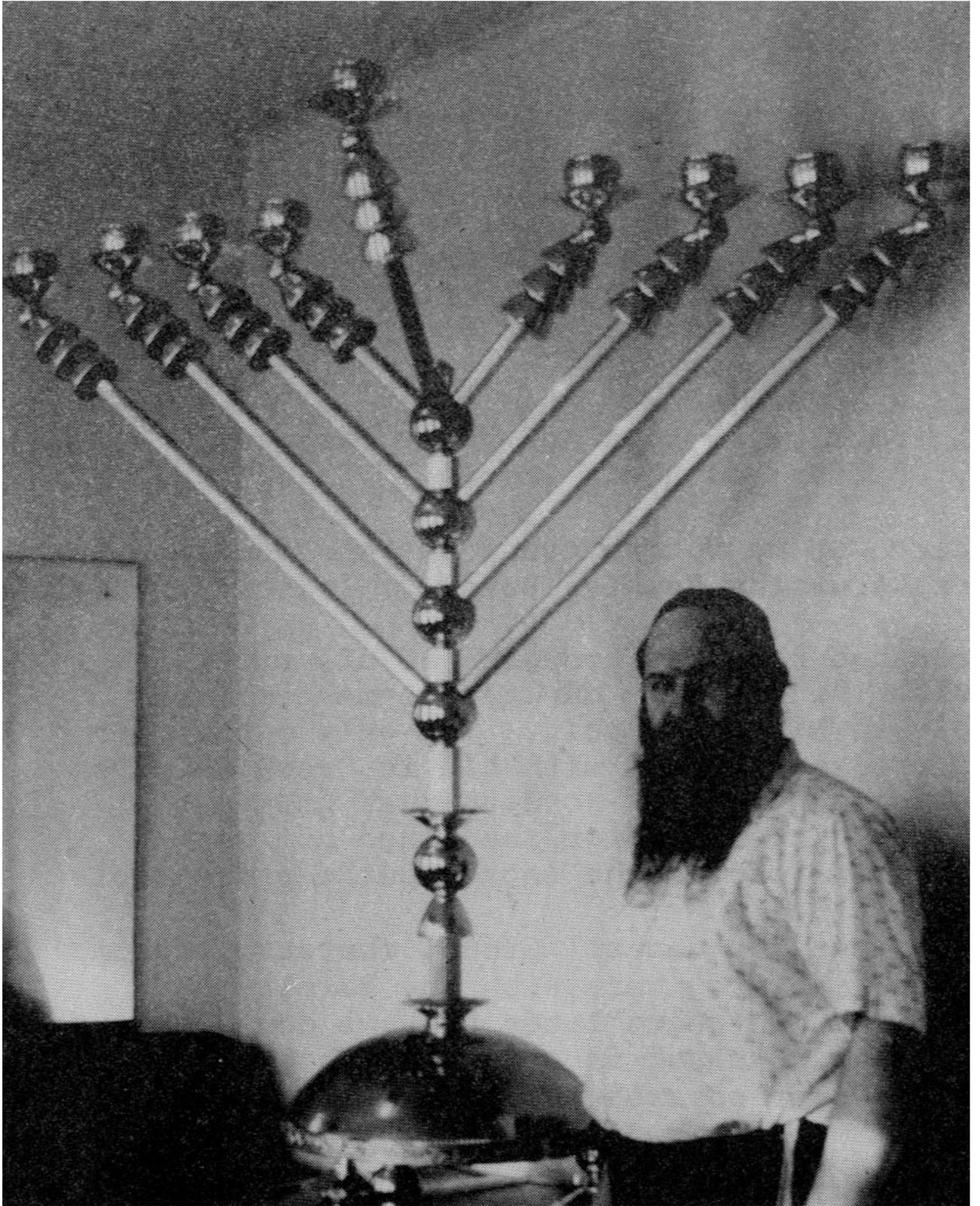
Hershel managed to complete it in time for the sixth night, just half an hour before the Rebbe came in for Mincha. It was six feet high - and it certainly startled the Rebbe when he saw it. It was taken downstairs and the Rebbe "could not take his eyes off it" - says Hershel Pecker - "especially the base".

After Maariv the Menorah was lit. Then, after a few moments, the Rebbe asked Label Groner to remove the Shammas (light) which was still burning and to place this onto the table.

The reason for this was - being the Sixth night, there were six candles plus the Shammas burning - making a total of Seven.

Today, we are prohibited from making a Seven branched Menorah, similar to the one in the Beis Hamikdosh.

As this was the first time that this new Menorah was being lit, the Rebbe did not want it to have the appearance of the Candelabra in the Temple.



YECHIDUS

On the Wednesday, two days after Yom Tov, there was to be a Yechidus. Many visitors were leaving before Shabbos, and there would be just this one night of Yechidus for everyone. About five hundred people were involved (On Succos there would be five thousand - ten times as many). One could join any one of three groups:

1. A General One
2. Barmitzvah Boys and their Parents
3. Brides and their Grooms

There was no fourth group on this occasion - for returning Yeshiva boys.

Aron had torn the trousers of his brand new suit. He had also managed to make a large hole in his other suit. The only other pair of trousers he had with him in Crown Heights were his pyjamas. Roselyn must have used all her ingenuity for she fixed him up - somehow - because he looked quite presentable.

We joined the General Group, whereas Avrohom, Shmuel and Aron were with the Barmitzvah section. We heard later that we could have all gone together as a family - because we were the grandparents of the Barmitzvah Boy.

The Rebbe was due to enter at 8.00p.m, but there was a Chuppah in progress outside 770.

So, the Rebbe postponed Yechidus for fifteen minutes as he did not desire to cause inconvenience to others.

As usual, the men and boys stood on one side, and the ladies and girls on the opposite side. The Rebbe sat at a table in the centre, on a small platform, with a microphone.

The Rebbe said - and this is my own, version - that we are still in the (Twelve) Days of HASHLUMIN (Completion). This is the number of days which we counted from Rosh Chodesh, the first day of Sivan. Therefore, from Shovuos, the sixth day of Sivan, until and including the twelfth day, we have a full seven day week, including a Shabbos, in order that Shovuos shall also contain Seven days, similar to Pesach and Succos.

Therefore, it is still Yom Tov, although a weekday, and we are taking leave of each other. May you all have success in making it a better day.

On this Yom Tov, especially, we are given the Commandments of how to live - Laws for Shabbos, Yom Tov and weekdays. Today is a continuation of Yom Tov, when G-d said, "You will make yourselves Holy". So you have to bring this Holiness direct from the Almighty into weekday and mundane affairs. This is not an easy thing to do, but as G-d commanded this, so obviously, it is possible to fulfill.

Surly on every Yom Tov you can fulfill the Mitzvah of "You shall be Holy - with Simcha and a Good Heart", and especially on this Yom Tov. In the Zeman (time) of our Freedom, Pesach, and in the time of our Simcha, Succos it is also hard to go from Torah to wordly matters.

We have made Havdola, a separation, from Shovuos - Matan Torasainu (The Giving of Our Torah) - That is from the Ten Commandments, to immediately thinking about weekday mundane matters, which is difficult.

If we stay in one place, then it is "hard enough", but, when we are going away to material and wordly business matters in different cities and countries, it is even harder still, but we are given special attributes to overt come these difficulties, even to a higher degree than those who remain here.

As mentioned before, it is by Divine Providence that we have met on the tenth day of Sivan. It should give you strength to carry on your Shelichos when you arrive home, even if, unfortunately, Moshiach does not arrive until next Shovuos.

A Jew should realise from the Torah and from Moishe Rabbeinu that he could be uplifted above all borders, starting from one's home, from one's city.

In todays portion of the Sedra, we read about the final completion of the Mishkan (Tabernacle) in a full and perfect manner.

It is made of material goods, about fifteen or eighteen different items, such as gold, silver and so forth. You are to take these and make a Mishkan - then G-d will live, "NOT amongst you - but IN you". G-d needs a Dwelling Place in this world. Therefore, do not be worried or troubled, you will be uplifted above all the borders of the world, and be given strength from the A-mighty to carry out your Shelichus, and your Mishkan will be a proper home also for your wife and children.

Today's Tehillim for the tenth day contains the Verse 19 in Chapter 55, "Even in times of Peace it was HE (G-d) Alone who redeemed my soul from impending struggle". King David wrote the "Songs of David" with the Authority of G-d - and with great joy. When he had been born - a Jew - he had already been redeemed. He was free, at peace.

Also, todays Shiur of Tanya has connection with "Mattan Torah". We need G-d's help every single second.

Our Soul is direct from G-d, but we have also "eyes of flesh" which can see only material things of the world. Therefore, we can fulfill the Mitzvah of Tzedoka, to give a poor man the means to buy material things, such as bread, and we can do all other "material" Mitzvahs.

There is no "Machloka" (dispute) between Spiritual and Material matters. Our body, not the soul, is leaving today to different places, cities and countries. All spiritual things are united together "encamped as one"

Jews should know that to serve G-d with Simcha - although "servitude" - will bring him to serve G-d with Love and Devotion - and make him dance with Joy because he is always with G-d, standing close to HIM, and with all Jews everywhere.

Therefore, if we serve HIM with Love and Joy we get this reflected back. G-d will give us everything we need from HIS broad and open hand.

Every nerve and sinew devoted to G-d will bring nearer the Coming of our Moshiach, and we will be as one congregation.

We have earned that through our hard work and tribulations of the Exile, that we should receive G-d's reward. We are entitled to ask G-d for this every day - that soon - in these days, which are connected with Mattan Torah, and with Tzedoka - that this Tzedoka will hasten the redemption, and Jews scattered all over the world will go dancing together - with Our Moshiach - to Our Holy Land.

The Rebbe gave a smile of welcome to all the children and also to the sixteen girls from the Lubavitch School in London.

Then each person filed past the Rebbe who handed everyone a dollar bill. The men and boys went first. I thanked the Rebbe who answered with a nice smile "Fur Lechaim Ulsholom" (Travel towards (good) life and peace).

It is surprising that these words accompanied by such a lovely smile contained as much depth, friendliness and warmth as was conveyed to me in our usual and private Yechidus in the past.

It was then the turn of the ladies and girls. And my word! Did Roselyn receive a beauty of a smile!

Avrohom went in with Shmuel, the Barmitzvah boy and Aron. Aron must have a cheeky face because he also got a really beautiful smile from the Rebbe.

Roselyn got a Bonus when the Rebbe entered his car after Maariv - another gorgeous heavenly smile - Lucky Roselyn! - and it could not have been her funny hat this time, because she never wore that one on this occasion.

Shmuel had misplaced his "Rebbe's Dollar". He carried on terribly non-stop, and was in a fiery temper, as if it was our fault. I hoped he had not spent it in a shop.

Binyamin (Klyne) promised that if he had not found it by the time he left for home, he would give him another one to replace the last one. So peace reigned again.

EVEN MORE ACTIVITIES AT 770

Mr. Tzarevcan, Denis, was raving about the Farbraingen. It was a wonderful night - although he could not understand one word.

But, he had the highest admiration and praise for a man who could speak for five hours - fluently and without notes. In his view, no man on earth could speak so long and without any hesitation. Of course - that is why he is Our Rebbe.

He asked me to explain exactly about what the Rebbe had spoken. (Z.J. - Maybe standing on one foot too?) He was in a rush to get to Drimmers. Six months ago, he had bought a pair of Teffillin, and he did not realise that he needed a bag in which to put them.

One day, the Rebbe came to daven Mincha, five minutes late. A number of Brides and Bridegrooms were receiving Blessings from the Rebbe.

Almost every day, there were crowds of women outside 770 and also inside the hallway, each one holding one or two babies, awaiting the arrival of the Rebbe and to obtain Tzedoka for their offspring. It was wonderful to see the pleasure and delight on the face of the Rebbe when he discovered another little child or boy who had been hidden from view.

Aron was very quick off the mark. He was standing at my side near the open door of the Beis Hamedrash. As soon as the Rebbe emerged from his room, Aron would make a spurt and sprint, like greased lightning, to the Rebbe, obtain his dime, place it in the Tzedoka Box, and return to my side even before the Rebbe had a chance to give a dime to the first child standing at his doorway.

Shmuel, however, refused to join the "children". The Rebbe did not normally give these dimes to those over Bar (or Bass) Mitzvah, and Shmuel would be thirteen years of age in just a few weeks time.

However, he certainly was one of the first to join the line when it was announced - quite frequently, too, that the Rebbe was distributing Nickels to Everyone. He did not hesitate for one moment.

We had the additional pleasure of visiting the Rebbetzen again. We spent a most enjoyable one and three quarter hours with her. Yenta Chaya informed her that she had shortened her name to Chaya. The Rebbetzen was absolutely delighted and said "BRAVO".

Aron was very impressed with the Rebbetzen's huge Alsatian dog, which protected her and her, home. [Editors Note: As a security measure, a guard and dog were hired to protect the Rebbe's home from various threats.]

People are always intimating to me how much money they have saved on their flights from England.

They discover all those special and complicated ways of travelling to New York. Raphael Haber, a friend of ours from Manchester, saved about one hundred pounds. He went via Detroit. Unfortunately, the flight was on a Friday - the plane was delayed four hours, and so he had to spend two days in Detroit instead of at 770!! He could have remained in Manchester. It would have been cheaper still.

A lady from South Africa gave us regards from Yossi (Lew) our grandson. "He was simply marvellous, especially with the Kids".

One day Avrohom reported to me that he had telephoned home to Manchester. He told me that it was so hot that Levi (LAIVI) our Yeshiva boy is outside sunbathing in the semi-nude. I was a bit taken aback until Avrohom explained that it was the BABY - and not Levi. I wish he would talk a little more clearly.

After Mincha, Aron joined a Rambam shiur, which took place around the corner to 770. There were twenty five men and ten boys present. Yoseph Yitzchok and Mendel Slavin had taken him along. It was given in English and the teacher explained the basic points of the Perek. The theme was about the "HALF SHEKEL" - Aron's favourite subject MONEY!

I asked him afterwards whether he had enjoyed it - "NOT really", was the reply. At 7.00p.m Friday, Erev Shaboss, I was about to enter our flat to make preparations for Shabbos.

Menachem Mendel Yunik indicated that I - should not go in just yet as the Rebbe would be coming along from 770 in only a few moments.

Last Friday night, the Rebbe had emerged from 770 at 7.00p.m promptly, entered the library next door (to 770 and also to our apartment) made his final preparations for shabbos and had left the Library exactly five minutes later to return to 770.

I quickly called to Roselyn, Avrohom, Shmuel Aron, and we all gathered together outside 770. Avrohom rushed to pick up his video camera and became very busy checking light, distance and other technicalities. I surmised that as I always received a smile from the Rebbe, that Roselyn got a gorgeous one and Aron obtained a special one, then when we were all combined together, we should receive something extra special.

After ten minutes, and no sign yet of the Rebbe, we decided to continue with our Shabbos preparations and left one of the boys as the watchman to shout at us as soon as he saw the Rebbe. Avrohom again checked his video, the light and the distance.

After another ten minutes, we changed the guard and Avrohom rechecked his video and light.

It was then 7.40p.m and our guard had reported, "All clear - and no sight of the Rebbe". In twenty two minutes, we would have to light the Shabbos candles.

Even Chaya, who was generally late, had arrived to light the candles. It was getting close to Shabbos, so we decided to be prepared for the Rebbe's appearance at any moment.

It was getting pretty dark now and Avrohom went to check his video for light, which would soon be non-existent and for distance which would now be only guesswork.

At 7.50p.m we heard the sound of singing and the Rebbe emerged out of the gloom into the twilight. I am glad to say that the Rebbe did give us all a nice smile and amidst the singing and clapping, he ascended the steps to the library, vigorously swinging his arms to encourage us.

Avrohom had been whirring away with his video all this time. I sincerely hoped that there was enough light.

Avrohom had suggested, at first that it would be a better plan to greet the Rebbe on his way BACK to 770. It was fortunate that we did not agree to this idea, because it was already Shabbos when the Rebbe left the library.

As a matter of fact, the results of Avrohom's endeavours exceeded all expectations. They are living pictures.

Especially outstanding were the videos of a Farbraingen with the singing and the Rebbe relating a Sicho; the distribution of Koss Shel Brocha; and scenes of general interest taken outside 770 with the Rebbe giving out dimes to the children; and so forth.

Avrohom has shown this completed video to all the local Lubavitch groups, including the women and girls branches, and has had requests for the cassette from as far afield as London.

On Saturday night, I had Yahrzeit. Myer Harlick had arranged that I could officiate for Maariv. Dovid Mandelbaum was also very helpful. He has a very good memory and always remembers that I have Yahrzeit on the 13th of Sivan.

As soon as I had concluded the final Kaddish, even before Havdola, the Rebbe left the Beis Hamedrash. This was the first time in all these years that, as far as I could ascertain, that the Rebbe had left the Beis Hamedrash before listening to Havdola. Avrohom remarked that the Rebbe had suffered enough with my Maariv and could not get away quickly enough (Cheek).

Actually, the Rebbe went outside to Mekadish the Levona (the New Moon). The Lectern had been fixed in the central pedestrian "sidewalk" on Eastern Parkway, with the portable electric light already switched on.

The Rebbe was reciting the special prayers, whilst facing the East (irrespective of the position of the moon). There were so many hundreds of people round and about that it was a sheer impossibility for me to push a way through to the Rebbe's side and to answer "Aleichem Sholom" to the Rebbe's "Sholom Aleichem" which is part of this service.

There was an interesting occurrence one morning. There were seven Jewish prisoners present who had been let out of jail on parole. It was nearing the end of their sentences and prisoners in general had the option of visiting any community to re-acclimatise themselves into Society.

Recently a group of twenty five had come from Miami. They had expressed the desire to spend a week with Lubavitcher people in Crown Heights. They were guests at the new hotel about a quarter of a mile away from 770.

These seven prisoners were accompanied by a couple of Senators and other personnel, and the Rebbe made a special small but joyful Farbraingen in their honour.

At a Farbraingen, I sat near a gentleman from Tsfas. I enquired whether he knew my grandson Mendel (Lew) who was studying there. Rabbi Rammie gave me an excellent report about Mendy. He studied and taught well and more surprisingly still - he would be studying for his Semicha very shortly. I would like to wager that Mendy will become P.G. a Rabbi –even before Yossi. That would be something “out of the blue”. However, my neighbour at the Farbraingen denied any knowledge of Mendy and even of Tsfas in Israel, because he lived in Tzerafass, in France.

A SHIDDUCH IS ARRANGED

The Rebbe had once remarked that our basement apartment, where Roselyn was kept K.A.H. busy, looking after, cooking and feeding many of our grandchildren on Succos, was Roselyn's Seventh Heaven.

It is said that marriages were arranged in Heaven. Here is the story of one that was arranged in Our Seventh Heaven.

You will have read in my last year's edition that when young men and women come to 770, from all over the world, to see the Rebbe, that it became a matter of pride and principle that friends would endeavour to arrange Shidduchim with the "material on hand".

Amongst the visitors to 770 this Shovuos was a sweet young lady whose name was Faige Rochel Simon, the daughter of Ruth and Sholom Simon, very respected and honoured members of Manchester Lubavitch. Faige Rochel was the girl leader of our groups.

Yehonosson Golomb from London was also at 770 at that moment. He was one of the Rebbe's Six Shiluchim who studied at our Yeshiva in Manchester last year. He is presently studying for his Semicha at the Montreal Yeshiva in Canada.

Faige Rochel and Yehonosson did meet occasionally in Manchester, when she did Lubavitch work and he was busy with Mivtzaim.

It seemed to Avrohom to be an ideal Shidduch. It is a peculiar fact that only when these boys and girls arrive at 770 did the Shidduch bug, fever or frenzy become active. It must be the air around 770.

Avrohom became busy - whispering, muttering and burbling with Yehonosson in diverse corners and crannies - and leaning against the wall in our drive.

Our friend, Yehuda Blessofsky (our Great Neck chauffeur) was on the "Kalloh's side". I suppose similar conspirations went on at the Kalloh's Headquarters too.

The first step, thereafter, was that each one had to write a letter to the Rebbe explaining that they would like to meet, officially - with marriage in view - but only if and when the Rebbe gave his approval.

There was some short delay, because Yehonosson had not quite completed all the technicalities about which Avrohom had advised him when writing a letter to the Rebbe.

However, the Rebbe did answer that it would be in order for them to meet, officially.

So they met, and they went out together and more mutterings and whisperings took place, but, by now, Avrohom had another partner in the business - Yehuda Blessofsky. And day

after day, day after day, we had this whispering and plotting and planning. Avrohom with Yehonosson. Then Avrohom with Yehuda, representing Faige Rochel. She did not come, officially to our flat.

And that is how it went on, until - finally - Avrohom was leaving 770 for home on Monday at 7.30a.m. He had also arranged to accompany me and Shmuel to attend a Goral, a lottery, at 7.00a.m (more about this later). So, it was arranged that as we would have to rise at 6.30a.m in order to daven, attend the Goral, have breakfast and be ready for 7.30a.m, that we should all retire to bed early.

But, there was more muttering and whispering in dark corners - and in our drive. So the early night became 3.00a.m. At that time, it was not easy to fall asleep, especially when Avrohom came clumping and clamping into our apartment. Then - at long last - peace prevailed. Until at 5.45a.m there was a loud banging on our door. It was Yehuda. He wanted Avrohom to arrange everything before he left for home. Another letter was composed and sent to the Rebbe to the effect that Faige Rochel and Yehonosson would like the Rebbe to approve of their marriage.

The Rebbe agreed to their request and sanctioned the marriage which took place in Manchester a few months later on.

Here is a poem which I recited on the happy occasion of their Sheva Brochos on Yud Tes Kislev.

On Shovuos, my son Rabbi Avrohom, was at 770, intending a plot to hatch,
together with Yehuda Blessofsky, to arrange a Shidduch - a match.

Outside our flat, night after night, Yehuda and Avrohom did whisper and chatter.
We couldn't sleep a wink, but to them it did not much matter.

Avrohom's protegee was Faige Rochel, our wonderful girls' leader.
The lovely daughter of our friends, Ruthie and Sholom, Lubavitch will be sorry to lose her.

Yehuda wished to introduce her to Yehonosson Chaim Golomb.
And with two such marvellous sponsors, matters soon went like a bomb.

For twelve months here, Yehonosson had been one of the Rebbe's Shiluchim, but Faige Rochel he had never met.
Although it should have been very easy to arrange a simple "Tete a Tete".

But only at 770 could these matters be settled, I guess.
So letters to the Rebbe were sent, asking for his approval and for the Shidduch to bless.

There was some delay, because protocol had to have its say.
But the Rebbe gave his blessings, so that the couple could meet straight away.

Today, T.G. only a few months later, Faige Rochel and Yehonosson are husband and wife.

May their future be full of Simchas and Nachas and with not one iota of strife.

Yud Tes Kislev is our Yom Tov of freedom and very much joy.

May our Chosson and Kalloh have good health and wealth (till 120) for each others company to enjoy.

A SPECIAL TEHILLIM AND CHUMASH

I have mentioned in the previous chapter about a Goral, a lottery. Here is the explanation.

When the Rebbe attends the Kriass HaTorah every Monday and Thursday - and of course, on Shabbos and Yom Tov, he uses a Chumash in which to follow the layenning. Afterwards he recites the daily Tehillim portion in a Book of Psalms.

It is every boy's ambition - and men's too - to be the proud owner of a Chumash and Tehillim which the Rebbe himself has used.

The custom is for a boy to place one of these books with his name written thereon, upon the Rebbe's lectern. After the conclusion of the service, he collects his treasure.

When Avrohom was at 770 studying for five years, about twenty five years ago, it was comparatively easy to obtain this sefer (book). He even has in his possession a Tehillim which the Rebbe had used eighteen times. He has written the various dates inside too. Tzvi Fisher did this for me once, and I shall always be beholden to him.

Over the years, as more boys desired to possess one of these treasures, it has become progressively more and more difficult.

When a boy becomes Barmitzvah, and is present at that time at 770, it becomes his burning ambition to obtain this book to mark this special occasion.

I can well remember the trouble that each of my elder grandsons experienced in their endeavours when they reached the age of thirteen. I have written at great length of some of these in previous instalments - especially about Yossi (Lew) my eldest grandson.

Now it was Shmuel's turn. He had been at 770 for over a week including Yom Tov, when it suddenly dawned upon him that, as yet, he had not obtained a Tehillim or a Chumash that the Rebbe had used.

In the past, it had been on a "first come, first served" basis. If one had made the effort to be in Shool at 6.30a.m, he would certainly be successful as long as he had placed the sefer in position at that time.

Things were very difficult these days. Competition was fierce. The only fair way was to draw lots.

This would take place at 7.00a.m on that morning. Shmuel had purchased a special leather bound Tehillim for twelve dollars, and with this, carefully held in his arms, he entered 770 at 6.55a.m.

There were already twenty boys gathered together, all desirous of placing their seforim onto the Rebbe's lectern.

At 7.00a.m, promptly, the proceedings commenced and they drew lots. Each boy wrote his name on a slip of paper, and these were placed into a hat. Shmuel had written "Jaffe" on his paper. Shmuel was given the honour of picking out the winning name. He put his hand amongst the twenty pieces of small crushed little bits of paper, mouthed a prayer, and hoped for the best.

But - the slip he pulled out had someone else's name written upon it.

Shmuel tried to make some deal with this lad, because Shmuel was a Barmitzvah boy and was leaving 770 shortly - but - so was this other lad.

Hard Lines Shmuel!!! but he still had another two mornings on which to try again. On Shabbos each boy is given a Hebrew letter corresponding to a number. Number one is Aleph, three is Gimmel and so forth. A Siddur is then opened and if the page is 34 then 4 - Dalled is the winner. I do not know the system if there are more than ten boys in the lottery.

To help Shmuel, Avrohom joined the Goral at 6.55a.m on Shabbos morning. Shmuel lost again- and so did Avrohom.

Monday morning was their last chance. I decided to join myself - I might be lucky. Once years ago, I bought out the shares of two young boys, so that one of my grandsons could put his Tehillim on the lectern. These boys were delighted - and so were we.

The present aspirants were all Yeshiva boys and bridegrooms. I did not imagine that these people would sell - not at any price.

There were now twenty three of us - and Avrohon, Shmuel and I all lost. And I had to be there at 6.45a.m. What a Zaidie will do for a grandson!

A young lad - Spielman - promised to keep on trying to obtain one for Shmuel.

One day Avrohom approached me with a suggestion. He had received many complaints from people who wished to purchase my "Encounter, Number Sixteen", but they could not buy one for love, nor money. No one had them for sale.

He maintained that it was most unfair to deprive these people of the chance of owning this "Book". I was persuaded to leave a couple of dozen at Drimmer's shop. He would pay me five dollars each, which would be a donation to our Yeshiva, and he would sell them at a nominal six dollars each.

Shmuel came into the flat in great excitement. He was in Drimmer's shop and he noticed that he only had a few of my books left.

"How many", I asked.

"About six ", was the reply.

"Oh" I remarked, "I only left him five to start with!"

However, there was a very interesting sequel which you may read about later on!

We were leaving for home that night. Sholom Gansberg came along to our apartment to wish us "Bon Voyage". He mentioned that the Rebbetzen was so pleased "to have us". She found our company relaxing and enjoyable. She did not have to make conversation. We just enjoyed a natural chat and "Yachne".

We stood outside 770 waiting for the Rebbe to emerge. Perhaps we might be lucky to exchange a few words with him before we left.

The Rebbe came out, the singing commenced, and the Rebbe noticed Rabbi Hershberg, the Chief Rabbi of Mexico standing at the door, and stopped to speak to him. The singing also stopped and a hundred boys lurched forward - towards the Rebbe. They did not wish to miss one single word. It was their business, their right to hear this private conversation.

I thought that this attitude was wrong and carried on singing. I was very nearly mobbed. How could they hear what was being said with me making a noise - singing.

The Rebbe moved away, the singing started up again and the boys retreated backwards away from the Rebbe. The Rebbe turned back to say something more to the Chief Rabbi and everyone surged forward again. Others were still swaying backwards. There was a big melee of pushing forwards and backwards - and - as usual - I was sent flying down the steps.

Some, boys insisted that it was their prerogative, their right to hear this private conversation. If the Rebbe did not want anyone to hear, then he would not speak to him outside with all the boys present!

I retorted that if the Rebbe would have wanted everyone to hear, he would have relayed this talk over the Loud Speakers!

We encountered the Rebbe at the bottom of the step, and he said to us "You should - fur gezunter heit - (travel in good health) and we should hear good news".

When we arrived at the airport Roselyn discovered that all the lovely salmon sandwiches which she had prepared for "emergency" had been left in the fridge at our apartment.

They were the best sandwiches which we NEVER had. However, we did have our Kosher food on the plane - and Chaya - she did enjoy those unexpected - but delicious sandwiches.

A WELCOME TO A NEW FAN

One morning, a few months after we had arrived home from Crown Heights, I received a really lovely surprise.

It was a letter from a young lady, Shulamis Nadler. On the following page, there is a photo copy of this letter, which will be self-explanatory

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Dear Mr. Jaffe,

Today I bought your book (#16) at Drimmers. I find it fascinating and would like to own the previous 15 installments. I am a baal tshuva and have lived in Crown Heights for 9 years. Despite living right behind 770, I will never have the relationship with the Rebbe and the people closely surrounding him, that you have. To read your experiences and stories can help us become even closer to the Rebbe K"v'Se.

I would like to buy the previous 15 'Encounters' if at all possible. My friend, Aliza Horowitz, of "The Small Wonder Puppet Theatre," would also like these 15 volumes. Please let us know how we can get them.

Sincerely,
Shulamis Nadler
1425 Union St.
Brooklyn, NY
11213
718-774-0723

It certainly made my day. Any and every author would be delighted to receive such a letter, especially when the reader was prepared to spend almost another one hundred dollars for the privilege of obtaining all my "back" editions - and her friend too!!

Avrohom was just as pleased, because it completely vindicated his policy of selling a few of my books at Drimmer's in Kingston Avenue.

I wrote to my latest "fan" and explained that I always present my "Encounters" free of charge to all my friends, relations and Lubavitch Organisations and Yeshivas all over the world. My wife has stated very frequently that I am the only author she knows, who gives away his books and even does not want to sell them.

I pointed out to Shulamis that the "Levi Yitzchok Library" in Kingston Avenue have - or did have most of my books in stock, which she could borrow.

I informed her that I hoped to be at 770 during Succos, and I gave her the address of our rented apartment at 760 Eastern Parkway - next door to the Rebbe's library.

I added that if she would contact me at that time, I would let her have whatever back numbers I had available at NO cost to her whatsoever. It would be my pleasure to present these to her free of charge - and also to her friend, too if she would come along.

Shulamis Nadler and Aliza Horowitz did call to see me, as you will read later on.

SHMUEL'S (JAFFE) BARMITZVAH

Shmuel was born on a Fast day – the seventeenth of Tammuz, the beginning of the Three Weeks of National Mourning which culminated with the Fast of Tisha B'av, the Ninth of Av.

The problem was, when could we hold the Barmitzvah celebrations – the sudah, the party. It was an awkward situation, and I was not sure of the Halacha.

However, by a curious coincidence, the Seventeenth of Tammuz - the fast, fell on the actual Shabbos day this year. One is definitely not allowed to fast on a Shabbos, at all – except 1. on Yom Kippur - and 2. if one had a terribly bad dream, a nightmare. In that case, one could fast on that Shabbos - but as a punishment - one had to fast on another day as well!

Therefore, we were very lucky and celebrated Shmuel's Barmitzvah in the usual manner with a Seuda and with joy - on the date of a fast.

I read out this poem on this occasion.

Your Birthday, Shmuel, is on the day of a Fast
Instead of which, we have all enjoyed a wonderful repast.

Just as in today's Sedra, which you so beautifully read
When Billam's intended curses were turned to blessing's instead.

Moshiach will soon be revealed, we hope and do pray
That every Fast will be changed into a Yom Tov and feast day.

At a Simcha, it's heartwarming and cheering to see all the family together
May we always have loyalty, love and devotion enduring forever.

At school and in Shool, you are a wonderful boy
We confidently await you good tidings in good health and with joy.

You study and learn well, though sometimes, a little at random
But we are very much certain, you will be a real Lamdan.

So may your future be bright with a distinguished career
To give Nachas and pride to the Rebbe and to all those whom you hold dear.

Shmuel did very well, he layened the whole Sedra - but as is the Lubavitch custom – he had no Aliya until later in the day, at Shabbos Mincha. He also recited his Maamer very nicely and his diction was extremely clear when he gave his pilpul.

All the Lews, Shmuel and Hindy, and those who were at that time in England came for the weekend. They turned our house upside down. It was just like our apartment near 770, at Succos.

"WHO IS A JEW"

The Rebbe has been worried for very many years now about the "Law of Return" and "Who is a Jew" legislation, which allow a non-Jew to obtain a certificate from Reform or Liberal "Rabbis" in the Diaspora - mainly in the U.S.A. which states that the holder (of this certificate) is Jewish.

This would allow these people to be automatically registered as Jews when they enter Israel.

Here is a copy of a cutting from the "Manchester Evening News" - a Non-Jewish Daily Newspaper, which certainly proves the Rebbe's point.

Manchester Evening News: Lorimer: Why all the fuss

Why all the fuss about Peter Lorimer becoming a Jew overnight, in order to ply his trade in the Israeli First Division?

Rabbis in Israel are spluttering into their beards at the news that the Leeds United veteran has been converted to Judaism, with the honorary name of Alon Ben Avraham, so that he can play for the Hapoel Haifa football club.

Lorimer admits cheerfully that he has no strong religious convictions, and that changing faith is merely a "flag of convenience" to allow him to get round the rules, which say that only Israeli citizens or Jews can play in the Israeli federation.

A non-kosher trick? Maybe. But no worse an example of rule-bending than we have seen in a whole range of sports.

Didn't Alan Lamb leave his home in South Africa so that he could qualify to play for England at cricket?

And didn't Zola Budd even change her nationality, in the hope of winning a gold medal for her beloved England?

If Lorimer wants to buy himself a Star of David and pass himself off as one of the chosen few, then good luck to him, I say.

And if he ever returns to this country, he could always switch to Roman Catholicism, and ask Glasgow Celtic for a job.

THE MANPOWER BOARD

My youngest brother, Joe, Dr. Joseph Jaffe, is an elected member of the Salford City Council. He has served as Mayor and has been of great assistance to us and to many Jewish Organisations in the City. He has attained grants for Schools and similar institutions to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Joe has contacts with most of the Government Departments connected with Social and Youth Welfare, and ultimately he recommended, for us, the following project.

There was a scheme promoted by the Government which Manchester Lubavitch could sponsor and which would be of considerable advantage to us in order to extend our Lubavitch work - and at the same time to be a source of help to the government.

In brief - we could register under the Manpower Board, which was a government agency, to sponsor the Manchester "Lubavitch Community Service Project". It took many months of conferences and meetings held at my home before the Scheme actually commenced on April 1st last year.

The main essence of this service was to provide work for some of the unemployed of this area - preferably young men and women. The Scheme was to run for only twelve months, but if we were successful in our objectives, then we would probably receive another year's extension.

(This did actually occur on April 1st of this year).

Cecil Ashe was appointed the Co-ordinator and Administrator of this project. In fact he worked many months before, free of charge, in order to help us to get the scheme started. He has proved himself the ideal man for the job, working with great diligence and loyalty to ensure the success of this project - which although a separate entity, does work together in harmony and close co-operation with Manchester Lubavitch and its activities.

Cecil, his Hebrew name is Yechezkel, is blessed with a very charming and extremely helpful wife, Betty (Bassia Golda). Yechezkel even takes some of his "work" home with him at night, so that his wife could do the typing although she is definitely not on the Payroll.

Cecil has under his control, a staff of over twenty, including Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, the Mashpia of our Yeshiva and the supervisor of our religious and voluntary workers.

Then there are three cooks, assistant cooks, cleaners, drivers (of our mini-bus) a book-keeper and mainly - eight or nine Community visitors. The principle task of this latter group is to visit the aged and the infirm - to be their home help and do their shopping, all with great friendliness and devotion.

We already help many hundreds of our needy folk. The mini-bus brings old people to Lubavitch House for Shiurim and takes our boys on MIVTZAIM, besides taking old folk on regular shopping trips to local markets.

One of our woman visitors reported that she went to see an old lady of over eighty years of age. This old lady had not seen a friendly face or any face at all - for many years.

She cried with emotion when our visitor left. Also herewith, a cutting from the Jewish Telegraph which is self-explanatory.

Helen's tribute to Lubavitch

A four-year nightmare has ended for an elderly Salford woman thanks to the Manchester Lubavitch Community Services.

Until the Lubavitch intervened, Mrs Helen Cowan had not seen the outside of her flat since 1981 after injuring a foot on holiday in Israel.

"Now with the transport of the coach. I am able to get out and meet people - something that I missed," says Mrs. Cowan in a letter forwarded to the Jewish Telegraph.

"It has opened a whole new world for me, and for this I am duly grateful."

Thanking the Lubavitch Community Services for the service they are giving to age concern, she adds, "May you and your team be blessed with long years and good health to continue this wonderful job of work..."

Mrs. Cowan's letter was sent to Services administrator Cecil Ashe, who commented:

"We are always delighted to receive such letters, as it makes all the work we put into our community programme so worthwhile

All in all, it has been a good Shidduch for Lubavitch.

ISRAELI CONNECTIONS

Every year, T.G., we manage to visit Eretz Yisroel. Many members of our family live there.

My brother Maurice of Jerusalem, is President of the Great Synagogue and is in charge of the Heichal Shlomo. He is also the President of the Federation of Israeli and World Synagogues.

Maurice and his wife Ella visit the U.S.A very often and up until a few years ago - when the Rebbe still held private Yechidus and interviews, they were regular visitors to 770 to see the Rebbe.

My sister Rosy, also of Jerusalem has visited the Rebbe, too, together with her husband, Charles.

Last year, their daughter Golda, who had married Itemar, a son of Rabbi Z. Wahaftig, a former Israeli Cabinet Minister, celebrated the Barmitzvah of their eldest son Shmuel (also a Shmuel!). Rosy's son, Essy Goldfield and his wife Zelda are friendly with Rabbi Greizman, who keeps them informed every week of events at 770.

We had the opportunity of meeting most of our Israeli nephews and nieces, including Malka and Moishe Edrei from Kfar Chabad together with their children at various functions connected with this Barmitzvah.

At one affair, one of the Chief Rabbis of Israel as well as President Hertzog were present informally. There were no speeches and no National Anthem.

We had an unusual experience when we travelled to Israel. The airline insisted on weighing ALL our hand luggage too, including newspapers, books and sandwiches. There was an excess baggage charge of one hundred and thirty pounds. Mr and Mrs. Trepp were watching the proceedings with worried looks, and to avoid extra weight, they put on and wore the heavy overcoats which they had been carrying. The weather was very hot and humid and Phew! - did they perspire. I am sure that they lost a few pounds weight. In spite of this, they were still charged over two hundred pounds for excess.

Actually, on our return home, we sent a very strong letter through our lawyers, claiming a refund from the airlines. They returned to us half the money which we had paid - sixty five pounds - and apologised profusely and stated that all passengers are allowed to take with them, hand luggage free of charge.

Rabbi Laibov is in charge of all the Chabad Lubavitch Mosdos (branches) in Israel.

When I meet him in 770, I always give him a nice donation. This year, he desired an increase and suggested that five pounds towards each organisation should not be too

much for which to ask. I had to agree. But when he handed me his list containing nearly sixty branches in Israel, I had to revise my estimation.

One of the biggest nights in the calendar of the Jerusalem Great Synagogue is the Hakoffus at the end of Simchas Torah night. My brother, who was in charge, called out the names of various and different groups to take their turns with the Hakoffus.

When Maurice then announced that the Chabad Chassidim would take the "next Hakoffa", there was tremendous cheering. There had not been such a welcome for any other group. They started with "Vesomachto" and the singing and dancing got livelier and more exciting.

Suddenly, there was a pause and the letter which the Rebbe had sent to Maurice especially for this occasion was read out - publicly. This was the one and only message given over that evening.

After that, they sang "We Want Moshiach Now" and bedlam was let loose. The singing, cheering and clapping by the tens of thousands of people present was out of this world.

Dovid Kessler, who was there and gave me this report, added, "I was certain that you could hear this in Manchester. They all went wild. Maurice also joined them in the dancing".

A few weeks before Pesach, we celebrated a Siyum of the Rambam in Manchester. They celebrated it worldwide too. The Big Shool in Jerusalem was packed out and an overflow service was held in the Hechel Shlomo.

My grandson, Mendy, went from Sfas to Tel Aviv where the Siyum was held in an outside auditorium. Mendy was one of the five thousand who was unable to gain admission.

For the past number of years, it has been my Zechus, to purchase for each of my grandsons a pair of (Rashi) Tefillin. All had to be written by Rabbi Henig, the Rebbe's scribe in Jerusalem. They had to have the best and I could not - dare not - differentiate between any of my grandsons.

Last year, I had completed all the current orders for these Tefillin for my (nisht) eleven grandsons (as at this moment), so I bought a new pair for myself, but not written by Henig - I could not afford that Kesav.

Before I left for Israel, however, Shmuel, my son-in-law phoned me - would I get him a pair of Tefillin. But, it was a most unusual pair that he required. They were both for the hand - Shel Yad, and no writing, no Kesav, was needed - just empty Battim, boxes.(For Rashi's and Rabbeinu Tam's.)

Most odd. It seemed that after twenty five years Shmuel suddenly discovered that the parchments inside were not lying "properly" - and he wanted new Boxes to fit the parchments!! Normally it is the other way round - we obtain the parchments to fit the Battim. Anyway, Gershon Henoch Cohen of the Meir Shearim, who seemed to have everything, soon fulfilled this order.

We spent a few days in Eilat. In the hotel one morning, we had a Minyan of fifteen men and boys, of whom five did not put on Tefillin. They waited for some of the other men to finish and then borrowed theirs. As soon as possible, I took off my pair and lent them to a young lad. I did not want him to ask whether he could borrow the other pair which I had placed on the chair. He might have asked for them and I would have replied that they were Rabbainu Tam's, and he might have indicated that by the time Rabbainu Tam had arrived, he would have finished with them!

On Shabbos I was called up to the Sefer Torah for an Aliya "instead of a Kohen". They said I had to layen the portion. Fortunately it was an easy piece up to "Shainie". I knew the Ivrit, but as far as the Trop (the notes) were concerned, they were non-existent. Then, as there was no Levi, they called me up "instead of a Levi", but, that can only be the privilege of a Kohen - and unfortunately I did not belong to that special noble sect. So, I refused with alacrity and relief.

Another person was called and at that point, I made an extraordinary discovery. There was a lot of sense when the Sefardim lifted up the Sefer Torah enclosed in a heavy wooden circular box, before the layenning and showed the congregants the portion of the Torah we intended to read.

There was also sense in placing the Sefer Torah still encased in the wooden box in an upright position on the table.

But, I learnt then of another reason. Three of us stood in front of the upright Torah, and no one else in the Shool could see that the official Baal Koreh had a Chumash placed in front of him and he was actually reading from that book. Every now and then, he pointed to the gentleman who had been called for his Aliyah and indicated that he should take his eyes off the Chumash and to look into the Sefer Torah.

I wanted to contact Rabbi Yossi Hecht, J.J.'s son, who was the Rabbi of Eilat. The supervisor of the hotel gave me his telephone number, but, every time I phoned, I got the "busy" tone.

On the day I was due to leave, I thought I would try just once more. And, I did get a reply - but it was their old number. The telephone exchange had changed theirs a few weeks previously.

At long last, I did speak to Rebbetzen Hecht. She told me that she knew that I was in Eilat, because she had a brother (or sister)-in-law in Safed who told her that Zalmon and

Mrs. Jaffe were in Eilat. I expect that Mendy had told her. As I have said before - it is a small Lubavitch world.

She told me that there were twenty five thousand people living in Eilat of whom twenty thousand were Jews, and of these, one hundred families were Shomrei Shabbos – kept the Shabbos - were orthodox. So they had plenty of Lubavitch work to do. The only consolation, she said, was that although it was so cold in Safed, here in Eilat she enjoyed lovely warm weather.

Moishe Rosner of Antwerp, told me an interesting story - A friend of his had a brother who served in the Beis Din in Rechoboth.

One day, he was approached by a local shopkeeper - non-religious - who wanted to buy Tefillin and Tzitzis. The Rabbi enquired why he suddenly wanted religious appurtenances - he was not a religious man.

The shopkeeper explained that his child became unwell. He made no progress and the child was becoming more and more dangerously ill. He had tried many doctors and consultants and he was at the end of his tether.

A friend told him to write to the Lubavitcher Rebbe for help. It would only cost the price of a stamp! So he wrote to the Rebbe and explained his predicament and problems. The Rebbe replied that he should see a certain -Doctor (say Cohen), but no address was given, in the Rebbe's letter. The shopkeeper did not know what to do.

At that moment, a customer entered the shop and the shopkeeper simply had to tell this fellow all about the Rebbe's letter - which stated that he should see a Doctor Cohen (?) who would be able to medically treat his child - but - he had no idea where he could find him.

The customer affirmed that he did not have to look very far, because he was that Doctor to whom the Rebbe had referred.

Needless to say, the child made a complete recovery, very speedily, and the shopkeeper in his gratitude to the A-mighty, and in deference to the Rebbe, had decided to become more religious.

YESHIVA GEDOLAH - LUBAVITCH MANCHESTER

Our Yeshiva has continued to make excellent progress. Under the direction of our well-loved Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, and his Mashpia, Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, we have gone from strength to strength, and have achieved a world-wide reputation as one of the best Yeshivas.

There are twenty five boys studying here. They come from England, the Continent and the U.S.A., and we have already a large waiting list.

Under the auspices of the Co-chairmen, Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe and Rabbi Aharon Modcha Vaisfiche, additional premises have been purchased and these will now enable the Yeshiva to expand.

The boys continue to play a large part in carrying out the Rebbe's work in this area. They are very popular and the Community is proud of them.

A Torah-Study Campaign has been inaugurated. Men and boys are encouraged to join and to take part in a regular Torah study session on an individual basis, actually in the Yeshiva - and irrespective of background knowledge.

It is really very wonderful and heart-warming when entering our Yeshiva to see some of our boys learning privately with a young man, or Baal Haboss. I do know that some Yeshivas would certainly not allow their boys to "waste their time" to teach others. We should all be proud of our Rosh Hayeshiva and the the Talmidim.

I heard of two young lads who had arranged a Shiur with two of our Yeshiva boys, on Shabbos afternoon. They lived a good distance away, and as they did not wish to waste time, they cycled all the way to the Yeshiva on their bicycles. They could not get there – to the Shiur - quickly enough.

I am certain that after only a short while, they would start out from their homes a little earlier and walk to the Yeshiva. In fact, I did hear later on that these lads were invited for Shabbos lunch at the Yeshiva on many occasions.

The "Thoughts of the Week" based on the Sichos of the Rebbe, are printed, published and distributed to many hundreds of homes, as well as shops and business warehouses every week. They are very much sought after and treasured, and read by many thousands of people.

Benny. Forta is continuing to do a very fine job in this department, and is ably assisted by, amongst others - Ilan Grossman.

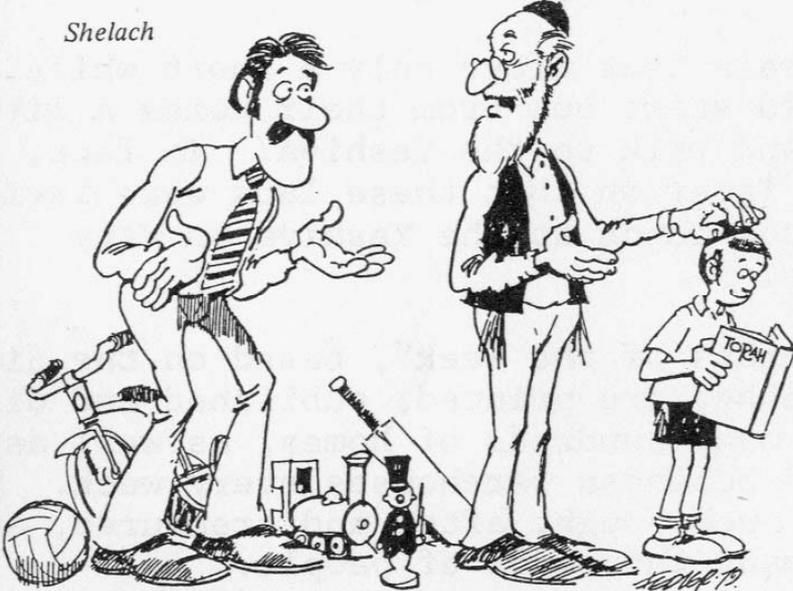
I included some examples of these pamphlets in my last year's instalment. I have again chosen just a very few, which I am sure you will find interesting and edifying.

Herewith is a sample of one of the "Covers". I think it is cute!

**A Thought
for the Week**

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF
RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON, THE LUBAVITCHER REBBE SHLITA

Shelach



" WHY? BECAUSE 'IT'S UNBREAKABLE.' "

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"THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK"

THE MONTH OF TISHREI

During the colourful month of Tishrei, every nuance of Jewish life finds expression - solemn days, fast days, and days of rejoicing. It is not coincidence that the first month of

the year has "samples" of every shade and colour of Jewish life, for these "samples" are intended as introduction and guidance for the entire year. By observing the special days of Tishrei in their proper spirit, we are initiated into a truly Jewish life, in accordance with the spirit of the Torah, for the coming year.

What can we learn from the special days of Tishrei?

a. Rosh Hashanah is the day that Adam, the first man, proclaimed G-d's sovereignty over Creation. When we embark on some endeavour, we must remember that G-d is the Creator of Heaven and Earth and the sole Ruler of the universe, and that our venture must have His approval. This is further emphasised by-

b. The Ten Days of Repentance which remind us that as servants of the King we must keep check on our deeds to ensure that they conform with the wishes of the Master. However, since we are only human, we are liable to fail on occasions. This is why G-d gives us-

c. Yom Kippur to impress upon us the realisation that it is never too late to return, provided we do it sincerely, with remorse and rejection of our past misdeeds and solemn resolve to do better in the future. With this firm resolution, G-d forgives us, and cleanses us of our sins. Difficult though it may appear to change habits and practice unfamiliar disciplines-

d. Succos helps us not to despair in days of difficulty, for G-d is our protector. The Succah recalls the Clouds of Glory with which He surrounded us during the forty years' wandering through the desert after the departure from Egypt. Finally, in order to know how to lead our lives in accord with G-d's wishes we have-

e. Shemini Atzeres and Simchas Torah, the festivals of rejoicing in the Torah. In Torah G-d gave us Divine laws of justice and righteousness and a true guide in life. By conducting our lives accordingly, we are assured of true happiness in every sense. Torah is a "tree of life to them that hold fast to it, and its supporters are fortunate".

These, briefly, are some lessons of Tishrei. By following them faithfully, the New Year will be a happy one both spiritually and materially, and the blessing which we give each other, Leshono Tovo Tikosev Vesaychosem - "May you be written and inscribed for a good year", - will surely be fulfilled

RABBI SHNEUR ZALMAN OF LIADI
1745-1813

KISLEV 19th - DAY OF LIBERATION

During the coming week falls "Yud Tes Kislev", the 19th day of the Hebrew month of Kislev, the Day of Liberation of Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Liadi from Czarist prison. This great sage, the founder of the Chabad Chassidic movement, was imprisoned under serious sentence on the basis of libellous accusations of disloyalty to his country. Many wondrous episodes occurred during his confinement - which ended 53 days later in his triumphant release on Kislev 19th 1798 ("Yud Tes Kislev"). One episode has particular significance and relevance to our times.

Rabbi Shneur Zalman (or the "Alter Rebbe" - meaning 'Old Rabbi' - as he is called among Chassidim) was subjected to many periods of questioning and interrogation to shed light on his way of life, his beliefs, and above all, on the exact nature of the seemingly new doctrines of Chassidism that he was promulgating. From the profundity of his replies, and from many astounding incidents that occurred in the prison, it soon became clear to the authorities in charge of the case that Rabbi Shneur Zalman was no ordinary prisoner but a great and holy man, an intellectual giant.

A high-ranking minister, who was well-versed in the Bible and Jewish customs was intrigued by the accounts of the Alter Rebbe's greatness and determined to interview and question him personally.

Greatly impressed by the Rebbe's personality and wisdom, he asked him to explain the verse in Genesis: "And the L-rd G-d called to Adam and said to him 'where are you?' ". Didn't the All-knowing G-d know where Adam was? "Do you believe," asked the Alter Rebbe, "that the Torah is eternal and has a message for every age for every generation and every individual, G-d calls and asks 'where are you?'; 'where do you stand in the world?' Every man is destined to live a certain number of years, to be used in doing good for man as well as "for G-d." Do you know what you are supposed to accomplish and what you have accomplished?

"For example, yourself," said the Alter Rebbe to the minister, "G-d calls to you and demands: 'you have lived so-and-so many years (and here the Alter Rebbe mentioned the exact age of the minister) what have you accomplished during your lifetime? How much good have you done?" The minister was overwhelmed at the explanation – and at the Alter Rebbe's stating his exact age. He laid his hand on the Alter Rebbe's shoulder and in great excitement exclaimed "Bravo!"

In the "Garden of Eden" of our affluent society it is a sobering thought to reflect upon G-d's continual challenging question "...Where are you?" as explained by Rabbi Shneur

Zalman. Do we have an answer to this demand? How much have we accomplished of our purpose in this world - the fulfillment of Torah and Mitzvos. It is a point to ponder.

THE MESSAGE OF CHANUKAH

Last week's "Thought" showed how the true objective of the Greeks was not to destroy the oil of the Menorah, but to bring about its rekindling with defiled oil. The purpose behind this was not the suppression of the Torah but its defilement, it should be considered as a human creation.

Chanukah reminds us that the greatest danger to the Jewish way of life lies not in the threat of shutting out or extinguishing its light completely, but rather in the tendency to defile it by feeding unholy oil to its Menorah. This tendency expresses itself in many ways: in the worship of materialism and material success; in the presentation of certain man-made ideologies and "isms" as the panacea of all human ills; in the idolatry of science and technology and the tendency to measure everything by the yardstick of human reason. These do not necessarily rule out "religious experience", but either confine it to a narrow domain, or, worse still, produce a pseudo-religiosity, where consecration and commitment are sacrificed to convenience and compromise.

Chanukah teaches us that the sanctity and purity of Jewish life must be preserved at all costs. The external and material aspects of our daily life should not only be precluded from contaminating the purity and holiness of the Torah and Mitzvos, but, on the contrary, the Torah and Mitzvos should bring sanctity into the material aspects of our daily life, in accordance with the principle; "know Him in all your ways".

Divine Providence saw to it that a cruse of oil, pure and uncontaminated, should be left with which to rekindle the Menorah, and that it should not only hold its own, but should grow and spread, free of the Greek "touch". This episode conveys another message of Chanukah.

What was true in those days is just as true in our age; and what is true of the Jewish people as a whole is true, of course, also of every individual Jew. Under the assault of environmental influences a Jew may find his "Sanctuary" - his attachment to and identification with G-d through the observance of the Torah and Mitzvos of G-d invaded and contaminated by ideas and mores which are alien to the Jewish way of life, incompatible with it and inimical to it. But in the inner sanctum of his soul there is always a "cruse of oil" that remains pure and holy - that spark of G-dliness which is his Divine soul, which is indestructible and beyond reach of defilement. The Jew has but to kindle it, and although it may seem like a tiny light at first and of brief duration, yet it is sufficient to light up one's whole being until it becomes a Perpetual Light.

However, the Jew must not think only of himself. The commandment "Love thy fellow as thyself" demands the same attitude towards one's fellow Jew. No Jew should ever be given up. It is necessary to kindle in him that pure and holy light, even if it appears to be good only for no more than one day; for even that in itself is worthwhile. Moreover, it will steadily grow from day to day, and gradually illuminate his whole life.

PARSHAS VAYIGASH

JUST ONE JEWISH CHILD

In last week's Sedra the Torah related how Joseph, now viceroy of Egypt, wanted to test his brothers' feelings towards each other. He ordered his servant to conceal a silver goblet in his younger brother Benjamin's belongings. Later, he accused Benjamin of the theft and told his other brothers that they were free to return home to Canaan, but that Benjamin must remain as his slave. The ageing Jacob had been unwilling to let his youngest son, Benjamin, go to Egypt until Judah had faithfully promised and undertaken to guarantee Benjamin's safe return. It was Judah, therefore, who at this point stepped forward to plea with the viceroy Joseph to set Benjamin free, and it is with these words that this week's Sedra opens: "And Judah drew near to him...." (to Joseph).

The Midrash relates that Judah, as he approached Joseph, was ready for all eventualities, he was even prepared to go to war! This seems amazing. How could Judah feel justified in risking an almost suicidal combat when he and his brothers were a mere handful, and Joseph commanded all of Egypt? To be sure, Judah was exceptionally strong, nevertheless Joseph and his sons were similarly strong. When Judah and his brothers had stamped their feet in an attempt to frighten Joseph, all Egypt had trembled; yet Joseph had promptly displayed similar powers causing Judah to exclaim: "Why, he is even stronger than I!"

The reason for Judah's fierce determination even for self-sacrifice was that he had personally undertaken the responsibility for Benjamin. Although his father had eleven other children, he was prepared to endanger his life for even one Jewish child, because....he bore the yoke of responsibility for him.

This episode contains a clear message and guide to every mother and father. It is they who have been entrusted by G-d to carry the personal responsibility for each of their children. It is they who must therefore be prepared to go to any lengths of self-sacrifice for even one child - to ensure that he or she receives a pure, one-hundred-percent

unaltered Jewish education, so that nothing is unbecoming for a Jewish child should befall him; he should never, G-d forbid, become lost to Judaism.

Judah, when giving his reason for interceding on Benjamin's behalf, said "...for thy servant GUARANTEED for the boy, etc". We find the same expression of responsibility applied to all Jews in the well-known saying: "All Jews are guarantors one for another". In the light of this, the foregoing lesson extends even beyond one's own children. Thus, although great self-sacrifice is involved, we must see that not even one Jew, not even a single Jewish child, REGARDLESS WHO HE MAY BE, be lost to Judaism, to the observance of Torah and Mitzvos.

PARSHAS YISRO

ACTION FIRST

Sedra Yisro tells of the giving of the Torah at Sinai. Standing at the foot of the mountain in readiness to receive the Torah, the Jewish people proclaimed that they would first observe all its commandments and subsequently attempt to understand them. They declared first Na'asseh then V'nishma (literally "...we will do and we will understand").

Some of our people maintain that they will begin to observe Mitzvos when they understand them. The irrationality of this attitude may be understood from the example of the body, which requires a daily intake of food and air. No amount of thinking, speaking or studying about food and nutrition can substitute for actual consumption. On the contrary, failure to eat or breathe will even weaken the mental powers of thought and contemplation. Obviously the correct and healthy approach is not to study nutrition and respiration first, and then practice them, but the reverse. For while an individual is eating and drinking and breathing - though he may not fully understand the process involved - his faculties of study and concentration are strengthened.

The same applies to the soul. The elements which it requires for sustenance are best known to its Creator, and at Mount Sinai He revealed them to us informing us that the "air" and "food" vital to our spiritual existence are - Torah and Mitzvos. Reason dictates that we perform the Mitzvos, and then deliberate on their values. In the meantime, we gain the spiritual and intellectual strength of Mitzvos-performance during the period in which we examine their truth.

This "Thought for the Week" is a series of questions and answers taken from an interview of a group of high-school students with the editorial board of the "Thought for the Week".

Student: Do you believe that the Jews are the Chosen People?

Editor: Yes. Not because of our endeavours, but because we were given additional obligations - and additional obligations require additional powers to fulfill them. As Jews we are told: "You are expected to follow these instructions, this discipline of life - the Torah. If you do not, you are wasting your potential and, what is more, you are distorting the delicate balance of the world system that depends on you doing your part". In a system which is very carefully set up and balanced, in which everything is calculated - every part must be used to the fullest capacity for which it was intended. If an individual, and certainly a society, has certain special potentialities, it is not their own private business as to whether or not they utilize these advantages. Rather, it concerns the larger society, and in a broader view, it concerns the entire universe - for modern science teaches us that all parts of the universe interact with another. So, if one has special powers, it must be used in the right direction, not only for one's own benefit, but also for the sake of all the people about us.

Student: What has kept the Jews together and has enabled them to survive all these years?

Editor: To answer your question scientifically we must examine the history of our nation and try to find the controlling points that have not changed. If we have withstood all the persecution and the pogroms and so on for thousands of years, then there must be some special preservative factor that was continuously present during all those years. For if that factor - let us call it "Factor X" - would have been neutralized for even a few years, then the Jewish people could never have survived the persecution and pogroms of that period. This mysterious "Factor X" must therefore be some dominant aspect which, during all our long history, never changed or ceased to operate. What could it be? A study of Jewish history shows that all things changed - the language, the territory, the place of government, the clothing, the surrounding culture and the outside world. Here we speak English, in Russia the Jews speak Russian, in the Holy Land, Hebrew; the same differences existed a thousand years ago also.

The only unchanged thing for all these years are the practical Mitzvos, the precepts we perform in daily life. The Tefillin we wear have not changed in all these three thousand years. The same goes for Shabbos (the Sabbath) and the Dietary Laws. We have the same Chumash (Hebrew Bible) as we had a thousand and two thousand and twenty five hundred years ago; and those are common to all our people wherever they may be and in every generation.

Student: But Jews didn't always follow this common "factor" path. Didn't many of them form dissenting groups?

Editor: Certainly! At all times certain groups and individuals deviated from the course. Some of these groups were mighty....BUT....five or six generations after their appearance, no trace was left of them!

Forty days after the Giving of the Torah at Sinai, a powerful and misguided group made the Golden Calf. During the time of the First Temple, there were idol-worshippers - and

also during the era of the Second Temple. In Spain, at the time of the Inquisition, there was a strong circle at the head of the assimilationist Jewish group. During the post-Talmud era there arose the Karaites. Of all these groups there is not a trace. The Karaites today number four or five hundred people. The idol worshippers left no trace two or three generations after their activity. The same holds true for more recent assimilationist movements a century or two ago - they have all disappeared.

Strictly from the point of view of historical research, we must accept the facts even if we don't understand them. The facts are irrefutable. The unifying overall feature, the "Factor X" has been the practical Mitzvos.

Student: What is your opinion of the Jews of today, compared with those of long ago?

Editor: In my opinion, we are very lucky in relation to the Jews of thousands of years ago - and for precisely the reason we have just been discussing.

When a Jew of ancient times was asked why his behaviour was different from all the people around him, he had no history to convince others that he was proceeding correctly, for our nation was only years or generations old. But now, after three thousand years in many different countries and under many different conditions (ninety per cent of which were detrimental conditions!) we have a simple and compellingly logical reply. If we are asked today why our behaviour is different, we simply declare:

"Of the nations that oppressed us there remains no trace, be it Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, the mighty Persian empire of King Achashveirosh at the time of Purim, the Romans or the Greeks. We survived all our oppressors - including Hitler".

All of recorded human history is four to five thousand years old, not longer. And for three thousand of these five thousand years a single spectacular - even uncanny - phenomenon has occurred: A people who were always persecuted, always a minority, nevertheless always outlived their oppressors - who were many times bigger than their victims! If you study books to see what was the behaviour of this peculiar people, you will see that their miraculous preservative factor lay in their being "different". So that is why we Jews behave differently.

PURIM

Purim is a joyous festival, celebrating the deliverance from Haman's plot to destroy the Jewish people in the days of Persia's King Achashveirosh and Queen Esther. The story of Purim is recorded in the Megillah (Book of Esther). Although the Megillah takes us back more than 23 centuries, its lesson is relevant to all times.

Haman argued that "there is one people, dispersed and divided among the nations... and their laws are different from those of any other people". Haman claimed that Jewish separateness and refusal to assimilate with the prevalent culture was not good for the

state, nor for them. However, the truth, as it turned out, was exactly the opposite. The deliverance of the Jews came, not through altering the character and essence of the Jewish people, but, on the contrary, through strengthening Jewish unity and identity and intensifying the individuality of the "one people" with "their laws which are different". This not only saved the Jewish people from their enemies, but it also ultimately brought new prosperity to all states in the Empire of King Achashveirosh, when he entrusted the affairs of state to Mordechai "The Jew" who "did not bend his knee or bow down".

The lesson for us is clear. Jews are dispersed and scattered among the nations of the world. We do not secure our own position and benefit the society in which we live, by doing away with Jewish identity and Torah observance, by imitating our neighbours. The preservation of Jewish identity and distinctiveness is through closer adherence to our particular laws and values of our sacred Torah. This is the only way to ensure our continued existence and to gain the confidence and respect of the nations of the world.

A Dinner in aid of the Yeshiva was held at the home of Valerie and Jonathan Avery-Gee.

On the following page is the beautiful letter which the Rebbe sent us on that very happy occasion, which was a great financial and social success.

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON

Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
493-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן

ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d
Erev Shabbos-Kodesh
Mevorchim Chodesh Tammuz
5745. Brooklyn, N.Y.

To All Participants in the Annual Event
in aid of Yeshivas Lubavitch Manchester

Greeting and Blessing:

I am pleased to extend prayerful wishes for a full measure
of Hatzlocho in the forthcoming event.

Taking place on the eve of 12-13 Tammuz, the Geulo anniversary
of my father-in-law the Rebbe of saintly memory, there is a
special relevance, both in time and content, between the two
events.

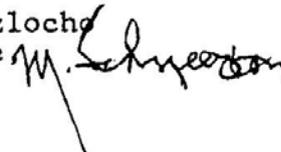
The Geulo anniversary recalls most vividly the total dedica-
tion of the Baal HaGeulo to the preservation and dissemination
of Torah and Yiddishkeit, even at the peril of his life. And
though locations, conditions and circumstances changed after
his release from imprisonment and exile, his Mesiras Nefesh
never slackened, and his efforts never eased, throughout his
life.

The Lubavitcher Yeshivoh were among his foremost concerns.
He demanded the kind of Torah chinuch that would make the
students neros l'ho'ir - shining lights, spreading the light
of Torah and Mitzvoth around them - even after concluding
their studies at the Yeshivah; and the boys did not disappoint
him.

I hope and trust that all friends of Torah in general, and
of the Lubavitcher Yeshivah in particular, will fully appre-
ciate the vital importance of the Yeshivah, and will gener-
ously provide the financial means for its growth and develop-
ment.

The Z'chus of supporting Torah, and the Z'chus of the Baal
Hahilulo in whose spirit the Yeshivah is conducted, will
surely stand each and all of you in good stead, to be blessed
from the Source of All Blessings in all needs, both materially
and spiritually, in a generous measure.

With esteem and blessing for Hatzlocho
and for good tidings in all above



SUCCOS

After a pleasant and uneventful journey from Manchester, we arrived at Crown Heights on Thursday 26th September 1985/5746, three days before Succos, which was on the following Sunday evening.

The Rebbe had been at the Ohel, so we had a late Mincha followed at once by Maariv. I managed to wish the Rebbe, Sholom Aleichem, and he turned right around and waved his hand. After spending the day at the Ohel, the Rebbe decided to spend another one and a half hours working at 770 before leaving for home.

I was glad to see Sholom Backman on guard at the door waiting to commence a Nigun for the Rebbe. Sholom Brochstadt was by his side, probably trying to compose the next new Nigun. There were hundreds of boys outside 770.

Our granddaughters Chaya, Golda Rivka and Tova Gittel, went directly to the Rebbe's home in President Street, to await his arrival. This decision paid good dividends, because they had the undivided attention of the Rebbe when he arrived, and Tova Gittel got a really lovely smile and a wave.

There were eight Lews present: Tova Gittel was ten years of age and she had travelled with Shmuel, her father, direct from London. Her brother Sholom Dov Ber, eleven, travelled with us from Manchester, Chaya, eighteen was studying at the Seminary and Golda Rivka, seventeen, had come earlier for Rosh Hashonah. Yossi, twenty one, had just completed his two years stint at the Yeshiva in South Africa, and Mendy, twenty, had also arrived from Sfas, Israel for Tishrei. Pincus, sixteen was also at Crown Heights. So there were eight Lews K.A.H.

Of the Jaffe children, only Dovid, nineteen and Levi, eighteen, had spent Rosh Hashonah at 770. They made the round dozen, including Roselyn and myself, although not all of our grandchildren stayed and slept at our apartment, although we did have a full house very often.

At 4.00a.m after midnight (on the day of our arrival) Roselyn was busy frying fish. She wanted to make a good start!

If you have read "My Encounter with Rebbe Shlita" over the years, you will surely have realised that in New York one may experience every type of extreme weather conditions.

When it rains, it could come down in torrents. When it is hot, it could be boiling and when it is cold, it is generally freezing.

On the day after we arrived at Crown Heights, another visitor was also due to arrive. Her name was Gloria - or to be exact - "Hurricane Gloria". I had never met Gloria nor any other Hurricane. All we could gather from the radio was that she was due today, Friday. She was travelling at the rate of thirty five miles every hour, with recorded gusts of wind

of up one hundred and twenty five miles an hour. It was expected that the "EYE" would be centred on Long Island at 1.00p.m.

All morning the radio broadcast the progress of Gloria. One hundred thousand people were being evacuated from Long Island - even ships and boats were being sent up the Hudson River, to, hopefully ride out the storms. Floods and flooding were reported everywhere. A National Emergency was proclaimed and hints were repeated regularly to ensure that all windows should be left open, and what to do if one's house was blown over.

Business houses and schools were all closed for the day. It was most fortunate that Gloria came two days before Succos and not during Yom Tov, because most of the Succahs which had already been erected suffered severe damage - even the Rebbe's Succah at 770.

As it was Erev Shabbos, there were still a few things which we had to buy. So I went shopping with Roselyn and Chaya. Chaya had borrowed an umbrella from a friend. I sent her into a shop to buy one for me.

I ended up like Mary Poppins - My right hand outstretched grasping the umbrella, which was blown inside out. The empty shopping trolley in my left hand almost blowing over my head - and my legs - about a foot from the ground.

At 2.30p.m I walked along Eastern Parkway to the Old (Yankel's) Mikvah. (Mikvah? - I was - absolutely soaked right through to the skin - and my hat? It seemed to weigh about fifty pounds and was a shapeless mess, and my suit? - definitely unsuitable for anything.)

There was a whole trail of uprooted trees lying on Eastern Parkway, many on the main roadway, and which were being driven forward by fierce gusts of wind. Hats and Yarmulkies were flying about all over the place, chased by anxious and perspiring men and boys, keeping their heads covered with one hand, whilst trying to grab and clutch the evasive headgear with the other.

One person who did welcome the torrential downpours was Rabbi Zalmon Gurary, who had bought a house just around the corner to 770. Here he had built a lovely brand new Mikvah, but unfortunately up till last night, there was not sufficient rainwater, and it did not seem probable that it would be opened for Yom Tov. Now the problem had been solved - and the rainwater had overflowed everywhere.

This new Mikvah was to be a free Mikvah - no charge. He wanted to open this with a "shturum" (take the place by storm - but he never expected such a storm).

He needed much water to fill his Mikvah, so he prayed for rain - but not so much!

From 4.30p.m onwards, when the storm had abated a little, until Shabbos came in at 6.30p.m, the banging of hammers and the clattering of other implements were heard all

over Crown Heights - Succahs had to be repaired and made ready for the Festival on Sunday evening.

Lazer Avtzon, who had moved into Rabbi Dvorkin's (ZTzL) apartment with his brothers, sisters, father and mother and family was no exception, and was putting up a new and enlarged Succah in our driveway. He was the Architect-in-Chief and I waited expectantly to see the results of his labours.

About twenty minutes before Shabbos, Sholom Ber dashed in to tell us that the Rebbe had just entered the library to prepare for Shabbos and would probably be leaving again within a few minutes for 770.

Roselyn, Tova Gittel and Sholom Ber rushed back to await the Rebbe and Lo and Behold - they were just in time to greet the Rebbe at the bottom of the steps. No one else was present. The Rebbe wished them all a Good Shabbos and enquired of Roselyn whether everything was prepared for Shabbos. Roselyn answered in the affirmative, and the Rebbe added "Is the Kuggle (Shabbos pudding) ready as well?"

Dovid Mandelbaum begged me to support Zalmon Gurary's new Mikvah. The boys all call Zalmon "Jimmy". It is a nickname and is mostly used as a term of endearment - and intimacy. Zalmon is not fond of this nickname, so I shall use it as little as possible.

However, I did not visit Zalmon's Mikvah that Shabbos morning either. Dovid Mandelbaum was very upset. He had put aside specially for me, a nice clean beautiful large towel - and - it was only slightly damp.

All Saturday night Dovid was kept busy making and building a Succahmobile .

After the visit of Gloria, the Rebbe's Succah had now been securely and well battened down with a dozen thick ropes.

EREV SUCCOS

At 10.00a.m the Rebbe arrived at 770, and immediately commenced to distribute dimes to all the children and babies who were present. No one was allowed inside the hallway during this operation. Afterwards when they all emerged, I counted over a hundred children and babies.

Crown Heights was certainly filling up for Yom Tov. There were already several hundred more people present than at Shovuos time, but compared to last year, the numbers were very much down. There were quite a lot of regulars, too, who were missing.

Label (Groner) told me not to worry as special planes from Israel and huge crowds from all over U.S.A. and the continent were expected later that day and even many more for Simchas Torah. So I gave up any idea of a relaxed Yom Tov, like Shovuos, and prepared for "eight days hard labour".

The Rebbe was once asked why he davenned so fast and so quickly in Shool, whereas at a Farbraingen the Rebbe would speak for over five hours.

The Rebbe's answer was that one must obey the law of "Tircha Dezibur" - not to cause distress to the congregation and therefore daven as quickly as possible, whereas at a Farbraingen, it was up to the person concerned. He did not have to stay - in fact, he did not even have to come at all.

Similarly, if one wished to spend Succos and Simchas Torah with the Rebbe, then one had to be prepared to be inconvenienced a little, because so many thousands of extra people had the same idea.

Shortly afterwards, Label again stood at the doorway of 770 and he read out a list of those lucky and privileged men who were invited by the Rebbe to enter his waiting room, in order to collect a set of Arba Minim. There were representatives from Jerusalem and Kfar Chabad, including those who had been fortunate to win the Goral - the lottery. The names of about seventeen delegations were read out. (men like Rabbi Chadakov and Nissan Mindel were on a separate list) Towards the end, Label announced that Zalmon Jaffe (just that) should enter, and last, but not least, our dear and very modest friend, our own Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen of Manchester. We were both fully conscious and aware of the great honour which the Rebbe had bestowed upon us.

Label was very strict this year and he only allowed those men whom he had called to enter into 770. Generally, these few men had the greatest difficulty in making their way to the Rebbe's waiting room, because of the tremendous crush and pushing by the boys, whose main and only ambition at that moment was to stand by the Rebbe's door.

I heard the three representatives from Kfar Chabad discussing and planning the distribution of the Arba Minim after Yom Tov. "I will take the Esrog, you will take the Lulav" and so on. One fellow said that when he entered the Rebbe's room, he would try

and choose the best. I was just about to tell this fellow exactly what I thought about people who, in front of the Rebbe - (who had already picked out the twenty five best Esrogim and Lulavim from about sixty sets) - picked up an Esrog and discarded it and chose many others, before settling on, probably the first one he had picked up. However, his colleague severely reprimanded him - I was glad to see that at last someone had been taking note of what I had been saying and writing about all these years.

I collected the Arba Minim and filed past the Rebbe to thank him and to receive his blessings for the New Year. The Rebbe looked at the bundle which I had in my hand and asked me how many Hadassim I had taken. It seemed that I had more than the three which one needed. I counted them and there were eleven. I looked at the Rebbe fearfully and stuttered whether that was alright. "Yes," he replied, "that is in order".

Levi Yitzchok Freidin, the photographer from Cholon, Israel, stood with his camera at the ready to take pictures as we went to the Rebbe. I asked him to take a nice one, as I needed it for my next book. Mr. Friedin confirmed that he had already taken a very beautiful photograph. I believe that it really was a lovely picture - Levi, my grandson, told me so. He also paid a boy for a copy to be sent to me, but I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing it.

Incidentally the Cover photograph on last year's and on the previous instalment were taken by Levi Yitzchok Friedin, as were some others in those editions. I have used a few this year as well. I thank him for his co-operation.

Rabbi Pevzner was flying in from Paris. Because of "Gloria" his original flight from Paris had been cancelled and he arrived at his apartment in Crown Heights at about 2.30p.m. Label phoned to tell him that the Rebbe had put aside for him a set of Arba Minim which he should collect as soon as possible. The Rebbe had missed him during the morning distribution and discovered that he had been delayed.

Chaya, my granddaughter, was on her way from her "seminary" apartment opposite to 770, when she almost bumped into the Rebbe who was going into the library. She became thunderstruck and remained rooted to the ground - and speechless - something very unusual for Chaya. The Rebbe broke the spell by waving and smiling to her. Chaya rushed to our apartment to inform Roselyn, who, once again, dashed out followed by Tova Gittel and Sholom Ber in time to see the Rebbe.

Sholom Ber insisted that the Rebbe gave him a beautiful smile all for himself and wished him a "Good Yom Tov".

I was still patronising Yankel's Mikvah. At 4.00p.m Erev Yom Tov it was crowded out even more than usual. I couldn't understand this at all, until I heard that the pump at Zalmon's Mikvah had broken down temporarily.

On my way to Shool, I was also lucky to meet the Rebbe. I enquired whether I should sing "Vesomachto" - (the Yom Tov Nigun). The Rebbe replied - "Of course" and with a sweep of his arm, started me off on this tune. All the bystanders joined in.

We had davened Mincha and I was settled stiffly in my seat awaiting the time for Maariv, which would be followed by the Rebbe's Sicho. You will recall that during the month of Tishrei, the Rebbe's lectern is placed on a huge platform filling the whole far right hand corner of the Shool - about twenty square feet and about three and a half feet high. This reached right up to the first row of seats, where I normally sit with twenty other people on a bench which is supposed to seat ten. On this night, the "seat" was folded up, so that about thirty five men could stand in that area that should seat ten people.

Suddenly I noticed Dovid (Jaffe) crawling and creeping along the platform on his hands and knees towards me. He had a message from Sholom Gansberg that the Rebbetzen would be delighted to see us straight away.

I was in a real dilemma. Of course I wanted to see the Rebbetzen immediately, but there was only half-an-hour till Maariv.

Dovid promised that he would personally escort me back to my seat, if I decided to visit the Rebbetzen.

I followed Dovid out of the Shool, walking upon benches, tables, hats and heads, collected Roselyn from our flat and we went together to the library to see Our Rebbetzen. Dovid remained encamped sitting on the steps, like a faithful bodyguard, waiting to escort me back to my place at 770.

The Rebbetzen made us very welcome. T.G. she looked lovely - umberuffen. We spent a delightful fifteen minutes with her, then it was time for me to leave. I, however, left Roselyn with the Rebbetzen and they had another half-an-hour pleasant chat. The Rebbetzen told Roselyn that if she (Roselyn) ran short of Challah, she should see Sholom Gansberg, who would give her whatever she required.

Dovid led me back to 770 and we came up to the solid phalanx of massed men and boys.

Dovid bent and lowered his head forward, spread out his elbows and with his head banging and thrusting forward and elbows flaying, he made good progress - like a Tank. I followed in his wake, through this solid mass of people, all grumbling and some yelping with pain. We ascended the platform, rolled to the front row, where Dovid literally dropped me.

On the second day of Yom Tov, Sholom again brought us an invitation to see the Rebbetzen at 4.45p.m. We took with us Chaya, Golda Rivka, Tova Gittel, Mendy, Pincus and Sholom Ber (all Lews) and Dovid (Jaffe). I introduced them all to the Rebbetzen.

Tova Gittel aged ten, confided that she had not seen the Rebbetzen for eight years and Sholom Ber not for four years. Mendy had brought along his "Succelle" which he sung with heart-elt emotion. The Rebbetzen loved it. Then Mendy and brother Pincus sang a duet - "Bainenni". It was the Rebbetzen's Father's (ZTzL) the Previous Rebbe's favourite Nigun.

Ice cream and drinks were served all round by Sholom and whilst the boys were in the Rebbe's Succah partaking of these goodies, Chaya and Golda Rivka sang, in harmony, the identical Nigun which they had sung to the Rebbetzen ten years ago.

The Rebbetzen could not take her eyes off Chaya. I think she is fond of her (The Rebbetzen did say that she is a lovely girl). Tova Gittel sang Mogginainu, the Rebbe's Nigun extremely well.

The children left after about twenty five minutes. Roselyn and I stayed far another hour or so, and we all enjoyed some good laughs.

I still patronised Yankel's Mikvah, after all it was his livelihood. On the first day of Yom Tov, it was more crowded than ever. I heard afterwards that both of Zalmon's Mikvahs - the new one and the old one in Lefferts Avenue, had broken down. Another Mikvah nearby has also needed some repair. The next day all were in good working order.

Two thousand tickets were given out on Yom Tov to those people, who wished to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. The Zerkin boys were very good. One could come along as early as 6.30a.m and obtain a numbered ticket, and that would avoid a long wait, sometimes in the rain, to bench Esrog. At number two thousand, these tickets were discontinued, so the rest of the people had to take their chance.

The Rebbe arrived very early - at 8.00a.m and the line went along very smartly, until someone dropped the Rebbe's Esrog and the Pittum broke off. (The Pittum is the knob-like protrusion on the top stem of the Esrog) It is very unusual for the Rebbe's Esrog to have a Pittum, at all, and it is more unusual for someone to drop the Esrog. The gentleman dropper must have been very excited and nervous in the first instance. Can one imagine how he felt afterwards.

As this Esrog became invalidated, Myer Harlick rushed to the Rebbe in order to obtain the number one reserve. The first thing the Rebbe said to Myer was "I do not want to know the name of the person who actually dropped it". That would certainly save the gentleman dropper very much embarrassment.

I have heard of name droppers, but very rarely of Esrog droppers.

On Wednesday, the first day of Chol Hamoed, Mincha was due at the usual time of 3.15p.m.

Unfortunately, Zussie Williamofsky, our friend from Kfar Chabad, had become indisposed and was temporarily in hospital - (He had fully recovered within a few days).

Dovid Mandelbaum came running up to me to ensure that when the Rebbe entered the Shool, we should sing a joyful tune, as unfortunately, Zussie was not present to give the lead. This was no problem because I have been doing this ever since I have been coming to 770. Off we went with a swing!

Myer Harlick invited me to daven Mincha. "Go on Zalmon", enjoined a few others. O.K., in the usual manner then - "Loud and Clear". Moishe Kotlarsky heard me at the back of the Shool. Someone told Levi that it was the first time he had heard Kaddish said properly.

After the conclusion of the Service, the Rebbe was waiting on the platform for something or for somebody. Binyamin (Klyne) went up to the Rebbe who indicated that the time for Maariv should be announced.

Binyamin descended and discovered that the time for Maariv was 7.15p.m and informed a few people who were standing around that Maariv would take place at 7.15p.m.

The Rebbe still waited. Crowds were rushing forward from the rear to try and find out what was holding up the Rebbe. I could clearly see that the Rebbe was waiting for the Gabai to call out, so that everyone could hear, that Maariv would take place at 7.15p.m. But, nothing happened. The Rebbe was getting impatient, so, although I had not been democratically elected, I shouted out - "Loud and Clear" that "Maariv would be at 7.15p.m." and carried on without any hesitation with "Vesomachto Bechagecho" - everyone joined in and the Rebbe descended the steps with a lovely smile hovering around his countenance and encouraging me.

So, now I have another job offered - Gabai.

Now, how do you like this for a peculiar coincidence.

Johnny Hackner, in 770, was speaking at that time to his brother, Benzion in London, who, in turn, also had an open line to Sholom Weiss in Manchester.

Benzion asked Sholom whether he would like to hear the end of Mincha, as a friend was officiating at the Omud.

So, they heard me conclude the Service. They waited for the Rebbe to leave - heard the hesitation and then finally heard me calling out the time of Maariv - 7.15p.m and start the Nigun "Vesomachto".

When I returned home, everyone knew that I had temporarily taken over the job of Gabai.

Lubavitch makes it a very small world.

ANOTHER CHILDREN'S RALLY

On the second day of Chol Hamoed, a children's Rally took place at 770.

The amusement for the day was provided by Zalmon Rothstein, whose hobby is juggling with balls and flaming fiery torches. He told me that Avrohom Gluck of London was the first person to persuade him to put on Tefillin, many years ago.

Since then, he has spent a year at Morristown Yeshiva, New York and is now a real frum fellow.

He always remembers listening to my talks at the Kinus Hatorah.

Anyway, he made the children open their mouths in wonderment, whilst he opened his mouth and placed therein, burning torches. So he was actually eating fire, but not in the Succah (Is that against the Din). All this was done whilst riding a Uni-cycle (one wheel).

Rabbi J.J. (Hecht) had been unwell, and had missed two rallies. His son had deputised for him, but you cannot beat the old tried and experienced hand.

Although I had davenned Mincha on the previous day, I was asked again by Myer Harlick to officiate once again. It was a big honour - due to my big voice.

When the Rebbe passed me, standing at the Omud, on his way to the platform, he did give me an odd look, probably thinking, "Why is he davenning on two consecutive days? If he is not careful, he will be having a Chazoka". (If one does a certain action or receives an honour for three consecutive times, it becomes a tradition and he is entitled to that honour or to that action "forever".)

However, I took no chances and kept away from the Omud on the morrow.

After Mincha, at 3.05p.m., J.J. took command in his own inimitable style. He said he was glad to be back!

The Rebbe himself started the applause and cheering, and we all wished him a complete and speedy recovery.

Next were the Twelve Torah Verses.

Imagine my surprise when J.J. announced that the next verse 'KOL YISROEL' will be recited by Tova Gittel LEW of London. It had been a well kept secret and I held my breath in suspense not knowing what to expect. She was the first of our grandchildren who had been honoured to say a Posuk at a Rally - at least the first to say it in my presence.

Well, I need not have worried or had any qualms about Tova Gittel. She really did let herself go - "Loud and Clear" - like her Zaidie. But, even More "loud and clear" than her Zaidie. The Rebbe was most impressed. He glanced at her Dad, Shmuel, turned to me and gave me one of his "Good old fashioned" smiles - then signified to me, by scraping his finger along the palm of his hand, that I should not fail to mention this in my next book. So, I got Nachas from Tova Gittel and Nachas from the Rebbe.

Amongst the others who recited the different verses, were young Slavin, aged five from Kfar Chabad, and Menachem Vogel, the son of Phaivish Vogel of London. There were also representatives from Sydney, Australia; Bogota, South America; France; Casablanca, Morocco; Geneva, Switzerland; Safed, Israel; Ohio and California, U.S.A.

J.J. shouted - "Give applause to all those twelve kids...." The Rebbe again led the applause. He does really join into the spirit of a Children's Rally.

After a good session of singing, with tremendous vigour, "We Want Moshiach Now", the Rebbe commenced the first Sicho at 3.20p.m.

"This Tzivos Hashem assembly is not only in the same place, with the same Kavonoh, the same prayer, but also the same Order of the Day.

All know, especially members of G-d's Army that we have to take our orders from the A-mighty who has proclaimed these orders, these commands in His Book - the Torah - which is apportioned into different Sedras – every week a different one, and these are divided into daily portions and so every day is different.

This is also a special Yom Tov - Chag HaSuccos and this is a special day of Chag HaSuccos - the fourth day.

Tzivos Hashem has to show a living example though little children still have the same special task, as ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, to bring back their parents to Yiddishkeit. They are a lovely and loving example to their Parents and to people all around, especially when they do a Mitzvah full of life with "lebedikeit".

"G-d delights in His Works" and Hashem stands next to each and everyone, to give them added strength to do these Mitzvahs, and when G-d sees this, He has even more pleasure and everyone is happy.

This Rally is on Succos the "Zeman Simchosainu" - in the plural - the time of OUR Simcha. G-d has joy in His works and we, His works, have joy in the A-mighty.

Today's portion of the Chumash of the Sedra, is all about Rallies. The gathering together of all the tribes, similarly as today, which underlines that when many people - children, meet together - different children, different families and from

different lands all in one place at one time, this gives joy to all and makes everyone happy.

Today's Sedra, the last in the Chumash, is called "Zoss Habrocha", wherein Moishe Rabbeinu blessed all the tribes, all different tribes, but there was one special tribe whose task was to follow the rest, and to pick up all those belongings that had been lost on the way and return them to their owners. This would bring tremendous joy and happiness to those people who had lost those goods.

The first thing they demonstrated and displayed was Fear of G-d. They would then be real Soldiers of G-d's Army - happy to fulfill G-d's orders with Simcha, in spite of the Yetzer Horah (the Evil Inclination) which desired to discourage one from learning. (J.J.'s subsequent translation - "Big Fool this Yetzer Horah who thinks he has it made. You, Yetzer Horah - get out - I am in Tzivos Hashem").

Today's Special Order of the Day, concerns the three tribes - Dan, Naftali and Asher - who received the exceptional Brocha for having returned those lost goods and giving joy to so many people. When they arrived in Eretz Yisroel they protected the tribes "with strong gates made of iron and copper" - and when this Evil Yetzer saw these well protected iron gates, it could not enter - he could not do any harm, because Hashem had uplifted us.

Therefore, before one drinks, one gives thanks to the A-mighty by blessing Hashem "by whose word all things come to be" and when we eat bread we bless G-d "for bringing forth bread from the earth" and so on.

We all have the job of Ahavas Yisroel - to have love for your fellow Jew - a little boy for another little boy and so forth, and bring them all into G-d's Army.

(Since Rosh Hashonah, the Rebbe has been constantly repeating that this should be a joyful year.)

We shall therefore make G-d happy and G-d will give us Brochas and we shall all be joyful.

Rabbi J.J. had been scribbling like mad during this Sicho, and gave a J.J. English translation of this talk.

In the Second Sicho, the Rebbe quoted from the "today's" shiur of the Rambam, of which we study three chapters everyday. It has a special connection with this Rally. It mentions that the First born of animals must be made Holy - belonged to Hashem - and must be eaten in Jerusalem (Kosher animals, of course).

Therefore, when we are "born" again every morning we are holy and we also belong to G-d, so we must say, at once - when we awake - "Modeh Anni" - "I offer thanks to G-d for mercifully restoring my soul within me" whether we are children or old men - even

before we eat or dress. Our first thought is to be holy. It is a new day - and a new soul. You should attain to be better members of Tzivos Hashem than on the previous day, and better still on the next day.

Today is the eighteenth of Tishrei. This is "CHAI" (eighteen) which means Life and Liveliness. The Rebbe continued with the Rambam, which has a connection with Children. The Law states, if a fault is found in an animal - and one is unsure whether it is or it is not Kosher - then the Evil Yetzer comes along and says, if you want something, and it is your own, then take it. And, if you are hungry and need food, why wait to make a Brocha or to confirm whether it is kosher from a Rav or Teacher or some other authoritative person. The answer is that one must NOT rely on oneself. One must ask someone who knows better.

The Command to love one's fellow Jew, is in the singular - to teach us that individuals should love fellow Jews. To do the whole Mitzvah, not to have a half a share in this Mitzvah - all of us to do all the Mitzvahs.

The Rebbe concluded that T.G., you have good parents and you are lucky that they send you to Tzivos Hashem. All have joined in together and have become one large family. Moshiach will take ALL Jews out of Exile - Young and Old, Sons and Daughters, with joy and carry us through the whole year, with Simcha, a Year of true blessings with true and complete redemption.

The theme of the fourth Sicho was the usual one, with which the Rebbe always concludes a Children's Rally - that we must have extra Simcha today.

We have to give Tzedoka - this may include help for those who need to make Yom Tov meals - or spiritual Tzedoka - to teach friends Torah and Mitzvos.

The Rebbe would be distributing three coins to each child - through their leaders. One coin for Tzedoka, one for Succos, and one for oneself.

Therefore, we have had this afternoon: Tefilla prayer, we davened Mincha together; Torah - the Twelve Verses; and now Tzedoka - All these will speed forward the rebuilding of the third Beis Hamikdosh and of Moshiach.

We will conclude with joyful tunes - the first being a special Nigun for this Yom Tov of Succos "Vesomachto", then "Sheyiboneh" and lastly "Ach Tzadikim".

Chazan Teleshefsky sang the "Yehi Rotzon" preamble, as usual. K.A.H., he gets better and stronger every year.

Chaya was a Madricha - a girl leader. It was her turn to take the children to the Rally on this afternoon. Chaya went to collect a set of two packets of fifty dimes each, that is a total of one hundred dimes, legal tender value of ten dollars, but, being the Rebbe's dimes, they were invaluable to some of the recipients.

The Rebbe handed her the packets - and Chaya dropped them! She bent down, picked up the set and walked away, backwards from the Rebbe. Label (Groner) called her back - took the sets from her, which she had dropped - and the Rebbe handed Chaya a new - a different set.

Every day, we may learn something extra from the Rebbe.

THE AVTZENS

I have known Label Avtzen for many years now. A fine young man, but a bit of a joker.

This year, we had the pleasure of meeting the whole family, Rabbi Mayer and Rebbetzen Avtzen, with K.A.H., their large number of sons and daughters (KAIN YIRBU).

They proved themselves extremely good neighbours in every respect, and very friendly, and Rebbetzen Avtzen sent us some freshly home baked Challah (Bread) for Yom Tov. They were also a very good looking family, especially the girls, who were very appropriately and aptly named - for example A'Doll (Adelle) and a Shainie (Shaindle) amongst them - They were really all eidelle people and our grandchildren got on very well with them, playing together very nicely.

Lazer, whom I have mentioned previously, was the main Architect of the Succah. He made it twice as large as last year, and in it, he had placed three very large individual and separate tables. One for the Itkins at the top end. One for the Avtzens in the centre, and the Jaffe table at the bottom end.

He had even fitted a large basin with taps and running water, specially for washing hands before meals. In addition to all this, there was plenty of room for dancing, if we wished to do so.

Rabbi Mayer Avtzen, however, was more fond of singing than of dancing. He was a "Baal menagim" an expert on Nigunim, and Pincus, in particular wished to learn all the old half-forgotten tunes.

That was a great mistake, because although Rabbi Mayer knew the tunes well, his voice was very mournful and sad.

After listening to these dirges, non-stop for about an hour and a half at the luncheon table, we were ready to retire for an afternoon nap.

But, with Pincus's encouragement, Mayer went on and on for two hours non-stop, from 2.30p.m until 4.30p.m and his voice was not exactly an inducement for sleep. At least, we had the satisfaction of knowing that someone, somewhere was enjoying himself.

I did have a serious complaint against Label Avtzen. He had an exceptional good stock of drinks - quality and quantity wise. But, he was also too generous in that he was continually plying Dovid with various samples from his different bottles! I suppose that was one reason why Label and Dovid were always in a cheerful and happy mood in the Succah.

Actually, I did have one complaint about the Avtzens. They had taken over Rabbi Dvorkin's (ZTZL) flat, which was directly above our apartment. In the early hours of one morning, about 1.30a.m after midnight, shortly after our arrival, Roselyn and I were

awoken by the sound of a Subway train travelling overhead. It was probably a freight or goods train, because it was rattling, pounding and clattering along. There seemed to be passengers aboard too. After a few moments, we realised that it was only the Avtzens who had arrived home.

They were very good after we had brought this matter to their attention. And, they only shuffled and clumped about very quietly afterwards. We could hear every shuffle and clump!

Nevertheless, as I have stated before they were certainly good neighbours, which is a Blessing of Hashem.

When we left Crown Heights for home, both Mrs. Avtzen and Beryl Neimark gave me dollars for Sheliach Mitzvah money (cash to give to Tzedoka on arrival at one's destination - an insurance for the journey). It was nice and thoughtful of them - They followed the good example shown by the Rebbe.

ONEG SHABBOS

On Friday evening, at 6.45p.m we had our third appointment with Our Rebbetzen. The Rebbe's Sicho was expected to commence at 8.45p.m.

Sholom let us into the library, and Roselyn and I spent a very pleasant time in her company - we had some good laughs, again. It was just before the time for making Kiddush so we could not eat anything.

When I left the library, the Sicho had just started. Eastern Parkway was crowded - full of people walking about and chatting. One of the first persons I met was Sholom DovBer, my young grandson. He maintained that he had just left 770 - and only for a few minutes?!

I entered into 770. The Beis Hamedrash upstairs was crowded with men and boys learning, studying - and talking.

I then went downstairs into the Shool. I saw the Rebbe talking on the platform at the far end of the Shool - as usual, but I could not hear a word. Normally, I am right at the front, but, in this instance, I had a very different view and viewpoint of the proceedings.

This is how I analysed and summed up the situation.

Please remember that it was Shabbos, and therefore, the Rebbe used NO microphone.

The Shool could be divided into four sections and categories.

The first quarter, near the Rebbe, consisted of a solid phalanx of males, squashed and squeezed tightly together. They could hear every word of the Rebbe, but each person was still endeavouring to get closer still, in case he might miss some words of the Rebbe.

The second quarter, or section, reached up till the "half-way line" and also consisted of men and boys standing pretty closely together. The Rebbe could be heard talking, but no actual words, except an occasional one could be distinguished. These people did give the Rebbe the courtesy of keeping quiet and respectful, except for the odd bit of gossip, for the whole one and a quarter hours of the Sicho.

In the third section, or quarter, it was impossible to hear the Rebbe at all. The men and boys were sitting and lolling about - some studying a Sicho and others chatting.

But, in the last and final section, or quarter, was a large sprinkling of young children, all laughing, running about and playing games. NOT only could the Rebbe not be heard at all, but he could hardly be seen except from the higher benches. Yisroel Shem Tov did his best to quieten the children and keep some order, but, as he confided to me, with a mournful sigh - "Zalmon, this is a disaster".

Every night during each Sicho, the Rebbe emphasised the importance of dancing - Herewith is part of what the Rebbe said:

"The joy of Simchas Beis Hashoevah should express itself in dancing, singing in the private domain as well as the public domain of the Ruler of the world. And which brings the true and complete redemption through Moshiach.

May the joy of Simchas Beis Hashoevah in the diaspora bring us to the joy and dancing in our holy land, "where the eyes of G-d your l-rd are on it at all times, from the beginning of the year until the end of the year," (Devorim 11:12) in conjunction with the unified nation, our youth and elders, sons and daughters: "...a great company shall return there." (Yermiyah 31:7)

The unity of our people will join together with the complete Torah and Mitzvos, which is analogous to the concept of Shabbos, when "all your work is done". May it proceed from the most lofty level down to our mundane plane, and may it commence with a blessing from the Holy One blessed be He for us all in all our temporal needs: Children, life-health, and abundant sustenance: and all of these in great abundance.

Till we pierce the limitations of the exile with explosive joy and we may see the prophecy: Yerushalayim shall be inhabited like unwalled towns, (Zechariah 2:8) with the true and complete redemption through our righteous Moshiach - speedily and truly in our days - Now!

All my grandchildren noted very well what the Rebbe had said and they danced all night long - and generally slept during the day. We had plenty of rain but that did not deter them, especially when there was a band in attendance.

On the following night, Saturday, which was also the eve of Hashonna Rabba, the place was more crowded than ever. As usual, the Sicho was broadcast all over the world, even to the 770 Succah - but not to the Shool.

After Maariv, a fellow made Havdolah, but as it was Succos, he stood in the Succah, at an open window, adjacent to the Shool. It was rather amusing.

I stood, actually on the Rebbe's platform, together with Label Groner, Avrohom Rappaport and about thirty young boys. There was no room anywhere. I was very pleased when they brought a table for me, on which to lean. I thanked Label for his consideration, but he intimated that this table was in the way near the Omud, so they just moved it away.

Apples were distributed after the Sicho, and the Rebbe promised to give out dollars after the saying of Tehillim, which ended at 2.40a.m after midnight.

MORE ACTIVITIES

One morning, I was waiting for the Rebbe at 770.

At 7.45a.m a band arrived. Two men - with assistants. They climbed over the railings, placed a wooden platform onto the grass of the 770 garden - a large umbrella was held above the players and their instruments - as it was still raining and they commenced to play. Levi and about a dozen boys were still dancing in the pouring rain waiting for the Rebbe.

The band carried on playing haphazardly until the Rebbe arrived just after 8.00a.m. Then, for the next ten minutes they played with vim and gusto to give the Rebbe a sample of what they had been playing every night. It was a very nice gesture - considerate and thoughtful of them. It was the first and only time this year, that I had heard the band - even part of the band.

Meanwhile, before the Rebbe had arrived, the coloured boy cleaner had spent a considerable time in sweeping and keeping the steps leading to the door of 770 in a clean and dry condition. The rain and the constant walking thereon, with muddy shoes, had made these steps very dangerous, even for standing upon. After a few seconds, the steps would be wet and slippy again. But, just before the Rebbe was due to ascend these few steps, one of the "boys" brought out a few clean towels and completely dried the steps in time for the Rebbe's entrance into 770.

I MEET MY FANS

At least, when we are at 770, we have the opportunity of seeing some of our emigrant grandchildren, whom we have not seen for a year or more.

We had not seen Yossi for the two years which he had spent in South Africa. He misses the coloured "helpers". He used to leave his shoes outside his door, and the next day, they were returned polished and shining. (He asked me to imagine what would happen to his shoes in New York if he left them outside.)

His shirts were laundered and ironed, and a tennis court and swimming pool-cum-Mikvah were always available. The only drawback was that the Rebbe was not available at all!

One evening, Yossi brought to our Succah a very sweet young girl of eleven years old, from South Africa, with whose family he became greatly attached. They helped him in his work and with Mivtzaim in South Africa. Her name was Channah, the daughter of Sholom Ber and Mrs. Gurary, and her great uncle is Zalmon Gurary of Crown Heights.

She was born in South Africa, but she is neither a Boer nor a Zulu, but a Lubavitcher. Her father used to practice as a Rabbi, but is now in business. Channah goes to the Lubavitch School and she and all her family "simply love your books".

She is my newest, my latest fan, and she appealed to me to let her have a copy of my book - just for herself - to have and to treasure!

Well, I certainly could not refuse such a plea.

Alter Benzion Metzger, who writes in the "Yiddishe Heim" commented that "You don't realise how marvellous is your book and what good it is doing".

You may recall my telling you that I had received a very lovely letter from a young lady, Shulamis Nadler, who, together with her friend, Aliza Horowitz had begged me to supply them with some early editions of "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita".

I had invited them to come along to see me at our apartment, during Succos.

Well, one afternoon, they both arrived together of course. Two very nice young ladies. Shulamis introduced herself as MRS. Nadler. I nearly dropped with surprise. She had five children, three boys and two girls - (KAIN YIRBU, as Shulamis said). She had met her husband Reuven at Chabad House at Berkeley, California, ten years ago.

Aliza Horowitz, who seemed even younger than Shulamis came from New Orleans, and is married with four children. She is very good at giving Puppet Shows, which she provides free of charge, in order to teach children about their Jewish Heritage. She calls her "troupe" the "Uforatzo Puppet Show" - Once, I saw one of her productions at 770. Some of the puppets were a little unusual - for example, "Mount Sinai", and the Torah

being given on this mountain, and so forth. Actually, when she gives shows to some other organisations, she charges a nominal amount and makes a little "Parnosso" (livelihood) from these efforts.

Shulamis and Aliza both removed to New York. They wished to become closer to and learn more about Yiddishkeit. They decided to see what Lubavitch had to offer and on Simchas Torah, they went to 770 to see the Hakoffos.

They saw the Rebbe dancing with the Sefer Torah and the "look of total serenity on the Rebbe's face" convinced them and persuaded them to become Baalei Teshuvos with "Lubavitch connections".

They provided me with some most interesting and unexpected facts.

1. That at Crown Heights, there is a large colony of Baalei Teshuvos who keep very close to each other in complete unity.
2. That a third of the Crown Heights community are Baalei Teshuvos. It is almost unbelievable.

Reuven Nadler now wants to help others to become closer to Judaism, and does the Mitzvah of Tefillin all by himself. He takes a small folding table, fixes it up on the sidewalk, and very soon he has a "big line" of men desirous of putting on Tefillin in the street. He says, they prefer to do it that way, rather than inside a "Mitzvah Tank".

I presented Shulamis and Aliza with some earlier instalments - as I had promised.

They had baked and handed to me, what looked like a lovely delicious cake. I put it in the fridge and looked forward to a good Nosh later on. Unfortunately, Yossi ate almost the whole lot before anyone else had a chance to even taste it.

OUR VISIT TO ASBURY PARK AND GREAT NECK

On Wednesday, the third day of Chol Hamoed, we went on our usual Shelichus mission to Asbury Park. We already have a Chazoka - tradition, and Kasriel Kastel always arranges that we visit this place and also the Great Neck community - where we were due to go on the morrow.

Rabbi Hershel Zarchi was the driver and Rabbis Marlowe, Eidleman (from Morrocco), Avrohom Meizlish (Kfar Chabad) and I made up the party. I was given the task of being the Master of Ceremonies - or the Compere.

Rabbi Eidleman made a moving speech about Morrocco, and Yossi Carlebach gave a brief resume in English. He mentioned that not too many years ago, there were three hundred thousand Jews in that country, whereas today, there were only twelve thousand. Six thousand children learned in (solely) Jewish Day Schools. He also spoke about all the wonderful work which Lubavitch was doing there today.

Avrohom Meizlish related some stories in Yiddish, which I translated - simultaneously - into English. For example - Avrohom, "Good Yom Tov Idden". Zalmon Jaffe, "Good Yom Tov Jews", and so forth.

Rabbi Marlowe spoke very nicely in English, and I related a few stories, sang the Succelle in English and spoke about Lubavitch work.

We had much competition from the audience, many of whom wished to sing or tell a story. It was fun and very successful and it went with a swing in spite of the dampish Succah.

Rabbi Yossi Carlebach was again our host, and said that I was fantastic and "made the evening". He said that I should have my own show in Broadway and some ladies said I was even better than Victor Borga - the entertainer - not the poisoner!

Roselyn did not attend. She maintained that as she could not dance and was not allowed to sing, she might as well stay at home.

On the following day, we travelled to Great Neck for the fifth consecutive time.

Unfortunately, because of the heavy rain, only about forty people came to the "Succah". It had been advertised as a Succah party and many kept away, because they thought it would be cancelled.

We took two cars. We had our usual drivers. First car - Yehuda Blessofsky and children, Helen nine and a half years and Golda seven and a half; Roselyn and myself; Golda Rivka, seventeen, Tova Gittel, ten, and Sholom Ber eleven and a half. Total in car number one was eight persons.

Second car - Driver, Dovid Lane Raskin and children, Soro, fourteen years old, Nechama Dinah, twelve, Doba Raiza, seven, and Masha aged four years, plus Rabbi Anshel Pearl, making a grand total of fourteen persons.

Our own Rabbi Anshel Pearl and Rabbi Ephraim Wolfe, the minister of the congregation, extended to us their usual warm welcome.

Obviously, most of the time, we had to spend indoors - but everyone had a real jolly good time. We made speeches, we danced and we sang.

Tova Gittel recited her now famous Torah verse "Kol Yisroel" - exactly as she had shouted it at the Rally in front of the Rebbe and all the children. She also sang "Mogginainu", the Rebbe's current Nigun, to the cheers and the clapping of all the assembly.

Golda Blessofsky and Doba Raiza and Malka Lane also sang nice lively songs and we spent over two and a half hours at Great Neck.

We became very friendly with Philip Machnikoff and his wife Tina. I gave them one of my books and Phillip sent me, by post, a photograph which he had taken at a Farbraingen. This I have used in my Shovuos story this year. Thanks Phillip.

Label called me into the Office and gave me the gist of the Rebbe's reply to the letter I delivered as soon as I had arrived yesterday.

"I received your letter and contents, and I thank you very much. This letter arrived at the correct and appropriate time. I will mention your requests at the Tzion".

Before I left for home, I received another reply from the Rebbe, as follows:

"I thank you very much for your letter and am glad to hear the good news.

Further to your letters of the 18th and 23rd of Tishrei - I will remember them at the Tzion".

One morning, Roselyn was tidying up the apartment, when she found a small brown paper bag, containing hundreds of dollars.

She was very concerned and anxious to discover the owner of this fortune, who had so carelessly and nonchalantly left this legal tender "hanging around" for anybody to take away. I told her not to worry, because the owner would soon make himself known, as soon as he discovered his loss.

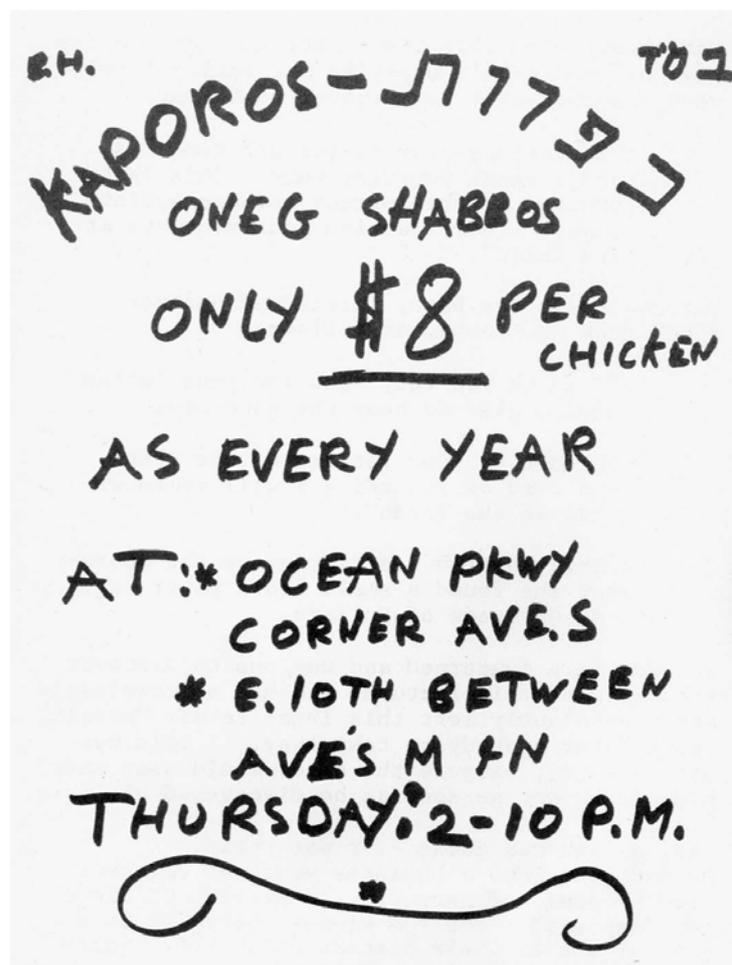
Yes, as you may guess - it was Dovid.

He had gone into a business venture, together with a couple of partners, to provide chickens for "Kaporas" - for Yom Kippur. Herewith is a copy of one of their posters which they placed at various strategic positions.

They - made - a "KILLING" - They had one complaint - that Yom Kippur came only once a year.

I remember that when his Dad, Avrohom, was Dovid's age, and also studying at 770, that he too, went into business.

He "imported" Schach, the leafy covering for the Succah,



from the "mountains". He also did remarkably well. He did not make a killing but he did provide a roof for one's head.

On Yom Tov, Roselyn and I went to Zalmon Gurary's home for Kiddush, and renewed our acquaintance with his charming wife, Chava - or Chavele, as she is called by some. This name suits her very well, because she is a very sweet lady, extremely friendly, sociable and warmhearted.

Zalmon was still pressing me to go into his new Mikvah. I had tried a few times, but I was unlucky as there was always some repair work being done. The last time the door was locked and I was told that the electrician was actually in the Mikvah. I could not discover if he had his clothes on - or off. I did not wait to see and went back to Yankel's Mikvah.

However, one morning, I was lucky (!), and I could report as follows - It was nice, new and clean looking. A number of large dressing rooms were situated all around. I counted three hundred hooks hanging on the walls for the use of the patrons.

The outer dressing rooms were not too warm, and crowded. There was no shortage of towels - there were plenty of them all lying around - all slightly damp.

Nine semi-private showers were available - all push button. The water in the exceptionally large Mikvah felt comparatively cold after the hot showers, and made one gasp.

The whole place was crowded - that is the one underlying fact about this Mikvah - It is free - No charge even for towels, so it attracts literally thousands of people.

So, now we find that the status - the role of the two Mikvahs - Yankel's and Zalmon's have become reversed. As so many people use Zalmon's Mikvah, the facilities have declined to some small extent. But, only two or three people have been attending Yankel's, so therefore, one paid one dollar, and for this, had almost the sole use of a very exclusive Mikvah, beautifully clean, lovely and hot.

Every year a Succos Experience is held in one of the streets off Kingston Avenue - all types of entertainment and educational exhibitions are set up.

This year, in addition to the Farm Animal Section or pen - there was now a "Petting Zoo". This sounded rather intriguing until I realised that it was a Pets Zoo.

Lippy and Malka (Brennan) were discussing the merits of two boys named Dovid and Levi - how marvellous and helpful they were - and so domesticated. I could hardly believe it when Lippy said that their surnames were JAFFE - It must be a different JAFFE.

I was told of a story about a Gentile - a non Jewish priest in England, who had been handed some U.S.A. Dollars to be given to charity. He sent them to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe acknowledged receipt of the letter and the Dollars and reminded the priest that he was liable to keep the Seven Mitzvahs which the non-Jews have to keep, and he should inform his Parishioners of this fact.

The photographer, Levi Yitzchok Freidin, has supplied me with these two pictures, (on the following pages).





Number one was taken two years ago. It shows the Rebbe as he entered the Shool on Hashonna Rabba - before the start of the service.

You will notice Label Groner and Binyamin Klyne following the Rebbe, whilst Zussie Williamofsky is leading the singing, standing on a bench on the left.

You may just make out the Bimah in the background in the centre of the Shool, Label is carrying his Esrog. The Rebbe's Esrog and Lulav are being used by the hundreds of men and boys, who have lined up outside and are benching in the Succah, under the watchful eyes of Myer Harlick. He will return the Arba Minim to the Rebbe before Hallel. I am standing at the "gate".

Photograph number two was taken ten years ago, also on Hashonna Rabba. Label, who looks so very young, is leading the Chazan, Avrohom Katz. Behind them is the Rebbe, who is followed by Rabbi Chadakov.

There were only about half the number of people present as there were last year. There was plenty of room and no pushing or shtupping, because, in addition, the Shool had just been extended to its present size. I did not spend Succos with the Rebbe until seven years ago.

HASHONNA RABBA

I had many customers who wished to share with me the Arba Minim for the Mitzvah of shaking the Lulav during the Hallel. (We shake the Arba Minim, three times in six directions - South - North - East - Upwards - Downwards and to the West.) So that, as the Rebbe said to us, when we collected from him the Arba Minim, "All the blessings should be drawn down to you from the six points of the compass, towards which you wave the Naanuim (the shaking)."

My friend, Avrohom Meisells from Jerusalem, has a Chazoka for many years, already, to borrow my Arba Minim. This year, he also had a friend who wished to be a "partner" in the Mitzvah. I was pleased that some of my family, my grandchildren, had the sense to join me too. They were Dovid, Levi and Yossi. Therefore - counting me, there were six of us, who wished to do the Naanuim.

Obviously, speed was essential, because the six of us together, had to do the Mitzvah in the same time that the Rebbe himself did it. Fortunately, the Rebbe does this shaking of the Lulav very slowly indeed (deliberately?) - but, as far as I and my partners were concerned our motto was - "Fast and Furious". In fact, I had to start well before the Rebbe, otherwise my "company" could not have joined in.

After we had completed the circuits for the Hashonnas around the Bimah, the Rebbe, as usual, waited until everyone who was going around with the Arba Minim had also concluded their "Hoshannas Hakoffus". Sometimes, we had to wait between ten and fifteen minutes.

We were almost ready to continue the service, when a young man asked to borrow my Arba Minim, so that he could make a circuit. I had to refuse because the Rebbe would wait for him, and so all the congregation would have to wait for him too. In any case, even my "partners" did not go around with the Hoshannas because of the shortage of time.

There happened to be a small table in front of the Oran Hakodesh (the Ark) and the young man suggested that he should go around this piece of furniture - This seemed silly! But, Avrohom Meisells told a young boy to stand up - straight and motionless - and the young man went around him. Sounds silly too!

As usual, after davenning, the Rebbe distributed the Lekach - Cake. We prefer, if at all possible, to go and ask the Rebbe for Lekach accompanied by our grandchildren. Yossi and Dovid had obtained their cake from the Rebbe on Erev Yom Kippur, and they did not wish to trouble the Rebbe again.

We generally arrange that I and my grandsons should be the last in the Men's line and Roselyn and granddaughters the first in the Ladies queue.

Esther Steinberg was in charge, as usual, and she did a superb job - a wonderful and precise split-second timing.

I approached the Rebbe and he asked whether I had already been before. I denied this and said "G-d Forbid". The Rebbe assured me that it was no AVAYRA (SIN) to come again.

I asked for the Lekach and the Rebbe handed me three pieces and blessed me with:

"LESHONNA TOVA UMMSUCKA" (For a good and sweet year)

I explained that not all our grandchildren were with us at this moment, as some had collected Lekach on Erev Yom Kippur.

The Rebbe declared that "Let the A-mighty bless them".

The Rebbe then added this humorous touch and said:

"(Your Grandchildren) They are very independent at the dancing You are sleeping and they are dancing But when it comes to the cake, then YOU are the Commander - in - Chief".

For over three and a half hours, non-stop, the Rebbe continued to distribute the Lekach. It is a very hard job - and then, after all this, he gave out Nickels - until five P.M. - A very long day!

As I have mentioned before, the Rebbe distributed Lekach also on Erev Yom Kippur. It was even a harder and longer assignment than today, yet, when Raphael Haber and his Kallah, Sophia, phoned to 770 on that day (a very busy day), to obtain the Rebbe's Brocha for their marriage, the Rebbe did find the time to reply to them. He did not wish to keep the young couple in suspense.

Yoseph Dovid Slater, from Australia, studied in Manchester for a few years. He told me that he went to Greenwich Village, New York, with the Lulav and Esrog etc.

He confided that they were all weird people and their hair consisted of all different hues - Green, Orange, Purple and so on.

He did admit that none refused to bench Esrog. I asked whether the women benched too - He replied, "To be quite frank, I could not tell the difference!"

Levi told me that he went to blow Shofar on Rosh Hashonna for Jews who were in hospital. He would ask the nurse in the ward to point out to him the Jewish patients.

Levi saw one person completely covered up with his bedsheet. He asked the nurse. "is he Jewish". She replied that "he had been Jewish - when he was alive". Poor Levi - Even his Shofar would not have helped.

Shmuel Wilhelm, from London, was at 770 with other boys from the London Yeshiva and they all went to make Jewish people happy on Simchas Torah (as did most of the boys). They walked the six miles to Flatbush - danced in the large Shool with the four hundred congregants, then emerged still dancing into the street. They also visited a little Shool (a Shtibbel) and danced with their fifty members.

They had left 770 at 4.30p.m and returned seven hours later at 11.30p.m in time for Hakoffus at 770.

Hakoffus on Shemini Atzeres and Simchas Torah followed the usual pattern. First, we recited the Ato Horaso Verses - one by one. Once more, I was given "Malchuscho" to say.

On the first night, I managed to walk three yards, and then danced with Dr. Ira Weiss.

Ever since I have been present on Simchas Torah, there have always been children sitting in front of the Rebbe on the platform. This year, nobody was supposed to be on the platform except the Rebbe and the Gabai who called out the names of those honoured to go with a Sefer Torah.

However, as soon as these people, all elderly Rabbis and gentlemen had returned to the platform - they were stuck and could find no place to go. So, instead of young children sitting there, as hitherto, the whole platform was taken up with elderly men sitting on each other, or lying on the platform, all legs and heads, in front of the Rebbe - all singing with enthusiasm - I joined them.

Rabbi Volper had to be different and he stood - on his head, in front of the Rebbe.

SherZak and Schneur Zalmon Zerkin appeared from nowhere and removed him - head first.

At the very last Hakoffus, I accepted a very large Sefer Torah complete with a large Silver Crown. It was a mistake, because, although I did an M.K. (Moishe Kotlarsky) and rushed forward before everybody and reached the haven of the centre (dancing) stage, I had to lie down, prone - with the Sefer Torah on top of me whilst the Rebbe danced the Hakoffus with the Rashag, because otherwise, everyone complained that they could not see.

The Rebbe was Chosson Beraishis, as usual, but poor Avrohom Parshan was not too well to travel to 770, and so his son, Dov Ber, was Chosson Torah, together with Rabbi Mendel Futterfass.

We went to luncheon to Rivka and Moishe (Kotlarsky). This time we took ALL the family K.A.H. - It didn't frighten Moishe nor Rivka.

DOVID RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD

This year is the seventh consecutive year that we have enjoyed spending Succos and Simchas Torah with the Rebbe.

In all these years, Roselyn has not had the pleasure or the Zechus of watching the Rebbe dancing with the Sefer Torah during the Hakoffus.

This year, however, Chaya (Lew), our granddaughter, who is studying at the Seminary in Crown Heights, was in charge of about seventy young girls, all under the age of Bat-Mitzvah. They were given special permission to congregate in the small women's shool which was not much used these days. From this vantage point, they would have a clear and uninterrupted view of all the proceedings.

Chaya invited Roselyn to join them as her special guest. Roselyn accepted with alacrity and she had a wonderful view of all that transpired. This was the first time that she had enjoyed any view at all.

She reported to me that it was really marvellous to see the Rebbe dancing with the Rashag, his brother-in-law. Each held a very small Sefer Torah in the right hand, whilst the left one was placed, lightly, on the others shoulders. Thus they danced around in time to the rhythm of the singing.

I asked Roselyn whether she had seen Dovid having a fight with a neighbour - when they both ended up rolling on the floor.

She replied that, although she had not seen Dovid, she did notice that quite a large number of boys were fighting all over the Shool. They were showing their displeasure with some of their friends and they used their fists to the best possible advantage to prove ownership and title to a certain place or spot in the auditorium. When boys - and even men, have been waiting for many hours in one spot to ensure that when the Hakoffus took place they would have a good view, then it was very annoying when someone else came along - just a few minutes before the start, and blocked one's view - or even actually claimed one's place.

In Dovid's case, it was slightly different. In the course of conversation, our landlord, Rabbi Myer Itkin, admitted that it was twenty two years since he had had the opportunity and the pleasure of watching the Rebbe dancing at the Hakoffus.

Dovid was staggered and perturbed to hear this statement and declared, "Rabbi Itkin, I will ensure that you will have a good view of the Rebbe dancing with the Sefer Torah. You will be my guest and I will find you a nice spot where you will stand amongst the boys. There will be, my brother Levi, and my cousins Yossi, Mendy and Pincus - all big tough lads - so you will be in good company and well protected. I shall call for you at five minutes to nine o'clock, so you should be nicely settled in by 9.00p.m, when the service will commence".

And, that is exactly what happened. Dovid made quite sure that Myer Itkin was nicely and firmly ensconced amongst the boys, on the lower level of the scaffolding which reached to the Roof. Ropes had been slung through the window frames of the ladies Shool, so that they should have added support in case there was danger of falling. The clock, as usual, on Simchas Torah, had disappeared.

Dovid then made another speech - to his friends and neighbours. He said that, "Myer Itkin is my special guest. He is not a young man, and I want no-one to touch him or knock against him. If they do, then they will have to answer directly to me".

One young man, inadvertently pushed against Myer Itkin. Dovid pronounced his final and categorical warning that, if that happened again, he would take immediate steps to demonstrate his authority and to teach these people, that when he made a statement - he meant it!

Once again, and not so inadvertently, this time, this same young man pushed against Myer Itkin and Dovid went into immediate action.

With a cry of "I have already warned you before", and with fists flaying, Dovid and the young man went at it "hammer and tongs".

Very soon, both were rolling on the floor, enjoying a good scrap.

When Dovid arrived home, he had a large Red Raw Weal right across his chest, and many bruises on his face. His Arba Kanfos (Tzitzis) had been ripped into two pieces and his shirt likewise. His suit was crushed and dirty. He looked a mess. I never saw the young man - nor did I see what condition he was in. I believe that he was even worse off than Dovid.

Over the next few days, Myer Itkin could speak only about, "My good friend and protector, Dovid Jaffe, who, with such Mesiras Nefesh (self-sacrifice) had fought so valiantly on my behalf".

He decided to show his appreciation and to give Dovid his Just Reward. This took the form of a loving embrace which included smothering Dovid's face with ardent, passionate and juicy kisses, on every possible occasion.

It served Dovid jolly well right!!

UNUSUAL FARBRAINGEN

The Farbraingen on Simchas Torah was a most unusual affair.

At one Sicho, the Rebbe related to us the importance of a Sheliach (an agent or emissary). In fact, the Rebbe pointed out that the gematria, count of Sheliach was three hundred and forty eight, whilst that of Moshiach was three hundred and fifty eight.

Therefore, the importance of a Sheliach is demonstrated herewith, that if he acts in a loyal and devoted manner, he will be enabled to incorporate unto himself, the ten special attributes as mentioned in the Tanya. This would ensure that he would have the same count as Moshiach.

The Ten Attributes are:

1. Kesser (Crown) 2. Chochmah (Wisdom) 3. Binah (Understanding) 4. Chesed (Kindness) 5. Gevurah (Might) 6. Tiferes (Beauty) 7. Netzach (Endurance and Victory) 8. Hod (Splendour) 9. Yesod (Foundation) and 10. Malchus (Kingship)

The Rebbe then invited all the Sheluchim to say Lechaim to him on a large brimful cup of wine.

Those who were not quite certain whether they were Sheluchim (Sofik - Doubtful - Sheliach) should also join in.

The Rebbe drank up all the wine, completely emptying the contents of the cup, and then turned the whole Bechar completely upside down - confirming to the whole assembly that this Bechar was really and truly empty. The Rebbe then asked everyone to do the same, to drink up all their wine and turn their cups upside down.

The Rebbe pointed out that in the Beis Hamikdosh, the cups on the Menorah, around the stems were affixed upside down. This demonstrated that when a cup is the right way up, then the contents may be used for oneself only - for that person. Whereas, when it was turned upside down then everyone may have the benefit, a share, of the contents. Of course, this is a spiritual, an abstract analogy.

The Rebbe then related a whole Sicho whilst still holding the Silver Cup, at arm's length, upside down. After which, he conducted a vigorous Nigun with this Becher, swinging it from side to side, and still in the upside down position.

The Rebbe had not finished with us yet. He ordered that all the Cailim (vessels) and bottles should also receive the same treatment. One fellow, on the platform in front of the Rebbe, actually held a bottle of wine to his lips, drank all the contents and held the bottle upside down, to demonstrate that he had fulfilled the Orders of the Rebbe. Every single person in the hall held an empty cup, or bottle, upside down. It looked very odd.

This reminds me of a Farbraingen which we held in 770, twenty six years ago, on Shabbos, during the nine days of mourning, before Tisha B'Av. There were but five hundred people present at that time. Most boys were away at Camps and men were on vacation. This was on the occasion of our first Charter Flight from Manchester. (£35 return including all meals)

The Rebbe declared that one was not allowed to leave over for after Shabbos, that which had been prepared for Shabbos - and all the drinks had to be consumed, whether the bottles were situated on top or hidden underneath the tables.

I may add that practically all the bottles contained Vodka or Benedictine liqueur. One may imagine the effects of this edict of the Rebbe. One example - Our dear friend, Rabbi Benchie Shemtov (ZTzL), a stalwart and a loyal soldier of the Rebbe, always keen to do the bidding of the Rebbe, gulped down a large tumberful of Benedictine and followed this with, without a pause, a large tumberful of Vodka.

Within a very short while, Rabbi Shemtov was sleeping peacefully and snugly upon a bench and did not awaken until Sunday morning.

The Rebbe worked very hard during the above Simchas Torah Farbraingen, speaking for five hours, conducting the Nigunnim with outflung arms, and standing up encouraging us to sing.

The Rebbe was perspiring, and I was freezing. I had forgotten to put on my woolen pullover.

Koss Shel Brocha ended at 3.00a.m. The Rebbe stayed at 770 until nearly 5.00a.m before returning home. Sholom Gansberg remarked that the Rebbetzen was rather tired. I indicated that the Rebbe probably disturbed her when he arrived home after 5.00a.m in the morning.

"Not at all", declared Sholom, "the Rebbetzen waits up for him"

Levi did disturb me when he returned at 6.30a.m from Koss Shel Brocha, but before I had a chance to give him a piece of my mind, he expressed regret, but he had been learning and going over the Sedra - which was a very long one. So, what could I say - or do!

Yes, I went back to bed for half-an-hour.

KINUS HATORAH

The Kinus Hatorah always took place on the day after Yom Tov, Isru Chag. Unfortunately, we were flying home on that very day, and it would be necessary to leave 770 at 4.30p.m to ensure that we caught the plane.

This meant that I had to be one of the earlier speakers. Rabbi Yaul Kahn, who represented the Rebbe, was always the first to address the gathering. I had to persuade Rabbi Mentelik, who was in charge of the proceedings, to allow me to speak immediately afterwards.

I had to convince him that I was prepared to forego my usual address of twenty to thirty minutes, and I did this by composing a short poem, of eight verses, which would take just over one minute to recite - So, Rabbi Mentelik was persuaded and convinced - and called me up to the lectern as soon as Yaul Kahn had concluded his talk.

I apologised to Rabbi Perkarski and to Rabbi Ellberg, for speaking before them on this occasion, and also to the boys, for not having the time to relate some of my stories about the Rebbe, from my book.

I recited my poem. It took just over one minute - it received great applause - as Rabbi Chadakov said - "Men Hot Gepatched".

We have enjoyed a lovely Yom Tov, but cannot now remain
Because we must leave at once to catch the Manchester plane.

It is very important and all for the best
To get back to work and enjoy a good rest.

"I always want happy faces around me" the Rebbe has declared
"So do not be miserable, but for laughter and joy, be prepared.

And - "I want everyone to come for Lekach and Koss Shel Brocha at the proper time and
"MEBBE"
That Hashem will give me good health and strength for 120 years to be your REBBE".

Also - "Love your fellow Jew whose Neshama is divine
For that you will receive Hashem's Blessings, associated with mine".

Please learn well and give the Rebbe much pleasure
And the Rebbes Brochas will be fulfilled in the greatest possible measure.

P.G. We will all meet again with the Rebbe at 770
To spend Yom Tov with the Rebbe and receive his Brochas aplenty.

We pray that Moshiach will soon be revealed somehow
But what we all do agree, is that we "Want Moshiach Now".

The Rebbe had gone to the Ohel after mid-day. Label had suggested that if Roselyn and I would wait for the Rebbe before he entered his car, then we might be lucky to receive a "farewell Brocha".

We were lucky and the Rebbe blessed us that, "You should Fur Gezunt, and we should hear Besuros Tovos (Good tidings) and Hatzlocho Rabba (Much success)".

MY NIN ARRIVES

The Rebbe has always extended blessings to me that I would enjoy Nachas from my children, from my grandchildren and from my great grandchildren.

During the month of Mar Cheshvan last year, part of the Rebbe's prophecy was fulfilled. Roselyn and I were delighted to welcome our first great grandson, MOISHE - Max and Leah Cohen's son (Kain Yirbu).

We had many telephone congratulations:-Yossi and Chaya phoned from New York, Mendy from Israel and Dovid from Montreal. I told Dovid that I was surprised to hear that he was still in the Yeshiva - and learning well - according to the Mashpia. Dovid replied that there was no one more surprised than he was.

Actually, I did not feel any different, except perhaps, a little younger. The other two great-grandparents - Susan's mother and father, Sidney and Toby Beenstock, were also well T.G., and the new Bobby and Zaidie, Avrohom and Susan, were on top of the world - especially the young bobby, when she was bathing the baby. Leah, the young mother, nineteen years old, K.A.H. looked really nice - a beautiful picture as she sat feeding her baby. The most excited woman, however, was Auntie Dina, after all she was only one and a half years young.

We were away in Bournemouth, when we received the wonderful news. I was honoured with Maftir to celebrate the birth. The Baal Koreh made the "Me Shabayrech", the blessings for Leah and her baby boy, he was referred to as my NIN (-NINI).

When I returned home and told my friends that I now had a NINI, I was met with scorn and jeers, whoever had heard of such a word for a great grandson.

But, it seemed that the Rebbe had certainly heard of this word, because he sent me a letter of Mazel Tov, which I am enclosing herewith, and the Rebbe also refers to him as my NIN.

(Incidentally, I am told that I am his: ABSABA - father of his grandfather, and Roselyn is AMSABA - mother of his grandfather).

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
493-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי

ברוקלין, נ. י.

בי"ה, כי"א מי"ח תשמ"ו

ברוקלין, נ. י.

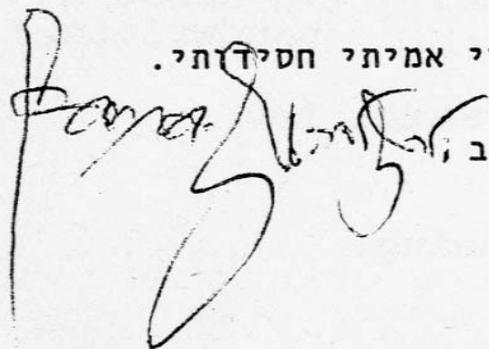
הו"ח אי"א נוי"נ וכו'
מוהרשני"ז שי'
וזוג' תי'

שלום וברכה!

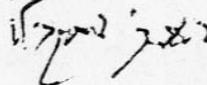
במענה על ההודעה ע"ד הולדת הבן למזל טוב,

הנה יה"ר מהשי"ת שהוריו שי' יכניסוהו לבריתו
של אברהם אבינו, וכשם שיכניסוהו לברית כן יכניסוהו
לתורה ולחופה ולמעשים טובים, ויגדלוהו מתוך הרחבה.

וירגו מהם רוב נחת יהודי אמיתי חסידותי.



בברכת מזל טוב,



My version of the English translation would be:

Greetings and Blessings

Regarding the notification of the Birth of a Great Grandson for Mazel Tov.

Behold it should be the Will of Hashem, Blessed be He, that his Parents shall take him to the Bris (covenant) of Abraham our father, and just as they shall take him to the Bris, so shall they lead him to the Torah, to the Chuppah and towards Good Deeds, and they shall bring him up amidst plenty.

And they shall derive from him, much True Jewish and Chassidische Nachas.

(Thanks for letters received) - (In Rebbe's handwriting)

With the Blessings of Mazel Tov.

Signed by the Rebbe,
plus an added handwritten blessing.

CHANUKAH

The Rebbe had instructed and enjoined every Lubavitch organisation around the world, to celebrate the Festival of Chanukah with the utmost publicity.

We, in Manchester, achieved the remarkable success of fixing a giant, twenty five foot high, Menorah in Albert Square, right in front of the Manchester Town Hall. The most eminent position is the North of England.

Through the efforts of our Dovid Abenson, we received the full co-operation of the Civic Authorities - right from the Lord Mayor; the Chairman of Electricity and the Highways Department - to the humble workers who actually prepared - literally - the groundwork.

The Manchester Evening News, a non-Jewish Daily Newspaper, printed the following article about this Jewish Festival, on the occasion of the Lighting of the First Candle.

Manchester Evening News

Lamps of faith in city square

A double "miracle" is to be celebrated publicly by Manchester's Jewish community for the first time.

A 24ft-high candelabrum has been erected in Albert Square to commemorate the festival of Chanukah.

The festival, already held in London and Leeds each year, marks a victory over 2,000 years ago when a small band of Jewish soldiers drove the Greeks from Jerusalem and the temple.

Because the temple had been defiled by Greek statues, it had to be rededicated. The first part was the lighting of a golden candelabrum with pure oil.

Only enough oil for a day was found and it took eight days to obtain new supplies. But the candelabrum was still burning when supplies arrived.

Chanukah is an eight-day festival celebrated by lighting a candle and adding an extra one each night until all eight are burning.

The candelabrum in Albert Square will be publicly lit for the first time tonight.

Rabbi Pesach Efune, of the Sale Hebrew congregation, said: "We hope to make it an annual celebration in Manchester. We're very grateful to the city council for allowing us facilities.

"The idea is to make Jewish people more aware of their own heritage. This festival is now celebrated all over the world."

It was a Kiddush Hashem and a Kiddush Lubavitch. We received tremendous publicity and everybody was talking about and praising the Menorah and Lubavitch work in general. Everyone was impressed, except those who never even saw it, but, who nevertheless, complained - (typical).

Every night, just before the ceremony commenced, Avrohom introduced the guest Rabbi, who said a few words of Torah. On the First Night, he asked the President of the Jewish Representative Council to light the first lamp. Mr. Daulby entered the little "box" on the Hydraulic Platform, in which Max (Cohen) my "new grandson" also stood and controlled the levers. He was the driver.

They were whisked up into the air - like a soaring bird. Mr. Daulby, the President, hung on for dear life, clinging to the rail, and quite visibly and obviously very shaken. He managed to light the one lamp and the guest Chazan sang "Hanayros Halollu", and "Moaz Tzur", accompanied by over one thousand people, who were present in the Square. Mr. Daulby maintained that "It was the highlight of my term of office".

On the second night, my brother, Joe was zipped aloft, right above the twenty five foot high Menorah. Everyone held their breath and spontaneously cheered and clapped when he returned to "terrafirma".

The Lord Mayor also said a few nice words, especially about the good work which Lubavitch was doing for the Jewish people and for the good of Manchester.

One prominent Rabbi from Manchester, complained that, in his opinion, Albert Square, situated in the City Centre, amongst non-Jews, was not the right spot - for our Menorah. He would have preferred a Jewish district.

And - although he did appreciate that we never mentioned the proper name of G-d in the Brocha - just the word "Hashem", he still "had a private doubt" about the Halacha. The greatest and most renowned world Rabbonim accepted that this method was correct, but this Rabbi knew better.

This reminds me of a story. A gentleman was invited to a Big Dinner Party. He asked, "Who was the Caterer?" He was told Hashem.

"Who was the Shochet?" - "Aaron the High Priest". "Who was the Supervisor?" "Moishe Rabbeinu".

The fellow thought and considered the matter very carefully and then said - "I think I will have fish".

On the following page is a photograph of the Hydraulic Platform.



This photograph was taken during the day, when Max and his wife, Leah, (my eldest granddaughter) went to clean up the Lamps for the next performance. You will notice that this contraption was FOR HIRE (FOR HIGHER).

On Sunday morning, Max switched on the local radio station, and there was no mention on the wireless about the Menorah. He therefore telephoned to the station and reported that over three thousand people were present and told them that there had been a bomb scare - which there was. All day long, these facts were repeated over the air very frequently, so it had to be true that there were three thousand people present!!

On Saturday night, we gave a lift to Ilan Grossman, one of our Yeshiva Bochurs, who desired to visit one of the Hospitals. He took with him Menorahs, candles and three members of the Bnei Akivah - Elchonon Ben Akiva, Menachem Mendel Ben Akiva and Yisroel Ben Akiva. Three sons aged eleven, nine and eight, respectively, of Rabbi Akiva, our Rosh HaYeshiva.

The young lads sang "Hanayros Halollu" and Moaz Tzur for one patient, who was so thrilled that he gave them five Pounds Chanukah Gelt.

Rabbi Wachman, who was present at Albert Square, and saw Joe being taken aloft, remarked that Joe went LeAilo UleAilo (higher and higher – we say these two words during Neila Kaddish on Yom Kipur).

Sholom Elyovics went to Prestwich Mental Hospital with Benny Forta and Avrohom Gurary. There were two Jewish patients, and Benny Forta placed the candles in the Menorah, and Sholom intended to help one of the patients to make the Brocha. The patient intervened and said he knew the Brocha and would like to make it himself. He did so - but concluded with "BORAY PERI HAGGOFEN" (the blessing on wine). He then sang "MOA TZUR YESHEWOSI", "The Cat's in the Cupboard and he can't catch me" A little ditty which we sang when we were very young children.

Sholom Ber Liberow and Dovid Pailie went to visit Monsall Hospital. There were two boys and an old lady present.

The old lady started to make the Brocha - and burst into tears. Our boys went on the following day, too, to light the candles, again. The old lady told them that she had had a dream that night. Her father came and enquired whether she had lit the Chanukah candles. She answered in the affirmative, and her dad sent regards to our Yeshiva Boys.

Avrohom presented me with a copy of the book "Let there be Light". It is well produced - at thirty five dollars, it should be. It is published by Merkos at 770.

I was quite pleased with the photographs of Manchester, but not very pleased to note that one of our main Mosdos here had been omitted from the list of Lubavitch Organisations in Manchester - that is the Yeshiva Gedola Lubavitch, Manchester.

This Yeshiva has already achieved international fame, and under the direction of the Rosh, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, is going from strength to strength. The Rebbe himself has gone out of his way to honour this Yeshiva, through Rabbi Cohen.

When an expensive book (or even a cheap one) is published, it is essential that all facts should be correct. It is not detrimental to the Yeshiva that it has been omitted from the list - as I have stated above, it is well known all over the world and boys from every country are anxious to come to Manchester and to study here, but, it is certainly detrimental to a book which has issued a list of references which many people would consider is incomplete.

It was a pity to spoil such a nice production through carelessness or negligence by not seeking the correct facts from those who know them.

After we had celebrated the lighting of the Giant Menorah in the City Centre, there appeared in the local Jewish Telegraph, a letter from a Mr. M.A. Isaacson, who complained that if Lubavitch had money to burn, then we should have supplied free Mezzuzos to those people who required them - a new job for Lubavitch!! Of course, we do help and subsidise many poor people if they urgently needed Mezzuzos.

However, the following letters subsequently also appeared, which demonstrated that we also have friends in the Community.

TELEGRAPH FRIDAY. DECEMBER 13, 1985

Chanukah

Lubavitch hit...

I am rather amazed at the unjustified remarks by M A Isaacson concerning the erection of a menorah by the Lubavitch in Albert Square.

It is a memorable celebration of one of our joyous occasions that a menorah should be shown alongside Xmas celebrations so that the decorations are appropriate to Jews and non-Jews.

With regard to M A Isaacson stating "if Lubavitch has money to burn" they would give free of charge replacement mezzuzot to every poor person — every summer Lubavitch organises a camping holiday for poor children and even provides a free mini-bus to take the aged and infirm shopping.

There is no more helpful organisation to the Jewish community than Lubavitch. Long may they reign in erecting menorahs in Albert Square each year.

...and miss

I heartily endorse the sensible remarks in Mr M A Isaacson's letter in the Jewish Telegraph (December 6).

How on earth do Manchester Lubavitch expect the ordinary individual to be able to afford to pay £25 to replace each posul mezzuzah?

I expect they would make a concession in the case of families unable to pay the requisite sum, but not everyone likes to ask for concessions nor to admit poverty.

I think they would have been well advised to give the menorah in Albert Square a miss.

Louis Cohen,

"Parkvale", 110a Bury Old Road, Salford, Manchester M8 6FY.

PROUD OF HERITAGE

‘Kol Hakovod’ to Lubavitch for their giant Menorah. For the first time since leaving Israel 18 years ago, I saw that Jews in the Diaspora felt proud of their heritage.

The Menorah outside the Town Hall not only lit up the Square but also helped to relight the spiritual light in my heart. Thank you Lubavitch.
Amir Epstien, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.

MY DEBT TO LUBAVITCH

I consider the letters from Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe and J Scorah very explanatory and they gave a reasonable answer to the unfortunate remarks of the young yeshiva boy, on his visit to Mr L S Freedman at the hospital and it is probable that because of his inexperience, he wished to make conversation on some subjects.

With regard to the very distasteful letter from Mrs Z Weinberg and her crude remarks to "keep your mouth shut," referring to the yeshiva boy, I presume she has her own children and if so, have they never made any contemptable remarks or were they just sweet little angels?

The Lubavitch are one of the finest Jewish organisations in the world, caring for the Jewish community and the less fortunate people and I have several personal favours given to me by them and I hold them in the highest esteem.

May they carry on their excellent work forever.

Sol Marks,
31 Hillsborough Drive, Unsworth, Bury, BL9 8LE.

Out of the darkness...

In reply to Mr Isaacson's view about the Lubavitch menorah situated in Manchester's central point of Albert Square, it is a very good idea.

Mr Isaacson is most fortunate to live in a Jewish area. Have we ever given any thought to our fellow Jews who through certain circumstances have to live in a non-Jewish area?

It is hoped that when people see this menorah they will remember who they are and go home and kindle the lights themselves and out of the darkness which so many of us live in the world today.

Further to his letter regarding posul mezzuzot for poor families. I would suggest if any of your kind readers would like to make donations for this purpose (for whatever the occasion) Lubavitch would only be too happy to oblige.

In conclusion, may I point out the great many things the Lubavitch have done here and throughout the world, unknown to a great many people.

B H Eppel,

ANNUAL BOYS REUNION

The Annual Boys Reunion was held in Manchester this year. About one hundred and twenty boys attended and all had a wonderful time.

I wrote a poem of twenty four verses on the occasion of the Grand Banquet and Siyum.

Herewith are just eight of them, the rest were just on topical camp subjects and witticisms on some of the outstanding boys, those understanding and others not even withstanding. In other words - those who had shown great prowess, those who had worked hard and those who had the opposite attributes.

When I sat down this evening, the Ruach was wonderful and I got a lovely surprise
Zalmon Klyne was responsible and terrific. He deserves the very best prize.

But, actually the noise was frightening, I was in a bit of a mess
I shall now have to see the doctor, to cure my very bad deafness.

The boys davenned together every morning, But I couldn't understand the Inyan
Because, although a hundred were present, there still was not a Minyan.

I was pleased you all had daily Shiurim, and in no small measure
And thus gave the Rebbe Shlita and to us all, a very great deal of pleasure.

Moishe Rabbeinu was told to speak to Pharaoh, but he argued with Hashem seven days
For this he lost the priesthood, this proves one should always hasten to do what your
Rebbe says.

Yesterday they played football, Manchester versus London
Manchester were the better team and were unlucky to lose - 12 - 1.

I extend our grateful thanks to Sholom Weiss and assistants once again

I am sure you all enjoyed yourselves in spite of the Manchester rain.

We read in today's Sedra of the beginning of the end of the Egyptian Exile
We pray that the present Golus will soon end, and Moshiach will arrive in a very short
while.

YUD SHEVAT

Avrohom together with two of his sons, Shmuel and Aron, had been with us at 770 on Shovuos.

Nevertheless, for many years, he has been visiting 770 on the occasion of Yud Shevat – the Yahrzeit of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL) which coincides with the accession of our Rebbe - Long May He Reign.

On Yud Shevat this year, he took with him two of his daughters, Channah aged sixteen and a half and Golda, fifteen and a half. Channah took a friend with her - Golda took her cousin Channah (Lew).

I do not know whether Avrohom intended to establish a girls seminary at our apartment, or whether he wished to ensure that he had sufficient personnel to look after him.

Avrohom reported that the Rebbe seemed very happy K.A.H. The Rebbe gave him great honour when he requested Avrohom to fill a large tumbler with wine - right to the brim and to say LeChaim to the Rebbe.

It was the Yahrzeit of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL), therefore Avrohom went to the Ohel to say the special prayers. At that time, the Rebbe visited the Ohel almost every day.

The Rebbe handed Channah (Jaffe) a Dollar Bill and wished her much success when she went to the Girls Seminary in Kfar Chabad, and hoped to hear good news from her.

Before Avrohom and family returned home, they were given the privilege and honour of spending a very pleasant half-an-hour with Our Rebbetzen.

PURIM

Here on Purim, the Mivtzaim were accomplished and observed with the usual high spirits and were crowned with success.

I wish to report that:

1. Levi took some of his Yeshiva friends and travelled nearly one hundred miles to Llandudno, in North Wales, where they read the Megilla - the first time for eighteen years - and made the Jewish people joyful.
2. Dovid in Montreal, arranged a special Rally. Eight hundred children attended .

And:

3. Chaya and Pincus, who were in Crown Heights, took Shalach Monos to our Rebbetzen. They spent half-an-hour chatting around the table with the Rebbetzen - and Sholom Gansberg and Yunik. Pincus explained through his interpreter (Chaya) what things were like in Montreal and in the Yeshiva.

Before they left, the Rebbetzen handed to each of them, a Hamantaschen, etc. for Shalach Monus.

SIYUM OF THE RAMBAM

For your edification, I have included a brief Biography of the Rambam (taken from one of our Yeshiva "Thoughts of the Week" publication).

MAIMONIDES, MOSES (1135 - 1204), Rabbi, Scholar, Physician, Scientist, Philosopher, known in Rabbinic Literature as Rambam, the acronym formed from the initial letters of Rabbi Moses ben Maimon.

Eight hundred and fifty years ago, he was born in Cordoba, Spain, the greatest figure in Judaism in the post-talmudic period, and one of the greatest of all time. His father, Maimon, was Dayan of Cordoba and member of a distinguished family of scholars. In 1148, as a result of religious persecution, Maimon and his family had to leave Cordoba to wander until they settled in Fez, Morocco, about 1160.

Maimonides describes those years as a period "while my mind was troubled" but he was actually laying the foundation of his vast and varied learning and his masterful literary work. He was 23 when he began the draft of the Siraj, his important commentary on the Mishnah. In that same year he wrote a short essay on the Jewish calendar, one on logic and other works. In Fez, Maimonides studied under Rabbi Judah ha-Kohen ibn Susan whose reputation for learning and piety was widespread. He also continued his general studies, including astronomy and medicine. Here also he wrote his Iggeret ha-Shemad (Letter on forced conversion) in which he concluded that a Jew should not live in a country where he would be faced with forced conversion. Following his own teachings, Maimonides and his family escaped when religious oppression increased in Fez, and they spent five months in Acre, in Eretz Israel. They visited Jerusalem and other holy sites before sailing for Egypt where they settled in Fostat, the old city of Cairo.

In Egypt Maimonides turned to profession of medicine. His Ideas on medicine were advanced and sympathetic: He rejected the use of magic and charms in healing, and added that the doctor must know the whole patient in order to diagnose properly. His medical treatises, almost all of it in Arabic, were translated into Hebrew and Latin, and brought him international recognition. Most of these writings have been preserved and some were published recently in English. When he was appointed physician to the Sultan of Egypt in 1185 his fame spread. A legend arose that Richard the Lion-hearted wanted Maimonides as his physician, these were busy years and the most fruitful of his life. His first wife had died young, and in Egypt he remarried. His only child was a son, Abraham, to whose education Maimonides lovingly devoted himself. He was deeply involved in his medical practice and in the broad Jewish community. In a letter to his translator, Samuel ibn Tibbon, Maimonides wrote: "My duties to the sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit him every day, early on the morning; and when he or any of his children, or any of the inmates of his harem, are indisposed, I must stay during the greater part of the day in the palace. Even if nothing unusual happens I do not return until the afternoon. Then I am almost dying with hunger...I find the antechambers filled with people, both Jews and gentiles, nobles and common people, judges, friends, and foes - a mixed multitude who await the time of my return. I dismount from my animal, wash my hands,

go forth to my patients and entreat them to bear with me while I partake of some slight refreshment, the only meal I take in the twenty four hours. Then I write prescriptions. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes even until two hours or more in the night. I converse with and prescribe for them while lying down from sheer fatigue; and when night falls, I am so exhausted that I can scarcely speak."

It is hard to imagine that there would be time for anything else, yet the prodigious Maimonides conducted an extensive exchange of letters with every part of the Jewish world.

MISHNEH TORAH also called "Yad ha-Hazakah" ("The Strong Hand"), is a complete statement of all Jewish law. It was written in simple, beautiful Hebrew and carefully organised so that its contents could be easily reached and understood, even by the ordinary Jew. In addition, Maimonides brilliant arrangement of Halacha demonstrated his grasp of philosophy, science, medicine and astronomy.

It can truly be said of Maimonides - from Moses (the law-giver) to Moses (ben Maimon) there has been none like Moses.

Last year - to celebrate the eight hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the birth of the Rambam, we, in Manchester, held a Siyum and a Banquet, and - we really went to town - right into the most fashionable and luxurious hotel in the town-centre.

We catered ourselves, - that is, Sholom Weiss and Dovid Abenson, co-ordinated with the Neshei Chabad to provide a very nice meal. To our great surprise, about seven hundred and fifty men and women were present. Not often in the history of Manchester have so many people attended a Siyum, or a literary meeting or even a conference.

This year, we decided to arrange a similar function. The Guest Speakers were Rabbi S. Zahn, the Communal Rav and Rosh HaYeshiva of Sunderland, and Rabbi Yitzchok Groner, the Rosh HaKollel of Melbourne, Australia.

Rabbi Zahn made a humorous introduction. He had been considering whether to address us in English or in Yiddish. It reminded him of the Rabbi who was invited to address an audience in a foreign country. He could not speak the language so he had an interpreter. The Rabbi spoke for a few minutes, then paused, and waited for the interpreter to translate what he had already said. This fellow went on - and on - and on. The Rabbi whispered to the Chairman, "Why is he speaking so long?" The Chairman answered, "He is giving his own Droscha (address)".

Rabbi Zahn then discussed the First Perek of the Rambam's Mishneh Torah, which is the very basis of the Shulchan Aruch - the Dinim - all our Halachas - and even more, it makes the Gemorrah more easily understood. That is why our Rebbe has instituted the learning of the Rambam.

Rabbi Zahn discussed the First Chapter:- The Hilchos of the "Foundation of the Torah", and then went on to the Second Perek, "The Mitzvah of Loving Hashem". He mentioned many interpretations of the Rebbe, to prove various points.

Rabbi Groner explained that the Rambam's Mishneh Torah is also called "Yad Hachazokah" - Strong Hand.

That is probably why Rabbi Groner used his Strong Hand to emphasise the various points he made. He referred to the war against Amalek in the Desert, that when Moishe raised his strong hand, then the Jews were victorious, and similarly, when we study the Rambam's "Yad Hachazokah" - Strong Hand, we are victorious in the War of Torah.

The Rambam says that when you are talking about a person who transgresses because "these Jews unfortunately did not have the opportunity of learning Torah, because of their environment" - "Embrace them - bring them back and pull them with goodness, kindness and compassion, till they will come back to the strength and majesty of the Torah".

G-d will not forsake these people. The Rambam was a real Lubavitcher!!

A YUD ALEPH NISSAN ANECDOTE

Yud Aleph Nissan, the Rebbe's Birthday, was on Saturday night.

Max Cohen, my newly-acquired grandson, had a lucky break. He was offered a ticket to New York at a very silly price - so silly that he could not refuse it!

Shmuel, my son-in-law, also received this lucky break - another ticket at a silly price! I was not really very surprised at Shmuel's good fortune, for he has the uncanny knack of always managing to be at Crown Heights on every important occasion. (Which occasion at 770 is not important?) In fact he has already received an invitation from the Neshei Chabad to be their Guest Speaker at their Annual Convention just before Shovuos. I am never offered such bargains - or invitations.

On Friday morning at about 11.00a.m, I met Rabbi Dovid Hickson in town. He was just leaving for the Manchester Airport to catch the direct flight to New York. It was cutting it very fine - to travel over three thousand miles just before Shabbos. The plane was scheduled to arrive in New York only a few hours before the lighting of the Shabbos candles.

Anyway, he had faith - but, whilst hoping for the best, he prepared for the worst and took with him Shabbos bread and wine - and he made it in time.

Although the Rebbetzen had told me over the phone, that the Rebbe did not now experience any pain in his foot, I was informed that it was still not one hundred Per Cent perfect, and that some services were held upstairs in the Beis Hamedrash - although the latest report emphasised that services were now held downstairs in the Shool, as usual.

Of course, everybody and everyone is concerned about the Rebbe and his health. In fact, when it was announced on Sunday that the Rebbe would now be handing out dollars to the visitors, a few self-appointed protectors of the Rebbe, closed the doors and would not allow anyone else to enter.

My friend, Dovid Hickson, then arrived on the scene - and was anxious to grasp this opportunity of obtaining one of these treasured dollar bills.

He had flown all the way from Manchester, just for a couple of days and he considered (quite rightly) that he was entitled to receive one.

But, the doors were barred. Dovid seeking a way in, noticed, with relief, that one of these self-appointed "machers" was a young man, Rabbi Moishe Meyer Vogel, who happened to be a very old friend of his, and forthwith made himself known to this guardian of the gates.

He allowed him through, but his colleague retorted that it made no difference who you were or what you were - you cannot and shall not - enter.

Dovid saw red. He was in no mood to argue. There is a time for words and a time for action.

So, with flaying arms and followed by two friends (was one of them Max?), they soon flattened this stupid fellow and his cronies.

Their attack was so sudden and fierce and ferocious that Dovid went flying - right through the gap - and landed right in front of the Rebbe.

He fell down at the Rebbe's feet, I think he fell over his Gartel, prostrated himself and made obeisance as if before a King. I think that the Rebbe was a little startled to receive such physical veneration, but remained quite calm - except to tell Label to allow all those people who desired to obtain dollars from him should be allowed to do so.

The Rebbe has discontinued the custom of personally handing out Matzo for Pesach to individuals.

Just as today, the Rebbe gives out Lekach to individuals on Erev Yom Kippur and on Hashonna Rabba, so he used to hand out Matzo on Erev Pesach. He would stand at his door and hand out to people who filed past - this "Matzo Mitzvah". This was actually baked on Erev Pesach - the time of the Korban Pesach. The Rebbe eats only this Matzo during the whole of Pesach. It had to be distributed between the hours of 3.00p.m. - 6.00p.m. Today it is physically impossible to distribute this Matzo to all those who want it, in such a short time. Therefore, the Rebbe sends all this Matzo to the Kollel - and the young men who study there, distribute this on behalf of the Rebbe.

All the Matzo which the Rebbe sends to the communities all over the world is obviously baked well before Pesach. The Rebbe himself takes a hand in baking this, by helping to pour out the water and doing other tasks connected with the baking of this special Matzo.

As a matter of fact, the Matzo which the Rebbe sent to Kfar Chabad and to Eretz Yisroel was actually on the El Al plane that the terrorists intended to blow up, by smuggling a bomb aboard in London.

If the terrorists would have known that the Rebbe's Matzo was aboard, I am sure they would not even have tried to make the attempt.

There were, however, seven people who were leaving for home on that day and the Rebbe handed them rations for their cities or towns - which were Cassablanca; Rio; Milan; Paris; (a small township near) Rome; London and Manchester.

Shmuel (Lew) went to collect the rations for London and Yehonosson Golomb stood nearby ready to pick up the Matzo for Manchester.

After the Rebbe had handed to Shmuel the Matzo for London, he turned aside, picked up another parcel of Matzo and told him (in Yiddish) that "this is for your father-in-law, and all the members of his family, and this Matzo was not to be distributed to non-members of the family".

Shmuel was thunderstruck and dumbfounded.

The Rebbe noticed that Shmuel looked perplexed.

So, he repeated this slowly and clearly so that the message would sink in:-

"This - Matzo - is - for - your - Shver (Father-in-law) - and - for - the - Members - of - his - family. It - is - not - to - be - distributed - to - the - people - of - the - town - in - general."

"It was a private present".

The Rebbe wished Shmuel a Gezunter Yer, Kosher Pesach and Shnas Geula (Year of Redemption).

Shmuel could not get away quickly enough. His mind was in a whirl. Should he tell me - or keep it a secret until he returned home and presented me with such a unique incomparable and splendid surprise.

After all, I was probably one of the few persons to whom the Rebbe had himself sent Matzo for Pesach. What an honour! Shmuel was so excited - he was already making plans on the best way to surprise me.

He passed by the Ess and Bench Snack Bar and he received a shock - Everyone was already talking about this great honour. Yehonossion, of course, had been present when the Rebbe had conferred this great distinction upon me, and as it was such an unusual and exciting piece of news, he felt bound to tell everyone - and he did.

Within half-an-hour I had already heard the good news in Manchester, and thereafter during the next few hours, many had informed me of this outstanding and extraordinary award from the Rebbe.

Meanwhile, Shmuel took the earliest plane back to London. He flew during the day, so that he could travel by one of the first trains to Manchester (and give me an unexpected surprise). Even Hindy kept the secret very well, and never mentioned that Shmuel had something special to bring to me. But, of course, it was no secret in Manchester.

I met Shmuel at the Railway Station. He told me the whole exciting story. I opened the package which was still intact, exactly as the Rebbe had given it to Shmuel and found therein, seven whole pieces of Matzo and a three quarter piece. I presented him with two whole, plus the odd piece, because K.A.H. he has a large family.

Dovid Hickson remarked to me, "Zalmon, You should enjoy the happiest Pesach of your life".

He was right of course, but even now, I still cannot understand what I have done to receive such honour and glory from the Rebbe. After receiving such a unique and splendid gift from the Rebbe for Pesach, I was even more surprised and delighted to get this letter, too - with blessings for Passover. This certainly has filled my cup of joy to overflowing.

RAHIII MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
493-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d
11th of Nissan, 5746
Brooklyn N.Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Schneur Zalman Jaffe
Salford

Greeting and Blessing:

On the occasion of the forthcoming Yom-Tov Pesach, I send you my prayerful wishes that the Festival of Our Freedom bring you and yours true freedom, freedom from anxiety material and spiritual, from anything which might distract from serving G-d wholeheartedly and with joy, and to carry over this freedom and joy into the whole year.

Wishing you and yours a kosher and happy Pesach,

Cordially 

P. S.

Your letters were duly received.

The Rebbe always concludes a Sicho or a Farbraingen with the Word "Mamosh".

For example: Moshiach shall come speedily (in our time)

M a M o SH

which means Definitely - Truly.
But the letters also stand for,
Mencahem Mendel Shneerson

To be continued B'EZRAS HASHEM.
