

My Encounter With The Rebbe

Shlita

By Zalmon Jaffe

12th Instalment

INTRODUCTION

My Encounter With The Rebbe, Shlita, instalment no. twelve (Thanks to G-d)

In a book of this nature it is very difficult to avoid repetition of some of the incidental -- and of even some of the fundamental happenings that occur at 770 every year.

The Rebbe has certainly made it very much easier for me, because he executes some of the very same actions in a rather different manner each year.

My readers and those who are regularly present at 770 will know by now what are the basic happenings at Crown Heights and what occurs generally on Yom Tov.

Therefore, in addition to new anecdotes and stories, I have attempted to introduce to you those slightly different aspects of these same events.

All the Sichos of the Rebbe, Shlita, which I have related in this instalment are my own version and interpretation, unless otherwise stated and acknowledged.

I wish to thank my special fans who regularly send me their wonderful letters of encouragement, and in particular to Walter Hubert who has never failed to express his appreciation for my work.

I have received notes from all over the world requesting copies of these Diaries. I do not make any charge for these "Encounters with the Rebbe" but when it costs about £2 to send this edition to Australia, you will realise why I prefer to distribute these copies personally either in England or at Lubavitch World Headquarters, 770 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York. I am very gratified that people do desire to read my books, and I will not refuse any legitimate requests for a copy.

Zalmon Jaffe

A Few Irresistible Fan Letters

Herewith is a sample selection of some of the letters which I have received:

From Walter Hubert:

"Once again very many thanks on behalf of Rebecca and myself a few hours pleasurable reading.

This year you have really surpassed yourself, particularly as you have mentioned us on at least two occasions. Seriously, I consider that this annual resume is immensely important and must be continued for many years to come."

From Yackov Majteles, Brooklyn:

"Some time ago I finished reading your wonderful diary (Instalment 11). In keeping with the rule of *Maalin Bakodesh* (ascending in all matters of holiness) it was surely better than all the previous instalments. I have lent it out to many friends and neighbours, and there's a long waiting list. You have a tremendous Zechus for contributing to "the spreading of the well-springs of Chassidus" in a most unique way."

From Rabbi Clive Baddiel, Cardiff, Wales:

"I wanted to both thank you and congratulate you for the most recent edition of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita" which was very interesting and enlightening. I can assure you that it proved to be the highlight of my holiday when there was time for me to pick it up and sit back and enjoy it."

From Reuven and Chava Solomon, London:-

"Dear Reb Zalman and Mrs Jaffe,

It was with great happiness that I received through Hindy my very own "Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita" autographed personally by yourself and your dear wife.

I have already had the great pleasure of spending many happy hours catching up on most of the previous instalments and kept my family spellbound for many an hour relating the stories.

I personally revel in the humorous parts and have not laughed so heartily for a long time at some of the hilarious moments. My wife being of a more serious nature particularly enjoys the sichos and the many lessons derived from your essays.

She joins me most sincerely in my thank you wishes and look forward to reading many, many more "Encounters with the Rebbe Shlita".

With very best wishes, Reuven and Chava Solomon

P.S. We would like to add that B.H. you have a most wonderful daughter and son in law whose friendship we value so highly.

Chapter 1: The Torah for Children

The Rebbe has always stressed and emphasised the vital importance and significance of the role which Children, (little boys and yes, little girls, too) should play in the life of the Jewish People and in the safeguarding of our Jewish Nation. Since time immemorial this has always been so. In fact, before the A'Mighty would give to us the Torah on Mount Sinai, He wanted assurances that we would keep and revere it. The only guarantors whom G-d would accept were our Children.

The Rebbe has always encouraged and inspired the little children to learn about their Jewish Heritage - and to keep the Torah and the Mitzvahs.

All the Nations of the World proclaimed that this Year was to be observed as the International Year of the Child. When the Year concluded, so did end all the efforts on behalf of the children.

(Lehavdil) The Rebbe does not pick out or choose a certain period as the Year of the Child. The Rebbe concentrates on the children not only every year, but every month, every week, every day, every hour and even every minute.

The "Years of the Child" has to be continuous, enduring and abiding.

The Prophet, in Chapter 3, Verses 23 and 24 in the Book of Malachi disclosed about the Coming of Our Righteous Moshiach. He declared: "Behold, I will send you Elija the Prophet before the coming of this great and awesome day of the L'rd. And he shall turn the hearts of the Fathers to the Children and the hearts of the children to their Fathers."

Every day we are approaching nearer and ever nearer to this great day. The Rebbe is preparing for it. He wishes to ensure that the hearts of the children, already pure and innocent, will be full of Torah and Mitzvahs. They, in turn, will be able to influence their parents to come closer to Judaism. - We are all aware of such cases, where, for instance young girls have persuaded their mothers to light Shabbos candles - just as they were taught in Jewish schools or in Cheder.

When all Parents will be brought nearer to the Torah and to the Mitzvahs, then we will be well prepared and ready to greet our Moshiach on that "great and awesome day".

As the Psalmist says in Tehillim, Chapter 8 - "Out of the Mouths of Babes and sucklings, You have established strength"(and strength means Torah).

These verses from Malachi were the inspiration and the basis of the theme which the Rebbe constantly reiterated throughout the year 5740.

From the commencement of the year 5741, the Rebbe introduced a new theme --"TZIVAS HASHEM - G-d's Army" especially for the children. The Rebbe initiated the holding of Children's Rallies, practically every week and occasionally even more frequently - not only in Brooklyn but throughout the whole world. All children, boys and girls, were persuaded to join the Army of the L'rd. They received badges, commendations and medals - and also many attractive prizes and devices in order to tempt the children to

attend and to prevail upon their friends to join, too.

Another theme to which the Rebbe has given great prominence and has often repeated was regarding the Mitzvah of bearing children. The Rebbe asserted that the more children that were born to a couple, then the greater the blessings which the A'Mighty would bestow on that family.

If the L'rd, in bounteous mercy extended to Parents the ability and capability of bearing a large family, then this was a great Zechus (merit) to them. They were really fortunate and lucky people - and should accept their responsibilities with alacrity, pleasure and gratitude.

The above, in brief, were the main themes which the Rebbe repeated to us during the past twelve months. I will expound on these subjects more fully, later on in this book, when they will be interspersed with the usual anecdotes and stories of "My Encounter with the Rebbe".

Chapter 2: We Arrive for Shovuos

You will have read in last year's edition, that only a week before our departure for New York, we had, in typical Lubavitch fashion, not yet settled the details of our flight, nor had we any definite accommodation arranged in Crown Heights.

However, in typical Lubavitch fashion, we possessed devout faith and we felt pretty sure that everything would turn out satisfactorily.

I sincerely hoped so, because we consisted of a party of eleven persons. There were Roselyn and me, Avrohom and Susan with six of their children - our grandchildren:- Leah (13½ years old), Levi Yitzchok (12½), Channah (11), Golda (9), Shmuel(8) and Aaron (4½ years old). Dovid had remained behind in Manchester. He had some important work to finalise, but in any case, he intended to stay in Crown Heights for the whole month of Tishrei, instead. Miss Stacy Grossman, a friend of Leah's made up the eleventh member of our contingent.

In the event, our faith was fully justified. Our travel agent managed to rectify the booking error, so we all flew from Manchester to Amsterdam and thence direct to New York. We travelled many more miles for the same money - "A GLICK!!" As an additional bonus, our plane circled Kennedy Airport for an extra thirty minutes before we landed!!

Regarding accommodation, our good friends Raizie and Myer (Minkwitz) had again come to our rescue. They let Avrohom, Susan and family have the use of their basement apartment. They also insisted that Roselyn and I should be their honoured guests for the duration of our present visit.

Actually, the Itkins apartment was almost ready but not quite. A few important jobs required doing and there were no partitions. We decided to rent this flat for a twelve months period, commencing AFTER Shovuos. Meanwhile, we gratefully, but reluctantly accepted the sincere and heart-warming invitation from Raizie and Myer - gratefully, because we had nowhere else to stay, and reluctantly, because Raizie and Myer were such generous people that they expected us to partake of all our meals, together with them, in their apartment. We considered this to be very unfair to them, especially in view of the fact that our own children and grandchildren were now installed and living only about ten yards away from us - but in a downwards direction.

On the day we arrived, Sunday, the Rebbe was at the Ohel (the Rebbe refers to it as the Tzion, of the Previous Rebbe, ZTzL, which is situated in the Bais Olam, the cemetery). We took a taxi from the airport to 770. The driver was a very friendly Jewish fellow and he was anxious to learn all about our family history.

"No," I told him, "We have no family in New York, we have come to spend Yom Tov with our Rebbe."

"Oh, of course," observed the taxi driver, "It is Yom Tov this week - and oh, what day, exactly, is Yom Kippur?!"

The Rebbe returned to 770 in time for a late Mincha Service. I stood waiting for the Rebbe to emerge from his study and to make his way to the Bais Hamedrish. Rabbi Chadakov stood at my side. He remarked that "You will be giving the Rebbe such Simcha and it is always freilech (joyful) when you are here". (I would have liked to be present just once, when I am not there! - to see how things are when I am absent! Hilary and hundreds more have told me how much Roselyn and I were missed last Shovuos).

Meanwhile Roselyn was standing in the hallway with Susan, Leah, Channah and Golda - and she received her rations immediately - one of the Rebbe's most glorious smiles. As Label Groner's son remarked "I looked left and saw this wonderful smile – then I straight away looked to the right and I saw a repetition, when the Rebbe saw you, Zalmon".

Erev Shovuos and Farbraingen

Next morning at the Rebbe's minyan, I was given the great honour of Glila (wrapping up the Sefer Torah after the layenning). As this mitzvah brought me up close to the Bimah, I took the opportunity of making the blessing of Gomel (a special prayer of Thanks to G-d for the safe journey across the Atlantic). Very soon there was quite a long procession of visitors who had the same idea and were making their way to the Bimah in order to make this brocha in the presence of the Rebbe.

It took over twelve minutes before the last visitor had made this blessing. This was time which the Rebbe could ill afford!

After Maariv that evening, a Farbraingen was held in the Shool Hall. It was fantastic to see so many thousands of visitors and guests who had come especially to spend Shovuos with the Rebbe at 770. At the time, it seemed impossible to squeeze another single person into this great Hall. But - I have also been present on Simchas Torah - and seen this number increased by almost threefold.

The following is my own version of some of the observations which the Rebbe made at this Farbraingen.

The Rebbe stated that this is the Year of Shemita, which takes place every seven years. It is a year of Shabbos -- of Rest. We have to live according to the Torah. It our Life - and we would then enjoy a long and healthy life. We are told to remember the Shabbos every day. This we do when we mention on Sunday that "Today is the first day, BaShabbos - of the Shabbos (week) Monday is the second and so on, until on Friday when we say "Today is the sixth day, BaShabbos (of the week) and on the seventh day we say "Today is Shabbos Kodesh, Holy Shabbos.

Just as there is a division between Shabbos and the rest of the days of the week, so there is a division between the Jewish people and all the Nations. Shabbos is on a higher level than all the other days - and so is Yisroel on a higher plane than the rest of the Nations.

Now is the fifth day of Sivon, Erev Shovuos, the day when the Jews shouted in unison "Naaser VeNihma" (we will do and we will listen) implying that they were prepared and ready to immediately enter into Shovuos, and to accept the Torah. The Jews were rewarded with two crowns - one for each of these two words - "Naaser VeNishma".

When we look at an animal - for instance at a cow, we see that its head and its tail are both on the same -

one, level. Man is different, because his head is right on top of his body. But even then, there are different levels on his head. First is his mouth, and then the eyes. Above which is situated the brain, which contains thoughts which are on a still higher level. Then right on the top, is placed the Crown.

But only a King is allowed to wear a crown. We learn in the Megilla that when King Achasuerus desired to honour Mordechai, he dressed him in His Majesty's robes and placed him upon the Royal Horse. But, in the event, he was not allowed to wear the Crown.

However we read in the Torah, that the Jews are a Kingdom of Priests - we are all Kings! So we MAY wear the Crowns of "Naaser VeNishma".

The Rebbe went on to say, that the Parade which took place on Lag B'Omer was a wonderful effort. It was so delightful to see the lovely Jewish children, boys and girls, wearing crowns - albeit only paper ones. The little children did not need crowns made of silver or of gold - any crowns would do! -- and they felt right "on top of the world".

All the onlookers and bystanders, even the non-Jews, were exceedingly impressed and thereby understood the saying that "one dare not interfere with the "Tinaikus bais Rabon" (the young children who learn in Cheder or in the Yeshiva).

And yet - as always - there is a Jewish person who is acting against and slandering other Jews. This is the "causeless Hatred", which has been responsible for our present exile of nearly 2,000 years. These young children are enjoying life, and in their happiness they shout "Shema Yisroel" with great sincerity and feeling (in contrast to those poor children from past ages who went to their death crying "Shema Yisroel").

And this jealous fellow makes fun of them. He is sending letters and vile propaganda to emissaries to force one Jew to abhor another Jew. The Rebbe warned this fellow that it was, as if he was wearing Tefillin that were posul - not Kosher, and therefore unfit for use, - for he could have no sincerity nor concentration whilst his mind was so restless and preoccupied with these other obnoxious matters. The Rebbe did state however that even on the 365th day of his 120th year, he could change his evil ways and become a Baal Teshuva.

Throughout the ages, all of our great men have had their detractors. For example, Moishe Rabainu, our Teacher Moses; not only did he have to bear the burdens, the grumbles and complaints of the Children of Israel but he had many enemies, who violently opposed him - a particularly nasty episode was the Rebellion of Korech - a close relative of his.

Was Mordechai loved and honoured by all Jews? No! - It states that Mordechai was accepted only by the majority of the Jewish people.

And thus it went on throughout our history. This envy and causeless hatred, instead of Ahavas Chinom - loving another Jew without cause, just because he is a Jew.

Our Rebbe has plenty of critics and detractors. In spite of all this - the Rebbe carries on with his good work for all Jews, everywhere. (till 120 years P.G.).

The Rebbe continued by pointing out that small children were the principal participants at Mattan Torah, because they were our guarantors.

Moshiach will concentrate on teaching Torah to young children, hence the Rebbe's keenness and insistence that these little ones should be brought to the Synagogue in order that they should hear the "Giving of the Torah" on Shovuos. The Rebbe emphasised that every person had to listen and to hear the laying on this Yom Tov - especially the blessings which are recited before and after this portion of the reading of the Torah.

Incidentally, the Rebbe announced that everyone must check his teffilin during the month of Ellul.

At the conclusion of the Farbraingen, the Rebbe arose and briskly marched away from the Dais. He left behind a heap of sliced cake. Dozens of men and boys immediately flung themselves upon the cake and dozens of men and boys flung themselves upon the first group. There then took place the usual struggles and scrambles, scuffles and free-for-alls. Everyone jumping upon each other and fighting for even a small crumb of the Rebbe's cake, as if their very life depended on it.

Although I was sitting and then standing immediately below the Rebbe's chair, I dared not compete with this rabble. It was dangerous to one's life and limb to become involved with these people.

Suddenly, without warning, a large chunk of the Rebbe's cake came hurtling towards me. I caught it and gratefully accepted this unexpected but very welcome gift. I shared this out with dozens of outstretched hands - a few crumbs here and a crumb there, until I had only a minute particle left for myself, for Roselyn and for the children. I was then accosted by a fellow who declared "I am a Kohen, and I demand even a crumb of the Rebbe's cake".

Well - I did not want to become involved with a Kohen. They have a certain reputation. So after that little engagement with the Kohen, I had barely sufficient left over even for Roselyn, alone.

The Rebbe obviously never sees what happens to his poor cake and the excitement which prevails after he has left the hall over. Fortunately the whole action is over within seconds.

On Tuesday morning, after the late Farbraingen, the Rebbe arrived at 770 at 10 a.m.

Amongst the crowd in the hallway, were about a dozen children. Avrohom told Aaron (age 4 and a half) to approach the Rebbe and ask for some money for Tzedoka. Aaron pushed his way through to the Rebbe - and received some coin or coins - he then hurled himself forward to the Charity Box and placed the money therein. Aaron was already learning well, the ways of 770.

Chapter 3: We Prepare for Shovuos

Tuesday night was Shovuos, so I needed to have my hair cut - on Tuesday morning. AND HOW!!

We Jews are a peculiar people. Each of our groups or sects seem to follow a different set of rules. For instance regarding haircutting: One group will NOT allow a haircut from the day before Pesach until Lag B'Omer which is two weeks before Shovuos. Another sect will commence this prohibition from Rosh Chodesh Iyar - a week after Pesach, until Rosh Chodesh Sivan. Another group will allow haircuts on all days on which weddings may be celebrated, that is on all the days until Rosh Chodesh Iyar (not on Yom Tov, of course), on Lag B'Omer and then from Rosh Chodesh Sivan until Shovuos. Very many do allow a haircut on Lag B'Omer. -- But, not Lubavitch! We do not allow any cutting of the hair from Pesach until Shovuos.

Therefore, the earliest time on which I could visit the Barber Shop since the day before Pesach was on the day before Shovuos.

I always feel great sympathy for the Jewish barber in Kingston Avenue - he looks so pathetic waiting for customers, day after day and who never arrive. But on that one day before Yom Tov he has scores of clients and it is difficult to obtain a haircut unless one has the patience to sit and wait for an hour or two.

I was walking with Avrohom along Kingston Avenue, on the previous afternoon, when I noticed the Barber was sitting outside his shop, enjoying the sunshine - he had nothing else to do. I had a brilliant idea. I arranged with him that he would come to work a little earlier on the following morning especially so that I could claim the first appointment.

Early next morning, I hastened to the Barber Shop - I was at least ten minutes earlier than we had anticipated. I could not afford to be late - and - I found that his shop was already crowded with patrons. I just could not believe it, I thought I was seeing things but it was true!

What came as a bigger surprise and shock was the realisation that these customers were -- Avrohom, and his sons Levi, Shmuel and Aaron. Avrohom had made his own special alternative arrangements with the Barber, to come even earlier to attend to him and his sons.

So I had to wait for my turn. When he had completed Shmuel's haircut, the Barber grasped a fancy toilet bottle and sprinkled a few drops of liquid onto Shmuel's head. I enquired the name of the perfume or dressing which he was using. He replied that it was water - just plain water. I was really and genuinely amused and could not stop laughing. "Water", I gasped, "just plain water!" "What do you expect", glowered the Barber, "Pepsi Cola!"

Aaron, who was 4½ years old, did not enjoy having his hair cut. He has refused to enter a barber's shop ever since that time!!

I had sent into the Rebbe a letter and a copy of "My Encounter - Number Eleven". I waited anxiously for the Rebbe's comments.

By "return" I received a reply. "Many thanks and many thanks - and in due course do arrange for a better cover for the Diary". As usual, the Rebbe was quite right. The cover was a very poor one. It was not the one which I had ordered. Unfortunately everything is always left until the very last moment, and there had been no time to change it!

Afterwards we made our customary visit to Gill Hersh's Flower Shop. We arranged the delivery to our Rebbetzen of the usual red roses for Yom Tov.

The six children insisted upon buying and sending their own roses. They wrote and signed a little note to accompany their purchases.

Gill was raving most ecstatically about my book. He has guests and visitors staying with him every week - as do most of the Lubavitchers in Crown Heights - One, a Rabbi, a Rosh HaYeshiva from Jerusalem and definitely NOT a Lubavitcher, but a real Misnagid, wanted to know "what is all this business about the Rebbe? - What is Lubavitch? and what are Chassidim? -- and so forth. Gill gave him my book to read. This Rabbi is now converted to Lubavitch. He says that he now understands the relationship between a Rebbe and his chassidim. Gill now lends my diary to all his guests. It saves him a lot of explanations, he says.

We also met our friend Molli (nee Sidi) who has married Dr. Raisenick, one of the Rebbe's doctors. She looked very well and was in her usual vivacious high spirits. She never tires of reminding us of her humble religious origins. She informed us that it was now the anniversary of her conversion to Lubavitch, and to Yiddishkeit. It was a marvellous feeling. It gave her immense pleasure and glorious satisfaction.

Shovuos and some Farbraingen

We spent a very happy and joyful Yom Tov. Every time the Rebbe entered the Shool we continued with the enthusiastic singing and the vigorous clapping. We did not cease nor desist as we did hitherto. The Rebbe enjoyed this, and it was very rewarding to see the Rebbe's face beaming with pleasure - and I received all the credit and all the glory, although I could not have done it on my own - the singing and the clapping, of course.

One day, on his way to his lectern, the Rebbe noticed that a Tehillim (Book of Psalms) was lying upside down on a table. The Rebbe retraced his steps and placed it in the correct position. Immediately, a boy rushed in and grabbed it for himself.

On the second day of Yom Tov I had the fourth of the five alliyas. I remained on the Bimah so that I could listen to the Rebbe's haftorah. It was difficult to hear from afar. Furthermore it would give me the opportunity to stand near to the Rebbe whilst he was reciting Yizkor (the prayer for the Souls of the Departed).

The Rebbe was called up for Maftir and marched to the Bimah. Rabbi Chedakov followed, a couple of yards behind. As soon as the Rebbe had passed by a certain spot, Mr. T. crashed his hand right down, just in front of Rabbi Chedakov and reused to let him through. I considered that this was a most despicable act after all. Rabbi Chedakov is the private and personal secretary of the Rebbe, and is not a young man.

In general, this Mr. T. likes to throw his weight about. He seems to be constantly frustrated, thwarted and discontented. One evening he stood at the door of the Bais Hamedrash and would not allow any more men to enter for the Maariv service. Avrohom turned to me and said "Oh, poor Harold, he cannot get into the Bais Hamedrash". I asked Mr. T. to let our friend through. He refused, point blank. "Come on Harold", I shouted, whilst I meanwhile created a diversion by giving Mr. T. a little shove. Harold did not require any second invitation, but slipped into the Bais Hamedrash during the slight commotion. Levi's entrance was also barred by Mr. T. who promised him a good beating if he tried to sneak in. I did not interfere. I could very well rely on Levi's prowess and initiative to find a way in, - and he did - he went around through the side door.

However, before we recited Yizkor, all those whose parents were still alive, had to depart from the Shool. Then, the gentlemen who were holding the two Sifrei Torah on the Bimah, advanced to the Table and rested these Torah in an upright position on this Table. The Rebbe stood in between the two men, and flung his Tallis right over his bowed head. I could just see that his right hand held the nearest Etz Chaim of the Sefer Torah standing on his right, and his left hand held the nearest Etz Chaim of the Torah on his left. The Rebbe then commenced to recite Yizkor.

During the Farbraingen that evening, the Rebbe discussed the theme of Pesach Sheni which was mentioned in this week's sedra. This day was set aside for those men who happened to be unclean at the time of Pesach, and could not eat the Korben Pesach at that time. They would now be allowed to partake of the Paschal Sacrifice (Korben Pesach) on Pesach Sheni, exactly one month later. The lesson of this minor festival was that a person was always presented with a second chance. No one was lost - neither children, nor parents, nor anyone.

In these last days of the Exile, there was no time to lose, one had to make haste. All children under Bar-Mitzvah and under Bas-Mitzvah age, were Tzadikim - Righteous, as our Sages tell us, that children are without sin. Therefore the Rebbe was anxious that parties and rallies should be arranged for children on the thirteenth day of Sivan. These gatherings should take place all over the world - and especially in Israel - and more so at (1) the Kossel (the Western Wall) - at (2) the Tomb of our Patriarchs and our Matriarchs, and at (3) Our Mother Rachel's Tomb. Our Mother Rachel has always been on hand to help us through our Exile, and will greet us on our return.

The Rebbe was to distribute the Koss Shel Brocha after Maariv. No one made any speeches or announcements this time, requesting people to keep away for the sake of the Rebbe. The Rebbe had certainly given these well-wishers a jolly good lesson.

There is a very comprehensive report on the distribution of Koss Shel Brocha on the occasion of the conclusion of Simchas Torah, towards the end of this book.

I would like to add that when the Rebbe poured the Koss Shel Brocha wine into Aaron's cup. Aaron happily walked away. He halted suddenly, turned and retraced his steps, thanked the Rebbe and wished him LeChaim. The Rebbe reciprocated by giving Aaron a gorgeous smile.

The Kinnus Hatorah took place, as usual on the day after Yom Tov. This year it happened to fall on a Friday. It was a peculiar day and the whole session was curtailed because of the imminence of the Shabbos. It took place in the small Bais Hamedrash and there were not more than seventy boys present.

(Normally there are many hundreds sitting and standing in the large Shool hall). The whole programme had to be concluded by five o'clock p.m. Most boys were out on Mivtzoim (Teffilin campaign and so on), others were preparing for Shabbos. They did not know at what time I would be speaking - neither did I. I did know I was instructed to confine my address to twenty minutes duration.

Roselyn arrived just as I was being introduced, and she had to sit in a small adjoining room. Levi sat by me until I stood up to give my talk. All the boys really enjoyed my address. They were very disappointed that it had to be curtailed - so I offered to speak to them again, if they desired to hear more. I am still awaiting their invitation.

The Shabbos morning service was very similar, in atmosphere, to the Shovuos davenning. During the repetition of the Amida, the Chazan incorporated five Lubavitch tunes. The Rebbe encouraged and urged everyone to join in - faster and louder.

Of course, it was not possible to hear the Chazan at all, except when all became suddenly silent in order to hear the Brochas.

At the Farbraingen, which took place on the Shabbos, (from 1.30 p.m. until nearly 6 p.m.) the Rebbe spoke about the Blessings of having Children. Two children, consisting of a boy and a girl were "legally" a family - and two boys and two girls were even better still. But the Rebbe did not consider this to be good enough. The Rebbe declared that a family should consist of at least a Minyan (ten) children. -- In fact the more children in a family, then the more blessings would be received.

Shmuel, my son-in-law, had desired an appointment to see the Rebbe, privately (Yechidus). He had an important question to ask. After the Farbraingen, he confided to me that it was not now necessary to see the Rebbe privately. The Rebbe had answered his query, publicly, at the Farbraingen. Roselyn muttered something about "that she hoped it was not what she thought it was". (However Hilary presented us with her twelfth child, her seventh daughter, KAH, just before the following Pesach).

Both Aaron and Shmuel behaved remarkably well at all the Farbraingen. Aaron is only 4½ years old, and he stood on a bench, watched the Rebbe intently, all the time, and clapped his hands vigorously.

The Rebbe gave over to us a Rashi sicha. Once again the Rebbe announced that he had a good many questions to ask on this one Rashi verse, and would I be good enough to count the number of questions. After a little while the Rebbe enquired, "how many is that?" "Five", I replied. A little later I was asked "how many now?" "Eleven", I answered. "Good", says the Rebbe. The Rebbe then commenced to ask questions within questions, subsidiary ones. I persevered and counted every individual one. I had reached the figure Nineteen, when the Rebbe again enquired "how many?" I was a little uncertain whether I had missed any, replied "Twenty". There were sounds of protest and derision and muted jeers and guffaws. It seemed that, as I had suspected, the Rebbe had asked a series of questions under one heading, and the answer should have been nearer to fifteen.

I felt rather uncomfortable. I felt even more uncomfortable after the Farbraingen, when I was accused of making fun of the Rebbe. Those silly men! I would rather die than do a thing like that.

Chapter 4: Daily Activities

After Maariv I went outside to inspect the sky. It was cloudless and the moon was shining brightly. Therefore I fully expected that the Rebbe would come forth to Mekadesh Halevono (Sanctify the "New" moon). This is done every month, and whenever possible on a Saturday night at approximately the seventh of the month. Today was the ninth.

I knew from long experience where the Rebbe would stand for this - at the nearest spot to the entrance to 770, from where the moon could be seen. Sometimes the Rebbe would have to stand almost on the roadway of Parkway. On this evening, however, this would mean that the Rebbe would be standing on the pavement (sidewalk) right in front of 770. I waited at that spot.

I then heard dozens of boys shouting and shrieking "The Rebbe is coming; quick, the Rebbe is coming" -- and immediately a solid wall of boys came hurtling down the steps, sweeping everything out of its path. I was uprooted from my stance and carried yards away.

I have never seen such a concentrated and concerted crush anywhere, at anytime. All the boys were rushing away from the Rebbe, yet each one was anxious to be as near to the Rebbe as possible, during the service.

The Rebbe emerged - came down the steps - and stood in the identical place from where I had been hurled and carried away. After a few hectic minutes of violent pushing and heaving, I managed to regain my original position, which enabled me to exchange the Greetings of Sholom Aleichem and Aleichem Sholom with the Rebbe, during the service.

All our children were having a fantastic time. What was even more important was that Susan was really enjoying herself. They all love America. They have been in the United States for eight days, and yet so far they have seen only 770, Kingston Avenue, and a small portion of Eastern Parkway.

Susan thinks that she is still living in Manchester, and she is keeping an "open house", literally - the door is always, constantly, wide open. She is not afraid of coloured, or even of white, bandits and robbers. She has not been visiting any friends, either - they all come to visit her.

In addition all the children of the neighbourhood seemed to congregate inside our apartment, or just outside in our "courtyard". Golda who is nine years of age was having a wonderful holiday. She spent all her time carrying Raizie's baby or wheeling the pram with the baby inside. Children were arriving continuously all day long - and bringing with them their own guests, too. Roselyn refers to them as the Jaffe's Kindergarten, Brooklyn Branch.

The apartment is so close to 770, that we all have the Zechus (merit) of seeing the Rebbe passing by, every day. The Rebbe is obviously the main attraction - and so is the Rebbetzen, of course.

This Sunday, Avrohom decided to have the day off and take the family into Manhattan. He wished to show the children that there were other aspects of New York besides Crown Heights, which should be seen and experienced.

They spent a little time sightseeing - visiting the usual tourist's attractions, but it was extremely tiring. Avrohom and Susan then had an inspiration. They took the children on a boat trip around Manhattan and so on. It took a good few hours and Avrohom in particular found it very relaxing. He needed this respite for contemplation and meditation, because their Yechidus with the Rebbe was arranged for that night. The ship kept the children occupied and active, besides being a sound protection and safeguard for them. Therefore, it was an ideal place for Avrohom to enjoy a nice rest.

Meanwhile, children were arriving all day to visit our "Gang" - and all were disappointed to find the doors wide open, but no Jaffes to greet them. Yossi Raichik remarked "It is so quiet around here, what is the matter?!" My little friend, Esti Kline refused to speak to me. She was afraid that everything she says would be put down in writing into this book.

When the Rebbe left his study in order to davven Mincha, there were fifty women and forty children crowding the hallway. The Rebbe loves to hand coins to the youngsters, which they, in turn, place into the Charity Box. It took the Rebbe exactly four minutes to walk the four yards to the Bais Hamedrash.

Just before that, the Rebbe had given brief audiences to six couples - Chassanim and Kalahs (Bridegrooms and Brides) who were to be married during the following week and were anxious to receive a brocha from the Rebbe.

Chapter 5 Avrohom, Susan and Family have Yechidus with the Rebbe

When one was granted the privilege of a Yechidus with the Rebbe, it was requested that each person should send in a brief note containing his (or her) hebrew name and also one's mother's name. Any problems should be outlined in this letter and petitions for health and for other brochas should also be included therein.

Avrohom, Susan and the children had all forwarded their letters in good time. I do not know what each child wrote but I did manage to glance through Leah's epistle. She wrote in English, but the Hebrew words were actually penned in that language. It was a short letter and was as follows:

Dear Rebbe, Shlita,

I would like to ask the Rebbe, Shlita for a Brocha in my learning and for health and happiness. I would like to wish the Rebbe, much happiness and good health. And that the Rebbe, Shlita will get much Nachas, P.G., out of us.

Good Shabbos

Bluma Leah bass Sima Rivka Jaffe

Leah had actually sent in a previous letter to the Rebbe just before Shavuos which read:

Dear Rebbe, Shlita,

I would like to tell you what a really wonderful time I am having in New York. And I am looking forward to spending Shovuos here with the Rebbe, Shlita. I was at the Fabreng, and it was really a wonderful experience. I would like to wish the Rebbe Shlita and the Rebbetzin Teshlita a very happy Shovuos.

Bluma Leah bass Sima Rivka Jaffe.

It was now the turn of the Jaffe family. All the children kissed the Mezuzah on entering the Rebbe's study. Each one, separately made the blessing of "Shehechionu" (Thanks to G-d who has granted us life, sustained us and enabled us to reach this occasion). The Rebbe answered "Amen". The Rebbe gave brochas to the children as per their requests. Then he gave Susan and Avrohom a blessing.

The Rebbe had been asked to decide to which Yeshiva Dovid should be sent. The choice lay between London, Los Angeles, Brunoy (France) and Ocean Parkway in Boro' Park, Brooklyn. The Rebbe advised that Dovid should attend the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Ocean Parkway.

The Rebbe handed everyone a one dollar bill. He then observed that the girls obviously light the Shabbos candles. He put his hand into his pocket and gave a nickel (five cent piece) to each girl and advised them

to put it into the Tzedoka box before lighting the Shabbos Candles.

Shmuel, who was eight years of age, was standing nearby the Rebbe. He also put out his hand. The Rebbe smiled, and handed him a nickel to put into the charity box before davenning morning prayers next day.

Levi and Aaron were lucky, too - they were also handed a nickel. The Rebbe turned to Susan and asserted that she probably did give Tzedoko before "Licht benching", so he gave her a nickel, too.

The Rebbe then noted that everyone present had received a nickel - except Avrohom - so he also gave Avrohom a nickel, to be placed in the charity box before davenning.

Rebbe gave them all very nice brochas and declared that "You should increase your work for Lubavitch more and more - and use inspiration for Lubavitch".

Aaron was one of the first to emerge from the Yechidus - he was very excited and repeatedly shouted "I got a dollar and a Brocha from the Rebbe!"

We intended to follow Avrohom and family into Yechidus that evening. At 1.30a.m., we decided for the Rebbe's sake to postpone our visit until Wednesday.

Chapter 6 A Wholesale Briss Service

One morning Rabbi Zalmon Shaglow and Rabbi Zev Nisnevitz approached me and invited me to be a Sandik at a Briss that day. This was indeed a great honour. I had only acted as Sandik (G-dfather) twice in all my life - and that was only a relatively few years ago. The first occasion was at the Briss of Pincus, Hilary's son and the second time for Avrohom's son, Shmuel.

Although this is one of the greatest and most sought after Mitiizvahs, I have, invariably, refused to hold the baby. I never watch the actual operation, I always turn away and think of other matters.

Rabbi Shagalov intimated that I would not be left holding the baby. In this instance, the child was over the age of Bar-Mitzvah. I would be required to hold his arm, or the headrest of the bed.

After much soul-searching, I took a chance - and accepted the invitation. Roselyn accompanied me. We travelled by taxi to the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital. We learned that there were to be eight brissim on that morning! They were all Russians, and aged between eleven years and twenty-five. Normally the ages vary between 1½ years and fifty years.

I was told that three thousand new immigrants arrived from Russia every month - not all males, of course. Over forty thousand were already living and working in New York. Someone wished to know why they came to the U.S.A. and not to Israel. The reply was that (1) Most of the Lubavitch families do emigrate to Israel; (2) Most of the immigrants are not even orthodox and we cannot compel anyone to travel to Israel; and (3) It is a matter of economics and livelihood. Many of these people are doctors, researchers, musicians and other types of professional men, who find it much easier and better to find work in New York and in more affluent conditions.

Brissim take place at this hospital every Tuesday and Thursday. The Mohellim are Rabbis A. Romi, Cohn and Eliyahu Shain. They give their services free of charge. Rabbi Shain has circumcised over one thousand adults in the past five years.

As I have stated above most of the immigrants are not, orthodox and know nothing whatsoever about Judaism. They come from a country where there are no facilities for performing Mila. There is no law against a man circumcising his son, but it is effectively discouraged. Only in Bucharria and in Georgia (Russia) were there Mohellim and Shochetim. In fact When a Shochet died, there was no meat for three months.

In the rest of Russia the Jews know nothing at all about a Briss nor about Yiddishkeit. There are large centres of Jewish population:- in Minsk, 50,000; in Kharkov, 70,000; in Kiev, 50,000; Odessa, 40,000; and in Moscow where live 250,000 Jews, there is only one Shochet; and only one Mohel - who are employed mainly for propaganda purposes.

In view of the above it is surprising that so many boys and men DO demand to be circumcised. They are all volunteers, no one is asked, no one is forced. They come forward themselves and insist on being made into a complete Jew. Some of them realise that there is a G-d, and that they are Jews - but they do not know the meaning of that word and what it stands for! -- What is Kosher? -- Treife? -- Shechting? They

want to learn and some instinct is pushing them forward.

The organisation F.R.E.E. - Friends of Refugees from Eastern Europe make all the arrangements for the Briss: for ante-(pre-) Briss lectures and shiurim, and care for their welfare afterwards. Five hundred families receive meat at half price from Lubavitch butchers in Kingston Avenue.

They hire a room for the day at the hospital, which is expensive. Dr. Benjamin Pagovitch is the chief doctor in this department of the hospital. He is a Urologist - his specialty is kidneys and bladders and so forth. But - the Mohel does the Bris, and the doctor watches and gets paid, - and he does us all a favour by allowing the Mohel to operate in his hospital. The other medical officer is the Anesthetist. One day there was a shortfall of sixty dollars, which was needed to pay the hospital and staff. They had to make a quick "whip-round" to raise this amount.

All enquiries are made beforehand to ensure that the boys are really Jewish (at least a Jewish mother). If the mother refuses to attend the Briss, it is very suspicious. When the patient has been "spiritually" cleared, he is told to present himself at the hospital at 7 a.m. He has to undergo physical tests - blood, urine, heart, if suffering from a cold, and so forth. Boys under Bar-Mitzvah age have a general anesthetic - over Bar-Mitzvah they are given a local one. The general anesthetic entails that the boys are kept in hospital overnight, whereas with a local one, they have an hour's rest in the corridor and then go home by the same taxi that brought them at 7 a.m.

Well, I was handed a hospital gown, and a mask (which I did not need to use) and I, the Sandik, was ready for business.

I entered the operating room and saw my "baby" lying on the bed. He was a boy of fourteen years old. I held his hand. I held a silver becher (cup) in my other hand which was filled with wine. Before the actual Briss he was given the anesthetic which seemed to be painful. As this lad was over Bar-Mitzvah he made the blessing himself on the circumcision. I made the blessing on the wine, and commenced to make the prayer for the health and well-being of the child. In this instance, I had to change the words because he was not a child but a MAN. I got a bit mixed up - I heard the doctor enquiring "Are you alright, Mr. Jaffe? Are you well?" I did feel a little off colour. I managed to complete the prayer which included giving the boy his hebrew name. He did not know his mother's Hebrew name - in Russian it was Zena. I then drank the glass of wine and felt a little better. The boy was stitched up and he walked out to the corridor to rest.

I was asked if I would act as Sandik for the next boy. I said "of course" - but it might have been the effect of the wine.

The second patient was only eleven years old, but he insisted on being conscious whilst he was being made into a complete Jew. He was warned that it might be painful - he confirmed that he was prepared for any pain. His mother - and Roselyn - waited outside.

He lay on the bed. He was tense. I held his hand - the doctor commenced to give him the anesthetic. He groaned and murmured BOLEET (Russian, meaning it hurts). The doctor stroked his face and said "Niet Boleet" (It does not hurt). That is how it went for a little while - Boleet - and Niet Boleet. The doctor explained that it was more psychological than actual. Nevertheless it was very pathetic. He gave sudden

starts and his face was covered in perspiration. "Are you alright, Mr. Jaffe?" I heard the doctor exclaim. I did not feel too good, but I persevered -- I had a job to do. The anesthetic had now taken effect so the briss could now go ahead. This time I made the blessing, on behalf of the Bess Din, because the father was absent I was again handed the glass of wine, and I once more made the prayer for the invalid, gave him his hebrew name and drank all the wine.

I was offered to be Sandik at a third Briss. This time the wine had the opposite effect. I refused – otherwise after a third glass of wine I would have been in no fit condition to go home.

Whilst I was recovering outside, we had the opportunity to talk and to Rabbi Shain and to Rabbi Cohn. They explained that the stitches which they put in were self-dissolving. It was not possible to visit twenty boys every week to attend to stitches. After two days, they take a hot bath every evening, until everything is healed.

Rabbi Cohn told me of the young boy who, after the operation, seized both his hands and covered them with kisses and murmured, with deep emotion – “Oh, thank you for making me a Jew" He insisted upon giving Rabbi Cohn a gift. He had no worldly possessions - only a small metal badge, a proud possession which he had succeeded in winning in Russia. "Please take it! I want you to have it." In return, Rabbi Cohn presented him with a silver goblet for Kiddush. The boy did not understand - Kiddush? - Drink? Shabbos? Candles? So Rabbi Cohn sent a note to his teacher, as follows:

Dear Teacher,

Velvel had his briss. He also has a silver cup for Kiddush.
Explain Kiddush, Shabbos and so forth.

Rabbi Cohn

This boy now learns gemorah!!

A few weeks ago, he circumcised a father aged forty-five years, at the same time as the son. Obviously a boy who demands to be Misseress Nefesh (self sacrifice) to become a Jew, needs spiritual care and guidance afterwards. These Rabbonim and officials from the F.R.E.E. organisation visit all these boys a to encourage and to teach them.

Before we left the hospital, we conversed with Mr. Reisman, who had been in the U.S.A. for four months. For thirty-one years he had been in the Russian Army. He held the rank of Colonel, with 2,000 men under his command, a good position with good pay. For fifty years he had not seen anything at all about Yiddishkeit.

In Russia, he explained, everyone is in bad circumstances, but it was even worse for the Jews.

He has one grandson. When this boy and his mother decided to leave Russia, he would be left alone and lonely - bereft of the only people he cared for. He only lived for this boy. So he departed too. He sacrificed - gave up - his very good pension for which he had worked for over thirty years. This boy had

the sixth briss that morning.

As an addendum to the above:- I read in the Jerusalem Post that an 85 year old Russian Jew, Mr. Ivan Alexandrovitch who "had arrived in Israel Six weeks ago, was circumcised at the Share Zedek Hospital. The Mohel declared that 'he is the oldest NIMOL since Our Father Abraham, who was circumcised at the ripe age of 99' ".

To conclude with a conundrum: There was a set of triplets, three boys, born within minutes of each other. They were all in good health, and yet, each one had his briss on a different day. Why was that? Well, they were born on a Friday. The first had his briss on the Friday. The second was born during the twilight hour - there was a doubt whether it was Friday or Saturday. No circumcision can be performed on the Shabbos if the baby was born on the Friday, or if there is a doubt about the Saturday - so this boy's briss was postponed until the Sunday. The third baby was born definitely on Friday Night - Shabbos. So there was no argument whatsoever - his briss took place on the Shabbos.

Chapter 7 Our Visit to the Rebbetzen

Once again, it was our great privilege and joy to be received by our Gracious Rebbetzen at her home. Roselyn and I were accompanied by Susan and Avrohom and family. The Rebbetzen looked very lovely KAH. As Leah remarked, she was surprised to see that our Rebbetzen looked so young KAH, and she added "She looked majestic and yet elegant". I asked Leah what was her definition of "Elegant". Leah answered "She holds her cup so posh!!" Our friend, Chessed Halbertram was assisting Our Rebbetzen and brought in the tea. He also produced a magnificent cake which his wife had baked especially for this occasion. It was basically a chocolate and cream cake, but it had so many additions that I was not at all sure whether to make the Brocha, Mezonas, as for cake, or Shehakail, which could cover almost anything except bread and wine.

Avrohom ruled that - if it was called cake, then we should make the brocha Mezonas. In addition, the children were given a special treat of - strawberries cherries and ice cream with pineapple.

I then called upon Leah to give the first turn in our afternoon concert programme. Leah arose to sing "Min Hamotzer" - but she waited until Chessed had left the room. Such Modesty! but the Rebbetzen rather liked that.

Next was Levi. He extracted a Chumish from his pocket - he had brought it specially for the occasion. I sat back to listen to some words of Torah. He did not let me down, except that he sang the words of torah. His Bar-Mitzvah was due in about six months time, so he was layenning his sedra. He carried on until "Shainee", which is the first official stop, when the sedra is read on the Shabbos. I was a little apprehensive, I thought he was going to layen the whole sedra!

The Rebbetzen exclaimed that it was marvellous umberuffen - and she had a good laugh. She never expected to hear the layenning at her own home, on this weekday.

Channah sang very nicely indeed. Shmuel was too embarrassed to do anything, whilst Golda, very shyly, just sat - and looked pretty. The Rebbetzen remarked that Golda had a lovely wonderful personality. As she did not sing, nor even speak, the Rebbetzen was obviously a prophetess. Golda did, however, roll her eyes and smile a little hesitatingly.

Aaron sang the Rebbe's Nigun and gave a good exhibition of his prowess.

The Rebbetzen had shown to us the flowers which we had sent to her for Yom Tov. She was particularly pleased with those which the children had chosen - and more than delighted with their card which accompanied the roses. The Rebbetzen remarked that the flowers would ultimately fade away, but she would always keep the card - it would be a permanent reminder of the children.

The Rebbetzen politely but firmly questioned whether Aaron had actually signed the card himself. As I have stated, he was only 4½ years old. Aaron was not allowing his ethics to be questioned - to prove his point he obtained a pen and to the surprise and delight of our Rebbetzen, he wrote his name on a piece of paper.

We had a large pile of photographs which had been taken at the Manchester Lag B'Omer Parade and Outing. The Rebbetzen went through them all and to our immense satisfaction she chose a few of them, to keep for herself and to show to the Rebbe.

We also told the Rebbetzen that Shmuel (Lew) was also here for Yom Tov, but had returned home that very day. The Rebbetzen confirmed that the Rebbe had told her of this fact.

After spending a most interesting and enjoyable hour and a half, Avrohom, Susan and the children reluctantly had to leave. Roselyn and I stayed for a further half an hour. The Rebbetzen, always the perfect Hostess and Lady, accompanied us to the door and bade us farewell.

It is very hard to be a Rebbe. It is even harder to be the Rebbe's wife. All day long, on Shabbos, the Rebbe was at 770 - from 9 a.m. - davenning - the Farbraingen - Mincha - Maariv - Mekadesh the Moon at 9.45 p.m. The Rebbe returned to his study and did not leave for home and the Rebbetzen till well after eleven o'clock in the evening. This is a long day for the Rebbe - and even longer for his Rebbetzen.

Afterwards Binyamin Kline informed us that the Rebbetzen had been very happy to receive us and she enjoyed our visit. She would like to see us once again, if that was possible.

This was really splendid and tremendous good news. The first invitation might be - could be - a duty call. The second invitation expressed quite clearly our company. After our second visit, on our way home, Leah remarked that "the Rebbetzen looked so sweet, I wanted to kiss her". "Why didn't you?" I exclaimed. "Yes", Leah replied, "and I am sorry now that I didn't".

Chapter 8 The Children's Rally

On the 13th of Sivon, I have Yartzeit. I have also a long Chazoka (tradition) that I act as the chazan at the Rebbe's minyan on these occasions.

This time, however, my Yartzeit Mincha service coincided with a Childrens Rally. I received permission from the organisers that I could daven at the Omud (be the Chazan) as I do, usually. Lippa Brennan gave me some advice about the way I should daven. I was given this same advice by other friends, too. It was not grammatical but it was concise. I should daven:

Loud - Quick - And Clear.

The first arrivals were 72 girls, by bus, from the Bess Rivka School. Only children and the leaders were allowed downstairs. I had a little difficulty in gaining admission to the downstairs arena - shool. I was told to sit in the Women's Shool! Do I look like a woman? I pleaded that I was the official Chazan - no reaction! That I wished to take notes for my book – again no reaction! When I told them I was a child, and threw my weight about like all the other children did - then I was admitted. The members of a five-piece orchestra played and sang Lubavitch tunes. Over 3,000 children were expected, and by the time the Rally ended there would be about 5,000 children present.

The Rebbe's bimah, platform, was situated in the Rebbe's usual corner of the Shool. The Rebbe would be able to see all the children, and all the children would be able to see the Rebbe. Boys are sat in the front and the girls in the rear of the Shool. A Mechitza, a partition or curtains, would be hung along a line during the time of Mincha, only.

Levi and Shmuel were present. Leah, Channah and Golda sat at the rear. Roselyn was upstairs in the Women's Shool, and the men were upstairs in the other Women's Shool.

The "Master of Ceremonies" was Rabbi Goldstein. He told the interesting story about the previous Rebbe ZTzL, who, when he was a small child, was told by his Father that there was a big difference between the Jewish people and Lehavdil the non-Jews. He could tell just by looking. Yoseph Yitzhok had a good idea. He had a non-Jewish friend, Ivan. He taught Ivan how to say Ashrei, and after a few days, he was word perfect. He took Ivan and a Jewish boy to discover whether the Rebbe would discern which was the non-Jewish boy. Both were dressed alike. The Rebbe Rashab called the boys over told them to read. Ivan was first and he was superb, perfect. The next boy, the Jewish lad - was also perfect. The two boys left and the Rashab said that the first boy was the non-Jewish lad. "How could you tell?" demanded Yoseph Yitzhok. The Rashab answered "thousands of years ago, all the souls, of every Jewish boy were present at Mount Sinai, when the 'people saw and trembled'. When Ivan said Ashrai he stood straight up, like a stick - a rod. But when the Jewish boy said Ashrai he moved backwards and forwards while he read from the Siddur".

At 3 p.m. refreshments were served - to each, three biscuits, a piece of rock, six 'monkey' nuts (peanuts in their shells) and a numbered coupon for a prize draw - and orange drinks. At 3.20 p.m. the first draw took place - prize was a pen and pencil set. Then at regular minute intervals further prizes were drawn. A girl won a watch, another girl a calculators. A boy received a camera. Then Rabbi Goldstein announced "Who

wants to win an eight track stereo?" "Me - Me - Me" -- more schreeching - "Me - Me - Me". The clowns arrived at 3.30 p.m. and sang for just five minutes - that's all. A boy told a story - it was not very good.

The place was getting overcrowded. Rabbi J. J. (Hecht) shouted out - for the sixth time - "Will all those who shouldn't be here, please leave". "Get out, - get out" he screamed.

Another boy gave over a Sicho - I couldn't hear a word. A different lad related a Sicho in Yiddish. It was not good at all, I could not hear this one either. It might just as well have been in Chinese!

At 3.50 another 100 children arrived from release hour. At 4 p.m. another 100 came in - and there was nowhere for them to sit. Men and big boys took up their places - and J.J. was still shouting "Get out, please get out".

At 4 p.m. the Rebbe arrived. All the boys singing with gusto and all the girls clapping merrily.

It was now my turf. I went to the Omud. (Actually, I had never left, because I dared not in case someone else decided to take over my job). I shouted out the first word "Ashrai" - and thereafter I had to wait whilst all the children sang this Psalm nicely and together.

During the repetition of the Amida, I certainly made a super effort. I do really have a very loud voice. When I whisper a secret to my neighbour in Shool, the whole Congregation can hear me. I definitely did not whisper this Mincha service and when I had concluded I was a little hoarse, even allowing for the rest periods when everyone screamed "Omain" and "Boruch Hu U Boruch Shemay". Fortunately, all the children sang OLAINU together, and finally UTZO AITZO.

It was now time for the recital of the Torah Secrets or Sayings. They were neither kept secret, nor were they said. The first little tiny tot went to the microphone and screamed through it. (They did not need the microphone surely!) She emphasized each word by flinging her arms about and shrieked. "TARA" - 3,500 kids repeated this word with all the power and energy of their young lungs and throats.

"TZEEVA" - again the huge chorus of reply.

"LAANU" - and the roof was nearly lifted off.

Five girls and six boys followed her stupendous example - and all tried to outdo and to shout louder - through the microphone, too - than all the others.

Channa Kunin, Channah Lipsker, Yiddel Rosenberg and Yitzchok from Iran were some of the name which I heard announced.

Everyone sang "We want Moshiach now" "We want Moshiach now", and at 4.42 p.m. the Rebbe commenced his address to the children. The Rebbe stressed the importance of children to the Jewish people. The children had to be our guarantors, so that we could ensure the receiving of the Torah at Mount Sinai. With the help and assistance of their parents they will learn Torah. It is now seven days after Mattan Torah, which of course includes every day of the week. Each day is different. Today is the last of these seven days.

In this sedra of "Bahalosscho" we learn about lighting the lights of the Menora every day. Similarly, we light the lights of Torah every day. The house becomes "Lichtig" in every corner. When he eats and makes a brocha - when he arises in the morning and recites "Modeh Anni" and when he retires to bed and says the "Shama". You will also read in the same sedra that a Bright Cloud led the way for the Children of Israel till they arrived in the Holy Land of Eretz Yisroel. The Jews who are in the wilderness of the Exile have the Cloud of the A'Mighty which protects them from all dangers. Every day brings nearer the day of redemption and our entrance from Exile into Eretz Yisroel.

After the Rally, Rabbi J.J. said "What a Zechus to daven for over 3,000 children! -- all pure souls". He added that he could have got \$10,000 for that.

Chapter 9: Our Yechidus with the Rebbe

Roselyn and I entered the Rebbe's study at 10.45 p.m. in the evening, which was quite early for us. The Rebbe welcomed us with a marvellous smile and greeted us with Sholom Aleichem.

The Rebbe remarked that he preferred to talk to me in Yiddish. I should make it easier for the Rebbe because I do understand and can speak in Yiddish. I replied that I would love to help the Rebbe and converse in Yiddish. Unfortunately, I could understand English very much better. When I seek advice from, or discuss matters with, an illustrious and famous person, an expert, an advocate or a lawyer, I would require the answers to be quite clear and unambiguous. There should be no room for error. In any case, the Rebbe himself spoke English very fluently indeed, much better than I could converse in Yiddish.

The Rebbe had seen Avrohom, Susan and family a few days previously at Yechidus. He told us that "You have Shainie Kinder" (beautiful children) physically - and presumably mentally.

The Rebbe enquired of Roselyn whether she was still on a diet after her operation. Roselyn replied that she now had a complete Bill of Health, and had been discharged completely. The Rebbe turned to me and asked how my leg was behaving. I indicated that T.G. it was no worse than it was five years ago. The Rebbe asserted that it should be much better by now and that I should do more dancing.

We then discussed my diary, "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita". Roselyn had suggested that as his year was a year of Shemita, then I should take a Sabbatical leave and refrain altogether from writing this year. Roselyn maintained that there is nothing new about which to write. It is always the same - the subjects do not vary - Farbraingen; Koss shel Brocha; Singing Hoaderress at the Rebbe's minyan; and various other matters which I have described minutely and written about most comprehensively over the past eleven years.

The Rebbe gave me an example of a mathematical improbability. A certain Maharaja, an Indian Prince and Ruler, paid a man so much money a day to write his biography. It took this fellow two days to write the events of one day. At the end of the 365 days, the scribe had written only what had happened during the first six months of the year. Therefore he could never catch up with the events.

I supposed the Rebbe meant that the author had plenty about which to write, but he was dilatory in getting it down onto the paper. The Rebbe's excellent advice was that I should write my diary every day, and in that way I could complete hundreds of pages. The Rebbe continued that there were plenty of Lubavitch topics, not only in Brooklyn, but even in Manchester. I could write about England. But I myself have written about Chief Rabbi Jakobovitz, the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire or Commonwealth - whatever is left of it, who, in front of the Israeli Ambassador and officials emphasized that it was not Yoisher (correct) that we should take over the Old City of Jerusalem.

After all there were few Jews living in the Old City compared to over a quarter of a million Arabs who resided there. Therefore Jerusalem should be given to the Arabs! What a Chutzpah!! What a cheek to make a statement like that!! Yet when a Rabbi, in his lofty position and of his calibre makes remarks like these, then all non-Jews will believe that this is the Halacha - the legal Jewish position. The Rebbbe was

not very pleased, because the Shulchan Oruch - the Halacha states quite clearly and categorically that not one inch of Eretz Yisroel may be given away to non-Jews.

I suggested to the Rebbe that he should and could provide me with sufficient material to write a book every year until his 121st birthday. The Rebbe interjected and commended "Do you want me to work until I am 120?" I replied that Moishe (Moses) commenced his work for the Jewish people of the age of eighty and carried right on until he attained the age of the complete 120 years. I explained to the Rebbe that he was only undergoing his apprenticeship for his main work which would only start at his eightieth birthday.

The Rebbe declared that he was preparing for this!

The Rebbe noted with surprise that he had read about the Boro' Park Youth Library which needed twenty copies of my latest "Encounter", though it was not a Lubavitcher Library. I told the Rebbe that Rabbi Ginsberg, the Chief Librarian, had informed me that this book was one of the most successful volumes which he had on his shelves. There was a very heavy demand for it, from every type and sect of Chassidim, including the Satmars.

In fact, Shmuel mentioned to me that his sister and brother-in-law had borrowed my books from this Boro' Park Library. They were immensely impressed and enjoyed every line. They asked Shmuel to relay their congratulations to me and were eagerly awaiting the next edition. They are not Lubaitchers, either.

Rabbi Ginsberg intended to open a branch library in Montreal and requested a couple of extra copies for Canada.

I informed the Rebbe that these "Encounters" had cost me about £3 a copy. The Rebbe was rather taken aback. The Rebbe intimated that he did not want to force me to write. It must come from myself, from within. I assured the Rebbe that I would do my best, but what started out as a small personal diary for the Rebbe, the Rebbetzen, my family and a few friends had now become a large annual publication which was being read by people all over the world.

The Rebbe implied that I led the Mincha service at the Rally very well. I confided that I had received definite instructions to daven "Quick, Loud and Clear". The Rebbe enquired "But why Quick?" I replied that "I was told to do so because the Rebbe davens quickly". The Rebbe commented that I had a wonderful Zechus. Where and when would I have such an opportunity to be the Chazan for so many people, especially young children. I confessed that this was the largest crowd, ever - in my whole life - for which I had acted as reader - and the best too - about 5,000, including 3,500 children.

The Rebbe invited me to attend the Women's Convention. I confided that I was leaving for home on Sunday, so I could not be present. The Rebbe pointed out that the convention commenced on Friday and continued over the Shabbos and all day Sunday. He expressed the wish that Roselyn, Susan and my granddaughters should also attend - and "You too - and you could write another forty pages on this convention".

I informed the Rebbe that we had rented Mrs Itkins basement apartment for a few months. It would save us a lot of aggravation, because we now had a base near 770. The Rebbe turned to Roselyn and enquired

"What do you, MRS Jaffe, think about it?" Roselyn replied that she had been in very much worse, and also much better flats. The Rebbe observed "50 - 50".

There was one more reference to my Diary. I had received adverse criticism about my remarks about the "Ess and Bench" restaurant. I had referred to this place as the "Ess and Fress". I explained that an author can only write about what he can see. All I do see is people "essing and fressing" and NOT benching. They eat mezonas. The Rebbe's face became wreathed in smiles, and he really laughed heartily. He assured me that if that was the only criticism then I should have no cause to worry.

I gave the Rebbe all account of the Brissim. He was surprised that those patients who had received only a local anesthetic were sent straight home. Only the young children who had a general anesthetic were kept overnight at the Hospital. The Rebbe assumed that there had been photographs taken of the proceedings and he could not understand why none had been taken. Subsequently I mentioned this to Rabbi Shagalov. He wanted me to come to the hospital again and he would make sure that there was a photographer in attendance this time. Twice was enough! - to be Sandik!

We discussed various topics relating to Manchester. We talked about business. The Rebbe wanted to know about the welfare of many Rabbonim - organisations. About my family in Israel and in Manchester.

Finally, I asked the Rebbe whether I should come again for Simchas Torah. The Rebbe said that it was a good, idea, but obtain the consent of Mrs Jaffe and come together. We asked for a blessing for health and parnosos. The Rebbe gave us a wonderful brocha and for "Parnoso Bemerchova" (with broadness) and we took our leave. The Rebbe said "Thank you very much indeed for coming to see me". Is that not amazing! - and is there not a lesson here for everyone - humbleness - modesty - greatness and consideration!

It was now 11.30 p.m. We had been with the Rebbe for forty-five minutes.

We met Lippa Brennan outside. He said that he knew exactly what we discussed with the Rebbe. After all, we had spent forty-five minutes with the Rebbe, so we must have discussed a certain Rabbi and his project which he had opened nearby.

Lippa was astonished and astounded when I explained to him that the Rebbe had not even mentioned or named the venture of this Rabbi. If the Rebbe did not desire to broach this subject, then it was not my concern to bring up the matter.

Chapter 10: Some More Daily Occurrences – and Mini Yechidus

Is this Ahavas Yisroel?

Four women normally sat at the corner of Kingston Avenue and 770 begging for alms. Each lady held a paper cup in her hand. I passed by on erev Shabbos and there were only three ladies present. I placed a coin into each paper cup, but one woman held two cups. She informed me that her friend had to leave, but would be returning in a few minutes.

Meanwhile, she was looking after her friend's business interests, and would I please put a coin in her friend's cup, too. I was impressed and thought that this was a real example of "Ahavas Yisroel" - love for a fellow Jew.

But before I had time to get another coin, this woman's neighbor screamed out - "Don't give her any more money. She will keep it for herself!" Well - what an anti-climax!

Some more odd cases

Rabbi Dvorkin jokingly confided in me that he had heard Loshon Horoh – idle gossip about us. It was that Roselyn and I had spent nearly an hour with the Rebbe at Yechidus. They had complained and remarked that, did I not realize that twenty-five people could have seen the Rebbe during that time?

We discussed the matter of the Russian boys who insisted upon having a Briss. Rabbi Dvorkin went on to say that he had officiated that week at two weddings of these Russian immigrants. They had already been "married" in Russia, but not under the Chuppah. One couple was wed last year and the other - four years ago - and this set had two children. They now wished to legalise their marriage according to Jewish Law.

I informed Rabbi Dvorkin that in England we had our problems too

About a year ago, there was much publicity in the local Jewish press about Gerry Harris. He was a forty-two year old Jewish man, who had suddenly realised that he never had a Bar-Mitzvah. He also felt the need of being made into a "complete Jew".

He had been married for many years, but unfortunately his wife was not a Jewess - neither were his son and daughter - obviously.

Well, all these odd cases are sent to Lubavitch. Avrohom, the Rabbi of the school, agreed to the request of Gerry Harris - after all, there was no doubt whatsoever about his Jewishness - But - first of all, he had to learn to read Hebrew, to daven, to make brochas and to know some basic Jewish Laws.

Gerry was a T.V. comedian. In this vocation he needed one important attribute - the capacity to learn his lines quickly and to remember them. Therefore it came as no surprise to us to discover that within two weeks, Gerry had mastered everything.

He attended regularly all the three daily Shool services. As he lived about two miles from the Shool, arrangements were made for him to partake of his Shabbos meals with one of the Shool wardens, who resided nearby.

His great day duly arrived. He came to Shool, accompanied by his wife, whose head was well covered. Drinks and cake were provided, and he had gained his heart's desire. He had become a fully-fledged Jew.

After his Bar-Mitzvah, he continued to attend our Shool, and he wore a very beautiful pair of large sized Tefillin during the morning weekday services.

He had assumed that he was not allowed to ride on erev Rosh Hashona, so he walked the two miles from his home to Shool. It was no small wonder that he arrived a little later on that morning.

Of course, a little knowledge is often dangerous, but as in this case, sometimes funny.

I know of one gentleman, a First Born, who fasted all day on erev Pesach. He understood quite rightly had he had to fast the "Fast of the First Born". He did not know, however, that he could have gone to Shool, and joined in the Siyum (the conclusion) of a MASECHESS (tractate) of a Gemorrah. This is considered a joyful event. This would, therefore, compensate for, and avoid the necessity for his fasting. We encountered another peculiar case. Billy Robinson was a brilliant student - a genius - but non-Jew. He wished to convert to Judaism but many did their utmost to discourage him. Rabbi Balkind pleaded with him - "Why do you want to become a Jew? There are so many restrictions. Even regarding food, you cannot eat what you want, not even when you want". Billy, without hesitation, replied "I consider that these are privileges, and NOT restrictions".

He was determined to learn to read Hebrew and he taught himself. When he went to Shool, he could not follow the service - until, he realised that he had learnt it with the Sefardi pronunciation!! He is now converted to Judaism "al pee Halacha" and studies at a Yeshiva full time.

A Hundred Happy Returns

My dear young friend Mrs Sarah Nemtsov, Dr. Nissen Mindel's mother-in-law, had received a unique telegram from the White House, Washington D.C. It was dated November 28th 1979, and read:

"I am pleased to send you my congratulations as you celebrate your one hundredth birthday. I hope that the year ahead will be especially happy.

Sincerely,

Jimmy Carter

I hope Sarah Nemtsov receives many more such telegrams until her 120th birthday - but not ALL signed by Jimmy Carter, of course.

A wedding was taking place outside 770. The band was playing and the Chossen had arrived.

The Bride was resting in a small waiting room which had been placed against the kerb near to 770. She was awaiting her cue to join the groom under the Chuppah.

Suddenly this "Waiting Room" moved forward and halted outside the entrance of 770. It was a small car and it could have transported the Kalloh right under the Chuppah - "A drive-in Chuppah".

Most of the brides do wait in a car until it is their time to join their grooms, but normally they are larger automobiles. They make very good convenient and portable waiting rooms.

Rabbi Yitzchok Ginsberg, the executive director of the Jewish Youth Library, called for Roselyn and me at, 770, to transport us to Boro Park to inspect the Library. Rabbi Ginsberg is the nephew of my old lifelong friend who used to reside in Manchester.

Yitzchok also brought me two bound copies of my "Encounter", one of which I could present to the Rebbe. I was very grateful – it seemed like Divine Providence, because the Rebbe had already passed adverse criticism about the cover on this "Encounter". I did not waste a moment, but I forwarded this nicely bound edition to the Rebbe straight away.

We were impressed with the library. It had 2,200 registered who paid a two dollar subscription a year. They then paid a small token amount for every book they borrowed. (Is that the reason why they require twenty of my books every year?)

Although this library has been established only a little more than a year, it had made wonderful progress. There were as many as 350 people borrowing books, every Sunday. Rabbi Ginsberg sent us back to 770 by taxi, which he insisted on paying before we left Boro Park. Very nice - and very clever!

One afternoon, I was surprised to see a group of about thirty people walking around 770.

At first they stood together near the entrance, and one gentleman was talking to and addressing the other men and women - in Ivrit.

I discovered that they were sightseers. Groups are regularly brought to 770 on arranged (not by Lubavitch) tours, to see the Headquarters of the World-wide Lubavitch Movement.

"Here is where the illustrious and famous Rabbi Menachem Mendel Scheerson, the celebrated leader..."

"This is the Shool and Hall where thousands of Chassidim congregate from all over the world...", and so on.

This group, which I was watching, came from Israel!!

One morning, the Rebbe arrived outside 770 and there were about a dozen women waiting. The Rebbe smiled at them. Each of the ladies wished to hand over to the Rebbe letters and envelopes. The Rebbe graciously accepted these and entered 770. He left behind, great excitement, fluttering hearts and self-

congratulations on their lucky "scoop".

Another wet story

I always manage to relate a silly story about the Mikvah.

A group of Frenchmen were undressing, prior to their using the Mikvah.

A man, who shall remain nameless, but who, to his eternal shame, shows no consideration for other users, entered the Mikvah, without first having a shower.

One of the Frenchies who was just going to soap himself saw this other fellow go directly into the Mikvah and presumed that he personally was making an error and that he should take a shower afterwards. And off he ambled. He was halted in his tracks by a chorus from the group of Frenchmen of "Non, non, non" (and in French) - "FIRST THE SHOWER - AND THEN THE MIKVAH".

A Mini Yechidus

The time was 6.15 p.m., erev Shabbos. Roselyn and I, Susan and Avrohom and all the family were on our way home. We were just passing by 770, when we perceived that the Rebbe was just about to leave for home.

Obviously, we were all delighted with our good fortune, and waited on the pavement whilst the Rebbe descended the steps of 770, on his way to his car which was parked at the kerbside.

The Rebbe smiled when he saws me and enquired whether I was ready for Shabbos. I replied in the affirmative. The Rebbe continued "Do not forget to put money into the Tzedoka Box before "Licht Benching (the lighting of the Candles)". This statement took me aback. I knew that women and girls were obliged to give money for Tzedoka before they lit the candles. I was not aware, however, that men were also obligated to fulfill this mitzvah - there always something new that one can learn every day.

The Rebbe reached the sidewalk and looked at all the children, at Roselyn and at Susan and asked "Where their father?" Avrohom was busily engaged in taking a movie film of the proceedings. So, I shouted to Avrohom to come along, quickly. He came dashing forward, a little out of breath and stood there waiting. The Rebbe also waited, and then said "Have you no more film in your camera?" Avrohom gave a sudden start. He was startled and astonished.

I quickly interjected and urged Avrohom to take the film whilst the Rebbe was posing for him so delightfully and naturally, amongst the children. The result was a most moving and precious film. It is impossible to ever recapture scenes and moments like these. We were all very lucky indeed.

Charlie Klyne, a friend of ours from Manchester, who had been standing nearby, remarked that he had never seen the Rebbe in the daytime before. He continued "He looks like a young boy, so immaculate. I am so glad I happened to be passing by at the right moment."

I met a young lady, Feigie Lederman. She informed me that she was from the Jewish Youth Library, and "your book is marvellous". I told her that I had delivered my new book yesterday. "Oh," she said, "I shall

be up until 2.30 a.m. again this week". (I cannot, recall whether this last sentence was spoken by Feigie, or by another person from the Youth Library).

We telephoned the Rebbetzen to say "Goodbye" to her. She remarked that she was just thinking of us. It was such a pleasure having us and she enjoyed our visit so much this time.

The Rebbetzen again reiterated that we have "Shainie" lovely children. I told her that Leah had maintained that "The Rebbetzen is so sweet, and lovely, and that Leah wanted to Kiss and hug her".

I told the Rebbetzen that it was too late for this visit, but "she should be prepared for next time".

The children generally buy us some little gift, to show their appreciation to us for looking after them in New York. We normally see to it that they make a profit on the deal. However, Levi came up to Roselyn, with a distressed and unhappy look on his face \and declared "I have looked everywhere, and I cannot find anything good enough to buy for you, Bobby". What a back-handed compliment this was!

Chapter 11 The 25th Annual Convention of Neshei Chabad (Lubavitch Women's Organisation)

This year was the Silver Jubilee of the Women's Lubavitch Movement. This 25th Annual Convention was due to take place at the weekend, from Friday May 30th until Monday June 2nd, 1980. Hundreds of delegates were expected from all over the world, and a very full - typical American programme had been arranged with chairladies and speakers galore.

The Rebbe had suggested that Roselyn and Susan (my daughter-in-law) should bring greetings to the Convention from Manchester. The Rebbe had also intimated that I, personally, should attend some of the various sessions - and particularly to make sure to be present at the Grand Melava Malka Banquet on Saturday night. I was told not to worry because there would be about TEN other men in attendance. Besides which, the Guest Speaker was my friend, Rabbi Moishe Feller from Minneapolis, who was the brother-in-law of Shmuel (my son-in-law).

At the conclusion of the Shabbos morning service, I heard for only the second time in all the twenty-one years I have been visiting 770 - the Gabai announce the time of Mincha. This implied, most emphatically that there would be no Farbraingen on that Shabbos. I assumed that the Rebbe did not wish to interfere with or intrude upon the full days's programme that the women had arranged for Shabbos. In any case, the highlight of the whole Convention was to take place on the following day at 7 p.m. This was the special gathering of all the women in the large Shool Hall at 770 to hear the Rebbe address the delegates and friends. Any men - and there were plenty of them, who wished to hear the Rebbe talk to the women would have to sit upstairs in the Ladies' Shool.

However - on the Shabbos, a special luncheon was prepared for out of town delegates at the home of Rabbi and Mrs Moishe Kotlarsky. The 120 ladies present were served with an excellent meal - a sumptuous and delicious repast. (Thirty French ladies, who could only understand their own native language, had their lunch elsewhere). There were, as usual, a Chair lady and a Guest Speaker - Mrs Esther Alpern from Brazil. To Roselyn's great delight, it was decided that she should extend greetings from Manchester, England, at this luncheon. She had not been looking forward at all to addressing the main session of the Convention. Roselyn was never keen on making a speech, and would go to any lengths to avoid doing so. She reminds me of the two men who were being chased by a lion. The animal caught one of his intended victims and was about to enjoy his dinner, when the man turned to the Lion and whispered something into his ear. Whereupon the animal slunk away. The second fellow came running up and demanded to know what his friend had said to the lion and which had produced such a remarkable effect. "Oh," he replied, "I told him that if he ate me, then he would have to make a speech."

However, Roselyn did pick up courage and said a few well-chosen words. Susan then gave a comprehensive report on the work of the Bnos Chabad of Manchester.

Most of the main events - except the Rebbe's Farbraingen, took place at the Brooklyn Jewish Centre, 667, Eastern Parkway - not far from 770. Susan attended the Oneg Shabbos after lunch. She was most impressed with the Symposium and with the high standard of oratory and information provided by the speakers. She reported that there were over 1000 women and girls present who also spent an enjoyable

time afterwards reminiscing about the past twenty-five years, and what they hoped to achieve during the next quarter century.

The Banquet

The Grand Melava Malka Banquet was called for 10 p.m. in the evening. Shabbos concluded at 9.10, so the timing was rather ambitious. A full programme had been arranged and printed in the Brochure. Besides the main speaker, Rabbi Moishe Feller, there would be talks by the Chairlady, Mrs Rachel Fogelman, who would be honouring the very first Neshei members, and by Mrs Fruma Yunik who was to bring greetings. There would be a film show and lastly some musical entertainment. In between all these, I presumed that we would be partaking of the Grand Banquet.

I was looking forward very much to this affair because (1) the Rebbe had instructed me to attend, and (2) I always enjoyed a good dinner, but a Grand Banquet was always something special.

We abhor being late for an affair, but we were leaving for home on the following evening. Roselyn insisted upon doing various chores before going to this function. The apartment had to be cleaned up and suitcases had to be packed. Our cutlery, crockery and all utensils had to be prepared and ready to be transferred to our new apartment, near 770. It was well after 10.30 p.m. when we arrived at the Jewish Centre almost opposite Myer and Raizie's abode.

By 11 p.m. the Hall was filling up quite nicely. Ladies were still arriving and were milling around the entrance Foyer, paying their ten dollars and laughing and joking with friends.

There were places arranged for 315 people. Thirty large round tables, each to seat ten guests, and a top table for fifteen top ladies. Ultimately four hundred women and girls were squeezed into this place.

I was shown to my table, which was at the far end of the Hall, very near to the top platform. To my horror, I noticed that it was set for only two gentlemen – for me and for Moishe Feller. There were a few more gentlemen present - but they here all waiters. Oh, yes - and the film projectionist.

At an ordinary banquet held in England, we also normally sat at large round tables which were covered with spotless white linen cloths, on which were placed various glasses and tumblers and silver (or silver plated) cutlery and bone china plates. Bottles of wine and soda, and a nice vase of pretty flowers or a bowl of fruit usually made up the decor. The number of sets of cutlery laid out for each person intimated to the guests just how many courses were on the menu. There could be as many as seven sets of knives and forks and spoons.

At this banquet, our table was also covered with a white spotless cloth, but - it was made of best quality paper. The only cutlery provided was one plastic fork and one plastic tea spoon for each person. One already opened bottle of soda and two paper drinking cups were placed in the centre. There was also a lettuce leaf and half of a tomato reclining on a paper plate. This, I assumed, was the Hors-d'oeuvre or maybe it was the salad for the fish course. There was also a Mezonas bun.

At 11.30 p.m. the place was full, but the proceedings had not yet commenced. I spoke to the Chairlady, Mrs Fogelman, who gasped and said "My G-d, is it 11.30 p.m. We won't finish until 3 a.m. in the morning". Moishe Feller, the guest speaker, had not yet arrived either. He had told me in Shool that he

could not see himself being called upon to speak before 12.30 a.m., after midnight. I hoped he would arrive in time.

He did enter soon afterwards, so we made a brocha and ate the Hors-d'oeuvres. At ten minutes to midnight, the waiters decided to serve the main course - a fish with vegetables. Actually there were no more courses except the desert which consisted of a piece of honey melon, also on a paper plate. We were now running two hours late. The sixteen very young ladies of the Beth Rivkah who were to provide the musical entertainment, at the end of the programme, decided that they should give their concert straight away. I supposed that it was already past their normal bedtime. They looked very attractive, dressed in pale yellow blouses, but as soon as they commenced to sing, Moishe Feller yanked me out of my chair and we spent the following fifteen minutes in the vestibule at the side of the stage. Mind you - although we couldn't see the girls, we couldn't fail to hear their singing which sounded very nice indeed. What we could see was a continuous procession of waiters, passing us by, and taking out the food to the tables. It was after midnight. I had eaten an ample and generous luncheon at Raizie's, but nothing since then - so I was feeling a little peckish. The pretty girls had concluded their act, so Moishe and I returned to our table and received our main course. Suddenly - the girls reappeared onto the stage - by popular request and with much acclamation, they returned to give us an encore. So - off we went again - this time we took the food with us into the vestibule and munched away whilst we listened to the girls. After a few more songs, the girls bowed out and we returned to our table.

Mrs Yunik was then called upon to bring either greetings (!?) or to extend a welcome (?!) - anyway she spoke in Yiddish. There was a loud undercurrent of conversation, which became louder and more disturbing by the minute. She then tried English, but the waiters would not wait - they continued to serve and those guests who were served continued to eat. The remainder carried on talking loudly and vociferously. Mrs Yunik then tried French - with no better results or success. Amidst all this noise and seeming pandemonium the film projectionist was busily engaged in fixing his apparatus, including the setting up of the screen on the stage.

Mrs Fogelman, the Chairlady, then took over and everyone gave her full attention. She did hold her audience and she said a few words of Torah, and then continued "The Rebbe had demanded the formation of a Neshei Chabad. "As de Rebbe haist - men tut" (when the Rebbe orders, one obeys)." After twenty-five years, we now held a convention at which nearly 2000 (that is what the Chair lady said) women and girls were present. These delegates had arrived from South Africa, England (Leeds, Manchester and London), Australia - in fact from all over the world. There were sessions in Yiddish, French, Russian, English and so on. We had a wonderful twenty-five years of solid achievement." She now intended to honour all those marvellous ladies who had founded the Lubavitch Women's Organisation a quarter of a century ago. She was going to present a plaque to each of the ten founder members. The first presentation was to Rebbetzen Kasonofsky, the very first Chairlady. Mrs Fogelman spoke about five minutes on the virtues of Rebbetzen Kasonofsky. Unfortunately, Rebbetzen Kasonofsky could not hear all these glowing words of praise which our Chairlady bestowed upon her. She was not present, so she received the plaque "in absentia".

The next lady to receive a plaque and glowing words of, tribute was Rebbetzen Jacobson - unfortunately she too could not be present. Rebbetzen Gorodesky was present - hurrah - and three cheers. So was Rebbetzen Katz - further acclamation! Poor Rebbetzen Telashafsky was not well, so in addition she received also the brocha of a refuah shlomo from the gathered assembly. Our Chairlady on presenting

Rebbetzen Posner with her plaque, quoted a story. The previous Rebbe (ZTL) was approached by a man, a supporter, in Pittsburgh, who told him that it would be impossible to make any headway in America. The U.S.A. had different customs, modern and new ideas and so forth. The previous Rebbe answered him - "You plough and plant and I will water with my tears". (Loud applause).

Rebbetzens Mentelik, Mayasha Garelik, Dubrawsky and Rimler, made the minyan of recipients, of whom half were absent.

The Chairlady announced that it was now the turn to honour the younger women. They would receive words of praise and acclamation from the audience - but no plaques. These were for the Founder Members only.

Amongst the outstanding names I heard mentioned were the well-known ones of Rebbetzen Weinberg, Hecht, Kahn, Baumgarten, Chadakof, Lazeroff, Gurary, and Miriam Popak.

By this time it was after 1 a.m. in the morning, and I noticed that the film projectionist was dismantling his equipment, - so there would be no film show that night (morning)

The Chairlady then started the awards to cities - Chicago - Cincinnati - Cleveland - Ohio, Montreal, Melbourne, and so on. At 1.15 a.m., Rebbetzen Gorodetsky arose to say a few words in Yiddish, but the audience was becoming bored and many women had already left the hall.

An announcement was then made to the effect that there had been a change in the programme, and that the film would be shown straight away and the main speaker would address the assembly afterwards.

It transpired that because of the lateness of the hour, the film operator had folded up his tent, sorry screen, and was leaving for home. He had suffered more than enough for one night.

But although everything was superficially ready, it took some time before we were privileged to see the film. Firstly, the electric plugs could not be found. Then the switches were all mixed up and lights were flashing on and off and off and on all over the Hall. The problem was to get all the lights off, all together, at the same time. Twelve valuable minutes were thus wasted until finally the Hall was in complete darkness except for the beam of light from the projector which was concentrated onto the screen.

Moishe Feller, who was sitting by my side with his heaves of notes all prepared for his speech, remarked that "one must have a sense of humour, otherwise it would be impossible to carry on".

The film was of the third Neshei Chabad Convention which took place twenty-two years ago. The Commere was Rebbetzen Rochel Fogelman, and it went something like this - "And here is Rabbi Chadakov - Oh, just look at Rabbi Chadakov! Is it Rabbi Chadakov (cries from the audience of Yes, yes and No, no). Oh, how he has changed over the past twenty-two years!! And there is - (with a heart-rending sob and catch in her voice) - the Rebbe's MAR-MER. AHH - AHH! (chorus from the audience of Ahh - Ahh!). And here is Rebbetzen Kahn wearing a white hat - Ha, Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho. It seems that nearly everyone is wearing a funny hat. Here is another Rebbetzen with a very funny hat, who can it be, I wonder. (Cries from the audience - it is you, it is you). Oh, dear, it can't be me - Oh, it is me - and what a funny hat. And I am talking to the Rebbe's MAR-MER.. AHH! - (Chorus of AHH! from the audience) -

No, but not through the funny hat." - and so on.

As a matter of fact it was a very interesting film - and the Rebbe's mother did look exceedingly well, very natural, sweet, graceful and distinguished. It also brought a lump to my throat, because Roselyn and I had known her so well and it brought back to us so many happy memories; of seeing the Rebbe walking by and calling in to see his mother at least once every day - on his way from his own home to 770 or on his return; of the many happy hours we spent in her splendid company at her home in President Street where she sat and held "Court" at the head of her table surrounded by some of her closest friends and admirers - both men and women. She sat looking very dignified and yet made everyone feel at ease. She insisted upon hearing all the latest news about the happenings in Crown Heights - and how happy and proud she was to hear us talking about, discussing and praising her unique and beloved son, our Rebbe Shlita; and the wonderful memories which Roselyn and Hilary will always cherish - when they went together immediately before Hilary's Chuppah to show off to the Rebbetzen the Bride in all her glory and finery, just before the Rebbe was Mesadur Kidushin (officiated at the wedding eighteen years ago). These pictures and fine film of the Rebbetzen can obviously never be recaptured.

At the time a film or a photograph is taken, not everyone realises the importance of posing, naturally and correctly. The Rebbe is one of those few people who will pose for a considerable time specially for young children who desire to take a picture of him, for a permanent memento. In a few weeks' time a good photograph will give one the satisfaction of having in one's possession a very nice picture. After a couple of years, it will have become an invaluable and irreplaceable treasure.

It was the same with this film. Some of the "actresses" have not changed by one iota with the passing of the years. Others are not easily recognizable; whilst some are unfortunately missing altogether.

The film continued to its conclusion and was immensely enjoyed by everyone.

It was almost a quarter to two o'clock in the morning when he introduced the Guest Speaker - Rabbi Moishe Feller.

He commenced by saying - "Madam Chairlady, Ladies and Gentleman - Good morning, Boker Tov - and we are approaching nearer to the 26th Annual Convention." He pointed out who was the one gentleman and made some very kind remarks about me, which were a little embarrassing.

Then he got into his stride. He is, literally, only a little "Feller", but with plenty of zip. He shouted through the microphone and flung himself about. This was fortunate, because otherwise most of the ladies who still remained in the hall, would have fallen asleep after such a long day and night.

He kept them wide awake, too, by telling interesting anecdotes about the work of the Neshei.

"Torah Tziva L'nu Moishe" (Moishe taught us the Torah)", Rabbi Moishe cried, "and who is going to support it?" Then quoting the next word of that verse, he said "Marasha" (Kehilas Yaakov) "This referred to one of the Founders of Neshei - Marasha Garelik, who, together with her friends and co-workers had strengthened the Torah since the inception of Neshei, twenty-five years ago.

He mentioned the role of the B'nos Chabad. By their example, they had amongst other things, brought

back a Jewish University lecturer to Yiddishkeit.

It was always nice and heartwarming to see Jewish parents cuddling their baby. When it grows up they should remember that there is a third parent, the A'Mighty, who also wishes to have a say in the child's upbringing.

They should ensure that he (or she) is sent to a Yeshiva and so forth. This will safeguard his (or her) Jewish future and bring happiness and Nachas to the parents."

Rabbi Feller gave an interesting address. He spoke for forty minutes and it was nearly half past two in the morning when he sat down and gave us all the opportunity to get up and make our way homewards.

The Convention Continued

The programme for the following day (I should have said - "for later in the day") Sunday, as stated in the brochure, was as follows:- 10.30 a.m. Registration followed by Coffee Hour (hour?!), Souvenir Shop, and Workshop display all until 12 noon, when a Banquet Dinner would take place. This Banquet would have its own different Chairlady - a guest speaker, an Iranian representative, and another lady who would talk about "A Return to Judaism."

Having attended the Grand Banquet, I decided that one such dinner in two days was quite sufficient. I learnt afterwards that I had missed a really nice meal. However, the main session was to commence at 3 p.m. Once again there was a new Chairlady, and a different lady brought more Greetings. A Message was to be delivered from the Rebbe, and this was to be followed by a number of resolutions. Rabbi Kagan was to make the "Keynote" address, and representatives from the Bnos and Russian immigrants would say a few words. "Entertainment" could not be left out, and a MUSICAL CANTATA was down to be given by the students of the Bais Rivkah.

The Rebbes Farbraingen was due to start at 7 p.m and the delegates would need a snack first. So all this ambitious programme and agenda, with so many speakers and entertainers had to be squeezed into the space of two and a half hours – and that was assuming that the session commenced at 3 p.m promptly.

A Little Mini Yechidus

As far as I was concerned, I intended to be present at the Rebbe's Minyan for Mincha, which was at 3.15 p.m.

After the Service, I followed the Rebbe to the waiting room, outside his office, to say "farewell." Roselyn was with me. All our luggage had been taken to the airport by Avrohom, and the air tickets had been checked. We could therefore leave at the latest possible moment from 770. We would also be able to hear the Rebbe's address to the ladies at 7 p.m.

We approached the Rebbe and said that we wanted to wish the Rebbe "Au Revoir" and to make our Farewell now, because we would have no time later on. The Rebbe declared, "surely you will be present to hear my Sicho (talk) to the ladies?"

I replied, "yes, but we will not have much time later on."

"Ah," said the Rebbe, "You want to buy things from the Duty Free Shop?"

I answered, that this was no problem, because we were travelling home by way of Amsterdam and could make our purchases at that airport.

The Rebbe then added that he hoped to see us again soon, to which I replied that I intended to be here for Hoshanna Rabba, just as we did last year.

The Rebbe remarked that "since, it is the Year of Haakel, we should come for Succos, or even sooner".

Then off Roselyn and I went to the Brooklyn Jewish Centre. It was 3.45 p.m. There was an entrance fee of ten Dollars per person, but Mrs Yunik came along and waived the charges. It seemed a lot of money to pay, just to listen to an afternoon of speeches and no food. But all the ladies were paying up quite happily - I cannot speak for those who were NOT ladies.

I was given a very nice seat - at the extreme end of the fifth row. The chairlady was Mrs Susha Alperowitz, from Cincinnati, Ohio. She was quoting the Hagoda - "Affilu Kulony Chachomim" etc. - 'even if we are all people of wisdom -- it is still an obligation to us to recount' and so forth. It is still a mitzvah to recount the history of CHABAD - and to recount, to retell and to reflect on the past twenty-five years of Neshei Chabad".

Rabbi Weinberg then ascended the platform to read out to us the Rebbe's message.

He prefaced this with the remarks that the assembly normally stands whilst the first paragraph is read, - but today, being the thirtieth year of the Rebbe's reign, we shall give honour to our Leader and remain standing whilst I read the whole letter - But - as the air conditioning is not working too well, you may sit down again, after the first paragraph.

Suddenly I was approached by Mrs Yunik. She told me very nicely and kindly to move from my lovely seat. She explained that there were now too many women near me. So I called to Roselyn and we took a real back seat - right at the rear of the hall.

I reckoned that there were about 750 ladies and girls present. Rabbis Weinberg and Y. Kagan were amongst those who addressed the convention, Some of the points made were as follows:- It took twenty-five years to found and to establish the Neshei. The second twenty-five years must be concentrated on expansion and extension. Twenty-five years ago Rabbi Benzion Shemtov (Z.L.) had gone to Cincinnati and persuaded the married women to learn and to study Torah. Now all branches have study groups where Chumash and Rashi are learned. The Rebbe was asked whether they should expand their activities. The Rebbe replied that they should learn Dinim (laws) with stories.

The Rebbe was very happy to learn that the Women were NOT involved in fundraising, because the main idea of Neshei is to learn and study Torah.

Thirty years ago, the Rebbe held a dialogue with the "Wild Men of Kansas. These people declared that

women and children cannot be raised as Jews in the environment of these modern days." The Rebbe told them that "those same children whom you say will be lost - will eventually become our leaders. Just as it states in the Sedra of Shelach, they will save the Jewish nation. They will lead us and will "bring the Fathers back (to Judaism) through the children." You (the women) must be the leaders, just as was Miriam, the prophetess, and as the Torah states: "The Children of Israel declared that 'without Miriam we will not travel (not make progress)'".

I thank you for the past and demand and plead for the future. There should be unprecedented expansion together with a fantastic upsurge of activities.

Chapter 12: The Rebbe addresses the Women at the Convention

It had been announced that the Rebbe would address all the delegates of the Convention and their friends at 7 p.m. that evening.

As you will have read above, the last session of the afternoon should have commenced at 3 p.m. When Roselyn and I entered the hall, after Mincha and our Mini Yechidus with the Rebbe it was 3.45 p.m. They did not start before 4 p.m.

Therefore it came as no surprise to me to discover that the time was after 7.30 p.m. and we were still waiting for the delegates and friends to arrive and to settle down.

I desired to sit in the Ladies Shool in Kingston Avenue, but this was reserved for young girls. They made far too much noise, so they were put "out of the way". In the Men's Shool were only women. So I had no alternative but to sit in the "usual" Women's Shool.

I noticed that Roselyn had a nice seat. She then left and obtained a better place. She then disappeared altogether (from my view). Golda and Channah were sat leaning almost against the wall. Leah was invisible (to me).

The Rebbe arrived at 7:40, followed by his entourage of Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner and Myer Harlick. The Rebbe sat in his usual chair at the centre of the top table; his three lieutenants stood a few yards on his right. About twenty five yards away on the Rebbe's left – at the extremity of the tale and hall stood about fifty ladies on the hierarchy.

The Rebbe's Sicho, summarised

I am now including the summary of this Farbraingen as composed and translated by my son-in-law Rabbi Shmuel Lew. These summaries are printed and published regularly -after almost every Farbraingen, by Lubavitch, Manchester, under the direction of my son , Rabbi Avrohom (Jaffe). They are really good, easily read and understood. They provide a much needed want for hundreds of Chassidim and friends who cannot always be present at 770 or even attend the direct broadcasts, from New York to England.

We extend our thanks and praise to Shmuel. However, much of the credit for the successful and prompt publication and distribution of these summaries should be given to my daughter-in-law, Susan (Jaffe). She has constantly coaxed and coerced Shmuel into dictating, to her, by telephone from London, these summaries instantly and with no delay. She deserves all our grateful thanks for her persistence and perseverance, which has enabled these hundreds of Chassidim and their families and friends to learn and understand what their Rebbe has recounted at the Farbraingen.

The Rebbe addressed the Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of Neshei Chabad as follows:

1. The important rule of the Torah is Ahavas Yisroel. Moreover, Hillel said that this Mitzvah is the entire Torah. Since every moment of one's life one is alive, hence Torah and its important principles permeate a person from the second he is born. A mother knows that the experiences and impressions of a child in the very first moments after it is born, although its faculties are not developed, have a lasting effect even more than that which occurs to the child in its childhood and subsequent years. Therefore, an atmosphere, and especially Ahavas Yisroel, should be present from the very first moment of the child's life. If this is so even when one is living alone, how much more so when there is a gathering of so many thousands of people who are discussing and resolving, that this must be founded on Ahavas Yisroel. Although the Jewish people are scattered throughout the world, their way of life is unifying amongst all of them. Therefore, the important thing about the convention is that it should be a foundation for activities which reach out and effect every single Jewish woman and girl. This applies not only to the committee but to every participant. Each one must seek out every Jewish woman she can influence and in a pleasant and sensitive manner expressing ideas in a way that will be accepted by the party involved, to spread the message further.

2. The Convention is also in the days which follow the time of the giving of the Torah, and are under the influence of Torah. Moreover, we are in a holy place of prayer and study, and part of the programme of the convention was communal prayer. Therefore, it is correct that the third pillar upon which the world stands (Tzedokah) should also be part of the programme, that everyone should give additional Tzedokah as a group (if they have already given) in the days of the convention. These are the three pillars on which the world at large and the microcosm, stand and, by strengthening the spirit and resolutions of the convention and each individual. (Torah, Avoda and Gemillas Chassodim).

3. The occasion is also connected with the Torah, as the Alter Rebbe said, one should live with the Sedra of the week. The convention concludes in the week of the Sedra of Shelach, which contains the Mitzvah of Challoh - that every woman gave the beginning of her dough to Hashem. This teaches that at the beginning of eating, drinking and activities of the house hold, first and foremost one thinks and gives to Hashem, and only thereafter does he think how to derive pleasure from the world. Through this, one appreciates the fact that the whole house, oneself and everyone else in the house belongs to Hashem, and Hashem says I will rest within them, "I will dwell in their midst" (not only that Hashem is found in the home, but actually dwells there,) in the heart of each individual, and in each home, and of the whole Jewish people.

Yechezkial says this brings the blessing into the home. Similarly, the days of the beginning of the convention were in the Sedra of Beha'aloschoh, whose beginning speaks about the kindling of the lights of the Menora by Aaron the Cohen Godol and the other Cohanim, to illuminate the sanctuary of Hashem with the light of the Mitzvah with a visible light. Every Jewish home is, as mentioned, a sanctuary in which Hashem dwells. The mitzvah to illuminate with a visible light into the home just as the Cohen did in the sanctuary of old, rests upon the women and daughters of every home (miniature sanctuary). And as the Medrash tells us, through special dedication to the light of Shabbos and Yomtov, we will soon witness the light of the Temple. This is the second mitzvah.

Similarly, the third mitzvah which is specifically connected with women is hinted at in the Sedra. The last verse in Beha'aloschoh tells us the great honour which was given to Miriam when Moshe, Aaron and all the Jewish people waited a complete week until she could journey with them. What has the significance of Miriam? It was in the merit of Moshe that the Manna fell in the wilderness and in the merit of Aaron

that the clouds of glory, which gave protection on all sides, and honour, were present. Miriam was the one who brought about the blessing of the well which accompanied the Jews, from which the Jews drank, and moreover were able to use as a Mikvah, through which they were able to have children and many children as is the will of Hashem. This is the purpose of the convention that through the spirit of Ahavas Yisroel, every one of you - us - should try to reach every Jewish daughter and woman with the message that the Mitzvah of Taharas Hamishpocho purify and sanctify the whole home, as well as the whole Jewish people to the extents that the future redemption is compared by the prophet to the Mikvah (Hashem is the Mikvah of Yisroel), and may we very speedily witness the redemption and the resurrection of the dead, so that we will meet with Moshe, Aaron and Miriam as well as Sorah, Rivka, Rochel and Leah, Avrohom, Yitzchak and Yaacov.

4. The convention is significant in that it marks the close of the first twenty-five years of the activities of the Lubavitch Women's Group. Since one must always increase in matters of holiness, the second twenty-five years will be even more ramified. Especially so since the experience of the past, gives help for the future. And although Moshiach is about to come, nevertheless even after Moshiach comes there will still be a tremendous amount of work in studying Torah and fulfilling Mitzvos with renewed vigour, and the Jewish woman and daughter would then exert her influence upon others to fulfil these Mitzvos with light, life and joy.

This special resolution is to centre around a subject which for various unfortunate reasons has been neglected, to the extent that people do not even talk about it, much less do anything about it. It is true that every mitzvah is important and one does not want to single one thing out in a manner that may diminish another subject, but the intention is rather to intensify this specific one. Amongst these three mitzvos, the mitzvoh of Challoh reminds us of the effect of the food and the beverages we consume and it becomes a part of our flesh and blood, making the body a kosher one for its thoughts, speech and actions. Similar, the light of Shabbos has an effect of the whole week in bringing spiritual illumination until the next time they are lit. However, there is an additional power in Taharas Hamishpocho - that it has an effect on the entire life of the man and his wife and their children who are born subsequently, their children, until the end of all generations.

5. As mentioned, this is a subject which has been neglected. Firstly people were ashamed to speak about it, then people began to speak about the subject of marital life in an immodest way. In addition, children study in institutions where they are learning secular subjects and imbibe these topics from a non-Torah standpoint, and even children who come from very frum homes are aware of the subject generally. It is important that the subject should be openly spoken of in a holy place, by Rabbis and speakers and spiritual guides and to girls who are near the age when they will be getting married, and will have to know the laws on which depend their children until the end of all generations. There is no real reason why this subject is not spoken of widely today, except that many generations ago it was not necessary for the Rabbi or spiritual leader to speak about it, because it was known that in the home the entire subject would be covered in the proper way, and completely. The times have changed and one cannot rely on the fact that the knowledge will come automatically, particularly in all its details and all the ramifications of these laws, and there are even homes where the general knowledge of these laws is not known. Therefore, it is today the time for action, we have no choice but to agitate, and it is the women's groups that should 'push' the Rabbis that they should speak about how important this subject is, and at every opportunity, not to rest and to speak about the general subject. It is impossible to cover the detailed laws in a sermon in synagogue, and they would not be remembered, but at least to speak so that they should stimulate an

awareness and a knowledge about the fact that Taharas Hamishpocha is the foundation for the future of the Jewish people, and the redemption depends upon it. To continue to mention this again and again, and not to be satisfied with merely speaking, but to immediately announce that on a certain day and time and location, there is a circle where a woman will be teaching these laws and will answer questions. The important thing is to mention this publicly whenever possible. The ones to demand this should be the women, especially in these countries where the sisterhoods and ladies auxiliaries exert a very strong influence upon the congregation, through their activities and their general and fund-raising activities and other services. It should be done in a discreet way, but at every opportunity. Similarly, the teachers of girls of that age should teach it to those pupils so that they should know that existence of the Jewish home and the whole Jewish people and their redemption depends upon these laws.

One must not postpone this until after the summer, now that schools are about to close. One must realise that every Jewish home and every Jewish woman and every Jewish daughter is, as the Gemorrah tells us "an entire universe" and just as one does not forget of the physical sustenance how much more so must one work in the summertime for the spiritual existence of our people. Also there can be often in the city and in the country where people can come together to study these subjects. As mentioned there has been a neglect of the teaching of these laws, which on the other hand are of the most important ones, and perhaps the most important ones for our existence, and through their neglect, there becomes a neglect of general ethical standards and behaviour in the world, in those homes where these laws were not kept, a neglect which usually came because of ignorance of how important these laws are, or how important the details were. It is superfluous to speak at great length, especially to the people gathered here, but one wants to encourage those who are already dedicated so that they realise that this is not a subject to be silenced and hidden because it can lead to undesirable results.

6. The second subject which alas has been neglected is the fact that Hashem wants to bless a Jew as a unit. Therefore the first blessing given in the Torah of Life "to the human race was" be fruitful and multiply...". The first blessing transmitted through Adam and Chava to all generations that the greatest blessing is that Hashem gives is that of children and grand-children who can "... fill the earth and conquer it". I.e. to fill the earth in a way that it should appear as a world of humanity and not as added unethical planet. For this, it is necessary to have people to realise that they are created through Hashem and through this comes the blessing of mankind. My purpose is not in sermonizing but to say that Hashem wants to give every Jewish home a blessing in everything, and first and foremost they should be blessed with sons and daughters. It is certain that a father and mother should want to have children in which they will be fulfilled the blessing to Avrohom and Sorah "and they will observe the way of Hashem to do charity and judgment". In other words, children who will be a living example of following in the ways of Hashem. True humanity is only that which is based upon Torah and in order to remove the obstacles which stand in the way of ethical behaviour there must be the blessing of "be fruitful and multiply".

With acknowledgments to the Committee of Family Purity, Neshei Chabad, New York, I have pleasure in appending their abbreviated and freely translated excerpts of the continuation of the Rebbe's Sicho:-

"Children are the most cherished Divine blessing known to mankind. "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it" (Gen, 1:28) is the first precept and blessing in the Torah. It teaches us that the world was created for the sake of mankind, and that it is a Divine obligation to marry and raise a family, and bring up the children in accordance with the will of the Creator, so that the world will be

populated by a human race worthy and capable of “subduing it” – not only physically and materially, but also spiritually; a humanity committed to the Divine laws of justice and morality and mutual concern, under the tutelage of our Heavenly Father.

A truly blessed home is one that is filled with the joy of children, boys and girls, who are reared in the ways of our first ancestors, Abraham and Sarah, “to follow in the way of G-d, practicing righteousness and justice” (Gen, 18:19).

Marriage, is a sacred, Divinely ordained, institution founded on purity and sanctity of family life (Taharas Hamishpochoh), the observance of which is a precondition of true and lasting happiness, highlighted by the blessing of healthy offspring, healthy both physically and spiritually. Each child that is born into the home represents an additional Divine blessing to the parents and grandparents; there are no unwanted children, and no child is a burden, G-d forbid.

Knowing that children are a blessing from G-d, parents have no reason to be apprehensive about being able to provide for the child. Surely the Giver of the blessing will provide! And "He who feeds and sustains the whole world" is able to take care of the children as well as of the parents.

If economic considerations cannot justify the limitation of a family, what about a home where the relationship between husband and wife is in need of improvement; should they hesitate about increasing the family? We must, again, turn to the Torah for guidance. The Torah teaches us that where a wife, by reason of immodest behaviour, arouses the husband's suspicion and jealousy, thus creating a serious disruption of Sholom Bayis (harmonious relationship), but is found innocent of unfaithfulness, she will be rewarded by bearing offspring (Num. 5:29) – as a clear sign of G-d's favor and greatest blessing. For, children, more than anything else, cement the mutual relationship between husband and wife and the peace and harmony in their home.

In reality, any such argument for limiting the size of one's family on grounds of economic, or social considerations, or postponing having children until the relationship attains the highest level, and the like, is contrary to the spirit the Torah. Only in most exceptional cases is the use of certain contraceptives permitted by Jewish Law - and only a very competent Rabbinic authority is qualified to rule on whether such an exceptional situation does in fact exist

The truth of the matter is that in the overwhelming majority of cases, all the arguments to justify birth control stem from the same source - the Yetzer Hora (evil inclination), that inner tempter, whose function is to distract a man or a woman, from the way of the Torah and test his/her faith in G-d-. This wily Yetzer works clearly. He will not attempt to persuade someone to recklessly disregard the Divine laws, but will clothe vice in a garment of virtue, saying that whatever reprehension there may be in denying oneself another child, it will be more than offset by being able to devote more time and attention to worthy good causes, communal causes, and the like.

Aside from the religious aspect, experience has shown that couples who take the path of so-called "family planning" - a catching phrase that appeals to the sense of orderliness and forethought, and purporting to give parents the right to decide if, and when, and how many children they should have, sooner or later discover to their great dismay, that it has been counter-productive in the very area of its supposed advantages. The actual effects of family planning have been, and are, emotional upsets, frustrations,

strained relationship between husband and wife, all of which inevitably taking a toll of ill health. It has caused such couples to seek psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, marriage counseling in an effort, often futile, to straighten matters out. Thus, far from bringing orderliness into family life, family planning has caused disturbances and complications in the normal family affairs, with added financial burdens in doctors' bills, reduced mental and physical efficiency, not to mention the fact that family planning has often proved irreversible, and would-be parents eventually discovered that the blessing of children, or more children, has, alas, eluded them.

It does not require special perception or insight to realize that when the normal physical and spiritual process of married life, as decreed by the Creator and Giver of life, is tampered with, distorted, or altered, the peace of the household is bound to be disturbed. It is folly to attempt to take over G-d's bookkeeping and accounting to figure out how many children He is able to care for.

Proponents of family planning have concentrated their main propaganda on the female partner in marriage, since she has the task of child bearing and rearing the infants. I therefore urge every woman not to be swayed by it, but rather reflect on the great, very great Divine blessing and privilege of motherhood, with complete trust in G-d that following the Divinely ordained way of life brings with it the three-fold blessing of children, life, and sustenance. Children - healthy children, happy children, and as many as G-d will grant; life - a life free of all those complications that unfortunately afflict the homes where family planning is practiced; sustenance - in a generous measure in all needs, and more.

No wife and mother needs to feel chagrined at being dubbed "old-fashioned", or at odds with modern times and modern culture. What "modern culture"? That which produced the Holocaust? The Holocaust of a million Jewish children? Indeed, the answer is: Every Jewish woman should realize, and do all she can to impress upon others, that it is a sacred duty and eternal merit of every Jewish mother to help replenish this horrible void.

Jewish women have a proud tradition and heritage of being the House of Israel. Even under the most abject conditions of slavery under the Pharaohs, with the horrendous decree of having their, boy babies them and thrown into the Nile, they continued to bear children, and prolifically, even if it meant delivering them in the fields. It is this determination that produced the redeemer Moses, and the Divine hosts, whom he led to freedom: freedom not only from physical slavery, but also spiritual freedom with the receiving of the Torah at Sinai. Moreover, it is the children of that generation, and of all subsequent generations, that G-d accepted as guarantors that the Torah would be kept and cherished.

I further urge you, all the participants of this convention and all Jewish women everywhere, to take the initiative for a world-wide campaign to promote Taharas Hamishpocho and to bring the message of true motherhood into every home. Jewish women have historically played a crucial part in the preservation of our people, and they must do the same in the present critical times.

And in the merit of adhering to G-d's Plan, all human planning and designs against our people, and against humanity in general will come to naught, and we can confidently look forward to the fulfilment of the Divine promise, through the mouth of our Prophet Micah (7:15): "As in the days of your exodus from the land of Egypt, I will show you wonders". "

I now continue with Shmuel's summary:

The Torah tells us that every child who is born brings a blessing to his father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, and all the children who are already in the family, and an additional blessing to the house and all the Jewish people. We see that in Israel in order to have an additional Jew, the additional immigrant, \$10,000 used to be spent and now it is already over \$20,000 in order to attract another person. Hashem says that the blessing which will come from an additional son or daughter, who will grow up and give Jewish Nachas. Hashem will give a Parnossa for each child from its mazel (spiritual blessing) that derives from Hashem who is the possessor of all foods all over the world, G-d forbid to say that this is the first for the father and mother, it is an additional son or daughter which will bring its own blessing.

Subsequently, for unfortunate reasons people take preventative action, though they seek means to do it according to Shulchan Aruch, but ultimately it depends upon the attitude of the "mainstay of the house" (the woman) and one should not worry about the Parnosso, for the responsibility to feed the parents and the children is from Hashem and it is Hashem who owns Parnosso. It is merely that for a number of years the parents are given the additional sufficient to give the child the Parnosso that Hashem has designated for him, and when that child sets up a family of his own it will have its own livelihood. Even when parents help a married child they are giving G-d's money to their children, and they are given in return the Mitzvah and the Nachas, pleasure even in a material way, for what they have done, and blessing for the fact that Hashem, has given them the ability to sustain the children spiritually and physically for a certain amount of time.

As mentioned, there are many projects which began from Chabad women and girls and many people immediately argued that it is not fitting and after a short while they realise that not only is it permitted, but it is necessary and crucial and it became widespread amongst all circles afterwards. Certainly, since this is Hashem's command, the first call must be from Neshei Chabad, in a modest and suitable way in every country according to its language.

Certainly, there will be people who will begin to argue how can you do such things and where is your modesty and how can you advocate something which will contradict good health etc. Those people themselves know that the above mentioned type of planning is something which contradicts health, the Jewish people, the coming of Moshiach and they will agree to this publicity eventually.

May Hashem help that every one of you should think again about this resolution and certainly will reach this conclusion for this is the way of Torah, of truth and the way to a true Jewish life and certainly you will reach the right resolutions, and if it emanates from the heart it will penetrate the heart of the listeners. What will one answer in the future to one's husband or to one's children who want another brother or sister? The Jewish people, even when it is in exile, is awake to all matters of true Judaism and of Torah and Mitzvos and certainly that which is such a basic subject. And just in the time of Egypt, there were those who argued why should we have children when there are so many decrees by Pharoah which will threaten the way of life they will enjoy, we are in exile, my husband is undergoing backbreaking work, all the arguments which we hear repeated today, except that they are English and are embellished (or in other languages). And just as it was then the righteous women who did not worry about Pharoah and his decrees and the length and depth of the tortures, and set up the armies of Hashem with sons and daughters who became soldiers of Hashem, who went out from Egypt and received the Torah were the guarantors who effected with their guarantee that Hashem should give the Torah to Moshe and Aaron and to the seventy elders and all the Jewish people, together that there will be the promise of the ultimate

redemption in the last generation, similarly, the redemption will come now in the merit of the righteous women of this last generation of the Golus, and within the last generation we are in the last years, and in the last years we are in the last months, and last weeks to the coming of Moshiach, therefore, there must be agitation by Jewish women and daughters that the Zechus to go out from this exile will be with a resolution to behave in the way of modesty, firmness and Jewish pride and not to be afraid of those who will argue "it is not modern, it is against culture," and all of the tragedies and decrees by Hitler and his like and his heirs of today, who do not want the Jewish people to grow physically and spiritually to the extent that they lead Jews into thinking that the Yetzer Hora has their benefit in mind. The Jewish people are a wise and understanding people and will follow the way of Torah and they will succeed with it and will raise armies for Hashem, who will be proud that they are Jewish and will show an example of Jewish pride and all the nations around will recognise the chosenness and example of the Jewish people who will illuminate the world with the light of Torah and mitzvos and yiddishkeit and will go very soon to meet our righteous Moshiach with children and grandchildren who are healthy to Eretz Yisroel which will be a complete land with a complete people with a complete Torah and with a joy and a good heart.

May you all have a healthy and happy summer and give good tidings of the above.

It was a pity that the Ladies had not taken their seats by 7 p.m. as arranged because we missed the last ten minutes of the Rebbe's address. We had to leave 770 at 8.55 p.m. at the latest in order to catch our plane for home. Naturally it was nearer 9 p.m. before we got free of the crush outside 770. We rushed to our car - we could hear the Rebbe's voice being broadcast through the outside loudspeakers. We rushed to the airport with the Rebbe's voice still ringing in our ears.

And for some reason or other, the plane rushed across the Atlantic in just over five hours!

So we had a hectic vacation from start to finish! All of us, including little Aaron (Avrohom's youngest boy) spent a fantastic and most enjoy with the Rebbe in Crown Heights.

The Rebbe had spoken at eight separate Farbraingen in the past seventeen days.

Chapter 13: Future Plans

I immediately wrote to the Rebbe thanking him for all he had done for us whilst we were in Brooklyn. I also wrote:

"I am now like the fellow in the Rebbe's Moshul who goes to the market to buy goods to sell throughout the year. He buys a little here and a bit there. Only when he returns home and goes through his list carefully can he see, understand and realise what exactly he has purchased."

"It is the same with me - a Sicho here, a Yechidus there, a story of a bris here, and a women's convention there. All in all I might have sufficient to carry on throughout the year - for my Diary. And, if I have not enough goods, then I shall have to come over for Succos, with my wife - as the Rebbe has suggested - and buy "some more goods"."

On 20th of Ellul, I again wrote to the Rebbe:

"..and I wish to thank you for your most welcome letter, which I received when I returned home from Israel. I do not expect the Rebbe Shlita to write to me - but it is certainly nice to receive an unexpected acknowledgement of my various letters and to realize that the Rebbe Shlita is thinking of me occasionally. It makes me very happy and proud.

"A few days later I received the "official" letter from the 770 office about the Rebbe's message regarding daily Shiurim for our Senior Citizens. (It is hard to realise that I am also KAH a Senior but T.G. I have not let up one iota and "keep at it constantly".)

"Now Rabbi Y. whom I persuaded to give one weekly Shiur, every Wednesday at 3 p.m. - the numbers attending have varied from eight to twenty has been missing one or two Shiurim since he started last Shvuos. He did not turn up last Wednesday. He said he Funked It. I went to see him and took him both of the letters received from the Rebbe. He complained that he was not well - could not talk and could not stand, nor sit

"I congratulated him on the fact that his Shiur has now become a TRAIL BLAZER. The Rebbe could see that the advice which he gave to Rabbi Y. through my Shelichus was a very good one. So good, that the Rebbe Shlita was now advising and instructing all communities throughout the world to follow this example - but even more so - not for once a week - but for every day - and not for just an hour or so, but for all day.

"Then I showed the Rabbi Y. the other letter wherein we read that the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL) who was paralyzed, and could not write or even talk properly achieved the greatest possible success for Yiddishkeit in America while sitting in a wheelchair. That is an example of Messirass Nefesh in its highest sense. So, now Rabbi Y. knows that one has to be messirass nefesh for Jews and especially for Talmud Torah which is equal to all the Mitzvahs!

"In about three weeks time, Roselyn and I hope to be in 770 - in obedience o the request of the Rebbe Shlita that this year, being the year of Haakel, we should come to see Our Rebbe for Succos and not wait

until Simchas Torah, as we did last year.

"Meanwhile I shall have P.G. and KAH four grandchildren in temporary abode in Crown Heights during the month of TISHREI. Dovid (Jaffe) Avrohom's eldest son, will be settling in Brooklyn for a more permanent period. He is commencing to attend the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Borough Park. He is following in his father's footsteps, although Avrohom was about three years older and studied at 770, and not at Borough Park. Yossi, Mendel and Yenta Chaya - Hilary's eldest children are the other three of my grandchildren who will be at 770 during the next four weeks or so. Yossi will be ultimately going to the Lubavitch Yeshiva at Jerusalem. He is upset - He wanted to go to New York - He remarked that as he will be away from the Rebbe, it will seem like in gollus!?! Yossi and Mendel have been layenning in a Shool all year so they have their own money for their flight and expenses?!?"

"We will be staying at our "new" apartment, below Rabbi Dvorkin, but although we left instructions for making the partitions - nothing has been done yet.

"As we are now approaching Rosh Hashona, I wish to extend a Brocha to the Rebbe Shlita and to Our Rebbetzen Shlita that they should enjoy good health during the coming year of 5741. It should be a sweet year, and a year wherein we shall all hear good news from each other and that our Rebbe Shlita should receive much Nachas from all his chassidim and from all the Jaffe family"

Chapter 14: Preparations for Yom Tov

During Simchas Torah, last year, the Rebbe had told me, when he poured the wine of Koss Shel Brocha into my cup, that I should "come again next year, as it would be even better".

Six months later, when I took my leave of the Rebbe after Shovuos, I intimated as looking forward to coming again for Simchas Torah. The Rebbe than invited me to come before Succos, as this year was Shnass Hakhel. In deuteronomy, Chapter Five, it states that after the year of Shemita – every 7 years - at the time of Succos, the people should gather themselves Jerusalem - from all of the corners of Eretz Yisroel. There, the King would publicly read out certain relevent passages from the Torah – words of Torah, so that the people should always remember them, and keep the Mitzvahs.

In these days, alas, we do not possess a King in Israel. Therefore, we, the followers of the Lubavitcher Rebbe take upon ourselves the duty and privilege of assembling together to listen to the words of Torah which are related and discussed by our Leader, the Rebbe, Shlita.

I considered that on this occasion, I was a special guest of the Rebbe?! It was therefore, behoven of me to ensure that I should procure the best possible set of "Arba Minim" - the set of four species which we need on Succos for benching Esrog - there was the Lulov, the date palm; Hadassim, the myrtle; Arovas, the willow; and, of course, the Esrog. The first three types are bound together and the blessing is said on the Lulov (Is it because it is the largest and most outstanding of the four species?). The Esrog, which is held in the left hand is brought close to the other three kinds for the NAANUIM - the Shakings, and for the Hoshannos.

I always considered it odd that we say "to bench Esrog" (make the brocha on the Esrog) as the actual blessing is on the Lulov! Maybe it is because the esrog is the most expensive of the four types. It is hard to believe that in the era of the gemorro, the cost of an esrog was a Shova Prutah – the value of the lowest coin.

According to chassidic teachings, these four kinds represent the four categories of Jews, which make up the Jewish Nation:

(1) The Esrog has both Taste and Smell: This Jew knows Torah and keeps Mitzvahs.

(2) The Lulov has Taste (dates) but no Smell: He has Torah, but keeps no Mitzvahs.

(3) The Myrtle has no Taste but has Smell: He has no Torah, but keeps the Mitzvahs.

and (4) The Willow has no Taste and No Smell: He has neither Torah, nor keeps the Mitzvahs.

When all types of Jews are bound together, each one responsible for the others, then we proclaim to the A'Mighty that we are all living in unity and G-d will listen to our prayers.

When I was the President of the Manchester Shechita Board, I learned, from the non-Jewish slaughtermen, that we had four types of workers:

(1) was a good worker and also a gentleman: They loved him.

(2) was a good worker, but not a gentleman: They had to co-operate with him.

(3) was a bad worker, but a nice gentleman: They felt sorry for him and helped him.

And (4) was a bad worker and not a gentleman: He had no good points at all, and they refused to work with him altogether.

I now had to decide whether to buy my set in England or in Crown Heights.

The Esrog was always the most difficult one to choose and to buy. It had to be absolutely perfect - in every respect, a super, super fruit, and no expense had to be spared for this.

I made up my mind to obtain my Esrog in Manchester, but the unwieldy types - the Lulov, Haddassim and Arovas, I would purchase in Crown Heights. These would be awkward to carry from Manchester to New York - and they were the less expensive kinds.

Unfortunately, there was not much choice in the Esrogim which the importers had allocated to us at Lubavitch Manchester. There was not much choice in price, either. I paid £36, about eighty-five dollars, and was presented with a dark green coloured esrog. I estimated that it would be nice and yellow by Channuka time. I did not have much option, so I took it.

I was also presented with a certificate from the Italian Ministry of Agriculture which confirmed that the Esrog (citrus mechea) was grown in Italy, that it was inspected five days after cutting, and was found apparently free from the Mediterranean fruit fly and other pests. This certificate was required by the U.S.A. Customs officials, who, otherwise, would have dumped my £36 esrog into the garbage bin.

On the Friday of erev Yom Kippur we telephoned the Rebbetzen to wish her and the Rebbe a Gemar Chassima Tova - that they should receive the seal for a good and healthy year. The Rebbetzen informed us that a "lot of new people had arrived, and Crown Heights was pretty well full up". She sincerely hoped that we had secured our accommodation. She was reassured when we told her that Mrs Itkin had rented to us her basement apartment for our exclusive use. I added that we would arrive P.G. on the following Sunday, and that we had four of our grandchildren at this moment in Crown Heights. She confided that she was aware of this fact, and that "they were all wonderful - 'umberuffen'!"

Our flight was from Manchester. We were making excellent time and it seemed quite probable that we would arrive at 770 in time for the Rebbe's Mincha Service at 3.15 p.m.

Unfortunately, when we were only an hour's flying time from Kennedy Airport, the Captain's voice came over the loudspeakers enquiring whether there was a Doctor of Medicine on the plane. A young lady passenger had collapsed. A few minutes later the Captain informed us that the doctor had diagnosed a heart attack. The doctor had also emphasised that if we continued to Kennedy, the patient might be dead on arrival. The plane was being diverted to Boston, about half an hour's flight away. On arrival at Boston we were invaded by dozens of ambulance men, and oxygen containers, who were accompanied by a small battalion

We left Boston an hour later, but when we arrived over Kennedy Airport, we had lost our turn in the 'queue'. So we circled and circled around and around the Airport - a prelude to Simchas Torah?! - and touched down over two hours late. So we missed the Rebbe's Mincha that day.

Our apartment was in quite good condition, but the workman who had promised to fix the partitions - over three months ago - had still not yet arrived. We had only this one large basement room at our disposal, which was just sufficient to accommodate Roselyn and me for 'sleeping'. Wednesday night was Succos, so there was not much time to put up the partitions. Furthermore, as everyone was building a succah, I did not envisage much success in obtaining a workman to do the job.

Our grandchildren, Yossi, Mendie and Yenta Chaya were staying with the Baumgartens in Carroll Street - quite a long distance from 770, whilst Dovid, now on vocation from the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Boro' Park, would be the guest of Label Turk, who also resided a good way from 770. Shmuel, who was due to arrive next day, would also find a bed at Baumgartens. So - I still could not understand why Roselyn was so insistent that I should get these partitions fixed, so that all the family, aforementioned, could eat and sleep with us - just in case! It was this phrase "just in case" that really bothered me!

I hurried alone to 770, just in time for Maariv. The Bais Hamedrash, upstairs, where all weekday services were normally held was not very full. I was a little surprised as I expected to see a very large crowd.

Of course, I should have known better. The service was to be held downstairs in the large Shool. The Shool was set out exactly as it was last Tishrei, with the large raised platform, about three feet high by about twenty feet square on which the Rebbe - and only the Rebbe would stand. This platform was fixed up at the far right hand corner on the East side (Mizrach) of the shool. Only during the month of Tishrei, which included Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and Succos, was the platform in use. It gave the Rebbe protection, whilst at the same time he could see and be seen by most of the people.

The place was already tightly packed. I pushed my way, with no little difficulty, to the front, in order to be standing at my usual spot, when the Rebbe arrived.

The Rebbe entered, lightly carressed the Curtain of the Oran HaKodesh (the Ark) looked at no one, ascended to the platform and stood at his lectern (shtender).

After the service, the Rebbe turned his head around, slowly, looking a little grim. Then his eyes alighted on me. He gave me a lovely smile of welcome and in his usual manner when he wanted me to start to sing a Nigun. That is all the encouragement I needed, and I commenced, in my loudest voice, to sign Vesomachto. Everyone joined in and the Rebbe left the Shool to a rousing chorus. Soon we were all singing and dancing - very freilech, very joyously. Some young dancers asked me from whence I came? I told them - from England. They - "What is your name?" When I replied "Zalmon Jaffe", they said "oh, Zal-mon Jaf-fe. Now we know!"

Zusie Williamofsy, from Kfar Chabad gave me a fulsome Lubavitch welcome. He smothered me with his beard and gave me kisses galore. We decided that we would sing the Rebbe - and - out, on every single occasion.

I am happy to relate that at every subsequent service, morning, noon and night, on Yom Tov and on all

the days previous to Yom Tov, everyone joined in the singing and clapping. At first, I will admit that there was the usual shushing when the Rebbe entered, so that there should be complete and respectful silence - but - this was ignored. Soon every single person was delighted to join in. As someone remarked to me "If these people want quietness then let them stop shushing. They make more noise by shouting "Shush, shush".

Zusie loved to stand on a bench and to conduct the singing. On one occasion he stood on the Floor - ground level - conducting. The Rebbe, who was passing by, ordered him get up onto a bench, as usual.

During the two weeks which we spent in Crown Heights, we T.G. never saw the face of the Rebbe, grim or downcast - ever since that first Maariv when we arrived from England

Next morning, Monday, I attended a seven o'clock minyan at 770. I had an Aliya and benched Gomel (to thank G-d for the safe journey across the Ocean). I was pleased I did this because when the Rebbe had his aliya later on, at 10.30 a.m. it was a sheer impossibility for everyone to go to the Bimah to make this blessing. There were far too many. So no one at all was allowed to go. They were advised to find other groups - minyanim, which would be davenning all over the Shool during the course of the day.

At 7.45 that morning, a Jewish workman had walked into 770. He had a wooden measuring ruler and a screwdriver stuck into his overall pocket. He looked like a carpenter. He was a carpenter. We had a good chat and he promised to call at our apartment at 9.30 a.m. to see whether he could do the job of fixing the partitions.

To my utter astonishment this gentleman, Yes, he was a gentleman, called at 9.20 a.m. - ten minutes earlier than he had promised. He was as Russian and his name was Yaakov. It seemed that Rabbi Dvorkin had also approached him about this work.

He took measurements and made some calculations. He gave me a quotation, which I accepted, on one condition, that the work was to be completed on that very day. He agreed. I paid out a few hundred dollars on account for the wood, and I hopefully awaited developments.

It was now 9.45 a.m. so I made my way to 770, so that I could welcome the Rebbe when he arrived, and afterwards listen to the Krias Hatorah and to the Rebbe having his Aliya.

Until quite recently, it was the custom, that as soon as the Rebbe appeared everyone, especially the boys, disappeared - they ran away and hid themselves. All one could see of the hundreds of boys who had been hovering and lounging about the area, were head - just heads, protruding over the walls and hedges.

It was surprising how matters had changed over the past few years. Except for the boys who had as usual disappeared from sight, that morning there were over one hundred and fifty women standing outside with their children and babies in their arms too. There were quite a few men, also, with babies all waiting for the Rebbe. They waited from 9.15 until the Rebbe arrived one hour later. The Rebbe alighted from his car, and all those assembled outside, stood strictly to attention, like soldiers on parade, whilst the Rebbe passed long, glancing at the groups, with a smile here and there for some special lady, gentleman or child.

Roselyn was standing on the steps and was privileged to receive a glorious smile of welcome. This was

her first meeting, of this session with the Rebbe, so she had immediately received her ample reward for coming from Manchester to spend Yom Tov at 770.

I dashed into the Bais Hamedrash, it was almost empty, I realised that all services would have to be held downstairs in the large Shool. There were so many people who had arrived and were still coming for Yom Tov that even the large Shool could ultimately hardly accommodate everybody.

The Women's Shools (plural, there was also an extension onto the South Side) were also crowded and packed tightly with ladies and girls, even for this weekday morning service.

There were over 1100 visitors from Eretz Yisroel, 800 from Kfar Chabad alone, including one group of 450 who had travelled by a specially chartered Jumbo Jet.

Nearly one thousand people had come from France. If we reckoned all the visitors who arrived from all over America, England and the rest of the world, it came as no surprise to see that 770 was very much overcrowded.

The Kohen who was called to the Torah was Bar-Mitzvah that morning. The Levi also a Bar-Mitzvah boy. The Rebbe had, as usual, the third Aliya.

Zalmon Gurary had Hagbah - lifting up of the Torah. He had bought the privilege of taking this mitzvah (or honouring someone else) for the whole year from Shabbos Beraishis up till the following Shabbos Beraishis. On most occasions, he came to Shool especially to take this honour himself. I really do not blame him for keeping the goods for himself. In any case his contract was nearing its end, and he couldn't afford to miss.

After the Service the Rebbe adjourned to his office. He did not leave 770 until after the Farbraingen of that evening, which ended at nearly midnight. So the Rebbe spent the whole day without once leaving the premises.

We sang the Rebbe out with a Nigun and dance. A little Israeli boy, Boruch Kay from Kfar Chabad, wanted to know "Why does the Rebbe like you? Did you go to University together? Do you talk to the Rebbe? Is the Rebbe your friend?" I explained to him that the Rebbe is everybody's friend.

He furthermore declared "The singing was lovely. Will we sing again tomorrow?!" I replied, that if he would help me, we would sing every day, and especially all Yom Tov.

I returned to the apartment. I was pleasantly surprised when a little later Yankel arrived with a load of wood - and an assistant. In a very short time our one room apartment was converted and transformed into a comfortable flat, containing three bedrooms, a kitchen and a living room. Roselyn was now well prepared for any emergency and "Just in Case"!

The Farbraingen was to commence at 9.30 p.m. that evening, so Maariv was brought forward to 9.15 p.m.

Just before that time, whilst we were all standing outside 770, there was a panic. Someone inside 770 had been taken ill and the ambulance had been called.

Fortunately our own Lubavitch, HATZOLA, Ambulance was permanently stationed outside 770, so the emergency could be tackled straight away, without any undue delay.

There was a flurry of movement, and many excited gentlemen were seen dashing and careering down the steps of 770. One jumped into the driver's seat of the vehicle, the engine roared into life and the ambulance leaped forward the four or five intervening yards to 770. It came to a screeching, squealing and abrupt halt. A fellow rushed, into 770 with a stretcher. He was followed by another fellow with another stretcher. Everyone was shouting instructions. The ambulance men were caught up in their own excitement. One gave the following advice "Keep the pathway clear, and move, please move along - away from this area. The stretcher will be carried down here, and the patient needs air - plenty of air". As we were standing outside in the open, there seemed to be plenty of air about - especially "hot air".

However, suddenly, the stretcher carrying the patient was brought outside. There was silence. Then gasps of horror and incredulity as it was realised that the person who was being transferred to the hospital, only a couple of days before Yom Tov, was none other than the RASHAG himself - the brother-in-law of the Rebbe. Everyone wished him a speedy recovery and the ambulance drove off. We were all left standing - and hoping that the Rashag's illness would not be too serious and that the Rebbe would not have a spoilt and worrying Yom Tov. It was unfortunate to receive such bad news at this particular time - that his Simchas Torah "Dancing Partner" might not be able to be present at this year's Hakoffas. Every year the Rebbe dances the Hakoffas with, and only with the Rashag.

And - if the Rashag would actually not be well enough to attend - then - with whom would the Rebbe dance on Simchas Torah? This question seemed to occupy the minds of most of the boys, during the next few days.

The Shool had been set out for the Farbraingen and the whole place was already absolutely overcrowded.

This Maariv service therefore had to be held upstairs and - there were not too many present, either. The reason was obvious. Everyone had been sat on their seats or standing at their places - in the Shool downstairs - for quite a considerable time. No one would budge, in case they lost their positions. Shmuel, my son-in-law, had come direct from the airport to 770 where he arrived at just after 8.30 p.m. He managed with great difficulty to claim his usual seat.

When I visit Crown Heights I give top priority to the following four concepts:

(1) to daven with the Rebbe, in order that my own supplications and prayers would be joined together and ascend to Heaven with those of the Rebbe, the devout saintly Person - the Tzadik of our generation.

(2) to attend the Farbraingen and learn Torah from our Rebbe.

(3) to have Yechidus or at least to exchange one or two words in private with the Rebbe.

and (4) to give pleasure to the Rebbe, whenever possible.

In view of the above, I had made it my business to be present in the Bais Hamedrash, in order to daven

the Maariv service with the Rebbe. By so doing, I nevertheless took the risk that my usual seat at the Farbraingen would not now be available for me.

I rushed downstairs straight after Maariv. I was lucky that quite a few regulars were missing on this occasion, so I managed to push my way into my usual niche.

At a subsequent Farbraingen, I asked one Rabbi who was a prominent member of the 770 Hierarchy why he had not been present at that Monday night Farbraing. He replied - that he could not afford such luxuries. It seemed that he had so much work to complete before Yom Tov, that he couldn't spare the time!!

Just before the Rebbe was due to arrive, an announcement was made to the effect that volunteers were urgently wanted to man two succahs which had been erected in Manhattan. One was situated outside the United Nations Building and the other one outside Macy's Department Stores. So there should be "good passing trade".

Up till now, there had been no official bulletin issued about the Rashag's condition at the hospital. No one was quite certain whether there was progress at all. Everyone was anxious and worried about him, and wondering how the Rebbe would react at the Farbraingen.

The Rebbe entered, with firm and sprightly steps, and immediately allayed our fears.

The Rebbe told us that all Yomim Tovim are - should be - Moedim LeSimcha (Times of Joy) but Succos and Shemini Atzeres are Zeman Simchosainu - the time of Our rejoicing.

On the following day, Tuesday, the Rebbe visited the Ohel of the Previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L), and returned in time for an evening Mincha.

Meanwhile, I took Yossi with me to help me to choose a Lulov, We bought a very nice one from a shop in Kingston Avenue for twenty dollars. We deferred the purchase of the Arovus until the next day as new and fresher stocks were expected to arrive. These would keep in good condition for a much longer period.

Label, Mrs Itkin's son, was very actively building the Succah that day. He is a very nice boy. I offered to help him as I was hoping to be allowed to use this succah. He refused point blank. He said that it was his pleasure to put up the succah for our use too. I have stated that he is a very nice boy. He really was very helpful, too, in assisting us to settle into the apartment. Nothing was too much trouble for him. Whenever we gave a shout for Label, he would be down in run flat within minutes and settle our problems. Mrs Itkin was also extremely co-operative. She has a charming manner and an infectious laugh. Rabbi Dvorkin made an eruv - the Shabbos boundary, so that we could carry our food from the house to the succah outside. "Good Old Rabbi Dvorkin!"

'The Rebbe's Esrog'

At 10.30 a.m. next morning, erev Succos, Label Groner approached me with a request that I should remain near 770, because the Rebbe might "have a job for me" and may want to see me.

This message was very intriguing. I was conjuring up all sorts of reasons why the Rebbe should want to see me at that time of the day. Surely, it could not be a Yechidus! - or maybe the Rebbe required some information about someone or something in Manchester ! - or somewhere else!

I had quite a clear conscience but I felt like a schoolboy waiting outside the Headmaster's study for a severe rebuke or an admonishment.

It was all very puzzling, but the answer would be doubtless forthcoming if I would be patient and waited long enough. Within a short time, the hallway had become rather overcrowded. It was obvious that I was not the only one whom the Rebbe wished to see on that morning. I then learnt from the others, that every year the Rebbe presented a complete set of Arba Minim (Lulov, Esrog, Myrtle and Willow) to each Mossad, or branch of Lubavitch that was represented at 770. As I was the Chairman of Manchester Lubavitch, I would be handed the Arba Minim on behalf of Manchester.

The waiting room had been set out with a number of tables, arranged around the sides of the room. On the first table lay the Esrogim. The Lulovim, Haddassim and Arovus were lying on other tables. Each assignee entered this room, picked up an Esrog - walked along to the next table and took a Lulov, then the Haddassim and finally the Arovus. He would then thank the Rebbe, who stood at the door of his study, for this great honour - and for the Arba Minim. The Rebbe would give each person a brocha.

There were better and older men than me awaiting their turn to enter, so I bided my time. I heard Label Groner shouting for Shmuel Lew – but he had gone to visit his father on that very morning. The Rebbe had invited Shmuel to join Rabbis Nachman Sudak and Phaivish Vogel to form the official delegation who altogether would receive the Esrog on behalf of London.

Nachman and Phaivish emerged with the one esrog, but in addition they each held a Lulov, as well. I then heard my name being urgently called by Label Groner. I think I was almost the last person in the line. I entered the room. There was only one esrog lying on the table. This should confirm the quotation that one "must hurry to do a Mitzvah and not to put it off". I very nearly lost my Esrog - only one left. But - it was a Beauty. It was a "whopper". It weighed fourteen ounces - almost one pound in weight. It was so large that I could not get a box for it, and I could barely hold it in one hand. There were still a couple of Lulovim and a few Haddassim and Arovos left, with which to make up my set of Arba Minim. However, as there were no more esrogim, then no further complete sets could be assembled.

I heard Label earnestly assuring the Rebbe that he had definitely ordered sufficient esrogim to go with the lulovim and so forth. One or two of these esrogim might have been detached or lost in the crush. I am certain that these missing esrogim did not carry the brochas or approval of the Rebbe. It is queer "what idiotic things some people may do!!"

I drew near to the Rebbe and thanked him for this wonderful gift. He replied in hebrew "You should draw down upon yourself all of the relevant Divine Influences". The Rebbe then continued by saying that the set was for Manchester. I enquired if that inferred that I had to take these Arba Minim all the way home to England - and if so then that would be after Yom Tov. The Rebbe replied that this was not necessary, but I had to ensure that any Manchester people who were at 770 would have the opportunity of using them here.

Shortly afterwards, Shmuel arrived. The Rebbe called him and presented him with just twelve Haddassim. Shmuel was delighted. It meant that he had one Haddass for each of his eleven children (KAH) plus one jointly for himself and Hilary.

Over a week later, on Hoshanna Rabbah, Rabbi Dovid Hickson of Manchester asked me to let him have one Haddass. He would dry it and use it is his for Havdola. I followed his example and did the same, and so did Shmuel.

I now had in my possession two sets of Esrogim. I certainly did not need two sets, and I would not part with the Rebbe's gift. The Esrog which I brought from England, plus the Lulov I purchased yesterday, cost me \$105. So when I received an offer from Shmuel I was very pleased. When I heard the details, however, I was not so pleased. It was for one dollar!! He pointed out that I should really supply Haddassim and Arovus, and furthermore in just a few days the market for Esrogim would be non-existent and they would be worth only a nominal amount for Jam-making. He refused to increase his bid so I had no alternative but to accept.

I still had another problem:- On which Esrog should I make the brocha every morning. The one which the Rebbe had personally given to me - or the Esrog and Lulov which the Rebbe himself uses every morning and for which all of the Lubavitcher Chassidim and boys queued up every day.

One school of thought maintained that as the Rebbe himself had presented me with this Esrog - for my own use, then surely that was the one on which I should make the brocha. In any case, why should I wait for over one hour and a half in the queue for the Rebbe's esrog, which was normally brought to 770 at about 8.45 a.m.

On the other hand, as Dovid, my grandson, argued - it would be much superior and of more spiritual value to bench with the Esrog which the Rebbe had used that very morning. That argument prevailed. In any case, I had plenty of time to stand in the line and await the Rebbe. It was much more exciting and interesting too.

Chapter 15: Success

On the first night of Succos, at the conclusion of the Maariv service, the Rebbe, as usual, raised his right arm and I was instantly ready to start a Nigun. But, instead, the Rebbe shouted Good - Yom - Tov - emphasising each word with a downwards and upwards swing of his arm. This was repeated three times. Everyone joined in with the Rebbe and shouted at the "Top of their Voices" - Good Yom Tov - Good Yom Tov - Good Yom Tov.

After this I again prepared to commence a Nigun prior to the Rebbe leaving the Shool – but – The Rebbe remained quite still – never moved.

A great hush descended upon this huge assembly. What exceptional innovation was the Rebbe going to inaugurate on this first night of Succos. The Rebbe commenced to speak. He was standing of course, on the platform. After a couple of minutes, I felt irresistible pressure on my back. I was being inexorably pushed towards the platform and then crushed against it. Having reached a “dead end” the boys started to climb upwards. One boy stood on my left shoe, another on my right foot. I could not move. Then the whole throng – the packed crowd – started to sway. That was terrible – the swaying – from side to side, forwards and backwards. I was tossed like a cork in the rough sea. It was unbearable – I felt like screaming – but no one would have taken the slightest bit of notice. All everyone wanted to do was to get nearer and yet nearer to the Rebbe.

I have always heard the term “Mesiras Nefesh”, which means self sacrifice, or literally – a danger to one’s soul. This is the first time I had encountered “Mesiras Haregel,” danger to one’s feet. Of course, Haregel also mean the Yomim tovim, too, when all the Jews went up to Jerusalem, on foot, on their own feet, and not on the feet of others, of course.

Actually I felt very worried and perturbed about the young boys. It was a miracle that none of them suffered injury.

There was a solid mass of people of many thousands in the Shool. It was impossible for anyone to make his way from the rear of the hall to the front, where the Rebbe stood.

On one occasion, after a Farbraingen, the Rebbe left his seat at the top table on the dais and made his way to his lectern on the platform near the Oran Hakodesh in order to daven Mincha. I was in my usual "farbraingen" seat, but I found it impossible to move in any direction against a solid human wall - except upwards. I was determined to be near the Rebbe at the Mincha service, so upwards I went - climbing on top of the tables and onto the dais, but I was in the same predicament, surrounded by a solid human wall, and blocked in at every angle. The only way out of this impasse was downwards. Making my way towards the front of the Shool, I leaped down about six feet and then jumped another few feet. I had now reached the ground level. Looking upwards I could see only crowds of men and boys towering above me standing on what looked like builders' scaffolding. All around me were table legs and tops. These formed a series of passageways similar to a catacomb, which stretched from one end of the Hall to the other. Lots of little boys were continuously burrowing along these "underground" channels to get to other parts of the Shool. I stood there in this "well". I could neither see nor hear anything. I So I did a bit of creeping and crawling myself, until I discovered that I was at the far end of the Hall.

The next thing I discovered - a very important fact, not realised by me before, was that at the back of this vast concourse, this multitude of people, it was impossible to hear even one word, either spoken by the Rebbe or by the Chazan. Yes, one could see perfectly, but everyone at the other end looked like actors on a stage, as seen from a very long distance.

Although some of the men chatted and chattered with each other, others considered that even if they could push forward, at least twelve inches, they might be able to hear much better.

So, actually, the crushing and pushing commenced right from the back of the Shool and kept moving forward like an unstoppable tide.

During the whole of this period, whilst I was at 770 for Succos, the area around the Oran Hakodesh and the Rebbe's platform was ringed with tables, chained together, and guarded zealously by appointed officials. These boys did a good job and gave me preferential treatment in allowing me to climb over these tables in order to reach my usual place. (When the Rebbe arrived, the tables were heaved, dragged and levered a couple of feet to allow the Rebbe to pass through).

But, no one could stop the little boys from coming through underneath the tables. These children came and went just as they pleased. Therefore, in addition to the pressure from the back, we had the extra problem of little boys popping up, just in front of one.

On this first night of Succos, I could not relax sufficiently and to concentrate on what the Rebbe was saying. It was a terrible strain and needed great exertion and effort to remain standing - and my brand new suit would not have disgraced a garbage collector.

The Rebbe spoke for about twenty-five minutes. He pointed out that on every night of Succos we celebrated the additional Yom Tov of Simchas Bais Hashoevu and this simcha should be increased every day. Although this Yom Tov is not actually mentioned in the Torah, the Gemorra states that "whoever has not seen the Joy of Simchas Bais Hashoevu, which is connected with water, has not seen true rejoicing and joy. Therefore the Rebbe asked everyone to celebrate this Yom Tov in the Succah every night. "Shpeezen" - special guests also joined us on these occasions. They were our ancestors. 1 - Avrohom. 2 - Yitzchok. 3 - Yaakov. 4 - Moishe. 5- Aaron. 6 - Yoseph and 7 - Dovid. These corresponded to our own chassidische guests:- 1 - Baal Shem Tov. 2 - Maggid.-3 - Alter Rebbe. 4 - Mitteler Rebbe. 5 - Tzemech Tzedek. 6 - Maharash and 7 - Rashab. There was also 8 - the Previous Rebbe. In addition, there was our own Rebbe, Shlita. As I told the Rebbe twenty years ago, whenever and wherever there is a Lubavitch Farbraing or Seuda, our Rebbe is always present.

Furthermore, every night each one of these distinguished visitors take it in turn to be the Guest of Honour, or Chairman. On the first night the Master of Ceremonies is our Father Avrohom; on the second night, it is Yitzchok; and so on.

In the Succah

After Maariv we returned to our apartment and prepared to make Kiddush in the Succah.

What a wonderful Mitzvah is the Succah. It envelopes all who sit inside it, and invites them into one compact family. Even if they were complete strangers, totally unrelated to each other, everyone independent and bringing in their own food and drink, they become one unit.

I was a little apprehensive about who would be our companions and fellow diners. I need not have worried.

Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin, the Rov of Lubavitch (not to be confused with the Rebbe Shlita) sat in solitary state at the top of the table. His brother-in-law Rabbi Dubrawsky was seated at his left. At his right side was Reb Yankel Katz from Chicago, who was a guest of the Itkins.

Rabbis Pinson (from Tunisia) and Nottie Barkan were two gentlemen who had only recently been allowed to leave Russia. Rabbi Trevnick from Kfar Chabad was also present. I sat next to Rabbi Itkin, our official host. His son Label, and my son-in-law, Shmuel, together with my grandchildren Yossi, Mendel and Dovid (Avrohom's son) made up the twelve males who were joined together for the Succos meal.

Rabbi Dvorkin made Kidush, then so did his brother-in-law. They went out to wash and returned. Each brought in their own first course, soup or fish. Although we and the Itkins pleaded with these gentlemen to join us and to they were quite adamant and independent - they preferred to be their "own boss".

Roselyn and Yenta Chaya (my granddaughter) came into the Succah to hear mine and Shmuel's Kidush and to make Hamotzi. After which they disappeared for the rest of the evening.

Rabbi Dvorkin was asked a number of questions of Halacha which he answered quickly without hesitation.

A few words of Torah were expounded.

Then Yankel Katz "took the floor". (Incidentally, he asked me to make the following corrections to my last year's "Encounter". (1) His name is Yankel - and not Abraham. (2) He did not donate \$5,000 for the Rebbe's first posuk of the Atta Horaisa last year - it was for an undisclosed amount - (probably much more than \$5,000)

Yankel Katz is a sprightly young man of well over 80 years (till 120). When the Previous Rebbe arrived in New York, Yankel Katz was one of his first American supporters. Throughout his life he has been exceedingly friendly with the Rebbe Shlita, and is treated almost as "one of the family". The Rebbe had told him to repeat the stories about the "shpeezen" – Succos guests every year when he sat with others in the Succah. So we had a little bit of repetition of the Rebbe's Sicho.

Nottie Barkan related some of his experiences in Russia. He said he had received a seven year prison sentence. The worst crime was being religious. He had served one year and was then released. One of the most dreadful experiences was when he was called for questioning by the Police authorities. Food was the least of his worries. Nottie continued: Georgia, in Southern Russia near the Turkish border was always a stronghold of religion. Stalin was born there. These Georgians have lived there for hundreds of years. They were strong in their faith. The Jews would not allow the Shool to be closed. They lay down in the roadway. (it seems that they were treated unusually leniently - Z.J.) The Rebbe sent emissaries to

strengthen these people in their faith. In fact the Rebbe has tens - scores - of people working in Georgia, and there are many converts to Chabad.

I asked Nottie how old he was. He replied 59. I said h! looked so young, not more than 55. Nottie said, the Rebbe told him that the reason was because one doesn't count the years spent in jail or in custody.

He had worked in a factory which employed thousands of workers. One day the Director of this concern sent Nottie to buy some spare parts for some machines. He was told to make a "small diversion" to Kiev - about 500 miles, in order to buy four or five pounds of tomatoes! On this trip Nottie became unwell. There were no hotels in Kiev, nor anywhere else. Fortunately he had friends there, a Chabad family, who resided in a huge block of apartments. They lived four people to one room and slept and ate in the same room.

There was an adjacent building which contained the toilets - ten W.C.'s. for the thousand people from these apartments. Nottie said that as he felt ill he didn't stay there. He slept at the Airport.

He went to Moscow but could find nothing to do to make a living. One Succos sixteen Esrogim arrived from Rabbi Gorodinsky, of Lubavitch, Paris. Nottie managed to get two for all Moscow - one thousand people benched Esrog. The Lulovim were brought from Georgia. These were some of Nottie's naughty stories. We heard anecdotes and highlights from the others, who were all from Russia or of Russian origin.

The conversation then left this materialistic, prosaic and mundane level. We advanced to the spiritual heights. We discussed the merits of "190" White Spirits from Texas against the Russian "96" or alternatively pure Vodka.

Rabbi Itkin was a good host and piled everyone with 96 proof white spirits (almost pure alcohol) "not like in England **a capatee, capatee, just water**" he said. I tasted a little, and my tongue remained numb for some time. I had brought - as my contribution to the festivities - a large bottle of Glayva - a scotch liqueur. Rabbi Itkin was a little wary mixing his drinks. He distrusted these Red liqueurs. They were 70 proof strong, but because they were sweet, one didn't realize the potency of these drinks. Rabbi Itkin was a good barman, too, and everyone was becoming very happy. To add atmosphere to the stories, - and to make them more realistic - Rabbi Itkin commenced to sing an old Cossack Camp Fire Song. I sat next to him, so I joined in. We sang a duet together. One arm around each other's shoulder and flinging the other arm around and around for emphasis. We sang loud and unclear. I didn't know the Russian words, but that didn't matter. It was the spirit (96 proof) which counted. I know my children were having a very good laugh and we all spent a jolly and merry Simchas Beis Hashoevu.

Yom Tov

Next morning, Thursday, was the first day of Succos. Many thousands of people were anxious to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog. Every year some public spirited boys spontaneously and out of the goodness of their hearts, made it their business to distribute numbered tickets to all these thousands of people in order to save them waiting in long queues for extensive periods of time.

This year, Luzie Raichik was the organiser of this wonderful service. It necessitated that Luzie and his

friends should be at 770 from 7 a.m. in the morning. They deserved our grateful thanks. Over two thousand tickets were distributed that morning. Actually, I should apologise to Luzie, because he heartily objects to be called by that nickname, even if it is a term of "endearment". The Rebbe once gave a Sicho on the importance of being called by one's hebrew name, such as Avrohom, Yitzchok and Yaakov - and not by any English or American corruption of these appellations.

Luzie maintained that his proper name was Eliezer, (surely Luzie is also original hebrew) and he refused to answer to any other name. Luzie will learn in time that one has to earn respect or honour, one cannot demand it.

At 8.40 a.m., the Rebbe arrived at 770 with his Esrog. I was standing in the line when the Rebbe approached. I wished him a good Yom Tov. The Rebbe wished me the same and asked me whether I had celebrated Simchas Bais Hashoevu last night in the Succah. I answered in the affirmative. The Rebbe consented "but not for long".

I agreed and said "Yes, just for a short time only". I did not tell the Rebbe that after our Farbraingen in the Succah, Shmuel left with Yossi, Mendel and Dovid to visit the 770 and other Succos. They returned at 6 a.m. in the morning!

The Shachariss service commenced at 10 a.m. and followed the usual pattern. One very noticeable difference to last year's Yom Tov was the extraordinary large number of people present at 770. I thought that the limit had been reached the previous year and that no more people could be accommodated.

Yet on this Succos, it was estimated that there were at least fifty per cent more people present. A modern miracle! Mind you, I did feel very crushed all the time.

Yisroel Goldstein was doing a fine job marshalling the young boys who had congregated into the reserved area, near the Rebbe's platform. I admired his coolness and unruffled patience. As I have mentioned before, these very young boys came from underneath the tables. When a new contingent of twenty boys emerged, quite suddenly, it did make matters a little awkward and extremely compressed.

A new young friend of mine, Shneuer Zalmon Wolfe from Kfar Chabad, about twelve years old, was an expert at throwing his weight about - of which he had plenty — he was certainly a robust and very tough lad. A born leader, and not afraid to use physical force in order to attain his territorial objectives. He looked after me like a long lost father and ensured that I always had my reserved spot. In fact amongst the hundred or so little boys milling around this area there was always - invariably - one fisticuffs battle in progress. In addition there was always a poor little tormented soul crying and weeping. Yisroel Goldstein remained aloof, indifferent and unconcerned, as long as they did not climb onto the platform.

Just before we were due to recite Hallel, Myer Harlick brought in the Rebbe's Lulov and Esrog. (There were still many hundreds waiting to use the Rebbe's Esrog. They would have their opportunity after the morning service). He handed the set of Arba Minim to the Rebbe. It seemed that when two thousand people had used the Esrog, it needed First Aid. The Rebbe spent ten minutes straightening out the Hadassim and the Arovus - There were the usual two Arovus bound to the Rebbe's Lulov, but there were as many as twenty-six Hadassim!!! Not just the three which one normally possessed. There must be some mystic reason for having twenty-six.

On a subsequent morning, the Rebbe brought in a reserve Lulov. It was most interesting to see the Rebbe take the Arovus and Hadassim from the original Lulov and put them onto this second Lulov. Everyone watched spellbound whilst the Rebbe completed the operation, which took quite a while.

During the Hallel ceremony of Na-Anuim - that is the "Shaking" of the Lulov together with the other three Minim - the Esrog, Hadassim and Arovus, takes place.

At first the Lulov, Hadassim and Arovus are held in one's right hand. Then at the latter part of Hallel one takes also the Esrog and in this way the Arba Minim are held close together for the Shaking. At the appropriate times during Hallel - four times in all - the hands holding the Arba Minim point the Lulov towards six directions in rotation.

First the hands extend the Lulov southwards to their maximum length and the Lulov is shaken. It is then returned to one's chest and heart and shaken again. This exercise is performed - to and fro - three times.

This operation is repeated in the following additional directions - in this order - North. East. Upwards. Downwards and Westwards. This is to symbolize the bringing forth of all the spiritual goodness from every direction and part of the universe, to one's own domain.

I had requested Dovid Hickson to stand nearby and to be prepared to take the Arba Minim from me when I had finished my turn so that he too could participate in the Mitzvah of the Na-Anuim. I could then also fulfil the Rebbe's instructions of allowing at least another person from Manchester to use this Esrog and Lulov.

I had barely completed the operation when the Esrog and Lulov were snatched from my hands by a gentleman who did not possess his own set of Arba Minim. Fortunately he was a very quick operator, so fast indeed, that even after Dovid Hickson had finished his turn, there was time for another customer to "take a hand" before the Rebbe had ended this section of the Shaking.

At the end of Hallel, I started to sing Kailie Atoh. Everyone joined in. At the second paragraph - Howdu La'Shem we generally repeat the nigun, but during Succos we shake the Lulov at this point. So - I was stumped and non-plussed. I didn't know what to do. In that split second the Rebbe conveyed to Label Groner who relayed it to me - all in sign language - that I should continue the Nigun without singing the hebrew words, which we all did - with the new words of "Yom, Yom, Yom, Yam". (Another innovation for this Yom Tov).

After Hallel, those of the congregation who possessed the Arba Minim made one circuit of the Bimah - for the Hashaanos (ceremony) - carrying the Esrog and Lulov.

Last year I behaved like a gentleman!! I allowed others to take precedence over me, in the line. So - I was literally pushed right out! Therefore, having learned my lesson, I immediately followed behind and close to the Rebbe. But even that did not help. As soon as the Rebbe had passed, scores of men flung themselves right in front of me. By the time I had reached the first corner of the Bimah, I could see that the Rebbe had nearly completed the circuit. I had a long way to go yet. Meanwhile from every side hundreds of people stampeded into the line. Instead of going around the Bimah another branch line made a detour. They went up the steps and over the top of the Bimah to the other side. The two lines converged

together and collided in complete and utter confusion. It was every man for himself! Even when I arrived at the fourth and last corner of the Bimah, hundreds were still pushing their way into the line in order to commence their march around the Bimah. As for ME, I was only anxious to return to my place in the "reservation". My route to safety was completely blocked. No one took the slightest notice of me. I had to push, plead, appeal for help and push even more until Yisroel Goldstein saw my predicament and opened up a way for me through the tables.

Dovid Hickson related to me that he saw one distinguished Rabbi return from the circuit. He was very much dishevelled. His tallis had been lost in the crush. His Lulov was in his right hand, and the Hadassim in his left. The Esrog was stuffed into one pocket, and his small siddur into another pocket.

When the morning service had ended, Yankel Katz, who was a Kohen, jumped upon a bench and made a long speech including some announcements. He concluded his speech by turning to the Rebbe and pronouncing the Priestly Blessing - Yevorechacho etc. (The L-rd bless you and keep you and so forth). This occurred every single day after the morning service. Mr. Katz certainly liked to "duchen" literally, to mount the Priestly platform and bless the people, and was determined to do so. Anyway, the Rebbe was always highly amused.

That evening was the second night of Yom Tov. I had undergone a slight traumatic experience the previous evening. The Rebbe had, without warning, given over to us a Sicho, and I enjoyed a good crushing.

I considered that just in case the Rebbe would decide to relate to us another Sicho, it might be more sensible and safer if I could find a better and a more protected spot.

I stood, therefore, behind a solid steel pillar. I considered that this would be as good a safeguard as any other.

In the event the Rebbe did speak after the service for thirty-five minutes. I had once again made a poor choice of where to stand. The steel girder, instead of being a protection became a dangerous hazard. I was in a more confined space, with not much room in which to move, and every time the crowd swayed, which was very frequently, I was banged and bumped and crushed against the steel pillar, which being solid metal would not budge even a fraction. The Rebbe spoke again on Friday and on Saturday nights for about half an hour on each occasions. On Friday night my back was forced over backwards against a bench. It was almost broken. By Saturday night, I considered that discretion was the better part of valour and I returned to the comparative safety of standing in the seating section of the Shool.

Chapter 16: Chol Hamoed and Simchas Bais Hashoevu

The Rebbe impressed upon us the importance of increasing day by day the simcha and joy of this Simchas Bais Hashoevu Yom Tov. Shmuel (and the boys) were always eager and alert to do the Rebbe's bidding but in this instance were more than resolute and firm in obeying the Rebbe's instructions. On that night they visited friends - and sang and danced in the streets until 4.30 a.m. in the morning. (On Friday night, they were up until 6.30 a.m., and on Saturday night Shmuel never went to bed at all — anyway more about this later.)

However - on Friday morning, the second day of Succos, I arrived at 770 at 7.15 a.m in order to collect my numbered ticket for my turn to Bench with the Rebbe's Esrog. I found about twenty men already waiting there.

I stayed for about five minutes. I was then told that the boy who was distributing the tickets that morning had just slipped off to the Mikvah for a few minutes. I decided that I could also slip off to the same place - I might even see the boy on the way. I did see him - he had slipped into the hot water and was enjoying a dip. I also slipped off my clothes, rushed in - and out, got dressed - and yet the fellow was still in the nice warm Mikvah. He had already been soaking for about fifteen minutes. He seemed to have plenty of time.

I remonstrated with him. I explained that people were waiting for him outside in the cold. He was quite unimpressed, unconcerned and unrepentant. He stated that he had now transferred this job of distributing the tickets to another one of his friends. He was fed up and did not intend to arrange this service any more.

I returned to 770 and told the hundred or so people who were patiently waiting for their tickets, that there would be no distribution - neither on that day nor on any of the following days. This announcement did not have the dramatic effect which I thought it would have. There was no obvious dismay or cries of thwarted rage.

Instead of standing in a line waiting for Luzie's friends, they just stood in the same line waiting for the Rebbe and the Rebbe's Esrog.

As usual, I was pretty early, and stood on the pavement near the steps of 770. Within a short time there was a queue of people stretching almost to the next block - to Brooklyn Avenue. At 8.15 a.m. my friend, Avrohom Gluck stopped by me to have a chat. I noticed that gradually and surreptitiously other men and boys were lining up behind Avrohom Gluck. By 8.30 a.m. there was now firmly established a second long line, formed adjacent to the original - the main one.

Just then a friend of Mr. Gluck stopped to have a talk with him, and the whole process was repeated. In less than no time there were now three long lines stretching away into the far distance.

I was personally very annoyed. It wasn't fair either to all these people who had been waiting since 7.30

a.m. However, I could not really object because everyone insisted that I should take precedence. But I was surprised to notice that the rest of the people remained so placid, docile and acquiescent. They took it all with good humour. They had plenty of time and had no where else to go - and most important, it was not raining. Some caught up with their Tehillim (Psalms), others with their learning, but most of them just chatted with their neighbours and friends.

Our apartment was next door but one to 770. The Rebbe's library was the only building in between. Roselyn almost invariably met the Rebbe either outside our apartment or saw him when he entered 770. That morning the Rebbe gave Roselyn his usual wonderful smile and asked her where was her Ainekale (her granddaughter Yenta Chaya).

All our family who were present at that time in Crown Heights gradually removed into our apartment. We were now comparatively full up - seven of us - Roselyn and I - Dovid (Avrohom's son) and Shmuel, with Yossi, Mendel and Yenta Chaya. There was no doubt at all that the apartment was very conveniently situated.

We could be in 770 within seconds, which was much better than having to walk all the way to the end of Carroll Street - about twenty minutes.

The children were also partial to Roselyn's cooking and were continuously popping in and out of the flat at all times of the day and night. Eventually they would all troop into the apartment at about 4.30 a.m. in the morning - everyone of them "dead beat" and starving.

Roselyn had filled the fridge and the oven with all kinds of hot and cold dishes, already to be served at a moment's notice. But I do not think that Roselyn trusted them not to make a mess, because as soon as she heard them enter the apartment, she would arise from bed and attend to their needs.

When we returned home to England, Roselyn confess to me that she had never slept (except for an occasional "cat-nap") for the whole two weeks which we spent in Crown Heights.

On Saturday night before the conclusion of Shabbos, a discussion arose, amongst the Rebbe's lieutenants, as to where the Maariv service would be held. This normally took place in the Bais Hamedrash and because of the fact that the Havdola had to be made in the Succah, it seemed an obvious choice to daven upstairs.

I pointed out that only a small fraction of those present could be accommodated upstairs. Furthermore, there was no place for the women to daven or even to see and hear in the Bais Hamedrash. In addition to which, the Ladies' Shool was absolutely overcrowded, at this very moment - with women and girls. They wished to daven with the Rebbe and to be ready and prepared, in case the Rebbe would give over another Sicho. Obviously the Rebbe himself would decide - have the last word.

However, these arguments seemed to prevail, although many doubted whether the Rebbe would speak again that evening.

The Rebbe had spoken on three consecutive evenings - in Jewish Law this constituted a Chazoka - a tradition which could not be easily broken, so I was pretty sure that the Rebbe would daven downstairs in

the Large Shool and relate to us a Sicho which would also include the message of how we should increase the Joy of Simchas Bais Hashoevu every day. Havdola could still be made in the Succah after the service. In the event, the Rebbe did daven downstairs and the Rebbe did speak to us again after Maariv.

At about midnight, Yenta Chaya came dashing into our apartment, breathless and excited. She gasped out that thousands of people were singing and dancing in the streets and we should come quickly. In addition, it seemed that Ellie Lipsker, our internationally famous Lubavitch "Showman" had become so carried away with all the excitement, he became so inspired with joy and Simcha, that he spontaneously brought out his accordian. He was joined by two brothers, who normally gave concerts professionally. They brought their drums, saxophones and trumpets(?). They set up their stand at the corner of Kingston Avenue and Montgomery Street. A microphone was installed - and night was turned into day. The police even diverted the traffic.

Yenta Chaya continued by informing us that an announcement was made to the effect that there would be a repeat performance on the following night - Sunday. Under those circumstances, and as we were so very tired, we decided to attend the next night's festivities, instead.

Dovid, Yossi and Mendel walked into the apartment at about 5 a.m. They had come to eat and to sleep. They mumbled something about a carnival and fireworks.

Shmuel had a speaking engagement in New Haven, at 9 a.m. in the morning. He came along to the flat at about 6.30 a.m. in order to have a wash, change his torn "770" Kapota (Long jacket) and his shirt. Unfortunately he couldn't get in. We were all in a very heavy deep sleep. It was impossible to wake any of us. Luckily he met Yisroel Shem Tov who owned a suit and kapota shop in Kingston Avenue. He lent Shmuel a brand new kapota. He didn't sell shirts - so off Shmuel went to Newhaven.

He returned to the flat at 2 p.m. He had not yet davened - nor benched Esrog. He had not eaten, nor had he slept - He had a good time, though!

This Sunday was to be a busy day for me. First of all, I forwarded to the Rebbe a "short progress report".

I wrote:-

"Unlike last year, when I was isolated protected and safeguarded on the Rebbe's platform, this year I am put "amongst the boys". I put on a nice new suit for Yom Tov. By last night not only was it torn in a couple of places but it looked as if I had joined the garbage collectors Union. I have no legs left. It is not only Miseras Hanefesh, but Miseras Haregel. I have also lost my voice.

"Every night, the Rebbe gives us over a Sicho. He tells us – Increase every day - in Simcha. We have been singing and dancing in the streets. Shmuel went to bed on the first night at 6 a.m., the second night at 4.30 a.m., third at 6.30 a.m. Last night he didn't go to bed at all - and went off to New Haven.

"Yossi, Mendie and Dovid have also been up almost all night - every night. It is 10 a.m. in the morning and they are all sleeping, completely exhausted. Yenta Chaya went to bed early last night

at 3 a.m.

"I thank the Rebbe for everything, especially for...."

Incidentally, the trousers of this suit had become extremely crushed and creased. They looked terrible. They needed a good pressing, but at that time we did not have an iron handy.

Shmuel introduced me to a new "First Aid Ironing" invention. It was wonderful in its simplicity. All we had to do was to boil a kettle full of water. We then placed the trousers neatly folded on a flat surface - a table, covered with a cotton cloth and used the base of the HOT kettle, still full of boiling water as a Pressing Iron. "And it worked too".

The next item on the agenda that morning was the Twenty-fifth Lubavitch Youth Convention. I had not received any official invitation to, nor notification of this event. However, I did decide to drop in for a few moments to see what was happening.

As soon as I entered the Hall, Rabbi Hollander coerced me into sitting on the platform at the top table, where many distinguished Rabbonim and notable gentlemen graced the assembly.

Amongst them were Rabbis Chadakov, Mentelik, Dovid Raskin, Hollander, Shmuel Dovid Raichik, Zusi Williamofsky, our own Nachman Sudak and Yankel Katz.

Rabbi Butman was the Chairman. He greeted and extended a warm welcome to the delegates. Greetings and letters had also been received from the President of the U.S.A., Jimmy Carter, the Vice-President, Senators and so forth.

President Carter's letter was read out aloud to the Assembly. He had written that this Twenty-fifth Annual Convention was an important milestone. It also gave him a chance to applaud the achievements of Lubavitch, which was established two hundred years ago in the town of that name - which literally means the "City of Love", and "You are continuing in the right way to safeguard your heritage".

The next speaker was Harrison J. Golding, the Comptroller (Controller) of the City of New York, and the Second-in-Command. He told us that the Rebbe is the father of tens of thousands of children all over the world. He "wished us well" and welcomed us on behalf of "this great City". He congratulated us on our work in the furtherance of Jewish Education and may it go "Mai Chayil El Chayil" (from strength to strength).

Most, if not all, of those who sat at the top table were being asked to say a few words, or give a report of Lubavitch activities in their respective cities (for example, Rabbi Sudak was to talk about the progress in London).

I stayed for about an hour and decided to leave. I had a number of matters to which I had to attend. The Chairman tried to prevail upon me to remain for another hour or so, because he also wished me to say a few words about Manchester - this was the very first intimation I received about a speaking engagement. I refused that honour, because (1) I would never, if at all possible, speak in public unless I had time to prepare my speech. (The Rebbe has often warned that one should never undertake a public duty without

thorough preparation), and (2) I just could not wait so long.

I returned in time for the Rebbe's Mincha service. When he did arrive there was the "usual" outburst of spontaneous and furious singing. The Rebbe ascended to his platform. He turned to us - and to the seventy little boys who were standing facing him, and he urged us all to sing louder and faster. At one time everyone in the hall, except ONE - was singing, yelling and screeching - whilst at the same time jumping up - and down with great gusto. The one exception was the "Comptroller of this great City of New York". He could not let himself go - completely - but he did stand amongst the crowd and clapped his hands together lightly but very rhythmically.

After Mincha I was standing outside 770 when a car drew up. The Rashag's wife (the Rebbe's sister-in-law) stepped out. I noticed that there was another lady sitting in the rear of the car - and she was waving to me. I was gratified and delighted to see that it was our own dear Rebbetzen.

Poor Roselyn was sitting on her usual bench opposite to 770, and she missed this auspicious and lucky occurrence.

I heard later that they had been to the hospital to see the Rashag. The latest bulletin stated that he was making satisfactory progress, but it was not yet certain whether he would be able to return to 770 for Simchas Torah.

There was much noise, laughter and music emanating from the Succah at 770, so I went to investigate, together with Roselyn.

We discovered that there was a party in progress for over two hundred Russian immigrants. The Succah was crowded with men, women and children, but mostly with women. Entertainment and food were provided.

A little girl was singing and Ellie Lipsker accompanied her on his own accordion. Levi Baumgarten followed - also with a few songs. Afterwards, Rabbi Nisnevitch made quite a long speech in Russian - I didn't understand even one word - whilst a man, quite undeterred went amongst the audience offering his services with his Esrog and Lulov. He was annoyed when Roselyn refused to have a shake!

Meanwhile many in the Succah had lost interest in this long speech - which was still being delivered, although I was positive that they understood Russian - or maybe that was just the reason why they had lost interest. However, they were chatting, drinking soda, eating cake, and benching Esrog.

Chazan Levin, from Paris, was the next entertainer.

Before we left, we heard a lady address the assembly. She spoke very vehemently (in Russian, of course) on the significance and importance of lighting the candles on Shabbos and on the Festivals. She explained that many women had fulfilled this mitzvah in Russia - in secret. It had sustained their morale during all the privations which they had suffered. Now T.G. they were free and could practice this Mitzvah in the open and in public.

As I have stated previously, the Rebbe had urged all of us to increase every day the joy of the Yom Tov

of Simchas Bais Hashoevu. Moreover we were told to visit - especially - other communities in their Succahs and to celebrate this Yom Tov together with them in order that they could enjoy this Simcha in added measure.

I was prevailed upon to join a group. I didn't have much choice. My name had been put onto a published list, which was also submitted to the Rebbe.

Our group was to meet outside 770 at 6.30 p.m. in the evening and travel by car to Englewood, in New Jersey. Rabbi Binyam Cohen was our group leader. I knew him well when he resided in London. A nice young man. He had now been living in Melbourne, Australia for the past six years. Our colleagues on this mission were Rabbi Ellie Zilberstrum and his son Binyomin from Jerusalem; Rabbi Label Zalmanoff of Bnei Brak. The driver's name was Shmuel Light from Toronto, but now living in New York.

We duly arrived at the Englewood Synagogue and Community Centre in New Jersey, promptly, at the appointed time of 7.45 p.m.

A few members of the Englewood Community were already present. We chatted together for about thirty minutes. We then made our way to the Succah. On the table were set glasses, cake and soda.

Subsequently there were twenty-three men and women present (sixteen from Englewood and seven of us - I cannot recall the name of the seventh person in our group).

It was a nice large Succah, and just like the Home of Abraham our forefather, it had a large open doorway on each of the four sides. But unlike Abraham's house it was rather cold in this succah.

Rabbi Cohen opened up the proceedings. He modestly confessed that he was a teacher in Melbourne (Actually he was the Head of the Yeshiva). He spoke about his experiences in London and in Australia.

After his talk, he produced a bottle of vodka. We needed this because the atmosphere in this succah was becoming colder all the time - not spiritually, but materially. With the four large open doors, we were vulnerable and wide open to all the elements. (We could have done with an electric element). However, the vodka warmed us up a little. We then sang some nigunim, which also helped to "break the ice".

Rabbi Cohen then invited me to say a few words. I spoke about this Yom Tov of Simchas Bais Hashoevu, of the joy and ecstasy with which it was commemorated in the days of the Bess Hamikdosh (Holy Temple). I also read a few excerpts from my last "Encounter with the Rebbe", after which we sang more nigunim. The two Rabbonim from Israel whom we had brought with us were very cheerful and lively gentlemen, who sang with much verve and "frailichkeit". Unfortunately they could not understand nor could they speak one single word of English.

Binyomin felt a little sorry for them. After all they were distinguished Rabbonim and excellent speakers - in Yiddish. He asked the audience whether they understood Yiddish. The answer was in the negative - no. He now felt more sorry for them and persisted in asking one of them to address us.

He did so. He spoke very well indeed, but not having understood one word of which I had said, he repeated most of the remarks which I had related about Simchas Bais Hashoevu. After he had concluded, Binyamin considered it only right and proper that the audience should know what the speaker had said to them in Yiddish.

So, for their benefit, he translated the Yiddish into English. So for the third time we were treated to the same story of Simchas Beis Hashoevu. Three times - already a Chazoka - a tradition.

I decided to try and enliven the proceedings by telling a good "Yiddish Joke". The one about the two Jewish gentlemen who met each other in New York. It happened before the War. They chatted, and typically, one asked the other from where he came. "I come from a small village in Poland," he replied. The next question was how many Jews lived there. "About five hundred" was the answer. "Tell me" went on the other "What do they do for a living?" "Oh, they are boot makers, tradesmen and farmers". "How many gentiles are there in your village?" went on the questioner. "About fifty" was the reply. "And what do they do?" he was asked. "Oh, they go around the village all day Shabbos making the fires and stoking up the heat. They are called "Fire Goyim".

It was now the Polish Jew's turn to ask the questions. "Where do you come from?" - "Manchester", was the answer. "How many Jews live there?" - "About forty thousand". "Forty thousand Jews. KAH. How very wonderful. What do they all do for a living?" "They are shopkeepers, factory owners, merchant bankers and so forth." "Now tell me, how many gentiles are there in Manchester?" "About seven hundred thousand". "Seven hundred thousand gentiles! Tell me why do you need so many goyim?!"

No laughter, no acclamation greeted the punch line of this joke. And I always thought it was such a good one. I had related it in English, too. It then dawned on me that in these days, in modern America - and in England, too, there was no need any longer for non-Jews to go from house to house to make and stoke up the fires. Everyone had a central heating system installed in their homes even with Shabbos clocks and these fire goyim had become redundant many many years ago. It was no wonder that they could not appreciate the joke. I must be getting older. I can well recall on more than one occasion waiting, shivering with cold on a Shabbos morning for the fire boy to come along and light the fire.

Before we left, I was approached by Mrs R. Dilcher, of Box 454, West New York, N.J. 07093. She wished to purchase my book. She wanted to know the price and she desired to pay me immediately. It was very gratifying, but I had none to spare. I did have just one left in my apartment, but someone had borrowed it, and I have never seen it since. The person who borrowed it was a Rabbi. I gave him a copy of Number Eleven. He wanted also Number Ten. I only had this one copy left. He insisted - he must have it. It is priceless. And to prove it he wished to take the Number Ten and was going to photocopy every page. It would cost a mere \$14½. It was well worth it, he said. And he would return the book to me straight away. I was persuaded to part with this edition, and I have not seen him, nor the book, since.

I will admit that I remained in Crown Heights only about ten days after this event. And to photocopy one hundred and forty pages would take a long time. Maybe it will take twelve months, especially if my borrower is touring or working in remote parts of Europe. I hope that he will return to 770 next year - with my "Encounter".

We returned from Englewood at 11 p.m. The driver dropped us off at the corner of Eastern Parkway and Kingston Avenue, adjacent to 770. I had been wondering whether the Rebbe had been relating another Sicho after Maariv.

However the first thing I noticed was that there were hundreds of men and women, boys and girls,

promenading and parading up and down Eastern Parkway and near to 770. It looked like a pre-War Bank Holiday crowd on the North Pier, Blackpool or on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City in the same period. All were busy walking, talking and shouting.

Above all this din, I heard the Rebbe's voice coming over the loudspeaker situated outside 770. I presumed that this was a recording of a previous Sicho.

I was amazed and flabbergasted to learn that this was actually the Rebbe himself, in person, still giving over the Sicho, which he had begun over one and a half hours ago. The Rebbe was probably waiting for me to return from Englewood! I managed to push my way into 770, and perforce had to stay at the far back of the Hall. I listened to the Rebbe for another hour or so. So instead of the Sicho taking thirty minutes as they did on the previous four evenings, we now had the pleasure of a two and a half hour long one. Fortunately the microphone made it possible to hear the Rebbe from every part of the Hall and even outside.

It was now well past midnight, so I collected Roselyn from the flat and we went to join the festivities at Kingston Avenue and Montgomery Street.

There was now a six piece (man) band with Ellie Lipsker and other friends in attendance. They were installed upon an open truck. It was really lively. Not only was the band itself making a terrific noise, but the sound was amplified by microphones and loudspeakers. Extra lighting had also been fixed.

About fifteen hundred men and boys were dancing and singing, and about seven hundred women and girls - and quite a few babies - were milling around too. All the windows and the doors of the premises round about were wide open. Crowds of people were at each window and doorway - and every outside fire escape was filled to overflowing - very dangerously, I might add - with people who should have known better. We left at 1.30 a.m. I was told that the band played on until 4.30 a.m. It still wasn't late enough for some of our dancers who continued at it until 5.30 a.m.

Later on an announcement was made to the effect that there would again be singing and dancing in the streets on the following night - all through the night - with bands playing the music. But - the venue - was changed to a different location - about half a mile away from the present site. It seemed that the neighbours had suffered quite enough and had complained to the authorities. I didn't blame them!!

One evening the news was flashed through the grape-vine that the Rebbe intended to visit the Succah at 770, in order to welcome all the visitors and guests.

Although I did not take my meals in this Succah, I did consider myself as a visitor. I therefore made my way there very quickly, accompanied by Mendel.

The Succah was built at the side of 770 - along its full length. I surmised that the Rebbe would address us NOT from the top end of the Succah, but from the centre spot, so that he would be equidistant from everyone in this building.

We chose very good seats, so that we should be sitting directly facing the Rebbe.

The Rebbe arrived followed by his personal aides - Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner, Bimyamin Klyne and Myer Harlick - and he walked right to the far end of the Succah.

Mendie, the perfect gentleman, gave up his seat to Naftali Cohen - but it didn't make any difference. Because as soon as the Rebbe commenced to speak, everyone jumped up onto the benches and onto the tables. Obviously those of us who still remained in our seats - and it had become dangerous to do so, could neither see nor hear anything. We did manage to struggle to our feet, but vision and sound were still obscured. We all stood crushed together, until the Rebbe concluded his talk and made his exit from the Succah.

When the Rebbe speaks through the microphone, everyone can hear (even as far as Manchester and Israel!!) but it is really a great pity that we, who are standing only a few yards from the Rebbe can see and hear nothing (when no microphone is being used) only just because people are selfish. If everyone would remain seated or stood in their own places, everyone would have a chance to see and to hear. But when everyone is, literally, trying to climb higher than his neighbour then it becomes just hopeless. Roselyn informed me that whilst the Rebbe was speaking scores of men and boys - plus a couple of Russian or French women were hanging down the outside wall of the Succah - along its whole length. Some were clutching the roof ends, others were clutching the legs of those already hanging there. Roselyn said "The whole wall was black with what looked like leeches".

Next morning, Monday, I arose as usual at 7.30 a.m. I discovered that Yossi had not been into bed at all that night. He had slept on a bench in 770 for an hour. Dovid and Mendie had been asleep since 6 a.m. and were "dead to the world". I realise that they were obeying the Rebbe's instructions in so far as increasing Simcha more and more each day. But I would have considered it more important and beneficial to daven with the Rebbe than to remain fast asleep when it was time for the morning service.

I was early, so I managed to obtain my usual place in the "Esrog" line at 770. The Rebbe had been very anxious about my health on the previous day, because I had stood outside without wearing a coat. I was determined to put on a coat on this morning even if it was heatwave weather. The Rebbe arrived at 8.40 a.m. He glanced at me. He glanced at my coat. Then he gave me a lovely smile of acknowledgement and appreciation. The Rebbe was obviously pleased that I had obeyed and carried out his command.

Chapter 17: The Children's Rally and G-d's Army

You will have read in the early part of this book about a Children's Rally which took place last Shovuos, when I had the merit and pleasure to act as Chazan (Reader) at the Mincha service.

The Rebbe's theme at that time was that "the Hearts of the Fathers should turn to their Children, and the Hearts of the Children to their Fathers".

On this Monday afternoon a similar Rally was to be held after Mincha.

Again, the boys sat in the front of the Hall, and the girls at the rear. There was no mechitzoh (division) but one was ready to be affixed at a moment's notice during the Mincha service. Rabbi J. J. Hecht was in charge. A couple of clowns were jumping and scampering about amongst the children.

One of them, with a white face (painted), a long red nose (false) and a big bushy beard (not false) approached me - he wanted to borrow a Gartel (black belt) with which to daven Mincha. There was also a band in attendance.

The Rebbe had already issued a special letter for this Rally, which was relevant and pertinent to Jewish Children all over the world.

In this letter was mentioned, for the first time (as far as I am aware) the words "Tzivos Hashem" (G-d's Army). The Rebbe would elaborate on this new theme in his talk to the children that afternoon.

Rabbi Moishe Bogomilsky read out this letter to the assembly, whilst everyone remained standing.

"To All Jewish Children of
pre-Bar/Bas Mitzvah Age

G-d bless you all!

Greeting and Blessing:

You surely know that we are now in a special year, called the year of Hakhel (Year of Assembly). During the time when the Bais Hamikdosh (Holy Temple) in Jerusalem was in existence, it was in this year - and precisely in these (first) days of Chol-hamo'ed Succos - that the special Mitzvah (G-d's commandment) of Hakhel was carried out: All Jews, men, women, and children, even the very young ones, were assembled in the Bais Hamikdosh, where the King read before them portions from the Torah, and everybody listened very attentively, and learned to keep and do all that is written in the Torah throughout their entire life.

You surely also know that the Torah requires us, all Jews, to observe the anniversaries of important happenings in the history of our Jewish people; and to think deeply about these events, and to relive them as though we were there in person, in order to learn from them the proper lessons and to apply them in our personal lives, in our daily life here and now.

For example: When our very first festival, Pesach - on the 15th of Nissan - comes around, the uppermost thought in our mind is how G-d took us out from the Golus (exile) and slavery of Egypt, and made us free to serve Him and fulfil His Mitzvos.

Similarly, when the days of Hakhel come around (once in seven years), everyone of us, including the very small children, must become deeply mindful that our homes and every Jewish home, also the Jewish school that houses the children (and their classmates), should be pure and holy, like being in the Bais Hamikdosh; and that in every Jew, young and old, there is a "king" that rules and directs his daily activities, this being our Emunah (belief) in G-d, with which we begin our everyday life, as all of us, including the tiny tots say immediately upon rising in the morning: Modeh ani - "I give thanks to You, living and eternal King." We must listen attentively, with obedience and devotion, to this "king" in us, in order to make sure that everything we do is in keeping with what is written in His Torah.

Everyone should also be involved in Hakhel: Starting now and continuing through the year - on suitable occasions, and particularly on Shabbos - to get together for the purpose of learning a portion of Torah or a Torah subject, and encouraging each other in the doing of Mitzvos all the better.

In order that all this should be with still greater Hatzlocho, it would be a good idea for those who can participate more often in such gatherings, to form a kohol, a permanent group, or unit, under the same name everywhere "Tzivos Hashem" "G-d's Army", to which every Jew already belongs from childhood, all the better to carry out the Divine order: "Fill the earth and master it" - mastering all that is around him/her by filling the environment with true light, the light of Torah and Mitzvos, so that everyone will see and know that the whole world is G-d's.

Wishing you much Hatzlocho in all above, and - a joyful Yom Tov, and that the entire year should be a good and sweet year.

Note: Because of the holiness of the Festival the Rebbe Shlita did not sign this letter.

Rabbi Butman told an interesting story, the band played. The clowns clowned and everybody sang.

Then the Rebbe arrived amidst great excitement. Film photographers rushed forward dragging their heavy equipment and long trailing wires. Then they retreated - and ran around in circles. Leaders were chasing children away from the passageway which the Rebbe intended to use on his way to the lectern on the platform. The children rushed back, in between the leaders' legs. When ten were pushed back - another twenty came forward. The Rebbe halted for a few moments, whilst he handed over money for Tzedoka (Charity) to various children. He then marched forward towards the platform to the tune of "Vesomachto". The Rebbe set a terrific pace when he arrived on the platform. (I ceased clapping my hands, much sooner than the Rebbe did).

I think that the Chazan had started the service, because the whole assembly took over, saying Ashray together, word by word, slowly and tunefully. Rabbi J. J. and/or Rabbi Butman led the congregation. They sang and said it through the microphone.

No one could hear the Chazan, so during the Kaddish and the repetition of the Amida, Myer Horlick

stood close to the Chazan. Whenever the name of G-d was mentioned in the Brochas, Myer would signal to those gentlemen who were at the microphone so that the congregation could answer Boruch Hu UBoruch Shmo. The same occurred during the Kaddish and at the conclusion of the Brocha when Myer would give a different signal so that the children - with the Rebbe leading them - could reply Omain and so forth in a slow but loud rhythmic manner.

Every service is normally concluded with the paragraph of Olainu, and is followed by the Mourners' Kaddish. It is our custom to recite another four sentences, which are said silently - and quickly.

However, at Children's services, the second of these four sentences commencing Utzu Aitzo is sung, and repeated many many times, with very much fervour and energy. In fact, from this time onwards until after Shabbos Beraishis, which this year occurred on the day immediately following Simchas Torah. The Rebbe made a point of ensuring that the Utzu Aitzo sentence was sung loudly and vigorously after every service.

The Rebbe personally began this tune and conducted the children with a very fast and increasingly quicker tempo.

The English translation of the first sentence is "Do not fear sudden terror, nor the destruction of the wicked when it comes". We then sing the second sentence, Utzo - which means "Contrive a scheme but it will be foiled; conspire a plot, but it will not materialise, for G-d is with us".

The next item was the recital of the Twelve Torah sayings. J.J. had a little difficulty in obtaining order. The drummer gave a long roll on the drums and concluded with a loud bang and crash on the cymbals. The Rebbe was highly amused. This achieved the required effect and there was complete silence for a few moments. J.J. complained that it was the adults in the Women's Shool and the men and boys in the other Ladies department who were making all this fearful din. They should be given lollipops, like babies.

J.J. commented that we had visitors and guests from all over the world - just like a mixed up United Nations. He was therefore choosing representatives from different countries to recite these twelve verses. All, of course, were under Bass-Mitzvah or Bar-Mitzvah age. He called up the following five girls and seven boys:

Schneur Zalmon Goldstein from Spain

Sholom Ben Nachshon from Tzefas,

S. Zalmon Wolfe from Nachlass Chabad,

Miss Rivka Glitzlein, Jerusalem - all from Israel.

Miss Channa Soro Loewenthal and Menachem Mendel Vogel, both from London, England.

Levi Yitzchok Azimoff and Miss Chaya Mousa Liberoff represented Paris, France.

Miss Rivka Aidelman came from Morocco.

Miss Shainie Rivka Bellina was from Italy.

and Levi Yitzchok Caplan from Seattle and Menacham Mendel Gurevitz from New York both lived in the U.S.A.

All the above recited their verses in an excellent manner. They emphasised each word both vocally and physically - whilst all the assembly repeated every word after them. The Rebbe then addressed the children in Yiddish. After speaking for about seven or eight minutes, the Rebbe paused for a slight intermission whilst Rabbi J.J. translated what the Rebbe had said, into English. This happened on a few occasions until the Rabbi had concluded the whole Sicho.

The main gist and points which the Rebbe emphasised were - in my opinion - as follows (my own version).

The Rebbe was confident that the message which he had relayed by letter to all Jewish children regarding this year of Hakhel, was received and comprehended by all boys and girls, especially by the young and even by the tiny tots.

Although we now possess no Bais Hamikdosh and we are in exile, yet during this Success, in this year of Haakel, we have to ensure that the children are gathered together to listen to words of Torah with much liveliness and joy - and with self-sacrifice. When these children will become Bar-Mitzvah or Bass-Mitzvah, they will remember throughout all their lives what is stated in the Torah, which Moishe (Rabainu) taught us and which was given to us as a permanent inheritance (heritage) - for ever.

The little children will surely have success in the battle with their "Evil Inclination". They are in the Army of the A'Mighty "Tzivas Hashem". Soldiers and officers who know what it says in the Torah, and will therefore win the battle for Yiddishkeit.

In these days of Success - and the Simcha of this Yom Tov will last throughout the whole year, everyone will recognise that these children are in G-d's Army. Then G-d's promise will ensure success, with happiness, in their battles against the Evil Inclination and for the benefit of Yiddishkeit.

The first Mitzvah on the list of Mivtzaim (the Rebbe's Mitzvah Campaign) is "Love Your Neighbour as Yourself". Therefore, all should influence their friends for good - even little boys and girls.

We are now, all of us mobilised into G-d's Army. G-d created the World. He is the Boss, and the One and Only Commander-in-Chief. G-d relies upon you to fight His Wards against the Evil Inclination and you are going to win. You are in G-d's Army and each soldier realises that it is a serious, resolute, though a happy matter. When the soldier receives an order he does not ask for an explanation. His job is to carry out the order without question or hesitation.

When one eats, then the food must be Kosher. It may look nice, it may even be nice. Nevertheless, the order is issued that if it is not Kosher, then we must not eat it. In addition a Brocha must first be made. The same applies to drink.

A soldier must have discipline, otherwise he may endanger the whole Army.

No is No. A trooper does not know what is going on at the Front. But he does realise that each order must be carried out and obeyed immediately. Even if he thinks that he can do something different, which in his opinion may be beneficial, he is not allowed to do so. Even an officer does not know everything. Only the Commander-in-Chief knows the overall plan. Our Commander-in-Chief is Our G-d, Our Holy King. We must all accept the yoke of the Kingdom of Heaven, and carry out His orders with confidence and Simcha.

Another matter -, there has to be a constant check on the troops. They have to be paraded regularly and judged in order to see how they had comported and acquitted themselves.

Those who had distinguished themselves will receive citations, medals and gifts.

The Rebbe went on to say that a Parade should now be planned for Channuka time. Each soldier, boy and girl, should bring with them a report on how they had behaved and those who had shown outstanding merit would receive valuable prizes.

A booklet would be issued with space on the last page, wherein to write the names of friends who might be persuaded to join G-d's Army. The Rebbe quoted the two well-known apt verses: (1) "If you will see, then you will find" and (2) "Words which come from the heart will reach the (other's) heart". Therefore speak to all your friends. Go home and influence your Dad, and your Mom, your brother and your sister, and yes - your Bobby and Zaidie - because - all are in G-d's Army. And the Commander-in-Chief will get much pleasure. He will bestow His blessings on you all, for a year of goodness and sweetness every day - spiritually and materially.

The Rebbe continued by saying that he desired to impress upon all those who had listened to this broadcast, (The proceedings of this Rally were relayed throughout the U.S.A. and to the whole world) that they should try and fulfil what was said here this afternoon. Also those who were in touch with friends in different towns and in other countries, should recount to them what was spoken here. The Rebbe advised that the Twelve Torah verses should be translated and printed into the aforementioned booklets and all should be prepared for the forthcoming Parade.

We have now davenned Mincha, and recited the Twelve Torah verses. We now have to give Tzedoka before we leave.

The Rebbe concluded by saying that there should be gatherings of children everywhere, all over the world before Shemini Atzeress and they should all give money for Tzedoka. Then G-d's Army will march with hands (and heads) held high together with our youngsters and our oldsters to meet our Moshiach (Redeemer). We will, with G-d's help, take us out of Exile into Our Holy Land and into Jerusalem, our capital City.

Every single Jew has a claim on Jerusalem, even small children. King David bought it and it is ours. All of it belongs to us - the Temple Mount, the Western Wall and so forth. No one is allowed to give up any part of our everlasting inheritance.

Moshiach is coming, and will rebuild the Holy Temple in Jerusalem, where once again all Jews will gather together in the Bais Hamikdosh, especially during the years of Hakhel, to celebrate the Yom Tov of Success (and the other Festivals).

It was then announced that all the boys' leaders should come forward to the Rebbe who was standing on the platform. They would be handed copies of the Rebbe's letter and dimes which they should distribute to all the boys (the dimes in order to fulfil the Mitzvah of giving Tzedoka) after which the girls' leaders were invited to come along. Well - ALL the girls - Every one of them - in addition to the leaders, made a dash for the platform!! I cannot say that I really blamed them!

The Rally ended with everyone singing the latest and most popular refrain of "We want Moshiach now, we want Moshiach now, we want Moshiach now, we do not want to wait". Practically every service ended with the children singing this song in English.

The Rebbe had instructed us to increase the Simcha of Yom Tov every day. Nowhere was this seen more clearly than at 770, and especially was this so just prior to the Rebbe's entrance into the Shool for Maariv on that Monday evening.

The excitement was terrific. The Rebbe had been concentrating his efforts on the youngsters, the new recruits to Tzivos Hashem - G-d's Army. Hundreds of these young boys had pushed and squeezed themselves right to the front. When the Rebbe entered and ascended to the platform they all sang lustily and heartily, but they were really screaming and screeching, clapping hands and jumping.

One man outclassed and surpassed everyone with his forceful clapping, dynamic energy, vigorous vitality and vibrant intensity. This was Our Revered and Beloved Rebbe, Shlita and KAH. May the A'Mighty grant him full and healthy years together with our Rebbetzen, until his 120th birthday or until Moshiach will be revealed.

Chapter 18: More Joys of Simchas Bais Hashoevu

After Maariv the Rebbe again gave over to us a Sicho. (This is my own version). Tonight, he said, was the beginning of the sixth day of Succos - and also the sixth day of Simchas Bais Hashoevu. What extra, and additional Simcha could we create after five days and nights of intensive joy. Simcha becomes a Mitzvah. We say on every Yom Tov "Moadim LeSimcha"- festivals for rejoicing. But on Succos we have a special additional simcha, for we say on this Yom Tov only - "Chag Simchasainu" - the season of our Rejoicings.

It becomes even more apt on this night, because our chief guest in the Succah this evening is Yoseph (Hatzadik). The name Yoseph means "more, something extra". Mother Rochel gave him this name because she hoped for more - that is - another son. So here was another reason for added rejoicing tonight.

The Rebbe then issued another warning to Eretz Yisroel regarding the disastrous Me Hu Yehudi statute. Every "so-called convert" to Judaism was handed a certificate a ridiculous piece of paper, which was a downright lie and would only enlarge the darkness of our Exile. Falsehoods and deception cannot survive.

The wicked Haman is quoted in the Megilla as saying that "Jews are different from all the other nations in the World". The gentiles do not wish to be converted. This statute is a catastrophe for Jews. Only religious Jews can give a ruling regarding Me Hu Yehudi. And even the goyim agree to this decision. If one sought the advice of a doctor regarding a cure, and this person did just the opposite he would be adjudged insane.

One "convert" still practices her Catholicism and brings up her children in the same way. She never did want to be Jewish. She desired to please her "husband - and well - "it is only a piece of paper!!!"

The man who started this Ger Keloh Halocha, (conversion NOT according to Jewish law) married a gentile woman and her children maintain that they are still goyim. This fellow has now ran away from his family.

These same people have made mistakes all the time. Israel needed all the oil it could get, and yet gave away all the oilwells to our enemy. This was a silly thing to do, because even before the "Peace Treaty" had been signed, they (the enemy) maintained that Jerusalem and even ALL Israel must be returned to the Arabs. Egypt has received extra arms and has given these to our enemies who are directly on our borders. The Egyptians asserted that they could not help themselves.

Nations who have never been interested in Jerusalem now all demand a say in this matter.

G-d has stated that **if** you will keep **my** statutes then you need not be afraid. You will live in Peace.

Simchas Bais Hashoevu is a big Simcha and should be celebrated in the Shool, in the Succah and by dancing in the streets. When you go into the streets to dance, and these thoroughfares become completely surrounded by men who are holding each other's hands, then these streets become a Reshus Hayochid (a

private domain) and a holy place.

This dancing in Exile will bring forth the redemption.

The Rebbe had spoken for one and a half hours exactly. During the Sicho the Rebbe had mentioned the ten miracles which had taken place in the Bais Hamikdosh, and which were above, higher than, nature.

Before I had left the apartment at 8.30 p.m., Dovid had just arrived. He was so tired that he just flopped down onto a bed as he was - (it happened to be Yenta Chaya's). He was completely dressed and still wearing his jacket, his hat and boots - and fell immediately asleep.

I returned at 12.30 a.m., after midnight, and found Dovid still in a deep resonant sleep. The whole place was reverberating with his sonorous snoring.

Mendie walked by. I think he was sleep-walking. He has been like this for the past day or two. His eyes, behind his glasses, were bulging and opened wide. He was staring ahead with a horrible vacant expression in them. Roselyn said that he looked like a zombie (whatever that is!) I talked to him, I spoke to him. He looked at me blankly and bleakly. Then his mouth opened and remained wide open during which time a deep full-throated growl was emitted. It sounded like H A A A A A A H ? I think this was intended to mean, translated into English "I beg your pardon, Zaidie, and please will you repeat the question?!"

I have not been able to get anything else out of him latterly – just "H A A A A H?" He needed two things very urgently - sleep - and more sleep.

I was telling Roselyn that it was terrible at 770. All day long I am approached by people continuously demanding a dollar - a dollar - a dollar. Roselyn retorted that it was really too much, and we get enough of this at home. I observed that a dollar is not very much in these days, and not many will accept such a small donation today. However, when I informed her that the names of these people were Yossi, Mendie, Dovid and Yenta Chaya, she was even more annoyed.

Hoshanna Rabba

Tuesday night was Hoshanna Rabba. The Rebbe did not disappoint us for after Maariv he related to us another Sicho for this seventh night of Succos and of Simchas Bais Hashoevu. The Rebbe told us (this is my version) that Hoshanna Rabba is mentioned in the Mishna and that we say Tikun of that night. The tikun which we recite tonight is different to the one we say on Shovuos. On Hoshanna Rabba we say the Mishna Torah. This is another definition for the fifth book of the Chumish, "Devorim" - words, which are the actual ones which Moishe Rabainu himself spoke to the children of Israel in the desert, before he died. We also recite the Sefer Tehillim (the whole Book of Psalms) which was written by King David. Therefore it is appropriate that he is to be the Chief Guest on this seventh night in the Succah, because we are still beholden to celebrate Simcha Bais Hashoevu on this night, too. To what extent depends on the person. If peace is here, everything is here, especially Simcha. Tonight too is the birthday of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Chassidus. It is also the birthday of the Alter Rebbe, the founder of Chabad, so we already have much about which to be joyful.

Our Chief Guest tonight is always referred to as KING David. Regularly, once every month when we sanctify the New Moon, we recite the words "Dovid Melech Yisroel Chai Vekayom" - "David King of Israel is living and enduring".

Every month, on the Shabbos before Rosh Chodesh, and every day, too, we recount the praises of G-d as composed by King David.

The Zohar tells us that our Chief Guest on the seventh night is Solomon (and that David's night is on the sixth). So we could have Dovid and Shlomo together. We have also been told that Moshiach will be a Ben Dovid - the Son of David. So we have even more cause for celebration tonight. In any case, we have commemorated the joy of Simchas Bais Hashoevu on every previous night of Succos, so we must carry on in the same way. We should dance in the streets for a minimum of either seven or eighteen minutes, then continue in the Shool and in the Succah - and also to learn.

The Rebbe concluded by telling us that we should not worry about the law of Me Hu Yehudi - nor about Parnosso. He wished us all a Happy and a Sweet New Year, and quoted the gemorah which states that when everyone will have attained complete Purity then Moshiach will come straight away.

We obeyed the Rebbe's instructions and about four thousand of us, men and boys danced and sang for fifteen minutes in the Shool. We then erupted into Eastern Parkway. This roadway consists of the two approach roads on either side of the main thoroughfare which consists of six lanes - three in each direction.

We danced on the actual roadway of Eastern Parkway and completely blocked the three northern lanes.

The police used their initiative and parked their vehicles in such a position that all traffic was diverted onto the other, the southbound carriageways. The three lanes on that side were then divided into two lanes of cars driving one way and one lane going in the other direction.

We danced for eighteen minutes, and then transferred to the Succah - just as the Rebbe had instructed us to do.

I returned to the Shool in order to say Tikun. At 1 a.m. in the morning, the Rebbe arrived to join us in reciting Tehillim. The photographer was busily engaged in taking pictures. The Rebbe indicated to him that it would be a bigger mitzvah if he would also join in with the congregation and also say Tehillim - and he did! We completed this service at 2.50 a.m.

We, all our family, retired to bed at 3 a.m. on that night. This was the earliest recorded time for the whole of the two weeks, which we had spent at 770.

We were now approaching some of the most exciting days in the Jewish Calendar, with Simchas Torah as the centrepiece or the "piece de resistance". As I have mentioned in the introduction to this edition, I do not wish to repeat the same fundamental happenings that occur every Yom Tov and about which I have fully written last year and in the previous years.

During this morning service of Hoshanna Rabba, the Rebbe descended from the platform to participate in

the seven circuits of the Bimah for the Hashanos service. After each circuit the Rebbe returned to the lectern (on the ground level) to emphasise that each circuit was a separate entity.

The procession was not led by the Chazan, but by Label Groner who dragged along the Chazan so that he would not loiter on the way.

After the service, Yisroel Goldstein who was the new "Warden, in charge of the children at 770", and whom I have mentioned before as being a very good supervisor, swept up, immediately, all the beaten and left over Hasaanos, so that the Shool should be ready and cleaned for the next service.

Jews are a remarkable people. We pay the top prices for the best quality Hashaanos just so that we can beat them and bang them, onto the floor five times - Well, it's a Mitzvah!

One fellow wanted me to give him my Esrog. He maintained that as the Rebbe had presented me with this, then it must be 100% Kosher. I asked him what he intended to do with it. He replied that he would make jam with it. (One could make quite a few jars from my Esrog - it was a super-large one). This then would be a Segulla for him, meaning a precious treasure for him and/or a lucky charm. I preferred to keep this for myself - if there are any treasures or charms available, I had a first claim!

At 12.30 p.m., the Rebbe commenced the distribution of the lekach (cake). The Rebbe had already issued a strong warning: He desired everyone to come for Lekach. He did not want a repetition of what had occurred before, when people were told to keep away - presumably for the sake of the Rebbe's health. The Rebbe had declared "Do not play games with me".

Some people will never learn! This, in spite of what the Rebbe had told me at Yechidus last year. He then made the following profound and fundamental statement -

"I want everyone to come and see me; I want everyone to come for Koss Shel Brocha; I want everyone to come for Lekach; and I want everyone to need their Rebbe - and then - the A'Mighty will give me strength to carry on".

There was a very good crown of men and boys waiting in the line. I had the opportunity to glance into the Rebbe's Succah. It was made from solid walnut panelling. Inside there were four electric lights, a heater, and an air-conditioner. There were also a washing bowl, a cupboard, and a shelf for books. To complete the homely atmosphere, a nice carpet covered all the floor. The Succah roof consisted of a selection of special branches and leaves. In case it rained there was a folding canvas awning or canopy which could be lowered over the roof of the Succah and so provide excellent protection from the elements.

Incidentally, for the past day or so there had been the sounds of constant hammering and banging emanating from the house next door to our apartment. This happened to be the Rebbe's Library. I learned that the Rebbe and Rebbetzen had moved into these premises for the period until after Yom Tov. Therefore a private Succah had been erected for them.

At 1.45 p.m., the Rebbe handed to me my rations of cake which was accompanied by a very nice brocha for a Good and Sweet New Year. I reciprocated this brocha to the Rebbe.

I then asked the Rebbe if I could have a little extra cake for our friends in Manchester. The Rebbe took a large serviette (napkin) opened it up and placed therein two large pieces of ginger cake. The Rebbe suggested that when I returned home, I should get someone to bake a "Ruggelle" - or a very large cake, and these two pieces of Rebbe's Lekach should be well blended into this cake mixture so that everyone would have the chance of receiving a "Kazayus" (an amount equal in size to an olive).

After lunch it was the ladies' turn to line up for the Rebbe's Lekach. Roselyn took Yenta Chaya with her. Mr. Friedrich, the photographer was busy, so very busy. He looked like the Man from Mars or from Outer Space. He wore a peculiar helmet on his head, from which two large and long prongs or antennas protruded. I presumed that these were part of his sound equipment.

Anyway, he was taking pictures of some of the ladies as they received their cake from the Rebbe. I managed to persuade Mr. Friedrich to take a photograph of Roselyn and Yenta Chaya when it was their turn to be greeted and received by the Rebbe. He confided to us, that as this was a special, a personal request and to avoid creating envy and jealousy, Roselyn and Yenta Chaya should wait at the end of the queue, or line. It was a long wait, because every time the last lady in the line presented herself to the Rebbe, another three or four joined the queue. Well, everything must ultimately come to an end, and lo and behold, there were no more women in the queue.

Roselyn and Yenta Chaya approached the Rebbe and received their cake and a nice brocha. The Rebbe also wished Roselyn a Fraileche (joyful) Yom Tov. As there were no more ladies, I followed Roselyn in order to again extend Yom Tov good wishes to the Rebbe. The Rebbe enquired of me whether I had or had not received Lekach. I answered that I had certainly been given a good ration of cake. The Rebbe smiled and wished me too, a Happy Yom Tov.

Meanwhile, I had noticed that Mr. Friedrich had been pointing his camera at us, had been squinting through the aperture, had been pressing buttons and in the process had been grimacing most frightfully. I expected some really excellent photographs which would be well worth whatever price Mr. Friedrich would charge me.

However, unfortunately, although Mr. Friedrich repeatedly promised to let us have the pictures "very soon" and - on the day of our departure, commented that he very well knew our address. We are still waiting to see something that was taken well over six months ago. I do hope that he had a film in his camera, otherwise developments will be blank.

I met Rabbi Mentelik a little later. He invited me to address the Kinoss Hatorah which was to take place on the following Sunday. We were leaving for home on that day at about 6.30 p.m. so I assured him that I would speak to the boys as long as I would be called upon at an early hour. Rabbi Mentelik protested that this would not be possible - and he seemed almost relieved as he observed that "Oh, well, your Chazoka is to speak on Shovuos, so it won't really matter if you do not address us at this time!!!"

Bimyamin Klyne informed me that he had handed into the Rebbe my Mashkie (the usual delivery of five bottles of vodka). The Rebbe would be distributing these on Simchas Torah. "I took no chances this time," he added, "because you will 'murder me', as you have written in your book, and I am frightened of you."

Chapter 19: Simchas Torah

The most exciting, fascinating and fantastic Yom Tov was now imminent. Over the next two days, my three grandsons, Yossi, Mendel and Dovid, who were spending the month of Tishrei in Crown Heights, would again be joining the Union of Furniture Removers. They would be carting out from the Shool all the tables and the benches to ensure more room for the Hakofass, and then would bring them back again for the services and for the Farbraingen. Out and In - Out and In - Out and In - it seemed "ad infinitum".

The Rashag was making good progress healthwise, but was not sufficiently well to warrant him leaving the hospital in order to spend Simchas Torah at 770. Therefore the question on many lips was - with whom would the Rebbe dance at the Hakofass. Well, we would soon know!

We davened Maariv on the first night of Shmeni Atzeress, Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m. After which there was an interval until 9 p.m. This was to give the furniture removers the time to do their work, and also to enable some of the men to rush home, make Kiddush for their wives and families - and even to snatch a little meal for themselves. The Lubavitch custom is to eat in the Succah even on Shmeni Atzeress, but not on Simchas Torah. The blessing of Layshave Basuccah, however, is NOT recited on this Yom Tov.

Before the Rebbe arrived for the HaKofas, Label Groner made an announcement to the effect that no one would be allowed to stand upon the Rebbe's platform, this year. Well, if Label made such a dogmatic statement, then I, at least, had to take notice and show an example to others.

Nevertheless, I wanted to be near to the Rebbe so I squeezed into the space between the Omud (the Reader's lectern) and the wall. For a few moments I had a good view of the Rebbe standing on the platform just above me.

Unfortunately for me, many others had the same idea. Some men assumed that other people's feet were only a means of gaining height in order to obtain a better view for themselves. As I have previously mentioned, it is the constant swaying and surging forward of the crowd which makes standing near to the Rebbe so dangerous. I had my back to the wall, literally, which obviously would not yield a fraction of an inch. I felt that I was being strangled and found difficulty in breathing. Then through a sudden break in the human wall, I saw through an aperture that there were about one hundred children and also thirty adults on this platform. All of the children were actually sitting, crosslegged, and the adults were standing and leaning very close to the wall. I felt stifled and annoyed. I gave a sudden heave and a lurch, with all my might, and in the ensuing melee, I managed to attain my objective and reached the steps leading up to the platform. Boys and men were even seated, tightly packed, on these steps, but I eventually did succeed in achieving my target and joined the other men who were leaning against the wall.

On the following night there were as many as one hundred and fifty young boys and fifty men assembled there. I joined them too. I have never seen the place packed so tightly with people. There were at least fifty per cent more, present than at last year. And there has never been such a hectic and jubilant Simchas Torah in 770 - ever.

As usual, the seventeen verses of Atah Horaiso were recited three times before the Hakoffass were begun. On the first night (Shemeni Atzeress) the Rebbe says the first and the last verses. Illustrious Rabbonim

and distinguished visitors are invited to say some of the other sentences. I was called up to recite the sixteenth verse 'Malchusscho'. This was the same possuk which I had said last year. I warned the Gabai that he would have to be very careful next year because if I was given this same verse again then it would constitute a Chazoka. Then it would become essential for me to recite this verse every time in the future!

On the occasions of the other Hakoffass on Simchas Torah - evening and morning, there was a great incentive therefore and much financial competition to purchase these verses of Atoh Horaiso, because the Rebbe would recite them in the name of the buyers. On the night of Simchas Torah, the money which was raised, went to the Lubavitch Yeshiva, and the cash promised on the following morning was earmarked for the Merkoz - the organisation of 770.

This year there was a minimum price of \$3000 for each sentence. I had already arranged with Zalmon Gurary that he would find for me two partners. Yankel Katz again bought the first sentence for an "undisclosed amount". My friend, Myer Silberstein, from Antwerp purchased the second. I then had the pleasure of hearing my name announced, together with the names of two other gentlemen, for the third verse.

After the Atoh Horaisas had been concluded, the Hakoffass would then take place. The Rebbe obviously was presented with the first Sefer Torah for the very first Hakoffah. This was a concentrated and lively affair. The Rebbe did not actually dance with anyone. We all danced around the Rebbe. For the following Hakoffas the Rebbe stood at his lectern on the platform. The hundred and fifty small, young boys sat on the floor, spread out and sitting crosslegged. The Rebbe conducted them and urged and encouraged them to sing more loudly and with a much quicker tempo. (There was always one poor little lad crying, pitifully, with tears running down his face.)

Then to our utter amazement, it was noticed that the Rebbe had again been handed the small Sefer Torah, and was leading the procession for the fifth Hakoffah (circuit of the Bimah). He was accompanied by sixty boys on the first night. On the second night the Rebbe again participated in the fifth Hakoffah and about one hundred boys followed him. This fifth Hakoffah took about an hour to complete. Subsequently whenever the Rebbe went with Hakoffas, all the little boys joined in.

When the Rebbe had returned from dancing this fifth Hakoffah, it was announced on the Rebbe's instructions, that the Moshiach's Sefer Torah would be taken up to the Women's Shool, and all those young girls who were under the age of Bass-Mitzvah should take the opportunity of kissing the Torah. Incidentally, Yenta Chaya told me that when we in the Men's Shool are singing and dancing, then the ladies and girls also join in with their shouting, singing, clapping and banging. Of course, in the general din and commotion they are not heard downstairs.

Whilst we were awaiting the return of the Sefer Torah, the Rebbe sat down in his chair - facing all the young boys who were sitting on the floor at his feet. The Rebbe again conducted them and spurred them on to clap and to sing. He looked, to me, like a benign, gracious and warm-hearted father watching over his children.

We were still waiting for the Sefer Torah. Meanwhile the Rebbe distributed teeny drops of Mashke to some of the little boys. And - we were still waiting. The Rebbe requested Label Groner to ascend to the Women's Shool and to enquire of the whereabouts of Moshiach's Sefer Torah. He returned with the

information that the Sefer Torah had been transferred to the other Women's Shool, along the south side of the Shool Hall. Label shouted up to these ladies "Where is the Sefer Torah?" The women replied in unison that it had now left - and eventually it did arrive back to us.

On one night, Rabbi Zalmon Gurary was taking part in the first Hakoffa when he was overcome with the heat. He almost collapsed under the heavy weight of the large Sefer Torah which he was carrying. Dr. Ira Weiss, the Rebbe's doctor who was having a jolly good time singing and dancing, examined Zalmon Gurary and pronounced that the patient was not in any danger, but he should remain seated. Dr. Ira obtained a chair for him. Zalmon Gurary was not satisfied to take a passive role, and he repeatedly stood up to show the Rebbe that he was alive and well. The Rebbe indicated that he should sit down and remain down. Now here follows a very touching and humane anecdote. It is the custom that all those who had been honoured with participation in the first Hakoffah were invited - nay - were entitled to take part in the seventh, the last Hakoffah. And there was poor Zalmon Gurary ordered to remain in his chair!! Well - the Rebbe gave instructions that a small Sefer Torah should be handed to Zalmon Gurary, which he was to hold, still sitting in his chair, for the whole duration of the last Hakoffah. The radiance in Zalmon Gurary's eyes was wonderful to behold.

Here is another little story. I have mentioned above the name of Ira Weiss, the Rebbe's doctor. He is a real live wire. A tall handsome, clean-shaven and friendly young man. (He did say to me that I was very perceptive.) He really does enjoy dancing and singing and is not a bit inhibited. He normally wears a soft tweed trilby hat, not unlike a deerstalker. An English country gentleman's hat. I have another friend, Rabbi Gershen Henech Cohen, the world famous Lubavitch bookseller from Mea Shearim, Jerusalem. I regularly visit him in his shop, T.G. sometimes twice a year. In fact I called to see him last August. I have KAH nine grandsons T.G. so everytime I travel to Israel, I buy another pair of Tefillin. It is good stock, especially in these days of inflation! Gershen Henech told me that I was a lucky man, because he just happened to have the last pair of Tefillin which were written by the Rebbe's own scribe, in Israel, and there would be no more produced by Rabbi Shlomo Har Henick for at least another three or four months.

The reason was because he had received an order from the world-wide Neshei Chabad Organisation to write a new Sefer Torah in honour of the Rebbe and Rebbetzen on the occasion of their Golden Wedding. Delivery had to be made by Yud Tess Kisslev - in three months time. It normally takes eight or nine months to write a Sefer Torah, and so far he had only written the first book of Beraishis. So this scribe had given up everything else, so that he could concentrate on this special assignment and tribute to his and our beloved Rebbe. The Rebbe expressed the desire that he would like to greet the Moshiach, whilst he was holding the new Sefer Torah.

However, Gershen Henech was a small thin gentleman, very small indeed. He wore a nice long beard but his Peyut (his sideburns or side curls) with beautiful ringlets, were as long as his beard. He wore during Yom Tov, as a mark of respect, his Shabbos Shtreimel (fur hat) on his head. He danced with Dr. Ira Weiss. Gershen Henech came barely up to his shoulder. Then Ira did one of the funniest things I have ever seen. He exchanged hats with Gershen Henech. Well. Ira looked marvellous in it. It added inches to his stature. But, the checked tweed hat, fitting snugly on the head of Gershen Henech had just the opposite effect. Wearing his very long black Kapota (coat), he looked almost like a dwarf compared to Ira. It is impossible to adequately describe the hilarious scene. The two of them dancing together on the platform, with Gershen Henech taking two steps to Ira's one, and his sidecurls swinging and being flung from side to side. All were holding their sides which were in stitches from too much laughter. As we say

in England, Gershen Henech was a good sport, and took it well. The Rebbe had a good chuckle when he saw them.

Another friend of mine, Yisroel Duchman, held aloft a huge bottle, containing about a gallon of J.B. whisky. He was very generous and with a great flourish he offered everyone in his immediate vicinity a jiggerful (glass full) of this fiery liquid. He did not wish to be considered rude, nor unfriendly, so he also joined his friends in a "jiggerful" in order to wish each of them a hearty Lechayim, and a Happy Yom Tov.

It was good Simchas Torah fun, and he became more joyful and merrier with each passing moment. (Next day he protested and vehemently denied that he had taken any of this whisky himself - he only gave it to friends). One of these friends, who had probably received special privileges and favours, was my old pal Rabbi J.J. whose eyes held a vacant and glassy stare. Ultimately this vacant and glassy stare became completely glazed. He seemed dazed - then he nodded off, and fell fast asleep, amidst the singing, dancing and clapping.

I was again given the outstanding honour of being called up to participate in the first Hakoffah. As I have mentioned above, this entitled me to join in with the seventh, the last Hakoffah, too. Once more I felt that it was not really fair that I should take part in two Hakoffas on every occasion, when there were about ten thousand people present, who never had a chance of even one Hakoffah during the whole of Yom Tov.

The Rebbe declared that I should not be a Batlan. I realised that the Rebbe always chose his words very carefully. He did not say that I was a silly fellow to refuse such a great mitzvah. But a Batlan!? This remark puzzled me for quite a long time, until Shmuel gave me the answer. He looked up the word in the Yiddish/English dictionary and the following definitions were given for the word "Batlan".

(1) An idler. (2) Unworldly Man. (3) Unpractical man. (4) One maintained by the community in order to study and learn religion.

The Rebbe obviously referred to me as being in the category of No. 3 above. An unpractical man - not inclined to take action, even when offered an exceptionally good deal. The Rebbe was correct - I was offered the wonderful opportunity and Zechus of accompanying the Rebbe on another round of Hakoffas - and - I vacillated - I hesitated. But I went. I thoroughly deserved the appellation of "Batlan".

As I have written before - it was a very hectic Yom Tov. On the first night of Simchas Torah there was a Farbraingen from 9 p.m. till 11.30 p.m. There was an interval of one and a quarter hours, and the Hakoffas commenced at 12.45 after midnight, and continued until nearly 4 a.m. in the morning. On the day of Simchas Torah, the service and Hakoffas concluded at 1.15, and then again there was another Farbraingen at 6.15 p.m. which went on for two and a half hours, until 8.45 p.m.

The day immediately following Simchas Torah was Shabbos Beraishis. Not only was there a Farbraingen at 1.30 p.m. till 4.30 p.m. but a second Farbraingen commenced at 6.30 p.m. This ended at 9.30 p.m. and was followed by Maariv and Koss Shel Brocha.

This is an outline of what happened, in general - now for some more details.

Last year at the Simchas Torah Morning service, I went through a great deal of inconvenience to ensure that I had an Aliya, which is compulsory for everyone on this day. I had joined a Minyan at 8 a.m. in the Bess Hamedrish upstairs. This year I decided that what was good enough for thousands of other people, should be satisfactory and acceptable to me. Therefore during the layenning at the Rebbe's minyan, at the same time that those gentlemen were called up for the third Aliya (on Simchas Torah it is permissible for a few men to be joined together for each aliya), I, together with about another thousand men, stood up at our places, made the Brocha on the Torah, listened intently to the layenning and then made the second blessing. Other men did the same at the fourth, fifth and sixth Aliyas.

The Rebbe was called up for Chosson Beraishis. I have been asked by quite a few people why the Rebbe always has this particular Mitzvah, when it was considered (by some) that Chosson Torah was the more revered and prized of the two. However, I have heard that the Previous Rebbe (Z.Tz.L) was always the Chosson Beraishis. In fact, the Rebbe Shlita is called up !"IM" (together with) the Previous Rebbe, who is proclaimed by name, as if accompanying the Rebbe. Just like the distinguished and illustrious guests who pay us honour by visiting us in our Succah.

Only one set of men are called up for the three and a half Hakoffas on Simchas Torah day. I had the great honour and merit to be included in that group. Actually someone who had wine rather too well had the audacity to argue with the Rebbe about the number of circuits already made!!

Next day was Shabbos Beraishis, and Tehillim was to commence at 8.30 a.m. As there were to be two Farbraingen on that day, Shmuel was taking no chances. He claimed his seat at just after 8 a.m. He sat in this place from that moment on and never budged all day long - until after the second Farbraingen at 9.30 p.m. except when he came to our apartment for a ten minute snack - of fish, Tzollent, Chicken and Melon - He is a quick and polished eater. Meanwhile Yossi guarded and kept his seat for him.

Chazan Toleshevsky had obtained leave of absence from his own Shool, especially to daven at the Omud for the Rebbe and for us. He was really excellent and fitted in and adapted different Lubavitcher tunes into the service and especially in the repetition of the Amida.

With the Rebbe's encouragement everyone joined in the singing. It was impossible to hear the Chazan, except when he repeated the Brochas, when obviously all remained silent in order to answer Omain and so forth.

After the service on Shemini Atzeress, we were invited to luncheon at the home of Rivka and Moishe Kartlasky. We already had our own four guests for Yom Tov - our grandchildren, and we could not very well forsake them.

Rivka and Moishe insisted that we should bring them, too. That meant an additional four very good eaters - six altogether, including Roselyn and me. We did not consider this to be very fair to our host and hostess.

However, we had no need to worry - because more than forty guests sat down to a lovely, sumptuous and delicious Shabbos meal. Our grandchildren did full justice to each and every course. It was certainly very complimentary to the cook. Besides the appetising and plentiful supply of food, a happy atmosphere pervaded - with much laughter and singing.

Yossi Tiffenbrun was amongst the guests. He has a beautiful melodious voice and is very adept at singing cantorial pieces. Unfortunately, it was one of his "off days" and he spent his time miming and imitating well known characters. What a great pity - and what a waste of good talent!!

It has always been a source of constant wonder and amazement that all those thousands of visitors who come to see the Rebbe for Yom Tov, all find accommodation in Crown Heights. There are still no hotels or boarding houses in this district. Everyone has to depend on friends or upon the good nature of the Chassidim, who live nearby - especially for their sleeping arrangements.

In the past, we, personally, have always been able to rely on the generosity of our friends, Sarah Shem Tov, and, more recently, on Raizie Minkowitz.

Rabbi Dovid Hickson of Manchester, was one of the six guests of Mordechai Nagel, who lives in Montgomery Street. The Nagels are a wealthy family in Milan, Italy. Mordechai studied at the Yeshiva at 770, and subsequently married an American girl. They desired to settle in Brooklyn, so Mordechai's father opened a Jewelry business for him on Fifth Avenue, where, it seems, that he spends most of his time putting Tefilin onto his customers.

He has bought a new house in President Street where, meanwhile, until he moves, he has allowed ten people to sleep there. Four students wished to join this "commune". Mordechai agreed to this as long as they brought their own beds or mattresses.

I know of many men and boys who do not require even this basic and main essential. For example - a few years ago, Shmuel accompanied me when we spent a few days in Crown Heights on the occasion of the Rebbe's birthday on Yud Aleph Nisan. Sarah Shem Tov had reserved two beds for us - although many of her guests did sleep on mattresses placed on the dining room floor and in the hallway. But, Shmuel never made use of this accommodation. For the whole of the three or four days, he never left 770, except to eat, and managed to survive with a few cat-naps on a bench, either in the Shool or in the Beth Hamedrish.

The above report will give my readers a little insight of how some visitors manage to be accommodated in Crown Heights.

It was noticed that Yossi had three large red weals around his neck. We asked him how he came to get these horrible scars. He explained to us that a boy had been standing behind him at a Farbraingen. They had become involved in an argument and this other lad nearly choked the life out of Yossi.

"But", said Yossi, "I gave him what for. I threatened him that if did that again, I would give him a good thrashing. I really told him off and "Blah, blah, blah" - and "You dare do that again, blah, blah, blah". "In other words I gave him a good lecture. I can tell you that this fellow will think twice before he starts with me again."

But, I asked him, "Did you take any physical action against him." "Oh, no", said Yossi, "but I told him "next time you do this, and so on and so forth".

I asked Dovid what he would do in similar circumstances. "Oh, I would first give him a good hiding and then - afterwards - give him a lecture."

I think Dovid had the right idea.

At the Farbraingen, over this Yom Tov period, there were four or five people sitting in my seat. So I took part in "Operation Heave Hoi"! It works as follows - I have no seat, so I am left standing. When the Rebbe arrives, everyone stands up - I shout "Heave" - and sidle into my seat, whilst everyone else shouts "Hoi".

However for the second Farbraingen on Shabbos Beraishis, which started at 4.30, after Mincha - at which I had the third Aliya - this trick did not work. NOT ONE of those, who had usurped my place, stood up when the Rebbe arrived - A CHUTZPA - a cheek! So I, together with Yankel Katz, were left standing.

It had been confided to me in the past, that everyone always wondered what would happen when Yankel Katz, from Chicago and Zalmon Jaffe, were at 770 at the same time and both would lay claim to the same identical seat. Well - now we knew. Both of us had to remain standing. Neither of us had anywhere to sit.

I was a little aggrieved but Yankel Katz remarked that this was a most unusual occasion, with at least fifty per cent more people present than at any previous gathering at 770 - so we should accept the position - even gratefully and proudly. I agreed and admitted that Label Groner does a grand job in spite of all the difficulties and pressures, but I commented that at least a seat should have been found for Yankel Katz - not for the sake of the huge amounts of money which he donates to the Rebbe's funds, etc. - because he obviously gets full value for his money - as we all do, but after all he is a man of well over eighty years young, and it is a danger to life and limb to remain standing in the well of the Hall.

Yankel Katz had sat in this seat or a similar one for about forty years. He refused to sit on the platform because he wanted to see the Rebbe's face and not the Rebbe's back. I have had this seat for over twenty years and I have also refused to sit behind the Rebbe on the platform.

Myer Harlick and Yoel Kahn stood in their usual places, leaning on the tables which ran along the length of the hall - on the floor, beneath the Rebbe's dais. They were almost facing the Rebbe. Yankel Katz and I stood behind them. Myer turned to Yankel and demanded that he should move away, because he was blocking the views of other people. Of course, naturally - Myer and Yoel did not block anyone's view. Nebech. After the maamer, a seat was found for one of us. I let Mr. Katz have this.

A short while later, Myer's boys who had been sitting on the table (on which Myer and Yoel were leaning) jumped down - crept under this table and burrowed their way out of the Hall. I gratefully accepted their abandoned places.

Mr. Meissels, of Toronto, also had no seat. He was standing, dejectedly, when the Rebbe called him. The Rebbe handed to him a few pieces of cake. On Mr. Meissel's return to the place where he had been standing, he was besieged by scores of men, begging for and even grabbing - crumbs of the Rebbe's cake. The Rebbe then declared "If you take Sherayim (leftovers) you should at least give him a chair". Needless to say that within seconds, there was a huge Heave Ho, and Mr. Meissels was installed in a place on the bench.

In the middle of the Farbraingen, an auction sale took place. The goods on offer were Mitzvahs. Most of the prospective buyers had already put in their bids beforehand.

Therefore, for example, we heard the Auctioneer announce that Mr. Parshan had once again offered \$36,000 for the Mitzvah of Chosson Torah. (He would thus partner the Rebbe who would be the Chosson Beraishis). And, said the Auctioneer in Yiddish - for the first time, the second time and for the third time BANG! Sold! to Mr. Parshan for \$36,000. This caused quite a commotion because other men desired this single and super honour.

In fact Mr. Beryl Weiss from Los Angeles, California, offered \$1³/₄,000 for the honour of purchasing Chosson Beraishis, in order to have the merit of presenting it to the Rebbe. The Auctioneer refused to accept this bid. It seemed, that Mr. Parshan's bid also included Chosson Beraishis.

Wine for all the Farbraingen of the year was the next item "sold". The buyer paid many thousands of dollars, and had to supply all the wine, in addition. The next lot - was Hagbah and Gelilla (lifting up and wrapping the Sefer Torah after the layenning) also for the whole year. Last year Zalmon Gurary bought this Mitzvah. But - there was plenty of trouble and arguments about this, because Zalmon Gurary insisted upon taking most of the Hagboas himself (I don't blame him) and monopolising the Gelillas, too. So this year, it was decided to divide this mitzvah into two parts. Hagbah to be separated from the Gelilla.

Zalmon Gurary bought only the Hagbah for all the year.

During the whole of the auction, the Rebbe was sitting patiently studying and reading a Sefer (book). Occasionally, he glanced up as if to assure everyone that in spite of appearances he still knew exactly what was happening.

There was one item in the sale in which many had a chance to participate - heating and lighting. It was for the annual supply of oil and I expect that electricity was included in this lot, too. Anyway, oil itself was needed to supply heat in winter and also maybe to provide cold air (air conditioning) during the hot summer months.

One could take a share in this mitzvah for as little as \$200, although most participants paid \$1000 and more each. As I also needed heat, light and air conditioning on my visits to 770, I paid my share towards this mitzvah

Koss Shel Brocha

The Rebbe had previously announced that he wanted everyone to come for Koss Shel Brocha. No one should interfere in the Rebbe's business and no one should discourage people from joining in for this Mitzvah.

In view of these remarks of the Rebbe, there was a tremendous crowd present.

Label Groner had made the usual arrangements beforehand. Everyone must go up to the Rebbe with a Seder (a routine). He also declared "Will all those men and boys who are on my right side, descend from the Dais - completely - and only the few Chosheva (illustrious and praiseworthy) Rabbonim should be left standing on the Dais". This latter announcement was greeted with loud laughter and guffaws.

The Rebbe made Havdola - on the Dais - at the far end of the very lengthy tables. The queues, or lines, would then form on either side of these tables and the Rebbe would serve each line alternately, from his becher (large silver cup) of wine. This becher was never completely emptied. There was always some of the original Havdola wine, however small, present in this Kiddush Cup.

By some lucky chance, I was the very first person served by the Rebbe. At the time I didn't realise how it happened. One second I was standing on the floor, below the Dais - and the next second I was facing the Rebbe upon the platform. It seemed that I had quite a few good and helpful friends who had co-operated in pulling and dragging me up by my hands and arms, whilst others had pushed from behind.

The Rebbe poured me out the wine, gave me a brocha and also handed me a small bottle of vodka. This was at 9.40 p.m. I returned with Roselyn an hour later - what a scene met our eyes! The two lines at the top tables were moving along rapidly and in time to the vigorous singing and the clapping. These two lines, three and four men deep, extended right out of the Shool and reached to Eastern Parkway.

There were in addition fifteen branch lines which came from the well of the Shool and made their separate ways along the tops of the centre tables and ultimately joined the two main lines.

I could not see the Rebbe because of the large crush of people. Yossi and Dovid had erected a temporary grandstand, in order to obtain a better view of the proceedings. This scaffolding was built as follows - they had placed a table upon a couple of benches. Then a second table was put on the other one. On top of this rickety and unstable contraption were placed a number of empty plastic crates. (These empty bottle crates were in great demand during the services and the farbraingen - the boys stood upon them and immediately gained a foot and a half in height - it was a pity that I never thought of that idea. It would have helped me considerably). I allowed myself to be persuaded to climb to the top of the "Tower". Yossi, Dovid and Eliezer Levy gave me a good lift up - from a crate to the top of the bench - from the bench top to the first table - from first table to the second table and then, there I stood precariously and perilously on top of a couple of the crates. It did enable me to get a clear view of the Rebbe and of all the proceedings. I did not remain very long perched upon this grandstand. It seemed to sway quite a lot, and was definitely unsafe and dangerous.

Dovid then had a better idea. He told me that there was a Video Room next door, where one could sit down in comfort and watch on a closed circuit television screen a colour film of the Rebbe actually serving Koss Shel Brocha.

First of all, of course, I had to make the hazardous and risky descent from this awful swaying contraption.

Well - I made it!!

I collected Roselyn and we took our seats in this small Video Room. It was a wonderful feeling to sit very relaxed and see the Rebbe in close-up, distributing the wine from his Becher. One could see every feature of the Rebbe's smiling face so clearly and one could even hear the Rebbe speaking to the recipients. After all these years the Rebbe has become very proficient and a real expert at this job. He was very quick indeed. For three hours the Rebbe never stopped serving. He sang and smiled just the same at the end of the three hours as at the beginning. It took less than a second for each person to file past the Rebbe. By my calculator, I reckoned that the Rebbe served about nine thousand people on that night - three hours at

the rate of one second per person = 10,800. We have to allow for about two thousand fillings of the Becher which would take half an hour. Therefore we arrive at the figure of nine thousand. Even if one reckoned that it took a person one and a half seconds to be served it still leaves over seven thousand two hundred people. I am confident my first figure is correct.

On the video, one could see some of the men holding their little jigger glasses in one hand and a small baby cradled in the other arm. The baby also had a jigger glass tucked into its little jumper or jacket. The Rebbe filled all the glasses and took a particular delight in serving the babies and giving them brochas.

Chapter 20: Yechidus

We had arranged to depart for home on the following day, Sunday, and we had to leave 770 at 6.30 p.m. in the evening.

There had been no private interviews with the Rebbe during the past few weeks and that night would be the first opportunity for general Yechidus. Unfortunately we would be on our way home when these Yechidus were due to commence.

Label had informed me that there were one thousand five hundred people who were anxious to have private interviews with the Rebbe on that one night. (At least one chartered Jumbo Jet was leaving for Paris and another one for Israel during the course of the next day or so.) So Label had arranged for seven hundred and fifty people to see the Rebbe on the Sunday and the same number on the Monday night. There would be no lots drawn for the "order of precedence" and each person would take his (her) turn in alphabetical order. No letters were to be sent in beforehand and no detailed questions would be answered. It would be similar to a "file past" to receive a brocha from the Rebbe.

"In any case", remarked Label, "It would not have been much use to you Zalmon". (Well - I would not belittle any opportunity to meet the Rebbe, as long as I would have still been present at 770.) I did have the privilege of exchanging a few words with the Rebbe outside 770 on a number of occasions, but these could not be compared to a Yechidus. I asked Label to enquire of the Rebbe whether it would be possible for him to see Roselyn and me for a few minutes before we took out departure for home.

Label subsequently disclosed to me that immediately after Mincha, I should be waiting with Roselyn near to the door of the Rebbe's study, and the Rebbe would honour us with a private audience for a few minutes.

The problem was how to get Roselyn through the hallway and into the waiting room without everyone wondering why she was there, and without causing undue jealousy. I hit upon a good idea. I advised Roselyn to enter the lift (elevator) which was situated in the hallway and ascend to the first floor. All Roselyn then had to do was to walk across the short landing, descend by the stairs and she would find herself in the Rebbe's waiting room, screened from all prying eyes.

Roselyn told, afterwards, that she had a little difficulty in completing this exercise. She entered the elevator alright and pressed a button. When she opened the lift door she realised that she was on the wrong floor. Roselyn pressed another button and discovered that she was again on the ground level. This happened a couple of times, till, in desperation she ascended right up to the top floor and then walked down all the steps until she reached her destination outside the Rebbe's study. Everything went according to plan, and after Mincha, Roselyn and I found ourselves closeted with the Rebbe in the waiting room.

I told the Rebbe that I had discharged my debts, and had paid for all the mitzvahs which I had bought. The Rebbe remarked that he never doubted that for one moment.

I pointed out that it was very nice being the guest of the Rebbe. The Rebbe retorted "but you acted like a Batlan (at the Hakoffas)." I indicated that I did not desire that others should become envious or jealous.

The Rebbe replied "Don't let that worry you and don't take any notice". The Rebbe implied that I should have a hundred pages to write, just on this Yom Tov. (At that time I could not envisage more than thirty pages.) I begged the Rebbe not to stipulate the number of pages which my next edition should contain. I would obviously do my utmost to put on record all that transpired during my visits to 770.

I informed the Rebbe that Roselyn spent all her time in the cellar, the basement, of our apartment, working, cooking and so forth for the children. The Rebbe asserted that "SHE SHOULD BE IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN".

The Rebbe then told me, with a twinkle in his eye, that His (Our) Rebbetzen was particularly concerned about the report in my book that the Rebbe was working so hard - clapping, dancing, and so on.

The Rebbe then enquired whether the suit which I was wearing, was the identical one which I had mentioned in my letter. I replied in the affirmative, but explained that it HAD been my best suit. I had spent half an hour cleaning it, and then pressed it - but I had to send it away for mending and repairing.

The Rebbe then laughingly said that he had seen me struggling to obtain a seat at the Farbraingen. The Rebbe seemed very amused at this - although at that Farbraingen the Rebbe did not even glance in my direction at all - or so it seemed. We also discussed some other private matters.

You will realise from the above what a fantastic personality is our Rebbe. At a Farbraingen, he will be completely absorbed in Torah matters, relating Sichos and reciting a Maamer. Yet he notices and knows everything that is going on, not only around him, and at 770, but all over the world. From these lofty spiritual heights he will deign to exchange witticisms and pleasantries with Roselyn and me at a Mini-Yechidus, and he will recall every detail of a conversation which he had, even with a young person, many years ago.

He certainly has an extraordinary, outstanding and prodigious mind.

The Rebbe had handed Roselyn and me a dollar each for charity. He expressed the wish that I should come next year - "It will be better still". The Rebbe added that I should have Hatzlocho (success) and that I should "Give my regards to all your Ainiklech (grandchildren)".

I asked the Rebbe when I should come again - and he replied "Come as soon as you can, but it depends on Mrs JAFFE.

We had spent a very pleasant and unforgettable ten minutes with the Rebbe. We took our leave and the Rebbe said - FAUR Gezunderheit (Travel (home) in good health).

We left 770 just before 4 p.m. We had an appointment with the Rebbetzen at 4 p.m. at her home, where, once again, we were given the privilege and great honour of being received by Our Rebbetzen. Roselyn and I were accompanied by Shmuel - and by Yossi, Mendel, Yenta Chaya and Dovid.

We spent a wonderful one and a half hours with the Rebbetzen who, KAH, looked lovely and gracious and simply superb. We drank tea, ate cake, chatted and listened and watched the children doing their acts. For instance, Mendel rendered some beautiful Chazonuss (cantoral) pieces. We had previously arranged

with Shmuel, that after about half an hour, he and the children should leave us, whilst Roselyn and I would continue to enjoy the Rebbetzen's presence. He rose from his seat, said farewell - but the children refused to budge. Every fifteen minutes or so, Shmuel stood up - said Good-bye - and sat down again.- Like a Jack-in-the-box. The children remained adamant - and seated. They were having a grand time.

Roselyn told the Rebbetzen that we could hear the Rebbe's Succah being built next door. It was so nice to have good neighbours! The Rebbetzen indicated that we should have come in for a cup of tea. We explained about the video room and the Koss Shel Brocha. We told her of the unexpected but most welcome visitor to our apartment during Yom Tov - Dr. Ira Weiss. It certainly enhanced our Yom Tov.

The hour and a half simply flew; and it was time to take our leave, collect our suitcases and travel to the Airport.

We flew home in record time, less than five hours to cross the Atlantic. Next day we heard that yet another Children's Rally had been held. There seems no limit to the Rebbe's outstanding and extraordinary activities, and his fathomless capacity for non-stop hard work, day after day, month after month, and year after year. Alright - we realise that he is a Rebbe, but he is also human and can become tired. We beg of the Rebbe not to overdo it. We need him for at least another forty-one years - even when our righteous Redeemer shall become revealed.

Chapter 21 Some Correspondence with the Rebbe

On our return home I wrote, as usual, to the Rebbe expressing to him our grateful thanks for looking after us so well, and assuring the Rebbe that we had all had a wonderful and fantastic time in Crown Heights. As the Rebbe had told me "Next time it will be better" - and - it was better! It is always better!

I also mentioned that nearly everyone who was in New York during Succos returned with a cold, including Roselyn, Shmuel and me. Within a few days I received the following beautiful letter from the Rebbe:

By the Grace of G-d,
6th of Cheshvan, 5741
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Shneur Zalman Jaffe
England

Greetings and Blessing:

This is to confirm receipt of your correspondence, and many thanks for the good news that businesswise, and I trust that by now also healthwise, everything is in good order.

Being a practical and successful businessman, you surely follow the practice of cashing in promptly all the checks you receive. I mention this apropos of the well known saying of my father-in-law of saintly memory that following the month of Tishrei and coming back "home" to start the daily routine of the new year, every Jew should "unpack" all the spiritual baggage he has brought with him, putting everything in its proper place.

And since the month of Tishrei, which is so rich and sated with spiritual content, concludes with Zman Simchoseinu which, in turn, concludes with Simchas Torah, and - this year - the Jew danced straight from Simchas Torah into Shabbos Bereishis, I am confident that you have started your activities on this note of joy, both at home, and in your synagogue, and in your community at large, as well as in the United Kingdom - in each place to the fullest extent of your ability.

And as we read in the Sedra Bereishis about G-d giving Adam "a help to match him" (Ezer k'negdo), I am certain that Mrs Jaffe is giving you her fullest help and support in all above.

I am looking forward to receiving good and ever better news from you and all yours,
With blessing,

(Signed) M. Schneerson

Then a few weeks later, I received the following unusual and intriguing letter from the Rebbe. The first paragraph was in hebrew and consisted of five short sentences - (1) was a brief greetings blessing; (2) many thanks for my letters; (3) a few words of Torah; (4) good wishes for the future; and (5) the Rebbe's

signature with a few extra brochas added.

But, as in some of the letters which I receive from the Rebbe, there was a P.S. (a postscript). From past experience I have learnt to be very wary of these postscripts. They sting sometimes.

This is the P.S. to this letter:

"P.S. The following comes in English, in response to your English letter, and particularly as it comes in reference to your remark that, "Nearly everyone who was in New York during Succos returned with a Cold."

I was, of course, taken aback by this development. While 770, especially in the crush of Zman Simcheseinu, could cause some discomfort, I had not expected that it could be the cause of a widespread Cold (with a capital C). I am used to receiving reports about returning from 770 filled with **warmth** and bursting with enthusiasm and energy which - if it had any physical effects - no doubt **raised** the body **temperature*** several degrees. But to return from here with a "Cold"! Granted that England's climate is on the cold side all year round, and that Englishmen are basically conservative, reserved and cool-headed, not given to a display of exuberance and over-reacting, I had thought that things had changed a bit in England in recent years.

Of course, your statement implied no fault, certainly not intentionally. However, the association of a Cold with 770 seems quite incongruous, especially as Lubavitch here, as well as in Manchester, Great Britain and elsewhere, has, with G-d's help, succeeded in breaking the ice-age.

Be it as it may, there are certainly no **קפידות כלל** but rather in the spirit of some **פדינות** that I have seen, expressing the prayerful wish that "It should have an impact on me and on others". I pray that what has been said above should have an impact on myself, that my conduct should leave no room for any possibility of a Cold in others."

* and so it is to be called **even** in English=

On this subject, I wrote to the Rebbe as follows:-

"I note that the Rebbe was 'taken aback by this development', yet at the same time the Rebbe did write that he was "used to receiving reports about (people) returning from 770 filled with warmth... if it had any physical effects - no doubt raised the body temperature several degrees". This is exactly what did happen. We returned home with hot burning heads and bodies and with very high temperatures. We had to remain in bed, and take pills to cool us down. Actually it is easy to catch a cold in New York at any season. In winter the buildings and shops are as hot as an oven, whilst the streets are freezing cold. Yet in summer it is just the opposite - the buildings and shops are like a refrigerator because of the air conditioning, whilst the streets are as hot as a sauna bath.

Roselyn is particularly vulnerable. It has been essential for her to visit Dr. Seligman, on a number of occasions in New York. In fact in my "Encounter" of 5736, I wrote that Roselyn, Hilary and Yenta Chaya were ill and went to see Dr. Seligman. He confirmed that they all had tonsillitis. They

were given pills and ordered to stay in bed.

All this is certainly not the fault of the Rebbe. We are warned in Perek Ovus (Ethics of the Fathers) Chapter Two, Mishna 10 "to warm yourself by the fire of the Chachomim (Sages), but beware of their glowing embers lest you be burnt"." .

Well - see what happens when we get too near to a Tzadik, a Saintly Holy Person!? - but it was well worth it!!

Shneur Zalman Jaffe

I was, of course, taken aback by this development. While 770, especially in the crush of Zman Simchoseinu, could cause some discomfort, I had not expected that it could be the cause of a widespread ~~epidemic~~ Cold (with a capital C). I am used to receiving reports about returning from 770 filled with warmth and bursting with enthusiasm and energy which - if it had any physical effects - no doubt raised the body temperature* several degrees. But to return from here with a "Cold"! Granted that England's climate is on the cold side all year round, and that Englishmen are basically conservative, reserved and cool-headed, not given to a display of exuberance and over-reacting, I had thought that things had changed a bit in England in recent years.

* and so it is to be called
even in English = (572-771)

Of course, your statement implied no fault, certainly not intentionally. However, the association of a Cold with 770 seems quite incongruous, especially as Lubavitch here, as well as in Manchester, Great Britain and elsewhere, has, with G-d's help, succeeded in breaking the ice-age.

Be it as it may, there are certainly no (572-771) but rather in the spirit of some אני 132 that I have seen, expressing the prayerful wish that "it should have an impact on me and on others." I pray that what has been said above should have an impact on myself, that my conduct should leave no room for any possibility of a Cold in others.

Chapter 22: Miscellany

Yossi and Dovid are miles apart

I had now T.G. two grandsons at Lubavitcher Yeshivas. Dovid (Jaffe) was learning at Boro' Park in New York, and Yossi (Lew) was studying at the Toress Emmess in Jerusalem.

Dovid was enjoying himself immensely. He had settled into his new routine, straight away and without any bother. He is a very good boy and extremely clever but is mischievous. He was always the bone of his teachers' lives.

If there are any pranks or mischiefs being planned or executed, one can be certain that Dovid is somehow or somewhere, connected with them. He is the type of boy who considers that the Fire Escape which is positioned outside a building is placed there for the sole purpose as a means of climbing onto the roof. He came top of his class at the Yeshiva but he had to share this honour with two other boys.

He must have done well in his learning, because he only got a 1B for "Derech Eretz".

Yossi who is learning in the Holy City of Jerusalem is not very pleased. He would rather be in Crown Heights. To him 770 is the hub of the world and everything centres around the Rebbe. There is no doubt, of course, that there is always something happening at 770. One just needs Good Health, Faith, Stamina and Tenacity to be able to live there. For a young man, there is nowhere else to equal the Torah and Vitality which emanates from the Rebbe and 770.

So Yossi studies from about 7 a.m. in the morning until 9.30 p.m. in the evening every day. Occasionally he has a diversion. For instance on Yud Tess Kislev, he and Zalmon Liberof, from Manchester, volunteered to go to Ben Gurion Airport to put Tefillin on the travellers and their friends.

The problem was how to get to the Airport if one has no money. The answer - to hitchhike. They waited at the usual pick-up spot on the main road just on the outskirts of Jerusalem, but the soldiers received priority.

Over an hour had passed, before a driver had pity on them and his car drew up.

They alighted. The usual conversation ensued - "Where are you going?" "To the airport to put tefillin on men and boys - It is a special holiday for us - It is Yud Tess Kislev and we are Chabad Lubavitch".

The driver observed that he also knew that it was Yud Tess Kislev, because he was Chabad, too. In fact, he pointed out that he had an uncle in Manchester, England who was very close to the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlito.

"That is funny," said Yossi. "I have a Zaidie (grandfather) in Manchester who is also a close friend of the Rebbe - and his name is Zalmon Jaffe". "Good gracious", declared the driver, "that is the name of my uncle - and is also my name!"

Now who says that there are no miracles these days. It was a chance in millions!

Women of Worth, second poem

One evening, my granddaughter Leah telephoned me and begged me to write a poem for her two groups of Purim Shpielers, who intended to visit various houses to collect money for Lubavitch Youth work.

I informed her that I was very busy indeed, and I did not have the time and inclination to concentrate on writing a poem. But - under pressure - I promised her that if she could find no one else, then I would do my best. I would not let her down.

Within less than a minute, she phoned back. She could not get anyone else!?!

Here is what I wrote:-

WOMEN OF WORTH Second Poem

- (1) Our Story this evening is about Women of Worth, of whom throughout Jewish history, there was never a Dearth.
- (2) A Jewish wife has always been a partner of equality, Therefore she must prepare well - and become - a Lady of Quality.
- (3) G-d told our Ancestor Abraham in quite a categorical way, To do what your wife, Sarah, tells you, and listen to what she will say.
- (4) Sarah was beautiful and so clever, as well as a prophetess, Exactly the type of Lady, to become our first Ancestress.
- (5) Rebecca was the next in line, and was happy and content, When Isaac took her as his wife, and installed her in his Mother Sarah's tent.
- (6) The Torah does not mince its words, it states quite distinctly, That Isaac loved Rebecca, it could not say it more succinctly.
- (7) Jacob, the last of the Forefathers, married Rachel and Leah, Who loved and sustained him, in all things he held dear.
- (8) Deborah was a prophetess who from her Jewish convictions would not budge, She conquered all her enemies and thus became a Judge.
- (9) One of our most illustrious Jewish Women, was Channah, the Martyr - Whose Seven Sons were executed, because for their Judaism she would not barter.
- (10) Another famous Channah had no children, and wept bitterly in Shool. But G-d answered her prayers, and she begat the Novi Shmuel.

(11) If a young girl converted to Judaism, exactly according to the Law and Truth, She would have Nachas and pleasure, as did King David's Grandmother, Ruth.

(12) Queen Esther in the Megilla receives honourable mention, Of how she helped save the Jews from total Annihilation.

(13) If women and girls will light candles every Friday night peace and harmony will prevail, with the home sparkling bright.

(14) Our spiritual existence depends on the food we eat, So make certain of the Kashrus of all your drinks and meat.

(15) We rely on Jewish Women to keep the family purity, And thus ensure that the Jewish Nation will last until Eternity.

(16) In conclusion let your actions speak clear and loud, So that the Rebbe, and every Jew, of you all will be proud.

(17) We wish you a Happy Purim, with your family and Spouse
And hope to receive a good donation to support the word of Lubavitch House.

What's in a Name

In due course, my daughter Hilary (Lew) gave birth to a lovely baby girl. Her twelfth child KAH and my nineteenth grandchild KAH.

She was her seventh daughter.

She was born on the seventh day of the week

On the seventh day of the month

And during the same week of the Rebbe's birthday -- the seventh Rebbe. So she was named -- "BAS-SHEVA".

A Visit to the Dentist

In last year's "Encounter Number Eleven", I included the Sichos in which the Rebbe had cautioned "that no surgical operations should take place close to the Shabbos, unless they were emergencies " The Rebbe mentioned that there should be at least three clear days before the Day of Rest - otherwise this would cause, amongst other things - worry, aggravation and pain on Shabbos.

Avrohom applied the same rule and principle to dentistry. He would never make a dental appointment for later in the week than Tuesday.

I laughed at this rigid attitude. Maybe I was wrong to laugh!

My dentist had decided to fix a solid gold post in my lower jaw, to carry a new bridge of teeth. All the preparatory work had been done. It only remained to cement in this gold pillar, which would take about fifteen minutes.

My appointment was for 1 p.m. on Friday, the one day in the week when I was pretty certain to be in Manchester.

At 1 p.m. I was stretched out upon a most modern piece of seating equipment. My legs were on a higher level than my head. The dentist said "OPE-EN-WIDE"; it won't take long now; everything is perfect".

He suddenly gave a shout and called out "Oi Vay, it's slipped through my fingers. Don't swallow it. Bend over forward and try and cough it out - because - it is a very expensive and meticulous piece of technical handiwork." I tried my best to oblige, but it was of no avail. It seemed to be lodged at the back of my throat.

The dentist appealed to me not to swallow anything, not even Air. It should not speak, either. He rushed me by car direct to the hospital. After the usual long delays - "What is your name, age, address, occupation and so forth" which I wrote down on a paper for them, I was told to sit there and wait here, until at long last, the dentist and I were privileged to see the doctor.

He peered down my throat, shoved his big hand right down it - and very nearly choked me. He surmised that I had swallowed the gold piece, but as my throat felt very sore - as if something was still lodged there, he ordered a series of 'X-Rays' to be taken.

"Get undressed; put on this long square necked gown" and lo and behold – a lovely photograph of my stomach with the gold piece lodged therein.

We returned to the dentist's surgery. I was told that it was most essential that I find this gold post. He was relying on me. It would take about three days to travel around my system.

Meanwhile, it was nearly 4 p.m. and almost time for Shabbos. I did not have my full set of teeth. I did have a very sore throat and the Shabbos dinner was waiting for me. All in all, I think Avrohom was right!

Incidentally, I did recover the piece of gold. It took six days!

Next time I went to the dentist to have this post fixed, he sat me up, straight! He was taking no chances.

A Helpful Invention

My friends, Mr. and Mrs Dovid Baram reside in Sheffield, Yorkshire. Dovid also works in that city.

Four years ago, he wished to leave Sheffield, but the Rebbe intimated that it was important that he should remain. It was essential to the local Jewish community that orthodox people like Dovid should stay and become a source of encouragement to the Jews of that area.

Recently Dovid informed the Rebbe that he was interested in changing his place of work. He offered various suggestions to the Rebbe. He was doing research on an invention which would solve a very important technical problem. The Rebbe replied, that Dovid should concentrate on this invention, as long as he was sure of his facts. Therefore Dovid left his old job and commenced to work on his own account.

During the month of Tishrei, Dovid saw the Rebbe and regretfully informed him that he had not yet finalised this invention. He was certain that if the problem could be solved, then the results would lead to great prosperity.

The Rebbe gave him a brocha - that he would very soon complete this venture, that it would not, only succeed, but it would be an outstanding success.

Dovid Baram explained to the Rebbe that there were two important projects which needed attention and support in Sheffield. The Mikvah needed repairs, and it was becoming necessary to open a Jewish school. His daughter was nearly five years of age and she would be compelled soon to attend a School. He asked the Rebbe which scheme should have priority.

The Rebbe replied that he would be able to do both.

On his return to Sheffield, he managed to complete all the details of his invention and he raised funds in order to exploit this product.

He then sold the rights and patents to a large firm, which possessed a great deal of capital - on the legal understanding that all these rights and patents would be transferred to a new company, which would be specially established. Dovid would be appointed a director.

Dovid confided that he knew that he would obtain money for his invention, but he never dreamed that it would be so much.

He now has a good salary and sufficient cash to repair the Mikvah and open up a school for the Jewish children of Sheffield.

Chapter 23: Another Shmuel Summary

The Rebbe's Views on the Current Problems in Israel

The Rebbe has always been extremely concerned about the situation in Eretz Yisroel. Firstly, regarding the Laws of "Me Hu Yehudi" and secondly, on the subject of the Peace agreement with Egypt. We should always learn from the Torah and from the Shulchan Oruch.

The Rebbe with his keen and perceptive vision and outlook connects and associates the Torah and the Halacha with the present situation. His fervent love and compassion for all Jews everywhere - especially in Israel, compel the Rebbe to broadcast his outspoken and unequivocal viewpoint throughout the World. We pray, for all our sakes, that these convictions and impressions will be accepted by our leaders in Israel and that they will become effective as soon as possible.

Shmuel has summarised, and Avrohom has published and distributed the Rebbe's Sichos which cover these subjects. I am appending a short version of two of these talks.

The first fourteen points were taken from a Sicho given towards the end of 5740. The remaining paragraphs at Channuka time.

"We are now leaving the Shemittah year, and we need the power of children to '... still the enemy and avenger', and to negate the idea of foolish people. Why do I say "foolish"? Because there are those who have already done foolish things with regard to Israel, and in particular the terrible truth which is unfolding with regard to Camp David agreement.

(a) The desperate oil situation for Israel, where everyone knows today that had they not returned the oil-wells, Israel would have its own source of oil; unlike those who misled by saying that there were reserves enough for many months. We all know now that even in a country as affluent as the United States, the maximum amount that can be stored is in terms of months duration. Israel has already spent many billions of dollars on the importing of oil, which proves how little they were able to stock-pile. In addition, Israel is now requesting favours from America of two million dollars over the coming months. There are also vast amounts of money involved which are not publicised.

(b) We see that the other parties to Camp David have not kept face with all or even the majority of the promises made. This applies even to the aid from the U.S. - how much more so with regard to Egypt.

(c) The most shocking of all is that there are Jews who say that this is not to be compared to the situation described in the Talmud (Erurim) and in the Shulchan Aruch (Chap.3:29) that when enemies surround Jewish cities, even in the Diaspora, it is a mitzvah to go out even on Shabbos, in order to thwart their plans. There are those who have written essays saying that this is not a comparable situation, because there our Sages are talking about "enemies", whereas here we are dealing with "a good friend"! In fact, the exact opposite is the case, Israel being surrounded by mortal enemies from all four directions, and no secret is being made of this.

(d) In the areas which Israel vacated and Egypt moved into, who is to be found in those territories?

Armed men - not as between two countries who are at peace - but large divisions of soldiers. This is no secret. Anyone who travels can actually see the military preparations being made by Egypt.

(e) The other neighbours of Israel openly admit that they are in a state of war, and are demanding conditions which are unacceptable to Israel, e.g. P.L.O.

(f) Not only is there a threat of war, but there is a reality through the presence of terrorists, which has increased manyfold in recent months. They are not financed by individuals but by governments of those who surround Israel. In other words - Israel right now is in a state of war.

(g) The strategy of the Egyptians is not as it was in the Yom Kippur war, or the previous wars when they openly tried to sieze territory. They are now trying to achieve their objective through devious negotiation. Further, in those areas where large numbers of troops are stationed, if their object is not war, why then do they not send machinery for building up populated areas, rather than accumulate war weaponry.

I mention these points to indicate how deeply penetrating is the darkness of Golus, and to emphasise that not only "Jewish towns" (as mentioned in the Halacha) are threatened, but the entire Land of Israel. It is purely the great Shepherd who protects the lambs from the wolves, who neither slumbers nor sleeps - thatl has prevented a catastrophe.

(h) There are more terrorist incidents since Camp David. I will not call it by its Hebrew name "Machane Dovid", because everything agreed is the opposite of the spirit of Dovid the King of Israel, of the spirit of the Shulchan Aruch, of Yiddishkeit, and of simple, logical common sense.

(i) It is unheard of to give weaponry to those whom one fears, and Israelis have given weapon to the Egyptians. For today oil is a commercial weapon. Oil is not used primarily for illuminating, or for machinery, but paramountly for defensive and offensive purposes. Only the rest is used for peaceful purposes.

(j) Sadat threatens and requests concessions on the grounds of his obligations to all the Arab countries. He is not independent, and must consider the opinions of his people and his cousins, Syria and Iraq and some Jews say they have nothing to fear!!

(k) Sadat revealed many of the secret aspects of the agreement and negotiations to those who are openly now in a state of war with Israel. Doesn't this at least put into doubt the peaceful intentions of the Egyptians? And we know that when it comes to matters of life and death, even a doubt has to be taken into serious consideration, and one may not concede, especially as here we are dealing with Pikuach Nefesh of three million people.

(l) Today, the situation is not one of doubt which perhaps prevailed at the time when the contract was signed, but we see clearly what a terrible state of vulnerability Israel stands in by continuing along this path. How can anyone say that this is not a situation of enemies surrounding the nation, but just "people and friends" who want to get together to meet and discuss matters.

(m) Israel was the only party of the Camp David Agreement which stands to lose in a serious way. The U.S. can only profit from any result, being a super-power with the trust of both sides. Egypt can only gain

because nothing is demanded of Egypt. All they have to do is to sign a paper, and even this they refuse to do. The promises that they give - written or oral - are at most promises which can be forgotten overnight, and that is all they are giving.

(n) One of the conditions of Camp David was that they would not allow terrorists to enter Israel, and certainly that they would not transmit any information to them or their sympathisers, of any of the secret agreements between the three parties. Everyone admits today that some information was transmitted; not only was it transmitted, but Sadat rationalised why he had to. For his country consists of a few million people, and the other Arab states total one hundred million. In addition, he relies for financial and other assistance from his fellow-Arab countries. Also, they are of the same ethnic stock and religion. What is more frightening is that every one of these reasons would be equally valid after all signatures and agreements had been completed. Those who think the situation will change once they sit down at the table and have talks, are dreaming totally unrealistic and dangerous dreams.

Those, therefore, who have publicised, or said that the situation as described in the Shulchan Aruch and in the Talmud is not relevant today, either do not know or do not listen, or do not want to listen. May it be that Hashem will cause Salvation to come ". . . in the wink of an eye", and may the efforts of the young children "silence the enemy and avenger". "

The Rebbe continued to explain how necessary in the world of darkness and confusion today it is to experience a genuine Yiras Shomayim, in following in Yaacov's footsteps, and in expressing it with our relationship to the world, rather than allowing our attitudes and responses to be shaped by the values of the world around us. He specifically connected it to the situation in Eretz Yisroel as follows:-

(a) Attitudes - Unfortunately, we find the Jew bending over backwards to fulfil that which was originally signed, despite the fact that the nations have not fulfilled any aspect of it at all. The 150 countries of the U.N. express their opinions, not in writing or verbally, but by raising the hand. This is in line with the statement of Yitzchok ". . . the hands are the hands of Essov . . ." and are directed with the same attitude. Yaacov was a sincere individual, but when it came to dealing with people like Essov, he was able to outwit the wicked schemer with an effective reaction. Today, we see the Egyptian side flouting every detail of the Agreement, and yet Israel does not have the strength of character to immediately nullify the entire Agreement.

(b) Achievements - Nothing has been conceded by Egypt that cannot be withdrawn overnight. It is as easy as packing the suitcases of their ambassador and taking the next plane back to Egypt. Even the imagined achievement of a railway link is merely simplifying the flooding of Israel with spies.

(c) Oil - This is the most painful aspect of all, and Israel has seen how excruciatingly difficult it is to get any country to agree to sell oil, with the single exception of the U.S., on whom she is totally dependant. There were those religious deputies who proclaimed at the time of Camp David that there were stockpiles for years which is too ridiculous to envisage in a country as small as Israel. The person then gave money to a Rabbi for his Yeshiva, upon which he was able to produce the view of a Rabbi that this Agreement was to be supported, and Israel would not be lacking in oil. In actual fact, Israel has spent recently 2-billion dollars for oil, the lions share of which comes from the well which Israel discovered, developed and then handed over to the Egyptians according to the tragic Agreement, (which people unfortunately connect with the name of David Hamelech). The need for oil grows greater as time goes on, and the price

continues to rise. The sources diminish, particularly now that there is a war between two oil-producing countries, and the difficulties show every sign of becoming much more pressing. All this is with regard to that which we can openly see; the same applies to every single detail of the Agreement. In addition

(d) Jordan - Various visitors went to Egypt and returned saying that they would like to involve Jordan, with which country they would make a territorial compromise. Although they are not of the opposition, they had consultations with government officials before this trip, and the reason for these pronouncements was in order to try out the public reaction to such an idea. The Israelis are determined to return parts of the West Bank. The only reason they are not able to do it is because Sadat has rejected the Jordanian option, and Israel has no choice other than to obey Sadat!

(e) Arms - At the same time, the U.S. has been showering Egypt with sophisticated arms. Now that there is peace, what are the arms needed for? People say that it is necessary in order to protect America from Moscow! If Moscow is not afraid of the U.S., how much more so is it not afraid of Egypt, a country whose people in recent months have been involved with, accidents with armoury in the desert sands, and will take years before they can operate them properly. These arms are certainly not in store for use against Russia. In addition, America sent massive arms shipments to Saudi Arabia, and unbelievably used the excuse that they were only for defensive use. How can one accept this argument, when for a mere fraction of the cost of the plane, they can add the necessary equipment to make them into offensive planes. All they need is one, single jet which is equipped for offensive use and an engineer in order to copy that edition.

The normal behaviour is that when one signs and sees that there is no reciprocal act from the other party, one ceases to fulfil a deal until such time as the other side has clearly shown they can be trusted. In this case, Israel has received nothing tangible.

May Hashem help that just like the time of Chanukah at the end of Kislev, and is in the time of Yud Kislev, when Jews showed that redemption comes through not being afraid of goyim and goyishkeit, one should contemplate upon the miracle of the single jug of pure oil. The pure and impure oil were identical, excepting the pure oil was not touched by goyishkeit. Who can judge whether it has been contaminated or not? The seal of the Kohen Godol. Why only a Kohen Godol when we can trust a normal Kohen, even a Levi, or a Kosher Dayan who is a Yisroel? The answer is that there is a rule which says that a Kohen Godol may not leave Yerushalayim. "Yerushalayim" comprises two words - Yir-ah Sholom, i.e. perfect fear of heaven. Only when one experiences that level of Yiras Shomayim can one face up to the world in the way the Torah wants, and this will lead to the necessary firmness and confidence in world affairs. Not only should Israel refuse to concede more, but should demand the return of that which was given mistakenly. If they will not get it all back, they will achieve part of this objective and certainly will not allow themselves to "slip" further.

May we be freed from the inferiority complex which causes people to pride themselves in their achievements of Greek culture, and have the pride of "the voice is the voice of Yaacov" which, the Midrash says alludes to the voice of the young children who are chanting words of Torah in true Chinuch."

Conclusion

We Want Moshiach Now

The Rebbe is endeavouring to ensure that Moshiach will become revealed at the earliest possible moment. All year he has concentrated on the children. In addition to the theme of "the Children will bring back the hearts of the Fathers to Yiddishkeit" and having established the modern "Army of G-d" - Tzivas Hashem, the Rebbe has requested that all Jewish children throughout the world should be given the opportunity to write a New Sefer Torah. This is one of the most exalted of all the Mitzvahs.

Obviously each child cannot afford to pay for a whole new Sefer Torah.

But the Talmud says that if one pays for even a small letter, it is as if one has written the whole Sefer Torah by oneself. The Rebbe has suggested that all boys under the age of Bar-Mitzvah and all girls under Bass-Mitzvah should pay fifty pence (a half of £1) from their own spending money to buy a letter. I believe that there are actually over 300,000 letters in a Sefer Torah (plus the "Unwritten" ones, for example the vowels, which would make up the 600,000 letters, corresponding to the number of adult male Jews who left Egypt at the time of the Exodus).

This Sefer Torah will be written in the Tzemech Tzedek Shool, near the Western Wall in the Holy City of Jerusalem. All children who attend groups, synagogues, schools, Chedorim or any organisation whether under Lubavitch jurisdiction or not, are urged to write their hebrew names, by themselves if possible, and send them to their nearest Lubavitch branch or direct to Jerusalem.

If more children should apply than there are letters in the Sefer Torah, then the Rebbe has suggested that two or even three Torahs could be written.

This will surely and without doubt bring the Revelation of Our Righteous Moshiach in our own days and brought closer by the children who sing lustily and regularly

"We want Moshiach now

We want Moshiach now

We want Moshiach now

We do not want to wait".

A brief report - by my Granddaughter, Golda Rivka (Lew)

Dr. Willie Goldberg, of London helped the boys of Pincus' (my brother's) class to go to see the Rebbe, Shlita, nearly two years ago.

Last year, Dr. Goldberg did the same for the Girls of Class Five (the top class) at the Lubavitch High School for Girls.

Mummy was in charge of the eleven girls. Mummy allowed me to come too, although I was only eleven and a half years old, and we all went to 770 for Yud Bais Tamuz for a two weeks' holiday.

I went, ostensibly (what does this word mean, Zaidie? Mummy gave it me) to look after BenZion, who was about twelve months old. As it happened, all the girls were always fighting for the privilege and pleasure of minding him. I believe that when the next group will visit the Rebbe Shlita again for Yud Bais Tamuz, none of use (the Lew girls) will be going with, to help Mummy to look after BenZion and also my new baby sister, Bass Sheva who will only be three months old at the time. Mummy is confident that she will find plenty of volunteers to look after both babies.

Tatty (Daddy) told me that the trip would cost £4000, £363 for each of the eleven girls, and this would include everything. Each girl would pay about £120, and Dr. Goldberg would subsidise another third, about £1330, and Tatty prevailed upon some generous people to defray the cost of the balance (of £1330).

We went sightseeing and visited the Ohel - the grave of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL). The Rebbe, Shlita, goes very often and regularly to visit this holy place. We also wended our way to the Eternal Resting places of Rebbetzen Nechama Dina and also Rebbetzen Channah, the Rebbe's (Shlita) mother. It had been a boiling hot day, and we were all squashed into the car, with no air-conditioning - it was unbearable - even with all the windows wide open.

We stayed at the Machon Channah, which is just around the corner of 770. All the girls who usually live there were on holiday so we had the complete run of the building. A resident cook provided all the meals which were really excellent and most enjoyable.

One day we had to change trains at girls were on one still on the othe we moved out. It because those six go to Manhattan so we took the Subway (the tube). We had to change trains at a station, but discovered to our horror, that Mummy and six girls were on one train, whilst Baby Ben Zion with the other six girls were still on the other train. They just managed to scramble out and join us before we moved out. It was very hilarious - but it could have been a serious matter because those six girls with the baby had no idea where we were going.

It was hot and sticky in New York, but we were going to the Bear Mountains by boat. (It sounds silly going up to the mountain by boat.) It was a Fast Day and Mummy thought that the fresh breezes from the River and the mountains would cool us down a little, and take our minds off the thoughts of Food - and they did! We also visited Philadelphia - it was gorgeous.

But the best of all was on Friday; we were all excited because we were going to see the Rebbe Shlita in Yechidus. All the girls were spruced up in their best Shabbos clothes and were all poshed up, as we waited outside 770. It was 4 p.m. and we waited till 6 p.m. Then we received a message that the Rebbe, Shlita would see us on Monday instead, We were all so very disappointed (was it because it involved getting washed, cleaned up and dressed up again on Monday, eh?! - Z.J.) No, it wasn't - Zaidie. It was because we had been to the Ohel that morning for a spiritual preparation before meeting the Rebbe, Shlita.

Anyway, we did see the Rebbe Shlita on Monday, and it made up for all the disappointment. It was certainly worth waiting for. Each girl went in for Yechidus, separately. The Rebbe Shlita gave me a beautiful brocha for my future Bass Mitzvah commemoration and also brochas to all the family.

(Thank you Golda Rivka - it is quite a good report for a Freckle face!!)

Chapter 24 Presentation to the Rebbe of the Travelling Hebrew/English Tanya

It had been resolved "many many moons" ago, that the Hebrew/English Tanya should be reproduced as a pocket edition. Hershel Gorman had been in charge of the technical details and had been the Liaison Officer between Lubavitch and the Soncino Press when the original Hebrew/English Tanya was printed.

Hershel was once again given the job of ensuring the successful printing of this new small edition. Everyone had their own ideas of how to reduce the size of this volume. I suggested that we should omit the notes at the foot of the pages and at the back of the book. We should also leave out the commentaries, the various introductions and the pages of Mystical Concepts on Chassidism. We would save almost one hundred and fifty pages, plus the notes at the foot of each page, which I considered unnecessary in a pocket edition.

However, the weeks and the months were racing along and we did not desire a repetition of the long delays which we had experienced with the Original Hebrew/ English Tanya. It would be easier, quicker and less costly to reproduce the exact format of the original Tanya. So I withdrew my objections.

In the event the new production was very beautiful, and very lovely, but as I had anticipated, it could not be referred to as a Pocket Tanya - it would need a hefty pocket!! It was therefore named - a portable or travelling Tanya.

A few weeks before Pesach, Hershel came to Manchester and informed Avrohom, Bernard (Perrin) and me that the Tanya would be available at any day now, and we should immediately plan to fly to 770 and present the first copies to the Rebbe and to the Rebbetzen.

Unfortunately, I had personally sustained a little accident in the month of December - I had gashed my Achilles Tendon. (That was the reason why I could not travel to 770 for Yud Shevat. The Rebbe had sent back a message on that occasion that "Mr. Manchester had to be healthy").

So when it was decided that the delegation should travel to Crown Heights on Thursday April 2nd 1981, I had to withdraw, because I could not walk too well, and I still required daily dressings and baths.

Our representatives were Avrohom and Susan (Rabbi and Mrs Avrohom Jaffe), Hershel and Bernard (Perrin).

I gave a letter to Avrohom, which I asked him to hand over to the Rebbe.

I wrote that I was extremely sorry to miss such a wonderful occasion. I did not desire that the presentation should be postponed because of me. I made sure that the Rebbe realised that Avrohom was NOT representing me. He was going on his own behalf and on behalf of the committee.

Avrohom was still, regretting the fact that he had not accompanied the delegation which had presented the original Hebrew/English Tanya with all the pomp and ceremony with which it was handed over.

This is the report which Avrohom has submitted. (I was not present.) The delegation duly arrived at 770 on Thursday April 2nd. The members immediately informed Label (Groner) that they wished to present the Tanya to the Rebbe as soon as possible. They then waited patiently to hear from the Rebbe.

On Friday at 2 p.m. word was received that the presentation would take place on Sunday morning - which was Rosh Chodesh Nissen, after the Kriass Hatorah.

Just before Shabbos, it was announced that the Rebbes intended to bake the Matzo on the Monday, which was the second day of Nissen, and would be distributing the Matzo to the representatives of Eretz Yisroel later on. It was suggested that Avrohom and the delegation should also be in attendance in the Library (next door to 770) on Monday evening, when the Rebbe would have returned from the Ohel.

Label told everyone to be ready immediately after Mincha - and Susan was also included in the invitation. But after Mincha, another message was delivered - to the effect that everything would now take place after Maariv.

The programme would be as follows. They would enter the Library, and stand inside the hallway. The Rebbe would enter and go into the front room, wherein tables were placed around the walls. On these tables were placed ten large boxes each containing about a dozen packets of Matzos.

The Rebbe arrived after Maariv. The usual crowds of bochorim, boys, lined the footpath. The Rebbe entered and closed the front door. This was the signal for a concerted frontal attack on the library. Everyone surged forward, the door bell was pressed continuously (by accident). Boys climbed up the door, and up the wall. They wanted to know and to see what was going on. However, the Rebbe's "big guns" arrived and the boys retreated - back to the sidewalk.

In the Hallway, stood only six people - Avrohom, Hershel and Bernard plus Susan. There were also two Israelis - one from Kfar Chabad and the other one from Jerusalem. The Rebbe was accompanied, in the front room, by Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner, Binyamin Klyne, Yudel Krinsky and Myer Harlick, and Rabbi Levene, the Librarian was also in attendance.

The door was ajar, and it was seen that the Rebbe took Challah from each large box. He went from box to box and took a piece of Matzo from one packet in each box. He placed all these pieces of Matzo into a paper bag which Label was holding.

The Rebbe then asked for the Tanya. They had brought one specially bound volume for the Rebbe and ten ordinary editions. Avrohom and Bernard wanted Hershel to present the first copy, the leather bound one, to the Rebbe. Hershel with his usual modesty, declined. So Bernard approached the Rebbe, who was still standing in the front room, and declared that he was going to ask Hershel to present this Tanya to the Rebbe. At which point, Bernard withdrew the Tanya from where he had been hiding it and handed to Hershel. Hershel had, of course, no option but to make the presentation. Avrohom and Bernard then handed to the Rebbe five copies, each.

The Rebbe asked what were these ten copies for. Bernard replied that the Rebbe could distribute them to whomsoever he wanted. The Rebbe said- "Well, we shall make a start now!" He handed a Tanya to

Avrohom, to Hershel and to Bernard - and also to Susan. The two representatives from Israel were also given a copy each.

At this point the Rebbe handed each person a Booklet on the Birchas Hachama which had just been published with the Order of Service as arranged by the Rebbe.

The Rebbe had not yet finished. He gave to each person a £20 note for Tzedoka - the Israelis were handed packets of Shekolim - he then presented Avrohom with a £20 note for "Mr. Manchester" "You know whom I mean?" "Yes, my father" replied Avrohom, and to Hershel a £20 note to give to Harav Nachman Sudak. (Nachman and I were the other members of the Committee who had to remain in England).

The Rebbe still had one £20 note left, so he handed it to Susan to give to Tzedoka for Neshei Chabad of United Kingdom. One packet of Israeli Shekolim was for Professor Branover's Kollal for Russian immigrants.

The Rebbe announced that he would like to say a few words, but - first he desired to distribute the Matzo. He gave a packet each to Avrohom for Manchester; to Hershel for London and to Bernard for the places which he visited on his travels. The Rebbe then handed over eight of the large boxes for Eretz Yisroel.

Everyone was still in the front room. The Rebbe decided to speak at the front door of the Library, and he asked for a microphone. He opened the two front doors leading to the porch - or small terraced balcony. The mike had still not arrived.

The Rebbe then enjoined everyone who was inside the library to come outside, so that they could listen to his address:- In the middle of his talk, the mike arrived - by air - it came whizzing through the atmosphere and just missed everyone's head. The Rebbe said: "Today is the second of Nissen, which is the Yartzeit of the Rebbe Rashab (the father of the Previous Rebbe). He was instrumental in establishing the Lubavitcher Yeshivas Tomchei Temimim, through which Chassidus is spread to the outside world - and throughout the Globe".

"Today we are celebrating the presentation of another edition of the Hebrew/ English Tanya, through which Chassidus will be spread throughout all the English-speaking world, to an even greater extent".

"Also today we are handing out the Matzo, which is referred to as the Food of Emunah, of Faith; and learning Chassidus strengthens one's faith. Furthermore it is the Year of Haakel, in which the Unity of men women and children is acclaimed, especially in the Land of Eretz Yisroel. Similarly, on Wednesday, we will be observing the unique Mitzvah of Birchas Hachama, the Blessing on the Sun. Everyone, men, women and children have to be present together to participate in this Mitzvah. This unifies all the people. Through these celebrations we achieve the completeness and perfection of Torah - of the Land - and of the people."

Chapter 25 A Blessing every Twenty-Eight Years

Two days later, on Wednesday morning, the Sun would be in the exact same spot in the heavens, in relation to the Earth as it was at the time of the Creation. This occurs only every twenty-eight years.

Avrohom had arranged to leave New York on the Tuesday morning, but decided to remain over for the additional day - otherwise they would have to wait another twenty-eight years P.G. to join the Rebbe at this type of ceremonial celebration.

On the previous Shabbos, the Rebbe had discussed the various halachic details connected with this service, and declared that it was desirable to make the brocha of Shehechionu. There were many Rabbonim who expressed a doubt about whether this brocha was valid. The Rebbe therefore advised all men, women and children - because everyone was beholden to take part in this Mitzvah - to wear a new garment or to bring along a new fruit - these would save any arguments with the above-mentioned Rabbonim. We use this system on the second day of Rosh Hashona for the Tikius (blowing) of the Shofar, when there is also a doubt about whether to make the blessing of Shehechionu.

The fruiterers were doing a roaring trade in MANGOS, and there was even a notice displayed, prominently, in the window of a women's outfitting shop as follows:-
"Only two days left to Birchas HaChamah - Buy your new Dress Now"

There were large posters placed all over New York - issued by the Secretariat of 770 - explaining the laws of the Birchas HaChamah.

It is fortunate for us that this event takes place only every twenty-eight years, and not like the New Moon which occurs every twenty-eight days or so (twenty-nine and thirty).

The morning dawned bright and clear. There was a lovely sun shining in the heavens.

Everything was nicely arranged for the service which would be held outside 770. The Rebbe's platform (bimah) was set up in the slip road, and police barricades were placed in front of Binyamin Klyne's abode. These would divide the men from the women. It was only a coincidence that they were police barriers, because it was not really necessary to call in the "Law" to separate the sexes. These barriers just happened to be handy.

The programme was as follows:- Shacheriss at 7.30 a.m. and Birchas HaChamah at 8.20 a.m.

At 7.10 a.m. there was not one person in the Mikvah - this was quite normal, it happened every day - except in this instance, however - everyone had already used the Mikvah. The Rebbe arrived at 770 at 7.20 a.m. and emerged, after Shacheriss, at 8.20 a.m. for the blessing on the Sun. Two niggunim were sung - the Alter Rebbe's and the Simchas Torah tunes.

The Rebbe called up Rabbi Pinson to act as the Chazan - Shehechionu, Tehillim and the Mishna (in Brochus) regarding the Sun, were recited. The Rebbe related three Sichos after which six boys and six girls recited the twelve Torah passages. The service concluded at 9.10 a.m.

Avrohom and Susan, Bernard and Hershel dashed to the airport and arrived at 9.35 a.m. They were airborne at 10.05 a.m. — less than one hour after leaving 770.

In Manchester, the Sun remained hidden during the morning. Our service was recited, with a Minyan, outside the Shool, but without saying the brochas.

A close watch was kept for the Sun, which emerged from behind the clouds at about 11 a.m. for a few minutes - just sufficient time to ensure that the appropriate blessings were made.

As it happens, we were lucky, because sometimes we do not see the actual sun in Manchester for days on end!

The Rebbe's Sicho is read out in Congress

This Sicho was printed in the Congressional Record which was published in Washington D.C. on Thursday March 26th 1981 and is a report of the proceedings and debates of the Ninety-Seventh Congress, First Session.

This publication is similar to our own (British) Hansard which records the daily business and agenda of the U.K. Parliament.

We did not realise when we heard the Rebbe giving over to us this Sicho that it would be ultimately relayed to the U.S.A. Congress.

We are aware that the Yud Shevat Farbraingen was televised all over the U.S.A. everywhere, except one area - Crown Heights, but this is as nothing compared to being read and discussed in the U.S.A. Congress. Avrohom had the Zechus to take with him his second son, Levi Yitzchok who had just celebrated his Bar-Mitzvah — to see the Rebbe on Yud Shevat.

There were three hundred and seventy-five Congressmen present.

This is the actual Sicho recorded in the Congressional Record - for Posterity.

"In G-d we Trust"

Mr. Helms, Mr President, on February 16, I introduced S. 481, a bill to restore the right of voluntary prayer in public schools. This subject is not new to the Senate. In fact, in the last Congress, this body passed legislation which contained provisions identical to those of S.481.

Since the Supreme Court decisions of the early 1960s which effectively did away with voluntary prayer in schools, public support to restore those rights has arisen all across this Nation. One outspoken advocate of the rights of children to have voluntary prayer included in their school day is Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

On January 15, Rabbi Schneerson delivered an address to more than 5,000 followers who had gathered to

mark the completion of 30 years of world Jewish leadership by the Rebbe. That statement eloquently presents a clear perspective on the principle of separation of church and State and, in turn, on the case for voluntary school prayer. In the words of the Rebbe -

"Separation between religion and state is not, nor ever was, meant to imply antagonism to, or even indifference to religion . . . school prayer does not negate the concept of separation of religion and state, for in no way is this religious intolerance, which was the whole concern of the founders of this country when instituting this concept."

Mr. President, the Rebbe's points merit the attention of the Members of this body. Therefore, I submit the text of his statement, "In G-d We Trust": Safeguard for Religious Freedom," to be printed in the RECORD at the conclusion of my remarks.

The text is as follows:

"In G-d* We Trust": Safeguard for Religious Freedom

(Delivered January 15, 1981, by Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson, the Lubavitcher Rebbe)

In a democracy such as the U.S., an orderly transference of government is effected through the electoral process. The choice made by the people in the polling booths decides who will occupy the highest office in the land - the Presidency; thereby ensuring a smooth and peaceful transition from one administration to the next.

Yet a disturbing trend has been evident in past elections. When the previous incumbent in the Oval office is the defeated candidate, his defeat has triggered a less than noble response; it is seized upon by some as an opportunity to rejoice in his discomfiture. Stripped as he now is of power, such critics fear no retaliation on his part; nor can they now expect to gain any favors. And so they indulge in the ignoble pastime of rubbing salt into the wound.

But such is not the way of Torah. Notwithstanding any past mistakes, Torah bids us to be grateful, to acknowledge those good things which were done. In the eyes of Torah, to be an ingrate is a despicable thing, unworthy of any decent human being. And in the past administration, the outstanding achievement was the prevention of war. There were instances in the past four years, which, but for the endeavors of the President, could easily have led to war. Not only did he thus save millions of Americans from the horrors of such a consequence, but in all probability the rest of the world. And for this he deserves our thanks and gratitude.

Possibly, political considerations would dictate greater caution in expressing gratitude, from fear of offending the new holder of office. But the new President will undoubtedly tender recognition for the good accomplished; especially when the good was of such paramount importance as the prevention of war.

A short note of caution is in order here. The above acknowledgement is in no way to be construed as a retraction from my previous stand concerning the Camp David accords. I reiterate as strongly as possible that it was, and remains, a disaster and peril for Jews and the rest of the world. The President's part in the

accords was, no doubt, motivated by the hope that it would bring peace - and for this he is to be commended. But the fact remains that all that has been achieved is that one side has made numerous concessions, including giving up land and essential oil supplies, for no substantive return whatsoever. Such concessions merely prompt demands for further concessions, creating an even greater danger to peace.

To return to our main point: notwithstanding any errors made, we are enjoined by Torah to express gratitude where credit is due. This is a man who safe-guarded the well-being of millions of Americans, and to him we duly express our gratitude.

While Presidents can and do change, the office of the Presidency, remains constant. The beginning of a new term of office will certainly elicit even more vigorous efforts on the part of the new President in the discharge of this office. The first and foremost duty is to strengthen the basis of our very existence. That Oasis is the foundation upon which this country was born, and is stated on every Dollar bill printed in the U.S.A. - "In G-d We Trust".

As a matter of religious belief Orthodox Jews will not write the word G-d because they regard it a violation of the prohibition against graven images. .

There are various words which roughly express the same meaning as "trust" - for example, belief, faith, Trust, however, has a meaning which is more profound than mere belief. Belief in a Deity does not always mean unquestioning confidence in that Deity's willingness to help a person in every facet of life. One can believe in G-d but not to the extent that one puts his trust in G-d. As in the business world, where assets are given to another to be held in trust, so too, our faith in G-d must be to the extent that we "trust" in Him. We believe that G-d is not some demote Being, removed and aloof from His creations, but that every detail of our lives can be safely entrusted to G-d.

And this is one of the main areas in which we hope the new President will invest special efforts, working to instill such trust in G-d within each and every citizen, ensuring that their conduct is proper and becoming to He in Whom we place our trust. The only way to assure that such conduct will become second nature is through the proper education of our children. In the U.S., the state is responsible for the education of its citizens. It is thus the responsibility and indeed privilege, of the public school system to instill in its charges the knowledge that G-d is not only the Creator of the world, but a Being in Whom we trust, It is this knowledge which is the foundation for a life of productivity and decency.

Of course, there will be those who object to this with the argument of separation of religion and state. They, however, base their argument on a faulty premise. Separation between religion and state is not, nor ever was, meant to imply antagonism to, or even indifference to religion. Historically, the founding fathers were refugees from religious persecution, and hence, when founding this country, sought to ensure that there would be no interference by the state in the religious beliefs and practices of its citizens.

But there is no question that their intention was to safeguard against any form of religious intolerance or persecution. Today, however, separation of religion and state has been taken to extreme, if not absurd lengths. Any attempt to help parents defray the costs of educating their children in the way they feel proper is met with outbursts of protest and condemnation. But actually the reverse is true: Such financial aid is not incorrect; it is not illegal; it is perfectly within the boundaries of the Constitution. Indeed, to

withhold finances from religious schools is tantamount to religious persecution! For it is the inalienable right of every parent to choose their child's education; and since in public schools one cannot receive a religious education (not even that stated on our money - "In G-d We Trust") parents are forced to build their own schools. Yet they are still required to pay, through their taxes, for the public schools; And surely all excuses are invalid when it comes to the question of helping religious schools pay for the cost of non-religious components of schooling - e.g. travel, health, secular subjects, etc. Refusal to help defray the cost of religious schools, or at least to grant tax rebates to those parents whose children attend the religious schools, is thus a subtle form of financial persecution.

But even financial help such as that described above is not enough. Every child including those attending public schools must be inculcated with that belief - "In G-d We Trust". This should be the very foundation of education, with each day beginning with a non-denominational prayer affirming our trust in G-d. Obviously this is not in any way meant to give license to the state to differentiate between one religion and another. We refer to that which is common to all religions - a simple declaration of trust in G-d. This does not negate the concept of separation of religion and state, for in no way is this religious intolerance, which was the sole concern of the founders of this country when instituting this concept.

All of the above may be verified by actual experience. The best, if not the only way to train a child to be a moral and decent citizen is to instill in him the knowledge, at least through a simple recitation every day, that we trust in G-d. Such knowledge helps to check temptations to do wrong, and to ensure that a child's conduct is fitting and proper. And those who automatically raise the objection of separation of religion and state do so without reckoning with the devastating consequences of a generation reared without any knowledge of G-d. The results are obvious: Many adults of today feel no responsibility to train or influence their children, resulting in the frightening state of our society.

It is, we firmly believe, imperative to instill in children the knowledge that the basis of our society, and indeed of each individual, must be the awareness and trust in He Who is the true Existence - G-d. And, as noted earlier, this is as a beginning carried out through a simple declaration by children at the beginning of each day, those four words which so succinctly sum up what we have been saying - "In G-d We Trust".

The importance of the above demands an urgency that must transcend the normal length of time taken to implement legislative action. Besides being perfectly within the framework of the Constitution and law, it is the foundation of the existence of our country, and as such cannot, must not, be tied up in the usual legislative red tape. No committees are necessary, no cost/benefit studies are needed; but instead direct action.

American money not only bears the inscription "In G-d We Trust", but also "E Pluribus Unum" (out of many - one). This motto sums up the American democratic process. A government is installed when the "pluribus", the many, participate in free and true elections. The purpose of any election is the unity that will be its consequence; for once the majority has expressed its choice, even the dissenting minority must unite behind that decision. In the case of Presidential elections, those who cast their ballot for a different candidate; representing different policies, will now, after the elections, also accept the victorious candidate is not only the president of the majority that elected him, but also of the minority which opposed him. He will fulfill his Presidential duties with complete integrity, not differentiating between those who previously voted for or against him. He is the President of the United States of America - of all

Americans.

May it be G-d's will that this country conduct itself in all its matters with justice, kindness and peace. May all the above suggestions be speedily implemented, making it truly fit for G-d's presence, by everyone and all of us becoming and being a shining example in everyday life of "In G-d We Trust".