

My Encounter With The Rebbe, Shlita

By Zalmon Jaffe

14th Instalment

**Shovuos 5742/1982
until Simchas Torah 5743/1983**

Introduction

I am happy to present to you the fourteenth instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita". This covers the period from Shovuos 5742 (1982) until Shovuos 5743 (1983)

I am gratified that my work continues to give pleasure to so many, in particular to the Rebbe Shlita, who encourages me to "keep on writing".

I have tried my utmost NOT to repeat any routine matters concerning Yom Tov, the Services, Farbraingen, life at 770 and so on, about which I have written very comprehensively in the last thirteen instalments.

Thanks to G-d, with the Rebbe's brocho I seem to have been fortunate in compiling the same number of pages as last year.

The following is the Blessing which the Rebbe sent to me, on receipt of the last instalment, the thirteenth:

A special Mazel Tov for your Thirteenth Encounter. The importance of this number - maturity - is well known. And the importance of number twenty being complete maturity is also well known". (see Likutei Torah Bamidbar 2:1)

So, if it pleases G-d, we can look forward to at least another seven years of writing about the Rebbe - for a start! I pray that Please G-d we shall all be together in good health, to discuss the publication of future editions when that time arrives.

It is always nice to receive letters of appreciation from some of my readers. Walter and Rebecca Hubert suggested that I ought to consider publishing this Encounter twice a year, every six months, instead of as hitherto once per annum, at Shovuos. It is quite a good idea, but!

I have gained at least one new fan this year, a young lady - MISS SARAH KAHAN. She studies at Gateshead Seminary England, and her mother and Hinda (my daughter) were great friends at Crown Heights about twenty-one years ago.

She sent me the following letter which I am including for your perusal. It was very good for my ego, but I think you will like it too. It is a really beautiful letter, (for me).

50 Bewick Road,
Gateshead NE8 ODQ
Tyne and Wear

3 Cheshvan 5743

Dear Mr. Jaffe,

I would like to heartily thank you for having so generously presented me with three editions of your annually published diary.

In any case, I would just like to tell you how much pleasure I had in reading all your recollections, Divrei Torah, humorous episodes, etc., in your diary. I read one volume - the 11th edition - in nearly one sitting. What can I say? I laughed out loud at some parts, even cried a bit, reminisced, enjoyed the whole thing thoroughly - and felt as though I were actually there at 770, enjoying every moment with the Rebbe Shlita, as you did.

I think your diaries are very important for those Lubavitcher Shlichim (emissaries) and students who are present in states and countries which happen to be very far from New York. Often, when so physically far from the Rebbe, Shlita, and the atmosphere of 770 and Lubavitch there, one can easily feel a bit "low", and "out" of the center of activity. Your anecdotes, stories, and letters etc., not only provide this oft needed chizuk (encouragement), but make one feel, while reading them as though one is actually there, and not missing a thing.

It will give you pleasure to know that already, only the second day that I've had them, I've a few friends waiting to read your diaries. Those who have already read some have asked me to convey the message that they are also enjoying them immensely.

Again, many thanks. I look forward to meeting you again on my next (now re-routed!) visit to Manchester, Im Yirtzeh Hashem.

Wishing only the best for you and your family, and may you be Zocheh (merit) to continue to give people pleasure this way.

Sincerely, Sarah Kahan

I would also like to thank those kind readers who have written from all corners of the world.

I hope you will all enjoy reading this fourteenth installment.

Zalmon Jaffe

A Clean Start

We recite every day during Shacheris, in the morning service, that "It was taught by ELIJAH : - whoever studies Torah laws every day, is assured of life in the World to Come "

The Rebbe has declared on many occasions that a meeting, a Conference, and even a Book should commence with a Word of Torah. I will therefore begin this "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita," Instalment number 14 with the following Halocho, as explained and expounded by Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin, the Rabbi of 770. Later on, I shall include Rabbi Dvorkin's interpretation of the Halocho on some other problems which sometimes arise in a Jewish household.

Washing One's Hands

Explained by Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin

When one awakens in the morning, one should at once recite Modeh Anni then immediately wash "Neggel Vasser" (This is Yiddish and means washing the finger nails) This is primarily done to remove the impure spirits from ones hands, which have accumulated during sleep.

The method is to pour water onto the right hand and then onto the left, alternately, three times. Thereafter, there are only two occasions during the day when one should be extremely meticulous and particular when washing one's hands.

Firstly, the second "Neggel Vasser", the first scrupulous and proper washing (the other occasion in bed, is not reckoned in this special category) is done when dressed and downstairs (if in a house). The hands are again washed very particularly, alternately by pouring water upon them with a container or quart. The blessing for washing hands is then said.

Secondly, washing the hands before making HAMOTZI - eating bread. Here again, one does not wash the hands directly from the water tap. The water has to be poured with "human hands" by means of a container or a quart.

In this instance one holds the quart in the right hand and fills this container with water. The quart is then transferred to the left hand and the water is poured with the left, onto the right hand. This operation is performed once, twice or even three times, if one is a Lubavitcher.

One then changes hands and the water is poured over the left hand by holding the quart with the right. This is also performed once, twice or three times according to one's Minhag or custom.

If both handles of the quart are dry, it is not necessary to use a towel. Some people take a wet towel and hold the dry handles, which is not correct.

After the Mikvah it is not necessary to hold the quart with a towel, and the hands are washed alternately.

"A Dedication"

On the very day that we had decided to fly to New York for Shovuos, (that is on the Sunday before Yom Tov), Joe had arranged his Dedication Ceremony.

Now who is Joe and what was he dedicating? Joe is my youngest brother. His full title is Councillor (a member of Salford City Council) Doctor (a medical degree) Joseph Reuben Jaffe.

He had been elected as the Mayor of the City of Salford for the ensuing twelve months. He has always kept in contact with the Rebbe and on the occasion of the Rebbe's 80th birthday he sent the following message, officially, on behalf of the City of Salford from the "Mayor's Parlour".

"Born, bred, nurtured and matured as a Lubavitcher, it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to send greetings on behalf of the Citizens of Salford to Rabbi Schneerson on the occasion of his 80th birthday. A Leader who by his inspiration has not only brought thousands nearer to our Holy traditions but has imbued us with a sincere and genuine love of our Torah.

May the A'Mighty grant him the strength to continue in his wonderful and divine work for many years to come.

"Ad Meoh Ve'Esrim Shonoh" (signed)

Dr. Joseph Jaffe Mayor (elect) City of Salford.

Joe used to be the regular Baal Korah in our Shool - he is one of the best I have ever heard. The Holy Law Synagogue, a local Shool with about one thousand members had lost the services of their Baal Korah. Could we loan Joe to them until they could engage another person to layen? They might need him for about two weeks. That was nearly twenty years ago. It was a good Shiduch, because he has even officiated as the Chazan on Rosh Hashona and Yom Kippur at that Shool. I suppose this might also be considered as "Lubavitch Work". Lord Mayors and Mayors in England serve for only one year. They receive no salary, but they do get plenty of Koved, great honour. It is a full time job, and he and his Mayoress are kept busy opening new Schools and Civic buildings and attending various functions and affairs almost every day of the week. For example, during the course of his first few weeks in this office, he had to meet:

1. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh (The Consort of Her Majesty the Queen),
2. The Pope - Joe, being the "First Citizen" of Salford had to represent the City when the Pope came here.
3. The Chief Rabbi when he paid a visit to this area.
4. He helped in a couple of very frum schools to obtain extremely large grants from the local authorities.
5. He went to France for a few days on "official business".

6. Social events and affairs too numerous to mention, and so on.

Now, Dedication as the word implies is the religious ceremony at which he dedicates himself to the welfare of the City and to all its inhabitants irrespective of religion race or colour.

All new incumbents to this office have this duty to perform, and being a Jew, Joe's dedication took place in a Synagogue.

As I have written in the first paragraph above, we wanted to travel to New York on that very day. There was only one direct flight a week from Manchester to New York and it took place only on Sundays. If we missed this flight, then we would have the inconvenience and added expense of travelling to London or to another airport to connect with the American flight.

Joe would not listen to any of our apologies, excuses or regrets. Nor was he interested to hear that we would have to pay an extra £200 or so, plus the inconveniences involved. All he was concerned about, was that his eldest brother should be present at this big day in his life. He had been chosen from many hundreds of thousands of people - almost all of them Non-Jews, to represent them. It was a great honour and he insisted upon me being there with him on that great occasion. The official Motto of Her Majesty the Queen is "Noblesse Oblige", which means that "Rank has its obligations" and an elder brother has also his responsibilities. So we decided to attend the Dedication Service. After all, he is a Lubavitcher Chossid, and it is a real Kiddush Lubavitch.

The programme was as follows. All Friends and relatives of their "Worships the Mayor and Mayoress" together with Civic Dignitaries had to meet at a local school about half a mile from the Synagogue. There we were joined by contingents of Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and Jewish and non-Jewish Youth Organisations. Nurses, Firemen and Police made up the procession which was led by the Salford City Police Band consisting of thirty five musicians.

Joe had asked me and others to wear top-hats, but we were lucky because rain was forecast. I therefore put on my bowler hat - as worn by "fashionable English gentlemen". Roselyn accompanied me on the walk.

Punctually to the second, we marched off with the band playing a rollicking tune right through the Jewish district. The sidewalks, (pavements) were lined with cheering crowds of men, women and children.

Joe was in the rear, dressed in his official ermine trimmed red robes, with a tricorne hat perched on his head. The Mayoral solid gold chain valued at £40,000 was draped around his shoulders and the City Coat of Arms lay upon his chest. He was preceded by his Chaplain, a local Rabbi, who was dressed in a pale light blue gown with a tall Chazonishe hat of the same pale light blue colour. He looked rather "unusual".

In the Shool it was all pomp and ceremony. The Chazan and choir created a wonderful impression amongst the very many non-Jews, including Judges, Sherrifs, Chiefs of Police, non-Jewish Clergy and so on, who were present on this Civic occasion.

The biggest miracle was that Joe had managed to get Dayan Ehrentrau, Dayan Krausz and Dayan Schneebalg altogether to attend and to take part in the Service. Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe (my son) also participated. I was given the honour of carrying the Sefer Torah from the Oron Hakodesh to the Bimah, thus leading the procession of Dayonim and Rabbonim.

When the Sefer Torah was returned to the Ark, Joe made a very solemn and impressive prayer, invoking the help of the A'Mighty for good health and strength to carry out his duties as Chief Citizen of this "great and proud city". It was a very emotional moment. The service took an hour, including Mincha, and we then all walked back the half mile to the same place - with the same people, and with the same band.

The only difference was that this time, "their Right Worshipful the Mayor and the Mayoress" led the procession.

It had been well worth staying over for that moving and splendid occasion in the Jaffe family's history, but we were now most anxious to get away to Crown Heights to see the Rebbe for Shovuos.

On our way to Crown Heights for Shovuos, for the first time for many years, Roselyn and I were travelling alone to see the Rebbe for this Yom Tov. All our Lew grandchildren were waiting for the Month of Tishrei.

They did not wish to jeopardize their chances, because in addition to the usual excitement and exhilaration of Succos and of Simchas Torah, there would be the extra attraction of being present when our grandson and their brother, Pincus (Lew) would be called up to the Torah for his first Aliya, his Bar Mitzvah in the presence of the Rebbe. This would take place at the Reading of the Torah during Mincha on the Shabbos which was the first day of Succos.

So - we had no Lew "customers". Of our Jaffe grandchildren - the four youngest were going with their parents on Yud Shevat. (The girls had accompanied us last Shovuos) Leah was now in the Paris seminary, Levi had booked in with us for Succos, and Dovid was already in Brooklyn studying, (we hoped) at Ocean Parkway Yeshiva.

So, as stated above, Roselyn and I were going to spend Yom Tov in Crown Heights with no entourage nor retinue. Someone did remark to us that this time we would enjoy a cheap holiday. "Ah, No", I answered, "not cheap, but certainly cheaper!"

In addition to the many letters which friends had requested me to take to the Rebbe, and plus my own communication - I had with me eight specific items (of Shelichus) to hand over.

These were : (1) Joe, my brother had written a special plea, on official Salford City notepaper begging for a Brocho for good health and strength to enable him to carry out his arduous, but most enjoyable duties as the Mayor of Salford.

(2) A letter from my brother Ephraim.

(3) A package from Avrohom, my son, enclosing Maamud money. This Maamud is a very precious fund, devoted entirely and only to the Rebbe's own personal needs and requirements. Even so, the

Rebbe probably gives most of this away. Those who consider themselves very close to the Rebbe, volunteer to pay an annual levy into this fund. No specific or fixed amounts are imposed upon anyone.

If a Chassid expresses a keen desire to be associated with this Inyun, then we accept whatever amount his heart and pocket dictate. Some give more and some less. Avrohom collects these contributions and delivers the money personally when he visits the Rebbe on Yud Shevat.

Any balances which he collects later are handed over to me to be delivered when I go to 770 for Shovuos.

(4) A copy of my latest edition - "My Encounter With the Rebbe, Shlita" Instalment Number 13. I hoped that this would give pleasure and be acceptable to the Rebbe.

(5) A copy of the "Order of Service" at the Synagogue for Joe's Dedication Ceremony.

(6) The time-table of the European Rabbis Conference which had taken place at the Cumberland Hotel in Bournemouth. Roselyn and I just happened to be staying at this hotel, on business, when this conference took place.

One hundred Rabbonim, mostly Chief Rabbis and Dayonim were present from over twenty countries. I knew quite a few of them. Chief Rabbi Katz from Sweden confided in me, with great pride, that he had been privileged to have Yechidus - a private appointment with the Rebbe at 770, and had "stayed for over ten minutes!"

All the proceedings at this Rabbis Conference - discussions, lectures and debates used to be conducted in Yiddish, but the Sefardim complained that they could not understand one word. So - they changed over to Ivrit and hoped that all the Ashkenazim could understand what was going on. The Accommodation for the Rabbonim was free of charge. No (self-appointed) Reverends were invited at all.

(7) My personal cheque for the Rebbe's General funds.

(8) An intimation that the usual five bottles of Vodka for the "Rebbe's pleasure", would be delivered shortly.

I indicated that we had been notified that the Rebbe would be addressing a Children's Rally on the afternoon of our arrival. I sincerely trusted that we would reach 770 in good time. What a wonderful welcome that would be! Finally, I concluded with the hope that we would spend a Freilach and Happy Shovuos together and that we would have an opportunity of seeing and meeting our Dear and Revered Rebbe and our gracious and wonderful Rebbetzen during this holiday period.

We enjoyed a pleasant flight over the Atlantic, uneventful except for the unusual kosher meal with which we were served. Frozen gefilte fish with lumps of ice and iced chrain, Red hot beef and vegetables boiling hot coffee with an iced apple pie, and the orange drink was served as an iced lolly.

"We Join the Childrens Rally"

We duly arrived at 770 at 3.00 pm on Tuesday and discovered that the Childrens' Rally had already been in progress for an hour. A five piece band had been thumping and banging away and Elli Lipsker had been playing the Accordion and vocalising - leading the children in song.

The girls, as usual sat at the rear part of the Hall, so that during the Mincha service, which had already been recited, a temporary Mechitza could be set up in order to constitute a Ladies Shool.

When I entered, I saw that the Rebbe was standing on a small raised platform, situated at the extreme right hand top corner of the hall, and was addressing the children in Yiddish through a microphone.

In case some of the children could not understand this language, the Rebbe would pause after a 15 to 20 minutes talk, and allow Rabbi J.J. Hecht to give an English translation of the Sicho.

It was therefore imperative that Rabbi J.J. should take notes whilst the Rebbe was speaking, so he stood on the centre platform, in front of the band with a huge pad of writing paper resting on a lectern.

His face was furrowed with deep concentration whilst his pen scribbled away, making copious notes in the special original type of J.J. shorthand, which was a mixture of Yiddish, English, Hebrew and general hieroglyphics. It was fascinating to watch his pen flying across the paper at top speed whilst the pages of the pad turned over and over, non-stop, like a printing machine.

The end-product was well worth waiting for. He spoke in a couple of octaves higher than the Rebbe. Where the Rebbe had spoken softly, J.J. in his translated version was high toned and aggressive. Where the Rebbe had emphasised a point, J.J. was strident.

He always concluded the Sicho shouting and screaming and with such a crescendo of sound, that it was surprising that our Moshiach was not revealed straight away.

However, J.J. really did a good job. He brought the Rebbe's words right down and into the Childrens' minds and hearts. It also needed a firm hand and authoritative personality to keep the children in check and in control. He gave the Rebbe very much pleasure and cause for much laughter by the manner in which he reprovved and berated some of the - at times - restless children.

Some of the points which the Rebbe made were:

"We were meeting in the period which was named "The Days of Preparation for Yom Tov". This can fall on any day of the week and this year it came on the Tuesday - the third day - The day of creation which G-d referred to and mentioned as "Ki Tov" (it is good) twice. It was good for the A'Mighty and good for His creations - spiritually and materially. Today, The Rebbe was issuing special orders to the soldiers of Tzivas Hashem. "Those in G-d's Army should not be satisfied to "take it easy" but should make every effort to enlist volunteers into our Ranks. This is real Ahavas Yisroel "love of our fellow Jew" - and "You should love your neighbour".

"Young boys should bring along little boys, and little girls should bring along young girls. You can then show this love by your friendliness and cheerfulness and by telling all your friends about the Torah, which is a heritage from our Forefathers forever, and by explaining some of the important Mitzvahs inscribed therein."

"Look, seek and you will find. There are very many children who are not yet in the Tzivas Hashem. You will then be able to muster new strength and go out in full force to ensure, amongst other things, that every Jewish person will have bought or written a letter in one of the Communal Sifrei Torah now being inscribed in many countries of the world."

"Through this, you will make G-d feel very happy and proud of you, and this will achieve the complete unity of the Jewish Nation and the complete unity of the Land of Israel - our Holy Land. Children will then bring back their parents closer to the Torah. These together with the completeness of this, our Torah will prevail upon G-d to return to us the whole of Eretz Yisroel."

"This will be in spite of the peace treaties and foolish documents that have been signed. G-d will prevail, we want Moshiach now! We want the Beis Hamikdosh now!

"NOW NOW NOW" emphasised the Rebbe.

"You should certainly not have an inferiority complex, nor be ashamed of your Judaism - you should be proud of it!"

"Every year we prepare with energy and with vigour to accept the Torah it is the same Torah - but this year there should be more intensity and fire."

"How can we induce a little child to accept the Torah? We should tell him or her that on every Shabbos from Pesach until Mattan Torah on Shovuos, we study Pirkei Ovos, the Ethics of the Fathers. In the very first paragraph, we learn that Moishe accepted the Torah on Mount Sinai, in the presence, and on behalf of all the Jews - even the souls of those generations of Jews not yet born were present. Therefore, this little child will realise and understand that the Torah belongs to him or her too".

"At the end of Perek we recite "The Holy One, Blessed be He, wished to make the People of Israel praiseworthy and laudable. He therefore gave them Torah and Mitzvahs in abundant measure - as it is written 'The A'Mighty desired for the sake of Israel's righteousness to make the Torah great and glorious'."

"G-d loves each and every Jew and because of this you should all have good thoughts and perform many good deeds. Then the children of Tzivas Hashem will lead us towards the day of Mattan Torah with joy and gladness of heart."

The Rebbe went on to say that "We have already davened Mincha, which is Avoda - service. We have listened to the twelve Torah verses recited by various young girls and boys - this is Torah. We now need the Mitzvah of Gemillus Chassodim to make up the three sayings or pillars on which the world is standing. One of the most important Mitzvahs in this category is the giving of Tzedoka, therefore, I shall hand over to every boy and girl through their leaders, two dimes, one of which should be given to charity."

The Rebbe then stressed the fact that every man, woman, boy and girl and even little babies should be in Shool together to hear the Ten Commandments being read in the Torah on Shovuos, and to listen very carefully and with deep concentration to the first words of "I am The Lord your G-d" until the last of the tenth Commandment.

The Rebbe concluded the Rally by informing everyone that we would now sing UTZU EITZA then - KI ELOKIM" and finally "SHEYIBONNEH BAIS HAMIKDOSH BIMHAYRO BEYOMANU".

I have been coming to 770 regularly thank G-d every year for 23 years. Sometimes twice and occasionally three times a year. I can honestly say that in all these years I have never, but NEVER seen nor witnessed such hectic excitement, impassioned frenzy and breathtaking delirium as exhibited by those children on that afternoon, who were led and motivated by Our Rebbe.

The Rebbe clapped his hands so vigorously and ferociously and so fast, that all one could see was a blur of movement as the Rebbe's hands zoomed around like an aeroplane propellor.

Everyone tried their best, but NOT ONE PERSON, man nor boy could approach anywhere near to the Rebbe's tempo. He was well ahead of the drummer, and poor Ellie Lipsker was trailing along many bars behind, and I - well - I just stood, gaped and stared in breathless amazement at such a wonderful example of physical prowess, strength and supremacy (Kain Ayin Horah)

Philip Shreiber of Manchester went to see the Rebbe during Yud Shevat later on in the year. This was his first visit to 770 and he also saw the Rebbe leading the children in song at a Rally. He reported to us that the Rebbe must have been "supercharged" because it seemed humanly impossible to keep up such a fast and ferocious rhythm for such a length of time.

The Rebbe loves children and is always extremely concerned about their welfare. Therefore, dozens of these Rallies are held during the course of the year, so that the Rebbe may attend and give encouragement and inspiration to the children.

"Home From Home"

As soon as the Rally had ended, I sent into the Rebbe's office the letter which I had written, together with the various enclosures which I have enumerated above, including the latest edition, number thirteen of "My Encounter With The Rebbe, Shlita". I also handed a copy to Rabbi Binyamin Klyne for delivery to our Rebbetzen. I then distributed copies to some of my very special friends, including Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner, binyomin Klyne, Nissen Mindel, Moishe Kotlarsky and so on.

Suddenly, I found that I had become the centre of attraction. I was overwhelmed. I should add that it was nothing personal. It was just that all my friends - and it seemed that everyone at 770 were included in that category, demanded a copy of this latest edition.

Most of the recipients of my book accepted it gratefully and with the remark "Well, I (or my wife) will be up all night reading".

Already, early next morning, I had received various reactions. The Rebbe had acknowledged my letter immediately and had written a lovely note in Hebrew. The English translation is as follows:

"All of the above have been received with many thanks, and their arrival should be in a good and auspicious time.

A special Mazel Tov for your thirteenth "Encounter". The importance of this number - maturity - is well known, and the importance of the number twenty being complete maturity - is also well known" (see Likutei Torah, Bamidbar 2:1)

(Rashi also explains on Verse 3, Chapter 1 that not until one has reached the age of 20 was he eligible to join the army and to be counted as a fully matured adult).

As I write mainly for the Rebbe and on his instructions, this reply really did inspire and gratify and uplift me. What a wonderful brocha! to look forward to at least another seven years of writing about the Rebbe. Please G-d we shall discuss further editions when that time arrives.

When I wished Rabbi Chadakov good morning after the Shacheris service, he informed me that his wife had, as usual, commandeered my book - and although it was Erev Yom Tov - everything was dropped until she had read it and relished it, from cover to cover.

Rabbi Chadakov did confirm that he had just managed to surreptitiously read the first few pages, and he really loved and enjoyed what I had written about the Rebbe's two main themes for the year. He congratulated me on commencing my Diary with words of Torah. I countered by saying that the Rebbe has always emphasised that every meeting, conference and yes, even a Book should start with a few words of Torah, so therefore, even more so should a book about the Rebbe Himself adhere to this principle.

I suggested to Rabbi Chadakov that he would, as usual, have to find some good Torah sayings for the next instalment. Rabbi Chadakov intimated that he had just given me a good start for this new edition, and anyway, Roselyn and I were always privileged to have a little chat with him before we left for home. On those occasions, we were always fortunate to hear some good and interesting words of Torah.

Dovid Mendlebaum had a few criticisms to make. I am certain he would have made many more, but he was reading my book very comfortably ensconced in an armchair until 1.00 O'clock a.m., when he probably fell asleep, because - he suddenly realised that it was 6.30 a.m., time to start his day's work.

One criticism was that I had written that the Rebbe had concluded the distribution of the Tanya on Yud Alef Nissan at 6.40 a.m., when the actual time he finished this job was at 6.15 a.m. What a terrible mistake!!!

He did make one valid criticism. I had explained that there were 63 skins needed for the Sefer Torah, and that there were four columns (amudim) on each piece of parchment. Therefore there were 252 columns altogether. However, as Dovid pointed out, I had forgotten to deduct ONE column from the beginning and ONE from the end of the Sefer Torah to allow for the large area of blank parchment which had to be stitched to the wood Etz Chaim (ends). Furthermore, the two Shiros (songs) 1. When the Jews had crossed the Red Sea and 2. The Song which Moishe sang at the end of the Chumash in Ha'azinu, these two songs of one column each were spread over two columns each. Therefore, altogether we had to deduct four columns (248 instead of 252).

My grandson, Pincus (Lew) had also pointed out that I had referred to the open spaces at the end of some sentences in the Sefer Torah and which are specified in the Chumash by the letters PAI and SOF which should obviously have been PAI and SAMECH.

I also wrote that Hindie and Shmuel and family had left for their holidays on the afternoon of Tisha B'Av, when it was actually the day after Tisha B'Av.

There were quite a few typographical mistakes, but Shirley (Mrs. Abudarham) did very well indeed to decipher some of the words which I had written. She typed the word VLAD as VEAD. The letters L & E are very similar in script.

My grandson, Sholom Ber (Lew) aged 8, just loved my "Diary". Whenever I saw him he would insist upon getting out his own copy and turn to page 39. He would then read aloud to me the letter which he had written to the Rebbe whilst we were travelling to Crown Heights for Succos last year.

It was a wonderful experience for me to watch his eyes sparkling and radiant. His face wreathed in one big smile. It was also wonderful to listen to his voice croaking with excitement and pleasure whilst he read this letter to me.

I will admit, however, that after six months of this, I did find it a little monotonous. My friend Gill Hersh, the florist gave me his usual "rave" notice on my latest instalment. All his family and Baalei Teshuvos considered it to be such a wonderful, inspiring educational and informative book.

Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky invited us for Luncheon on Friday, the first day of Shovuos. Moishe indicated that this was now a well-established Chazoka (tradition) and we could not refuse. We accepted with alacrity and pleasure. Why should we refuse? We always enjoyed their lovely, delicious and luscious meals, and also the happy and informal atmosphere which pervaded their home. Furthermore they always insisted that we bring with us all our grandchildren who were staying at Crown Heights at that time. We have taken with us as many as six or seven children.

This time, only Dovid (Jaffe) was present at Crown Heights. He was included in the invitation, of course, and I am certain he would well make up for the six or seven others who were missing.

Moishe wanted us to come along for other meals too, but we had pity on him. Raizie and Myer Minkowitz also invited us for unlimited meals. We chose Friday night dinner, also with Dovid.

The following day was Erev Shovuos and it was the first available day before Yom Tov on which Lubavitchers were allowed to have a haircut.

The barber, after having spent almost seven weeks sitting on a chair outside his shop enjoying the sunshine, could now look forward to an extremely busy day. I asked him at what time his shop will be open. He replied - 9.00 a.m. I remonstrated with him and pointed out that last year he came especially early - at 8.00 a.m. "You are alright" he said. "You have a car, but I have to take two buses so it will be 9.00 a.m. before I open." I could have said, but I did not, that, yes, I do have a car, but it was not much use to me over 3000 miles away.

The Rebbe had been at the Ohel (the graveside of the previous Rebbe Zecher Tzadik Livrocho) all day long, fasting, standing and praying in the terrible heat. He was expected to return to 770 before 9.00p.m to daven Mincha, then after Ma'ariv at 9.30 p.m. there would be a Farbraingen until well after midnight. Our Rebbe certainly does not spare himself for all our sakes. May the A'Mighty continue to bestow upon our Rebbe His blessings, especially for health, strength and stamina, to enable him to carry out his self imposed exhausting and exhaustive duties for all the Jewish people, everywhere.

When the Rebbe entered the Bais Hamedrash for the Mincha Service, a young Frenchman who had been standing behind me leaned heavily upon my back and started to cry and weep with copious tears of emotion. His shoulders were heaving and he was sobbing his heart out.

It affects different people in many different ways, when they see the Rebbe for the first time.

"The Erev Shovuos Farbraingen"

The hall downstairs was already quite full with men and boys who were taking no chances of losing their seats or places at the Farbraingen.

After Mincha there was a general exodus from the Bais Hamedrash to the hall, and when we davened Maariv at 9.30 p.m. only stalwarts who were confident of their skill and fearlessness in regaining their usual places at the Farbraingen, and those whose top priority was to pray with the Rebbe, were present at this Service.

The Farbraingen commenced at about 9.45 p.m. I had managed to secure my usual seat with the assistance and Mesiras Nefesh of my friend Chaim Yosef Dovid Neymotin, who always sat at the end of the row. My other neighbour was Rabbi J.J. Hecht. Mr. Neymotin had looked after the burial place of the Rebbe's father (Z.T.L.) for many years in Russia. The Rebbe never forgets this and gives him the greatest honour.

I have now the pleasure to include a resume of the Sichos and Ma'amer which the Rebbe related to us at this Farbraingen. These have been translated and summarised by my son-in-Law Rabbi Shmuel Lew.

(These Resumes are published and printed regularly by Lubavitch Manchester. My son Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe is in charge of these productions, but I can assure you that if it were not for the zest, enthusiasm and hard work of my daughter-in-law Susan, Avrohom's wife, then these Resumes would never have been produced)

Erev Shovuos 5742

Sicho One

There is a custom to learn one of the 49 pages of the Gemorrah Sota - tractate of the Talmud which speaks about the wife who is suspected of being unfaithful, the jealousy of her husband, and their subsequent reunion on each of the 49 days of Sefiras Ha'Omer, and concluded on Erev Shovuos. The connection between Sota and Sefira can be understood from the Zohar which compares the mitzva of counting seven weeks to the seven days of preparation of a wife before being united with her husband, and the Jewish people count in the most perfect way, i.e. 7 x 7 in the weeks leading from the Exodus from Egypt to the "marriage of Shovuos". Particularly as we are living in a time of golus, which represents a preparation for the subsequent union with Hashem in the time of redemption, and especially in these final days of golus which are graphically described in the last page of Gemorrah Sota, where the hardships and pressures of the end of golus are enumerated. One feels, moreover, the desire to become unified with Hashem. One can appreciate the saying at the beginning of the Gemorrah Sota "...it is praise-worthy for the husband to be jealous, for this indicates a concern and love for the highest standard". Similarly, Hashem is particular about the behaviour of the Jewish people, and this demand of a high standard (manifested in the fact of golus), is an expression of Hashem's love for us. At the end of the time of golus we feel it more deeply, and see the fulfilment of the Gemorrah in the final page of Sota where we are told that just before Moshiach, the Jewish people will realise "... we have no one on whom to rely excepting our Father in Heaven", and this should lead us to cry out from the depths of our hearts to Hashem that He should end the golus and bring Moshiach NOW. In general, there is a Torah law that whenever a person has a need, he is obliged to pray to Hashem to supply it. How much more so with the basic need of all, that we should be redeemed. Therefore, we should pray to Hashem that he fulfil the rule "...he who starts a mitzvah must conclude it", and as He has taken us out from Egypt, so should He conclude it with the complete and final redemption of Moshiach. As is our custom in recent months, we will compare the Siyum (conclusion) on Sota in the Bavli (Babylonian Talmud) and Yerushalmi (Jerusalem Talmud).

The last Mishna of Sota speaks about the diminishing of the quality of modesty in the later generations. The Babylonian Talmud then concludes with Rav Yosef's saying that although the quality of modesty seems to have disappeared, this, in fact is not really so, for I possess that quality. In the Jerusalem Talmud, the Gemorrah tells that there was a meeting of Rabonim, where a Heavenly voice proclaimed that two of the people gathered are worthy of Divine Spirit (Ruach Hakodesh), one of whom is Hillel the elder, but the second was not identified. The Talmud then says that there was another gathering in Yavne where a Heavenly Voice proclaimed that two of the assembled were worthy of the Divine Spirit, one of whom is Shmuel Hakoton (Shmuel the small), without identifying the second; but everyone thought that it referred to Rev Eliezer Ben Hurkanos. The people were delighted for they had guessed that in the first assembly, Shmuel Hakoton was second to Hillel in worthiness, and the Heavenly voice in the second assembly confirmed this.

The relationship between the conclusion of the two Talmuds can be understood when we realise that the Babylonian Talmud was about a hundred years after the Jerusalem Talmud. Thus, we can say that in an earlier generation a higher level of modesty was possible and was required, and as the generations progressed, the quality of modesty became reduced. The common factor of the three Sages quoted in the Jerusalem Talmud was also their modesty, for Hillel the Elder is a paradigm of modesty.

Shmuel Hakoton was called "The Small" because of his humility, although he was only slightly inferior to Shmuel the Prophet. Reb Eliezer Ben Harkanos was called "The Great Reb Eliezer", for he never taught any Torah teaching which he had not heard from his teachers. Despite the fact that Reb Akiva testified that he received the Torah as from Mount Sinai, and his Rebbe said that he never forgot a thing he was taught, nevertheless there were certain parts of Torah which he did not teach to others. The reason is, he only heard general principles from his teachers. He only transmitted the actual teachings he had heard, but did not derive new details for different cases for he was so involved in "receiving" from his teachers that he could not "transmit" any original applications to others, which came because of his intense humility rather than his unwillingness to share Torah teachings with others.

Each of these three stages followed the previous one in time, and therefore, represented a diminished expression of modesty. Thus, the Talmud tells us (in Shabbos) three stories about Hillel's humility, all of which relate to his being humble before non-Jews who wanted to become 'gerim'. A ger (proselyte) is one who always had a Jewish soul which stood at Mount Sinai, and the process of 'gerus' reveals this fact. Nevertheless, the Jewish soul of the gerim in the stories of Hillel, were so submerged that Shammai could not recognise their potential and rejected them. It is only because he had such a high degree of holiness that he was able to delve down so low and extract this neshama, and bring it to its fulfilment. With regard to the modesty of Shmuel Hakoton, this we only find with regard to Jewish people, for we only find his modesty expressed in an assembly of Jews. Similarly, his saying in Pirkei Ovos is "...when your enemy falls do not rejoice...", which refers to advice to a Jew. With Eliezer Ben Karkanos, we find that he, being a generation later, expressed his humility only with regard to other Tanaaim (Mishnaic Sages) of his generation. Subsequently, many decades later in the Babylonian Talmud, Reb Yosef revealed a modesty on such a reduced level, that Reb Yosef himself had to reveal the modesty. Otherwise, it would not have been recognised.

There is the obvious question, how can a person say "don't think that there is no more modesty, for I represent this quality", when saying "I am modest" seems to be the opposite of modesty? The explanation given in Chassidus which relates to Moshe Rabeinu, applies here as well. Moshe Rabeinu was the most humble person who ever lived, but this does not mean that it was a forced humility, G-d forbid. He was quite aware of the achievements that he had in Egypt in taking the Jews out from Egypt, and in giving the Torah down to the end of time. Nevertheless, he felt that given his capabilities and opportunities, he could not have done otherwise, whereas any other person would have utilised his talents in a better way. The Alter Rebbe explains that Moshe Rabeinu's modesty expressed itself in that he felt more humble even than any non-Jew (and not only one who was destined to become a ger, which showed an even higher level of modesty than Hillel who lived many centuries later).

Thus, we see that the conclusion of the Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmuds, follow on from each other, with the theme of humility, which was also the quality of Hashem in taking us out from Egypt and in giving the Torah. Similarly, we must learn this quality which expresses itself when each person sees the virtue of his fellow, as explained in Tanya at length, and this will bring Moshiach.

Maamer

There is a Maamer from the previous Rebbe for Shovuos on the verse "...and my servant Dovid will be their leader for ever...", for Shovuos is the day we read the Book of Ruth, who was a proselyte, just as all our people were at the giving of the Torah; also Shovuos is the yearzeit of Dovid. The question

is asked - why is Dovid himself indicated as the leader, when Moshiach will be a descendant of Dovid, but not Dovid himself. Furthermore, the Prophet continues that there will be amongst the tribes of Yehuda and Ephraim and moreover they will become unified, and Moshiach will unify them. In other words, in the time of Moshiach, Yehuda (Moshiach) will be the dominant tribe and Yosef (Ephraim) will be subordinate.

In Chassidus, when Yehuda drew near to Yosef, it explains the relationship between those two tribes as representing "action" and "learning" respectively. Yehuda represents subordination, which expresses itself in a person acting as required regardless of his own ego. Yosef represents the study of Torah. The Talmud asks which is greater, and concludes that learning is greater, for it brings to action, i.e. the greatness of learning is that it leads a person to both qualities. These two aspects (learning and action) are also expressed in each person through the difference between the soul (Torah) and the body (action). Similarly, there is Yissachar (those who study) and Zevulun (those who earn and do good deeds).

At the beginning of service (as in the Sedra Vayigash) learning must take precedence, for otherwise, one will not know how to act, so at that stage Yosef is greater. However, when one reaches perfection, then action is predominant, which is why Moshiach comes from the tribe of Yehuda, and is the dominant leader (rather than Moshiach Ben Yosef). That is why it is the quality of Dovid which was his intense humility, as we find in many places in Tehillim, being the quality which will be the hallmark of Moshiach's leadership, and which is why our verse speaks about Dovid as being Moshiach. For, although Moshiach will be the greatest person who lived, at the same time, he will express the ultimate in humility, and through this he will unify all the tribes.

Sicho Two

The saying of "...na'aseh" (we will obey) before "nishmah" (we will understand) was not on the 6th of Sivan, when the Torah was given, but on Erev Shovuos, the 5th of Sivan. That is why this day is particularly suited to work amongst our people in this area. Although one begins one's learning with ulterior motives and the seeking after personal fulfilment, the ultimate is to get pleasure only from the fulfilment that Hashem wants, being totally selfless with the love of Torah "Lishmah" (for its own sake), and the love of Hashem. These two are intimately connected with Ahavas Yisroel, as the Alter Rebbe explains, that the ultimate of love of Hashem is expressed by "loving" the one whom the beloved loves (i.e. loving fellow-Jews whom Hashem loves). This is the essence of the Mivtzoin, the Mitzva Campaigns. Particularly, to see that every Jew should have a letter in the Torah, which expresses his infinite and permanent essential bond with Hashem. We should use the day of Erev Shovuos to sell letters to all these people, to express their appreciation of possessing a letter. In order to conclude the Farbrengen with a joy, and considering that it is connected with the giving of the Torah where we find the number "three" emphasised, we began the Farbrengen after Maariv, having said Torah, and will now give Tzedoka (through the Tankists) to all present. Although one does not normally give Tzedoka at night, one can give the money to a Gabbai Tzedoka (administrator of charity), or wait until early morning to give it to a poor man. We will sing a number of songs including Utzu....", and pray that the schemes and thoughts of giving away any part of Eretz Yisroel should, G-d forbid, not come to fruition. Also the prayer that the Beis Hamikdosh should be rebuilt, will be sung. (The Rebbe told the children to begin by singing "We Want Moshiach Now", and then indicated to sing "Lechaschila Aribet" and "Utzu Eitza" and "Sheyiboneh Beis Hamikdosh" and "Ato Vechartonu").

Sicho Three

In this Sicha, the Rebbe emphasised the importance of Shabbos and Yom Tov candles, and the importance of fiercely guarding the completeness of Eretz Yisroel. Finally the Rebbe said that the Farbrengen should be followed by a Farbrengen of Chassidim, where words of Torah of the Rabbeim would be said, and methodical planning would be made for the Mitzvah Campaign activities of the day of Erev Shovuos. The Rebbe gave the wine and cake from the Farbrengen for the Farbrengen of the Chassidim.

"Shovuos"

We enjoyed a very nice Yom Tov.

On Friday, immediately after the morning service at 770, we wended our way to the residence of our friends Rivka and Moishe Kotlarsky for our Yom Tov luncheon.

As usual, everything was of the highest quality and quantity, including the guests - the food - the drinks and the happy and joyful atmosphere around the lavish and bountiful table.

On this occasion, in addition to the large number of guests whom we always meet at the home of Rivka and Moishe, we were honoured by the presence of our friends Sarah and Mendel Shemtov, whose son Yossi was the Chosson of the sister of our host Moishe.

So, what with the Chosson and his Kaleh, the Mechutonim, and his own parents all being assembled together, Moishe became rather inhibited. He did not deliver his usual witty droll and bantering speech. He seemed to be suffering from a surfeit of important guests, and was afraid to say anything that might offend the Mechutonim - and the wedding day being so near - he was not taking any risks or chances. All the important guests, however, were having a jolly good time.

I personally, missed his speech, but I managed to prise the following story from him, in private. He related this to me in the name of Rabbi Jakobovits (now Sir Chief Rabbi Dr. Jakobovits of Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the British Commonwealth of Nations!!!)

At that time Rabbi Jakobovits was the Chief Rabbi of Ireland (Eire-Southern Ireland) which was mainly an agricultural country. They had their own issue of legal tender. To emphasise their agricultural commitment, each coin had a symbol of a domestic animal on the reverse side. For instance, the penny had the likeness of a horse; a shilling had a goat; a two shilling piece had a cow; and a half shilling had the likeness of a pig.

One day, a Jew approached Rabbi Jakobovits with a Shaala, a question on Halocha - "was it permissible to put this half shilling in the Synagogue charity box?" - to which Rabbi Jakobovits replied - "Don't be a chazzer - put in a whole shilling!"

On Friday night we were the guests of Raizie and Myer Mlnkewitz where a good time was had by all.

Dovid had meanwhile gone marching to Borough Park, with 2,000 other walkers; some went to Flatbush. The rain was pouring down in torrents. It was almost a monsoon.

The march was organised by the Lubavitch Youth Organisation, and was held under their umbrella - that was exactly what they urgently needed on that terrible night. Rabbi Dovid Raskin was the chairman. I was told that the farthest shool was eight miles away, meaning a return journey of sixteen miles.

I considered that this was literally "very far fetched", but when I worked out the details, it did become feasible.

The marchers left 770 at about 6.00 p.m. Let us assume that the fastest and most athletic walkers - those with plenty of stamina - were sent to the farthest Shool. They returned at 12.30 a.m. so they were away for six and a half hours. An hour or so was spent in a Shool, therefore they were walking for five and a half hours which is less than three miles an hour, and could be accomplished quite well.

When Dovid returned it was still thundering and lightning. One can imagine the state he was in, he was not even dressed for the part. Roselyn had warned him to take a raincoat, but he would not listen, so he got wet - wet and soaked right through to his skin. We hung his polyester/wool suit over the kitchen stove and it did eventually dry out within the day, but it took many days for the pockets to become dry.

As Rabbi Goldstein remarked "NA'ASEH VENISHMA" (the Jews told Moishe that they would first do, and then listen), but his translation regarding Dovid was NASSER - in Yiddish it means "WETTER" because he did not listen.

On Shabbos, the second day of Shovuos, after Mincha, the Rebbe held another Farbraingen.

During every Farbraingen the Rebbe never fails to discern any man or boy, who is holding up his glass of wine in order to say Lechaim, to good health to him, so that the Rebbe can answer Lechaim Velivrocho - for life and for blessing. Even the gangs of little boys who are sitting and hiding, actually under the Rebbe's own top table are not forgotten.

I noticed with pleasure that Label Groner had brought down to the Dais the five bottles of Vodka which I had presented to the Rebbe. I always found it so exciting and interesting to see who would be the lucky recipients of the Rebbe's mashkeh.

The Rebbe distributed four of these bottles. The Rebbe then gave a Sicho, (a talk) and stated that everyone should take something back home from this Farbraingen. He went on to say:

"I am giving this to one person to represent and act for everyone else. This person is the one who brought me five so I am handing one bottle back to him. He should share this out and distribute some of this vodka to Shiluchim (emissaries) from Europe, Israel, America etc."

The Rebbe then called me up to the platform, poured out some of the Vodka into a glass, wished me Lechayim and handed me the bottle of Vodka. When I descended from the Dais, the Rebbe announced that no-one should be jealous of the fact that he had given me a bottle of mashkeh. It states in the Gemmorah that whoever gives anything to someone, he should then be repaid.

Subsequently, after Yom Tov, over the course of the next few days, I handed miniature bottles of this vodka to representatives from Jerusalem, Eilat, Tzfat - in Israel; Antwerp - Belgium, London, Manchester (Hendon - Rabbi Hertz) - England; Paris - France; Montreal - Canada; New York and Buffalo - U.S.A.

The Farbraingen concluded well after midnight. We then recited the Maariv Service and The Rebbe made Havdola. This was the signal for the distribution of the 'Kess Shel Brocha' by the Rebbe himself, to all those who wished to avail themselves of this privilege and honour.

A few years ago, there were many arguments "for and against" the idea of the Rebbe giving out this Koss Shel Brocha. "The Rebbe was overworked". "The Rebbe had to conserve his energy and strength and take it easy and to be relaxed" "We were exhausting the Rebbe". On the other hand, the Rebbe is the Rebbe, and he considers that this is a part of his necessary and obligatory work.

Now, most people do go for Koss Shel Brocha. It is the Rebbe's pleasure and delight.

However, the zeal, enthusiasm, fire and passion which are exuded by some selfish men and boys who are determined to be the first to reach the side of the Rebbe has not abated one whit during all these many years.

The Seder, the orderly arrangements, which had sounded so well in theory had once again failed to achieve its objective in practice. I don't want to write Loshon Hora, but when there are so many thousands of people involved, then the pushing and shtupping is unbelievable.

Also, it is most peculiar that those boys who have been served first, remain until the very end of the Koss Shel Brocha distribution many hours later.

They enjoy the excitement and the enthusiastic singing. When this singing shows signs of waning, the Rebbe gives it a huge fillip by a slight raise and swing of his arm. The reaction is tremendous and almost "lifts off the roof".

A few days later, I received the Sichos of this Farbraingen - all in Ivrit. I did notice the reference to HaRav Schneur Zalmon, who received a bakbuk(bottle) of mashkeh from the Rebbe. I once asked a grandchild of mine the hebrew word for bottle. "Bakbuk" was the reply. When I asked him the Hebrew for four bottles, he did not know - so I told him "Bakbuk, Bakbuk, Bakbuk, Bakbuk!!!"

I have a Yartzeit around this period, and was approached to pay for "Sichos in English" for the good of the Neshomo (Soul). I replied that I would do so. When they charged me \$60, I became so speechless that I could not even say "NO".

"After (Post) Shovuos"

Including a Story about a Mikvah
Rabbi Dvorkin's Halachik Rulings
& **Kinus Hatorah**

The following day, Sunday, was Isru Chag (the day after Yom Tov).

I was expected to address the boys at the Kinus Hatorah, which Rabbi Mentelik reminded me would be the sixteenth (16th) year since the Rebbe "suggested" that I should participate at this Forum.

Our landlady, Mrs. Itkin is a very petite but extremely hard working woman, and she did her best to make us comfortable in our basement apartment.

On Sunday morning, after Shovuos, I awoke at 6.30 a.m. and noticed that she had provided me with a beautiful large Mikvah right inside my bedroom, almost at my bedside.

Unfortunately, although it contained the correct quantity of water, (at least 40 Lugim) it was only ankle deep, so even if I would lie down flat on the floor, the water would not completely cover my body.

I realised that this Mikvah was unintentional and accidental. The boiler had burst during the night and the water had been, and still was, seeping through the boiler room door and covering the bedrooms and kitchen areas.

Mrs. Itkin conscripted members of her family and we also called for volunteers and "Operation Mop Up" was in progress. Nobody worked harder than Roselyn and little Mrs. Itkin. They were real experts and they and four good mops were quickly worn out in the process.

An expert plumber (Mrs. Itkin called him a Plum-ber) promised to come along at 9.00 a.m. He arrived promptly at 12.00 Noon. His verdict was that the boiler was leaking (obviously!) that it could not be repaired, and it would be necessary to purchase a new one. An amount of hundreds of dollars was mentioned for this new boiler. I felt really sorry for Mrs. Itkin. I also felt sorry for Roselyn and for myself.

We only used this apartment for a few weeks in the year, and it was a little unfortunate to say the least, that this should occur on one of our infrequent visits.

We could turn off the hot water, but could not abate the flood. The following day, Monday, was Memorial Day, a public holiday. All the shops and warehouses were closed, so no new boiler would be available. Even when we could actually obtain this boiler, it would take a day to fix it. So, we looked forward to a few miserable days in the apartment with no hot water, and non-stop mopping up of the flood waters.

I went to see my friend Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin, the Rabbi of 770.

I had occasion to see him and talk with him very often indeed, as you will read later on. Rabbi Dvorkin's apartment was situated just above ours, so we shared the same leaking boiler and shortage of hot water. (We also shared the Succah with the Itkins too, during Sucos).

Rabbi Dvorkin agreed that my bedroom Mikvah was a kosher one (or had been, before the ladies mopped it up). He commented that my book is "the best book". I remarked that I had been informed that someone had read out excerpts to him. He had one complaint - that he had not read enough, and he must read more. This was praise indeed. Rabbi Dvorkin added that he had heard that my talk to the boys at the Kinus Hatorah was a real inspiration to them. "You were the best speaker of the afternoon - and you should have been the only speaker, and "Shribe mir in buch" (write about me in the Book) after that - I sure will!

Our Lubavitcher plumber managed to pull a few strings and lo and behold a boiler was actually obtained on the Memorial day holiday. We were all extremely delighted when the whole job was completed within three hours. Roselyn however, was not too happy. How could this plumber have the audacity to charge such an exorbitant amount of money for just three hours work.

The plumber replied that if Roselyn preferred it, he would take another day to finish the job.

This reminded me of the dentist who charged £25.00 for taking out a tooth in a split second. When the patient protested at being charged such a large fee, the dentist retorted that next time he would take much longer, and even charge him less money!

To revert back to the Kinus Hatorah on Sunday. I always explain to Rabbi Mentelik that I would love to address the boys at about 5.30 p.m. because most of them had to leave for their meals at about 6.00 to 6.30 p.m. Every year, we have the same problem.

This function commences at 3.30 p.m. Rabbi Yaul Kahn is the first speaker, because he also reads the Rebbe's message to the Kinus, then we have the Rosh from this Yeshiva and the Rosh from the other Yeshiva. Rabbi Simcha Elberg always takes a big slice in between, so it is always later on before I am called to speak. During the past sixteen years, I have intimated to Rabbi Mentelick on many occasions, that I would rather speak at 8.00 p.m. when my regular fans would return from their meals.

On this day however, the Rebbe had gone to visit his Father-in Law (Z.T.L.) at the Ohel and so Mincha would not commence until just before 9.00 p.m.

It was therefore arranged that I would be the last speaker before the arrival of the Rebbe. This was very good, except for the fact that I had to carry on talking until the Rebbe did arrive back at 770.

Roselyn always likes to hear me when I address the boys. She is my chief critic and censor. Unfortunately, the ladies shool was locked, and poor Rabbi Mentelik was in a flap until he personally found the key and opened up the Womens' department.

I gave a short talk, then read excerpts from my "Diary", which I normally do. I had plenty to read, so I managed to fill in the time until Mincha - to the evident enjoyment and appreciation of all my listeners, who could never hear enough anecdotes about the Rebbe.

I received very good reports and many thanks afterwards.

One fellow begged me to speak in Yiddish at the next Kinus Hatorah. He considered it totally unfair that all the boys were laughing and enjoying themselves, and he did not understand even one word.

I told him the story of Rabbi Taivil, who many years ago, sat next to me when we were invited upstairs at 770, to have our Yom Tov meals together with the Rebbe. I told, what I thought, was a good joke in English. I asked Rabbi Taivel whether he understood the joke. He answered "No, not one word". "Then why did you laugh?" I enquired. "Well", he said, "Everyone laughed so I laughed!"

Next day, Monday, I called at the Chemist's shop, and purchased twelve miniature empty bottles in which to pour the Rebbe's mashke for the "Shiluchim", as requested by the Rebbe at the Farbraingen. The Chemist had large stocks of this size bottle, because he had a big demand for bottles for Koss Shel Brocha wine.

I then had the problem of immersing them in the Mikvah. It was a pity that my own personal bedside mikvah had been mopped up by Roselyn and Mrs. Itkin. I made my way to the one across the road, but it was closed.

I intended to go to the hardware shop, which possessed its own mikvah for domestic utensils. However, on my way to this shop, I met Rabbi Dvorkin who was waiting outside 770 to be called up to the Chupah to "Massadir Kidushin" for a bride and groom.

His signature tune is the "Alter Rebbe's Nigun", which is always sung when the Chosson arrives to ascend the Chupah.

As soon as this tune is broadcast through the microphone, Rabbi Dvorkin jumps up and proceeds to the Chupah to officiate. In fact, when I am at 770 sitting at a Farbraingen and they start to sing this Nigun, I fully expect Rabbi Dvorkin to stand up and give Chupah Vekidushin.

Rabbi Dvorkin asked me where I was going to. I told him, "to find a mikvah for these twelve bottles". He asked me whether it was intended to drink the contents direct from the bottle, or to pour the liquid from the bottle into a glass first and then to drink it.

I answered that it was obvious that the contents would be poured into a glass first.

Rabbi Dvorkin then pronounced that in that case, it was not necessary to immerse the bottles. Only if one drank direct from the bottles was immersion needed.

Relative to the fact that Rabbi Dvorkin officiated at most of the weddings which took place outside 770, I heard a few months later that a very poor couple wished to marry outside 770. The Chuppah, Microphone, Loud Speaker and appurtenances belonged to some private people who made a regular charge for the hire of these necessary appliances.

It was a "poor" wedding, and Rabbi Dvorkin was giving his services free of charge. The owners of the above mentioned equipment were asked to help by reducing, just a little, their normal charges - in this one instance. They refused point blank. "Business is business" was their motto.

So - Rabbi Dvorkin obtained the loan elsewhere of another Chupah and accoutrements, and he officiated at that wedding outside 770.

And, furthermore, Rabbi Dvorkin announced that he would refuse to officiate at any wedding where the Chupah had been hired from that "private gang".

Good for him! and well done Rabbi Dvorkin!!! Needless to state, this company soon came "with cap in hand" and with "bended knees" to beg and appeal to Rabbi Dvorkin to repeal his ban and prohibition.

To return to the present - whilst we were discussing these Halachic problems with Rabbi Dvorkin, we took the opportunity to ask him a couple of Shaalas - questions. This is what he stated.

Rabbi zalmon Shimon Dvorkin explains again

Almost all utensils can be kashered in an easy and simple manner, either by cold or boiling water, or by fire.

Contrary to general belief, it is possible to kasher knives even with separate handles in boiling water, as long as the substance will NOT melt in this hot water - for instance, if the handle is made of celluloid or horn (of an animal) which dissolves at a low temperature. Otherwise, one cleans out the space (if any) between the handle and the blade with a sharp instrument and then kashers the whole knife in boiling water, even if the handle is made of plastic, bone, ebony etc.

However, kitchen knives used for cooking in great heat for instance, like turning over, grilling or cooking meat in a pan, can only be kashered by red hot heat. It cannot be stuck in the ground or earth and left to become kosher. It would make no difference if left for ten years or even a hundred years. A cold meaty knife used for cutting cheese can be stuck into the ground for kashering.

A great friend of mine, a woman who lives in London, owned an electric kettle. One day, her little baby poured milk into it. For some unexplained reason, there was no Rabbi in London (!?!!) whom she could ask the Shaala, whether she could kasher this kettle or not. So, she took the easy way out, and she bought a new electric kettle.

Within a short time, another member of her family threw the lid of this kettle into the meaty sink. The handle, or knob on this lid was made of plastic - so - she now had two kettles lying on the shelf, and she boiled water in a pan!

I once happened to notice this strange and dangerous performance and promised that I would discover from Rabbi Dvorkin whether it was possible to kasher any of these two kettles.

I called at the home of Rabbi Dvorkin and put the problem to him.

Without any hesitation, he immediately pronounced the following P'sak Din (ruling)

In. case number one, if the milk was cold when poured into the kettle, the procedure was as follows:

"The kettle had to be washed out with luke-warm water" - that was all that was required.

If the milk had been hot, "then the kettle had to be thoroughly cleaned out with a cleansing powder, filled full of water and when boiling, the water was to be swilled over the top. Then, the water was to be emptied, the kettle filled up again with cold water, and the kettle was now kashered".

In case number two, regarding the lid of the kettle with a plastic knob or handle. If the sink had contained luke-warm water, then all one had to do was to "wash it with cold water - that was all!"

If the water in the sink was hot "then take a pan or a pot of boiling water, and whilst it was still boiling, immerse the lid. If the lid was too large, then half of the lid can be immersed at a time. Then - wash with cold water. Repeat this procedure three times (because the knob is made of plastic) and the lid is now kashered."

In due course, I brought these answers to my friend. I asked her - "was the milk hot or cold in the kettle?" She replied that she did not know until she plugged in and boiled the kettle. All she saw was white vapour puffing through the spout.

To my query whether the water in the sink was luke-warm or hot. She replied that the sink was empty!!! **It always happens to me.**

"Our Visit to the Rebbetzen"

That Monday was a very important day for Roselyn and I. We had private appointments with the Rebbe and with our Rebbetzen.

It is wonderful spending Yom Tov with the Rebbe - but at Yechidus he becomes a different person altogether, so it seems to us - more relaxed and at ease. We discuss various communal problems and people. We have a laugh and I do believe that the Rebbe shrugs off the severe pressures of his High Office for just a few moments.

Our visit to the Rebbetzen is another highlight of our stay in Crown Heights, and makes it so much more enjoyable and worthwhile.

The clock at the corner of the street was striking four when we rang the bell of our Rebbetzen's home, and received a hearty and warm welcome from Our lovely First Lady. T.G. she looked very well (K.A.H.)

We had a really cosy and intimate chat. Roselyn asked her "how is the Rebbe?" and our Rebbetzen replied "I really don't know, I do not see him too often".

For instance, she gave us just two examples -

On Friday he stayed, working at 770, with no respite - from 10.00 a.m. until nearly 8.00 p.m. - time for Shabbos. The Rebbe was back at 770 at 9.00 p.m. for Kabbolas Shabbos and Ma'ariv, and did not return home for some considerable time.

On Shabbos, The Rebbe arrived at 770 at 8.30 a.m. in the morning and left after Ma'ariv at 9.30 p.m. in the evening. He had just a half hour break for lunch at 6.30 p.m.!!

The Rebbe was due to arrive home shortly, so after an hour and a half, we took our departure - The Rebbetzen had asked us whether we would like to come along again, and to continue our chat! What a question!?

So we went again on Friday - The clock at the corner of the street was striking four as we rang the bell of the Rebbetzen's house (I seem to remember having written this before).

The Rebbetzen was fascinated about the manner in which Rabbi Dvorkin had given his P'sak Din (ruling) about the Kashering of the kettles. She loved the simple and straightforward way he explained the details.

She observed that Rabbi Dvorkin had a sharp brain and made quick decisions.

When I told the Rebbetzen how I had strongly remonstrated with the Rebbe about the unwelcome, but extraordinary publicity which was meted out to me when I was handed the Bottle of Mashke. The Rebbetzen shot back at me "Now you know what it feels like" She softened the "blow" by adding "but you always do the right thing!"

When I told her that the boys had approached me to pay \$60 in cash to print "Sichos in English" on the occasion of the Yartzeit. The Rebbetzen remarked that I should not take notice of everyone. I countered that it was for the Zechus (merit) of the Soul of the departed. She declared that "You are not short of Zechussim!"

The Rebbetzen was most amused when I explained to her that Yossi Kazan had told me that my "Diary" was absolutely marvellous BUT - (here the Rebbetzen interjected with "Ah these Buts") I have publicised the secret - the good idea of how to receive a quick reply from the Rebbe - by phoning the Rebbetzen.

She did enjoy a good laugh at this. In any case, her telephone number is NOT in the directory at all. Also, in point of fact, I did not get any reply from the Rebbe either, through these means. We invited the Rebbetzen to visit us in our basement apartment for Shabbos luncheon - or even for afternoon tea. This produced another good laughter session - The Rebbetzen thought it was such a good joke!!

She did however, invite Roselyn to come along to her Shabbos (and Yom Tov) home, at the library next door to 770, in order to show Roselyn her silver candlesticks which were heirlooms from her grandmother (Z.L.)

It was raining again, so the Rebbetzen lent us her umbrella, so that we should not get wet, when we walked home. It was a nice umbrella, and I was tempted to keep it. If I only had dared!!

Roselyn promised to visit the Rebbetzen at a convenient time on Shabbos, and after a very enjoyable and memorable hour and a half, we said farewell to our Rebbetzen.

Later on we returned to 770 for Yechidus.

"Yechidus"

Everyone was informed that Yechidus would take place on Monday night. There would be no private or individual audiences. All would enter into the Rebbe's study in groups of about fifty or sixty at a time, and these would be divided into English speaking people - Yiddish - Ivrit - French - Russian and so on.

Label Groner had suggested that Roselyn and I should accompany the last group, the English one - and when everyone had left, the Rebbe would invite Roselyn and myself to remain a little longer, privately. When our party entered the Rebbe's study, the women were requested to stand on the farside, being the right side of the Rebbe, and the men on the left. Mrs. M. expostulated, "I'm not going to be pushed around like cattle in a market!" But she was, and she liked it!

One man was in a wheel chair, when all the sixty men and women were positioned and settled and had handed in their Tzettles (pleas, appeals). The Rebbe sat up straight, bent his head downwards then leaned right over, shut his eyes tightly and speaking in English, gave us all a wonderful Brocha. It was most uncanny, but every single person in that room felt with complete certainty and confidence, that the Rebbe was talking only to him (or her) personally - just like at a Farbraingen.

This is what the Rebbe said:

"G-d A'Mighty will bless every one of you with all things necessary, spiritually and materially, especially after receiving the Torah on Shovuos with joy and enthusiasm.

You will have the Blessings of G-d A'Mighty to be successful, to study Torah and perform the mitzvahs of the Torah with joy and inspiration - and to do so every day in additional measure - always increasing in holiness, also with joy and enthusiasm, and you will influence all Jews in your environment to do likewise. You will also be active about the performance of the mitzvah of "You should love your neighbour as yourself".

To add another mitzvah "Shelichus Mitzvah" I will give everyone of you a dollar, and after arriving in your city or in your country, you will add the mitzvah of tzedoka by giving the equivalent amount to the cause of charity, preferably connected with the Jewish education of Jewish children in the Torah true spirit, and in the spirit to perform all those mitzvahs and also to influence all your environment in the same spirit and especially to become more prepared and to hasten the arrival of our Righteous Moshiach who will greet every one of us and the Jewish people in general with the complete redemption of the Jewish people speedily in our time. Then all the Jews from all the corners of the earth will come altogether to our Holy Land, to our Holy City, to Jerusalem and our Holy Bais Hamikdosh, and to do all these things with good health altogether and especially to make all possible efforts to ensure that every Jew will have a letter in one of the communal Sifrei Torah and that will fortify the unity, the peace of the Jewish people in every aspect. All this will hasten the complete Redemption speedily in our time."

After the Rebbe had concluded his Blessing, everyone present went up to the Rebbe and received directly from him, a dollar bill, before leaving the study.

It was interesting to note the tricks which some people got up to in order to see the Rebbe and obtain a brocha, albeit a communal one.

One fellow came out flourishing a dollar bill. He was an American, but had gatecrashed and went in with the French group. He was shouting "I got a dollar, I got a dollar" with evident relish and delight.

When our English group was departing, the Rebbe suddenly recognised a certain gentleman and asked him in Yiddish "What are you doing here? Do you understand English?" The fellow replied, also in Yiddish, "No - not one word!"

The Rebbe had motioned to Roselyn and to me that we should remain behind. The door was then shut - and the Rebbe leaned back in his chair and became completely relaxed.

It was extremely heart-warming to us to see the Rebbe so much at ease, and smiling after the tense and deep concentration of blessing the various groups. It was a wonderful experience to see the Rebbe leaning back in his chair, laughing and smiling. When does anyone, and I emphasise anyone, ever see the Rebbe so relaxed? I felt very proud to be present on such a unique occasion.

I did suggest to the Rebbe that we should now leave and return later on, because it seemed that another one or two more groups had been formed and were still waiting to see the Rebbe.

The Rebbe demurred and observed that "it would be too late afterwards". I did feel a little guilty for keeping people waiting outside, but the Rebbe said that it was no avayro(sin) because it was his desire to talk to us for a few minutes privately, and we should remain.

The Rebbe remarked that he had heard that I had spoken very well at the Kinus Hatorah.

I told the Rebbe that the boys were always keen and prepared to listen to me talking even all day - as long as I spoke only about the Rebbe. They just loved to hear those intimate and personal stories. Their appetites for these unique anecdotes were insatiable. They were only interested in the Rebbe - that's all!

This very much amused the Rebbe and he laughed quite heartily.

The Rebbe asked whether Roselyn was present at this Kinuss. I replied - "only just" - because we could not open the Women's Shool. However, Rabbi Mentelik found the key and opened up the Shool himself.

I thanked the Rebbe for his wonderful brocha for my Number 13 Instalment of "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita", and up to and including Number 20 which would be published P.G. in due course AFTER WHICH WE WOULD THEN PLAN AHEAD. I observed that the Rebbe had established me as reputable international writer. Obviously when an author publishes a Book about an exceptional and illustrious personality and world famous leader, then he, in turn becomes popular and well known. The Rebbe's teachings will last till Eternity and the Rebbe's name will live for Posterity, without the aid of my book, but I hope that I have made MY Readers aware of some of those extra special, modest and human qualities of Our Rebbe and Leader.

And this is the TRUE value of a Rebbe's brocha, that I, who had never written a book in my whole life (before I started these "Encounters") should have produced thirteen popular books (KAH). Rabbi Mentelik once enquired whether I was a writer by profession. "No," I replied, "by a brocha".

The Rebbe asked me whether Roselyn helped me with this Diary. I answered, "No, but she is the Chief Censor. If Roselyn says "Cut that bit out", then that bit is "Cut Out" - at once and with no argument".

I always value her opinion. In any case it is good for "Shalom Bayiss". (Peace at Home).

The Rebbe insisted that I should always write more than a hundred pages every year. As it states in the Gemorrah - "If your limit is normally one hundred pages, one should always learn at least one hundred and one".

I thought that I would try and make the Rebbe laugh again. He has such a lovely smile and wonderful laugh! So I related to him the story of how little Mrs Itkin had provided me with my own personal Mikvah at my bedside. I explained that although it was 100% Kosher, it was only ankle deep.

Therefore in order to fulfil this Mitzvah properly, I had to lay on my back and roll over and over. The Rebbe was very amused, and then asked with a twinkle in his eye "Well, who pulled you up?" Without thinking - I blurted out "Mrs Itkin and Roselyn". It was a silly answer, but I was glad I gave it. The idea and the thought of little Mrs Itkin - and Roselyn - heaving and trying to pull me out of the "Mikvah" must have been too much for the Rebbe - because - he burst into such a fit of laughter that it was magnificent to behold. It exceeded all my expectations and really "made my day".

I reminded the Rebbe that he had presented me with a bottle of Vodka at the Farbraingen and had instructed me to distribute some of this drink to various Chabad/Lubavitch branches all over the world. I therefore subsequently purchased a dozen very little bottles so that the various representatives could take small quantities of the Rebbe's Mashkie home with them.

I was on my way to the Mikvah to immerse these small bottles in order to Kosher them. I met Rabbi Dvorkin who was standing outside 770 and explained to him where I was going. He asked me whether I (or anyone) would be drinking the liquid, the Mashkie, directly from the bottle or would the Vodka be poured into a glass first.

I replied that the drink would presumably be poured from the little bottle into a glass. "In that case", said Rabbi Dvorkin, "one did not need to TAIVEL (immerse) the bottles". Only if one drank direct from the bottle did one have to immerse it in a Mikvah."

And that is the Halacha -the Din. After all these years we still learn something new every day. The Rebbe confirmed that I now had a Pesak Din, a Halacha to put into my Diary, and it was very important, as many people did not know this DIN. There are obviously many basic dinim which people should know and the Rebbe suggested that I should mention one or two in my future publications. As we say every day in our morning service: "It was taught by Elijah: whoever studies Torah LAWS every day, is assured of Life in the World to Come. . ."

I told the Rebbe that one of these bottles was already on its way to Israel where a Siyum, the finalising, of a new Sefer Torah was soon to take place.

"How is your foot?" asked the Rebbe. He never forgets anything - nor anyone!

I confided to the Rebbe that if I would have realised that our Yechidus would take place so soon after Yom Tov, then I might "have arranged to fly home tomorrow".

In that event, the Rebbe intimated, I now had plenty of time to start my new Diary.

I reminded the Rebbe that on the morrow Tuesday, there was to be another Children's Rally. On Wednesday evening, I understood there would be a farbraingen - the Rebbe was surprised to hear about this - but did admit that there might be one at night. On Thursday would take place the wedding of our friend Avrohom Gluck's daughter.

Friday I had YarTzeit. On Shabbos we expected another Farbraingen - and we were due to leave for home on Monday next. So the week was well taken care of.

I put in my plea to the Rebbe begging him to spare a few minutes to say farewell, privately before we left for home. We have a long tradition for this and the Rebbe did not refuse my appeal.

I asked the Rebbe whether he had received a certain letter from the Committee of Manchester Lubavitch. The Rebbe had apparently not seen it yet, and intimated that it was probably mixed up with the Nissan and Birthday wishes letters. The Rebbe added that sometimes it is not clever to send letters too early, because when a new batch arrived, it covered up all the others. I was asked to see that a copy was sent at once and the Rebbe would be on the watch for it.

I had previously sent into the Rebbe a few photographs. Some were of my brother Joe, in his official regalia, with the gold Mayoral Chain around his shoulders. This Chain was worth £45,000, and the names of all the previous Mayors were inscribed on the links of the Chain. The Rebbe wanted confirmation that Joe wore the Chain and his Robes on all official occasions.

The Rebbe suggested with great mirth that he would like to give me a chain from Lubavitch. I should have replied that I am well chained to Lubavitch already.

The Rebbe supposed that as I had attended my brother Joe's Big Day, then I would also be attending my brother Maurice's big event - the opening of the New Great Synagogue in Jerusalem.

I regretted to inform the Rebbe that although we would be in Eretz Yisroel for four weeks for health reasons, we would just miss this affair. He had not informed me, nor invited me, in time, and I had already booked our flights to Israel and our hotels, to fit in with our business commitments. The Rebbe looked more than a little surprised at my reply; and gave me a quizzical look.

I protested to the Rebbe about the excessive (in my opinion) publicity when he presented me with the bottle of Mashkie at the Farbraingen. The Rebbe had devoted a whole Sicho to this subject.

The Rebbe countered this and maintained that the Sicho was given in Yiddish - and if I did not like the publicity, then I should write this page in Yiddish, in my Diary. It would be a report on the Sicho and Roselyn would be able to censor it!

I mentioned to the Rebbe that we had no grandchildren with us on this occasion. The Rebbe interrupted me and said that I have one at the Yeshiva. I explained that Dovid lives here, but I was referring to those who lived in England. They all wanted to come for Succos. Roselyn would be in her 27th Heaven!!

We discussed various members of the family, and of the Community. We spoke about Lubavitch and other Communal organisations.

The Rebbe handed us a dollar bill each for Tzedoka and we prepared to take our leave. The Rebbe (always the perfect gentleman) raised himself to bid Roselyn farewell. He then recalled me to thank me for my Diary. I remonstrated with him that he had already thanked me and given me a brocha.

The Rebbe contended that he had not given me personal thanks - not in person, only in writing.

I thanked the Rebbe again for his brocha for Gezund, Parnoso and Nachas (Health, Wealth and Nachas) and I confided that at the Kinuss Hatorah, I had mentioned the Nine Points which I had enumerated in my letter, attesting to the fact that I had these good and valid, nine reasons for coming to see the Rebbe on Yud Aleph Nissen in spite of the general prohibition that no one should come specially for this 80th birthday. Rabbi Dvorkin had unceremoniously demolished all the Nine arguments.

The Rebbe admitted that he had read all this in a book written by a "certain gentleman in Manchester".

The Rebbe then asked us to give his regards to (Gerrist) all our Children and Grandchildren, and we reluctantly took our departure.

"Yet Another Children's Rally"

On the following Tuesday, another Children's Rally was held at 770. Many more children were present on this occasion than had attended last week.

There was a different Band, with an extra flutist and guitarist - and a new entertainer. This is always one of the main problems. The Children have always to be entertained and attracted by something different, otherwise they are tempted to stay away. Fantastic prizes are also given away. They have plenty of "Gashmius", material rewards including refreshments - and they have "Ruchnius", spiritual rewards "par excellence" - the Rebbe Himself! Unfortunately many of the young children are not old enough to appreciate how much benefit their souls are imbibing through the presence and words of Torah of the Rebbe, Shlita.

The entertainer this afternoon was a ventriloquist. He did his level best to keep the minds of the girls and boys occupied. For instance, he asked his Dummy "What do we read on Shovuos?" and the Dummy replied "The Book of Esther!" "NO, NO, NO" screamed all the little boys and girls - "It's Ruth. It's Ruth".

At 2.30 p.m. our friend J.J. (Rabbi J.J. Hecht) arrived to take charge of the proceedings. He had a tough job - to keep the children quiet, that is his main task and to give over in English to the Children the Sichos which the Rebbe has related, and in general to supervise and to ensure that a handful of noisy children should not ruin the orderliness of the Rally.

J.J. offered them gifts and prizes. He shouted, pleaded, cajoled, bribed, and threatened. It was not easy.

J.J. showed the 'V' sign with his fingers. "Now then children, fingers up and mouths shut. Hands may now be lowered, but don't open your mouth yet".

The Rebbe then arrived amidst enthusiastic singing, wild cheering and ferocious clapping.

The programme followed the now familiar pattern of all previous rallies. The twelve Torah verses were recited by little girls and little boys from all over the World, EACH ONE screaming out the words - which deafened through the microphone. One little girl from Melbourne must have thought that she was still in Australia, the way she was shouting. The Mechitza dividing the boys and girls was lowered, and we would daven Mincha.

The Rebbe would speak for about fifteen minutes and J.J. would translate this talk into English, referring all the time to his scribbled notes, taken down in J.J.'s own unique shorthand. The Rebbe would give three - sometimes four - short talks of about ten to fifteen minutes each.

There would be more singing, then the distribution of the dimes to the children, through their leaders. And the Rebbe would depart amidst more singing, cheering, screaming and shouting.

At this Rally, the Rebbe said (my own version):-

"We are now in the days after Shovuoss, the anniversary of the day on which G-d gave us the Torah. We listened to the Ten Commandments on Shovuoss just as our ancestors did at the first time they were uttered. Every Jewish soul since that time and onwards has joined together with us to hear the Giving of the Torah, just as at that time".

"This is the moment to renew our strength with brightness and excitement, and to take from it inspiration for every day of the whole year. This is especially relevant to Jewish children who are our guarantors."

"The Torah was given in their Zechus, and the A'Mighty had faith in these children that they will fulfil all that is written in this Torah".

"All children in Tzivas HaShem obviously were in Shool, listening to the Ten Commandments and all children should join together with Love of each other and with Joy. A resolution should be made that all will write and own a letter in a Communal Sefer Torah".

"You should think, speak and act with love for your fellow Jews, so that all will become better Jews".

"We are still in Gollus, exile. Moshiach has not yet come. What can we do to get Moshiach NOW. You should influence your friends and your parents and more blessings will be brought upon the world. We are told that we have to see ourselves as if we too were brought out of Egypt."

"G-d brought us out from Egypt and G-d will bring us all out of this Goluss, today, now, to the Holy Land, to the Holy City of Jerusalem, to the Bais Hamikdosh, the Holy Temple, and to the completeness of Our Land in all her borders- with health and joy. G-d will be happy with us and give more blessings to us and to our families, and to the whole Jewish nation. All as one People - one Torah and one complete land".

"The Baal Shem Tov has stated that 'one has to learn from everything'. There is a special lesson for the boys and girls of Tzivas HaShem on this special day - the tenth day of Sivan, which falls on the third day of the week. G-d says about this third day that "It is good" - and repeats this phrase again, because G-d was happy with his creations".

"Let us continue to make G-d happy and joyful because when G-d sees that a child is happy learning Torah and doing Mitzvahs in a joyful way - together with other children, this will defeat the Yetzer Hora - the Evil Inclination".

"In the portion of the Psalms, Tehillim, which we recite today on the tenth of the month, we say "Podo Vesholom" - G-d will redeem everyone with Peace. All plans which the Nations make (for our destruction) will become nonsense and nullified, for G-d is with us".

"G-d will see to it that 'not by war, but by Peace' will HE take each Jew, every Jew in this Year of Redemption to our Holy Land, Our Holy City and to Our Holy Temple".

"We want Moshiach NOW".

"Another lesson we learn from today's Tehillim, Podo Vesholom is that you are obligated to carry out three main Principles:- learn Torah, do Charitable Deeds, and pray, Daven all together with the Congregation of at least Ten adult men - in a Holy Place, like a Synagogue, because these three principles will take us out of exile, out of Gollus - and this Gollus is the Evil Inclination which always tempts our G-dlike Soul".

The Rebbe concluded that "we have just davened Mincha with the Congregation: we have learnt Torah - the Twelve Torah Verses with enthusiasm and vigour - both the Oral and Written Torah; now the third principle will be the giving of Tzedoka. Just before I distribute two dimes to every child, I want you to show to G-d that you are happy with the three principles, and I want you to sing with joy, energy and liveliness three exciting Tunes - UTZU EITZA, ACH TZADIKIM and SHEYIBONEH BAIS HAMIKDOSH".

After the singing, the Rebbe reminded the Children to give money to Tzedoka and help with our resolution, and G-d will then fulfil all His promises to us".

Rabbi J.J. had the last word: he shouted out through the microphone "Think right, Do right, Act right - and you will have a Blessed and Happy New Year."

The Band continued playing a lively tune until the Rebbe and most of the children had departed.

Later on we found a little boy downstairs, sitting disconsolate and crying his heart out. He had quoted one of the Twelve Verses through the microphone - and had forgotten one word!!

Roselyn and I saw a repeat performance of the Rally on the Video. Roselyn commented that she never saw Rabbi Chadakov at the Rally, but there he was, peeping out from behind a pillar.

We counted fifty three girl leaders who came up to the Rebbe to collect dimes on behalf of their groups - if there were twenty little girls in each group, it meant that there were over 1,000 girls altogether. Even at fifteen to a group, it would mean over 750 attended.

"Miscellany"

The following night, Wednesday, we enjoyed another exhilarating Farbraingen. Roselyn and I have only been in Crown Heights seven and a half days so far - and this was already the fifth Farbraingen which we have attended.

In between there had been a night of Yechidus - celebration of two days Yom Tov, and the distribution of Koss Shel-Brocha until the early hours of the morning.

The Rebbe certainly does not spare himself for all our sakes - and yet - the Rebbe had occasion at the Farbraingen to publicly reprimand two of his Chassidim (not by name, of course - that is something the Rebbe would never do, to shame a man in public). It made the Rebbe very sad and depressed. He told us that he had been given terrible aggravation. They had done something very foolish and the Rebbe commented that they had no pity nor mercy upon him. They had, both, also pestered him with notes and pleas. Each one claimed right on his side. But the Rebbe would not interfere. He ordered them to stand before a Rav and beg for forgiveness and accept whatever punishment was meted out to them.

It is a shame that our poor Rebbe has to suffer such terrible anguish for other people's silly misdemeanours.

The Rebbe is, and acts, just like a father to us all. And some of us act like naughty Children towards a forbearing, suffering and loving Parent.

We were invited to a Wedding on the following evening. I had YarTzeit that night so I asked Rabbi Dvorkin whether I was allowed to attend this Simcha of a great friend of mine. He replied that I should not be present at the Dinner nor at the celebrations afterwards, but it would be in order for me to attend the Chupah and the Reception (which took place before the Chupah), to greet the Chosson and the Kaloh. Actually, I made a great error - I should have gone to the Wedding first, and asked Rabbi Dvorkin the Shaala on the next day.

It was a very frum - orthodox - Wedding - even some of the women wore Yarmulkies on their heads. A few Frier (non-orthodox) were present too, and I heard a lady telling a young man that at this wedding "You must not, under any circumstances, kiss the Ladies - only the Men".

A very nice Smorgasbord (reception) was laid out, attractively, and there was plenty of food. An Orchestra was playing rhythmically and some Ladies were dancing together - like a cabaret.

The men shortly withdraw to another room, where the handsome Chosson said his Maamer - and distributed the Rebbe's Mashkie.

We all returned, in procession, to the Ladies Dance Hall to see the Chosson "badek" his Kaloh. The Kaloh sat upon her throne, surrounded by her courtiers and relatives. The Orchestra played, and the cameras and "flash"lights were in position.

The Chosson arrived, covered the face of his Bride with a Veil, and covered the Veil with a thick piece of heavy white cloth. The camera man shouted to the Bride - "Smile, please". No one could even see her head, let alone her face.

We then all transferred to 770, to hear the Alter Rebbe's nigun and Rabbi Dvorkin's Chazonuss under the Chupah.

Avrohom's friend Laimer Minkowitz (Myer's brother) was enraptured with my latest instalment - it was "out of this world" - excellent, he said - but please cut out all the Loshon Hora and put in more Sichos. (I would soon have no readers left).

I am greeted continuously with the sentence "It is not Shovuos until you arrive with 'My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita'.

I noticed, one day, that there were only twenty-five children waiting in the Hallway for the Rebbe to hand them money to put into the Charity Box before the Mincha Service.

There was the usual baby crying in the background. He refused to put the Rebbe's dime into the Box, he wanted to keep it himself. I don't blame him - in any case - "Charity begins at home".

Avrohom told me that he saw the Rebbe give a Lad a dime to put into the pushkie. The Boy hesitated and said that he was over Bar-Mitzvah. "That's alright", retorted the Rebbe, "So am I".

My friend, Rabbi Avrohom Parshon confronted me one day and said, "I saw you walking with a lady, I presume it was your wife". It would have been presumptuous to have presumed otherwise!

Mincha would take place as usual at 3.15 p.m. Yet I distinctly noticed Rabbi Chadakov leaving 770 at 3.10 p.m. to go for a message. It would be very strange, I thought, for Rabbi Chadakov to miss Mincha. Normally I can always tell when the Rebbe will be coming in to daven, because Rabbi Chadakov always arrives in the Bais Hamedrish a couple of minutes beforehand.

I went into the Bais Hamedrish at 3.15 - and there - standing in his usual spot was - Rabbi Chadakov. I expressed surprise that he had returned so quickly, but he confessed that he went through the Shool. One is not allowed to use a Shool just as a thoroughfare, so he said a Posuk (a verse) I remarked that 'it must have been a very little Posuk!'

Rabbi Mentelik presented me with Bread and Water as a reward for participating in the Kinuss Hatorah. As this was the Rebbe's own bread and water, it was a valuable gift which I took home to share with my wife and family.

Rabbi Moher, a friend of mine from Manchester, came to Mincha one day especially to look at the Rebbe. He was lucky, because he came a year or so ago, and the Rebbe was at the Ohel, and he never saw him. Rabbi Moher explained that he was in New York for a Simcha, and he took this opportunity of "seeing the Tzaddik".

When the Rebbe entered, Rabbi Moher stood, gaped and gasped. He could not believe that the Rebbe was KAH - Eighty years young – till 120. He kept repeating "Ben Shemonim Ligvurah" (at eighty a sign of special strength) Kane Ayin Horah - over and over again.

He asked me whether he could approach the Rebbe and "give him Sholom Aleichem". I replied that this was not generally done, but I was sure that the Rebbe would not rebuke him, but give him "Aleichem Sholom" in return.

We stood together during the Amida, Rabbi Moher was just about halfway through these prayers when the Rebbe took the three steps backwards at the conclusion of the Amida. Rabbi Moher afterwards remarked how astonished and dumbfounded he was - and he could hardly believe that the Rebbe had davened so quickly.

This reminded me of the time, many years ago when Rabbi Gurary and Rabbi Binyaminson (ZTzL) came to Manchester to collect money for Pinyon Shovuim, to pay the ransom to get Jews out of Russia. One of these people who was liberated was Rabbi BenZion Shemtov (ZTzL) who escaped with his wife and family. I recall him telling me the story of their flight from Russia, and how they fooled the Police guarding the Borders, by dressing up a couple of the boys as girls.

Anyway, Rabbi Gurary and his colleague were davenning Mincha in our Shool. I had concluded the Amida and was wondering who, of all the Five Rabbonim present, would be the last to finish.

To my utter amazement, Rabbi Gurary, who I felt certain would take the longest time over the Amida, concluded within seconds of me. I expressed this opinion to him and he retorted "Do you think that we came all the way to Manchester just to daven - we have work to do!"

I encountered my friend Yehuda Blessosfsky, the car owner/driver who came to our rescue last Succos when we were stranded outside 770, waiting for a lift to Great Neck.

He admitted that he had really enjoyed our last visit to Great Neck, and furthermore as he was reading all about this visit in my "Diary" - he had relived the whole sequence of events of that evening.

He volunteered to drive us again to any destination which Kassriel Kasstel would choose for us next Succos.

Mrs Itkin was excited, she admitted that the very first time she understood a Sicho, was when she read it in my Book.

One morning at 10 a.m., fifty teenage boys from a Mizrahi School in Toronto, Canada, were sitting on the ground, crosslegged, outside 770 listening to a Lubavitcher giving a talk about the Rebbe and about Lubavitch. There were interjections from the lads of "Oh, I am dying to see the Rebbe" and "I was lucky, I did see the Rebbe", and so on.

I conversed with one boy, who told me that "he loved it here and he found it so interesting". He was staying at the Young Israel, in Brooklyn, and had been here for nearly a week.

Ever since the time that Shmuel cabled me from London, nearly Sixteen years ago, to give his newly born baby girl the name of Yenta Chaya Bass HaRav Shmuel, in the presence of the Rebbe at 770, it has become a custom of Lubavitch, and all have followed Shmuel's example.

I have noticed, however, that latterly, Rabbi Dovid Raskin who layens, reads the Torah portion on Weekdays and makes the "Mee Shebayrach", the special prayer for this happy event, and gives the baby girl her name has added the extra name of Chaya to the names chosen by the parents.

It suddenly dawned upon me that the name given was not Chaya - but HAA-HAA. This occurred when Dovid Raskin arrived at that part of the prayer at which he has to say - (in Hebrew) that "her name shall be called in Israel" . . . and Dovid always forgot - or maybe he never knew - the name to be given - so he turns to the Father and says HAA-HAA, asking for the name. But what we actually hear is Dovid Raskin saying ". . . and her name shall be called in Israel HAA-HAA".

During Mincha, a little boy of about five years stood opposite to the Rebbe. His name was Sholom Ber Glitzenstein from Eilat, Israel. His father is the Lubavitcher Sheliach there and is doing a very wonderful job.

This boy, Sholom Ber stood staring very hard and long at the Rebbe. It was wonderful and enlightening to watch the Rebbe encouraging this little boy to answer Amain and Borrchu UVoruch Shemai during the repetition of the Amida - just like a Father with his son - or a Rebbe with his pupil.

The little lad ended up by shouting out Amain at the top of his voice. It is most important even to concentrate on one little boy.

The Rebbe always works until the very last moment, on Friday, before the advent of the Shabbos. Binyamin Klyne is generally in the main office, too. Just before Shabbos it is nice and quiet outside 770, but when the door of this office is opened, one will hear all the telephones ringing away, madly, whilst poor Binyamin tries to answer them all at the same time.

It was very fortunate that it was already Shabbos in Israel and in Europe, or else it would have been much worse - if that was at all possible.

On Sunday, the Rebbe intended to visit the Ohel again - so - we ended up in Buffalo - as you shall now read - - -

"A Siyum Hatorah In Buffalo"

A modern miracle had occurred - a Sefer Torah had been written in Buffalo (a few miles from the Niagara Waterfalls).

Rabbi Nissen Gurary was in charge of the Chabad House and the Siyum - the ceremony of completing the Sefer Torah was arranged for next Sunday, the day before we were due to leave for home.

The renowned and celebrated Rabbi Zalmon Gurary, of Crown Heights - Nissen's father, was most anxious that Roselyn and I should attend this unique affair.

At 6 p.m. on Tuesday, after the second Children's Rally, I wrote a letter to the Rebbe. (a) I thanked him for the privilege of allowing us to spend a private Yechidus together "last night". I also mentioned amongst other matters that "I enjoyed the Rally, but the Rebbe left me standing and breathless, gaping with open mouth at the awesome speed at which the Rebbe was clapping his hands".

And (b) that Rabbi Zalmon Gurary has been pressing Roselyn and me to join his party and fly to Buffalo - at his expense, for a Siyum Hatorah and other events. We would be away from Crown Heights from 7.45 a.m. on Sunday morning until 6.45 p.m. in the evening. I travel to New York only to see and to be near the Rebbe, but as I have heard that the Rebbe will be at the Ohel on that day, I am wondering whether I should accept Rabbi Gurary's invitation. I cannot make up my mind and Roselyn is not anxious to go.

Three and a half hours later, at 9.30 p.m. I received a reply from the Rebbe, in Hebrew. Translated into English, it stated (1) Thank you for all the good news (re: the (a) portion of your letter); (2) The visit to Buffalo is a very good thing - the main (principle) object being Koved (honour) for the Sefer Torah; and (3) It will also give you the opportunity to write an additional five to ten pages in your "Diary".

We had also been invited to a Bar-Mitzvah dinner on Sunday evening. It was in honour of Rabbi and Mrs Itkin's grandson, Dovid and Feigie Rappaport's son. They had just returned to Crown Heights from Texas. They used to reside in London and we were quite friendly with them.

I therefore explained the position to Rabbi Zalmon Gurary - that we would love to fly to Buffalo with him and his party, but we had promised to attend this Bar-Mitzvah dinner.

Zalmon Gurary assured us that this did not present any problems, because our return flight was due to leave Buffalo at 1800 hours (6 p.m.). The distance from Buffalo to New York was about 250 miles, so the plane journey would not take very long.

We gave him our solemn promise that we would be outside 770, next morning, at 7.45 a.m. at the latest. We arose at 6 a.m., and by 7.40 a.m. we were waiting for a "certain black van" to pick us up at 770. We were soon joined by Rabbi Dvorkin and by Rabbi and Rebbetzen Mentelik.

At 7.45 a.m. a car, driven by Zalmon Gurary stopped near us. Rabbi Gurary picked up Rabbi Dvorkin and with a few words of encouragement to us, they left for La Guardia Airport.

A couple of minutes later, Zalmon Gurary's daughter Esther (Rabbi Menachem Nochum Sternberg's wife) drove up in her car, also gave us words of encouragement and assured us that the "Black Van" was on its way and off she went - to La Guardia Airport.

The time was now 8 a.m. and the rain was lashing down. Another car drove up. It was our friend, Professor Branover, from Israel. (He used to live in Russia). He was also going to Buffalo, and kindly offered us a lift to the Airport. We did not wait for the Black Van.

The plane was scheduled to leave La Guardia at 8.45 a.m. We arrived at the Airport at 8.35 a.m. - ten minutes before departure time. We went in search of Zalmon Gurary but could not find him. Then lo and behold - there he was, with Rabbi Dvorkin - just coming into the Building. He had lost his way!!

We rushed towards each other and I noticed that Zalmon Gurary had a large sheaf of tickets in his hand. He was determined to make a huge success of this Siyum Hatorah in Buffalo, and had invited as his guests about 70 people. These included Rabbi Dvorkin and Rabbi and Mrs Mentelik whom I have mentioned above, and also Rabbonim and Roshei Hayeshivas from all over U.S.A. and some from Israel. I will name some of these later on. In addition he paid the fares for fourteen Yeshiva Boys from Morristown, who flew direct from Newark Airport.

He ensured that there would be sufficient seats for all his friends on this plane to Buffalo by purchasing seventy Airline tickets on the previous Friday. At \$140 each, these cost Zalmon G. almost \$10,000! It had been necessary to reserve these seats by name and to fill in that name on the Ticket.

Unfortunately, Zalmon G. was not quite certain who exactly would take advantage of his outstanding generosity - so - my ticket happened to be in the name of Avrohom Sternberg and Roselyn had Rivka Sternberg written on her ticket. We learned later that Avrohom and Rivka were little children aged five and three respectively!!!

We had very little time by now and we hurried along to the Embarkation Gate. Mrs Mentelik had never, in all her life, been in an Aeroplane. From the moment we alighted from the Car outside the Airport Buildings, Mrs Mentelik had been clutching Roselyn's hand and arm. She never let go for one moment - until she was belted up in her seat on the plane. She was extremely nervous and was pleasantly surprised and amazed when the plane rose into the Air without any mishap - and did not crash back to Earth.

She was even more amazed and delighted when the plane made a perfect landing in Buffalo. However, she much has suffered some reaction because she was still clutching Roselyn for a long time afterwards.

We were met at the Airport by a large delegation of "Buffalos". This was led by Rabbi Nissen Gurary, the Head of Chabad House in Buffalo, who extended to the visitors a hearty and warm welcome.

He announced that two buses were waiting outside to transport us to the Chabad Complex, where Breakfast would be served. Roselyn and I had partaken of food at 7 a.m. It was not nearly 11 a.m. - so we were quite ready for another breakfast.

One bus was reserved for Men only. The driver was a Woman. The second but for Ladies only was driven by a man.

On arrival at our destination, the Ladies were invited into a special room for breakfast. The Rabbonim were requested to withdraw to another chamber, a good distance away from the idle chatter. The remainder of the distinguished guests would remain in the main hall. Nissen insisted that I should join the Rabbonishe breakfast party. Here were unlimited supplies of Mezonas bread, cereals, Tuna Fish, eggs, coffee and milk.

One of the Rabbis examined the Tuna Fish very carefully. He seemed doubtful about the Kashruss and asked - very cheeky, I thought. "Whose Tuna Fish is this?" He received the obvious answer - that it was "Lubavitch".

Rabbi Bukiet, Dovid's rebbe and Rabbi Solevechik from Chicago (a brother of the famous Solevechik) held a serious discussion on the importance of money.

Just after breakfast, Nissen Gurary approached me. He had heard that I had composed a beautiful poem in honour of the Rebbe's 80th birthday, and that I had read this out to the distinguished and illustrious guests who had assembled for the special celebration dinner to mark that unique occasion.

Nissen begged me to read this poem and to say a few words at the Siyum Hatorah. I was greatly honoured but explained that I never spoke without preparation. I would however be delighted to recite the poem of which I had a copy, but I would not be able to make a speech too. There was simply no time.

We then went on an inspection tour of the Chabad Campus. We were all duly impressed. I particularly liked the large open spaces and parkways which were a part of and also surrounded the whole area.

The buildings were modern and the usage and functions of the various rooms could be interchanged - for instance - the Large Hall could be used as a Dining Room, a Shool or a Meeting Place. The Kitchens and equipment and also the washrooms were the most modern and up to date. All these facilities guaranteed a beautiful Community Centre.

The actual Siyum was to take place in the large auditorium of the University of Buffalo. This was a short distance from Chabad House. We nevertheless boarded our private buses and were driven to our destination.

This auditorium was a very nice and well planned modern structure, with seats rising in tiers from the well of the hall. A brightly lit stage was situated at one end of the building and covered the whole width.

As I was in the Rabbis' contingent, I was led onto the stage. I sat on one of the twenty chairs that had been placed in double rows from the centre to the right hand side of the Stage. The left hand side was occupied by a seven-piece orchestra. A Lectern was prominently placed in the centre, for the convenience of those speakers who would soon be addressing us. I would be able to rest my poem thereon. A small table, upon which lay the new Sefer Torah, was situated near us. Roselyn and the Rebbetzens sat in the well of the hall - in the stalls, facing me.

At 12 noon, there were not many members of the public yet present, but my friend Rabbi Fogleman of Worcester, Mass, U.S.A. (I had the pleasure of his company in Manchester) announced that "Before the programme starts, I am going to ask some important men to write a letter in the Sefer Torah". The Scribe had left about eight and a half lines of script still to be written in. This Sofar was a young man, Zvi Barnet, and a pupil of Rabbi Zerkwinde, the internationally renowned 770 Scribe who confided in me that he writes as many as 4 Sifrei Torah a year. Zvi Barnet wrote a lovely Kesav (handwriting) indeed.

Rabbi Fogleman called upon Dr. Ira Weiss (the Rebbe's personal doctor) to write the first of these letters.

I was the second to be asked. I wrote a letter, and Zvi invited me to write one on behalf of my wife. This was very kind and considerate of him, so I was delighted to oblige. Number Three was the President of Israel Bonds followed by A Leading Buffalo; A Rabbi from Switzerland; Rabbi Menachem Sternberg; Rabbi Itchie Mayer Gurary; Bobby Vogel's (of London) son (he married Masha, a daughter of BassSheva and Myer Silberstein of Antwerp) who worked at Chabad House in Rochester; Professor Brannover; Rabbi Steinsaltz, a brilliant scientific Talmudist from Jerusalem (he visited Oxford University and Manchester, last year); and the eleventh was Rabbi Fogleman himself.

A young lad saw me making notes, and asked if I was putting all these events and occurrences in my book. I replied "Yes, and have you read it?" He replied that he couldn't read English. I did not expect to hear that in Buffalo.

The M.C. then introduced to us a "Rising Star in the Musical World", who would entertain us with Songs and Chazzonuss - Schneerur Zalmon Baumgarten. He was accompanied by the Orchestra.

The Chairman informed us that this important and unique event was sponsored by Chabad House, and by the Local Jewish Community, and he called upon the Leader of the Union of Orthodox Rabbonim in the U.S.A. - our friend Rabbi Simcha Elberg - to address us. "No, No," declared Rabbi Elberg. "Yes, Yes" asserted the Chairman "just a short brocha". So he gave a long brocha and announced that his main speech would be given after the luncheon, this afternoon. Well, we certainly had something to look forward to - besides lunch!!

Rabbi Hirshbaum from Canada and Rabbi Moishe Tandler (a son-in-law of the illustrious Rabbi Moishe Feinstein) followed.

At that moment, I received an intimation that Label Groner had phoned to enquire about how matters were progressing (presumably on behalf of the Rebbe) at this Siyum, and furthermore to ascertain whether Roselyn was also here! The Rebbe keeps in touch with everyone and everything - all the time!!

The Hall was now crowded out. I reckoned that about 800 people were present, when the M.C. called upon Professor Brannover to address us. After ten minutes, he decided to continue in Russian. This was greeted with thunderous applause from a section of the audience. He told us that it was nine years since he had left Russia, and maybe it was Divine Providence that had brought him here, to Buffalo, to

explain and remind us of the importance of writing a letter in a Sefer Torah - more thunderous applause!!

The speeches had now been going on for quite some time. In addition to those enumerated above, our Chairman had to make a special speech, in between every Speaker. Therefore, to give us a little respite, he announced an interlude wherein Schneerur Zalmon Baumgarten and Orchestra would again entertain us.

We then arrived at the main business of the afternoon - the actual Siyum of the new Torah. The following distinguished Rabbonim were then called up with a fanfare and a flourish to inscribe a letter:

Rabbis Hirshbaum and Yitzchok Hendel from Canada; Rabbis Parkasky, Mentelik, Elberg, and Bukiet from New York; Rabbi Solovechik; Rabbis Ashkenazi and Leibov from Israel; Rabbi Raitchik of the West Coast; Dr. Ira Weiss; Rabbis Zalmon Gurary, and Nissen and Itchie Mayer Gurary.

There were now only four letters left to be inscribed, and Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin was called to the Torah. And here Rabbi Dvorkin made his one and only speech of the day. This is what he said, (translated into English). The first letter is in the merit (the Zechus) of all of us here, in this hall. The second letter is in the Zechus of all the Jews in Buffalo, the third in the Merit of all Jews EVERYWHERE and the fourth, the last letter, is in the Zechus of the Rebbe, Shlita, and let us say, Amane!

We then started with more speeches: Dr. Ira Weiss gave a very long talmudical discourse (that was the reason why I have included him in the list of Rabbis above). Rabbi Steinzaltz spoke at great length, and Mr. Rager, Chairman of Israel Bonds was not to be outdone. He is also a Member of the Jewish Agency and knows my brother Maurice very well. And in between these orators, the Chairman still claimed his prerogative of saying a few words.

So - really - I had plenty of time now, to prepare an address to accompany my poem. As soon as one speaker had concluded his talk, I expected to be called upon. When this did not happen then I had more time to add to my notes. I considered that I already had sufficient material to speak for half-an-hour. But no - there I sat - "aiben on" (on top) waiting for the call that never came.

Because, the Chairman of the Buffalo Community was now called up as the last speaker.

I could not help wondering why Zalmon Gurary had spent \$140 each, for the fare only, to bring Roselyn and me to Buffalo. Was our journey really necessary?

I met two guests who had come from Zurich, Switzerland, who did find the time to visit Niagara Falls. They maintained that it was worth waiting for (all these years) - well we will have to wait a little longer. After all if a friend insists that you attend and honour his Simcha, pays for the air ticket, and feeds you, then the least one can do is to be present and not leave in the midst of the celebrations. O.K. so he wants me to sit and look nice on the stage - and to keep my mouth shut!!

It was now 2.30 p.m. and time to return to Chabad House, where a "Lechaim" - drink and cake, would be followed by Hakofass and dancing, with the new Sefer Torah. The deluge of torrential rain had

miraculously ceased, and we boarded our buses for the return journey. Rabbi Gurary and a few friends placed the Sefer Torah inside a beautiful Rolls Royce car and accompanied it to Chabad House.

On our arrival we found many tables had been set outside, in the gardens, and were filled to overflowing, with drink and cakes, and the Band was playing lively and exciting Tunes.

The Seventeen verses of Atta Horaisso (which we recite on Simchas Torah before Hakofass) were said the Chupah was held in position by four strong Lads - the Torah was held under this Bridal Canopy by one of the distinguished Rabbonim, everyone "fell in" behind - the Band played - and the first Hakofah was on its way.

The Seven "official" Hakofass (circuits) were made, then many more were added, until everybody had been given the opportunity of joining in and taking part in this exciting, enthusiastic and energetic Mitzvah dancing.

I was presented with a few small cuttings of the Cloth from which the Cover of the Sefer Torah had been made. It was supposed to be a segula - a charm - for good Mazzel. I was to hand a piece each to Shmuel and to Avrohom.

At 4.30 p.m. Dinner was announced. I was again led to the top table, and the Ladies, of course, sat together on one side of the Hall.

We enjoyed a good, tasty and plentiful Meaty meal and Zalmon Gurary himself took charge of the proceedings. He was the Baal Simcha, the celebrant, and no one begrudged him the honour which he so richly deserved.

I enquired from some friends, how was it possible to catch the 6 p.m. flight back to New York, when it was now almost 5.30 p.m.

Zalmon Gurary had been told, that the departure time was 1800 hours whereas the correct time of this flight was 8.00 p.m. I could now relax and enjoy the rest of the evening.

Zalmon Gurary called upon Rabbi Simcha Elberg to say a few words. He spoke for twenty-five minutes. After the hectic dancing, drinking and eating, we all found it a most restful address. Rabbi Fogleman sat with closed eyes - that was alright - but many others were snoring gently. Rabbi Elberg normally took his leave after he had made his speech, but this afternoon he could not move - he had nowhere to go.

He was a captive speaker - but we had been a captive audience. However, I realised that whatever happened we would have to be at the airport in time to board the 8 p.m. plane.

The Band started up again and there was an interval for dancing - and more eating.

Just then, Rabbi Gurary intimated to me that he wanted me to say a few words "soon". O.K. - I got out my notes again and added some further points to my list - and waited hopefully.

Meanwhile, Z. Gurary called upon Rabbi Perkarsky to address us. He was going along quite nicely, when he was interrupted by Rabbi Elberg. An argument ensued and Rabbi Fogleman joined in, too.

When the matter had been settled amicably between the three of them, Rabbi Perkarsky continued merrily and blithely along his way. The private debate had given him added impetus and there was no stopping him - not yet awhile.

Afterwards, Zalmon Gurary requested Rabbi Solevechik to speak again. He demurred and reminded us that he had spoken for quite a long time at the Hall. But as Zalmon G. insisted - well - off he went again. He spoke well and mentioned that the "Voice at Sinai had to be accompanied by AISH - Fire - enthusiasm. Children have to bring their Parents to Yiddishkeit".

Although Rabbi Gurary had repeated a couple of times, publicly, that Zalmon Jaffe was down on his list of speakers, I could see that time was getting very short so I commenced to condense and to abbreviate my intended remarks.

Z.G. then announced that there were just fifteen minutes left - and enumerated a list of nine more orators. Although there were many on this list who had not spoken before, Z.G. called up AGAIN - Rabbi Ashkenazi.

Rabbi Hendel followed with a concise and memorable few words. "Two Yuds standing side by side made up the name of HaShem, which was also a sign of Peace and Harmony when two Yidden stood together - on the same level. But if and when one Yud or Jew was above the other - this was not good at all - it was the end (of a paragraph - a colon)".

Rabbi Greenberg spoke for one minute.

Rabbi Mentelik gave a one minute precis of a Sicho from "yesterday's" Farbraingen - and then, with three minutes to go, I heard my name called as the last speaker.

I prefaced my remarks by informing my listeners that when I announced to some friends in Crown Heights that I was travelling to Buffalo, they commented that "We suppose you are going to see the Niagara Falls". I replied "No, I am going for a much more interesting and exciting event - the completion of a Sefer Torah. The Falls are a miracle of Nature, but writing a Sefer Torah in Buffalo is higher than nature". I congratulated Rabbi Gurary on his foresight and wisdom in arranging this wonderful programme - and I then read out my poem - at last.

It was extremely well received and Yaakov Berger asked me from where he could obtain a copy of this excellent poem. I explained to him that he could get the whole book - which included the poem - from Nissen Gurary. When I mentioned that I was leaving for home - to Manchester - on the following day, he handed me a dollar bill for Mitzvah money (to give to Tzedoka in Manchester. This would ensure a safe flight!)

(A few weeks later, I was handed a copy of the Kfar Chabad, Israel, newspaper, wherein were printed a few photographs of the dancing and a full quotation of the speech which I had just made, above - no mention, however, of the Poem.)

Well - back to the buses and off to the Airport where we discovered that our plane had been delayed for an hour owing to the terribly inclement weather which the whole Eastern Area of the State of New York had experienced on that day.

Meanwhile, as we all checked in for our flight, we learnt that Mrs Mentelik had been taken away to be thoroughly searched. The radio activated metal detector had disclosed that she was carrying a whole arsenal of Armaments - grenades and guns - but all she had upon her person was a bunch of keys. Mrs Mentelik was so very upset!!

Esther Sternberg (Rabbi Zalmon Gurary's daughter) was (and is) the national chairman and organiser of the Lubavitch NESHEK Campaign which stands for NAYROS SHABBOS KODESH - the Lighting of Shabbos Candles.

On one of her visits to Israel, she alighted from the plane and went through "Customs and Security". She was asked if she had any Neshek. She replied, "Yes, very many - plenty". And she was promptly arrested!

Neshek in Ivrit means Arms - guns, ammunition, bombs and so forth. So, obviously they wished to ascertain what type of weapons she was carrying!

In due course we arrived back at La Guardia Airport well after 10 p.m. Professor Brannover had left Buffalo at 2 p.m. so Esther Sternberg insisted upon giving Roselyn and me a lift back to Crown Heights. The Heavens had opened up again. There were cloudbursts and the rain was coming down in sheets. Esther drove exceedingly well that night.

We had brought back the Sefer Torah with us. We hoped to layen in it on the morrow – Monday, and that the Rebbe would be able to see it, and have an Aliya in this new Torah.

Esther disappeared into the night in search of her car. She must have taken a Ferry Boat. Esther did finally reappear and we arrived at 770 at 11 p.m. at night.

We received a warm but very belated welcome when we ascended the stairs to the Itkins' apartment to celebrate and to take part in the Bar-Mitzvah Dinner festivities.

We were in good time to enjoy a hefty meal and to give an account of some of the day's activities, but more important to the guests - to relate a few anecdotes about the Rebbe.

I heard later that Rabbi Dvorkin had been invited to officiate at a Lubavitch Wedding at Crown Heights on the same day as the Siyum. He is "Messadir Kiddushin" at most of the Chupahs which take place outside 770. This day's ceremony was due to commence at 8.30 p.m. Rabbi Dvorkin even had the Kesuba (marriage contract) in his pocket in Buffalo.

As his presence was required at both affairs, an excellent travel time-table had been arranged. He left the Siyum at 2.30 p.m. and a Taxi took him direct to Rochester, seventy miles away. This cost \$80 (eighty dollars). He arrived at that city at 3.30 p.m. just in time to catch his flight to New York.

Unfortunately, owing to the severe bad weather conditions, the plane left two hours late. He was then delayed at La Guardia Airport. But in spite of all these setbacks, he arrived at the Chupah at 8.45 p.m. - only fifteen minutes late.

All Lubavitcher Weddings seem to start an hour late - therefore he was far too early.

Next morning, on Monday at 10 a.m., the Rebbe arrived for Kriass Hatorah (Layenning). Immediately, Rabbi Zalmon Gurary carried in the new Sefer Torah. "A real beautiful and ravishing Kaloh, gorgeously bedecked in her stunning Bridal Gown, and with a brilliant and sparkling Crown upon her head".

We greeted her entrance with enthusiastic singing and clapping. After we had concluded the Layenning (and the Rebbe had the third Aliya, as usual), the Sefer Torah was returned to the Ark, the Oran Hakodesh, whilst the Rebbe led everyone in the singing of "Sissu Vesimchu BeSimchas Torah.

The Rebbe was smiling happily, and showed his keen delight and appreciation in the completion of another "Communal" Sefer Torah, in which hundreds or thousands of members of the general (Jewish) public from all over the U.S.A. and from even many parts of the world, had participated, by having purchased letters, to be inscribed, in their own names, in this new and lovely Sefer Torah. It was a moment of self-satisfaction and gratification - and the Rebbe showed his pleasure and pride in all those who had made this moment possible.

Our Flight home to Manchester was due to leave Kennedy Airport at about 7 p.m.

All we had now to do, after breakfast, was to clean out and tidy the apartment, to pack our suitcases, make our farewells to Rabbi Chadakov, Label Groner and Binyamin Klyne and to thank them all for helping to make our stay in Crown Heights so enjoyable. As Moishe Kotlarsky often tells me "It is not what you know, but who you know".

After Mincha, it was our hope and prayer that once again the Rebbe would extend to us the privilege and honour of saying our Farewell to him, in private - a Mini Yechidus.

"Our Farewell 'Mini Yechidus' "

Rabbi Label Groner had intimated to me that the Rebbe would be pleased to carry on the Long Tradition of giving us a Brocha before our departure from 770 to board our homeward bound plane.

Immediately after the conclusion of Mincha, I followed the Rebbe to the waiting room outside his study - and Roselyn followed me - with difficulty.

I remarked to the Rebbe that we had now come to make our farewell - until we returned P.G. in a few months' time.

The Rebbe turned to Roselyn and asked "How was it yesterday?" (referring to the Siyum Hatorah in Buffalo). Roselyn replied that it was a wonderful occasion. There was a very big crowd KAH in a beautiful concert hall and a good assembly of distinguished people sat on Top -- on the stage. I interjected by saying that "I, too, sat on the stage" - level with and behind the speakers. Roselyn heard the speeches wonderfully well because she sat facing the speakers, but I found them hard to hear, in spite of the fact that they all spoke through the microphone. That is why I always preferred to sit facing the Rebbe at a Farbraingen, rather than on the platform behind him.

The Rebbe wanted to know whether I had spoken in English, or in Yiddish. Roselyn replied that I had made a speech in English and that it was very good. Some gave their talk in Yiddish and Ivrit, too. Brannover, even in Russian. The Rebbe had heard about that. We told him that there were thirty people from Toronto, many from Chicago, including Dr. Ira Weiss, and quite a lot from New York. I did consider about going to see the Niagara Falls whilst we were so near - in all these years we have been visiting America, we still have not seen the Falls - but Zalmon Gurary had paid for our tickets and was our host, so it would not really be polite to leave the Siyum, even for a short time. In any case the Niagara Falls were a miracle of nature, but the writing of a Sefer Torah in Buffalo was a miracle even higher than Nature.

The Rebbe commented that "The Niagara Falls would still be there when we came back for Success, and even there, next year, Shovuoss... and the Siyum of a Sefer Torah is a very important event".

The Rebbe asked if I had supported the Buffalo Sefer Torah. Of course, I had actually written two letters in this Torah, by myself. Otherwise I had letters in Communal Sifrei Torah in London and in others as well.

The Rebbe observed that we had missed a big event in Manchester - the visit of the Pope. I remarked that maybe it was one of the reasons why I had left Manchester before he arrived. I assumed that my brother, Joe - who represented the Citizens of Salford, had to be present to greet him. The Rebbe said that there was a Shaala when meeting the Pope, because there was a certain protocol. The Rebbe was a little surprised - and so was I - that the Chief Rabbi Jakobovitz had travelled up especially from London - at very great inconvenience - to greet the Pope. The Rebbe also noted that the Pope went to the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury to wish him well. The Pope went to him but not to the home of the Chief Rabbi - after all we are the Chosen People!!!

I observed to the Rebbe that Roselyn and I really must be special people to be able to see the Rebbe smiling and so relaxed. We have never seen the Rebbe so much at ease. It makes my heart swell with pride, pleasure and emotion.

The Rebbe enquired at what time we were leaving. I told him that we intended to say "farewell" to Rabbi Chadakov and then we were off to the Airport.

The Rebbe then asked about the general health and well-being of Dayan Golditch and his family. He also gave me a certain difficult Shelichuss.

The Rebbe suggested that as I would soon be back in Manchester, I should achieve a similar success as in the U.S.A. "You always do miracles in the U.S.A. (became an author - a Shadchan). The U.S.A. was a Colony of England 200 years ago, so try and do some miracles in the Mother Country (Britain) too."

I thanked the Rebbe for replying to my last letter "within minutes". He said, "I had no option, you told me that you were leaving straight after Mincha".

The Rebbe asked us to give his regards to my brothers and their families and to all our children and grandchildren.

He handed us a Dollar each for Charity - and a lovely brocha for a good flight home. The Rebbe asked if we were going to Israel. I told him, "Yes, in four or five weeks time". "We have to prepare good health for ourselves in readiness for the Yom Tov of Succos when many of our grandchildren would be at 770 to celebrate the Bar-Mitzvah of our grandson, Pincus.

The Rebbe concluded with "Fur Gezund and come Gezund". "Travel in health and return (here) in good health".

"Our Annual Visit -to Israel"

'Coincidences'

My readers will already know that many years ago, my left hip was so bad and painful that I could hardly walk across the road. My doctor expected my pains to become so unbearable that eventually, my hip would have to be replaced by an artificial one.

A few years later, the Rebbe advised me to take Roselyn to Eretz Yisroel for a holiday during the summer. We spent a few weeks in and beside the Dead Sea.

As I have stated in previous instalments, that ever since then my hip has continued to make progress and T.G. it is improving every year. The Rebbe's brochas and advice have achieved a cure against all odds.

I obviously believe it is essential and vital for my health that we should continue to visit Israel every year, and especially as it also helps to dispel Roselyn's many aches and pains, too.

When I arrived home, after Shovuoss, I telephoned Gershon Henech Cohen, the Lubavitcher Book-seller in the Meah Shearim, Jerusalem. I asked him to obtain a pair of Tefillin which had been written by the Rebbe's scribe, Rabbi Shlomo Aaron Heneg; I wanted these for my youngest Jaffe grandson - Aaron (Since then Hinda has presented me with another customer for a set of Tefillin - I now have KAH nisht eleven grandsons - and nisht eleven granddaughters). I have bought all these special sets for all my grandsons and I keep them, so that Roselyn and I can P.G. present them personally on the occasion of their Bar-Mitzvah.

After I had given my order, Gershon Henech mentioned that he had regards for me from my eldest grandson, Yossi (Lew).

I enquired about his health, and Gershon Henech replied that as Yossi was at that moment standing beside him, in the shop, I could therefore speak to him personally. What a coincidence! I had to choose just those few seconds to phone from Manchester to Israel and discover that Yossi was there at the same identical moment.

You will recall that last year Yossi was also involved in a "million to one" coincidence, when he waited to hitch-hike a lift to Ben Gurion Airport.

He was standing on the main road out of Jerusalem and after a lengthy period, a car did stop and pick him up. On the way, it was discovered that the Driver of the car had an uncle in Manchester who was a Lubavitcher Chossid. Yossi confirmed that this "Uncle" was his (Yossi's) grandfather, Zalmon Jaffe.

Zally Jaffe, the driver, had never met and would not have recognised Yossi.

I was told of another coincidence that occurred later in the year.

Rabbi Shmuel Lew, my son-in-law, had been invited to address a Pegisha in Crown Heights. He had booked his flight with T.W.A. When he arrived at Heathrow, London Airport, he was informed that T.W.A. had overbooked the number of passengers on their flight, and it would be necessary to transfer some of them onto a different plane.

About half a dozen passengers, including Rabbi Shmuel Lew, were ordered to book with a British Airways flight, which was leaving a little later. This decision was unilaterally made by the T.W.A. management. There was no option and no redress.

An hour later Shmuel was settled in an aisle seat - one of about 350 passengers. Next to him, on the other side of the aisle sat a fellow who was reading an Israeli magazine. Shmuel in typical Lubavitch fashion, did not wish to miss an opportunity of either asking this fellow to put on Tefillin or to sell him a letter in a Sefer Torah. So - they soon became on friendly terms, only to discover that they were much more than friends - they were relations - actually first cousins, who had never met. This fellow was my eldest Israeli nephew, Zaiwie Jaffe - who was on his way to Puerto Rica. What a surprise - for both of them!!

"In Israel"

In due course, we arrived in Israel. We found that Moishe Edrei, my nephew (by marriage to Malka, nee Unsdorfer) was away from Kfar Chabad. He was in the Lebanon winning the war single-handed. He had sold (or had inscribed) letters in a Sefer Torah to more Israeli soldiers and their families than anyone else. There was no doubt at all that he held the record - of course he was away all week from home (that is not the record). He only returned home half an hour before Shabbos, Davenned, made Kiddush, ate and fell fast asleep with his head lying on the Table and still wearing his Hat, Kapota, "Gartel". Malka woke him up to bench. Immediately after Shabbos - he was back to the army in Lebanon - dancing, drinking, singing, learning, selling letters for a Sefer Torah, putting on Tefillin with the Troops, and generally Farbraingen non-stop with the soldiers.

One immediate reaction was that my friend Sir Sidney Hamburger - he once held the office of Vice-President of the Manchester Friends of Lubavitch, sent me the following letter, when he was a member of a special delegation which was investigating the War in Lebanon.

Dear Zalmon,

T thought you would be interested in the enclosures. *

When I was in Israel last week I went on a visit to Nabatya (Lebanon). Right in the centre of the Square there was a Mobile Printing Unit in the back of a small van. Naturally it was a Lubavitch enterprise!

I took a photograph of the van, but of course I have not got it yet, but I thought that these would be of interest to you.

It's amazing how quickly your friends get going! Yours sincerely,

Sidney

* The enclosures were a "handful" of pages of the Tanya which Lubavitch were printing in Lebanon.

I was told that there were more miracles observed during this Lebanon "operation" than in any previous wars. Gershon Henech related that a soldier had informed him that his battalion of tanks was the first to meet the Syrians. They were ambushed in the hills and every single tank received a direct hit, but not one shell exploded, although the tanks were put out of action. The 150 officers and men scrambled out and fled - unharmed, with not even a scratch. No one could understand why the Syrians did not take advantage of their position.

This soldier had, in the turmoil, left his Tefillin in the tank. An American Rabbi had a special fund for these cases - and he supplied the soldier, and his colleague with the very best Tefillin.

The soldier told Gershon Henech this story whilst his Tefillin were being altered from Sephardi type to Ashkenazi. He remarked that never before have there been so many Baalei Teshuvos because of these "open" miracles. In the story above all made the blessing for being protected and saved, even the non-orthodox. They surmised that the orthodox had a good reason for being spared - but they? - it made them think!

I went around the Old City of Jerusalem with a friend who showed me various buildings which had recently been purchased from the Arabs. He divulged that the Rebbe was in contact with a certain reputable gentleman and constantly advised him which special targets (of buildings or land) should be bought.

The Rebbe knows everything, even the geography of Jerusalem.

In fact, another fellow had complained that he had to give up a certain shiur because it was too far to walk. The Rebbe pointed out to him that there was a different route which he could take. The fellow was a little cynical - how could the Rebbe, who was over 5000 miles away, know which short cut would be appropriate!

Anyway, he considered that he had nothing to lose, so he tried this new way - and saved half the journey. The fellow was astonished and astounded.

I was informed that there is a Bet Schneerson in Hebrew, right in the Arab quarter.

We stayed at the Plaza Hotel. Yossi and Mendie joined us for breakfast every morning.

Mendie took this meal very seriously. He is a plodder and he won't be rushed. He arrived one morning at 8.15 a.m. and waded straight into this "Serve Yourself" meal by bringing along to his table - as starters - half a dozen rolls and butter. Orange Juice. Cheese and Salads. He then settled down to the main course of a few fried eggs, half a dozen rolls and butter, Yoghurt and Salads. It is all a "Help yourself" affair, so he slowly but surely worked his way along the tables - time and time again.

The Dining Room closed at 10 a.m., but undeterred and unruffled, Mendie carried on with his hearty and delightful work. Mendie carried on clearing the Tables and saved the waiters a lot of work. At

10.15 a.m. with a sigh of satisfaction, Mendie finished off his breakfast with fruit and cream, coffee and drinking chocolate.

The Plaza charged us £6 for Mendie's meal. They certainly lost on the deal.

Maurice, my brother took us on a personally conducted tour of his latest venture - the Jewish Great Synagogue, which cost fifteen million dollars - it would cost double to build this today.

It is a most luxurious, large, massive building. Nothing has been forgotten - even special mechanism for lowering the seats on Tisha B'Av and a place to keep the lulov on Succos. Marble and splendour everywhere. No expense has been spared. There is a moving escalator to take the women to the dizzy heights of the Ladies' Shool on Shabbos.

Maurice begged Roselyn and me to stay - or to return - for the Grand Opening. He pleaded with me to attend his affair. Everyone of importance would be present. All the Rabbonim, Chief and otherwise. Navon the President. Prime Minister Begin. Sharon, the Cabinet, diplomats. Three Chazonim will be officiating. A choir of seventy - an orchestra of twenty. Trumpeters to play a fanfare when important persons arrived and a Shofar "blozer".

Twenty-five men would carry 25 Sifrei Torah under Chupahs from the Hechal Shlomo. The Service would take one and a half hours. There would be a reception and then a dinner for 600 people.

The Sifrei Torah would be carried by the 24 "Master builders" who have paid \$150,000 each for the privilege of being "Master builders". The 25th Sefer Torah would be carried by me - if I would oblige him and return for the opening - "What will people say if you do not attend - and you have been in Israel for four weeks and left just before the opening!?"

In the midst of all this, Zeeve, the eldest son of Maurice, celebrated a Briss Millah. Maurice's first grandson. He was Sandik, and gave me the honour of pronouncing the baby's name (the Brochas, etc.) and also a speech at the Seuda. There were 250 people present, mostly women.

The Mohel was Marionofsky, from Kfar Chabad. So - with all this Koved (Oy-Oy-this Koved) I promised Maurice that Roselyn and I would return for his affair. Now I realise why the Rebbe, Shlita gave me a quizzical look when I replied that I did not think I would attend Maurice's Grand Function, to the Rebbe's question - that I was present at my youngest brother's affair - and what about Maurice's Big Day?

After all that, when we got back home we had a terrible job to get a flight to Israel. It was the busiest time of the year. We had to go through London and arrive in Israel only the day before - and - we had to stay a whole week!!

Well, it should be a nice occasion - the opening of the "Biggest and Nicest Shool in the whole world". Maurice told me that he had sent an invitation to the Rebbe, Shlita. And it would be the biggest event of the whole function if the Rebbe, Shlita honoured him with his presence. What would not Maurice do to achieve this objective!?

People looked at me askance when I told them I was returning to Israel, after one week at home. Maurice insisted that I should wear a Tuxedo on that day, so I told people that I came back to England to collect this suit.

We duly returned to Israel, and attended the Opening and Dedication Ceremony. It was very impressive. Ellie, my nephew, conducted the Chazonim, the Choir and the Orchestra. It all went according to plan.

Maurice gave out the honours to all and sundry. Two men were called out by name to accompany the President to his seat "Oben on" (on top), another two were named to show Begin to his seat next to the President - and so it went on - for each Chief Rabbi; Sir Isaac Wolfson; and so on. Each group was greeted by a fanfare from the Orchestra. Zusie Williamofsky was there, too, but he had to find his own seat!!

I was given one of the twenty-five Sifrei Torah to carry from outside the Shool and place it into the Oran Hakodesh. Chazan Stern made "Kail Molei Rachamim" for the 6,000,000 Victims of the Holocaust. I congratulated him and told him it was "Out of this World"!

Mendie, my grandson, was also present. He loves Chazonuss and is a nice Chazan himself. As his Rosh HaYeshiva told us "Mendie layens and never makes one mistake and when he davens - ess Klingt".

To return to the Dedication - it is a most beautiful and the largest (?) Shool in the World! Isaac Wolfson remarked that he should have made it even larger and more beautiful and given more than the five million pounds which he had donated. I overheard one American tell Maurice that it was the "Best deal he had ever made - he had given \$150,000".

In spite of this there were all sorts of criticisms. The "Jerusalem Post" called it a vulgar display and one fellow who paid nothing (he travelled with us to the Airport) and just went "sightseeing". These are far-fetched opinions. Those "who give" - give everywhere. Those who give nothing are the shouters and complainers and give advice what one should do with other people's money.

The seats in the Shool are lovely and plush and can be lowered for Tisha B'Av. A couple of these seats were lying on the floor - a "technical hitch". Another "technical hitch" was that the Shabbos Escalator was not allowed (by the Rabbonim) to be used on Shabbos!

The Banquet followed and Maurice publicly acknowledged and thanked me for coming to the Opening.

Burg was the main speaker. Begin could not make it twice in one day. The Service of the Meal had been so poor, that Burg became, as he said himself - The Mid-Dinner speaker (not the after-dinner speaker). He said the Arabs were not concerned about the Holy Places. Only the Oily Places.

We were present at the first Shabbos Service - Friday night - took two hours. Shabbos morning - four and a half hours!! (From 7.45 to 12 noon). They were very good Concerts indeed. It is O.K. for once or twice a year - but every week it would be impossible. I told Maurice that I would not insist on an Aliya on Shabbos. He replied that the new Policy was seven only with maybe an "Achron" also. Well

there were twenty-seven Aliyas. When I complained to Maurice afterwards, he replied that these men came to him and offered \$10,000 for the honour of having an Aliya at the first service. I don't think Chief Rabbi Goren paid \$10,000!!

Maurice had Maftir and the whole choir and Chazan called him up with a big "shpiel".

Roselyn and I duly returned from Israel. We looked brown and well. We felt in the best of health. The temperature at the Dead Sea was always in the 100° and sometimes even 120° but it was a dry heat and so it was bearable. In any case, the Hotel itself was Air Conditioned.

Avrohom and Susan decided to attend Yossi Raichick's Wedding in Tel Aviv at the end of January.

They used to laugh at us, sweltering in the heat at the Dead Sea. They, of course, did much better. They encountered the worst winter in Israel for many decades. Ice, Hail, Rain, and Snow - every day.

They walked to the Tzemech Tzedek Shool in Jerusalem on Shabbos, and arrived there looking like Snowmen. They observed another ten snowmen coming in afterwards.

Mind you, Avrohom did say that the Kugel at the after-service Kiddush was so hot, that it would have soon melted the Snow - if it was not Shabbos.

They hired a car - and got stuck in the Snow on the Hebron Road. They had a few lucky escapes, what with skids galore and near misses.

Still - they had a glorious time - it was a lovely wedding - but - the weather could have been better!!! It could not have been worse! They had half a day of sunshine in the whole seven days.

Give me August at the Dead Sea - any time!!!

I take every opportunity of davenning at the Kossul - the Western Wall, whenever I am in Jerusalem. Every Monday and Thursday the surrounding area is crowded - even the Women's department, which is divided from the Men's.

The reason for this large influx and invasion is that on these two weekdays, when we layen in the Sefer Torah- most Bar-Mitzvahs take place here.

The Boys and their families come from all over Israel and from all over the World. All types of Sephardim and Ashkenazim are represented, plus every other known kind of Jew - orthodox and non-orthodox.

On one Morning, during a short period I have seen as many as fifty or sixty little boys, attended by many relatives, carrying a Sefer Torah from inside the covered part of the Kossul to the outside portion, adjacent to the Women's partition, in order to layen.

As soon as the Boy emerged; the Sephardi Women let out a spontaneous and blood curdling noise, called "Keening", which would not have disgraced a Red Indian tribe on the Warpath. After his Aliya,

he would be pelted with an overwhelming cascade of boiled sweets, which were soon gathered up by the young boys who were hovering around and ready to pounce on this treasure trove.

I was asked to make up the minyan for a Bar-Mitzvah boy. They davened Shacheriss first and I was the Tenth man. Towards the end of the repetition of the Amida I noticed that our minyan had shrunk to only five. The other five, including the Red-headed Bar-Mitzvah boy, were all Kohanim. They went to wash their hands before duchenning - giving us the Priestly Blessing. There we stood, five of us, being blessed by five Kohanim - we had one each.

"A New Yeshiva Is Born"

For the past sixty years or so, Manchester has been privileged to possess a Yeshiva (Gedola), a Talmudical College for boys from the age of seventeen years and upwards

Our illustrious Rabbi Dubov (ZTZL) taught Tanya and Chassidus to the Talmidim for well over fifty years. Since his demise a few years ago, these subjects are no longer studied or taught at this Yeshiva.

Last year our Anash contemplated - and concluded that there would now be a good demand for a Lubavitch-type of Yeshiva in Manchester.

We already possessed the basic facilities at Lubavitch House for studying, and also large modern kitchens for preparing meals. It would not interfere (too much) with our normal Lubavitch work, although we anticipated that our income would suffer because it would become necessary to concentrate on collecting larger amounts for a Yeshiva. The main attraction was that the Building would be used all day long, and not haphazardly, as hitherto.

We also needed to buy a special building nearby which could be used as a Dormitory.

My own personal worry was the raising of the huge amount of money which would be needed every week. We reckoned that between £800 and £1000 was required weekly. I was persuaded that once our Yeshiva was established, that the money would come flowing and rolling in.

I could foresee that in the not too distant future, we could anticipate a large intake from our own Lubavitcher boys from Manchester who were slowly but surely reaching that age group.

The most difficult part was the start of this venture.

We therefore wrote to the Rebbe asking him for advice and help – and a good Brocha for our success. We fully expected that the Rebbe would send us a minyan of boys (ten) from America - to "get us off to a flying start".

The Rebbe answered that it was a very good idea - but there were two main conditions and provisions that had to be carried out before the Rebbe would give his approval.

- (i) We had to have a minimum of ten boys before we started, and
- (ii) it was necessary to appoint a Rosh Yeshiva before we commenced.

Furthermore the Rebbe was adamant that he would NOT send us any boys from 770 as a nucleus, as had been done, very often before, to other places.

The Rebbe concluded with a brocha that we should be successful in our endeavours to fulfil the conditions as set out in his letter.

Our first priority was to obtain the services of an outstanding Rabbi, because on him would depend the whole future and existence of our Yeshiva. He had to attract and inspire the parents to send us their boys by his extraordinary scholarship and exceptional learning. He would then have to earn the respect and confidence of the Talmidim by his Charm, Firmness, wise understanding, and intellectual power.

We scoured and combed the five continents and finally - we were extremely fortunate to engage the services of Rabbi Akiva Cohen, with whom we were most impressed. His father and brothers were all Roshei HaYeshivas in Israel.

Having overcome the first hurdle, we were very soon successful in fulfilling the second condition, as outlined by the Rebbe, and we had a list of ten boys willing and ready to be the first pupils of our New Yeshiva.

We then wrote to and advised the Rebbe of our progress, and requested permission to carry on and also for a brocha for success.

Meanwhile the Committee had decided that the moment was now ripe to inform the Jewish public that our new Yeshiva was ready and anxious to accept Talmidim.

Therefore we advertised in the London Jewish Tribune that the "New Tomchei Temimim Yeshiva" under the leadership of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shlita, was opening in Manchester within the course of the next few days.

Suddenly, out of the blue, we received a letter from the Rebbe. He had noticed our advertisement in the Tribune (the Rebbe sees everything!) and he wanted to know who gave us permission to name our Yeshiva Lubavitch Manchester, the Tomchei Temimim, and by what right had we appointed the Rebbe to be the President.

"There is only one Yeshiva Tomchei Temimim organisation - and we were not in that". Furthermore, the Rebbe added, that he does not accept the Presidency of any organisations any more.

The Rebbe, however, did conclude by giving us a wonderful brocha for much success.

The last paragraph calmed our ruffled feelings, and we were delighted to note that the Rebbe had given us the name of the Yeshiva in the letter quoted above. He had referred to it as the Yeshivas Lubavitch Manchester.

Whilst all this was going on, our friends at London Lubavitch suddenly decided to close down their well established Grammar School - and to open a Yeshiva in its place. They maintained that they had received the Rebbe's approval for this Seventeen years ago. It was peculiar and maybe coincidental that they had to wait all these years and then establish a Yeshiva at the same identical time as us.

We now had a ready-made excuse for giving up our plans and ideas or the alternative choice of carrying on.

We subsequently decided that competition was good for business and on the following week, our Yeshivas Lubavitch Manchester became an actual House of Learning with - we hoped and believed, a

bright and prosperous future. We were proud to be the first Lubavitch Yeshiva to be established in England.

Incidentally, the Rebbe did send ten boys to the London Yeshiva, but it was better for our ego that we managed to obtain our own boys. The Rebbe always knows best.

Before I left Manchester to travel to Crown Heights for Succos, I was given strict instructions that I should endeavour to collect money for the Yeshiva. After all, people are always asking me to support their institutions.

I was a little hesitant, but was assured that I was not expected to approach every single person at 770. It was pointed out that I was on exceedingly friendly terms with some very wealthy men, whom I could approach for support.

I still did not relish the idea of asking close friends for money. From past experience, I have found it easier to give than to collect.

In the event, however, I did not need to have worried. My friends did not fail me and supported our Yeshiva to their greatest possible extent.

I had an amusing experience when I called to see Rabbi Gurary at his home at 9 a.m. in the morning. He refused to discuss business with us until we had been to his Mikvah just down the road. I was with Rabbi Dovid Hickson from Manchester, and Rabbi Gurary was not concerned whether we had been to a Mikvah that morning or not - we had to go to his.

I thought that this was really asking too much, but - for the sake of our new Yeshiva, we decided to conform - and, after all, it could do us no harm - this extra dip. Actually, Rabbi Gurary only wanted us to have a look around and examine this Mikvah. He had built it at his own expense and maintained it by himself. There was no charge and even the towels, plentiful and clean, were provided free.

It was a very nice, spotlessly clean Mikvah and Zalmon Gurary had good reason to be proud of it. It was a pity that it was so far distant from 770.

A few months later a Celebration Dinner was held, with the additional motive of raising extra funds for our Yeshiva.

Professor Herman Branover graced us with his presence and was the Guest Speaker. The Rebbe sent the following letter to enhance the occasion, which was a Social and financial success.

By the Grace of G-d
Yud Shevat, 5743
Brooklyn, N.Y.

To All Participants in the
Inaugural Dinner of the
Yeshivas Lubavitch Manchester

Greeting and Blessing:

On this auspicious day of the Hilulo of my father-in-law of saintly memory, I was pleased to receive the good news of the forthcoming Inaugural Dinner. May HaShem grant that it should achieve much Hatzlocho in every respect, both financially and spiritually.

We all know how completely the Baal Hahilulo had dedicated his entire life to the strengthening and spreading of Yiddishkeit, Torah and Mitzvos, in the various lands in which he sojourned, and most of the time under the most difficult and trying circumstances.

Let us recall his first message upon coming to America where the Hashgocho Elyono brought him to spend the last decade of his fruitful life:

America is nit enders - "America is no different!"

He reminded us - and never tired reminding us - that there is no country and place in the whole wide world where a Jew is free, or can be excused, from carrying out his G-d-given Shlichus (mission) on earth, a task which is completely bound up with Torah and Mitzvos, both in one's personal everyday life and, what is coupled with it, the obligation and privilege to work indefatigably for spreading Yiddishkeit in one's surroundings; especially in the most vital aspect of it, namely, Torah Chinuch permeated with Ahavas HaShem and Yiras HaShem, and not least with Ahavas Yisroel - to be Neros L'Ho'ir, shining lights to illuminate the lives of all Jews with whom one comes in contact.

I hope, and am confident, that all friends of the Lubavitch Yeshiva, both those who are present in person and those who are present in spirit, will do their very utmost to help ensure its continued existence and growth for the benefit and future of the entire Jewish community.

The Zechus of the Baal Hahilulo and his blessings will surely accompany each and all of you in this endeavor as in all your needs. Especially as the event is, significantly, taking place in the auspicious month of Adar.

With esteem and blessing for Hatzlocho in all above.

Unfortunately, due to some extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances I was prevented from attending this Dinner. I had already informed the Rebbe of this grievous fact, and Shmuel pointed out that the Rebbe had made a special reference to me in the above letter, when he mentioned ". . . that all friends of the Lubavitch Yeshiva, both those who are present in person, and those who are present in spirit..."

Shmuel alleged that he had never seen this phrase used in any letter sent by the Rebbe.

"Our Success Visit"

Before Rosh Hashonna, the Rebbe broadcast a very strong Sicho, a talk, wherein he enumerated five types of people who should stay at home during Tishrei. On no account should these persons travel to Crown Heights to see the Rebbe.

The Rebbe stated that (1) no one must come for Rosh Hashonna if they needed to borrow money for the Fare or expenses;

(2) husbands must not come without the permission of their wives;

(3) no wife should travel without the permission of their husband;

(4) if his (or her) work with the Rebbe's Mivtzaim would suffer - then he (or she) must stay at home; and

(5) if this person is needed at home, then he must remain there.

There was still only one direct flight a week from Manchester to New York - and it still left on the Sunday.

This Sunday was Erev Yom Kippur and it might have meant us having to say Kol Nidrei on the plane. Obviously, such a risk we could not and dared not take!!

So we travelled on the Wednesday before Success by Irish Air Lines, and left Manchester at 10.30 a.m. in the morning. We made a grand tour of Ireland, stopping here and there, and eventually arrived at our apartment near 770 at 5 p.m. - too late for the Rebbe's Mincha at 3.15 p.m. We brought with us two of our grandchildren - Golda Rivka (Lew) and Levi Yitzchok (Jaffe). I had my usual pack of letters from friends for the Rebbe, also my own, usual letter with enclosures. Golda Rivka and Levi had also written very nice notes wishing the Rebbe a very happy Yom Tov.

My son-in-law, Rabbi Shmuel Lew, who was accompanied by Pincus, the Bar-Mitzvah (boy) was more fortunate, because although they had left England (London) much later than we had done, they had the merit to be present at the Mincha Service with the Rebbe.

Mendie and Yenta Chaya (Lew) had been at Crown Heights since just before Rosh Hashonna, Yossi (Lew) was studying at the Ohelei Torah Yeshiva at the Corner of Troy and Montgomery, and Dovid (Jaffe) was still at the Yeshiva in Ocean Parkway. Therefore the total number of persons in the Jaffe Group staying at Crown Heights at that time was "NISHT" eleven.

Dovid and Yossi were just finishing off cleaning our apartment. Mrs Itkin generally allows her own woman to do this job for us, and I could not understand why Dovid and Yossi had refused her usual offer of help. That they wanted to save me money did not make sense.

I was aware that since the Fire at the Yeshiva, Yossi was sleeping at the apartment and so was Dovid. Such a combination did not bode well for the comfort and well-being of our apartment. I suspected, with every justification, that the reason why they were working with such energy, insistence and concentration, was to cover up any mishap, accident or casualty that may have occurred whilst they were in "illegal" residence.

Actually, I could not really blame Yossi, because he had nowhere to go and Dovid found the apartment very conveniently situated near 770.

Regarding the Fire - Yossi had been studying at the Torass Emess Yeshiva in Jerusalem. When the Yeshiva closed for the summer season, Yossi returned home to London. He had written to the Rebbe asking for permission and a blessing, to transfer to the Ohalei Yeshiva in Crown Heights.

Suddenly the reply was received from the Rebbe which stated that the New Term had already commenced at that Yeshiva - and Yossi should immediately fly to Crown Heights.

In view of the urgency of this reply, Yossi left for New York AT ONCE.

Shortly after his arrival, a Fire occurred which could have resulted in extremely serious and grave consequences. Fortunately, Yossi is a very light sleeper. The smoke, the fumes and the crackling of the Fire awoke him.

He immediately gave the alarm and wasted no time in awaking the other thirty boys who were sleeping very soundly indeed. There was no doubt whatsoever that Yossi's prompt action saved many lives.

A little later there was a Farbraingen at 770. The Rebbe gave a talk, a Sicho, in which he emphasised, quite categorically, that no Talmid, pupil, should ask the Rebbe's opinion or advice regarding matters concerning the Yeshiva, because the Hanhola, the management, knew the position better than anyone.

And - yet only a little while previously the Rebbe did tell Yossi to come as quickly as possible to Crown Heights to the Ohalei Torah Yeshiva.

It was very fortunate for those Yeshiva Boys that Yossi had arrived on the direct orders of the Rebbe and with his special Blessings.

It was now 5.30 p.m. and half an hour since our arrival. I made my way to 770 to deliver the main which I had brought to the Rebbe from Manchester. I did not desire to keep important letters, cash and maamud money on my person longer than was necessary.

I left Roselyn at the apartment, tidying up and unpacking the luggage. She was determined that this time she would not catch a cold in New York, so she brought it with her from Manchester, and it was a real "Beauty".

I discovered that there would be a Farbraingen after Maariv. Roselyn was considering the possibility of leaving the Farbraingen a little earlier in view of her bad cold. Golda Rivka still looked a little pale

and wan after her long journey, but - the spirit was stronger than the flesh - and she fully intended to be present at the Farbraingen, and to stay until the very end.

This was one of the busiest times of the year for 770. The crowds were tremendous, more than ever. I had many willing assistants only too anxious to help me to reserve my seat for the Farbraingen, so I gratefully accepted their kind offers.

I might have gained my usual place with a lot of trouble and difficulty, but why have Mesirass Nefesh - danger, when it could be arranged so easily and so forthrightly. So from six o'clock in the evening, my grandsons Dovid, Yossi, Levi and Mendel, each took it in turns to sit in my place and so reserve my seat.

Meanwhile I had encountered Rabbi Nissen Gurary, our friend from Buffalo. He asked for my latest edition wherein I had probably described our experiences in Buffalo, where we had attended the Siyum Hatorah just after last Shovuoss. I explained that he would have to wait until next Shovuoss, as I only published my "Encounter" once a year. He was a little upset and very disappointed. I sincerely hope that he finds the report, printed in this instalment, satisfactory.

I also met a fellow walking outside with his son. This lad was ten years old, and had read my last edition EIGHT times. His father said that he is a "BOCKIE" (an expert - a genius) on my Book. He knows every sentence by heart.

I had relieved my grandsons for an hour from 8 to 9 p.m., because I wished to attend the Rebbe's Maariv at 9.30 p.m. - so I sat in my place next to Chaim Yosef Dovid Neymotin for that hour.

I enquired from him about the health of the Rebbe, because I had not yet seen the Rebbe. He replied that after the Niela Service at the conclusion of Yom Kippur, the Rebbe was "ON FIRE", "no words", he said, "could describe the superhuman powers of Our Rebbe - and to have so much energy after fasting and praying for 25 hours".

Yossi confirmed this - "It was unbelievable and he had never seen the Rebbe clapping so much. The whole of 770 was jumping up and down, all screaming at the top of their voices".

I left my place in the good hands (I should say, good backsides) of Dovid and Yossi and walked upstairs to the Bais Hamedrish for Maariv.

Zusie Williamofsky (from Kfar Chabad) was already standing upon a chair (as per the Rebbe's instructions) in a corner of the room. When I arrived he immediately started to sing "Sheyibona Bess Hamikdosh". I complimented and congratulated him on his initiative in commencing the Singing, in order to greet the Rebbe with enthusiasm when he entered for the Maariv service.

He retorted that he was only doing what I normally do. He was taking an example from the manner in which I always behaved and acted when the Rebbe made his entrance into the Shool or Bess Hamedrish. He realised that this was the correct way, the Rebbe liked it - and it paid terrific dividends.

After Maariv I rushed downstairs to relieve Dovid who was guarding my place - was he relieved? - and how!!

Another resume of the Rebbe's Farbraingen on the 13th Tishrei as summarised and translated by Rabbi Shmuel Lew and published by Manchester Lubavitch under the direction of Rabbi Avrohom and Rebbetzen Susan Jaffe:

Yud Gimmel Tishrei 5743

Hundredth Yahrzeit of the Fourth Lubavitcher Rebbe Reb Shmuel - Called the Maharash - Who Passed Away on Yud Gimmel Tishrei (13th Tishrei) 5643

Sicho One

The Rebbe Shlita spoke about the importance of the 100th Yahrzeit of the Rebbe Maharash. He also spoke about the theme milechatchila ariber, which was the special teaching of the Maharash. The World says if you cannot go under then go over. The Maharash says go OVER in the first place.

Sicho Two

The Rebbe Shlita spoke about the fact that Reb Shmuel the Maharash passed away on the 13th Tishrei, and his father, the Tzemach Tzedek, passed away on the 13th Nissan. The number "13" is the gematria of Echod - One. There is a Chassidic saying about the Maharash and his father the Tzemach Tzedek; echod be-echod nigoshu" (one came close to the other). This expresses the close relationship between the Maharash and his father. Both passed away on the 13th of the month, but also there is a special relationship between the month of Tishrei and Nissan. Nissan expresses the service of a Tzaddik. On the other hand, if G-d forbid, someone has transgressed, then Tishrei expresses the service of the Baal Teshuvah. These two qualities are unified, and as the Rebbe explains later in the sicho, each, whether a Tzaddik or a Baal Teshuvah, has to combine the qualities of the other, because the Baal Teshuvah has to have the style which is called regularity, which pertains to the Avodah (The Service) of a Tzaddik; also a Tzaddik has to combine the quality of Teshuvah! This unity between the Maharash and his father, the Tzemech Tzedek, is also seen in the style of their Maamorim, because when one examines the Maamorim of the various leaders of Chabad, one sees that the unification of the revealed aspects of Torah, together with the penimius (hidden part) of Torah, is most expressed in the teachings of the Tzemech Tzedek and his son the Maharash. The Rebbe then spoke about how unity is able to be achieved. Through unity in Torah which was expressed by the unification of Nigla (revealed part) of Torah and Penimius (hidden part) of Torah, one is able to achieve unity amongst those who learn the Torah, and this is achieved through the person sensing the unity of one person with another - achdus Yisroel - the unity of the Jewish people.

The Tzemech Tzedek achieved the annulment of the distinctions that had been in the generation of the Alter Rebbe. (This means the distinction between the Misnagdim and the Chassidim). The Rebbe also spoke about the way in which the Maharash was active in his work to protect the Jews from the oppression from the Russian Government. He, himself actively endeavoured to improve the situation.

Sicho Three

The Rebbe spoke of the special teaching that we gain from the particular day on which this Yahrzeit falls this year. It is on the Thursday of Parshas Vezos Habrochah. This has a teaching - as the Alter

Rebbe says - teaching of how we should live with the times, and it is a teaching for our own times in which we are living. The Rebbe spoke on a possuk in today's chittas of the 13th of Tishrei, the possuk in Vezos Habrochah, perek lammed gimmel, possuk kof hey (Chap. 33, verse 25) which speaks of "... iron and copper is your lock". Rashi explains that Moshe Rabeinu, after blessing each of the tribes individually, is now speaking to the entire Jewish people, who had mighty warriors dwelling in the cities on the border and locking the border, so that the enemies would not be able to enter - as if the country was locked with locks and bars of iron and copper. The Rebbe said that this teaches us that even when there is someone who is not physically on the border of Eretz Yisroel, he is still able to gain a chiyos - a feeling of life-force and joy that G-d is locking Eretz Yisroel and its borders, protecting it from its enemies. The Rebbe then went on to speak about the seriousness of any idea of giving back any land which has been miraculously given by Hashem to the Jewish people. In this connection, he quoted from the Yom Kippur davenning Al Chet Shechotonu Beyetzer Hora - we repent to G-d for the sin we have committed with the evil urge. What does it mean '... the sin we transgress with the evil urge'...? Surely, every sin takes place because of the evil urge! The answer which is found is that there are certain sins which even the evil urge is surprised at such transgressions. The person drags his evil urge into the performance of the sin. Such a sin would be the giving-back of land which has been miraculously given to the Jewish people, and it would be dangerous to do so, and would be a transgression of what the Shulchan Aruch says in the laws of Shabbos, section 329.

The Rebbe also spoke about the importance of clearly knowing basic halachas concerning the laws of Birchas Hashachar (the blessings in the morning). He spoke of the way with other shaalos (questions) in Halacha which occur in a person's life. One is able to pick up the telephone and phone someone to ask what to do. However, when saying the morning blessing, who would phone anyone so early in the morning? Therefore, one must be clear in one's understanding of these laws in their practical application. This affects everyone. The only difference is how much they are affected. One person may not have learned these laws at all; another, only a little; another may have learned all the laws but has forgotten them because he does not revise them as necessary. The Rebbe spoke about how at the beginning of one's day before davenning, one should unify oneself with every single Jew with Ahavas Yisroel and the command 'veohavta lereacha komocha' (love one's fellow as yourself). Through this, connecting to the other parts of the sicha, one draws down the affect of the Guardian of Israel guarding the Jewish people. Relating again to the aspect in this sicha which concerned Eretz Yisroel, the Rebbe spoke about the way that through the right kind of lock, one will not have to have war at all. The lock locks up the house, or the city or the country. The lock does not have to make battle. Further in the sicha, the Rebbe spoke about the way people frantically read the papers, reading one newspaper, then another, searching for news. What can the person achieve through this? However, when he studies the idea that iron and copper make up 'your lock', he is able to achieve an effect even whilst he is sitting in his own room.

Maamer

The Maamer emphasised the way in which every single one of the four minim, expresses achdus - unity. The achdus is something which has in it changes; nevertheless, despite the changes and the diversity, there is achdus. Thus, the Esrog is a fruit which remains on the tree for an entire year or more, going through all the changes of the seasons. Not only do these changes not harm it - they actually improve it. The Lulov also expresses this, because the Lulov is called Kapos Temarim. The word 'kapos' expresses the way the leaves are unified with the spine of the Lulov. The Hadassim

express unity by the fact of the three leaves which have to grow from a single point on the stem. The Aravah grows together in a bunch. As the Talmud expresses it, they grow in brotherliness. The Rebbe emphasised the way that in each case, there is a possibility of non-unity which nevertheless, is surmounted, and all of them do express unity.

Sicho Four

This sicho concerns a reply to those who had written or addressed in other ways, brochos to the Rebbe for the New Year, and was a response to them, and blessing them.

Sicho Five

The Rebbe in this sicho spoke about davenning in '770' itself. He spoke about the concern not to miss out any words, suggesting, therefore, that one should look in a Siddur, even if one knows the words by heart. The Rebbe criticised the way people, instead of looking in their Siddur whilst davenning, stare at the Rebbe, Shlita himself. The Rebbe spoke about the fact that many Jewish leaders would daven alone in a room, and spoke about, this possibility.

The Rebbe mentioned that the previous Rebbe would daven looking at a Siddur, and spoke of the way a person is not able to think two different thoughts at one time, even though it is said of the Maharash that he was able to think two thoughts at once. However, an ordinary person cannot do this.

Sicho Six

The Rebbe spoke about the need to provide the mitzva of Arba Minim for other Jews, and went on to speak about the special connection this has with Yom Kippur, because we say concerning Yom Kippur ". . . before whom are you purifying yourselves and who is purifying you? Mikvei Yisroel Hashem . . ." ; G-d is the Mikvah, so to speak, of the Jewish people. The Rebbe spoke about the importance of building mikvaos, and of making sure that they are finished as quickly as possible. He spoke also of the importance of making the Mikvah beautiful in its building and its rooms, so that this might lead to yet one more person using it, in a happy frame of mind.

The Rebbe spoke of the importance of keeping this mitzva, and of the theme of pru urevu (multiply and be fruitful), and stated that even when someone is 119 years old and almost 120 years old, the observance of this union below in this world, achieves a spiritual union in upper worlds.

Sicho Seven

The Rebbe spoke about the way the Tzemach Tzedek lived in a very simple way, in that his furniture was of great simplicity. This was not, chas vesholom, because of lack of money. When money was required for something, there was sufficient. When someone wanted to give him a very luxurious piece of furniture, he said that this should be given to his son, rather, the Maharash.

"Pincus' Barmitzvah and Another Siyum"

On the following morning, Thursday, I received a short note from the Rebbe which stated that he had received all my letters and enclosures; Many Thanks - and it is written "All who bless you will themselves be blessed".

The Rebbe had spent that day at the Ohel, so we could expect a late Mincha.

Meanwhile, I had two invitations for that evening, not only overlapping each other, but intruding upon the times of the Rebbe's Mincha and Maariv.

The first invitation was for 8 p.m. and it was another Siyum HaTorah. This was the Simcha of - yes, you have guessed correctly - Rabbi Zalmon Gurary. It was very nice of him to arrange a Siyum for our benefit on every occasion we come to Crown Heights. Zalmon Gurary intimated that it would be quite in order, even if we arrived a little later on.

The second invitation was to attend the Bar-Mitzvah Seuda of my grandson, Pincus (Lew) who would be called up for his very first Aliya at Mincha on Shabbos, the first day of Yom Tov. At this Seuda he would - once again - say his Bar Mitzvah maamor. Unfortunately, this should have taken place on the previous evening, but was postponed because of the Farbraingen. Pincus' birthday was on this Thursday, so we had to commence the Seuda before it became dark.

The tables were set in the Women's Shool. Twelve men, including boys over Bar Mitzvah age, were present. Five women sat at a small table in a room adjoining. The usual menu of Fish, salads, cakes and drinks was served. But the main essence of this exercise was speed - so that we could attend the Rebbe's Maariv.

I was invited to address the "assembly". I said a few words. Shmuel's brother-in-law said a few more, and Shmuel said a lot more. A Nigun was sung and Pincus 'was on". Although he rushed his Maamer - he was like an express train, I could however hear his words clearly and distinctly. I begged him to slow down a little - he had prepared this Maamer and waited so long to recite it, that he should derive the greatest possible pleasure - to enjoy and to 'relish it ' and so should we all. I did succeed in slowing him down, but I also succeeded in missing Mincha. Anyway, it served me right because it was all my fault.

We rushed downstairs to try and squeeze into the Bess Hamedrish but - it was too late - all the doors were closed.

But all was not lost, because whilst we were standing in the hallway, the Rebbe emerged from davenning Mincha and on the way to his study, we had the privilege and Merit to greet the Rebbe as he passed by. I stood together with Pincus and we received a wonderful welcoming smile.

Maariv took place twenty minutes later. We hailed a Taxi and sped along to Zalmon Gurary's Shool in Lefferts Avenue. We arrived there at 8.20 p.m. which was very late. But even had we arrived in time, we would still have been late. Because it had been suddenly decided to layen in this New Sefer Torah. It was Thursday, a day on which the Torah is always read, but this had to be done before dark - still

Thursday, so the Siyum was completed in record time and Zalmon Gurary and all his guests had the added privilege of layenning in this Sefer Torah - immediately after the Siyum.

The Shool was very small place, and was absolutely overcrowded. Very many were standing. The Ladies were in the Women's Shool adjoining. I, together with Mendie, Pincus and Shmuel and his brother entered and found that we had missed the official proceedings connected with the writing and completion of the Sefer Torah. Rabbi Weinberg was addressing the gathering. Zalmon Gurary immediately jumped up, interrupted Rabbi Weinberg's discourse, and announced to the Assembly that Zalmon Jaffe had arrived. He continued by giving me a wonderful eulogy, which was received with great acclamation. He then pressed me to go and wash and make Hamotzi.

I remonstrated that we must allow Rabbi Weinberg to conclude his speech, but "No, No. Go on, Zalmon, quick, quick". So - I went to wash "quick, quick".

There I met Roselyn who was also preparing to wash. She declared that she had also been greeted most profusely by Rebbetzen Gurary - a very graceful and charming hostess - a Real Lady.

After washing, I was pushed down hard beside Zalmon Gurary as only he knows how. He immediately filled my plate with THREE pieces of Fish and my glass, brimmed over with best Scotch Whisky.

Immediately afterwards, he called me up to say a few words. He referred to me as the friend of the Rebbe - the author of books about the Rebbe and so on and so forth. Everybody clapped and cheered enthusiastically - it was most embarrassing -for me.

I had not been prepared to make a speech, and I always refuse in those circumstances - but all insisted - even if only a few sentences. (In more than a few, they were not interested, as I very soon discovered).

I thanked Zalmon Gurary for arranging this good habit of having a Siyum HaTorah on my last two visits to 770. I wished Rabbi Gurary, his wife and family, good health and so on. That was really as far as I could get. All cheered and I sat down.

I found that another empty plate had been placed before me, which Zalmon G. promptly filled with a double portion of chicken and potato pudding.

Shmuel had been standing in the aisle, because having arrived so late, there were no seats available. He was invited to say a few words. He gave a brief eloquent and interesting account of his visit to Russia on last Rosh Hashonna.

Unfortunately, as I have stated above, we had missed the actual completion of the Torah, so I could not write any letters in the new Sefer Torah.

Well, never mind - I am sure that Zalmon Gurary will arrange another Siyum for our next visit to Crown Heights P.G.

"Success Miscellany"

I have explained in the introduction to this Fourteenth Instalment that I do not intend to repeat all the routine matters that usually occur at 770 and during the services on Yom Tov. These have been amply and comprehensively covered in the previous thirteen instalments.

All I need to add is:- that the Rebbe relates even many more words of Torah than hitherto - to even many more Chassidim who attend 770 in their thousands - that the Rebbe, T.G. sets a wonderful example to us all by his Liveliness, Vivaciousness, Energy and Vigour - and above all by his humility and humaneness - and with his preoccupation with young Jewish boys and girls.

'An Invaluable Esrog'

Next morning, Friday, was Erev Succos. I stood in the Hallway at 770 and awaited my turn to be called by the Rebbe. I hoped to be presented with a set of Arba Minim (the four kinds - Esrog, Lulov, Hadassim and Arovus) for which I now have a Chazoka, a well-established tradition.

The Rebbe handed out about twenty-five sets-to various groups - for example, a set to representatives from Kfar,Chabad; one set to Rabbi Sudak and my son-in-law, Rabbi Shmuel Lew for London; a set for Nachlas Chabad; one for the Sefad and so on; and finally a set for me, representing Manchester Lubavitch.

When I entered the waiting room, I noticed that all the different Arba Minim were laid out on Tables all around the room. As I was the last person to go in, there was not too much stock from which to choose. Only two esrogim were available, but I knew that the Rebbe had personally examined and inspected more than sixty superb Esrogim, and from this number had picked out the twenty-five which were needed for presentation to the groups.

I therefore took the nearest one, which fitted quite nicely into the small cardboard box, which I had picked up on entering the room. The Esrog which I received last year was so large that it would not fit into any box at all.

A couple of years ago, the Rebbe had reproved me for taking only three Hadassim and he had declared that I was not a business man.

I had just conferred with Label Groner, who considered that five Hadassim was a reasonable amount - when lo and behold - there were five Hadassim lying in lonely state on the Table. As I was the last customer - I had no compunction and took the lot. Just then, to my utter amazement and astonishment the Rebbe emerged from his study and placed another huge bundle of Hadassim upon the table. I looked around - there was no one else to claim any, so I helped myself to another good handful.

I gathered up the Lulov and Arovus and passed by the Rebbe who was standing at the doorway of his study.

He gave me the following brocha (I have translated this into English) "All the divine Blessings for the Whole Year should be drawn down to you - and you should have a happy and joyful Yom Tov".

I, in turn, wished the Rebbe a "GEMAR TOV" and a Happy Yom Tov. I added with the hope and good wishes that he would have a speedy and complete recovery, because he was still suffering from a little hoarseness. The Rebbe acknowledged this with a lovely beaming smile.

With joyful and happy steps, I wended my way homewards. I had received an invaluable gift from the Rebbe which no money could buy. Furthermore the dealers and, shopkeepers were charging as much as a hundred dollars for one of their best sets!

On my arrival at our apartment, I counted the Hadassim, and discovered that I had the "good" total of Seventeen, which is the gematria (the science of numbers) of "Good". I now had plenty to take home and share out with my children and to place in the Spice Box for using during the Havdola at the conclusion of Shabbos.

Dovid tied up the Lulov, Hadassim and the Arovus for me. My lulov had the appearance of a young, small, flourishing tree, with the thick cluster of branches around its base.

'No Tickets to Bench'

Until last year, certain boys took upon themselves the Mitzvah of distributing numbered tickets to all those thousands of men and boys who wished to "bench with the Rebbe's Esrog". It was a grand idea, in theory, and should have saved many men from waiting for an hour or so for the arrival of the Rebbe with his ARBA MINIM.

In practice, we could spend as much as half an hour waiting in line for the tickets. This Yom Tov, the Ticket Distributors having not only received no thanks nor appreciation, but much abuse and ridicule, resigned from their self-appointed jobs.

Now this year, we had another system which worked quite well. For instance, I would arrive at 7.15 a.m. and remain rooted in my position for about ten minutes. I would then ask my neighbour to please keep my place - or I would tie a token, a Gartel or towel, onto the iron railings - whilst I toddled off to the Mikvah.

When I returned a little later, my neighbour would depart for a dip, whilst I kept his position in the line. I then made arrangements with another friend that he should hold my place, whilst I went for a cup of coffee - and so it went on until about 8.15 a.m. (or 8.45 a.m. during Chol HaMoed) when the Rebbe arrived with his Arba Minim. Sometimes the Rebbe has to change the Esrog, depending on the use or misuse which is given by all these people mishandling it. I did notice that on one occasion, one esrog had a pittum, which was very unusual.

Meanwhile one young man took the initiative of opening up a mobile library. He procured a "Supermarket"-type trolley and filled it up with a variety of Seforim, books. He then wheeled this along the whole extent of the very long queue, shouting out his wares - "Who wants a Siddur - a Chumish, a Tanya, or a Tehillim?" "All free - take your pick".

It was an excellent idea and many were very grateful for the chance of being able to make good use of their time whilst waiting to bench Esrog.

'The Rebbe's Question'

After the Service on the First night of Yom Tov, Roselyn and I waited outside the library, next door to 770 where the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen were staying over Succos. The Rebbe went first to the large public Succah to give a brocha to the Orchim (guests).

He related two Sichos and then descended the steps of 770, amidst a great tumult of singing, cheering and clapping. The Noise was tremendous. The Rebbe arrived at the spot at which we were standing and spoke to us.

The singing stopped dead - cut off as with a knife. The silence was uncanny. Everyone was stretching forward and straining one's ears to catch whatever the Rebbe was saying to us. It was so vital and important that they should know exactly what the Rebbe was telling us!

Well - this is what the Rebbe asked - "Where are the Ainiklech (grandchildren)?" Only Golda Rivka and Levi Yitzchok stood with us - although Yossi did come dashing along the pavement, panting and very much out of breath - but just in time to be included in our "party". The rest were missing - and so missed their chance.

The Rebbe entered the Library - everyone singing lustily. He went inside - and came out to the door again for an encore. The Boys went hysterical!!

'The Priestly Blessings'

During the Morning Service next day, I did learn something new. I had often wondered how did all the Kohanim manage to leave the packed and overcrowded Shool in order to have their hands washed before they duchenned - gave the Priestly Blessing. There were about 150 to 200 Kohanim. Surely they would create a terrible disturbance by "pushing and shtupping" in and out of the Shool.

I stood next to my friend Rabbi Cohen, the Rosh HaYeshiva of Kfar Chabad. He is the father of Rabbi Asher Lemech, the Rosh of the Yeshiva Toras Emmess in Jerusalem, and of Rabbi Akiva, our own Rosh of the New Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva.

Just before the Rebbe stepped down from the platform to make room for the Kohanim, Rabbi Cohen took out a small plastic bottle, filled with water, which he handed to his neighbour. This fellow was a First Born and could therefore perform the "washing of the hands" ritual when no Levite was available. After Rabbi Cohen's hands had been washed - he scrambled over the top of the bench and arrived directly onto the platform just in front of the Rebbe. This Do-it-Yourself mobile washroom certainly saved him a lot of bother and trouble.

I have noticed, that every Yom Tov there are one or two more additional young little Kohanim joining their fathers to participate in the Duchenning - for the "sake of their education".

It was highly amusing to see a little tiny Kohen on the platform, bent almost double, and undoing his shoe-laces - and a little girl doing the same.

'The Chazan is Sacked'

On the second morning of Yom Tov, we experienced a most unusual and novel incident.

The Rebbe was standing in his usual place on the platform, completely enveloped in his Tallis. The service had been in progress for just a few minutes, when the Rebbe turned around and beckoned to Label Groner. Label ascended the platform and the Rebbe whispered something in his ear.

Label descended the steps and said something to the Chazan. The Rebbe seemed a little taken aback and signalled that Label should have spoken to Rabbi Dvorkin and not to the Chazan. Rabbi Dvorkin was asked to express an opinion, and he made his usual quick decision.

The result of all this, was that the Chazan was told to leave the Omud.

Dozens of rumours were soon flying and buzzing around - from the sublime to the ridiculous. But the answer was quite simple:

This Chazan was an Israeli, and had to keep only the first day of Success. Therefore the second day was not Yom Tov for him, but Chal Hamoed and he could not officiate on our behalf.

However - although an Israeli, a Baal Habayis on a visit to the Diaspora has to keep only one day, but if he is accompanied by his household (his wife) then he should keep two days, and our Chazan could have continued to daven for us.

Of all the people present in Shool on that morning, it seemed that only the Rebbe, enwrapped in his large woollen Tallis, and not even glancing at the Chazan, was the only person who realised that not only was the Chazan an Israeli, but that he was in Crown Heights without his wife.

Rabbi Dvorkin explained that the same rule should apply in reverse. That is, if a man accompanied by his household (his wife) went on a visit to Israel, then they needed to keep only one day. However, many years ago when large numbers of tourists started to visit Israel for Yom Tov and especially for Pesach, it was decided by the Rabbonim that because there were so many categories of tourists travelling together in one group - for instance, single people, married, with and without their spouses, that it would be better and less complicated if they all kept the second day of Yom Tov (shel Gollus)

All Israeli boys who come to 770 to study and learn for a long period should keep both days.

'More Short Stories'

The weather over Yom Tov was the best that we have experienced in Crown Heights for many a long time. Last Success it poured with rain all the time, and at Shovuoss it was not much better.

But now, it was so hot that squirrels were rushing about all over the place. They even came into our apartment. I chased one and it flashed out, right through the window.

Everyone could leave the Succah roof open — with confidence - this year.

On Yom Tov we read in two Sifrei Torah - the second one for Maftir. The very small and special Sefer Torah is always used for this.

It is checked every week, days before layenning. On the last occasion, it was discovered that a letter required a little attention and so the Sofar, the scribe, corrected it.

When it was rechecked on that morning of Yom Tov, it was found that the ink had dried a little peculiarly and that it was not 100% fit for use. So for the first time in 27 years, we could not layen in this Sefer Torah. A pity!!

My 96° Polish White Spirits came in very useful. We divided it out amongst our friends with whom we shared Rabbi Itkin's Succah. I referred to this drink as Ruach Hakodesh and it certainly made my friends happy. Our boys, however, could not cope with it. Dovid was carried home. Yossi stumbled out and disappeared into the night. One evening, Levi went out and purchased five Pizzas which he devoured in double quick time. He then wished to go to Montgomery Street to join in the dancing. He felt a little sad, so to cheer himself up, he decided to try an experiment and drank a couple of glasses of this 96°.

I don't know who put him to bed, but he had one tremendous hangover and he stayed in bed all day. Pale - wan - and sad - and maybe a little wiser.

Levi had his own minyan for Hoshannas. Every afternoon at 4 p.m. precisely, Levi could be found carrying his Esrog and Lulov in solitary state around the "Bimah" in the Bess Hamedrish.

Levi loved his food, and spent many anxious but pleasant moments discussing the menu for lunch - and for dinner - with Roselyn. He was not so much interested in breakfast, as he was always asleep until lunch time.

On Wednesday night, before the Rebbe gave another Simchas Bais Hashoaver Sicho, Rabbi Myer Harlick asked me to daven Maariv at the Omud - which I did. Someone asked me afterwards whether I had YarTzeit. I replied that No, it was only a Nedova! - Nebech (A free-will offering).

I met Dovid that evening. Although he had not been at 770 when I davened Maariv, he heard the whole service at Hartford, Connecticut, via the radio link-up. The Shidur was relayed to Manchester, too, but my friends did not tune in, until after Maariv. They did not need to pay good money for a Trans-Atlantic telephone call to hear Zalmon Jaffe davenning Maariv. They could hear this anytime, in Manchester - FREE - for nothing!

The Rebbe was driving along in his car, when it pulled up at a set of traffic lights alongside another vehicle, which contained Jewish passengers.

The Rebbe acknowledged their greetings and pointed to the locks inside the other car. The men were a little puzzled, but the lights had changed, so they had to move on.

They met again at the next lights, and the Rebbe gave them quite definite instructions that they should lock their car doors from the inside, by pressing down the levers. This they did. A simple precaution, but so effective and essential.

On the following day, these people telephoned to 770, and left a message for the Rebbe. It stated that when they stopped at another set of lights, about a mile further on, some tough thugs tried to wrench open the car doors, but as they were locked, they were thwarted in their endeavours to raid, rob or commit violence. These grateful passengers could not thank the Rebbe enough for looking after them.

A fellow had Yechidus with the Rebbe. The Rebbe greeted him with the remark that he was so glad to meet him again. The fellow gasped "Again - Again when did I have the honour of meeting the Rebbe before?"

The Rebbe intimated that he had met him many years ago, when he was a little lad. He had come along with his father to see the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL) - and our Rebbe (Shlita) was in the room at that time.

"Visit to Great Neck"

Last Succos we went to the Great Neck Synagogue and Community Centre to join them in their Succah and to make them happy and cheerful on the occasion of the Yom Tov of Simchas Bais Hashoavu.

Rabbi Kasriel Kasstel who organised the transport and venues for all the various groups had received a request from Great Neck that they would like a visit from the same team that entertained them last year.

This was very complimentary to us, and as Rabbi Yehuda Blessofsky had already promised to drive us to our destination, again, this year, we had no foreseeable problems. There would be, in our party, Yehuda and his son, and my three grandsons. We certainly needed Rabbi Mizrachi from Israel, who was the star performer of our group last time - and I, made up the seventh. It was a pity that we could not take Roselyn. I do not like leaving her behind and on her own.

Then a slight complication arose. Kasriel informed me that Rabbi Dovid Lane (Raskin) also desired to accompany us to Great Neck. He had friends in that neck. He also possessed his own car and would drive us down.

But, I would never dream of letting down Yehuda. He came to our assistance last year when we were in dire straits - and stranded outside 770 in the torrential rain.

So - I had a wonderful inspiration. We would take two cars and this would enable us to transport the girls, too - and they could dance with the Ladies.

By a curious coincidence, the Rebbe related a Sicho on that very evening, wherein he mentioned that women and girls should also participate in the dancing on Simchas Bais Hashoavu.

At 6.35 p.m. promptly, our convoy of two cars left 770 with a troupe of fourteen dancers and entertainers.

In Car Number One were Yehuda Blessofsky (the driver); his son, Hillel (age 6½ years); Roselyn; Yenta Chaya and Golda Rivka (Lew), my granddaughters; their friend, Channah Gorman; and I made up the seventh.

In Car Number Two were Dovid Lane (Raskin) (the driver); his son Aaron Leib (age 14 years); Rabbi Yaakov Globerman from Shikun Chabad; Rabbi Mizrachi from Israel, and my grandsons, Dovid and Levi (Jaffe) and Yossi (Lew).

We arrived at our destination at 7.40 p.m. We sat down and commenced the proceedings almost immediately. Over 130 people, men and women, were present in the large sumptuous, well lit and decorated Succah. Palm trees were growing all around. Coconuts, huge aubergines and all types of fruit were scattered about, and the ground was littered with pumpkins and other large fruit and vegetables.

Rabbi Anshel Pearl, our Lubavitch contact at Great Neck, said a few words of Torah, and extended a warm welcome to us. I said a few words and introduced the members of our group, individually, to all those present.

Rabbi Globerman was our first speaker and he spoke in Ivrit. We then did good justice to the excellent reception which had been provided. We distributed the Rebbe's Vodka and other inflammable spirits, which certainly inflamed the spirits of some of the participants, and within a very few minutes, it was "on with the Dance".

For well over an hour we danced - non-stop. There was an Accordion (Harmonica) accompanist and Rabbi Globerman made it go with a swing, by singing - Very effectively, through the microphone.

The forty women and girls also danced non-stop - but outside the Succah, in the semi-darkness. My granddaughters did a grand job - and even Roselyn was dancing.

The star of the evening, however, was Rabbi Mizrachi. He somersaulted and cartwheeled continuously. He out-danced everyone. He danced with every single man and, boy, separately. Huge men - big and small men - short, fat and little men - it made no difference. They all had to cry "enough", whilst Rabbi Mizrachi went in search of his next partner, or victim.

Meanwhile, of course, everyone else continued to dance and sing in one or two other large groups. At about 9.30 p.m., all of us, except for Rabbi Mizrachi, had to stop for a breather, a rest.

And yet, Rabbi Mizrachi confided to me that he had not slept for 24 hours - a remarkably tough little Man! Everyone wanted to know how he managed to do a somersault without his hat falling off his head.

Rabbi Ephraim Wolfe, the Rabbi of the Community officially thanked us and said he hoped that we would come again next year, P.G. We sang, ate and drank a little more and blessed the A'Mighty. Rabbi Wolfe then took us on a guided tour of his most beautiful, large and magnificent Shool. We davened Maariv before we left Great Neck.

Subsequently we received highly commendable reports, praising Yenta Chaya and Golda Rivka on their wonderful expertise in inducing and encouraging the forty women and girls to participate for their very first time, in this type of dancing, which they had enjoyed tremendously.

We left Great Neck at nearly 10 p.m., and arrived at 770 at 10.40 p.m.

The Rebbe was still 'working' in his office, and did not leave until after midnight.

Meanwhile, our grandchildren went down to Montgomery Street for more dancing.

Unfortunately they were a little unlucky. There was no band. The latest announcement had confirmed that the band was on its way and would start at 10.30 p.m. (not at 9.30 p.m. as originally planned). At 11.30 p.m. there was still no orchestra. However, we were treated to a long and impassioned speech by Yisroel Shemtov. The theme of this oration was that the Ladies and girls should congregate behind the

large barriers, and not to intrude into the Men's dancing area. Hard lines on the girls! They still obviously preferred to meekly watch the boys, than arrange to dance themselves, elsewhere.

"A Fair Children's Entertainment"

One morning of Chol Hamoed, Pincus came bustling in to our apartment with great excitement. A children's fair had been arranged for that afternoon. The entrance fee was only 5 dollars, and this entitled him to go on all the amusements as many times as he desired - all free of charge. It seemed a lot of money, but knowing Pincus, we were certain that he would get full value for his money.

Roselyn and I, with Yenta Chaya and Golda Rivka went on an inspection tour, that afternoon.

The whole section of President Street, in between Kingston Avenue and Brooklyn Avenue had been closed to all traffic, and a complete Fairground with side shows, amusements, refreshment booths - yes, Succahs, booth - two in which to eat, and one for benching Esrog, and even two rest rooms, had been erected.

Towering above the whole area was the gigantic and exciting-looking Ferris Wheel. Long queues of children were patiently awaiting their turns to sample the dizzy heights of this Ferris Wheel. There were also long queues waiting to sample the delights of the "Merry-Go-Round" and the "Horse and Buggy Ride" - and there were two separate lines - one for boys and one for girls - outside the "Jump with Joy" - a huge air-inflated rubber Castle on which the children kept on springing and falling - bumping into and knocking down other jumpers.

There were over thirty side shows and stalls, of various sizes - from the very small to the huge 120 foot Marquee, wherein were held outstanding shows for the entertainment of the children - although we did notice very many parents in the audience. Three Shows were given and repeated during the afternoon. At 11.45 the Children's Band started their show, followed by a Ventriloquist at 12.15 and a Puppet Show at 1 p.m. Uncle Moishe entertained from 4 p.m. until about 5 p.m. when the Fair was supposed to end.

There were prizes offered for dart and other games of skill and chance - a Tombola, "Knock Down the Yetzer Horah", "Succos Bullseye", and "Succos Countdown". A Video Show, a Jewish Arts and Crafts exhibition and a Caricaturist were other good entertainments.

Jewish education was not ignored - there were a Tzivas Hashem Stall and registration centre; a Sefer Torah (letters) registration; Jewish Books and Gifts; a Mobile Library and a Mitzvah tank.

A Kosher Animal Farm was set up. All I saw were a few chickens pecking about and a couple of ducks quacking. I was told that there was a goat in attendance. I did not see it, so I would not know if it was a Billy or a Nannie.

There were also erected a Fooderama, a Drink Shop, a Candy Bar, and a Refreshment Stand. Succahs were conveniently sited for the use of patrons.

We did not see Pincus all afternoon. We imagined him busily rushing from the Ferris Wheel to the "Merry-Go-Round" - to the Buggy Ride and to the rubber Castle - then repeating this performance all afternoon.

Subsequently we met a sad looking Pincus. He had entered the Fairground, paid his five and a half dollars, and had a number rubber-stamped on his arm - his passport to unlimited rides on the amusements.

But he had only, managed to sample two of the delights. He had been standing and waiting for his turn, in the long queues all afternoon. Anyway, it had been a nice sunny day and he had become quite brown(ed off).

Label Groner had taken into the Rebbe's study a huge pile of letters. I considered that this was an opportune moment to ask him to settle an argument between Roselyn and me.

When Label emerged, I told him that in view of the thousands of letters which the Rebbe received, opened and read himself, every week, that Roselyn had suggested that I was doing a great disservice to the Rebbe by sending long letters, sometimes with as many as six or seven pages, which contained quite a lot of tittle-tattle.

Roselyn added that it was unfair on my part, to burden the Rebbe, with these long epistles for the Rebbe's time was exceedingly valuable.

Label answered quite categorically that the Rebbe enjoys my letters. That is a definite fact and I must keep on writing.

I was pleased to hear these views expressed by Label, because the Rebbe receives so many Tzorus (trouble) letters, that it might be a relief for him to read a light-hearted communication for a change - almost every two weeks.

It was almost 4.30 p.m. Mincha had been at 3.15 p.m. and Roselyn and I were sitting on our usual bench opposite to 770.

It was very quiet, when suddenly, without warning, the Rebbe appeared and descended the steps of 770 to enter his car. He was leaving for home - and for his first meal of the day. No one was about.

Roselyn and I jumped up and sped towards the Rebbe to greet him. The Rebbe waved to us, entered his car and swung his arm as a signal to me to commence to sing. I obliged by singing vociferously and clapping vigorously until, the Rebbe's car disappeared from view down Eastern Parkway.

On the previous morning the Rebbe asked Golda Rivka why was she not taking pictures today!!

"Hoshanna Rabba"

On Hoshanna Rabba morning, hundreds of visitors had arrived at Crown Heights for the Yom Tov of Shemini Atzeress (and Simchas Torah).

The local population seemed to have doubled overnight. The queue for benching with the Rebbe's Esrog was therefore very much longer than it had been even for the first days of Succos. All were taking this opportunity of benching with the Rebbe's Arba Minim on this, the last day of Succos.

The Rebbe arrived at his usual time of 8.50a.m., and entered his study. He reappeared a few minutes later, carrying his Esrog and Lulov and went into his private Succah, which was situated on the front lawn of 770

Five minutes later, Myer Harlick brought out the Rebbe's set of Arba Minim and took it into the large public Succah adjoining 770, where the head of the queue was waiting to start the line rolling. But firstly, a few of the Older Rabbonim were allowed a little preferential treatment. They did not have to wait.

Whilst I was standing in the line, that morning, Rabbi Goldstein approached me. He always loved to tell me an unusual Word of Torah. His contribution that morning was - "It is understood that the world has a cycle of 6,000 years. King David says in the Psalms that 'Berinah Yiktzoru' (you will reap with Joy) and that would be in the time of Moshiach. Now the gematria (science of numbers) of Berina is 257. So we deduct this figure from 6,000 and we get the year of 5743 - this present year - so, P.G., Moshiach will be revealed at any time now."

Before the service Label Groner handed me a note stating that the Rebbe was surprised that he had not received a report from me about the Siyum Hatorah which we had attended at Zalmon Gurary's invitation at his small Shool in Lefferts Avenue - and would I please send in a report - which I did, straight away.

Shacheris commenced as usual at 10 a.m. Just before the recital of Hallel, the Rebbe deliberately waited rather longer than usual, to enable as many men as possible to take advantage of benching with the Rebbe's Arba Minim for the last time this year.

(After the morning service, the Ladies and girls had their first and last chance of using the Rebbe's Esrog and Lulov).

When, eventually, the Rebbe's Arba Minim did arrive, the Rebbe stepped down from the platform and stood at his shtender next to the Chazan. All the Sifrei Torah were taken out from the Oran Hakodesh and carried onto the Bimah.

Yankel Katz has the chazoka for many, many years of officiating on Hoshanna Rabba. Unfortunately he had not been too well lately, so he took over as Chazan just for the Hoshannas portion, when we circled the Bimah seven times, carrying our Esrogim and Lulovim.

Label Groner also had a long chazoka for pulling along almost dragging, the Chazan around - in his own usual inimitable manner.

Of course, left to himself, the Chazan would have preferred to have taken all day, savouring and loving every previous moment, but - "tempus fugit" - time flies - and so did Label Groner with his satellite - the Chazan.

I was again invited to join the small number of distinguished gentlemen who had been asked to participate with the Rebbe in the Hoshannas circuits.

We went around nicely, orderly and sedately. It was so hard to believe because everyone else seemed ready to pounce upon us. The reason for this serenity soon dawned upon us. Moishe (Kotlarsky) had placed stewards, good strong men, including Yossi, at every access point around the Bimah, in order to stop infiltration by the rest of the congregation into our procession.

That was exactly the way we went around for six circuits - and then - for the seventh we were joined by a mad rush of congregants, waving and shaking their lulovim at us. The stampede was horrendous and terrifying. Men were charging through from every angle and means of access.

I had tremendous difficulty in retreating to base. When I finally managed to burst through the closed and massed ranks of men, I discovered that I had lost my tallis in the crush.

The Rebbe watched and patiently waited - for quite a long time - until every single person had completed the seven rounds.

The Sifrei Torah were returned to the Oran Hakodesh, and the Rebbe led the singing of Hoshea ess Amecho. Kaddish was recited and concluded - and this was the moment for which everyone had been waiting - to see the Rebbe banging the Hoshannas on the floor. 95% of those present had no chance whatsoever of seeing the Rebbe perform this ritual - but there was no reason at all why they should not try to do so.

I have been requested not to write too much Loshon Horo (evil gossip) so all I will say is that the pressure upon those who were standing in front "was substantial and energetic". I am sure that my readers will use their imaginations and easily understand.

Well - the Rebbe bended his knees and banged his bunch of Hoshannas five times onto the floor. I did not see the leaves flying in all directions - not even in one direction.

I often wondered what happened to the Rebbe's Hoshannas, afterwards. I can only surmise that someone very close to the Rebbe - physically and spiritually - must have picked them up, before they got swept away by Yisroel Goldshmidt. He used a sweeping brush with great effectiveness in clearing away the little boys and the fallen leaves, from the area around the Oran Hakodesh.

Immediately after the service had concluded - at about 12.15 p.m., the Rebbe took his stance outside his small private Succah for the Annual Hoshanna Rabba Distribution of Lekach, cake. I desired to go together with Roselyn to collect my rations, and with any of my grandchildren who would be available.

There was one line for the Men and boys, which was moving along quite rapidly, whilst another line was being formed for the Ladies and girls and which would commence to move as soon as the queue of men had been served. Label Groner intended to push us forward at the identical moment when the men had finished, and the Ladies were ready to start.

Mrs Esther Sternberg was supervising the Ladies' department. Roselyn and I were standing together with only Golda Rivka (the rest of my grandchildren were conspicuous by their absence) when Esther gave a shout - "Go on - NOW, Zalmon". I therefore took the hint and pushed my way forward to the Rebbe, followed by Roselyn and Golda Rivka.

I looked at the Rebbe - the Rebbe looked at me. I stared hard at the Rebbe and waited - for a bit of cake. The Rebbe was staring right back at me, until he said, a little exasperated - "Well ask me for Lekach!" I had forgotten for the moment that it the custom to ask - to beg for some cake. It is stated, that by begging for Lekach on this day, when our fate and fortune are signed and sealed for the following twelve months, we ensure that we will not have to beg again for anything else during the whole year.

So I asked the Rebbe to please give me a piece of Lekach. The Rebbe smiled and handed me a nice portion. I requested a little more for Avrohom and Susan and family. The Rebbe handed me another piece.

I then declared that I would like some for all Manchester. The Rebbe handed me a couple of paper napkins, and with a radiant and beaming smile, he filled both my hands with about a dozen pieces of cake, He then gave me a brocha for a sweet and happy year.

My friend, Yisroel Goldshmidt, who took a very nice photograph of me, standing near to the Rebbe at a Children's Rally, really excelled himself this time. He took three photographs showing the sequence as above. The first shows me and the Rebbe looking at each other; in the second, the Rebbe is handing me a piece of Lekach; and the third one shows me, with a happy smile, holding two fistfuls of cake and the Rebbe standing by with his infectious and wonderful, smile.

The Rebbe then handed Roselyn and Golda Rivka separate portions of Lekach, accompanied by Blessings for a sweet year, and happiness.

"Another Children's Rally"

Another Children's Rally was held on Tuesday Chol Hamoed.

Something new had to be tried to keep the children interested and quiet. A twenty-minute film (slides) was shown about the Jewish Nation, how we have suffered and explaining how imperative it is to keep the Mitzvahs. It was quite good and achieved its purpose - the children kept good order.

We had heard a recent rally on the radio link-up to Manchester and the children seemed to have acted very wildly and noisily. J.J. confirmed that it was terribly difficult to keep them in order.

So, today, the whole downstairs Shool at 770 was barred to everybody except to the children. No one else could enter. No parents and no Yeshiva Boys. Everybody was locked out, except the children.

The order was good. The atmosphere was good. Upstairs, in the Women's Shool, North Side, all the windows had been extracted and the empty frames were completely filled with boys heads - about fifteen to one window space and with hundreds of boys pushing from the rear. Men had even infiltrated into the main Women's Shool. How did I manage to get into the Shool? – Moishe Kotlarsky came again to my rescue. J.J. was now getting good order for the Rebbe. A baby started to cry. J.J. "bellowed out" 'give that baby a bottle or take the baby and yourself OUT'.

The Rebbe was amused and appreciative. In spite of what the Rebbe had said - every eye of all those boys, was concentrating, during Mincha, on the Rebbe - all the time.

The Twelve Torah Verses were recited by twelve boys and girls. A word was shouted through the microphone and everyone shouted and repeated the word. I noticed that the Rebbe himself also repeated all the words.

Briefly - here are just a few of the points which the Rebbe made that afternoon.

All Jews are called Tzivas Hashem, G-d's Army, especially the children.

We have this particular Yom Tov of Succos, because immediately after our ancestors had left Egypt, G-d prepared Succahs for them, as a protection in the desert.

We live in Succahs for seven-days (eight in the Diaspora) every year to commemorate this event.

Today was Tuesday, the third day of the week. The day which G-d blessed with a double goodness (twice Kee Tov). This was now the Third Sicho.

Succos is the Third Yom Tov. (Pesach, Shvuoss and Succos).

There are three pillars, so that the world would not tremble and shake - Torah, Avoda and Gemillus Chassodim.

There are three sections in the Torah:- Torah, Prophets and Holy Writings. The Kohanim bless the people with three phrases.

The Jewish people are divided into three categories - Kohanim, Leviim and ordinary Yisroelim.

We are waiting for the building of the third Bess Hamikdosh, which will stand for ever, because G-d will make it.

Therefore the Rebbe was distributing three dimes today, instead of the usual two. "One for Tzedoka, one for yourselves, and the third again for Tzedoka".

The Rebbe continued with a talk about the Army in the field, which is housed in special buildings - huts, tents and so forth. The Army has a strict code of discipline on how to conduct its life.

The Soldiers have always to remember the orders which the Commander-in-Chief issued to them in Egypt, and which have been handed down from Generation to Generation till this very day. That is the reason why we repeat, every day, the words "as if we ourselves were brought out from Egypt."

So at the time of Succos, we realise that Jews all over the world are living in Succahs, because G-d ordered us to do so. G-d protects us with the "Invisible Clouds".

It states in the Gemorra that we are preparing everything during the days of Exile to be ready for Moshiach. At that time G-d will take us by the hand to Eretz Yisroel and to Jerusalem, and all the Jewish people will live in ONE Succah.

The Rebbe started the Tune of Utzu Eitza, the Band joined in and tried to keep up with the Rebbe.

The Rally concluded with the singing of Sheyiboneh Bess Hamikdosh with the Rebbe leading everyone in the singing and in the clapping.

I do not blame anyone for just gazing spellbound at the Rebbe with awe and astonishment. His fervent, fast and ferocious clapping was unbelievable. It did not seem humanly possible - it was "higher than nature" - and out of this world.

"Miscellany and Anecdotes"

Our Rebbetzen again extended to us the highly prized privilege of allowing us to visit her at her home.

We went alone, without any of our grandchildren, because Our Rebbetzen was not 100% fit at that time.

We spent a wonderful and, relaxing few hours - and had a good many laughs - a few serious moments, too, and enjoyed tea and cream cakes. The Rebbetzen insisted that we take the balance of the cream cake home for the children. This would be some small compensation for not seeing the Rebbetzen on this trip.

My brother, Maurice, is in charge of the Hakoffas which are held outside the Hechal Shlomo in Jerusalem. Many thousands attend. He phoned me especially from Jerusalem to appeal to the Rebbe to ensure that the Annual Hakoffas greetings would be received in time.

Maurice told me that he does receive scores of messages from all over the world, but only one is read out in public - and that is the one from the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

In Shool one day, Benny Shtraks was holding in his arms a tearful little boy, about three years old, who seemed to be lost. The little Kiddie had red eyes and a dirty face. Label Groner told Benny to "give him a good wash and clean up and then take him to 'Ess and Bench' restaurant. After Mincha place him on the Rebbe's platform, and maybe, hopefully, someone will claim him".

A short while later the little lad returned. He was eating cookies, drinking orange juice, smiling broadly, and radiantly happy and clean. He only knew his first name (probably Yossi or Mendy).

A man wearing a fancy Kapota and an expensive Streimel was holding a boy, about three years old, in his arms and clasping an older boy by his hand. Both lads were immaculately dressed. The father turned to his baby son and said in Yiddish "Look at the Rebbe and watch him davenning." The little boy said, also in Yiddish "But I cannot see his Ponim (face)". Daddy advised him to keep on looking, and wait a while and he was certain to be rewarded by seeing the Rebbe's face.

They were not the only ones staring fixedly at the Rebbe. Everyone was staring, eyes wide open at the Rebbe - and this, in spite of the Rebbe's strong demand that one should look in one's Siddur and daven, pray to G-d, and not to stand and stare at a Human Being.

Kopel Backer's elder brother who lives in Israel was not well. The Rebbe enquired about his health, and if he had returned home. Kopel replied "Yes", and sent a message of thanks to the Rebbe for his great help. The Rebbe indicated that "these thanks should be extended to the A'Mighty - and not to me".

Kopel said that he deals in watches. "How's business?", I asked. "Very bad", he replied, "they are not going". How does he expect to sell watches if they are not going?!

After the Rebbe had distributed the dimes to all the Children at the Rally, a Rabbi connected with the top hierarchy approached the Rebbe and asked for some dimes for his grandchildren in South Africa. The Rebbe said, "If they want my dimes, then they should come here".

Golda Rivka promised to meet me outside 770 after the Rebbe had concluded the Farbraingen. It was 2.30 a.m. in the morning, and she was not there. At last I found her. She was chatting and laughing with a group of girls, as if it was 2.30 p.m. in the afternoon. Typical!!

At 11.25 a.m. I walked sprightly up the steps of 770. I met a meticulously dressed gentleman who was walking sprightly down the steps of 770. It was the Rebbe. I could hardly believe my luck.

He bestowed upon me his usual wondrous beaming smile and enquired after the health of Mrs Jaffe, the children and grandchildren.

I was feeling a little tired and told Binyamin Klyne that I could do with a rest. He retorted "You come here for a Rest? This is not Manchester".

This reminded me of the fellow whom I met outside the Mikvah across the road, almost opposite to 770. He begged me to "come and join us in our little Shool upstairs. You will be very comfortable and snug. Why go to 770 and 'shtup and be shtupped'?"

I answered - "that is the reason I go to 770. I would be very sorry indeed and extremely disappointed if 770 was so empty that it was not necessary to push. If I wanted comfort, I could stay at home in Manchester and enjoy the rest".

Dovid, my grandson, had become a "ganser" publisher. He produced, regularly, with his friends, a Commentary on the Rebbe's Sichos and included any Chidushim, new concepts, which they had discovered in the Torah.

Once, on the eve of publication, Dovid was up all night - until 5 a.m. next morning. Some of his friends had accidentally but deliberately mislaid some of the manuscripts, with the result that Dovid had to retype ten pages - in Hebrew.

On Monday morning at 9.30 a.m., two young boys were having a terrific argument. It centred on the question of who was the owner of the Tehillim (the Book of Psalms) which was now resting on the Rebbe's Shtender. The lucky owner would be the proud possessor of a Tehillim which the Rebbe had used that morning.

One of the boys agreed to draw lots, but the other lad maintained that he had made the special effort to place his Tehillim on the Rebbe's lectern at 7 a.m. that morning, and he refused to draw lots or to be browbeaten. I think that King Solomon would have judged in favour of that boy.

A short while afterwards the Rebbe arrived for the layenning. They brought out the very large heavy Sefer Torah and laid it on the Table. To everyone's dismay and my annoyance it was discovered that the Sefer Torah had not been prepared since they used it the day before. It was still set at the last Sedra of the Torah, Zoss Habrocha - so it had to be rolled right back - the whole way - to the first Sedra of Beraishis. This heavy task took about 12 to fifteen minutes of time which the Rebbe could not afford.

I was introduced to Mr. Elie Lozie, of Beirut, (P.O.Box 4799), Lebanon. He resides in Beirut and has lived there since 1969. He used to receive the "Talks and Tales" - in French - from Paris. For the past two years he had not eaten any meat. There is a Shool in Bechamdun.

One day the Mikvah broke down. He contacted Tzahal for help and they sent our Lubavitch boys, who in turn contacted the Rebbe.

They brought in slabs of ice (because no Kosher Rainwater was available) but it was not successful at first. At the second attempt it was made Kosher. The Rebbe had sent Rabbi Levi Trissky two months ago to assist Eli Lozie in Lebanon.

"Simchas Torah"

We certainly could not complain about the lack of festivities and excitement during the seven days of Succos. There had been dancing in the streets and bands playing every night and all through the night - till 4 or 5 a.m. in the morning (obviously there was no band on the first two nights of Yom Tov).

The Rebbe had again related to us Sichos on all seven evenings in honour of Simchas Bais Hashoavu. Some of these talks were relayed all over the world, and went on for two or three hours each evening.

We were now approaching the joyful climax of the whole Yom Tov season, with the ecstasy, the rapture and euphoria of Simchas Torah.

All day long workmen had been strengthening, welding and erecting a solid steel contraption on which to build a platform for the dancing of the Hakoffas, mainly for the Rebbe and his brother-in-law, the Rashag. It had to withstand the weight and the terrific pressure of thousands of boys and men pushing and heaving forward towards this one spot.

According to the Halacha a person is entitled to stand, unmolested in his own "Daled Ammos" (four Ammos - a measurement of about six feet in every direction). This is his private domain, the minimum space needed by each person, and no one may encroach upon this area.

But on Simchas Torah, the number of people standing in 770 (there is no such thing as sitting down during Simchas Torah, except for those few at davenning and at a Farbraingen) was so great, that one had to surrender one's claim to this space, however small or private it was.

The Men and boys were packed so tightly and closely together, that they had to dance with their feet rooted to one spot. They could only swing and sway their bodies in unison with their neighbours. They did vigorously toss and shake their heads in time to the "music", and their hands clutched and grasped their neighbours' shoulders.

All these movements were done in a manner so terrifically animated, dynamic and intense that they defy description. The net result was that quite soon, the boys were perspiring profusely and freely. At the conclusion of the Hakoffas they all looked as if they had just emerged from a dip into the Mikvah - fully clothed.

The Hakoffas had been preceded by, as usual, the recital (of the seventeen verses) of the Ata Horaissa, which was said three times. On the first night, distinguished and illustrious gentlemen were invited, by the management, to recite publicly one of these verses. The Rebbe himself read aloud the first and the last ones. I was requested to say the Sixteenth Posuk - Malchuscho - the same verse which I have been given for the past few years, so I have a good Chazoka.

On the second night and on the Morning of Simchas Torah, all these verses were sold - separately and individually. The purchasers had the Zechus, the merit, of asking the Rebbe to recite these Posukim on their behalf. Last year the price was \$1,800 to be a half-partner in one of these verses. Today, the price had risen, with inflation, to \$1,800 for a third share - and the value of the Pound Sterling had fallen to such a great extent, that it costs a poor Englishman very much more. Anyway, the Rebbe has always

encouraged his Chassidim to buy these verses and says that they will be well repaid. Trust the Rebbe - he knows best!!

I am always confronted with the problem of whether to accompany the Rebbe on the first Hakoffa. This also permits me to join in the last round, too, or to decline graciously and take one of the intermediate ones, which are serene, orderly and sedate.

It is always a great privilege and a matter of personal pride to go with the Rebbe. But from my past experience, I have found it almost impossible to make any headway - a few yards was the normal limit, immediately behind the Rebbe. Only very occasionally and with great personal danger have I ever managed to reach that glorious, but mostly unattainable haven.

Moishe (Kotlarsky) handed me a Sefer Torah and advised me to march, straight away to the raised centre platform, even before the Rebbe had commenced the Hakoffa. By this method, I would reach the Dancing Area well ahead of the Rebbe. I would then be able to see the Rebbe - or at least as much as the boys would allow me to see! - of the Rebbe dancing with the Rashag.

This, however, did not seem the correct thing to do - and, in any case, being always a supreme optimist, I always considered and hoped that the next time would be a little easier. I therefore, accepted this honour with alacrity and satisfaction.

I returned to the Rebbe's platform, after the first Hakoffa with my Gartel (black cloth belt) entwined around my ankles and my brand new hat - literally "Bashed in".

After the last Hakoffa I returned even more dishevelled than from the first one. The Rebbe asked me a question which I could not hear amid the tumultuous shouting and singing that was going on all around - So, the Rebbe lifted up a corner of my jacket and repeated his question, which was - "Is your suit torn now?" (Every year I invariably manage to tear a suit). I replied, "No, not yet, but I have lost my Yarmulka". The Rebbe raised up his arms and said "Ach - let that be the worst thing that should happen!"

I stood upon the Rebbe's platform, on which was a solid mass of people including Avrohom Parshon, Avrohom Rappaport, Beryl Weiss, Yankel Katz, Rabbi Chadakov, Label Groner - and another hundred or so friends. It was difficult to stand upright. The Rebbe's chair acted as a barrier to guard our Rebbe, but gave scant and poor protection. It was a strenuous and formidable assignment to prevent oneself actually bumping into the Rebbe. That would have been most embarrassing.

At the other side of the Shool, halfway up to the ceiling, I noticed my grandsons. Pincus was clinging and clutching Yossi and Dovid. He was hanging on for dear life, but I do not think that it was Pincus who pulled the clock off the wall.

He had signalled that he wished to join me on the Rebbe's platform. I nodded, but it seemed an absurdly foolish and impossible feat. It should not be considered or attempted. It would be more difficult than crossing over a deep chasm, or the Niagara Falls! But Pincus must have been a Chossid of the Rebbe Maharash (ZTzL) because he believed in his motto of "Melechatchilla Ariba" ("First thing - straight away - go over the top") and it was in that manner that he reached me. He could - and should - join a Circus!!

It was much worse (or better!) on the second night. During the first Hakoffa I was left with Rabbi Zalmon Gurary stranded in the backwash of the procession. We could only await the Return of the Rebbe.

We allowed the Rebbe to pass by - but we could not stop the stampede which followed.

Both Zalmon Gurary and I were knocked to the ground. These boys had eyes only for the Rebbe. If people were in their way, whether they carried a Holy Sefer Torah or not did not make any difference - then the fault lay with those persons with the Sifrei Torah, who had no right to stand in between them and their Rebbe.

Well Zalmon and I were lying on the floor. I held the Sefer Torah very tightly indeed. The pressures on my arm and on the Sefer Torah were so great and sustained, that I was dismayed and broken-hearted to hear the Wooden Etz Chaim (the roller) give a creak, a croak, and - then the top snapped right off. I really cried.

This reminds me of the Gabai whose members made his life an absolute misery. In addition, they insulted and cursed him, were impudent and rude, disrespectful and insolent.

His friend asked, "what do you want it for? Give it up". The Gabai replied "I like the Koved" (Honour). This was how I always felt after going with the first and last Hakoffas.

(I honestly don't know how this piece got past the censor - ZJ)

When I finally heaved myself up, I was accosted by Rabbi J. J. who asked "who shall I kiss first - you or the Torah?"

Every year there is always one fellow who shows, publicly, that he cannot hold his drink. This year was the turn of Boruch Halbershtram, who, holding a large bottle of Vodka, actually stood near the Rebbe. He was determined to give the Rebbe a glassful of this Vodka, but he kept spilling and refilling the cup. The Rebbe made a sudden grab, seized the bottle and placed it on his shtender.

Boruch Halbershtram leaned against the wall, crying like a baby. "Boo hoo, I want to give the Rebbe a drink to say Lechaim, Boo hoo!"

We all know for a definite fact, that the Rebbe has every Maftir and Haftarah during the year. However, I have discovered at least one instance when the Rebbe did not recite the Haftarah.

On Simchas Torah the Rebbe was, as always, the Chossen Beraishiss. Rabbi Avrohom Parshon was awarded, and has been so rewarded for the past dozen years, with the distinction of Chossen Torah. He had the privilege of paying \$36,000 for this great honour.

I do not know whether it was halachically possible for the Rebbe to have an Aliya (Chossen Beraishiss) and then be called up for Maftir, too. I cannot see any reason why not - but then I am not a Rov.

In the event, Rabbi Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin, the Rav of 770 was given the Maftir. But then, he also had been honoured with the Aliya of Chossen Torah at a very special, albeit different minyan.

After the morning service we again joined Rivka and Moishe (Kotlarsky) at their home for a sumptuous and delicious luncheon - with all the trimmings - materially and "spiritually". I, once again, had the pleasure of meeting a new "fan" - Miss Channi Kotlarsky, aged ten years, who maintained that she read parts of my diary every night and enjoyed them.

The Simchas Torah Farbraingen was scheduled to commence after Mincha. Yossi kept my place for over two hours. He had a tough job. Fortunately, my friend Chaim Neymotin was of great assistance to Yossi, but was delighted when I relieved him from his self-imposed task.

Chaim Yoseph Dovid Neymotin looked after the Last Resting Place of the Rebbe's father (ZTzL) in Russia for many years. He always tells me little anecdotes of Rabbi Levi Yitzchok (ZTzL).

His latest contribution, whilst we awaited the Rebbe's arrival was as follows:

The Soviet government had sent Rabbi Levi Yitzchok to a Siberian Jail because he taught Yiddishkeit and studied Hebrew subjects with children as well as with adults. His enforced departure was so sudden, that he had no time to take any books.

His wife, Rebbetzen Channa (O.H.) the Rebbe's (Shlita) mother followed her husband all the way, thousands of miles - to the frozen wastes of Siberia. She took with her a number of books, so that he could study and learn. One of these seforim was the Holy Zohar (Cabala).

Rabbi Levi Yitzchok was a Gaon, and an extraordinary great scholar who understood the Zohar very well. He had discovered many Chidushim - new concepts.

Unfortunately he could not obtain any writing paper, nor ink. A pen could be fashioned from a feather or something similar. So, Rebbetzen Channa contrived to make some ink herself, and Rabbi Levi Yitzchok wrote all his notes in the margins of the Book in his own particular style of shorthand.

By some great miracle, this Book of the Zohar was brought intact from Russia to Eretz Yisroel. The Rebbe had these notes classified, clarified and printed.

During the whole twelve months, in which the Rebbe (Shlita) was in mourning for his mother, he held a Farbraingen every week. In every one the Rebbe included (i) A Rashi Sicha; (ii) A Commentary on the Zohar; and (iii) A Sicha on Pirkei Ovus (Ethics of the Fathers).

The Rebbe commenced this Farbraingen at 6 o'clock. It lasted for 5½ hours and ended at 11.30 p.m.

We then all recited Maariv, the Rebbe made Havdolla and the distribution of Koss Shel Brocha was under way. By pure coincidence I was served by the Rebbe immediately after the Rashag who was the first "customer". I nearly wrote, that I was very lucky to be served so soon, but instead I will state that it was very convenient for Roselyn and for me, because unfortunately we find it hard to burn the candle at both ends, we need our sleep. On the other hand we missed the excitement and wild

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enthusiasm which continued for the next few hours until the Rebbe had poured out rations for all those thousands of people, who fervently desired the Rebbe's Koss Shell Brocha.

"Yechidus and Kinus Hatorah"

The Rebbe had again extended to us the privilege of saying farewell to him before our departure for home. This would take place immediately after Mincha in the waiting room outside the Rebbe's study.

As we were leaving two days after Yom Tov, there had been no time for us to have a private interview with the Rebbe. This would be the first time for 24 years that we could not manage to have more than one Yechidus. But - the Rebbe is a remarkable man and did arrange for two "Yechidus" on the same afternoon - as you will read later on.

One hundred and thirty people were leaving for home very early that evening. The Rebbe intended to speak to everyone altogether - as one group - after Mincha, in the hallway and Bess Hamedrish of 770.

A Shtender - lectern - had been set up with a microphone in the Hallway.

Roselyn and I were advised to be upstairs on the first floor whilst the Rebbe was speaking and giving a Brocha to the whole group, and we were cautioned to keep very quiet and still, until the Rebbe had concluded this general and 'communal "Yechidus". When everyone had departed we would descend the stairway and spend a few minutes, privately, with the Rebbe. We received permission for Golda Rivka, and Levi Yitzchok to accompany us, because they were our responsibility and we were flying home together.

The rest of our family who were presently in Crown Heights refused to go along with us for the following reasons:

Yossi was remaining at the Yeshiva in Crown Heights, so it would really be quite unfair for him to be present at the private Yechidus.

Mendie and Yenta Chaya were leaving later that evening and would attend a second general Yechidus with their Dad (Shmuel). The same applied to Pincus whom Shmuel had brought with him from London.

Dovid was not quite prepared to meet the Rebbe just at that moment and would also join the later group.

Shmuel was definitely not coming with us but "just in case", he sent Yossi all the way to the Baumgartens to collect his Kapota. (Shmuel was told that he would be nuts not to take this chance of seeing the Rebbe with Roselyn and me).

In the event, they all changed their minds and "nisht" eleven of us were in the Jaffe group waiting upstairs for the general Yechidus to conclude.

Before we reached that "happy Landing", we had to go through the following procedures:

The front door of 770 was locked. We rapped very hard on it a few times and Myer Harlick opened the door. He told us that only visitors who were leaving after Mincha were allowed to enter. So - "O.K."

says Myer, "In you come, with Golda Rivka and Levi." Dovid and Yossi were turned away, but when we struggled through the solid mass of people blocking the hallway, so we could get to the general office, we found Dovid and Yossi already standing there. I still cannot understand how they evaded the guards and the door keepers!

I could readily appreciate that it would be a sheer physical impossibility to daven Mincha with the Rebbe in the Bess Hamedrish and then follow the Rebbe to his room. I could not take the risk of being stuck inside the Bess Hamedrish.

Roselyn and Golda Rivka ventured forth from the Office in order to reach the waiting room, but could make no headway whatsoever, in spite of the vocal and vociferous assistance given by Label Groner.

Yossi and Dovid volunteered to act as battering-rams, it was very brave of them, but K.A.H. they are both tough. They bent their heads forward and low, and heaved with their shoulders and thus forced a passage-way through the mass of waiting people. We all followed, quickly, in their wake and entered the waiting room, and ascended to the first floor.

After Mincha, the Rebbe addressed and gave a brocho to all the group, and then handed to each person a dollar bill, as they filed by. I counted 120 people, including children, so together with the Jaffe group, this made the number up to 130 as stated above. We then descended the stairway and waited for the Rebbe. When everyone had received their dollars, the Rebbe entered the waiting room, the door was closed behind him, and with a lovely beaming smile, he welcomed us to this mini-Yechidus.

I intimated to the Rebbe that we were leaving shortly and was glad of this opportunity to thank him for all the friendliness and great honour which the Rebbe continued to extend to us. The Rebbe replied "Do not thank me. You should thank Him up there (pointing above) and I do not mean on the first or second floor, but right on top". The Rebbe had inferred that even when a Jew, or a Tzadik, does a favour to another Jew then it is Divine Providence. He gave us a nice brocha for Health, "Parnoso" and Nachas, and said "Fur gezunderhait" (Go - or travel - in good health).

The Rebbe wanted to know whether I had spoken at the Kinus Hatorah. I had to answer in the negative. I explained that illustrious Rabbonim were addressing the assembly and I was waiting to be called. The Rebbe commented "Since when have you been a 'nebechel' (I cannot find an English translation of this word...) and not been able to push yourself forward to speak." I maintained that I could not interrupt such distinguished Rabbonim. The Rebbe declared that "You cannot wait until next Simchas Torah to speak at the Kinus Hatorah. He will have to make a Hemshech (addition) and you can continue this afternoon".

I enquired from the Rebbe "What shall I speak about? Shall I talk about our new Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva?"

The Rebbe remarked "I don't care what! As long as you speak about Moshiach".

The Rebbe remembered that last year he had told the children that as they had enjoyed fourteen days hospitality with their Bobby and Zaidie that they had to repay this kindness by selling letters in a Sefer Torah. In order to repay their Bobby and Zaidie this year, the Rebbe wanted them to learn Torah and to do Mitzvahs - and - to keep the Rebbe informed - all the time - of their progress.

The Rebbe then handed to each of us a one Dollar bill, to give to Tzedoka. I introduced Pincus, and explained that he had just celebrated his Bar Mitzvah.

The Rebbe gave Pincus an extra Dollar bill, and asked him a question - in Yiddish. Pincus' face remained blank and vacant. The Rebbe repeated the question. Pincus' face became so white that I thought that he was going to faint away.

The Rebbe had asked a perfectly simple question in Yiddish - the native language of Pincus, but it may well have been in Chinese, for all the understanding shown by Pincus.

(After the Yechidus, Pincus confided that he had been present at a Yechidus seven times. This was the first time that the Rebbe had addressed him directly - personally. It was so totally unexpected that he became flustered, confused and completely tongue-tied).

We discussed briefly a few communal topics. The Rebbe gave me one dollar for Dayon Golditch, and we reluctantly took our leave, with more blessings, good wishes and the hope that we would P.G. return for Shovuos.

Rabbi Dovid Hickson was waiting for us outside and wanted to know whether the Rebbe had mentioned the Yeshiva or given a brocha. He was very sad indeed when I said "No".

After Yechidus, I rushed along the corridor to Rabbi Mentelik's office. He was not too well, and a doctor was in attendance. Rabbi Dovid Raskin intimated that he would consider what to do.

I had rejoined Roselyn and the children outside 770 when Label Groner hurried along to me, and, looking unusually stern - said "I want to see you inside for a minute".

I do not think that my face became as white as Pincus, but I was a little concerned at not knowing what was in store.

To my utter surprise and great astonishment I discovered that the Rebbe wanted to see me again - in private.

The Rebbe was all smiles. He wanted to give me a message and greeting to a friend of ours. And - then he handed me £100 donation for our new Yeshiva, accompanied by a lovely brocha for its success. The Rebbe also told me to "get involved in the Yeshiva, and whatever you give (in addition to the usual Lubavitch "Mosdos") you will receive back much more". He reminded me that he wanted me to speak at the Kinus Hatorah. So that was the second and a most exciting Yechidus.

Dovid Hickson was still waiting outside, and again wished to know whether the Rebbe had mentioned the Yeshiva. When I showed him the Cash and explained what the Rebbe had said, he just managed to blurt out and gasp "Boruch HaShem", with a huge sigh of relief.

We all returned to the apartment to prepare for our departure. We were cleaning up the place when Dovid Raskin ran into our flat, without even knocking and exclaimed, very excitedly - "Quickly, the

Kinus Hatorah is starting again - now, at this very minute, and we want you to speak to the boys. Come along, quickly".

On the short run, back to 770, Dovid was stopping boys and telling them that the Kinus Hatorah was just starting - and Zalmon Jaffe was the Speaker.

Boys were coming from all directions and by the time I had reached the lectern, there was quite a large crowd assembled in the Big Shool, downstairs.

I read excerpts from my Diary, and by popular request, I related my own version of the recent happenings on Simchas Torah. I spoke for over half an hour, and I could, and would have loved, to speak much longer - but the plane would not wait.

So after a most unusual and exciting day, we said farewell to the Rebbe and to all our friends at 770, in particular Rabbis Chadakov, Label Groner and Binyamin Klyne, and hoped to return for our usual Shovuos visit P.G.

"Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe's Annual Visit"

It is always my son, Avrohom's turn and privilege to visit the Rebbe at 770 on every Yud Shevat. It is difficult for both of us to be away from Manchester at the same time.

My youngest Jaffe granddaughter, Golda, would soon be celebrating her Bass Mitzvah, and my youngest Jaffe grandson, Aron, was approaching his seventh birthday. Channah and Shmuel had not seen the Rebbe for some little time, so they made it a foursome - two boys and two girls. (Dovid has spent many many months at the Yeshiva in Ocean Parkway, New York, and was now at our New Lubavitch Yeshiva in Manchester. Leah was at the Seminary in Paris, and Levi has been accompanying us to Crown Heights during Succos).

Avrohom could not look after the four children all by himself, so when he suggested to his wife, my daughter-in-law, Susan, that she should go along too, she accepted with alacrity and eagerness because - well she was also anxious to see the Rebbe and Our Rebbetzen once again. They stayed for only one week at Crown Heights.

Avrohom discovered that the Rebbe showed even more interest in children than ever before, and very soon Aron was completely won over and inspired by the Rebbe.

Aron confided that "I do like the Rebbe. He is so nice." (He meant friendly and reassuring). He also had the Zechus (and the push) to stand at the now famous spot at the Rebbe's table in the Bess Hamedrish so that during the repetition of the Amida at Mincha, he could stare right into the Rebbe's eyes and receive the encouragement and the prompting of the Rebbe to answer "Omane and Boruch Hu Uvoruch Shemay" in a loud and clear voice and manner.

When Avrohom had arrived, he handed in a personal letter to the Rebbe and a very large number from friends, who urgently desired answers to their questions and problems.

Avrohom received an immediate reply to his letter. But was told quite categorically that under no circumstances would answers be given to his friends before Avrohom left for home, because of the advent of Yud Shevat and the Farbraingen. Avrohom had presumed that he would obtain those replies, personally, whilst he was presently at 770.

And yet - Golda and Aron who had sent in letters, on the occasion of their birthdays, on Friday, midday, received replies within a couple of hours.

Golda received a nicely typed letter with many brochas for her Bass Mitzvah, whilst Aron received advice to keep the Lubavitcher Minhagim (Customs) on his birthday. He also received a one pound note, which was a nice consolation and birthday present.

The climax of their visit was, of course, Yud Shevat, the Yar-Tzeit of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL) and the Anniversary of the Rebbe's (Shlita) coronation.

Avrohom had been to the Ohel at 7 a.m. that morning of the Yar-Tzeit to visit the Last Resting Place of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL). The Shool downstairs was so crowded out, that Avrohom was putting

on his Tallis and Tefillin in the Bess Hamedrish upstairs, accompanied by his sons Shmuel and Aron. When the Rebbe arrived at 770 for the morning service - Avrohom and his two sons were the only ones standing at the door to welcome and greet the Rebbe, and receive coins from him to place in the Tzedoka Boxes. Everyone else was downstairs. All were afraid to leave their places, because the Rebbe officiates at all the Services on this day, and the crush of people was tremendous. Even the Women's Shoals were packed as tightly as on the Yom Tov of Simchas Torah (with Ladies and girls) - and it was only 9.30 a.m. in the morning.

Later on the Rebbe himself left 770 to visit the Ohel. He was heavily burdened with huge packs of Quvitals - pleas, requests and appeals, but he still managed, at no little trouble, to hand over some coins to the children standing nearby, including Shmuel and Aron - to put the money in the Charity Box.

Avrohom experienced a most unusual and signal honour at the TU Bishvat Farbraingen which occurred on the Shabbos. The Rebbe had related a Sicha, the theme of which was the subject of Yeshivas. He spoke of their importance in life and environment of the Communities in which they were situated, and emphasised that a Lubavitcher Yeshiva had to be conducted and run on true "Tomchei Temimim" lines.

The Rebbe then publicly requested that Avrohom should ascend to him on the Dais, and presented him with a bottle of Vodka, to be partaken at the forthcoming Manchester Yeshiva Dinner.

But, firstly the Rebbe poured a little of the Vodka into his own wine glass, which still contained wine. He then put some of this mixture back into Avrohom's bottle of Vodka, and lastly he poured out a small glassful from this bottle, handed it to Avrohom and told him to say LeChaim to the Rebbe, who, in turn, wished Avrohom LeChaim Velivrocho and the Yeshiva, Hatzlocha Rabba.

The Rebbe then invited Avrohom to distribute a little of the Mashkie here, and take the remainder to be consumed at the Manchester Dinner. The Rebbe added that a small portion should be sent to London.

Avrohom thankfully returned to his place and promptly sat down. But the Rebbe had not yet finished with him. Oh, no, not by a long way. He called upon Avrohom to stand up and to make an announcement, in English, to the whole assembly and explain why the Rebbe had given him this bottle of Mashkie and to inform everyone about the forthcoming dinner and so forth.

To everyone's surprise and to Avrohom's own amazement, he started to make his speech in - Yiddish! (WHY?!)

The Rebbe halted him in his tracks and told him to speak in English, as he was originally requested to do.

There was no private Yechidus before Avrohom and family left for home, but a General Communal one took place in the Bess Hamedrish. A platform was erected near the far wall. The Rebbe addressed the visitors, his guests, who were tightly packed into this room. He spoke for about five minutes and then handed to each person a dollar bill as he (or she) filed past.

My daughter, Hinda Malka, also has her special time for visiting the Rebbe at 770. This occurs during the heat of Yud Bez Tamuz (normally July) when she volunteers to take pupils of the top class of the Girls Lubavitch High School. This is part of their education and also as a reward for their good behaviour and scholarship during the year.

She also takes with - a little baby.

"Yud Aleph Nissen"

The Rebbe had again stressed and emphasised, that no one should come to Crown Heights for his birthday Farbraingen. The Rebbe used even stronger words than in the previous year. There were to be no excuses and no exceptions.

We, in Manchester, had, as usual arranged for the Radio Link-up - the Shidur, to be received from Crown Heights, New York, via London.

However, on that very afternoon, we received a message that there would be a direct video link-up from New York. London always seem to leave everything until the very last moment!!

In fact, a friend of mind did leave the city after 3 p.m. that afternoon and knew nothing about this video, until he had returned to Manchester after 6 p.m. He was much too upset and tired to drive straight back to London.

Avrohom decided that he would like to see this Television Link. He had seen it once before and he had enjoyed it and been much impressed.

However, it meant a long and arduous journey to London, being up all night - and a long drive home next morning.

I personally did not relish such a lengthy excursion and I heard the radio link-up at Manchester Lubavitch.

Dovid and Levi were eager to travel with Avrohom and so was Leah. Susan was also anxious to see this T.V. spectacular and - there was no show without Punch - sorry - Aron, and why should Shmuel be the only boy to be left behind? Only Channah and Golda remained, so to save any bother - the whole family went. Our young friend Max Cohen, who is presently arranging our Manchester Lubavitch Lag B'Omar Parade - assisted by taking his car too.

At 2 a.m. in the morning there was a family reunion. Everyone of the Lew family was present - yes even Hinda and baby Yisroel Arya Leib.

The Video was shown in two separate rooms at Lubavitch House, London. Each room had a Mechitza, a division, between the "Men and the Women". One video set showed the Rebbe actually talking to us, in Yiddish, whilst in the other room, one could see the Rebbe, but the sound was suppressed and the English translation was broadcast instead.

Although one could not recapture the whole atmosphere and the excitement of 770, nevertheless in some respects it was even better.

One could see an extremely large coloured moving picture of the Rebbe - in comparative comfort. Every detail of the Rebbe was magnified and enlarged. One could even see the words in a book which was lying in front of the Rebbe. Aron slept in the car all the way to London. He saw the video and

slept all the way back to Manchester. He was asked if he enjoyed the Rebbe's talk. He replied "It was like a dream".

In Manchester - Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne was conspicuous by his absence at the Shidur. He is a fine young Rabbi and had been appointed as the Mashpeah of our Lubavitch Manchester Yeshiva - to supervise and generally look after the boys. He also learns Chassidus with them.

So - where was he?

At 4.30 a.m., he arrived, greatly agitated and terrifically excited. His wife had just presented him with a new son. Mazel Tov! P.G. very soon there will be a new Talmid for our Yeshiva! We have to look to the future.

“The Rebbe’s Sichos”

Now, here follows a resume of this Farbraingen as translated and composed by my son-in-law, Rabbi Shmuel Lew, and printed and distributed by Manchester Lubavitch, with the help and co-operation of Avrohom and in particular, of Susan his wife.

11th Nissan 5743

(81st Birthday of Rebbe Shlita)

Sicho One - (Blessing - The Group, Occasion and Place)

"... Blessed are those who come in the name of Hashem . . .". Every individual has the power, as the Torah tells us, "... in every place where my name will be mentioned, I will come there and bless thee ..". In addition, when a community is assembled, the power is multiplied in an infinite way, as our Sages tell us "... the community never dies ...". Thus, we find in Chapter 82 of Tehillim, "... G-d stands in the congregation ...". i.e., when there is a congregation of a minyan or more, there is an automatic revelation of G-dliness, even before Hashem's name is mentioned. This is not merely a difference in the order - when an individual mentions G-d, He then reveals Himself, whereas with the community, Hashem is there already, but is an indication of an infinitely higher revelation. The larger His congregation, the greater the occasion, as we find with the law, for example, of reading the Megillah. We are told that the larger the crowd, the greater the Glory of Hashem, even if 600,000 people are present and an individual can add his presence to such a gathering, he should do so in order to increase "... the Glory of the King". Therefore, on this occasion, when so many are unified, there is a tremendous power, even before Hashem's name is mentioned. All the more so, as the occasion is in order to bring Hashem into our thoughts, and particularly so as we are in a holy place which is dedicated to prayer and the study of Torah. Moreover, these auspicious days of Nissan, when the princes of the tribes brought their sacrifices, give a special power to the Jew. Obviously, this is not to negate the importance of one's own effort. Therefore, the ultimate purpose is that there should be good resolutions so that our rewards are not "the bread of shame", but are earned through our own creativity.

Sicho Two - (The Importance of Mitzva Campaigns: The Responsibility to the Non-Jewish World)

Rambam - Maimonides - tells us that a Jew has an obligation, not only to see that every Jew fulfils the 613 mitzvos, but to see also that a non-Jew is aware of, and fulfils the seven mitzvos of B'Nei Noach (for all humanity), with all the ramifications. Specifically as a result of their being Divinely given rather than as a sensible and logical life-style. This is particularly relevant in our day and age, when the nature of society is such that there is a tremendous inter-action between Jews and non-Jews, which surely was Divinely ordained not merely to give us an added source of parnoso (livelihood), but to spread the word of G-dliness amongst all the nations as well.

I recently heard a story concerning one of the people present this evening (although he, himself did not tell me), of a Jew who was of substantial means became a Baal Teshuva - a fully-observant Jew. One of his possessions is a luxury yacht with a crew. On a recent cruise, he asked the captain which way was East, in order to pray (as all our prayers rise through Yerushalayim). The captain thought that it was an incidental question, but when the owner asked this question three times a day, many times, he realised that there must be a deeper meaning, and asked him. The wealthy Baal Teshuva replied that it was in order to know which direction to face when praying. This had a profound effect upon the captain, and, as he later told, inspired him to have a deeper look at his whole life-style and to improve his moral behaviour. If, therefore, a person of such substantial means realises the importance of his dependency on a Higher Power, this in itself brought home to him the importance of one's spiritual and moral life.

Those who "look for faults" in the mitzva campaigns halve recently expressed a new fear. Until now, their main complaint was that there does not seem to be much use in a Jew putting on Tefillin a single time. This particular argument could only emanate from an appalling ignorance of the Jewish sources, including the Talmud. For we are told that a Jew who has never put on Tefillin is in the category of "a skull which has never layed Tefillin does not have a share in the world to come". By putting on Tefillin just once on such a person, one does not merely do him a favour, or merely a favour for his whole lifetime in this world, but one which is for the life of all eternity, and who could belittle this? In addition, our Sages tell us that one Mitzva brings another; that this is the way to bring a person to a life of total mitzva-observance. Also the Talmud tells us - and the Rambam decides halachically, that man must always look upon himself, and indeed the entire universe, as being equally balanced between good and evil, and with one single deed, one tips the scale and brings salvation and rescue to the entire world. In these times, with the world in its shaky position, what greater objective could there be.

However, the recent complaint has been that mitvtzoim work is done in public places where we seek out Jews, and one must ask the passer-by whether or not he is Jewish. If the person answers in the negative, they feel that this will bring about a degradation of Yiddishkeit and of mitzvos. We can only wish that those Jews who look for complaints should have the same honour for mitzvos experienced by the non-Jew who is thus approached, and realises that he has encountered a person who has left the comfort of his own home in order to seek out total strangers, to share with them a purely spiritual act. This, as our story of the captain, must result in an inner turbulance and search on the part of the non-Jew, bringing him nearer to the fulfilment of his purpose. For, the Torah tells us that Hashem does not deprive any creature of the reward for a good deed. The person who goes out on the mitzva campaigns approached the people in a sincere way, for a pre-requisite for mitvtzoim is sincerity. Otherwise, he is just fulfilling his obligation, and that is not what our mitzva campaigns are about. Therefore, since he was trying to get people to wear Tefillin, an integral part of the mitzva (not only the spiritual intention, but the mitzva itself), is to subjugate one's mind and heart to Hashem This will bring about in the world outlook of the non-Jew a subjugation of his intellect and emotions to a higher purpose.

This activity of having a direct and indirect influence on the non-Jewish world, is not only for "well placed" leaders or people, but even for the "simple" Jew. Conversely, it is not merely something which should be left for the non-professional Jews but is a worthy occupation for even the greatest. For, our Sages tell us "... do not sit and weigh the relative value of mitzvos, but have the same dedication to the lightest of the light, as the heaviest of the heavy ...". In other words, they may be "heavy" and "light" insofar as reward and punishment are concerned, but all of them are equally the Will of Hashem and require our total dedication. Anyone who wants to exclude himself from this activity on the grounds that his only occupation is Torah, should realise that nowadays there are precious few who are truly in that category. For, as in many sources (including Tanya) if one desists from study, even for a moment, for any personal needs (including, eating beyond the minimal necessity), one is already not in that category, and the above obligation dissolves upon one.

This activity is the preparation for the Messianic Sabbath. For we are now into the Sixth Millennium, and on Erev Shabbos afternoon, one tastes the food of Shabbos. One of the greatest manifestations of G-dliness in the time of Moshiach, will be that all of mankind will join in unison in serving G-d, and this is our share in preparing for that day, whilst at the same time adding to the stability of the world which is so much in need of that element today.

Sicho Three - (Crucial Importance of Chinuch: Prayer for Public Schools: Support for Private Schools and for Eretz Yisroel)

There are auspicious days which have a special power to them. In the case of Pesach, the going-out of Egypt represents a basic foundation of our religion as is written in Sefer Chinuch. Therefore, this is a time to dedicate ourselves to those values which Pesach represents in a more intense way. For, just as with physical charity, the more wealthy one becomes, the greater the obligation upon him, although everyone must give some charity. Similarly, there are certain days which are "rich" in spiritual aspects, and which require a proportionately greater dedication. Pesach is the time which the Prophet Yechezkiel compared to the birth of a child, for that is when our people were taken, as the Torah tells us "... a nation from the midst of a nation ...", thus being "born". This brings us a greater awareness of the importance of education, that a child, from the moment that it is born should be surrounded by an atmosphere of Torah and Mitzvos. Thus, there is an age-old custom that even before a child is born a "Shiur Hamaalos" with holy words is hung upon the wall. Likewise, well before the child can understand, or speak, his mother would rock him to sleep with a song explaining how "Torah is the best merchandise!"

Similarly, we find on Pesach, the festival is ushered in with the Seder which is centered around "... and you shall tell your son on that day", and "... when your son will ask you ...". Thus, we have the obligation to educate the child to ask, and if he does not know how to ask, we must motivate him in a way that he should want to ask, and should fulfil our obligation to all four types of children, about whom the Torah speaks. If one spends a tremendous effort in the physical preparations for the Seder, how much more crucial is it to spend on the spiritual preparation.

The pure survival of our people is crucially dependent upon the state of chinuch. As our Sages say "... in order that there should be goats, there must be kids". Therefore, we must see that every Jewish child receives the best possible type of education. Parents want the best for their children. How much more so when we are talking about something which is crucial for the child's life in the world to come, as

well as in this physical world. Those parents who, for whatever reason, send their children to public schools, of whom there are tens of thousands of Jewish children receiving education in such schools, even in New York, how much more so in cities which are not blessed with as many institutions as our city. It is, therefore, incumbent upon us to see that in public schools the day should begin with a silent prayer, encouraging children to reflect upon that which is important to them. If this is done correctly, this will permeate their behaviour throughout the day, and many difficulties of this generation would be eliminated.

Just as there are auspicious days, there are auspicious moments in governments, and the President of the U.S. today is a person who has a very healthy outlook in this matter; one only wishes that those who surround him would not try to deflect him from this task of instilling in all the children of our country that there is a Supreme Being who sees and hears all one's acts.

At this stage, I would like to express from the depths of my heart, a gratitude to all those present, or those who are hearing, or those who have written wishing me well for my birthday. Similarly, the President of the U.S. who has expressed his wishes to me, not as a private citizen, but as a blessing to all those who follow in the way of Chabad, a community whom I am privileged to represent, and may he find blessing in his personal life as well as in his communal obligations as a head of government.

In addition to the above aid in the public school system, there should also be financial aid to religious schools, for that part of the day which is not connected with their religion, and may he be freed from the influence of those who withhold him from fulfilling these good resolutions. Similarly, to see that there should be peace in the Holy Land, and may all those who are trying to frustrate the assistance which will aid this, be transformed in their attitude, so that there should be true peace and tranquility, i.e. peace which is based upon the Torah, particularly the covenant of the pieces with the everlasting inheritance given to the everlasting people from the everlasting G-d.

Sicho Four - (Lesson in Daily Life from Birthday)

On the day of one's birthday, one should sit alone and reflect upon one's life-style, and seek that which needs improvement, and improve it. This is a directive from our Rebbes. In the Talmud, we do not find the expression Yom Holedes (Birth date), but we find that when Reb Yossi "...reached the age of 60 years, he made a festivity for the Rabbis ...". Thus, the Talmud emphasises the totality of the years which have been reached, but in the Torah we find "... on the Yom Holedes of Pharaoh..." i.e. an emphasis on the date itself.

This teaches us that there are two aspects to this day: (a) a day where one takes account of his life in the past (thus emphasising the sum total of his years); (b) a day when one is born anew (thus emphasising the importance of the day). The lesson is obvious. Scripture tells us "... man is born to toil ...", and the Talmud explains it to be different types of toil, i.e. the toil of work, the toll of speech (prayer), and the toil of Torah. The concept of "toil" is that one gives of oneself and subjugates one's desire, in order to make the world around oneself a better place. One might argue as to why one's habits should be abandoned, and from where will the power come to transcend those habits. Yet, we find that Hashem's commandment to Avrohom was "... go out from your land of birth, from your father's house ...", which Chassidus explains, seems to indicate one's stubbornness, inborn traits and acquired habits. The answer is to be found in the concept of Yom Holedes, for this emphasises how

man is created anew, and the past need not be an obstacle in one's future growth. This is just like the world itself which is continuously being created by G-d.

Just as there is the remembrance of the going-out of Egypt on Pesach, which echoes on every Shabbos and Yom Tov, and indeed on every day of the year. Similarly with the date of one's birth, where one can redouble one's effort to grow. Particularly so, since the Jerusalem Talmud tells us explicitly "... on that day of one's birth date, his mazel (his spiritual power) is dominant ...", and one can achieve more than at other times.

It is quite astonishing that the expression of Yom Holedes is to be found in the Torah with regard to Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, and at the time before the exodus from Egypt, as before the giving of the Torah. The reason is that the Torah is emphasising the importance of a Yom Holedes, that it even has an importance for a non-Jewish person like Pharaoh. In addition, Pharaoh was the ruler of the whole world, and his country was the economic provider for the whole world, and therefore, the dominance of his mazel on his date of birth, was relevant to all the civilised people of the time, including Yaacov.

One's birthday indicates how one is born anew every moment, and since the purpose of one's creation is to serve G-d, it helps one to fulfil this. What has gone in the past is irrelevant to the resolutions and powers that one can get at this moment. Therefore, the moment one awakes from sleep, he experiences the toil of work, namely the washing of Netillas Yodayim, the work of a practical mitzva. This is followed by the toil of speech when one prays, and ultimately expressed in the toil of Torah when one leaves the davening for study.

Sicho Five - (The Mitzva Campaigns: - The roasting of the Pascal Sacrifice: Siyum on Megillah)

We will mention the Pesach campaign to provide every Jew with the needs - physical, first and foremost, and also the laws and spiritual lessons from Pesach. Facetiously, we could say that this activity is expedient for himself, for if one does not see that everyone should have a Seder at Pesach and he proclaims "... whoever is needy should come and eat and have Pesach with me ...", he will have to bring in at the Seder all those people who he should have seen to before Pesach, and even if he himself would be reluctant to do so, this proclamation is said before Ma Nishtana when the children are yet awake, and the son will not let him ignore his own proclamation. This activity will bring about the education of oneself and of one's family and of those outside it, that there should be an involvement with all four sons, corresponding to whom there are four cups, and many special things are done at the Seder to arouse their curiosity, and then one will pre-occupy himself with the wise son, giving him an education which will increase his knowledge. Immediately afterwards, we speak about the wicked son, to show to us the importance of equality in one's dedication, even to the education of such a child, and that all are around one table. That is why the invitation to the Seder is said in Aramaic, for this was the vernacular in those days. For we must speak to those who do not understand the holy tongue, both in the literal and figurative sense. This is connected with the campaign of Ahavas Yisroel, and the importance of keeping that mitzva as the Torah wants, not as one would like to misinterpret. For one is shocked by stories of people who reject and call upon their pupils to reject various Jews, with the excuse that this Ahavas Yisroel does not apply to this person. On the other hand, when one is interested in following what the Torah says, then he realises that which, Hillel says, that it is the entire Torah, and the rest is a commentary. If one is missing the "entirety" of Torah, it is no wonder that he cannot relate properly to the Torah, which is merely a commentary of it. This attitude comes from an insensitivity, for were one sensitive, one would repent from such a state of

mind. As written in the Jewish ethical works, he who does not have Ahavas Yisroel to strangers, outside his family, will eventually break with his own children. We must realise that every Jew is as a son of G-d, not as a physical son who has become an entity on his own, but remains totally unified with G-d. An attitude which is not appreciated stems from one who has, what the Talmud calls "arrogance of the spirit", and the Alter Rebbe explains this to be that one has spirituality, but it is in an arrogant and coarse way. Therefore, he cannot appreciate the infinite value and G-dly nature of every Jew. Once Ahavas Yisroel is in its place, the other mitzva campaigns follow on this basis.

Sicho Six - (Tzedokah: - Everyone Ask Ma Nishtana)

We begin the Seder by proclaiming that all who are hungry should come. We find in the Gemorrah that the prayers of the wife were more effective, for her Tzedoka is superior to her husband's who only gives money which has yet to be translated into food; whereas the wife gives the poor man food immediately. Similarly, the Pesach campaign is to supply all means, ready-made, in the best possible way. We know the unbelievably intense work that goes on by the Jewish wife in making sure that the house is spotless and prepared for Pesach. Yet, when she sees her husband coming home with a total stranger, not one who has asked for a place, but who has been approached and invited, she sits at that Seder table despite all the work that has preceded Pesach, as a queen and her husband the king. This king and queen invite all the members of their kingdom to dine with them, and they treat them the way a king would treat his visitors. The analogy needs no elaboration. Merely to add that we are dealing with the remembrance of the going-out from Egypt, and as a Torah concept, the idea is not to pay just lip-service, but actually experience it in the most perfect and cheerful way.

I would like to mention a custom which we saw at the Seder-table of my father-in-law many years, and he told me to print, i.e. after Ma Nishtana has been said by the youngster, or all the youngsters, the adults also repeat father, I will ask you four questions: Ma Nishtana,' etc.". This would seem to be a custom which is only for the select few, and would later be publicised for a wider group. For, in most halachic works, one will find that the son asks, and if there is no son, the wife asks, and if there is no wife, one asks oneself.

Thus, we see that this custom has a source which is quite ancient. A simple explanation of this could be that we encourage one to connect himself to the Pesach Seder that one saw at one's own father's table, and through this question, one connects himself to those early years of his life and, that relationship. This is in addition to the fact that every Jew has the power to bring his father's spirit from the eternal world to join his Seder. Obviously, it is only those who are on a special level to be able to make it "worth the while" for the soul to come back to this world, who would do it with this latter intention. But everyone can connect himself to the Seder that he saw as a child.

After the final brochoh and songs, we will distribute one dollar to each of those present, to give to a worthy charity before Pesach. Particularly as charity helps to bring redemption nearer, and we have already been promised that when the Jewish people do Teshuvah, they will be redeemed immediately. Teshuvah has already been done for everyone at one time or another, and we wish to see the immediacy of redemption, similar to the immediacy of the baking of matzos which is a very short time indeed.

(The Rebbe indicated to sing the Alter Rebbe's nigun, and Nye Zuritzi Chloptski. He then said that in many communities after the Haggadah, one sings the song that the Beis Hamikdosh be rebuilt. In the

Alter Rebbe's Haggadah and the Seder of the Previous Rebbe, we didn't hear that song but here we are only preparing for Pesach, and therefore, we can sing it. The song Sheyboneh Beis Hamikdosh was sung, after which the Rebbe said a Brochah Acharonah, and distributed through the tankists a dollar to all present).

"A Letter From The Rebbe"

During the past year I have been privileged to receive a few short letters from the Rebbe, each one accompanied by a Sicho or a "general" letter which had been circulated to all branches world wide.

I did not receive any lengthy personal letters, during the past 12 months, but I am ever grateful for whatever the Rebbe does send to me. It is nice to know that I am remembered.

Herewith is a copy of a typical letter. This one I received just before Pesach. It was TYPED in Hebrew, and the translation is my own.

Rabbi Menachem M. Schneerson,
Lubavitch,
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, NY11213
493-925

8th Nissen 5743

(Abbreviated meaning) Good Chossid, Fear of Heaven Communal Worker, etc., etc.

Shneur Zalmon, (And the Rebbe had added in his own handwriting) and his WIFE

Greetings and Blessings.

I acknowledge receipt of your many letters. And as we are approaching the Festival of Chag Hamatzoss, the time of our freedom which will shortly be upon us and upon all Yisroel for good. I am herewith extending to you my blessings for a Kosher and joyful Festival and with true freedom.

Freedom from Worries, whether material or spiritual, and from all matters that prevent worship of G-d with Simcha and a Good Heart.

And to continue this freedom and this Simcha in all the days of the whole year. And in particular, in serving G-d as we are commanded to do in our Torah - the Torah of Life. In "her" are exemplified (or outlined) all the activities of man during the day and night - as it says "In all your ways you shall know Him".

With Festival Blessings

And the Rebbe has signed this and added another abbreviated brocha.

P.S. Thank you very much for your blessings. As it is mentioned in the Holy Torah:- "I will bless (G-d is the source of Brochas) those who bless you, with the blessings of our Holy Heavenly Father, blessed be He. For his additional ones will be greater than the main or principal ones.

It was now Erev Pesach. There had been no special delivery of matzo direct from the Rebbe. There had been a general prohibition from visiting 770 for the Rebbe's birthday, therefore there would be nobody returning with our rations. It could not be helped. There was always a first time for everything - even for the non-arrival of our Rebbe's Matzos.

Just about an hour before Maariv - the first night of Pesach, Menachem Mendel Liberoff, who had been studying at the Yeshiva at Crown Heights phoned me that he had only, this minute arrived from New York. The Rebbe had given to him a large box of special Matzos for Manchester, and the Rebbe had emphasised that this Matzo was to be distributed to all the Anash of Manchester Lubavitch - under my supervision and jurisdiction.

Mendel Liberoff came to Shool for Maariv and together we presented everyone with a portion of the Rebbe's Matzo.

I also made him my agent to distribute the Matzo to the members of the Adass Yisroel Shool.

Well, the Rebbe did not let us down, after all - but it was a close thing.

"Lag B'omer"

As Lag B'Omer occurred on a Sunday this year, it meant that we had to arrange a procession and an outing for all our children and those belonging to the local chedorim. It also involved a lot, of hard work and a lot of money. No one was prepared to do the work nor to provide the money. The Yetzer Horo, the evil inclination, was quite pleased but the other "fellow", the "do gooder" was very persistent with his snide remarks and "what will the Rebbe say!"

Our young friend, Max Cohen came forward and volunteered to organise the Outing. He informed us that if 1000 children took part then we would only lose about one and a half thousand pounds!! The Yetzer Horo very nearly won the day. But the "Do Gooder" with his persistence, persuasiveness and promises of great success- and "what would the Rebbe say and think about us", finally achieved victory.

On the Saturday night over twenty women congregated at Susan's home and in one hour had produced six hundred sandwiches. Lazer Klyne and Rabbi Dovid Schurder had loaned us two forty foot long, flat trucks. Dovid (Jaffe, my grandson) had converted these into two magnificent "Floats". One contained a huge pair of Tefillin which looked like a couple of Army Tanks, and a few mezuzzas which had the appearance of Anti-Aircraft guns.

The second float contained a huge life-like Sefer Torah and three tremendous Shabbos Candles. Both floats were extremely good and impressive.

The morning of Lag B'Omer dawned wet, windy and cold. What a shame! and Maxie had arranged everything perfectly but he had assumed and hoped that the weather would be fair. We could have expected rain. We might have been prepared for a strong gale wind; but we never expected freezing cold - as well as rain and a strong wind - on May 1st.

By the time the Parade was due to start at 10.25 a.m., the rain had managed to hold off. So we were left with only the wind and the cold with which to contend.

My brother Joe, who was the Worshipful Mayor of Salford, was pulled onto the makeshift platform to address the children, whilst his Mayoress looked on askance.

At 10.40 the speeches were over. The band was stationed at the front. Joe and Eleanor, Roselyn and I were immediately behind and at 10.45 we were off.

I do not know from where Max got the Band, but it looked like, and played like the Salvation Army.

The Band led the procession. Joe and I with our wives followed - for about 200 yards and then did - as Binyamin Weinman described it as "a 770 diversion". He says I do a similar dodge at Crown Heights when I commence the march to Boro' Park in front of the Rebbe and then disappear after walking a few blocks down the road.

However, Joe wished to retire onto the pavement and take the salute as the 300 marchers walked past holding their banners and flags aloft.

After the March, the children returned to the Parade ground. Although the rain had ceased, we had to cancel all our fine weather activities. The grass was water-logged, and so on. A Clown did peculiar tricks with a funny motor car. It did everything except blow itself up. Water squirted out from all sides and bangs and cannon-fire erupted all the time. After 45 minutes, only a shell of the car remained. I really enjoyed the Show and so did all the others. Avrohom was in charge of the Supply Wagon and was rushing hither and thither all day.

We drove all the Children to Lubavitch House, where lunch was served. A raffle for Bicycles, Video Games and other expensive prizes were drawn and won.

After Communal Benching, the Twelve Torah Verses were recited, and Dovid Hickson related some words of Torah.

A return to the Parade ground was made where a Dog Show had been arranged. The Dogs went through Fire and Water in order to entertain us.

The programme concluded just in time to hear the Rebbe speaking from Crown Heights where a Rally was just commencing, and was being addressed by the Rebbe.

When I started this Fourteenth Instalment last Shovuos, I had nothing new, whatsoever, about what to write.

Yet, the Rebbe's Comments, Actions, Words of Torah, and his Blessings have enabled me to produce even more pages than last year, with not many repetitions.

Moreover I had written a further Twenty-five pages of beautiful Loshon Horo (gossip) which Roselyn not only censored with her large blue pencil, but actually cut right out altogether.

Well, that was the End.

To be continued: BeEzras Hashem Yisborach.