

## The Month of Tisrei 5740

### "Before Yom Kippur"

Last year, Yoseph Yitzchok Lew, my oldest grandson, who was aged 14. at that time, spent the whole month of Tishrei at Crown Heights. This enabled him to be near the Rebbe during Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Succos and Simchae Torah. He was the guest of Nechama and Mendel Baumgarten. He was overjoyed and thrilled with his experiences over these Yomin Tovim. He felt he had gained a tremendous spiritual uplift, that would fortify him, not only throughout the following year, but throughout his whole life,

Shmuel and Hilary encouraged him to repeat last year's experiment and persuaded Yossi to take with him his younger brother, I Menachem Mendel, who was one and a half years his junior. Again they stayed with the Baumgartens.

Yossi related to me that the Rebbe himself blew the first, the main, thirty notes of the Shofar on the Simah. The Rebbe took with him three large paper sacks, which were crammed full with Pitying - entreaties -- which had been sent to the Rebbe, begging for Life, Health, Nachas, A Good Livelihood and so forth. The Rebbe placed these sacks on top of the Shulchan (table) of the Simah, and they almost covered it. The Rebbe then drew up his Tallis right over his head and enveloped the whole table and contents with it. He then bowed his head onto the table, meditated, prayed and wept - he was appealing to the Almighty to bless all the Jewish people, everywhere with a Good and happy New Year - and that the desires of those, who had sent their petitions, should also be fulfilled.

After which, the Rebbe commenced to make the arochas prior to the blowing of the Shofar. It was a very solemn and awe-inspiring moment, and Yossi admitted that he very nearly fainted. I agreed and remarked that stronger men might have fainted in similar circumstances.

"Oh no," retorted Yossi, "It was not the solemnity of the occasion. It was the terrible crush of thousands of men and boys who were all trying to get nearer and nearer to the Rebbe, and which almost crushed my ribs and broke my back."

That was the reason why he nearly fainted.

Just before Yom Kippur, I received several reports from 770, to the effect that Crown Heights was full to overflowing; that there were 2,000 visitors from Israel and 1,000 from France. Furthermore, that there were 1,000 children from France, already ensconced in Brooklyn. In addition, Chassidim, together with their wives and families were streaming in from every corner of the U.S.A. and from all over the world.

Special cooking facilities and kitchens, which were situated in the New Yeshiva premises in Kingston Avenue, provided meals for visitors who had arrived to spend the month of Tishrei with the Rebbe. Although they worked to full capacity, a considerable number had to be turned

away, "One cannot put a quart into a pint pot". Sleeping accommodation was at a premium, and I heard that many were lying on the floor of 770 in sleeping bags.

I was becoming a little anxious about our own accommodation. Our friend Raizie (Mincowich) had already promised me, many months previously that she expected us to be her guests - full board and lodging - free of charge - for Simchas Torah. When

I heard how crowded Crown Heights was, I immediately telephoned Raizie -.I need reassurance, and it was a great relief to learn that she was expecting us and everything was in order.

Lubavitch families in Brooklyn are providing a tremendous and invaluable service by generously opening up their homes to the visitors. It is a pity that there is not even one Hotel in Crown Heights at which one could stay. But - of course, even Hotels are limited to a certain number of rooms (more or less).

Last year, Shabsi Gordon approached me with a proposition. He wished to open a hotel - and that I should be his partner. I was interested and asked for the Rebbe's opinion. I was told that, "It is not your business and don't bother".

### **The Rebbe M'arash**

The Yahrzeit of the Rebbe M'arash takes place around this time. This gives me the cue and the opportunity to relate a little story about this Previous Lubavitcher Rebbe (Z.T.L.)

It concerns Rabbi Rivkin, a Lubavitch Rov who lived in Manchester many years ago. He was also a Dayan of the Beth Din.

The...other...of Rabbi Rivkin had given birth to two boys, both of whom had died at a very young age. When she was pregnant with Rabbi Rivkin, she was sorely afraid that the same thing would happen again - as with her other two unfortunate sons.

She contacted her Rebbe, a previous Lubavitch Rebbe, for help and guidance, for she was extremely worried.

The Rebbe advised that she should have an Earring made from the Silver Atarah (crown), which is affixed to the collar of a Tallis. The earring should be worn by the new baby through out his life.

She obtained this small thin, round earring, and in due course placed it in the left ear of the young "Rabbi" Rivkin. He wore this for many years and enjoyed good health.

Just once, in the course of his sojourn on this world, did he remove this earring - and he became so ill, that he replaced it immediately.

One Erev Yom Kippur, I, together with a good friend of mine, Hotel Jaffe (no relation) went to

visit Rabbi Rivkin and to extend to him our good New Year wishes. Motel gave Rabbi Rivkin malkas (tile symbolic strapping), and we took, our leave of him. Rabbi: Rivkin made his way to the Mikveh, after which he went to Shool for the Kol Nidrei service. He was `half-way up the steps, when he collapsed - and died - and - it was discovered that the earring was missing!! He was 77 years of age.

A thorough search was made of the Mikveh. There was no sign of it - and it has never been seen since:

### **Preparation to Visit 770 for Simchas Torah**

We had decided to visit the Rebbe on Simchas Torah this year. This would be the first time that we would have the pleasure of spending this Yom Tov at 770. We have celebrated Shovuos there on numerous occasions, and we were now looking forward to some new experiences. Incidentally, Simchas.Torah and Shovuos have very much in common.

Some opinions even maintain that Simchas Torah' should be celebrated on Shovuos. After all, G-d gave us the Torah which we all accepted on that day, and all anniversaries should be celebrated with Simcha - for example - birthdays. We do, of course, keep the anniversary of the acceptance of the Torah with Joy - but the actual Simcha and rejoicing takes place on Simchas Torah.

The Rebbe explained in a subsequent Sicho, why we had to wait until Shemini Atzeres for the Simchas Hatorah.

"It was ordained that the Torah was to be given to us on the Sixth day of Sivan - Shovuos". It must have been a wonderful sight. The Jewish nation - millions of men, women and children gathered all around Mount Sinai - spontaneously and emotionally shouting "We will do and we will listen, understand". It was an awe-inspiring moment; the deafening noise of the thunder, and the brilliant flashes of lightning - and - Moses, accepting the Torah on our behalf.

Unfortunately; this inspiration did not last. On the 17th. of Tammuz, Moses returned to the people, after spending 40 days and 40 nights being taught the Oral Law (Torah) by G-d himself, He discovered, to his great dismay, that the Jews had made for themselves an idol - a Golden Calf ,- which they were worshipping. Moses was carrying the two tablets (Luchos) which G-d himself had made and written. He was furious when he saw the frailty and the fickleness of the multitude, and flung the Luchos onto the ground in his anger and rage - and they were broken into many pieces.

G-d then wanted to destroy the whole Jewish nation - they were unworthy and unfaithful. He intended to establish a new Jewish Race direct from Moses. Moses spent the next 40 days and 40 nights pleading with Hashem to rescind this decision, and, fin-ally, on Rosh Chodesh Ellul, he did persuade the Almighty to do so.

But, firstly, Moses was Instructed by G-d to make another set of Luchos, and this time to write, engrave; them by himself. , Moses spent anothea and nights in seeking a complete forgiveness

for the Jewish people, who-were now in the category of Baalei Teshuva. On the 10th of Tishrei, the Day of Tom Kippur, Moses prevailed and G-d said:

"I forgive them their sins, according to your words, your pleas".

(This second bestowal of the Torah, which took place quietly and unostentatiously was permanent, has passed the test of time, and will last till the end of Eternity.)

"The people were happy and full of joy; and wished to rejoice with the Torah. But, this as not possible on a Fast Day – since true Simcha means “eating and drinking wine” – and for the woman- “new dresses” and so forth.

As a matter of fact, it did happen once, during the course of our history that Yom Kippur was transformed from a Day of Fasting to a day of Feasting and Rejoicing. This was the time when King Solomon consecrated and dedicated the Beis Hanikdosh - and - it coincided with Yom Kippur - But - it has never happened again:

After Yom Kippur came Succos. It was again not possible to have complete rejoicing when we had to live in a Succah.

So - Shemini Atzeres was the first real opportunity on which Simchas Torah could be celebrated".

Incidentally, I know of many other similarities between Shovuos and Simchas Torah. For example:

- (1) Both Yomin Tovim are called Atzeres.
- (2) Tikun is said through the whole nights of Shovuos and of Erev Simchas Torah.
- (3) A minus Hatorah is held on the day after both Yomin. Tovim.
- (4) The same portion in the refer Torah is layenned on both Shovuos and Simchas Torah.
- (5) These are the only festivals when one may eat what one desires, and where one wishes. (For example On Pesach one may only eat Matzo and other certain foodstuffs, whilst on Succos one may only eat in a Succah)
- (6) I have a Yarhzeit a few days after both Shovuos and Simchas Torah.

On the second day of Choi. Hainoed Succos, I wrote the following letter to the Rebbe, which I intended to take with me and to deliver personally into the Rebbe'c Mail Box at 770.

"My Dear Rebbe Shlitah,

I am writing this letter at horse, and I hope P.G. to bring it with me tomorrow. So, when you receive this note, then you will realise that B.H. Roselyn and I have arrived, together with Chaim Dovid (Avrohor.'s eldest son, aged 14) and Yenta Chaya (Hilary's eldest daughter, 12 years old). Yossie and Mendel - Hilary's eldest sons have been at Crown Heights for the past few weeks. We are staying with Myer and Raizie Mincowicz. - for one week. We would have liked to have stayed longer but we do not wish to impose upon friends.

I do know that Crown Heights is packed to overflowing. I hear that people are sleeping on the floor of 770 in their sleeping-oags. .xehud.a Kramer wanted to go to 770 for Succos with his wife and child. There was definitely nowhere for them to stay;

I have been warned by Dovid Abenson to take my oldest suit, my most battered hat, and if possible - steel-toed boots - for the Farbraingen and for Simchas Torah. "I will be crushed from all sides and my ribs may be broken. The heat will be stifling and I should also take a bottle of o::cygen". It sounds terrible. In fact I do not think I kril actually enjoy myself - I may not even be in a position to see or hear what is going on! But maybe I will be able to write a few pages in my next edition.

I have heard that the whole Seder is different than on Shovuos - the seating arrangements in particular.

Roselyn, as I have mentioned, will be with me. I surely cannot imagine what she will do all the time. To find a place to see or even hear in the Womens Shool will be a sheer impossibility. It is bad enough on Shovuos.

However, it will be a new experience - to which I am 'looking forward - with some little trepidation.

Anyway here I am

.  
I wish you a Happy and Freilechen Yom Tov. We all missed you Shovuos."

I also ; wrote another note about certain Manchester Lubavitch cash problems - more about that later!

### **Chol Hamoed Succos**

It was a beautiful hot "summer-like" day, when we left Manchester for. New York. We were dressed for the part, in lightweight suits and clothes. I carried my Esrog and Lulov.

Once again, all seats on the British Airways direct flight to New York were fully booked, Dovid Abenson recommended a unique way. Instead of travelling forward to New York (via London), we could fly with ELM from Manchester and back-track to Amster-dam, and then travel from Amsterdam to New York. We would also save f20 (Z80 for the four of us) and have a longer

ride!!

Our plane left Manchester at 9a.m. for the one hour's journey. We were immediately served with a Kosher breakfast. The stewardess took one look at Dovid - and brought him a five course dinner. This consisted of grapefruit, chopped liver, chicken, dessert, coffee and cake. Poor Dovid! He could only manage the liver he had already eaten a whopping big breakfast at home. So we took the remainder of the dinner with us -- to keep in reserve - together with the sandwiches which Roselyn had made "in case of emergency".

The Jumbo Jet to New York left Amsterdam at 1 p. m. , so there was a three hour wait, By 12 noon, we were all starving, so we started on the sandwiches and on Dovid's Polka. It is a very good idea to travel to see the Rebbe on Choi. Hamoed Succos. One is "potter" - absolved - from eating in a Succah if on the way to see the Rebbe After lunch, we desired cold drinks, but we needed Dutch money. So, I had to walk to a Dank kiosk to change my English pounds into Dutch guilders. Yenta Chaya, always a little busy madam, insisted on going for me. She took my f1 0 note - and brought back - two five pound notes!!!

Half an hour before departure, the Airport lounge was full of men carrying Lulovim, I have never seen so many outside a Sheol.

He were all enjoying a very pleasant flight ∴ until the Captain announced over the loudspeakers, that it was actually snowing in New York and the temperature was minus Two !!! P EZ HG !!! I did not relish the idea of benching Esrog in the Snow.

We eventually arrived at 770. The snow had given way to sleet and then had settled down to a heavy drizzle of rain. It was most depressing after the lovely hot and sunny weather which we had been enjoying in Manchester. All families in Crown Heights seemed to have their own Succahs, but I was surprised to note as far as I could ascertain. - that none of them possessed any type of protective roof-covering in case it rained. (Obviously it seldom rained in Crown Heights during Succos, and, as far as snow was concerned - that was unheard of.) I did notice two exceptions:

(1) The Rebbe's own Succah at 770. This was situated on the front lawn and was made up of solid heavy and thick wooden walls. This had a device affixed to it, which towered high above one side of the Succah, and which was similar to a shop blind. When it rained, all that was required was to lower this blind, which covered the whole Succah roof.

& (2) Lippy Bren.nan's Succah. Lippy had lived all his life in England and knew full well that it was NOT a luxury to have a roof protection - but it was an actual necessity.

The communal 770 Succah ran adjacent to the whole side of the Beis lanedrish and covered all of the "yard" area. It was very huge - and very wet. It was open to all the elements.

Our host - Myer Mincowicz, had a most luxurious Succah with highly polished walnut wooden walls. But - we could not sit down - not until we had dried the chairs and benches with towels.

The following day, Thursday, was still Choi. Hamoed and I had ascertained that Shacharis would be at 10a.m. In fact all the morning services, including that of Simchas Torah, commenced at that time.

My main preoccupation before davenning was to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's own Esrog and Lulov.

I was told that it took well over two hours for everyone to bench Esrog with the Rebbe's "Arba Minim" on Yom Tov. It was not expected that there would be so many people during Chol Hamoed because there were some men who had to leave early for work.

I still considered that there would be a huge queue of people waiting for the Rebbe's Esrog. So, next morning, I arrived outside 770 at 8.15a.m. I found NO queue - NO line - NO people - NO Rebbe's Esrog. The whole business seemed rather odd until I discovered, that to save everyone having to wait a long time in the queue, each person was given a numbered ticket. Mine was 672, but as the first number that morning was 570, this indicated that there were only 100 before me.

The Rebbe arrived at 9a.m., and the Esrog and Lulov was taken into his on Succah. After six minutes, Myer Harlick appeared with the Rebbe's Arbor Minnim and conveyed them to the main Succah.

It had been raining all night long and the Succah seemed a shambles. Every bit of furniture was wet through and rainwater was still dripping very quickly through the roof. It was not possible to sit down. Label Groner transferred the Esrog and Lulov to Myer Harlick, and Myer handed the set to the person holding the first available number.

This man made the Brocha, shook the Lulov and handed it to the next person. It took exactly two seconds for each turn, so the line moved very quickly.

After I had benched Esrog, I noticed a queue of, about 100 people. They were waiting to be served with coffee: which was being served from a Huge Urn on a table, and cake which was set out in large piles on the same table. It was like an old-fashioned "soup kitchen", where the clients walked past and received their rations.

After the davenning - breakfast was served - then luncheon - on the menu were fish, herring, eggs, cole-slaw, potato salad, kugel, plenty of bread and margarine, plus coffee and cake. As many as four thousand meals were served every day.

The originator and the man in charge of this wonderful scheme, was a very fine gentleman whose name is Moishe Yeruslasky, who upholds the Mitzvah of Hachnosus Orchim (looking after guests) during the month of Tishrei. He provided these meals free, to the thousands of visitors who have come from all over the world to visit the Rebbe for the High Festivals, (Yomim Tovim) and for Yom Tov - for women and children too. During Succos, he serves the food in the Succah.

Once during Yechidus, someone indicated to the Rebbe that he had seen Avrohom (our forefather) at work giving food and drink to those passing by and to wayfarers. The Rebbe commented that Avrohom gave hospitality only to Arabs; whereas, Moishe Yeruslaysky provided refreshments to Jewish men, women and children.

I will admit that the food looked very appetising, but it needed much patience to stand, waiting in the long line.

(After davening, I took Roselyn and Yenta Chaya to the "Ess and Fress" restaurant around the corner, and left them there to order and eat their breakfasts. I bought a couple of Mezonos sandwiches and a coffee, took them back to the 770 Succab, where I ate and drank upstanding. The roof, the walls and the seats were wringing wet.)

Meanwhile, the Shacharis service started promptly and took place downstairs in the Shool.

The Rebbe stood in his usual place in the top right-hand corner of the Ohool (hall). During the whole of this month, this area, about 20 feet long by 20 feet wide had been raised to a height of about 3 feet, and four steps led up to this large raised platform. This ensured that the Rebbe was isolated, but could be seen by everyone. More important was the fact that no one was allowed on this platform, so that no one could encroach upon the Rebbe and breathe down his neck. With such huge numbers of people having arrived for Yom Tov, it would have put the Rebbe in danger of being crushed. Every-one was looking after the Rebbe and his health. I do not blame anyone, but some men did take these precautions to absurd limits - more about that later on.

During the morning service, on Choi Hamoed, one circuit of the Bimah is made with the Esrog and Lulov by all the worshippers in procession....

First of all went the leader of the Band - the Chazan. He was pulled and dragged along by Label Groner because the Chazan wanted to savour every single moment - and he wished to sing - whether he could or couldn't. Our Rebbe - the General followed - and behind in ranks of three or four abreast marched his troops. Every soldier, including the General held a drawn bayonet and a hand grenade. The Jewish Army!! It was a wonderful sight - a forest of hundreds of green bayonets and yellow hand grenades.

The Rebbe would not allow the service to continue until every single person had completed the circuit.

### **Financial Advice**

During the course of the day, I received two replies from the Rebbe to the letters which I had delivered the previous evening. The first was a "Thank you, Thank you" and a reciprocation of our good wishes for a Happy and Freilechen Yom Tov and that I should have no fear because at would not be necessary to bring old clothes'.

The second was an answer to my query regarding Manchester Lubavitch. Our problem - and it

was a common these days - was, that, although we owned extremely valuable property, we suffered from an acute cash flow shortage - mainly because we were heavily overdrawn in the Bank, and with interest at over 20% -?!

It was suggested by one of our supporters and sympathisers that we could sell our premises - and rent them back again. By these means we would receive a big cash intake which would enable us to repay our Bank overdraft, and - leave a considerable balance that could be invested. The income from this would enable us to pay for the rent and there would be a considerable amount still available for routine expenses. Our supporter guaranteed that we would always enjoy a larger in-come from this investment than we would expend on the rent and other disbursements.

I had asked the Rebbe for advice and guidance. The Rebbe's reply stated.

(1) If we sold our premises, it would be a public admission that our strength in Manchester was being eroded - even though we would still possess a place for learning Tanya and davenning.

(2) In these difficult days and times in England, it was most unreasonable to assume that our income would always be more than our expenditure.

& (3) A common sense and business approach would suggest that we should try to obtain a mortgage on our property from a Building Society. In this way our borrowing would be - in the course of time - ultimately repaid.

The above was certainly a very straightforward reply to my queries.

It is remarkable how the obvious things are overlooked. Once we did have a mortgage with a Building Society. This had been repaid.

In these stringent times, we never even considered the possibility of having any success getting a loan, however, on my return to England, I commenced to make enquiries about getting this mortgage. In general, Building Society's loans are only given to householders - and hardly ever to Synagogues or Organisations such as ours. They are not keen to sue the trustees - and they would never have the audacity to foreclose or dispossess a religious association. They, therefore, have one simple formula - "Keep off - Keep away from this type of Business".

Well - by some miracle (0) we did obtain this mortgage from the largest Building Society in the world The Halifax. They assured us that they do not normally accept business from Synagogues and so forth, but, in this instance, they were prepared to have just one customer of this type on their books. The mortgage was to be repaid in a Ten Year period, and the monthly repayments were actually less than the present bank interest, charges alone!! It did not seem possible or feasible - but it was!!

### **Hoshana Rabba With Esrog And Cake**

Maariv - the evening service, was as usual at 9.30p.m. and it took place in the Beis Hamedrish. A

new system was in force - ONLY a very limited number of people were allowed to daven in this room with the Rebbe. They were very strict about this, because otherwise, the place would become too oppressively hot and stifling for the Rebbe.

The result of all this was that the Hallway and corridors became jammed and packed full of boys. Roselyn who normally always stood outside in the hallway and waited to see the Rebbe when he passed from his study to the Beis Hamedrish, was pushed and shoved back and forth by the press of boys - until, she found herself right outside the building - and of course - never saw - and was not seen by the Rebbe.

That night was Hoshana Rabba, and one should stay up all night reciting TIKUN. At 1 a.m. , the Rebbe arrived and we all said Tehillim, the whole book of Psalms which took one hour and fifty minutes - quite slowly for 770.

During Shacharis (the next morning), we needed "Hoshannos" to bang on the floor (a symbolic gesture of discarding one's sins)

We had bought ours on the previous day. These were being sold everywhere. Outside 770, they were asking \$5 for a set. Roselyn and I bought ours from a shop around the corner, we paid \$1-50, for a nice set which had ZIGGELS - serrated edges. Yossi was most annoyed, and we returned to the shop and exchanged these for perfect ones - NON-ZIGGELS - which cost \$2. What a lovely business - one could make a fortune ! Next morning, prices dropped rapidly - to \$1 - to half a dollar and then even to 25 cents a set. At 11.30a.m. - all those that were left unsold - serrated and perfect were thrown into a heap - together with those that had already been banged and clobbered on the floor. All were swept into a large pile - together with - Lulovim and some Esrogim that had not been retrieved for jam-making - and which cost anything from 010 to \$80 per set.

What a terrible business - one could lose a fortune!!

To revert back to Shacharis: On this day of Hoshana Rabba, the procession makes the circuit around the Bimah not once - but Seven times. With so many thousands of people wishing to take part, there would soon be an impasse. So - Label Groner made the following clear and unambiguous announcement. The Rebbe, followed by just seven or ten distinguished Rabbonim, only, would go around the Bimah with their Esrogim and Lulovim the whole seven times - all at once. Afterwards, everyone else would have their turn. The service would not be continued until all had completed the Hoshannos.

The Chazan led the way - then the Rebbe - and a few Rabbonim joined the procession. Label Groner signalled that I should follow too. I felt a little - a lot - unworthy. I am certainly not an illustrious Rabbi - not even an undistinguished one.

However, Label insisted very strongly - so I succumbed - and off I went. At the third round, the number had increased to thirty. By the time we had completed the seventh and final circuit, there were over a hundred distinguished Rabbonim in the procession (less one "Non-Rabbi").

After which, literally thousands marched and charged around the Bimah the seven times. To conclude this part of the service, the Rebbe took his Ioshannos, bent right down, and banged them on the floor five times.

The Sefer Torah was taken out in order to layers. Before the Chazan had the chance to say "Gadlu", and to move towards the Bimah, the Rebbe clapped his hands vigorously together, and in quick tempo, proceeded to sing very furiously "ANA AVDO". All joined in and this went on non-stop for about 3 or 4 minutes.

I received another unexpected honour that morning. I was called up for an Aliya, there was only one to spare - Kohen, Levi, The Rebbe - and I got - the fourth. It made me feel very humble and grateful.

Every Hoshana Rabba, after Shacaaris, the Rebbe commences to distribute Lekach (cake). He stands at the door of his own Succah, situated in the front garden of 770 - a queue is formed and everyone is personally handed a piece of Leach by the Rebbe

On this morning, there was already a good crowd waiting when the Rebbe came along. He entered the Succah and I could see through the doorway, tray upon tray of ginger cake stacked upon the table.

Label Groner took hold of me and led me to the front of the queue. I was therefore the first to be served. The Rebbe, with a happy smile, handed me a piece of Lekach and wished me "Le Shone Tovo Umsucco" (a blessing for a good and sweet New Year). I asked for a piece for Avrohom and his family - and received the same for him, including the Brocha for a good sweet year for him too.

There were now two lines in existence one to receive the cake from the Rebbe who was standing at the doorway of his own Succah, and the other for benching Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minnim in the large communal Succah - and - both lines were using the same route. A plan was quickly devised whereby the first queue would enter 770 from the rear - the East, from Union St., and continue right through the large Succah until it came to the Rebbe, whilst the second queue congregated at the front of 770, the West, and almost walked past the Rebbe and duly arrived into the large Succah to bench Esrog.

Throughout the time we spent at 770, there were strong arguments and counter-arguments going on continuously. The subject matter was the health of Our Rebbe, and the debate centred upon the following THEORIES. Was it right and proper to save the energy and health of the Rebbe by discouraging people from collecting Lekach and also moss Shel Brocha on I'botzei Yom Tov (at the end of Simchas Torah).

One of our Rabbonim had actually persuaded Label Groner, that, for the Rebbe's sake, people should not actually be forbidden G-d forbid - but, at least should be strongly dissuaded from IMPOSING upon the Rebbe's time and energy. He had a very good point. The Rebbe would

normally be handing out Lekach all day long, and if one could save the Rebbe even an hour or two of work, then it was well worth the effort.

This campaign had a very marked effect. - 3.30p.m. , after P4incha was the time when the Rebbe served the Ladies - and - there were very few clients. The small pitiful queue was nearing its tail-end. It seemed a real shame and a disrespect to the Rebbe that there were so few ladies willing to take advantage of the Rebbe's hospitality, generosity and blessings. Roselyn was standing nearby - so I shouted to her to join the end of the line. She did so and took with her Yenta Chaya. The Rebbe gave Roselyn some cake and a nice Brocha, and asked: "There is your grand-daughter?"

"Here she is", declared Roselyn, and indicated Yenta Chat', who had been partly hidden by Roselyn. The Rebbe beamed at her and also handed her a piece of cake.

That was the end of. the queue - and the next unusual occurrence was the sight of poor Label appealing to some women to 'please come for the Rebbe's Lekach'.

I was told that the Rebbe had asked Label why there were so few people. Label had related the story - that someone had persuaded him to discourage people from coming forward. The Rebbe commented that:

"Whoever gave you that advice is a TIPPISH (a fool) and a CHOSSID SHOTAH (a stupid Chossid). Nay," added the Rebbe, "I would say, he is not even a Chossid".

(Definition of a Chossid Shotah:- He is the man who is walking along the river bank. He hears a woman screaming and shouting for help, because she is drowning. This Chassid Shotah dare not even' look at a' woman, so he hurries and rushes away.)

Incidentally, and significantly, this Rabbi, who had given this advice, had himself gone personally to the Rebbe for Lekach.

His excuse was that he represented hundreds of people and he wanted the cake for them. This same Rabbits daughter had a similar excuse - her classmates had begged her to bring home the Rebbe' s Lekach – what a lovely and lucky coincidence!!

Meanwhile free' 1p.m. and onwards, the women were benching Esrog with the Rebbe's Arba Minim for the first time. They also had a queue and are given numbered tickets. Roselyn complained that it did not work, as too many ladies tried to "jump the queue". Some imagined that number 3came immediately after 303 and so forth..

The women did not need a Succah, so their line went through the womens Shool and ended outside on Eastern Parkway. The ladies line took much longer than the men's. Some women and girls had to be shown and instructed on what to do and to say. Others made the most of it and gave the Lulov a few good extra shakes.

A big bully of a fellow arrived at ' 2p.m. ad: snatched the Esrog and Lulov away from the

women, He maintained that there were many men who had not yet benched With the Rebbe's Lulov. – and it was a much more important Mitvah for the men.. I was very annoyed, bounced upon him, dispossessed him and gave Him a piece of my mind in exchange. I had the backing and support of a few hundred screeching and screaming ladies, and so it was not too difficult.

At 4:30p.m., the Rebbe had completed the Lekach distribution. He descended the steps outside 770, in order to enter his car and leave for his home. I commenced a lively Nigun – everyone joined in – and so did the Rebbe. When the Rebbe drew up alongside me, he halted and smiled.

"Where. are yon Ainiklech?"

(He was referring to Dovid – Avrohom's son, and to Yossi and Mendel – Hilary's sons).

Waving my arms about rather vaguely, I stuttered that:-

"They are around here somewhere".

"Why did they not come for Lekach?" interjected the Rebbe.

I was thunderstruck - and replied - a little hesitatingly that they had received their rations on Erev Yore Kippur, and were told that they should not trouble the Rebbe for anymore. The Rebbe was not very pleased.. I think that he realised that they had NOT collected their Lekach on Erev Yom Kippur - and for the very self-same reason that they had abstained today.

I did find my grandson's shortly afterwards, They were all in their shirt sleeves and were pulling, shlepping and dragging all the benches, tables and forms from the Shool of 770, and making a huge heap of them outside. They looked like a PILE OF FIREWOOD. I considered that this was a very good idea, to burn all the old furniture and have it replaced with nice new equipment. However, I had erred a little. They were denuding the Shool hall of every bit of furniture to enable all the extra people who were expected for the Hakofos to be accommodated. Dovid Mandlebaum was screaming and screeching instructions and getting in everybody's way.

### **Simchas Torah Ato Horaiso**

The custom of Lubavitch was to have Hakofos on three occasions over the two day period of Yom Tov (Shemini Atzeres and Simchas Torah). The first time would be on that very night of Shemini Atzeres, and the other two would take place on the following night and during the morning service - of Simchas Torah.

Maariv was at 7:10p. m. , after which, everyone went home to make Kiddush and to partake of some food. ALL returned for the Hakofos at 9p.m. The Sheol was jammed tightly with about Seven Thousand \_San and boys. The women's Sheol was also crowded - with not an inch to spare.

Before dancing with the orate for the Hakofos, the Seventeen sentences of ATO HOI ISO are

recited. According to our I4inhag we say this verse three times. On this first nigat, various people were called up and given the honour of reciting, aloud, one of the sentences.

The first Rossu: and the last were always recited by the aebbe, on all the three occasions. The Gabai shouted out in a very loud voice:

"Is min mechavid Adoneinu Moreinu Verabeinu mit der ershter Possuk "Ato Horaiso". (Thereby calling up the Rebbe to recite this first sentence)

To my utmost astonishment and surprise, I heard my name being called for the Possuk "Malchusscho". The next sentence was Mitzion - the last - but lo and behold, they returned to the 14th Possak again. They must have been short; of sentences.

For the second and third rendering of the Ato Horaiso - except for the r ebbes first and last Posukim - men were called up in batches, for instance, "all the workers of Kfar Chabad together", - "all the Roshei Yeshivos", - "all English people", and so on.

On the following night of Simchas Torah, I was informed that each individual Posuk would be sold by auction. All the proceeds from this nights business were to be in aid of the Lubavitch Yeshiva in Brooklyn. But, to save the Rebbe t s time, it seemed that all the sales (or purchases) were completed before-hand.

Because, straight away, the Gabai called out in Yiddish, with the usual sing-song intonation:

"The first Posuk Ato Horaiso has been bought by Avrohom Katz for \$5,000, and he desires that the Rebbe will say this Posuk"

Then:

"The second Posuk has been bought by Shl uel Myer Silberstein of Antwerp for \$3,600 (twice Chai - Life), and he wishes that the Rebbe will recite this Posuk"

Then again:

"The third Posuk has been bought by - (and mentioned two men) - who have paid \$1,800 each, and they are desrious that the Rebbe will say this Posuk"

And so it went on - and on - till the whole 17 sentences of the Ato Horaiso were said for the first time.

The second Ate Horaiso started in the same manner; again it was obvious that all the sentences had already been sold by private treaty.

But, I was also interested in purchasing some of these extra-ordinary and unique goods..

So, I called over the Rashag, the Rebbe's brother-in-law, who is in charge of this Yeshiva, and told him that I was interested in buying a Posuk. He asked me how much I was prepared to pay. I, in turn, asked what was the price. He informed me that the prices ruling at this moment varied from 01,800 down to 0500. I gave him a buying commission to spend \$1,000 on my behalf.

(The Rebbe had given a Sicho at the Farbraingen. He had maintained that people should have trust and confidence in Hashem, who had asserted that for every one unit which we would donate to Tzedoko, He, the Almighty would repay us with four or-five units. The Rebbe had urged us to try it ..., so - I thought - what could I lose'? - right - \$1,000!! but, in any event, a deserving charity would certainly benefit.)

However, the Rashag had forgotten all about my paltry \$1,000. Prices were maintaining their high level and partnerships were buying a Posuk for friends to recite. It became almost too casual and lacksadaisical, so I requested the Rashag to cancel my order - and I would make another attempt next morning.

On the following day, prices were even tougher. This time, all the money went to the funds of Mercos. Whereas, on the previous evening these sentences were bought by partnerships of two men - for the last Posuk of Ki Mitzion and of each of the three Ato Horaiso's, there were as many as twenty and even of thirty partners. I was fortunate that my bid of 01,000 was accepted, and I was joined together with the other twenty-nine partners. I will admit that everyone's name was called out, loudly, so that the Rebbe could hear - I purchased on behalf of myself, my wife and all my children and grandchildren.

(Incidentally, I paid up straight after Yoe: Tov Hashem also paid up as soon as I returned home to Manchester. It is no small wonder that everyone is so keen to be connected with the Rebbe's business Enterprises and Trust.)

The amount of money donated on the evening of Simchas Torah was about \$1450,000 (£70,000). The mornings proceedings brought in very much more.

## **Hakofos**

Well - to revert back to the first night of Shemini Atzeres - -Friday evening. The Ato Horaiso had been concluded, and it was time for the Hakofos.

Except for the 20 feet by 20 feet platform on the top right-hand corner, on which the Rebbe stood, this HUGE terrific hall had been completely cleared of all furniture. There were however, four tables which had been chained together and placed in front of the Oran Hrkodesh to act as a partition and barrier so that those honoured gentlemen who were called up to collect a Sefer Torah would not be crushed or stamped upon.

There was also a very tiny platform in the centre of the auditorium, on which the Rebbe would be dancing together with his brother-in-law, the Rashag, during the first and the seventh (the last) Hakofos.

Label Groner, Meyer Harlick and Binyomin Kline escorted me - and two or three others onto the Rebbe's platform, and we stood leaning against the side wall -. I then understood why the Rebbe had assured me that I should not be afraid of the crush of the people.

The Gabai sang out:

"Is min mechabed Adoneinu Moreinu Verabeinu mit de ershter Hakofa" (The Rebbe was called for the first Hakofa)

One of the wardens took the very tiny Sefer Torah up to the Rebbe. Another small one was presented to the Rashag. I heard my name called - it was hard to believe - but it was correct. I collected the fourteenth Serer Torah -. and the procession marched off.

I got half way to the centre, when I heard a Nigun started - then the sounds of 7,000 throats all shouting and singing together - faster and faster. The Rebbe must have been dancing with the Rashag. I think that was sad but -- all I could see was the back of the fellow who was in front of me - with Sefer Torah No. 13. And, everyone was dancing. None of the 7,000 could move even a quarter of an inch in any direction - only upwards and downwards. That is how the crowd danced - up and down, and up and down. (I met Dovid after the service. I demanded to know why he had not taken off his cloths before having a dip in the Mikveh! His suit was soaking wet with his own perspiration and with the sweat others.)

The Nigun and the dance ended. It was time to return the Sefer Torah to the Oren Hakodesh, so I just turned around and followed the gentleman who held Sefer Torah No. 15 back to the Ark. That he sum total of my Hakofas - a two minute slow walk and push through a solid wall of people for about 20 yards,. A four or five minutes wait in this tunnel - and finally another walk back for one and a half minutes.

The Rebbe returned and --ascended the platform. By this time, there were about twenty five of us leaning against the wall. Each Hakofa took about eight minutes from start to finish. The Rebbe himself set the tempo for the Nigunim. He clapped his hands furiously and vigorously non-stop, and jumped up and down for the whole four minutes. I tried on every occasion to emulate the Rebbe's action but it was just impossible. The Rebbe had-set a much too high standard.

We had by now reached the Seventh Hakofa. The Gabai then announced that all those men who had been honoured and privileged to take part in the first Hakofa should now come forward for a Serer Torah and participate in the last round.

I did not relish another "fiasco" as at the first Hakofa, besides which, I would rather watch the Rebbe dancing with the Rashag, a scene which I had not been able to witness before.

Standing on the platform, where was now joined by another hundred people - I could just about see the Rebbe and the heads of those men who were carrying the Sifrei Torah.

The Rebbe had reached the small platform for the dancing, and was preparing to enjoy a spectacle to which. I had been looking forward since I had left Manchester -- when **Whoosh-** Everyone had stood up on the edge of the platform in order to obtain a better view. All I could see was -- once again -- a solid wall of peoples backs. Some of my more athletic friends had pity on me. One put his left arm around a pillar, and his right arm around my waist - yanked me upwards, so that my feet were resting on another friends neck. In this way I could just manage to see through a gap.

I saw the Rebbe dancing with his brother-in-law. A small Sefer Torah was held on each right shoulder and each left hand rested on the left shoulder of the other. They danced round and re\_ end even faster' - the Rebbe forcing the pace all the time. Looking down, all I could see, was what looked like a thick black car-pet, moving up and down with quick rhythmical movements. From every pillar in the hall, which supported the roof and ceiling, hung four or five boys. They resembled Palm Trees with hanging bunches of Coconuts or clusters of Dates.

(On Simchas Torah morning, when the Rebbe wore. a Tallis - it happened quite often that the Rebbe seemed to disappear and all one could see was a flying, whirling Tallis.)

The Hakofos concluded at eleven o'clock that night. The Rebbe left, but the boys continued until the early hours of the morning. On Shemini Atzeres morning some of the benches and tables were brought back into the Sheol for the services. Yossi, Mendel and Dovid were again in great demand - imported labour!!

When the Kohanim had to 'Duchen, the Rebbe descended from the large platform - and about 90 Kohanim ascended thereon in order to bless the congregation. Another 100 or so 'Duchened! from ground level. I noticed that about a dozen young boys, just under the. age of Bar-mitzvah accompanied their fathers in this "Priestly Benediction".

There was to be a Farbraingen at 6p.m., therefore ALL the forms and tables were brought in and set out for this function. The Farbraingen concluded at.,10.30p.m. The Hakofos were scheduled to commence at 12 midnight. The reasons being:

(1) To give all those men and boys who had gone to make "freilech" (happy) those Jews who davened in other Shools, a chance to return to 770 in time.

& (2) To give Yossi, Mendel and. Dovid, my grandsons, (and a few other boys) plenty of time to Clear out all the furniture again to make rood for the people and the Hakofos.

### **Services on Simchas Torah**

Next day, being Simchaa Torah, everyone had to ensure that he would receive an Aliya (a call up to the Sefer Torah). Dovid Mandelbaux warned me that I should be at 770 at 8.15a.m. in the morning -almost two sours before the Rebbe's service for Shacharis was due to start and he, personally would ensure that I would get 'an Aliya. There would be many groups layentning "here, there - and everywhere"..

I duly arrived at 8.15a.m. There was no Dovid Mandelbaum. (He arrived at 10a.m. and confessed that he had overslept). However, a Minyan was just starting upstairs in the Deis Harnedrish, and I was invited to join. They intended to hold the whole morning service, not just to layen. As I wished to daven with the Rebbe's Minyan, I had to refuse, but I did accept their of an Aliya.

At that moment, there were just ten men, although there were eight boys fast asleep on benches, and another two were stretched out - out to the world - on the tables. Within thirty minutes, there were another two iinyanim davenning in the adjoining rooms.

I was only an onlooker waiting for an Aliya. But - THEY went through the lot! Hallel - Ato Horaiso (three times) and Hakofos. These latter were gone through in exceptional quick time - No singing and dancing - just a "Rush Jobf" - They also wanted to be in time for the Rebbeis-Minyan downstairs. I had my Aliya. Rabbi Dvorkin, Caplan and two others shared Chosson Torah and Cl.osson Beraishis.

After the layenning was concluded, I descended to the main Shool. I was surprised to find groups layenning in every nook and cranny. I could well imagine that, after all this, there would be very few men who had not been called up.

Yet, during the main layenning in the Shoot, eight Kohanim went, up together for the -first Aliya, and about a dozen Leviim for the second. When it came to the third Aliya - for'Yisroelim (plain, ordinary Jews), I did not notice how many ascended the Bimah. I was too much distracted and disconcerted by the sight of, literally hundreds of men and boys who had stood up, all around the Shool, and in loud voices made the Brocha on "being called up to the Torah". They all remained standing until that portion of la-yenning was concluded, and then again - they all made the second Brocha - in a still louder voice.

I had never, in all my life, seen this done before. I was told that:-

(1) Only on Simchas Torah groups of Men have Aliyas together.

(2) As they cannot all fit onto the Bimah at one time - and even if they could, it would not be possible for all of them to see the words of the Sefer Torah, or even to kiss the sacred scroll, - so they consider that they are all connected with the Torah and therefore make the Brocha as if they were standing on the Bimah.

Of course - this only occurred on Simcha "Torah, but it seemed rather odd.

Avrohom Parshon was honoured with Chosson Torah. The Rebbe was Chosson Beraishis.

Before the layenning, we recited the Ato Horaiso (3 times) as mentioned before, and also proceeded with the Hakofos. In this instance, the fifteen Sifrei Torah were all taken out from the Ark - the Rebbe led the procession and the same fifteen men encircled the Biiak seven times. A very hectic Nigun was sung - concentrated and furious - the whole Hakofos took fifteen minutes -

and that was that! The whole service had taken from 10a.m. till 1.30p.m. - a total of three and a half hours.

After the service,. the furniture removers returned to work and brought back all the tables and benches into the Sheol for the Farbraingen which was due to 'commence at 9p.m. on that evening.

### **Simchas Torah Farbraingen**

Before the Rebbe was due to enter for the Farbraingen, Rabbi Kunim from Los Angeles jumped upon a bench and made an impassioned speech. No-one should go up for Koss Shel Brocha -who had been within the past few months. He shouted and screamed that we had to spare the Rebbe; we had to look after the Rebbe; we had to consider the health of the Rebbe; and so on and so forth. He spoke in Yiddish.

I was not quite certain whether he was discouraging ever one from going for Koss Shel Brocha, or only those who had been recently.

So - I asked one fellow what he had heard. He replied "DAB==IT", he only understood Hebrew. The next one insisted that I "parlez Francais", the third person I asked, had not been present - the fourth was present, but was not listening - so - I gave up!

### **Some Simchas Torah Sichos**

The Rebbe related the Sicho regarding the similarities between Shovuos and Simchas Torah, which I have mentioned at the be-ginning of this Simchas Torah section.

He also stressed again, the importance of giving Tzedoko, and to have trust and faith in the Almighty. If one will donate a unit, then the Almighty will repay 4 or 5 units. The Rebbe added that it was wrong that a man should retire from work. Besides leaving him very little to do, he would always have a good excuse when approached to give a donation. - to assert that, "I am a retired man and I cannot afford to give Tzedoko".

The Rebbe then gave a Sicho in which he explained that, in ` every month of the year, we had a reason, cause for rejoicing - for Simcha.

This is self-evident with the High Festivals and then the great Simcha of Succos and the even greater rejoicing of Simchas Torah.

At first glance, there seems nothing to celebrate in this month. But Rabbon Gamliel tells us that the days up till the 7th of this month are reckoned to be still connected with the Yomim Tovim of the previous month, At this time of the year, all Eretz Yisroel needs rain, but because of Ahavas Yisroel (Love of one Jew for another Jew, we do not pray for this until the 7th. viiy? - Because it has been reckoned out that this is the latest possible date that it would take for even the last Jew to return to his faraway, outlying home - after spending the Yomim Tovim in Jerusalem; and, no

Jew would desire that a fellow Jew should be uncomfortable and to travel home in wet, inclement weather. So we still have the connecting link to Simcha, the joy of Yom Tov, until that day.

KISLEV Includes Chanukah - and Yud Tes Kislev, so we have much about which to rejoice.

TEVES We find in this month only a Fast Day - the 10th. But our Sages tell us that in the future, in the time of the third Deis Namikdosh, all fasts will be celebrated as Simcha s .

SHEVAT The 15th is the New Year for Trees, whilst we also have Yud Shevat, our own Lubavitcher Yom Tov.

ADAR We celebrate Purim, and

NISSEN We enjoy Pesach.

IYAR Every day is a YoM Tov. We count the Omer each day, with happiness and anticipation until we come to

SIVAIN When we celebrate Shvuos and Mattan Torah.

TAMMUZ We encounter the fast on the 17th, which, as I have stated overleaf, will be commemorated, in the future as a festival together with

AV The 9th of Av. Even now, this day is a semi-Yom Tov. We do not recite Tachanun and so forth. In addition, we also celebrate the 15th, which used to be a national day of rejoicing. And finally

ELUL When on every single day, the Shofar is blown and we are brought daily ever nearer to G-d.

The Rebbe related another Sicho (which I have obviously very much abbreviated). A man goes to the market, to do his annual shopping. He purchases goods here, there, and everywhere.

He seeks the best bargains. However, it is not until he returns home that he is able to fully examine all his goods, and comprehend exactly what he has bought. The proceeds - the-profits - from these goods have to keep him throughout the whole year.

Similarly, the month of Tishrei, which included the prayers of Rosh Fashanah, the solemnity of the Yom Kippur services, and the Simcha and joy of Succos and of Simchas Torah, has to support and inspire us right through the year.

Another analogy:- A person who goes into a shop where perfume is sold will have the scent clinging to him for quite some time. So, too, will the inspiration and purpose of Simchas Torah be : with him for a considerable period.

Maariv took place at 12.30a.m. after midnight. The Rebbe made Havdolah, drank a major portion of the wine, refilled the glass (the Becher) and commenced the distribution of Hose Shel Brocha. When the glass became only a quarter full, Myer Harlick, Label Groner or Rabbi Mentelick would top the Becher up again - and so it went on - all night - there was always soate of the original Havdolah wine remaining in the glass.

The Rebbe's face was beaming and a happy smile lit up his vihole countenance in anticipation of handing out the wine. It was beautiful to behold.

It was then my turn to receive my rations. The Rebbe poured me out the wine into my. paper cup and handed me, also, a small bottle of Vodka. I thanked him profusely for everything, and wished him well, with plenty of good health, and hoped P.G. to see the Rebbe next year at Simchas Torah. The Rebbe observed that, "it will be even better next time" and added that, "you will be able to write about it in your Diary". (This was indeed great encouragement.)

Roselyn confided that Simchas Torah is not a Yom Tov at 770 for women - at least, not for my woman. She received "hacked" legs and shins - even a kick on her cheek, which left a nice bruise as a memento.

On the day after Yom Tov, there took place the usual Kinus Hatorah, at .which I was given the honour of addressing the boys.

Again, I took the easy way and read excerpts from my recent Diary. The boys seemed to relish it, so everyone was happy.

## **Yechidus**

That Monday evening was to be a Yechidus night. Wednesday was to be another one too - and, because of the unprecedented number of applications, there was to be further Yechidus - on Friday afternoon, Erev Shabbos. This was most unusual and unique. There was a list of 150 names already for that after-noon, so the following Sunday was also reserved for Yechidus night. As we were leaving Brooklyn on the Wednesday, we chose the first night of Yechidus. Label (Groner) expected about 500 people that evening - actually 450 attended. Label predicted that our appointment would be very late - maybe around 3a.m. in the morning. It was a very good approximation, because at 2 .50a.m. - ten minutes earlier than anticipated - Roselyn and I entered the Rebbets study. We took with us our grand-daughter (Hilary's. eldest girl) Yenta Chaya, because the Rebbe did not interview girls of Twelve years old on their own.. The Rebbe greeted us with Sholom Aleichem and remarked.

"Ah, it is ladies first".

Actually, it was the little lady first for the Rebbe addressed himself to Yenta Chaya, because she would be leaving us as soon as she had received the Brocha from the Rebbe.

The Rebbe asked her if she was already Bass-Mitzvah. Yenta Chaya replied in tae affirmative.

The Rebbe continued:

"May the Almighty bless you; you should go from strength to strength; you should have good middos (attributes); give Nachas to your parents and to your grandparents and to all Israel; here are two, one-dollar bills, before you light the candles for Shabbos, ..give one dollar for Tzedoko, the other dollar you should change into local currency and give that money for Jewish education; give your name and address into the Office and they will send you d Ciddur - which I will have autographed (signed) It is not quite ready".

I interrupted at this point and suggested that as Yossi and Mendel would not be leaving until the following Sunday, they could collect it for Yenta Chaya. The Rebbe enquired:

"Do you trust your brothers?"

Yenta Chaya replied that she did trust them. The Rebbe then concluded by saying to her:.

"Goodnight and may the Almighty bless you". As she neared the door, the Rebbe added,

"If the photographs you took of me do come out, be good enough' to send me a copy".

The Rebbe laughed as Yenta Chaya departed.' (Yenta Chaya declared later, that she never knew that the Rebbe saw her taking the- pictures. She also confessed that this was the finest and best Yechidus she had ever experienced. Normally she accompanied her parents and the conversation was generally in Yiddish. This time it was held in English. She understood and imbibed every single word. This can be readily seen from the above, because Yenta Chaya herself did fated to me exactly what the Rebbe had said to her at this Yechidus.)

Roselyn had remained standing during these exchanges. She would never sit, unless the Rebbe invited her to do so. The Rebbe requested Roselyn tot

"Please take a seat Mrs. Jaffe. You will be much more comfortable - and so will I."

The Rebbe then asked Roselyn about the effects of her operation and her general health in particular. He wanted to know whether Roselyn had a check-up and was she on a diet? Roselyn replied that the doctor had given her a clean bill of health, and that she kept to a diet. The Rebbe wanted to know whether Roselyn was on the diet because her husband required this, or whether the doctor had ordered it. Roselyn replied that the doctor had advised this diet, but not on account of her operation - just for her general health's sake.

The Rebbe then declared that he had a very serious complaint to make against Mr. Jaffe. He did not wish to talk "Loshea Horah" behind my back, so he was telling me this in front of Mrs. Jaffe. (I was becoming extremely worried. I felt like

a prisoner in the dock, and was feeling a little apprehensive. I could not think what I had done (or not done) to upset the Rebbe. Roselyn confided to me afterwards, that she was also terribly

worried. In what way had we distressed the Rebbe? Her mind was a complete blank as far as that was concerned.)

However - the Rebbe was still talking, and said that, the serious complaint was that Mr. Jaffe - Mr. Manchester, never helped: the Rebbe. I never sang or danced unless and until the Rebbe gave me a signal or set an example. It was up to me to save the Rebbe the effort of having to clap his hands, and yes - even to nod his head. I should set an example to the boys and to those around me. This was particularly relevant to Farbraingen and to other joyous occasions when everyone waited for the Rebbe to give the signal either to start singing - or to sing faster and faster according to the Rebbe's beat. This burden should be taken off the Rebbe's shoulders - and - M. JAFFE should take the lead. Furthermore, MRS. Jaffe should use her influence with Mr. Jaffe. The Rebbe added:

"Everyone around is waiting for you to commence. This is a "Chok Velo Yaavor" - a statute for ever - for all time. You must help me and sing before I give the signal. This will con-serve my energy and make everyone very happy."

I remonstrated with the Rebbe and said that during the Hakofos on Simchas Torah, the Rebbe sang and clapped his hands so energetically and quickly that it was impossible for me to keep up with him. Furthermore, the Rebbe continued in this vein for many more minutes, whilst I could only stand there gaping and gasping.

The Rebbe interjected and said:-"You don't try hard enough".

I then handed over to the Rebbe our Tzettel - a piece of note-paper, on which we usually wrote our special requests. I had written upon this, ONLY our Hebrew names and the names of our mothers the Rebbe looked surprised and queried:

"Is that all?"

I explained that all we wanted was a good Brocha, and that we had seriously considered not coming for Yechidus. We did not wish to waste the Re Abe' s time. The Rebbe remarked that:

"Time belongs to the Almighty".

"Yes, that is so", I commented, "but if we would not have come along, then the Rebbe could have gone home a little earlier".

"Oh no", objected the Rebbe, "if you would have stayed away, someone else would have come instead".

The Rebbe then made this very profound statement:

"I want everyone to come and see me: I want everyone to come for.oss Shel Brocha: I want everyone to come to me for Lekach: and I wart everyone to need their Rebbe - and then - the

Almighty will give me strength to carry on".

Well - this really was explicit and left no cause or loophole for misunderstanding.

The Rebbe then requested, my new book, my diary. I maintained that I had sent it with Bernard Perrin at Shovuos time. The Rebbe confirmed this. He wanted another one. I protested: I explained that I only write and published this once every year, just before Shovuos, and I always made quite certain that the Rebbe would be presented with the very first copy. The Rebbe observed that it was a long time since Shovuos, and that I must have written something. I admitted that, although I had taken notes about various happenings, I had not actually written anything yet, although I had many ideas in my head.

"Then why have you been wasting your time", demanded the Rebbe. "I want 200 pages in the next issue".

(This seemed to be a rather tall order, but I did keep quiet - especially in view of the Rebbe's instructions last year, that I should write 100 pages, which, at that time seemed rather too ambitious. However, because I incorporated my old number 1 and 2 Diaries, and brought in such unpublished material, I did manage to produce 145 pages. But - these old "reserves" have all been consumed. I would consider that fifty or sixty pages would be a good effort!? - well, we shall see)

The Rebbe averred that my fears about my clothes had been proved unfounded. It certainly was not necessary to bring an old suit, because I had an excellent place where to stand during Simchas Torah. I commented that this was thanks to Label Groner, Binyomin Kline and Myer Harlick, who looked after me like a long-lost favourite son - "probably at the request of the Rebbe".

Rabbi Yaakov Rappaport told me that it was not necessary to bring along an old suit.

"Just wear a new one, once, at Hakofos and it would become an old shabbos suit".

Dovid Abenson also told me that there is only one person in all 77a who wears a new suit on Simchas Torah - and that is the Rebbe. He is well protected.

The Rebbe remarked that, he did not notice during the Farbraingen that I was pretty well jammed tight and I could not move!

The Rebbe then asked me whether I had addressed the boys at the Kinus Hatorah, and was delighted when I replied that I had done so.

The Rebbe wanted to know whether I had received his reply to my letter regarding Manchester Lubavitch. I answered that Label Groner had shown me the half-page reply in the Rebbe's own handwriting. He was now preparing a copy for me, so that we could study this reply more carefully and in detail when we returned home to Manchester.

The Rebbe enquired regarding the date and time of our departure for home. He made a note of this and gave us a Brocha for a good and safe journey.

He then handed to Tooth Roselyn and me, a dollar each. This was to be changed into English currency and given to the cause of Jewish Education. Roselyn would also receive a Siddur, signed by the Rebbe, whilst I would be presented with a Tanya also autographed.

On a number of occasions, the door handle was shaken and clattered by Label - a plain hint to us that we should leave the Rebbe's presence - at once or even sooner, if possible. Once this occurred when the Rebbe was speaking. The Rebbe just finished his sentence and declared:

"And don't take too much notice if Label Groner rattles the door handle".

I informed the Rebbe that I hoped to come for Yud Shevat. The Rebbe said that 770 will not be so crowded at that time. (What a prophetic understatement!) I mentioned that I was searching for apartments for Shovuos - not only for ourselves but P.G. for all of Avrohoe's family too.

Our Rebbetzen had been slightly indisposed. I enquired of the Rebbe regarding her health. The Rebbe answered, that she was doing fine, very well indeed, but was worried because she could not look after aim as well as she usually does.

We thanked the Rebbe for all he was doing for us - and for all our family and then - the Rebbe thanked US (for What?!?!)

It was now 3.05a. m. The Yechidus had taken 15 minutes, and we took our leave of the Rebbe. It had been worth all the inconvenience, trouble and travelling to New York just for these 15 minutes. All the rest was extra profit.

Our grandson Dovid (Avrohom's eldest boy) followed us into the Rebbe's sane-him for his Yechidus - alone. The whole Yechidus concluded that night at 4a.m. in the morning.

The Rebbe was back at 770 at 9.30a.m. as usual.

### **Life In Kingston Avenue**

The area around 770, and in particular Kingston Avenue seemed to me much more affluent, prosperous and brighter these days. Many Jewish people, especially Lubavitchers were returning to Crown Heights in order to live near the Rebbe. This automatically brought about a reduction in the number of coloured people in this neighbourhood.

Kingston Avenue runs at right angles to Eastern Parkway, at the corner of 770, and is the principal Lubavitch shopping centre.

Anything and Everything can be bought in this street, from:

Hats to Hardware & Foodstuffs to Footwear

Live Fish from the Tank a Crockery from the Mikv

Meat and Cake & Keys and Coke

Barbers and Hairdressers & Chemists and Fruiterers

A Place to Buy Beck, & A Place to Read Books

Teffillin and Tzittis & Suits and Ladies Dresses

Vodka, Chocolates and Cans & Toys and Baby ?rams

Yes, just mention it and Kingston Avenue will have it, including:

Doctors, Estate Agents, & Shool & Mikvehs, Yeshivos & Schools

The main attractions as far no were concerned were the restaurants which were sited in that Avenue.

(1) The Erse and Frese was a small busy place. There were three tables which would accommodate fifteen people if they do at as they do at a 770 Farbraingen. The food was good and was served briskly, at the counter. Most patrons, for obvious reasons were compelled to. eat - and drink upstanding.

One evening a party of French women monopolised the whole restaurant for about 24hours. They had nowhere to go, so they sat and sipped\_ a cup of coffee. The proprietor of the restaurant pleaded and begged them to take their leave so that other customers could he served. Whenever this happened, a French lady would order another coffee.

It was really outrageous, but we should also feel sorry and have pity for these women, for they had no place to go to relax. During the day, they. competed with. Roselyn for space on the benches on Eastern Parkway, facing 770.

(2) The pizza Pozza. As its name implied, their specialty was Pizza. One should order fried or boiled eggs, but – one would not get them – unless it was before 10.45a.m. in the morning.

(3) A different couple had taken over the old meat restaurant. It was almost self-service, with excellent food, served with good portions. It was Chol Hamoed, so I took my meal into the Succah and enjoyed a wonderful repast. After Yom Tov, we decided to patronize this restaurant again, they deserved our support - but they were "closed for lunch". We returned later, and we found a notice pinned to the door which-proclaimed that they were "closed for the Holidays". That night, we saw the Boss and his wife doing a "moonlight flit" -• they were loading into their-

large estate car, an old stove, some old pots and pans, and sticks of furniture. The restaurant never opened again under this management - a pity - they gave good portions!

Once we were in a hurry, so we purchased a school-boys lunch from Kahans (it used to be Lipskers). It consisted of a bar of chocolate, a carton of ice-cream, a packet of potato crisps, and a bottle of Coka Cola. We ate and drank these on a bench outside 770. It was very satisfying see the children enjoying it.

There was a small shop which had a notice on the window which proclaimed to all that it was a TONSORIAL PARLOUR. This really intrigued me I was perplexed. The windows were blacked out. No-one could see what was being done or produced inside. How-ever, on very close examination, realised that the windows were not really blacked out they were just dirty. I could just make out a shadowy figure of a man sitting in a chair and - having his hair cut. I suppose they wanted privacy, so the windows were never cleaned.

I met Fishel Katz. He lives in Miami. He said he was a Cold Chossid in a Warm Country. His uncle is Abraham Katz from Chicago - a Hot Chossid from a Cold Country. He needed encouragement. He had read parts of my Diary and considered that "Maybe your book will make me a Mench". He was extremely grateful to me that I was prepared to write down on paper my own personal and private memoirs so that others might read and learn. I was persuaded that he really needed a copy and I promised to leave it for him in the Office at 770. I did so - and so did he. I found it four months later still lying in the Office of 770!!!

Yenta Chaya and Dovid travelled with us to New York. Yossi and Mendy had been well-established in Brooklyn when we arrived. Naturally we all had our meals together in a restaurant whenever it was convenient or possible. Yossi & Mendy never joined us for Breakfast- They never finished Davenning before - how could they? when they did not start till 12 noon:

One day, just before we were due to leave for home, the four of them jointly presented us with a gift. It resembled a Solid Silver Bowl, and attached to it, was a beautiful letter of thanks. Roselyn and I remonstrated with them for spending so much money on a present for us. The lovely note itself was quite sufficient.

"Oh", interjected Mendy, "it was only \$10 - that is \$2.50 each".

Well, I hastened to pay up - and everybody was happy.

Our Rebbetzen was still slightly indisposed. Roselyn telephoned every day, but could not make contact. We were in Crown Heights for only a week so we were not fortunate enough to have the pleasure of seeing her this time.

Subsequently, on our return to Manchester, I phoned at 9.30a.m. New York Time - and - Our Rebbetzen herself answered. She was under the impression that we Intended to stay in Brooklyn for two weeks, I told Roselyn that in future, -hen we wanted to tale to the Rebbeteen., it would be easier from Manchester. I assured the Rebbetzen that we had enjoyed our visit and observed that

the Rebbe had given me much Kovod, (honour) and showed me great friendliness. The Rebbetzen remarked:-

"You deserve it Mr. Jaffe". I was taken aback and said:

"(1) I really do NOT deserve such commendation, and

(2) Even if a person does deserve something - they don't always get it;"

We left Brooklyn on the Wednesday, Yossi and Mendy were travelling later on - they intended to fly home on Sunday evening. Yossi was very reluctant to leave, he maintained that it was doing him the world of good, spiritually. Besides which, there was to be a Yechidus night on that Sunday, and a Farbraingen on the following night - Monday. Still if he had to go home - then he had to go home;

That Sunday night, Yossi and Mendy were in good time at the al-port. They went through emigration, customs, security and were handed their boarding cards and seat numbers. They sat in the lounge and waited for the call to board their plane.

Yossi decided to have a wash. He retired to the Rest Room, flung his jacket nonchalantly on to a locker which was situated against the wall. He dried himself and put on his jacket. He then realised, with a start, that it was not an ordinary locker on which he had placed his jacket - It appeared to be a Garbage Bin. When Yossi had flung his jacket on to this bin everything had fallen out of the pocket. Whilst Yossi was enjoying a good splash - a coloured gentleman arrived and emptied the garbage - together with Yossi's money, passport, tickets and boarding card. Of course, he was stopped from boarding the plane. He could not be identified. The only person on the plane who could vouch for him was Mendy. It took--Mendy all his time to vouch for himself.

Anyway, the plane took off and left - without Yossi. He was stranded in J.F.K. Kennedy Airport in New York City. He was isolated, deserted and penniless. He was very FORTUNATE that a Jewish fellow, at the airport, saw his predicament and took him to 770 in time to mix \*its the crowds who were waiting for Yechidus. He also enjoyed his extra Farbraingen on the morrow. Lucky Yossi!! But not so lucky Shmuel and his sister who lived in New York. It took her a week of hard work and plenty of money before she was successful in obtaining; a new passport for Yossi.

Is it not peculiar that all of those people who wish to stay in New York, are not allowed to, whilst those who want to go back to England are forced to stay in the U.S.A. - for example, Johnny Hackner and Yossi!!!

As soon as Roselyn and I returned home, we immediately telephoned to 770 and also to the Rebbetzen to confirm that we had T.G. arrived safely in Manchester.

A short while later I received the following letter from the Rebbe:

"Mr. Shneur Zalman Jaffe

4th Cheshvan 5740

Greetings and. Blessing

This is to confirm receipt of your correspondence, and no doubt you have been able to rest up from your travels and share your good impressions and benefits from your visit here with Anash in Manchester.

Especially as our meeting and parting were in connection with, and in the spirit of Simchas Torah, which sets the tone for the entire year, in keeping with the imperative of "serve G-d with joy". May each and every day of the New Year be filled with true joy in every respect materially and spiritually, and that you and Hrs. Jaffe should enjoy true Yiddish Chassidish Machas from each of your children and grand-children, in good health and happy circumstances.

With blessing,

(Signed) M. Schneerson."

This made the perfect ending to our Simchas Torah visit to the Rebbe.

On my return, I was invited by Gigi Weiss, the Chairman of Lubavitch Women's Organisation, to address their ladies and to describe to them my visit to the Rebbe during Simchas Torah. This would take place in three weeks time.

I am not a good orator, I like to write out my speeches, so this was a good opportunity to start the Simchas Torah section of my Diary. I was pretty busy all day, at work. If I had time in the evening, I had to concentrate on writing my paper which I intended to read to the ladies.

On Cheshvan 24th, November 14th, I had just returned from a business trip to London. It was 7p.m. at night - 2p.m. on the afternoon in New York, when the telephone rang. It was Label Groner calling from 770. He informed me that the Rebbe was very worried because he had not heard from me. Label added that the Rebbe goes through ALL his mail every day and is continually looking for and seeking a letter from Zalmon Jaffe. It was four weeks since I had left New York and the Rebbe was anxious to know what was the reason why I had omitted to write. The Rebbe did know that I had phoned 770 and also spoken to the Rebbetzen as soon as we arrived home. But, I generally write to the Rebbe every two weeks, so this lapse was unusual, the Rebbe was becoming very concerned, because he heard that Roselyn was unwell!? I felt terribly guilty and annoyed with myself for causing the Rebbe aggravation, but fortunately I had written a letter three days previously which would probably arrive at 770 in the course of the next day or so.

It was a most unusual coincidence that the Rebbe should have phoned me on this day the 24th of

Cheshvan, because the Shiur, (the section) of TANYA which we learn on this very day commences at Chapter 30 of Ageres Kodesh. It states (the English translation) "It is known that our sages, of blessed memory, said, (in' Berochos 6B) that "Whoever is accustomed to come to the Synagogue, and one day did not come, the Holy One, Blessed is He makes inquiry about him"