

Shovuos 5749/1989 until Shovuos 5750/1990



בס"ד

My Encounter With The Rebbe שליט"א

by Zalmon Jaffe

**21st
Instalment**

Shovuos 5749/1989 until Shovuos 5750/1990

שנת נסים

Introduction.

You will recall that I wrote in last year's "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlite" Number Twenty, that I had now fulfilled the instruction and prophecy of the Rebbe and had published the twentieth instalment of this "Encounter".

When I delivered this to the Rebbe at Shovuos time. I asked him to advise me about my "Future writings." - if any.

The Rebbe replied:

"We will talk about this when the question arises at the thirty first instalment".

Therefore. All being well, and P.G. I hope to publish at least another eleven Annual instalments before I will discuss this question again with the Rebbe.

The Rebbe once told me during a "Mini Yechidus" when Roselyn and I were surrounded by many of our grandchildren, that they should all help me with my book.

They have assisted me really well, by performing many amusing antics - and making many droll remarks, about which I have written, and these have helped me to produce a larger and more amusing edition.

As you may be aware, Roselyn is the very strict Censor of what I write in this book.

Yet she did allow me to include many amusing tales about some of our grandsons in the last edition.

Avrohom (my son, Rabbi Jaffe) admitted that he had "been through the mill" and suggested that I should not mention his children at all, because it would spoil their chances of a good Shiduch (marriage).

However, Dovid (Jaffe) who had "suffered", even more than anyone else and was one of my most bitter accusers did finally accept what Our Rebbetzen ZtzL had asserted, "that he would rather be annoyed and have his name mentioned in the Book, then be insulted, by having his name omitted altogether".

In spite of all this, Dovid has just succeeded in making an excellent Shiduch - with ROCHEL

(Rosenblum) from Montreal, Canada. She is a very lovely and vivacious girl.

Mendie (Lew) also married this year a very lovely, beautiful and "Bachaint" (GENTEEL) Young lady - RIVKA, Yarmush, from New York.

And Channah (Lew) was married just a couple of months ago to YOSEPH ("Don't call me Yossi") Lipsker from Crown Heights.

Therefore, T.G. all my granddaughters, and granddaughters-in-law are all fine good looking and really beautiful and graceful maidens.

And - the five husbands whom my granddaughters have married are each and every one of them Tall, handsome Boys. - Well - Max (Cohen) is not so tall but he is a Kohen, and therefore he "Walks TALL".

However, I do not wish to cause my family too much distress, and so, to appease them, I have co-opted Susan, my daughter-in-law onto the Board of Censors. I hope that this will allay their fears - and stop any arguments in the future. Of course, my readers may not be so pleased.

I was very poorly with Double Pneumonia, during and after last Simchas Torah and I spent fourteen days in the New York Hospital and Cornell Medical Centre.

With the help of The A'Mighty - and of the Rebbe, who phoned me (Via LABEL) at the hospital every day, and sometimes twice a day, with blessings and encouragement. I have made Thanks to G'd a complete recovery, and I have been given renewed Good health to continue to write about the Rebbe.

This year is TOF.SHIN.NUN. - Nun in hebrew stands for 50. - 5750. The NUN is also the first letter of NISSIM, Miracles.

Therefore the Rebbe has named this year - "SHNASS NISSIM", the Year of Miracles.

Even many months before Rosh Hashona, the Commencement of this New Year, the Rebbe was beginning to refer to it as the Year of Miracles, and was prophesying wonders which no one could ever imagine or envisage.

Would anyone have believed at this time last year that all the Communist regimes behind the Iron Curtain would have collapsed - even the Iron Curtain itself! AND even communism in RUSSIA, and that so many scores of thousands of Jews would be allowed to leave Russia as well.

Six months after the Rebbe's prophetic vision, the Newsweek Magazine of USA printed the following leading article, which confirmed what the Rebbe had stated so long ago.

The excellent photograph of the Rebbe on the front cover of this Instalment, No. 21 was taken by Shimon Rooman, the photographer of Crown Heights.

Roselyn and I, together with Avrohom and Hindy first met the Rebbe in December 1959, 30 years ago. We were then a family of ONLY Four Souls. So T.G. we have shown a huge increase.

At that time in ENGLAND - there was ONLY one Lubavitch House - in London. Today there are Twelve (including the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva Gedola).

The Tanya has NOW been printed in over 3000 Cities and Centres, World Wide, and there are hundreds of Chabad Houses in the USA alone.

We are strong and very active in Soviet Russia and in Eastern Europe.

Besides these natural phenomina, scores of thousands of Basil Tshuvoss have returned to Judaism because of the example and tireless work, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of the Rebbe, who works continuously non-stop day and night for the Jewish people everywhere, especially in Israel.

It used to be said that the "Sun never sets on the British Empire".

■ Annus Mirabilis

There have not been many years like it. 1848, perhaps, or 1914—in the last two centuries. We are probably still too close to events to place 1989 in such a context. But as this remarkable year draws to a close, it seems an *annus mirabilis*—a year of miracles—that transformed the world and nudged the course of history. With astounding velocity and hardly a hint of violence, the states of Eastern Europe shed the rule, even the name, of communism. The Soviet Union, having begun the process, struggled not to be engulfed by it. And China, which just recently had seemed the most eager reformer in the Marxist world, staved off a peaceful revolution of the young only with a bloody fusillade ordered by the old. The cold war seemed to be history.

NEWSWEEK/JANUARY 1, 1990

Today, we can use this phrase KAH regarding Lubavitch which continues to thrive and grow rapidly, in influence and numerically, all over the world.

With all these problems and responsibilities the Rebbe still treats us ALL personally, as his precious Children.

A father is very busy all day long at his business or VOCATION, but when he returns home at night, he always finds time for his children - to provide or criticise and in general to look after them, with loving care and hopefully to receive NACHAS and pleasure from them.

Our Rebbe has many, many thousands of children. They Petition and bother him at all hours of the day and night for advice and guidance.

And with all these matters on his mind, the Rebbe still has the time and consideration, to ask Label to phone - for example, to - Zalmon Jaffe in Manchester and enquire about his health and extend to him a Blessing.

Halacha

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

The Rebbe has always emphasised that any meeting or convention and even a Book, shall be preceded and prefaced by - a Word of Torah. I have a long tradition of commencing my books with a Word of Halacha.

Is Vegetarian Food Kosher?

My readers will have to forgive me if once again I bring to your notice the dangers of eating Vegetarian meals prepared on a NON JEWISH plane, restaurant or hotel.

Roselyn and I were flying to Israel and the EL AL plane landed at Amsterdam to pick up another 100 passengers. Unfortunately, because of a Force 12 Storm and 100 miles per hour gusts of wind, the Captain refused to take off and to resume our journey to Israel.

We were taken to a 5 Starred hotel in the City Centre, where we spent the night.

Dinner was provided and the passengere were offered the choice of a 100% Supervised Kosher meal or the normal hotel meal.

Twelve of us sat around a table - and I am pleased to state that all accepted the Kosher Meal. But - ONE lady preferred, in addition, a plate of Vegetable soup, which she noticed, was being served at another table. The waiter assured her that this soup contained only vegetables and had been prepared by their own Chef and staff in their own kitchens.

Within minutes about half a dozen people, including a very orthodox Israeli Lady who wore a

Shaitel (wig) and her child whos Tzitzit were well to the fore, also requested to be served with a plate of this soup.

This Hotel was not concerned with Kashrus only with cleanliness. There is no reason whatsoever for them to keep different sets of Cutlery, crockery and pans for Meat and Milk dishes. Everything is mixed together.

They all receive a very thorough Washing and all the scraps of meat left on the plates are given a good scrubbing together with the milk and Vegetarian Dishes, Cutlery and Pans.

Definitely and certainly clean, but definitely and certainly NOT Kosher.

If people would only stop to think, for one moment, what happens in these Kitchens, they would keep away from these so called Vegetarian Meals.

Some Interesting Fan Mail

It is very nice to receive delightful letters from charming people. I do, T.G. have many enthusiastic fans who write letters of thanks and appreciation to me, but as soon as ever I quote their remarks, they are afraid to write again - their correspondence just dries up.

One of my most devoted, regular and "Unafraid" fans is Walter Hubert – a gentleman. He now resides in Jerusalem and has never yet failed to send me a letter of encouragement on the publication of every instalment.

This is what he wrote last year: -

"Dear Zalmon, As usual, you surpassed yourself in the production of No. 20 - We very much enjoyed reading every word. Your unique contribution to explaining the Warmth, feeling and Emunah of Chabad and the great personality of the Rebbe - is a very great Mitzvah and I am sure, a labour of love - please G'd - you continue to No. 31 and beyond – Thank you for your precious booklet

Walter and Rebecca.

Levi's Letter

I received a very long letter from my grandson LEVI (JAFFE) who was studying at the Yeshiva in Melbourne, Australia, - he was one of the shiluchem, whom the Rebbe had sent to improve the standard of that Yeshiva. In spite of what I wrote about him last year, we are still friends - I am forgiven. And - it was in a good cause - to make people happy.

He wrote:

The Diary was a major hit here in the Yeshiva.

The Bochorim (Boys) were rolling on the floor with laughter. Others were a little surprised (to note) how a Zaidie could write about his grandchildren "like that, but with it didn't bother me too much.

I have also been asked to let you know on behalf of the Bochorim, that all the seemingly insignificant details about the goings-on in 770, which many people may criticize have an unbelievable effect on the Shiluchim, who are away from 770 for an extended period of time.

It is little stories which give them that beautiful feeling of being back in 770 again.

There is a Sheliach (married) who takes care of the Russian immigrants, who translates the diary into Russian over the Shabbos table to his guests. He remembers almost the whole book BAAL PEH (By heart) "...Please write me. It is not fair that I have to always wait for the diary to hear all these interesting things".

"I just heard an interesting story about a couple from Brazil who never had children for Ten Years. They asked the Rebbe if they should divorce and the Rebbe said, NO, not on any account!"

"For some odd reason they felt unsure and asked Rabbi SH... (not a friend of Lubavitch) as well".

"When he heard that the Rebbe had told them not to divorce. He said that it was against the Halacha, and that after Ten Years, with no children, you must divorce".

"so they did divorce - and the next month she realized that she was - - - pregnant!! And he - unfortunately was a Kohen and could not remarry - - - -

And now!?!

Levi concluded his letter with six lines of Brochus in Hebrew and Lots of Love,

Levi".

Yerachmiel TILLES, Assistant director of "ASCENT" of ZEFAT Israel wrote!

"I was reading a borrowed copy of your book on a bus trip from ZEFAT to HAIFA with an elderly Arab gentleman peering intently over my shoulder. He was very interested in obtaining a Copy - but I never gave him your address.

"This was the first one (book) I had seen in about Ten years. It is still as enjoyable reading as ever. Helpful, too. You depict a personal dimension of the Rebbe and the Rebbetzen that many of us would never be able to perceive otherwise".

I would appreciate if you could send me the latest volume, also, if there are any back copies for our Institute and the public English library which we possess and is extremely successful.

(Z.J:- I would certainly let any library have my books, as long as they would arrange collection/delivery, of them).

Now here is a very interesting letter from a Young lady from Crown Heights –

MRS CHANA SHLOUSH.

"Dear Mr Jaffe

When I moved to Crown Heights eleven years ago I found everything wonderful with a few small exceptions. But one of the most annoying minor exceptions was the apparent taboo against irreverent humor. When a friend handed me a copy of your book, Instalment 9, from the LEVI Yitzok Library, I said to myself AHA! at last, a Lubavitcher writer who not only is on to the Rebbe Shlita's delightful sense of humor, but who dares to be irreverent without G'd forbid being irreverent (disrespectful)".

"Whenever I would bring up the subject of the Rebbe and humor in front of certain individuals, I would get either a blank stare or a very nervous "TSK-TSK,- (Shh Shh" reaction)".

"I betook myself to the Levi Yitzok Library paid my membership fee and borrowed Instalment 10. I took this to the nearest copy shop and for \$9, I obtained a copy of this edition".

(Z.J. - I present these books so that they may be taken home and read at leisure.)

"At various times over the years when the Yetzer Hora (Evil inclination) has threatened me or sundry friends with depression, your books have provided an effective rescue".

"Since I am sixth generation American on one side, I definitely miss at least half of your British Witticisms, but the books are still funny".

"Please keep me on the waiting list for your reprints P.G.".

"Best wishes for continued success in your writing as well as dancing little jigs in front of the Rebbe" Chanah Shloush.

I always receive a very nice letter from my great-nephew, Chesky Unsdorfer. But for a change I got one unexpectedly but most welcome from his mother, my niece Deborah.

She wrote:

"Dear Uncle Zalmon,

Having spent Shabbos reading and enjoying your latest book, I wanted to write and tell you how good it is. The Books are definitely getting better over the years (and people keep borrowing ours).

As you have probably realized, Chesky is one of your most devoted fans and reads your books from cover to cover. When he has finished, he starts again and he knows them practically inside out, so thank you very much....

Deborah.

Rev. and Dolly Wyett from Bournemouth....

"You radiate the happiness shown on every page of your book and I can assure you that everybody to whom I have lent it derives a similar delight and Joy"

MR E. W. Brill of New York.....

It is one of the most heimish accounts of Lubavitch which I have seen. I would like to obtain a whole set

The above are just a few samples of the nice letters which I have received this year I thank the senders very much indeed.

Erev-Shovuos

Our flight left Manchester to New York on Wednesday, June 7th only one day before Erev Shovuos.

It was fortunate for us that we now had four married grandchildren residing in Crown Heights who could do some of the shopping for Roselyn before we arrived. Otherwise we could never have contemplated flying to Crown Heights so close to Yom Tov.

Roselyn had already sent a long shopping list - together with money, and another long list - without any money, to Channah (Marlow, nee Jaffe) and to Chaya (Posner, nee Lew) in order to obtain the essential foodstuffs, especially the fish. As Yom Tov commenced on the following evening it did not leave too much time for Roselyn to do the cooking and preparation for Shovuos.

Our plane left Manchester one and a half hours late. The Kosher food service has vastly improved, so we were confident that we would not starve.

But - it was a near thing. Because we disembarked at J.F. Kennedy Airport four and a half hours after the scheduled arrival time. - We had missed our turn for landing and we had to circle around, and around - and around and around, for over two hours before we were allowed to descend.

In spite of this delay, I was still in time for the late Mincha, because the Rebbe had gone to visit the Ohel - the graveside of the Previous Rebbe (ZTZL).

I stood inside 770 in my usual spot near to the Oran HaKodesh (the Ark). The Rebbe entered, saw me and gave me a gorgeous smile of welcome.

The Rebbe then stopped – stood quite a still and stared hard and long at my legs. I indicated that they were now completely restored to health, and to prove this point, I gave a little dance, a hop and a skip.

We davenned Mincha and Maariv followed straight away - after which, the Rebbe gave over to us a Maamer. (A very deep and profound Chassidus discourse).

This was unusual, because it was now three and a half years since the Rebbe had discontinued giving over the Maamorim. I think that this was because of the worrying litigation which had

been taking place regarding the ownership of the Lubavitch Library.



(The Rebbe strides towards the Ark.

Rabbi Chadakov is holding the Chair. Aaron, my grandson wearing a hat is at my left in the picture.

Photo by L.Y. Freiden - Israel.)

Barry Gurary, the Rebbe's nephew had instituted court proceedings claiming, quite wrongly, as it was subsequently proved, that these exceptional and invaluable books belonged to him and not to Lubavitch.

A few months ago the Rebbe had suddenly recommenced this Custom and had given over the very first Maamer for three and a half years.

(Yossi Gutnick was telling me that he was driving his car in Sidney, Australia, when he heard on his Car-phone that the Rebbe was just commencing that Maamer. He pulled into a side, quiet, road so that he could concentrate and listen to this historical address.)

Well, tonight we had the Zechus, the Merit, to hear another one. It took 15 minutes - and the Rebbe then continued with a Sicho for another quarter of an hour.

Afterwards the Rebbe distributed Dollars to all - this time there were three dollar bills clipped together.

Roselyn did not manage to get to 770 that evening to hear the Rebbe, because she was busy working with mop and bucket to ensure that the flat was brought up to a little better standard.

Hindy, Shmuel and their baby, Moishe, one and a half years old were also staying with us at the apartment. I shall refer to the baby as Uncle Moishe because he has already TWO nieces and my Great Grandson Moishe, I will call the Little Kohen (aged three and a half).

On one occasion Shmuel was holding Uncle Moishe in 770 and I was holding Moishe the Little Kohen.

A fellow asked Shmuel - "Is that your grandson". - "No", replied Shmuel, "this is my Son". "Oh", commented that fellow. "You must be very young".

He then asked me if the little Kohen was my grandson. "No", I replied, "he is my great grandson", "Oh", he observed. "You must be very old". Chutzpah!

Immediately after my arrival at 770, I had handed a letter to Rabbi Label Groner, the Rebbe's private and personal secretary, (henceforth I will refer to him as Label) for delivery to the Rebbe.

I had also enclosed the latest "My Encounter with the Rebbe, Shlita", Number Twenty, and I had explained that with the help of the A'Mighty and with the Rebbe's blessings, I had fulfilled the Rebbe's prophecy and instructions and had completed my twentieth instalment.

I now requested that the Rebbe should advise me about "future writings" - if any.

(seven years ago, when I - delivered "Encounter" No. 13 the Rebbe had referred me to Verse 3, in Chapter 1 of Numbers, which states that (They shall be counted) "From twenty years old and upwards". Therefore the real majority is 20 and not 13 - the Bar Mitzvah. I was anxious to hear what the Rebbe would now tell me. Although if I would have studied carefully the verse quoted above, I would have noticed that the phrase used was 20 and UPWARDS).

I also enclosed my usual donation to the Rebbe's special fund and also a letter from Avrohom with the Maamud (membership) fees.

I concluded by wishing the Rebbe a joyful Yom Tov and mentioned that the usual five bottles of Vodka would be delivered in due course.

Within one hour, Label handed me the reply from the Rebbe. This stated, in hebrew:-"About future writings, we will talk about this when the question arises at the thirty first instalment".

"Your letter was received with all enclosures".

"Thank You and Thank You".

"I will mention all of the above at the Ohel. May you receive the Torah with Joy and "Inwardness". (Inner Significance and pleasure).

There are so many wonderful implications in this brocha, which surely makes this the best Blessing of all Brochas.

The obvious one is that both the Rebbe and I will be "full of life" for at least the next ten years. - The Rebbe to carry on his tremendous work (till 120) - and I to be able to describe this in at least a further ten instalments.

Having experienced some of the Rebbe's prophecies in the past. I have great confidence in the future.

You will also notice that the Rebbe has included me in the Tribe of Levi. Their majority is 30 and upwards as it stated in Chapter 4, verse 3. "Count the tribe of Levi from the age of 30 and upwards" (when they became eligible to work in the Mishkan).

Later on I received replies from the Rebbe for Avrohom and others who had sent letters, through me, to the Rebbe.

A Young lad, aged about 11, came up to me in 770 and said "I am Osher Daren".

Oh, Yes, of course I recognized him, he was one of my best and keenest fans.

I considered that this was a good opportunity to obtain a fair and unbiased opinion about my newest 'Encounter'.

So, I said to him "Tell me, Osher, - the truth, - the whole truth - and nothing but the truth. Is this latest book up to the usual standard?".

He shook his head from side to side, shrugged his shoulders, pressed his lips together, stared straight into my eyes and said, very seriously and slowly - "NO" - - I remained speechless, I was dumbfounded - and my heart had dropped down into my shoes - but - after a long pregnant pause, he added - "No, it is much better!"

The Cheeky Joker!! I let out a sigh of relief, and then gave chase to vent my feelings on him for being cheeky - but - nice.

Shovous and Tikun

On the first night of Yom Tov, four of our grandchildren who were residing at Crown Heights were our guests for Dinner. (Leah and family were in Manchester). Therefore together with our family, presently in Heights. There were K.A.H. eighteen of us:

Roselyn and I; Shmuel and Hindy and Uncle Moishe, aged one and-a half years, Chaya and Shimon (Posner) with Baby Moussia; Yossi and Shterney (Lew) with two weeks old baby

Chaya Mushka: The first Chaya Mushka in the family. Chaya, obviously could not name her baby Chaya, so she had to be satisfied with only Mushka; and newly Weds Channah and Yossi (Marlow) and Golds Rivka and Menachem (Yunik).

Dovid, Mendy and Pincus who were not yet married made up the number to eighteen = "CHAI" = Life.

We all enjoyed Roselyn's speciality - SHNITZELS - except Chaya Mushkie, she preferred a Milk Diet.

We were all enjoying a Jolly good time - as we normally do when the family get together, but, we had to conclude the meal as early as possible in order to say Tikun Shovuos.

In any case it was already late in the Evening.

I have always found it very difficult, almost impossible to say the prayers of Tikun Shovuos, at "Midnight" at 770.

On my first visit to Crown Heights at Shovuos, I went to 770 to say this Tikun. I held a Sefer (Book) in my hands most of the night AND I even opened it on a few occasions, but I have to admit that I did not say many hebrew words.

There is so much going on around you - so many diversions and 'Distractions' friends and acquaintances to whom one has not seen for 12 months or more, all anxious to discuss local and international Lubavitch news and latest "gossip".

- Yossie Gutnick my friend from Australia - confessed to me that he was in 770 on Shovuos night at 11pm and it was not until 3.30am in the early morning that he EVEN commenced to say this Tikun.

Yossi is a Kohen and also a Philanthropist. Therefore he blesses the people in a practical way too, - by giving Tzedoka with a broad and open hand, especially to Yeshivas and other educational organisation. So one can imagine how many people want to talk to him - even on this night.

Therefore, immediately after dinner, I start reciting the Tikun AT HOME and by 2.30am I have finished it, and have retired to bed.

This year, Shmuel, my son-in-law, and Mendie my grandson, decided to follow my example.

It was 3 o'clock after midnight and it was dead quiet in our flat. I had retired at 2.45, and Roselyn very much earlier.

Mendie was saying Tikun fast asleep on the couch. Shmuel had been dozing and nodding in between saying Tikun - but he maintained that he had not missed out one word.

Suddenly in this deadly silence, Shmuel had a feeling - a premonition, that he was not alone - that someone else was present (besides Mendie of course) – someone sinister and fearful.

Shmuel turned slowly around and there stood a giant of a man, ready to pounce.

Shmuel opened his mouth to scream but no sound was uttered. He was frozen stiff with fear. (He told me afterwards that he did not wish to awaken the family). His heart had sunk down into his boots.

Then it dawned upon him that this huge apparition was Dovid JAFFE, and he was ready to pounce - not upon Shmuel but onto the Fridge. He had come to the flat for some early morning refreshments.

The Rebbe made it very easy for me, this Yom Tov to sing HoAderess VeHoEmuna during the morning service.

I waited about three seconds to see whether the Chazan would start the Nigun, or whether the Rebbe would give the signal that we should sing this time, but the Rebbe did not seem at all interested.

So I commenced all alone, but the Rebbe did not keep me LONG in suspense, but immediately raised his arm and all the thousands of people present joined in at once, singing this rousing tune, and keeping in time to the Rebbe's "conducting".

Second Night of Shovous. "Singing in the Rain"

Thousands had TAKEN PART IN the Annual March to Boro Park. It was pouring with torrential rain - a non-stop continuous cloudburst. The rain - lashing and splashing down in sheets.

These Thousands of men and boys had marched past the Rebbe, who was standing outside the door of 770, at 6.00pm. The Rebbe was "taking the salute" and encouraging them at the start of their one and a half hours march to Boro Park.

I was impressed to see that BIG Chief Rebbi Marlow had also joined the march just as any other soldier of the Rebbe - and in the ranks too. What a wonderful example to set to the Boys and men of Lubavitch.

The thousands of marchers arrived at Boro'Park and divided into groups. Each group, with an orator, would then attend different and various Shools in the area, in order to make the congregants happy on Yom Tov.

Because of the inclement weather, they found only three or four members in some shools. The majority of the local people did not possess the courage nor the self-sacrifice to leave their homes and walk just the few yards to their shool. The rain was raging so fiercely.

Yossi Lew said it was a Kiddush Lubavitch. Yossi Marlow had the advantage of Long legs (K.A.H (Ken-he-hurry)).

Shmuel - his followers entered the largest shool in Boro Park. There, they did find quite a few people - about 150, and also the Rabbi of the congregation.

He made a speech of Welcome, and prefaced his remarks by saying that all disciples are obligated to visit their Rebbe on Yom Tov.

But the Lubavitcher Rebbe had instructed his disciples to walk about five or six miles to Boro Park to share the happiness of Yom Tov with them.

This Rabbi was delighted to welcome these emissaries of the Rebbe, who had not been deterred by the storms and tempests raging outside. They had walked one and half hours in this terrible weather, whereas some of his members who lived next door to the shool actually stayed at home.

It states in the Sedra of HaaZinu, "Let my teachings drip like raindrops". But not so fiercely nor so heavily.

As one man remarked - "Only the Lubavitch Rebbe had the power and the authority to persuade his chassidim to enjoy such self-sacrifice with TRUE Simcha and Joy.

It was a Kiddush HaShem and a Kiddush Lubavitch. Obviously the marchers did not spend too much time dancing and singing in the wet, windswept and deserted streets and they returned to 770 just after 11pm.

The Rebbe proudly welcomed the return of the happy bedraggled marchers, who enthusiastically and hysterically sang a rousing Nigun in honour of the Rebbe.

Dovid quoted the remarks of a certain chossid in a Shtibbel in Boro Park - NOT a Lubavitcher, who stated – "FUR MY Rebbe Volt Ich nisht getton" I would not have done this for my Rebbe.

Meanwhile Roselyn and I were sitting quietly eating our Dinner, when we heard the sound of water trickling down the stairs. "Oh Dear" we thought "not another flood", although this was not unexpected considering the weather outside.

Then "Squelch - Squelch, Squelch" and in walked someone who looked a little like Dovid. It was Dovid - a wet - quivering sodden Mass - a Mess - from something that bore a slight resemblance to a hat - down to his squelching shoes.

With great difficulty we prised off these shoes, he then shuffled his way around the room in his stocking feet. "Wonderful, Wonderful" said Roselyn ecstatically - "You have just mopped up my floor. It only needs drying now".

The water was still gushing down his arm sleeves. It appeared as if he had bottles full of water

concealed under each of his armpits, and which were being emptied.

Piece by piece we helped Dovid to discard his wet clothes. His Jacket, Trousers, Shirt. Arba Kanfos - vest - each one - and all of them wringing wet through and through - right to and including his skin.

And Dovid was only one of many thousands of boys in similar circumstances.

A large glass of wine for Kiddush - Hot Plates of Chicken soup, including Lochshen, Knaidlechs and Potato Pudding soon put him on the road to recovery.

And - he would always have those wonderful memories of a memorable march, which, in retrospect proved to be one of the best marches which had ever TAKEN place and by which so many thousands of men and boys showed their love and appreciation of their Rebbe, their Leader.

Next morning a Misnagid, in Yankel's Mikvah complained that it was not right for the men to walk for three hours in such exceptionally atrocious weather. They would all become 'NASS' (Wet) and catch very bad colds.

I maintained that he should not say NASS (Wet) but NESS - miracle. Because NO one would suffer at all.

Two Farbraingen

There is normally a farbraingen every Shabbos at 1.30pm so we never accept invitations to go out for lunch.

We have a running buffet at our own flat - and all the family are continually running in, - to make Kidush - have a quick snack of some fish, liver, chicken, meat, fruit, soda and cake - and immediately run out again - to be in time and, more important, to obtain a place for the farbraingen which commences at 1.30pm promptly.

This second day of Shovuos was also Shabbos. We realised that the Farbraingen would have to take place at about 8.00pm in the evening and carry on until well after Shabbos, so that the Rebbe would make Havdola after Maariv and distribute Koss Shel Brocha to everyone present.

Therefore when Chaya and Shimon invited us for lunch on the second day of Yom Tov we accepted with alacrity. It would be the first time that we would be away from our apartment on Shabbos lunch time.

Roselyn intimated that she would walk down to Chaya's, on Empire Boulevard with Hindy so that she could also assist Uncle Moishe (one and half years) to walk all that way.

I would follow later - at that moment I did not realise how much later that would be.

After the morning service, Rabbi Pinson, the Warden announced that the farbraingen would start at ten minutes past eight, that evening.

He then announced that he had made a mistake and that the farbraingen would take place at 1.30pm. There was an outcry. Some maintained that the time should be 8.10pm; others that it was to be at 1.30pm.

The Rebbe, who had not yet reached the exit turned around and stated, that in that case we shall have TWO farbraingen today.

There would be No time to join my wife at Chaya's, so I had no option but to go to the flat, make Kiddush and return to 770 immediately.

What a sight met my eyes when I entered the apartment. The place was packed full with members of the family, who all had the same idea. They have already made Kiddush, and had

raided the larder and - the fridge, and were NOW up to the fish and salad course.

I managed to squeeze into a space, and joined the raiders. I returned to 770 very quickly.

Fortunately, Shimon had rushed back to his apartment to make Kiddush for Chaya and informed Roselyn about the extra farbraingen. Roselyn who had now heard Kiddush could continue with her lunch.

It was only a two hour farbraingen, and we all arrived for our Shabbos luncheon at Chaya's at 4.00pm.

Koss Shel Brocha

The second farbraingen commenced at 8.10pm. The Rebbe and all the assembly washed and made HAMOTZI the blessing for the bread.

The time table was that after the conclusion of the farbraingen, the Rebbe would lead the benching. We would daven Maariv. The Rebbe would make Havdola and then distribute Koss Shel Brocha - wine from the Havdola. The order at the Koss Shell Brocha was worse than Ever. If only everyone would sit or stand in their own place all would be served in an ordely manner.

But, as usual, as soon as the Rebbe had concluded the benchon and we commenced to say the Maariv prayers - there was absolute pandemonium, some of the boys went really beserk.

We, the "Elders" of Lubavitch (including Rabbi Marlow, Rabbi's Caplan, Weinberg, Myer Harlick and Yaul Kahn) who was sitting at our places facing the Rebbe, were invaded by hordes of idiotic boys, who flung themselves wildly and bodily upon us. They went to any and every extreme to ensure that they would be facing the Rebbe when he would be distributing Koss Shel Brocha, after Havdola. They were not even interested in collecting their wine from the Rebbe, - Yet -. All they wanted, was to stand STARE and gape, in front of the Rebbe.

I stood up but discovered that I was pinned down by about a dozen legs and feet.

With the greatest of difficulty I did manage with the help of Yossi Lew who was struggling nearby, to extricate myself from this entanglement and to stand upon the Table.

I threw my arms around the steel pillar as a safety precaution.

Even so, boys were pulling and heaving my trousers and standing upon my feet and shoes I looked around to seek some means of escape, so that I could return in about a couple of hours time and wait at my leisure for my Koss Shel Brocha. But I could not go forward, nor retreat backwards, and neither to the left, nor to the right. I was trapped.

I had to hold on tightly to my pillar and try to do the impossible - to say my Maariv prayers - with Kavana, concentration.

When the Rebbe commenced to make havdola my hands were dislodged from the pillar and I was knocked down - flat - onto the table - ONLY because I was blocking their view of the

Rebbe. Dovid (Jaffe) had sat in my seat to guard my place for the farbraingen, so I had been comparatively comfortable. Then after three hours the whole concept, the whole position had been literally turned upside down. I was faced with the dilemma of how could I escape to a safe haven.

But there was no way back, only forward - and I had to move along, pushed and heaved by the tide of boys - men. And what a tide! - heavy waves and breakers which pulled one right down and then pushed one up again.

Finally, I was swept up - and into the line where I received my rations of wine from the Rebbe. This was accompanied by his usual lovely smile and brocha - and - plus a small bottle of Vodka was very unexpected, but most welcome.

Shmuel also received a bottle of Vodka, for distribution in London. And - for the first time ever, my eldest grandson, Yossi Lew also received a small bottle. He was taking up abode in Long Island as a Sheliach.

That was not bad - each generation getting a bottle!

Actually, the Rebbe had told me two years ago, "DO NOT be worried about your leg and new hip, 770 will protect you!"

Isru Chag

The following day was Isru Chag (the day after Yom Tov). As it was a Sunday, the Rebbe would be distributing Dollars and then would go to the Ohel. (The graveside of the Previous Rebbe (ZTzL)).

Roselyn was standing in the Womens' Queue and already BEEN waiting for OVER two hours in the brilliant sunshine, and she was really sunburnt.

Moishe (Kotlarsky) gave me a good idea. "Try and join your wife who is just about to enter 770".

After all these years of waiting for Dollars, - separately - Me - in the mens line, and Roselyn in the Womens' Queue. It had never entered my mind that I should use my influence and that Roselyn and I should see the Rebbe together.

I took Moishe's advice and found, that besides Roselyn, there were Hindy and "Uncle" Moishe, Chaya and baby Moussia, and Shterney and two weeks old baby Chaya Mushka.

The Rebbe handed me a Dollar with a blessing for success. To Roselyn, the Rebbe gave an extra Dollar because she was not present on Erev Yom Tov. It was Chaya's birthday - the Rebbe wished her a good year and a year of great success. The babies each received their dollars personally from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe asked me "where was my Kohen. (Did he mean, Max?) But I replied that one little Kohen, my great grandson Moishe, was coming to 770 tomorrow.

That evening, from 7.30 until 8pm I spoke at the Kinus HaTorah.

Rabbi LABKOWSKY, the Rosh HaYeshiva at 770 was now in charge of the Kinus HaTorah (I asked him about Dovid's progress - He replied that Dovid was O.K. but he runs around too much. He should concentrate more on learning. I was quite satisfied with this answer). For the whole half hour I spoke about Our Rebbetzen ZTzL.

Esther Sternberg has a new colleague who assists her with the stewardship of the Womens' lines - queues. Her name is DORIT - a very nice smart good looking young lady. Tall and well groomed.

She listened to my talk at the Kinus HaTorah and she sat in the Womens' shool. She declared

that my talk was so very touching. She thanked me very profusely for "letting us all share your experiences and friendship with the Rebbetzen".

Rabbi Dovid Raskin complimented me on "Your wonderful address", and added that "DO NOT think, or imagine that only those people inside 770 heard your marvellous talk, but we have a telephonic Hook-Up of 200 houses".

"Each house has an average of Ten Children plus the Parents, that makes about 2,000 and each child has an average of two friends, so as many as 6,000 people could have listened to your talk on the hook-up". In theory this was marvellous.

But Chaim Baruch Halbershtram confided that not more than about fifty homes were listening on the hook-up. So that if THREE hundred people heard my address, -- it was a lot.

Incidentally all the speeches were automatically taped, and could be purchased from Chaim Baruch.

After Shovuos

Immediately after Shovuos, Leah (Cohen) my granddaughter took advantage of her husband's (Max) absence abroad, and of our presence in Crown Heights, to bring her son, Moishe aged three and a half years to spend a week with the Rebbe at 770.

Her sister Channah (Marlow) was also now residing at Crown Heights, and Hindy and Shmuel were also staying with us at our apartment with their son, Moishe, aged one and a half years.

We had to differentiate between the two Moishes so I referred to our grandson aged one and a half years as "Uncle Moishe", because he had already two nieces younger than himself, and to our great grandson as our "Little Kohen".

It was very "handy" for Leah, she would hold Moishe in the Hallway of 770, so that when the Rebbe emerged from his study on his way to the service, Moishe would be lucky and receive a Nickel from the Rebbe, to give to Tzedoka.

Leah would then find someone who was "acquainted with Zalmon Jaffe" (which was not a difficult matter) to take Moishe downstairs to me into the Shool and bring him to where I was standing just a couple of yards behind the Rebbe (This was not easy).

On frequent occasions, Moishe would be standing by my side awaiting the Rebbe's arrival.

I always sang the Rebbe into shool - and out of shool. The Rebbe would always swing his arm to encourage me to sing even louder still - and Moishe would always be included in this swing and smile.

On Moishe's very first visit, I placed him on my right and held his hand. Therefore the Rebbe had an uninterrupted view of Moishe and would realise that he was my Great Grandson. I shall always remember with pride how the Rebbe looked and stared hard at him for at least eight seconds.

Immediately after the davenning on Sunday morning the Rebbe distributed dollars to thousands of people. The Rebbe stands all the time, for over four hours, giving out Dollars with Brochas after which the Rebbe then visits the Ohel. On the Rebbes return to 770 we would daven Mincha at once. But No one knew exactly at what time this service would take place.

We did know that it might be very late - and yet sometimes - very unusually, I do admit. The

Rebbe might return much earlier than expected - and Mincha would be recited straight away.



"Look Zaidie, I have my own Tzittis". Photo by L.Y. Freidin

Therefore, if one wished to daven with the Rebbe one had to be prepared to come early and maybe to wait until very late.

Moishe and I were at 770 reasonably early. For about one and a half hours he was playing with young boys, young men and Young Old Men. He was busy running around the Shool, giggling, laughing, pushing and playing with all his new friends.

Then the Rebbe arrived. We sang him in. We both received our rations of smiles and encouragement to sing. It was now very late indeed and Moishe was becoming very tired. I noticed that during Mincha, he was sitting on his haunches most of the time.

At maariv which followed immediately, Moishe had dropped onto his backside and I noticed that his eyes had glazed over. The next moment he was fast asleep and he then gently rolled over onto his side. He woke up with a start, looked around hither and thither and asked the usual question "Where am I?"

At the conclusion of Maariv, the Rebbe walked the couple of yards to the lectern which had already been placed into position, together with the microphone - (just in case the Rebbe wished to give over a Sicho) and commenced to address us. This talk was relayed all over the world.

I stood in the reserved square, almost touching the Oran HaKodesh (the Ark) looking at the Rebbe who stood about five yards from me, to my left.

Facing me stood thousands of men and boys, all tightly squashed together, and all leaning forward, in order to hear the Rebbe, a little better.

They seemed to form a huge structure rising higher and higher almost to the roof. Tables were used as Barriers to stop the masses from encroaching upon our reserved compound.

Moishe stood near to me. He was really very good.

The Rebbe had spoken for about ten minutes, when the moment which I had dreaded, came to pass.

Moishe whispered into my ear that he wished to visit the toilet.

The Rebbe was speaking and it was deadly quiet. One would hear a pin drop.

I whispered back to Moishe and asked him whether he could "hold it in, for just a few minutes more?" He nodded his head.

But then I mentally reviewed the position What if the Rebbe would continue to address us for another half an hour or more? - and what if Moishe could NOT "hold it in?" The consequences were too terrible to contemplate.

I then had a brainwave. All the Young little boys came and went as they pleased. The spaces under the tables formed a labyrinth of corridors and passageways which enabled very small boys to roam about - all over the place.

And - Yes - there was a likely looking boy sitting on the floor in front of a table only a few yards away. I had to make him understand that I required him to guide Moishe under the tables and to the toilets.

I dared not interrupt the Rebbe nor cause even a very small commotion, so I had to use Sign language.

I had to wait for quite a while before he looked up at me. And then by means of my good acting and his clever deductions, he understood what was required.

I gently pushed Moishe forward and he and his new guide disappeared under the Tables. Crawling on their hands and knees.

Within a few minutes both had returned, with dirty hands and dusty knees, but with happy beaming faces.

It was a relief to me too!

After the Sicho the Rebbe distributed Dollars, and Moishe received his own Brand new Dollar direct from the Rebbe.



Moishe receives his own Dollar direct from the Rebbe.

Label is in front of the Rebbe, Menachem Yunik and Michael Zerkin are behind me.
Photo by L.Y. Freidin

Leah was always watching and concentrating every movement made by her son, Moishe - the "Little Kohen."



After the Men had received their Dollars it was the turn of the Ladies. Behind Roselyn are Leah and Chaya - next to Label.

Binyomin Klyne is on the left of the Rebbe.
Photo by L.Y. Freidin

There is one profound difference in these two photographs (not the obvious one that in the first the Rebbe is serving the Men - in the second he is serving the Ladies.

Can you discover what it is?

The answer will be given later...

Last Shovuos they were resurfacing Eastern Parkway and laying new Sewers. The Roadway was in a real mess.

Today, twelve months later, Eastern Parkway was as bad as ever.

For a City authority like New York, theoretically and supposedly, the most modern and efficient City Council in the World it was an absolute disgrace.

Parts of the pavement and the road near Yankels Mikvah were like the Moon's surface - craters, lakes, piles of sand and quagmires of mud. It was no small wonder that my shoes were always dirty. I needed a pair of Rubber waders to cross the road.

Actually a large lake had formed just outside Yankels Mikvah. It was a 100% "Open Air"

Kosher Mikvah. I am not making any comparison with Yankels establishment - neither good - nor bad. But on some occasions, when Jimmy's Mikvah is temporarily closed, and hundreds - if not thousands of people are using Yankels Mikvah, and there is even no room to undress - Well! (OVER MY BARE BODY) Well!! Well!!! (That is what is needed three nice clean wells.

I am not sure whether I have related the story about the New Mikvah in Montreal.

But it is worth repeating.

Permission was granted to build a brand new modern Mikvah in Montreal.

When it was completed representatives of the City Council came along to inspect it. They were all suitably impressed with the cleanliness and the amenities. They wanted to know how many people used this Bathing establishment. When they were informed that ten people used the Mikvah, the representatives jokingly reported "Of course, not all at once though, HA-HA-HA!".

Answer to Picture Puzzle:

In the first picture - all the Boys are looking at the Rebbe and the Men.

In the second picture - all the Boys are looking away from the Women.

A Chazan at 770

Many types of men volunteered to officiate at the services at 770. Most of these WERE "Chiyuvim" - they considered that it was their duty, and it was incumbent upon themselves to officiate at the Omud, because it was on the occasion of a Yar-Tzeit, an anniversary of the passing of a parent and so forth.

One day during Mincha the Chazan who had Yar-Tzeit was taking his time and praying with extreme devotion and concentration during the silent Amida, when the Rebbe who davens, very quickly concluded his Amida, took three steps backwards - and - waited for the Chazan - - !

It is a well known fact that the Rebbe prays very quickly. He is one of the first to complete the Shema and to conclude the Amida.

Therefore whoever officiates has to realise that the Rebbe must not be kept waiting. There was no compulsion and no necessity that just that fellow had to lead the prayers. There were plenty of others.

Anyway Myer Harlick dashed up to the Chazan and told him to commence the repetition of the Amida at once, whether he had finished or not. Fortunately he had just concluded.

I suppose that halachically, this was in order, because the Chazan does repeat the Amida, so he will have fulfilled his obligations.

Although this did look a little odd, one should remember that the Rebbe's time is very valuable. If this fellow could not - or would not daven as fast as the Rebbe then he should certainly not have gone, in the first place.

There were many hundreds of men who would have volunteered for this task. And no one could be really interested in this fellow's Yar-Tzeit.

As Menachem (Yunik) remarked "His father made him an Orphan NOT a CHAZAN. WHY should the Shool suffer!"

I personally, find it very difficult to keep up with the Rebbe and when I have Yar-Tzeit and I am allowed to officiate, then I have to ensure that I do not keep the Rebbe waiting. More so, and especially when the Rebbe has just returned from the Ohel and is fasting. (When the Rebbe is fasting one should also fast).

Nachman (Sudak) suggested that it was the old story of "which came first - the Chicken or the Egg". The Rebbe is trying to keep up with the Chazan and the Chazan with the Rebbe, and it becomes a race.

I emphatically disagreed. In my experience, and I have officiated on scores of occasions at 770. I have found that even when I make a special effort to conclude before the Rebbe. I always, invariably finish a few seconds later.

On Monday morning, Rabbi KURAVSKY, the Rosh HaYeshiva of the New Yeshiva in Moscow, Russia, brought his son to 770, to have his Bar Mitzvah Aliya in the presence of the Rebbe. They spent two weeks in Crown Heights.

I had Yar-Tzeit on Thursday night, and, as usual the Rebbe ended the Amida before me - only JUST.

David Mandlebaum to Shimon. "Don't forget your Zeidie's Yar-Tzeit on Thursday night, (He has a fantastic memory).

After Maariv the Rebbe related a Sicha, which took half an hour, after which Dollars were again distributed.

I went together with Moishe my great grandson.

The Rebbe asked. "Is this the Kohen?" I replied. "Yes, the little Kohen". The Rebbe handed Moishe a dollar, and remarked that the Kohen should always be the first.

One morning, there was no moishe in shool. The Rebbe was searching for him. I was seeking him too - but still no Moishe - there he was with Leah, his mother in the Ladies Shool!!



The Rebbe leaving his platform, and encouraging us all to sing. In the Background behind me, you will notice Yossi Gutnick standing with Two of his Sons.

Photo by L.Y. Freidin

Rabbi Yoseph Gutnick

Rabbi Yoseph Gutnick from Australia was again spending Shavuos at Crown Heights to be with the Rebbe during Yom Tov.

He was accompanied on this occasion with his wife and children, four boys and three Girls K. A.H. and Kain Yirbu. The ideal Lubavitch Family planning means equal numbers of Boys and Girls.

He became a millionaire a few years ago, and T. G. he continues to make money. He also continues to give away Vast Sums to Tzedoka. He told me he loves to help people and organisations, especially, educational activities.

His Motto is "Do what the Rebbe tells you and Give Tzedaka until it hurts".

During the year he became involved with large projects - involving millions of pounds - to help Russian Jewry to settle in Israel, and many schemes to aid Yeshivas and so forth.

He and his sons always stood next to me when we waited for the Rebbe to enter 770 so we had a little time to exchange views and stories.

I explained to Yossi that I was now requesting my fans to pay me money for my books - all proceeds were to go to the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva Gedolah. I had a receipt book and I would accept any amounts from one Dollar, up to One hundred dollars. I confessed that one fellow actually gave me only one dollar - on account, "On account of what?" I asked, "On account that I have no more money," he retorted.

Yossi put his hand into his pocket and gave me at once One hundred dollars. (I do sell some of these books at the Gift Shop in Kingston Avenue, and that money also goes to the Yeshiva account).

Avrohom Shem Tov screamed with delight - that he never expected Zalmon Jaffe to go around with a receipt book to collect money for a Yeshiva. I retorted that I, at least, gave them some value for their money.

Mishel Hajibay, originally from Iran, met me inside 770 and said "Hello, Hello, Mr Jaffe, have you any more Diaries. You gave me one four years ago, and I enjoyed it".

I explained the new financial arrangements and he gave me one hundred Dollars.

He lives in Long Island, aged 24, single and very good looking. He is seeking a nice girl -

"objective" - as they say - "is Marriage". He is a very wealthy young man.

Another good friend of mine Mordechai Nagel donated fifty dollars.

Now Back to Yossi Gutnick. One of his sons, Zalmon Shimon aged nine wanted to know why the Rebbe always smiles at me and swings his arms to encourage me to sing.

I replied that if one smiles at another person, then that other person would automatically smile back.

Therefore Smile at the Rebbe and sing - and You will be well rewarded.

I was discussing the incident when my grandson Levi (Jaffe) was severely reprimanded and disciplined for taking leave of absence from the Yeshiva, in Melbourne - for the day, to attend his sister's wedding in Manchester.

Yossi acknowledged that it was a harsh sentence but maintained that it was just unfortunate that his name was JAFFE, because the Rosh of the Yeshiva could not afford to show lenience in that instance. Because, otherwise, word would have soon spread all over World wide Lubavitch that Levi took "French Leave" and only received a token reprimand - and others might have then done the same thing.

Yossi had a big deal pending, but for some reason or other he could not finalise the business. Every kind of obstacle was put in the way.

The Rebbe suggested that he should check his Mezzuzas. But they had already been checked and replaced only six months previously! Still he must obey the Rebbe. Therefore he checked them all over again. The result was that six were discovered to be posul (not Kosher) and the one on the Outside door had just rotted away.

The morning after he had replaced these mezzuzas, to his "not inconsiderable" surprise, the Big deal was successfully finalised.

Yossi had brought all his family from Australia to Crown Heights at no small expence. He enquired from the Rebbe how much Tzedaka he should give on this account.

The Rebbe replied that he should reckon out all the expences and then give "10% of these to Tzedoka. PLUS ANOTHER 1%". (over the 10% limit).

Some Anecdotes

Our dear friend Molly, Dr. Larry Resnik's wife spent forty five minutes every morning in taking her children to school. She was anxious to move to a more convenient area.

Twelve months previously she had tried to purchase an apartment in Washington Heights which was ideal in every respect. But the owners refused to sell.

Molly submitted a list, to the Rebbe of various districts or areas which might be suitable. She also included Washington Heights.

The Rebbe returned the list to Molly, and he had placed a tick ONLY against Washington Heights. Molly was very disappointed because she had tried that area last year, with no results.

That evening a friend telephoned her with the news that she had noticed that there was a flat available in Washington Heights. Molly intimated that she had seen one in that VERY building twelve months ago, but she could not get it.

Still, the coincidence was rather curious, so she phoned the Estate agents who informed her that there a very long waiting list for this apartment. Molly's name would be placed there on, but he did not hold out much hope of success.

Next morning, Molly received a telephone call from the Agent, which stated. - "O.K. the apartment is yours".

Yisroel Goldshmidt, Shmiddy, was taking his wife for a holiday to visit her parents in Vancouver, in the "Wilds" of Canada - on the West Coast, for about four or five weeks. A new man was appointed to join the Heavy Gang whilst Shmiddy was absent from 770.

His name was ZEV Feldman, a very nice young man, but he had one bad failing - he had a habit of looking down at everyone. - He was 6 feet 3 inches tall!

It always gave Roselyn and me very great pleasure to meet and to chat with our dear friend Shalom (Gansberg) with whom we share so many treasured memories.

We needed to work very hard to persuade Sholom to honour us - at least once - to visit us at our apartment, so that we could reminisce about old times and drink a Le Chaim together -- to each others health.

He ALSO invariably gave me a very handsome donation for our Yeshiva.

Dr. Seligson, the Rebbe's old Doctor had died a few months ago. Shalom informed me that Dr. Seligson had been in Shanghai China, during the War, and made every self-sacrifice to help the Jewish refugees who were suffering from Cholera and other similar diseases when they fled from Europe to - anywhere, anyplace where they could find some temporary haven to rest their weary bones - yes, even to China. He was the doctor of the Previous Rebbe ZTZL, and was very close to our Rebbe Shlita.

We had occasion to visit Dr. Seligson professionally many times when we were in Crown Heights over the past years.

To our surprise we found him friendly, loquacious and a very good diagnostician, a very good doctor who was marvellous with children and always had a Word of Torah for me, too. I have written many stories about him in my earlier editions of my book. As usual many people complained that I mentioned them by name, in my book.

Lazer Avtzon, however, complained that I had only mentioned him TWICE. I must apologise to Lazer and I now make up for my terrible lapse last year:

- Lazer AVTZON
Lazer AVTZON
Lazer AVTZON.

So this year, your name is in at least three times.

We have some good shoppers in our family. Every time Roselyn sends one of the girls to the Shop to buy a lettuce with a good solid heart. They bring back a Cabbage! (Roselyn has no heart left).

Michoel Zerkin said "Some People - I love them when they come, but even more when they return home".

"It is dead here when you are not present, Zalmon!"

Dr. Hytner - "Your book is causing me a few problems. My patients insist upon concluding the Chapter, before coming into the surgery.

Sima Itkin, Our landlady, maintained that "Your book is something special this year. I do take it with me to read on the train again, but I am very careful not to miss my station, as I did once before.

Myer Harlick stated that "my wife and children all love it. It is First Class".

Leima Minkovitz sent a delegation of two very nice girls to collect a copy straight away. I did

not realise that he had such lovely daughters. They reported that they had a long list waiting to read the book.

Chaim Bruchshtat has been AGAIN the successful Composer of this year's New Nigun.

Yechidus

As I have mentioned before, all the Seats, the Benches which used to be situated opposite 770, had all been removed by the New York City Council when the new Sewage and Road Works were started last year. These have never been replaced.

It was announced that Yechidus would take place in the Shool at 770 at 8pm. The doors would not be opened until 7.45, so that the place could be prepared and set up for all the Visitors who desired to attend this Yechidus with the Rebbe.

A couple of Benches from the Shool had been left outside 770, and as it was a nice pleasant evening, Roselyn thought that it would be a good idea if she arrived there early and sat on one of these benches, - relaxed - and watched the people passing by, until the doors of the shool would be opened.

She had hardly been there a couple of minutes when a gentleman asked her to move. He wished to use this bench as a stall or shop to display and exhibit his wares of pictures of the Rebbe and various pieces of Bric-a-Brac.

Roselyn was flabbergasted and astonished that this fine gentleman tradesman should choose just this one bench for his Warehouse and Shop Window, for the few minutes that Roselyn wished to rest there.

Roselyn appealed to the fellow to allow her to remain for a few minutes, until the doors of 770 were opened.

This business tycoon was adamant that this bench was the only place where he could show off his pictures and goods. He also stressed that the matter was terribly urgent, because he had debts of \$3000 and every minute was vital to his future.

As Roselyn did not have the inclination, nor the where with all to purchase his whole stock or donate \$3000 to this fellow's bank account - she retired, with dignity, from the fray.

This Yechidus was on Monday the 9th of Sivan.

The Hall was divided into two equal parts, which were separated by two rows of tables, with a space of about six feet in between. The Women and Girls were on the far side and the Men and Boys on the near side. The Rebbe sat at a small table, situated upon a low platform at the top centre, in between the two groups.

The Rebbe said that Shabbos was the Second Day of Mattan (the Giving of the) Torah, which

we celebrate once a year, every year. Today is also connected - it is part of the Seven extra days after Yom Tov and still connected with Shovous.

We do not say Tachnun (prayers confession and asking for forgiveness) as these days are a semi Yom Tov.

Jewish people should always behave and act as Jews especially on Shabbos.

Thoughts, Deeds and Actions - should be Jewish Thoughts, Deeds and Actions.

Men, Women and Children should keep the Mitzvahs as written in Our Torah - it is especially and only - Ours.

The Two principal mitzvahs are "To Love one's neighbour as oneself" and "to give Tzedoka".

The Rebbe gave shelichus to each and everyone to spread these Mitzvahs in his/or her city or country.

The Jewish family should withstand all difficulties and to teach and to learn to go in "My Ways and to do My Mitzvahs, and the Rebbe extended a blessing to all for a "relaxed and peaceful mind" to carry on these tasks.

At the Giving of the Torah at Mount Sinai it was "One Man with one heart", but today we are spread out amongst all the nations. We all have the shelichus to spread out Yiddishkeit and Torah wherever we are. Each in a different part of the World - in Eretz Yisroel and elsewhere - in many places.

We have gathered together in this place where we learn, study and pray, so that we can obtain new strength and more enthusiasm to work better and do Mitzvahs with added Zest. Perform Mitzvahs with Joy and happiness - everyone - Men, Women and Children.

(After the Talk, the Rebbe intended to present every Man, Women and Child with a Dollar, for Tzedoka).

Thank G-d every day. You will have great success, and all will bless the A'Mighty.

We shall leave together and travel to different places - to places where there are Jewish Children to play with your children.

Bless you amongst all Yisroel.

The Priestly Blessing is recited by the Kohenim in some places on every Shabbos, in other places, even every day - not at Mincha or the Maariv Service - We have to wait until the next morning Service.

And the A'Mighty said "And thus will I bless you". And we shall all meet in Eretz Yisroel.

Jerusalem, the Har Habayis (Temple Mount) and the Kodesh Kodoshim (Holy of Holies) together with Our Righteous Moshiach - speedily in Our time.

Regarding Tzedoka: ONE GIVES: ONE ACCEPTS: G'D's BLESSINGS ARE ON BOTH.

I had arranged with Myer (Harlick) on the Mens' side that I should be last in this line. Roselyn had also made arrangement with Esther (Sternberg) and her Assistant, Dorit, that she, together with Hindy and Uncle Moishe (aged one and a half) and Leah with Moishe (the little Kohen) should be the first in the Ladies' Line, and thus we would all meet together in front of the Rebbe. The Rebbe said, last but not least and gave me a Dollar, accompanied with a nice smile. I mentioned that we had brought with us our little Kohen.

He gave me another Dollar for our Kohen - (I thought it might be for Max (Cohen) my grandson-in-law.)

The Rebbe then presented Roselyn with a Dollar – and: here is another Dollar for your Son-in-law (Shmuel Lew?!) - so Shmuel had TWO.

Yossi was watching the scene in the special private video room. He reported that he could not understand what was going on. It seemed that the Rebbe wanted to say something to me, but I would not let him get a word in edgewise.

I was busy telling the Rebbe that I have brought the little Kohen with me. The Rebbe could not make head nor tail of my meanderings. - He got fed up with me, and turned around and commenced to talk to Roselyn and to the rest of the family.



The Rebbe is having a chat with Roselyn, Leah and Moishe beside her. Label in attendance.

You will notice that the Mens side is now empty, except for me and the Division of the Hall by the two rows of Tables is prominent.

Photo by L.Y. Freidin



In this photograph, the Rebbe is handing Leah and Moishe the little Kohen Dollars. Whilst Hindy, who is holding Uncle Moishe is waiting to be served.

More Anecdotes

On Wednesday night, after Maariv, the Rebbe again related a Sicho, and afterwards he handed out treble - three dollars, at a time.

Poor Roselyn had retired to bed with a bad eye, Channina (Spurling) pressed me and asked the Rebbe for a brocha. I maintained that it was not nice, not the "done thing", - but I said I would write a note to the Rebbe to this effect. "Ask the Rebbe" - hissed Channina, angrily. "Here is a Dollar for you" - said the Rebbe. I thanked the Rebbe, and continued that. "Roselyn, my wife is not well, her eyes are troubling her and she cannot come personally for Dollars".

The Rebbe replied - "Here is a dollar for your wife. Is it her eyes?" I nodded, "Well here is another dollar for a Refua Shlomo (a complete recovery) and "AYNAYIM BEROSH" - Eyes are in the head - to see".

Last Sunday, Johnny Hackner (originally from London) had prepared as usual, the Microphones and all the equipment for the broadcast of a Sicho. But after Maariv the Rebbe waved to me to commence a Nigun and the Rebbe just walked out.

Kasriel Kastel complained to Leah that her Zaidie wanted a Dollar for his book, and it seems that if you want one free, then you have to marry into the family, (or - says I - pay a dollar).

In addition to our Seventh Heaven restaurant we now have a daily Soup Kitchen.

Roselyn kept a large pan of Hot Soup continuously boiling on the Stove. We always got plenty of customers.

Rabbi Greisman from Jerusalem, a great friend of my niece, Golda Warhaftig, and brother-in-law of Binyomin Klyne took five different editions (instalments) of my books for his Beis Lubavitch.

Yossi M. was telling me that when he attended Camp, he was appointed a Counsellor. Most of these boys were named Yossi. One Camper thought that Yossi was the hebrew word FOR COUNSELLOR.

I met David Noll at the Mikvah. He was from South Africa, (Capetown) and knew Yossi L. very well.

He is not married and lives on his own. Very sad!
I asked him how he spelt his name.

He replied. N. for Nancy; O. for Olive; L. for Lucy; and another L. for another Lucy.

I indicated that I was surprised that with all these four girls, he was still not married.

Yehuda Kaploun - was looking for Shmuel, extremely important and most urgent. Shmuel was not in. "Can I assist you?" I asked. "Yes", he answered, "I want to borrow a coat hanger, I have only a cheap steel or iron one." I let him have a good wooden one. "Oh, thank you, thank you, it is wonderful of you to let me have a proper coat hanger".

The height of ambition for some people seems to hang upon a Coat hanger.

The Rebbe had commenced to give Nickels to Children and babies again - especially just before Mincha.

On two consecutive days a woman told Leah that there was no one waiting for the Rebbe to distribute Nickels. But she was wrong – both times - because Moishe and scores of other children were all receiving Nickels from the Rebbe.

At the Shabbos morning service, a Chosson was called up for his Aliya. After he had concluded his last blessing over the Sefer Torah, sweets were thrown at him, as was the Custom at Lubavitch.

I urged Moishe to try and obtain a couple of these sweets, which were falling, all over the place. He did not need too much encouragement; Moishe made a dash towards the Bimah, grabbed a couple of sweets and put them into his pocket.

Then, he really got to work - like a scavenger sweeping up the sweets and stuffing them into his pockets.

Meanwhile the Rebbe was called up to say the Haftorah, Moishe was still on the floor, very busy collecting the Candy. I had to make a quick grab for him in case the Rebbe fell over him.

A Farbreingen

I had received a message from home, Manchester, that there would be a Siyum Sefer Torah, in memory of Our Rebbetzen, Chaya Mushka (ZTzL) on the 13th of Tamuz at the Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva at 6pm.

As the date arranged was the 13th, I would have thought that the Sefer Torah would have been brought to 770. - FIRST the 12th of Tamuz was a Lubavitch "Yom Tov".

Anyway, I was only the messenger, and I had to ensure that I would receive a bottle of Vodka from the Rebbe, and also to publicly invite everyone to attend, as was the Custom at 770.

Therefore, at the Farbraingen on that Shabbos afternoon, I was ready - prepared to make the announcement. The Rebbe had indicated that he could not see the little Kohen - Moishe, and reproached me, a little. I apologised, but explained that I could not find a volunteer to take him out of the Shool if he became restless or cried.

Right! - Men are now jumping up, taking one of the many bottles of Mashkie standing on the table near the Rebbe, and mumbling and stuttering their invitations to the assembly.

It was now my turn. I said "The management of the Famous Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva have written a Sefer Torah in memory of Our Dearly beloved Rebbetzen, (Zichrona Livrocha) and The Siyum will take place P.G. on the 13th of Tamuz.

I realise that many of you will be staying here at 770 with the Rebbe for the Twelfth (Yud Bais) but all those who are able to manage to come to Manchester will be made very welcome.

And we will drink to the health of the Rebbe - all of us - with this lovely bottle of Vodka which the Rebbe has just handed to me.

I could not see anything funny in this announcement - or speech - as they called it to cause people to roll on the floor laughing.

Anyway, the speech went down well, even if the people did too.

Yossi Lew and Yossi Marlow said that they were so embarrassed that he, Yossi No. 1 jumped through the roof and Yossi No. 2 fell through the floor.

However, Dorit made my day, she told me that "You were marvellous, Your speech made the Rebbe smile from ear to ear, which I have never seen before. It was so beautiful". So I did gain my reward.

It was nice to be the guests of Moishe and Rivka (Kotlarsky) at their Annual Shovous "double Luncheon" party - (on the 1st day of Shovous). First a sumptuous Milk meal followed in about an hour or so later by a delicious Yom Tov Meaty luncheon.

K.A.H. there was a very full house - always open, to an unlimited number of guests. "The more-the merrier" - was their motto.

Also the Children are all growing up K.A.H. You all know about Channah, the attractive and very friendly eldest daughter - I have written about her quite a lot in the past. But what about the youngest - Nechamma (not Nechanna Dina) aged 11 years, who is certainly following in Channah's footsteps in every way.

We were also fortunate that some of our grandchildren invited us - Chaya and Shimon (Posner) for Shabbos Luncheon, and Channah and Yossi (Marlow) to Dinner on Tuesday evening.

Otherwise T.G. most of our grandchildren were popping in, continuously for snacks - from breakfast time onwards, and our Large Pan of Soup, continually on the Boil came in very useful to wet their appetites.

We Take Our Temporary leave Of The Rebbe

We all went for dollars on the Sunday before we left for home on the following day, Monday.

Our New friend Dorit was very helpful and she requested us to come up to the front door (which was at the moment, securely locked) so that we would be amongst the first people to see the Rebbe. I was impressed with Dorit's bearing. - Tactful from common sense and generous nature.

We joined a large group of about a dozen Judges and their wives, and also the District Attorney, who were being introduced to the Rebbe by our friend J.J. (Hecht).

J.J.'s grandson Aaron Leib Raskin and Aaron Leibs Uncle Hecht have a shiur with these 12 Judges every day from 1 until 2 o'clock, on Chumish and Basic commentaries.

Roselyn was feeling well enough to "see" the Rebbe. The Rebbe asked her "are your eyes better?" "Yes, a little" answered Roselyn, "A Little?" countered the Rebbe, "Are you satisfied?" "I have to be satisfied" declared Roselyn.

The Rebbe added, "Why should you be satisfied - The A'Mighty will help".

As we were leaving on the morrow. The Rebbe handed me a dollar, and then another one for Manchester.

Then Leah and her son (our great grandson) stepped nearer.

Label told the Rebbe that "this is the Little Kohen". The Rebbe asked me, "does he duchan?" (Take part in the public Priestly Blessings on Yom Tov) I replied that as far as I knew, he did.

The Rebbe was then more specific -

"Did he duchen on Yom Tov?"

As they were in Manchester during Shovous, I turned to Leah, who replied, "Yes, he did duchen in Manchester".

This should be sufficient proof that the Rebbe certainly desires the Young Kohenim (Moishe was just three and a half years old) to join their Fathers and take part in this Service - it is Chinuch - education.

Golda Rivka and Menachem (Yunik) were in our group too. It was the first time that they had gone together for Dollars since their marriage about four months ago.

When we emerged from 770, Eastern Parkway resembled one of Her Majesty The Queens Garden parties. The sun was shining and scores of sunshades and fancy hats were on display and Free drinks and biscuits were being served to all - who were waiting to see His Majesty the Rebbe. (From 11am until 3pm, 4 hours, on this day).

I always maintained that only Twin Strollers or buggies could be sold in Crown Heights.

I noticed an innovation - a new idea - The "twins" sat in front. Behind them was fixed an attachment wherein sat a third baby and the mother held the hand of a fourth, who was walking beside her.

About a dozen couples from Russia, married, and some with Children, had never had a Chupah.

All were married under the Chupah today after they saw the Rebbe.

Dorit presented me with a dollar as Sheliach Mitzvah money, to take with us on our journey home.

On that evening the Rebbe once again distributed Dollars.

When Roselyn approached, the Rebbe indicated by sign language, pointing to his own eyes, how were her eyes? Roselyn gave her usual eloquent shrug of her shoulders - "So, So".

Then the Rebbe handed me a dollar and said, turning to Moishe, "Ah is this the little Kohen? Then he should have received the dollar first - before you."

We all laughed, with one of the Rebbe's most gorgeous smiles radiating and brightening up the whole of 770.

The Rebbe gave great Koved (honour) to our great grandson. I have enough trouble with some of my grandchildren (no names mentioned this time) without getting my great grandson swelled headed too.

Yossi Lew invited us to his Birthday party - for the family. Typically - the family did not arrive until 11.30pm at night. Sheer madness - and we left at 2am - and left them still at it - silly! I do admit that Yossi gave a CHAZARA - repetition of a Sicho that the Rebbe had related to us. He expounded it very clearly and succinctly. But why so late in the early morning?

Yudel's (Koinsky) son had married Binyomin Klynnes daughter and their newly born son had his briss that morning.

Binyomin was annoyed with me - "where were you?" I denied any knowledge of a Briss.

Binyomin retorted, "You, who know everything about 770 did not know about the Briss?" I countered by telling him that he might find it hard to believe, but it was true.

I saw Label later on, and explained to him that Binyomin was annoyed that I did not attend the Briss, but I went on "I did not know about it!"

Label admitted that he also knew nothing about, it either. So I was in good company.

Rabbi Vaisfiche's son Osher also made a briss for his new born baby boy at 10.30am, in Montgomery Street, on Sunday, Shool (Shacheris) ends at 10.45, so I could not manage to be present at the ceremony. I said that I would dash over to his home as soon as the shool service ended, and I might be in time for the Seuda. I was informed that as there were Ten birthday parties on that day and the Briss Seuda would be over quite soon, so I would be too late!!

On the day of our departure, Monday - after Mincha at about 3.30pm I deliberately did NOT commence a Nigun - no one else would - or did.

I was standing a couple of yards from the Rebbe and I thanked him for everything he had done for me and the family during this present visit the Rebbe gave me a lovely brocha, with an even lovelier smile - and then - I started the Nigun - and the Rebbe helped by swinging his arms.

Meanwhile, Roselyn was waiting upstairs. When the Rebbe ascended, he gave her a most beautiful smile and said have Hatzlacha Rabba (great success).

Homeward Bound

We left 770 in good time to catch our flight home to Manchester.

When we arrived at J.F. Kennedy airport we discovered that there was an indefinite delay. Our plane was still bogged down in Manchester, over seven hours journey.

I, together with another 100 passengers were terribly annoyed. What kind of a way was this - to run an airline?

After some discussions with the staff, we learned that there was a plane leaving for London in about two hours time and there might be room for about forty lucky people. I demanded that Roselyn and I should be two of these lucky people. (Leah and Moishe were leaving on the following day) I would not take NO for answer, and after some tough talking and perseverance, we finally got our way and received our boarding Cards for the London plane which was leaving in a couple of hours time.

O.K. so they would not guarantee our Kosher-Meals! The main target was to get back to England.

As soon as we arrived at London, we rushed to another terminal to obtain our Manchester flight. We had just missed one and we had to wait another two hours for the next flight.

We duly arrived in Manchester at about 1.30am - tired and hungry - and discovered that our original delayed plane had already landed in Manchester ten minutes before us.

Leah and Moishe had no trouble with their flight on the following day. It left on time and arrived early at Manchester. - And **we** were supposed to be the lucky ones!?!

Home Again

There was some little excitement in Manchester. Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales, Princess Diana, was visiting the Area and had expressed a desire to meet some of the Leaders of the Community, especially the Rabbis. Avrohom, my son, being the Rabbi of the Shool and of Lubavitch was invited to meet her. Another gentleman - not a Rabbi would also be there, representing the Communal Council. Let us call him MR. F. although of course, that was not his name.

Anyway, MR. F. was very worried. What should he do if Princess Diana offered him her hand to shake. Should he take it? DARE he take it? He went to Rabbi Schneebalg to ask him the answer to this SHAALA (the question).

Rabbi Schneebalg replied that if Princess Diana offered him her hand, then he was obligated to take it.

In the event she did shake Avrohom by the hand, but MR. F. was unlucky (or not) to be missed out. So all his worries and the problem of shaking hands with a woman were totally unnecessary.

I received a telephone call from "Mike", the Surgeon who put in my new hip. It was two years since the operation and he wanted to give me a Check-Up. I had an X-Ray first.

The Verdict - Mike informed me that the New Hip is just as good today as when he put it in, 2 years ago.

I complained that sometimes "it itches". "Then Scratch" retorted Mike. He maintained that he was very busy. "I am not complaining, only boasting", he declared. Finally, he remarked, "I will call you again - in about four or five years time".

The Siyum of the New Sefer Torah

In a week or so we would be completing our new Sefrei Torah, which was specially written as a Permanent Remembrance of Our beloved Rebbetzen, Chaya Mushkie, ZTzL.

The Yeshiva, here, did not possess any Sefrei-Torah of its own. They had always to borrow a Torah from our Shool. We thought that it would be a very good idea if we loaned this Sefer-Torah to the Yeshiva on a permanent basis.

We would then be sure that it would be used regularly at least four times every single week - all the year round. And with the ensuring blessings made over this Torah, it would become a living and loving memento.

We had about forty boys at our Yeshiva - plus a waiting list of about twenty. Rabbi Akiva had really done well.

Of course, expences had almost doubled and Avrohom was discussing the possibilities of extending the Yeshiva - buying a new hostel, even making certain internal extensions to the Lubavitch House Premises. We needed extra Rabbonim and so on.

The day before the Siyum of the Sefer Torah was Yud Beis Tamuz and we celebrated this with a large Shabbos Kiddush. Avrohom had previously asked me to speak about my experiences at 770 during Shovous. But - he forgot to call me up.

So, as my father O.H. would have remarked. I had indigestion. I went home and my speech still remained in my stomach.

Or as Dayan Golditch O.H. said on many occasions "It is far better that they should ask why you did NOT speak, rather than why you did!

However, at the Siyum Dinner I made up for it and talked about the virtues of our Rebbetzen ZTzL and how we all missed her, so very much.

By a coincidence the Sedra we read on Shabbos was CHUKOSS where we learnt of the death of Miriam. The Jewish people lost a leader - and also lost all the benefits that they received through her presence. Mainly the "Well of Miriam".

The Sefer Torah was completed at the home of Rosh HaYeshiva on Sunday afternoon.



My Son Avrohom, lifts up (HAGBAH) the Sefer Torah for the first time after completion.



I take part in the procession. The mantle was made at the Crown Heights, with a special inscription. I bought it back with me after Shovuos.



Escstasy

The Rosh Hayeshiva, Rabbi Akiba Cohen danced with the Sefer Torah, non-stop.

The procession left the home of Rabbi Akiva and walked to Lubavitch House and to the Yeshiva - about a quarter of a mile away. It was a concentrated walk, with many hundreds of men and boys taking part. Many participants were given the honour of carrying the Sefer Torah, even for a distance of a few yards only.

A Similar number of women, girls and babies walked along the pavement/sidewalk - or just stood and watched.

The Police had diverted the traffic and the Yeshiva Boys provided the musical accompaniment.

The New Sefer Torah was 'met' at the Yeshiva by all the Sifrei Torah from the Shool and the EIGHT HAKOFFUS (To differentiate from the Seven Simchas Torah Hakoffus) carried on for TWO solid hours.

We held a very enjoyable dinner that evening. Avrohom was in charge and his Yeshiva Boys "Rent a Crowd", were in top form. Nachman (Sudak) was present. He informed me that he had come specially from London, to prove to me that he had **heard** my announcement at the Rebbe's farbraingen during Shovuos, when I had extended an open invitation to all - to attend this function.

Fire - Fire

On the following Shabbos morning, Avrohom called at my home at just after 9am. This was very noble of him, but a bit unusual, because we normally hold a Shiur before davening from 9.15am until 10am - and we meet at the Shool.

So why call for me at 9am? I then realized that he seemed very anxious, worried and troubled. He then blurted out that Lubavitch House had been burning since about 4am that morning.

But some extraordinary good fortune, Julie, the wife of one of our members, Harvey Showman, who was also an honorary officer of the Yeshiva, was awake and walking about at 4am on that Shabbos morning. She could not sleep.

Upon looking through a window which was facing Lubavitch House, she noticed flames and smoke erupting and bellowing from the first floor of Lubavitch House, wherein was situated the Yeshiva.

She immediately raised the fire alarm and the Fire Engines were on the scene within ten minutes.

By that time the Yeshiva was like a wild, blazing inferno, and with a stupendous crash two upstairs windows exploded and were forced outwards by the accumulated intensity of the 800 to 900 degrees fahrenheit of the fire.

Within a couple of hours the firemen had reduced this inferno to a smouldering heap of rubble and ashes.

Avrohom seemed pretty sure that the Yeshiva had been completely gutted - and that our New Chaya Mushka Sefer Torah had also been destroyed. The Etz Chaim - the wooden side supports, were just discernable and some parts of the melted parchment were still adhering to these.

At Lubavitch House, there were two floors. The ground floor, which consisted of the Shool and the Zalmon Jaffe Hall - and the floor above where were situated the Yeshiva, Kitchens and Dining rooms for the boys.

The Shool seemed to be in reasonable condition. Water was dripping everywhere. The smoke smelled putrid, horrible and pungent. The kitchen upstairs only needed a good cleaning.

A delay of half an hour would have ensured that the whole edifice, the whole building would have been totally destroyed.

A decision had to be made (1) whether we would be able to carry on the Shool service at 10am and (2) whether we could still keep the Yeshiva in Business. Fortunately, the Boys hostel and sleeping quarters were sited a few blocks away.

We entered the area at 9.45am. Two fire-engines were still pumping water onto the building. Firemen were still throwing out through the broken window frames, smouldering books, furniture and Teffilin.

There was already outside the Shool a huge high mound of burnt out Seforim, - Gemorrahs, Talmud - Mishnayiss and other sacred books. The Rosh informed me later that nearly 2500 Books were destroyed and seventy pairs of Teffilin were burnt out. (Every boy had two pairs each - Rashis and Rabbainu Tams) and they cost anything from 400 to 500 pounds a set. A Yeshiva boy would make sure that his teffilin were up to the highest possible standard. Bits of Teffilin and the straps were strewn about all over the place.

The firemen were throwing out the steel skeletons and frames of burnt out tables and chairs. All that day they were continuously ejecting stuff from the Yeshiva upstairs. Towards the end of the day, huge chunks of the roof were added to the now Large mountain of "Shaimuss" (Burnt out hebrew papers and books, Teffilin, ashes, - steel and charred wood.)

Meanwhile, the Firemen had done a wonderful job in the Shool, below the burning Yeshiva.

They had removed all the Books from off the various shelves and Bookcases, placed them on tables and covered them with plastic sheets to protect them from the water still dropping down from upstairs.

The Oran Hakodesh had been built outwards from the Shool, and the Seven Sifrei Torah were all untouched from fire or smoke.

As our Shabbos morning service commenced at 10am a decision had to be made quite soon, whether to use the Shool, or advise our members to daven elsewhere - in other Shoos.

At 9.55am the Chief Fireman in charge gave us permission to hold the service in the Shool.

We had lost much, but it could have been very much worse. The main result was that - We were still in business.

The Services at the Shool could be held as usual but with discomfort and the Yeshiva boys could use the Hall, downstairs too.

With a little and a lot of inconvenience we managed to co-exist.

After Shabbos, the Yeshiva boys were fantastic, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, the Rosh, had divided

them into Shifts. Twenty working and twenty learning.

They sifted each spadeful and handful of rubble and ashes to find pieces of 'Shaimuss', the residue of these 2500 Books and 70 pairs of Tiffilin and place them into Black plastic bags. During the week many volunteers helped to shift and sift the Shaimus. It was nice to see David and Maurice, Sir Sidney Hamburger's sons, working and toiling at this hard labour - of Love and Necessity.

I tried to contact Label Groner without success but I was lucky to speak to Sholom (Gansberg) at 1304. (He sent me \$20 at once for the Yeshiva) and went across to 770 to inform Label that I wished to speak to him.

It was imperative that the Rebbe should be informed about the true position, before he might hear rumours from other sources.

Label was surprised but overjoyed that we could use the Shool straight away - only water damage - and that Seven Sifrei Torah were saved and most important - Thank G-d there was no loss of life. Sometimes the Boys were learning during the whole of Friday night, - studying - dozing - and lolling about. But on this night they had all left just after midnight.

The Fire Chief maintained that the fire was caused by an electrical fault in the wiring!

After the Conclusion of Shabbos, a meeting was held at the home of Rabbi Akiva Cohen, our Rosh HaYeshiva, at which most members of the Anash were present.

It was decided that Rabbi Akiva should phone Label and find out from the Rebbe what we should do - and what special action we should take regarding this Calamity. As the Rosh was the person who was most involved, it was considered that he should be our spokesman.

The Rebbe replied that we should consult with, and accept the rulings of, the Chief Rabbonim of the Town or the Rav of the Yeshiva.

On Monday morning, Avrohom brought me a message from the Honorary Officers and the Committee, that they wished me to fly to 770 on the following Thursday. This would enable me to be present with the Rebbe at the Shabbos Farbraingen, and then meet the Rebbe on the day after - Sunday at the Dollar distribution, and "there and then" I could ask the Rebbe all these questions that were worrying and troubling us.

I was given the option of taking with me, either Rabbi Akiva Cohen - or Roselyn.

After discussing the matter with Roselyn I decided to phone Label, as I was not sure how the Rebbe would react to our going to 770, when he had already told us to consult with the local "Chief Rabbonim".

I contacted Label who was quite adamant that I should on no account, go to 770. It was against the Din.

I replied that all, everyone, in Manchester have been very upset and heartbroken and needed a brocha, and reassurance.

Label advised me to phone again in three hours time, when he would have seen the Rebbe again.

I did telephone again, But Label could only repeat what the Rebbe had said before.

I complained that many of those personally involved in the Yeshiva, or in the new Sefer Torah needed encouragement. They felt that they were to blame - to a great extent, personally - for this calamity.

Label suggested that each of these persons should FAX a letter to the Rebbe at once.

In the Event - only Avrohom, as Chairman of Lubavitch and of the Yeshiva wrote - and faxed a letter to the Rebbe on behalf of everyone concerned.

I also faxed personally a letter.

I reiterated the "history" of the past few days. And how Rabbi Akiva was taking the whole matter very much to heart. Being in charge of the Yeshiva he considered that he was personally to blame for the whole catastrophe.

Similarly, Uzzi Brown, the Sofar, the Scribe considered that maybe he had made a blemish in the Sefer Torah - and he feels that he, too, was to blame for its detruction.

All I wanted was that the Rebbe should extend words of comfort and consolation to us, and to reassure those self-detractors that they were surely not to blame.

I then received another fax from Label, which stated. "Regarding our telephone conversation - the Rebbe, Shlita told me to tell you that his response to consult with the "Chief Rabbonim" of Manchester or the Rav of the Yeshiva also applies to the apprehensions (of) who is to "blame" - all this should be discussed with the Rabbonim.

Best Regards and Gut Shabbos

Label

Just before Shabbos, Label telephoned to me with the news that the Rebbe had dictated a fax which was being dispatched to my office in half an hours time. I should arrange to collect this at once.

Unexpectedly, Max called in to see me, and I asked him to collect this fax for me - which he did.

This was the message:

"To ----- Shrewd Zalmon Jaffe and also regarding the fax from his son, Rabbi Avrohom Yoseph Jaffe.

----- The Rebbe has replied.

- (1) By coming to New York this would emphasize to all who wished to understand it this way, that this was a problem which affected all Klal Yisroel.
- (2) It is a matter for the "Chief Rabbonim" of the city to decide.
- (3) To fly to 770 to discuss this matter with the Rebbe is against the Din (Jewish law).
- (4) The A-Mighty will repair all broken fences and breakages (Z.J.- this is the consolation prayer to the mourners) when they arise from sitting shiva).
- (5) These days will be changed from days of Trouble and Sorrow to those of Simcha and Joy.
- (6) We will all very soon indeed celebrate the True and complete liberations and redemption and (7) I will remember you at the Tzion (Ohel).

This was the kind of answer which I was hoping that we would receive from the Rebbe. At least we were given four very nice blessings which certainly put all our minds and hearts at rest. They made us all relax and we could now go forward with confidence.

The morning weekday services concluded at about 8am. So it was decided that we should leave our Tefillin available for use by the boys, until such time that they were provided with new sets.

I also left my Tefillin for use by the boys. Next morning I would find that the Straps of the Tefillin Shel Rosh (for the head) had been reduced in size in order to fit a small head.

Every day I had the task of loosening the Straps again. I became fed up - and after a few days, I made it a Condition of "hire", that my Tefillin should only be used by boys with a Size Seven head.

The Funeral of Our New Sefer Torah took place on the Sunday. As per the Rebbe's instructions, we obeyed to the letter all the details which Rabbi Schneebalg had laid down.

Incidentally, Rabbi Dovid Hickson, had been studying the Shulchan Oruch (Laws) and he discovered the following: that if one does not learn at night, especially during the short nights of Tamuz (this present period) then one will have a fire".

Rabbi Schneebalg stated, that in his opinion the Rebbe was not referring to that section, but to the general theme that one must do Teshuva and look, each one, into his heart and try and discover where one has erred and sinned, - and to make amends.

On the day of the Funeral all males fasted the whole day. The Women were allowed to redeem this fast with Tzedoka.

The remains of the Sefer Torah and Tefillin were placed inside earthenware containers, and were placed in front of the Oran HaKodesh in the Shool.

Over a thousand people attended. Obviously they could not all be accommodated inside Lubavitch House, so the remainder stood outside in the Car Parking Area, to where the proceedings were relayed. Dayonim Krouz and Westheim and lay leaders of Manchester Jewry were also present.

First - The whole of the Tehillim was recited. This took over two hours. After which Rebbi Schneebalg and Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne (of the Yeshiva) addressed the assembly.

The speeches were very emotional and touching, ("Is this the reward for learning Torah", etc.) Rabbi Akiva wanted to know WHY? WHY? - They were all such good boys, and learned well.

The Earthenware containers were placed in a Car. The car moved off - following in reverse the same route that we had traversed only a few short days before. Behind the car were two vans which contained three hundred and fifty plastic bags of shaimus. The procession moved slowly towards the cemetery (about a mile away) guarded by the same dozens of Police Cars which were in attendance on that much happier occasion.

The Sefer Torah and the Tefillin were laid to rest in a special grave, adjoining the Tzion of the Late Rabbi Rivkin ZTzL, one of the earlier and illustrious of the Manchester Lubavitcher Rabbonim. The Shaimus were buried in a large specially prepared pit. I am not including pictures of the fire and burial, they were too gruesome and horrific.

One of our Yeshiva boys, Shmuel Yoseph, the son of Yankel Davidson of London, was collecting money in a bucket, from the bystanders. It was like a Begging bowl, but he collected nearly 300 pounds.

People were anxious to give us money, Warren Bergson and Phaivosh Pink collected nearly 5000 pounds from householders in our one road, alone. Avrohom gave himself a very large amount and his loyal friends in Hale did not disappoint him.

A London Lawyer offered us 1000 pounds from the "Rev. H. Landy estate". A fellow sent me, unsolicited, Ten dollars from Brooklyn. Yossie Gutnick promised me a very handsome donation - solicited, and old aged Pensioners were handing in their 5 pound notes, - from all sections of the Community.

It appealed to the emotion - and it was with a sense of shock and wonder that it was realised that the entire Yeshiva and its contents, plus the New Sefer Torah had been completely wiped out. Whereas the Shool and the hall downstairs had hardly been touched.

But the Miracle has been, that in spite of all this - the Yeshiva has been able to carry on, almost normally, without a break.

A Visit To Israel

Roselyn and I decided to visit Israel AGAIN in the summer, as we have done for so many years. The Waters of the Dead Sea certainly do us both good.

After much planning and heart searching, the only day we could fly from Manchester and which would fit in with my business arrangements happened to be Thursday - - Tisha B'Av.

We were uncertain whether it was permissible to travel on such a solemn day. We asked Rabbi Schneebalg to give his ruling on this matter.

He replied that as long as it was after Midday (1pm at this time of the year) then it would be quite in order to travel - "and enjoy a very good holiday".

Checking-in time was 12 noon and the flight was due to leave at 2pm.

Because of Rabbi Schneebalgs ruling, we could not get to the Airport until 1-30pm - and it was wonderful - no queues and no waiting - we walked right up to the checking-in counter.

But - not so wonderful - as we had arrived so late, there were no seats available - together. Only single ones.

But - wait a moment! The girl had reserved the two best seats for a passenger in a wheelchair and a friend, and as yet, they had not turned up. As it was so late, she doubted whether they would arrive at all.

She suggested that when we boarded the plane, we should speak to Suzie, and she might let us have these seats.

Well, we were lucky, because the Wheelchair couple never arrived, and we enjoyed the luxury of two comfortable seats, side by side, with very much extra leg room. This was the only row in the plane that consisted of just two seats - and not the usual three (except in the First Class section).

Before take-off, the Captain announced that as it was Tisha B'av, there would be no films shown and no music played.

We had ordered fish meals, and we asked the Stewardess to keep them for us until the fast

terminated at about 8pm (9.45pm in Manchester, so we had nearly two hours less, to fast).

But we discovered that Fish Meals only, were served to everyone on that flight.

Three of us wished to daven Mincha in the ample area around our two seats.

We asked the stewardess to announce that all those who wished to join the minyan for Mincha, should make their way to our seats at the front of the plane.

The stewardess asked the steward, who asked the Chief Purser, who asked the navigator, who asked the Captain.

The net result - after a half an hour's debate and discussion was:

"It is not the policy of the Company to make announcements about Mincha, on the plane".

At 8.15pm it was really very dark, and the captain announces that "The fast of tisha B'AV is now over, and we will now show a short film and play some music.

We davened Maariv and received our Meals which had been kept nicely heated by the Stewardess.

On Friday morning Shmuli (Jaffe) who was studying at the Lubavitch Yeshiva at Migdal Emek (he had now left the Yeshiva at Nachlass Har Chabad) called to see us at our Hotel in Jerusalem.

He suggested that he should check in with us at this luxury Hotel - It also meant that he would stay for two nights. Friday and Saturday.

I offered him the cash value for the second night because it was a waste of money. He refused this and maintained that he had come specially to see his Bobby and Zaidie. And furthermore, he argued, that it would have cost us 50 dollars a night extra, if we were staying at the King David Hotel. We were so lucky!

And - moreover - there happened to be two beds in his room, so he could have brought a friend with him too!

For Shabbos morning service I went to the Jerusalem Great Synagogue (built by my brother, Maurice, O.H.) My Nephews Ellie and Zally were busy doing the Warden's job - although Ellie also conducted the Choir, and I was given an Aliya - I was also given an envelope, in which to place my donation, after Shabbos! I met Philip Machinkoff, of Great Neck outside the Shool. He wanted a Book.

Ellie invited us for Kiddush. It was a special occasion and most of Jackie's, family, Ellie's wife were present. It was a full scale Shabbos meal.

One fellow, brought a nice young lady with him. She wanted to sing. (How did I know that she wanted to sing - If she did not want to, then she would not have sung). She was the Chazan in a local reform Shool. I do find em!!

We went for Friday Night Dinner at my sister, Ada's (Unsdorfer) apartment. She lived on the 9th Floor. There was a Shabbos lift which stopped automatically at the Odd numbers, when ascending, and at the even numbers when descending.

We did not use this lift - but it was a long "Shleppe" walking up the stairs.

There was a Shool situated in the basement of this building. Shmuli and I - and Roselyn went to the Mincha Service at 6-30pm Shabbos. The Shool was locked. The door had large glass panels.

By accident or design, Shmuli pressed too hard with his hand on the glass, and with a REVERBERATING CRASH - the window fell out, and the whole floor was totally covered with glass. Shmuli's hand was pumping out blood. He chased upstairs to Ada's flat - leaving a trail of blood on the stairs - Ada was out. So he ran down again - right into the arms of the Shamas, the Beadle.

He was nattering away about Betach - No Security, and the great problems that it entailed. I noticed that a friend of Shmulie's had been there before, because the other glass panel had obviously been broken and had been replaced by a plastic one.

Shmulie does get about - everywhere – all he says, "all orthodox drivers offer lifts to Yeshiva Boys, - even before Soldiers”.

A few months ago, Paula my niece, and Henry Goldblum who now reside in Jerusalem, arranged the Wedding for their son, Michael (to Sarah Lewis) Shmulie was present and afterwards, asked Paula if there was any food left, which he could take to the Yeshiva.

Paula gave him so much, that he could have done with a van.

We left Israel from Ben Gurion Airport. Nachman Medanchik was doing a roaring Trade at the Lubavitch Stand. Everything was free - Hot Coffee, Candles and free loan of Teffilin.

A Russian woman was just returning to Kishinev, and Nachman gave her plenty of Shabbos Candles and leaflets.

He had asked me to stay and watch the proceedings. "Don't go away, yet", he warned. When he had a moment to spare, he turned to Me and indicated that it was encumbant upon all and every Lubavitcher to make a grand donation to his Mivtzovim Booth, when they left Israel. Why should I be different?

Our Manchester Yeshiva Gedola

The wonderful reputation of our Yeshiva continues to spread out all over the World.

We have, room for forty boys, and yet at one time we managed to squeeze in forty eight.

This was the period when the "Older" boys wished to stay until the Month of Tishrei, and the new boys wanted to settle in as early as possible in order to ensure their places.

Rabbi Freundlich of London has three sons studying here. Shlomo and Shimon and Yisroel. He informed me that he would like them to complete all their Yeshiva education in Manchester because "Rabbi Akiva Cohen is the best Rosh HaYeshiva in the World".

Yankel Davidson, also of London, wanted the Best for his son, Shmuel Yoseph - and "Manchester is the Best", and you are lucky to have Rabbi Akiva, because there is no one better than him - anywhere".

We have at least seven boys from London, including Zalmon Sudak, the son of Rabbi Nachman Sudak, the Principal of the Lubavitch Foundation in London.

All these boys are bright, energetic and "go-getters". I would like to include Eliezer Salek (London) and young Potash in that Category.

Mendie Shmerling from Zurich, Eidleman from Paris and Goldberg from Crown Heights are also outstanding Young men, who help to increase the reputation of our Yeshiva.

I really did not wish to differentiate between the Boys, but those whom I have mentioned above are those who I know well on a very personal level. They are friendly and really an excellent type of young men.

One morning three gentlemen from France arrived and brought along four boys - without any previous notice and with no prior arrangements - neither financial nor regarding scholarship I did not enquire whether they were successful in being placed.

Rabbi Akiva is ably assisted as usual, by Rabbi Yitzchok Klyne THE MASHPIA. In addition we have engaged the services of a Young Rabbi Eliezer Eidelman who is well liked by everyone, and has proved a great asset to our organization.

As we possess the best, spiritually, we have to ensure that the material department reaches the same high standard. As the fire destroyed the whole Yeshiva section. We now had the opportunity to plan, again, right from the beginning.

Some of the Yeshiva boys had a habit of leaving late in to the night, especially on Thursday. Instead of retiring to the Hostel and to bed, they felt lazy - and placed some of the nice padded chairs, together, at an angle, to form a bed, and slept in the Shool and in the Women's section.

When I would arrive at 7am next morning, the place was in a shambles - and most of the chairs were missing.

I explained to Eliezer Salek that P.G. when the refurbishing of the Yeshiva has been completed, then the boys could use a couple of the Utility rooms in the attic and sleep there on the Chairs - or on a "Chaise LONGUE".

"Oh, Yes", you are right", he indicated, "it does state "Maalin Bakodesh", one should always aim to go higher in Holy matters". "On the other hand", he added, "it also states that one should always prepare a Dwelling Place for the A-Mighty, here, down below!"

Rabbi Prevezer called me from Paris. "We had a young man, Eidleman in, our Yeshiva (NOT THE RABBI) and his friend whom he left behind in Paris was pining very much for him. He could not eat, and he could not sleep. The only remedy was that he should join his friend at the Manchester Yeshiva. Could you use your influence and ensure that he could obtain a place, there, in Manchester".

I had to inform him that only the Rosh himself had the authority and influence to accept new Boys.

I was fortunate to be privileged to attend the "Chai Ellul" Farbraingen at Lubavitch, when Rabbi Akiva was in full and sole control of the proceedings.

We commenced at 8pm promptly. The Yeshiva boys were not allowed to join until they had completed their seder - routine time - table at 9.30. I left at 10.30pm.

Whilst I was present Rabbi Akiva spoke seven times. After the conclusion of each talk he filled his very small "Jigger" cup to the brim with Vodka and wished us all LeChaim - Good health.

So - after the seventh address he was in a very good mood - slightly aggressive, but very truthful with much "Musar" (telling them some home-truths).

He told the boys that "You sit at the Yeshiva all day. You have no "Daagis", no worries and no financial problems. When you need a pair of trousers you phone your Dad and he sends you, immediately - two Pairs".

"And when you do have spare time, what do you do for the Community or for yourselves? - Nothing! Just Nothing! You stand and watch the builders putting on the new roof and doing

other fine restoration work".

"Who is more to be applauded? - You, who do your set hours and play around - or a Baal - HaBoss (a man of the House) who works all day to earn a living - to give Tzedoka - and to feed and clothe his family - and then, after all this, when he comes home tired and dead beat, he will take out a Sefer (Book) and will learn and study for half an hour, even for a whole hour in which time he could have earned more money by working?"

"This Gentleman has to be praised because after a full day, earning his livelihood amongst the General Public he still finds the time and inclination for study".

He added. "We hope to achieve the highest accolade by being called Tomchei Temimin Yeshiva.

Rabbi Sender Liberoff stated that 92 years ago the Rebbe Rashab founded the first Lubavitch Yeshiva. For two years, he did not give it a special name. Then, after that period at 4am on Simchos Torah at night, during Hakoffus, they recited this verse at the Seventh circuit - " ----- Tomaich Temimin -----, (HaShem) Supporter of the Sincere (perfect) ones Save us". From that moment, he called the Yeshiva Tomchai Temimin. And if any Yeshiva considers that they are entitled to possess this name, they should contact the Rebbe for his decision.

The Yeshiva boys were still publishing the "Thoughts of the Week" Elan Grossman was circulating the "Sichos in English". Zalmon Sudak was delivering to me. "The Rebbe says" (published by Lubavitch, Bournemouth) Yossi Lew, was posting me the Sichos in English from Crown Heights. And Dovid Pink and Dovid Uhrmacher sent me the Mesibass Shabbos publication of articles and comics for young boys.

So I had plenty of additional reading matter.

Here is part of a Thought of the Week, issued by the Yeshiva boys.

LENGTH OF DAYS

When the Alter Rebbe wanted to bless Reb Yekusiel of Lyeplia with riches, the latter said that he doesn't desire them for they would only distract him from the study of Chassiduth and his work of serving G-d. And when the Rebbe wanted to bless him with length of days, he said: "But not with a peasant's years, years in which one has eyes and doesn't see, ears and doesn't hear, in which one doesn't see the Divine and doesn't hear the Divine."

Hayom Yom,

Dedicated in the Zechus of

Mrs. ROSELYN JAFFE

to celebrate her 70th Birthday on

י"ג מכת תש"נ

by her

children, grandchildren and great grandchildren



MANCHESTER
CANDLE 3.50
LIGHTING

BLESSING FOR SHABBOS:

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

*Women and girls (3 years & up) don't forget to light candles today!
Girls light BEFORE mother and WITH a B'RACHA*

More Anecdotes

At the beginning of the month of Ellul, Avrohom flew to Crown Heights to attend the Wedding of Leah, the daughter of his Mechutonim Rabbi and Mrs Marlow.

On arrival at 770, he immediately handed to Label a note for the Rebbe, which stated, amongst other things, that I (Z.J.) was not feeling very well.

Within two minutes, Label had phoned me to Manchester, and told me that the Rebbe was enquiring about my health.

Avrohom maintained that it was incredible. He knew the exact time, that he had presented my note. And I also knew the exact time that Label had phoned me - just TWO minutes later.

The Rebbe had to open the letter and read it, and then instruct Label to telephone me.

The important lesson we can learn from this is - "Always be quick and keen to do a Mitzvah - DO NOT "Leave it over".

The Rebbe also gave Avrohom a "Dollar for your Father - and one for your mother. We do not desire that your mother should be jealous". Roselyn was "over the moon".

Later on Avrohom received a further two dollars for me and Roselyn - and one hundred Dollars towards the Fund for the Fire Damage at the Yeshiva.

Rabbi Kuppitz, who resides in Manchester was in Brooklyn a few years ago and was passing 1304, as the Rebbe was descending the steps. The Rebbe slipped and Rabbi Kuppitz held his arm and saved the Rebbe from falling.

Many months later, the Rebbe cabled the usual Annual good wishes for Rosh Hashonna to the ANASH of Manchester, and in addition to the usual addresses of Segal, Dubov, and Jaffe, the Rebbe had added Kuppitz.

Rabbi Kuppitz was astounded that the Rebbe had not only remembered that incident, but had publicly thanked him by mentioning his name.

The Rebbe advised me many years ago that if I ever gave a loan - a gemilus Chessed - to anyone. I should make quite sure that the recipient did not extend any thanks to me.

This was in itself a kind of interest, usury because one did receive a certain amount of pleasure by being thanked.

Every one of our Yeshiva boys flew to 770 for the Month of Tishrei. Twenty went direct from Manchester and the remainders from London.

Whilst in 770, all these boys sat and learned continuously, every single day. They set a wonderful example to the many hundreds of boys who had flown in from all over the World.

Of course, one should realise that the Rosh - Rabbi Cohen, was present also at 770 and could supervise matters. He made them sit - and study.

I heard that ten thousand people filed past the Rebbe on Erev Yom Kippur and each collected a parcel, containing - a Dollar - a piece of Lekach (Cake) and a copy of the Maamer.

The Rebbe went to the Ohel – on Erev Yom Kippur!! When one should spend this day feasting!

I sent into the Rebbe the two photographs showing the "little Kohen". The Rebbe sent a message back to me that I should provide his name and also the full name of his mother.

One night Avrohom returned home very late from a wedding in London. Next morning, he obviously awoke late, as well. He decided to go direct to our warehouse where he had arranged some appointments and to daven there.

His customer was waiting for him. A Jewish Young man, aged 33 and single. He never had any luck in meeting a nice Jewish girl, not even a not nice Jewish girl.

Avrohom persuaded him to put on Tefillin, the first time since his Bar Mitzvah 20 years ago. Four weeks later our friend met Avrohom and was bubbling over with excitement. He had been introduced to a lovely Jewish girl aged 28 and a solicitor by profession. Everything was going along nicely and he had every hope of a successful conclusion.

He added, "Is this not a wonderful coincidence?" Avrohom declared, that there was no such thing as a coincidence. – Only Divine Providence. And the putting on of these Tefillin certainly helped.

"Yes", agreed his friend, "You are probably right, and I shall put on tefillin every year".

I am indebted to Levi (Jaffe) for relating to me this story which he had heard in Australia.

Twenty Years ago, three Lubavitcher Rabbonim - Rabbis Pekarsky, Shusterman, and Engle, arrived at Long Beach, California.

There was no Mikvah at that place, so our three friends made great efforts and within two and a half years they had erected one of the finest Mikvahs in the land.

It was now in the middle of summer, and no rain falls in that area at that time of the year. Normal people would pray to the A-Mighty for rain and would wait for their prayers to be answered, quickly.

(When Zalmon Gurary completed his new Mikvah in Crown Heights, just before Yom Tov, he needed rain to fill up the Mikvah. He prayed for rain and during the next few days, there were storms and tempests - and so much rain, that the Mikvah was completely flooded for days).

However, our Californian Lubavitchers were impatient and they phoned Zalmon Shimon Dvorkin ZTZL, the Rav of Crown Heights for his advice.

They were told that there was just one alternative, - they could fill up the Mikvah with snow, but there was one important condition - there must be no contact with any metal, and there should be holes in the containers, so that the snow should not become impure for the Mikvah.

They collected Plastic Milk Crates and loaded them into a hired Frozen Food Truck, and drove towards the 2300 ft high Big Bear Mountain Range on which there was snow all the year round.

They were inexperienced car drivers, and a ten ton truck with six gears, up mountain passes was not easy for them.

About half way up the mountain, they were confronted with a HALT Sign. "Official Vehicles ONLY". Our friends looked at each other and decided that as they were on G-d's Work, then this was sufficiently OFFICIAL.

Up the Mountain they crawled and they became stuck in the road. Fortunately a Mountain Ranger appeared and offered to help them in their predicament. He never imagined, in his wildest dreams that our friends did not have permission.

He towed them to the top of the mountain, and there they encountered a Cross Country Skier.

"Are you Jewish", they asked him, "Yes", he replied.

So Please Dear Readers just imagine the Scene: - Three bearded Rabbis, - one Frozen Food Truck filled with crates of snow - and a Cross Country Skier wearing TEFILLIN.

Erev Succoss

On the day that we arrived at 770, the Rebbe had been visiting the Ohel.

I stood at my usual place near to the Oran Hakodesh in the reserved area, with Aaron (Jaffe) at my side - by kind permission of "Shmidy and Zerki - the "heavy gang".

Yoseph Yitzchok Vishersky had commenced to sing the new Nigun. "That this year should be or would be a Shnass Nissim - a Year of miracles. I was delighted that after all these years of showing a good example, that the boys have achieved the habit of singing the Rebbe in - AND out - when he leaves.

After I had arrived I was given the honour of leading the singing as I always had done, but I tried to share this privilege with the boys. They had to be encouraged.

Now, the Nigun was being chanted very much louder and quicker - everyone was now joining in and clapping, too - a sure sign that the Rebbe had entered the Shool downstairs. It reached its crescendo as the Rebbe walked forcefully and energetically towards the Oran HaKodesh and the raised platform on which he would daven.

Then, even from many yards away, the Rebbe noticed me standing there, his face lit up with a most beautiful and very remarkable smile.

Normally, when the Rebbe returned from the Ohel after standing there for about six or seven hours in the hot sun or even in the freezing cold - without food or drink (except for a warm drink in the early morning) he would enter the Shool looking a little tired and he would, normally not acknowledge anyone standing there.

So, the first remarkable fact was that I did receive a smile, at all. The second was that it was a most unusual ONE. It was a smile of one who had suddenly seen something very funny and amusing, this had led him to give a spontaneous and unstoppable laugh - or Chuckle.

- If I may use such an expression about a saintly person as the Rebbe, Shlita.

By the time the Rebbe reached me, with Aaron at my side, his face was literally beaming all over. He halted near me, and looked down, knowingly at my feet.

This was the usual signal for me to jump up and down and do a little tap dance, whilst the

Rebbe went on his way, and lightly carressed the Curtain of the Ark, before ascending to the platform.

Although not one word was actually spoken, I knew (1) that the Rebbe was delighted to see me, (2) that he was enquiring about my "Bad" leg, and (3) I had assured him that T.G. it was in perfect condition.

Rabbi Tennenbaum who had witnessed this By-Play declared "You are very lucky Zalmon, that you have already made your expences (for the trip) on the very first night. The rest is all a Bonus".

I wrote a message to the Rebbe that I must have looked a funny sight to cause such mirth, I added that I was truly grateful that I had the knack of making the Rebbe a little happier, occasionally.

The Rebbe had written me a note wishing me a Happy Yom Tov - that Succos (and Shemini Atzeres) was the only Festival which is described as "Zeman Simchosaynu", the Season of our Rejoicing. And that Pesach and Shovuos do not have that description. (The season of our freedom, the season of the giving of our Torah). However, the Rebbe did qualify this by stating that they were all described as "Festivals for Rejoicing".

At the conclusion of the Maariv service, a young lad aged seven and a half years said Kaddish. His little brother, aged six accompanied him. The Rebbe turned around looked and stared very hard at them whilst they were saying Kaddish.

The Rebbe looked exceedingly sad and his face was grave and full of compassion and remorse for these poor little lads who had suffered such an irreparable loss. It was very pathetic and the Rebbe wiped away many a tear from his eyes - on their account, during the course of those days.

The Rebbe shares our happiness, Simchas and Joys, and also shares our misfortunes and troubles.

As it is said - "Happiness shared is Joy doubled" - "Troubles shared are sorrows halved" especially when the Rebbe is our partner.

Yoseph Yitzchok Blumenfeld (an uncle?) gave me the following information. The father's name was Avrohom Sholom Scharf, and he was only 34 years of age. He had been unwell for about a year, but he did not consider it to be serious. Suddenly, just before Yom Kippur he passed away.

He left behind a wife and four children: - Menachem Mendel aged seven and a half, Shmuel Chaim, six, Sholom Dovber, two and a half, and a girl of nine. A cousin Dovid Herzl helped to a great extent.

The Rebbe showed great friendship and concern for these poor young boys, and insisted that they should always stand near him, even at the Farbraingen.

At the beginning the younger would mix up his elder brother during the difficult "Kaddish De Rabbonon". It was very funny but also, so pathetic. Even the Rebbe had to laugh amongst his tears.

After a week, both were very fluent, and they gave the Rebbe much Nachas.

Six months later, at a Sunday morning Dollar distribution, Mrs Scharf took along her youngest son, Sholom DovBer, who had now reached his third birthday. - The customary age, at which little boys were given their first haircut. She took along with her a pair of scissors, hoping that the Rebbe would cut the first lock, - or tress of hair.

Just as she reached the Rebbe and before she had a chance to say anything, the Rebbe put his hand into the inside pocket of his "Kapota" and brought forth - his own pair of scissors.

The Rebbe knew about this Hair-Cutting and was prepared for all eventualities.

After Maariv the Rebbe related a short sicho for about twenty minutes, and then distributed Dollars again. Once more I received a gorgeous smile together with a Dollar.

Every day Rabbi Chaddakov reminded me to make sure that Aaron had a daily shiur to study and to learn.

Succos Workers

Every year we have our friendly arguments with Myer Avtzon, when we build the Succah, especially when putting up the roof and the Schach (leaves) thereon.

Friendly, but very vociferous.

Sitting in the flat, I heard screaming and squawking, I thought that there was a physical fight in progress and I rushed upstairs to join in the fray (or affray).

Myer Avtzon was standing on a rickety chair and was removing bamboo poles from our side of the Succah Roof, where Sholom Ber and Shmulie had placed them an hour previously - and was transferring them to his own side of the Succah Roof.

(Lazer Avtzon, the Architect/Designer and builder was not too well. (Last year he was also ill) and I had persuaded the boys to give their aid in order to complete the Erection of the Succah in time).

Everyone was shouting, so I also expanded my lungs and gave a huge yell. That stopped the squabbling.

A conference under my chairmanship was then held, and a modus vivendi - and a peace pact was arranged and signed - and the work progressed.

They really deserved danger money too. Chairs were used instead of ladders. Sholom Ber asked for a Yale key - to cut string! The Best Knives were used - to open the door, and Blunt Knives (they were sharp originally) were used as screwdrivers.

Everything was done the hard way, and everyone was upside down - Especially, Myer Avtzon who fell off his rickety chair and dislocated his shoulder.

He was taken to hospital where to X-Ray picture confirmed that he had really broken his shoulder (or arm).

Dovid Mandebaum explained the technicalities of the siren which is blown to give public notice that the Rebbe is about to relate a Sicho.

Yehonosson Hackner'phones up a number which then automatically activates the siren by

remote control. One blast signifies that the Sicha will commence at 9.30pm, two blasts means that the Sicha is about to commence AT ONCE.

This siren is situated on the roof of a certain building. The fellow who resides there knows full well at what time this alarm will be sounded as a warning that Shabbos will very soon commence. He is given the times of Shabbos.

But, when the Rebbe decides to give a Sicho on the spur of the moment, then it essential for Yehonosson to warn this fellow by phone, in advance, otherwise the sudden and unexpected clamour might bring on deafness and shock.

On Wednesday, Mincha was at the usual time of 3.15pm. Chaya persuaded Roselyn to rush along, at 3.10pm to 770 in order to see the Rebbe.

Women had been discouraged from standing and waiting in the hall way to see the Rebbe, so when Roselyn arrived there were only two older Women present - plus Chaya and Shterney with their babies and a few more of our granddaughters.

The Rebbe emerged from his room half an hour later and waved to the Ladies. He then saw Roselyn standing nearby and she became the lucky recipient of another wave of the hand and a gorgeous smile. I keep writing about this gorgeous smile - but that is what it surely was.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the Shool, Shlomo Kunin from Los Agneles, California, commenced to sing a Nigun at 3.10pm prior to and in anticipation of the Rebbe's entry.

I did advise him that he should not start until at least, the official time of Mincha – 3.15, because although the Rebbe normally kept good time, he would certainly not arrive before time.

On and on went Shlomo - getting hoarser and more hoarse by the minute.

3.20pm – 3.30 - then at 3.40 the Rebbe did arrive - and then everyone joined in AT ONCE with verve and gusto.

Poor Shlomo's hoarse voice could not be heard, but he did lead in the clapping, as one can discern in this photograph.

Shlomo is standing next to me, with his



arm raised. (photo is by L.Y. Freidin).

The Young Scharf Boys who are saying Kaddish are on my other side.

Shlomo Kunin had brought to 770 a New Sefer Torah that had been written for a Chabad House, in Los Angeles.

Therefore they read from it for the very first time at the morning service at 770, and the Rebbe had his usual (the 3rd) Aliya. The Song - Sissu Vesimch U-Besimchas Torah - was sung with liveliness and excitement.



We welcome the Rebbe to the Morning Service.

Next to me are standing Chanina Spurling, and Myer Harlick. In the corner is Yossi Gutnick. Behind the Rebbe is one of the Heavy Gang 6ft 2 inches, Zev Feldman

Shlomo Kunin took the Sefer Torah back to Los Angeles that night by Air.

After Maariv - again a Sicho - and again Dollars. I told the Rebbe that he was making me wealthy - handing me Dollars every night.

I have heard of a boy who lives in Crown Heights who has accumulated three hundred Dollars from the Rebbe. To be quite honest, I have not counted my Rebbe's Dollars or five pounds and ten pounds notes - but I must have a vast amount. I keep them in a very safe place, where even

thieves or burglars cannot get at them.

The Rebbe enquired about my cough - a new complaint. I was confident that it was improving.

Before the Rebbe's Sicho, Aaron was getting nervous and becoming afraid that he might be ejected from the "Reservation". I consoled him by telling him, not to worry because they would not harm him in my presence.

Proof of this occurred a little while later, when Dovid (Jaffe) casually strolled into the enclosure. What did Shmidy and Zerkie - and their Aides do? They appealed to me to please request Dovid to leave the reservation.

Dovid was like an Embedded Rock, immovable. Anyway, after a few moments, Dovid left on his own accord, amidst sighs of relief from the "Heavy Gang".

In our flat, the light in the little room was broken. Dovid tried to repair it and fixed some unusual contraption, which did not work. So - we called in the Electrician. He arrived complete with his assistant Moishe, who carried all the tools.

The Electrician indicated that he loved my books, they were most enjoyable and he would accept the last instalment, in payment of the job he was now doing for us.

"Oooh! - then here is another one for your assistant - so you now have two copies". I considered it to be a reasonable good deal.

He then turned to Dovid and asked him for \$40 to settle his account for work just completed. I was flabbergasted. He was a very good electrician but had given me a real shock. Anyway, I persuaded him to donate a small sum to our Yeshiva.

Label (Groner) again asked me to be present in the Hallway of 770 at 10am on Friday morning when I would be privileged to receive the Arba Minim (Esrog-Lulov etc) from the Rebbe.

There seemed more men than ever in the Hallway, this year. Many had won Lotteries to represent various Towns and organizations in Israel. There were six from Kfar Chabad.

But first, as usual were the Rebbe's personal staff - Rabbi Chadakov, and Nissen Mendel. Rabbi Akiva Cohen, was again the only Rosh HaYeshiva, from the whole world, who was honoured to receive a set, on his own behalf. I was relieved to hear Label, call out that "Zalmon Jaffe should come forward" - also on my own account. They were the nicest set of Arba Minim, I have ever seen. Beautiful Esrogim. The Rebbe made quite a long speech to me (probably to others too).

Avrohom Meisels, my "Unofficial" and self appointed partner, called at the Succah to bind the Lulov, the Hadassim and the Orovus together, as he usually does.

As I was waiting in the Hallway, a fellow rushed up to me, and exclaimed Sholom Aleichem,

Nissen, and gave me a hug and a kiss. I pointed out that my name was Zalmon "yes, but you are Shmuel Lew's Father-in-law", he said.

His name was Moishe Lipshitz, from Moscow. He loves Shmuel and misses him very much. He recognized that I was Shmuel's father-in-law, because he had met me at 770, two years ago.

The Rebbe had presented him with a set of Arba Minim and declared that he was responsible and obligated to all Russia.

Moishe Lipshitz complained that he had not been receiving his regular supplies of Sichos on cassettes.

They were like Gold, and were spiritual Life Savers, from the Rebbe.

SUCCESS

That night, after Maariv the Rebbe commenced to sing the tune, VeSomachto prior to relating a Sicho. But, first he called Label, and asked him where were the two little boys who were saying Kaddish? And the Rebbe instructed Label to seek them out and to bring them to him.

They were brought forward and sat at the Rebbe's feet. The Rebbe sang with them and encouraged them to sing. This was surely a lesson to us of how to show pity and Rachmonous (Mercy).

We all went to Chayas for luncheon on the first day Success - which was a Shabbos. We asked Shmulie (Jaffe) not Shmuel (LEW) this time, to give us a Chazora - repetition of the Rebbe's Sicho, which took ten minutes on the previous evening. We suggested that he give us a five minute resume.

He was a genius. He spoke for fifteen minutes! The extra five minutes were for "interuptions and explanations".

We learnt that MENDIE (Lew) was about to become engaged to RIVKA, the youngest YARMISH daughter. A very nice looking, pretty and attractive Young Lady.

It was Shabbos, the first day of Success. "There - will - be - a - Farbraingen today, because it is Shabbos" drawled Dovid Mandelbaum, gutturally.

I retorted that we never had a Farbraingen on Success, because we are not allowed to drink unless we are in the Succah.

Shmuel agued that there will certainly be a Farbraingen because the Rebbe only spoke for ten minutes last night, so he will make up for that at a Farbraingen today.

He also recalled that once upon a time, many, many, many years ago, there was a Farbraingen on Success, but there was no LeChaim.

(Z.J. - No LeChaim at a Farbraingen?!?)

We had many arguments and pilpulim on the pros. and cons. of whether there would - or would not be a Farbraingen today, - many valid reasons on both sides.

Shmuel summed up the evidence and concluded that yes, there will be a Farbraingen - or on the other hand there might NOT BE one. He was proven correct - there was NO Farbraingen.

As the first day of Yom Tov was a Shabbos, we had to wait until the second day to perform the mitzvah of using the Rebbe's Arba Minim.

To ensure that the men and boys would not have to wait in long lines all morning in order to bench with the Rebbe's Esrog, - numbered tickets were given out from 6am onwards. The recipients could depart for home or for study and return later when he considered that the number which he held was now due.

Many had taken advantage of this, and it could happen that the person holding a very early number which he had collected at 6am, say ticket No. 5, could return home to bed, and come back to 770, nearly four hours later and go straight to the top of the line, in front of Ticket Number (say) 920.

Those in charge decided to print on the ticket in hebrew and in English the following

"This ticket will ONLY be honoured if your ticket is shown within 100 numbers of the number being served".

"Second day Success. Shnas Nissim".

I, personally, could not see any Rhyme nor reason, for this. If a boy obtained his ticket by making a special effort to get to 770 for 6am. I could not understand why he had to wait again in the line for the Rebbe's Esrog.

A worse example was the care of the two boys who arrived at 6.20 and collected tickets numbered 106 and 107, respectively. One boy took off his spectacles - put on a different hat and collected No. 220. His friend went through the same procedure and also obtained another ticket.

They required these for their fathers - which was also a Mitzvah in the Torah.

At 7.30am, Shimon Nobart, a good friend of mine, informed me that ticket Number 1950 had already been issued, and the holder could not expect to be served until AFTER the Rebbe had used the Esrog during the morning service.

I joined the Old Mens' Club this year, again. Yitzchok Offin of Jerusalem gave us a daily shiur in the Succah at 8am until the Rebbe's Esrog had arrived.

About twenty of us, would then receive top priority, but first Myer Harlick who was in charge of the Arba Minim, Label Groner who had to be at the Rebbe's side, Yehuda Bessofsky who had to arrange the Coffee and refreshments in the Succah for the "Guests", had to be served.

Children's Rally

On Tuesday, the second day of Chl HaMoed there was held another Children's rally at 770.

The Bimah had been placed directly in front of the Oran HaKodesh. Rabbi J.J. (Hecht) was on this bimah acting as the Master of Ceremonies, and giving an English translation immediately after the conclusion of each of the Rebbe's talks.

All the tables and chairs were now so placed, that every child was facing the Rebbe.

The Women's Shool was full - of boys, who had removed all the windows so that they could see and hear better.

Only the Children and the boys' and girls' leaders. (MADRICHIM) were allowed downstairs into the Shool. There were thirty boy and thirty girl leaders, so that would make a minimum of 6000 Children (one leader to 10 children).

I gave my MAD-RICH Badge to Shmulie, so he had no trouble in gaining entry. I went in as Zalmon Jaffe and Sholom Ber (Lew) was my guardsman and protector. Poor Aaron was afraid of being refused entry. The Spielman Identical Twins were guarding the doors. It was impossible to tell them apart except one was always smiling and the other one frowning. Their names were Levi Yitchok and Yaakov Yoel.

J.J. was busy making his usual type of Jokes and trying to get everyone in the right mood.

"Now then, Fingers up - Mouths closed. It is Shnass Nissim, the year of miracles. The Adults have gained entrance by a miracle - and they will be sent out too, the same way, - if they are not quiet".

Two removal men walked in, slowly carrying a small table, on which the Rebbe's dollars would be placed. It dawned upon me that one of these men was Shmuel (Lew) and the other was Label Liberoff.

The tricks that some people will get up to gain admission!!

The proceedings took the usual form. Terrific and exciting singing when the Rebbe entered, followed by the Mincha service when the temporary curtains were placed in position to divide the boys from girls - only during these prayers.

The twelve Torah Verses were recited by children from all over the world and including Sydney, Australia; Cassablanca, Morocco; California; Israel; Paris; Crown Heights; Italy; Spain; and Jerusalem.

I noticed with interest that Chaya Soro and Rivka Shmerling from Zurich, Switzerland said a Duet, and Young Wilhelm from London had a strong but squeaky voice.

The young boy who was saying Kaddish, Menachem Mendel Scharf, was called up. But before he said his verse, the Rebbe interrupted and requested that his Younger brother should be put onto the platform with his brother.

The Rebbe led the applause, in appreciation of the wonderful and effective manner, in which the participants had recited their verses.

The Rebbe indicated that "G-d had given us three Yomim Tovim in which to enjoy Simcha and Joy. They were referred to as Festivals for Simcha. Pesach was also the season of our Freedom and Shovuos was the season of Our Receiving the Torah. Succos was specially called the Season of our rejoicing, in addition to the name of "Festival of Simcha". This underlined and emphasized how much we needed real Torah Simcha at this time".

"In the Torah, the word Simcha in connection with Succos is mentioned three times. Three times becomes a Chazoka, a tradition - a part of one's life. Every day of the week is included in Succos, so each day we should learn Torah with Simcha, and perform Mitzvos with JOY and prepare for the arrival of our Righteous Moshiach. Now, Now.

"This month of Tishrei is full of Yomim Tovim" - including Rosh Hashonna, Succos and Simchas Torah.

You are all members of Tzivas HaShem – G-d's Army. The rules teach you how to behave as a good Jewish person. G-d has given these little children the Yetzor Horo, and also the means to influence his brothers and sisters.

In his room he has the armour and ammunition to fight this Yetzor Horo - a Chumish, a Sidur, and a Tzedoka Box. The main thing is to realise that G-d owns all the Earth and all that is in it.

The A-Mighty realises that this child is in the Army of G-d, and is connected to him. The Commander-in-Chief. The A-Mighty will protect His Soldiers, and will maintain and guard the Honour and Glory of His Army.

This soldier will possess all that he needs, to learn Torah and perform mitzvahs, and show a good example to all around.

Love your neighbours and ensure that they should all join this Tzivas HaShem, and be protected by G-d.

All in one Army, and You will be blessed with "Wisdom, Knowledge and Understanding", and will realise that G-d is The Commander-in-Chief, who will lead us back to Jerusalem, to the Bess HaMikdosh (the Third) on Mount Zion and to the Holy of Holies, together with Our Righteous Moshiach.

The Rebbe then presented everyone with Three Coins for Tzedoka. - Success is the third Yom Tov. Tuesday is the third day of the week, and we hope to see the rebuilding of our Holy Temple, the third.

The Adults who were present, received three dollars, each, for Tzedoka.

At night we went to join in with the dancing - to Kingston and Montgomery. The crowds were terrific. Many shops, Ice Cream, Pizzas, and even Clothes shops were open all night. Elli Lipsker's band was playing, but when we left at about 1am, the "main" dancing had not yet started.

Yisroel Shemtov did add some excitement to the proceedings - he was busy chasing the girls and the women - off the street and back onto the pavement - sidewalk.

It was like the story of King Canute of Ancient BRITAIN who sat on a Chair on the sea shore and ordered the Waves to turn back!!

This was the first year that one of my grandchildren had seized the opportunity of using, together with me, the Arba Minim which the Rebbe had presented to me, actually during the morning service.

Many grandsons had certainly used my set, but well after the Service - even as late as 5pm in the afternoon. But Aaron was always at my side, when the time came for shaking the Arba Minim during the service.

Occasionally, he only just made it - when he arrived in Shool after 11am, but there was never any sign of any of my other grandsons at this "early" hour. They danced the whole night through. But one fellow declared that the Rebbe had never, never indicated that we should dance ALL night.

However, on Thursday, the fourth day of Chol Hamoed, Aaron, at last succumbed to the Forces of nature and he did not join me with the Lulov and Esrog for the HoShaanus. He had joined the category of all my grandchildren who did not surface until after lunch time.

Benzie (Lew) was under the age of Bar-Mitzvah so he did not have to shake "OFFICIALLY" the Lulov and Esrog. He nevertheless always managed to shake the Table, when we were drinking tea or other liquids.

It had been pouring with rain, non-stop for two days. We were due to visit Great Neck for Simchas Baisashayvu, as we have done for so many years.

But, unfortunately, our regular driver, Yehuda Blessofsky, our dear friend, had become unwell, and was in hospital. K.A.H. he is a giant of a man - in every respect.

The doctors had reported that he had received a signal that he had been overdoing it. - He had been working all day, plus providing Coffee and Cakes and Meals for the guests who ate in the Communal Succah, and then dancing and working all night long.

One cannot burn the candle at both ends and nature has a way of giving us a warning.

We visited the community of Great Neck, for which we have a very long Chazoka, tradition. Unfortunately Yehuda was ill in hospital, so we drove down in Rabbi Gorevitzky's Car. He did not know the way so well, we kept getting lost, and had to make frequent stops to enquire our way. And the weather was atrocious. I was accompanied by Roselyn, and the following Lews - Zelda Rochel, Toby Gitel, Shaindel and Benzy, plus Shmulie and Aaron Jaffe, who travelled with Rabbi Lipsker.

On the journey, I sat next to Rabbi Yitzchok Wolfe from Chicago, who told me about the two million dollar mortgage which had miraculously been repaid. Now, he is troubled by a half a million dollars annual budget deficiency. He was looking forward to the Nissim - miracles in this Year of Miracles - with the Help of the Rebbe.

Channah (nee Itkin) and her husband Rabbi Yossi Geisinski, were the Lubavitch Sheluchim in Great Neck.

Unfortunately the date clashed with another celebration in the Shool Succah, so it was arranged that we would visit the Succah of the shool President.

In spite of the continuous downpour, we spent a very nice time with about fifty members plus fifteen of our Lubavitch party.

We sang. We spoke. We danced and dodged the raindrops and we enjoyed ourselves.

On the following night we had a LeChaim in Chaya's Succah to celebrate the engagement of Mendie Lew to Rivka.

As Hindy was not present, Roselyn deputised for her and together with Mrs. Yarmush (Rivka's mother) they broke the plate to confirm the Tenoyim.

They did not write a Kinyan because, although there were about fifty men present, they were all relatives of either the Chosson or of the Kalloh and were, for that reason invalidated to act as witnesses.

Forty five families had co-operated to issue a free and standing invitation to anyone and everyone to come into their "open" Succah and help themselves to refreshments from Midnight until Dawn during the four days of Choi HaMoed.

Here is a part of the announcement - for your edification.

סוכות " כל דכפין "

לעילוי נשמת מרים נעמא ע"ה בת משה

The following סוכות invite you in, between midnight and dawn during שבת בית השואבה (Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights) to help yourselves to drinks, refreshments, and a feeling that is downright "Heimish" (Comfortably Jewish).

LISTING OF SUKKAHS BY STREETS: " כל דכפין " :
EMPIRE BLVD.

405 BARAS	630 DUBROWSKI
600 HELLER	637 KORF -
604 GOLDSTEIN	675 ROSENFELD
605 CHICRIK	690 FEIGENSON
	727 LEIDER
621 BRONSTEIN	741 STEINHAUSER

MONTEGOMERY ST.

508 JACOBSON	699 SANDHAUS
539-541 VAIL/WINNER	701-705 FRIEDMAN/SEIGSON
563 PIEKARSKI	707 ROSENBLATT
570 CHAZANOW	711 SHAPPER
651 SIMPSON	713 KATZ
655 SIMPSON	716 COHEN
683 BERKOWITZ	728 MOGALNICK
687 SHOCHAT	730 SPERLIN
689 ZEHENBAUM	766 LAINE
695 LERMAN	780 SHAGALOW
698 SHURPIN	822 LIPSKER

CROWN ST.

460 HOROWITZ	484 SWERDLOV
	514 GEISINSKI
476 BRONSTEIN	661 SEEWALD

BROOKLYN AVE.

370 POSNER

EASTERN PARKWAY

858 PRAGER

PRESIDENT ST.

1512 GAERMAN

1533 WOLF

נא לשמור על הנקייוז

One day we heard that there had been an Earthquake in San Francisco.

Roads, Highways, Houses and Large buildings had collapsed and fallen down. Nearly three hundred people had been killed, and many thousands were made homeless.

It was reported - that not one Succah had collapsed in the earthquake, - and not one Shool was touched. There were some lucky escapes - One Lubavitcher arrived home just five minutes after his house had disappeared into the ground.

On Wednesday night it was announced that the Rebbe would distribute Lekach (cake) to anyone who had not yet received their rations.

They should join a line that evening, which would file past the Rebbe, who stood by his study door, and ask for Lekach. The Rebbe expected all who had NOT been given Lekach to come on that evening and NOT to wait until HoShaano Rabba.

Shmuel left the reception (for Mendie and Rivka) and rushed to 770 and obtained his Lekach plus three extra pieces for all London. Three thousand people were served that night.

As I have already written, over ten thousand people had collected their rations on Erev Yom Kippur, - and Three thousand on the Wednesday, as stated above.

It was announced that o one must go twice for Lekach. As soon as Benzy heard this, he made a rush to 770 and obtained another piece.

In spite of all this, there were many thousands still clamouring for Lekach on HoShaano Rabba. These included most of our family, except for Shmuel who went on Wednesday and Benzy who went twice. I arrived at the Rebbe's door just ahead of the family. The Rebbe handed me a piece - then a second and finally a third piece, I assumed that some of this cake was for Manchester.

Just at that moment, Roselyn arrived with the "gang...." I said to the Rebbe "Here is Roselyn". The Rebbe answered that he did not need any introductions.

He gave Roselyn a piece of cake, Roselyn said "Thank You". The Rebbe replied "You are very welcome".

Aaron received a piece, and an extra one "for Your Father".

Rabbi Weinberg's son, Avrohom told me that there was three inches of snow on the Succahs in Detroit.

In Montreal it was even worse, and here we complain when a few drops of water fall into our soup.

I would observe that if it was so cold in Detroit then the three inches of snow would be a solid mass and would not penetrate through the roof, but on the contrary it would keep the Succah warm like the IGLOO, the home of an ESKIMO.

One morning, I was sitting at the Shiur, awaiting the arrival of the Rebbe's Esrog, when a fellow approached me and offered me a special spot downstairs, almost next to the Rebbe, - There would be no pushing nor shtupping.

I retorted that I did possess a little Chutzpah, but such a big Chutzpah - to go onto the platform near the Rebbe and without permission - I did not have.

Binyomin Klyne, Shmidy, and Zerkie always pushed me up the stairs, "Go on Zalmon, get up there, out of the way", they would encourage me.

This fellow apologised very profusely and explained "I VOS only choking, thats all". A Cheek!! I felt like choking him too. Some People are very envious. They will not do any work, but will expect to receive the rewards.

Rabbi Caploun, of Crown Heights called on behalf of Rabbi Brill, (and on his own behalf too) and paid me one hundred and forty Dollars for fourteen, old editions! The Yeshiva will be pleased.

I was speaking to Label, and he confided that - "Zalmon, please keep writing your weekly letter to the Rebbe. You do not realise what good these letters do - The Rebbe loves them".

Last Days Of Sukkos

We were experiencing a very wet Succoss and it was becoming increasingly more and more uncomfortable to partake of our meals in the Succah.

Occasionally it seemed as if our table was situated underneath the Nigara Falls.

The water was dripping into our soup plates at such a fast rate that they were soon filled to overflowing.

It was not even possible to wipe dry the soaking wet benches or chairs, although we used used clean large heavy towels. The "Sunday Times" newspaper was a good investment and one could place many folded pages of this paper upon the bench as long as one sat down, at once, very quickly.

We did not consider it correct to sit upon the "Allgemainer Tzeitung" (a Lubavitch newspaper).

I did consider that it was certainly too wet to sit in the Succah under such terrible conditions. But everyone was looking over his shoulder and if Sholom Ber was prepared to eat his meals, huddled inside a heavy wet raincoat and wearing a soggy, wet dripping hat then everybody had to emulate him.

Roselyn issued dire warnings to me that I would "catch my death of cold". They went unheeded. Surely, I was just as tough as the others.

During Chol HaMoed I had written a note to the Rebbe. It had stated that "It is very hard, extremely difficult to be a Rebbe, It is not too bad and it can be very nice, but still a heavy responsibility to have to decide about shiduchim and other pleasant matters, even during Yom Tov. But the Rebbe has certainly had his rations - and more, of other peoples troubles during the past few days which could have caused a little dampening of Simcha (Besides this wet weather?) - Rabbi Chadakov had become unwell; Yehuda Blessofsky was in hospital; and Chavelle Guary was also in hospital. T.G. they were all improving. Also the two poor little boys, aged five and eight, respectively who had just lost their father, were saying Kaddish at every service, just near to the Rebbe. - And yet, the Rebbe had not allowed these matters to interfere with the Joy of Yom Tov. The Song of "Vesomachto Bechagecho" "You should rejoice at your Festivals" was sung every day. And the Rebbe did ensure that everyone sang this Nigun with verve gusto and with meaning".

However, little did I envisage or expect that I personally would occupy the Star Role in the next Saga.

It was now Friday evening the first night of the Yom Tov of Shemini Atzeress. It is our custom to have the Hakoffus with the Sifrei Torah at this service too - similar to Simchas Torah.

The Hall was packed, jammed tight. As Doctor Larry Resnick, one of the Rebbe's illustrious physicians remarked "Seven thousand men and boys are squeezed into an area which was made to accommodate seven hundred" (plus the women and girls in the Ladies Shool, gallery).

An extra platform had been placed on top of the Rebbe's original platform. So, it was very high - but not high enough.

An uninterrupted view of the Rebbe had to be assured for every single person, otherwise there would be a riot. As long as even one man was blocking the view of the Rebbe, then that objective had not been achieved, and the vision of the Rebbe for many thousands of people standing in the well of the hall would be obstructed.

I found for myself a niche on top of the short steps leading to the higher platform. Unfortunately Zalmon Gurary (Jimmy) was settled there, too. He maintained that he had the undisputed and sole right to that place, and he resorted to all sorts of silly and babyish tricks to get me to move - pinching my legs and backside and so on. I told him to stop playing games, as I was not a child.

Michoel Zerkin was kept busy trying to control and disperse the crowds of people who were gathering onto that platform. When, the Rebbe pointedly and unambigiously signalled to him to leave the platform, as he was a big lad and was blocking everyone's view of the Rebbe, Michoel jumped downwards into the solid mass of people standing on the floor. He smiled up at me ruefully, but he took it in good spirits - He did not really have any alternative.

On the following night the Rebbes platform was actually raised another few feet to enable everyone to see the Rebbe.

The Seventeen Verses of the Ata Horaiso were recited, as usual. On this first night the Rebbe recited the first and last verses, and other gentlemen are given the honour of saying a verse, as well.

I am always given the posuk of "Malchusscho" which I shout out with the full power of my lungs and throat. My neighbours could certainly hear every word - but no one else could.

It was becoming very hot down in the Shool. The men and boys were JAMMED TIGHT perspiring freely and getting roasted. And steam was being evaporated from their damp clothes.

The Air Conditioning was switched on to "Extreme Cold", and one could hear the sissing noise as this icy cold air met the hot, boiling bodies of the Men and Boys who were standing in the well of the hall. This caused a huge white cloud or mist to be formed which covered the whole centre of the Shool.

We had now reached the first of the seven Hakoffus.

The Rebbe was handed a small Sefer Torah, and thirteen other gentlemen were invited to accept a Sefer torah and have the great honour of joining the Rebbe in this first Hakoffa. These same gentlemen would also be invited to join the Rebbe for the seventh, the last Hakoffa, too.

My name was called out, and I was faced with the usual annual dilemma. Every year it was becoming more and more difficult to take part. It was definitely a hazard.

Ah, but what a lovely honour this was!

Like the story of the Gabai, the warden of the Shool, who was daily cursed and insulted, and his life made a misery. A friend asked him WHY did he want this job? He replied that he loved the Koved (the honour).

Well, for this wonderful honour, I was prepared to suffer a little, and I decided to try once again. I grabbed a small Sefer Torah and ran, as usual to the centre square (for the dancing), in order to arrive there before the Rebbe. I noticed that this time there were only three men who were participating in this Hakkoffa instead of the usual dozen or so.

There I stood holding this small Sefer Torah, when Lo and Behold - the Rebbe was on his way.

I received the usual vociferous, concise, emphatic and unambiguous instructions and orders. -

"Get down - Lie down - and STAY DOWN" I received plenty of assistance, too, and I was dragged down to the floor - and spread - eagled, with the little Sefer Torah upon my chest with dozens of men and boys sitting, lying, standing and pressing against every bone of my anatomy.

I could see nothing and I was in terrible agony. I could only pray that I could manage to endure this torture until the Rebbe had concluded the dancing.

Eventually, the Rebbe ended this first Hakoffa and he left the centre square. Pincus rushed to my aid, but it was not until the gentleman with the second Hakoffa had arrived there, that I became disentangled from the dozens of other bodies lying on the floor.

I stood up - I felt terrible. I had no hat no yarmulka - and no Gartel. My brand new hat was found and it was now a flat shapeless piece of cloth.

I was offered the choice of ten Yarmulkies which had been lying on the floor. I found mine elsewhere. A half a dozen Gartels were also lying on the floor, they were offered to me too.

Pincus guided and half carried me back to the Rebbe's platform. Every bone in my body ached and when Rabbi Katz, the gabai invited me to join the Rebbe at the seventh, the last Hakoffa, I had to refuse this great honour.

When will I ever learn and realize that it is NOT possible for me to join the Rebbe in his Hakoffus.

"Discretion is the better part of Valour" and in future it would be much better and safer for me if I went at the second Hakoffa and be treated like a gentleman, whilst I danced with the other dozen or so men in the centre square without being told to "Get down - Lie down - and stay down" Because no one would be interested in me. Everyone would be watching the Rebbe who stood on his platform and waved and encouraged everyone to sing and to dance.

I do not blame the boys. They came to see the Rebbe. They wanted to see the Rebbe and they made quite certain that no one stood in their way.

Next morning, Shabbos, was the Yom Tov of Shemini Atzeress. I awoke a little later than usual. It was 8am. But I still had ample time to go to the Mikvah and to be in Shool early enough to enable me to obtain a good seat.

I stepped out of bed and flopped right back again. Every bone in my body was aching from the terrible bashing which I had received the previous evening. I also felt feverish. Roselyn confirmed that I had an extremely high temperature (fever). So high, that she thought that the thermometer must be broken. However, she gave me some Antibiotic pills and settled me back in to bed.

At 12.30pm, by a supreme effort I managed to crawl out of bed and emerged from the bedroom in order to daven, to say my prayers.

Binyomin Klyne popped in to see me. Everyone had missed me in Shool, he said, especially the Rebbe who had turned around at "HoAderess Vehoemuna" to discover why I had not started the Nigun, which I had commenced to sing regularly, for nearly thirty years. I was very conspicuous by my absence.

Binyomin advised me to "drink plenty of tea". My fever was raging, and I really felt very ill, indeed.

Just then, our friend Dr Ira Weiss arrived. He had heard that I was not well and he came to discover the extent of my illness. I had the feeling that the Rebbe had asked him to call in and to see how I was.

I had this experience before - when our Rebbetzen (ZTzL) had asked Ira to report, surreptitiously on the conditions in our apartment - on a number of occasions.

Dr. Weiss was one of the principal physicians who had looked after the Rebbe when he had Cardiac trouble many years ago. He is a brilliant Diagnostician and although he lives and works in Chicago, he invariably comes to 770 for Simchas Torah.

He has three daughters whose names are Golda, Rivka and Rochel My mother's name (O.H.) was Golda Rivka and she had a sister - Rochel.

Now - please read very carefully and take notice of how Divina Providence took a hand in my affairs.

I explained the symptoms of my illness to Ira, and especially regarding my excessive phlegm. Ira suspected that I had Pneumonia. He took a sample of this phlegm and actually walked (it was Shabbos and Yom Tov) all the way to Brooklyn Medical centre in order to get this sputum analysed. It took him two hours to walk there and back, plus the time which he spent at the Medical Centre.

Ira then searched for a Pharmacy to enable him to obtain the medicine with which to treat me. Being Shabbos, he preferred a Non Jewish pharmacist, which posed some little difficulty in Crown Heights.

All this walking, searching and meandering took time, and in due course Ira arrived back at our apartment at about 7.30pm, and commenced to daven Maariv - Evening prayers.

I was still in bed and Roselyn informed me that Ira had returned and would like to see me.

I staggered out of bed. I certainly did have Pneumonia. The fever was still raging and I slunk back onto the bed.

The Collapse of Zalmon Jaffe

However, Ira was a good friend of mine and he was anxious to help me, so - I made a superhuman attempt to co-operate with him.

I entered the living room and exclaimed "Hello, Ira". Although members of the family saw me open my mouth, no word was heard - and I just collapsed at the feet of Dr. Ira Weiss.

Golda (Jaffe) and Channah (Lew) went charging up into the Street - in hysterics and shouting, "Hatzola, Hatzola, Help, Help." They were sobbing and screaming and rushed downstairs right

into the men's Shool at 770, still shouting and screaming. "Help, Help, Hatzola".

At that very moment the Rebbe - for the first time during the whole month of Tishrei, was standing up - to his full height, swinging his arms around and around, encouraging everyone to stand up and to sing and to actively participate. It seemed as if the Rebbe knew of my predicament and was forcing me and willing me to get up from off the floor.

This was easier said than done, and for well over a minute I suffered a Cardiac Arrest - my heart had completely stopped beating.

Fortunately, I had the right man at the right, exact, moment. - A few minutes wait for the Ambulance, or a minute or two to find a doctor - and it would have been just too late.

Ira had me on the floor and he was banging and thumping my Ribs, "Come on Zalmon", Whack, Bang and thump. "Come along Zalmon" - another Bang and thump - and crash - Ira had smashed one of my ribs - but he got my heart back to work.

Ira had save my life. There was no doubt about that - and other doctors have confirmed this fact to me.

Meanwhile, the Rebbe had poured out some wine into three small cups and asked Menachem (Yunik) my new grandson, by marriage, to take them to me. Menachem's hand was shaking and he was spilling the precious wine, so the Rebbe told him to pour out the wine from these three small cups into a large tumbler and to take it to Zalmon.

He arrived posthaste at the flat and explained that the Rebbe had stated that "If the Doctor concurred, then I should drink this small tumbler of wine".

Ira agreed, but ensured that I made the Brocha first. Fortunately he did not insist that I should make the Brocha Achrona.

I Arrive At The New York Hospital

Within minutes Label Bistriski and his colleagues had arrived with the Ambulance, put me on a stretcher and placed an oxygen mask over my face.

Roselyn and Ira both accompanied me in the Ambulance which was driven by Label Bistriski, with the Sirens blaring and screaming.

Ira suggested to Label that I should be taken to the New York Hospital at Cornell Medical Centre, which had a wonderful reputation. Another good reason was that Dr. Larry Resnick, one of the Rebbe's physicians was one of the Doctor's in charge and we would receive the best, possible attention. Larry and his wife, Molly were dear friends of ours of many years standing.

It was indeed fortunate for me that Ira came with us to the hospital. His wonderful reputation was well known to all. He knew exactly what treatment I should receive and the doctors at the

hospital seemed to welcome his suggestions. It was about midnight before Ira left the hospital after assuring himself that I was well settled in.

Roselyn was allowed to stay overnight at the hospital. She tried to make herself comfortable on a chair in a waiting room nearby.

I was now in the Intensive Care Unit on the seventh Floor (of the twenty five floor building). There were four beds in this ward.

I was well wired up - fourteen connections to various parts of my body to check and to ascertain whether any damage had been sustained to my heart.

I had intravenous drips into both arms - bottles of Anti-Biotic liquid constantly dripping into my veins, Larry explained later, that I had a count of 60,000 White Blood Corpuscles which had to be brought down to well under ten thousand - by massive dosage of special Anti-Biotics. I was told that twelve years ago there was no cure for this type of Double Pneumonia. Anyway, they had it well under control.

Next morning, Sunday, was Simchas Torah. The Cardiographs around each of the four beds were playing their incessant and monotonous nigun - tune - "Tick-Tick-Tick-Took-Tick-Tick-Tick-Tick-Took-Tick".

Every hour or so my blood pressure was taken, - and also my pulse. On some occasions later on when the Nurse could not get to my wrist, because of wires, needles and so forth, she checked my pulse on the instep of my foot.

I had an oxygen tube placed into my nostrils, which after a few days caused terrific burns to my nose and mouth.

Every day, sometime twice a day, a portable X-Ray machine was wheeled into this ward to take pictures of my chest and so forth.

Roselyn was sitting by my bed keeping me company, when suddenly Dovid (Jaffe) and Pincus (Lew) my grandsons appeared. I was very much astonished to see them. Crown Heights was over Ten miles away from the hospital and it took them three and a half hours to walk all that distance.

It was certainly a very noble, generous and voluntary assignment. I would never have had the Chutzpah to ask anyone to participate in a ten mile walk on Simchas Torah morning.

It was rather peculiar, but I discovered it later on, that the Rebbe wanted to know - NOT - whether anyone had gone to see me, but Who had taken it upon themselves to be "misiras Nefesh" - self-sacrificing for their Bobby and Zaidie.

We were extremely delighted to see Dovid and Pincus, and they were certainly very welcome indeed. We had taken nothing whatsoever, with us in the ambulance on the previous evening.

So when they started to unpack their bags containing food, wine for Kiddush and Havdolla, and other essentials - yes, even a Siddur, it obviously made us feel very much better.

Roselyn and the boys stayed until after Yom Tov was out and then Chaya (now Posner) who had the use of a car, came along with Channah (now Marlow) and drove Roselyn, Dovid and Pincus back to Crown Heights.

There was quite a good selection of Kosher Meals available, but Roselyn promised to return early next morning and bring along my tefillin and food.

Meanwhile at 770, the Rebbe was giving out wine from Kos Shel Brocha. When Shmuel approached – the Rebbe also handed him a small bottle of Vodka to give to me. When Sholom Ber, my grandson passed by, the Rebbe presented him also with a small bottle of Vodka for me. So I achieved a record – I received two bottles of Mashkie from the Rebbe in one night!!

Ira informed me later on, that someone had taken revenge on him for breaking my rib. One of those ever - busy boys, who were always pushing and shtupping - and he shtupped and pushed his elbow into Ira's ribs - and broke one.

I assumed that it was well into the afternoon, but I could not recollect that Roselyn had brought me my tefillin and food. I wanted to know where was Roselyn.

A young woman pointed to the clock on the wall which showed that it was 12.30. "Yes", I countered, "12.30 in the afternoon". She remonstrated with me and pointed out that it was still dark outside. I was very suspicious and accused her of tampering with the clock.

A huge fellow appeared at my bedside. He was dressed and looked like a Jailor, with a massive bunch of keys hanging from his waist.

He said that he was a doctor and that this was the New York Hospital.

I ridiculed the idea - an old basement with four beds!! - and what kind of a doctor was he? This was certainly NOT a hospital.

But what did they want from me? I nearly cried - I had nothing to give them. I felt strained and agitated. They had stuffed a pipe up my nostrils and it was emitting gas. They were trying to drug me and I resisted powerfully.

A nurse seemed more friendly, and I entreated and begged her to help me. She pointed to a fellow in one of the other beds and explained to me that he was a friend of the Lubavitcher movement, and he would confirm that what she had said, was correct.

I did not wish these people to understand my conversation with that fellow. So I spoke in Yiddish.

I asked him - "What's going on here? What do they want from me? I think that they are all

crackers".

He agreed with me that they were all "meshuga". I was not standing for this. I jumped out of bed and started to fight this so called doctor. It was a real fisticuffs.

The friend of the Lubavitcher movement cheered me on. "Don't let them kidnap you", he shouted encouragingly.

They finally got me back into bed and tried to tie me to the side into a kind of strait Jacket.

I was quite proud of the fact that I managed to slip the knot and to free my hands. I also endeavoured, desperately NOT to inhale the gas which I summised contained some drugs.

A few hours later I awoke and I realised that I was actually still in the Intensive Care Unit in the New York Hospital - and that it was the same set-up as before . I must have suffered from some severe hallucinations.

But one thing - I did now feel a very different man - and very much better.

In this huge hospital there were many thousands of beds. Each patient had his own personal telephone and own private number.

This meant that friends could phone direct to the patient without the call having to go through the hospital telephone exchange.

This also implied that I could also phone personally direct to members of my family and to friends, as well.

Every single morning of the fourteen days which I spent in the hospital, Label Groner phoned to discover what progress I was making, so that he could report to the Rebbe.

I do know that Dr. Ira Weiss had painted a full and comprehensive picture to the Rebbe, of what had occurred on that fateful Saturday night and concluded that I was making excellent progress.

My new grandson, Yossi (Marlow) called me on the Wednesday morning to inform me that Channah had presented me with a new baby great grandson. Mazel Tov.

It was maintained that Channah had received such a shock when she saw me lying on the floor dead to the World - that this caused the baby to arrive four weeks earlier than was expected.

Yossie apologised for not yet coming to see me in hospital. He also explained that there had been a discussion between a number of Rabbonim and Rabbi Moshe Feinstein, on whether one could be "Yoitze" the Mitzvah of Bikur Cholim. (If one could fulfill the Commandment of visiting the Sick) by - or on - the telephone.

The verdict was, that it was far better to actually visit the sick patient personally, than to cheer him up - or comfort him - on the telephone.

From past experience, my own opinion, is that when one is comparatively well, one does mind to entertain visitors, but when one is really unwell, than one needs peace and quiet and to be left alone.

I felt very sorry for my friends Sholom Gansberg and Chanina Spurling, who had spent a couple of hours in travelling - to see me, and were only allowed to stay for a few minutes. I still did appreciate the efforts they made.

Rabbi Mendel Futterfass phoned on the first morning, I was not feeling too well and Mendel's phone call did not help. He wished to see me personally on a very important inyan (matter) in which the Rebbe himself was extremely and personally, interested.

It was essential that he came at once, today, because he was returning to Israel quite soon. So it was very urgent (For him - but not for me).

So, (1) Where was this hospital? (2) Who could bring him to me? and (3) Should he hire a Taxi?

My mind was in a turmoil and I could not advise him. I just happened to mention that he should ask Rabbi Marlow for these particulars.

"Aah", he interjected. "Rabbi Marlow will be coming and I should come with him"? I did not have the strength to argue with him.

Anyway, he did not have any success, because I neither saw Mendel Futterfass nor any of his friends.

Roselyn was with me every day from 12 noon until 8pm. Although I had a reasonable selection of Kosher Meals (It was the same selection for Luncheon and dinner, every day) I was more than pleased with the variety of Roselyn's home cooking - although during the first week I could not eat very much and lost nearly 14 lbs (fourteen pounds) in weight.

Members of the family also came every day and generally returned to Crown Heights with Roselyn at night by Taxi.

After a couple of days I was taken from the Intensive Care Ward, and placed into another four bed ward on the third floor.

A small steel box was hung around my neck and chest to monitor my heart beat. And the two bottles of Antibiotic liquid were still hanging from the pole and dripping, intravenous into my arms.

Nearly all of my grandchildren and my great-grandchildren who were presently in New York,

visited me during the course of the following seven days.

Here are their names and the number of visits (during these seven days) Dovid & Pincus: (5 times) Chaya (4): Baby Moussia (3) and Shimon (twice): Channah (M) Yossi (L) and Shternie with Baby Chaya Mushkie: (twice) Mendie, Golda Rivka with Menachem: (Y) (twice) Zelda Rochel and Tova Gittel, Shmuli (three) Aaron, and Golda (J) (three).

Shmuel Lew, my Son-in-law came to say farewell before he left Crown Heights to fly back home, to London. And Susan, my daughter-in-law arrived during the second week, because of the premature birth of her new grandson - Channah and Yossi's first child. Dovid brought his mother to the hospital to see me.

A register was not kept for the second week. Mendy and Pincus had returned to Minnesota. Golda J to Montreal, and all the Lew grandchildren back to London.

Those still in New York did continue to visit me. Avrohom flew in from Manchester to see me - and to attend the Briss.

One Young man who visited me on a number of occasions. (My Censors have cut out his name) used to drive me crazy. He was a terrible nag and always managed to harrass and irritate me. "I have come specially all the way to see you and you do not appreciate my visit he would declare".

To preserve my sanity, I invariably invited him to read and to learn with me the Shiur of the day's Tanya.

I would then close my eyes, - relax - and try to sleep, whilst he droned on and on. (I really had no patience in those early days to concentrate on a Shiur)
In that waym I could assure a little rest from his nagging.

Every day I was undergoing different kinds of Tests and X-Rays. One day I was taken up to the 25th floor for an X-Ray. On the following morning I was sent to the basement for another one. There were corridors and corridors of X-Ray rooms. In fact I was told that there were over 5000 rooms in this hospital, which contained X-Ray equipment.

Another machine pressed, kneaded and pounded my kidneys and liver and was shown on a screen.

Miss Isabella Charles of the accounts department informed Roselyn that the Charges for the hospital was, only, \$1,250 a day, and she demanded \$8,520 on account of the First weeks' stay. She would not recognize nor deal with my British Insurance company, but would accept my own personal credit card - and not cash.

On Friday, Roselyn brought me wine for Kiddush, Candles and food for Shabbos.

Shabbos came in at 5.41pm.

I then obeyed the instructions of my son, Rabbi Avrohom Jaffe, that everyone had to bench licht, and light Shabbos candles when in hospital (alone, without one's wife).

So, I lit the Candles - and almost caused a riot. Most of the patients needed Oxygen, and Oxygen is very inflammable, and "WHOOOF" - I could have blown up the whole hospital. It would have been a Tremendous Explosion.

The nurses descended upon me in masse, and blew out my candles which had been burning for only one and a half minutes.

After Shabbos, Chaya brought along, in her car, - Roselyn, Moussia, Pincus and Golda J. I made Havdolla but I did NOT use candles.

I Carry Out The Rebbe's Shellichus

On Sunday, Menachem Y. persuaded Roselyn to join the line to collect a dollar from the Rebbe, after all she always received beautiful smiles, too.

The Rebbe asked her whether I was making good progress since I had left the Intensive Care Ward. He handed Roselyn a Dollar - for herself - another Dollar - for me - and a third Dollar for me - again - for the "unspoken speech" which I did not make at the Kinnus HaTorah this year.

Roselyn was trying hard to keep the three dollars separate, but the Rebbe interposed and advised her that it would be quite in order to mix them all together.

He wished her Hatzlocha Rabba (great success) and that she should hear Good news.

The Rebbe then suggested that I should endeavour to be active in increasing Yiddishkeit in the hospital. I could invite some Jewish patients into my ward.

Roselyn conveyed to me this message from the Rebbe – but I was almost a prisoner, with the bottles of antibiotic drip hanging from the poles near to the bed – So it was deep regret and reluctance that I had to refuse this assignment.

It was just not possible for me to carry out the wishes of the Rebbe in this instance.

Well, although I could not leave my room to make contact with other Jews – by Divine Providence – half an hour later - a Jewish gentleman was wheeled right into my ward – placed into the bed directly opposite me.

Obviously, this was now a challenge I could not refuse. I shall call this fellow Lee Brown (although his real name was a different colour), and his wife came along to settle him in.

Although she came originally from a very Orthodox family of Rabbonim and Chazonim from “Der Heim”, (Russia) they were not now Orthodox. Just plain conservatives.

One of the highlights of their week was to attend the Sunday morning Shool Minyan, which concluded with a breakfast and a social. Most of their friends belonged to and attended this Sunday morning Shool Minyan.

Early next morning, I thought I would explore the possibility of him – putting on Tefillin.

To make conversation, I enthused heartily about the excellent selection of lovely Kosher meals which were supplied at this Hospital.

He stopped me abruptly, by saying simply "I do not eat Kosher". Well, I already realised that because he had partaken of a Non Kosher dinner on the previous evening.

I then suggested that he should put on my tefillin for a few moments. He laughed - "Tefillin! - Tefillin"! He could not remember the last time that he had put on those things.

It was early - and quiet in the ward. And I explained that it required no more than a few moments of his time - of which he had plenty, and as he was in hospital and needed the help of the A-Mighty, he should give it a try. For a few minutes he seemed to be cogitating - contemplating and deliberating - and finally - to my great surprise and delight, he said "O.K. I shall put them on"

He came over to my bed. I put the Tefillin upon his arm and told him to repeat the Brocha after me, and then I put the "Shel Rosh" upon his head.

After which I recited, and he repeated after me - stuttering - stammering - and muttering the "Shema Yisroel" and the following three paragraphs.

I do not know what prayers they say at their Sunday morning Shool minyan, but the Shema Yisroel was certainly not one of them.

He returned to his bed and never stopped thanking me enough. It was such a wonderful and unexpected experience and Mitzvah.

And his Rabbi who would be coming shortly to visit him would definitely be very sceptical about the whole matter.

MR Lee Brown would be in very great danger of losing his membership of the Sunday morning Shool Minyan if It became known that he had put on Tefillin.

More Activities at the Hospital

One morning I was warned to expect a very special doctor - an expert on lungs, who wished to examine me.

He rushed into the ward and gave me a quick, brief examination. He was leaving the room when I started to bring up some Phlegm.

"Do not spit that out" he exclaimed. "I will go and obtain a container so that I shall be able to analyse this sputum".

After ten minutes I called to the nurse and said Blbb - Blbb - Blbb. "Aah" - she demurred "Spit it out, because he will not be coming back today".

Myer Harlick phoned me many times. He announced that he had given Yossi M. the mitzvah of hagboah on the occasion of the birth of his new baby son.

Beryl Yunik also called me up, and I was pleased to hear from Jeff Goldman. Moshie Kotlarsky conveyed to me the best wishes of all the family, including Rivka, his wife, and Channah, his lovely and attractive daughter. They had all missed me so much at their Annual Simchas Torah luncheon. He proposed making luncheon or dinner for us as soon as I left the hospital. And he fully expected that I had already written 300 pages of my new book whilst I was lying here, in hospital. (Moishe was always a Joker).

Roselyn reported that our new baby great-grandson was still yellow, and that the Briss was not certain to take place on Wednesday.

On Tuesday they placed the Baby under a Microwave oven - sorry - an Ultra Violet Ray Lamp - for some little time, and the Yellowness JUST disappeared.

So, the Briss did take place on the Wednesday at 9am at a small Shool hall in Kingston Avenue. One hundred people were present. Sixty remained for the Seuda, and ten, only, stayed for the Benching.

Avrohom was the "Standing Up" Sandik. He held the Baby whilst he was given his name. Rabbi Marlow was the main Sandik. He sat down.

Roselyn brought me some nice cake and other selections from the Seuda, which I very much

enjoyed.

Mrs Yunik (senior) phoned me that morning to tell me that the baby's name was Menachen Mendel.

So at this moment I have K.A.H. a grandson, a grandson by marriage and a great-grandson, all named Menachem Mendel. It's a good start!

Dr. Larry Resnick who visited me almost every day informed me, that as I was making such excellent progress, they were moving me from this third floor ward, to a very nice room, with only two Beds on the 15th floor.

He did warn me, however, that the nursing staff were much better on the 3rd floor - and he was right.

One morning I was handed this note - Dr. Miller wanted me to ride a Bicycle!

Radionuclide Cineangiography (RNCA): Nuclear Medicine Dept.

This test you are about to undergo tells your physician how efficiently the heart pumps blood and whether all parts of the heart muscle receive adequate blood supply.

Depending on the information desired, the test may be done under resting conditions or both at rest and during physical stress. The entire procedure involves two intravenous injections approximately 20-30 minutes apart and imaging of your heart.

In this laboratory, you will lie on your back under a scintillation camera while images of the heart are obtained. For an exercise test, you will be asked to exercise according to your ability and continuous images will be made during this period. The exercise equipment resembles a stationary bicycle but pedalling is done while lying down. Throughout the exercise test, your electrocardiogram and blood pressure will be monitored by a cardiologist. Not all patients are required to exercise. This is decided by your doctor.

The doctor had to ensure that I had no food nor drink from midnight, until I returned from the scan.

I was collected at 9am in the morning and I begged the nurse to accept my breakfast tray and to keep it until I returned to the ward, because I would be very hungry by then.

I had the scan, which cost over \$400 and I was brought back to my room at 11.30am. I was starving, but there was no breakfast waiting for me. The doctors had cancelled it.

Well, I had only a half an hour or so to wait until lunch time, at 12 noon. At 1.30pm, I was still waiting and Roselyn decided to take immediate action. She rebuked the nurse for not making sure that her patient received his meals in time. The Nurse phoned the Kitchens. At 2pm Roselyn went personally to the Catering Officer to complain. This Catering Officer denied that

our nurse had phoned her about supplying my lunch which left our nurse, Mary Lou, crying her heart out, because Roselyn had told her off.

It seemed that the doctor who had cancelled my Breakfast had not re-instated the meal service. At 2.30pm, a Kosher Meal was brought to a starving man.

Out for Shabbos – But Only Just

As Larry had predicted I continued to make such good progress that it was now possible for me to leave the hospital and to be at Crown Heights in time for Shabbos.

He added "I want to keep you away from Germs and Bugs - and this is the place where there are plenty of them - in this hospital.

You are only taking these various pills here - you may as well take them at home.

At \$1250 a day, plus doctors' fees and medication, I was glad to get out too, although I was insured.

He advised me to take it very easy over the next few months because my resistance would be very low and I had to be very careful as I did not want a recurrence of my illness.

He also gave me prescriptions for Anti-Biotic and other Pills which cost me \$50 and would be sufficient to last me until I arrived back home, in Manchester.

Avrohom collected me from the hospital and I arrived at Crown Heights just half an hour before Shabbos.

Avrohom had maintained that it would not be advisable for me to stay at the basement flat, even for one day.

He even spoke to Ira (Dr. Weiss) in Chicago who agreed with his opinion, because I needed rest and quietness.

The atmosphere at the flat, - both materially and spiritually - and its closeness to 770, which would be convenient for friends and acquaintances to drop in and wish me well - would not be conducive to Peace and Quiet.

I was extremely lucky and with the help of Chaya P. and Avrohom - a very fine luxurious and modern apartment was put at our disposal. It was situated in the same building where Chaya P. and Channah M. resided.

I have reluctantly promised not to mention the names of our benefactors, but I can assure them that it was a very great Mitzvah, and which Roselyn and I fully appreciated. It enabled us to

enjoy a very quiet Shabbos - on our own - and yet - together with the – family.

Chaya and Channah supplied us with food and other necessities and essentials.

Avrohom dropped me at this lovely apartment and I gave him a letter to hand in to the Rebbe at 770. He rushed over with it and within three minutes Label phoned me with the Rebbe's reply. This stated:

"It should be a Year of Goodness, Mazel Tov for the latest (family) simcha. I shall remember you at the Ohel". Very early next morning (Shabbos) we had a visitor - Menachem Y. came to see how I was progressing.

Label had told him to come along early, because the Rebbe wanted a report, before the Shabbos service commenced.

I collect a record number of dollars

After the termination of Shabbos, Label again phoned to enquire about my health.

I intimated that I would very much like to collect a dollar from the Rebbe next morning, Sunday.

Label indicated that I could come at any time that suited me, and he would personally undertake to ensure that I would gain immediate access to the Rebbe.

Channah had declared that she would like to accompany me and Roselyn and also to bring her baby Menachem Mendel Marlow (M.M.M.) to obtain his very first dollar from the Rebbe.

Label commented that I could bring with me any members of the family who wished to join me.

At 11am on Sunday, Roselyn and I stood at the door of 770. Label allowed us to proceed straight through into the hallway, from where the Rebbe would distribute the dollars.

The Rebbe had not yet emerged from his study and it seemed that we might be the first to obtain a Dollar from the Rebbe, on that morning.

Roselyn stood at my side as were also Channah and her baby. I noticed that Yossi (her husband) was hovering nearby. Oh yes - and Golda Rivka and Menachem were also present - and to my pleasant surprise Avrohom and Susan were both here too - with Dina.

Chaya and baby Moussia had also joined our party.

The Rebbe gave me a glorious smile of welcome and then a peculiar glance. I had not shaved for four weeks and had grown quite a beard.

“The changing Face of Zalmon”

The Rebbe handed me a Dollar "for MR Jaffe". Another Dollar for a "Double Portion" and a third Dollar "for Manchester" - "and you should hear good news".

After presenting Roselyn with a Dollar, accompanied by the Rebbe's special smiles for her, he wished her "Good Tidings and "Bon Voyage".



The Rebbe then asked "What about

the New Simcha?" Channah stepped forward and received her Dollar, and baby Menachem Mendel received his very first Dollar direct from the Rebbe.

Avrohom was next. The Rebbe told him, amongst other things "not to forget about your Rabbonus". Susan followed, accepted her dollar and rushed away.

The Rebbe called her back to say a few words to her and to wish her Mazel Tov. Susan was very much affected emotionally.

Every member of the family gathering received a Dollar, plus an appropriate brocha from the Rebbe.

Four hours later at 3pm after the Dollar Distribution had been concluded, we received a message that Label wished to see either me or Roselyn.

Roselyn went along and Label handed her a message for me. It was in the Rebbe's "KESAV YAD" his own handwriting. After 30 years, this was the very first time that I have **seen** that Label should be allowed to part with a memorandum containing the Rebbe's own script.

It stated:

"Because you greeted me this morning with a "BeSOVER PONIM **YOFFUS**" (Z.J. - note the Rebbe's play on my name, heavily underlined) - with such a lovely countenance. I am giving \$50 for you to distribute in your City for Tzedoka".

The Rebbe was obviously referring to my new beard. OF which he approved with great delight.

(This year is 5.7.-50. I therefore received 50 dollars. In hebrew the year is for NISSIM, MIRACLES. The Rebbe had been talking about this "year of miracles", many months well before Rosh Hashonna, when the New Year commenced. Could any living person ever have envisaged that such miraculous events would take place later on in this year - when dictatorial and Communist regimes in all those countries behind the Iron Curtain just collapsed one after the other like dominoes, and have all become democratic and free.)

Avrohom showed me an article in the "Time Magazine" which referred to this year as a "Year of Miracles" - Six months after the Rebbe had so prophesied.

Next day Label phoned me from Crown Heights. The Rebbe wished to make known that he loved my new beard and Label hoped that I would keep it on.

During the following two weeks, Label phoned me every day to enquire about my health. I did manage to forestall him on a few occasions to give him my latest bulletins.

I received a nice letter from Aaron. He wrote:

Dear Zaidie,

Thank you very, very, very much indeed for bringing me here (to Crown Heights) You don't realise how much I appreciate it - and thank you so much also for looking after me so well whilst I was here.

Anyway, I hope that for many many many years to come. I will be able to come to America with You and Bobby, till you are 120, to see the Rebbe.

Also it has been fantastic for me here - my first Tishrei, and the first of many P.G. with Bobby and Zaidie.

Zaidie, I wish you a total and speedy recovery, and hopefully I will see you P.G. in Manchester in a couple of weeks P.G. - Well and truly recovered.

Love and many kisses from your dear Aaron.

I have a nephew, Adrian Mann who informed me that, except for two installments, he had the whole set of my "Encounters". And in all that period I have never once mentioned him by name.

Well, he is a good lad, is a fanatical fan of mine, and supports our Yeshiva, but there is no reason why I should mention his name.

His wife, Janice, however does deserve a mention. She actually indicated that she understands Poems very well, and considers mine to be very good indeed. That is indeed unexpected praise.

However, Adrian did tell me a story, which I should repeat - as a warning to others.

One evening he was loading some goods into his car. He turned around to gather up the last roll of cloth when he realized that his motor car was moving. A fellow had jumped into the driving seat and was off, like a shot, with the car and its contents.

Now, Adrian, in his anger did not stop to think but jumped onto the car to try and stop it. The new driver showed no compunction but swung the car around and crashed into Adrian's ribs and arm, knocked him down and sped off.

Adrian suffered weeks of pain and agony but G.F. he could have been killed. His car was found a few days later, minus all the contents, the Radio and other movable objects.

Michael Rose is a friend whom I have mentioned previously. He always looks forward to my "Encounter", which he reads avidly on Shovous night, instead of reciting Tikun Shovous. He maintains that it does him good, and he does learn some words of Torah therein!

This year, a few hours before Shovous commenced, his wife, Greta, decided to visit the hospital, where she gave birth to Twins, two boys. The only reading matter which was at hand and available was my "Encounter, No. 20". She took this with her to the hospital.

She informed me, subsequently how much she enjoyed reading this book. She also had many a good laugh, and she was waiting impatiently for the next instalment.

Whilst on the subject of Baby boys. Here is a catch question. Two healthy baby boys, no relation to each other, were born on the Monday and Friday respectively. One had his briss on the Thursday and the other on Friday. How did this happen?

Rafael Haber's son was born on Monday, the week before Pesach. As the birth took place during Twilight there was a doubt whether the briss should take place on the Monday or on the Tuesday. This "eighth day" could have been Tuesday, the first day of Pesach, but because it was a SOFUK, a doubt, it was not allowed to have the briss on that Tuesday - nor on the following day, Wednesday, which was the second day of Pesach, so the Briss took place on Thursday (In Israel the Briss could have been performed on the Wednesday because only the first day is kept as a strict Yom Tov - the next day would be Chal HaMoed).

Eliezer Brown's baby boy was born on the Friday. Here there was no problem and the briss was performed at the proper time - Friday.

My friend Aubrey Harris was expecting to be blessed with two new grandchildren at the same time. His son Anthony, in Manchester, and his daughter Bailie (Mrs Allan Perrin) in London.

Aubrey was becoming worried! What would he do if both babies happened to be boys? Then he would have two "Sholom Zochar" parties on the same Friday night - one in Manchester and the other one in London. 200 miles away. Obviously he could not be present at both celebrations.

In the event, not only were the babies both boys but - they were born on the very same day!

So, he had two Brissim on the same day. One in Manchester at 8am and the other in London in the afternoon.

I spoke to Label on the phone again. He told me that the Rebbe had given a Dollar to Shmuel - for your Father-in-law. He had also handed a Dollar to Nachman (Sudak) of London.

The Rebbe recalled him and presented him with another dollar to give to Zalmon Jaffe. So Nachman made a special visit by train to Manchester, to hand me this gift from the Rebbe!

Another Visit to Israel

My doctor had suggested that I should get away for a couple of weeks to the Sunshine - and recoup a little of my strength after my traumatic experiences in the New York City Hospital.

The direct flights from Manchester to Eilat had been discontinued this year. There were just two flights a week from Manchester to Tel Aviv - on Monday, and Thursday afternoons. We had important work to attend to during that week, so we decided to take the El Al plane which left on Thursday at 2pm.

We intended to stay overnight at Tel Aviv and take an early morning (Friday) plane to Eilat - less than one hour's journey away, so there would be no problem about Shabbos.

I did have regrets, after we had booked our itinerary because it would have been much nicer for us, to stay in Jerusalem over Shabbos, where I have two sisters and many nephews and nieces. Even Tel Aviv would have suited us.

I could also have attended the services at the Jerusalem Great Synagogue, which my late brother Maurice (O.H.) had founded and erected.

I subsequently learnt that the celebrated Chazan Stern had been the guest Cantor on that Shabbos, - Rosh Chodesh, too. And the service which had commenced at 8.30am concluded at 1pm - four and a half hours - much longer than even on Rosh Hashona. It must have been a wonderful concert, with the large Choir under the direction of my nephew, Elly (Jaffe).

Roselyn and I had driven from Scotland on the previous Tuesday. The weather was terrible, with Cyclonic winds, hail, ice and snow, which caused many accidents.

Our journey home took nine hours insted of the normal five, - four hours longer than usual..

On the day we left Manchester for Tel Aviv, the weather was still atrocious, and I felt a little silly driving to the Airport without even a raincoat.

Roselyn had advised me that it was not really necessary, because we would soon be in Eilat the City of the Sun and Sunshine.

Our plane had come from Israel and landed in time and we also left Manchester punctually at 2pm.

There were only fifty passengers on the plane, but we were going to land at Amsterdam to pick up another hundred people.

During the ten minutes, which it took us to land at Schippol Airport, our plane was so buffeted by the wind. Twisting and turning and doing all sorts of Aerobatics, that many passengers were actually sick - but we did arrive in time - about 3.15pm.

The Captain, announced that we must NOT leave our seats, whilst the new passengers boarded the aircraft - and we intended to remain on the ground for about 1½ hours.

Little did the captain realise that it would be Fifteen and a half hours before our flight would eventually take off.

All the passengers were seated, with seat belts fastened. The plane was still stationery and attached to the extending telescopit platform of the Terminal Building, we were awaiting our turn to taxi to the runway.

The plane was rolling about - shuddering, rocking, shaking and twisting. I felt as if I was aboard a tiny ship being tossed about on the open seas in a hurricane. We were experiencing a Force twelve storm and gust of winds of 100 miles an hour almost overturned the plane.

Roselyn was extremely nervous, and I agreed with her that I would also prefer to remain on "Terra Firma" - and the more firmer the less terror.

After an hour or so, the captain announced that it was much too dangerous to attempt to take off, and he was cancelling the flight. We would all be taken to a hotel in Amsterdam and we would, hopefully leave at 8am next morning.

Almost for the first time in my life, I had left my Tallis and Tefillin in my suitcase, which now rested in the hold of the Aircraft, and would not be moved until we had arrived in Israel.

Rabbi Margulies, my friend from Manchester, promised to loan me his appurtenances after he had davened on the plane.

There were quite a large number of orthodox Jews on the aircraft. We all prayed that the plane would leave on time, at 8 o' clock so that we would arrive well before Shabbos. It would be impossible for us to fly to Eilat late on Friday afternoon, and the airline staff were very helpful and sent a telex message and a Fax to our Travel Agents in Tel Aviv, who would make the necessary changes to our itinerary.

It was now 6.30pm and it was not until two hours later - at 8.30pm that we arrived by special coaches at the Five STARRED Sonesta Hotel in the City Centre.

As they were decending from the coach two ladies had their handbags torn from their grasp by a couple of young robbers. Some of these muggers carry a sharp knife, cut the straps of the

handbag and disappear with their loot, within a split second. It is very distressful when not only cash is taken, but passports and tickets, which are of no value to these robbers, are also taken.

One young lady who intended to stay in Israel for only three days, to meet her husband, was forced to cancel her plans.

Meanwhile at the Sonesta Hotel, we were all allotted our rooms, efficiently and well, and hot, Airline meals were provided by El Al.

I put through a phone call "collect", to my son, Avrohom in Manchester. The operator asked him whether he would accept a Telephone Call from Mr Jaffe in Holland.

"Holland? Holland", I heard him scream. What was I doing in Holland?

Everyone was awakened at 5am next morning, in order NOT to delay our departure. The plane, however, did delay us by 45 minutes.

A gentleman had just completed his morning prayers, still in the terminal and Roselyn screamed - "go on Zalmon and borrow his Tallis and Tefillin". It was a wise move, they were a lovely set of Tefillin, and I concluded Shacheriss in the plane. I had just taken them off, when another passenger asked for the loan of these. The owner was only too willing to oblige.

Rabbi Margulies had not yet commenced to daven - one gentleman who davened in the Terminal Building actually wore two pairs of Tefillin, together at the same time, on his head, I had never seen this before, although I had heard about it. Fortunately they were both a small size. He had two pairs - others had none at all.

Our plane was almost the last aircraft to land at Ben Gurion Airport before Shabbos.

The rain was coming down in torrents and flooding was everywhere. Our taxi arrived at our Hotel about half an hour before Shabbos.

Roselyn accompanied me to Shool that Friday evening. I was not wearing a raincoat in this land of constant sunshine, and became wet through when we walked the ten minutes to Shool, and soaking wet on the return journey.

On Sunday morning we arrived at Eilat - It was a hot summer's day - a real heat wave, and a very welcome change for Roselyn and me.

International Children's Rally, Chanuka

At every Children's Rally at 770, there are present boys and girls from all over the World, and the twelve Torah verses are recited by individuals who represent cities from the four corners of the globe.

But for the first time in history the children were actually taking part in a rally which was connected by Live Television to Jerusalem, London, Paris - and - what a miracle - to Moscow in Russia.

Obviously 770 was the World Centre of these proceedings and activities, and the Rebbe was at the helm.

The procedure was similar to all previous Children's Rallies at 770, when The Rebbe would enter the hall whilst everyone was singing lustily and energetically a lively Nigun, mostly "We want Moshiach NOW". The Mincha service would follow and the Twelve Torah Verses recited by the twelve boys and girls who had been honoured to be chosen by the organizers to say these verses.

The Rebbe would then address the assembly - in Yiddish, which was always broadcast world wide -. After EVERY Sicho Rabbi J.J. Hecht would translate the Rebbe's talk into English. The Rally would conclude by the Rebbe handing over Dimes to the Madrichim and Madrichot for distribution to the children.

In this instance the Television cameras showed to us LIVE, the scenes in other countries, and as it was Channuka we heard and saw the Menorahs being lit everywhere.

The whole rally was videoed and I shall try and give you some idea of what I saw and heard.

A Channuka Menorah was set up inside 770, and as it was the Sixth night, the Six Candles (plus the Shammash) were all ready to be lit.

The cameras then showed us the scene inside the Big Shool in Moscow, where men, women and children were all assembled, ready to light the Menorah which was also sited inside the Shool.

We then saw views of the Giant Menorahs in London and Paris. These were situated outside, in Hyde Park Corner and in the Champs Elysée, respectively. We were also shown the Menorah in Jerusalem, actually facing the Kossel, the Western Wall.

We saw the U.S.A. President. Bush being presented with a Small Silver Menorah by Avrohom Shem Tov. Shlomo Kunim and others were also present. President Bush made a nice speech but did not light the Menorah.

The Governor General of Australia was shown making a speech - but he had NO Menorah at all, so he had nothing to light.

After Mincha, Rabbi J.J. who was the Compere at this Rally, called up the various children to recite a Torah verse. First - a little girl from Crown Heights ascended the Rostrum and vivaceously and actively said the first posuk. Then J.J. called upon a Young boy from Moscow. The Cameras concentrated on the scene in the Moscow Big Shool, where we saw and heard this young lad saying the second verse, very nicely indeed.

Next was a small child London, England. We saw Phaivish Vogel holding a microphone, but we heard no sound - nothing. We waited a little while, - still nothing, except Phaivish miming something. J.J. stated that we will come back to London later.

So - off to Paris, France, where it seemed that thousands of people had converged around the Giant Menorah in the Champs Elysée.

The two Giant Menorahs in London and Paris, would be lit with the aid of a Cherry Picker - a contraption, with a platform which would lift up the "lamplighter" to a height of about twenty feet, to enable him to reach the oil lamps on the Menorah.

The Cameras alternated between all these cities - first with the Torah Verses and then with the actual lighting of the Candles the reciting of the Brochus and the singing of the "Hanayross Halollu". It was a Kiddush HaShem and of Lubavitch to see and hear a young Muscavite boy officiating and singing.

In Jerusalem, at the Kossel, the Sefardi Chief Rabbi, dressed in his beautiful robes and regalia, lit the lights and made a wonderful speech in praise of the Rebbe, and of his exceptional work for Yiddishkeit. He then congratulated the Rebbe on the 40 years of his reign till 120 years.

Unfortunately something went wrong with the London Link up. J.J. kept repeating "Come on London - Where are you London?" - and the answer was - a complete Silence.

I believe that poor Nachman Sudak was standing on the "Cherry Picker" for about an hour waiting for the signal to light the lamps.

Subsequently, Nachman's son, Zalmon confessed to me afterwards, that it was a great pity, because there were scores of different wires, all hooked up correctly - except only one - just one - was not connected properly. It was a shame. We all felt let down - Poor Nachman's sentiments exactly when he was standing on the "Cherry Picker". He wished he could be let down - and he was.

The Rebbe addressed this World Wide gathering and occasionally the Rebbe's face was superimposed on the pictures at the Champs Elysée - on the Kottel, in Jerusalem, and inside the Moscow Synagogue. It was very cleverly done.

The Rebbe's addresses which were usually translated into English by J.J. after the Rebbe had concluded the talk, were, in this instance translated simultaneously whilst the Rebbe was still talking. Manis Freedman was the Interpreter, but in my opinion he was more like an interruptor,

because it is extremely difficult to listen to - or to concentrate on one speaker whilst two people are talking at the same time.

The Rally concluded by the Rebbe presenting each child who was at the Rally with a Dime, individually, from his own hands.

We saw, materially a miracle of modern Technology and communications. But, spiritually, we could see a bigger miracle, in that the Rebbe has been able to sustain these Jews in Russia all these many past years, in their Yiddishkeit and in their "Fear of Heaven" that has enabled these young children to compete with the Best at 770, on an equal footing.

A Miracle not only because of the Television coverage, but that a young Russian boy in this day and age could recite perfectly all the Torah Verses and light the Menorah with the special Brochus.

This little lad expressed it quite ideally and specifically when he led the singing in the Big Moscow Synagogue by commencing the Nigun -- in ENGLISH, of "VEE VANT MOSHIACH NOW", and all the assembly joined in with fervour and ecstasy.

The Boys Annual Camp reunion was held in Manchester. I was asked to be chairman at the Siyum dinner and also the Quizmaster at a special Quiz evening.

The first question I asked was "What is the Opening sentence in today's Shiur of the Tanya?" The answer, which no one knew, was very appropriate - the English translation is "This is a wonderful Union, like which there is none other!"

"What was the name of Ben Azai's father --- no not Yaakov - Not Moishe - but AZAI". All shouted "AZAI".

What was the name of Ben Zoma's father? - Zoma, they shouted.

What was the name of Ben Nevis' father? - Nevis, they screamed. Wrong! Ben Nevis is a mountain in Scotland.

Shmuel (Lew) was busy collecting dollars from the Rebbe for me in Manchester. Recently the Rebbe gave him two one Dollar bills on three occasions.

It is a very good business, I sit at home and my agent collects for me Dollars from the Rebbe - and what is more important, these are accompanied by wonderful Blessings.

Mendie's Marriage To Rivka

Ephraim my doctor would not give me permission to travel to New York for Mendie's Wedding. We received reports that the weather was freezing cold - and it was not yet advisable for me to mix with too many people at this moment.

On the Sunday, just before the Wedding, Shmuel and Hindy went together with all the family to collect Dollars and Blessings from the Rebbe. The party included K.A.H. their "NOT" Sixteen children, the grandchildren, Shterney and Menachem. (Shimon had a bad leg and could not walk).

Aaron (Jaffe) also joined the party. The Rebbe was handing a dollar to Shmuel to give to me, but whilst he was still holding this dollar bill - and Shmuel was clutching the other end of it - the Rebbe pulled it out of Shmuels hand, and remarked that he has seen Hindy, my daughter coming along, and he presented this Dollar to Hindy, to be my agent.

When it was Moussia's (Posner) first birthday, the Rebbe handed to her a Dollar, personally, and wished her Hatzlocho Rabboh.

We heard that we had missed a lovely wedding, and Paula, my niece from Jerusalem reported that all our girls looked like glamorous film stars.

I usually prepare a poem for these special occasions. I had left it until the last moment, in case my doctor changed his mind, but it was a simple matter to fax this to Label - with his permission. He had to sift through Sixty Fax messages before he found mine.

When Shmuel arrived at London Airport with three of his children to fly to New York, he discovered that the Airline had overbooked the Flight. British Airways offered him four hundred and fifty pounds if they would fly via Boston.

Shmuel took the money!

To: Rivka and Mendi on their Wedding

(1) Bobby and Zaidie send to Rivka and Mendie all our Love, and hope that this Union will be blessed from Above.

(2) With Nachas, contentment, Peace and Good health. These are attributes that are better than

Wealth.

(3) We regret our absence from the Wedding of our dear Grandchildren, P.G. at the earliest possible moment we shall make it up to you then.

(4) It is a very great pity that we cannot be present at your Wedding Ball, But Zaide would prefer to be there in spirits, than not present at all.

(5) We hope and pray that the Blessings of the Rebbe will come true, and that a "BINYAN ADAI AD" amongst Israel, will be built by you two.

(6) On Friday night the Lights of Channuka and of Shabbos will combine, to brighten your lives and everything will be just fine.

(7) We send forth to Hindy, Shmuel, Mechetonim and family - Our Love, apologies and Regards. We do feel a little disconsolate, it is really very hard.

(8) But P.G. we hope to take part in many more family Simchas galore. This includes Avrohom, Susan and family and many many more.

(9) Susan and Avrohom send sincere apologies too. But T.G. Channah, Yossi and son, plus Dovid, Golda and Aaron should be very much in view.

(10) You will surely make a wonderful couple, a Handsome Chosson and Beautiful Bride. You will give us all plenty of Nachas and very much Pride.

(11) What we will miss is the Rebbe loaning his siddur to our Ainikle and then the Rebbe presenting us with one - Ain - Nickel.

Bobby and Zaidie

When I left 770, two weeks after Simchas Torah, having spent a couple of weeks in the New York Hospital, the Rebbe had handed to us fifty single Dollar bills to be given to Tzedoka in Manchester.

Roselyn, in her wisdom, decided that we should present a Dollar to those friends of ours who were in the unenviable position of never having received even one Dollar from the Rebbe.

These people were genuinely delighted and full of appreciation. Each and everyone did treasure this gift (which they had redeemed with Cash of at least equivalent value).

One lady placed the dollar under the pillow of her husband, at night and unbeknown to him. Next day, was Shabbos, and he went to Shool for the first time for many weeks. (He had been unwell) I can quote other cases e.g. to keep the baby from harm.

On Jan 2nd, Label phoned me. He extended to us, on behalf of the Rebbe - and on his own

behalf too - TWICE Mazel Tov.

One for the occasion of David's engagement to Rachel Rosenblum of Montreal, Canada. And the second on the occasion of Roselyn's birthday. Label spoke to Roselyn, personally and wished her all the best.

Avrohom and Susan made a family birthday party for Roselyn. She made a nice speech, but refused to say the birthday Maamer.

Shortly afterwards, we heard that Channah (Lew) had become engaged to Yoseph, the son of our friend Ellie Lipsker of Crown heights.

My New Beard

For many years some men have pestered and nagged me to wear a beard.

(How does one grow a beard? Do nothing and you will discover one day that you will actually have one).

I was never worried or concerned about what people said. I only took notice of the opinion of two people. The Rebbe and my wife.

Although I did consider that the Rebbe might like me better with a beard, he never once said anything to me on that subject. Roselyn was not keen.

However, when I was ill and had not shaved for four weeks, I did have a considerable growth, so I thought that this was a good moment to test the reaction of the Rebbe.

Of course, when the Rebbe saw me with this growth upon my face he showed such great pleasure and delight, that I decided to leave matters as they were.

Now - all my New heirs are all concerned about the hairs on my face. Yossi M. has a one-track mind, regarding me. – The New chosson, Yoseph, phoned me good news of his engagement to in what was he mainly interested – The Beard!

Dovid brought Rochel to Manchester to meet the family and friends (Rochel's mother, Linda, accompanied them). When Dovid first saw me, he screamed with laughter, and holding his sides in uncontrollable mirth, made disparaging remarks.

By the next day, however, he had second thoughts on the subject - or maybe someone had rebuked him, but he indicated that "the beard is now growing on me".

Of course, the idea is that the beard should grow on me.

There are two categories amongst my friends. Those who intimate that I look terrible and have aged 20 years and the beard does not suit me - are all CLEAN shaven. On the other hand, those who confide in me and tell me how wonderful and how distinguished I look, and how will the beard suit me - are all sporting long beards.

One morning I received a cheque for almost two hundred pounds, with a covering letter from

Nachman, of London.

The Rebbe was pleased to pay towards the travelling expences of all those who had flown to Crown Heights to spend Yom Tov with the Rebbe during Tishrei. The sum of nearly one hundred pounds was paid to each adult who had travelled from England. The Rebbe did not differentiate between anyone.

I think that Dovid has done a fine Shiduch. I am not discussing Rochels obvious merits - her attractiveness, vivacity, beauty and friendliness - but the influence she has already MADE upon Dovid to a marked and improved extent.

He has given up smoking, and overeating. He has lost a great deal of weight and looks so much better in fact, quite handsome. He has also quietened down a lot. NOT subdued G.F. but becoming more of a gentleman.

A friend of Dovid's took him to the Airport J.F.K. New York, in Dovid's car, whilst he was waiting to board the plane, Dovid noticed a Towing Truck removing a car. Dovid told his friend to rush his car into the parking lot vacated by the car being towed away, when he gave a sudden screech - "Help, they have towed away MY Car".

We enjoyed a very nice Yud Tess Kislev Farbraingen in Manchester. Nearly two hundred Men and Women were provided with a beautiful donation, and I was the guest of honour.

It had been suggested that the party should be a Thanksgiving Seuda for my recovery from my recent serious illness.

Avrohom was in charge, and he assured my Doctor that I would be sitting at the Top Table, far away from the madding crowds, so there was very little chance that I would catch the flu which was prevalent at that moment.

Rabbi Levi Yitzchok Sudak, the son of Rabbi Nachman Sudak of London, was our guest speaker. He spoke nicely. Rabbi M. Schneebalg who always supports our functions was present and gave a fine address. Dayan Krausz of the Manchester Beth Din also attended and was content to listen.

Finally, I reported on my recent illness in New York and gave an account of some of the activities, in which I became involved whilst I was a patient, there, in the New York Hospital.

Rabbi Balkind suggested, that as my address was so good, I should write about all these matters in my next book. As it so happened I was reading this direct from my manuscripts for this new instalment.

So you should now be able to read this for yourselves.

Yud Shevat

Yud Shevat this year marked the fortieth Anniversary of the Rebbe's reign as Our Leader.

Everyone, from all over the world was rushing over to 770 to participate with the Rebbe, on this auspicious occasion. Levi was on his way from Australia, and Shmulie from Israel

My Doctor, Ephraim, my brother, was reluctant to permit me to travel to Crown Heights, especially at this time, when so many thousands of people would be gathered under one roof. He insisted that I was not yet well enough.

I was chatting to Dr. Ira Weiss in Chicago, on the phone. He maintained, that in his opinion, the Shool at 770 would be more crowded than at any previous occasion, and it might be dangerous for me to attend, under those circumstances.

Although he left the final decision to me, he was not very encouraging. That was enough for Roselyn and I was told to keep away.

In the event, Yud Shevat, this year, saw the largest influx of Lubavitchers to Crown Heights in all its history - a great deal more than even on Simchas Torah.

Of course, most of these Yud Shevat visitors only intended to stay for a day or two.

Shimon Freunlich, who studied at our Manchester Yeshiva reported to me the following:

The place was so overcrowded that hundreds could not get even near the door.

The Crush inside was terrific and unbelievable, K.A.H.

After the first sicho which took nearly an hour, many hundreds left the hall, temporarily, because it became too hot and

The Rebbe presented nearly 10,500 Tanyas that evening, even to babies, for example, to Baby Moussia.

This was Tanya edition number 3323. It took over four hours for the Rebbe to hand this out - personally and individually.

A large contingent came from Lakewood, but could not gain admission.

On Sunday morning, the Rebbe spent six hours handing out Dollars and brochus. He stood the whole time.

Shimon hoped to join the Rebbe's minyan at 1304. He was the first to arrive at 9am, for the 10am service, and he stood outside waiting for the doors to be opened.

Shortly afterwards it was announced that only Baalie Battim (householders) would be allowed to enter.

This order was then countermanded to the effect that only those Shiluchim (the Rebbe's workers) who had travelled from afar - to be with the Rebbe on this special day, could enter.

One should remember that this minyan was held at 1304 where space was extremely limited. (There was a convention of all Lubavitch Shiluchim - world wide - and over five hundred were present).

The Best I could do was to send a fax to 770, but the machine was being so overworked, that my fax was returned to me "unable to contact" so I posted this by Air Mail.

"Mazel Tov to our Dear Rebbe, Shlita on this wonderful fortieth Anniversary celebration.

May you continue to reign in good health. (AD MAIOH VE, ESRIM SHONO) Roselyn and I regret our absence on this occasion, but look forward to seeing the Rebbe very shortly at 770".

Label phoned me on behalf of the Rebbe, to thank us for our good wishes, and pointed out that those who bless other people, will be blessed by the A-Mighty and Hashem has many additional and extra brochus to confer and to - bestow - and these are "very powerful and unstinting".

Just at this time we were blessed with two extra, great grandchildren - a boy for Leah; and a girl for Chaya. And we were looking forward to the marriage of two of our grandchildren within a couple of months.

A couple of weeks later, was the Second Yartzeit of our Dear Rebbetzen ZTzL.

I would have loved to be present at 770 with the Rebbe on that occasion, too, but we intended to join Dovid at his Calling-up (before his Wedding) at 770, only a few weeks later.

Our Rebbetzen ZTzL

Obviously, we shall never, ever, forget our Rebbetzen ZTzL and her wonderful qualities of Humbleness, Modesty, Wisdom and friendliness. On this day of her Yartzeit, I would like to submit another Poem about our dear friend who is constantly in our hearts and minds.

The Halacha states that before a Rabbi may accept the position of a Rebbe, which is for life. He must first receive permission and authority from his dearly beloved wife.

Because she will always realise that her future will be extremely lonely, very much indeed. Because a Rebbe will be at the beck and call of every ONE IN NEED.

Our Rebbetzen, Chaya Mushkie, the actual daughter of a Rebbe, knew that at the very worst. As our Leader's wife, she would always have to put the Rebbe first.

She was Witty, Regal-majestic, she was the perfect ideal helpmate, but took a backwards seat. She was happy and delighted to ensure that Our Rebbe took all the glory; To her it was a treat.

She was his guide and advisor and suffered much tribulation, from the nasty Bolshevic rulers of the Communist Russian nation.

We were extremely close to her and we gave her VERY much pleasure. We visited her very frequently and took our grandchildren for good measure.

They related some words of Torah and some of them did sing, whilst Tea and Cake, Ice Cream and Soda the Rebbetzen did to them bring.

On one occasion there was Red Lemonade standing on a Cloth, spotless and white. Shmuel knocked over the bottle. The Cloth became red and his face became white.

When I recovered from a serious illness because the Rebbe's brocha did excell. The Rebbetzen exclaimed and said that other people besides the Rebbe did pray for me as well.

When the Rebbe arrived home from 770 at 5am, full of vigour and vim surely he must disturb her sleep! "Oh No", she said, "I wait up all night FOR HIM.

She also said, "the people I do mention in my book are very much enraged. But those whom I do leave out, are insulted and outraged.

When Max became a Chosson, I arranged for him to receive the Rebbe's shirt, and I insisted that this should also be a family heirloom, but his bride was upset and very much hurt.

I was terribly annoyed, and the Rebbetzen was surprised to see what they had done. But to save the situation, she gave me another one.

And how we miss the Rebbetzen, she was such a lovely Go-Between. Overnight, she gave me the Rebbe's answers. It was wonderful to be seen.

The Rebbetzen invited our great grandson Moishe to "Please come to me". What an honour and a privilege he had attained "to play on Doda's knee".

In recent years we phoned her every Friday at exactly 3.45pm, Roselyn and I enjoyed a lovely chat. The Rebbetzen was a precious Gem.

We miss her very much indeed, and when in G-d's good time, the Dead will be resurrected, and The Soul of Our Dear Rebbetzen will become united with those who loved her and were very closely connected.

At 770 Before Dovid's Marriage To Rachel

Dovid's marriage was arranged to take place in Montreal, Canada, on Sunday the Seventh Day of Adar, which coincided with March 4th.

David expected to be called up for his Aliya on the Shabbos before, at 770, so all the family flew to Crown heights on the Wednesday, so that they could be present at 770 on Dovid's Big Day.

We arrived at J.F. Kennedy Airport on that Wednesday evening, and after some little delay, Roselyn and I eventually passed through Customs and we made our way to the exit.

A tall young gentleman with a nice long beard approached me and said, "Sholom Aleichem, Zaidie", and he gave me a kiss.

I could not ever recall seeing this fellow before, although he was certainly very friendly. After a few moments of puzzling and trying to discover who he was. I came to the conclusion that he must be our new grandson-to-be, Yoseph Lipsker - Channah lew's Chosson.

I was pretty certain that my deductions were correct. He then confirmed that he had a car and his task was to take the two Bobbies and Zaidies to Crown Heights.

I wondered why he should bother with Tobie and Sidney Beenstock - but at least it showed a good example of his exceptional nature.

He took our luggage trolley and we walked to the front area. I asked him how were the rest of the family getting to 770.

He replied that his Daddy would be along soon with a rented car.

"Daddy, Daddy?" - I was still puzzled. "Do you mean Elly?" I asked.

"No", he answered. "Daddy Jaffe".

"Daddy Jaffy?" I countered - "-Who is Daddy Jaffe?" "That's my father" he replied.

I did not know what to think or say - when Roselyn interrupted and said, "Don't be silly. Sam, Can't you recognize your own grandson, Levi? "You must be a nutter" - Well - I had to admit "I

was a Nutter!"

Of course, I had not recognized Levi, I thought he was still in Australia. He and his beard had grown longer and bigger.

So, the two Bobbies and Zaidies and their luggage were squeezed inside this car and off we went. I looked at my watch and considered that I would just manage the Rebbe's maariv at 7.30.

After a few minutes, Levi asked Roselyn which was the right road to take us to Crown Heights. We did not like that! We knew we had to get onto Atlantic Avenue, via Conduit Boulevard, but Levi kept getting mixed up with Conduit N. and Conduit S. We were going around in circles, and had passed the Hilton Hotel three times, every time from a different direction.

Levi left the Motorway on a number of occasions - The first time to go into a Petrol Station - to find out the best way to Crown Heights. He had similar reasons for leaving the motorway on the four other occasions.

Eventually, we arrived at Channah and Yossi's apartment at President Street well after 8pm - obviously too late for the Rebbe's maariv at 7.30pm.

Next morning, Thursday, Myer Harlick gave me the honour of davenning Shacheriss, leading the morning prayers at the Rebbe's minyan at 1304.

(Aaron said "The Rebbe stared and gave a long look at you Zaidie").

I continued to be very lucky to receive a lovely smile after the Service.

Label handed to me a reply to my letter from the Rebbe. The Rebbe had concluded that "Many people have told me about your "Hadrass Ponim" - (Your countenance or face, of splendour).

The Rebbe had gone to the Ohel, and I was preparing to go for Mincha at 6pm. Menachem (Yunik) had a system by which his friend phoned from the car at the cemetery and advised him when the Rebbe had left the Ohel for 770.

Menachem's friend had "disappeared" for a few seconds - and the Rebbe decided to leave earlier than usual very suddenly - and arrived at 1304 at 5.30pm - ready to commence Mincha at once.

By very good fortune, Avrohom was just passing 1304, when John Hackner signalled to him that the Rebbe intended to start the service straight away. Avrohom drove to the the flat, picked me up and we rushed back to 1304, just in time to hear the Chazon say the first verse of Ashrei. We were in time after all.

(Aaron said "The Rebbe stared at you, Zaidie and gave you a long hard look. He said the same thing to me during maariv too).

The Rebbe distributed dollars. I went together with Avrohom, Max and little Baby Levi Yitchok. That was K.A.H. four generations.

The Rebbe handed me a Dollar, and said "Hatzlocha Rabba" with a lovely smile. Then another one "an extra one for your additional appearance, said the Rebbe - alluding to my beard.

Shmuel informed me later, that it had been reported to him that the Rebbe gave me an extra dollar for your additional visit to 770. People always mix up things.

Roselyn joined the Women's line and introduced Tobie - the other bobby. They received a Dollar each plus the usual glorious smile.

The Builders were making extensions and joining 770 to the Library next door.

There was a huge crater, and stacks of bricks were piled up ready for the contractors.

Levi remarked that many people were coming to 770 to get their own back on Dovid and would be throwing heavy objects at him - for revenge - when he went up to the Bimah for his Aliya on Shabbos.

"Oh", I declared, "I thought those stacks of bricks were for the new library, and not to throw at Dovid".

Incidentally Menachem told me that Doctor Ira Weiss, was feeling very despondent, one day. Everything had gone wrong, and he was not feeling too good - when Zalmon Jaffe telephoned - and he felt wonderful.

(I had phoned to thank him for saving my life and to let him know how I was getting on).

We were told to be at 1304 at 12 noon, to join the Company when Dovid would receive on loan, the Rebbe's sidur, for davenning Mincha before his Wedding.

Roselyn was pestering me - "Come on, Come on, we do not want to be late". So we arrived at 1304 at 11.55am - five minutes early. - And just in time to greet the Rebbe who was walking to his car - to go to the Mikvah.

We exchanged glorious smiles - on all sides. I wished the Rebbe "Good Shabbos" The Rebbe replied "Good Erev Shabbos" and handed me two nickels, and said "Mazel Tov".

Roselyn then remarked to the Rebbe - "And Mazel Tov to the Rebbe, too". The Rebbe replied "Thank you".

The Rebbe returned to 1304 at 12.15pm prior to his departure to the Ohel.

We stood in line. First - Dovid, the Chosson, then Avrohom, and I and Sidney. Then the Ladies - Susan, the Mother; and Tobie and Roselyn - the Bobbies.

The Rebbe gave Dovid, the Siddur, plus a Nickel, and a Blessing, and hoped to hear good tidings. We each received a Nickel, and I introduced Sidney as the other Zaidie.

Friday night was the RASHAG'S (ZTzL) Yartzeit. Rabbi Pinson, the Warden had kept the year's Kaddish for him, and felt entitled to daven on this Erev Shabbos night.

Rabbi Pinson has not got a powerful voice. I stood a few yards behind him and I could not hear a word.

When it came to the verses of LeCho Dodi, which are normally sung to a cheerful and uplifting tune, Rabbi Pinson said the first verse and there was an undercurrent of Protests from all over the Shool.

Moishe (Kotlarsky) grumbled - "For all our sakes. - for everyone's welfare, please Zalmon, start a happy and Freilicher tune". So I had pity. I lifted up my voice and I commenced a new tune. The Rebbe lifted up his arm and away we went!

Rabbi Pinson lifted up his fist at me and his eyes were blazing with wrath.

He complained afterwards that I had no right to take over the LeCho Dodi, as he had a super tune for this, later on. He was frightfully annoyed - as he had every right to be. I could only apologise profusely and abjectly.

He countered this by saying that it was typical of me to push myself forward!!

I did receive some little consolation, when one gentleman assured me that it was a big mitzvah to make thousands of people happy, even if I caused unavoidable distress to one person.

Throughout all Friday night and Shabbos, my beard had been the "Talk of the Town". People were stroking my beard, kissing me, and showering praise and complements upon me.

On Friday night, Channah, Yossi and Baby Menachem Mendel invited us to a family dinner. Roselyn and I were present, so were Tobie and Sidney, our mechutonim: Michael, Susan's brother had come specially from Jerusalem: Avrohom, Susan, Dovid, Levi, Shmulie, Aaron, Max, Leah, Moishe, Soro and Levi Yitzchok and Dina. A friend of the family from Manchester. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG Vanessa - she calls Roselyn - bobby - also joined us. A beautiful Shabbos atmosphere prevailed - and we all spent a jolly evening, enjoying the exceptionally good food, provided by our granddaughter Channah and her husband Yossi Marlow.

Next morning, Shabbos. Sidney came to 770 and sat near me. Shacheriss took thirty two minutes from the Commencement until the Sefer Torah was taken from the Ark.

In our Shool in Manchester, this part of the service takes nearly sixty minutes - and we thought we were quick!!

There were five chassonim called up that Shabbos morning. Dovid had the third Aliya, and I

could only hear the brocha that Dovid made and it was loud and clear.

We had invited all the family and some friends to join us for a quick snack, before the Farbraingen at 1.30, but as the service had been so speedy, we had plenty of time to eat at our leisure.

It was a short Farbraingen, only two hours.

Afterwards at Mincha, Avrohom was given the honour of Hagbah, - lifting up the Sefer Torah after layenning.

A Man with a strong arm was needed.

The Men (and boys) then proceeded to the FREE Hall for the Ufruf Meal - a joint effort by four Chassonim. (FREE is the ACRONYM for the Federation which deals with Russian Immigrants. I have personally attended the circumcisions of three Russian boys, aged fourteen, twenty three and thirty years of age respectively, so this organisation does good work).

After Maariv the Warden announced that Shacheriss would be at approximately 10am. I asked him where it would take place. He shrugged his shoulders "It could be anywhere".

Moishe Groner explained that for the past twelve months the Rebbe had davened at 770 every Sunday morning and he could not imagine the service being held anywhere else.

It was the seventh night of the month and the Rebbe emerged from 770 after Maariv to take part in the monthly service of the Santification of the Moon.

The Rebbe's lectern complete with electric light attached had already been placed at an appropriate spot, from where the moon could be seen clearly.

The sudden charge of hundreds of boys who had followed in the Rebbe's wake, made it impossible for me to get anywhere near to the Rebbe.

The Rebbe did advise me many years ago, that it is very appropriate and beneficial to Sanctify the Moon before commencing a long journey.

Dollars Before The Wedding

The Sunday of the Wedding was also my birthday, so I was looking forward to seeing the Rebbe at that Sunday's dollar distribution - and even more important to receive Birthday blessings from my Rebbe.

Susan was determined to travel to Montreal on the Saturday night, after Shabbos, so that she would spend a relaxing morning, prior to the Chuppah.

Unfortunately, there was no plane available on that night. The next best was the 10am morning plane on the following day, Sunday.

Unfortunately this meant that Susan, Golda and Dina together with her mother and father - Tobie and Sidney, would miss the chance of seeing the Rebbe personally.

Max and Leah with their family, including Little Levi, aged four weeks had decided to do exactly what Zaidie Jaffe did.

We had booked our flight to Montreal on the 1pm plane from La Guardia Airport - So did Max, Leah and family.

Dovid - the Chosson decided that he also desired to obtain a dollar and a Brocha from the Rebbe on his Wedding day - and even to visit the Ohel of the Previous Rebbe ZTzL on this special day of his life.

Aaron was celebrating his birthday on the 9th of Adar, two days later - so he stayed behind too.

Rabbi Mendel Schneebalg and his Rebbetzen had come over to attend Dovid's Wedding, and were desirous of seeing the Rebbe, first - and then travel with us to Montreal on our 1pm plane. Another friend Sholom Weisz - had also travelled from Manchester to join in our festivities.

Therefore, Avrohom could not resist the opportunity of going to see the Rebbe, together with the family and special friends.

I was informed that a few months ago (General) Arik Sharon and his wife Lily came to see the Rebbe and obtain a Dollar. He had to wait in his car for about an hour, until it could be arranged for them to be "slipped through" the waiting throngs.

Label had advised us to be outside 770 at 11am. We all stood inside the Waiting room. We had been given the privilege of being the first in the line, because we ALL had to catch the 1pm plane to Montreal.

We allowed Dayan and Mrs Schneebalg, our friends from Manchester, to see the Rebbe first. The Rebbe gave them a Dollar each with his blessings.

Rabbi Schneebalg's son, who had brought his father and mother to Crown Heights, also wanted a Blessing for a Complete and Speedy recovery from illness, for a near relative. The Rebbe gave him his brocha too.

It was now my turn. I received a Dollar, plus another one for my birthday. The Rebbe remarked that it was the same day as Moishe Rabbainu's birthday - and then added a third Dollar for the Wedding - all accompanied by lovely Brochus. (My grand daughter - Yocheved Lew aged five declared that her birthday was also on the Seventh of Adar), as were Shusky Potash and Bentzy Cousins.

Roselyn also received a dollar plus another one for double measure - and Blessings to go with them.

Avrohom attained all he desired. Aaron obtained his birthday rations (due two days later). And Finally, Max and Leah, with Moishe, Soro and Baby Levi Yitzchok (age four weeks) concluded our party.

Leah's second son Gavriel was left at home in Manchester. Unfortunately, he was not old enough - nor young enough, to travel with the party, he was an "In-between".

Roselyn received a Dollar from the Rebbe prior to leaving for Dovid's Wedding in Montreal.



We all rushed off to Le Guardia Airport, in the hired taxis which had been waiting for us outside, with their engines and meters running away merrily.

As it so happened we had plenty of time and duly arrived at Montreal at 3.30pm - in freezing cold weather with plenty of snow on the ground.

Rochel's father, Sonny Rosenblum was waiting for us, as arranged, with a twelve seater van, to drive us and our luggage to the hotel.

It was not all sunny with Sonny. He was in a bit of a turmoil - and bother. He told us that Susan and her party HAD just managed to catch the 10am plane, but their luggage WAS left behind. When they arrived at Montreal all six suitcases were missing, including the one which contained ALL the Wedding Dresses.

The Airline had promised to load them onto the next flight - which was the 1pm plane - our flight.

Sholom Weisz, our friend from Manchester, who had been looking after Rabbi Schneebalg and had travelled with us from 770, reported that the Carousal was now empty and there were NO suitcases left behind.

Meanwhile, Sonny took a load of Passengers and Cargo back to town. There was no room for even one extra bag or passenger. He promised to return at once.

Dovid, the bridegroom, Avrohom and I decided to remain and help Sholom to trace the baggage. Four other passengers were waiting outside the special office for their lost suitcases.

After twenty minutes, an official approached me and said that I should hurry along to the exit, because someone was "pinching" our six suitcases.

It was Sholom, who had persuaded the other official that Weisz - Wisdom - and Jaffe, were synonymous, and had allowed him to make off with our baggage.

It was decided that Avrohom, Dovid and I should take a taxi, and the case with the wedding dresses, to our hotel. Sholom would wait for Sonny to return and help to load the luggage.

But, first, we had to phone Susan and inform her that the suitcases were here. Fortunately, she received our message before Sonny and the first consignment had arrived at the hotel. Otherwise, Poor Susan's idea of a relaxed period and rest, before the Wedding, would have been rudely dispelled.

We all stayed at the local Ramada Hotel. Our Room was like a "General Stores and Tailoring Shop". There were always some items of food and so forth that various members of the family wished to borrow. The space in between the double glazed windows was better - colder - than any fridge. And Roselyn was kept busy sewing on buttons and stitching and repairing trousers and so forth.

Avrohom and Susan's room had an electric water heater continually on the boil and this room was a..... (censored by the New Censor-Susan).

Menachem and Golda Rivka had been in Montreal over the weekend. Yossi, Shterney with baby together with Pincus were driving up from Crown Heights.

Levi was driving a different car with Shmulie and Uncle Michael from Jerusalem. They vacillated all morning and were then in a hurry - so Levi got a ticket for speeding.

Shimon also drove up that day with Chaya and Moussia. Shimon is a very careful and steady driver, but Chaya was egging him on - so he also got a ticket for speeding.

The temperature was about minus twelve and the forecast estimated that it would drop to minus sixteen that night. Roselyn's brother Leslie, and our niece Gail, who live in Toronto and Montreal were also present, which was a lovely surprise.

The Kabolus Ponim was at the Shool Hall, a very nice place, modern and bright. The Chuppah was to be held at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva about a mile away. Sonny gave to Max the keys of the van and told him to ensure that all the guests were taken there and then brought back to the Shool hall after the ceremony.

Poor Max was busy for about two hours ferrying the guests to and fro. He could obtain a job as a bus driver - anywhere.

We had been running late because of the missing suitcases. But we were getting later still

because we were waiting for Rabbi Hendel, the Lubavitcher Chief Rabbi in Montreal to bring down the Tenoyim document. Dovid had to say his Wedding maamer; the Tenoyim read; and the plate broken before we could make progress.

Rabbi Hendel sent a message that he would be another half an hour. Avrohom returned an answer to the effect that he should send down the documents AT ONCE and Rabbi Hendel could come down at any time that was convenient for him. He arrived in person immediately.

We waited outside the Lubavitch Yeshiva for the ceremony to commence. All were frozen stiff.

Roselyn became so cold, that her toes and fingers became numb. She limped into the comparative warmth of Levi's car, to await the arrival of the Chosson and Kalloh for the Chuppah.

It was a very exciting Wedding, Good band - good food, good atmosphere - a handsome Groom and a superb and beautiful Bride.

Dovid and Rochel arrived at the Hall at 9pm. Dovid at once commenced to dance and did not wash for dinner until 12 o'clock midnight.

I met many friends at the Dinner, including Professor Brewer. One nice gentleman approached me and handed me a hundred dollars, he said it was for Manchester. He said his name was Shizgal.

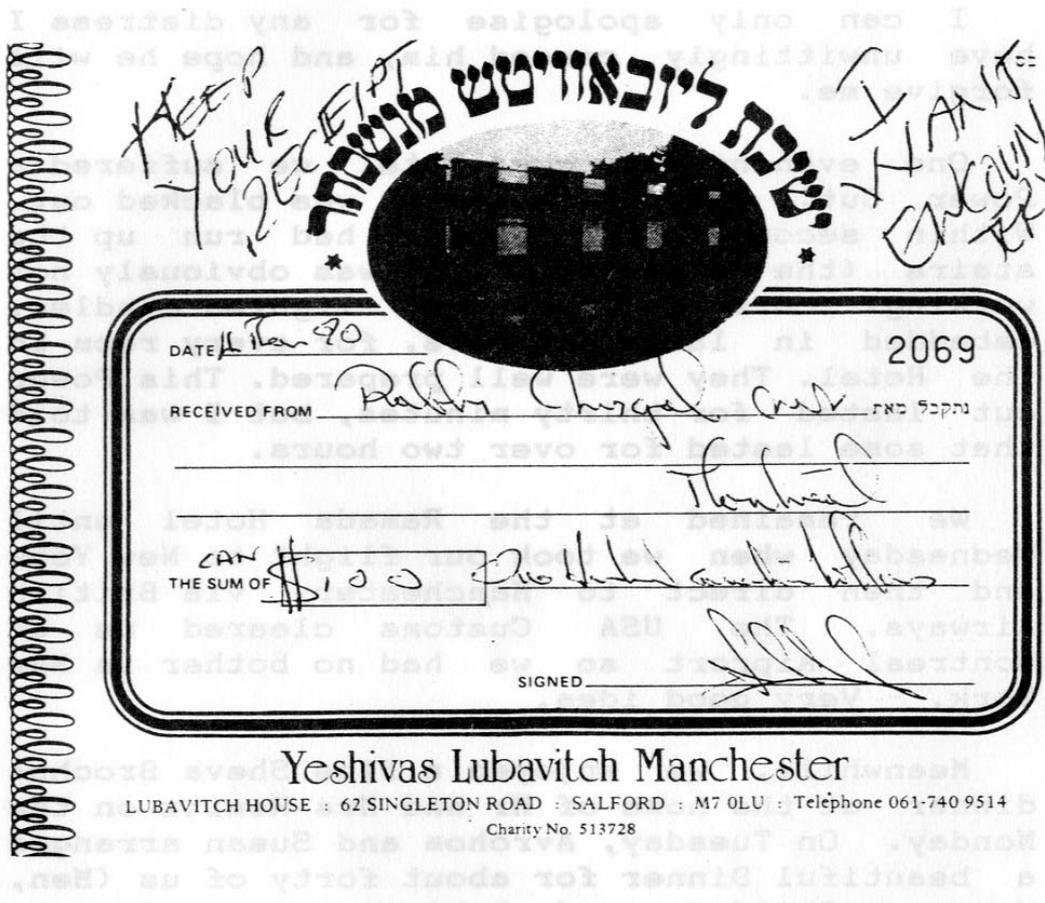
Shizgal! Shizgal? My word, but that name had a familiar ring, but I could not place it. I knew the name, but not the face.

However a hundred dollars was a lovely donation and I dashed off to Sholom Weisz, who is the treasurer of our Manchester Lubavitch Yeshiva and made him write out a receipt and hand it to Mr Shizgal.

Mr Shizgal rushed up to me and thrust the receipt into my face (almost). He had written upon this the words "KEEP Your Receipt. I WANT ENCOUNTERS".

Here is a photo copy of this receipt.

Dr. Shizgal's Receipt.



As Roselyn said to me once - "You are a nutter!" She is right.

When I returned home, to Manchester, I discovered a great deal of correspondence from Doctor Shizgal of Montreal, who was and had always been a great Fan of mine.

I can only apologise for any distress I have unwittingly caused him, and hope he will forgive me.

One evening at our hotel, we suffered a Power Cut. The whole area was blacked out. Within seconds, the porter had run up the stairs (the elevator, lift was obviously not working) carrying trays of lighted candles, embedded in large Jam Jars, for every room in the Hotel. They were well prepared. This Power cut lasted for thirty minutes, but I was told that some lasted for over two hours.

We remained at the Ramada Hotel until Wednesday when we took our flight to New York and then direct to Manchester, via British Airways. The USA Customs cleared us at Montreal Aiprort so we had no bother in New York. - Very good idea.

Meanwhile, we enjoyed a fine Sheva Brochus dinner at the home of Mr and Mrs Remitz on the Monday. On Tuesday, Avrohom and Susan arranged a beautiful Dinner for about forty of us

(Men, Women, Children and babies) at a Jewish, Kosher, Chinese Restaurant.

This was the first time I had sampled Kosher Chinese food - I don't think I shall bother again.

Dovid gave over a Maamer.

Levi spoke – very nicely, Avrohom was also the Master of Ceremonies. It was Aaron's birthday, and he volunteered - Nay, he insisted upon saying the birthday maamer.

In the event, he got cold feet, which was not difficult in Montreal at that time of the year. Incidentally, there was a wine waiter whose duty was to keep all the glasses always filled to the top with wine - at Twenty Six dollars a bottle. Obviously at the end of the evening there were forty glasses full to the brim with this expensive wine. Even the babies' glasses were kept topped up. On Wednesday, the day we left, Linda and Sonny provided us with a delicious - sumptuous Brunch - followed by Sheva Brochus.

Avrohom, Susan, with Golda and Dina remained until the Sunday four days after our departure. It was Purim day, and they left Montreal by plane together with Dovid and Rochel. They just missed the Rebbe's dollar distribution by three minutes, but were lucky to see the Rebbe after Maariv, all together and obtained dollars at that time. The Rebbe handed Avrohom a Nickel for "your father and one for your mother".

They also missed - once again - their luggage. They had the same experience as on the previous Sunday. This time, however, their suitcases did not arrive until Monday morning.

They only possessed the clothes which they were wearing and Rochel had a special party that EVENING!!

There is a Lubavitcher Weekly News Sheet which is faxed around the world and reports what events took place during those seven days in Crown Heights.

I am mentioned in one edition. It stated, in Ivrit: "Zalmon Jaffe officiated at the morning service at 1304. After the conclusion, the Rebbe turned to him and gave him a very broad smile".

Poem on Dovid's and Rochel's Wedding

For many years, my grandson Dovid has been the comic hero of most of my editions. His amazing and amusing antics have enlivened these renditions.

Susan did complain that because of my bad publicity, he would never get a match. But on the contrary he has just pulled off the most exciting and perfect catch.

He had to travel to Montreal - freezing cold but very warm hearts. Her name is Rochel, and Dovid has sworn that from her he will never part.

How delighted and proud we were to hear the glorious news.

That Rochel possessed charm, Beauty and brains, - who better could Dovid choose.

And when Dovid brought Rochel to Manchester to meet the family and friends for the "Vort". She captivated all of us. She was a picture of grace and glamour. She was a very good sort.

Rochel has already been a great influence upon Dovid. A changed person has he become. He has given up smoking and overeating, and has even been considered quite handsome.

Dovid has always been a tough lad, with a heart of gold, but always very tense. Rochel has refined this gold and made our Dovid a "Richtigger Mench".

The Wedding would be held on Sunday, March 4th in snow bound Montreal. Where generosity and friendliness would be extended to us all.

There was no direct flight from Manchester to Montreal. So we booked via New York, to enable us, at 770 - to call.

I was personally absolutely thrilled because it occurred on my birthday, too. I might even see the Rebbe first and obtain a Dollar and a brocha, "Oh that this could be true".

About fifteen of us from Manchester, hoped to attend 770 for David's Ufruf. We were use to the 770 Rush and Crush, but on Sidney Beenstock it would be tough.

On Friday, the Bridegrooms party was told to be at 1304 at 12 o'clock when the Chosson would collect the Rebbe's Siddur.

Roselyn and I arrived at 11.55 and met the Rebbe at the door.

I wished the Rebbe good Shabbos, he wished me good Erev Shabbos too. The Rebbe wished Roselyn Mazel Tov. Roselyn returned the compliment - and the Rebbe replied Thank You.

The Rebbe handed me two Nickels and to Roselyn the same. Roselyn was delighted and pleased that so early we came.

Afterwards the Rebbe handed his Siddur, plus Brochus and a Nickel to Dovid who stood first in the line. Then continued with the Blessings and Nickels to each and every Parent and Grandparent which was acceptable and fine.

On Shabbos Dovid had the 3rd Aliya at 770, at him could we no longer jeer. Because of the four Chassonim who were called up, only Dovid was loud and clear.

Susan, Avrohom and most of the family had wanted to fly to Canada on Saturday night. So that they could attend the Chuppa and Wedding, relaxed and feeling abright.

To our great surprise, Dovid also decided to stay behind and obtain a Brocha and a Dollar. He

wanted to visit the Ohel too, so together to Montreal we would follow.

In the event Dovid, Avrohom, Aaron, Max, Leah and family and Roselyn and I saw the Rebbe together.

We had an early appointment in case of inclement weather.

We had the taxies waiting, the luggage loaded and the meter running on the clock. We had no time to lose because the plane was due to leave at one o'clock.

Susan was a bundle of nerves, could not relax and caught an earlier plane, but it was a mess because all her luggage went astray, including every single Wedding Dress.

Levi, Shmuli and Uncle Michael travelled by car, they thought they would risk it, but Levi vacillated, left late, exceeded the speed limit and was given a ticket.

Shimon and Chaya with Moussia and baby Frouda, also went by road and also exceeded the Limit.

So, very careful driver Shimon was also presented with a ticket.

The Kabolus Ponim was at the Shool, the Chuppah at the Luvavitcher Yeshiva.

Poor Max was given the keys of the van, and told to ferry the guests – hither – and thither – oh what a Tither!!

Roselyn was shivering with cold, her feet were numb, she was forlorn, so she went inside Levi's stationery car, just to keep herself warm.

It was so cold at the Chuppah. Dovid was shaking like a leaf.

I do not know whether it was Fear - or the Cold, that caused the chattering of the teeth.

Although it was so freezing cold, Rochel looked lovely and very nice.

But from Dovid's eyes the tears did drop, like little blocks of ice.

The food was gorgeous and the orchestra played non stop, it was grand, and everyone had to dance Non-Stop in order to keep warm - it was a jolly good band.

Dovid danced with me in a very tight embrace. It was steaming and very hot.

I thought I was in Yankels Mikvah, but it was a Mitzvah that I got.

All sang happy birthday to me with lots of verve and clout.

But the Birthday Cake they gave to me had no candles to blow out.

Yossi (M) walked around the hall all night, with a little bundle under one arm.

He was the very proud father showing off his baby, but he didn't mean any harm.

We have always been grateful to Dovid for being a sport and accepting my stories which have provided innocent merriment.

But now that he is married, I shall have to be more tactful and hope that Susan, the newly appointed censor will be content.

We wish Dovid and Rochel a Lifetime full of happiness and good health,
and to celebrate many simchas with gladness and joy, which are even better than very much
wealth.

Channah's (Lew) Wedding

I was pleasantly surprised when I heard that Channah had become engaged to be married. After all, she was not yet nineteen and had only recently completed her studies at the Seminary at Crown Heights. Of course, she is an exceptionally pretty young lady.

Her Chosson was Yoseph Lipsker, the son of our old friend Ellie. At least Channah has continued the family tradition of our granddaughters marrying Tall, Handsome, Young Rabbis. He seems a very sensible boy with a dry sense of humour. (I had added that I felt inclined to pour COLD water on this type of humour - but Roselyn censored this).

Fortunately, he insists upon being called - just Yoseph and NOT Yossi. We have already Two Yossi's, K.A.H. so this will save us some further complications.

Twenty one years ago, Ellie his father had visited us in Manchester when we had arranged a most successful concert in aid of Lubavitch.

When he came to us for dinner, he wanted to know the name of the machine that cut the bread into such thin slices. I told him that in England we called it a knife.

Ellie is the illustrious musical director at Lubavitch and his orchestra is always in demand at 770 and other Lubavitch simchas. He also plays many instruments.

Obviously, the Chosson, Rabbi Yoseph is also an expert musician.

The family Lipsker is K.A.H. a large and well known Lubavitcher family, and includes ten brothers.

"All Gabais and Rabbi's"

Until recently there was always a Gabai (Warden) at 770 bearing the name of Lipsker, and there are many Rabbonim of this name all over Israel, as well.

Chaim Tzvi was a General in the Israeli Army for fifteen years and is now on the Reserve list. He has a real jaunty Air and military bearing.

The Wedding was in London, 200 miles from Manchester - on Rosh Chodesh Nissen. I congratulated the Bride and Groom for choosing such an auspicious day, because as it was

Rosh Chodesh, they did not have to fast on this day of their Wedding. (They still had to fast, but on any other future date, which would be more convenient for them).

However, they indicated to me that the first day of Nissen was the only Rosh Chodesh on which, infact, they did have to fast, according to our Lubavitch Custom. And the poor parents also had to fast.

We were told to report at 48, Firsby Road - the abode of the Lews - at 2.30pm for pictures, pictures, - and more pictures. We did not need the Chosson at that stage.

We had brought with us from Manchester our granddaughter, Leah with her newly born son, Levi Yitchok - little Levi. - Our grandson is BIG Levi - and how! K.A.H. In spite of this we arrived at the Lews at 2.25pm - just in time.

I was met and welcomed by Shmuel, wearing a huge beaming smile, on his face and in his hand - a FAX from the Rebbe.

The FAX was addressed to me "At this moment in London", and translated into English read as follows:

"Erev Rosh Chodesn Nissen"

"Received your letter of the 19th Adar (and the previous ones) with warm Thanks"

"How did you fulfil the Command to increase joy in Adar (Obviously together with the assistance of your helpmate, Your Wife (TICHYA)" "And furthermore the thirteen points of your beard also helped in this". "I will remember you at the Tzion".

The technical details of the Fax, printed on top of the message were: The Date - March 26th: Time - 18-38: Fax number - 718 7560770 - note the figures 770: and finally CHOMESH - which stand for Chaya Mushka.

I telephoned next day to Label at 770 to confirm various points in their fax message, especially in regards to the thirteen of them.

Label explained that it is stated in the Holy Book of the Zohar (Kabolla) that there are thirteen points - or strands or Tresses, in a beard. It has been said that these thirteen points were easily discernable in the beard of the Baal Shen Tov.

These also corresponded to the thirteen attributes of the A-Mighty (L'rd, L'rd, Benevolent, Compassionate, Gracious, slow to Anger. Abounding Kindness and Truth and so forth).

There are also thirteen words in the verse of "Vehu Rachum..." which we recite before the evening service during the week – and elsewhere, which mentions some of these Merciful attributes of the A'mighty.

Shmuel had already shown the FAX to many friends, and during the dinner at the wedding, in the evening, Phaivish Vogel read out the whole message to the guests who were seated around the tables.

It created a tremendous impression and I felt extremely honoured to have received this special message from the Rebbe and which was sent direct to London, where I was expected to arrive for the wedding.

The “Kabbolas Ponim” was on time, at 3.30pm, it seemed that the Chuppah would commence punctually at 5.00pm.

The Kesuba (marriage contract) of the Tenoyim had to be completed and read out aloud. The plate was to be broken by the respective mothers together, and Yoseph was to recite his marriage Maamar.

Now – one of the grandmothers of the Chosson, a nice pleasant lady, Mrs Bucketman, was unfortunately confined to a wheelchair. She had to be brought up – elevated – from the ground floor to the lubavitch hall situated on the second storey.

Fortunately there was a lift (elevator) available. But, unfortunately, the man in charge, was NOT – and he had the keys of the lift in his pocket.

After fifteen minutes of futile discussion on the whereabouts of John, - and his keys, nobody was any the wiser. We had covered a lot of ground, in theory, - but in practice – bobby and the lift were still, both, immobilised.

It was getting beyond a joke. Progress had to be made, so I suggested that surely we could find four strong men who would be capable of carrying bobby - and even the wheelchair, as well, up the stairs.

Actually, four strong men were not needed, because Pincus and one friend managed the task between them, quite well.

The Kesuba was read. The plate was broken and Yoseph had recited his maamur. It was now time to move ahead.

The Alter Rebbe's Nigun was started - this tune was always sung at a Lubavitch Wedding - from the moment that the Chosson is led to his Kalloh, for the Badekenish and then to the Chuppah and is continued right until the actual Marriage ceremony has commenced.

So, now, to the accompaniment of the Chanting of this old traditional melody, the men went in convoy with the Chosson to "Badeck" the Kalloh - to cover his bride's face with a veil, ready for the Chuppah.

The Bride was sitting on a beautiful throne which was adorned and festooned with garlands and bouquets of wonderful flowers. Channah was surrounded by Hindy, Roselyn and Susan and

Mrs. Leah Lipsker, together with scores of Ladies in waiting.

They did not have to wait long. The Chosson and the chanting multitude arrived. The Ladies retreated sideways to allow the principal actors to carry out their allotted duties.

Yoseph walked up to the Kalloh, who looked a picture of radiant beauty, and covered up her lovely face with a heavy veil.

Shmuel, her father, placed his hands upon her head and silently gave her a brocha. Ellie followed the example of Shmuel.

As a grandfather, I was also given the honour and the opportunity of extending a benediction to my granddaughter, the bride, before her Chuppah. I was delighted to do this - albeit, it was a little emotive.

A selected few of us then retired to a small room where the Chosson prepared for this very special moment in his life. He united all Knots. For example his shoe laces, his tie and so forth. He then put on the Rebbe's shirt - the family heirloom which Our Rebbetzen ZTZL had given to me a few years ago. He also emptied his pockets of all coins, and no jewellery was allowed to be worn on his hands or fingers.

Then, standing on each side of the Groom, Shmuel and Ellie hooked their arms through the arms of Yoseph. They called out "Right Foot Forward" and the procession of men, some holding lighted candles, made its way downstairs to the Chuppah which stood outside in the playground of Lubavitch. The time was 5.15pm - only fifteen minutes after the scheduled time.

Bobby Bucketman had already been brought downstairs and was sitting comfortably ensconced in her wheelchair.

The Chosson was now standing under the Chuppah, but everyone was looking towards the exit from Lubavitch House, from where the Bride would soon emerge. The Poor Chosson! He looked very fine indeed, but no one was interested in looking at him, after all, he was only the Bridegroom.

My Son, Avrohom, was given the privilege of reciting the first two brochas of the "Seven Blessings". I was given a bonus of reciting of the last and longest of these benedictions.

The Bride and Groom had their second sip of the wine. Pincus drank the remainder and emptied the glass, which was then placed in a paper bag and put under Yoseph's foot. He stamped his foot down - hard - and broke the glass - a reminder that even on the occasions of our greatest joy we remembered the destruction of Our Holy Temple in Jerusalem.

Everyone shouted Mazel Tov. The Women were Kissing the Women - and the Men were even Kissing - the Men.

The next item on the agenda was Yichud, when the Chosson and Kalloh were taken into a small

room, where they broke their fast and left in complete privacy for a short while.

I had followed Yoseph upstairs, I had to ensure that I took the shirt off his back!

Thank G-d, all Hindy's and Shmuel's children, grandchildren, Sons and Daughters-in-Law were present on this wonderful and momentous occasion.

Shterney and her baby, Chaya Mushka were very nearly left behind in New York. Her passport had been mislaid and a replacement could not be obtained in time. Yossi suddenly recalled that they had hired (rented) a car to travel to Montreal for Dovid's marriage to Rochel, and it might have fallen out of Sherney's handbag - unnoticed. Yossi rushed to the Office of this Car Rental Company - and Lo and Behold - there it was, in the lost property department waiting to be claimed.

A few years ago, Shmuel bought the house next door, when it became available, because K.A.H. the family was growing. He should have bought the house next door to that one, too.

Hindy offered to make room for us at her home but when we saw the Dormitories - and heard the noise - we decided to take our business and bodies elsewhere - to the Hotel.

After the Chuppah we drove to the Hall which was situated about seventeen miles away - on the way north to Manchester.

There we met my brother (and doctor) Ephraim and his wife Yetta and many other members of the family.

Ellie had brought along with him from Crown Heights three members of his orchestra. He thought that these would liven up and add gusto to the local band of musicians.

They certainly did add more noise.

Phaivish Vogel had been appointed to act as Chairman during the formal proceedings. There were to be only two speakers so his task was pretty easy.

He introduced Avrohom and asked him to give a Blessing to the Bride and Groom. Avrohom introduced - the Rambam in his opening remarks and spoke very nicely. Phaivish then requested that Ellie should add his blessings.

After a few short sentences, he filled up his glass and gave the brocha of LeChaim to the Chosson and Kalloh and to all the Assembly.

Phaivish made the concluding speech, and then read out the fax message which I had received that day from the Rebbe. He personally extolled my virtues in an exceedingly laudatory manner. These words were received with unstinted praise by the Audience. I felt like a hero! Well done Phaivish!!

Menachem (Yunik) advised me that he had just spoken to Label at 770. He sent a Mazel Tov and Regards to Roselyn and me.

There were the usual Cabaret acts balancing of bottles and so forth. But on this occasion one fellow went one step further. He danced with a large stepladder balanced on his forehead.

As an encore, he balanced three chairs on his chin. The Chosson danced upon a table held aloft by friends. He overbalanced and fell off. It was a very joyful and Freilich Wedding with hectic and exciting non stop dancing. We left the hall at about lam after midnight, after spending a very wonderful and outstanding day.

Here is a short Poem, which I wrote about the Wedding and it is a very good summary of the events that took place.

The day arranged for Channah's Wedding was Rosh Chodesh NISSON, and the first guest to arrive from New York was Moussia, aged one. She came four weeks early to ensure everything would be OK. Just as Yaakov, our forefather sent Yehuda to Egypt to lead the way. Another welcome visitor was Baby Chaya Mushkie, a very good sort. She very nearly stayed at home because Shterney mislaid her passport.

Channah, the Bride, looked gorgeous, graceful and beautiful. As she walked to the Chuppah to take part in her nuptials. Her Chosson's name is Yoseph, he will not answer to Yossi. He seems a nice boy, but a trifle too bossy. Yoseph plays the fiddle and will keep Channah on her toes and therefore she shall have music wherever she goes. Yoseph has got piercing eyes, but is a happy individual. But Channah is rather tough and won't be playing second fiddle. Ellie his father, twenty one years ago visited us in Manchester. He came without his wife. He asked what was the machine that cut the bread so thin, we said it was knife. When we arrived in London, we found a Fax from the Rebbe, about which everyone had already heard. It stressed the importance and vitality of Zalmon Jaffe's newly acquired beard.

From Crown Heights, Ellie brought half his band. The rest - behind he left. But these few did play so very loudly. We ended up almost tone deaf. Hindy and all the girls, including daughters-in-law and aunties all looked like gorgeous Film Stars and pretty debutantes. Roselyn and I wish Channah and Yoseph a life full of RHYTHM and SONG and hope they will achieve their own Choir and musicians and it shall not take too long.

We all wish them both Haztlocha Rabba, which means a Great Success and that they will give the Rebbe and the family, Nachas and Joy, till they both will recite the Tehillim Verse of KUF-YOD-TESS (=119+).

Hindy and Shmuel had begged us to return to London for the Sheva Brochus on Friday night and Shabbos - a round trip of four hundred miles.

Except for Menachem, Shimmon and Yossi, who had temporarily returned to New York, all the

Lews were now present at Hindy's, so we decided to join the family on this momentous occasion.

Official Summer time had commenced during the week and clocks had been put forward one hour.

At 10pm we were still waiting for Shmuel to make Kiddush. But the chosson was missing and the Kalloh had disappeared. Ellie had gone to collect his wife, Leah, who was waiting at the Kadimah Hotel, around the corner.

There were about fifteen men and boys who would be making Kiddush individually and aloud. And "Sholom Aleichem" and "Aishess Chayill" had to be sung beforehand.

Roselyn and I had partaken of our last meal at 1.30pm - lunch time, so we were feeling a little peckish. Furthermore, No one was allowed to fast on Erev Shabbos (except on the Fast of Teves which ended at 5pm as it was during the winter season).

Anyway, we did enjoy our dinner, and retired to bed at the Kadimah Hotel at lam after midnight.

Next morning, Shabbos, as was the custom at all Lubavitch Shools and minyonim, it was announced that the service would commence at 10am. Not many people heard this announcement because we started at 10.15.

Rabbi Raskin gave a talk for about 15 minutes (He was waiting for a visa to settle in Russia for a year or two as per the Rebbe's suggestion). We heard that there were eight "Sholom Zochar" parties in Crown Heights last Friday night, including grandsons of Nachmun Sudak, Rabbi's Cousins and Hertzog and Futterfass, who had two.

This Shabbos Service ended at 12.30pm.

And yet - it was almost 2pm before Shmuel could be prevailed upon to make Kiddush. (Where were the Chosson and Kalloh? Where were Ellie and Leah? and so forth).

It proved to a very lively dinner and Farbraingen. I read out my poem, Ellie spoke. Shmuel never stopped speaking. General Chaim Tzvi sang continuously and Mendy rendered a contoral composition, in spite of his cold.

Shmuel continued to serve strong drink to all and sundry, saying LeChaim - one for you and one for me.

By 4pm Shmuel was still going strong - like the drinks. He was delivering words of Torah too, and laughing and joking. Ellie, however could not take all this and was dozing and gently snoring on the Top Table - (and Table Top).

At 4.30pm we said the Grace after Meals. I was given the honour of leading the benching and

Sheva brochus - and we again retired to the hotel to catnap until mincha at 7pm.

We left London next morning for Manchester and took with us Golda (Jaffe) and two cartons of Matzo which were needed urgently in Manchester.

The car was misbehaving. The gears were not changing automatically. It was jerking and trembling all the way home.

We just managed to reach Avrohom and Susan's abode to deliver Golda and the Matzo, when the car just expired and would not budge another inch. It had suffered a broken gearbox! Oi Vay!

On the Shabbos after pesach, Levi created an innovation. Within a couple of hours or so, he had arranged, on the Erev Shabbos a whole programme of Kinus HaTorah.

Levi had a list of about eight speakers, including the Rosh, Rabbi Akiva Cohen, and Dovid Hickson and about four Yeshiva boys too. He had printed makeshift posters and placed them in the Shools.

After Shool, he came to see me, in a great turmoil. At most of these Kinus HaTorah in Crown heights, one person was always invited to speak - on the Rebbe's instructions, and here - in Manchester - this gentleman had been ignored. He referred to me. He was so contrite and so apologetic that I could not refuse him, although I hate to speak unprepared - I had no chance even to write a few notes.

Rabbi Golomb was the "Chairman". He spoke for about fifteen minutes to "start with". Then I was called up. I spoke for about twenty minutes and received much applause, even an ovation. But I realised afterwards that I had omitted half of my intended speech.

Rabbi Golomb spoke again and called up the Rosh. The Chairman not only spoke in between the speeches, but actually during the speeches when the speakers were giving their arguments and pilpulim.

I remonstrated with him that it was not nice to interrupt the speakers, he replied that it made it much more interesting.

In the Daily Telegraph of April 13th - one of the foremost daily newspapers in England, there was a half-page article on the failure of Peres to form a new Israeli government because at the very last moment two Rabbis of the Aguda - Rabbi Mizrachi and Rabbi Verdiger, withdrew their support. It added "Their defection appeared in deference to the views of their spiritual mentor, the New York based Lubavitcher Rebbe Menachem Schneerson, who is opposed to Labour's policy of ceding occupied Arab Land in return for Peace".

"Rabbi Schneerson is a relative newcomer to the array of bearded sages whose utterances have periodically rocked the nations political life He leads the Chabad Chassidom from 770, Eastern Parkway --- several hundred thousand unquestioning followers in Israel, America, Russia and

Britain".

"He has never visited Israel (though there is a replica of his New York home waiting for him) and has rarely intervened directly in the states' affairs".

The article goes on to mention the Rebbe's instructions in 1988 to vote for Aguda and the "long running battle with Shach." "The quarrel between the groups has gone on since 1820".

We saw here the power of the Rebbe. But more impressive was the news that Lubavitch had arranged in Russia - sixty Communal Sedorim.

They had delivered forty five lorry loads of Matzo, wine and food to the Moscow Shool for distribution. PLUS - thirty five tons of Matzo, five thousand bottles of wine, six thousand bottles of oil and even one thousand five hundred boxes of chocolate.

PLUS - a whole, unbroken perfect piece of Matzo to Zalmon Jaffe in Mancehster!!

Of course, the Rebbe does have that authority and influence to tell his followers to do certain actions - and they will be done.

If it needed meetings and conferences, resolutions and committees, there would be nothing done, even in time for next Pesach, or even for the Pesach after that.

New Chief Rabbi

There was an intering article in the Guardian (and of the top British daily newspapers) on March 9th regarding the new Chief Rabbi. Herewith are a sample, two of the five column article.

Guardian March 9th, 1990:

The choice of an open-minded candidate is creating a ripple of excitement.
Melanie Phillips interviews Jonathan Sacks

IN THE late 1960s, the Lubavitch sect of ultra-orthodox, mystical Jews was trawling Cambridge University for lost Jewish souls. Then as now, the universities were fertile ground for a sect that specialises in bringing back to uncompromising orthodoxy Jews who have ignored or abandoned their ancient cultural and religious identity. They are spectacularly good at it. But not even they can have realised quite what a prize catch they were to land.

In 1967 Jonathan Sacks was a typical Jewish student of his generation. A first-year philosophy undergraduate at Gonville and Caius, he was embarking on an academic career which was to culminate in a first-class philosophy degree, said to be one of the best since the war, and a doctorate.

He was typical in that he was a secular Jew. His parents were orthodox, but for a traditional couple they were remarkably broad-minded. Jonathan was sent not to a Jewish school but to a Church of England primary and - then to - Christ's College grammar school, before going up to Cambridge.

Most of his childhood friends were gentiles; at Cambridge his friends were either agnostics or atheists. He had never been immersed in a wholly Jewish environment. He was on the way to a secular, even an assimilated, life.

But then two things happened.

Israel fought the Six-Day War and won. This event triggered a cultural seismic shock among Cambridge Jewish under-graduates. A religious identity hitherto dormant or buried suddenly burst out among the most resolute unbelievers.

And the Lubavitch, sensing this sudden awakening, moved in shrewdly to bring the penitents securely back into the orthodox fold. "All of a sudden, I mean, one had never seen yarmulkas (skull-caps) in the street in Cambridge, they appeared almost overnight," said Dr Sacks. "Jews who had distanced themselves from Jewish life suddenly appeared in the Jewish Society davening (praying) every day. It was a tremendous moment, and as a result of that many contemporaries went to yeshiva (religious seminary) as I did to return to their roots and, I dunno; create 'a post-Holocaust generation.'"

Dr Sacks not only went on into the rabbinate but now, at just 42 and principal of Jews' College, he is about to be confirmed as Britain's next Chief Rabbi to succeed Lord Jakobovitz. His selection by the cautious, conservative establishment has caused a ripple of astonishment and excitement among those who assumed that hidebound orthodoxy would never plump for such an open-minded candidate.

There are hopes that his secular upbringing will enable him to bridge the gap between orthodoxy and the various reform movements, and stop the drift to the right that is causing a haemorrhage from the religious centre ground.

But Dr Sacks is an enigma wrapped in a paradox. The paradox is that as a Jew who has returned to the fold, he is possibly even more unbending in his orthodoxy than someone who has always been enmeshed in it.

And he is difficult to place. Is he liberal? Illiberal? An illiberal liberal? Above all, why on earth should a donnish, private character want such an awful job?

There is no hierarchy to enable him to impose his views on other rabbis. To his right are the battalions of rabbinic reaction; to his left there are the various reform movements, with whom the orthodox won't even share a public platform, let alone open a dialogue.

And although to the outside world he is the spokesman for all British Jews, the reality is that he is only Chief Rabbi to the United Synagogue and its affiliates. So how is he going to pull off this trick?

Dr Sacks is slight and, neat with a sardonic and rueful chuckle. Negotiation is his buzzword, the art of squaring incompatible, demands.

I wish to place on record my sincere thanks to my young friend, Laura Small for her helpful suggestions and her first class typing of this "Encounter" which has resulted in a much more professional book than hitherto.

Thank G-d, this has been an exceptional and eventful year and I hope my readers have enjoyed the contents of this "Encounter".

I shall end this edition as I normally do. "The Rebbe always concludes a Sichon, a talk with the

declaration that Moshiach is coming N O W

M A M O S H (definitely)

M A M O S H (undoubtedly)

M A M O S H (positively)

But - the letters of MAMOSH are the acronym of Menachem Mendel Schneerson

To be continued B'ezras Hasehm.