



בס"ד

**My Encounter With
The Rebbe שליט"א**

by Zalmon Jaffe

18th חי Instalment

Shovous 5746/1986 until Shovous 5747/1987

Introduction

Once again, I give thanks to the A-mighty that I have had the Zechus and privilege to present to you another Instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita". This edition is the Eighteenth and covers the period from Shovous 5746 (1986) till Shovous 5747 (1987).

I am always amazed that I can find so much new material about which to write.

After all, I am at 770 on only a few weeks during the year, and I still manage to fill about two hundred pages, (although this year, my printer, Stanley Field, has decided to reduce the size of the type, so we get many more lines to the page). This is, of course, due to the Rebbe's insistence that I should keep writing, and to his wonderful brochos for success. I would never have attempted to write, in the very first place, eighteen years ago, without the Rebbe's instructions, directions and blessings.

I do hope that you will enjoy reading this, my eighteenth instalment. Eighteen in Hebrew is Chess and Yud, that is CHAI, which of course means 'Life'.

I trust that this edition will prove full of Life - that we shall all be spared, together with the Rebbe and our Rebbetzen, to enjoy Long Life, till 120 - or until Our Righteous Moshiach will be revealed - in good health, contentment and peace.

Walter Hubert has never failed to send me a warm letter of thanks, throughout the years, on receipt of another new edition.

I do not receive too many letters, and I really do appreciate Walter's consistency, courtesy and friendship.

Amongst other things, he writes:

"Your Annual Sefer becomes better and better, not only in content, but in overall production. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind, that your undoubted labour of love is infectious and can only assist in the wider recognition of everything the Lubavitch movement represents... Walter?"

Whenever I mention Shmuel in this book, I refer to Rabbi Shmuel Lew, my Son-in-Law. Shmuli, is my Grand-son, Shmuel Jaffe.

Halacha

It was taught by Elija: "Whoever studies Torah laws every day is assured of Life in the World to Come..."

I now have a long tradition of commencing this book with a word of Halacha. In fact, the Rebbe has always emphasised that any meeting or convention should be preceded by a Word of Torah.

My grandson, Menachem Mendel Lew, aged 21 and a half years (Hindy and Shmuel's second eldest son) received his Semicha a couple of months ago, on the 21st Adar 5747. Rabbi Avrohom Hersh Cohen of Jerusalem, the father of our own Rosh HaYeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, was one of the signatories on the Certificate of Semicha.

I therefore asked the new Rabbi Lew, Junior, to deal with some Halachic problem which would be useful to the wider Jewish public.

He chose the subject of benching Gomel, of which he did have some little experience recently.

Benching Gomel

The Blessing of Thanksgiving On Deliverance From Danger

There are a number of occasions when it is obligatory to make this blessing. The most common event in these days is, when a man arrives at his destination after travelling over the seas, by boat or by air, and thanks G-d for having brought him safely to journeys end.

This Brocha is made at the side of the Sefer Torah and should be recited as soon as possible after one's arrival, and at least within three days.

A boy under the age of Barmitzvah, 13, is not obliged to make this Blessing.

The question is - what about boys who travel, whilst under age, to 770 - or to the Kossel in Jerusalem, in order to be called up at these special holy places. These boys are not obligated to "Bench Gomel".

But, occasionally, they become Barmitzvah within a day or two of their arrival. For instance, Sholom Ber was called up on the day after his arrival, well within the 3 days limit for his blessing. Therefore, should Sholom Ber have benched Gomel, because he was "now" over the age of 13, and he only travelled to Crown Heights on the day before.

The short answer is, because the action which was "responsible" for the Blessing - the travelling took place when he was still a Minor, that is, when he was not yet obliged to Bench Gomel, (which is connected with Krias HaTorah), so then he does not have to make it afterwards when he becomes of age and is called up for his Aliya.

According to the Halacha, a minor cannot fulfill a Mitzvah for those above Barmitzvah age.

In this Gomel Brocha, we recite, "Blessed are You, L'rd our G'd, King of the Universe, who bestows kindnesses upon the blameworthy, for He has bestowed goodness upon me". (The Congregation reply "Amen, May He who has bestowed kindness upon you, always bestow every kindness upon you"), and, as a boy under the age of thirteen is NOT blameworthy, therefore, he is not obligated to make this Blessing.

Incidentally, all of Shmuel's sons, so far, have been called up to their Barmitzvah Aliyas in the presence of the Rebbe Shlita, at 770. Each of the Seudos was different.

Yossi's was held in a Shool Hall, near Baumgartens. Mendy's took place, actually inside the house of Baumgartens.

The Seudo at the calling up of Pincus was in a small room adjoining the Women's Shool at 770, and now, Sholom Ber's took place in Rabbi Yudel Krinsky's office at 770.

Our Arrival At Crown Heights For Shovous

The first night of Shovous this year was on Thursday evening, 12th June.

We normally would have left home on the Tuesday - a couple of days before Yom Tov, but for some unaccountable reason, Roselyn had insisted that we should travel on the Monday instead.

Once again, we were taking no grandchildren with us, but we expected to find a few in Crown Heights.

We were looking forward to a very pleasant, happy and relaxed Shovous - so very different to the overwhelming tumultuous and frenzied excitement of Tishrie, Succos and Simchas Torah.

The only "blot on the horizon" was the fact that my younger brother, Maurice, of Jerusalem, was very poorly.

We, therefore, left Heathrow Airport, London, on the Monday, by direct El Al Flight - London to New York.

In view of the recent attempt by an Arab terrorist to smuggle a bomb aboard an El Al plane in London, en route from New York to Tel-Aviv, the security was very tight indeed. Our suitcases were screened by the X-Ray machines - and every article was clearly visible - but when the two cartons containing my books, the latest "Encounter" editions - went through, there was nothing to see at all - they appeared just like a blank wall.

The security girl insisted that I should open both cartons, and she personally examined every single book-flipping the pages and making sure that there were no explosives hidden anywhere.

Then off we went to the El Al departure lounge to take our turn for our final examination. A young girl had just entered before us, and the Israeli Security Officer had placed her suitcase on a table. They examined every single article of clothing, opened boxes of Bric-a-Brac, bottles of perfume and powders and other containers. They spent about 25 minutes going through all the contents and cross-examining the girl.

We had been instructed to check in for our flight at least two hours before the advertised

time of departure. Roselyn whispered to me, whilst we were waiting, that at this rate, the plane would certainly leave very late.

It was now our turn to enter this lounge, with our Suitcases and Baggage on the trolley. The Israeli Officer asked us a few routine questions, eg. Whether we had accepted any parcels from anyone? Did we pack these suitcases ourselves and had they been under our jurisdiction since we had left our home?, and had we accepted gifts or parcels for anyone else? He then allowed us to pass through without opening even one piece of luggage.

I wished him a Good Yom Tov. He asked me when it was - what day. I told him and he thanked me most warmly.

Michael Rabin from London, and his son, Moishe, who followed us, also received this specialised treatment.

It simply meant that the Israeli Officers can discern and differentiate between the various types of passengers, unlike the British Security who are inflexible and treat all passengers alike.

Michael Rabin recounted to me the story, that when El Al passengers who were in transit from New York to Israel, and they stopped over at Heathrow, then the Lubavitch boys approached the men to put on Teffillin, and, although many did so, quite a number did refuse.

Recently, there was an exceptionally long delay. They discovered that, by a miracle, an Arab had been foiled in his attempt to plant a bomb onto the plane. All those who had refused to put on Teffillin, rushed up to our boys and pleaded to be allowed to do this Mitzva.

On our El Al flight today, there was no problem regarding Kosher Food, and we were even presented with an unopened bottle of Israeli wine each. We have never been able to take advantage of these offers on other Air Lines, because the wines offered have not been of the Kosher type.

On arrival at J.F. Kennedy Airport, the Immigration Officer asked us, "Who are you visiting?" We answered, "The Rebbe" - She did not bat an eyelid - just wished us, "have a good day and holiday".

After travelling on an Israeli plane, it was our good fortune to travel to 770 with an Israeli Taxi Driver. At least he did know the way. He had been living in New York for many years.

On arrival at our apartment, there were no boys available to help us with our luggage, but Chaya (Lew), Channah Itkin and Shaindel Avtzon each grabbed a heavy carton and suitcase - with no effort - and took them down to our apartment. Really tough girls! Channah and Shaindel have since then been married.

"We Meet The Rebbe - and Renew Friendships"

The Rebbe was at the Ohel, and it was estimated that Mincha would take place at between 9.00p.m. and 9.30p.m.

The Rebbe arrived in a convoy of Police Cars which made an unearthly din. It had taken them eight minutes to drive from the Ohel, which is very near to the Airport. It had taken my taxi 30 minutes to do a similar journey.

The Rebbe's foot, was not, at that time, completely better, so his car did not stop at the front steps which led up to the door of 770, but drove right down the side driveway, where the Rebbe alighted, entered the building, through a side door, and walked up the few stairs to his Office. When he emerged from his study to enter the Beis Hamedrash, he was greeted by the usual enormous crowd of women and their children, eagerly waiting for the Rebbe's coins to place into the Tzedoka Box.

I stood at the door of the Beis Hamedrash and when the Rebbe entered, I wished him - quietly - "Sholom Aleichem", and - straight away - I received my rations - a beautiful beaming smile. He said something to me in an undertone, but I could not make out exactly what the Rebbe had said. Mincha took place at 9.45p.m. Maariv followed soon afterwards.

Many people had arrived from England. Rabbi Menachem Salek estimated that over 150 people had come over for Yom Tov from London alone.

Some Reports On My Book And Other Stories

I distributed my Diaries - "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita, Instalment Number 17," to my impatient fans, and right away, I received some reactions.

As I said to the Rebbetzen - "Those people whom I mention in my book, shout and complain about it".

The Rebbetzen remarked, "Yes, those whom you mention in your book are annoyed. Those whom you do **not** mention are insulted".

Dovid Mandelbaum, as usual, had some criticisms and amendments. These latter referred to the early morning Gorrall (Lottery) for the Rebbe's Tehillim and/or Chumash. You will recall, I mentioned last year, that competition to obtain a Tehillim or a Chumash that the Rebbe had used at the service was so fierce, that on each of these mornings, at 7.00a.m, all those who were desirous of obtaining one of these books, would congregate at 770, put their names into a Hat, and the lucky person would have the great privilege of providing the Rebbe with this book to use at the service. As many as 20 to 30 men and boys would be present. The Winner would collect this "prize" Tehillim or Chumash as soon as the Rebbe had left the service.

Poor Shmuli has been trying for ages and ages, but with no success, as yet.

The new amendments are as follows:

1. A person can only win once in the year.
2. Bridegrooms - a Chosson may enter the Gorrall for all the four weeks prior to his marriage. If he attended at 7.00a.m on every conceivable time, and was still not successful, then he would be allowed to obtain a Tehillim without entering the Lottery.

I met Rabbi Chadakov and remarked that I had heard that he had been unwell. He indicated that as long as he had not been well (it was now in the past), then it was O.K.

Last year, the Rashag, the Rebbe's brother-in-law, had complained to Menachem Mendel Yunik that he had never - ever seen any of my books, although he had heard quite a lot

about them - he also requested copies of the previous fifteen editions.

We were greatly delighted and honoured to receive this request and so Roselyn and I accompanied by Menachem Mendel Yunik and by Channina Spurling, visited the Rashag at his apartment above 770, and Farbrainged with him.

To avoid any complaints this year, we at once handed a copy of this years "Encounter" to Channina for immediate delivery to the Rashag - and we received another complaint - that last year, Roselyn and I had brought the books up to his flat personally. We did not send them through an agent, as we did on this occasion.

Were we vexed with him!! Therefore, at the first opportunity, 8.00a.m in the morning, Roselyn and I - with the Book - with Channina and Menachem Mendel - and with a camera, went up to his flat and spent an informal, but very pleasant half-an-hour together.

Channina was very busy - Flash! Flash! - photographs with the Rashag. Flash! Flash! - shaking hands with the Rashag - Roselyn and I smiling with the Rashag.

Here is one of the results of Channina's endeavours.



The Rashag had to leave at 8.30a.m. He had an appointment at the Mikvah. As it was Erev Shovous, he also visits the Ohel - he is also a Son-in-Law.

T.G. he is doing very nicely, considering what he has gone through.

Immediately upon our arrival, I had delivered to the Rebbe, the letters I had brought from Manchester from many Chassidim and Well-wishers, "My Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita, No. 17", Maamud money which Avrohom had collected, other monies and the five bottles of Mashke, (a long tradition) would be delivered on the following day.

Within a few hours, the Rebbe had sent his reply. "It is in a good and auspicious time and many many thanks for everything received".

A wedding had just taken place. The Bride was the granddaughter of Rabbi Pekarsky.

On the following evening, another wedding was to be solemnised.

There was nothing unusual about a marriage taking place during the three days before Shovous. It is, of course, permissible to celebrate these Simchas at this time, according to the Halacha.

What is certainly unusual, is that this is the first time that I have personally heard of a Lubavitcher Wedding being celebrated before Yom Tov.

This was probably because there were so many couples who desired to get married at almost the same identical time, that they have no alternative but to arrange the wedding as soon as the Halacha permitted it.

I met my old friend, Yaakov Rappaport, the Rebbe's Sheliach in Syrecuse. He had pointed out to me, that I had spelt his name wrongly in my Book 10

I maintained that it really did not make very much difference.

He asserted that it did, and he quoted this story to prove his point.

A man met an old friend of his in the street. He greeted him and said, "Chaim, you look terrible - and you have lost a lot of weight, about 150lbs. - And, Oh Dear! Your hair has turned grey too"

His friend blurted out - "But, my name is not Chaim".

"Ah Ha", interrupted the first man, "So you have changed your name as well!!"

He sent me a copy of his 12 page publication, the "Chabad Times" from Syracuse, New York. It was the Chanukah edition with a photograph on the front page of the 20ft High Menorah.

I was also interested to read some of the letters to the Editor, to my friend Yaakov. All mentioned some good aspects of the usual Lubavitch work eg. visiting people in Prison, in hospitals, teaching youngsters and doing the Rebbe's Mitvtzaim.

All in all, a very good publication.

Michael Slater, the manager of Drimmer's Store, in Kingston Avenue had sold a token 25 of my books last year. I decided to take him 20 of the new edition. I left him three on

account and we discussed the price.

I told him that each book cost me 6 dollars to produce - and this did not include the Author's time and effort. He offered me 7 dollars - the money to go to the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Manchester, and he would charge 8 dollars and 50 cents.

A young man standing nearby took out 8 dollars and 50 cents, paid for the book and departed. He had not even looked inside the Book or browsed into it. Truly amazing.

As usual, I took two books to the Library in Kingston Avenue. I indicated to the girl that I had brought her two books. "Are they overdue", she enquired. "No", I retorted, "they have just been published". "Ooh - Aah", she murmured, "and thank you". She also remarked that Mr. Waxman would be leaving this job shortly.

I was walking along Kingston Avenue when a gentleman approached me and enquired whether I was Zalmon Jaffe. I had to admit that this was so.

The gentleman informed me that his name was Jacob Brower and that his wife wanted to meet me. She wished to tell me how much she enjoyed my book. She could not stop reading it. It was a wonderful book. Jacob Brower observed that I should sell them all over the world. They could not be obtained in Montreal, where he lived. I asked him from where did he get my book? He declared that he had just bought it at Drimmer's.

I learned later that he was a Professor - an obstetrician (maternity) in Montreal. And - it is a small world - his son studies with my grandson, Pincus Lew, at the Yeshiva in that city.

It was Sam Melamud's birthday. A young lady who was their guest for Yom Tov bought him a lovely book from Drimmer's as a birthday present. Yes, you have guessed it. However, she paid 8 dollars and 50 cents which was very sweet of her, especially when the proceeds went to the Manchester Yeshiva. But, Sam and Rozie were already old friends of ours, of many years standing, and I always present them with a copy every year. They now have two copies!!

Every time we arrive at our apartment, we are confronted with a flood. Mrs. Itkin would say it was a Simmon (sign) of a brocha. I would retort that it was a sign that we needed a plumber.

This Yom Tov, the weather was hot and sunny, so we had a different type of flood.

The Avtzons, who had taken over the apartment (of the late Rabbi Dvorkin (ZTzL) above our flat had fixed up a new shower. Every time they used it, we also had a shower - just near our sink - real Ahavas Yisroel.

Lazer Avtzon said - not to worry, but he would put a cork on it. I could not understand how or where he would put a cork - but he explained that he would CAULKE it.

Lazer Avtzon promised to help us in any and every way in which we needed his

assistance.

Unfortunately (or fortunately) all our helpers keep getting married - there will soon be no one available to help us at all - only Mrs. Itkin.

I met Rabbi Myer Avtzon, Lazer's father - he was very pleased with the report about him in my book. I have never seen him laugh so heartily. I told him to keep it up and to sing more joyful tunes in future.

Although we had not brought any grandchildren with us for Shovous, on taking stock, we found that we had seven customers, as follows - Tova Gittel (Lew) had come over with her school class. Could she stay with us at our flat? - and could her school friend Nechama Dina Nigun also join us? O.K! In addition, Chaya, Yossi and Pincus (Lew) and their father Shmuel, together with Dovid and Levi (Jaffe) expressed the wish to join us for meals whenever possible. Roselyn was very pleased that they desired to keep us company. There was one condition - they had to fill in their names in the register which Roselyn and Chaya had printed, so that we knew at which meals they would be present. Roselyn announced that Breakfast was available for all - every day, but our customers very seldom took advantage of her standing invitation. It took most of them all their time and energy to be in time for lunch.

I know that one morning, Dovid took just 5 minutes to daven. Rabbi Shemtov (A.H.) once told me that davenning should take at least three minutes. One minute to put on the Tefillin, and one minute to take off the Tefillin - and one must have at least one minute for talking during the davenning.

Dovid seemed to sleep all day. I said that he may have a Virus. Yossi retorted, "He is suffering from "Avairus" (sins).

Every Sunday morning, the Rebbe hands out Dollar Bills. Everyone who desires to receive a Dollar from the hands of the Rebbe personally, should be at 770 at about 10.00a.m.

Roselyn went first with the "Womens" Line. She was lucky, because in addition to the Dollar, she also received a gorgeous smile and a brocha that she should always hear Besuros Tovos (good tidings).

Shortly afterwards, I also received the same bonus in addition to the Dollar Bill.

Some Farbraingen

There was a Farbraingen on the Wednesday night, Erev Shovous after Maariv.

At a recent Farbraingen - on Lag B'Omer, which was relayed - broadcast - to the whole world, they started to sing, "We Want Moshiach Now", and for one and a half hours - NON STOP - they sang this one tune.

For the first half-an-hour, the Rebbe said LeChaim to all those present - as he usually does, but for the whole duration of the last hour, the Rebbe sat motionless, just staring out - and staring at those who were singing as if to discover whether they really meant what they were singing - and if with sincerity and Kavonna (concentration).

Everyone tried to outdo their neighbour. Even in Manchester, at our Yeshiva, the boys went wild with delirium. They opened up all of the windows - at 4.00a.m after midnight - and sang loudly and gustily. I complained that they would wake up all the neighbours. Levi retorted - "Let them all know that Moshiach is coming NOW!"

That Farbraingen lasted four hours with two hours of singing, which was most unusual.

These days, during a Farbraingen, the Rebbe uses a small stool on which to rest his foot. All the young boys have now been prohibited from sitting and rushing about under the Rebbe's table. Only a man (or a boy) remains nearby to replace the stool if the Rebbe should, by accident, have kicked it away.

Yossi (Lew) and Dovid (Jaffe) my grandsons, have been very good and helpful to me at these Farbraingens. They have sat at my place until I arrived to ensure that I have my seat reserved.

It has been no sinecure either (very hard work indeed).

This Farbraingen lasted for two and a quarter hours, and we sang for only quarter of an hour. There were four Sichos, each of about half an hours duration.

For some odd reason, my friend the "Iron Girder", was not sited next to me, but across the table where J.J. (Rabbi J.J. Hecht) was sitting. He maintained that he had kept that seat for me, next to this lump of iron. However, Yossi had sat in my proper place for over 30 minutes.

The hall was very crowded, but just comfortable - so unlike during Succos and Simchas Torah.

It was interesting to watch some men coming along warily - and surveying the scene - trying to find the weakest spot, in order to squeeze in.

At 9.35p.m, the Rebbe commenced the first Sicho. - No Nigun - just started to speak straight away. He concluded the Gemmorah Sotah, which we study every day during the Sefira days. Sotah has 49 days - that means we learn one page per day.

The Rebbe also spoke on the Shiur Rambam. Every Shabbos those before and after are connected with each other. He also discussed how a fellow should carry on in the world - that is, he must have Derech Eretz (which generally means "good manners").

At the Farbraingen on Shovous, Yossi and Dovid had sat in my seat to ensure that no-one

else would "hi-jack" it.

At 6.00p.m, I took over. Rabbi Vogleman from Worcester, a great friend of mine, decided to join me at my side, although he had been sitting opposite me. But - he squeezed into my place and I was pushed to the end of the bench, where I could not see the Rebbe. I asked him to move to the end, but he refused, I pleaded with him again, but he still would not budge.

I had sat in this place for nearly 30 years. But, I never take things for granted, because I know very well that there is no such thing as Ahavas Yisroel, when people want to get close to the Rebbe at 770, so I had taken every precaution by ensuring that some of my grandsons would guard my seat, and by coming early myself.

In this instance, I had no alternative but to stand up on the bench and to lift, bodily, my good friend, Rabbi Vogleman, from Worcester, away from my place and allow him to sit at the end of the bench. He decided to withdraw - back to where he had been before.

I left the Hall at 7.10p.m and went upstairs to daven Mincha with the Rebbe. I then collected the bread which I had put away for the Farbraingen, so that we could all bench together with the Rebbe after the Farbraingen.

The Rebbe was in a very happy mood. He was flinging his arms about and egging me on and encouraging me - just like the Old Days. He was forcing me to sing and to clap to the utmost of my strength and stamina.

The Farbraingen started at 8.30p.m and concluded at 12.30a.m.

Then Maariv - followed by the Rebbe's Havdola and Koss Shel Brocha. I was home by 1.00a.m, but the Rebbe did not finish till 4.30a.m.

The Rebbe gave Benzion Bernstein a small bottle of Vodka and told him that "This will help you in your work as a lawyer".

Dovid went to bed at 5.30a.m. At 9.30a.m, he went out with some friends to look after groups of children for the day.

Rabbi Emmanuel Shochet observed that if anyone had asked him about what the Rebbe had spoken at a Farbraingen, he would have replied

1. We should all do Teshuva.

and 2. We Want Moshiach NOW.

Shmuel (Lew) indicated that we should also add, Ahavas and Achdus Yisroel (Love of one's fellow Jew and Unity amongst Jews).

I agreed with their observations, except to remind them that the days portion of the weekly Sedra would be quoted - plus the days Shiur of the Rambam, to which should also be added the days Shiur of Tehillim and occasionally the Tanya. When we consider all the Rashi, Mishnah and Gemorrah quotations which the Rebbe normally includes, then we may realise that the Rebbe's Sichos are much more complicated and scholarly.

When the Gentile asked Hillel to explain the whole Torah whilst standing on one leg, Hillel answered him by quoting one small sentence "You should love your fellow as yourself - all the rest is the commentary".

Similarly, said Rabbi Shochet, during one Sicho, the Rebbe will take us through the whole gamut of emotions, from the depths of despair to the heights of hope and ecstasy. Like on a Roller Coaster - down into the golus, then up again with joy and singing. Down again into a Holocaust - then up again, awaiting Moshiach and universal love and salvation. All this in one Sicho.

Shmuel had told us that in 1980, Rabbi J.B. Solovetich went to a Yud Shevat Farbraingen and was asked for his general impressions. He observed that Moishe brought down the first and also the second Luchos (Tablets).

He compared Moishe at the first Luchos to a Rosh Ha-Yeshiva - firm, strong and a disciplinarian. Whereas, at the second Luchos, Moishe's face was shining - like a Rebbe with his Chassidim. That is why the second Luchos were everlasting.

At the end of the Farbraing, the Rebbe distributed Dollar Bills to the assembly, through his "Tankisten" (those who went on the MIVTZOYIM TANK). Everyone was requested to take only One Dollar. Some people have been taking more than one. That is not too clever!

More Anecdotes

I was told that on Purim Koton, a Brand New Car was delivered to 770 for the Rebbe, the latest Model Cadillac.

The Rebbe came outside to go home, but would not enter this new car. In fact, he waited patiently whilst they brought around his old car. The Rebbe remarked that he was very well satisfied with this old car, it had suited him and served him well throughout the years. He also added, "Sono Matonos Yichye. (One who hates gifts, will live.)"

Our friend, Mrs. Yehudis Ives had joined the throng in the hallway at 9.50a.m on Monday morning, so that her children could obtain Tzedoka coins from the Rebbe. At 10.15a.m, just before the time for Krias HaTorah (layenning), the Rebbe tried to come through from his office to enter the Beis HaMedrash. There were so many people in the Hallway seething and milling around, that it was impossible for the Rebbe to make progress. Everyone wanted to get closer and nearer to the Rebbe. It was chaotic.

The Rebbe, therefore, stood motionless by the door and all were diverted past the Rebbe, who handed out the coins to the children. Thus, the pushing and shuffling did ease a little.

However, when I next saw Yehudis on Eastern Parkway, she looked rather dishevelled and bedraggled. She asserted that her nine months old baby, Mordechai, had lost - first one sock, then the other one. His Kappel had disappeared and his trousers had been, very nearly, pulled off.

At this moment, her two babies were hanging on to her Shaitel (wig) which was very awry and very much askew. She was hanging on to the two babies. However, she did declare, very triumphantly, that her babies had obtained their Nickels direct from the Rebbe.

But, she did have the foresight to redeem these first, straight away, before placing some coins of the same value into the Tzedoka Box.

We also met Shulamis Nadler outside 770. She had four of her children with her. She was wheeling a large double pram and her children looked nice, healthy and bonny, K.A.H., except the baby, who seemed to be suffering from some dreaded disease, and which looked very infectious. His whole face was discoloured and he looked really bad.

Shulamis told me not to worry. He had only been eating Peanut Butter. He looked horrible! (my apologies to Shulamis).

A wedding took place outside 770. The Bridegroom arrived, physically supported and held up by his father and by his future father-in-law.

An orchestra commenced to play the Alter Rebbe's Nigun which is traditional on these occasions. In front of the orchestra was their musical director. He had no baton, but he used both arms, hands and shoulders to the best possible effect. He was so awe inspiring and so splendid with his conducting - to ensure that all the players kept in time and in the correct rhythm and tempo - that he looked absolutely magnificent. But, instead of an orchestra of thirty instrumentalists whom- one expected to see, there were only three players.

I then recognised that this first class conductor was my old friend - Rabbi Myer Avtzon. Anyway, he, at least, did enjoy himself.

There was the usual pushing and shuffling after Maariv. It was a Mesiras Nefesh - a danger to life and limb. Everyone trying to get through a small bottleneck at the same and identical moment.

"Are you going to write about this, Mr. Jaffe?". "No", I replied, "I like to write about the unusual occurrences that happen at 770. This pushing is usual." If everyone walked out of the Beis HaMedrash sedately, calmly and in good order, then that would be an exceptional thing about which to write.

Mordechai Avtzon had married Avrohom Shem Tov's daughter and was appointed as the new Rabbi of Hong Kong. Levi Shem Tov, his brother-in-law, went to assist him to settle in.

It was just before Pesach, and the Rebbe had handed him Matzo to take for the Jews of Hong Kong, especially for the Sedorim. A visitor (from Montreal) could not believe it, at first, that the Rebbe himself had taken the trouble personally, to ensure that Jews so far away geographically and spiritually, should have at least, some small pieces of Shmura Matzo for the Seder, he was tremendously impressed.

Levi Shem Tov left Hong Kong for 770, in order to spend Shovous with the Rebbe. The Rebbe has always warned people who travel during Sefirah, to be extremely careful, if they have to cross the International Date Line. They could either lose or gain a day. There is no specific date given in the Torah about Shovous. All we are told, is that one "should count for oneself, day by day, seven full weeks, and on the morrow, the fiftieth day, will be Shovous".

Levi Shem Tov returned by such a way, that Shovous for him was a day earlier than it was for us all at Crown Heights. He had to make Kiddush on the Wednesday evening.

Fortunately, the second day of Yom Tov fell on a Shabbos otherwise he would have had

to put on Tefillin on the second day of Shovous, because Yom Tov - for him - had already terminated.

Considering the fact that Shmuel visits Crown Heights so very often during the course of the year, it is amazing how much he is in demand. He is kept so busy.

At this time, during a very few days, he has been,

1. The Chief Speaker at the Women's Convention, at which thousands of women had been present, from all over the world.
2. Chief Speaker at the Siyum HaTorah.
3. Also at the Girls Graduation ceremony.
4. Also at Mochon Channah Girls Seminary
5. He also spoke to the gathering of the special Women's Shiluchoss - Ladies who do the Rebbe's and Lubavitch work in towns, in which these ladies are the only frum, orthodox women in the whole town.

Shmuel used to be known as Zalmon Jaffe's Son-in-Law. Now, I am referred to as Shmuel Lew's Father-in-Law - That's Life!

My Brother Maurice

The weather was glorious and we expected a beautiful Yom Tov. On Thursday morning, Erev Shovous, Yechiel Vogel popped into our apartment to have a chat, but within seconds, Shmuel had whisked him away for a private meeting, which was rather rude! Yechiel then left very abruptly - which was ruder still!

At about lunchtime, Label Turk also came visiting - I was having a busy morning! He indicated that Avrohom had phoned him from Manchester about a friend of ours who was very poorly. He suggested that we should drink LeChayim together and at the same time to wish her good health and a complete recovery - agreed!

We then discussed another friend who was very ill - O.K. more LeChayim and good wishes.

Then Label remarked that the article in the "Jewish Press" about my brother, Maurice, was very nice indeed. I enquired the "why and the wherefore" of this article. He declared - "It was all the very nice things they wrote "Le Zichron" (in memory of)...

At this, I pricked up my ears and said sharply, "LeZichron! - What is all this about?" An agonised and pained look crossed Label's face - I discovered afterwards that this was because Roselyn had given him a nasty kick on his shin.

Label continued, "It was something in the "Jewish Press" I demanded to see this at once. There had been Two copies of this paper in our apartment - and - both had disappeared - suddenly!

Well. He had now to admit that my poor brother, had passed away at the identical moment that we were flying to 770, from London. The news had been kept secret from me for over three days, and the intention was to inform me of this just one hour before Yom Tov. I would therefore only have to sit Shiva for this short period. Then Shovous would expunge the rest of the Shiva. However, immediately I heard the news, I had to take "Kria" - cut my jacket and immediately sit down for Shiva. So, I sat for a few hours more! I realised, of course, that both Yechiel and Label had come to "comfort the mourner". Afterwards, a number of friends also came to visit me at this sad moment. Incidentally, if we would have arranged to travel to 770 on the Tuesday instead of on the Monday, we would have had to cancel completely our Shovous visit to the Rebbe this year, because I would have certainly, very definitely heard the bad news before we had left Manchester.

Actually, Maurice had been very ill indeed. Three years ago, his son, Zaivie, telephoned to inform me that Maurice was suffering from an incurable illness, and that the doctors had given him 6 months to live. Would I please phone the Rebbe and ask for a Brocha. I did this as requested, and over the following three years, I kept the Rebbe fully informed of Maurice's condition. T.G., he lived and worked for an additional two and a half years.

It was extraordinary, but Maurice never knew that he was so very ill. His wife, Ella, and all the family kept the bad news from him. In fact, just a few weeks before he passed away, I spoke to him on the telephone and he grumbled that it was "A Farshlepta Kraink" (a long drawn out illness), "but, T.G. it was not dangerous!!"

Many friends have asked me, "but surely Maurice was not so naive that he did not realise how ill he was". The answer is that he imagined he had ulcers - then jaundice and so forth. In effect, he did not know. He worked to the very end, and, one morning, very suddenly, after davenning Shacharis, with his Tallis and Teffillin, he passed peacefully away.

This was the announcement in the "Jewish Press" that had been hidden away from me.

Maurice's passing was a great loss to Israel - and to a lesser extent to Lubavitch. A photograph of the Rebbe always stood upon his desk, and until that time when the Rebbe discontinued the private and personal Yechidus, he would always call in to see the Rebbe at

<p>AMERICAN HEICHAL SHLOMO JERUSALEM GREAT SYNAGOGUE Mourn The Passing Of Its Founder and Chairman RABBI DR. MAURICE A. JAFFEE</p> <p>His genius made possible the creation of Heichal Shlomo. His bold innovative drive resulted in the building of the Jerusalem Great Synagogue. A jewel in the crown of the Holy City.</p> <p>His concern for world Jewry paved the way for the organization of the World Council of Synagogues. After serving in the British Army during WW II he settled in Israel and his life paralleled the birth and growth of that country.</p> <p>Dr. Jaffee was a giant in the annals of Israel and Jewry.</p> <p>Burial took place in Jerusalem. He is survived by his wife Ella, 3 sons, and grandchildren.</p> <p>SOL ROZMAN Chairman</p> <p>ESTELLE RINGEL Exec. Secretary</p>

770 on his numerous annual visits to New York. Roselyn and I had very often met Maurice and Ella at 770.

Only a few years ago, Maurice attended a large Farbraingen and stood on the Rebbe's platform. At the conclusion of the Farbraingen, the Rebbe marched out, but when he came alongside Maurice, the Rebbe stopped and chatted with him for a little while - and, then, actually shook him by the hand, before he left the hall.

Maurice was instrumental in building the very large Shool and Hall in Kfar Chabad in the name of the late President of Israel, Zalmon Shazar, as well as over fifty other shools in Kibbutzim and villages all over Eretz Yisroel. Maurice told me once that there were 350 shools officially listed in Jerusalem alone. Besides all the innumerable other small Shtiblech.

His achievement which gave him the most pleasure was the establishment of the Heichel Shlomo, the huge building which houses the Offices of the Chief Rabbinate, Museum, Halls and Shool in Jerusalem. Then afterwards, the erection of the Jerusalem Great Synagogue. This Shool cost Eighteen Million Dollars, and holds nearly 2000 people. He had a good partner in Sir Isaac Wolfson, who provided half of the capital which was required. Maurice did well to find friends and supporters who helped to raise the balance.

The forecourt of the Great Synagogue has been named the Maurice Jaffe Plaza as a permanent memorial to him.

One of the highlights of the year was the Simchas Torah Hakofas held outside at which many thousands of people attended in Jerusalem.

Each of the Seven Hakofas was taken over by a different group. The biggest cheers and applause went to the Lubavitch Chabad contingent. Tens of thousands of people joined in singing the Nigun "We Want Moshiach Now". It was hectic, the noise was deafening. It was out of this world!

Actually, before this Hakofa, Maurice read out the special message which the Rebbe sent to him for this occasion. (A letter of good wishes was received every year and was the only message which was publicly read at the Annual Simchas Torah Hakofas).

Yes, we shall all miss him.

At the time of his Sheloshim, a large memorial service was held in the Jerusalem Great Synagogue.

Besides his wife, Ella and the boys, Roselyn and I, together with my brother Ephraim and his wife Yetta, had arrived from Manchester.

Most members of our Israeli families were present, including my sister Rosy and her husband Charles.

So were Barry, Nissan Mindel's brother and Rabbi Casper, Chief Rabbi of South Africa, who lived for many years in Manchester. Mendie, my grandson, arrived from Safed. Rabbi Goren and Yoseph Burg addressed the assembly. Burg said Maurice was a Man of Vision and with a Soul.

Some people had no Souls - and yet many stones really possessed Souls, especially those stones that were used in the building of this Great Shool.

Shovous

Roselyn and I had invited ourselves to Zalmon and Chavelle Gourary's home for Kiddush, after davenning Shacharis on Yom Tov.

We had been invited for Kiddush on Succos, so we knew exactly which was their apartment. We ascended by the Outside Fire Escape to the top floor and knocked on the door. We waited for a few minutes, and then we banged on the door very hard. We still could not get a reply. Roselyn said that it serves us right for inviting ourselves - though Zalmon did say that they would be in.

Just at that moment, Yossi Sternberg, Chavelle's grandson (about 14 years old) came rushing up the Fire Escape with a message from his grandparents to tell us that they were waiting for us at their apartment which was on the ground floor of this building.

The apartment on the top story was only used on Succos because it was convenient to fix up the Succah on the balcony of the Fire Escape.

We descended to the bottom flat and found Zalmon and Chavelle waiting for us to make Kiddush.

We explained to Chavelle the reason why the boys called Zalmon, Jimmy. In my opinion, they really love him, and Jimmy is a term of endearment. They appreciate all that he is doing for the Rebbe and for Lubavitch, and even for all of them personally by providing, amongst other things, a modern, clean, beautiful Mikvah, all free, and even the towels.

Obviously, the boys are envious of him, and that is why there is this love/hate relationship. Zalmon is also rather impatient at times. He is also just a little deaf in one ear. This also does not help matters. Chavelle agreed with my analysis of the situation.

Anyway, Jimmy was in a good mood, laughing all the time, with great mirth.

If you want to see Jimmy laugh, then invite yourself to Kiddush.

We had been invited to Rivka and Moishe (Kotlarsky's) for lunch, as they always do.

We enjoyed the usual Milky pre-lunch, lunch, and waited for an hour to digest the various Milchik dishes, and also to try and gain an appetite for the main meal. Fortunately, Rivka

is an expert at providing enticing food with which to whet our appetite and so we all did full justice to her cooking.

Rabbi Elitaul and Yisroel Gordon provided the Cabaret, especially Rabbi Elitaul who danced around merrily (in his own circle) with one arm waving around the air above his head, and the other one pressed behind his back.

They sang well together and harmonised beautifully.

I was given the great honour of benching, saying grace.

It had been a very pleasant Yom Tov. The services in the Shool were as usual, very busy, with K.A.H. the place packed out with babies who had been brought to listen to the laying of the Ten Commandments. They all wished to join in.

My friend and protector Yisroel Goldshmidt, had reserved a special seat for me in the front row. Just before the Birchas Kohanim, (the priestly benediction), I was swamped out by swarms of people who all wished to sit in my place - just behind the Rebbe (at this duchenning). I think they all dropped in by Parachute.

On the first day, of course, most of the men and boys walked to Boro Park on the annual march.

We visited our friend, Raizie Minkowitz. She had a new baby - a very happy little friendly girl.

Kinus Hatorah

The Kinus HaTorah commenced, as usual, on Isru-Chag, the day after Yom Tov. As so many extra Rabbonim had arrived at 770 for Shovous, it was decided, once again to extend this Kinus until the following day, Monday too. As I intended to stay at 770 for another week, I volunteered to address the boys on this second day, straight after Mincha.

The Rebbe stood at the doorway of his study. About thirty girls and the usual crowds of women and children and babies then filed past the Rebbe, received their coins, and went out through the far door down the few steps and found themselves outside 770. This certainly saved a lot of pushing and commotion. (Amongst these girls were sixteen young ladies from the Lubavitch Girls School in London. They came to see all the famous people and important buildings in New York. They saw the Rebbe inside 770 and outside 770. They visited the Ohel and the Beis Rivkah School, and spent the rest of the time waiting for the Rebbe to go into 770, waiting for the Rebbe to come out of 770, davenning with the Rebbe. They received much inspiration, and, - they all seemed to enjoy themselves and had a good time.)

Afterwards, the Rebbe marched forward towards the Bess HaMedrash and handed coins to the 30 or so young boys who had remained behind to wait for the Rebbe. They placed

the nickels in the Tzedoka box.

The Rebbe entered the Bess HaMedrash, saw me, and his whole face lit up with a beaming smile. It was very heart warming and it made me feel really very good indeed.

Immediately after Mincha, before the Kinus HaTorah, I was asked if I would oblige and act as an Ayd, a witness, for a Tenoyim (engagement). It would take place in one of the small rooms down the corridor. It would be very brief - only a moment or two.

Well, a Mitzvah! so I agreed. I was then asked if I was a relation of the Chosson - of the Kalloh - or of the other witnesses. Having received assurances that I was not related to any of the aforementioned categories, and that I was a Kosher Ayd, we all sat down - and they started out to write out the form.

I was assured that it would not take more than fifteen minutes (by their local Lubavitch time). That was all I needed to hear. I was told that there were about sixty people waiting to hear me speak - there were over 100 by the time I had ended - so I apologised to the Scribe and Mechutonim and left for my, speaking engagement.

I was given a very nice welcome from my friend Rabbi Mentelik and a rousing reception from the boys. Rabbi Mentelik had begged me to try and keep my talk to Eighteen minutes (would it become Chometz after that time?) Afterwards, he indicated that if I wanted a little more, that was in order. I was very gratified - until he gave me a little more - cake.

However, my address was quite successful, for I heard Rabbi Mentelik telling everybody that I was "Vunderful, Vunderful", and the boys all enjoyed it.

After I had concluded, there was a mass exodus of boys from the Bess HaMedrash. I thought that it would seem very rude if I left without listening to the next speaker. So, I stopped.

He was an extremely boring speaker. He droned along with a great many pauses in between. His theme was that Shovous could fall on the fifth, sixth, seventh or even on the eighth day of Sivan.

After listening for about three quarters of an hour, and as he still did not seem to know what day it was, I managed to creep out very stealthily.

Rabbi Mentelik managed to save me some of the Rebbe's drinking water and the bread, which the Rebbe had handed to Rabbi Mentelik after the Shovous Farbraingen, which was much appreciated.

Here is a photograph of Rabbi Mentelik, very amused at my address at a recent Kinus HaTorah.



Even More Anecdotes

The Rambam's Shiur on Isru Chag was all about Shechita. It was decided to give a practical demonstration outside 770. They obtained a calf, and desired to shecht (slaughter) it on Eastern Parkway. The various parts and pieces of the calf could then be shown to all those interested. It would be a very good lesson on the Shiur Rambam.

There was a huge uproar (not only by the calf). They had done it once before and many of the bystanders had been physically sick. T.G., this public demonstration was stopped in time, and they did this Shechita very quietly (not by the calf) in a less open and public domain, but, nevertheless nearby.

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago, the Gabai, Rabbi Pinson, went to obtain a Dollar from the Rebbe. He had broken his hip and walked with the aid of a heavy walking stick. The Rebbe remarked that it seemed that the Gabai was having trouble with his foot. "Must you do everything that I do?" the Rebbe asked.

There was the story of two elderly gentlemen who were present at Hakofas, both had crutches.

The Rebbe asked, "Why do you have to go with sticks?" One gentleman immediately dropped his crutches and walked away unaided - seemingly cured. The second fellow, on seeing this miracle, wanted to throw away his crutches, too, but he fell over.

The Rebbe told him that it was too late. One must have complete faith and act at once. A Mitzvah has to be done with alacrity.

From 9.00a.m in the mornings and onwards during the weekdays, it is absolutely impossible to daven Shacharis in the Shool downstairs at 770.

There are at least twelve different, separate Minyanim going on all the time. Some may have just started, and others almost finished. But - until 12 noon, even after, one will always find a dozen Minyanim at various stages of the service.

Theoretically, it should always be possible to daven with a Minyan which is just starting. But, there are so many distractions, so many friends to talk to and wish Sholom Aleichem, that within minutes your Minyan has gone so far ahead, that one has to wait for the next

one.

Meanwhile, whilst waiting, one is kept busy jumping up and down to answer a Boruchu or a Kedusha, and even to answer Omain to a Kaddish. It demands great concentration. In addition, there is a non-stop procession of "collectors" who won't take "No" for an answer. There are more "collectors" to the square foot at 770 than anywhere else in the world, including Israel.

Shepsi Gordon had Yahrzeit and asked me to join his Minyan. He set up his stall, that is, he placed five lighted candles on top of a bench - and he was in business.

A funny thing happened. He was waiting for his Minyan Men to conclude the Amida, before the repetition by the Chazan, when there was a pip, pip, pip, - a telephone call. Shepsi pressed a button on the phone which he carried in his pocket and I heard a voice talking to him.

I thought he had a direct line to the A-mighty and was already receiving a reply to his entreaties.

I was glad to see my friend, Label Turk, at 770. He and Esther were great friends of ours in Manchester, before they emigrated to U.S.A.

He attends at 770, but davens in a different Shool. He was explaining to me about the time he had the Zechus (merit) to meet the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL).

He was eleven years old at the time and he wished to be present at the Yud Tes Kislev Farbraingen. Only a limited number of people were allowed to attend in the upstairs dining room above 770 and there were guards at the door.

Label waited from 2.00p.m on that afternoon. The Farbraingen was due to commence at about 7.00 or 8.00pm and one hundred people would be crowded into this room.

Meanwhile, Label was still waiting in the very small smoke-filled room outside the dining room. He felt very sick - he had nausea and had to leave very quickly. He was really ill.

When he returned, there was nobody about, so he went upstairs and saw that the door was open.

He walked into the room and there was this Holy Saintly Rebbe sitting in his wheel-chair, just watching people walking by. The Farbraing was over.

He had experienced much suffering during the war and he had been allowed to leave Europe only by the intervention and help of many International Heads of State.

He could not speak too well, but he wrote things down on a writing pad.

Label remarked that he now realised how people felt when they saw Moishe Rabbeinu when he returned from Mount Sinai.

There was a Siyum HaTorah on Sunday. It was a new Sefer Torah for the Bais Rivkah School. This was now the fourth one, and a start on the fifth had already been made.

From 10.00 a.m, people were writing letters in this new completed Sefer Torah. From 12 until 1.00p.m, there were speeches. Shmuel was, again, one of the orators.

The Procession with men taking it in turns to carry the Sefer Torah, under a Chuppah (canopy) left the School at about 1.00p.m. and made its slow way towards Kingston Avenue and 770.

At about 2.30p.m, I heard that the procession had reached Kingston Avenue, so I went out to join the throng. I was surprised that there were only about thirty people marching along. But, it seemed that originally about 300 girls of the Bais Rivkah School were in this procession - until, they reached Kingston Avenue, when they left and walked along the pavement and into 770.

However, all of the bystanders did now join in, especially when other Sifrei Torah were brought out to greet the "New" arrival. And, everyone altogether entered 770. The 17 verses of the Ato Horaisa were then recited after which we danced Hokofas. On this occasion - to differentiate between the Siyum and Simchas Torah, we went with eight Hakofas - one extra one, over the seven of Simchas Torah.

Hershel Minkovitz, last years BarMitzvah Boy, (these boys grow by leaps and bounds after their 13th birthday. He looked like a Chosson Bochur already) was standing on the Bimah with his father, Leima, and saw me - and I was given the task and honour of leading one of the Hakofas.

On the following day, Monday morning, we layened in this new Sefer Torah.

The Beis HaMedrash was crowded especially when the Rebbe entered to listen to the Krias HaTorah. The Rebbe had the third Aliya and when the Torah was replaced into the Ark, we all sang "Sissu VeSimchu". Everyone climbed up on the Benches and stood on my head. If everyone would only remain seated then all would have a chance to see what was happening. But, No - everyone wanted to get higher than the person in front.

It seems, that, whenever possible, when there has been a Siyum of a new Sefer Torah, that they bring it to 770, so that the Rebbe can have one of the first Aliyas.

I know that Rabbi Kunin had recently made a Siyum in California. The Sefer Torah was then brought to 770 where, again, the Rebbe had his Aliya. The Sefer Torah was then immediately taken back to Los Angeles by air.

On the first night of Shovous, Thursday, we were given the privilege and honour of

visiting Our Rebbetzen at the library, next to 770, where the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen always stay over on Shabbos and Yom Tov.

On the second night, Friday, we visited Our Rebbetzen again, but for only an hour or so, because Roselyn had to leave before Shabbos to bench licht (to light the candles).

On another occasion, we enjoyed her company from 6.00pm until 8.00pm. Two hours of non-stop laughing, joking and reminiscing. It was great fun and very enjoyable.

She confided that she reads some parts of my book every day - and at every opportunity, which was very nice for me to hear.

We had taken a photograph album of Hindy and Shmuel's family, and hoped that the Rebbetzen would be pleased to accept some of these as a memento. She did take one of all the family, but refused to take anymore, because "neither you nor Mrs. Jaffe are on them".

Channina had told the Rebbetzen about the photographs which he had taken of us with the Rashag. If they were good ones of Roselyn and me, then she would like some copies.

A few years ago, Moishe Leib and Ruth Stuart, from London, visited the Rebbe at Purim time. They had no children, and whilst at Yechidus with the Rebbe, they asked for a Brocha for children.

When they were taking their departure from the Rebbe, Moishe Leib indicated that they had not yet received this Brocha.

The Rebbe observed that he had most certainly given this blessing, but, nevertheless - "I will give you another one", he declared.

On the following Purim, his wife gave birth to Twins.

A Bris took place inside 770 on the Wednesday, Rabbi and Mrs. Garelik's grandson and K.A.H. another great grandson (Kain Yirbu) for Zalmon Posner's mother.

A nice friendly young lady gave me a welcoming smile, and I met her on a few more occasions at 770. I knew her well enough, but I could not remember her name.

On the last occasion, when she greeted me most profusely, I could not resist asking what was her name.

She told me that she was Rabbi Binyomin Klyne's wife. One can just imagine how embarrassed and confused I became.

Label (Groner) maintained that I was a Chassidische young man. I do not recognise young ladies.

I met Dr. Reiter, Professor of Audiology. He had bought my book at Drimmer's. He thought it was fantastic. He enjoyed it so much that he went straight back to Drimmer's and bought another copy - for a friend. He asked me for the other Sixteen instalments. He knew my grandson Yossi (Lew), when Yossi was in charge of the Day Camp in New York.

Dr. Levi Reiter maintained that he was very indebted to Yossi. Last year, his son aged 10 years had become unwell.

Dr. Reiter phoned Yossi - for his help. He maintained that Yossi did make his son better. He did not know what specific action he took, or whether the Rebbe sent a special Brocha or good advice. The result was quite straightforward - the boy did get better.

Yossi incidentally ran the Tzivos Hashem groups in South Africa, so he did gain plenty of experience in handling children.

Yechidus After Shovous

Yechidus took place downstairs in the Shool, on Monday evening at 8.00p.m. There were approximately 500 men, women and children present. The men stood on one side of the hall, the women on the other side. The Rebbe sat at a table on a small raised platform. He faced the men and the women.

Here are some points of what the Rebbe said.

"We have said previously that before we take leave, one from the other - men, women and children, in a Holy place, where people learn and daven, then it is customary to give Tzedoka.

This Ahavas Yisroel will lead to Achdus (Unity) Yisroel.

Here, men and women are separate, just as in the past when we received the Torah. Moishe had the same Shelichus to speak to the men and women at the same time - the same words - and the same meaning.

We have one Torah - for one Nation. There are many parts to the creation, viz: - Stars, Seas - and also Jews.

The Torah was heard by Jews, non-Jews and all creatures. We are the one nation in the world who accepted Torah and the fulfilling of the Mitzvahs, especially the studying of Torah".

The Rebbe said, "You should be blessed with the First Commandment, "Peru Uruvu", Be fruitful and multiply - have many children.

We Jews all started from one, Avrohom. Avrohom was told to count the stars and he

would discover how many Jewish people there would be. It was impossible to count - and we all came from one man, Avrohom.

If a Jew needs help or advice, he should know that he is not alone. There is Ahavas (Love) Yisroel, and all, men, women and children will gather around to help. Then Achdus Yisroel will follow - Unity - all together as one, even though they may all possess different aspects.

Before G-d created the world, He had decided that he needed Jews to study Torah. The world was created for Torah, so he needed Jews for this.

Every Jew feels that G-d has blessed him with a wife, family and children - and we are all part of G-d, Mamosh - with slightly different aspects - Kohen, Levi and Yisroel.

The letter Alef in the first word of the Ten Commandments - "ONOWCHI" is that which joins G-d and Jews. Moshiach is the connection, as thus:



We are still in the Yemai Tashlumin, which means another whole week for Zeman Torasainu (the time of the giving of the Torah).

When we meet during these days - Shovous, the Yom Tov of Torah, we receive strength through the blessings of the A-mighty that Ahavas Yisroel should lead to Achdus Yisroel".

"Jews are all together with the A-mighty. Yisroel is all together with the A-mighty, with Torah and Mitzvahs, so that, even every day mundane life and tasks become elevated with Simcha and Joy always.

We have to work for Parnosso (sustenance) and have contact with non-Jews - They also have the basic Seven Noachite Mitzvahs to fulfill.

Every morning, we recite the Brocha of receiving the Torah - every day, in the present, also tomorrow and then day after day until Moshiach will arrive. He, who is the connection between G-d and the Jewish people (see diagram above). May we all live to see the coming of Moshiach very soon.

The Sedra of the week is Nosso, which means lift up ((the heads of the Jewish people, (actually, it refers to counting - to have a head count, which shows that every person is a precious being.))

- To make higher the head of a Jew, higher than before. When we read this Sedra, a Jew must remember that Hashem has sent the Neshoma into the body. A portion of Jews are in Eretz Yisroel, others are still outside Israel. These latter are precious to the Amei

HaAretz, to the Nations of the World.

Similarly, spiritually, when he davens and studies Torah and does Mitzvahs, and materially, by eating and drinking, each Jew has the strength at this time of Matan Torah, to be elevated - and all parts of his body also lifted up, higher and higher every day.

Every Jew is a Sheliach of the A-mighty and this should be done with Simcha and happiness. Your children and children's children doing the Mitzvahs and learning, all with happy and beaming faces and then the A-mighty will give with broadness of hand to all Jews who need help".

"The A-mighty will bless every Jew with Children and Grandchildren and Parnosso (sustenance) and Nachas.

Not one Jew will remain in Exile, we will go with all our children and grandchildren, and we will all meet in the Land of Israel, in the Holy City of Jerusalem, on the Temple Mount and the Beis Hamikdosh, for the next Sedra, Behalossucho, also "refers" to the third Beis Hamikdosh, when it mentions that the Menorah, the Candelabra will be made from one piece of Pure Gold with its various branches.

Every Jew has this purity, to shine forth to all and to all the world.

So, make good resolutions - to study, to fulfill Mitzvahs, to Love your Neighbour and Unity - one people learning one Torah in one World, and we will all see the Light in Zion - all types, Orthodox, not yet Orthodox, little children and old men".

The Rebbe had spoken for 45 minutes. All the assembly then filed past the Rebbe who handed each person, man, woman and child a Dollar Bill.

The men went first, followed afterwards by the ladies. The Rebbe told Roselyn that she would hear good tidings. He also desired to know from me, what was the matter with my leg - is it not better?

The Day of Our Departure

On the day of our departure, we had to check in at the airport at 6.30p.m, so I wrote a short note to the Rebbe thanking him for his outstanding friendliness to me and to all the family during the Shovous holiday period. We had already enjoyed our Yechidus - together with five hundred other people soon after Yom Tov.

We were hoping for a glimpse of the Rebbe before we left 770. I left a note at 9.30a.m in the Rebbe's tray.

Meanwhile, before 12 noon, I had received a reply to my letter. The Rebbe had enclosed a £5 note for me and one for Roselyn. Also a £1 note for Avrohom and one for Hindy - to give to Tzedoka in Manchester.

The Rebbe concluded that "He will remember us (our Pidyon) at the Tzion (Ohel)". We had spent a most enjoyable ten days at 770, spiritually and materially. We were delighted to see the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen looking (K.A.H.) so well and so young. May they continue to enjoy good health and Nachas.

We now had just a few months to prepare for the forthcoming frenzied activities of the Succos and Simchas Torah festivities at 770. These would greatly tax Roselyn's strength, stamina and vitality to the utmost. Mine too!

Our Yeshiva

Our Yeshiva Gedolah in Manchester continues to make wonderful progress T.G. Under the direction and guidance of our esteemed and distinguished Rosh Ha-Yeshiva, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, the reputation of our Yeshiva in both gashmius and ruchnius (materially and spiritually) has gained world-wide renown.

After making some extensions, we are now able to accommodate thirty boys. We have students from London, New York, Canada, the Continent - from all cities - even from Manchester!

We have a large and growing waiting list and my son, Rabbi Avrohom, with his co-chairman Rabbi Vasifiche, have, as their top priority, the provision of more space to enable us to accept more pupils.

Many people who are envious of our wonderful reputation have accused us of concentrating on Chassidus and on learning Tanya, to the detriment of Mishnah and Gemorrah (Niglah). Our reply to this, is that recently we had a public test for our boys.

Boys had learnt the whole 111 pages (both sides = 220 pages) of the Gemorrah Mesechta (mesachas) Kesubas, by heart, with all the commentaries including Rashi and Tossfos. They knew all the contents perfectly and thoroughly, not parrot fashion, word by word, but the Judges tested the boys at random from all angles, from different pages and so forth - and they were all perfect.

Dovid Eliyohu Portush did the whole lot in one shot. Sholom Eliyovitch and Aaron Gourary managed this in two shots, whilst Shimon Aaron Yunik and Dovid Peli did it in three shots.

A dozen or so boys had a similar test in our London Yeshiva (mostly in one shot). It is a regular occurrence in all Lubavitch Yeshivas world-wide.

The Rosh and our Mashpia, Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne, continue to encourage members of the public - boys and young men and older people to come along and study the Torah with some of our Yeshiva boys, for a few sessions during the week. This facility has proved extremely popular and successful.

The "Thoughts of the Week" are published and distributed regularly, every week and the boys are kept busy (whenever it is possible) on all the Rebbe's Mivtzaim.

One morning, Avrohom was amazed and overwhelmed to discover in the post-box, £1,000 in cash, sent by an anonymous wellwisher - and a few weeks later £100 by another different anonymous friend. It is extremely gratifying to learn that we are so much appreciated.

Rabbi Akiva's son, Elchonon, just celebrated his Barmitzva and was given the honour of davenning Mincha during the week. He was so small, one could not see anyone standing at the reader's desk. It reminded me of those foreign left-hand drive cars we see on our roads. To a casual observer, there seems to be no driver. Similarly, here, we could hear a perfect, loud and clear rendering of the Mincha, but there was no sign of the "driver", the Chazan.

I am herewith, including, just a few of the Sichos issued this year, as an example of their work.

"Thoughts of the Week"

Sedra Noach: First of All

In this week's Sedra, we are told that Noach took a pair of each species of animal into the ark, as well as additional Kosher animals and fowl, so that he would be able to offer sacrifices to G-d. When he left the ark after the Flood had subsided, he carried out his intention, as the Torah states: "And Noach built an altar unto the L-rd;.....and offered burnt offerings on the altar".

In the previous week's Sedra (Bereishis) we find a thought provoking incident concerning 'Korbonois' sacrifices. The Torah relates how Cain and Abel both brought offerings to the L-rd. Abel, a shepherd, brought the best of his flock for the sacrifice, whereas Cain, a farmer, brought some mediocre fruits as an offering to G-d. The A-mighty accepted Abel's offering - but rejected Cain's.

A noteworthy point in this episode is that although Cain had voluntarily brought the fruits of his toil as a gift to G-d, yet they were not accepted - for he had not brought of the best; Maimonides, mentioning the episode of Cain and Abel, writes: "When one gives food to the needy, he should give him the best and the most delectable of his table; with the best of his wardrobe should he clothe the naked, and when he builds a house of worship he should render it more beautiful than his own dwelling, as it is written....all the best is to the A-mighty".

Similarly, the best part of one's day is the very beginning, the early hours, when one is rested and refreshed, and it is these hours that should be dedicated to prayer and study. As soon as the Jew awakens he acknowledges G-d as his creator, by reciting "Modeh Ani".

Afterwards, he stands in prayer before the A-mighty. Subsequently he engages himself in Torah-study (even if only for a short time) and only then, having given of his best to G-d, does the Jew embark upon his worldly material affairs.

When the first Jewish day-schools were established in the U.S., the question arose as to which part of the day should be devoted to Torah-learning and which part to secular studies. The previous Lubavitcher Rebbe of sainted memory insisted that the children's Torah-study be reserved for the first - and best - half of the day, for "all the best belongs to the A-mighty".

The above idea applies to the days and years of one's life. The best years of one's life should be dedicated to the A-mighty. Not, as some think, that they will postpone the study of Torah until their old age, and then begin to attend synagogue and study. The best years of one's life are the years of childhood and early youth. The yoke of adult responsibility is not yet felt; the pressure of business affairs has not yet been brought to bear, and the youth is free of the worries and burdens of family and social life. These carefree years of youth - the best years - should be utilised for studying G-d's Torah and Mitzvos.

Sedra Toldos: A Digger Of Wells

In the course of this week's Sedra, the Torah relates that Isaac dug several wells. The first few of these wells fell into the hands of the Phillistines. Undeterred, Isaac continued digging to uncover the "wells of living water".

Isaac's way of life was digging wells, removing earth and stones until fresh fountains of living water sprang forth of their own accord. He did not pour water into the wells, but brought forth their own latent source of living water. Isaac's conduct paralleled his spiritual way of life, for in the spiritual sense he was also a "digger of wells". Throughout his life he attempted to remove the "earth and stones", the mask of materiality and corporeality of the physical world, and thereby reveal the "wells of living water", the innate spirituality of all matter.

Isaac was undismayed by the dust and dirt obstructing his path to the springs of water. He was also undeterred by the antagonism of the Phillistines and their king, Abimelech. Moreover, even when several of the precious and hard-earned wells fell into the Phillistine hands, Isaac doggedly continued to dig. Logically, we might think that Isaac should have been discouraged by the obstacles in his path. Abimelech was, after all, the ruling monarch in that region.

What is more, Isaac saw that his attempts up to that time had met with failure!

However, Isaac did not analyze the situation with cold logic. He knew that his Divine mission in life was to "dig wells" (in the spiritual, as well as the physical sense) and he committed himself to this task with a self-sacrificing devotion and with the conviction that he would eventually reach the source of 'living water'.

It is relatively easy for a Jew to live in the spiritually pleasant atmosphere of Torah-study and prayer. But this is insufficient. He must also try to influence others. He should even become involved with those individuals who, on the surface, seem to be "earth and stones" - coarse and lowly. It is necessary to "dig" beneath the surface until their hidden "fountains of living water", their Jewish souls, spring forth of their own accord. Also, one must be undismayed by the earth and dust that meets the eye, and undeterred by any opposition or antagonism, for Chassidic philosophy emphasises that there is a Divine spark within each and every Jew. Hence, we are like a person digs at a spot where he knows there is water, and with selfless devotion and determination will eventually reach the "fountain of living water" - the G-dliness within each person.

Sedra Vayeitsay: "And Jacob Went Away From Beersheba"

The opening verse of this week's Sedra is: "And Jacob went out of Beersheba and went towards Haran". Beersheba epitomized peace and security. There he had lived a life of prayer and study, far removed from mundane affairs. However, when the time came for him to marry and beget the twelve tribes of Israel, he had to leave this atmosphere of spiritual comfort and go to Haran, to work as a simple shepherd in the fields.

Many nowadays ask: "G-d has given us many precepts to fulfill. Wherever one turns, in whichever surroundings one happens to be, there is always a positive commandment to fulfill, or a negative precept to observe. If G-d wants us to observe so many laws and customs, why doesn't He lighten our material burden? Why didn't He make it easier to earn a livelihood? If we weren't plagued by so many worries and responsibilities, we would be more free to observe His Mitzvos. To go even further: Why didn't G-d see to it that we live altogether detached from the world in a quiet spiritual atmosphere of Torah-study and prayer? Why does He want us to live in the world, to be part of human society and yet to observe His precepts; in other words, to live a spiritual life in a material world?"

This question is the exact parallel of a question that we can ask concerning Jacob's journey from Beersheba to Haran. Jacob was to become the "Select of the Forefathers", to beget twelve sons and rear them in such a way that they would become fitting founders of the G-dly Twelve Tribes of Israel. They had to be brought up in a spiritual way of life. Surely the atmosphere and environment most conducive to such an upbringing would have been the spiritual surroundings of Beersheba. The Torah tells us otherwise. Jacob was to leave Beersheba, and become the father of the Twelve Tribes in Haran, in the house of Laban the swindler, while labouring as a shepherd under extreme conditions! Yet, despite these severe handicaps, Jacob did succeed in establishing the "House of Israel"; and to such an extent that all his children were perfect. Not as Abraham, who gave birth to Ishmael, or Isaac, whose eldest son was the wicked Esau.

The answer to the above two questions is: An olive yields its best oil when it is pounded and squashed.

Similarly, when a Jew is tested by exposure to the foreign influences of the outside

environment, his finest qualities come to the fore. And when he withstands the test, he can build the "House of Israel" - establish a Jewish home, aglow with the light and warmth of Torah and Mitzvos.

Sedra Terumah: Copper, Silver And Gold

Concerning the building of the Mishkan, the portable sanctuary in the desert, the Torah says: "And G-d spoke to Moses saying: 'speak to the children of Israel that they take for me an offering; from every man whose heart makes him willing shall you take my offering. And this is the offering which you shall take from them: gold, silver and copper...onyx stones and stones for the setting, etc.'" There is a seeming contradiction here. All the people were required to participate in building the Mishkan; the precept was equally applicable to every Jew. Then Moses was ordered to take the offering only from those who gave willingly, with a full heart. There is, however, no real contradiction, for every Jew is, by nature, ready to contribute with warmth, enthusiasm and with a full heart for a deserving purpose. It is necessary only to discover the particular key to each person's heart, but with the correct approach every Jew reacts warmly and gives generously. Just as in the case of the Mishkan, those who were able to give "gold", gave gold; those who could give only "silver", gave silver, and those who could not afford more than "copper", gave copper.

The Alter Rebbe (Rabbi Schneur Zalman, founder of Chabad Chassidism) used to say: "The A-mighty gives Jews material possessions, and they transform them into spiritual goods". Tzedoka (charity) is the highest form of transforming material wealth into spiritual assets, especially the Tzedoka given to support Yeshivos and places of Torah-learning. The places of Torah-study are the "Mishkan" of today, as our Rabbis said: "Ever since the destruction of the Beis Hamikdosh (the Sanctuary in Jerusalem) G-d's presence only rests where Torah is studied".

The man who gives with a full heart always wishes he could give more. This "willingness of heart" is also reckoned by G-d as Tzedoka, and He rewards the warm-hearted donor with increased success - materially as well as spiritually. Then, those who could give only copper, are enabled to give silver; those who could give only silver, become wealthy enough to contribute gold, and those who gave gold are enabled to give "Onyx stones and precious gems".

Sedra Shelach Lecho: The Order Of Things

This week's Sedra relates the tragic episode of the twelve spies sent by Moses to survey the Promised Land of Canaan. With the notable exception of Caleb and Joshua, the spies returned with the gloomy conviction that the Israelites would never be able to capture the land. The people lost faith in G-d on hearing this report and were subsequently punished by not being allowed to enter the Holy Land until forty years later, when the entire generation had passed away.

On returning from Canaan the spies reported on their mission "...the land is flowing with

milk and honey, etc. However, the inhabitants, are powerful, and the cities are extremely fortified...”

These words had hardly been uttered when Caleb tried to silence them and said to the people: "We will surely take possession of the land". The spies vehemently denied Caleb's words, stating that the Israelites would never be able to conquer Canaan.

Analyzing the sequence of events in this episode, we make a rather startling discovery. Caleb's efforts to silence his comrades were surely too hasty. When he made his protestations, the spies had merely reported, and accurately so, on precisely the two points that Moses had asked them to observe, namely: a) the strength of the Canaanites and b) the quality of their land. It was only after Caleb's speech that the spies provoked the people. What did Caleb hear in the first few sentences that his colleagues spoke, that convinced him that worse was to follow?

The answer lies in the fact that they changed the order of their two observations from Moses's instructions. Moses had asked them first to discover the strength of the Canaanites and, secondly, the richness of the land; his cardinal concern being the implementation of G-d's command to capture the country. The spies, however, reversed this order in their report.

Their first statement was: "The land is flowing with milk and honey". Caleb immediately realised the significance of this change. Namely, that their entire interest in capturing Canaan was only for the sake of the material benefits which they would gain.

Caleb knew that if a person's service is only for the sake of reward, that person will carefully estimate and weigh the greatness of the reward on the one hand, and the difficulty of the task on the other hand. Since he is not imbued with any spirit of dedication to the task, but has his eyes on the reward, he will then decide that a moderate effort is worthwhile for this particular reward, but to tackle a more difficult task is not worth the trouble. Furthermore, it is more than likely that such a person will come to the conclusion that the hard task ahead is not merely difficult, but impossible. Indeed, the spies fulfilled this expectation a few moments later when they exclaimed: ".....We will not be able to ascend (to the land of Canaan)".

The moral of this episode is succinctly expressed by the Talmudic exhortation: "Do not be like servants who serve their master for the sake of reward".

Sedra Re'ey: The King In The Field

The forthcoming week is the first in the Jewish month of Elul. After Elul follows the eventful month of Tishrei, in which occur the most momentous Festivals of the Jewish calendar - Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, Succos and Simchas Torah. Elul has always been regarded as the "month of repentance", a time for serious introspection and "stocktaking" by the individual Jew of his religious achievements in the year just coming to an end, coupled with firm resolutions to improve in the year ahead.

A beautiful Chassidic allegory explains the difference between Elul and Tishrei: When a king is in his palace, it is extremely difficult to obtain an interview with him. However, when he leaves the palace and goes out into the fields to meet the people, it gives an opportunity to all who wish, to approach the king and present their petitions to him. In fact, the king receives even his most lowly subject graciously, and grants his request.

At this time, however, one has to be wary of a grave pitfall. The lowly man can easily deceive himself into believing that he has not failed the king at all; his station in life, and his service to the comes the king, smiling at him and showing him a pleasant disposition! Were the king to be in his palace, no such mistake could possibly be made. The peasant would simply not be allowed to enter the palace, until he had devoted much attention to his appearance and character.

In Elul, the Supreme King - G-d - is "in the fields", seeing his people. The awesome majesty of His Kingship is not so apparent during this time, and all those who try and "approach" the King, find that it is unusually easy to do so. The King, indeed, receives us graciously. But, we must not make the grave mistake of thinking that we have now reached perfection. We must work hard on improving our character and deepening our faith, pray and study with deeper sincerity and feeling than during the rest of the year. For soon, Rosh Hashanah will come, heralding the month of Tishrei, when the King of Kings will return to His palace and sit on His throne in awesome majesty, reviewing the record of each of his subjects and determining his fate.

Obviously these publications cost money and many Baalei Simcha are persuaded to defray the cost of a weekly edition.

The following "Thought for the Week" was paid for by Moishe, my great grandson, 1½ years old, on the birth of his sister Soro.

I asked Max why it was printed in Moishe's name, and he replied that Moishe's bank account was the only one that had plenty of money in it!

A Thought For The Week: Six Days Shall Work Be Done

One of the opening sentences of the Sidra Vayakhel gives expression to the basic theme of the Jewish Sabbath: "Six days shall work be done and the seventh day shall he holy to you, a Sabbath of Sabbaths to G-d."

The strange use of the passive form "shall work be done..." (instead of the more direct and simple "shall you do work") suggests that the Torah advocates a "passive" attitude to work, meaning, that although man must labor, yet he should he withdrawn and aloof from the actual toil — almost as if the work would complete itself of its own accord. A man's entire interest and enthusiasm should not be centered solely around his business activity.

An amusing, yet deeply illuminating anecdote illustrates this point: A gifted and brilliant follower of Rabbi Dov Ber of Lubavitch entered into the management of a factory producing overshoes. It was soon apparent that his mind was more and more preoccupied with the administration of the business. His Rabbi once remarked to him: "Feet enveloped in overshoes are commonplace, but imagine a 'head' sunk into overshoes"!

Today's frantic pace of living is the cause of many social and physical ills. We are so completely submerged in our business lives that we have no time for anything or anyone—least of all, for ourselves. "Time is money" we say; and the ulcers of the American businessman have achieved world-wide notoriety. We have acquired these "status symbols" by refusing ourselves time to eat or sleep properly; by being "on the job" not only at work but also at home, at leisure, and even at prayer by thinking business, sleeping business, and relaxing business.

To warn against this complete preoccupation comes the Divine order: "Six days shall work be done." a positive commandment, stating the principle of the dignity of labor, yet making an essential proviso. Man must keep his "head" aloof from complete preoccupation with his job. The Torah tells man to develop peace of mind so that during his leisure hours he will be able to give more attention to his own and his family's spiritual needs; to enter the synagogue with calmness and earnestness, not as one comes into a club, to discuss latest stock-market trends.

In the zchus of
Soroh
born on Shabbos Parshas Yisro
22nd Shavat 5747
dedicated by her brother
Moshe Hacoheh Cohen

Roselyn and I were prevailed to pay for one issue.

GEMS OF CHASSIDIC WISDOM

Which is Worse?

Twenty-two times they arrested the *Tzemach Tzedek* (Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Lubavitch; third Chabad leader; 1789-1866) at the Rabbinical Commission in Petersburg in 1840 for opposing the demands of the government regarding changes in education, etc. The minister declared: This is rebellion!

The *Tzemach Tzedek* answered: A rebel against the government is sentenced to death of the body. A rebel against the Kingdom of Heaven is punished with death of the soul. Which is worse?

(Hayom Yom, Cheshvan 23)

No Empty

Thoughts: Thought is a garment and servant of intellect and emotions. When it does not serve the intellect or emotion, it continues to function, thinking. However this activity is not only devoid of content, it may actually be depraved. It is explained that the cause of alien or evil thoughts is emptiness of the head. When the mind is occupied then thought has something to serve; there is no room for stupid thoughts that have no substance.

(Hayom Yom, Cheshvan 16)

DEDICATED BY
MR. & MRS. ZALMAN JAFFE
ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTH
OF THEIR GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER
SOROH COHEN



CANDLE *FRI APR 3rd*
LIGHTING

Manchester 7.32

London	7.21
Tyneside	7.31
Glasgow	7.43

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS:

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

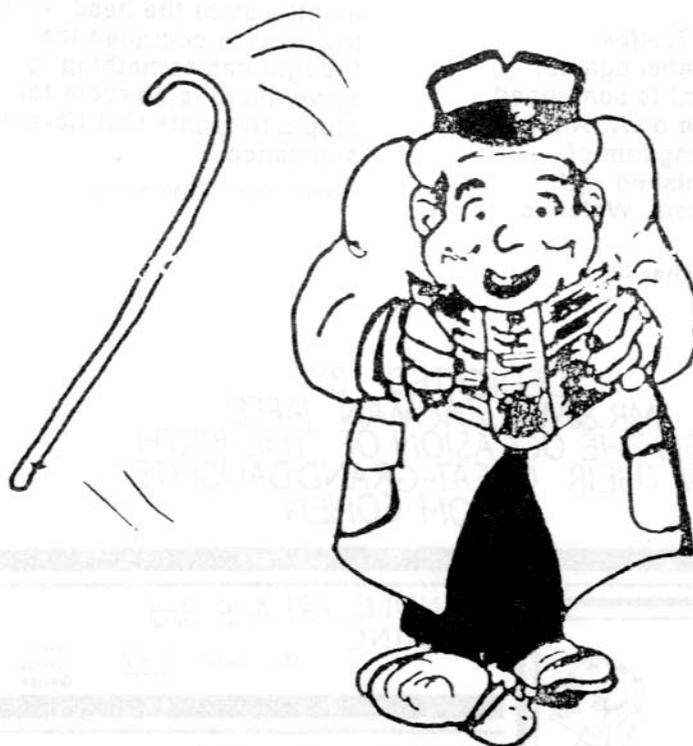
Even young girls should observe this Mitzvah.

This publication contains words from sacred literature. Please do not deface or discard.

Max and Leah, Avrohom and Susan and also the other great grandparents, Toby and Sidney Beenstock, paid for another three publications.

Here is one when the family commemorated the 70th birthday of Sidney Beenstock.

There's No Retiring From **THE TORAH**



Dedicated in honour of
NESANEIL BEN CHAIM BEENSTOCK
on the occasion of his 70th birthday
by his Wife and Family

And, finally, here is a copy of a sicho in Perisan, printed in Brooklyn, for the benefit of those Iranian Jews who had escaped to the U.S.A.

تَلَب و فِکْر بَاک مَوْرَد اَحْتِیَاج اَسْتُ .

قَوَانِیْنِ چَنْد دَر مَوْرَد یَوْمِ کَبِیْر (بَطْوَر بَسْمِیَار خِلَاصَه)
دَر اِیْن رَوْز اَسْتَحْطَام کَرْدَن و هَمِیْنطَوْر دَسْتُ زَدَن و کَار کَرْدَن
بَا غِذَا مَنوع اَسْتُ . (مَکَر دَر مَوْقِع غِذَا دَاْدَن بَه اَطْفَال)
اَز اَنْجَا کِه اِیْنرَوْز اَز شَبَات هَم مَهْتَر اَسْتُ اَسْتَفَاْدَه اَز بَرَق
و دَر نَوْع و سَبِیْلَه * نَقْلِیَه مَنوع اَسْتُ . اَهْمِیَّت اِیْن تَعْنِیْتُ تَا
حَدِی اَسْتُ کِه حَتِّی زَن حَاطِطَه مَوْضَف بَه کَرْفْتَن تَعْنِیْتُ اَسْتُ .
اَطْفَال کَوچِکْتَر اَز نَه سَال اِجَازَه * تَعْنِیْتُ کَرْفْتَن نَدَارَنْد (بَه
خَاطِر سَلَامَتِی) و اَکْثَر بَیْن سَنِیْن نَه بَه بَالَا (۱۲ بَرَا
دِخْتَرَهَا و ۱۳ بَرَا بَسْرَهَا) بُوْدَنْد مِی تَوَان اَنْهَا رَا بَرَا
اَیْنَدَه عَاْدَت دَاْد و بَه اَنْهَا چَنْد سَاعَت بَعْد اَز سَاعَت
مَقْرَر غِذَا دَاْد . دَر اَخِر تَعْنِیْتُ هَمْکِی بَه خُوْرْدَن و نُوْشِیْدَن
و خُوْشِی مَنخُوْل مِی شُوْیْم زِیْرَا اَطْمِیْنَان دَارِیْم کِه هَنْم تَغِیْلَاهَا
مَا رَا قَبُوْل کَرْدَه اَسْتُ و گَمَاهَایِ حَمَقِی بَخْشِیْدَه شُدَه اَنْد .

شَمْع شَبَات

OCT 10 6:04
OCT 17 5:53

Tel (718) 773-1260



The Annual Manchester Yeshiva Dinner was to take place very shortly. We had asked the Rebbe to let us have a letter to commemorate this occasion, which we would include in our Official Brochure.

The Rebbe desired to see a copy of the message which he had sent to us last year.

Fortunately, Avrohom had recalled that I had reproduced this letter and printed it in my last year's "Encounter with the Rebbe Shlita" - and there were plenty of my books available in Crown Heights.

So, the Rebbe sent a message to us by FAX.

This FAX system is short for Facsimile, meaning, exact reproduction.

It takes just five seconds to transmit an exact copy of whatever is required to any part of the World.

Unlike TELEX, which automatically types out and sends forward the typed message only, this FAX will transmit any matter which may be photographed - eg. pictures, plans and original letters or documents.

Lubavitch always makes full use of the latest technical facilities and inventions. You will read later on of many examples when this transmission came in very useful.

Another new technical service has now been provided. Most of the weekday Farbraingen and other interesting occurrences (with the Rebbe) are being put on video tapes. One may

become a subscriber to this facility, and, for the sum of 25 dollars, one may then obtain a copy of any video one desires.

This is the message which the Rebbe transmitted to us by fax.

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
Hyacinth 3-9250

תחום מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש

770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

By the Grace of G-d
Rosh Chodesh Elul, 5746
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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

Greeting and Blessing:

I was pleased to be informed of the forthcoming event, taking place on the 17th of Elul. May it be blessed with Hatzlocho in every respect, especially as it is taking place in this month of special Divine Grace and Mercy.

The significance of the month of Elul, the last month of the outgoing year, is explained by the Alter Rebbe, Founder of Chabad (whose birthday is on the 18th of Elul), by the parable of "A King in the Field." The point of it is that at certain times the king goes out to meet the ordinary people working in the field and gives them a unique opportunity to greet their king personally and present their petitions. At such a time the king is particularly gracious and benevolent and is pleased to grant their requests.

The parable, meaningful in all its details, calls attention not only to the "King in the Field," but also to the "Man in the Field." Here is a humble person engaged in the vital activity of planting seeds, with the fullest confidence - Bitochon, we call it - in the Creator that He will make the seeds grow into a rich harvest.

The Lubavitch Yeshiva of Manchester - as part of the Lubavitch movement worldwide - is dedicated to helping young Jews become even more fully and intimately aware of the "King in the Field" concept and translate it into concrete actions in terms of Torah and Mitzvos in the everyday experience. All who are involved in this vital activity are the "Men in the Field," planting seeds of Torah and Mitzvos in the hearts of fellow Jews.

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

With prayerful wishes to each and all of you, and the Guests of Honor in particular, for a ksivo vachasimo toivo for a good and sweet year, both materially and spiritually, and

With esteem and blessing



I am pleased to see that my young friend - Mrs. Sarah Nemtsov -let her live until 150 (to allow for inflation) is T.G. well - in good health. She is Rabbi Nissen Mindel's mother-in-law.

In the course of our correspondence, Nissen sent me a copy of a congratulatory message which Nancy and Ronald Reagan sent to Mrs. Nemtsov on the occasion of her 108th birthday.

It is very interesting, and may she continue to receive these good birthday wishes for many years to come, from the President of the United States of America and his First Lady.



*The White House
Washington*

We send our heartfelt congratulations. May your cherished memories be a happy reflection of the fullness of your life. We are proud to share this memorable occasion with you. Happy birthday and God bless you.

Nancy Reagan Ronald Reagan

We Visit 770 At Kfar Chabad

Because of the Tomb setting of my brother, Maurice, in Jerusalem, we had brought forward our holiday in Israel by a few weeks.

My niece, Malka (Edrei) collected us from our hotel to take us to Kfar Chabad. She was accompanied by Rochel Lerer, the "Mayoress" of the Kfar with her baby Sorele.

We were also desirous of seeing the Israeli 770. We had missed the official opening which had taken place just after Yud Beis Tammuz, but we thought that it would be much better to look around and inspect the building at our leisure, and to see the place thoroughly.

We did the correct thing, because over 30,000 people had been present at the opening, nearly all Israelis, orthodox, and not yet orthodox. There was a two mile traffic jam.

At this 770 opening, there was the usual shtupping and pushing as at Crown Heights. Obviously the place was crowded out, there was no room for anyone.

Malka told us the story of how this building came to be erected.

Months ago, the Rebbe had suggested that a "Bais Ohel Yoseph Yitzchok" should be opened in Kfar Chabad. So, a hut was put up and boys were studying daily in this place.

Someone then suggested to the Rebbe that it would be a good idea to have a replica of the main 770 building in Kfar Chabad. The Rebbe rather liked the idea and gave his permission.

A replica had to be exact - in every detail.

So, one of the best architects was engaged to supervise and to ensure that everything went according to Plan, in the truest sense of the word.

He ordered the identical red bricks and minutely and thoroughly measured every detail of the Crown Heights 770.

The erection of the building went along slowly, steadfastly and a little haphazardly.

A month before Yud Beia Tammuz, the Rebbe indicated that he would like the Kfar Chabad 770 to be opened officially on that date, in 4 week's time!!

Panic Stations!!

Seventy extra workers were engaged and they laboured all day and all through the night - and a Rebbe's miracle was achieved - the building was made ready in that short space of time.

The Lubavitch women had already arranged their usual annual convention for Yud Beis Tammuz. There would be One Thousand Ladies attending this year - in Netanya, of whom, four hundred were expected to stay over. The rest would return to their homes for the night.

The Lubavitch men wanted to change the date of this Ladies Convention, because the Rebbe had indicated that the Kfar Chabad 770 had to be opened on that very day.

So, they telephoned to the Rebbe, who declared that the Women's convention should be held on that day, as arranged, but why were so few ladies expected to attend? Were the fees too dear?

We saw the Israeli 770 from many miles away, especially from the Motorway. It is situated on a hillock, at the moment, completely isolated, and it is seen as a large square, red brick building - unlike the main 770, which is surrounded by other large buildings, so normally, one sees only the front of the premises, facing Eastern Parkway.

It is a remarkable and extraordinary good replica, even down to the broken little leaded window pane as in Crown Heights.

Rabbi Leibov was our guide, and the first person whom we met in this "770" was our old friend, Zusia Williamofsky, in his shirt sleeves, as were all the other men and boys who were learning there. Zusia ran immediately to put on his Kapota in "honour of such wonderful visitors".

The ground, or main floor (containing the Rebbe's study the main offices and the Beis Hamedrash and all other rooms) is exactly like the original 770. The staircases leading upwards and downwards - the floor above with the Previous Rebbe's (ZTzL) rooms and the Rashag's apartment, are almost exactly right. The lift (elevator) is identical. As yet, there is no reproduction of the large Shool downstairs at 770.

Although there are many boys and men studying, it is like the 770 body, without the Soul. No hustle, no bustle, but mainly no Rebbe, yet.

There was a letter in the Press at this time which stated - "Anyone driving down the Tel Aviv - Jerusalem highway, must have noticed a very large incongruous red brick

Victorian mansion emerging from the orchards of Kfar Chabad. What is the meaning of this exact duplicate of the Lubavitch World Headquarters in Brooklyn! "770" right down to the scuff marks on the door and broken leaded window pane of the original? The cost of such a building in especially imported Italian bricks must be extremely high".

"It is a fulfillment of the Talmud's prophecy (Megilah 29A) that the Jewish holy dwellings of the exile will be uprooted and relocated in the Holy Land? Does it portend the arrival in Israel of the venerable Lubavitcher Rebbe, together with 50,000 of his orthodox disciples?"

"Reasons for its construction are not forthcoming from the real 770 in New York, nor from Stamford Hill and it is surrounded in mystery".

I would say to the writer of this letter that he has given the answer himself, when he quotes the Gemorrah, Megilah 29, that "the Jewish holy dwellings will be uprooted, and relocated in the Holy Land". The Gemorrah surely refers to the time when our Righteous Moshiach will be revealed - and we are preparing for that Big Day.

Rabbi Leibov then showed us the "foundations" of the Chabad Museum. It looked very good indeed, like a very small edition of the Tel-Aviv Museum, very modern and beautiful models showing the history and growth of Chabad.

Rabbi Akiva Cohen has a brother Nochom, working in the office, and Aaron Dov Halpern, the Editor of the Newspaper has a "FAX" machine too. Within seconds he will receive, direct from 770 (Crown Heights), Sichos, letters, literature and photographs.

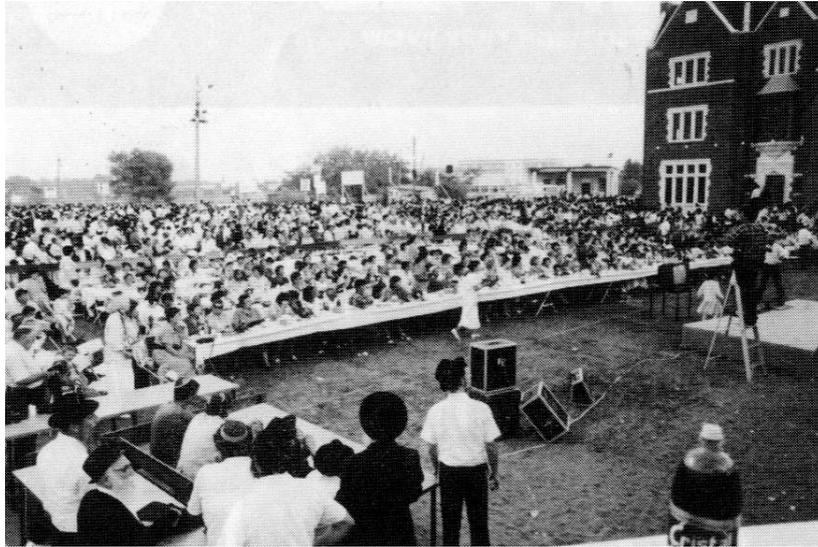
I am reprinting here, a picture of 770 Kfar Chabad as depicted on the front of the Kfar Chabad magazine.

The following picture was



The new shiny groups - Chabad groups in the Nechal - called "the young pioneers".

taken on the occasion of the Barmitzvah of those boys who lost their fathers in wars.



The principle business of Kfar Chabad is learning - study. There must be about 5,000 children and teenagers learning every day who come from outside and inside the village. Twenty five years ago, there were about a dozen families - today, there are 500 families K.A.H. - and houses are at a premium - very difficult to obtain.

Malka's husband, Moishe, achieved a great success for the new army groups - Chabad groups in the Nachal - called "The Young Pioneer Fighters".

The Chief of Nachal wrote direct to the Rebbe a few months previously, praising Moishe, Lubavitch and all Chabad work in the army. Malka showed me a copy of this letter, and it was really heart-warming and extremely satisfying to read such nice things about Lubavitch from the General.

Another reason for visiting Kfar Chabad was to call upon our friend Rabbi Shmuel Chayfer, and have a look around his girls' school, because my granddaughter, Channa Jaffe, was intending to attend this seminary.

Rabbi Chayfer informed us that 27 years ago, he was teaching 14 girls in a wooden building. He told the Rebbe that his target was 150 girls.

The Rebbe replied that he must budget for very many more girls. If he wanted quality, he would need quantity too. To split one atom, one needed a huge amount of electricity in order to obtain this small atom of quality.

A minyan consists of ten men - a quantity. If there are only nine men, one needs just one more to obtain the minyan which will consist of quantity and quality. Therefore, the Rebbe had always insisted on a great quantity in order to include some quality as well.

Rabby Chayfer now envisages that he will have 1,400 girls in his school. (Incidentally, he told me that his girls are in great demand - as Kallohs. They have a wonderful reputation and he receives enquiries, not only from Israel, but from all over the world.)

There is one huge complex, to accommodate 400/500 boarders, those who sleep and live in. The remainder come over every day by bus - from Tel Aviv, Bnei Brak and other towns.

He has a staff of 140, full-time and part-time workers. Thirty families of the staff live in, too.

Roselyn was very impressed with the general design and condition of the buildings. Spotlessly clean and modern.

Roselyn intimated that these were the nicest and cleanest Lubavitch buildings which she had ever seen. In fact, these premises compared very favourably to the best of educational building complexes anywhere in the world.

The drives and footpaths were lined with all types of Fruit Trees - Olives, Grapes, Dates, Pomegranates and so forth.

We felt sure that Channa would be very happy here, especially as they enjoy the best weather on the world, (the horse latitudes).

In fact, Moishe Edreri's gardens grew mangoes, avocados, lemons and oranges in addition to those fruits enumerated above, growing in the girls seminary gardens. Moishe has 400 boys studying in his school.

We left Kfar Chabad. Malka pulled into a garage for some petrol. They advertised (in Hebrew) "Fill up here and pay by a cheque post-dated for two weeks hence". Malka paid by cheque post-dated for two weeks hence!

Actually, just before Rosh Hashonah, I was honoured to receive this New Year greetings message and good wishes, from the Rebbe, addressed to my wife and to me.

You will notice that the Rebbe has changed two words from the Singular to the Plural, and added the phrase in Hebrew, which means, "For success, lengthy days and good years, followed by the Rebbe's signature.

(note, lohem twice)

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, ימי הסליחות, ה'תשמ"ז
ברוקלין, נ. י.

הו"ח אי"א נוי"נ כו'
מו"ה שניאור זלמן שי'
וזוג' תי'

שלום וברכה!

מאשר הנני קבלת המכ"י.

לקראת השנה החדשה, הבאה עלינו ועל כל ישראל

לטובה ולברכה, הנני בזה להביע ברכתי, לה' ולכל אשר

לה', ברכת כתיבה וחתימה טובה לשנה טובה ומתוקה

בגשמיות וברוחניות.

בברכה
אברהם זלמן שניאורסאהן

Our Annual Succos Visit

We left home on Wednesday 15th October. The first night of Succos was on the following Friday night, and Simchas Torah fell on Sunday. Therefore, we could look forward to fourteen days of concentrated and frenzied activity - day and night.

Our flight was by Pan Am from London. There was a leakage in the galley (why are we always confronted with floods) so we left an hour later.

Furthermore, to avoid turbulences, the Captain decided to fly southwards instead of north. We still got plenty of turbulence. Rabbi & Mrs. Sudak - Nachman and Freidei - with two of their boys, Schneur Zalman and Benzion were also on our plane.

We emerged from the Pan Am Terminal at John F. Kennedy Airport at nearly 5.30p.m. Two hours late.

We were pleased to see Yossi awaiting our arrival. We apologised for our lateness, but Yossi declared that he and Dovid had only just arrived, too. They came two hours late and were just in time to meet us. Incredible and typical!

I asked Yossi whether he could find room in the car for Nachman, Freidei or the two boys. If we could squeeze in only one person, it would be a help.

Yossi carried out our suitcases, and we went out to discover what kind of a car Dovid had been entrusted with - probably a real Shmattie - or as we say in England - a Banger - because it bangs all the way to the scrapyard.

To our utter surprise, the vehicle which Dovid had managed to borrow, was a brand new Lubavitch Mitzvah Tank. It was furnished in the height of of luxury. - Bath - Toilet - Shower - Fridge - Cooker - Two Sinks (one for meat and one for milk), cupboards, chairs, tables - and it could sleep six people.

Obviously, there was plenty of room for Nachman, Freidei, Schneur Zalman and Benzion - plus another couple of families.

As it was a Mitzvah Tank, we wanted to put Tefillin on some people. The only ones in this vehicle who had not put on Tefillin on that day were Roselyn and Freidei. They refused, point blank. (Although, I have heard of some women who insisted on putting on

Tefillin. I wish some Laddies were as keen as those Ladies.)

I met the Rebbe at Maariv at 9.15p.m just before the Farbraingen. T.G., he looked very well indeed K.A.H.

He gave me a gorgeous smile of welcome, so I felt very well indeed, too, and I felt at home already.

Zalmon Gourary is not too well. His grandson, Yossi Sternberg, informed that he has a bad foot and needs a stool for support, when sitting.

Chavelle is expecting us to call, but we will wait till Yom Tov, when they will remove from their home in Lefferts Avenue to their Yom Tov abode in Kingston Avenue, near to 770. We will have to remember that on this Yom Tov - Succos - Chavelle and Zalmon take over the apartment on the top floor, and they use the Succah which is erected on the veranda.

In the basement of this building is the new Mikvah which Zalmon built so that the boys could have a free Mikvah.

There are always detractors, and they call it a "Free for all Mikvah" and "Watch your pocket there", advises another "good friend".

The boys are terribly racist too. They call Israelis, DIBS - "Dear Israeli Brothers", but now they call them Tea Bags. When they go into a nice clean Mikvah, the water becomes discoloured.

Boys can be very cruel and don't really mean half the things they say.

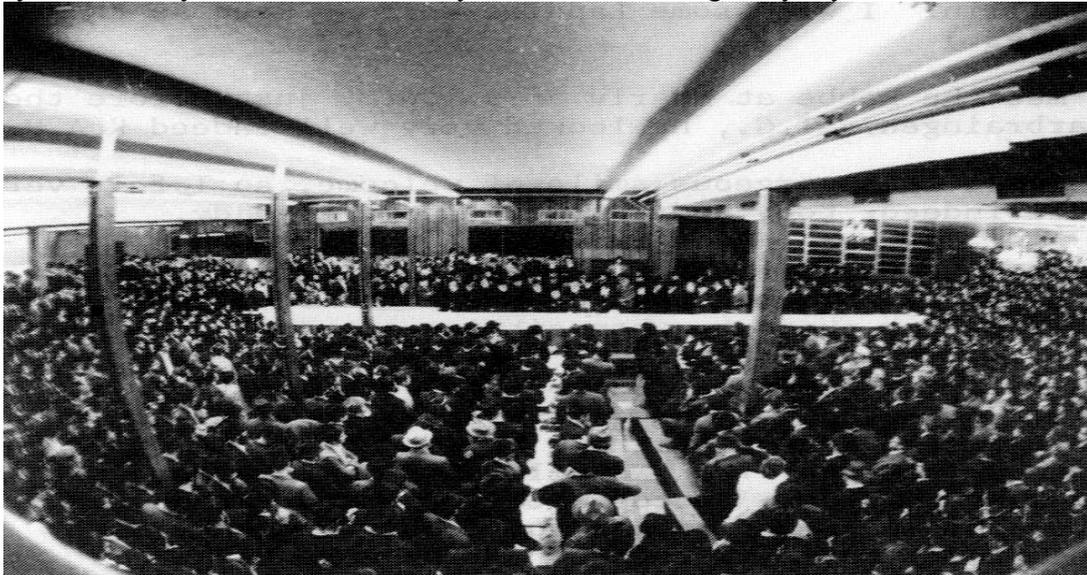


Photo by Levi Yitzchok Freidin

On Wednesday, the night of the 13th Tishrei, the Rebbe always holds a Farbraingen. It is the Yahrzeit of The Rebbe Maharash (ZTzL). Above is a photo of one of these weekday Farbraingens.

The Rebbe is seated, saying the maamer. Everyone else is obliged to stand at this time.

Yossi and Dovid took it in turns to guard and reserve my seat. The place was getting very much overcrowded.

The Rebbe intimated that the Rebbe Maharash was brilliant as a young man learning with his teacher. Therefore, when he grew older, he gained more and better attributes. Instead of getting weaker year by year, one actually **gains** strength in wisdom.

One should divide one's time into three parts:

1. To study Mikra - the Chumash
2. The Mishnah
3. To learn Gemorrah

The Rebbe discussed the duties and responsibilities of a Mashpiah.

We sang the Nigun of the Rebbe Maharash - "Lechatchilla Ariba" - his motto for solving a problem was, "First attack right over the top". (In England, it is just the opposite, they say, "Get down to it").

The Rebbe emphasised the importance of the Succos Mivtzaim, especially regarding Simchas Yom Tov and to make everyone happy, especially one's wife and children. Also to look after those who needed a Simchas Yom Tov.

Then there is the Mitzvah of Tzedoka. When Moshiach will arrive, there will be no chance to give Tzedoka. Therefore, we should "Chap Arein", take every opportunity of doing this Mitzvah, before Moshiach comes.

During the Farbraingen, the Rebbe turned to me, quite often - swinging his arms around, to ensure that I would sing louder and quicker. It was very tough.

On Thursday morning, the Shool downstairs was crowded, during Shacharis. There were hundreds of people davenning with different Minyanim all over the place, and all these were holding at various positions and points of the service.

A huge steel frame was being erected to strengthen the centre area set aside for dancing, during the Hakofas. Lengths of iron were strewn all over the place. The Rebbe's platform was bare. His lectern standing in a corner, well covered with a dust protector. The Bimah was stuck away in an odd corner, and the floor was littered with paper and bits of garbage.

Then the cry went up that the Rebbe was due to arrive in 15 minutes.

In the space of those few minutes, it was amazing what a transformation took place. From complete chaos and disorder to calmness and orderliness.

Men were busy with brushes and brooms, and others with shovels. The Rebbe's platform was covered with a rich carpet. The dust cover was removed from the lectern and a beautiful white embroidered cloth laid upon it - and the usual Tehillim and Chumash, which belonged to the lucky winners of the lottery, placed there upon.

The Bimah was put into position and a beautiful white cloth placed on the Bimah table.

All the lights were turned on, and everything now looked spotlessly clean and serene.

When the Rebbe entered, seconds later, to the singing led by Zusia Williamofsky, no one could really visualise what a terrific mess the place looked like, only a few minutes before.

At Itkins

Lazer Avtzon has extended the Succah again this year. It is very much longer than before and we shall not be able to sing a Succelle, a small one, but, a Succelle, a large one. More about this later on.

As usual, Lazer has not fixed a roof, but promised to do so next year!!

As it happened, we were very lucky. We enjoyed beautiful weather during the whole of Succos, after which the heavens opened up and it simply poured with rain.

Roselyn phoned the Rebbetzen to confirm that we had arrived. We also met Sholom (Gansberg) who informed us that the Rebbetzen had already spoken to him about our intended arrival.

Shmuel had been to Russia recently, and he had visited the graveside of the Rebbe's father (ZTzL) in ALMA ATA in Kazhakstan. He had brought a small gift for the Rebbe and Rebbetzen.

It was a small honey dish made in the shape of an apple, which is the literal translation of ALMA ATA - as a sentimental memento of that city.

Golda Rivka was supposed to have brought it in time for Rosh Hashanah, but, because of a bad cold, she had postponed her departure. Shmuel would be coming along in a weeks time, so, meanwhile, Chaya brought it along.

Chaya phoned the Rebbetzen, and to her great delight, the Rebbetzen said she would receive Chaya - and the gift on that very evening (Thursday) at 7.00p.m.

So, Chaya has "beaten us to it", this time. Incidentally, she arrived last night with Sholom Ber, but their plane was two hours late. They missed the Farbraingen.

Shmuli has also just arrived from Manchester. His plane was one hour late. Dovid, with his usual punctuality, collected him from the airport. Although he too, was an hour late, he arrived at J.F. Kennedy airport just in time. I'll say it again - "Incredible, Typical!"

The Rebbe had been to the Ohel, so there would be a "late" mincha that evening.

As there were so many people at 770, all the services would be held downstairs in the large Shool.

It was nearly 8.00p.m and I stood at the bottom of the steps leading to the Rebbe's platform. The crush was absolutely intense and almost unbearable. The pushing and shuffling was a foretaste of things to come.

I looked around, objectively, and thought to myself - "They are all crazy, crackers or insane".

In that case, I thought to myself again - then I must be just as crazy as all of them. In fact, more so, because most of those around me were comparatively youngsters, whereas most would consider me to be a young old man - alright - a crazy young old man, then, was it right that at my age, I should be pushed about and trampled upon. Why should I be right in the thick of this turmoil. A real crackpot!

Then the Rebbe arrived. He made his way slowly, down to the Oran Hakodesh (Ark). He lightly touched the Poruchus (Curtain) and even more slowly walked towards the steps and to where I was standing.

He had to walk slowly because there were so many people present, and it was almost impossible to clear a passageway for the Rebbe, as quickly as hitherto.

The Rebbe ascended the five steps, handing out coins for Tzedoka to all the young boys who were standing around.

The Rebbe had walked right past me. He did not even spare me a glance, until he reached the top step, when he turned towards me, hesitated, and with a wondrous smile, which even I have only beheld on a few occasions in my lifetime, the Rebbe let fall into my waiting palms, two quarters (25 cent coins).

The Rebbe does not normally give to people who are over Barmitzvah. He probably concluded that I was in my second childhood. It was certainly worth suffering the 15 minutes of intense torture and occasional excruciating pain to receive such a high reward.

As Rabbi Meisels said - "It is well known that words have a strong power and a wonderful influence, but a smile will convey much more eloquently what a person feels".

After Maariv

The whole area outside was thick with thousands of people, men and boys, milling around - there were hundreds of women too, behind the barriers.

Shmuli and Sholom Ber refused to come home before the Rebbe left 770. I did warn them that the Rebbe would be leaving late, because the Rebbe would be examining all the Arba Minim, the Esrogim and the Lulovim, which he would be presenting to those very

illustrious and distinguished Rabbonim on the following morning - Erev Succos. The Rebbe would minutely - very carefully examine over 50 sets and pick out the best 25 sets. It all took time.

I noticed that the small balustrade outside the library front door had been broken. Actually, it is a small dainty 1½ foot high wall, with small imitation marble pillars, very fancy and fragile looking.

Well, it seems that in the early morning of Erev Yom Kippur, the Rebbe had taken a white rooster in order to perform the ceremony of Kapporas - to enable complete atonement to be made before the fast.

The Shochet was waiting around the corner - where the Succah would soon be erected, for the Rebbe to complete his preparation and conclude the special prayer.

After which, the Shochet performed his task. The Rebbe himself covered over the blood with sand - and the operation was concluded.

Because of dangerous pressure, all boys were prohibited from standing around.

But - they wanted to watch - they needed to watch - it was their right to watch - they insisted on watching - and so they congregated at this little balustrade outside the library - and they watched the Rebbe below.

But - the poor little wall broke - and they all fell down! - about a six foot drop.

On the following page is a photo depicting where the boys stood.

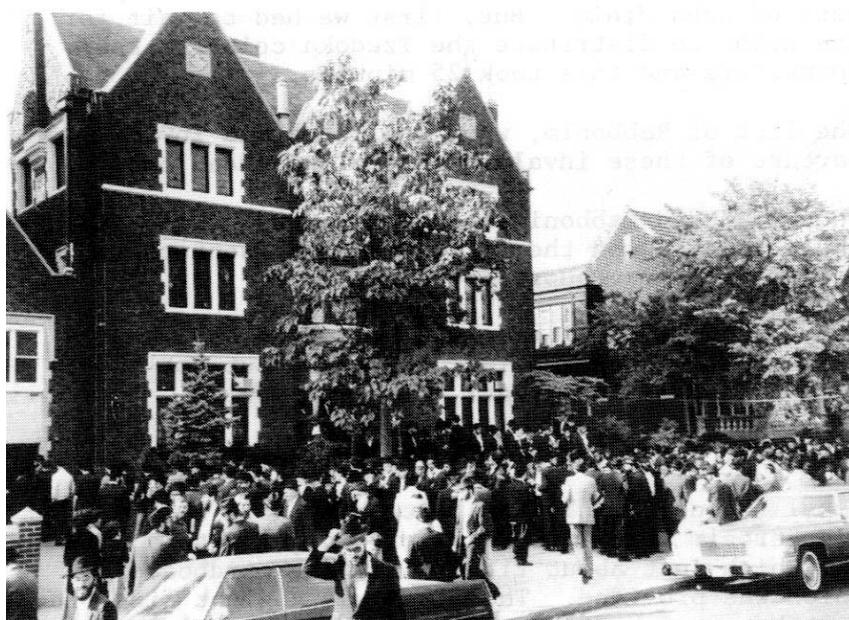


Photo by Levi yitzchok Freidin

-770-

Some boys found it quite comfortable to sit on the wings of the Rebbe's car. You will notice the small balustrade around the front of the library next door against which the boys were leaning.

I was glad to see my friend Rabbi Dovid Hickson, from Manchester. He could not find an apartment large enough to accommodate his wife and all the family. He came only with his daughter Channa Faigie.

On Friday morning, the Rebbe distributed the special sets of Arba Minim. But, first we had to wait for the Rebbe to distribute the Tzedoka coins to the youngsters and this took 25 minutes.

The list of Rabbonim, whom the Rebbe had invited to partake of these invaluable sets, was read out.

They included Rabbonim who represented towns, and those who had won the lottery to represent their organisations, groups or villages.

Rabbi Akiva Cohen's name was announced as the Rosh of the Manchester Yeshiva, and last (but not least) Zalmon Jaffe - just that!

As usual, Rabbi Akiva insisted on going after me.

Label (Groner) indicated that there were now just Two Esrogim left. One was very large, with a Pittum which just about fitted into the cardboard box which was provided. The other was a giant size, it must have weighed about 2lbs (or very nearly), and, of course, this would not fit into any of these prepared boxes. He did find an extra large box for this extra large Esrog.

On leaving, the Rebbe wished me a complete and good New Year - plus, to include my bad leg. And that, "all the blessings should be drawn to us from the six points of the compass, towards which we wave the Naanuim (movements with the Arba Minim)".

Shortly afterwards, Label handed me the Rebbe's reply to my letter which I had sent in when I arrived a couple of days ago. Translated into English, it would read, "Your arrival here with your wife (household) is in an auspicious and good hour and so forth.

Your Pidyon will be taken to the Ohel and read out there. I wish you a Chag Sameach, a Happy Yom Tov".

Here is a photograph that Levi Yitzchok Freidin took of me when I was leaving the Rebbe's presence.



I am also including another one which he took showing the Rebbe with a very happy smile. (Unfortunately, this picture is slightly blurred.)



Rabbi Meisels of Jerusalem once again, for the 3rd consecutive year, made up my Arba Minim according to Chabad Minhag.

Two New Fans

During the Summer, I received two interesting letters.

The first was from Mordechai Dovid Shizgal D.D.S. (Dentistry) from Montreal Canada.

He wrote:

"Dear Reb Zalmon,

Yesterday, two members of the Brawer family visited this office to have their teeth attended to.

As I chatted with them after the session, in the waiting room, Mrs. Brawer asked whether I have ever seen your book - I hadn't - she very reluctantly agreed to leave it for a few days.

How delightful! What a beautifully transparent exposition of truly good feelings.

May you have many successful encounters with the Rebbe.

If previous editions of your Encounter are available, I would like to purchase a set.

Can this be arranged? Respectfully,

(Signed in Hebrew) Mordechai Dovid Shizgal.

The second one was from Jeffrey M. Goldman, New Jersey. He addressed me as:

"Dear Rabbi Jaffe,

At the beginning of this Summer, I bought your 17th Encounter book at Drimmer's, and finally got to read it this week.

I really enjoyed it; it made me feel as though I was at every Farbraingen, Simcha and gathering you attended.

I am a young lawyer who became orthodox many years ago after visiting Eretz Yisroel ...

I always wanted to attend a Farbraingen ... Just seeing and hearing the Rebbe Shlita speak is heartening...

I would very much like to buy all or any of the previous 16 Encounters books which might be available.

Would it be possible for you to schlep them along on a future visit to the States.

Sincerely,

(signed) Jeffrey M. Goldman"

I am pleased to say that I was able to do business with these nice gentlemen.

I schlept the goods to Crown Heights, where Jeffrey Goldman, wasted no time, and collected his parcel immediately upon our arrival.

Mordechai's parcel, I handed over to Rabbi Itchi Mayer Gourary, from Montreal, who delivered the books when he returned home from Crown Heights.

Our Manchester Yeshiva, benefited to the extent of nearly two hundred dollars, which came in very useful for them.

Succos

Channina (Spurling) told me a secret - that the Rebbe would be going through the front door to the library on Yom Tov, so Roselyn should be prepared for the chance to see the Rebbe.

The Rebbe had been walking from 770 to the library through the back and side entrance. This saved him from walking up the front steps.

For the second day of Yom Tov, Yehuda Michael Zerkin volunteered to be in charge of the distribution of the numbered tickets for benching with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. (The first day of Succos was on Shabbos, so, obviously, as there were no Esrog and Lulov, so there were no tickets.)

Tickets would be issued at 6.00a.m. (You do not need one, Mr. Jaffe! "But I do", I insisted, "I do not wish to take advantage of any reputation I might have acquired".)

At 6.10a.m, there were already 400 people who had been waiting since 6.00a.m.

During the week, no tickets were issued. One would come along to 770 and take one's place in the line. After a while, it was possible to leave this spot - by arrangement with one's neighbours and keep on returning, eg. after visiting the Mikvah and so on.

I used to come along at 7.00a.m, then leave for the Mikvah, then go shopping. There was normally, for me, a two hours wait for the Rebbe's arrival.

Latterly, Levi became a great help to me. He was always up all night dancing. Then at 6.30a.m, he would sit down on the bench in the line, in the Succah and rest his head and feet. He then gave over this seat to me at 7.15a.m. I was very grateful for the chance of being able to sit in comfort for two hours.

Herewith are two photographs which Levi Yitzchok Freidin of Holon, Israel had taken.

Both show part of the line waiting to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim. The time is after 10.30a.m. Most men have already benched with the Rebbe's Esrog. The Rebbe himself is now using these at the Shool service.

After Hoshannos, the Esrog will be returned to the 770 Communal Succah, to give all

these latecomers the opportunity to bench with the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

This was a weekday. On the Second day of Succos, there were about four times as many people.

On one photograph, you will see the Rebbe's Succah, with the roof opened and the canopy folded back on top of the Succah.

Part of the queue is actually standing on the steps leading to the front door of 770. The men will turn to the right between the Rebbe's Succah and the office window and walk along until they will enter the large Communal Succah, where they will bench with the Rebbe's Lulov and either walk straight through and out to Union Street, or remain to partake of Coffee and Cake - provided free by Rabbi Yeruslavsky.

There is a good view of the library next door, and adjoining the library is Mrs. Itkin's house.

Our apartment is in the basement of that house - next door but one to 770.

Between the Rebbe's Succah and the library, you will notice the rear end of the Communal Succah - covered with Schach.

Some of the boys are not wasting their time. They are busy saying Tehillim and learning whilst waiting for the Esrog.

The two photographs showing these views described above are on the following two pages.



On the first day of Yom Tov, I was asked to daven Mincha by Myer Harlick. It was very nice of him, but I refused. After the fourth time of asking, a Chazan is permitted to refuse only three times, I accepted.

Immediately I left my seat in the front row, another six men squeezed into this one seat. I never dreamt I was so stout.

During the repetition of the Amidah, the congregation all sing together, the paragraph of Ata Bechartonu.

My son, Avrohom, is the Rabbi of our Shool. I have always maintained that as I was blessed with a very loud voice K.A.H., and so could be heard even above all the congregants, then it was not necessary to repeat this paragraph.

Avrohom disagreed and even warned me (his Dad) that if I refused to repeat the Ata Bechartonu, then he would not allow me to officiate as the Chazan on Yom Tov again.

So, what could I do. I had to listen to the Rov of the Shool. (Actually, Rabbi Dvorkin ZTzL had advised him that this was the correct procedure.)

So, now, here at 770, I decided not to sing with the congregants, but to wait until they had concluded, and then I could repeat this on my very own.

Therefore, right on cue - the Rebbe raised his arms and the congregants raised the roof. It was terrific, all keeping in time to the Rebbe's conducting. Then they finished: and it was all very quiet and still.

It was my turn now, so I thought - and with a huge bellow, I sang out loud and clear - Ata Bechartonu - that was as far as I could get.

The Rebbe raised his arms again and once again, the Shool was filled with everyone singing this paragraph.

They thought it was a competition and sang and screamed louder than ever - almost, - I



repeat, almost - drowning out the Chazan, who happened to be Zalmon Jaffe, who had been blessed with a very loud voice K.A.H.

Label Itkin said that he stood right at the rear of the Shool, and this was the first time in his life that he had heard the repetition of the Amidah and could answer Omain and so forth, at the Brochas.

Rabbi and Mrs, Kramer were celebrating the Barmitzvah of their son, whose Bris I had attended thirteen years ago.

Rabbi and Mrs Chadakov were, of course, the grand-parents of this Barmitzvah boy. We would miss the "Big Party", which was to take place in two weeks time. But, we were invited to attend a Kiddush in the 770 Succah, after the morning service on Yom Tov.

So, at about 12.30p.m., I tried to make my way into the Communal Succah at 770. There was a huge crowd outside, waiting in line to get into this Succah.

I discovered that these people were going to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog and Lulov. Already inside the Succah were the "Orchim", the guests who ate all their meals in this Succah, under the direction of Rabbi Yeruslavsky. All these guests were eating lunch and the Rebbe's Esrog line was moving inexorably along.

It was utter choas, and somewhere, in that crowd, and crush was Rabbi Kramers Barmitzvah boys Kiddush.

I met Mrs. Kramer outside - she indicated that, even she, the mother, was not allowed into this Succah. Roselyn and I, therefore, decided to use our discretion and wished the mother of the Barmitzvah boy much Nachas from him and from all the family - from outside the Succah.

I was still receiving compliments upon my Mincha.

One fellow said he enjoyed my Mincha because it was so "Yekish". His mother (O.H.) was Yekish and it was a long time since he had heard this perfect Hebrew pronunciation.

(I think Yekish referred to the Jews who lived in Germany long before the war. They had a reputation for being extremely precise in everything they did, and punctual to the split second.)

Zusia Williamofsky

On the second night of Succos, my friend and my Talmid, Rabbi Zusia Williamofsky from Kfar Chabad passed away peacefully inside the Communal Succah at 770. He had suffered a heart attack at 2.00a.m and he died shortly afterwards.

I refer to him as my Talmid, because I taught him how to make the Rebbe happy, how to

make him smile and laugh. The answer was just simply to commence to sing as soon as the Rebbe entered the room or hall, and again, just as the Rebbe was leaving.

The Rebbe had insisted that Zusia should always stand upon a bench and to lead and to conduct the singing. He should stand on the bench - straight, firm and erect so that everyone could see and hear him.

Not many people knew that the reason Zusia stood with a straight stiff neck, was that during the war, he was a leader of the Partisans, fighting at the rear of the Nazis, and he had a bullet lodged in his neck. It was too dangerous to have it removed, so he held his head up - high - and straight - and erect.

Two years ago, Rabbi Shmaryohu Gourary, from Israel, died at 770 on the night of Kol Nidrei. He was just about to open the Oran Hakodesh, when he collapsed. He was rushed outside 770, but - he died.

It was decided that as he had died within the precincts of 770, the abode of the Previous Rebbe (ZTZL), then he should be buried near to him in the Lubavitch Cemetery in New York.

Zusia had revealed only a week ago, how lucky was Rabbi Gourary to die in 770. Rabbi Gourary had that great Zechus, and when his time came, then he would like nothing better than to leave this world the same way - in this holy place. When in Brooklyn, he lived all the time in 770, even catching some sleep on a hard wooden bench whenever possible.

That was his life, and that was his death.

Just as he had prayed for during the past few years.

Greenwald, a Yeshiva boy, met Zusia outside 770. Zusia was not feeling well and he begged Greenwald to take him immediately to 770. He was taken to the Succah at 770, and Zusia, with a happy and contented smile murmured, "Well, this is a part of 770" and shortly afterwards, he passed peacefully away.

The Rebbe had instructed that Zusia should be afforded the same burial arrangements and procedures that had been given to Rabbi Gourary.

By a coincidence, his wife happened also to be in Crown Heights, for the first time for many years. Two of his married sons also lived in Brooklyn. Another son was in Israel when the news came through of Zusia's demise, so as it was already Chol Hamoed for him, an Israeli, he took the next plane to New York. He was warned, however, to remain at the J.F. Kennedy airport until nightfall, when it would be Chol Hamoed also for American Jews.

This was to avoid the Chillul of Maariss Ayin - that people would see him, supposedly, transgressing the Holy Day of Succos - They would not realise that he was an Israeli and

they would get the wrong idea.

The burial took place on the first day of Chol Hamoed and thousands of people accompanied the hearse down the Eastern Parkway sliproad.

Shiva commenced immediately after Yom Tov. It is peculiar, but when a person dies, even a few hours before Yom Tov (so that the mourners could sit for a token one hour Shiva), then there is no more Shiva, and Shemini Atzeres, which is a separate Yom Tov, cancels out the Sheloshim too. In Zusia's case, the mourners had to wait till right after Simchas Torah before they commenced to sit Shiva.

Moishe Yeruslavsky told us the story about Zusia's days in the Partisans. He heard one day that the Nazis intended to invade a little town containing large numbers of Jews. He went out of his way to warn them and to ensure that they all had left before the Nazis arrived. Zusia was the last to leave. That was the time when the bullet lodged in his neck. The Rebbe had advised him not to remove this bullet - It was dangerous to do so.

Actually he did have it taken out when he was sixty six years old!

Another Zusia story - He was accosted late at night by three big burly coloured men. They demanded money.

Zusia, Money!! Silly! They were just about to set upon him when Zusia screamed out loud and clear.

"The Lubavitcher Rebbe - Help! The Lubavitcher Rebbe - Help!"

The three louts rushed away, thankful to be spared their lives.

Provide Yourself A Teacher

The Rebbe has spoken on more than one occasion on the importance of "ASSAY LECHO RAV". The Rebbe has related the following:

"The Mishna (in Avos:6) teaches "Provide Yourself with a teacher". Every Jew should seek out and designate for himself a teacher, a Rav whose words he will rely on. One must learn from all people, but every Jew should also have one Rav."

"Being biased to one's own shortcomings, one cannot rely on himself, so we need someone who is objective, wise and sensitive to help us to evaluate our accomplishments. This must be someone whom we look up to and whose words and advice we will follow."

"Let everyone, man, woman, and child therefore fulfil the words of the Mishna - "Provide yourself with a Teacher" even if it involves bother and tedious work to find him. We speak of a Rav - teacher, counsellor or Mashpia. (Women and girls

must also appoint for themselves Mashpios)".

"In this way, from time to time you will visit your Rabbi/Mashpia and be examined and evaluated. How are you progressing in Torah study, what about Tzedoka and your general divine service? Are you careful that all your actions should be for the sake of Heaven? This evaluation will lead to helpful and wise advice."

"Knowing that you must report and be "examined" from time to time, will sharpen your desire to advance even more."

"This system is very important all year round and my suggestion and soulful request is to publicise this widely, so that all Jews, men, women and children will fulfil the directive of the Mishna, "Provide Yourself with a Teacher" and from time to time will be "tested" in their level of Divine service. This will certainly magnify and increase all areas of holiness and goodness in an ever-increasing way."

The Rebbe again stressed this important subject in the Sicho last night.

So, I wrote to the Rebbe as follows - "regarding the "ASSAY LECHO RAV". My obvious choice is, of course, the Rebbe. But I am told that the Rebbe does not accept this nomination.

The only other person would be my son, Avrohom - would that be possible? At my age, can the Rebbe suggest anyone else who would be acceptable to me?

The Rebbe replied with a short note on my letter that I could not take my son as my Mashpia, because it is contrary to "Kibud Av", (Honour to one's father).

I have written before that at a Fabraingen, it is a well known fact that although the Rebbe is speaking to everyone collectively, he is also talking to each one individually.

I had ample proof of this at the Sicha last night. "oi Vay", was I in trouble. Was the Rebbe talking to me? I am pretty certain that he was.

The Rebbe said, that somebody had written to him stating that he wants a RAV who would be acceptable to him (to the writer). I checked my copy of the letter

I had sent to the Rebbe, and yes - I had really written that I wanted a Rav who would be "acceptable" to me.

The Rebbe continued, in Yiddish, of course, that it would be an "Och and VAY" if the Rav had to be acceptable (this word was spoken in English). If he did not like him or was dissatisfied with his decisions or rulings, then he would get rid of him, - fire him. The Rebbe really berated me. Fortunately only a few members of my family knew to whom

the Rebbe referred.

After all this excitement I decided that I had better get fixed up with a Mashpia, straight away, and whether acceptable or not, before I left for home.

Rabbi Akiva Cohen was presently at Crown Heights. What better RAV could I get! I approached him. He refused-and suggested, very modestly, another name. However after much persuasion he finally accepted my proposal that he should become my RAV/Mashpia.

Asbury Park

Once again we made our annual visit to Asbury Park. It was one of the most successful of all the Simchas Baisashovu I have ever attended. It was fantastic and went with a real swing. At the beginning we did meet with a slight rebuff. A fellow told us that the Mets were playing the Red Sox and it was being shown on T.V. He wanted to leave early so "Get on with it" he said.

There were fourteen of us, who were the Shiluchim of the Rebbe and each and everyone did a real fine job, in their own individual way and manner.

(1) Young Moishe Pakkar was the musician. He played really well. He brought along his own Electric Piano Keyboard. We and everyone danced non-stop for half an hour, with energetic liveliness and ecstasy. After which Rabbi Yossi Carlebach, the Resident Rabbi of Asbury Park introduced

(2) Rabbi Kalmon Marlowe, the Lubavitch Rav. He spoke very nicely in English for a couple of minutes. Then Rabbi Carlehach introduced

(3) Zalmon Jaffe from Manchester, England, who would take over the duties of M.C. (Master of Ceremonies). We continued with the dancing at which

(4) Levi Jaffe was most outstanding, jumping three feet high, up into the air, and making all the Men of Asbury Park to join in, too.

(5) Mendy Lew and

(6) Shmulie Jaffe and

(7) Shalom Ber Lew were also right in the thick of it, jumping, dancing and singing. Mendy also sang the "Succelle" and taught them the tune and some of the words. He was fantastic and was applauded and asked to sing again and again.

(8) Roselyn Jaffe danced quite a lot with the Ladies and the girls. About ninety people were present.

(9) Shmuel Lipsker was the driver of the first car, with eight passengers. He drove well, but got lost a few times. Everytime he overtook another car, he would turn his head around to us, for appropation? - or to make sure that we had passed this other car? because he did not use his mirror. We decided that we would have to bench Gomel, when we returned safely to Crown Heights In the other car driven by

(10) Menachem Mendel Gopin were Moishe Pakkar and

(11) Rabbi Zalmon Abelski.

(12) Tzvi Shechter

(13) Shmayohu Hillel

But (14) Rabbi Label Alevski arrived, alone, later on. Rabbi Abelski spoke very well in Yiddish, and Rabbi Hillel addressed us in Ivrit. (Rabbi Carlebach gave a brief resume of this.) Label Abelski gave over the Rebbe's Sicho of the previous evening. He spoke in English for about fifteen minutes. He was excellent - concise, clear and precise, and the talk was well understood by everyone.

I kept the proceedings flowing smoothly and quickly - a few jokes and so forth.

We then adjourned from the Shool Hall to the Succah, where we all partook of refreshments and chatted with our hosts. Most of the people present were elderly with about a dozen or so youngsters.

Levi pointed out that they called themselves the "Sons of Israel". Shmulie retorted that they should be referred to as the "Grandfathers of Israel".

We then davened Maariv and on our way home we gave Motel Simon the honour of visiting him in his Succah - this is already a tradition.

We had left Crown Heights at six-forty five p.m. and arrived back home at one a.m. That is six and a quarter hours, including the three hours drive, there and back.

Rabbi Label Alevski said that he would send in a report to the Rebbe, about how well Zalmon Jaffe had performed. When I explained that I would also send in a report, as I usually did, he retorted that he would not bother, because I was sure to mention how good I was, - a cheek!!!

Incidentally, Rabbi Carlebach was so impressed with the liveliness, vivacity and high spirits of Levi, that he begged him to be his guest for Simchos Torah. I maintained that surely Levi would prefer to spend that Yom Tov at 770 and with the Rebbe.

Levi indicated that he would obviously rather be at 770 on such an outstanding day of the year, but he expressed the view, that in his opinion, it was more important to make other

people happy than to be selfish and enjoy himself at 770.

Anyway, he was persuaded to stay with Rabbi Carlebach over Simchos Torah, and he also prevailed upon another friend, to accompany him on this self sacrificing mission.

They certainly made things "lebedik" during Simchas Torah. Rabbi Carlebach told me that they were absolutely outstanding. There was never a dull moment and everyone had a good time.

Unfortunately poor Levi had to pay the price for his goodness of heart. As is the Custom in most Shools, the ATTA HORAISO before the Hakofus, is sold three times - by auction, to the highest bidder.

On the first occasion, the price fetched \$200. When the second ATTA HORAISO was put up for auction, the bidding was rather slow - lackadaisical and sluggish. There seemed no chance at all of reaching the \$200 mark. - Until Levi decided to take a hand. Then the bidding became brisk. \$20 - \$25 - \$30 - \$35 - \$36. Going, going - all gone for - "\$40 shouted out Levi." \$40, all going - for the last time - gone - Sold to who? Levi Jaffe. "Ah No", remonstrated Rabbi Carleback, "you surely have made a mistake. You became carried away with the excitement and the drink". "No. No", screamed Levi (definitely carried away by the drink). I bought it, I want it - and I will pay for it. At Least my friend whom I brought along will help me to Pay for it".

This reminds me of the story about a man, a visitor, who was in a Shool on Shabbos. They gave him Maftir and the fellow promised to donate £10. Next morning the collector went to the hotel where this man was staying and asked for the money. The fellow refused to pay. There was an altercation, and the police were called in. They were told the story of how this man had promised to pay £10 for the Maftir, and now he refused to pay.

After some deliberation, the police decided, in their wisdom that the fellow had to pay the £10 or, he must return the Maftir at once.

Levi will have to return the ATTA HORAISO.

Some More Anecdotes

We had a millionaire staying with us at our apartment. I think he was an International Banker. Money seemed to have no value to him. He gave free loans to all and sundry. He wore a specially imported Italian Hat - a Borsolini, which cost about \$85. His name was Shmulie Jaffe, and he was fourteen years old.

His cousin, Pincus, considered that \$85 for this super hat was money well spent. Pincus had also bought one himself recently and he indicated to us that on two separate occasions a car had run over that remarkable hat, (fortunately his head was not inside), and although it was well and truly flattened, all he had to do was to straighten it out and it became perfect again. (I think someone should straighten out these young lads). Shmulie did a

brisk business in buying and selling tapes. He made no money but that was not the objective of this exercise.

It reminds me of the story - A taxi driver complained to Lord Rothchild about the meagre and paltry tip which Lord Rothchild had offered him, and added that Lord Rothchild's son was much more generous and always gave him an exceptionally handsome gratuity. "Oh", commented Lord Rothchild, "he can afford it. He has a very rich father".

However, Shmulie, who always made night into day, and vice versa, arrived at our flat at 4.30 a.m after Koss Shel Brocha. He was hungry, he was starving, and, he wanted his dinner!

Roselyn who had been fast asleep, was awoken by Shmulie's rantings and ravings and demands for his dinner. She offered him some light refreshments to appease his hunger. But as he insisted on his five course dinner, Roselyn threw him out.

So he went to a friend's house for a meal at nearly 5 a.m in the morning. I remonstrated with him afterwards - How could he go to a strange house at such an unearthly hour and demand food.

Shmulie confided that his friend was quite happy to see him and gave him a meal. This boy owed him money and he was collecting his capital. (Not interest G.D. Forbid) by eating a meal.

Rabbi Beryl Levy told me that Dovid used to come often to their home on Friday night. Once he arrived at 2 a.m on Friday night, and ate up most of the Tzollunt, which was not even ready yet. Poor Beryl Levy had to do without his usual Shabbos Tzollunt.

During the Yom Tov davening we sang all the usual tunes during the Service and for Hallel. The Rebbe loves people to sing and to be happy and at every opportunity he would raise his hands to encourage us to do so.

During the Priestly Blessings (Duchennun) many young boys wished to join me under my tallis. Unfortunately, I had not tallis. A young boy, a Kohen, had borrowed it from me - with the promise of extra brochus.

Simcha Zerkin (an uncle to the Zerkin "Mafia" Boys) has proved a great help to me during the whole year. He had a new idea about the Mikvah - there should be a gauge showing the temperature, humidity, density and acidity of the water.

Yaacov Mendel Zerkin looked after me, too, very well indeed. At whatever time I would go to the Yankel's Mikvah, whether 7 a.m., 8 a.m., or even as late as 8.45 a.m., I would meet him there.

Chaim Blackman who drives the Hatzola Ambulance and looks after the First Aid, etc., always carries on him a radio bleeper and Walkie Talkie, even on Shabbos and Yom Tov.

The Rebbe asked him whether he had asked a Shaalah. Yes, he had asked Rabbi Kalmon Marlowe.

We had a very slow Chazan that morning. He considered that everyone wished to hear his special rendering of the Prayers. It was really awful, but the Rebbe never interfered.

But Yisroel Goldshmidt did. He went up to the Omud, placed thereon a watch, and the keys to 770 (so that the Chazan could lock up the place). It certainly made a big difference, and the Chazan rushed off the rest of the davenning. Yisroel had done us all a great favour. Occasionally the Congregants get so fed up with a slow Chazan, that they overtake him and leave the Chazan floundering on his own, way, way behind.

Almost every Chazan made some mistake this Yom Tov. One forgot to say Yaale Veyovo in the Amida. Another forgot to shake the Lulov at Onno, and had to wait for the Rebbe to finish. Another one said the wrong Hashaanos, and yet another one started the Hashaanos before the Sefer Torah was taken out from the Ark and carried to the Bima.

Rabbi Avrohom Meisels from Jerusalem had as usual arranged and made up the Arba Minim, which I received from the Rebbe, in the proper Lubavitcher manner. Therefore he now had the long Chazoka (tradition) of being my unofficial partner during the morning Hallel when we shook the Lulov. Rabbi Meisels also had two unofficial partners, and a couple of young bold boys did not lack courage nor cheek to ask to borrow our precious Arba Minim.

I had therefore no option but to commence the "Naanuim" well before the Chazan and the Rebbe and make rapid progress so that everyone could have a turn.

Rabbi Dovid Hickson of Manchester used it after the Rebbe's minyan had ended - after twelve noon. Levi and Shmulie borrowed it after two p.m. People were davenning all afternoon, as Yossi remarked, "The poor Sefer Torah was popping in and out of the Oran Hakodesh all afternoon".

Incidentally at about 9 a.m. every morning a lady came into my Succah to bench Esrog. I did not know her from Adam, (or from Eve). She told me her name was Mrs. MEISES (not MEISELS).

So all in all, my Rebbe's Arba Minim were used very comprehensively every day.

The new nigun, of DEEDON NOTZACH (Victory is ours) had some connection with the litigation which was taking place in New York. It was an extremely rousing and lively tune. It always went with a swing and it had become a serious rival to "Vesomachto" - my favourite Yom Tov Nigun.

Here is a photograph of the Rebbe encouraging me to sing, when he was about to leave the Shool. It was also taken by Yoseph Yitzchok Freidin. Note well, the Rebbe's platform and Lectern, which I have described on so many occasions.



On Simchas Torah this platform is moved three feet nearer to the Oran Hakodesh, and in that small space left vacant in between the platform and the wall, over fifty men were standing, crushed together, as you will read later on, when I will write about Simchas Torah.

Young Rabbi Danny Dubov was amazed to see Roselyn pulling along a large shopping trolley, Roselyn retorted "what do you expect me to use, when we have KAH so many grandchildren here - a little basket?"

Yossi said that Bobby had made history this year. – During Tishrei for the very first time, she had sat on the bench in front of 770, - but, she had been shopping and she just flopped onto the bench - dead beat! Absolutely washed out.

About Our Succah

Lazer Avtzon had built this year, a super Succah. It had been very much enlarged and extended. He had such great confidence in Hashem that it would not rain over Succah that he refused to fix a roof. Actually the weather remained hot and sunny over the whole of Yom Tov, - but on the day after Succah, the heavens really opened up.

Dovid Hickson had spoken to Avrohom, in Manchester and was told that it had not stopped raining during the whole of Succah, so far.

Yitzchok Kurtz (Isaac the short one), a nephew of Mrs. Itkin from Israel, was a real good worker, and cleaned and tidied up the Succah wonderfully well.

Lazer had put in the usual bowl, with running water, for washing one's hands, and he had placed in position three large tables for the tenants. The Itkins sat at their table at the far end, near the Succah entrance. The Avtzons were in the middle, and the Jaffe table was at the opposite end.

Ours was always a busy Succah. One afternoon twenty nine girls from the Beis Rivka School were having a party.

Besides the "Biblical" shpiezen (guests) who visit all Succahs in order to celebrate Simchas Bais Hashayovu e.g. Avrohom, Yitzchok, Yoseph, Dovid and so on - plus the Chassidishe one - The Alter Rebbe, and so forth, we had our own special guests.

On one evening we had - Yitzchok, Yoseph, Levi, Dovid, Pincus and Shmuel, plus the Chassidishe guests - Shneur Zalmon, Menachem Mendl, Sholom Dov Ber and Rebbe Shmuel. These shpiezen were not only present spiritually but also physically, and they very soon cleared out our stock of food.

Fortunately Roselyn had prepared enough victuals for all the following week, too, so all our guests were well satisfied and satiated.

"Never mind", declared Roselyn, "I can start cooking again tomorrow."

On one occasion we found the remains of Dovid's midnight repast, left on the Succah table. He had consumed half the food which Roselyn had prepared for all the family for the following day.

Rabbi Myer Itkin gave us due warning that he was making a Big Kiddush in our Succah on Shabbos. There would be many people from Paris, France, too, so we had to be prepared to foil the invasion.

When Itkin's huge influx of visitors arrived for the Kiddush they did not stand on any ceremony. They had been invited to this Succah for Kiddush and refreshments and in their opinion it was a free for all - everything went - and it did. We made a serious error of judgement. We had set the table with Challas, Wine, fish, cake and pickles - and Myer Itkin's Frenchies helped themselves to everything in sight.

One day, we were being constantly interrupted by people who wanted to join us at our meal. They had the mistaken idea, that we were the Melameds (next door) who always provided a big Kiddush for a big crowd. Unfortunately for us the Melameds were away in Israel.

On another occasion, we found that we had been robbed - in our Succah? We actually found the thieves - two Israelis were coming out of our Succah eating and carrying large pieces of Challoh. Cheek! - They should have at least eaten this inside the Succah and fulfilled the Mitzvah of "Laishave Basuccah".

A few years ago I had translated into English the lovely song of "A Succelle, a small one". I have now made a parody of this. It is called "A Succelle, a Large one". Here it is:

A Succelle a Large One
with wood and bricks was it done
Lazer Avtzon made it with Courage and Might
He made it extremely large
He knew the public into it would barge
And so he prepared it for the Chassidim of Crown Heights.

There were the Itkins and the Avtzons
And Zalmon Jaffe with his grandsons
Who sat at three separate tables all bright,
But when the Hoards came in for Itkins Kiddush
It made no difference, it was no Chidush
They just helped themselves to everything in sight

With very light treads
Some thieves stole our breads
We found them munching these Challas in the street
They returned to our Succah for some more
Small Yarmulkies they wore
But they preferred to purloin our Kugal and meat.

A Succelle a Large One
With bricks and wood was it done
There were thirty Bais Rivka girls in, on one night
So the Itkins and the Avtzons
and Zalmon Jaffe with his grandsons
Sat at the Jaffe's one table, packed tight.

Shmulie came into the Succah and whispered something to Mendy. I reprimanded him and told him that it was rude to whisper in company. He turned to me - and whispered - He was hoarse.

Shmulie has had no luck again at the 7 a.m. lottery for choosing the lucky person to place the Tehilim or a Chumish on the Rebbe's Lectern. He went to this Draw quite often before retiring to bed after seven o'clock in the morning. - He probably davened first.

A Childrens Rally

On Tuesday Chol HaMoed there was a Childrens Rally. Moishe Groner wanted to know how I got into the Shool when there was such tight security. Yossi had advised me to go through the Succah and down the rear stairway. Fortunately Michael Zerkin called me and led me into the Shool. Dovid's friend Lazar Levy appointed me as a Madrich and gave me

a badge to prove the point.

Rabbi Yoseph Goldstein was in charge, and since 2 p.m. he acted as Cheer leader, kept the children occupied and amused and put them into the right mood.

He was assisted by Eli Lipskie and a Band, and another fellow was playing with fire, and eating the flames too. The Chazan, Moishe Teleshevsky was waiting for the Rebbe's Cue to commence singing "Sheyebona Beis Ha-Mikdosh" in his wonderfully inspiring manner.

Rabbi Yoseph Goldstein was the Uncle Yossi of Radio fame. Every Tuesday night at 6 p.m., on station WNWK - FN, he broadcasts to the soldiers of Tzivas Hashem. (Uncle Yossi is the Principal of the Beis Jacob school for girls at Boro Park. He is also the author of a series of ten - (so far) - children's educational Tapes. Also tapes of the Tanya in English, now in its thirty second lesson (thirty two tapes).

He told me that during the programme the children who are listening, telephone their names to Uncle Yossi, asking to be invited to the Radio station to recite, over the air, the Shema Yisroel, to which all the listeners join in, word for word.

Yossi has been doing this now for five years, that is two hundred and fifty two weeks. (KAIN YIRRBUR) He has composed a "HACK A TZEINIK" march (literally Bang a Kettle, but it means to chatter - and chatter), and the children and even their parents are encouraged to sing this tune whilst banging a kettle or similar object with a long spoon, in order to keep and mark time with the rythm of the music.

The Rebbe has strongly emphasised the unique power that the voices of very young children, pure and genuine voices which recite the Holy Verses of Torah, and which will certainly hasten the arrival of our Moshiach. Then the little Tots of Tzivas Hashem will be the first in line to greet Him.

So we can now understand why Uncle Yossi is the right man for this job. All the children were singing a certain song which was very popular and which I had heard before. I asked him to recite the words for me. This is what they were all singing with great gusto.

"I love Hashem, Yes I truly do
I love the Torah and the Mitzvahs too
I love every single Jew, and Hashem loves them
too.

Yisroel Ve Orayso (Israel and the Torah) Nekudasha Berich Hu, Chad Hu (and Hashem is ALL ONE)

I love Hashem, Yes I truly do
And Hashem loves you and me, too.

Uncle Yossi noticed my Madrich Badge and remarked "Oh you are MAD RICH, too,"
The Rebbe arrived at three fifteen. - The Mechitza - to separate the boys and the girls, was put into place, whilst we all davened Mincha. With the Rebbe's approval I stood in my usual place behind the Omud (the reader's desk).

After Mincha J.J. (Rabbi J.J. Hecht) whose health has T.G. fully recovered took over, and the twelve verses were recited by representatives from all over the world. From Brazil, Israel, U.S.A., Canada, Madrid and Paris. A little girl from Cassablanca was terrific. Chana and Rivka Spurling, from London gave us a thrilling duet, whilst Shneur Zalmon Sudak, also from London was really on top form,

The Rebbe led the singing of "We want Moshiach Now" - literally, because he was so far ahead with the toughness and speed of his clapping that I, for one, was left very far behind.

The main points of what the Rebbe said in his Sichos, were -

"We are all gathered together, young ones - and in their merit, older ones and adults, in a Holy Place to give Tzedoka.

The World stands on three things (on week days) Torah, Teffila, and Tzedoka. This emphasises the reason why we have gathered together, here, to give Joy and pleasure to the A'Mighty by fulfilling the Chief Mitzvah of giving Tzedoka.

Our Commander-in-Chief, The A'Mighty in His Book of Ordnances, the Torah, has instructed us how to carry on in one's daily life. A soldier does not consider himself at all when he obeys the commands of the Commander-in-Chief. He is given a job to do, of protecting the place in which he is in. He is given food and drink and he has no other worries, so that he can be free to fulfill the orders of the Commander-in-Chief and to do G'd's Mitzvahs.

One of the chief mitzvohs is to Love Your Neighbour as Yourself - boys to boys and girls to girls. To ensure that all belong to Tzivas Hashem.

They are easily recognizable as Jewish Boys and Girls. They live in the Jewish Way. Even when they drink a glass of water, they bless the A'Mighty for creating all things.

Tzivas Hashem has to publicise the fact that G-d is King of the Universe, and Creator of everything in this world.

It should be a tremendous joy to us that G-d has chosen you to be in Tzivas Hashem to make a Dwelling Place, here below for the A'Mighty.

You will then be blessed with great success and with presents - a perfect Army of soldiers enjoying good health and everything you want.

Immediately you awaken in the morning, you acknowledge that G-d is the "Boss" by saying Mode Ani and washing "Neggel Vasser". You admit that the A'Mighty gives you health and inspiration to do everything that day with success. You will then receive a brocha for success and to give pleasure and delight to your parents, sisters and brothers, and so forth.

The Commander-in-Chief has chosen special times in the year - called Yomim Tovim. Today is Chag Ha-Success, the third Yom Tov (after Pesach and Shovuos). A young boy will read in the siddur that Pesach is the Yom Tov of Freedom; Shovuos, is when we were given the Torah; and Success - Just plain Simcha.

In other words - we are first given our freedom, then The Book of Instructions of how to live, and finally the Time of our Simcha and Rejoicing. Success is the third Yom Tov. By Divine Providence today is the third day, which is referred to as "twice good" which also means, it is good for A'Mighty and good for us.

The A'Mighty is delighted with His Army and His Army is delighted with the A'Mighty.

When one is happy it is easier to achieve success, so please make everyone Freilich. G-d's simcha is to see that His children are brought up in the proper manner - as a living example of how a Jewish child should behave and live.

When G-d took the Jewish people out of Egypt, He gave them Succahs for protection. A Succah stands "on the road". We have special Mitzvahs which we may do only in a Succah. We have to enter, personally, completely, not just put in a hand or a foot inside.

All rallies should end with Simcha and Joy, even more so should this one, taking part in this "Zeman Simchosainu" end with Simcha.

We will sing two very happy lively tunes and three coins will be given to each Soldier for Tzedoka.

Do not be afraid to give, because the more you will give, then the more will G-d give you. You will make people happy, and if you will do what the Commander-in-Chief tells you, you will become rich.

In addition to the aforementioned two nigunim we will sing Sheyibonne Bais Hamikdosh. We will go from strength to strength and have the Zechus, the merit to dance into Eretz Yisroel, into Jerusalem, the capital, and to the Bais Hamikdosh."

J.J. then extended a big brocha to the Rebbe - and we were being relayed to the whole world - that this should be the beginning of the end of the Exile, and the Rebbe should lead us to Eretz Yisroel to meet Moshiach.

We sang Vesomachto - and the Rebbe certainly did let himself go with the children. It was impossible to copy to imitate or to describe how the Rebbe sang, clapped and put his

whole heart and soul into the frenzied ecstasy of this Nigun.

To the singing of "We want Moshiach Now", the Rebbe handed to the Madrichim and to the thirty six Madrichoss packets of dimes to give to the children.

Although I did wear a Madrich badge - I did not obtain any dimes.

Some Sichos At Simchas Bais Hashayovu

Every night we enjoyed a Sicho given by the Rebbe.

Each one lasted from one to two hours. (average one and a half hours)

The Rebbe spoke about the great Joy of Simchas Bais Hashayovu, which was celebrated in Biblical times in Jerusalem, only with water, no wine, and yet with such tremendous Simcha. He also mentioned the various visitors, the Shpizen who were our guests in the Succah every night too.

The Rebbe stated that "Al Mekomo Al Taimin" - Don't stand in one place - get out and do things.

Yossi, my grandson, indicated that it meant - Do not move from your place and people will come to you. The Queen of Sheba came to King Solomon's Palace.

Yitzchok - one of the seven Biblical Shpizen on that night was not allowed to leave Eretz Yisroel. He had been a Holy Sacrifice to G-d. The Maggid, one of the seven Chassidische guests, also did not travel.

Whereas on the previous night, the guests, who were Avrohom and the Baal Shem Tov, travelled extensively all over the Country to bring back Jews to Yiddishkeit.

Some interesting points - to me - which the Rebbe made during these Sichas were -

Yoseph was forced to make a descent to Egypt - a descent to Prison and then a further descent - an extra two years in Jail.

Then - one day he is in Prison, NEXT DAY he is freed and immediately becomes the Viceroy, second to the King, not only a King of a country, but of all the known world.

Yoseph gave nutrition, provisions to Jacob and to all the family. We went into Exile - it was not our choice and when we return from Gollus, it will also not be our choice.

We obtain our Parnoso (sustenance) in a manner higher than nature. Similarly in the desert, we received Bread from the Heavens - MON, but we had to prepare it for the table, rub it and grind it, before it suited every individual taste.

The MAN has to do action, he has to be a vessel to receive G-d's Bounty. He cannot sit down and do nothing - must have action. The Rambam stated that even the action of an easy Mitzvah was important. It did not have to be done by a Tzaddik Gomur (100%) or by a Tzaddik Stam (an ordinary, plain one). It could be done by a boy, under the age of Bar Mitzvah, and even by a little girl who by clapping her hands and dancing with her feet will bring the Moshiach.

The Rebbe added - We must all dance in the streets and it was not sufficient to dance just a little for the sake of appearances, we had to dance a LOT, and with great Simcha.

One light in the Beis Hamikdosh lit up the whole of the city of Jerusalem.

The Rebbe dwelt on the importance of the number seven. It was special. On Hashaana Rabba we say all the seven paragraphs (in alphabetical order): There are seven Shpizen: Seven days of the week: Seven days of Succos, King David lived for seventy years - seven by ten. In his seventy years he did everything. Even today we still sing (or Say) in hebrew that "David, King of Israel is living and enduring", - the present, not the past.

The seventh year is Shmita. We have seven aliyas: Seventy Heifers were sacrificed on Succos on account of the seventy nations.

Moishe Rabbainu was seventh in line - from Avrohom, and he brought down to us the Torah.

(I would add, Our Rebbe, Shlita, is the seventh in line from the Alter Rebbe (the first Lubavitcher Rebbe)).

Moishe concluded the Torah with ASHRECHO - Be happy, and David commenced his book of Psalms with the same word - ASHRAI - happy.

The Rebbe concluded with the hope that Sweet Apples would be given out, afterwards. It should be a sweet year, and ASHRECHO Yisroel - be happier, still, Israel, in your dancing and singing.

I reckoned out the Rebbe spoke for over fifteen hours during this Yom Tov.

I was lucky to have the Zechus to visit our Rebbetzen on two occasions. Roselyn went to see her three times. Once without me but with Chaya, on Friday night and Shabbos, whilst I was in Shool, davenning and listening to the Rebbe's Sicha.

We spent a very pleasant time at the Rebbetzen's home. Chessed was in attendance with his eldest son, Aaron - a young boy. The Rebbetzen insisted that I should see the Succah, a real temporary erection, small but nice, and make the brocha "Laishave Basuccah". Chessed brought into the Succah a cup of tea and a large slice of blueberry pie. It was very cosy.

On another occasion we chatted and joked with the Rebbetzen from three o'clock until

nearly five p.m. We had a lovely time.

The Rebbetzen is a real lady. She had an appointment but insisted that we remain as long as we liked.

Hashonnah Rabbah

Friday was Hashonnah Rabbah, so on Thursday night, after saying Tikun, and then all the books of Tehillim at 770 with the Rebbe, I was lucky to retire to bed at 3.00a.m.

I was up again at 6.00a.m and checked in at the line. I reserved myself a good seat on the bench just outside the Communal Succah and went shopping for the Yom Tov bread and cakes. The shop opened at 6.30a.m.

I met Shmuli returning to the apartment. He had been up all night, and now he intended to stay in bed all day!

I returned to the line at 7.10a.m and discovered that Levi had reserved for me an even better seat. - The twelfth from the front, next to Shlomo Sufrin, Iki's son, from London.

Levi indicated that I should follow him - quietly, and he would show me something interesting in the Beis Hamedrash.

We crept into that room very cautiously and very quietly. It was still a little dark, but we could just make out shadowy figures sitting or lolling on the benches or leaning on the tables. The room was crowded - chockfull with about fifty men and boys sitting close together.

I then realised that everyone was fast asleep. It looked like a scene from the "Sleeping Beauty", when the wicked fairy waved her wand and everybody immediately fell asleep in the exact positions in which they were before the spell was cast.

These were no sleeping beauties, however, more like "Sleein Uglies". I am sure that if I would have removed just one of these figures, then all the rest would have fallen down, like a row of dominoes.

About three or four of them had taken the precaution of settling on the bare floor and were sound asleep there too. This scene was repeated in the small adjoining room.

This confirms what I have written before - One has to eat and sleep whenever and wherever one is able to at this time of the year at 770.

At the Hoshanos, during the morning service, I was not far behind the Rebbe. I had to

allow Rabbi Chadakov and a few Rabbonim a certain priority.

The person just in front of me was a young man, wearing a Yarmulkie and carrying a sprig of Arovous, nothing else - no Lulov, no Esrog - nothing. He was soon seen off by the Stewards.

These Stewards did a grand job. It had been decided that the Rebbe accompanied by those illustrious and distinguished Rabbonim and Zalmon Jaffe should do the Seven circuits in a calm and dignified manner, after which the rest of the congregants would do the seven circuits.

The task of the Stewards was to ensure that no one unofficially joined in with the Rebbe's Hoshaanos Hakofas. They were stationed at every corner and at every weak spot where an invasion might occur.

Yossi, on point duty, replaced my Tallis onto my shoulder on each of the seven times that I passed him.

At the banging of the Hoshaanos, the Rebbe gave five blows onto the floor with his Hoshaanos. I received fifty five blows upon my back and sides from the bystanders who could not get near enough to see what the Rebbe was doing.

Yisroel Goldshmidt reckons that I got the full complement of forty malkos (thirty nine is supposed to be the limit - we deduct one in case an error is made in the actual counting. It would be a grave sin if someone received forty one stripes instead of the forty limit).

I found my gartel and tallis which were lying, bundled underfoot. Fortunately, I had been issued with a printed card containing all the verses and paragraphs of the Hoshaanos, which I could easily slip into my pocket. My Siddur had long since disappeared.

There had been another large influx of visitors, especially for Simchas Torah. I met Avrohom Rappaport from Toronto, Kopul Backer from South Africa, Beryl Wolfe, Rabbi Mizrahi and another additional 500 from Israel.

Many had come specially from London, including Rabbi Lowenthal. Quite a few from Antwerp and many scores of hundreds from Canada, Los Angeles and from all over the States.

Today was a busier day than usual for the Rebbe. Immediately after the morning service, at about twelve noon, he went to his own Succah, outside 770 in order to distribute Lekach - cake.

There were still hundreds of men and boys waiting in the usual queue to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog. This was the last day for this mitzvah, so when all the men had benched with the Arba Minim, these were taken inside the women's shool where a huge queue of women and girls formed in order to have the chance to use the Rebbe's Esrog and Lulov - actually this was the last chance, and the only opportunity that the women were given for

this privilege.

At this moment we had four lines or queues waiting outside 770. It was a little chaotic.

Line number 1 was the usual queue of the latecomers, men and boys who wished to use the Rebbe's Arba Minim. This line started from a couple of blocks away from 770, and made their way into the 770 Communal Succah for benching Esrog. Fortunately this line very soon completed its business, and the Arba Minim were transferred to the womens shool, and Line number 2 as explained above.

Meanwhile Line number 3 was entering the back of 770, from Union Street, walking through the rear gardens, past the Kolel, through the Communal Succah and up to the Rebbe who was standing at the door of his own 770 Succah, where he handed out the Lekach.

Line number 4 consisted of the women and girls who also desired to receive Lekach from the Rebbe personally. This line started from almost Kingston Avenue, and the ladies were patiently (or otherwise) waiting for the men's line to end and then they could follow on. Esther Sternberg is always in charge of this queue to supervise and to ensure discipline. She did try a new experiment by issuing numbered tickets to the ladies. That was o.k. That was very good, except that most women considered that this ticket was their permit to stand at the front of the line. And so the woman holding ticket numbered seven hundred and fifty considered that this entitled her to stand at the front of the queue, together with those holding tickets numbered three or five. They could not understand, they did not want to understand, that ticket number three hundred and fifty came AFTER number three hundred and forty nine. It was very difficult.

Roselyn and I have a long tradition of going for Lekach together with our grandchildren who happened to be at Crown Heights at that moment.

This had to be timed very carefully, so that I should be at the end of the men's line, and Roselyn would be the first in the ladies queue, and there would be no arguments or opposition to Roselyn, our grandchildren and me going together.

We have always enjoyed the help and co-operation of Esther Sternberg. Occasionally she would even halt the line to enable us all to slip through, to see the Rebbe together. Shmulie declared that he could not take any chances and maybe miss the Rebbe, because of the slowness of his Bobby and Zaidie, and he joined the men's line by himself. Others of our grandchildren had already collected their cake on Erev Yom Kippur, and so they did not wish to trouble the Rebbe again.

Roselyn and I decided that it was not fair to cause Esther such bother every year. It seemed a simple matter - the way in which I had now arranged it. I would join the men's queue in Union Street and would be careful to ensure that I was the last man in this line when we reached the Rebbe. Roseylyn and my grandchildren would then join me at the Rebbe's side.

In theory it was a wonderful idea. But I had already waited for over an hour and I was still standing in Union Street. Men with children. Men with babies in prams, and boys were continuously attaching themselves to this queue. After an hour and a half I had made no progress whatsoever, I was still in Union Street, having received peculiar and amazed stares from many people whom I had allowed to take my place and to go in front of me.

Roselyn had been sending the children backwards and forwards to discover why, after such a long time, I was still in the same place.

Then as no further reinforcements were added to the line, I slowly but surely advanced towards the Rebbe. I did notice that Shmulie was very near to the Rebbe's Succah, when I entered the Communal Succah.

When suddenly – the order was given – “Halt, Stop, the men’s line”. The women have been waiting long enough, and it was considered only fair that their line should start moving now.

So here was I, literally caught off the wrong foot. I dashed back to the front of 770, and begged and pleaded with Esther to do her best for me, which she very kindly did.

Roselyn went to the Rebbe first and asked for Lekach. (It is our duty to ask for this cake, so that this will save us from asking for anything else during the year). The Rebbe gave her a very nice piece - then added another piece - "This is a double portion", said the Rebbe, and "You should always hear good news".

It was now my turn to ask for Lekach. The Rebbe wished me a "Shono Tova Umsucch" (A good and sweet New Year) and said "Where are the Ainiklech.?" (the grandchildren). We did have with us Sholom Ber, Chaya and Tova Gittel, but Shmulie was still waiting in the men's line, which had been temporarily stopped. Most of our other grandchildren had received their Lekach from the Rebbe on Erev Yom Kippur. The Rebbe added another piece of cake accompanied by a heartwarming smile to Roselyn and me.

The Rebbe concluded the distribution of cake at 4.45 p.m. (Shabbos - 5.45) - over four hours, standing at the door of his Succah giving out Lekach. So he had nothing to eat all this time.

When the Rebbe left his Succah there was a mass invasion of young boys who grabbed every piece of cake that had been left behind by the Rebbe.

A huge load of very large white stone blocks had just been delivered to 770. All the benches had been taken out. A new experiment was being tried. As it was impossible to stretch the walls of 770, it was decided to build upwards.

So, these huge stone blocks, together with twenty foot wooden planks called bleachers (an American word) were being fixed up on steel scaffolding to form a grandstand inside 770.

It looked like a stadium, but it was anticipated that the accomodation would be doubled. There were ten rows, but the height in between each tier was not quite sufficient to allow an uninterrupted view. It was not a success. The top row had to be disbanded immediately because the women could see nothing but men's hats, and the pressure by the boys on these bleachers - made of wood and steel scaffolding was so great that all the solid steel ends became bent and broken. It was extremely dangerous, and it was very fortunate that only one boy sustained broken bones.

So, on the following day all but two of these sets were removed. The boys rebuilt their usual scaffolding made up of empty (bottle) crates and it was discovered that more boys could stand on these home made tiers than on those sophisticated bleachers.

During Yom Tov on Saturday after midnight, the Official Summer Time ended and all clocks were turned back one hour.

Because of Yom Tov it was decided not to tamper with the clocks at 770 and therefore all the services would be held according to the old time. In every community there is some little chaos at these moments.

Some turn the clock backwards, some turn it forwards, others simply stare and gape and say "what clocks?"

It is very easy if one remembers this short phrase that we "**spring forward** and **fall** (autumn) **backwards**"

Hakofus

Every year I write that more and more people are coming to 770 for Simchas Torah. That there is no room even for another single person. How dare I write this every year? In any case "one cannot put a quart into a pint pot".

I will quote an analogy which will make it easier to understand.

In England, and in other countries, we have Public Telephone Boxes, situated in the streets. These are self-contained kiosks or booths made of wood, metal and glass, approximately two feet square and eight feet high. One of the four sides is the door.

One person can use the phone in complete comfort and privacy. There would be room for two persons, but when three people are inside, than it becomes a tight squeeze.

At one time, for a bet, and to get their names into the Guinness Book of Records, a dozen students managed to fit into this small enclosure. Since then, at regular intervals different groups of people have endeavoured to squeeze more and more people into this small, fixed and inflexible area.

At this moment of time the record is about twenty four people, in an area built to hold one or maybe two persons. One cannot state that they are sitting or standing in comfort. But they are certainly inside the building.

Similarly tonight at 770 for Hakofus. The Rebbe's platform has been pulled away from the wall and in a small space measuring about four feet wide by twelve feet long, over sixty people are standing crushed together.

I was invited to take part in the first Hakofah - with the Rebbe and about ten other men. It was impossible for me to move, but I was told to lift up my arms, one of the Zerkin Boys grabbed them and pulled me out of the morass now three and a half feet below.

Today, all those who are participating in the first, the Rabbets Hakofa, now do an M.K. (Moishe Kotlarsky's suggestion that we grab a Sefer Torah and rush to the centre stage enclosure and there await the arrival of the Rebbe and the Rashag.) This enclosure has been greatly strengthened with steel girders and heavy planks, to enable it to withstand the heavy pressures which pound and thrust against it by boys trying to get closer and closer to see the Rebbe.

There I stood, with the Holy Sefer Torah in my arms, and the Rebbe was on his way to this enclosure. I was looking forward to a little walk around the table, in lieu of the Hakofa. Actually I was already doing a walk. Everywhere I stood I was obviously in somebody's way and would block their view of the Rebbe and the Rashag. "Move, move, move", I was told. One cheeky fellow screamed out at me, "Get the heck out of there".

Then the Rebbe arrived. The nigun was started and the Rebbe and the Rashag commenced to dance together, each held the Sefer Torah in his left hand, and the right hand was on the other's shoulder.

Above the shouting and singing could be heard the screaming of "Down-Down-Down-Jaffe" and other names and the threats of physical violence if I did not obey instantly.

So I subsided onto the Knees of Yudel Krinsky - with his co-operation and permission, and then gradually and slowly sank onto the floor.

The Rebbe was looking pretty serious and a little constrained, when he suddenly saw me lying on the floor with the Sefer Torah lying upon me - and his face became transfigured with a glorious beaming smile. (I would say that the Rebbe had a good laugh and was trying to discover how I came to be lying on the floor, very much dishevelled.)

When I returned to the Rebbe's platform the Rebbe asked me "Have you torn your suit?" No I had only lost a button so far. The Rebbe did not encourage me to sing at this time, he ordered me to sing, I found the Rebbe extremely friendly with me on this Yom Tov.

They begged me not to stay on the platform. "Zalmon, please get below - where you were before". So, I just dropped down. Avrohom Rappaport was called up for a Hakoffa. He stood on a low bench adjacent to the wall. Of course, he also could not move. His body was eased down until it rested upon the heads and shoulders of those standing in that small area. Avrohom stretched out his arms and hands, and was now lying completely horizontally. Michael Zerkin, stood on the platform, leaned over and caught Avrohom's outstretched hands. Then with a heave and a pull, helped by willing hands in the rear, Avrohom was flung into the air and landed safely onto the platform. It was like an Angler catching a fish. After the Hakofus, Avrohom and other "Hakofees" were dumped back into the crowd from whence they were taken. Heavy bodies sunk like lead to the bottom very quickly, but lighter persons took much longer to reach the floor level.

The Rebbe was in a good mood, At one stage he pretended to be asleep, then started a slow hand-clap until all joined in and raised the roof, I was standing, jammed tight in that small area, I could not move any limbs, but saw through the legs of other persons who were standing on the platform, the Rebbe looking down at me and intimating that he wanted me to clap and sing. Well, I could sing, but I was very tightly packed and everyone was "jumping" up and down (sort of bending the knees and jerking them upright). It was like treading water. With one hand I was holding up my trousers - my gartel had slipped to the floor, and after the utmost difficulty I managed to extricate the

other hand and held it aloft to show the Rebbe that I had received his message and was trying to clap - albeit with only one hand. I dared not let go of my trousers, there might have been dire consequences.

There was, however, one important lesson I learnt that evening. It was -

"ALWAYS wear braces (suspenders) at 770 during the Rebbe's Hakofus".

On Simchas Torah, we were invited to partake of luncheon by our friends Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky.

I had met another old acquaintance at 770. It was Alvin Gordon, also a close friend of Moishe's. He reminded me that it was five years since he had met me at the home of Rivka and Moishe. At that time he had heard me benching (Grace after Meals). He told me that he was so impressed and remarked that one never could realise or visualise what lasting impressions one can make on others. He repeated that he never forgot my benching.

Anyway, he had another chance to hear me bench at the luncheon at Moishe's on Simchas Torah.

It was the usual M.K. spread, with the table groaning under the weight of so much delicious, appetising and sumptuous food. There were guests from Israel, (Jerusalem, Bnei Brak, Tel Aviv) Los Angeles, New York, Memphis, Morocco, Spain, Brazil and England. Also "Lord and Lady Jaffe", as we are referred to, by Moishe.

I am not saying how many people were present on this lovely, wonderful, social occasion, where so much luscious and tasty food was consumed.

That late afternoon, after Mincha, the Rebbe held a Farbraingen which continued until about midnight. After benching and Maariv, the Rebbe made Havdolo and distributed the Koss Shel Brocha to all those assembled.

The order was worse than ever. Mad - and Madness. Everyone jumping upon everyone else. All trying to get served by the Rebbe as soon as possible and then, after they had obtained their wine, they just hung around until the Rebbe retired home at 4.30 a.m. I received my rations comparatively early, and on my way home to let Roselyn have her share, I met hoards of men, women and children and babies in prams arriving after the Farbraingen and rushing from all sides and converging upon 770 to obtain their Koss Shel Brocha from the Rebbe.

On Monday morning 770 looked like a battlefield. An army of workers were disbanding and taking away the Bleachers. The clattering, banging and hammering was so booming, and clanking that it was impossible to daven. It was a pleasure when the Rebbe arrived for Kriass Hatorah and it became so quiet and orderly that one could hear a pin drop.

We Leave For Home

On Tuesday, as usual, I spoke at the Kinnus Hatorah.

I thanked Rabbi Mentelik for his help and co-operation, because, we had to leave 770 at five p.m for the airport.

Because we were leaving for home that day, I had forwarded a letter to the Rebbe, apologising for our unavoidable absence from the General Yechidus which would be taking place when our plane was airborne. I thanked the Rebbe for his friendliness and for everything he had done for me and for our family, whilst in Crown Heights.

Shortly afterwards, Label (Groner) informed me that the Rebbe had sent a reply to my letter.

This is the English translation of what the Rebbe had written,

"Our Chachomim (learned Rabbis) have told us that a person who experiences a miracle does not realise or recognize it as a miracle."

"Your suit was not torn, nor your hat crushed and so forth, as in the past. Yet you are still complaining about being pushed and shtupped."

"Enclosed two £5 notes for Tzedoka.

AZKIR AL HATZION (I will remember you at the Ohel)"

I considered this to be a most unusual message from the Rebbe. Obviously the Rebbe was telling me that I had experienced a Miracle. Although the sentences referring to "the suit and pushing" sound a little jocular, there is some special and more profound meaning to be discovered therein.

The Rebbe gave a Sicha a year or so ago, wherein he stated that business men experience more miracles than any other group of people, and they do not recognize them at the time.

For instance, how often does a man arrive at his office only to discover that something has gone wrong.

He rants and raves - then at some future date, he realises how lucky he was - what he thought was bad had now turned out to be something marvellous and wonderful.

Of course, it happens to every type of person, as well. So, as we say in our prayers daily, we have to thank the A'Mighty every day for His Goodness and Kindness and appreciate and recognise these good things, these miracles, when they occur.

Dovid obtained the services of a Jewish taxi driver - a friend of his - to take us to the

Airport. He charged us \$14 which was slightly more than normal, but not unreasonable. He had a bleeper which kept bleeping, and which indicated that he should telephone his wife, or base, - or base/wife, as soon as possible. After a couple of stops to use the telephone we found that time was running short and we might even be late for the plane. Then the driver stopped again - to daven mincha!! We have had this experience before with an orthodox Jewish driver, "but it was better that we should miss the plane, than he should miss his mincha", he said.

Anyway, we just made it.

We met Avrohom Gluck and his wife at the Airport. He maintained that we were both "getting too old for this lark". "You are sixty two, aren't you?" (I admit nothing - ZJ). He was referring of course to the extraordinary number of people who were at 770 for Simchas Torah. He reckoned that the population of Crown Heights had doubled from the first days of Success till the last. The shuffling and pushing was too much for him. It was alright for youngsters, but not for him. However, he had been on Shelichus to Spain for the Rebbe, and because of this they actually and personally met Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Spain, on behalf of the Rebbe.

Here is a short version of his fascinating story:

"If You Obey The Rebbe, You Will Meet The Nicest People"

"I made many journeys during 1985 to Andalucia Spain in connection with festivities to commemorate 850 years of the Birth of Rambam in Cordoba. I had established good governmental connections, numerous press reports and meaningful correspondence between the Rebbe Shlito and Heads of State, Mayors etc. It was suggested by the Rebbe Shlito that I should also make representation to the Spanish Throne.

I telephoned General Sabino Fernandez Campo at the Royal Palace in Madrid - Zarzuela - The Kings Private Secretary. He came to the telephone, and we arranged a meeting at the Zarzuela Palace, Madrid, 28th October 1985, 11 a.m.

Finally meeting with the General - I speak in English. I show him the Book "Roll of Honour", describing the wholehearted admiration of all U.S. Senators and Congressmen, for the Rebbe Shlito. I talk about my mission from the Rebbe Shlito, in connection of Rambam. The General says that the Kings commitments are fully booked, however it should be possible to meet the King during this latter part of 1985.

A very encouraging message was received from the Rebbe Shlito which put me in good spirits. The best I hoped for was, that perhaps the General would give us a definite date some time later for an Audience, this would be great progress.

On Thursday 7 Ellul, I was in Madrid with my wife. We telephoned New York and gave over the happenings when we met the General, including what we said about the King in the Field. At about 7.40 p.m Madrid time - telephone - Rabbi Gluck this is the Palace, you

are expected for an Audience at 12.30 p.m tomorrow Friday 12th September 1986 (8 Ellul 5746).

We thank the A'Mighty for this great mercy, and telephoned the Rebbe Shlitos' office in Brooklyn to give this over via Rabbi Groner. A few minutes later we receive a lengthy call from Rabbi Groner who reads to me eleven points from the Rebbe Shlito, regarding the Audience. We will mention the points in short:

1. The Rebbe Shlito says, that in about a minute he is leaving to the OHEL and will mention the Audience etc., at the Holy resting place of the Rebbe, his Father-in-law.
2. To elaborate about King in the Field, (more explanation on what we spoke this morning to the General). That the alter Rebbe said that he shows a smiling face to all, and Kingdom of Earth - a reflection of Kingdom of Heaven. Significance meeting NOW.
3. This meeting is suited in time, by its proximity to Rosh Hashona, which is a festival not just for Jews, but for the whole World, as it is mentioned in the Prayers: And your Kingdom shall rule over all, and that the Countries will be judged on that day.
4. Rosh Hashona includes also the Coronation of the King, each year we ask the King of Kings to want to rule us. Over the whole world.
5. To express the Rebbe Shlitos' thanks to H.M. for the stately festivities concerning Rambam.
6. To present a TANYA, printed in Spain by A.G. eight years ago, to H.M. to inscribe inside the presentation and if possible bind it in leather, and to emphasise "King in the Field".
7. + 8. As you have already given Cigars to H.M. via the General - present him with Tanya. To buy a present for the Queen and to ask the Protocol.
9. Present for General and separate present for his wife.
10. To ask Protocol concerning photographs.
11. To ask Protocol concerning letter from King to Rebbe Shlito.

It was now 9 p.m and we tried to find an Artist to write the inscription, but even for a lot of money-negative - leather binding - negative. So I wrote out several styles of inscription, and we decided to use this one:

By the grace of G-d
8 ELLUL 5746
"King in the Field"

To H.H. JUAN CARLOS, KING OF SPAIN, who works tirelessly for the good of his Country and the world, I dedicate this holy book "Tanya", printed in Spain, the basic philosophy of Lubavitch - Chabad. Commemorating this audience, so

graciously granted to me.

With deepest respect and prayerful best wishes.

Rabbi Abraham Gluck,

Emissary of the Grand Rabbi, Menachem Mendel Schneerson of Lubavitch.

Palacio de la Zarzuela
Madrid, September 12th, 1986.

I ordered the same car and driver for 11.30 a.m. I also memorised the eleven points, to enable me to talk to H.M. point for point in the order given to me by Rov Groner.

Next day at exactly 12.30 p.m. the double doors at the far end of the room opened, and a military officer greeted us and asked us to follow him. This led to another large room, with six or seven high ranking officers standing. They saluted as we passed them, we reciprocated. At the other end of this room a double door was opened by the Officer, and there stood the Queen, smiling warmly and slightly behind her H.M. the King.

We complied with the Protocol, and the Queen invited us to sit at a round table. We would like to say that the Royal couple speak perfect English, also that nobody else was in the room. Everyone sat down - a moment of silence - the King looked at me with an expression of expectancy. I started by saying that I am here as an emissary of the Grand Rabbi ... thanking H.M. for granting this audience, that last evening, when this audience was confirmed. I notified the Grand Rabbi and in turn the Grand Rabbi, gave, over the phone many points which I related to H.M. point by point.

We noticed that the Queen was very much impressed with this, which vindicated our decision beforehand to confide to H.M. that much of this what we say at the audience is from the Grand Rabbi.

I referred to the Book "Roll of Honour", which the King had seen and confirmed. I presented the Tanya printed in Spain, the King read the inscription with great interest.

Then - conveying the Rebbe Shlito's appreciation and thanks to the Spanish Crown, for all the extensive festivities carried out by the Spanish Government. I mention my frequent journies during 1985 on behalf of the Rebbe Shlito to Cordoba and Seville, mentioning Professor Polaez, the King recognised this name with approval. (We will report this to the good Professor).

The Queen further asks the meaning of Lubavitch. I reply - small town in Russia - meaning "Love" - which signifies the basic philosophy of this Chassidic movement as laid down in the book Tanya, which I just presented to the King. This finds expression in observing G-d's laws through joy, by songs and dance. The Queen said "how nice".

It would be very nice if the King could acknowledge this meeting. The Grand Rabbi never leaves New York, always available to everyone with his holy advice and blessings on all matters physical and spiritual. The King said Yes. I asked perhaps we could take this letter with us to London, then to New York. The King said it was not possible right now, but it would arrive next Tuesday 16th September 1986 in the diplomatic bag to the Spanish Embassy in London.

There was mention about the Jews of Madrid. I say that I know them and that they are very loyal. The King said, yes we know.

I explain that the divine blessings are received through the holy angel and brought down by the rightful King, and very likely the Grand Rabbi would respond to the King's letter, with his divine blessings for the King and His Country. The King said "we need it".

The Royal couple walked with us to the door, and wished us a good journey back to England. The Audience lasted more than half an hour."

Here is the photograph of the copy of the letter which His Majesty sent to the Rebbe Shlito.


LA ZARZUELA
MADRID

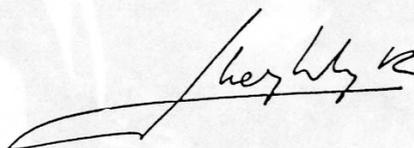
18 de Septiembre de 1986

by Louis Lurie

El Viernes pasado, día 12, la Reina y yo tuvimos el placer de recibir en Audiencia, acompañado de su esposa, a su emisario, Rabino Abraham Gluck, que me dedicó el libro "Tanya", filosofía básica de Lubavitch Chabad.

También de su parte, junto con sus bendiciones, nos transmitió sus afectuosos saludos y sentimientos de amistad que en verdad agradecemos.

Con el mayor afecto,



Translation:

Dear Sir,

Last Friday 12th, the Queen and I had the pleasure of receiving in audience rabbi Abraham Gluck, accompanied by his wife, as your emissary who dedicated to me the book

Gran Rabino Menachem Mendel Schneerson de Lubavitch

“Tanya”, the basic philosophy of Lubavitch Chabad.

Also from you, together with your blessings, he conveyed to us you affectionate greetings and your sentiments of friendship for which we are truly grateful.

Very affectionately yours

Signed Juan Carlos R.

More Anecdotes

One morning during Kislev, we received a letter from Rabbi Nachman Sudak of London. He had been told by the Rebbe to send me a cheque for £195, (£97.50 each for Roselyn and me) towards our expences for travelling to Crown Heights for Tishrei and Succos. It seemed that all the English travellers received this bonus from the Rebbe. It was a very fine gesture on the Rebbe's part.

I was nearly refusing this money. Why should I take money from the Rebbe to pay for my enjoyment? However - let me advise you, quite categorically, that if the Rebbe gives you money - take it - do not ask any questions, but, of course, send a nice letter of thanks, which would be much appreciated.

Even Shmulie received about £50 - half the amount - because he had only paid half fare. However, the International Banker and Millionaire actually made a profit on the deal. He has T.G. got so many good friends including a couple of Zaidies (till one hundred and twenty) who paid his fare in the first place. Well, as Shmulie observed - "Money goes to Money".

Phaivish Pink and Anthony Harris went to see the Rebbe at 770. Both Phaivish and Anthony have been associated with Manchester Lubavitch all their lives, but this was the first time that either one had ever seen the Rebbe personally. Phaivish was the Headmaster of the Jewish Grammar School and has always served on the Executive Committee of Lubavitch.

Phaivish joined the Sunday morning queue in order to collect Channuka gelt from the Rebbe. The Rebbe handed him a Dollar Bill, which he could keep and not give away to Tzedoka. The Rebbe did add that he hoped that the Tzedoka would not be the loser. He was standing next to Shmuel, when the Rebbe asked him where was Hindy? Shmuel replied that his wife was in England. The Rebbe repeated the question, and Shmuel gave the same reply.

Afterwards, Shmuel discovered that Hindy was not in England at that moment. She had gone to Cardiff with a large group of ladies in order to participate in a Channuka party. Cardiff is in WALES.

Phaivish admitted that one did get a good idea of activities at 770 and of the Rebbe from

my book, but that was all. It was, he said, impossible to do full justice to the Rebbes personality and individuality, nor of the atmosphere at 770, by written words in a book. He recommended that everyone should make an effort to see the Rebbe. It would be well worth it.

Anthony agreed and added that everything was so much better than he had thought.

A young man from England had become engaged to be married to a young lady in New York. He went to the airport to meet his parents who had arrived from England to attend the wedding.

The son confided, confessed to his parents that he regretted very much, but he did not wish to go through with the marriage and all the arrangements for the wedding should be cancelled, forthwith.

Next morning the Rebbe distributed dollar bills. He handed a dollar to the young man and gave him a brocha of Mazel Tov for the wedding. He also extended a brocha for the marriage to the father. Afterwards, the Rebbe sought out the mother of the young man and also gave her a brocha for the wedding which "would take place in an auspicious time".

Needless to say, the marriage did take place as arranged and they "lived happily ever after".

Channah's (Jaffe) Experiences and Yud Shevat

Channah duly arrived, with a friend from Manchester, at Rabbi Chayfers Girls' School and Seminary at Kfar Chabad. She liked it very much - and she loved Israel.

I have a niece in Kfar Chabad, Malka Edrei, and she became exceedingly friendly with her. I also have a sister, Rosy, in Jerusalem. So Channah had a base there too. It did not take her very long to visit most of the important sites and cities in Israel. She now speaks Ivrit quite fluently.

She only kept the first day of Succos, and she took advantage of this to travel to the Accadia Hotel in Hertzlia to visit my brother Ephraim, and family who were keeping the two first days of Yom Tov.

When it came to saying the Tashlich prayers on Rosh Hashanna afternoon - to be recited near water, she was in a dilemma.

A beautiful swimming pool had been built for the girls at the school. Unfortunately, soon afterwards the motorway was built, and it passed just "over the garden wall". It was assumed that most of the drivers would spend all their time looking at the girls who were swimming in the pool, and would become distracted from their driving and an accident might ensue. - Anyway, that is the story. Therefore the girls may not use this pool even in the boiling heat of Summer.

However, for Tashlich, they filled this swimming pool with water and placed fish in it, (not plaice),

Unfortunately, the water just evaporated and they could not say Tashlich - not on steamed fish!

Subsequently they obtained a small glass goldfish bowl, put little fish inside it, and said Tashlich over this water.

A Lottery was held. The winner would represent the Seminary at the Rebbe's Yud Shevat Farbraingen at 770. Anyway, one hundred girls entered and Channah won the goral. Lucky girl! Avrohom, her father was also travelling to 770 for Yud Shevat, so Channah

asked for permission to stop over at Manchester for a day or two and fly to 770 together with her dad. She was told that as she was the representative of one hundred girls, then it was her duty to fly direct to New York and not to waste her time.

At 770, the Rebbe handed to her thirty single dollar bills. On her return to Kfar Chabad she made a lottery for five of these dollar bills. She exchanged the balance into Israeli Shekolim, and these she gave to Tzedoka.

She then had to Farbraingen with all the girls and to address them in Ivrit, which she did quite nicely.

During the summer, before she went to Kfar Chabad, she also travelled to 770 as - a Courier. She went for very little money - even maybe, free. She was in charge of twelve packages.

At that time, she met Hindy at 770. She had brought over the top class of girls from Lubavitch, London. Meanwhile on Yud Shevat, Channah met her father who had arrived with his son Aaron. They all went to visit the Rebbetzen, together with Golda Rivka and Sholom Ber (both Lews).

It happened to be a bitterly cold day with a cold, biting, horrible wind. Channah and Golda Rivka refused to walk. Avrohom had a car and they insisted on being driven there.

On arrival, after a few minutes, it was realised that they had forgotten to bring along the photographs, which Avrohom wished to show to the Rebbetzen.

So Channah and Golda Rivka had to return to the flat in order to get them - an extra two journeys in the cold, biting, horrible wind.

They had refreshments at the Rebbetzens. Channah wanted only a cold drink. She was offered Ice Coffee. She said that she was flaischick (meaty) and in any case she did not fancy Ice Coffee.

It reminds me of a story - A tramp called at a house. He wanted something to eat. The lady of the house asked him if he liked cold soup. "Yes, O.K." said the tramp. "Then come tomorrow," said the lady. "It is hot at the moment."

After they had finished their tea (or coffee) and cakes and so forth, Aaron wished to make the Brocha Achrona, (the additional Blessing after the food) but he wanted a Siddur. The Rebbetzen permitted him to look for a siddur, but he could not find one. Then Sholom Ber who had already made this Brocha "by heart" found a very old siddur lying in a corner. It was inscribed by the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL) to our Rebbe, Shlita, many, many years ago. Aaron certainly chose the right siddur to make this brocha. I was told that it was almost a loose leaf siddur, but Aaron maintained that he definitely felt uplifted and said this Blessing with great and unusual Kavonah (concentration).

Incidentally to prove that Channah is also studying well, I am quoting a part of a letter I received from her -

"We went to Arad. I went to the Coggans wedding. I went to Tel Aviv. We had a Bar Mitzvah ..."

(Sorry I had not intended to quote these items.)

"We learn Chassidus: Dinim: Chumish: Midrash: and Psychology. All the teachers are really excellent. We also learn Pidaktika, that is, teaching us how to teach others. This is very good and I have already given two lessons. I taught English and Maths and so on."

Later she told me that she teaches classes of children in JAFFA (YAFFO). She really likes it.

Yud Shevat Continued

After Yud Shevat there was a General Yechidus at which Avrohom and Aaron were present.

After the Rebbe had addressed the Assembly, each person walked up to the Rebbe, who would hand every one a dollar bill.

When it was Avrohom's turn to collect his dollar, the Rebbe said (in Hebrew), "Thanks and many thanks. You should hear good news and with added measure." (A couple of weeks later Leah presented Avrohom with his first granddaughter, and to Roselyn and me our first NINAH. She was named Soroh.) The Rebbe then handed to Avrohom four single dollar bills. These had to be given to four towns which had not yet made a Rambam Siyum. (Avrohom found these four cities.) Finally the Rebbe handed Avrohom the dollar for himself - for Tzedoka.

Avrohom had already moved away, when the Rebbe called him back - and asked him "Where is your father? In England or in Israel?" Avrohom replied that I had arrived in Israel today.

The Rebbe then added that it was a long time since I had written a letter to him. The Rebbe then asked Avrohom "who is his Rav?" Avrohom answered "Rabbi Akiva Cohen, the Rosh Hayeshiva." The Rebbe then concluded with "Tell his Rav to ask your father to write." He then handed Avrohom a dollar bill for me.

When Avrohom reported all the above to me I was astounded. I was of the opinion that I wrote to the Rebbe every two weeks. I do keep a record of the dates on which I send these letters. I checked my list and discovered that in the previous nine months I had written twenty one letters - at two a month it would have been eighteen.

I then went through the list item by item and discovered that in Iyur I sent one letter. In Sivan, the number was five (but I sent most of these whilst at 770 for Shovuos). Tamuz - none. (I was in Israel) Av - two. Ellul - two. Tishrei - five (again most were sent at 770, during Succos), and so on. However, the Rebbe was right, because, there was an overlapping which meant that the Rebbe did not receive a letter for nearly four weeks.

I discussed all this with my Mashpia, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, who suggested, quite rightly, that as the Rebbe wanted my letters, and he obviously liked to receive them, then it was a compliment to me and I should give the Rebbe the satisfaction of reading my daily or weekly gossip column. It was so nice to know that the Rebbe wants my letters, rather than the other way about.

Of course I was pleased and during the following seven weeks I wrote seven letters.

Incidentally there was a live transmission of the Rebbe's Farbraingen at 770, on Yud Shevat, direct to London Lubavitch.

A full coach load of forty nine people left from Manchester.

Men paid twenty five pounds, and boys fifteen pounds for the fare which included the entrance fee at London Lubavitch.

They did well because the "local" London people had to pay twenty five pounds just for the privilege of entering the hall.

Litigation

About two years ago, Barry Gourary, aged 63, a nephew of Our Rebbe Shlita, and a grandson of the Previous Rebbe (Z.TzL) decided unilaterally that the library in Eastern Parkway - next door to 770, belonged to him. He forthwith removed four hundred books (of the estimated 40,000) and sold them for almost two hundred thousand dollars.

The Lubavitch organisation, under its registered name of "AGUDA CHASSIDEI CHABAD of the United States" (I will refer to them as the AGUDA), appealed to Barry Gourary to return these books and to promise not to remove or to sell any other books from this library. Barry G. refused both requests. He also refused to listen to the Rebbe, and would not consider, under any circumstances, of going before a Beth Din.

Therefore, the Aguda had no alternative but to apply to the New York Judiciary for an injunction to stop him, at once, from removing any further seforim from the library and proceedings were commenced to prove that the library and contents belonged to the Aguda.

The action was started on August 5th 1985 and on January 11th 1987 - one and a half years later, District Judge Sifton gave his verdict - in favour of the Aguda.

Barry G. had been joined by his mother, Channah, the wife of the Rashag. (The Rashag definitely did NOT support his wife and son in these activities, and he suffered much anguish and frustration. He became a very lonely man.)

In its simplest form, Barry's (and his mother's) defence was that all the books in the library had belonged to the Previous Rebbe, and as he was now the sole heir of the Previous Rebbe, then everything - even 770 - was now his property and he could help himself to all or any of the assets he chose.

The Aguda maintained that the library, its contents, and all other effects were the property of the whole movement.

But, the Rebbe, being the Head of the movement, was obviously allowed unlimited access to and use of the library.

During all this long period, when the "case" was making its slow and methodical progress, we all suffered much aggravation and worry.

Still, the Rebbe had a profound lesson to teach us. Not one of us would acknowledge or admit that the Aguda might even lose the case. How could anyone doubt but that we would win.

Yet, the Rebbe showed by example, what he always preached - "that one has to be a "Keilie - a vessel - to receive the blessings of the A-mighty".

It is no use just to sit at home and to do nothing, and expect G-d's miracles. If one has to fight, then one must use both hands and to spare no expense.

The best and the finest lawyers and researchers in the country were engaged - and, in addition, the Chassidim prayed to the A-mighty for success and recited special and extra Psalms every day - until the verdict was given.

A new Nigun was composed - a rousing and stirring tune. The words were "DEEDON NOTZACH" - Victory is Ours. (We will prevail).

The Judge delivered his verdict on Forty-one typewritten pages. Within minutes, we in Manchester, as well as in most Lubavitch offices around the world, had received exact literal copies of these forty-one pages by means of "FAX" Satellite distribution.

Max Cohen, my new grandson, (he married my granddaughter Leah) let me have a copy straight away. So I can add some of the Judge's comments.

The Judge in his summing up, traced the history of Lubavitch. Because of its historical record, I shall now include a brief outline of the Judge's comments.

"Defendants, (Barry and his mother Channah) as already noted, are among the direct lineal descendants of Rabbi Schneerson, who was until his death the sixth in a line of Rabbis who led a movement of orthodox Jews known as Chabad Chassidism. Chabad is an acronym for the Hebrew words "Chochma", "Bina" and "Daas", meaning wisdom, knowledge and understanding. As its name suggests, Chabad Chassidism has been considered as placing a greater emphasis on the intellect in the study of the Torah and the Kabbala than is the norm in Chassidism.

Note: Chassidism the movement of Chassidim (literally the "righteous"), was founded in the mid-18th Century in Eastern Europe by Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer, known as the Baal Shem Tov ("Master of the Good Name"). The teachings of the Baal Shem Tov emphasised the presence of G-d in all things, including the most mundane. The movement was in its origin intensely community oriented and centred on leaders, generally disciples of the Baal Shem Tov who served as mediators between the Chassid, G-d and the society outside the community. The movement divided itself into several groups centred on individual leaders and local communities, one of which was Chabad Chassidism, which became known as Lubavitch Chassidism after the town in Russia in which the movement was

centred in its early years.

Chabad Chassidism was formed in 1775 (212 years ago) by Rabbi Schneur Zalmon, considered the first Lubavitcher Rebbe and known as the Alter Rebbe.

The Alter Rebbe was a disciple of the successor of the Baal Shem Tov. The founder's son and successor, Rabbi Dov Ber; who died in 1827 and was known as the Mittler Rebbe, settled in the Russian town of Lubavitch and, hence gave the movement its present name. The third leader of the group was the son-in-law of Dov Ber and the son of the daughter of Schneur Zalmon. This Rebbe, known as the Tzemach Tzedek, after the title of his major written work, was Rabbi Menachem Mendel, who died in 1866. The fourth Lubavitcher Rebbe was the youngest son of Menachem Mendel, Rabbi Samuel Schneerson, known as the Maharash. He was succeeded by his son, Rabbi Sholom Dov Ber, known as the Rashab, who died in 1920. The sixth Rebbe, with whose estate we are concerned, was the son of Rabbi Sholom Dov Ber and succeeded his father on his father's death. The sixth Rebbe was succeeded by the present Rebbe, Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, who is a son-in-law of Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson and a great-great-grandson of the Tzemach Tzedek. This family relationship between the various generations of succeeding Lubavitcher Rebbes may explain why the issues raised by this lawsuit have not been clarified earlier, i.e., the distinction between property of the religious institutions of Chabad Chassidism and the personal property of the Rebbe is not a distinction which has had to be made with any regularity in the movement's history.

The library at issue is appropriately divided in two parts for purposes of this discussion. First, the ksovim, manuscripts either in the handwriting of the Lubavitcher Rebbes or recording oral statements by the Rebbes to their followers, both passed from Rebbe to Rebbe, and second, over 40,000 texts, printed and handwritten, collected by or under the direction of Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson in the 1920's and after. Both the ksovim and Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson's collection were, undoubtedly, in their origins personal property of the Rebbe, albeit property used to serve the purposes of Chabad Chassidism.

The reason for special consideration accorded the ksovim appears to be the extraordinary significance attributed to the Rebbe's words by Chabad Chassidism. As described by one expert:

"Number one, insofar as it is the Rebbe who expounds on Hassidic philosophy, and these can only be based on the foundation of his predecessors, that they laid down the basic premise of what the Hassidic religion is about. Therefore, it becomes highly significant that each successive Rebbe would have sufficient manuscripts on which he can base his own commentaries, his own discourses....

"The second level, the ksovim that are original manuscripts or manuscripts used by the Rebbe himself, assume a sanctity about them that they are kind of the

essential legacy. I would compare it to the crown jewels. It's something concrete that is passed on in a symbolic way, and in a way incorporates in itself both the sanctity, the very presence, the very personality of the Rebbe (himself)".

Reputation as to events of general history important to the Lubavitcher community has it that the ksovim of the Alter Rebbe and the Mittler Rebbe were collected by the Third Rebbe, the Tzemach Tzedek, who added to them his own manuscripts. This collection was thereafter acquired by the youngest of six sons of the Tzemach Tzedek, the Maharash, apparently over the protests of the other five sons. A similar dispute over the ownership of the ksovim occurred in the next generation when the Rashab became the fifth Rebbe.

Throughout its long history, the collection appears to have been added to by acquisition or gift. For example, what is said to be the only known surviving letter in the handwriting of the Baal Shem Tov is described as having been acquired by a wealthy Chassid from one of the two grandsons of the Baal Shem Tov for one thousand gold rubles and given to the Rebbe to form part of the ksovim.

While each of the Rebbes appears to have treated the library as personal property, disposing of it by will, for example, there can also be no question that the library came to be conceived as one to be used for the benefit of the religious community of Chassidim by the leader of the community, the Rebbe.

The large library of the Fifth Rebbe, described above by Hannah Gourary and inherited by Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson, was confiscated by the communist government in the Soviet Union. According to Mrs. Gourary the Sixth Rebbe attempted to repurchase the library, but the Soviet government "wanted too much money. My father didn't have the money, so he couldn't redeem the library".

According to Dr. Louis Jacobs, an acknowledged scholar on Chassidism, unlike other Chassidic groups which support their Rebbes by gifts known as pidyon (redemption) or pidyon nefesh (redemption of the soul) delivered personally to a rebbe, Lubavitch Chassidim primarily support their Rebbe and the community institutions he directs through an organised, regular programme of contributions collected by emissaries of the Rebbe. The contributions are known as ma'amad (meaning support or dues) or ma'amad bais chayenu (literally, support for the house of our life). Dr Jacobs explained "It is a due, for which every member of the movement is expected to consider himself responsible, and there is an amount according to means which every member pays or is expected to pay". Whereas pidyon is " a personal gift, as it werefor (spiritual) services rendered" by the Rebbe, ma'amad "is best compared to membership dues of a learned society or a sacred society, and the dues are expected as (a) token of membership".

Ma'amad is provided to support the Rebbe in his needs and those of his family and also to support the community institutions he oversees. An itemization by Rabbi Schneerson in his own hand of ma'amad expenditures separates the expenditures into six categories: Hakria v'Hakedusha (a monthly publication of the movement), books, free loans, charity,

personal expenses, and salaries and telegrams etc. As one exhibit reveals, of the 18,481 dollars accounted for by Rabbi Schneerson, only 2,102 dollars, or roughly 11% was classified as personal expenses. Dr. Jacobs concluded that "it seems as clear as can be that the ma'amad is for the upkeep of the organisation".

The library was put together in this period from gifts and acquisitions.

The problems of conveying this community asset from generation to generation of Rebbes might have remained, as it had in the past, one to be sorted out among members of the Rebbe's family through the laws relating to private transactions, including those of inheritance and sale, had it not been for the holocaust. The effects of the holocaust included, among others, a necessity for the Rebbe, during his life and not simply in contemplation of his demise, to define for the outside world the relationship between himself, the community he served; and the property he possessed.

The unsuccessful attempts of Americans to rescue the library from the Germans during the Second World War is only a footnote to the by-and-large successful efforts of plaintiff (Aguda) and others to secure the safe passage of the Rebbe and most of his family to this country. In September 1939, after the outbreak of the war, the Rebbe left Otwock, Poland, for Warsaw. The address where he registered in Warsaw was the subject of bombings which destroyed the building. The Rebbe, however, fled to a relative and then went into hiding. The library was, however, not destroyed but left behind in Otwock. In December 1939, The Rebbe with the assistance of the American government, left Warsaw for Riga.

The Rebbe, now himself in Latvia, wrote directly to Rabbi Jacobson in New York concerning the library as follows:

There are about a hundred and twenty boxes of books and three boxes of manuscripts of our revered and holy parents; the saintly Rabbis....and you will surely do all you can to bring them to your country.

From Latvia, immediately before his departure from Sweden and thence to the United States, the Rebbe made one final effort to secure the departure of the library for America through a German attorney.

Neither the description of the library as belonging to Agudas Chabad or as belonging to the Rebbe succeeded in convincing the Nazis to permit the transportation of the books to America. They remained in Poland throughout the war.

The treatment of the library at the time of Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson's death supports the conclusion that the library was no longer considered by him or by those familiar with his thought on the matter as his personal property. Despite a family history of disputes concerning the transmission of the ksovim and seforim from generation to generation of Rebbes, the Sixth Rebbe left no will. The Rebbe's estate, after some initial uncertainty, was closed without listing the library as an asset, despite its recognised value. The widow and each of the Rebbe's two daughters, including the defendant Hanna Gourary, signed re-

leases reciting that they had received what they were entitled to under the estate without taking possession of the library, Not until twenty years after the Rebbe's death did his widow evidence a view that the library was hers as an inheritance from her husband in a letter stating that her two daughters should divide the library as well as the building at 770 Eastern Parkway, a building which is undisputably owned by plaintiff (Aguda). In the 1970's upon discovery of an additional 25 crates from the library in Warsaw, the Rebbe's daughters conveyed their interest in that property as heirs and surviving children of the Sixth Rebbe.

The conclusion is inescapable that the library was not held by the sixth Rebbe at his death as his personal property, but had been delivered to plaintiff to be held in trust for the benefit of the religious community of chabad chassidism.

Conclusion

Trial of this issue took place in December 1985. Post-trial submissions were completed in March 1986. From April through October 1986, this Court was engaged in the trial of a multi-defendant criminal case. After hearing the testimony at trial and after review of the voluminous documentary evidence introduced by both sides, I conclude that the library was not part of the estate of Rabbi Joseph Isaac Schneerson at the time of his death. Accordingly, defendant's counterclaims must be dismissed."

The defendants, Barry and Channah raised objections which filled 40 pages of paper. Four weeks later, 5th Adar, the Judge rejected - dismissed these objections and ordered the return of all the books, forthwith.

Barry was still not satisfied - after all, the library with all its treasures was worth millions of Dollars - So he now appealed to a higher court. So, once again, we have the aggravation and worry of another court hearing. Poor Rebbe with so much to do for Klal Yisroel.

After the verdict was announced, thousands of Lubavitchers from all over the world, flew into New York to personally congratulate the Rebbe.

Shmuel had only just returned to London from a speaking engagement at Crown Heights. He could barely be restrained from returning immediately to 770, even by Concorde, if possible. Anyway, sense prevailed and he stayed in London.

Rabbi Akiva Cohen, our Rosh HaYeshiva, flew over for just a couple of days.

The Yeshiva boys organised a lottery, at Max's suggestion and Dov Ber Weiss won it. He won it once before - Lucky Fellow.

The Rebbe then sent a message that today was an AISS ROTZON - an auspicious and propitious time. Therefore, people should let him have a PIDYON (entreaty) to take with him to the Ohel, because at this moment, there was an excellent chance that all requests

and behests would be fulfilled.

Many people rushed to New York, but were too late to hand over their Pidyonim personally to the Rebbe before he left for the Ohel.

Some people sent their requests by Fax direct communications and the Rebbe would get these almost immediately.

However, the Rebbe indicated that others should write their Pidyon and take it to the Ohel, graveside, of a local Lubavitcher Rabbi, who had been noted for his Saintliness.

So, Avrohom collected everyone's Pidyonim and took them to the Ohel of the late Rabbi Rivkin (ZTzL) who used to be the Av Beis Din in Manchester.

Avrohom was accompanied by most of the Yeshiva boys.

The Rebbe was to broadcast that evening, the 5th day of Shevat. As I was in London at that time, I made my way to Lubavitch House accompanied by Hindy and Shmuel and their children, Chaya, Channa, Zelda Rochel, Sholom Ber, Tobie Gittel, Benzion, Shaindel (7), Bassheva (5), Yisroel (4) and Baby Yocheved (aged 2 years).

The Mincha service was recited first, before the Rebbe spoke. Tachanun was omitted. Someone remarked that this was a sign that this day, the 5th day of Shevat will always be a Yom Tov. Shmuel retorted that this was a sign that there was probably a Chosson present at 770, therefore we did not say Tachanun.

Amongst the points that the Rebbe made were the following:

"We are all Shiluchim of the A-mighty".

"No matter how bad our position may seem at any given moment, we should always remember that fact. If we have to suffer, have Agmus Nefesh for various reasons, then ultimately we should know that we are agents of the A-mighty".

"Egypt is always connected with secular matters. But, when the Jew is (even) in the field, he has to make a Dwelling Place for the A-mighty on this earth.

When Yaakov heard the good news that his son Joseph was still alive, then "the spirit of Yaakov became uplifted".

Then Tzedoka was given.

This small Farbraingen took half an hour and the Rebbe then made his exit. In London, and probably all over the world, the Farbraingen had just commenced. We drank Vodka, said LeChaim to each other, sang and danced. The London Lubavitch honorary orchestra arrived - four or five players - and the merriment went on (for those

who had the time and stamina) all night.

At Crown Heights, many tens of thousands of people danced and sang all day and all night.

At that time, I received messages from Pinchus (Lew) and Levi (Jaffe), two of my grandsons. Both were very lovely letters.

I am printing one from Pinchus because it is in Yiddish and typed very nicely – neat and tidy.

ב"ה

פנחס לוי
 ישיבת חוה"ל
 מאנטריאל

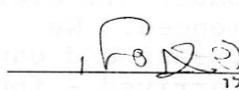
לכ' אבי ואמי זקנטי שליט"א

שלום וברכה!

וואס מאכט איר? איך בין ב"ה פֿיין.
 ב"ה אלץ איז בסדר דא. און אויך די רוחניות האט אסאך פארבעסערט זינט די רבי שליט"א
 האט מרגיש געוון די הוראה פון "עשה לך רב" און די ענינים בנוגע די "בחינוח"
 און די "הכנות ליו"ד שבת הבעל"ט".

"די ידן נצח" אין נ.י. איז געוון (ווי איר האט זיכער געהערט), זייער בשמחה,
 (איד), און אזוי, הונדערטער בחורים פון אנדערע ישיבות ארום די וועלט), זיינען
 געגאנגן צו נ.י., צפעציאל פאר דער גרויסער, היסטארישער "EVENT", וואס אזא איז קיינמאל
 נישט געשעהן אין חב"ד), פאר איין וואך מיר האבן געטאנצט און געזונגן וכו' זכו',
 (און מסתמא וואלט דאס ממשיד געוון נאך אפאר וואכן), נאר דער רבי האט געזען אז
 ס'ענדיקט נישט, האט ער געהייסן אז: "ALL BACK TO THE BOOKS", נו! אז דער רבי
 הייסט איז נישטא קיין ברירא און מיר, (די בחורים) האבן געדארפט ממשיד זיין בלימוד
 התורה, און נישט נאר "ממשין" זיין נאר אויך "מוסיף" זיין, און מארגען גייט טאקע
 זיין די ערשטער בחינה, יעזור השי"ת שיהי' בהצלחה.
 בע"ה, פאר די בר-מצוה, (אויב ס'וועט זיין אין נ.י.) וועל איד זיין דארטן און
 גלייך נאכדעם איד וועל קומען קיין ענגלאנד, (צוויי וואכען פאר פסח), בכדי צו
 מיטהעלפען מיט די הכנות לפסח.

די נועטער דא איז, (כרגיל) זייער קאלט און ס'האט שוין געשנייט, א גוטער פֿאַר IN.
 איך געלעגען'הייט צו איין ביידער אפדאנקן פאר אלע אייערע שווערע השתדלות'ן
 וואס איר האט געטאן פאר אונדז אלע, (די אייניקלאד), בכלל, און מיר בפרט, חשרי
 חשמ"ז, יתן השי"ת אז איר זאלט האבן געזונט און פרנסה בהרחבה, אז איר זאלט קענען
 קומען "לחצרות קדשינו" יעדער יאר עמו"ש, מחוץ מנוחת הנפש ומנוחת הגוף בבריאות
 נכונה.

איד האב מער נישט וואס צו שרייבען,
 דערפאר זייט-געזונט וכל טוב
 פון אייערע אייניקעל:

 פנחס לוי

אור לכ' טבת,
 (יום היאר-צייט של הרמב"ם ז"ל),
 ה'תתקצ"ו שנת משיח

My English translation is as follows:

Pincus Lew,
B.H. Lubavitch Yeshiva,
Montreal.

To My Dear Bobby and Zaidie

Greeting and Blessing.

How are you? I am T.G. fine.

T.G. everything here is in order and also the spiritual matters have much improved since the Rebbe Shlita has emphasised the lesson regarding "Make for yourself a Rav" and regarding all matters concerning Yud Shevat.

"DEEDON NOTZACH" (Victory is Ours) in New York, as you have probably heard, was with much joy. (I and hundreds of boys from Yeshivas from all over the world went to New York specially for this great historical event, which has never been experienced ever in Chabad.)

For one week, we danced and danced and sang and sang, and so forth, and we would probably have extended this for another couple of weeks, but the Rebbe saw that there was no end to it so he ordered that "All back to the books". Well, when the Rebbe orders, there is no alternative and we (the boys) had to extend instead, in learning Torah, and not only extend, but much extra learning.

P.G. for the Barmitzvah (Sholom Ber's), if it will be in New York, then I will be there and immediately afterwards will go to England (two weeks before Pesach) in order to help with the Pesach preparations.

The weather here is seasonal, very cold, and we have had a few inches of snow.

I am taking this opportunity to thank you both for your hard work that you have done for all of us (your grandchildren) in general and for me in particular during last Tishrei (in N.Y.).

The A-mighty should give you health and sustenance (in broad manner) and you will be enabled to come to our Holy Courtyard (770), every year P.G. with relaxation and peace of mind.

I have nothing else about which to write, therefore be well and all the best.

From your grandson, Pincus Lew.

(The date of the Rambam's Yahrzeit)

Levi also wrote a very nice letter in English at the same time. He indicated that the dancing and singing was even more than at Succos and the days became nights and nights became days.

He concluded with a few words of Torah and with love and kisses.

My shortened version:

When the Jews left the Red Sea, the Chumash says that Moishe made the people journey forward, and Rashi explains, journeyed forward, that they were very busy gathering up all the gold and silver which had been swept up from the Egyptians at the sea.

The Rebbe asked, how was it possible that after seeing such a revelation of Hashem at the Crossing of the Sea, could they have such a desire for physical Gold and Silver, which does not even compare to that Spiritual revelation at the sea and especially now that they were on their way to receive the Torah.

The answer is that they were collecting the gold and silver not for their own personal desires, but they wished to fulfill Hashem's command of "ridding the Egyptians of their valuables" on leaving Egypt and to elevate this into "Ruchnius" (spirituality).

Purim

It was a very exciting Purim.

Avrohom (my son) had arranged for a large Public Seuda to take place in Hale, South Manchester.

Almost one hundred people were present, and for many it was the first time ever, that they had attended a Purim party.

I recited the following poem:

A Brief Outline on Purim

King Achashveyross was a merry and happy Persian King.

Who ruled from India to Abyssinnia, he owned
just everything.

His motto was Wine, Women and Song.
But in his own opinion, he really did no wrong.

He sent a message to his charming Queen,
Vashti. To join him and some drunken friends, for
Afternoon Tea.

But to what he really did allude,

was that her presence was required in the Nude.

She refused to appear in such an unruly
fashion. So the King expelled her forthwith, at the
height of his passion.

(Actually the party lasted over six months,
the Megilla does state, with thousands of people from every single
state.)

The King became disconsolate, it was terrible
to be seen. So they organised a competition to choose a
New Beauty Queen.

Esther, a young Jewish orphan was compelled
to enter, her statistics were good and vital.
She was beautiful, gentle and "bechaint",
and so she easily won the title.

She then became Queen Esther, her uncle
Mordechai used to sit and wait,
To learn of Esther's health and progress,
near to the Palace Gate.

He did advise her at that time, to conceal
the fact that she was a Jewess.
There might arrive some propitious time,
when it could be advantageous to confess.

Meanwhile, a wicked, evil fellow, Homon, a
descendant of the Amolokites,
Who always were our enemies, the worst of
Anti-Semites.

Had succeeded with thirty million shekels in bribing the King.
To destroy all the Jews, every living thing.

One night Mordechai heard two plotters,
conspiring the King to assassinate.
He confided to Queen Esther, and these rogues
duly met their fate.

Mordechai was subsequently honoured for being
loyal and patriotic. But wicked Homon was made to look a fool and
idiotic.

Homon, his wife and advisers then drew a Lot.
To choose the date (called Purim) to put the Jews on the spot.

Mordechei heard the terrible news, and contacted Esther the Queen.
She said - "Children must increase their studies,
we must pray to Hashem, fast for three days –
and I will see the King in between.

She then arranged a special party for only
Homon and the King.
Homon was excited and elated, he had reached
the top of everything.

She arranged another party for just the
following night. She considered that the time was ripe, to
give this monster a shocking fright.

She confessed her Jewishness and accused a
man of wishing her nation to destroy.
Every single adult and baby, every girl and
every boy.

The King thundered at Esther - who is this wicked evil man,
Who wants to commit the very worst crime since the world began.

Esther pointed her finger at Homon - the dirty
rotter. Who suddenly felt very ill and rapidly began
to totter.

Homon was hanged, very high up, with ten sons,
for all to see,
That when they attack the Jewish people, they
end up on the family tree.

Mordechei became a hero, and the Prime
Minister of the Persian Nation. Whilst most of the Jews acclaimed and
applauded with the greatest exultation.

Hashem blessed the Jews - "There was light
and joy, gladness and honour."
Whilst our lovely Queen Esther had compliments
and love showered upon her.

Meanwhile our Yeshiva Boys were having a glorious time. Six of them had obtained the

real, genuine army uniforms (camouflaged). They blackened their faces and they looked very tough soldiers indeed.

Armed with machine guns (which sprayed water - not bullets), they held up cars on the public highway, and charged the drivers one pound ransom money for charity.

They had many amusing experiences. Some thought that an Army exercise or manoeuvre was in progress and extended to "our soldiers" the greatest of respect and deference, accompanied by submission and acquiescence - and they were glad to pay up, and get away.

Only one woman wrote to the Jewish Press and complained that her poor little girl had sustained a terrible shock when confronted by these tough soldiers, and cried all day.

She wanted to know why could they not dress up as Clowns.

Here is a photograph, which shows the actual high-jacking of a car by - Tzemech Rosenfield, Mendel Bloom, Beryl Goldman, Ovadia Goldman, Menashe Freedman, and Yossi Simons.



Matzo From The Rebbe

Just before Pesach, Shmuel (my son-in-law) telephoned me with the good news that the Rebbe had sent a box of his Matzo for "Manchester" and a special whole piece for Zalmon Jaffe. Label Groner had advised the Rebbe's sheliach for this task - Moishe

Shaggalov, to hand over these Matzos to Shmuel Lew, who would ensure that these precious goods were delivered in time.

Moishe Shaggalov had very sensibly placed my piece of Matzo in a special box which protected the Matzo and kept it unbroken.

I was, of course, tremendously pleased and uplifted to realise that the Rebbe had not forgotten me - amidst all the excitement and hard work connected with Pesach.

As he did last year, Shmuel travelled by train to Manchester, and I met him at the station with a flask of coffee, cake and so on. I took from him my Matzo, also the box for "Manchester" (which I delivered to Rabbi Akiva Cohen, our Rosh Hayeshiva), and Shmuel took the next train, within the hour, back to London.

The Rebbe gave a Sicha at that time, that he expected a huge number of Jews to leave Russia very soon and arrive in Israel, The Rebbe wished to prepare for that happy day now, and he suggested that a New Shickun, or project similar to Kfar Chabad, should be established in Jerusalem, so that these Russian people would have a home, where to live, immediately on arrival.

It was envisaged that many millions of dollars would be needed for this wonderful project.

Incidentally, Susan, my daughter-in-law visited 770 recently, for a week. She was desirous and anxious to see her sons Dovid and Levi. She saw the Rebbe and visited the Rebbetzen. She had a good time. I know that she did because she returned home "tired out" - "dead beat".

Lag B'Omer

In conjunction with Lubavitch organisations and Chabad Houses all over the world, including many in England, we in Manchester, held a very successful Parade.

We expected and catered for one thousand children, but it was typical Manchester Lag B'Omer weather. It rained all night and at 9.30 a.m it was still drizzling and damp. This obviously kept many children away.

However, by eleven o'clock, when Dayan Osher Westheim, of Manchester Beis Din, and Mr Henry Gutterman - the President of the Manchester and District Representative Council, had addressed the boys and girls, the rain had almost stopped.

Three bands, five floats sited upon open wagons and half the Police Force accompanied the marchers on the mile long walk.

Avrohom was in overall command, although he gave me the honour of acting as the Master of Ceremonies.

It was a pity about the weather but it proved a highly successful Lag B'omer Parade.

A Video of the Parade at 770 which showed the Rebbe addressing the children was relayed direct to London Lubavitch by satellite. It was absolutely fantastic, and took over three hours.

Max and Leah, together with our two great-grandchildren, Moishe and Soro, were also at 770.

They had intended to fly to New York on Thursday. They had checked in at the ticket counter, but Baby Soro, aged six months, was not allowed to proceed to the plane.

She was on Leah's passport, that was in order. But she was not included in the U.S. Visa, because she had been born after the Visa was issued.

Soro could not be relied on to follow her parents on the next day. So they obtained Soro's Visa from the U.S. Embassy in London, stayed overnight at the Lew's in London, and travelled to New York on the following day, Friday.

Meanwhile they had an opportunity of meeting again, Sholom Dov Ber Lew, the Bar Mitzvah boy who had only the previous Sunday enjoyed the company of relations and friends at a reception at their home. He had recited his Maamer again for our benefit, word perfect and by heart. He told us again how the Rebbe had honoured him by wishing him Mazel Tov when he was called up to his Aliyah at 770. His father, Shmuel, also received a brocha and a Mazel Tov from the Rebbe.



**Jean - Hindy's
Caretaker**

Hindy has been very fortunate to have enjoyed the services of a special daily help for many years. Her name



is Jean, and she is a Poetess.

I have included three of her latest poems, and it is interesting to note how a non-Jewish girl views the happenings at a Lubavitch home.

Pesach Time

I'm kept quite busy near Pesach time, Working for Mrs. Lew.
Rooms must be cleaned and looking fine, And the cupboards too.
One thing often, to me she's said, She's made it very clear.
There must not be a scrap of bread, In the house, when Pesach's here.
Rabbi Lew and his sons,
With candle they must look. Trying to find any crumbs.
In each cranny and each nook.
For the Jews, Oh what a task,
This searching must be!!
But what a Blessing, before Pesach's past, "A United Family."

The Picture

There's a picture in Rabbi Lew's dining room. It has a gilded frame.
It is of a man who looks very froom. I know him only by his name.
His eyes have a kindly expression, As from high he gazes down.
A look so full of compassion. A man of great reknown.
I've heard so much about him.
I listen to what they say,
Of his generosity and understanding. For them, he leads the way.
Now, you may ask "what is his name?" "Who on earth can this man be?" This picture set
in a gilded frame, Is of course the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

Caretaker's View

(Sung to the tune of "We want Moshiach now'.')

Each day I hear the children pray, To have Moshiach here today. It is the hope of every
Jew, To have Moshiach come in view. They Doven every day.
With their Sidders, pray and pray. Stating very loud and clear, To have Moshiach here!!
Praying unceasingly.
They all make one plea.
Their Moshiach for to see. They want Moshiach now.
As I clean and polish round, From the rooms I hear a sound. It is again the children's plea,
Their Moshiach for to see. I wonder hopefully -
Their Moshiach, will I see? And whose Goyta will I be, When he comes around?
I've promised Shalom Ber,
Me, with Zelda, he can share. That's of course with me he's fair,
On that great, great day.

As I wrote last year, the Rebbe always concludes a Sicho or a Farbraingen with the word "Mamosh".

At a Sicho during Succos the Rebbe had declared that Moshiach is now coming and he repeated the word Mamosh three times,

MAMOSH (definitely)

M A M O S H (undoubtedly)

M A M O S H (positively) but the letters also stand for

Menachem Mendel Schneerson

To be continued B'EZRAS HASHEM.