

HABAYIT



הבית

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OIL!

Oil is proverbially paradoxical. "Pour oil on fire" means to aggravate, exarcebate, make a thorny situation worse. "Pour oil on troubled waters" is exactly the opposite. It means pacifying, relaxing, defusing a hotspot.

How odd! The same word branching off, heading for diametrically opposite directions. The same substance, acting in so contradictory a manner. What is it about oil that makes it so versatile, so erratic, calming as well as inflammatory, an agent of war and also an angel of peace?.

In antiquity, oil was an out-and-out blessing. Oil provided for tasty food and for welcome illumination. It also reached for the sphere of sanctity. Kings and priests were anointed with oil and consecrated.

Mankind's progress, notably in the area of mechanization, added a significant dimension. Oil became an indispensable fuel as well as a controversial tool. Its benefits can be and are enormous, but its liabilities can be ominously detrimental. To abuse rather than use oil wealth, to terrorize others, to hold the world hostage economically, militaristically, is a page from sinister dark ages. World leaders must shoulder the responsibility to deal with international bullies effectively.

As individuals, our power is limited, but not our spirit. When we kindle the Chanukkah lights we display *our* wealth: faith in the heavenly assistance which wrought a miracle with the oil of the Temple Menorah, *bayomim hohem bazeman hazeh*.

Rabbi Shlomo Kahn



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SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

		<i>Preceding Evening</i>	<i>Morning</i>	<i>Mincho</i>	<i>End</i>	<i>Day Break</i>	<i>Shema Before</i>
1990							
Dec. 15	Miketz—Sermon (Blessing Month of Teves)-Chanukkah	4:10	8:30	4:35	5:10	6:12	9:31
Dec. 22	Vayigash	4:15	8:45	4:40	5:12	6:16	9:35
Dec. 29	Vayechi—Sermon	4:20	8:45	4:45	5:17	6:19	9:38
1991							
Jan. 5	Shemos	4:25	8:45	4:50	5:22	6:20	9:40
Jan. 12	Voero—(Blessing Month of Shevat)—Sermon	4:30	8:45	4:55	5:29	6:20	9:41
Jan. 19	Bo	4:40	8:45	5:05	5:37	6:18	9:41
Jan. 26	Beshalach—Sermon	4:50	8:45	5:10	5:44	6:14	9:40
Feb. 2	Yisro	4:55	8:45	5:20	5:52	6:09	9:37
Feb. 9	Mishpotim—Shekolim—(Blessing Month of Adar)—Sermon	5:05	8:45	5:25	6:00	6:02	9:34
Feb. 16	Terumo	5:15	8:45	5:35	6:08	5:54	9:29
Feb. 23	Tetzave—Zochor—Sermon	5:25	8:45	5:45	6:16	5:45	9:24
Mar. 2	Ki Siso	5:30	8:45	5:50	6:25	5:36	9:19

WEEKDAYS (unless listed otherwise—See below)

Mornings: Sundays and Legal Holidays

(Tuesday, December 25; Tuesday, January 1; Monday, February 18) . . . 8:00 A.M.

(continued on next page)

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES (continued)

Mondays and Thursdays	6:40 A.M.
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays	6:50 A.M.
Evenings: December 16 to January 3	4:30 P.M.
January 6 to February 7	5:00 P.M.
February 10 to February 28	5:30 P.M.

SPECIAL DAYS

Tuesday	Dec. 11	1st Chanukkah light in the evening
Wed.-Fri.	Dec. 12-14	Chanukkah: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Shabbos	Dec. 15	Chanukkah: Shacharis 8:30 A.M.
Sunday	Dec. 16	Chanukkah: Shacharis 8:00 A.M.
Monday	Dec. 17	Rosh Chodesh Teves, 1st day: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Tuesday	Dec. 18	Rosh Chodesh Teves, 2nd day: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Wednesday	Dec. 19	Chanukkah: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Thursday	Dec. 27	Fast: Asoro b'Teves: Fast begins 5:49 A.M.: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.; Mincho-Maariv 4:20 P.M.; fast ends 5:12 P.M.
Wednesday	Jan. 16	Rosh Chodesh Shevat: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Wednesday	Jan. 30	Chamisho osor b'Shevat
Thursday	Feb. 14	Rosh Chodesh Adar, 1st day: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Friday	Feb. 14	Rosh Chodesh Arar, 2nd day: Shacharis 6:30 A.M.
Wednesday	Feb. 27	Ta'anis Esther: Fast begins 5:12 A.M.; Shacharis 6:30 A.M.; Mincho-Maariv 5:30 P.M. followed by Megillo; fast ends 6:17 P.M.
Thursday	Feb. 28	Purim: Shacharis & Megillo 6:15 A.M.

SHIURIM SCHEDULE

Daily Leren after Shacharis

Daily Leren after Maariv

Chumash Shiur Shabbos 45 minutes before Mincho

Sidro explanation Shabbos after Mincho

Ladies' Shiur Mondays 8:00 P.M.

Leren of Gemoro Shabbos after Musaf (beginning December 22) followed each week by a Kiddush.

Siyum for Firstborn on Erev Pesach.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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CONGREGATION NEWS IN BRIEF



...services in our synagogue take place mornings and evenings of every day of the year, attended by a group of dedicated, loyal worshipers on weekdays, a much larger number of ladies and gentlemen on the weekly Shabbos, and those are joined by an impressive even larger group on the holidays and festivals; thus during the past Rosh HaShono and Yom Kippur services many worshipers participated, inspired by the talented presentations of Cantor Seth Lutnick who was assisted by the Synagogue Choir, as well as by Mr. Shlomo Kranz (who this year took the place of our good friend, Mr. Manfred Walden, who was not able to officiate this time); the Torah readings were conducted expertly by Mr. Albert Blank, Mr. Kranz's sounding of the Shofar was admired by all, and Rabbi Kahn delivered the sermons on Rosh HaShono, Shabbos Shuvo, Yom Kippur, and officiated at the conclusion of the day for the Neilah service...

...prior to the onset of the Yomim Noroim, a visit to our cemetery was arranged by the Administration at which several Board Members volunteered to accommodate all who wished to participate in the traditional pre-Selichos visit...

...the joyous festival of Sukkos was enhanced by good weather (except for just one of the evenings) and a fine participation of worshipers for the Yomtov services; the Hoshano Rabbo Lernen organized by Mr. Arthur Hanauer found a group of men gathered for several hours in the study of Torah with a Torah discourse by Rabbi Kahn and refreshments served by a group of ladies; Sukkos concluded with Shemini Atzeres services with Yizkor and Matnas Yad and a spirited and melodious Simchas Torah followed on Shabbos Bereshis with a Kiddush reception hosted by Choson Torah Rabbi Kahn and Choson Bereshis Mr. William Blank...

...a highly enjoyed trip to the South Street Seaport (sponsored by Sisterhood and Congregation) on October 21st is reported elsewhere in this issue...

...neither wind nor rain could deter the many ladies and gentlemen who attended the season's first Oneg Shabbat on November 17th, following Mincha service; seated around tastily prepared tables, greeted by Mrs. Fay Blank and Mr. Arthur Hanauer as hosts of Chevra Kadisha and Sisterhood, participating in the singing of *zemiros*, and hearing a Torah discourse by Rabbi Kahn on the subject of the day's sidro and Haftoro...

COMMUNITY NEWS



JEWISH COMMUNITY COUNCIL

THE KESHER PROGRAM: Available to help the homebound and lonely and older persons. KESHER Services include: Friendly visiting, escorting, shopping, counseling, telephone visiting, assistance in obtaining government entitlements.

THE RECHEV PROGRAM: An intra-neighborhood transportation service for older persons to provide greater mobility through a safe and reliable means of transportation. RECHEV can be used for shopping, errands, doctor appointments, etc. *Contact:* Jewish Community Council, 121 Bennett Avenue, 568-5450

ALL IN THE FAMILY

The flame fed by a solitary cruse of oil in the rededicated Temple in Jerusalem dates back to the Hebrew year 3596 or 165 before the Common Era. The beacon light of the Chanukkah did not cease to shine even after the destruction of the Second Temple 235 years later. It has continued to adorn Jewish households and places of worship for over 22 centuries since its inauguration. Thus, our religion has more than twice "a thousand points of light" and we may look back with pride at what in a different sense might be called better than 2000 "light years" of existence for the eight-armed Menorah.

In the concept of our holy days, Light and Joy—Orah ve-Simchah—are closely related, and in this sense let us enumerate the special birthdays celebrated by our members. As an addendum to our last issue, we are happy to report the 75th birthday of Mr. Manfred Schoen and the 80th of Mrs. Marianne Schoen that were observed in September.

The 70-year mark was reached by Mrs. Herta Wolff in October, which month also saw the 75th birthday of Mrs. Grete Kende, a milestone to which Mrs. Helen Meyer is looking forward to in Florida in December. That month will also hold the 80th of Mrs. Rita Rosenthal. The same four-score mark was celebrated by Mrs. Kate Philippson and Mrs. Gerda Pollack in October. Sharing 85th birthdays are Mrs. Henrietta Bauer (October) Mr. Ludwig Lillie (November) and Mr. Simon Kahn (December). In that month Mr. Victor Friedlein and Mrs. Irma Stern are looking forward to their 90th and 91st birthdays.

November held Mrs. Bella Strauss 92nd both Mrs. Theres Zeilberger's and Mrs. Victor Schwab's 93rd birthdays. The honor of "Doyenne" of our *Jubilate* belongs to Mrs. Flora Gunzenhauser whose 96th birthday was observed in October.

Again there is joyous second-generation news to be reported. Abraham Kovitz, a grandson of Cantor and Mrs. Jack Scharfberg, was married to Miss Devora Flaum in September, and in November the Scharfberegs were blessed with another great-grandson. A month that also saw the marriage of a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manfred Walden. Mr. and Mrs. Max and Erica Roman's grandson Marc Roman was married in October to Miss Susan Bussel, and Max and Erica Roman are also looking forward to their 50th wedding anniversary in December. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bachenheimer's grandson had Bar Mitzvah, while the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stone also brought nachas to the proud grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lothar Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hanau also were presented a granddaughter.

Besides his heartfelt wish for continued good health for all, your reporter may perhaps be allowed one wondering, wistful thought: If all of the milestones cited were celebrated with an appropriate number of birthday candles, how many Menoroth could be lit?

Chag Chanukkah Sameach!

Shalom ve-hatzlachah,
Theodore H. Spaeth

THANK YOU

We want to thank all who participated so generously in our honor in the Dinner Journal of the Shaare Zedek Hospital.

Rabbi and Mrs. Shlomo Kahn

THANK YOU

Sincere thanks to Rabbi and Mrs. Kahn, Mr. & Mrs. Blank, Mr. & Mrs. Wortsman and all my friends and members of the Congregation for the many cards and phone calls I received during my stay in the hospital in July and at home.

Hilda Saul

I like to thank the Congregation, Sisterhood and friends for the beautiful flowers and the personal meaningful letters I received on my special birthday.

Marga Pauson

My sincere thanks to the Congregation and Sisterhood for their good wishes and the beautiful flowers I received on the occasion of my 80th birthday.

Gerda Pollack

Sincere thanks to Rabbi Kahn, President Blank, the Chevra Kadisha and all members and friends for their kind expression of sympathy on the passing on of my dear brother and brother in law Fred Wortsman z.L.

Margot and Oscar Wortsman

I would like to thank Rabbi Kahn, President Blank and all the officers of the Congregation for the beautiful flowers sent to me during my recent hospitalization, but most of all for their encouragement and patience shown to me. Especially, I would like to single out our Treasurer, Mr. Eric Hanau, who really went out of his way to see to it that the office work was kept up-to-date. Equally deserving of my heartfelt thanks are my two office assistants, Mrs. Erica Roman and Mrs. Menucha Paltiel, who saw to it that the office was opened in time and things were done properly and in time.

Last but not least to the members and friends at Beth Hillel for all your many, many cards and calls. It brought me closer to all of you and it gave me encouragement and comfort, it helped me greatly in my recuperation.

May the Almighty give you all good health and happiness from your families.

Emil Schwartz

Our heartfelt thanks to Rabbi Kahn, President and Mrs. Blank, Mr. and Mrs. Wortsman, the Chevra Kadisha and Sisterhood, and all officers and friends in the Congregation for their kind expressions of sympathy on the loss of our dear husband, father, and grandfather.

Frieda Strauss and family

Sincere thanks to Rabbi Kahn, President and Mrs. Blank, Mr. and Mrs. Wortsman, Chevra Kadisha and Sisterhood, and all officers and friends in the Congregation for the many get-well cards and good wishes sent to me during my recent hospitalization. They were very much appreciated.

Alfred Stern

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Rabbi and Mrs. Shlomo Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. William Blank, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanauer, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wortsman, the Chevra Kadisha and Sisterhood and all members and friends of the Congregation for their kindness shown to us on our special birthdays.

Manfred and Marianne Schoen

THANK YOU

(continued)

To Rabbi and Mrs. Kahn, President and Mrs. Blank, Mr. and Mrs. Wortsman, the Sisterhood and all the officers and friends in the Congregation, my sincerest thanks for the kindness extended to me on my recent special birthday.

Else Richmond

Many thanks to Rabbi and Mrs. Shlomo Kahn, the Congregation and Sisterhood for the good wishes and gifts I received on my special birthday.

Henriette Jane Bauer

My sincere thanks to Rabbi and Mrs. Kahn, the Sisterhood and members of the Congregation and my friends for all the good wishes, donations and gifts in honor of my 80th birthday.

Irene Heimer

Our heartfelt thanks for the kind expressions of sympathy on the loss of our dear wife, mother and sister-in-law Gertie Hirschheimer.

*Justin Hirschheimer and family
Irene Heimer*

I wish to express my sincere thanks to all my friends, the Sisterhood and the Congregation for their good wishes on the occasion of my birthday and the arrival of my grandson.

Bella Lamm

The family of Frieda Lowenfels gratefully acknowledges the kind expressions of sympathy by our many friends and fellow congregants.

My sincere thanks to Rabbi and Mrs. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. Blank and to many members of the Congregation for their best wishes and visits on account of my accident.

Ilse Katz

FAREWELL TO RIA ROOS

Months have passed, but it still is so fresh in our minds, that our dear Ria is no longer with us. While we were enjoying the lovely summer weather, Ria was in the hospital, fighting her incurable illness, even while enjoying the view of the Hudson River from her sickbed.

The number of visitors and the endless amount of get-well cards she received showed only too well how much she was loved by everyone.

Ria was one of the most active Board Members of the Sisterhood for many years. When asked to help she never said no. Whether it was to collect, price, and sell merchandise for the Bazaar, to act as a chairperson for our luncheons for many years, to being in the kitchen (which was her favorite place) making the tuna fish salad for the Oneg Shabbosos, or to cleaning up after all our functions, she was always ready, willing and able to help.

We know that she was the right hand to her dear husband Ernie, the Chairman of our Social-Cultural Committee. All of the final arrangements, he left to her, because he knew he could rely on her. And so did we. Whatever Ria did, she did it right and with enthusiasm. Farewell dear Ria, we miss you already and shall never forget you. You are leaving a big hole in the Sisterhood.

Fay Blank President of the Sisterhood

A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTH STREET SEAPORT

On a sunny October morning, congregation members and some friends gathered on Overlook Terrace to venture on a sightseeing tour of the South Street Seaport. A clean A-train, still emanating the refreshing aroma of lysol, took us to Fulton-Nassau station from where we walked to our destination. Asian Indians dominated the area celebrating their holiday with displaying their native art works and performing native dances in colorful saris.

We embarked on the PEKING midship, Built in 1911, it was sailing from Germany to Chile with nitrate cargo. Photographs of daily life on the ship and dishes used then are left on the dining table. The ship's primitive structure instinctively reminded us of the primitive boats that took Jews to (then) Palestine. Before being brought here, the PEKING has been stationary in England from 1932 - 74.

A guide related the history of this area where, in 1600, the Dutch landed. In 1800, Peter Schermerhorn filled it in with land and developed it. Because this was done too quickly, it was gradually sinking as seen on a building. The renown Fulton Market for produce, fish and meat --open from 12 - 6 A.M. --was built in 1820-22.

We toured a museum displaying photos, tools, nets, everything for and about fishing. Another museum houses models of the majestic TITANTIC struck by an iceberg, and of miniature richly decorated state rooms where the wealthy, carefree passengers attired in beautiful clothes and adorned with precious jewelry were frolicking. A guide and legends explained the mystery of this disaster, the tragically fast sinking (2 hours 40 minutes) of the ill-fated ship on April 14, 1912. 1,500 lives were lost, fewest from the first-class accommodations.

Following the educational program, some of us browsed through the stores, snacked on Pier 17, and then journeyed back home on the A-train.

The Congregation and Sisterhood express their thanks to the participants, who came along.

Charlotte Wahle

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HAPPY CHANUKKAH



THE FLAG OF CHANUKKAH

Rabbi Shlomo Kahn

I

A flag is unique. It can easily capture the attention of the onlooker and hold it, for there is excitement and life in its antics. High in its appropriate place at the top of the pole, it flutters in glorious abandon, quivering wildly, whipped by the wind, snapping smartly making sounds like pistol cracks. There it stretches this way and that way, reaching as far as the twisting, bending pole allows, in a dizzying dance. When the wind winds down, a billowing breeze gently caresses the tormented cloth, calming and soothing the stinging hurt inflicted on it by the hectic frenzy. In windless moments there is conspicuous sadness, the flag hanging limp and lifeless like an empty sleeve, abandoned by its heavenly respirator, waiting impatiently for new bursts of life.

Immeasurably sadder is the flag at half-mast. You watch it zip up the pole, hoisted but stopped in mid-air. And you understand the unpoken message. Although capable of all its usual movements and motions, something is ominously wrong. Its wiggle has no snap, its swaying has no flavor, in its antics there is no excitement and no pleasure, its droop is more dejected than ever. A flag at half-mast speaks of mourning. Flags do speak. They send meaningful messages. Indeed, the inanimate can be powerfully eloquent: "The heavens declare the glory of G'd and the firmament tells of His handiwork. Day following day utters speech and night following night declares knowledge. There is no speech and there are no words..." (Psalms 19:2-4).

A flag can rally and inspire. It can move the patriot to tears and the explorer plants it with pride in his heart claiming success in the name of his nation. It can stir the soldier to heroic heights above and beyond the demand and expectation of ability, and a people can rise in fury and outrage when the flag—a piece of cloth!—suffers dishonor and abuse, driving legislators to earnest debate whether to declare flag burning a punishable crime.

II

Is it fact or fancy, authoritative or speculative, legitimate or legendary? Scholars shrug their shoulders; no one knows for sure. But speak about Chanukkah, celebrate it as it comes to us on its annual visit for eight days, and you recall the story told and retold, how Judah and his brothers fashioned a flag which they unfurled as they fought the cruel oppressor. On it, so we are told, were stirring words extolling G'd, words from the biblical Song of the Sea: "Who is like you among the mighty, G'd!" (Exodus 16:11), words which so inspired the small band of freedom fighters that as a result (in the words of *al hanissim*), were "delivered the strong into the hands of the weak and the many into the hands of the few". Tradition has it that the designation 'Maccabee' is an acronym formed by the initials (*mem chaf beth yud*) of those four Hebrew words *mi chomocho bo-elim Hashem*.

Possible? Yes, of course, though disputed by many, who ascribe 'Maccabee' to other sources and give it different meanings. But the existence of a flag to rally the brave, courageous men around the sons of Mattathias of Modin, whatever its message or design, color or inscription, is likely indeed.

Flags are as old as the Bible. "Each person of the children of Israel shall camp near the banner of his family's insignia," was G'd's instruction to Moses as they began their trek through the wilderness (Numbers 2:2). On this verse, Rashi comments: "Each flag was the color which corresponded to the tribe's precious stone in the breast-plate of the High Priest". And Ibn Ezra writes: "Insignia were on each flag, a lion for Judah, a bull for Ephraim...corresponding to the blessing which Jacob had imparted and to the vision shown to Ezekiel."

A flag's color and design are the stuff for lofty interpretations and profound significance. Insignia and color speak tellingly. Red, white and blue are the national colors appearing in the Stars and Stripes, for America's thirteen founding colonies and current fifty states, a message of history and development. Two sky-blue stripes on a field of white (the colors of *tzitzis* representative of the Torah's 613 *mitzvos*) and the Star of David (who was the founder of the Davidic dynasty which leads all the way to the Messiah) encapsule Israel's commitment and glory.

A flag is akin to mysticism and sanctity.

(continued on next page)

THE FLAG OF CHANUKKAH

(continued)

III

May we, with fanciful imagery, take a stroll in parable land?

Man's body resembles a flag pole, his thoughts and ideas (read 'soul') constitute the flag. Thoughts dart and dash, scamper and scurry, flip and flurry with the speed of lightning. They also pause and repose, saunter and stagger, linger and loiter in leisurely abandon. And sometimes they are flat and faint, sterile and stagnant and spent.

Man's soul can soar exultingly to the highest pinnacle when he communicates with his Maker. In prayer he leaps heavenward, "climbing every mountain, fording every stream," breaking all barriers and bridging all distances to reach the Unreachable. Prayer transforms to reality the dream of Jacob: a ladder rooted on earth whose top touches heaven. Prayer commissions the ascending angels to be winged messengers to carry man's wishes and pleas to an eminently exalted Destination.

But — similar to a wind-blown flag which comes alive only when the wind blows — prayer must have the breath of life. Careful attention to the words of the prayer, proper concentration of thought (*kavana*) propel our prayers and send them on their way. The passion and determination of the Macabees, the inspiration and devotion of the heroes of Chanukkah on the battle-field, must be our role models in serving G'd.

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HANUKKAH LAMPS THROUGH THE AGES

The *Hanukkah* lamp takes two forms—a single vial of oil, or the whole blaze of the candelabrum. It was the spiritual force in the little vial that kept the whole eight-branched *Menorah* alight.

The eight-branched *Hanukkah* lamp is the most popular object of Jewish ceremonial art. There are more *Menorot* (extant) than any other Jewish artifact, from the large-sized standing lamp to the miniature traveling variety. Each member of the family is encouraged to have one.

The earliest *Hanukkah* lamps do not go back further than the first century C.E. and (do not) differ from the simple pear shaped Greco-Roman lamps made out of clay or red buff pottery typical of that period. (The Talmud specifically mentions the use of bronze *Hanukkah* lamps, yet there are no examples of them in existence.) Excavations at the synagogue of Delos, Greece, have uncovered lamps in no way different from those common in Mediterranean lands at the time. Those discovered in Israel bear typically Jewish emblems such as the seven-branched palm, a substitute for the forbidden likeness of the seven-branched candelabrum. (Nevertheless), one such oil lamp has been discovered that bears, the markings of the sacrosanct seven-branched *Menorah* on its surface. In Rome, as well as in Israel, similar lamps have been discovered, bearing the same Jewish insignia but otherwise not differing in any essential way from non-Jewish lamps of the time.

These lamps consisted of a spout fixed to a dish of oil, with the wick protruding over the rim of the dish. This one-wick lamp persisted for almost one thousand years. Stone and earthenware lamps of this type were used until quite recently by the Jews of Persia and Yemen. They are seldom decorated and only occasionally bear a Hebrew inscription. Their esthetic appeal lies in their functional aspects—the oil reservoir and the grooves for the wicks.

Though the original *Hanukkah* lamp usually consisted of a single wick, in the days of the Talmud these lamps sometimes consisted of two spouts "to serve two persons" and a dish of oil with the wick protruding over the rim of the dish (Shabbat 3b). As late as the twelfth century, Maimonides maintained that if each household lit one every night of the festival, it had fulfilled its obligation. However, "a lamp with two wicks (would) do for two persons" (Rambam, *Mishnah Torah, Hilchot Megillah ve-Hanukkah* 4:1-3, 5-6, 8-12, 14). For those who wanted to light an additional wick for every night of the Festival, as we do today, finishing up with eight lights on the eighth night, it was originally the custom to light an array of eight separate single-wicked lamps.

According to some scholars, by Greco-Roman times the simple clay oil lamp of the Mediterranean, when used as a *Hanukkah* lamp, had even evolved into a many-spouted utensil with eight apertures for wicks fed by oil from a central reservoir. These lamps were made of clay, stone, and bronze. Several such lamps with seven spouts on the rim and dating back to the Middle Bronze Period have been found in Syria and in Israel, especially at Nahariyah and Tanach. Equipped with a vertical metal stand as they supposedly were in talmudic times, they would have borne a great resemblance to the *Menorah* we know today. This type of lamp, popular during the first and second centuries C.E., was used until recently in isolated communities in Yemen and Morocco.

No actual *Hanukkah* lamp has been found dating from the period between the second century and the latter part of the Middle Ages. Although some eight-spouted pottery dishes go back to Greco-Roman times, there is no evidence that they were used for *Hanukkah* lamps. Rather, it seems that before the thirteenth century those ardent spirits who decided to light more than one wick a night used an array of separate single-wick metal vases. The first lamp to be identified by its inscription as having been used specifically for *Hanukkah* was found in Spain or southern France and dates certainly no earlier than the twelfth century.

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HANUKKAH LAMPS THROUGH THE AGES

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Throughout its long history, the Temple Lamp and the *Hanukkah Menorah* to which it gave rise have been made of many different substances. A Dutch author writings in 1865 lists as many as fifteen materials out of which the *Hanukkah* lamp was made in his day—gold, silver, burnished brass, red copper, iron, tin or pewter, lead, glass, wood, bone earthen-ware coated with lead (glazing), uncoated earthenware, pomegranate rind, walnut shells and acorn shells—and he ends by informing us that onion skins and egg shells, are not suitable. We know, however, that poor people often resorted to using eggshells.

Though the command to light the *Hanukkah Menorah* was primarily for the Jewish home, in the twelfth century it became the custom to have a candelabrum in the synagogue for the benefit of merchants and travelers. This large, free-standing candelabrum was a direct descendant of the Temple *Menorah*.

In the thirteenth century a change in the position of the *Hanukkah* lamp dictated a consequent evolution in its form. In talmudic times the *Menorah* was set outside the entrance to the home near the left door-post and opposite the *Mezuzah*. The lamps were put on a pedestal, and in Israel and in Babylon it is possible they were placed under glass like a lantern to protect the flames from being extinguished by the bitter winter winds. By the Middle Ages, however, the lamp was moved indoors to avoid calling attention to the Jewish home. At the same time, the old handle used to place this simple dish of oil in the doorway evolved into a trefoil or punch-hole, a simple hanging device used to suspend the multiple holder either at the entrance or near the window.

Once the multiple holder was suspended, a backplate evolved at the back of the punch-hole to give additional support. This "bench backwall" lamp, though it served a particular purpose, provided both scope and pretext for the most lavish embellishment. Until modern times, most *Hanukkah* lamps among both Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jews were suspended from the wall.

There have been "bench" or backwall lamps of various types. Sometimes the containers were fashioned like vials of oil; sometimes they were made in the form of lions' heads with wicks, projecting from their open mouths. Others were fashioned into an oval shell-like shape with the cups set along a rail in front of the lamp. Frequently, each cup was set on a separate bracket. Small dishes in different shapes were laid out beneath the eight receptacles to collect the dripping oil.

Mordecai Narkess, the noted historian of Jewish art, says that *Hanukkah* lamps "underwent all the adventure experienced by their owners and were deeply influenced by the period and environment in which they were fashioned, local influences blending with traditional form and function." Though the architectural facades of the backwall may be reminiscent of the Temple, they were often dominated by local features, so that the skyline of buildings, say, of the artisan's native Spain, had a discernible impact on the contour of the bench-type *Hanukkah* lamps produced in that region. *Hanukkah* lamps produced in Poland, on the other hand, resembled the marvelous wooden synagogues of that land, rising several stories high on top of one another like tiers on a wedding cake. In various times and cultures the backwall has been fashioned to look like Gothic windows, quatrefoils, arched colonnades, arabesques, curlicues, city walls, bridges, towers, and the characteristic contours of Jerusalem.

In sixteenth-century Italy, however, the *Hanukkah* lamp became increasingly more ornate, in keeping with the contemporary artistic Renaissance styles. Lamps were cast in copper, bronze, or brass. Urns, cherubs, tritons, masks, and cornucopies adorned the backwalls in conjunction with heroic figures such as that of Judith, associated in the popular imagination with the *Hanukkah* story. Various aristocratic coats of arms—a tribute to noble patrons—also decorated the backwall. In sixteenth-century Italy there was a whole series of bronze bench type *Hanukkah* lamps in which the central *cartouche* of the back-wall bore the heraldic marking of Catholic cardinals such as Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandini, later Pope Clement VIII, whose hat is held up by cherubs. A possible explanation for this peculiar ornamentation a Jewish religious implement is the wish of Jews who worked as business agents for the Church dignitaries to demonstrate their loyalty to their patrons. Renaissance and baroque styles merged into the rococo in the eighteenth century. In that era of the Enlightenment, some backwalls actually took on the emblems or newly acquired coats of arms of their Jewish owners.

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HANUKKAH LAMPS THROUGH THE AGES

(continued)

As we have seen, there are two major categories of *Hanukkah* lamps and candelabrum or standing lamp reminiscent of the seven-branched *Menorah* in the Temple and the bench-type with a backwall.

The base of the standing lamp evolved into a round or angular shape, often richly ornamented with biblical motifs, reliefs, and enamels. In the eighteenth century a reduced and daintier version of the standing lamp was transplanted from the synagogue into the home. Frequently this lamp was made of silver and stood on the table, and this is perhaps the most popular from the *Hanukkah* lamp we know today.

Toward the end of the Middle Ages, in response to the strictures of Jewish law (Halakhah), an additional feature made its appearance on both these types of lamps. While the *Menorah* of Temple times had only seven branches and the *Hanukkah* lamp had an eighth, a ninth servitor-candle (*Shammas*) was introduced at that time to attend on the other lights. The need for this new light was based on the holiness of the other eight, which existed only to be looked at and admired, but not to be put to any practical use. Thus, if there were no other light in a particular space except for the *Hanukkah* lamp—which in the Middle Ages when candles were expensive was not unlikely—it was forbidden to use the *Hanukkah* lamp to read or even to see by. The introduction of the *Shammas* not only provided an attendant to kindle the other lights, but also allowed people to work when the lamp was the only illumination. To distinguish the *Shammas* from the eight holy lights, it is usually elevated slightly above the rest.

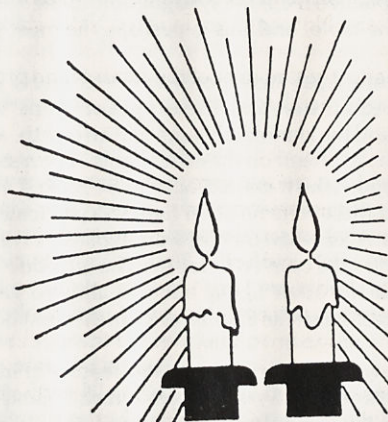
The nine-branched standing candelabrum became a feature in most European synagogues by the fifteenth century. In the Nachmanides Synagogue in Lwow, Poland built around 1698, the *Shammas* topped the central shaft at the same level as the other lights. In certain Sephardic cities, such as Aleppo, Syria, it was customary to have two *Shammas* lights to commemorate deliverance from local persecution.

In Germany, *Menorot* were almost certainly made by Christians because, unlike Eastern Europe and Arabic and Mediterranean lands, Jews were not eligible for apprenticeship and had no means of learning to work with their hands. From the Middle Ages to the eighteenth century, the *Judenstern*—a star-shaped lamp—was hung from the ceiling and regularly drawn down for use as a Sabbath Lamp. At least until the seventeenth century, it was removed for *Hanukkah* and, in talmudic tradition, hung near the door. German Jews also used the eight-branched standing lamp. These suffered the same fate as church bells—requisitioned to make weaponry for German's many wars. As a result, none exists today.

In Eastern Europe, where Jewish artisans abounded, the back-walled lamp was cast in brass or worked in filigree silver or in *repousse*. Legs were added to the backwall lamp, which was customarily placed on the table or the windowsill. Jewish symbols such as deer, lions, eagles, other birds, Torah crowns, columns, gates the Temple facade, and the *Menorah* itself decorated the backwall of Polish *Hanukkah* lamps. For better balance, many of the bench-type lamps, especially those from Poland, had two sockets for the *Shammas* instead of one. These had a loop on the back so that when not in use they could be hung on a wall as a decorative object.

Hanukkah has evolved into a popular family celebration. Although most synagogues hold *Hanukkah* candlelighting sessions during the festival for the benefit of passerby and the enjoyment of the community, this is only a beautiful custom and not essential according to Jewish law. In fact, any Jew who has only attended one of these public gatherings but has not participated in kindling lights in his own household—ideally, everyone should light his or her own *Hanukkah* lamp—has not fulfilled his particular obligation (*Shulkhan Arukh* 139:1-7, 9-11, 14-18). It is significant that Jewish law demands that the lights of the *Hanukkah* festival be lighted in the home, and it is the home that is the required setting for this most beautiful and popular of Jewish rituals.

by Freema Gottlieb



A SUGGESTION TO OUR MEMBERS

Our Congregation has received during the last years substantial amounts under the Wills of members and friends of our Congregation for the purpose of keeping the memory of their loved ones alive.

The form of such provisions usually reads as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath the sum of . . . Dollars to Congregation Beth Hillel & Beth Israel, Inc. with present offices at 571 West 182nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10033, with the proviso that the Congregation causes Kaddish, the traditional prayer in commemoration of the departed persons, to be recited during the year of mourning and on the Yahrzeit days (the annual anniversary dates of my death)."

We suggest that our members and friends who want to act in a similar manner contact their lawyers and discuss with them the insertion of such a provision in their own Last Wills.

William Blank President



IF YOU KNEW SUSIE

Two miles north of the Gaza Strip, in the south of the Land of Israel is a small, six-year-old settlement called Nativ Ha-Asara. Not long ago, I visited Nativ Ha-Asara and there I met Susie. This is her amazing story.

Susie grew up on Long Island, the daughter of the comfort and prosperity of the Jewish upper-middle class. Soon after the 1967 Six Day War, her love for her people and her land began to dominate her life, and she gave up her Bloomingdale's credit card and made *aliya*—she went to live in Israel.

In the early 70's, Susie married a recent immigrant from Argentina, and together they lived and worked in their newly adopted homeland. After the 1973 Yom Kippur War, the Israeli Government became interested and involved in moving settlers into the north of Sinai, to establish Israel's presence, to maintain a security belt and bring life and growth to the barren desert.

Susie and her husband applied to be Israel's newest pioneers, and with some thirty other couples, they went into the desert to settle a little town that would come to be known as Yamit. They lived in tents and then in pre-fab huts. They cleared the sage brush and the rocks and, most importantly, they brought with them the genius of the Israeli-developed drip irrigation system.

The drip irrigation system had been created to bring life to the sands of the Negev. It seems almost too simple to be so brilliant, but its application had made the wasted lands of the desert into fertile, blooming, productive soil. A rubber tube with small holes in it is put in place, and through that tube goes all the water, all the food, all the nutrients that crops need to grow. Slowly, slowly, drip by drip by drip, the life-saving water nourishes the tender plants, and, soon, great crops grow from the previously unyielding wastelands.

Susie and her friends at Yamit created a miracle. They grew flowers and vegetables and fruits that they sent throughout Israel and, soon, were exporting to the rest of the Middle East and to Europe. They built houses and planted vineyards. They had babies and watched their children grow strong under the hot desert sun. They carved out a hard but beautiful life for themselves; they built and sustained their economy; they did their part to make their land and their people strong and prosperous. They did their job.

And then, Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat met with Jimmy Carter at Camp David and forged the peace accords between Israel and Egypt. As part of the agreement, Israel was to give up all the Sinai. The settlements were to be disbanded, the houses razed, the fields returned to their natural state.

The settlers of Yamit—Susie and her friends—felt betrayed by their own government. After all, they had served their land and their nation faithfully: they had come to the barren desert, isolated and alone, and they had made the dry sands yield up fragrant flowers and succulent fruit. They had built their lives around their commitment, and now their government was telling them it was time to leave, to give up all they had created, trading hard-won and hard-tamed land for the hope of peace.

Their pleas and their protests were of no avail. Susie and her friends stood watching as Israeli bulldozers demolished their houses and interred their homes in the desert sands. They watched as their fields were blotted out and their precious drip irrigation system was torn to shreds. Most heart-wrenching was seeing their grape arbors eradicated. Four years before, they had planted the vineyards. They had carefully and lovingly tended and nurtured the fragile vines. And following the laws of *kashrut*, they did not harvest their grape crop in the first three years. Only in the fourth year would Jewish Law permit them to pick their grapes and eat of their fruit. Two weeks—two weeks—before they were to pick the very first grape crop, their own government's bulldozers wiped out their vineyards and the settlers of Yamit never got to taste the fruit of their labors.

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IF YOU KNEW SUSIE (continued)

Yamit—creative and flourishing, testimony to the miracle of modern technology and unbelievable pioneer spirit—was but a memory. In the land-for-peace swap, Egypt got back what it had lost and what it wanted: empty, barren desert to possess and to hold.

Susie and her friends, the settlers of Yamit, were bent, but they were not broken. They took their belongings and the cash that the Israeli government had given them in reparations and they moved north to another barren, rock-filled sandscape within sight of the Gaza Strip. Just six years ago, with only their unflagging spirit and determination to guide and sustain the refugees from Yamit reconstituted themselves in the place they call Nativ-Ha-Asara, and, in these mere six years, they have created a miracle a second time.

Like Yamit once was, Nativ Ha-Asara is now a flourishing farming community. Again, the barren desert has been made to bloom. Each family at Nativ Ha-Asara took one-quarter acre of land to farm as an enclosed hothouse. Some families grow flowers; some grow fruits and vegetables. The world average for a one-quarter acre hothouse production of tomatoes is 8-10 tons a year. At Nativ ha-Asara, Susie and her friend have more than doubled that average, producing 18-22 tons of tomatoes per year from that one-quarter acre plot. They have developed a seedless tomato, which has a shelf life of more than six weeks, which is now being shipped to markets throughout Europe. They have once again, built houses, had babies, worked and worked some more and created a good life for themselves and a productive settlement for their country.

Before Susie and her friends came to Yamit, it was barren desert sand. While they were there, it gave forth sustenance and beauty. Now it has been returned to Egypt, it is again barren desert sand, sitting desolate as part of the game of international brinkmanship.

Before Susie and her friends came to Nativ Ha-Asara, it was barren desert sand. Now that they are there, it gives forth sustenance and beauty and offers hope and promise to a troubled world.

On the day that I visited Nativ Ha-Asara to witness the miracle of the desert created by Susie and her friends for the second time in a second place, I saw black, smoky fires burning but a few miles away in Gaza. We drove to get a closer look and saw that the fires were igniting stacks of tires in the center of their village. Cameras from the major American television networks and reporters from an array of international newspapers were right there in Gaza to record the story of the young punks burning tires. But, interestingly enough, not one of those reporters or cameras—not on that day or any other day—drove the two miles up the road to record or write the story of the miracle of Nativ Ha-Asara. Where is the real news? Where is the real story of Israel and her Arab neighbors? Is it in kids—spurred by their hate-spewing elders—throwing a few stones and setting a few tires on fire, or is it in the creative, courageous pioneers who, in the face of difficult adversity and overwhelming odds, "build the waste cities and inhabit them; plant vineyards and drink their wine; make the wilderness like Eden and the desert like the garden of the Lord"?

Let the real story be told. Let hate-mongering punks be known for what they really are. And let the brave settlers of Yamit/Nativ Ha-Asara be known for what they are: exemplary models of ingenuity, integrity, hard work, undiminished spirit, inspired creativity and the true hope of the future. For in Susie and her friends of Nativ Ha-Asara is the promise that by following their formula and their example, one day Israel and all her neighbors can and will hold hands in peace.

Let the Western media see and report the real story. And let the whole world know.

By Rabbi Wayne D. Dosick

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Michael Reinheimer

HAPPY CHANUKAH



THE LOWER EAST SIDE

The day was rainy enough that even though it was a legal holiday the streets of New York's Lower East Side were empty. In fact, we were the only ones debating the sour/half-sour question at the usually crowded Guss Pickles stand. Sour or half, a brine-soaked cuke from the waist-high barrels was going to set us back 50 cents apiece.

"What ever happened to a 'nickel a pickle,'" I asked the pickle man, twice as old and half as handsome as his *Crossing Delancey* counterpart.

"They're still a nickel," he replied without missing a beat; "only now I charge 45 cents tax."

And that in a nutshell is the Jewish Lower East Side. Vestiges of its former self are shrouded in concessions to a modern age the neighborhood's earlier residents couldn't have dreamed of.

But even as the Lower East Side is crowded out by the expansion of Chinatown and the encroaching sophistication of the nearby SoHo and TriBeCa areas, it is still the best-place to travel back in time to the old New York, our grandparents met when they arrived (finally!!) on the shores of the *goldene medine*.

Though the Lower East Side is usually thought of as the home of all Jewish immigrants, until the 1870's most Jews arriving in New York City moved uptown both literally and figuratively. Two-thirds of the Jewish community at that time was German and most were well-to-do. But by the end of the decade Jewish immigration brought hordes of Russians to these shores and many of them, as poor in their new home as they had been in their *shtetlach*, remained on the Lower East Side, establishing the area as home to the Jewish community that gave the area its flavor for almost 100 years.

At the turn of the century 100,000 Eastern European Jews were arriving in New York and settling on the Lower East Side each year. In short order fully one-third of Eastern Europe's Jewish immigrants were living here—700 people to an acre compared with 60 per acre in the rest of the city. A New York Times article of November 14, 1897, proclaimed that "It is quite unnecessary to go to Europe in order to see a genuine Jewish ghetto. There is one, a large one, the largest in the New World, in fact, right here in New York."

Most of the ghetto's residents lived in dumbbell tenements where spouses, children, cousins—and sometimes an odd boarder or *shlemazel* or two on whom the family had taken *rachmones* (pity)—crowded into three rooms, in none of which was a toilet. Those were in the hall, to be shared with still more apartment dwellers. For baths, all but the luckiest had to frequent public facilities; for a nickel apiece parents could take their family to the *shvitz* for showers.

Construction of these sardine cans was outlawed in 1901, but those that already stood continued to house the huddled masses who soon discovered that in the American they had yearned for, breathing

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THE LOWER EAST SIDE (continued)

was just about the only thing that was free. They had to buy everything else from the peddlers on Hester and Ludlow streets. These ware-hawkers—some 2,500 of them—crowded the streets, making pedestrian passage all but impossible. And despite the peddlers' shouted claims of "damaged eggs for a song" the local homemakers decided that prices were exorbitant. In 1917 the Women's Anti-High Price League overturned hundreds of pushcarts and marched on City Hall to protest.

But if the League's tactics were unusual for the time, they were understandable. For despite the dreams the immigrants may have harbored about a land where the streets are paved with gold, most discovered they had to work so hard for so many hours each day that if the streets *had* been paved with precious metals they wouldn't have been able to enjoy it.

For years, exhausted and underage workers toiled under deplorable conditions for negligible salaries with no laws to protect them. In March of 1911, about 150 of these workers died, many by leaping from the windows—the doors were bolted shut—when the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory went up in flames. At this tragic cost, attention was finally focused on the workers' plight and unionization slowly began to improve the lot of the Lower East Side's Jewish poor.

When Congress imposed rigid immigration restrictions in 1927 the flood subsided to a relative trickle. Neighborhood crowding eased as families moved uptown or to Brooklyn and weren't replaced. With less competition at the *chazzermarkets* (day-labor markets) and improved opportunities that soon made that crude hiring system obsolete, the area's "New Americans" turned their attention more fully to the tasks of making themselves a little less new and whole lot more American.

Their thirst for knowledge fostered the growth of the Educational Alliance, local libraries (chief among them Seward Park branch) and for a little home-town flavor—a full complement of yeshivas and *batei midrash*.

While the community remained educationally, culturally and popularly vibrant for some time, most of the American-born sons and daughters sought to escape their childhood home and moved elsewhere. In the 1950's and 60's full scale "white flight" began and the neighborhood's face' changed from one that closely resembled your *zayde's* handsome immigration papers photo to a multiethnic melange.

Ironically, many of the new luxury high-rises that are being erected in an attempt to gentrify the area will surely be filled with their fair share of young Jewish professionals. And like their grandmothers and great-grandfathers who lived here, many will have to work 18-hour days (though admittedly under better conditions) to pay for food and housing in this most insane and exciting of cities.

Though yuppies are trickling into the few new and newly renovated apartments on the Lower East Side, there's little young Jewish blood in the neighborhood. The overwhelming majority of Jews on the streets and in the shops are from one of three groups: ultra-Orthodox and hasidic Judaica shop-owners (identifiable by their *sheitels* (wigs) or their long black coats and long beards); elderly Jews either too old, too poor or—just ask their children—too stubborn to move (identifiable by their long stories about the neighborhood in the old days) and suburban bargain hunters (identifiable by their long shopping lists).

The shopkeepers stop midday for *minyanim* in the backs of various local stores; these services are more crowded than those in the regular synagogues on *Shabbos* mornings. Some of the landmark synagogues still hold services, but many have trouble attracting a quorum and have to pay *minyanim* makers from farther away to make the trek from their own neighborhoods so prayers requiring 10 "Amens" may be said. At the Eldridge Street Synagogue (14 Eldridge Street) the main sanctuary has lain in disuse since the *shul's* jubilee celebration in 1942. These days the small group of middle-aged and elderly men who pray there rattle around in the landmark building, which will be under renovation at least through 1990. The Bialystoker Synagogue (7 Willett Street) is also a landmark but it too does a less than land-office business. The reason for this—and for the paucity of local *minyanim*—is perhaps best explained by a mimeographed sign tacked to a telephone pole outside the *shul*: "Visit a cemetery," it says, "latest openings: Mt. Zion, Mt. Hebron." The elderly holdouts from Judaism's glory days on the Lower East Side are simply not being replaced.

When discussing Jews of a certain age, it's almost easier to list the few who didn't live on the Lower East Side at one time or another. Anyone who was anyone spent at least a few years here. A random list includes actors Boris Thomashevsky, Zero Mostel, Tony Curtis, Walter Matthau and

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THE LOWER EAST SIDE (*continued*)

Sam Jaffee, who was born in the building now housing the Lower East Side Tenement Museum, entertainers Eddie Cantor and George Burns, Benny Leonard, one of the greatest lightweight boxers of all time and the best Jewish boxer in history; lyricist Ira Gershwin, Nat Holman, a member of the original Celtics, probably the greatest basketball team of all time, who in his 70's became the president of the United States Committee for Sports in Israel; Jeremiah Kaplan, until recently president and chief publishing officer of Simon & Schuster.

Jacob A. Riis, though not Jewish himself, was among the foremost chroniclers of the area's Jewish Community at the beginning of the century.

Because so many buildings that once had Jewish significance are now swathed in Chinese language banners, you may want someone to point out the places of historic interest. Several walking tours are available. The 92nd Street Y conducts one several times a year.

On Sundays in the warmer months the Tenement Museum offers a tour guided by actors posing as turn-of-the-century immigrants. Basing their itinerary on the activities of a real family, they point out places that would have figured prominently in day-to-day life on the Lower East Side. Housed in an 1863 tenement, the building, which at its peak housed an average of 18 people per room, is being renovated. The museum's exhibits and programs trace the history of not only the Jews but the many other groups whose first foothold in the New World was within stickball-hitting distance of 97 Orchard.

After an audiovisual presentation including some history of the neighborhood, the convincingly accented tour guide will escort you down Orchard Street to Hester and left toward the steps of P.S. 42. Though the edifice looks like dozens of other city schools, it is significant in having overseen the Americanization of thousands of immigrant children. Walking down Hester Street to Canal, you'll spy an apartment building decorated with six-pointed stars. Built by the Hurder Brothers who were responsible for the construction of the Eldridge Street Synagogue, the building was thus adorned to let prospective tenants know they were looking at a "kosher" place to live. For this they paid extra.

The Jarmulowsky Bank Building on the corner of Canal and Orchard, built by the eponymous president of the Eldridge Street Synagogue, was the tallest building on the Lower East Side in 1895. Today—like many other buildings in the neighborhood—it is adorned with a Chinese Sign.

Like the paths of Jewish immigrants from the tenements of the East Side to the tract houses of Levittown, the path you'll take through the lower East Side is a bit circuitous. Backtrack a bit toward Straus Square, named for Nathan Straus, whose philanthropy brought pasteurized milk to the tables of thousands of families. What is now the Wing Shing restaurant across Grand Street was until recently the Garden Cafeteria, where anarchists and freethinkers sat to dream about the plan "the revolution."

At 175 East Broadway, check out the facade of the old *Jewish Daily Forward* building (the Yiddish paper, still published as a weekly, is now headquartered in the East Thirties). The emblems of Marx, Lenin and Trotsky adorn the space above the doorway to this repository of socialist thought and writing. And these days, so does a sign in—you guessed it—Chinese. In addition to the ubiquitous Chinese characters a melange of Hebrew lettering alerts passers-by to the location of the local Bank Leumi.

Further east at the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson stands one of the few buildings that has retained its original function: The Educational Alliance just celebrated its hundredth birthday. In 1910 the Alliance served 37,000 people weekly. Sholem Aleichem wrote and studied here; Chaim Gross, Jo Davidson, Moses and Isaac Soyer and Sir Jacob Epstein studied art; David Sarnoff learned English and Arthur Murray learned to dance.

Today the Alliance continues to serve the community with a full roster of courses on subjects Judaic and secular, practical and philosophical. Like many local institutions of its time, the Alliance sought to Americanize its patrons. To balance things out. East Broadway was—and is—lined with *shtieblach* dedicated to proving that taking the boy out of the *shtetl* didn't mean you had to take all the *shtetl* out of the boy. And in the middle, as if mediating the New World/Old World tug of war, is the Young Israel, the first outpost of that modern Orthodox movement. More than a synagogue, the *shul* held functions that allowed the first generation of American-born Jews to mix socially.

A left turn onto Jefferson Street and then another onto Henry will bring you to the Henry Street

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THE LOWER EAST SIDE (continued)

Settlement, established in 1895 by social worker Lilian Wald. At 203 Henry, notice the Rabbi Jacob Joseph Yeshiva, considered in its heyday the "Harvard of Yeshivas". Named for the only chief rabbi New York ever had, the yeshiva has moved to Staten Island to be closer to the young Jews it serves. The Jacob Joseph playground next door is named not for the rabbi but for his grandson, a navy commander.

There are dozens of other once-was and former-site-of spots, many of them intriguing. At 141-7 East Broadway stands Mesivtha Tifereth Jerusalem, which for the last half century was the world center of halakhic authority under the preeminent leadership of Rabbi Moshe Feinstein. Until his death a few years ago *Reb* Moshe was the leading *posek* (decisor of Jewish law) of his day.

If you want to go beyond just looking and get a taste of today's Lower East Side, stroll the streets and shop the shops. The neighborhood is a nosher's paradise, offering everything from kosher delicatessen and Chinese food to borscht and blintzes to Yonah Schimmel's Knishes and back to Guss Pickles.

But don't eat too much; you'll want to fit into the armloads of clothes to be had for a bargain. Most of the stores have communal or no dressing rooms and most of the salespeople have no tact. Tact or none, most of these bargain emporia are always packed with customers from Westchester, Brooklyn, and Long Island. Arrive early to avoid the mobs.

In many ways Orchard Street has become the Lower East Side's new *chazzermarket*. Though human labor isn't for sale here, just about everything else is. While a gourmet ice-cream bar is \$4.—, for just a dollar more you can buy a pair of jeans. Rap music fills the streets that still look like they should be filled with the sounds of *klezmer* music and middle-aged bargain hunters shop to the beat, sifting through racks of neon-colored polyester for the bargain that will have made the trip in from suburbia worth the time and the tolls. Older shoppers browse alongside, displaying little patience for either the novice shoppers or the salespeople who won't meet their offered price.

Watching the traffic-obstructing goings-on it's easy to understand why the pushcart men were moved into the Essex Street Market in the 1930's. Once filled solely with Jewish immigrants, the market is now home to merchants of all ethnicities selling a dazzling array to the patrons of this original flea market.

There are still stores where the foreign lettering on the doors is Hebrew. This is the place to come to watch a *sofer* (ritual scribe) write *mezuzot* and *sifrei Torah*, the place to buy your future son-in-law his *tallis*, or *tefillin* for your son's bar mitzva. It's the place to purchase ritual objects like candlesticks and *menorot*; the place to pick up recordings of the old European cantors—in short, the place to come as close as possible to the world of our fathers.

While the Lower East Side is still home to several wine and matza companies, only Schapiro Wine still offers tours.

Try to plan your trip to the Lower East Side for the week or so before a major festival. At Sukkot time the streets come alive with the sights and heady smells of the temporary outdoor markets where the *lulav* and *etrog* are sold. *Shmura* matza season is full of hustle and bustle, too, and before the High Holidays the air just about crackles with excitement of the coming *yontif*. Whenever you're planning your visit, try to corral an elderly relative to join you. You'll get to hear stories you won't find in guidebooks and share reminiscences of a time gone by, all with someone who was actually there.

By Susan Kleinman

BUCHSTABENGETREU NACH DER TORA, WIE EINST MOSCHE

TRADITION

BEMERKUNG: Folgender Artikel ueber die Samaritaner, eine Sekte die sich juedisch nennt, ist interessant. Die Samaritaner lehnen jedoch einen grossen Teil unserer Bibel, und auch die muendliche Tora (von G'tt in den 40 Tagen und Naechten Moses unterbreitet) ab. Man kann also die Samaritaner, trotz ihrer Pflichttreue, nicht authentische Juden nennen.)

Wer sind die Samaritaner? Woher stammen sie? Welches sind ihre Glaubensvorstellungen? Wie ist ihre Haltung zum Staat Israel?

Diese und viele andere Fragen brechen auf, als wir uns zu Binjamim Zedaka ins samaritanische Viertel von Cholon begeben—kurz vor Pessach, an dem die Samaritaner auf dem ihnen heiligen Berg Garisim bei Schchem (Nabulus) ihr Pessachopfer (*sewach Pessach*) schlachten und essen werden. Es ist das Opfer im Jahr 3628 ihrer Zeitrechnung, die beim "Einzug der Israeliten ins Land Kanaan" einsetzt. Sie richten sich streng nach den Vorschriften der Tora, genauer: nach den Angaben der Darbringung und Zubereitung des Lamms. Bei der Abenddaemmerung schlachten sie die seit dem 10. Nissan—sie verwenden diese Monatsbezeichnung nicht, sondern sprechen (wie in der Tora vermerkt) vom zehnten Tag des ersten Monats—bereitstehende Schafe; sie braten sie ueber der Feuerglut und verzehren das Fleisch vor Mitternacht im Kreis der einzelnen Familien. Was vom Fleisch ueberig bleibt, wird am folgenden Morgen verbrannt. Jeder Samaritaner (*Schomroni*) muss am Opfer teilnehmen, und nur im Extremfall ist er davon befreit. Binjamim Zedaka—"ich heisse Binjamim und nicht Benjamin, wie es in den samaritanischen Version der Tora heisst, die sich in rund siebentaussend Faellen von der Tora der juedischen Synagoge unterscheidet"—ist Herausgeber der vor 21 Jahren gegruendeten und seither alle zwei Wochen erscheinenden Informationsschrift "*Alef Bet*". Zedaka spricht diese beiden Buchstaben in der samaritanischen Aussprache als *Alaef Bit* aus. Die einzelnen Artikel behandeln aktuelle Probleme der Gemeinschaft, und sie erscheinen in vier Sprachen und zum Teil in den samaritanischen Schriftzeichen; in Althebraeisch, Iwrit, Arabisch und Englisch. Bestimmt ist die Zeitung fuer die rund 550 Samaritaner, die heute leben (ungefaehr je zur Haelfte in Schehem und in Cholon bei Tel Aviv), aber auch fuer eine wachsende Zahl von Interessenten in aller Welt. Binjamim Zedaka, der an der Hebraeischen Universitaet Jerusalem studiert hat und als einziger Samaritaner in der Jewish Agency (in der Absorptionsabteilung fuer Neueinwanderer) taetig ist, kennt sich in der Geschichte und Religion seiner Gemeinschaft ausgezeichnet aus, und er wird im kommenden August am zweiten Internationalen Kongress ueber die Samaritaner in Oxford referieren. Binjamim ist der Sohn des kuerzlich verstorbenen Dichters und Erforschers der samaritanischen Tradition, Binjamim ben Zedaka Hazafari.

Lange war das Wissen ueber die Samaritaner, die ihren Namen von Samaria (*Schomron*), der einstigen Hauptstadt des Nordreiches Israel herleiten—sie wurde 722 v.d.z. durch die Assyryer zerstoert—sehr duerftig. Aufgrund der Aussagen im biblischen zweiten Koenigsbuch, Kapitel 17, galten saemtliche Samaritaner als Nachfahren jener heidnischen Voelkergruppen, die der Assyryerkoenig nach Samaria verpflanzt hat, und zwar im Austausch gegen die exilierten Bewohner des Nordreiches. Die These, die Zedaka heftig attackiert, ist in der Tat nicht zu halten. Nur ein Teil der einstigen Bewohner Samarias musste den Weg in die Verbannung antreten, vermutlich die Oberschicht und die Geistlichkeit. Die breite Masse konnte bleiben. Die heidnischen Neuankoemmlinge assimilierten sich im Laufe der Zeit mit der autochthonen Bevoelkerung. Die Samaritaner sehen sich denn als Vollisraeliten, als die Nachfahren der Staemme Efraim und Menasche ("Haus Joseph" in der Tora), wie auch des Stammes Levi.

Binjamim Zedaka erklaert mit Bestimmtheit: "Das Volk Israel besteht heutzutage aus zwei Gruppen: aus den Samaritanern, die in Samaria ihr Zentrum besitzen, und aus den Juden, die sich vom Stamm Juda herleiten. "Eine besondere Heiligkeit Jerusalems anerkennt er nicht. "Jerusalem ist heilig wie jede Stadt im Land Israel." Der Tempel von Jerusalem auf dem Zion ist fuer ihn ohne jede religioese Bedeutung. Er ist zerstoert, nichts ist von ihm erhalten, und ohnehin ist der "Ort, den Gott auserwaehlt hat, um seine Herrlichkeit an ihm ruhen zu lassen" (5.Mose 12,11) nicht

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BUCHSTABENGETREU NACH DER TORA, WIE EINST MOSCHE

Jerusalem sondern Schehem. Nur Schehem wird erwahnt, nicht Jerusalem. Erst zu Koenig Davids Zeit wird diese Stadt bedeutsam. Und was darueber steht, findet sich in den "Propheten" und den "Tnach", die die Samaritaner nicht als C... akzeptieren. "Wir haben die Tora, Mose ist der groesste der Propheten. Die uebrigen Propheten haben nur wiederholt, was Mose verkundete. Auch die Psalmen der Bibel spielen im samaritanischen Gottesdienst keine Rolle. "Wir haben unsere eigenen Loblieder Gottes, die nicht minder schoen sind" erklart Binjamim Zedaka.

In Zedakas Haus in Cholon, in welchem die reichhaltige Bibliothek des "Instituts fuer Samaritanische Studien" untergebracht ist, finden sich zwei Mesusot. Sie haengen zwar nicht an den Tuerpfoeten, wie bei Juden ueblich, sondern an der Wand, und sie enthalten eine Inschrift, die in einem Teppich eingewirkt worden ist. Auf einer Mesusa steht der Segen aus dem 5. Mose 28,5; *Baruch ata bewoecha uwaruch ata bezetecha* (samaritanisch ausgesprochen: *Bahruk ata babaehk ubahruk ata aesiahtak*), "Gesegnet seist du bei deinem Kommen, gesegnet seist du bei deinem Gehen". Nur an der Synagoge im Viertel ist eine Mesusa an der Tuere befestigt.

Das Stichwort "Synagoge" fuehrt zu hochinteressanten Vergleichen mit dem juedischen Gottesdienst. Frauen nehmen bei den Samaritanern nicht an den Gebeten teil. Es gibt daher keine Frauenabteilung. (Zedaka: "Und unsere Frauen rebellieren deswegen nicht.") In der Synagoge steht die Torarolle (in samaritanischen Schriftzeichen), doch sie wird nur beim Segen vor der Lesung aufgenommen. Die eigentliche Lesung des Wochenabschnittes am Schabbat erfolgt nicht aus der Rolle, sondern aus den gedruckten Buechern. Beim Segen faehrt der Samaritaner mit der Hand ueber Augen und Gesicht, "als Zeichen der Ehrfurcht vor Gott." Unwillkuerlich schliesst er dabei die Augen, wie Mose am Dornbusch.

Die Tora wird nicht gekuesst. Nur der Kohen (Priester) aus dem Stamm Levi—and sein voller Titel lautet wie im 5. Mosebuch Hakohen Halevi, "der levitische Priester"—ist zur Ausuebung religioeser Taetigkeiten befugt. Er amtirt als Vorbeter, als "Lehrer der Tradition" (*more masoret*—ein Aequivalent des juedischen Rabbi), als Schochet bei der Schlachtung der biblisch erlaubten Tiere, als Traeger der Torarolle, als jener, der den Segen spricht. Nur ein Kohen, nicht ein Samaritaner welcher nicht zum Stamm Levi gehoert, kann jemals diese Aufgaben unternehmen. Und Kohen kann ein Levi-Abkoemmeling nach freiem Ermessen werden, wenn er mindestens 21 Jahre alt ist und sich fuer die Kohen-Funktionen ausbilden laesst. Binjamim Zedaka: "Ich zaehle zum Stamm Menasche, ich kann nie ein Kohen sein." So steht es in der Tora. Die "levitischen Priester" der Samaritaner sehen sich als Nachfahren des ersten Hohepriesters Aaron. Der gegenwaertige Hohepriester heisst Josef ben Aw-Chisda ("Vater der Liebe"), und er ist der Sohn des Hohepriesters Jaakow ben Usi aus dem Stamme Levi. Seit 1987 bekleidet er sein hohes Amt.

Vier Gebote der Tora werden von den Samaritanern mit grosser Strenge beachtet:

1. Das Wohnen im Land Israel. "Wer nicht im Land Israel wohnen will und ins Ausland faehrt, hoert automatisch auf, ein Samaritaner zu sein", betont Zedaka. "Er verliert seine "israelische Identitaet". Und "israelisch" ist fuer Zedaka nicht nur ein politischer, sondern vor allem ein religioeser Begriff. Es gibt zwar Millionen des "Volkes Israel"—die "Juden"—, die nicht im Land Israel leben, "Sie sind durch politische Ereignisse zerstreut worden. Meine Hoffnung ist es, dass sie dereinst zurueckkehren, und daher arbeite ich in der Jewish Agency und leiste meinen Beitrag zur Rueckkehr". Spaetestens wenn der *Tahob* (er entspricht dem Maschiach, Messias, der juedischen Glaubensgemeinschaft) erscheint, wird die Einsammlung der Zerstreuten zu Ende sein.

Fuer Binjamim Zedaka kommt ein Verlassen von "Erez Israel" nie in Frage. Er reist viel zu Vortraegen ins Ausland, ist auch Ehrenbuerger von Texas, doch immer bleibt er nur eine kurze Zeit. Das Wohnen im Land Israel ist von groesster Wichtigkeit fuer ihn.

2. Das Pessachopfer. Wer es missachtet, verfaellt der "Ausrottungsstrafe". Er gehoert nicht mehr zu den Samaritanern. Zedaka sagt: "Als Jude muessten Sie darauf draengen, dass das Sewach Pessach wieder bei ihnen eingefuehrt wird. Auch wenn es keinen Tempel in Jerusalem gibt, kann das Sewach Pessach, ein Familienopfer, dargebracht werden". Und er weiss um die Bemuehungen schon vor Jahrhunderten, das Pessachopfer tatsaechlich wieder einzufuehren.

3. Die Beachtung der Heiligkeit des Schabbats. "Wir entzuenden kein Feuer, wir fahren nicht, wir nehmen keine Waermeplatte in Betrieb. Eine einzige Lichtquelle brennt im Haus, damit niemand

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BUCHSTABENGETREU NACH DER TORA, WIE EINST MOSCHE

(continued)

in der Dunkelheit stuerzt. Wir zuenden sie vor Schabbat an. Am Ruhetag ziehen wir besondere Gewaender an, und darueber den weissen Tallit. Er ist bei allen weiss, damit der Unterschied zwischen Reich und Arm nicht bemerkt wird. Wir singen natuerlich Schabbatgesaenge (*Smirot schabbat*). Wer den Schabbat mit Absicht entweicht, wird zurechtgewiesen. Wenn er sein Handeln nicht aendert, muss er die Gemeinschaft verlassen."

4. Die Reinheits-und Unreinheitsgesetze der Tora. "Wir besitzen ein Reinigungsbad mit fliessendem Wasser. Es ist die Badewanne in jedem Haus. Wenn eine Frau nach der Monatsregel unrein ist, so muss sie sich der Tewila ("Untertauchen") unterziehen. Das fliessende Wasser bei geoeffnetem Hahnen und fehlendem Stoepl in der Wanne genuegt den Vorschriften. Eine Mikwe mit Regenwasser kennen wir nicht."

Die "unreine" Frau genieisst im uebrigen waehrend "sieben Tagen" voellige Ruhe. Was sie beruehrt, wird unrein. Daher wohnt sie waehrend dieser Zeit in einem besonderen Raum. Sie geht von dort zur Arbeit und kehrt von der Arbeit dorthin zurueck. Alle ihre haeuslichen Pflichten uebernimmt der Gatte: er kocht, besorgt die Kinder und so weiter. Nach der Geburt eines Knaben ist die Mutter 40, nach der Geburt eines Maedchens 80 Tage unrein (3.Mose 12,2-5). Ein Reinigungsopfer (Vers 6) gibt es nicht mehr, denn nur das Pessachopfer existiert noch.

Diese vier grundlegenden Pflichten werden mit grosser Genauigkeit beachtet und dienen faktisch als Kennzeichen der Zugehoerigkeit zur samaritanischen Gemeinschaft. Die Tora besitzt die dominierende Rolle. Allein, die Samaritaner verschliessen ihre Augen nicht vor den immer neuen Problemen der Gegenwart. Der Hohepriester ist die Instanz, die solche Probleme entscheiden muss, sofern sie den Glauben tangieren. Benjamim Zedaka nennt ein interessantes Beispiel: Die Beschneidung (Brit Mila) wird selbstredend am achten Tag nach der Geburt am neugeborenen Knaben vollzogen. Was geschieht aber, wenn dies aus medizinischen Gruenden nicht moeglich ist, wie bei jenem Kind—es war ein Zwilling—, welches zunaechst untergewichtig war und in einen Brutkasten gelegt werden musste? Der Bruder, der das normale Geburtsgewicht besass, wurde am achten Tag nach der Geburt der Prozedur der Brit Mila unterzogen. Der Hohepriester entschied: "Das Kind im Brutkasten befindet sich gleichsam noch in einem Zustand, der dem praenatalen im Uterus vergleichbar ist. Seine Brit Mila wird am achten Tag vollzogen, nachdem es den Brutkasten hat verlassen koennen". Eine zweifellos logische Entscheidung, die als Praejudiz fuer spaetere Zeiten ihre Bedeutung besitzen wird.

Die Samaritaner sind, so laesst sich sagen, eine dynamische Gemeinschaft mit einer vieltausendjaehrigen Tradition. Sie stehen—soweit sie in Cholon leben—voll zum Staat Israel, erfuellen ihre Dienstpflicht im Rahmen der Armee und sehen sich in jeder Hinsicht als Israeli an. Nicht nur politisch, sondern auch religioes.

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SHABBAT

"You diaspora Jews, you know how to make *Shabbes*, I'll grant you that. What you don't know how to make, especially in America, is *erev Shabbes*."

It is Friday morning in Jerusalem and an American visitor is strolling along Keren Kayemet Street, taking in the atmosphere of the Rehavia District. The observer is marveling at the leisurely but steady pace of these Jerusalemites—mainly men—as they stop to purchase a bouquet of flowers or to pick up as many as five different Friday newspapers stuffed with their Shabbat supplements. Further down the pilgrim sees the natives coming out of take-out food shops, their arms laden with everything from chicken to Jerusalem *kugel*, or stepping into a local barbershop for a trim.

Keren Kayemet Street does not boast particularly striking architecture, nor are the people in the street very colorful. And yet the passerby must have a look of fascination on his face as he surveys this scene that repeats itself every Friday morning all over Jerusalem and in many other Israeli cities as well. His look of bemusement is undoubtedly the reason he is approached by a resident who, uncannily reading the American's thoughts, explains that the essence of Shabbat is not only its inevitability but also its "preparability." The quality of Shabbat, he seems to be saying, comes from the time taken to prepare it.

Shabbat is first mentioned in the Torah in the book of Genesis. The story of creation ends crescendo-like with the creation of Shabbat, a special day of rest for the Lord. That Shabbat is not just a day off from work but has intrinsic value can be inferred from its inclusion in the Ten Commandments; it is therefore one of the pillars on which Jewish civilization—the Jewish value system—rests.

Shabbat's dual nature, one of the day's more curious aspects, derives from the Decalogue's two versions; one is in the *Book of Exodus*, the other in *Deuteronomy*. The first version of the Fourth Commandment begins with the word *zakhor*, remember. We are taught there that Shabbat observance by Jews is a commemoration of God's creation of the world and therefore a recognition of God as prime mover. The second version begins with *shamor*, observe. Here the Shabbat is presented as a celebration of national freedom, a commemoration of the Exodus from Egyptian bondage and a recognition of God's continuing role in history.

Of course Shabbat is even more that a double commemoration. The modern version of a traditionally observed Shabbat derives in great part from the rabbis' discussion in *Tractate Shabbat* in the Talmud. There we are told of the 39 types of work prohibited on Shabbat. Hayyim Nahman Bialik, the great twentieth-century man of letters, marveled in his essay "Halakha and Aggada" that the Talmud's seemingly endless preoccupation with the minutiae of Shabbat prohibitions has led to what he considered the most beautiful of national activities: the celebration of Shabbat. For Bialik, Jewish law always leads to Jewish lore; legalism is a road to aestheticism.

To understand Shabbat's centrality in Jewish history one need only remember the epigram by secular Zionist essayist Ahad Ha'am who wrote, "More that the Jews have preserved the Shabbat, the Shabbat has preserved the Jews."

If a survey were taken to determine which Shabbat rituals have been observed most punctiliously through the ages, one would doubtlessly find that the lighting of Shabbat candles by the woman of the household heads the list. Virtually every Jewish home, from the most observant to the most assimilated, contains a pair of Shabbat candlesticks. Even Marranos in Spain—Jews who had been forcibly converted to Christianity continued to light two candles on Friday evening long after they had forgotten their ancestors were Jews. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries one could see hanging from the ceiling in German Jewish homes a six-pointed oil lamp known as the *Judenstern*, Jewish star, which was used to usher in the Shabbat. Today, for many families the original pair of candlesticks symbolize the married couple, and one is added for each child.

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SHABBAT (continued)

Other objects used for the celebration of Shabbat are a wine goblet for Kiddush, the prayer which sanctifies the day, and a *halla* cover, an embroidered cloth to cover the two braided *hallot* placed on the white tablecloth. Shabbat is set off from the rest of week by a framing device. The day is inaugurated by lighting candles and drinking wine; and as night descends on Saturday evening, Jews commemorate Shabbat's departure by reciting *havdala*, the "distinction making". The ritual is celebrated with a goblet of wine, a special *havdala* candle and an ornamental spice box; the wine and the candle mirror those of Friday evening. The spices are said to provide nourishment for the special soul that enters a person on the Shabbat and departs at its close. Jewish artisans have created exquisite sterling silver or olivewood *havdala* sets.

In addition to *halla* there are several other foods associated with Shabbat. The most universally known is gefillte fish, called among French gourmets *carpe a la juive*. Since one of the types of work forbidden on Shabbat is kindling a fire, Jews had to be creative to have hot food for the midday meal. Juvenal, the Latin writer who during the last half of the first century described daily life in Rome, details the Jews' "Shabbat Boxes" used for keeping food warm. Another way around the prohibition of cooking was the creation of a stick-to-your-ribs stew called *cholent*, which cooked on a low flame from before Shabbat to the time of the noon meal. There are those who insist that *cholent* is a French culinary delight, deriving as it does from the French *chaud lent*, slow heat.

Sefardic Jews enjoy *tefine*, a wonderful melange of fresh vegetables and meat (often lamb) redolent of the spices traditionally favored in the East. Iranian custom dictated unshelled eggs on top, which after a long slow night of absorbing the flavors of the stew, were picked out and enjoyed for breakfast. And reflecting traditions of their adopted land, the Jews of India use no beef but simmer a tongue-biting tomato-rice-and-chicken mixture for Shabbat.

Shabbat is also the inspiration for a wide array of fine art. To get an idea of how Shabbat was celebrated in nineteenth-century German homes one need look only at Moritz Oppenheim's *Shabbath Eve* and *Conclusion of the Shabbath*. A graceful depiction of a sefardic woman kindling the Shabbat lights can be seen in *Candle Blessing*, a beautiful lithograph by Israeli artist Lucien Krief. Another major modern Israeli artist who has sought to capture the colorfulness of Shabbat is David Sharir, who recently added a Shabbat lithograph, *Kabbalat Shabbat*, to his series on the Jewish holiday. Lynne Feldman has created figurative Shabbat and holiday-related works including *Baking Under a Watchful Eye*. The richness of her canvases is attained by using layers of colors.

Singing *zemirot*, table hymns, is one of the most pleasant customs of the Shabbat meal. Before reciting grace after meals, booklets called *benchers* (from Latin for benediction) are opened for singing as well as reciting grace. Among the favorite songs are "Yah Ribbon," a hymn of praise to the Sovereign of the universe, and "Tzur Mishelo Akhalnu", which recognizes that the food we eat comes from God. Among the songs that proclaim the uniqueness of the Shabbat are "D'rur Yikra" (Proclaim Freedom), "Menuha V'simha" (Rest and Joy) and "Shimru Shabtotai" (Observe My Shabbath), this last being a hymn by medieval poet Solomon Ibn Gabirol in which he proclaims that those who observe the Shabbat are themselves a blessing.

"*Shalom Aleikhem*," one of the best known Shabbat hymns, is chanted before the meal begins, and thereby hangs a tale. A charming legend is told in the Talmud that when worshipers return home from synagogue on Friday evening they are accompanied by two Shabbat angels, one good and one bad. If they find the house properly prepared for Shabbat, the good angel blesses the family saying, "May it be thus next week also," and the bad angel responds, against his will, "Amen". However, if the house is unprepared, the bad angel adopts the same formula, turning it into a curse, and the good angel is forced to respond "Amen" to the curse.

The sixteenth-century kabbalists of Safed, who amongst other things are credited with comparing Shabbat to a bride, took this legend and turned it into liturgy by writing the eight-line poem "*Shalom Aleikhem*", in which two ministering angels are welcome into the home with the traditional Hebrew greeting for "peace be with you".

Interestingly, the rewriting of the talmudic legend was itself rewritten during the twentieth century by Bialik in "*Shabbat Hamalka*" (the Shabbath Queen), subsequently set to music. Bialik takes the four main lines of the traditional hymn and expands each one into a seven-line stanza, each stanza commemorating the seven days of the week.

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SHABBAT (continued)

The spirit of Shabbat can also be appreciated in a good feature film such as *Fiddler on the Roof*. One of the early scenes of the movie shows Tevye, his wife, Goldie, and their four daughters frantically preparing for Shabbat in Anatevka. The scene ends with the transformation of peasants into princes, as Goldie lights the candles and sings a blessing for her children, the moving "May the Lord protect and defend you."

The warmth and hospitality of Shabbat is palpable in the movie *Yentl*, Barbara Streisand's adaptation of Isaac Bashevis Singer's fantastic story, when Hadass serves the Shabbat meal to yeshiva "boys", Avigdor, whom she loves, and Anshel/Yentl, whom she marries.

Seemingly all of the great Jewish poets have dedicated at least one poem to the Shabbat, from the medieval Judah Halevi's "Shabbath Peace" to modern Yankev Glatshteyn's "The Shabbath". Among short-story writers, one might read "The Shabbes-Goy" by I.L. Pretz, "Short Friday," a haunting tale by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and "First Royalties" by Elie Wiesel. The beauty of Shabbat—especially the moment of the lighting of the candles—is woven into virtually all of Wiesel's tales. In "First Royalties" Wiesel explains how in the concentration camp he refused to take part in a storytelling contest, the prize for which was to be two extra bowls of soup. As he explained to the block leader, he had already dined in his imagination at his family's Shabbat table and was in no need of extra ration. Ironically, his oral telling of the Shabbat meal won the prize and thus his first "royalties" were two bowls of concentration-camp soup.

Is Shabbat a masculine or feminine noun? Answer: Would you believe that not only is it both feminine and masculine but also both singular and plural. In the *amida* (central prayer said standing) for Friday night, Shabbat is feminine singular; in the morning and *musaf* (additional *amida* for Shabbat) services it is masculine singular; in the afternoon prayer it is plural, giving it a unique all-inclusive flavor.

By Joseph Lowin

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Happy Holidays



IMAGES OF POLISH JEWRY

They are haunting photographs: the Jewish gravestones of Poland lying broken in desolate heaps. Some are deep in forest shadows. Others are fragments half sunken into dunes of sand, or lonely outcrops in over-grown fields. To the contemplating eye, the monuments—many beautifully engraved—are a window in a lost culture.

The photographs record nearly all that is left of the Jewish presence in Poland. The gravestones that they capture eluded the Nazis who used them to pave the streets. After the war, they escaped being used as building material for barns and roads. And they have also survived decades of erosion by nature and neglect.

The images were captured by Monika Krajewska, a native of Warsaw. With the help of her husband, Stanislaw, a mathematician and Polish activist, Monika set out to record these vestiges of a people. She has spent the last decade bearing witness with her camera.

Monika Krajewska is a striking woman—tall and angular with jet black hair. A Catholic who converted to Judaism, she is, at 40, a bridge between Poland's Jewish past, through her work, and its present, through her life. When she talks about her work, it is with a passion of person with a mission. Recently, she sat with Stash—as her husband is known to his friends—and their two-year old son, Gabriel, and talked about the photographs and what motivated their collection. (The family is in the United States for six months while Stash is a visiting professor at the Benard M. Baruch College in New York.)

"At first we were curious and moved by the beauty of the stones," Monika says. "Also, there was a sense of adventure. These cemeteries could not be found in any guidebook. It was as if we were making discoveries."

In time, they began to see the importance of sharing their discoveries with others. "There was such a chasm between the intensity of Jewish life not so long ago and the scarcity of Jewish remnants," Monika explains. "I had the feeling that this was something very close to everyone physically—just next door—but there was total ignorance about it. The stones could have been left from centuries earlier, instead of only from a generation ago."

Indeed, although Jews had lived in Poland since the eleventh century, and comprised one-tenth of the population by the end of the eighteenth century, when the Krajewskis started their search in the mid-1970's, they knew of only three Jewish cemeteries. In the most famous, in Warsaw, thousands of gravestones remained. Many of them—carved by noted sculptors of the day in styles ranging from Baroque to Art Nouveau—marked the graves of illustrious writer, businessmen or philosophers. But what of the final resting place of average Polish Jews? Who carved their memorials? Were there any traces of the monuments raised in their names?

The fate of Polish Jews was mostly overlooked in Polish history books and personal reminiscences of the war. Seeking the answers to these questions was tantamount to an act of rebellion which, Monika admits, further whetted her interest in the subject.

The Krajewskis began by exploring the small towns of Eastern and Central Poland. They roamed the country-side, traveling by bus or hitchhiking or walking, asking local people if they knew the whereabouts of any Jewish cemeteries. They slept in hostels and, where there were none, in spare rooms let to them for the night.

In the beginning, their only equipment was a well-worn Rolleiflex, given to Monika by a friend; the only available film was from East Germany. Later, as economic problems engulfed Poland, they were unable to obtain film or printing paper and had to rely on supplies brought by friends on sporadic visits from abroad. The cost of processing the film was another problem. "If we went on a five-day vacation," recalls Monika, who works full-time as a book editor, "and I used eight rolls of black-and-white film, it cost us my whole month's salary to develop it and make prints."

(continued on next page)

IMAGES OF POLISH JEWRY *(continued)*

Slowly the Krajewskis gathered evidence, documenting about 100 cemeteries and synagogues—some dating to the sixteenth century—in 3,000 photographs. Looking for one cemetery could take a whole day. Some of the cemeteries had only a few stones; in others, none remained. Many of the cemeteries were in meadows surrounded by grazing sheep. Others were in forests—and were sometimes missed because of the density of trees and bushes—or on the outskirts of a city, strewn with garbage.

The Krajewskis' sense of urgency grew as time robbed them of more and more of their subjects. "There are a lot of changes in the Polish landscape—new roads (and) homes (built), sections of towns demolished," Monika says. "It happened in front of our eyes. One of the first cemeteries I saw was in 1976. I was with a group of hikers and a priest led us to a field in Otwock, near Warsaw. There in the middle of it—like Atlantis—was a Jewish cemetery. I was fascinated by it and by the beautiful imagery on the stones. When I came back two or three years later to photograph it, most of it was gone. They had put an electric line through it.

The images that had fascinated Monika were the work of local Jewish folk artist, many of whom had carried on their tradition until the eve of World War II. "They tried so hard to choose dignified motifs—eagles, crowns, coats of arms or lions," Monika explains. "But then they drew them in their own way, perhaps to make it more familiar to them. When they drew a lion, they often put leaves in his ears or gave him a fish's tail." Monika also discovered that the bas-reliefs "were a picture of Jewish life and values."

Often, even the simplest stone was engraved with a symbolic drawing. Death was shown as broken candles, a wrecked boat, a flock without a shepherd or a fallen crown. A charitable man was memorialized with a hand holding money or putting a coin in an alms box, scholars by books or a man holding a pen, and descendants of Levites by water flowing from a jug. Tombstones for women—who were frequently buried in a separate section of the cemetery—were often engraved with candlesticks.

"They reveal a lot about (Polish Jews') lives," Stash notes. "For example, the only virtues referred to on the tombstones are those which are connected to religious ideals—learning, helping the poor, caring about other. These were the values that were taught to be important. There is never, except in some later tombstones, any mention of achievement in business or other areas of life. From the point of view of eternity, this was not important."

The gravestone artists also expressed themselves through fanciful decorations. Their work is filled with dragons and unicorns. The inscriptions were often written in highly creative calligraphy, with bird's heads emerging from letters and flowers that are kissing. The Krajewskis found few identical monuments.

In each town they visited, the Krajewskis also searched for the former Jewish section. They hoped to stumble on a synagogue that might have miraculously survived the Nazis as well as several decades of postwar neglect. The majority of those that they found had been converted into community centers, libraries, schools or artist's studios and were unrecognizable. In Krakow, however, they visited a seventeenth-century synagogue that had walls covered with beautiful Naive-style paintings of Jerusalem and the Levites' musical instruments. It is now a workshop; the walls hold workmen's tools.

A few synagogues had been abandoned. "In Dabrowa Tarnowska, we discovered a magnificent structure," Monika recalls, "a big building with traces of former splendor, but completely overgrown. The stairs were crumbling and the windows were shattered. On the walls were paintings of biblical scenes, King David's tomb and prayers, and on the ceiling were the Leviathan and signs of the Zodiac."

In addition to tombstones and the occasional synagogue, the Krajewskis found oblong hollows in the doors where *mezuzot* used to be and a centuries-old engraving commemorating Sukkot on the wall of one building.

In 1981, Monika exhibited her work in the Photographer's Union, Warsaw's main gallery. "It seemed then like a very strange and unknown area of interest—almost exotic," Monika says. "It was during the years of Solidarity, when there were many shows that could not officially be presented."

The guest book filled up quickly. "Some of the entries in the book were a page long," Monika remembers. "For many it was an eye-opener. They said things like: 'For 40 years I have lived next

(continued on next page)

IMAGES OF POLISH JEWRY (continued)

to a Jewish cemetery and it never occurred to me to enter it." Or a Polish peasant wrote, "There is a cemetery behind my barn. People shouldn't forget about these stones. Come and see what you can do about it. It was very moving." The Krajewskis received numerous letters from people telling them about cemeteries in their neighborhoods. Despite the exhibit's popularity, the government—controlled newspapers ignored it. Only the *Catholic Weekly* reviewed the show.

A second exhibit was scheduled for a Krakow museum, but the censors wanted to remove one sentence in the introductory text about the postwar destruction of cemeteries. Monika refused to delete the reference, and the show was barred from the museum. Instead, it was held in a Krakow church.

Polish officials were also leery about permitting a book of the photographs to be published by Interpress, the government publishing house. Three times the censors considered destroying the plates. Finally, they agreed to let the book go to press.

Like the exhibit, the book struck a chord in people. "I received many letters from Jews all over the world," says Monika, "extremely moving letters (in which they) poured out their memories and feelings."

Together with their friends, the Krajewskis now observe Jewish holidays and rituals. (There is no rabbi in Poland.) Once Stash did not think of himself as Jewish. Today, inspired by Monika's interest in Judaism and by his own emotional and intellectual voyage, he is a committed Jew who has learned Hebrew and studied the Bible and Jewish history and philosophy. One of a handful of experts on Jewish life in Poland, he gives lectures to church groups and represents the Jewish point of view in discussions and debates. In addition to her studies in Judaism, Monika has done extensive research on Jewish tombstone art. Together they have lectured in small towns about the beauty of Jewish monuments and the importance of their preservation.

In 1982, the Krajewskis and a small group of friends formed the Citizens Committee for the Protection of Jewish Cemeteries and Cultural Monuments in Poland, which has reconstructed over 100 damaged tombstones in the Warsaw cemetery. Their long-range goal is to restore the cemeteries in the rest of the country and erect plaques on the site of former synagogues.

Although the mission is just beginning, Monika Krajewska feels more confident than a decade ago. "The monuments are safer now," she says. "Talking about them has encouraged the few local people who wanted to preserve these stones. It has also put pressure on local authorities and makes it harder for (the tombstones) to be destroyed. Someday, we hope there will also be a more widespread—and, more important, a moral—urge to save them."

By April Koral

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*the departed brothers and sisters inscribed on the Memorial Windows
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Dec. Teveth

22	5	Martin Marx
22	5	Julius Vogelsang
23	6	Karl Kraemer
23	6	Julius Lewy
23	6	Fred Mayer
24	7	Siegfried Adler
24	7	Desiderius Frank
24	7	Elias Levi
25	8	Thekla Fleischmann
25	8	Rosalie Gundelfinger
25	8	Ida Lehmann
25	8	Eric Wolff
26	9	Eric M. Heilbronn
26	9	Walter Kohlmann
26	9	Regine Therese Plaut
26	9	Ellen Simon
27	10	Bertha Einstein
27	10	Isak Einstein
27	10	William Herze
27	10	Alter Krell
27	10	Leo Rohm
27	10	Kathi Rosenfeld
27	10	Betty Schmidt
27	10	Rudolf Schmidt
27	10	Kathi Schoenmann
27	10	Adolf Schoenmann
27	10	Benjamin Siegel
27	10	Martin Ullmann
28	11	Siegfried Alexander
28	11	Regina Kahn
28	11	Meta Kraemer
28	11	Jacob Levi
28	11	Nathan Levy
28	11	Leo Mueller
28	11	Sofie Rothschild
29	12	Malie Ehrlich
29	12	Claire Friedman
29	12	Franziska Haas
29	12	Emanuel Hirsch
31	14	Roesel Groeschel
31	14	Alice Martens
31	14	Hermine Mayer
31	14	Alex Roer

1991

Jan

1	15	Siegfried Auerhann
2	16	Seligman Bacharach
2	16	Leo Dreifuss
2	16	Hedwig Einstein
2	16	Dr. Auguste Kron
2	16	Melanie Leffman
2	16	Louis Rothstein

Jan. Teveth

2	16	Heinrich Schwarz
2	16	Moritz Seligman
3	17	Ludwig Hirsch
3	17	Siegbert Huber
3	17	Max B. Klein
3	17	Nanette Veis
4	18	Lothar Meyer
4	18	Jack Nussbaum
4	18	Armin Schlesinger
4	18	Isidore Thurm
4	18	Selma Wolff
5	19	Bella Marx
5	19	Morris Oppenheim
6	20	Rosa Adler
6	20	Frieda Nassauer
7	21	Julius Gumberich
7	21	Joseph Hirschheimer
7	21	Max Lamm
7	21	Ernest S. Loeb
7	21	Baruch Neu
7	21	Frieda Schwarz
8	22	Clara Kramer
9	23	Rosa Hubert
9	23	Meta Kruske
9	23	Sophie Reutlinger
9	23	Rudolf Rose
10	24	Martha Loeb
10	24	Ida Schloss
11	25	Sara Friedman
11	25	Helene Kaufmann
12	26	Nathan Hirschheimer
12	26	Jonas Loeb
12	26	Martha Lorenz
12	26	Isaak Oppenheim
13	27	Gerhard Goldschmidt
13	27	Sally Hirschenberger
13	27	Gustav Lindenstien
13	27	Salomon Schoemann
13	27	Sabina Feuer
13	27	Ida Siegel
13	27	Berthe Levy
14	28	Ephraim Forchheimer
14	28	Mathilde Mayer
14	28	Jamin Siesel
15	29	Walter J. Rindsberg
15	29	Ernest Sternweiler
15	29	Richard Wolf

Shevat

17	2	Nathan Appel
17	2	Hannchen Appel
17	2	Eduard Gunzenhaeuser

(continued on page thirty three)

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WE REMEMBER *(continued)***Jan. Shevat**

17	2	Emilie Gunzenhaeuser
17	2	George Rabow
18	3	Seigfried Herzberg
18	3	Carl Katz
18	3	Therese Neuburger
18	3	Werner M. Strauss
19	4	Samuel Falk
19	4	Louis Schoenberg
19	4	Otto Strauss
20	5	Erwin Fabisch
20	5	John S. Weil
21	6	Clara Braun
21	6	Siegmund Fuld
21	6	Ferdy Herzfeld
21	6	Emanuel Hirsch
21	6	Kathie Schwarz
22	7	Ricka Blank
22	7	Meier Buchheim
22	7	Julius Goldstein
22	7	Resi Stern
23	8	Simon Goldfield
23	8	Gabriel S. Harwitt
23	8	Sophie Roston
23	8	Max Stein
23	8	Josef Sundheimer
24	9	Leya Arnstein
24	9	Dr. Alfred Hirsch
24	9	Ernest Lindheimer
24	9	Hugo Stern
24	9	Denny Strauss
24	9	Alice Weil
25	10	Philip Siegel
25	10	Gabriel Tannenwald
26	11	Jacob Ehrlich
26	11	Lazarus Haas
26	11	Julius Lauchheimer
26	11	Julius Leidecker
26	11	Leo Pfifferling
26	11	Morris Schnell
26	11	Frieda Weiskopf
27	12	Aron Griesheim
28	13	Marjem Katz
28	13	Albert Stern
28	13	Ernst Wertheim
29	14	Wilhelm Fischel
29	14	Josef Gutwillig
29	14	Max Haas
29	14	Paul H. Harris
29	14	Selma Selig
29	14	Sali Simon
30	15	Rose Gottlieb
31	16	Isidor Berney

Jan. Shevat

31	16	Seligmann Jacob
31	16	Ernest L. Mayer
31	16	Emil I. Pelz
31	16	Berta Rose
31	16	Johanna Simon

Feb.

1	17	Ludwig Hirsch
2	18	Selma Fabisch
2	18	Herta De Jonge
2	18	Fred May
2	18	Rebekka Oppenheim
2	18	Alfred Schaefer
2	18	Mina Strauss
2	18	Sol Waelder
3	19	Meta Adler
3	19	Lizette Metzger
3	19	Karl Meyer
4	20	Johanna Herz
4	20	Joseph Neuburger
5	21	Norbert Rau
6	22	Karoline Falk
6	22	Regina Forchheimer
6	22	Berta Holtz
6	22	Therese Markus
6	22	Albert Moses
6	22	Minna Schaler
6	22	Telly Weil
6	22	Wilhelm Wolf
6	22	Louis Zeilberger
7	23	Julius Griesheim
7	23	Siegmund Gutmann
7	23	Emma Jacob
7	23	Dora Sachs
7	23	Hannchen Simon
7	23	Karolina Stuehler
7	23	Betty Wiesenberger
8	24	Johanna Bauer
8	24	Joan Mannheimer
8	24	Flora Schiff
8	24	Sara Snopek
9	25	Bessie Chaskin
9	25	Rahel Kahn
9	25	Leo Michel
9	25	Leo Weissfeld
10	26	Justin Maier
10	26	Bertha Stoll
11	27	Paul Kaufman
11	27	Adolf Speier
11	27	Kurt J. Vogel
11	27	Frida Wachenheimer
11	27	Sabine Wellisch
12	28	Frieda Buff

(continued on next page)

WE REMEMBER (continued)

Feb.	Shevat		Feb.	Adar	
12	28	Hugo Hecht	21	7	Frieda Wolf
13	29	Regina Aach	22	8	Adele Frank
13	29	Joseph Gottschalk	22	8	Else Lauchheimer
13	29	Selma Huber	22	8	David Regenstein
13	29	Chaye Gitel Krell	22	8	Adolph Reich
13	29	Dr. Masino Lorenz	22	8	Werner Sondhelm
13	29	Eugen Noerdlinger	22	8	Jack Stern
13	29	Erich Schwager	23	9	Alfred Nordlinger
13	29	Gitta Yunker	23	9	Albert Plaut
14	30	Wolf Berney	24	10	Israel Aach
14	30	Hermann Hammel	24	10	Frieda Kaufman
14	30	Lilly Hirsch	24	10	Hetty Landenberger
14	30	Karel Morawetz	24	10	Heinrich Marx
14	30	Lina Stern	24	10	Rebecka Simon
	Adar		24	10	Arthur Harold Singer
15	1	Siegmund Goldschmidt	24	10	Lilly Welt
15	1	Hugo Hubert	25	11	Bertha Benedikt
15	1	Selma Kraft-Weber	25	11	Alfred Fleischmann
15	1	Moritz Mayer	25	11	Florence Forchheimer
15	1	Resi Schwager	25	11	Gustav Fuld
15	1	Sigmund Schwarzschild	25	11	Benjamin Less
15	1	Mina Schwarzschild	25	11	Alfred Lion
15	1	Herta Siesel	25	11	Julia Lowenstein
16	2	Hirsch Krell	25	11	Lina Mannheimer
16	2	Harry Nevis	25	11	Fred Stoll
17	3	Lina Baer	26	12	Jenny Bauer
17	3	Gretchen Gutman	26	12	Judith Mayer
17	3	Max Hirsch	26	12	Lothar Nordschild
17	3	Ilse Nussbaum	26	12	Wally Schweriner
18	4	Andrey Schlesinger	27	13	Michael Haas
19	5	Frieda Aach	27	13	Julius Petzon
19	5	Julie Hirsch	27	13	Dora Strauss
19	5	Simon Hirsch	27	13	Albert Weil
19	5	Adolf Kahn	27	13	Recha Weil
19	5	Wolf J. Levi	27	13	Ludwig Weissfeld
19	5	Josef Morawetz	28	14	Gustav Blum
19	5	Marian Morawetz	28	14	Jakob Blum
19	5	Clara Plaut	28	14	Julius Blum
19	5	David Wild	28	14	Leopold Kende
20	6	Margarete Goldfield	28	14	Theodor Lauter
20	6	Emil Gutman	28	14	Hannchen Plaut
20	6	Jeanette Haas	Mar		
20	6	Johanna Hahn	1	15	Anselm Baer
20	6	Armin Kahn	1	15	Otto Gutman
20	6	Gustav Rosenbacher	1	15	Sol Hahn
20	6	Emma Speier	1	15	Rosa Lenz
20	6	Max Strauss	1	15	Jacob Oppenheimer
20	6	Nathan Sucher	1	15	Laurence Rosenthal
21	7	Isi Rosenheimer	1	15	Emma Wolf

*The names of the departed will be read by the Rabbi
during the service on the Shabbat preceding the Yahrzeit*

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Gertrude Hirschheimer	formerly	Canada
Martha Strauss, nee Hirsch	formerly	Berwangen
Walter Strauss	formerly	Offenbach
Charlotte Gutterman, nee Jekel	formerly	Poland
Max Strauss	formerly	Markoebel
Max Nussbaum	formerly	Rhina
Karl Pfifferling	formerly	Germany
Frieda Lowenfels, nee Liebenstein	formerly	Huettenheim
Hilde Schulhoff, nee Winkler	formerly	Eschwege
Lena Wahle	formerly	Uehlfeld
Lilo Hammel	formerly	Germany

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