HA'ARI FESMAN (ALFASI)

THE SACRIFICE AND DESTINY OF THE HOUSE OF ALFASI

הוצאת "יסוד" בע"מ תל־אביב

THE SACRIFICE AND DESTINY OF THE HOUSE OF ALFASI

★

AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY
HA'ARI FESMAN (ALFASI)

★

A PORTRAIT
OF THE ETERNAL JEW

★

THE LION OF FES

★

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הוצאת „יסוד" בע"מ תל-אביב

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO MY FATHER
WHO MARRIED HIS FIRST COUSIN
TO MY MOTHER
WHO WENT TO THE RITUAL BATH
THEREFORE, MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE
BY GIVING IT THE FIRM FOUNDATION
NECESSARY FOR A SUCCESSFUL
CONCLUSION....
TO SERVE GOD,
MAN AND THE STATE OF ISRAEL

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כל הזכויות שמורות

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דפוס דוגמא יפו

THE FOUR VOYAGES OF SINBAD THE SAILOR AND ALLADIN AND THE LAMP GRAPHIC SUMMARY OF MY VOYAGES ON THE SEVEN SEAS

U.S. Army Officers College
U.S. Navy Medical Corps
U.S. Marines

(1946) — Columbus, Ohio — Train — Bainbridge, Maryland — Train — Philadelphia — Train — Camp Le Jeune, North Carolina — Train — Norfolk, Virginia — *Flag Ship* — San Juan, Puerto Rico — *Flag Ship,* — Havana, Cuba — *Flag Ship* — Norfolk, Virginia — Plane — Dayton, Ohio — Hitch-Hike — Columbus, Ohio.

FIRST INTERCONTINENTAL VOYAGE

(1949) — Columbus, Ohio — Train — New York City — Military ship *Workaway* — Bremerhaven, Germany — Kassel — Frankfurt-am main — Swissair on Credit — Zurich, Switzerland — Bern — Fribourg — Chur — Lausanne — Geneva — Luzern — — Basle — Amsterdam, Holland — Nice — Caen — Marseilles — France — Bus — Fribourg, Switzerland — Train — Bremerhaven, Germany — Military Transport *Stowaway* — New York City — Plane — Toronto, Canada — Halifax, Canada — Bus — Columbus, Ohio.

SECOND INTERCONTINENTAL VOYAGE

(1952) — Columbus, Ohio — New York City — Plane — Toronto, Canada — Halifax — Columbus, Ohio — Washington D.C. — New York City — *Queen Mary Tourist* — London, England — Ferry Boat — Paris, France — Fribourg, Switzerland — Vienna, Austria — Munichen, Germany — Innsbruch, Austria — Genova — Rome — Milano, Italy — Triesta — Belgrade, Yugoslavia — Athens, Greece — Messapia Ship *(the Messiah)* — Haifa — Jerusalem, *(Mount Zion)* — Israel — T.W.A. Plane — New York City — Plane — Columbus, Olive oil, Grease, Ohio.

THIRD INTERCONTINENTAL VOYAGE

(1955) — Columbus, Ohio — All of Ohio — New York City — Train — Boston, Mass. — English Greek Metal Iron *(Sailor)* Ship — Leith, Edinbrough — Scotland — London, England — *British Prison* — *Queen's Boac* — New York City — Plane — Washington D.C. — New York City — *s.s. Israel* — Haifa — *Jerusalem* — *Mount Zion* — Tel-Aviv *Jerusalem, Israel* — *Mount Zion.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END
THE LION OF ALFASI
THE LION OF FES
HILLEL BEN MOSCHE
HA'ARI FESMAN

THE SACRIFICE AND DESTINY OF THE HOUSE OF ALFASI

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A Man like Moses may appear in our Times. Stones without the Torah are Burdensome*.*

(David encounters the Amalekites) ; (Joseph dies and Moses is Born)

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★ *These titles are from . Dr. . S.Z. Kahana's legends of Israel formerly the Director-General of the Religious Ministry, of the State of Israel and currently The Curator of the Mount Zion Committee. These Legends I heard at the lectures of Rabbi S.Z. Kahana, and appear in this book in a revised and condensed form, as necessary, to conform with my autobiography.*

IN THE BEGINNING
NEW YORK CITY

It all began when Hitler was coming to power in Germany, Churchill in Great Britain, Stalin in Russia, and in the City of New York the Governor was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I was born in Beth David Hospital, Manhatten, New York. My parents had come from Russia, my father first, and he in turn had sent for his first cousin in order to take her to be his wife. My father worked in a shoe factory, making shoes for actresses. This was the period in history when the depression of 1929 began to effect many people's lives. Many childhood illnesses occurred. Including one, at the age of five, when I had a double Mastoid Operation.

HEAVEN ON YOUR FOREHEAD

> *In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth* (Genesis 1:1).

The skullcap, or jarmulke, symbolises the spiritual values of the Jew in contrast to other nations where they carry the earth on their shoulders, and the function of the Jew is to work with his fellowmen to bring the Kingdom of Heaven here on Earth.

Another aspect of the duties of the Jew relating to his spiritual function in this world is represented by his putting on the phylactery on his forehead which is one of the holiest portions of the morning Hebrew prayer.

My father's bank-account began to dwindle because of my illnesses. I had a kiddie-car accident, during which I slid down the steps with my kiddie-car in a New York Apartment. Doctor's verdict, no bones broken, safe and sound. Upon entering school the children all began to call me sissy, and I returned to my mother with complaints, so she finally agreed to have my hair cut, however before that we went to a photographer and had a picture taken of me with a dress and long curls.

On my father's side there was a large family in New York, and on my mother's side most of the family was still in Russia. My father liked to play cards up until the wee hours of the night. He kept the whole family in smiles with tricks and jokes, and even one time he attached a mouse to a kitchen-light etc. One summer we went up into the Catskill Mts., and while travelling in an old model car, the car almost ran off the steep cliff. While at the farm I used to get up early in the morning and personally get the eggs from the chickens. My mother was very religious. My mother's sister had sent a letter inviting us to come to Columbus, Ohio, because employment would be easier there.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

When I was seven years old, I had a severe illness. Later on as a hobby I wanted to play the piano. So I hunted a piano throughout the City and found one at a farm at the edge of the City. He took off the cover and there stood an elegant almost brand new deep red mahogany, upright piano, and he only wanted twenty-five dollars, for his rich uncle had given this to him — free of charge, since he was leaving for another City and could not take it with him. It was spotless ! white and black keys, not a scratch. Even the inside was clean. Almost like a brand new piano. The tone was pleasant and in due time I acquired a teacher to give me piano lessons. This continued for about a year, and finally I acquired the habit of playing all the popular love songs with one hand, or the melody, and introducing my own vocal strings and I stopped taking piano lessons. Later on I began to take singing lessons from an Italian-born teacher, who had resided most of his life in Turin, Italy. This continued for a couple seasons, and afterwards he died. I also participated in such social Organizations as A.Z.A. (Basket Ball Leagues), which I organized myself and was the captain of one of the teams in the League.

My Jr. High-school music teacher prepared me to sing the patriotic song "My Own America" at a large P.T.A. convention in the spacious halls of the Art Gallery in Columbus, Ohio. About two thousand people were there. This was my first successful engagement

in my singing career, and my last. I also attended the Summer camp at Magnetic Springs, Ohio. The Spring water there tasted like champagne. The southern counsellors were witty with jokes and told wonderful tales of old. I went there for two summers, a period of six weeks each summer. I remember one time we had an outing and we slept in tents near a river, however it was a sleepless night, for there were many sheep grazing near the river.

I remember well, my little brother, at the tender age of three years old, he looked so sweet sitting there in his kiddie car in the backyard.

I was brought up to be a religious boy in a modern orthodox manner. I held jobs during my teens, from the age of 12 onward, in shoe stores, and clothing stores. In the beginning I kept the Sabbath, until the age of 16, however the pressures of social life and other things caused economic situations that caused me t· make Saturday my working day and Sunday my day of pleasure. This continued until I was a stowaway aboard ship.

I attended Public School, Sunday School, and Hebrew School. I graduated from all three. However, in order to graduate from High school one year earlier, to enter the University in the fall and to keep up with my Boyfriend, who was a year older than me. I enrolled in three schools simultaneously, Morning Summer School. Afternoon Private Tutor, and Evening High-school. One teacher upon hearing this, said I would get an A in the subject he was teaching.

I graduated at the end of the summer, however my grades were average. At the University I overburdened myself with too many subjects figuring I could make a performance as I did in High school, but this time the trick didn't work. And after three semesters I was expelled from the University, reason : overall average "not enough" for minimum requirements at the University. During this brief study at the University I was a member of the AEP faternity, through which I met all kinds of girls (I also studied at the Army Officers Reserve School, three semesters). I remember one, she was the kissing type. Little did I realize she wanted to be loved, however I was a sincere student, and I had more spiritual inclinations at the time. And then I met a beauty of beauties, and as we danced one evening at a ball, she was floating away in her own world. She was just one of those pleasant memories that faded away. And then there was a girl in my home town, whom I dated all through the summer. I had driven her in my father's car on hayrides, picnics and dances. And finally, one evening I asked her to go steady, and she said, "With You, never". I said, "Why?", she said, "You don't think of economy of any degree. What kind of a job do you expect to have ?". That ended another lazy summer.

U.S. MARINES

And now my world had collapsed around me, and no University, therefore no social life, and therefore

I was a complete failure. What should I do ? The only answer I had was, to serve my Country, plus getting the G.I. Bill Of Rights, which in turn would allow me to return to pre-med studies. Upon hearing that I was joining the U.S. Navy, my boyfriend also decided to join, and we both received one grading higher because of our pre-med background. And so I left Columbus, Ohio. I arrived at Bainbridge Md., for boot camp training for a ten week period. The chief petty officer appointed my boyfriend and me to be Platoon officers, about one hundred men each. Our purpose was to drill and march the men according to rules and regulations of the U.S. Navy. The chief petty officer, many a time, would come and listen to my giving of commands. My tone sounded like a General ; however, this was boot camp exercises. The contrast was comical (A Southern boy threw at me a bucket of water during the night) (I had an ear infection during boot camp leave). I returned home after graduating from boot camp, by hitch-hiking including the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

It was Winter, and snowing, also the wind was blowing. I made good time and arrived home safely.

My parents were glad to see me, and so far I had many successes in the Navy. Upon returning to Bainbridge, Md. I was sent to Naval Hospital Corpsmen School for about a period of 13 weeks, during which time I was instructed in Anatomy, Physiology, First Aid and all the elements of being a good hospital corpsman. I graduated in the upper part of my class with a 95

point average out of a total of 100. We were sent to Philadelphia Naval Hospital, where I stayed for a number of months.

While I was out one evening, off duty, I met a very charming and good looking girl, and we danced for a number of hours at the U.S.O. in Philly. Many other girls I met at the U.S.O. during my Navy enlistment. My next destination was The U.S. Marine Corps. We arrived at Marine Barracks and we resided with other naval corpsmen. A couple weeks later I was transferred to a dispensary near Chesapeake Bay. It was the ideal duty. We ate in the Marine mess hall, big juicy steaks etc.

I think it was the second Marine Division, and they had seen action in many parts of the world. They would get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and march until noon, and after lunch they would march again until evening. Very few Marines came to the dispensary, so our duties were easy. We had a chief petty officer in charge of the general medical duties. We also had a dental surgeon, who happened to be of the Jewish faith. It was like a small bungalow. We even had an ambulance attached to our unit, and at times, when the driver was off duty, I drove the ambulance to the City to get things. (for about six months I was a dental assistant, until I won a chess game with the dentist, and because of this I lost my job).

One day I went fishing in a rowboat on Chesapeake Bay from a boat station which was about a half of

a mile from our dispensary. They were stocked with all kinds of fishing equipment ; however, being an amateur I took the lightest one possible, just a fishing tackle. The sun was beating down hard, and I was snoozing, waiting for some fish to catch my line, when all of a sudden I began to see dry land, and as it rose out of the water, I thought it must be a fish of some sort. I rowed to the shore, not knowing if it was a porpoise, a shark or a whale. And then the orders came. We were going on manoeuvres with the combined fleets of Canada, England, and America, in the Caribean.

We went to Norfolk, Va. for embarkation. There we stayed in Army Quarters and we drilled every day by marching, however my feet became raw because of improper fitting of shoes, so the doctor gave me a medical slip so that I wouldn't have to march until I received proper shoes. Meanwhile the Jewish New Year was coming soon and it was a standing order in the U.S. Navy that Jewish personnel were allowed leave for such Holydays. However, our Commander decided not to give us liberty or leave, for such an occasion, and there were among us about ten Jews, but not one of them — though knowing they had the right to go, and also knowing that the Commander would not let them go, said nothing. However, I decided to do something about it. I went to the Chaplain on the base and he told me there was no Jewish Chaplain, only a Protestant and a Catholic, and these were in considerable numbers spread out on the base. So I went to about six Chaplains. Finally one of them decided to make

sure that we would have liberty for the Jewish New Year, and he said to come back to him the following day.

And so it was a success, and all the ten Jewish boys went on New Year's Leave. We returned to our lovable huts and waited for further instructions. We boarded ships at Norfolk Harbour. The ship we went on was one of the flag ships in the convoy. We sailed down to the Caribean Sea, I had brought along with me a camera and film, and while we were in the midst of this convoy I decided to take some pictures ; however, to reach the upper deck I would have to go in Officers Country, which was prohibited to any other persons, but I went up anyway. And began to fiddle with the telescope. The ship swung up and down and made it difficult for me to use the telescope, instead of my eye, to take pictures of the ships near by. You see, the telescope brought up the ships in clear view, so I figured out the sway of the ship and took many pictures through the telescope, including one Submarine. Our ship landed on some God-forsaken Island off Puerto-Rico. We came in P.T. boats with a smoke screen and we heard bombings at the other end of the Island. We were all given rations just like on ships, canned food which was worse than ship food. We pitched tents on a flat plain and continued eating out of cans. Later, our flag ship of many marines and about 30 hospital corpsmen entered San Juan, Puerto-Rico.

The streets were packed with marines here and everywhere.

I visited the University and became acquainted at the girls dormitories with a beautiful Puerto-Rican girl, we spent most of the afternoon taking pictures of her with me and the surrounding area. Our ships left again the following day, and we arrived at the U.S. Base near Havana, Cuba. After a short visit in Havana our ship left for Norfolk, Va. It was just a couple more months, and I was going to be discharged from the U.S. Navy. I left by hitching a ride with a military transport plane to Dayton, Ohio. After which I hitch-hiked by car to Columbus, Ohio.

Home was as usual, emotional, quarrelling, differences of opinion, my father working hard, my mother nagging. I registered at the University as a veteran of World War II. I was readmitted to a fresh start. I took a normal amount of credits each semester. My grades were better, however each semester I was on the border line, so there was no telling when I would be expelled again. I applied twice for a disability compensation from the Veterans administration. The last time I received a ten percent pension for an ear infection and for an aggrevated foot condition. The conclusion of the doctor was based upon the evidence that I couldn't dance as good as I could before I entered the navy. My parents and I were going to Toronto, Canada, to my first cousin's wedding.

It was a nice motor trip by the way of Detroit, Michigan, through the countryside of Canada, and then Toronto. We were invited to stay at our cousins house. It was a two story mansion. And as I came out of the

bedroom, I saw standing in the hall-way my first cousin. She was made of milk and honey and I said to her, "You look beautiful". And then another time I said the same thing, and a third time, and she finally said, "Why didn't you come sooner ?", but little did I know at the time it was a marriage of convenience. She had not found a man she could fall in love with, and Jewish boys were kind of scarce, so she picked the nearest one she liked the best and married him. And so the wedding began and the Jewish music was sweet and tender, and my upper-most-thought was to find a girl more beautiful than the bride at the dance. Then all of a sudden I saw a girl that attracted me greatly, and I asked her for a dance and she consented. We danced the whole night through. She felt as light as a feather, however afterwards I figured out she wasn't so light. No one disturbed our dancing for the rest of the evening. I was in love, I told Marsha I would like to make a visit to her home. She didn't believe me, and said, "You're kidding". The next day I got my first manicure, my nicest suit. We had a dinner date in a fashionable restaurant with her girl friend, who also had an escort. The engagement was pleasant, and we finally arrived at the train station, where my girl friend was going to take a train home. I waved goodbye and told Marsha I would be seeing her soon. My parents in the meanwhile were getting ready to go home by motor car.

And so once more we began travelling across the countryside of Canada. There was still a slight sheet

of ice covering the roads and winter weather prevailed. As our car passed Chatham, Ontario, my parents let me off, and I was alone again, waving goodbye to my parents as they zoomed away in their automobile. I rented a room at a Hotel and freshed up a bit and proceeded to visit Marsha. I met her parents. The father was nice, the mother was kind of plump, and at that moment Marsha was just like milk and honey to me. We kissed many times in a darkened living room with a glimpse of sunlight coming in. Finally her mother came and said, "That's enough". The following day she convinced her father to let me drive his car, and we took a drive into the country. It was love in Spring, but little did I know sooner or later I was to lose her, and yet she was so sweet and tender, she was just what I needed. She was an answer to my prayer, I wanted to get into medical school first before marriage, and she wanted to get out of her small town in Canada and come to the big city in America. We both agreed we wanted to get married, however we had to wait a little while, in order to decide what to do. I returned home by Greyhound. The next semester at Ohio State University was as difficult as usual. I was expelled after the semester for a low over all average in grades. However, being a man who does not give up so easy to defeat, I managed to convince one of the faculty to talk to the Board of Admissions to give me one more chance, and I was successful. However, the semester was as difficult as usual, and my grades did not improve.

SWITZERLAND

There was a holiday period and it was summer, so I decided to revisit my girl friend. And so a long Greyhound bus was invested in. I was sitting next to a very attractive young lady. We conversed throughout the entire night, with kissing during intermission and it was rather pleasant. As soon as she found out that I was trying to get into medical school, she told me, one of her old flames or boyfriends, a Jewish man, also had difficulty in getting into medical school in the States, and he tried to enter a Medical School in Switzerland, and he succeeded with no difficulty whatsoever. She gave me his name, Charles somebody, North Carolina or South Carolina. Her kisses were sweet, her conversation was fruitful, and here was a girl I knew not before, nor after, and she changed my life with one sentence, he was admitted into a Swiss Medical School without any difficulty. The night passed quickly. In the morning, after a long journey, I carried myself into my girl-friend's house, and as usual dining in the day-time, and kissing at night, and I finally left her again. She was a sweet memory.

I arrived at Columbus, Ohio, I felt like a general going to war. The semester was about to end, and the

G.I. Bill of Rights with it. So, I had one choice, a phone call to North Carolina. My mother skeptical, my father busy working, but I was about to lose four or five thousand dollars, and all those years in the navy would be gone to waste. "Is that you Mr. Charles, so and so ?" "I don't know you, and you don't know me ; however I heard from one of your old flames that you managed to get into Swiss medical school without much red tape". He said, "This is true, I'm home on summer leave, I am returning in the fall to continue my medical training in Bern, Switzerland. It's not hard to get in". I said, "Thank you so much, goodbye". My thoughts were filled with joy and with fear. I couldn't sleep that night, and I sat up all night thinking how to get that G.I. Bill of Eligibility before I would be expelled from the University, for I knew it was coming, and this was my last chance to continue at Ohio State University. I know also that I could not request a Letter of Eligibility from the Veterans Board at the University, so I had to go over their heads. The main office was in Cinn. Ohio, and so with no sleep whatsoever in the wee hours of the morning I took a Bus to Cinn. I appeared breathlessly at the Veterans administration in Cinn. I found out which man was in charge for giving eligibilities, and he looked like a gentle sort of a person, rather thin, but pleasant looking, and the few hairs he had were dangling on his head. and I said to him, "I need a Letter of Eligibility now before the semester ends, in order to get to Switzerland on time for the following semester.

"He looked me over carefully, he didn't say a word, he went to his typewriter, took out a nice Letter of Eligibility with an emblem on it, and like magic he typed across the paper, "For medical school in Switzerland", G.I. Bill of Rights and all the particulars. He handed the letter to me within ten minutes in a nicely pressed envelope. I left him as quick as I came, with the inspiration of a general. I felt like an army was behind me. Here was a new start. A new life was beginning on one little piece of paper. Oh, I forgot to tell you folks, I wrote to five medical schools in Switzerland before the Letter of Eligibility, and they all refused me because I didn't have a B.A., and even once I called directly by telephone to Bern, Switzerland, and because of a miscalculation of time I woke up the Dean of the medical school from a deep sleep and he answered me in the negative. However, with all of this background I still had a letter of eligibility and a fighting chance. I returned home as quick as I came. I came into the house and said, "Mother, I got the letter that is worth five thousand dollars, I'm leaving for New York". Mother, being skeptical, figured I would make it just as far as New York.

But I was not skeptical, I was determined through fire or passion to succeed at any cost. And so to the pawn shop I went and I got the very best of trunks. A wardrobe steamer trunk with a cost of ten dollars. large, roomy and bulky, a place for hangers, and a place for anything you want to throw in. I took it home in a taxi, plus one suitcase I had at home, and a sea

bag from the U.S. navy. I threw everything in it without much order, something like a dag-wood sandwich. I said goodbye to Mom and Papa, and goodbye to my brother. The taxi came, and away we went. We landed at the Greyhound Bus station. Before I went on the bus, I had forgotten my coat (to carry with me while being seated on the bus), so I kept the bus driver there half an hour with a bus full of people, furious, until I took out my coat. Finally I crawled on the bus, and took the seat in the back, as there were no other seats left.

There were three girls sitting in the back, two at the right of me and one at the left. And what a journey that was, wow ! kissing, joking, singing, we kept the whole bus happy, and the girls seemed to want to forget themselves as much as I did. I landed in New York at the Greyhound bus station. I left my baggage at the depot. I had been to New York once or twice to visit my relatives, on brief visits, however I still knew very little of New York. I reached my grand-mother's house. My grandfather had passed away a year or so ago, and grandma very politely told me I could stay in his room as long as I needed it. And so in went myself, baggage and all, into a dead man's home. I relaxed and fell asleep on the bed. What would be my next move ? I fell asleep with this thought on my mind. I slept until the next morning, and after seeing many relatives none of them wanted to help me through directions or financially, so I was on my own. I had about twenty dollars left or so. The following morning

I began to search the water front. I went to every know steamship line in a matter of a month's time. My feet began to blister and swell. I was at the end of my wits. Every place I went, "We can't hire you, you have to belong to a union". And even one place told me the secret was $ 500.00, "And you might have to wait six month to get on a boat". This city was heartless, cold, gigantic, and only a murderer had inspiration left, the rest were dead. I knew not what to do. So I went through all of the water front again, and every known steamship company.

Finally, at the English Steamship Company, not far away from Wall Street, a little man who looked somewhat related to Peter Lorrie, however with an English accent, said to me, "Why don't you try the Military Transportation Company". I said, "I will, why not. I have nothing else to try". So I took the bus and then the subway, and landed in the Military Transportation Company. They told me I would have to go to the Water Transportation Dept. in the building. So, finally with a little ticket for an entrance permit, I went up the steps into the Water Division. I waited breathlessly until finally one gentleman said, "Please come in". He sat down behind a desk and he said, "What can I do for you, Sir ?" And I said to him, "I'm a premedical student at Ohio State University and I have a letter of G.I. Eligibility from the Veterans Administration, and all I need is a chance to work my way across the sea, and this letter is only good if I use it this next semester. This means I have to be there

soon". He looked me over and said, "I am also a student in the Evening School at the University, I'll see what I can do for you, come back tomorrow morning".

The next morning came, I rushed down to the office and waited outside without a head or feet, I don't know which, but I was waiting. And finally, after an hour of waiting, he said, "Sit down, my son, there is one ship that I can put you on as a work-away. Because of circumstances there are very few ships upon which I can put you without causing any trouble to myself. So this is your only chance ; however, the ship is leaving in three days. You also must have on your passport a German military stamp. It will be very hard to get this done. However, if you can, we shall put you aboard." He said, "Good luck". I said, "Thank you, sir. I will be back in time with everything necessary." I left his office in a hurry and I travelled to Rockefeller International by subway. I climbed up all the steps necessary and landed in the passport office.

By the way, before we continue further, the first thing I did when I came to New York was to go to this Passport Office and say, "I need a passport as soon as possible. My ship is leaving very soon, and I am willing to pay all extra expenses, as necessary." The gentleman said, "Two weeks is the normal run, ten days is as quick as I can make it for you, it will cost you $ 10.00." And I said, "Yes, do it."

And now we continue with our story —— "Sir, I need to have stamped in my American passport, a military permit through Germany, and I need it quick."

and he said, "It's impossible, it must be stamped in Washington, D.C." "No". I said, "Stamps are not going to stop me from crossing the ocean." He smiled, and I left.

And so I came back to my Grandmother's home and told her I was going to Europe free of charge, in a couple of days my ship was sailing. She would not believe me. She said it's impossible. And so I fell asleep again, and in the wee hours of morning just before the dawn broke, as per usual, I was on my way again. I went to the nearest highway, but I did not know where it was leading. I asked someone, and he said it leads out of Town. One huge truck came along and picked me up. Finally he let me go, and then came along a small car. The guy offered me a sandwich at the first Cafe, and I took it gladly because my expense account was going down. I was doing fine. Finally another car took me the last portion, and I landed at the outskirts of Washington D.C., my hitch-hikes were just as fast as the train. I took a bus to the Pentagon building, where the office was supposed to be. I ran into the Pentagon. There were no steps, except the floor level that was rising in a circular manner all the way to the top floor. There, on the office door, was a sign : "Moved to center of town". And so finally I ran down again and to the center of town and entered the office of the Military Passports Division and presented my problem to a young lady there. I was wearing a marine battle-jacket. I did not have more than one dollar left in my pocket. She said, "We can

give you the permit, but it will cost $ 5.00." but I told her that I had to get back very soon as my ship was waiting for me and I did not have the cash with me at that moment. She took my passport into the inner office, spoke a couple words to a middle-aged gentleman, and returned with the passport to the counter where I was waiting. The stamp read, "Military permit through Germany", Gratis, meaning free of charge. I took the passport quickly and I thanked her very much and I jumped out of the office like a paratrooper. One dollar in my pocket, and happier than a millionaire. I was successful in all of these weird calculations. And as the night came upon me I was changing from one truck to the other, and the rain began to pour down.

Finally I got to the end of my journey and I was picked up by car, and it took me all the way to the Jersey Tunnel, and there I was left alone. I had just enough money to go through the Jersey tubes and five cents extra. After I reached the other side, I climbed out of the subway and went into a restaurant that was open in the early morning, and I asked for a cup of coffee. He said, "Ten cents," and I said, "Give me a half a cup," He looked me over and brought out a sandwich with a whole cup of coffee. And then I walked home.

It was quite a walk, and when I arrived at my Grandmother's, I laid myself down to sleep in my Grandfather's bed. A couple of hours later I awoke and told Grandma, "I'm going tomorrow to the ship, all was settled," but she did not believe me. "Just your

imagination," and I went to make a telephone call to the Water Transportation office. I said, "Is that you, sir ?" he said, "Yes, that's me." Do you know what happened ? the ship is leaving a day earlier. It's leaving this afternoon. If you want to make it, you must come down right now to my office and I'll give you a letter to the captain, if your papers are in order." And as soon as I hung up the telephone, away I went WOW !... I took the subway directly to his office, I waited in the outer hall. He called me in, I showed him my U.S. passport, my military stamp for Germany, and my letter of G.I. Eligibility. He said to me everything is in order, the ship is leaving from Staten Island between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. He said, "Just a minute," and went to his secretary's office. He returned ten minutes later, "Here are your identification papers to go aboard ship," he said, "You should present these to the captain, I wish you a good journey." I thanked him so much from the bottom of my heart, and I raced home including the subway that is. I came into my Grandmother's room, I started throwing my clothes into the steamer trunk all at once, you would think a hurricane hit the place. I said, "Grandma, now I need transportation to the Staten Island ferry." I managed to raise up about $ 15.00 from my aunts and uncles, however that was the most I could achieve and that was doing good. I began to ask taxi-cab Drivers how much it would cost to go to The Staten Island Ferry. And they all told me between $ 17.00 and $ 25.00, including my baggage. By this time all the money I

had left was $ 12.00, but no taxi in sight would reduce their price. Finally I decided to find someone and pay the gasoline for a private car. I took each street near-by separately, trying to catch the owner of each car and finally, after an hour of sweating, I found one student who would take me, if I paid for the gas. This would put me in a state of bankruptcy, but I didn't care. I threw everything into his car, and away we went. Finally upon reaching the Staten Island Ferry I threw out all my baggage, gave him the money, and he left me standing there as he said goodbye and I said "Thanks a lot." A Ferry boat was waiting there snug against the dock. I started to drag the wardrobe steamer trunk across the dock and on the ferry, and finally the sea-bag, and also the suit-cases. Five hundred pounds of clothes ! ! I paid the Ferry man about whatever I had left in my pocket, and that left me with one penny if I had that.

I was leaving America, the first time in my life. The land of my birth. On the other side, on Staten Island I began lugging the wardrobe steamer trunk, dragging it about a block down the way. And then, coming back for the sea bag, remember, it was still summer, hot and dusty. Oh, and by the way, I forgot to tell you folks when I first applied for my U.S. passport, I needed a witness to verify everything I said in the passport application. And as I walked out of the building to see who I should get for a witness in this large cold city, by accident, I met a friend of mine from Columbus, Ohio. We had gone to school together and to the

Synagogue together, he was the Rabbi's son. In fact, he was the one who taught me how to play chess. However, later on I beat him in chess. He said he would sign as a witness, with a hesitating manner. I had to go away for a few hours before he would sign it, and we told each other we would meet where the Israel flag had just been raised at Rockefeller Centre. We did so, and he was the one to be my witness in order for me to get my passport.

Now let's return back to the story. Finally I reached the gangway of the ship, and I motioned to two men near by take my baggage aboard. I walked up kind of lazily up the gangway. At the ship's edge on board was the Captain. A husky rough looking seaman. But he was the Captain. I presented my papers, and when he saw my baggage being towed up, he said, "What's this, you have more baggage than the Captain himself," however, the Captain could not say much, because this letter of introduction was over his authority.

The title of my identification aboard ship said, "Work-away", and so the Captain said, "Put this man's baggage over there and this man here will tell you what to do. And by the way, folks, this ship is leaving the port in a half hour." My future boss, that is besides the Captain, was a tiny fellow, however muscular. A Jewish guy, bachelor and an old man. He must have seen his days of trouble, and this job he had was no easy task. He said, "Your duties will be to sweep down the movie theater every day, that's all. You will sleep with the negroes down in the lower

quarters of the ship." And so I did. The ship was leaving the harbor, and I was sailing for Europe. Some come penniless to America, but I was sailing penniless to Europe. However, with the indirect authority of the U.S. government, if that means anything in this case. So I fell asleep among the negro crew, all of whom were wearing stockings on their heads for night caps —— destination Europe.

Early the next morning I took my broom and swept down the movie room. It was a large ship, liberty type, everyone was busy working, there were many army dependents aboard, wives and their children. The crew was composed of negroes, doing the rough work in the galley and on deck. There were also aboard ship a number of German prisoners of war. One of them was being sent back to stand trial in Germany. There were also some German students, who were returning for the summer. And here I was with five hundred pounds of clothes, however not a penny to my name, my title was "A work-away". I was coming to Europe for the first time in my life.

At mid-atlantic, there was a call for a fire drill and boat drill, and the voyage had begun to get very rough. The ship had been tossing to and fro on the high seas. During the late evening I used to go high up on the upper deck, and in the darkness sing many songs that I could remember. Like : Play Gypsies play, My own America, and the Gilbert and Sullivan Patter Songs. And many love songs.

One fine afternoon I was sitting on the deck, play-

ing chess with the first officer. Don't remember who won. However, the Captain came by once with a puzzled look on his face, as if to say who does he think he is. The days went by, it was a rough sea, however we kept on going at fair speed. We had passed through the Channel, and we were heading for the North Sea.

One fine evening a gentleman approached me and asked me to sell a suit among the crew, or wherever I could find a buyer. I looked him over suspiciously and I noticed he had somewhat of an accent and figured he must be one of the Germans aboard. By the way, the prisoners of war were allowed to walk freely aboard ship on their own deck level. So he could have been one of the prisoners of war, later I found out it was true. This very man, who did not bring the suit to me for some reason or another. Two nights later jumped overboard and he had to be an expert swimmer and who knows, where he swam to, England or France or some Island. He later was found missing, and the Captain was furious. The search was on, they weren't sure if he had jumped over-board, or if he was still hiding somewhere on the ship. During my voyage I had very easy work. The food was excellent, I sometimes had conversations with an old Jewish man, about twilight time, at the end of the day. He told me of his past life and many of the hard knocks he had gone through and a number of love affairs that seemed to cling to his memory.

And so the North Sea was coming to an end, and we were approaching Bremerhaven in Germany. We

anchored outside the port, and the Captain was still making an extensive search of the ship, trying to find this escaped prisoner of war, but to no avail, he must have jumped ship at some point from the English Channel to the North Sea. We finally came into the harbor. However, the Captain was determined not to let no one off the ship, including the crew, until this man was found, and then just like out of a movie there was a mutiny in the air, and the crew started marching in a group towards the Captain's cabin. We had been delayed since early morning, and it was now going on twilight time. As the Captain heard of the mutiny coming to his cabin, he finally announced over the loud speaker, "Proceed for disembarkation. Liberty for all hands, the military train awaits U.S. dependents a few yards away from the gangway of the ship."

And so evening was approaching, most of the crew had left, and all the U.S. dependents were aboard the trains. The war prisoners were taken away and the German students also entered the military train. Earlier in the day I had phoned the Red Cross from the ship's telephone near the gangway for some help toward reaching some point in Germany. However, no help came, and now I had a couple dollars and about ten sandwiches I had managed to get from the galley. I had brought my suit-cases next to the gangway. Finally I decided to get on that military train, no matter what. You see, all the rest of the passengers were given military permits for the train.

that is paid tickets, which I didn't have. So I motioned to one of the German laborers in the port to take my suitcases, my steamer trunk, and sea-bag, and put them in the storage dept. of the train, and my tip was two sandwiches. He took them and smiled, and now to reach the train without no one seeing me, and the train was about to leave any minute now. There was tall grass all around the train, and so I crept along the grass in a creeping fashion and around the other side of the train, where there were no people at all. I crawled into a window of a lavatory. I locked the door and fell asleep, being tired from the whole day, including the voyage.

I was suddenly awakened about half an hour later, the train was moving. I waited another additional half hour and decided to leave my spacious rooms for other quarters. I mingled among German students, and they told me they would try to conceal my presence when the German conductor comes for tickets. Finally he passed by without knowing too much of me, and then he came by another time an hour later, there was a question or two when he passed. Now, aboard this train were also troops that had been on the ship with an army commander, he too was walking through every now and then. Finally, on the third time around, he caught me. He said, "What's the big idea ? How did you get on this military train ?" I told him something or another. He said, "At the next stop you must get off." By this time the train was in the heart of Germany, and a couple more stops passed by but I

didn't get off. Finally, about midnight, the train came to a roaring halt in the heart of Kassel, Germany. Out went my sea-bag, my steamer trunk and suitcases, and yours truly. "I don't ever want to catch you again on this military train," the U.S. officer said. The train zoomed away in the darkness of the night, and here I was in the heart of Germany ; in fact, this city had been smashed to bits by the allies during World War II.

The ticket office was closed, and there was one German gentleman waiting for the office to open up. The next big stop was Frankfurt am main, but my money was just good enough for half way. However, the German decided to help me out, and he paid for the other half. The train came in about two hours later. My baggage and I were zooming ahead in an express train to Frankfurt proper. My baggage was in the Storage Dept., for which I was later to pay. I fell into a sound sleep. At Frankfurt station I awoke, walked out of the train, I could not get my baggage because I did not have any money. I decided to leave the baggage there. I walked into the American consulate. We can't help Americans going away from America, only to America. I left them quickly, however, should I give up the fight, after so long a journey ? I decided to travel to the nearest Airport, and I went on the German Auto-Bahn, hitch-hiked a ride or two, and finally reached the American Military Airport, they only send planes to Switzerland once a month. So I left them, but I wasn't defeated yet. There was a

civilian airport about five miles down the road. I walked about half the way, the other half I had a ride. And with my shabby looking clothes, my face burned from the sun, and as per usual with my marine battle jacket, I walked into the first office, which was Swiss Air. I handed them my U.S. passport and asked them if I could get credit in some form or another for transportation by plane to Switzerland. I even added the dubious phrase, that I had a rich uncle there. So he looked me over, he went to another person in a different office, and it happened to be that a plane was on the runway at this very moment, had about four extra seats that no one was using, and the Swiss Air man decided it was better business to occupy one of these seats, even with a credit passenger, than none at all. So he told me, "If you can get on this plane immediately, you can have a seat." So I told him it would be my greatest pleasure. And now bound on my journey high up in the skies, was a Belgium jeweller sitting right next to me and he was discussing with me the stock market. And then there was a landing at Zurich Airport. It was sparkling white, the entire Airport, not a speck of dirt.

It was October 11th, 1949. We arrived in the middle of Town. I had with me one suit-case.

It was pleasant. The air was like champagne, and the snow was coming down in a very polite manner. It was gentle and delicate and somewhat like ivory flakes. I was on Bahnhof Strasse, right next to the train

station. As you see, in Europe the main train station is usually in the center of Town.

I checked my baggage in the Swiss Air depot and I jumped on a street car going to Zurich University (It was electrically run), and I managed to keep away from the ticketman. He did not seem to follow me, so we got along fine. It was a free ride up the hill, and I walked into the Chancery, or the Board of Admissions, and I spoke to a gentleman concerning my admission as a medical Student, and his reply was the semester was already started and many other little details. However, he spoke in German for the most part and an interpreter was necessary. Finally, one student outside the hall said, "Maybe I can help you." His name was Eli Gold. He interpreted for me, but to no avail, it was just too late to get into this semester, and I needed a B.A. anyway. So Eli and I walked outside and into the center of Town. I told him my story, and among other things, in order to save my G.I. Letter of Eligibility, I would have to be continously in school and that would mean I would have to enter some kind of a school this winter in order for this to be effective. And so Eli said, "Come with me, for a while we could get you into an educational Institute called Minerva." We entered into the Director's office, he was a short man, kind of plump and he spoke in a clear English. After Eli had spoken to him for a while, he said, "Why certainly, we will take you on,".

So I was registered at one of the finest Institutes

in the entire world, where sons and daughters of King's and Queen's come to finish their High school from all parts of the world. My course was to be a normal course, so I could get acquainted with the German language on all subjects. And one of the teachers there, I found out to my surprise at a later date, was a cousin of Einstein. She was a small joyful lady, pleasantly plump, teaching physics. Also at a later date, the algebra teacher could not put up with my left-hand writing, so he said, "From now on, every morning when you come into class, the first five minutes you have to go to the blackboard and raise your right hand real high and write a number of sentences, until you can use your right hand for writing." Even one of my girl-friends was a princess. I used to carry her books as we talked and strolled along going to the Institute in the mornings.

A number of months later I received a notification from the Veterans Administration Geneva, Switzerland, that they had received my file from Washington D.C. and that everything was in order, and my monthly subsistance would be coming in soon, plus the tuition for the Institute, and so the gamble paid off. I was successful up to this point. The son of the richest family in America could not have a better situation than the present one. I used to visit the Gold family quite often, in fact on Saturday I was their guest many times. Oh, I forgot to tell you, Eli had taken me to a Students Union, and they had given me two hundred Swiss francs until my G.I. check would be coming in. I had

rented a small room in a nice part of town from a Jewish family. I still remember their first baby, and I seemed to be paying for it. For not knowing the price of rooms and not having much choice as to where I was going to sleep, Eli had brought me to them, and I took his advice and stayed there ; in fact, they were giving me meals too for which I was to pay later. Meanwhile, I received a letter from the Swiss Air Corporation, a bill of $ 19.00. This continued every month. However, I finally received my G.I. check, walked into one of their offices and paid the complete bill. I received a receipt, and that was that.

After about three months I received my baggage from Frankfurt, Germany.

Oh, there were many love affairs here and there — and I was very happy. I went sailing on Zurich sea one afternoon, it was a nice little boat, it was a pleasant cruise. I began to visit every month a number of medical schools in Switzerland. However, I was refused each time, for I lacked a B.A. degree, and there were many Jewish medical students studying in Swiss Medical schools. I went about three or four times to four medical schools throughout Switzerland, however no results. I finally left my Jewish family and I met an American student, and we both took a room together in a small residential Hotel with the modern idea of cooking, everything in a pressure cooker. The American student had a Volkswagen, a small one that is, and I was receiving my Kosher meat through the mail.

Now, the owner of the Hotel was a Swiss gentile, he lived up on the top floor of the Hotel, however he left the worldly affairs in the hands of a German Jew, that is, he took care of the Hotel and all things. But even though he sounded weird and funny, perhaps he was just right for the situation. Many girls visited us.

Everytime I used to go to the Gold family in Zurich, each one of the family, from the smallest son up to the oldest, would take one of my garments away from me. One would take the hat, another the top coat, another the gloves, it was funny, but very friendly, and they liked me and I liked them. The oldest son was a doctor of medicine in New York City. Eli, my closest friend, was finishing up law, and the only sister they had was studying English in England.

Yes, I remember on Friday evenings the whole table was filled with all the children, the father at the head of a long table, the mother on the left side, and the oldest son on the right, and all the way down the line until we reached the youngest son, 12 children in all, and there was not a sound. What respect, what dignity, and the father was wealthy. Finally, after nine months of residing in Zurich, Switzerland, I finally found a University which might admit me to medical school in the Catholic city of Fribourg, Switzerland. President Weitzman of Israel had finished his Doctorate in Chemistry at Fribourg University.

The medical faculty spoke high German, and on the street French was spoken and this was my last

resort. I knocked at the door of the Dean of the Medical School at his private residence. He answered, an elderly man, who had been all around the world and took life in a casual easy going manner, with Swiss conservatism. I asked him if I could be admitted into the Medical School, and he took one quick glance at my University papers and he said, "Come tomorrow morning at my office, and I will give you a letter of admittance."

Before seeing the Dean, I had managed to make an acquaintance with a rich American Jew at the Hotel Fribourg, the largest Hotel in Town. He had a heart condition and a wife back in New York. However, he was very concerned with my difficulties in getting into Medical School, and he gave me some advice as to how to act toward the Dean. However, this was not necessary, and the following morning the Dean gave me a Letter of Admission to the Fribourg Medical School. More success I could not have expected. I zoomed back to Zurich by train, and as most people know the trains in Switzerland are run on electric and are modern, beautiful, and punctual. I arrived in Zurich, I went to the German Jew and told him I could not pay for the current month until my G.I. check came, and the check would not come until two weeks later. However, I had to be attending Medical Classes in Fribourg within three days, so the German Jew said, "No, you can't go with your baggage until you pay your rent for the month." I told him I would send him a check by mail as soon as I received

my Veterans check. But no, he was stubborn, so I decided to make plans for a get-away. I figured about 12 o'clock midnight would be the most convenient time. I packed all my clothes, and I hid them in one corner of the clothes closet. And then I strolled through the streets of Zurich.

It was a hot summer day, and I was leaving this large beautiful city. I even got tickets in advance for the train. Oh, and by the way I owed some bills in a number of stores too, which had accumulated throughout the nine-month period. However, I had to be in Fribourg Medical School in order to attend classes. Eleven o'clock came, a taxi-driver and I drove in front of the hotel, I told him not to make any noise, and not to put on his headlights, and I went into the Hotel quietly. I took all my baggage piece by piece into the taxi. I completed it successfully, without a soul knowing I was leaving the hotel.

He dropped me off at the train station, and I was zooming away on a Swiss train. I arrived in Fribourg, rented a room, and fixed up all my belongings in it and took care of all the formalities at the Medical School, signatures from Professors, for the new books etc. I went to the Administrative building, took care of all the red tape there, and after a short time I was completely adjusted to the life at the University. There were about 60 Jewish Medical students studying there. My first room was with an elegant lady in the center of town. I stayed there about six months and finally moved to another room at the end of town.

He was a Swiss millionaire. He had two French poodles, Bamby and Nayrah, very pleasant ones. I rented two rooms from him, on the second floor, a kitchen and a bedroom. From the back window of the bedroom one could look down into the valley and a river was flowing through it. For this house stood on a cliff, and every year it was edging itself toward the cliff. However, it did not worry him. He had a million Swiss francs in the bank. At a later date I even rented a piano, paying a monthly rental of seven Swiss francs a month. Very cheap indeed. And I had most of the popular love songs from America with me. Using one hand for the melody, and my vocal chords for the added color. Every evening, while I was cooking my meal, the two little dogs would tiptoe upstairs and look into the kitchen. They were kind of sweet, the nicest of the French poodles. The owner told me once, how a Jew had borrowed eight thousand Swiss francs from him and never repaid him etc. Besides having their store in Bern, Switzerland, as a hobby the owner and his wife were making pottery. The Swiss were very industrious, as one could see.

Medical School continued, and finally I was going to leave my millionaire for an apartment, which an American Medical student and I had rented in a nice section of town, and we had found two more fellows to join us. All of us were studying medicine at the University. The price was fifty Swiss francs a month, about $ 10.00. However, as per usual I couldn't pay the man for the months rent at the millionaires house.

because my Veterans check was not coming in for another couple of weeks. And the millionaire was absolutely stubborn. His Wife said, "Why not, he will pay it later," "and so I went into town the next day, got a man with a horse and wagon, and he came in front of the house, and the millionaire said, "You won't get out of this house," So I went up to my room, half of my things were packed. I opened a window, and the wagon was just outside, below my window, so I threw all my baggage into the wagon from the second story, it all landed safe and sound, right in the wagon. The wife was happy and the husband boiling, and I travelled with the horse and wagon to my new quarters.

In our new quarters we each had a room, and we also had a maid, we paid her fifty Swiss francs for the month, also she would clean the floors, wash the dishes, fix the socks, and do the washing etc. Most of us were seriously studying medicine. I was dealing with rich American students and, every week-end one would go to Paris, another to the French Riviera etc.

The food was getting better, no more pressure cooker. However, I was still a cannibal, daily eating meat without a stop. Finally, after seeing a couple of complete skeletons that were brought from Paris, France, for their Medical Studies, I decided to get one also. However, I was not rich enough and found out from a Swiss friend that up in the mountains near Chur there were many bone houses, where I could take my pick from entire skeletons. So, one fine morning, while I was living by some Swiss family, man and wife, no

children, in a modern Apt. house, I took the train to the Italian part of Switzerland. I got out, took a bus up into the mountains where they almost reach the sky. And as the bus climbed from one village to the other, I finally reached my destination. There was snow on the ground, and a wind blowing. I got out of the bus, and the bus driver told me he was going to a couple more villages, and then returning down the mountain in about half an hour. I told him I would try and be ready by that time. I knocked at the door of the Pastor's house and I asked about the bone house, and he told me that on the other side of the road there was one filled with bones to the top. And he said, "take your pick, as many as you want you may have." I had with me a burlap sack, I opened up the bone house and wow ! ! ! What a sight, bones of every description and many skulls laying around ! I took two of each bone and two skulls. And I threw them all into the burlap sack and I closed the door and I could see the bus in the distance coming down the curvy mountain road. I didn't have time even to thank the man, and I boarded the bus and zoomed away. Later by train, back to Fribourg.

Upon coming back into my room, no one was home. I threw all the bones into the bath-tub and let the water run. I was trying to make them cleaner and more presentable to the eye, and also to be able to recognize the different parts of the bone. However, with the two skulls, I had to put them into the sink. I was using hot water and the dried blood began to flow out of the skull.

At that very moment the landlady came into the apartment. It was Sunday, and she walked into the bathroom and looked and began screaming and ran out. She could not stand the sight of blood, skulls or the bones. The husband came later and told me it didn't bother him in the least, however his wife was quite upset about it. Either the bones had to go, or I had to go, so was his wife's verdict. I knew of one room in the same apartment house, that the man wanted to rent. I went down and talked to him about it, and he said, "With pleasure, you can keep as many bones as you want here, it won't hurt us in the least." And so I moved within two hours time.

And then I moved to another room. Now, in this room the lady was very sweet. She was small and very pleasant. The husband was a drunkard and very excitable, and didn't like Jews. I used to bring up girls every now and then, and as soon as he found out I was Jewish he told me not to bring girls in my room.

THE MOUNT OF MORIAH

At the beginning Mount Moriah was predestined and appointed as the site where the Temple is to stand. There are many legends about this. When God was to decide which should be the appointed site on which to erect His house, all the mountains gathered around him.

And Mount Sinai said, "I am the mountain of the Torah !"

Mount Carmel said, "I am the mountain of the prophet Elijah !"

Mount Tabor said, "I am the mountain of Deborah's victory !"

Mount Moriah said, "To me Abraham brought Isaac, his only son, as a sacrifice to prove his love and imperishable faith in God."

God selected Mount Moriah, the mountain of wholehearted devotion and sacrifice, as the site for his holy Temple.

Our hearts can all be Moriahs, if we ourselves are always ready and willing to sacrifice for our faith and for the welfare of our fellowmen.

FIRST PUT YOUR OWN HOUSE IN ORDER

When Aaron has made atonement for himself, for his household, and for the entire assembly of Israel (Leviticus 16, 17).

From this it appears that the only way to help others to mend their ways, is to begin with ourselves. Thus the Bible records that the High Priest first made atonement for himself, then for his household, and finally for the entire assembly of Israel. (Leviticus 16, 17).

A STOWAWAY
ON A U.S. MILITARY TRANSPORT

I decided to go home for the summer and find find a rich girl and come back. Solitary life was not very much fun. I wanted a girl to cook for me and that finances shouldn't be too hard, so that I could concentrate more on my medical studies. I had debts at a number of stores, and the American consulate told me they would not pay for my trip home, but would pay my debts off so I could go, approximately one hundred dollars. So this was agreed upon. I had just enough money to get to Bremerhaven, Germany, by train. I reached Bremerhaven, Germany, whereupon immediately I went to the Employment offices, willing to take any kind of job, in order to work my way back to America. However, they told me I would have to wait a couple weeks, and my money was running out. So I sold some of my belongings, and managed to keep alive for about two weeks. Finally they told me I could work aboard a military ship in a boiler room. I said I am willing as long as I can get back to America for the summer.

I had about six suitcases, I dragged them on board where the guard was standing on duty. This was a U.S. military transport. I left the six suitcases in

his care and was about to go see the Captain to present my employment papers, when all of a sudden there came over the loudspeaker, "Will Mr. Fesman please return to port, employment cancelled." It seemed like the Captain did not like my presence before he even saw me. Whatever the case, I began to pace the deck of the ship, trying to figure out what to do. Finally I decided I was going to stay on ship, without the Captain's permission, as the American soldier, who was on duty, was sitting on one of my suitcases and speaking with someone. I began cautiously and silently to take one suitcase after the other down deep into the ship about three flights down. And when I came up for the last suitcase, the guard was nowhere to be seen. So I took the suitcase, and being impatient I let it drop down three flights to make sure it got there quick. It managed to reach its destination without any breakage. And I myself started to descend quickly. I was way down at the bottom of the ship in another world. There was not a soul in sight. However, there were many empty beds. I took all of my suitcases and put them one by one under mattresses, so they would be hidden from sight, and then I myself landed in between two mattresses and covered myself beyond recognition except for my head sticking out. And I fell sound asleep. Many hours later I saw many people milling around in the same place where I was sleeping, they were refugees coming to America for the first time in their lives. Mustly Gentile, and a number of Jews here and there. However I didn't say nothing and I fell asleep again. They did not speak to me, and I didn't

speak to them. I suppose they were just as humble as I was at the moment. They did not pay for their voyage, and neither did I...

When I woke up the next time it was evening, and the ship was moving, it was out at sea as far as I could figure. From my deck level there were no port-holes, and I hesitated to leave my quiet surroundings. So I figured it was safe enough after a while, believing we had left the port and that we were out at sea. I was positive the ship wouldn't turn back to discharge one passenger. So I went up on deck in a proud manner ready to take the punishment necessary. However, every officer I spoke to told me the Captain was busy, and finally one officer even told me that the port pilot was guiding the ship out of the harbor, and the Captain was occupied with such matters. Upon hearing that the harbor pilot was still aboard ship I quickly returned to my lodgings in the lower part of the ship, and crawled between the two mattresses and went to sleep again. The next time I woke up it was early the next morning. And as I laid there I saw a man walking through the room. He looked like one of the men in charge, a crew member, who was wearing a navy uniform, and I said to him I would like to turn myself in, I'm aboard the ship without permission. "Oh, he said". He was very nice to me. However, he said, he's not the captain and that I will have to see the captain, so he said, "you wait here." So I remained there and he went up to see the Captain. He returned a half an hour later. "The Captain said you are

going to be put in the brig with bread and water for forty-eight hours." And so there I was in jail, sitting in a corner thinking, What would happen next? However, two hours later the same gentleman that found me brought a complete meal. He said, here eat this up quickly, and give me back the platter and I'll wait outside, and this he did continously, three times a day until my 48 hours were up. Later I was told to scrape the deck, and in the evening when I was off duty I got acquainted with a number of Jewish refugees. And they wanted me to get some fruit or extra food for their little children, and so I did. I was eating with the crew, so I got from the cook, many apples and pears to give out, not only to these children, but to other people. And one time I had a whole bag of apples, and the Captain was standing on the officers' deck and he was ready to boil over when he saw me giving out apples to the refugees.

The Voyage continued successfully. One more title to my credit, "A Stowaway". However, I was scared. What would happen when I would get to N.Y.C. ... I began to pray and began reading the Bible, I suppose something like Jonah. I promised God in my own manner that I would return to be religious, if nothing happened after I got off the ship. This adventure could easily lead me to a prison term for being a "Stowaway" on a U.S. military transport.

Finally our ship entered N.Y.C. harbor. I was given to understand that the my baggage would remain aboard ship and that I should report to the Military Trans-

portion Service. There they would tell me what would be the outcome of my situation. However, this little item got into the Herald Tribune, and the N.Y. Times. A small article of about five or six lines stating "American Citizen Stowaway on Liberty Ship", from Germany to America. My mother got wind of it and met me in N.Y. at my relatives' house. However, before I met my mother I went to the Military Transportation Service, and this is what they told me: "We will keep your baggage until you pay for your trip. And also you may receive a prison sentence whether you pay or not." I returned home sad that evening. A couple days later I had to return again for some reason or another, and the lawyer of the Department happened to be Jewish. He told me, according to U.S. law and International law, it was possible for you to sue the U.S. Government for not being notified 48 hours before the ship left, about cancelling your future employment aboard ship. This being the case, you may receive all of your baggage at once." It will be impossible to take you to court in any manner, and we shall regard the case closed."

ALL THOSE LOVELY GIRLS

The next day, I met my mother at my relatives' house, told her the good news, and she decided we should go out to the Catskill Mts. for a vacation. My mother went to a separate resort for middle-aged people and I went to Grossingers for a

two week period. The food was good and fresh and the girls were many and pleasant, and while I was there I had the honor of hearing an up-and-coming star sing many Jewish songs and love-songs in English, including "My Jewish Mother". And then I met a Russian beauty, long black hair like the night, a figure that would make any man tremble, tall and slim, and her eyes pierced right through you. She was exotic, and I was sitting next to her admiring her bathing-suit. She told me as her hair reached down to her midriff in full fashion, "I like you, and if you were rich, we could even think of marriage." But I knew this was far from being the case. And that was the end of that. I met many other girls there, however this dark Russian beauty remained on my mind throughout the years.

My mother returned home, and I stayed on in N.Y.C. I put an advertisement in the Jewish Day, for marriage. I received about a hundred answers. I went to many houses, and in one house the girl almost fainted when she found out I wasn't rich. Another house, the girl was a semi-prostitute. I went into another home outside of the city, high up in the mountains, when I saw her, I thought it was a boulder coming down the mountain. She was really five by five, and the father said, "You will have the whole house to yourself." So I said to myself, that would not be large enough anyway. Then I went to a girls-house on Long Island. They had a drug store on the corner, the father was dead, and the girl studdered. But the mother told me after she was married she would come out of this de-

fect, so I left them to their own troubles. Then I met a girl in another part of N.Y., very business-like, seemingly from Vienna. And she seemed to like me. She gave her O.K., the mother was happy, but the father didn't like me. He wanted a rich son-in-law.

And then there was another girl. This one was religious. She was very sweet and humble, we went to a movie, she let me put my arm around her, we liked each other and we decided to get married. The father was for it, and the mother was for it, but the brother was not for it. He wanted a wealthy man, and at the time I was making $ 45.00 a week in a Hardware store in Williamsburg. And then I met another girl, I met her mother in a high class restaurant in the middle of N.Y.C. in Manhatten. She was a beauty, based on a business standpoint. "We have a daughter for marriage to the right person. We also will give, $ 10,000.00 for investment in some going business." So the next day I saw the daughter and the result was no agreement, though the parents seemed to like me.

As soon as I had finished all the dealings with the ships details, I went to East Broadway and I bought all the religious necessities of an observant Jew, the Prayer Book etc. I began to pray each morning, afternoon, and evening in the Synagogue.

However I did not find a religious girl to marry throughout all my ads in the city of N.Y. And so I decided to go to my relatives in Toronto, Canada. I travelled by train to Toronto. I went to my uncle's house, who became a barber in his latter years. He was

a sound business man, and while I resided at my relatives house, I began hunting a job. My money was coming to an end. And I found a job as a shoes salesman, and of course ladys' shoes. I put an ad in the paper to meet a nice Jewish girl, about the only one that answered was a Jewish girl from Vienna, and she was dressed in a negligee when I came to see her, with a bathrobe over it. I saw she was the business-type of girl, and as quickly as I came I left.

COAST TO COAST U.S. TELEVISION

And then finally it happened. An attractive and beautiful girl, daughter of a banker, and that meant she was well to-do I was introduced to her by my relatives. She was curvy, she liked to wear sport clothes a lot, and in the evening we decided to go out alone together in her car. On the second evening we decided, to get married, and so here was my dream fulfilled; a rich girl, willing to go to Switzerland. So I could finish my medical studies, and every holiday home by plane, and all finances supplied as soon as I finish Medical School. Her older sister had married a young professional, and the father had set him up in business and had bought him a house, a car, a place of business, and had sufficient recerve in the bank. With such a background I couldn't lose. And we were both happy at the thought of marriage. Now, in order to convince the father, he and his wife and daughter flew to my home town, Columbus Ohio by plane, and I came

home by train or bus, I forgot which. When the mother and father came into my house they were delighted at its appearance, and after being there for a day consented full heartily to our coming marriage. And being a banker, his time was very limited, he left that evening with his wife by plane, back to Toronto, however my girl-friend remained behind and as night approached we all went to sleep. She slept in a room by herself. The next afternoon she was lying relaxed like Cleopatra on the bed in the bedroom, and I came in and conversed with her. However, she wished it to be an intimate affair. It seemed she wanted to make sure she was getting the right person. Having been at the University in New York, she must have known other fellows. I myself wasn't against such an affair, however not with my future wife. I was now more religious than before, and this seemed improper to me for the beginning of married life, and so I rejected all her advances, however I said nothing. She became slightly irritated and left for home. However, there was no stoppage of our relationship. But we were not exactly on the best of terms.

Meanwhile I went to our newspaper and I told them I wanted to appear on "We the people" to make some money to go back to Europe to study medicine. So he said, "If you will let us put chapter by chapter in the newspaper of your stowaway affair, then you will be given the chance to go on C.B.S. and appear on "We the people speak", Television and Radio, And you will receive about two or three hundred dollars, plus room

and board in the Belmount Plaza Hotel opposite the Waldorf Astoria. All expenses paid. You will leave by plane." And so it was. The front page of our newspaper in our town carried a headline story. I was a stowaway on a naval transport. And afterwards, in a couple of days, I was given plane tickets for N.Y.C. I arrived there, the agent for the program took care of everything and I registered at the Belmount Plaza Hotel. I waited about three weeks before I appeared on Television. There was a number of rehearsals. And finally I appeared on "We The People Speak", Television and Radio across the entire U.S.A., and with this half a dollar I conquered Europe. And a number of other little things I forgot. I was dressed in a midnight blue suit, white shirt, and bow-tie. Upon an inspiration from a little sweet girl in Canada, nothing stood in my way to become a doctor. While in Europe she wrote me many letters, and I told her I needed her in Europe as my wife, and she answered me how could I support her in Europe, and in any case she had to see me again before she could make any decision. Upon arriving in N.Y.C. I called her up long distance, and her mother answered, and she said, "My daughter has a new address now, she just got married". My tears rolled down my cheeks, and after 15 minutes of hesitation I began to face the world. (These latter thoughts should be placed when I arrived in N.Y. as a stowaway).

While in New York I stayed at a cheap hotel. I was trying to catch another Television program, where I could make some extra money. And I was admitted into the audience with "The Program With A Heart" by Proctor and Gamble Products. Everyone in the audience had the opportunity to write down their hard luck story or something sensational, in order to prove their necessity of appearing on the Quiz Program. My hard luck story was picked as one of the contestants on the Quiz Show that day. The theme of my story was, "I need money to continue my medical studies under the G.I. bill of rights in Switzerland." I appeared on the Quiz Show, I answered the first questions right. Upon seeing I had two hundred dollars, I said, "Stop, that's as far as I want to go." And the Master of Ceremonies was amazed that I quit so soon, but I knew how clever I was, and the questions were getting harder, so I figured I had better stop while the getting was good. I could have lost it all, had I continued. They paid me off immediately after the show. (After my "We the People Program" I was walking down the steps to the subway with three hundred dollars in my pocket, and there laid a man on the steps drunk, tired, and snoring in a prone position. I took out ten dollars and slipped it into his pocket etc.)

After the New York affair I went straight to Washington D.C. I approached a lady at the office required, who had my file on hand for an extension of my passport, and the answer was flatly "No". Tears

rolled my cheeks, for I knew I was going to lose my G.I. Bill of Rights, and my medical career would come to an end. And she said, "We shall give you one more chance." After some hesitation, a gentleman in the same Department said, "On condition that you are in school by a certain date."

I agreed to all the terms, and I was issued an extension of my passport.

I boarded the Queen Mary and I was a Tourist this time, and so proud of such a status. I conversed many a time with a gentleman who was going to France, and he told me since I was going to London, England, he wanted me to send his regards and warmest friendship to a well known Rabbi, and I promised I would do so. The last week of the cruise and on the upper deck was a famous actress, and she was pacing the deck, back and forth, as if she were going to have a baby. However, I found out afterwards that she was going to London, England, to take a leading role in a new movie. So the ship landed at South Hampton, England.

I travelled to London, and upon arrival, I tried my first chance at English telephones, I called up a certain Rabbi. His secretary was in, and she told me he would be back in an hour. I finally arrived at his office and he greeted me with a warm welcome. I passed on greetings and well wishes to the Rabbi from my friend aboard the Queen Mary. "You are an American and here for the first time in England " he asked. I said, "Yes". So he said, "Let me show you the City."

And so we climbed into a small antique British car. And as he passed through the city, stopping here and there during his private business or Rabbinical contacts. In between times he told me all about London, and other various subjects. Late in the afternoon he finally decided to dine, and we entered a kosher Restaurant. And to my surprise, I later found out that he was one of the shareholders of this most elegant Restaurant. I finally bid him goodbye and thanked him for the wonderful tour and lunch.

I had during the day acquired a room near White Chapel Road in a cheap section of town by two jolly Jewish English people. The man was very fiendly to me, and his wife also. I had a small separate room in their second story apartment. Down below on the street level was a tipical English grocery, and a Jewish woman and her daughter were taking care of the business. The daughter seemed very pretty and young, however old enough to get married.

As I walked down White Chapel Road one day I passed by Fields Reestaurant. I entered to eat something, and while I was eating I noticed on the walls many pictures of movie stars from Hollywood that had dined there etc. And especially I remember Eddie Cantor's picture with his personal signature. I strolled further down White Chapel Road and found a Jewish book store. He had many books on the Jewish religion, prayer books and all the rest of the details. And by accident I picked up Everyman's Talmud by A. Cohen, and I could not stop reading it. For here I had found

after studying medicine for many a year, something much more concise with simplicity, on how to lead a more healthful life, from the standpoint of medicine and from the standpoint of the Jewish religion: The Rules of Hygiene, by Maimonides. I read it for about a couple hours, and the following day I came back and finished reading it. At the time I only had about 100 dollars left and I couldn't afford to buy any books I visited the market-place in London, where they sold old clothes etc. It was very picturesque. I saw a number of movies.

One fine day I went to a marriage broker and he said he had only one girl that would come into question. I paid him his fee and I went to visit this girl, whose family had a Beauty Shop on one of the main business streets of London. Behind the shop was their home. The father was at home, and everyone else. I think it was a holiday or a weekend. The stores were all closed, or it could have been after working hours. Anyway, we all sat down in one room, and the daughter was willing within an hour after we spoke, and the parents followed suit, but the only conflict was the Ritual Bath. The following evening, after everything had been completely settled, except for the Ritual Bath, the daughter was supposed to go with me and live in Switzerland, that is after marriage, where she would easily find work as a beautician and I would continue my medical studies in Switzerland, and the father decided that evening to rent a hall for the wedding, which would take place in about three weeks. He also

agreed to give as a wedding present, either five hundred English pounds or a thousand English pounds, I forgot which. I agreed to all the details, but there was still a running battle in the few days that followed concerning the Ritual Bath. Once by accident I noticed her legs, slightly higher than the dress usually showed, and she had many bad veins. This made me feel somewhat perplexed. However, everything continued as usual.

One evening, after leaving her sister's house, who had a beautiful Apartment in a fashionable section of town, I travelled with the underground (subway), and when I was walking out of the train I saw a tall man with a black beard and a long black coat. He was slightly on the thin side, however he looked like a Rabbi. I approached him and I asked him his advice concerning my situation, and as to the conflict about the Ritual Bath between the girl and me, and his first and last words were "Don't marry her." I took his sincere and dogmatic statement to heart, and the next day saying goodbye to the girl, I packed my bags and left for Paris. However, my money had ran out by the time I reached Dover, and so I smuggled myself across the Channel, a very delicate subject indeed. I had to sway with the crowd on such a small boat. Going on the boat I had to avoid the ticket-man, and going off the boat I had to avoid him also. I made it success at last, anyway for the moment. I hitch-hicked into Paris and sold my sunbeam electric shaver, in that renowned section of Town, in a Jewish market-place, called "Rue-

De-Rivoli". There was even a Jewish record-shop selling all kinds of popular songs. I ate meals at a Kosher Restaurant.

One time I ventured into the business section of town, and I ordered a meal at that most exclusive French Jewish Restaurant called, "Eden". The food was beautifully displayed in one place. The meal was expensive, I had the usual chopped liver, breaded veal chops, and dessert. Oh, and by the way, entirely by accident, I met Saul Gold, as he was in a Jewish Book Store. He was buying all the 14 books, the Code of Maimonides in the Hebrew language. Being that the French edition was cheaper than the edition he could get in Switzerland, he was was buying it here in Paris. And so I helped him with his 14 volumes into the taxi. I went with him and we took them out of the taxi into the Railway Express office, which was adjoining the railroad station. I wished him luck and I returned to my business. I hitch-hiked back to medical school in Switzerland.

I arrived in Fribourg, I took a one-room Apartment for twelve francs a month, it was very nice and just what I had been wanting all the time. It had a modern bath-room, lavatory, nice large hall, and a large bedroom on the first floor, right near the Medical School, about a five minute walk, and the landlady lived on the third floor. It couldn't have been better. I ran up a slight bill of groceries, registered at the University in

the Administrative Building, and the lady there, very thin, frail and hard-bitten, always ill-desposed, told me in no uncertain terms that I had been expelled from the University, for what reason I knew not. It came to me as a complete shock and surprise. There had always been during my stay at the University a battle between the Director of the University and the current Dean of the Medical School and all the other Deans in the medical school in the past, as to who had the say concerning who should enter the Medical School and who shouldn't. The Director in the very beginning did not like me, nor my transcript of credits from my University, because it did not have the title of a B.A. on it. And so the Director finally won out over the Dean at the Medical School, and this is what happened, I was expelled.

I went to my old friend, the Anatomy professor and he told me he could not do anything about it, because it was over his head (authority), and so I sadly returned to my Apartment, defeated. I knew I had to leave Switzerland immediately. I had to try to get into a Medical School in another country, and work my way through with some kind of a job.

So I decided to go to Vienna. I had managed to sell some things and had a number of Swiss francs in my pocket. I left most of my belongings in the Apartment, in order not to make the woman suspect I was leaving, for I owed a number of debts in the city. I took one suitcase along and whatever I thought necessary, and left. I hitch-hiked to the outskirts of Zurich, Switzerland. I

went into Zurich on the street car and took a very cheap Hotel room. I went to the Synagogue to pray beforehand and finally I fell sound asleep. I had a beautiful dream, I saw a large building upon a hill with a door on the left-hand side, and through this door were going in and out men with long beards and also girls. The next morning at prayer time I asked the Rabbi of the Synagogue what meaning this dream had, for this was the first time in my life that I ever had a religious dream. He had no answer and he said he didn't know, so I forgot about it. However, a year later something was going to happen, exactly as the dream said. I left the Synagogue, and I took a train to the Swiss border.

Upon leaving the Swiss border, I was in Austria and I began to hitch-hike, for the little money I had was dwindling down again. With about four hitch-hikes travelling through the country-side of Austria, I reached Vienna, the city of gay dancing (the waltz) and outdoor cafes. It was kind of calm, for this was still the time when Vienna was divided into military sections: the Russian, French, American, and the English, altogether in one Military Police jeep. The city looked very dull; People were lined up with their ration-cards at milk-shops etc. I prayed in the Jewish Synagogue for the evening. I took a room in the cheapest Hotel, near a river with a bridge crossing over it. Before I finished the day, I had visited the Medical School in Vienna, and they told me the semester had already started and I decided to leave Vienna immediately, that is early the next morning. With a number of hitch-

hikes I even passed over parts of Hitler's great highway. It was supposed to be finished and lengthened up to Vienna. Finally I reached the Saltzburg market-town near the German border, and I went quickly up to the French Military Permit Office and there they stamped my American passport, Military Transit permit for the French section of Germany. I took a short trip by bus or train, and I was in Germany. I got on a german train, and this time I was determined not to pay, for I did not have the money anyway. In this case, once you pass the Terminal, there was a ticket-man there at the gate, on the train you are free from any disturbance. So the train continued through the heart of Germany, and I landed in Munich, Germany. As I walked toward the Terminal ticket-gate, I decided to change my direction and climb over the fence on the other side of the train, and I did so with the upmost speed and I was again free at last. I left the Terminal as an experienced veteran of many tight spots. With a slight amount of assistance I found a Jewish home, where I could reside. And I told the woman I would pay her within a short time.

I began to look over the city, I went to the American Consulate and tried to have sent to me as soon as possible my compensation checks which had been accumulating, since I left the U.S.A. the last time. They said they would do their best. I went to the German University and registered with my Swiss Medical University documents and told them my G.I. Bill of Rights would be forthcoming. They sent in my ap-

plication for their school to the American Consulate Veterans Section, this was sent to Washington D.C. A number of months later the reply was returned with a flat "No", so I thought perhaps I would continue studying at the University with my own income. I tried getting a job at one of the American military posts as a civilian. However, with all my efforts I failed. My money was dwindling fast, if I had any left, and my pension checks had not come in yet. So I decided to write a book. I called up the German Secretarial Agency and told them to send young ladies each morning until 12 o'clock to my residence with the ability to take dictation on a typewriter in English. And so it was. They responded very quickly, so the first girl that came up was beautiful, romantic and serious, just the right girl I needed. So I began dictating a portion of my life story to an attractive German girl. Everything went smoothly, and I finished the first draft in a month's time.

I had bought a German mimeograph machine, that is with the money I had received from my compensation checks, however half of the checks went back to Switzerland to pay off my debts. This was the agreement I made with the American consulate.

And soon the book was ready for binding, one thousand copies. I got another company nearby to make the characterization of my face on a painted picture for the front cover, and it showed me asking an American G.I. to buy the first page of my book.

The name of the book was, "The American Spirit".

It was done in red, white, and blue, for you see I was for a number of weeks selling the first page, a stenciled copy of the first page of my book, when I began to write it in order to pay my German secretary. Finally the book was bound, and it was agreed upon that I take out ten or twenty books at a time and give the book-binder his fee at the end of each group of books, when they were sold. And so I began selling books to the G.I's near the U.S.O. on the streets, that is for a dollar and a half a copy or six German marks. I sold them quickly in the beginning, and also I made a propaganda poster, with the cover of the book enlarged on the poster. And I put them in the main book shops, in the windows of the largest book shops in Munich.

Meanwhile I had taken a room in a residential hotel near a river. And in the Hotel I met one of the Einstein family, who was coming from America to claim compensation for his burned-out factory during the war.

As you remember, after my stowaway trip I had returned to a full religlous life, and now I was going to take a more strict turn. Ever since I sold my electric shaver in Paris, I didn't shave my beard, however it wasn't too large at the time. And now I had begun to take a Ritual Bath before every morning prayer at the nearby Synagogue. It was something like taking a swim, before you go to pray. And if perchance it rained during the morning, I used to take a taxi to the Synagogue during the week. I began eating at the Kosher Restaurant on the Mehlstrasse, and the owner happened to be a religious Hungarian Jew.

ISRAEL

The summer was passing and it turned into cold winter days with snow and ice, and this brought my book selling on the street to a complete halt. The books in the stores were not selling very fast, and I said as soon as I get some extra money I am leaving Germany and I'm going to Israel to start a new life. That very same week I received a twenty dollar check from my mother at the post office. She used to send me money once a year.

The exact day I received the twenty dollar check, with the snow on the ground etc., I decided to leave Germany with the upmost speed. I took the first train from the Central Train Station to Innsbruck, Austria. As the train was zooming across the southern part of Germany, I was overjoyed I was going to Israel at last, and also to start a new life.

Finally we landed in Innsbruck, Austria. I took a room in an Austrian hostel for the night, very cheap indeed, about 25 cents. The following morning I was up fresh and ready to go, for no matter what the obstacles I was determined to reach Israel.

I went to the train station with my suitcase, French beret and beard. One of the secret service men in plain clothes figured I was either a black-market man, smuggler or a spy. So he said, "Let me see your passport please." So I pulled it out and showed it to him, and just as quick as I showed it to him, he gave it back to me and said, "Pardon me, pardon me." He couldn't believe I was an American by my appearance.

I finally boarded a train for Genova, Italy. As I came out of the railway station in Genova, I saw before me a huge statue of Christopher Columbus. I stared at this huge statue. I went straight to the Israeli Consulate. "I want to go to Israel at any price, even if I have to lose American citizenship, all I want is transportation there by ship." They told me bluntly that I would have to go to Rome, where the main office is of the Jewish Agency.

I was on my way to Rome by train this time, paying my way, most unusual for I figured I was on my last

journey on the land, before I reached Israel. I landed at Rome. I came to the Jewish Agency in Rome, and their answer was like this. A religious Jew, American citizen, no money, who needs him, let him go back to America, And so they told me directly, "We can't help you," And so I decided to go back to America. I was tired wasting my time running across the continents. With medical studies finished on the continent of Europe, because of no finances, I would rather be at home. So up to the American Embassy I ran, "I'm stranded here, sir, please be so kind and pay my journey back to America, for I am bankrupt." They said, "We will have to send a letter to Washington D.C. to get permission for boat fare prepaid for you. In the meantime we will lend you twenty dollars for the time being, so you may eat and sleep until the answer comes." And so I took a room at a Jewish house and ate meals there too, for about three days.

Friday had come, and Saturday was about to enter in, and I being very religious at the time did not ride or write or do any physical labor from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset. However, I began to think if I didn't go to Israel now, I would never have a chance to go there again. For I was positive I would never again receive a U.S. passport upon returning to the States. So I said to myself, "It is a greater deed to go back to my Country Israel, and in order to do so I believe I am allowed to break the law of Sabbath." And so, that very split second I packed my bags and I

was running again. This time more determined than ever to reach the State of Israel. Into the large modern railway Terminal of Rome I went, the loudspeakers, the noise of trains coming in and going was turning my dream into a reality. I was going to take the way of a general with no army and cross Europe by land, until I reach Athens, Greece, the nearest point to Israel. I landed in Milano, Italy, I went to the Israeli consulate. The Consul was an Italian Engineer, and also his whole family was associated with him in business. He was well-known throughout Milano for his engineering feats. I finally caught him in his office of his engineering firm. After hearing my sad story, he gave me the equivalent of twenty dollars in pocket money out of his own pocket.

I was sailing through Yugoslavia by train. I met an Indian diplomat aboard the train, who was very happy to find someone who could speak English.

My train landed me in the heart of Athens. the city was something like a Bazar, full of marketplaces, similar to a honeycomb. Cars had to force their way through large groups of people, in order to pass through the streets of Athens. I went to the Jewish Community Center and requested to see the Director. I related to him my entire story in brief. He said he would have to discuss this with the Board of Directors, and that I should come back in a couple of days.

The days passed, finally I met the Director again of the Jewish Community. He sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk with me. While he told me he

couldn't do much for me, I was showing him my book. He said, "Let me read this tonight, and we shall discuss our problem tomorrow." Tomorrow came, he received me with a joyful voice and said he was taking the money out of his own pocket. We went together to the Israeli Contulate to get an Israeli visa, and he paid for that. I wanted to go as an immigrant, however retaining American citizenship. The plump lady at the desk wanted me to go as a tourist. For what reason, I know not until this day. Finally I won the case, and they stamped my passport with an Israeli immigrant visa. We left the Consulate in a happy mood, and he said, "Tomorrow meet me about ten o'clock, where we met before. We will go to the Bank of Greece." The next day, bright and early, I felt as if success was within my reach. He and I about ten o'clock entered the large doors of the Bank of Greece. We went up to the second floor, and he told me to wait in a corridor on the bench until he had finished off with the Director of the Bank of Greece. I later found out the reason for his speaking to the Director of the Bank of Greece, who was incidently of Jewish descent, it was to get special permission to take out of the Country, $ 40.00, in order to purchase a ship ticket to Haifa, Israel. He remained there for about a half an hour, finally coming out in his usual happy manner, and he told me we were successful. He said tomorrow we will get ticket at the steamship Company. I had already been in Greece for two weeks and I was to leave in a number of days on the Italian ship Messapia.

Tomorrow came, we both went together into the Steamship Co. and he bought me a ticket to Haifa, Israel. I thanked him so much, and he wished me luck on my future journey etc. He was a very nice man. And I figured, after he had read my book I could perhaps get it back. He said, "Oh, no, no, no, that's mine, it's my souvenir for all of this excess work." So I had sold one book for forty dollars. It would seem I was getting on par with Oxford University Press.

A few days later I was sailing aboard the Italian liner so and so... The food was terrible, and the Kosher food I received was bad. We hesitated slightly near Cyprus and continued on our way to Haifa port. On the ship there were many bearded men and many others of various manners. I don't remember of any conversations I had or any friendships I made. However, I must have had a couple girls on the line somehow or another. As Haifa port came into view, it was beautiful. It looked like some Italian port with all of its picturesque surroundings, perhaps like Genova, somewhat, or some other city on the Mediterranean coast, which I knew not about. It was absolutely out of this world. It was early morning, I was planning on kissing the ground, however upon leaving Haifa customs I had no time etc. I wanted to rest for the evening somewhere in Haifa, for my journey had been extensive and I only had ten dollars in my possession, so I decided to go to a Yeshiva, Jewish school of learning for religious people. It was near Hertzl Street, on a side street. I went to the Directors office,

however he was at his home. I went there and asked him for a night's lodging until I went to Jerusalem the next morning. And he agreed with me and gave me a bed in the students dormitory. The following morning they gave me enough money for train-fare to Jerusalem. I took an express train to Jerusalem. During my train trip I was putting on my Tefillin and saying my daily prayers .

I reached the city of Jerusalem for the first time in my life. I was astonished and deeply impressed. It looked like a holy City. I left the train station and I finally ended up in the religious section of Jerusalem. I was going from one school to another, trying to enroll as a student, with room and board, in order to study the Torah or the Bible continuously etc., and also perhaps to get married to a religious girl. But most of the Directors in charge of the schools told me that I was too old to begin the students life in the Yeshiva. So I felt slightly heart-broken. However, on one small street I happened to meet by accident two American students studying the Torah at Mir Yeshiva, Jerusalem. They heard my plight and decided to talk to the Head of the Yeshiva where they were learning. I was admitted as a full student, room and board without any time limit, and so I commenced a new life, in the state of Israel. I used to go early in the morning to a Ritual Bath, real hot, and then to Morning Prayers with all the trimmings and eating with the rest of the students at the lower floor of the Yeshiva. I became acquainted with a sabra who was very

much interested and told me I should finish up medicine, in fact I did try to get admitted to the Medical School in Jerusalem at a later date, by showing them my medical work in Switzerland. And the Rumanian Director of the Medical Faculty decided to admit me in the fall semester of the Medical School. However, that did not come to pass for I was going to leave for America before that.

So, after nine months of learning at the Yeshiva I had told the man in charge that I didn't have the patience to sit a whole day and learn, and that I wanted to work half a day and learn half a day, in this way save up some money for America. However, he would not agree to this.

"Moses go to your brother Aharon, he will teach you how to speak to the people".

I searched the wide world through, the seven seas, Europe and Israel and my conclusion was to return home sweet home and teach my brother the Torah specifically the Jewish Code of Law in English and also to help my family as best I could and perhaps later, I would find a rich Jewish girl and finally return to Israel.

I went to the American Consulate and requested a return trip home, that is a ticket for a ship, and the lady in charge of the Consulate was a Catholic woman and she and I got along very fine throughout the nine months I had been in Jerusalem. She told me to come back in about two weeks time, when she would receive an answer from Washington D.C. on my request. I waited impatiently for the two weeks to pass by, and one fine day I received a letter from the American Consulate, requesting, "Please report to us at once". I visited the American Consulate one more time, the Consul lady-friend told me I was to leave on a T.W.A. plane instead of a ship, and she wanted to complete the case as soon as possible, and so did I. We decided on going to the Airport the following morning. Being a woman with a non-trusting character and determined, so she decided to see me off at the Airport. Perhaps because she thought I might use the plane-ticket for another destination. After looking into my file she saw my many voyages across the sea etc. And so I was to meet her in front of the Consulate General, early in the morning. And she was taking her own private car.

That same evening I raised some money in the Yeshiva itself to pay off one debt I had in a dairy shop for milk, butter, and eggs, which I had purchased privately in addition to my meals at the School. Being that I could not reach the store before closing

time that evening to pay my debt, I gave it to one of my fellow-Americans who happened to be sick in bed with a cold at the time. The amount I gave him was about 15 pounds, and he said he would take care of the matter the following morning, and I believed him. I slept soundly that night, said goodbye to many of my fellow-students, including the Sabra I knew etc. The next morning arrived, and I was travelling with the lady to Lod Airport. Upon arrival, I passed my baggage through customs and went to the outer gate, where they checked my passport, etc., and my lady-friend was right with me and so he asked me, "Are you returning again to Israel ?" I said, "With all certainly," and the lady said, "No he isn't", and that was that. I boarded a T.W.A. Plane and I received Kosher cans of food and the plane rose steadily to the sky.

The trip was slightly pleasant, however strenuous. We landed in Paris. We left an hour later for Newfoundland where we stopped off again for refueling and passengers and other details. During this trip I don't know of any conversations, there could have been a lady passenger sitting next to me, but I cannot verify it at this very moment. Finally, after many hours of waiting our journey came to an end and we landed at Idlewild International Airport, N.Y.C. As I passed through the gates, after the gentleman saw that my ticket had been paid by the U.S. government, he asked me if I needed any extra cash and I told him "Positively not, thank you anyway." I phoned home and asked them to send me a plane ticket, and they

sent me a telegraphic check by Western Union. I took the money, boarded a plane and landed in Columbus, Ohio. It was very early in the morning, in the wee hours of twilight. I was on the porch, knocked on the door, I was home at last. I was wearing a small beard, midnight blue American suit, black skullcap and white shirt, with no tie. My mother came down from the second floor, where she was sleeping in her pyjamas, she opened the door. I said, "Hello". and she fainted. My father came down also to see me and raised her up, and they both went back to sleep after some discussion. During the day my mother told me that in order for me to stay home, I would have to take off my beard, it would make her feel ashamed if I didn't. My father was also of the same opinion, and it was true that there were very few bearded men in the city and a few religious young men with beards studying at the Yeshiva at Cleveland, Ohio. So it was slightly conspicuous.

Among my well selected friends the most outstanding personality was a Professor in our City of Columbus, Ohio. He was a Rabbi and Professor of Philosophy I met him by participating in a A.Z.A. Function together with him. The Professor made a speech and I spoke on some lesser subject. When my father turned against me because of my religious belief, it was the same Professor who came to my rescue and therefore at a later date, gave me the inspiration to reach Israel for the second time in order to learn the Torah continously. As Jonathan was to David, so was the Professor to me.

However, this conflict continued only for about a month. After this period I began to shave once a week and work with my father in the junk yard. I went to work and systematically straightened out all of his tire sizes on the second floor of his garage. There were about 150 tires, all scattered throughout the attic. I put them into groups, according to their size. And on the ground level I began straightening all of his new accessory auto parts which were not in order. However, they did lie in the right cardboard box. It took me about a month to straighten out the entire garage.

In my spare time I read the Gemmorah in English at the B'nai Brith Foundation and I found all the places relating to the War of Gog and Magog. I also found in Gemmorah Sabbath the law concerning "Olive Oil", it states: All the body, all the openings and specifically the hair, everyday. So from that day onward until today, I fulfilled the Olive Oil Law.

DAVID AND OLIVE OIL

Now, the legends they tell us, that as a child David was very unhappy. He was the youngest and fairest of Jesse's sons, a gentle and sensitive child with ruddy complexion, red gold hair and eyes that were soft and tender. But his brothers always treated him with contempt and ridiculed his coarse shepherd's garments and simple shepherd's ways. How he longed to be included in the family circle, to wear fine clothes and be educated like his brothers. So, David was heartsick be-

cause he felt like a stepchild and an outcast. Fortunately he found love and satisfaction in caring for his sheep in the green pastures. Blessed with the gift of music and song, he was able to give voice to the music of praise in his heart. All day long he played on his harp, with the sheep as his only audience.

Now, the Lord God was displeased with King Saul because he had disobeyed and allowed his soldiers to seize the spoils from the conquered Amalekites, and he commanded Samuel the Prophet, "Go to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided among his sons a King who shall one day succeed Saul." Samuel at once set out for Bethlehem, and when he came to Jesse's house made known his errand. "Bring me your sons that I may choose one from among them," he said. So Jesse brought all of his sons before the prophet Samuel, Samuel raised his horn of Olive Oil to most of Jesse's sons, but to his astonishment no olive oil came forth. And then the prophet Samuel said to Jesse, "Are these all your sons?", Then was heard the voice of David's mother, "There is David !" All his brothers burst out laughing. Annoyed Samuel sternly turned to Jesse. "Do you have another son?" "There is one other, the youngest," replied Jesse. "He tends sheep !" exclaimed Eliab scornfully, "He's just a simple and unschooled shepherd! not much chance of his being King!" "That's for the Lord to decide," retorted Samuel, and he commanded, "Bring him here." The brothers stood astonished, and no one made a move to fetch him. So Jesse himself went to summon

his youngest son. But the prophet Samuel did not look at David's old garments and long hair. He saw only only David's face and the light shining in his eyes, and at last he knew for certain that this was the one whom God had chosen. With joy he exclaimed, "This is he!" Jesse and his sons gaped in amazement, their eyes fixed on the Prophet and his horn. And when Samuel raised the horn and held it above David's head, the olive oil instantly flowed and poured down upon him, cleansing the dirt from his glowing face. Thus, in the sight of his father and his seven brothers, David was anointed to be the King who would one day succeed Saul. And from that day forth, the Spirit of the Lord came upon David the Shepherd, destined to be The King Of Israel.

A WOMAN OF VALOR

A woman of valor who can find? for her price is above rubies! The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and he hath no lack of gain.

She doeth him good and no evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant-ships ; she bringeth her goods from afar ; She riseth also while it is yet night; and giveth food to her household; and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it ! With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth

her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her lamp goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household ; For all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh for herself coverlets; her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the Elders of the Land.

She maketh linen garments and selleth them; she delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue.

She looketh well to the ways of her household; and eateth not the bread of Idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her; "Many daughters have done valiantly ; but thou excellest them all."

Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain.

But a woman that fearth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruits of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates !

A couple times a week my father and I went out of town on his usual route throughout Ohio to pick up used batteries, old grease from restaurants,

old iron and steel, used metals, old rags etc., with a large truck. We had sandwiches prepared by my mother for each journey and the drinks we bought from the store nearby, where we happened to be.

My father had worked all of these years in Columbus and had given the flower of his youth to build up his family etc. To work was not easy, and while in his junk-yard he used to separate the metals with a hammer and chisel with his own two hands, and besides that he used to pick up many wrecked cars, and by using a blow torch with his own two hands he used to cut them into smaller pieces for delivery and sale at a larger junk-yard than his. There were times, very few, however, where he would hire a man to work for a number of days etc.

After a couple months my father seemed difficult to get along with and I asked him to give me a small covered truck on credit from his junk-yard, which cost about $ 75.00, and that I would pay him off as soon as I made some money. And so began my own business. I decided to pick up used batteries from Gasoline stations, and after a load would sell them at some dealers-place, and make a profit of $ 10.00 or $ 20.00 a day.

But this business did not suit me too well. I had heard that my father bought old grease from Restaurants and that my uncle had even majored in such an affair throughout his life, buying and selling old grease from Restaurants. I was passing by late one afternoon, a large drive-inn where they sell hamburgers and steaks,

giving service to all cars coming within serving distance of their drive-in. I asked to speak to the manager or owner. I finally reached his place where he worked and he told me he wanted so much for the cans of grease that he had. We argued a little and we finally agreed to a compromise on the price. And then I loaded, with the help of someone near by, two, four hundred pound drums of old grease. We had sealed the drums by tightening the lids before putting them on the truck. I could make on those two drums of grease, about $ 40.00 a drum, net profit. I had stored the two drums of grease in my father's junk-yard. He gave me a definite place to store all the drums.

The following day I decided to give up the battery deal and look exclusively for old grease from Restaurants, hotels, cafes, bars, where any cooking was done with oil. I began to systematically go from Restaurant to Restaurant on our main street.

I finally found one place, after a couple hours of searching. The owner told me to go myself into the basement and tell him how much he could get for the lot. I went down the steps into the basement and put on the light, and to my amazement the entire floor was stacked with thirty pound cans of grease in a solid state, with no lids on. I counted the cans and told him I would give him a half cent a pound. He told me, "Can't you do any better?" I said, "No," so he said, "O.K. take them." So I gave him the money before hand, and he gave me a receipt. I decided not to get any help and began taking out the cans myself. I stack-

ed the cans very high and filled up the small truck I had. I left with one load full and unloaded them in my father's junk-yard on the part where I was supposed to put the grease. I rushed real quickly and began loading the second load on. Meantime the Greek cook had returned to his post and he didn't like the idea that I was taking away the grease, and he told me that the boss should have gotten more money for the grease. It seemed like he wanted a cut or something. So, being new in the business I continued taking out the grease from the basement and after the third load I had cleared all of the cans of grease from the entire basement. The profit I could make from this load was about a $ 100.00 net. And with this inspiration, I finally gained control of getting all the grease from almost all of the Hotels in the city where the drums filled up very quickly, sometimes twice a week, containing 400 pounds of grease in each drum.

I began filling up my portion of the yard with tremendous diligence. It looked more like a mountain. Then I began my activities outside of the City. By this time I had bought a large truck, a G.M.C. pick-up truck. I began making a shuttle service from every small town in a two hundred mile radius around the city of Columbus. Always beating the Oil Refinning Co. who was sending out drivers with large trucks, picking up old grease from Restaurants, Hotels, etc., throughout the entire State of Ohio and perhaps the mid-west. The name of the company was the Columbus Grease Co., and to the same company I had to sell my grease.

This continued for a number of months. And as I continued to sell the grease to the refining company, my money began to increase.

My father once asked me if I would keep the Torah, even if everyone would be against me and I said, yes, even until death.

The only question on the Torah and maybe the only question from my father in my lifetime.

My father took out a gun and pointed it at me. "Get out of my house" and I did so.

I took a garage some place in the town to store my grease, for my father said he needed the place for wrecked cars. I had a steady route now throughout Ohio, coming within fifty miles of Cleveland, Ohio. I always caught the Hotel or Restaurant or bar full of grease before the company man would appear to get the grease.

BRITISH PRISON

I wasn't living at home anymore, because of petty quarrels, so I decided to return to Israel. I travelled to Columbus, paid my respects to my parents and told them I was leaving for N.Y.C. I took a train, and landed in N.Y. at the Grand Central Station.

Being a religious type with a beard I decided to live in Willamsburg, Brooklyn. I found a room within the first day, and began hunting for a job. I went to every Jewish store within that vicinity looking for work, and by the time the sun began to set. I was

hired by the most religious man in Williamsburg. He had about twenty-five grandsons, all religious. His place of business was a hardware store. He and his son was taking care of the customers and he was taking care of the cash register more or less. My job was to drive their station wagon, keep stock in the basement, dip the pots and the pans in the Ritual Bath, especially made for that, and also to sell to customers on the main floor. My Ohio truck-drivers license was not valid in the state of New York and I had to pass a test to get my chauffeurs license. I passed the test with complete success, and began working full time, eight hours a day at the hardware store, and driving the station wagon through all parts of N.Y.C. to deliver many parcels to the customers' homes. For you see,this man had a thriving business of immense proportions, catering mainly to religious Jews throughout the city, and also a great deal of non-religious Jews, and gentiles of course.

I went three times a day to the Synagogue and I found this to be the cradle of Rabbinical Hassidismus in the entire U.S. on one street alone, called Bedford Avenue, there were six leaders of different Hassidic groups, and of course they were Rabbis. After working for a number of months at the Hardware store, I asked for a raise, but he would not give me what I wanted, in fact no raise at all. I left his place of work and began looking for another job.

I found a job unloading rags by a Jewish man. But that became too difficult after a couple of weeks.

I found another job working in a wine factory, where they bottled the wine, however that was just for the Passover rush and later they laid me off. I couldn't save no money with all my past employments. I began looking for ships. I decided about working on a ship, maybe I could reach Israel, but as usual it was difficult. Finally, one Greek Jewish man told me he would give me a ship going to Scotland. He told me the ship was docked in Boston, Mass. This had been a difficult task, about three or four months waiting. This was the only chance for me to take. Meanwhile I had moved from my first room on Bedford Ave. to my second room on Bedford Ave., and now I was in my third room on Bedford Ave. I lived by a Jewish widow, whose husband was a Rabbi and the daughter had just turned 19. She was very sweet and lovable, however she was a very religious girl and positively a virgin. However, every Friday night I used to eat at their table and we conversed in a most pleasant manner. Now I was leaving this behind. I was going to Boston, Mass, with another sailor who was supposed to work aboard the ship. We took a train and arrived in Boston Harbor. As we approached the ship, it was an ugly piece of steel, dirty, about the size of an small liberty ship, and they were unloading old iron and steel and metals.

I boarded the ship and gave him my papers from the office, and presented to him my Naval discharge papers in order to prove to him that I had experience on the sea as a sailor. And I think until this day that

captain has my discharge papers. He looked me over questionably. After a few minutes told me where I was to sleep, etc. Early the next morning the ship was on the open sea. The days went by. Oh yes, my duties aboard ship were as folows: I wasn't the chief cook or bottle washer, but I did wash dishes for about ten men and served them their food three times a day. And in order to look like one of the crew, I had taken a crew haircut and shaved off my beard completely.

However, now I had completely adjusted myself to the ways of the ship, and everything was going fine. I kept quiet most of the time, not to arouse any suspicion etc., that I was going to Israel at a later date! in other words, I was trying to keep private matters, private. However, this didn't help me from getting into trouble, as my beard started to grow back, it seemed like they recognized in me the Eternal Jew and they asked me questions now and then, if I was of Jewish stock or not. However, I avoided the issue with no response. But there was one big, huge member, and I do mean large, he looked like Goliath himself, and as I went to empty the garbage towards the back of the ship, he would take pieces of iron or steel, heavy ones indeed, and just throw them so as to miss me and they would bounce off on the deck with a large noise. This continued a number of times, however I gave the attitude of indifference. I continued my way accordingly, as if he wasn't there. This didn't satisfy him, so during the night-time he

began pounding the deck overhead where I slept. This occurred a number of times, and the ship continued forward. I had on ship one suitcase full of clothes etc.

We were now off the coast of England. As we continued to make our way up the coast, we finally reached Leith Harbor, outside of Edinborough, Scotland. — We docked in the Harbor near many ships, and we had liberty that afternoon. I also went into Town and I called up a Rabbi by telephone and I asked him if there was any way he could contact someone and raise enough money for me to go to Israel from England. He was somewhat pessimistic however, he did tell me I would get more results in London. I returned to my ship and decided that evening, a couple days before the ship leaves the Harbor, I would jump ship. In the meantime I began filling my pockets. I was wearing a top-coat in order to cover up the bulging package underneath my belt. However, at the gate, seeing that I was wearing extra clothes, the Scotchman thought that I had stolen some clothes off the ship, if not my ship another ship, and he held me up, throwing a number of questions at me. However, my defence wasn't convincing enough, and he was about to call someone from my ship by telephone and investigate this thoroughly, however at the last minute I finally convinced him that this was my own top-coat, and he let me go free.

I could have gotten into great trouble had he investigated, for they would have found out that I was trying to jump ship, by seeing all of my clothes were

gone from my locker etc. But this was not the case. Luck was on my side, so I went to the post-office in Edinborough for the third time and mailed my last package to General Delivery London. With this all taken care of, I took in the scenery of the town. However, there were no girls at hand and my situation was too serious, to indulge in any extra undertakings. I even went to the Bus Station and bought a ticket in advance for London, England. All was set. So all I had to do was wait for the ship to leave the Harbor, and on the same day that the ship was supposed to leave I would sneak away from the ship quietly etc. The ship was delayed in the Harbor for an extra week, and meanwhile I acquired a tooth-ache. On the ship's expense account I went in to see a Scottish dentist, and he fixed my tooth, and the days went by quickly.

The day had come, and the ship was leaving early in the morning, this was the night before. I was taking my liberty pass in the evening as usual, and I walked off the ship without too much attention, and one of the crew members yelled at me and said, "Don't forget to come back early tonight, the ship's leaving tomorrow at dawn." I nodded my head in the positive, and continued my journey through the gate. And I walked to the center of town and quietly into a seat on the Bus. It was evening and the Bus began to roar. I was looking at the Scottish country-side as we sped across the length of Scotland. Finally, we entered England. There were no border markings, in fact I couldn't

tell the difference between the two sections. It was pleasant surroundings, small villages, built in a conservative manner, exceptionally clean and for the most part quiet.

Finally, after many an hour I was in London, England, feeling like a fugitive from justice, although I had every right and I was completely innocent. I still had to watch myself, for I was in England without a passport. I went to the nearby Yeshiva and I asked for the Director, who was the Rabbi, and asked him if I could have a room and board and learn in the Yeshiva there. He finally agreed to my request, and I, not having an appropriate suit for the occasion, went down to the old market-place, for as you know I had been here before as a tourist and I knew my way around somewhat. However,, now it was a different situation. I bought an English suit, second-hand in black. I was given a room in the dormitory. I had my meals with the students, and during the early morning hours I was learning with the students "The Torah". I had with me about $ 80.00 in my pocket.

One fine day I decided to go to the American consulate and fill out an application for a passport. I did so, and the lady said, "Come back in a couple of days." So I left. Now I decided to call up the Company in Edinborough, where the ship had left or was supposed to leave, for I wanted to find out if the ship had left Scotland, for I could not find it in the shipping news. And if the ship left, I wanted to ask them what I should do concerning my lateness in coming back to

the ship etc. The gentleman at the other end of the line told me that I was in a very dangerous situation, for if the authorities caught me as I was now, they could put me in prison for a year. So he told me the best thing I could do was to notify the authorities that I had missed my ship etc. Without thinking much, I decided to follow his advice. After I had hung up I took a street-car immediately to the Foreign Section of the Police Dept. and told them my story about what happened on the ship, and also that I was late in getting back to the ship. They didn't believe my story, and they told me that I would go to prison until they could find transportation which was to be paid by the Shipping Co. back to the U.S. So I took my belongings and myself into a black sedan, which was owned by the authorities, and they took me to the famous prison in London. They put me in a cell with a Polish guy, who was trying to get back to Poland or something to that effect. And the hospitality was so great, that all my meals for each day was bread and water. And on Sunday they gave us a piece of cake and some cold cuts. I didn't mind the surroundings and I figured I would only be there for a short time, however my stay was two and a half weeks. And I was doing fine. Through many of my journeys on the seven seas there was often a time, where I didn't have much to eat. So the lack of food didn't bother me in the least.

Oh yes, by the way, at this very moment in English history, all the ports were on strike, and nothing moved

out or in every harbour in Great Britain. Now, whether this was because I was in prison on bread and water, remains to be seen.

I was finally notified that I was leaving the prison the next morning, and I thought I was going on one of those old ships to work my passage back home. However, the man who gave me back my luggage at the prison told me that I was being sent back to the U.S.A. by B.O.A.C. Outside the prison gates I was accompanied by a secret service-man, who ushered me into a black sedan, and we zoomed off to the Airport. On the way going he told me according to British regulations, in this case specifically, I should feel free, if ever again I wanted to visit England as a tourist or otherwise, to apply for a visa and there would be no hindrance in returning to England once more. I thanked him so much for explaining to me all the details. He put me aboard the B.O.A.C. and the huge airliner zoomed into the sky. And as I was making my way through the plane, written on a beautiful plaque was inscribed, "This plane is used by Her Majesty the Queen for most of her journeys throughout the British empire." In other words, the Queen's plane, or you could call it the Flag-Ship of B. O. A. C. etc.

While the journey continued I met in the bar section of the plane a gentleman with a Trinidad accent, and he was part owner of an Airline in the Caribean Area, and he was returning to Trinidad or Jamaica etc. He asked me what is life according to the Jew-

ish religion, or he asked me in a different manner how could he keep his health by his own personal effort. I promptly told him to read the writings of Maimonides etc. And I assured him like Maimonides himself said, if one followed his hygienic rules, he wouldn't become sick all the days of his life. I landed at Idlewild International Airport. The guard at the gate asked me if I needed any extra cash, and I told him no.

WASHINGTON D.C.

I immediately returned to Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and acquired a separate room, this time on the second floor of a side-street near Bedford Avenue. The room was quite large and quiet. I threw my belongings inside and fell asleep for the rest of the day. I decided that I could save money this time. And so I started looking for a job again. Finally, I found a dish-washing job in a Cafe near Times Square. I began working eight hours a day, it was evening work. Finally I figured I could take another shift, so I got another job, washing dishes in another Cafe on different hours. However, the hot and cold water was too strenuous on my system, and I had to quit both jobs immediately.

I was wandering one day in Williamsburg and stopped in a Synagogue to hold a conversation etc. And one American-born Rabbi heard my plight concerning my difficulties to raise money to go to Israel. He was a man of about 45, modern looking, and had also many hard knocks during his life. However, he

was now married and had a number of children. He was in charge of the economy at one of the boy's Yeshiva's in Williamsburg. He gave me this advice: "Why don't you take Yeshiva tickets and sell them to Jewish stores in the city, and whatever you make fifty percent will be yours." I thought this over very carefully, and a few minutes or a few hours later I went into one of the religious stores in Williamsburg and bought a wide brimmed black fur-hat, called the samet hat. And I also acquired a brand new satin religious long black coat, and the following morning I began to systematically, perhaps like the Gestapo, entering into every known store on every large business-street in the City of New York. The Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhatten, etc. It took about a week to cover the main streets of greater New York, that is in the main business sections, where most of the stores were crowded closely together etc. I began making thirty, forty, fifty dollars a day, and my fifty percent at the end of each day's work I mailed in the U.S. post office in a form of postal checks to the U.S. Government Passport Division, Washington, D.C. This continued until I had paid off three hundred dollars to the American government, for that T.W.A. plane ticket and some other added expenses for which I had borrowed. And now I was paying it back completely to the last penny.

After I had finished sending in three hundred dollars, I applied to the Rockefeller International Office for a new passport etc., including the Statement that I paid all my debts up to this point personally to the

U.S. government in the past couple of months, and that I would appreciate greatly, being that I am an official immigrant of Israel, and that I request at this time to return to the state of Israel.

While I was waiting for a reply, I continued my Paul Revere runnings throughout New York. And as soon as I had a hundred dollors, I went into a tourist agency on the other side of the Williamsburg bridge near Delancy Street and asked them to reserve a ticket for me. They told me as soon as I was ready they would put me on a definite ship. A week later I received my reply from the U.S. State Dept. Passport Division, and the answer was as follows ' "We regret to inform you, because of your past performances we cannot issue you a U.S. passport." I felt very low that day. Was this my destiny? After so much toil I had faced every businessman in the city of New York without shame, and always in the status of a soldier, fighting with all my might to find my place in society, and what would be now? My only happiness seemed at the present moment was to be in the State of Israel, and finally to become a productive citizen of that State.

I returned with a saddened face to the tourist office and gave them the other sixty dollars which was lacking for my tourist class reservation on a Zim ship, and I showed them the letter from the State Dept. They looked it over and they happened to be Russian Jews, and the wife of the Boss seemed to be very keen concerning all types of matters relating to this busi-

ness. She told me there was one way out of this mess or situation, and that was to make an affidavit renouncing American citizenship and having it certified by the county clerk in the City of New York. This I did. Then I was supposed to go with the affidavit and a letter that I had paid for my ship/ ticket to the Israeli consulate in Manhatten, N.Y.C. This I did. I entered the offices, and finally after an hour of waiting I was seated in front of a man, an Israeli, who asked what he could do for me? I told him the details necessary, and that I wished to have an Israeli Immigrant Visa stamped on the back of this affidavit in order to return to Israel as a Returning Resident. He told me in no uncertain terms he would not put an Israeli visa on an affidavit, as it stood at present. He told me my best bet was to explain to the American authorities that the Israeli consulate would give me an Israeli Returning Resident Visa if the State Department would issue me a U.S. passport, in order to return to Israel. I left in a sad state and I was perplexed as to what my next step would be. However, within an hour's time, seeing that I had sufficient extra money in my pocket, still dressed in my garb, wide brimmed black hat, satin full fashioned religious coat in a black color, I boarded a plane. Destination: Washington D.C.!

Upon arrival it seemed at the time I had to wait about two hours until the offices of the State Dept. Passport Division were opened to the public. So I began to systematically visit all the Business Establish-

ments in the City of Washington D.C. And I made enough money for my round trip ticket by plane, even though I did have enough money in my pocket at the time etc. However, I needed the money at a future date if I ever arrived in Israel. I finally was able to speak to the official necessary concerning my plight. He managed to get my file out from the Passport Section and he seemed to know my case very well. He told me that if the Israeli government would give me an Israeli visa beforehand, then the U.S. Passport Division would give me a passport directly and only for Israel. This was the best solution I could get out of him at that time. So I returned by plane immediately to N.Y.C. I went back to the Israeli consulate, I spoke about the pow-wow that I had with the State Dept. officials. He was determined not to give me an Israeli visa until I had a U.S. passport, and he told me a couple of other little details and sent me travelling by plane to Washington D.C. again. However, at the State Dept. I received the same answer: The Israeli visa must first be in my possession before they would give me a passport directly to Israel.

I was at the end of my wits, my future looked dim and dark. Finally, I decided to take second-rate transportation, a train back to N.Y.C. I returned to the Tourist Office on Delancy Street. They told me to try the Israeli consulate again, and so I did. I spoke to the same Israeli gentleman again, and he was as stubborn as usual and told me he couldn't help me, and as I was about to leave his office, as I sat there in

front of his desk, I told him my mother was crying because of her son's unhappiness. Upon hearing that sentence he began to feel sympathetic to my case and said, "Where is your affidavit?" Happily I had it with me in my pocket. He took it and said, "Wait in the outer office a while." Ten minutes later he called me in again, and before he stamped it he said, "You're not going to lead an idle life to learn at the Yeshiva, are you? and you will make yourself productive, and become a full-class citizen of Israel?" And I said, "Yes, I certainly will. I never was the type to sit idly by continuously in one spot like they do in the Yeshivot." He stamped my affidavit and wrote down the signature of the Israeli consulate, and he wished me good luck.

THE SACRIFICE
THE STATE OF ISRAEL

I still wasn't sure I was going to get on the ship for there were many things involved especially in my case. I went to my grandfather's grave and prayed and asked him to help me leave America safely and come to Israel. Later that night, about 11 or 12 o'clock, I packed my baggage and brought it down to a Hotel near the Ocean and checked my baggage, for I also had a room reserved for the following night. I took my radio the next day and sold it, and the reason I kept so quiet and did everything in a very shady manner was to avoid having contact with anyone in order to avoid any types of troubles or conflicts, for my situation was very delicate. For if the American government found out, they would have stopped me from going aboard ship and I would be in utter defeat. So I did everything in a very quiet manner. I didn't tell no one I was leaving, not a soul, and the evening before the ship left I called up my parents long distance from an ice-cream parlor and told the operator to disconnect my telephone call after three minutes. I told my parents I had gone to my grandfather's grave to pay my respects, and among other things they asked me how I felt and was everything O.K. I told them, "Yes, everything is fine," but I didn't tell them anything about

my sailing across the Ocean, for I didn't want to worry them. After the voyage would be completed I would send them a letter. And the telephone operator forgot to tell me when the three minutes were up, so after I hung up the telephone, the telephone rang again and I answered. She said, "That will be two dollars more please, sir, "or something like that, and I told her flatly," I wouldn't pay it. I had distinctly told you to disconnect our telephone call after three minutes. "So she said, "Oh a wise guy." So I heard her starting to talk to someone else to trace the call or send the police or something like that, so I hung up the telephone very quickly and started running down the street. It began to rain, to my dismay, but I was still running, I could not afford any trouble that night, just before my ship was leaving early the following morning, and so I finally reached the Hotel near the Ocean and I fell fast asleep.

I was up bright and early with all my documents in my coat pocket, and as I walked through the lobby with my two suitcases, guess who came towards me from the opposite exit? A large huge Police Officer. I felt funny for a minute, but he didn't bother me, he just passed me by, his victim was someone else in the Hotel. I quickly hailed a taxi "To the port, Sir!" I paid the taxi-man his money and climbed up the many stairs to the ship's level. I was the first one, for it was still morning. I waited about two hours. I had about three suitcases. However, they were bound up with string etc. And finally about nine or ten o'clock

the gate was opened and I was the first one through the gate. There was one huge Irishman looking at all documents going through the gate, he looked more like Goliath than anything else. He looked at my documents and the affidavit and motioned with his hand for me to go on. I remembered, written on this affidavit it stated that after being a citizen of America for twenty-seven years, I finally decided to give up my American citizenship for religious reasons in order to live in the State of Israel. And so after he told me to go on, I felt much better.

But now I had to pass the company's desk. It was further up, near the ship. I gave my documents, the affidavit, Income Tax report to the girl at the desk, she was one of these tipical New York girls with an accent, with a lope-sided nose, and it seemed to be out of proportion. She asked me in a pessimistic manner, "This the only document you have?" So I told her in a non-expressive manner. "This is sufficient." I finally, after some hesitation at her Dept., I picked up all my bones, suitcases, and with all my strength I pulled them slowly into my spacious tourist cabin on the lower second deck. However, I did not move out of my cabin for fear something might happen. I had read the papers, this was a Maiden voyage of the S.S. Israel to New York from the German shipyards in Germany. Also the ship's picture was in the paper covering a quarter of the page. The newest addition to the Zim fleet, and perhaps the most modern ship that Israel had in its possession at that time.

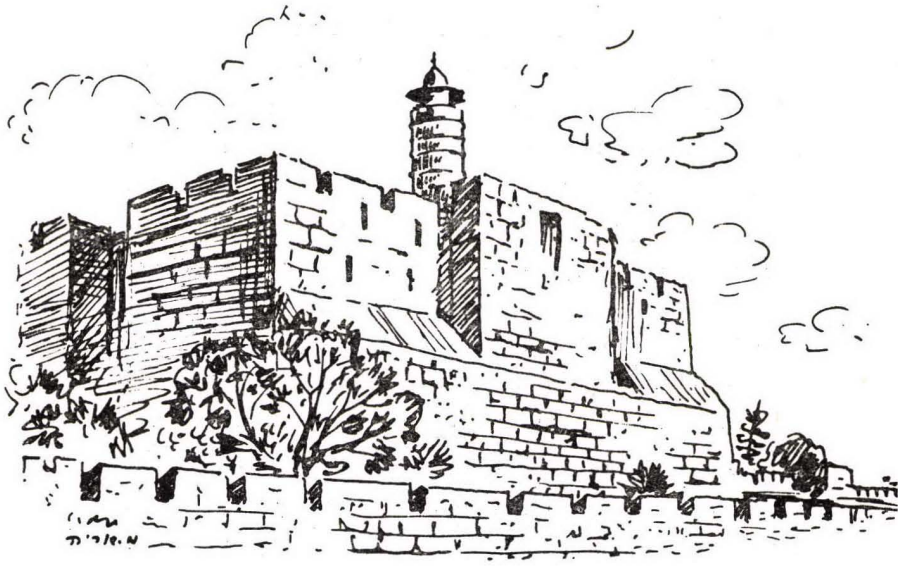
It was spotless white on the outside, and many portions of the inside. A fast ship for Trans-Atlantic crossings, modern elevators, Movies, Synagogue, and dining-rooms. I found the food to be in the most excellent condition, I ate to my full during the entire trip. Almost everyday they served chicken or meat. I happened to be seated near a religious gentleman, though he had no beard. He wore a black skull-cap and he and I joined together to lead the entire group in singing at our dinners Jewish songs and many other types of songs. The rest of the people sitting at our table were women. Remember, my costume was still in place, long black coat, white shirt, and a wide black brimmed hat. The journey continued, and the trip was a very smooth one, some time in October, 1955. I never had such a quiet journey across the Atlantic, that is concerning the ship itself. It cut the water like a knife and we didn't encounter even one storm.

One day I walked into the first-class bar on the ship in my complete costume, and the Bar tender came promptly over to me and told me this was off limits to tourist class passengers. He spoke to me in Yiddish or English, I forgot which. I said something to him in English, and he knew I was American born from my accent. He immediately excused himself and went away as fast as he came. Upon reaching Haifa Port there was nothing new to me, it was the same old grind. However, I was very happy to be back home in the State of Israel. I figured it would be nice to relax in Haifa for a number of

months, and so I went to the same Yeshiva that I once stayed overnight a couple years ago, when I had arrived for the first time in Haifa, Israel. The Director, who was a Rabbi, was glad to see me again. He welcomed me with open arms and he gave me a bed to sleep on, and I began eating with the students again and I became a full fledged member of the Yeshiva. He told me I could stay as long as I wished. I rented a radio on a monthly basis from a store on Herzl St., and I began to lead a quiet life for a while.

Haifa was a picturesque town. I went to the City offices and tried to get a job. However, they refused me etc. I went to the American consulate one day to find out about something, and the Vice-Consul began to criticise me and he became angry, and he said, "How did you get here"? He was sent the report from Washington, D.C. all about my file. For I had requested a month before in Haifa for my compensation checks to be sent to me in Haifa. And so that is the reason he knew all about my file. I told him I didn't do nothing wrong. He said, "We could sue you for purgery." I didn't say much and did my business and left his office.

THE STAR OF DAVID
THE SIX CHAMBERS OF HEAVEN AND HELL



KING DAVID'S TOWER,



THE WAILING WALL

A PSALM OF DAVID

O Lord, Who shall sojourn in Thy tent? Who shall dwell on Thy holy hill? He Who walks blamelessly And does what is right, And speaks the truth in his heart, Who does not slander with his tongue; and commits no evil to fellowmen ; And brings no blame unto his kin; Who rejects reprehensive people; Yet honors those who fear the Lord; Who swears to his own hurt and does not change; Who does not put out his money at interest; And takes no bribe against the blameless; He, Who does all these; Shall not be swayed for ever.

THE WARSAW CHAMBER AND MOUNT ZION

I tried to acquire employment, however I did not succeed in my endeavors. After staying in Haifa for two months, I decided only in Jerusalem could I find my place in Israel's society. I took the express train to Jerusalem, as if a magnet was drawing me, I returned to the Meah She'arim district, its coble stone streets, its mystical surroundings, the Ritual Baths, the midnight prayer etc. To me this was the real Jerusalem (at that time). I found a small room in the Warsaw Houses with 49 steps going high up to the first landing. I paid the sum of twelve pounds, and I settled down to a quiet life of cold Ritual Baths in the afternoon each day, and once a week a hot Ritual Bath on Friday morning, plus prayer three times a day. And the rest of my thirteen dollars from my U.S. Navy pension I used for food etc.

I began to search for employment. First I went to the Employment Office and they laughed at me, and so I left. Finally some religious person took me to the Religious Ministry in Jerusalem. The gentleman in charge of employment on Mount Zion gave me fifteen pounds a month for making a Minyan at King David's Tomb. This employment lasted about a half a year. As I walked up the Mountain each day to King David's

Tomb, I thought to myself, why of all jobs only this one I could get, and of all places where a dead King was buried. All my life I had kept away from funerals, cemeteries etc., but now I was going miles each day just to visit King David's Tomb. Inside the room where King David's Tomb was, it was simple, humble, cool, quiet, mystical, and yet elegant, with all the silver and gold vessels of King David placed over his tomb. Many conversations I had in the King's Chambers. When I came the first time to Mount Zion, I met the Curator at a Gathering in The Room of Ashes. Most of the Group had been Jews from a small town in Poland. They came up to Mount Zion on the annual date when their Jewish Community had been destroyed in Poland. At the Far end of the Room was placed a Menorah consisting of Six Candles for a Memorial representing The Six Million Jews.

On the speakers platform was standing a Man of average height with slightly greying hair. He looked with dreamy eyes and spoke to them. His voice was sharp and clear and he said, "We are standing at this present moment, between the Ashes and the Throne of the Messianic King David, they are both connected in many ways.

A Shiver went through me and they looked at him with astonishment as He related the Living Legends of sufferings and agony.

Eevery Legend had a deep rooted meaning conveyed to the listeners by Symbolic expressions, in order to explain the two Big Events of our Generation. The

loss of the Six Million Jews and the rebuilding of the State of Israel.

He spoke more than an hour about all those Living Legends. The entire Group was completely engrossed, throughout the Dramatic Presentation.

I asked someone near me who is this Man ? This is Reb Zanwil he answered.. The Spiritual Leader that created Mount Zion.

Is this Dr. Kahana I asked him, He answered, "Yes and No, At the Religious Ministry, they call him Dr. Kahana, however, we call him Reb Zanwil the Spiritual Leader.

I had been very much impressed by the Stories and I felt in my soul that they had some connection with me, my past and future, sometimes I had the Impression that he was looking at me, as if he was speaking to me from that time on.

I went to every gathering when I knew, he would be the speaker and I meditated about the Legends he told.

Once I asked him if he would give me the permission to publish his living Legends and he answered smiling that they were created to be told however, tell them in the correct manner.



Dr. S.Z. Kahana

Rabbi Dr. S.Z. Kahana — born in Warsaw, a scion of one of the most illustrious Jewish families, eighteen generations of rabbis and leaders of Polish Jewry :

Dr. Kahana — is a masterful teacher, who headed an educational, network in pre-war Poland; Dr. Kahana — a prolific writer and scholar, who has many books to his credit on a wide gamut of interesting topics, as religion, Bible, education, philosophy, biography and spiritual portrait of Maimonides, articles on Halakhah and history; — Dr. Kahana was the Director-General, Ministry of Religious Affairs and currently the Curator of the Mount Zion Committee.

A PSALM

I was glad when they said unto me:
"Let us go to the House of the Lord"
At last our feet are standing
Within thy gates — Jerusalem,
Jerusalem rebuilt.
Which associates unto herself all together The tribes of God
As the Witness of Israel
To give thanks to the name of the Lord.
For there are set the seats of Judgment,
The seats of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem
"May all who love thee be at ease,
Peace be within thy ramparts,
Ease within thy mansions".



On behalf of my brethren and companions
I would say: "Peace be with thee".
For the sake of the House of the Lord our God
I would seek thy good.

Jerusalem, besides being the Holy City is also the City of Dreamers. I asked Reb Zanvil about my connection with the ashes of the six million Jews and the blood and bones. And he said, "Milk from mothers, and ashes, remember them, this is your bread. There are stories about King David, about him eating ashes for twenty two years."

And I asked myself, why did King David have to eat ashes for twenty-two years? And why someone who wants to become the King would have to eat ashes? Perhaps it means that one who wishes to become the King must suffer very much.

There's another story that goes like this. The Curator was giving a Blessing to different people telling them go proud and high and be humble. In the middle of his Blessing he took the crown from the tomb of King David, and raised up the crown and put it on a number of people who happened to be there, saying. "Sons of Kings, wanderers."

I was very impressed. That night I dreamt that the Curator put the crown on my head, and I ran away, then I came back again, and the crown was not there anymore. And the Curator holding the Psalms in his hand, gave me the book of Psalms, but the covers of the book looked very strange, one page Psalms, one page story. I tried to speak, but I could not read the

stories. It was written in a strange way, as leaves from a tree, forming a story on each leaf, end of dream.

The next morning I told the Curator my dream. He was smiling as a man who smiles in a dreamy fashion. "Maybe these are the leaves of your life, and one day you will understand it." He said, "You should recite each day a Psalm of King David."

The Curator invited a group of people to visit the Cave of Maimonides in Tiberias on the twentieth of Teveth. At the end of the gathering a list was made of all those wanting to go.

A number of days later the entire group took a Bus. On the way to Tiberias the Curator told us some strange stories about Maimonides when he was young. Because he had a step-mother, she didn't like him too much, and finally the day arrived when the father kicked him out of the house, and he began to wander, going from one Rabbi to the other, trying to become more acquainted with the learnings of the Torah. Finally, he found a Rabbi in Fes, Morocco, and he became his best pupil. And after a number of years, he returned to his father's house as a well-known scholar etc. This story interested me very much, for I too had been through many sufferings and wanderings and was looking for and hungry for the wisdom of the Torah.

Finally, we arrived at the Cave of Maimonides, and as the entire group were mingling in and out of the Cave, I saw a little boy selling a photo album with a picture of Maimonides inside, and he seemed similar

to my face, many common features. I asked Reb Zanvil about these common features of Maimonides, and the Curator said, "If you feel that way, you may become so."

The Curator is telling a story to a study group about the Ari who lived about four hundred years ago. The setting is a Brith-Milah. Everybody is waiting for Elijah the Prophet. The Ari seems to be giving the child to someone; however no one sees anyone. And everyone begins to sigh, and scream, "Wait", ::Stop !" However, the Ari sees the Prophet Elijah and is raising up the child to let the Prophet touch him or bless him. Meanwhile the congregation is screaming, the child is not falling down, but is falling upward.

Reb Zanvil says, "Every Jewish child is somewhat flying in the air. With no roots to keep him on the ground, he is continuously a man without a country from one reincarnation to another."

Now, the Ari had many firm and solid connections with God and man, because he had achieved the State of Holiness etc. Throughout my many travels, I also felt as if I was sailing through the air, with no end in sight. How was it possible throughout all these past voyages for me to continue to exist in any sense of the word etc. Perhaps, I must also try and find my roots in connection with society and God.

Many a time I roamed through Mt. Zion looking for signs, inspirations, to lift myself up spiritually.

Sometimes Reb. Zanvil would take us on a morning tour, and relate many legends about King David and many other great men, connected with Mt. Zion.

The Curator decided to convene a special Congress of all the descendants of King David from all over the world. Many came, including two hundred well-known Rabbis, descendants of King David. I too would like to take part in this holy gathering but I don't have any material to prove that I descended from King David.

Reb. Zanvil told me another story, that there was supposed to be a sign on the body like a line on the forehead which represents a spiritual crown. Many people laughed about this, however I took it as a matter of fact etc. The story continues like this: The general body prepares itself for the crown, etc.

My grandfather who originally comes from Grodno, Lithvania, told me once, that I stemmed from the Rabbi Alfasi. The Curator said, "That is very possible that you stem from King David's family." After hearing these words from the Curator himself. I felt inspired to search for some concrete relationship to King David's ancestory. I had many times tried to find out which great Rabbi my grandfather spoke about. Finally, I found a lady in the reference room at the Hebrew University Library, who told me that the only great Rabbi that could have a relation to my name Fesman is Alfasi The Rif, whose name is really "The man from Fes" in Arabic.

I went to the Museum and searched for King David's pictures, and I found Rembrandt's profile picture of King David with his crown and harp. A stranger was also standing near his picture (King David's profile) and he asked me if I had been his model. I

laughed etc. Perhaps if I make a photo-montage, it would look similar to me etc.

I began to look for a Rabbi, who also stemmed from the pure seed of David etc. And I remember that Maimonides himself said, that he stems from the line of Rabbis coming from the Pure Seed of King David. Also I remember that the Fourteen Books of the Mishneh Torah is supposed to be a gift of the Appointed one to rule in Jerusalem. I took all these roots together and went to a well-known photo studio in Tel-Aviv and told him to make two photo-montages of King David and Maimonides. The results were beyond my wildest dreams. The King David was like my twin, and Maimonides looked like my brother. I had finally found my true roots, that is a firm foundation, a close connection to the House of David.

Now, my Sabra family which I knew two years ago, he and his wife were trying to find a girl for me to marry etc. However, nothing worked out. He was also trying to get me a job as an English teacher in one of the religious schools, however I couldn't speak any Hebrew at the time, and it was quite difficult because of that fact.

Finally, one hot day in the summer of 1956, the hot winds came from the desert and made me very dry inside. I began to drink a bottle of cold milk, a half of water-melon and a couple sweet melons, in a freezing state out of the icebox, and it caused me to get jaundice. I wandered in the streets for a couple of weeks, I tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing help-

ed. I finally went to Hadassah, in the middle of town, but they wouldn't take me, however they did take me by car over to the religious Hospital on the other side of the town. And there I was examined by a couple of doctors in the emergency ward, and even my friend Mosy Gold was interning there, for he had finished Medical School in Switzerland. However, none of the doctors thought I was in any critical condition whatsoever, and they told me to go home and take it easy. One German Jew decided to examine me himself. And he found my blood pressure to be very low and so he said, "This man needs immediate attention and should be admitted to the Hospital as a patient. And I had told the doctors before that I did not have any money, nor did I have the means to pay for it at a later date.

I remained in the Hospital for three weeks. After the first week the doctor told me I was doing fine, better than most of his patients. Doctor Gold visited me once in a while. I was given the opportunity to select my own diet, for they had heard from Gold that I studied Medicine in Switzerland and in America. I ordered cooked rolled oats, a breast of chicken in the afternoon, and in between meals, orange-juice etc.

And as per usual, most of the nurses were girls. And I became acquainted with one, a very sweet girl who was very well built and flowing all over with milk and honey like a spring flower. She told me that she would never marry a doctor, because they were too busy and she would always be alone most of the time etc. And then my next romance came in the middle of the night.

A beautiful blondie, dressed in a white nurses' uniform, with her long blonde stresses, bent over me about twelve in the night during her duties on the ward. She asked me this question, "What do you want most in life?" And still being in the pride of my youth with sincerity, "My uppermost thoughts," I said, "The Torah." And she smiled at me and we spoke to each other after that a number of times, in fact, every time she passed through the ward.

The weeks passed, and I was discharged from the Hospital. I returned to that lazy hot summer in the easy going religious section, where everybody moves in slow motion, where the cobble stones give one the impression that he is in some Swiss or Austrian village. I met a friend who was a former boxer in Europe. He told me I could get a job where he worked in a wine factory about a half hour ride out of Jerusalem. I had tried my luck at the Labor Exchange in Jerusalem, however with no results. So I took his advice and I went to work in the wine factory. However, after working there a week, it was impossible to continue further. The work was too difficult for me and I quit of my own accord. Then my Sabra friend finally convinced one important man at the Education Dept. in Jerusalem to give me a job as an English teacher in a religious school, some place in Israel. The inspector sent me down to Beer-Sheva to report to the Administrative section of the religious school system in that city. I packed all my bags, gave half of my clothing to the landlady for a half of months rent I hadn't paid, took

a taxi to the Bus Station early in the morning, and I arrived in Beer-Sheva late in the morning. I immediately went to the Director in charge of the school. However, upon hearing I didn't know any Hebrew at all, he called up the Educational Director, and told him, "What kind of people are you sending me? He can't even say Shalom". And so I left his office in a sad state and decided not to return to Jerusalem, but to go to Tel-Aviv and try my luck there.

I took a bus to Tel-Aviv and placed my suitcases in the Bus depot and began looking for a room. I found a gentleman who was a Apartment Broker, and he told me to try a certain old lady who had a separate room with a separate entrance on the ground floor. I went there immediately, and she rented me the room. Now, she hersself owned the entire apartment building and she offered to give me some kind of work in a small little business nearby, but we never came to the practical end of it. Now that I had a room, I went searching for employment. I finally found a job on Yaffo-Tel-Aviv Street, a store dealing in iron and steel and all kinds of locks, keys, and professional instruments. I had taken off my traditional garb when I went for the job in Beer-Sheva, and had been wearing an American suit, white shirt and tie. The man hired me, however his daughter called down and said to him in a quiet voice I can't stand men with beards, and so I lost my job.

I went for a couple weeks looking for a job after that, but I found no work, and I began to sell some of my clothes, for the room cost more money in Tel-Aviv

then it did in Jerusalem. I was running around more than in Jerusalem, therefore I had a larger appetite, and it was impossible to live on my $ 13.00 a month. So I decided then and there this would be as good a time as any to make a profession, where I can learn the Torah privately. Bright and early the next morning I put on some of my working-clothes and I began to go from store to store in my humble profession.

THE GATES OF HEAVEN AND HELL
(The flower that revived)
THE FLORENTINE CHAMBER

It was in the year 1956, during the Sinai Campaign, when I moved into my new premises. I was surrounded by a high thick wall, and beyond the walls was a Florentine industrial section, and on the other side was the small houses of Florentine. I had already been active in my new profession for about a month etc. Within these big walls, in each corner there was a room, and in the middle was an Arabian garden. Arabian bananas were growing well in my garden. We also had green grapes, black grapes, and a plum tree that would not grow. During the day I was busy in my new profession with the hot sun beating on my forehead in the hours from eight to one, which kept me well occupied. After one o'clock I would come home, open up the gate, and close it, and open up the door in the bedroom, and fall flat in a prone position on a matress lying on the floor. About a half an hour later,

the children from my next-door neighbor would come out and play ball against the wall of my room and wake me up, and as usual I would turn the radio on, and try to sleep, and for every precious wink that I caught, I paid dearly. At four o'clock in the afternoon, I returned to my professional activities until about seven P.M. Later in the evenings I would make my rounds to all the Cafe places.

This schedule continued from 1956 until 1963. During the night throughout the five years that I had slept in this residence, I was awakened every half hour continuously by the knocking on the walls and other means of disturbing one's sleep. Since, I was a man learned in some fundamental precepts of medicine, and also having read Maimonides books on health, upon being disturbed each time I put on the radio, went to the lavatory and returned to try to sleep again. Now, this chain of events continued each night. and for every night that I resided in the Florentine chamber. Now, there were times during the hot summer season, plus the banging on my walls, that I thought it wise, and perhaps I could avoid most of the pre-meditated disturbances, by going up on the roof of the adjoining building which belonged to the same owner. It was a two-story building, and from my garden there were steps leading up to the roof etc. I did try this maneuver, however when I reached the roof with my mattress and pillow and cover, the people who used to wake me up from my sleep by banging on the walls were throwing stones on the roof. This manner I tried

ten or twenty times, but only once was I able to sleep in this way. And I remember distinctly, one Saturday evening I was lying on the roof trying to sleep, and as it is well-known in those years there was a Club House nearby on the empty field, and to my amazement about ten or fifteen couples in the late teens came near my building and began to chant all kinds of sayings of some sort while I was up on the roof trying to sleep. This happened about five or six times in this manner.

One day, as I was returning home, kind of dizzy from my profession in the hot sun, I opened up the gate and was about to open the door to my room, and I found the lock was off, and was laying on the floor, so I fixed it back again for I knew who had done it, for there was a little boy in that section whose greatest pleasure was to torment me in some way or another. And it was positively his doings. Nothing was taken etc.

Another time, when I was coming home from work down the Florentine Street with my beard, and my Arabian head dress, I saw in the distance a German Jew with his dog, whom I knew before, but not as a friend, only from a distance. I saw him speak to the dog and point at me and he told him in some words to attack me. The dog started to run at full speed, and I was sure he was going to bite me. As he came at me, all of a sudden he started to put on his brakes and came to a quick halt, about one yard away from me, and he walked back to his

master with his head down low. That was a narrow escape for a premediated action.

Living across the way from me (a small alley divided our houses) there was one of the men from the Police Force. Now, this man I suppose bothered me in many different ways, but the most predominent manner of his choosing, was on the Sabbath when I was home the whole day and so was he. It happened to be that I was fasting for about four years on the Sabbath. No liquid and no food. Not even a drop of water, nor a piece of food. It was in this situation every Sabbath during the day he kept on trying to brain-wash me in some manner by calling out my name Ha'ari. This continued for at least two or two and a half years with no end in sight. As I was once walking down to my residence through the Florentine houses, there is a well-known landscape where the family lives on the second floor and on one side there was a horse and a donkey in a stable. In that house one of the men that had been disturbing me at night stood outside his house a number of times and he would say with an undertone effect, "I can't understand you, why do you take so much torture. Why don't you run away?" Then I had another instance. One day in the hottest day of the summer, while I was at work in the morning hours, somebody had taken an axe or some sort of instrument, and was banging away and finally made a hole three fourths through the thick wall. The owner had heard him diligently at work and came running out and the man ran away. Now, with all these prevailing circum-

stances one should know that this was a quarter where no buses travelled through, no traffic whatsoever during the night hours.

During the years, that is from the age of 29 to 33. I managed to exist separate from society.

KING DAVID'S ARMOR

"Judas, your brethren shall praise you, your hand shall be on the neck of your enemies, your father's sons shall bow down before you, Judah is a young Lion... The scepter shall not depart from him, nor the ruler's staff between his feet, as long as men come to Shiloh; and all the people obey him."

In the Hebrew version, the inscription contains all the letters of our alphabet, except the letter Za-yin. The letter Za-yin means a weapon, and when inscribed it looks like a sword. Therefore, this one letter was purposely omitted in order to signify that the Kingdom of Judah may never be ruled by a sword, instead it must forever be ruled by righteousness. When the bold giant Goliath came against David with a sword, spear and shield, King Saul arrayed David in a coat of mail and he himself buckled his own sword on David's armor. Later David took off both the armor and sword. and the only weapons he carried with him were five small stones in his bag. These stones were to David like the five books of Moses, and that gave him strength to slay the mighty giant, for he came in the name of the

Lord Of Hosts, The God Of The Armies Of Israel, whom Goliath had defied.

ON LAG BA'OMER THERE ARE FESTIVITIES AND MARRIAGES

In ancient times, on the second day of the Passover, our ancestors brought into the Temple at Jerusalem an Omer "measure" of their first barley harvest. In accordance with the Biblical command, at the end of the forty-nine days from that date, the Festival of Shavuot was to be celebrated (Lev. 23:10, 15, 16; Deuteronomy 16—9). The practice of counting forty-nine days is called Sefirah among Orthodox and Conservative Jews. There are certain restrictions regarding marriages, but on Lag Ba'omer the thirty-third day of the Omer, weddings are permissible. Several reasons are given for this. One is that the persecutions of the Jews, which occurred during Sefirah, came to an end on Lag Ba'-omer. Another is that a plague, which had broken out during this period, was arrested on that day.

There is an interesting legend about a young lad who disobeyed God, by not getting married on his 18th birthday, and he continued to learn the Torah day and night. The reason was that this lad took the words of God literally; In most things, you will gain by the sweat of your brow, but a wife, I The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will give to you at the proper time." The legend ended with the lad getting married on his 33rd birthday.

A MAN LIKE MOSES MAY APPEAR IN OUR TIMES

...Amram took Jochebed, his father's sister, as his wife, and she bore him Aaron and Moses... (Exodus 6:20)

In these few words we are told of the birth of Moses, the greatest of the Prophets. In a similar manner it is written in Exodus-3:

> "A man of the House of Levi married a Levite woman. The woman conceived and bore a son; and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him for three months. When she could no longer hide him, she got a basket of bulrushes for him and daubed it with bitumen and pitch. She put the child into it and placed it among the reeds by the bank of the Nile."

The birth of Moses is written in a very simple manner, in contrast to the Greek and Roman heroes always being associated with supernatural events. The moral of the story is that, no matter how humbly born, one may become a Moses or an Aaron.

Thereafter I began to work with a middle-aged American, buying and selling ladies' dresses, typewriters, and new and old adding-machines.

We did business with the most prominent stores in Tel-Aviv on Allenby Street and Dizengoff Street, etc.

The Editor from Maariv and another man from the newspaper called Yediyot-Aharonot got together

and put my picture on the front page of Maariv for two days continuously, and my story went into seventy different languages, simultaneously through a period of a week with such titles as, In the Jerusalem Post: "The Professor and the Pauper." Because of a certain Professor visiting me from the States, whereas I spoke to him for only five minutes outside a Hotel in Haifa. Other titles were such as, "The Messiah of Dizengoff Street". "The Popular Man on Dizengoff St." Another title was, "The Prophet of Tel-Aviv.' About eighty percent was not true, ten percent mixed, and about ten percent true.

I changed my name to my original Hebrew name at birth in my identification book, that is I made it official in Israel, for I had already changed it in the year of 1954 to a Hebrew name which was as I was named after the eighth day when I was born. Seven years later, that is the time I was in Tel-Aviv, I had my name changed back to my original formal name. For three reasons a Jew may leave *Egypt.* (1) change to a Hebrew name, (2) learn the Hebrew language. (3) wear the clothes of a religious Jew. Throughout my adventures in Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, until the age of 35, I was strictly religious, that is orthodox. I was born about the time of the new moon. I was named Hillel from Hallel, the holiest Hebrew prayer, when blessing the moon.

I moved into my Florentine chamber in the year of 1956 during the Sinai campaign, that is I stayed in this room from 1956 until about 1963. I let my hair

grow long until the year of 1961, and also a beard. I went to the market place near the Big Big Clock in Yaffa and bought the Irish clothes that The American Embassy officials wear during the summer months on duty. At times, instead of an Arabian head-dress I wore a brand new Tallis of half length. This was the exception to the rule. At one Movie house, in Tel-Aviv, I was always given the most expensive seat (gratis) even when each time I was willing to pay the regular amount for a cinema ticket.

It was during this period that I decided to break the Ten Commandments, that is, to continue to believe in God and the Torah, however not to keep the rituals in a dogmatic manner, similar to Moses in the Torah. Until now, throughout all my wanderings and sufferings in the State of Israel, I was strictly religious.

STONES WITHOUT THE TORAH ARE BURDENSOME, PRACTICE MAKES THE MASTER

The Lord said to Moses, "Carve two tablets of stone like the first and I will inscribe upon the tablets the words that were on the first tablets which you shattered." (Exodus 34:1).

When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, he brought with him two Tablets of Stone, upon which were written the Ten Commandments. Upon seeing that the people were worshipping the Golden calf, af-

ter some hesitation he broke the two Tablets of Stone. However, there is a legend that when God saw how evil the people were, God himself made the letters on the tables disappear. Later, Moses appeared before God, and God said to him, "You broke the Tablets because they were the work of my hands ; now make your own, and you will not break them."

Now, the moral behind the story is that when one actually does his own labor, or whatever task he wishes to achieve, the results of that determination will endure and bring satisfaction and fulfilment.

ELIJAH IN THE GUISE OF AN ARAB

Elijah appeared to many while they were awake, and this in various ways. He often elected to appear in the guise of an Arab or, more exactly, in that of an Arab of the desert. In this manner he once appeared to a poor but pious man, and asked him whether he wished to enjoy the six good years which were appointed him now, or at the end of his life. The pious man took him for a sorcerer, and made no reply. But when Elijah came the third time, the man consulted his wife as to what he should do. They concluded to tell the Arab that they wished to enjoy the good years at once. They had hardly expressed their wish, when their children found a good treasure. The pious couple made good use of their riches, and spent much money for benevolent purposes. After six years the Arab returned

and told them that the end of their prosperity had come. The woman, however, said to him, "If you can find people who will use with more conscientiousness what you give unto them, then take it from us and give it to them." God, who well knew what use this pious couple had made of their wealth, left it in their hands as long as they lived (Midr. Ruth Zuta, ed. Buber, near end).

THE SEVEN MIRACLES

But he will do more than this, in that he will perform seven miracles before the eyes of the people: (1) He will bring before them Moses and the Generation of the Wilderness; (2) he will cause Korah and his company to rise out of the earth; (3) he will revive the Messiah, the son of Joseph; (4) he will show them again the three mysteriously lost sacred utensils of the Temple, namely, the Ark, the Vessel of Manna, and the Vessel of the sacred oil; (5) he will show the scepter which he received from God; he will crush mountains like straw; (7) he will reveal the Great Mystery (Jellinek, l. c. iii 72). At the bidding of the Messiah, Elijah will sound the trumpet, and at the first blast the Primitive light will appear; at the second, the dead will rise; and the third, the Divine Majesty will appear (Jellinek, l. c.v. 128). During the Messianic reign Elijah will be one of the eight Princes (Micah v. 4), and even on the Last Day he will not give up his activity. He will implore God's mercy for the wicked who are in Hell,

while their innocent children, who died in infancy on account of the sins of their fathers, are in Paradise. Thus he will complete his mission, in that God, moved by his prayer, will bring the sinful fathers to their children in Paradise (Eccl. R. iv. 1). He will bring to an end his glorious career by killing Samael at the behest of God, and thus destroy all evil (Yalkut Hadash, ed. Radawil, 58a).



THE TABERNACLE
THE DEEP FREEZE CHAMBER IN GEULAH

In 1964 I acquired my new residence in the Geulah district of Jerusalem. And it was during the summer months, a nice little street, a wonderful building,



but my room was beneath the entrance to the main building. There was about thirty steps down and in the courtyard, was a small room adjoining a large apartment on the ground level, however the entrance to the main building was on the same level as the street on the front side. My room was adjoining the apartment

in the back and underneath the main entrance of the building. I walkod into the room to see, if it would be suitable.

It was a small room with a kitchen sink. It seemed very dry. I took the room, and was to live there from 1964 until 1968. After being there a number of months, winter came. Now the upper ceiling of my room was about a meter thick. As the rains came down, they seeped into the concrete building slowly and all the walls around me. And on the surface of the walls could be seen little water drops all over oozing out in slow motion. And through the winter months I wos slightly uncomfortable. In the small area of this room there was an old-fashioned wardrobe. I put it against the window in the hope that my clothes would remain slightly dry. The sink was connected to the apartment next door. The other two walls were absolutely and positively oozing with water of small dimensions. This continued through the winter until the late summer, till all the water had dried out in the one and a half meter thick, walls and ceiling.

My next door neighbor, that is on the main entrance level, was a religious family. However, the boy seemed to take it seriously, and he would come over and pound on my ceiling with a pre-mediated determination of a fox. This continued for at least a year and a half, but I said nothing and bore my troubles in silence. Finally his mother, after a year and a half of observing what her son did, put an end to his evil deeds. And also during this time in my adjoining apartment there were

dancing parties continuing into the wee hours of the night, until about three in the morning, and I let my feelings be well-known, but to no avail.

In the year 1965, at the age of 36, I had just returned from Tel-Aviv tired from all my customers. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and I went over to my girl-friend's house and slept a while. Suddenly I was aroused from sleep, and my girl-friend was jumping up and down in the room in anger and her hands were flying in all directions. She was annoyed because one of the neighbors in an adjoining apartment was doing something not proper. I became very weak at that moment from all the excitement and I decided to go home. I finally walked down the steps and unlocked my door, closed the door after me, and sat down for a while on my bed. I listened to the radio, then I stood up at the kitchen sink. I was going to cook something, when all of a sudden I slipped off my feet, my forehead hit the marble slab of the kitchen sink, and I fainted. When I awoke blood was coming from my forehead, and in a thick stream. I hesitated for a while. Finally, the greater flow stopped and it was only dripping. I cleaned out the wound and laid down to sleep. And I woke up the next morning. I looked into the mirror, and there was a cut between my eyes, a round curve, and the skin was hanging out. I finally figured out why I slipped. For I was always cooking in olive oil, most of my food, and I had slipped on a portion of olive oil, plus that I had seen all of Tel-Aviv the day it happened, plus the sensations and emo-

tions that occurred in my girl-friend's apartment. I thought maybe this was something special. Maybe this was the same as the prophet Daniel, when the angel Gavriel came to him etc. Maybe this was a sign of Cain that God had given him, so that no one could destroy him.

Just then I remembered Reb Zanvil's story about the Spiritual Crown... a line on the forehead... as the general body prepares itself for the Crown and so in this manner it is possible to become a model for the people.

LEADERS MUST BECOME THE MODEL FOR THE PEOPLE

In Nahum Sokolov's book L'maran and V'rabanan, "To The Rabbis," he pointed out how important it was for the Rabbis of eastern Europe to go to Israel. When Rabbi Shlomo David Kahana, formerly Chief Rabbi of Warsaw asked him, to convene the Rabbis, so that he might expound the Mitzvah of settling in Israel, Rabbi Sokolov said, "All Rabbis love Israel, first call the people together and persuade them to go, you can always count on the Rabbis." Rabbi Kahana replied, "Tradition tells us that when Mosses asked the Nesi'im, "The Chieftains," of the tribes to make their contributions toward the erection of the Tabernacle, they said, "We are ready to give, you can always count on us, go to the people; let them give first." The people gave so much, that Moses did not require the gifts of the Chieftains, therefore the Nesi'im had no part in building the

Tabernacle itself. But later they contributed "onyx stones", and the stones to be set for the Ephod and for the Breastplate.

This actually happened. Because the great Rabbis of Poland and Russia did not go to Israel, the symbol of vital and dynamic Judaism still is missing among many in Israel. There are many indications however, that Israel's religious life will again flourish in every part of the land.

In Jewish community life throughout the world, the leaders should never say, "You can always depend on us, get the others first." The leaders must become a model for the people.

One fine day my girl-friend told me to try driving her car. Little did I know this was later to become state history.

MOSES AND THE PRINCESS

Pharaoh's daughter opened the basket and saw a child crying. She took piety on him and said' "This is one of the children of the Hebrews!" ***(Exodus 2:6).***

Pharaoh's daughter did not hear Moses cry; she saw him crying. Our sages tell us that for three months, while Moses was hidden before being placed in the basket and set afloat on the Nile, the Egyptians had had been searching for him, as they did for all the new born sons of the Israelites. From the beginning, therefore, his parents had to restrain him from crying, to prevent his being discovered.

In Europe, during the Nazi period, Jewish mothers were constrained to hide their children, so that the Nazis could not find them. The young were taught not to cry aloud. They could shed tears, but they must not utter a sound. One of the moving moments of Eichmann's trial concerned a witness who testified that when the Nazis were defeated and the Jews liberated, a child asked her mother, "Mother, now may I cry aloud ?" She did not ask, "Mother, may I now go out and play with my friends " but, "May I now cry out loud?" Could anything be more pathetic?

When we see a friend in dire need, although he may neither cry nor complain, we may be sure he is carrying his pain within him. If we know he needs help, why wait until he "cries out loud" before we provide help? Why wait until our people, or any needy people, cry out before we come to their aid?

After a year of her inspiring me to do so, I finally drove the car up and down the street where she lived. On the second day I did the same, and one of the neighbours phoned the police, because I suppose they knew I had no license. However, in the United States, in the State where I lived, if a licensed driver was sitting next to you, you may learn to drive a car. So the police came and took our names , plus the fact there was no third party insurance, we had to appear in court at a certain date. And by the way, I had driven for five years in the U.S.A. without a blemish, not even a parking ticket. First my father's car, and then I drove my own truck, and then I had a chauffeur's

License in New York State, driving somebody's business-car.

We appeared in Court at a later date, and the decision of the judge was a hundred and fifty pounds fine for each, and the restriction of not driving 15 months for me, and a year for the lady. Since my girlfriend had to drive an elderly lady continuously every day, she turned to a friend of hers, who in turn spoke to one of the Knesseth Members, who spoke to the Minister of Justice, and the Minister of Justice said, "You have to go see the President." And he spoke to the President, and the President gave his approval generally speaking, whereupon the Knesseth Member returned to the Minister of Justice, and my girl-friend received a Pardon from the President. At a later date I also received a Pardon from the President.

P.S. — This is the only time in my life I misplaced a personal document. When I was in New York City in 1955, I misplaced my chauffeur's license for the State of New York, therefore destiny was so fixed for me to receive a Pardon from the President of Israel. This episode is related to Joseph getting out of prison because his friend didn't forget him when He served the King.

Now, it was during this time from the police action until the Court convened with this case, that I became a member of the Labor Party, the Histadrut etc.

My father decided for the first time in his life to assist me to set up a business or buy an apartment. My mother came to Israel to destroy my father's inspiration. I told my mother that until she inspired my father to come and settle here in Israel, I could not think she was doing her duty to God, her husband and the State of Israel and me. My mother returned home and decided to influence my father to retire and sell his home and business and come and settle in Israel. My father sold his business, however something went wrong and they decided to remain in the U.S.A.

Meanwhile I was preparing for their coming by buying beautiful clothes with half of my savings, and I went to look for a girl to get married through marriage brokers.

However, many a time it was very near marriage but my past always crept in, no matter how wonderful I had always been. I found myself a lovely lady and we knew each other quite well and so on for a long time.

I acquired work in the year of 1966, temporary work, that is because of the mitun, because Prime Minister Eshkol had made temporary jobs for all unemployed. During the entire year and a half that I worked at Yad Wah-Shem, my work was to sort out all the records or slips of paper that the relatives filled out on the six million Jews that were killed in Nazi concentration camps throughout Europe. I and a group of about forty people were putting all these slips of paper in Alphabetical order, similar to the tele-

phone book. It was in this way that I really went through all the sufferings of six million Jews, that is in one aspect of their suffering. And I also began to realize our common Jewish names, and names that are not common.

It was winter. The rains had come, and as usual my room was very damp. The furniture I had in the room usually fell apart each year. But by some strange magic I stayed in one piece. But this year was different from all the years. The snow had come and it began to snow, snow, and snow. And with all the discomforts I had, my room was like a deep freeze. I began to shiver every night. Now, it is written in the Gemorrah that the great Rabbi Hillel wanted so much to learn the Torah when he was young, that he used to sit near the doorway during the summer to hear great Rabbis speak on the Torah. And when the winter would come and the doors would be closed, there were times when he would crawl up on the roof and brush the snow away from some openings or cracks in the roof, in order to see and hear the great Rabbis speak about the Torah. For you see, Hillel was a poor man, with no title, no protection, and on his own, away from his family, away from the country of his birth, a stranger in every surrounding he went to, whether among Gentiles or among Jews. And so is the way of a wandering Jew who wishes to learn the Torah.

I was registered at the Hebrew University as a student during these years. One of my achievements at the Hebrew University in Jewish Studies, was that I com-

pleted in English about five compositions with excellent marks.

I was employed at the Judean Gardens Hotel with the Position of Chief Reservation Clerk assisting the Assistant General Manager of the Hotel.

My duties were as follows: I made the Weekly Forecast which consisted of calculating the number of Visitors in the Hotel at the time and the future Group and Individual Reservations coming in during the week. We had about 600 Residents in our hotel. It was necessary also to predict how many meals each visitor would partake of etc. Also included on the forecast were special requests for banquets, Weddings Conferences, Debates and the Places requested with all the details.

During the months of July and August we were completely booked by Individual Israeli's from all over the Country coming to spend their Summer Vacations at our exclusive Hotel including a most restful landscape and a spacious swimming Pool in the midst of the Gardens surrounding the Hotel proper etc.

On my desk was a special telephone exclusively for all these Reservation Requests coming in various languages: Hebrew, English, French, Yiddish, and Swiss German.

In the Year 1969 I took a position at the Holyland Hotel. My position of employment was to be in charge of the Reception desk at the newest addition of the Holyland Hotel, the most up to date Apartment suites about 60 in number situated within a Modern building consisting of four levels. My contract specified day work only.

My employment at the Holyland Hotel was a success and especially the Jewish Groups from the Scandinavian countries were very happy to make my acquaintance for I assisted them in many ways and with their problems and sometimes I was sort of an advisor etc.

I received an apartment from the Ministry of Dwellings in the year 1968. The entire three years I resided in the Transylvanian apartment can best be described in one phrase The Hollywood movie entitled "The Fearless Vampires" This movie has been performed in Jerusalem about three or four times at intervals in the past five years.

KING DAVID'S HARP

To those who have hearts open to ecstasy and song, the whole area of Mt. Zion reverberates with the symphony of the singing Heavenly minstrels. The tunes are both of a glad and sad nature.

The legend concerning King David's harp is as old as the world (Br. 3). In the dead of night, when most are enwrapped in the deep mantle of sleep, a cool eastern wind begins to blow, and the strings of the harp, suspended above the royal couch, begin to play of their own accord, moved by the gentle ripple of the wind. The entire universe is filled with song at that moment. It was to the sound of this Heavenly music that David awakened from his dreams and began to compose his Heavenly songs, which form the treasury of the believing world — the Psalms. It is these songs

which earned for King David the name of "Sweet Singer of Israel".

In Sept. 1970, I enrolled at a Computer school in Jerusalem and after a period of less than a year, I completed the Course receiving The Certificate of Computer Programmer.

I completed my Autobiography while swimming daily at the Hotel King David (annual membership). While at the Swimming Pool, I san the most inspiring view of the nearby landscape: King David's Tower, The Old City of Jerusalem, Mount Zion, And perhaps the Kotel in the distance.

THE SUMMARY
A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

The following stories can be compared, to my autobiography. Now, in order for you to understand me better, let me tell you the background of the thousand and one nights, that is the Arabic tales of old.

Once there lived in Baghdad a famous Jewish writer, and his eyes beheld a beautiful Arabian woman, and within a short time they were married, and as usual many children came forth. Now, the oldest son inherited his fathers traits, and became a writer in the Arabic world, and since he wanted to make money and become famous, and most of his readers were Arabs, he decided upon the following course : As he was reading through all the tales of King Solomon and King David, and he thought of King David and Bathsheva when they first met, that was one night. He also thought of King Solomon, and his thousand wives, and so the most enchanting title of the Arabic world came into being : "A Thousand and one nights".

Many tales have been written, but the most important tale is the Thief of Baghdad, where it portrays David when he was a young man, living with his family, that is in his own palace with all the love and cares of a farmers life, love for God, love for man, and love

for the soil of his land. When the prophet anointed him with olive oil he left his family, and he began to lead an adventurer's life, sometimes good and sometimes bad, but in so doing you could compare him to a blind man or a poor man or a man without means and with these traits, and hardships in life, he tried to find his place among the great men of his Country. But the years dragged on, and his troubles increased, and so did his enemies, for his friends were too busy with their own tasks, and a fallen man he became, but still looking for his place in society. Now, we all know in every generation the hardships and pronouncement of human society upon fallen men where financial means are lacking, where love is missing, and profession does not exist. Our society is based upon the survival of the strongest, servitude to woman, slavery to human mechanization. In order to rise above all these individual and general hardships, it usually takes a very brave man. — if he wishes to achieve something great, and divine for society, and himself, or let us say to rebel against organized society in order to achieve some perfection and in time become a leader to perfect the individual in modern society, in order that all men may rise above their own burdens, and become free men, and rule over themselves, and their wives, and their children, and over all the habitual sins passed from generation to generation.

Now, take for example Ali Kahn with all of his horse races, he had to find or choose the best thoroughbreds for his horse races, and only in this way could

he have won the races he did. Therefore a man who is going to improve society must be a thoroughbred. Next, according to Darwin we come from monkeys, but this is only a half truth, in reality Noah himself produces the answer when he took in every type of animal into the Ark. This in reality means every type of human animal. Now we come to another conclusion, which human animal in most proper to be the ruler over all the nations. We can find this right in the Bible itself. He must be of the Lion of Judah, and all the rest of the tribes, according to their human animal form, must give allegiance to the King of Kings in the animal world, and in the human society, for one comes from the other, therefore in every religion throughout the entire world, with the Hebrew religion as the father of all religions, deep in the hearts of the masses lies this psychological factor called the King of Kings, the Holy man, the anointed one, and every religion, large or small, is waiting for this redemptive Ruler, since the beginning of time. In so many words as the Bible proceeds to tell us, how He rises from his foolish, lazy notions, or servitude to woman, and the machine age, and he, through suffering, tries to seek out God's ways in order to cleanse himself from the sins of his ancestors, and his own individual sins, to become the pure and Holy image of the Son of God in this generation.

You will ask, why all this suffering? In order for a man to rule over a nation he must first rule over himself from every aspect, and then being the pure

Lion, also he must come from The House of David, in order to become The King of Kings in Jerusalem, for it is written : "If any other tribe lets it be known that one of them shall be the King in Jerusalem, it shall not last, for only the pure seed from the House of David, the tribe of Judah will be able to continue to rule in Jerusalem forever, by the continuation of His Son's Son."

So now, the most important duty for every citizen in the State of Israel in this very day and age, when the time is proper and the situation demands it, and when all troubles seem to rise greater than we can bare, we should look forward to such a man in order to settle all our troubles among all the tribes in the State of Israel. This means, no matter if you are white, black, grey or pink, and you have shown that you wish to serve the State Of Israel in this very day and age, you will be classified as one of the Twelve Tribes of Israel and Judah, and it will be the duty of the King over the Knesseth to purify each tribe, so that each tribe may worship God in a manner in which they were created originally.

Now, Maimonides says when we do achieve to have a King over the Knesseth, the world will continue as usual ; however, in appointing such a man to rule, he in turn will change the course slowly toward liberty and perfection of the individual citizen instead of the current tendency to mass wars, individual destruction by collectivism, and all the things that he is a slave of in this modern age. It is only in this way, by doing what God

has said and passed over to us, beginning with the Jewish religion, and passed on to every religion in the world. As Maimonides says, as soon as the State of Israel is born, and the time is proper, a King must be appointed from the House Of David, of the tribe of Judah.

All of these facts I have told you up until now are only a repetition in clear thoughts for every man to understand, no matter what his station or rank, what is written in the Bible. This is not a question of being religious or non-religious. Those who are religious should continue to be religious, and those who are not religious be allowed to continue as such. Therefore God so decided, throughout His entire sayings in the Bible, that when the King does come He shall neither be religious nor non-religious. He shall be Holy, the meaning thereof is by suffering and refining His own self to perfection. He advances himself in God's will from the religious state toward perfection to the upmost level of perfection as is possible in this world, and therefore he can not be classified as religious, nor can he be classified as non-religious. His status therefore is in reality non-partiality and neutralism, and therefore it is said, only a man like King David or one similar to him can unite the entire State of Israel with all its elements of conflict etc. and lead it forth together with its government toward perfection, as is possible in this world.

The nation of Israel at the time of David was powerful. It counted at least thirteen million inhabitants.

Because King David could call under his flag one million, three hundred thousand soldiers, eight hundred thousand from the ten tribes outside Judah and Benjamin, and five hundred thousand from these two last tribes, rather States. He had then under his command an imposing force, which could have been a powerful bulwark against the forces of disorder and corruption of the Empires of Usurpation.

And now my dear readers, with your permission :

THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD

The Prince is standing on the roof of the palace with his Prime-Minister. "Why is it that my people are not happy ? Why is it that they do not like me ?" asks he. "Dear prince", says the Prime-Minister, "the only way to find out these answers is for you to go among your people, and find out or see for yourself."

The setting changes, and the two, the Prince and the Prime-Minister, are in the market-place on the square of the one-eyed Jew.

Suddenly the Prime-Minister is gone and the Prince has changed to a blind man, and a black little dog sits along his side, and he is singing or saying, "Give to the blind, give to the poor," etc. The movie continues until a richly decorated carriage with fine elegant horses stops near the Thief of Baghdad, as he sings his familar refrain, "Alms for the blind, Alms for the Poor". And an elegant lady hands him a few pieces of silver or gold, and she smiles, and says, "You seem

so young, and handsome, why are you here ? Please visit me sometime." "Oh no," said the Thief of Baghdad. "It's not proper, I so poor and you so rich", etc.

The setting changes, and we see the Thief of Baghdad sitting on satin, and silk pillows, and many beautiful girls in oriental costumes relaxing near him.

One asks, "What's your name ?" Another asks, "Where do you live ?" Another asks, "What is your profession ?", and many other questions. The Thief of Baghdad answers : "Once I was a Prince, and I was happy, and all my family I did visit etc., but now I am alone, an outcast etc., because someone put a spell on me." In the next room of spacious desisgn, a beautiful lady lies sick of heart in bed, longing for her long lost lover to return to her. And a man with a turban and a beautiful jewel in the center of it, is staring at her, and he says, "Be my wife". And she answers, "Never, never."

The gentleman with the turban goes on a journey of many visits. He requests audiences with the Kings of each country, trying to sell all kinds of beautiful things, some of which are a flying horse, a magic rug, etc.

The Setting Changes :

The gentleman with the turban and the Princess are in a ship on the high seas. And the same question and answer continues, and finally the Princess gives in saying, "If you will take off the spell from the Thief of Baghdad, and let him free, I will reluctantly be your wife."

The gentleman with the turban says yes.

At that very moment the Thief of Baghdad and his little black dog were standing on the square of the one-eyed Jew in the market-place. The dog changed into a young boy, and the Thief of Baghdad began to see again. And as story goes he and the young fellow sailed all the seven seas. Experience brought them to maturity and wisdom.

And now, my dear readers, with your permission : *The Count of Monte Cristo* .

The scene, where a wedding is supposed to take place : The friends of Edmond Dante were conspiring against him, and they sent a letter to the Judge of the city, stating that he had conversation with Napoleon, etc. The next day the wedding was about to take place, and just before the wedding begins, two police officers come in and arrest him and take him away. He is without sentence, without jury, he is put away in prison for life near the southern part of France. He goes there at an early age of 19 until 33 into solitary confinment. His body begins to grow weak, he becomes very thin as the years pass by, and finally he becomes a very weak man. His generation forgets him, and his girl-friend marries someone else. All of his friends wax rich with large families, and as the years go by an innocent man condemned to death without a jury, without evidence of any sort, lies rotting in a jail.

And then, all of a sudden, one evening he hears a great noise, he sees a small hole, an opening in the wall, and with great anxiety he waits each night until

the hole becomes larger, and finally he sees a man at the other end of the hole, a man with a long white beard, and long white hair, and he looks old. He says "Hello", and Edmond answers him back, and says, "What's your name?" and the old man says, "I've been in this prison many a year, I had made plans to escape, but I made a mistake by digging a hole in the wrong direction. And since we made a connection with one another, let's be friends." So Edmond crawled into the old man's cell, and they both began discussing old times when they were young, and strong, and the old man says, "If perchance I should die in this prison, before I die I will tell you about a place where there is treasure." Edmond agreed. The guard was just coming by, and Edmond crawled back into his cell, and they both went to sleep for the night.

During the months that followed they conversed every time they had the chance. And finally the old man was getting weaker, and weaker, and he called Edmond into his cell, and he said, "Here is a piece of paper with the secret to a great treasure, but don't open it until I die." And Edmond promised him that he would not open it only after his death, and would use the money for good purposes. And as Edmond ended his sentence, the man gasped for breath and died, and through Edmond's mind went many ideas as what to do next. Finally, Edmond decided to wait until dark, and he overheard the guards coming in, and wrapping up the dead man, and covering him with a sheet, and finally left the old man's cell. And so Ed-

mond crawled back into the old man's cell and brought the old man's body into his own cell, and covered him up with his blankets. He took with him the winding sheet of the old man, and went through the hole into the old man's cell, he wound himself up in the linen, and crawled into the old man's bed underneath the sheets and slept until morning.

At the strike of dawn the same two guards opened the door of the old man's cell and walked over toward the covered bed, one took the head, and the other took the feet. One of them said, "What a heavy corpse," the other answered, "Well, we get paid for it." They began to carry the supposed corpse through the darkened corridor of the prison, remember this was a prison on an Island off the Southern coast of France. And now finally the two guards reached the edge of the cliff, and they began to swing the body back and forth, heave ho, and to and fro, finally they let it go with a big swing, and it sailed through the air."

Stop my dear readers, I forgot to tell you one thing. Edmond concealed a small knife in his possession. The supposed corpse sank down in the water, and Edmond began to fight for his life. Finally he took out his knife and cut the ropes, and he floated up to the top, and he began to swim and swim. He swam and swam, and finally reached the Island of Tiboulen, from here on, he reached yet another Island of Lemaire, and finally a smuggler ship, named "La Feune Amelie." And later in the story he finds the treasure according to the old man's directions, becomes a very rich man, and as the

story goes he marries a very beautiful lady and a very happy ending.

And now, my dear readers, with your permission:

POP-EYE THE SAILOR MAN

Now, as everyone knows, Pop-eye is always the hero in the comics, and his wife is Olive Oil and his friend is Wimpy. The name of Pop-Eye signifies his eyes are puffed-up or popped up. Now, in order to reduce the puffed-up eyes, he uses olive oil as his wife, and spinach for his food, which really means he spins through all his troubles, and the complete picture is produced by the character called Wimpy. The meaning of the name Wimpy is in reality "whoopee," therefore the whole picture becomes clear to the readers' eyes without a shadow of a doubt.

And God said unto Moses, "I AM THAT I AM" ; and he said, "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you". This is the theme song of Popeye the Sailor-man.

And Now, My dear readers, with your permission:

SINBAD THE SAILOR

The name Sinbad signifies a bad, sin, and while engrossed in sinning this particular Sailor sails the Seven Seas gaining experience and wisdom, and becomes a mature man of high society.

And now, my dear readers with your permission.

ALLADIN AND THE LAMP

The first scene takes on a ship sailing to an unknown land of wealth and riches. The ship is plundered in mid-sea, and only the main actor guides the ship to safety to this most majestic city in search of the magic lamp, perhaps a few beautiful girls on the side. He reaches the Palace, but only after many conflicts along the way. He gets into the Palace by accident, steals the magic lamp, and a very beautiful girl he drags along with him, and he goes in the direction of the ship. He sees the ship is very well guarded, so he makes a detour, and finally crawls on to the ship with his treasures, and he hires some sailors and gives the order, "Sail, let's go, heave ho," and that's the end of the story.

And now, my dear readers, with your permission:

THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD

This is another version. The opening scene is a deserted Island and this young little boy, the Thief of Baghdad, is wandering along the sea-shore, and all of a sudden he notices not too far out on the beach in the water a bottle with a cork on it. He runs to fetch it and brings it back to dry land. He sits down on the sand and looks at the bottle, then he pulls off the cork with a large effort, and out of the bottle, comes a huge

cloud of smoke, and a large quantity of gas, and it materializes into a large, huge Giant, and the latter begins to laugh: "Ho' Ho' Ho', little man. I'm going to kill you!" and he starts jumping into the air with his big feet as if he was enjoying his freedom. And the Thief of Baghdad said, "Who are you? Where do you come from?" And the only thing the Giant can answer is, "I'm going to kill you".

"Oh, mighty Giant, I don't believe you can go back into that bottle again, you're too big."

"So, you don't believe, little man? then I'll show you."

And the big Giant became smaller and smaller, and he went into the bottle, and the Thief of Baghded quickly took the cork, and closed up the bottle real tight. And he took a nap.

The Giant inside the bottle begins to scream, "Let me out, I'll do anything, just let me go free." And the Thief of Baghdad wakes up and says, "I need some help." And the Giant says, "It's a deal." And slowly but hesitatingly the Thief of Baghdad takes the cork from the mouth of the bottle and out comes a huge wind of smoke, and the big Giant materializes once more.

And the big Giant goes on his knees, and puts his forehead with his nose touching to the ground four times, and says, "I'm your servant, oh master, I'm your servant, oh master, your wish is my command. What is your first wish my Lord?"

Wisdom, experience, and confidence is my first wish, says the Thief of Baghdad.

"Well, hop on to my back, little man, and off we go.'

And the Giant flew through the sky like an airplane, and he passes over many Mountain ranges, and finally alights on a high large Mountain,three-fourths of the way up, and the Giant says to the Thief of Baghdad, "You see this little opening in the Mountain, you must crawl into it, and from there on are passages which lead up to the top of the Mountain. You will have many conflicts all the way up." And so the Thief of Baghdad says, "Thank you," and disappears into the darkness of the cave. As he climbs up he meets many people who attack him on the way. Conflict after conflict. Finally, after he has given up hope, he reaches the top and plucks the eye out of the statue, and he begins the journey downward again, and he has many battles and conflicts on the way down until he reaches the level, where the Giant is standing, and he brings the eye to the Giant. And the Giant says, "You, little rascal, you did it. And now what is your second wish, oh my Lord?" And the Thief of Baghdad says, "I want to be with my friends."

And so the setting changes all of a sudden, and the Thief of Baghdad is in Mecca (or Jerusalem). After some time the Giant looks at his Magic Crystal (or Television) and he sees the Thief of Baghdad being slowly murdered in Mecca (or Jerusalem) and then he sees the Thief of Baghdad flying on a white horse

with his beautiful wife through the sky. The Giant is standing between the largest Mountain ranges in the world, he decides to destroy the world or the people in it by cracking the Mountain ranges. And as he cracks the Mountain ranges, the Mountain falls, the earth quakes and explodes (Atomic bombs).

In the city of Mecca (or Jerusalem) the Thief of Baghdad, is knocking on the Walls of Jerusalem to let him in, whereupon the mongol answers, "Get away from here, little man, before we slaughter you." And at that very moment armies of every sort enter the city from all directions, and they slaughter all the evil men, and the daughter of the King becomes the wife of the Thief of Baghdad, and the Thief of Baghdad becomes the King of all the Orient.

The troubles of the individuals come about, because their Government is not formed to insure general success for the family unit. The daily obstacles of men are such, that it is impossible to live with satisfaction, until the Government begins in a perfective manner, that is, it presents a model for the masses to follow an order based on reason and force.

The perfection of mankind is the only reason God put us on earth. Though we have suffered as a whole, everything from the beginning of Creation until this present time has led us a stage nearer towards perfecting the human race for the Will of God.

The principle of the Hebrew nation is that all souls of all nations or tribes may become the true image of God. Now, predestination in my life has shown me,

and also Maimonides says, even a small cut on the skin is predestinated in each individual case, etc. So also with me, I had a number of illnesses, and each one has contributed to my success as an individual; however, only if a person is worthy of such, changes occur for the benefit of that individual.

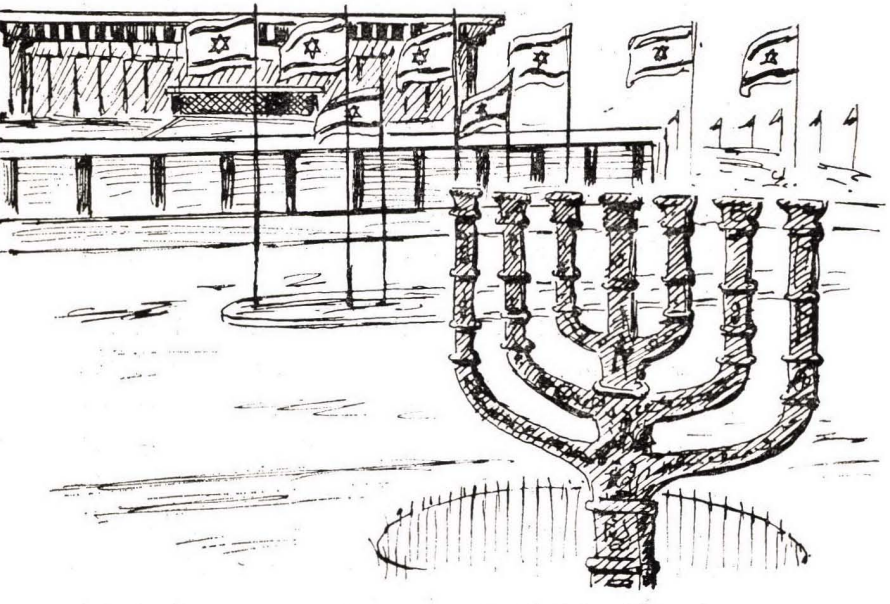
Now, when Robin Hood spoke to small groups of men to proclaim more liberty for his people, he did his duty to serve his Country.

Now, when I travelled to and fro (Tel-Aviv-Jerusalem-Tel-Aviv) by Sherut-Taxis with a group of seven people, I realized that a lot of time was being wasted, and so I decided to use this period to discuss politics, and all other subjects, which concerned our Nation as a whole and individual burdens within the general ideas of Government, etc.

IN DAYS OF OLD, AT THIS SEASON

The Holy Olive Oil That produced The Burning Angels or The Burning Bush of Moses.

The Festival of Hanukkah or Dedication, is celebrated on Kislev the twenty-fifth, and lasts for eight days, the time it took Judas Maccabeas and his heroic followers to rededicate The Temple after it had been cleansed from heathen pollution, tradition relates also that the single cruse of Holy Olive Oil unearthed containing



olive oil sufficient for only one day. Miraculously lasted for eight days. Olive oil means living oil. Classical Medicine states that the density and many other features resemble exactly the oil of the human body.

The 25 days of Kislev plus the eight days of Hanukkah equals the numerical sum of 33 units similar to the 33rd day of The Omer, Lag B'omer. Hanukkah is frequently called The Festival of Lights from the practice of kindling (olive oil) lights, one on the first evening and one more for each succeeding day until the night. The number of (olive oil) lights used during the entire celebration, amounts numerically to thirty-six, however when one includes the extra (olive oil) light, known as "Shammash", it amounts to forty-four (olive oil) lights.

Daniel and the Angel Gavriel, and the ancient legend of the Lamed-Vavnik, both of these together, in principle, produced the Famous Golem of Prague, that is to say, therefore it becomes possible to produce the said Golem, and also The Golem on the Jewish Stage throughout Europe and the U.S.A. As legend suggests The Golem of Prague reached maturity at the age of 44 years old.

By other nations Hanukkah was observed as the Winter Solslice, when the day was shortest and the night longest. And by Jews, too, because it was on that day, that the Tabernacle in the wilderness had been completed. In accordance with this latter tradition, the Scriptural daily reading during Hanukkah is selected from the Chapter of Numbers (VII), which relates the gifts brought by The Princes of Israel on

the completion of The Tabernacle and which also describes the kindling of The Menorah.

Of all The Hanukkah games, pride of place belonged to the "Trendle" or Dreidel," a kind of square spinning-top.

The word Messiah means The Anointed One etc.

The word Messiah in Hebrew equals numerically to 358 which means 35 plus 8 equals 43 units. The 43rd year of one's age, for example, is in numerical exactness, the duration of the 44th year of one's numerical age. Therefore it is similar to the 44 (olive oil) lights on Hanukkah. Throughout Jewish history every great Prophet and every King from the Tribe of Judah was anointed with Holy olive oil etc.

King David was anointed with Holy olive oil by the Prophet Samuel.

There is also an ancient legend in Egypt about Moses in the person of the Golem or The Mummy, as he is awakened from his sleep in the tombs of the Egyptian Pyramids.

His tomb is carried down the River Nile to a special place and there his God summons him to open his own tomb and arise and destroy his enemies, however he in the person of the Golem proceeds with his hands stretched out in front of him and reaches his enemies house, enters it, however instead of destroying his enemies, he takes away a beautiful young girl etc.

The Hollywood Movie entitled "The Fearless Vampires" shows more or less in principle, the medical as-

pect of Moses and the ending thereof is also with the taking of the beautiful late Miss Sharon Tate away to safety, instead of destroying his enemies.

ADAM AS THE GOLEM

The Imagination of the ancient Israelites frequently turned to the birth of the First Man, who was formed of dust and not born of woman. A principal passage reads as follows: "How was Adam created? In the first hour, his dust was collected: In the second, his form was created: In the third, he became a shapeless mass (Golem); In the fourth, his members were joined; In the fifth, his aperatures opened; In the sixth, He received his soul; In the seventh, he stood up on his feet; In the eight, Eve was associated with him; In the ninth, he was transferred to Paradise; In the tenth, he heard God's Command; In the eleventh, he sinned; In the twelfth, he was driven from Eden, in order that Ps. XLIX. might be fulfilled".

1. Six precepts were given to Adam: prohibition of idolatry, of blasphemy, of murder, of adultery, of robbery, and the command to establish courts of justice. Although there is a tradition to this effect — a tradition dating back to Moses, our teacher, and human reason approves of those precepts — it is evident from the general tenor of the Scriptures that he (Adam) was bidden to observe these Commandments. An additional Commandment was given to Noah: prohibi-

tion of (eating) a limb from a living animal, as it is said: "Only" flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." (Gen. 9:4) Thus we have seven Commandments.

So it was until Abraham appeared who, in addition to the afore-mentioned commandments, was charged to practice circumcision. Moreover, Abraham instituted the Morning Service. Isaac set apart tithes and instituted the Afternoon Service.

Jacob added to the preceding Law (Prohibiting) the sinew that shrank and inaugurated the Evening Service. In Egypt Amram was charged to observe other precepts, until Moses came and the Law was completed through him.

I, Ha'ari Fesman (Hillel Ben Mosche) solemnly affirm the following Testimony:

I believe completely in the 13 articles of Creed by Maimonides.

I believe completely in the Five Books of Moses, The Talmud, The Prophets, The Hagiographa and The Lulav and Ethrog.

In other words I believe exactly as Maimonides in all of his writings.

I also believe in the teachings of Rabbi Isaac Alfasi the RIF.

Signed Ha'ari Fesman (Hillel Ben Mosche)

P. S. Without A Vow.

I had known the Curator for many years. I saw in him the finest Jewish culture that had been flourishing in Poland and throughout Europe.

The strength and determination of centuries had come to perfection in this man, and he, chosen by the State of Israel to guide religious activities, and Mount Zion being its central theme. He dedicated his life and work to produce the completion of the Hebrew traditions and fulfil the very prophecies of all our great and holy men throughout all the ages.

This call to duty is a rare one indeed. It takes courage and leadership, and strength from God in the Highest to be able to complete and fulfil the Duty, the Prophecy, the Legends, the Law, the Nation, the State, and produce perfection and truth throughout the world for all nations to follow the ways of God.

To speak about laws is one thing, as many of our leaders do, but to act and do all these things by the action of men with God's help is yet another task not easily done by many a statesman.

THE BENARI STUDIO

The setting is Allenby Street, named after the English General Allenby and his victories in the Middle Eastern Section of the British Empire.

We pass the main Post Office, and in the building adjoining on the second floor are many attorneys offices etc.

Now specifically our story takes us into the well-known and fine artistry of Benari's Photo Studio, on the same level.

Here sits a Jolly short man with the powerful strength of a general, however this gentleman decided to put all his strength into the fine gentle art of photography.

Many a customer has been completely satisfied with such fine and diligent work of a master etc.

Now one fine day I entered this photo shop and proposed to Mr. Benari to make a number of photos including photo-montage.

We agreed on the price and the results we can all see today in this very book. The greatest inspiration of this book came through Mr. Benari's artistic truth and exactness in this field to inspire me to greater endeavours etc.

Thank you Mr. Benari

P.S. The Kingship Photo is on display at this studio in Tel-Aviv since 1965.

THE REMBRANDT STORY

Rembrandt was born in the year of 1606, the son of a miller. His greatest passion was for painting faces, consoling warmth of heart. His mother taught him very much. He loved the act of painting. He was not on good relations with his in-laws. He remained a rebel while rich. He always painted pictures of tramps and beggers.

His love of truth was very extraordinary, that is, the truth of his firm imagination. The nudes he painted were not always polished, usually with a crude finish, and he usually painted big bellies of the ladies. One of his nicest pictures was entitled "Night Watch". His paintings were always full of character, beautifully composed, feeling through every movement, he made fine etchings. Most of his paintings and etchings dealt with the Bible and Bible stories.

After he became bankrupt, he moved into the Jewish quarter and he had a man take care of his business ends, and a beautiful mistress whom he painted over and over and finally he married her. The Jews he came in contact with were from Portugal and Poland. The picture of Saul is psychological and half covered. He begins to paint many portraits of himself. He paints pictures of ladies, specifically of his wife with bathing sittings, short legs, practical strong hands and protracted belly. In 1661 his wife died. He paints later pictures with lots of jewels on it.

Rembrandt should be remembered mainly for his Biblical Paintings, and in particular the Painting of King David's Profile.

Now my dear Reader, notice carefully whenever Rembrandt's Collections of Paintings are published, this splendid Profile of King David is usually omitted. The reason thereof is because this Painting is the only public Painting of King David, which portrays the Features of the House of David, the Tribe of Judah, The Human Lion.

THE GENEALOGICAL TREE

Judea — Israel
Morocco — America
Spain — Russia
Germany



Rembrandt's King David



Ha'ari Fesman
The Great Grandson of
Alfasi The Rif

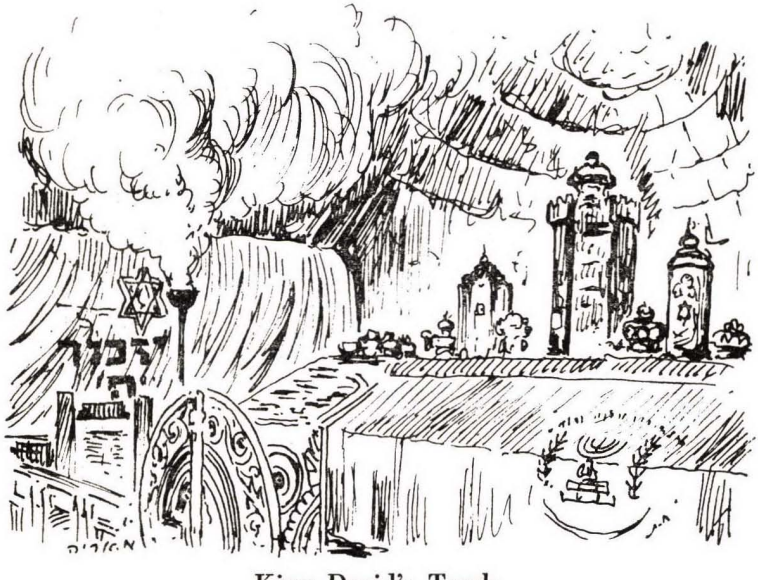
Fes — French
Fez — Arabic
Fas — Spanish
Fesmann — German
Fesman — English
The man from Fes,
Morocco



Maimonides



Photo-montage



King David's Tomb

THE ALFASI TRADITION
THE LION OF FES



ALFASI, ISAAC BEN JACOB

Alfasi Isaac ben Jacob (called also ha-Kohen in the epitaph attached to his "Halakot"). Eminent Talmudist: born in 1013 at Kala't ibn, Hamad, a village near Fes, in North Africa (whence his surname). He seems to have devoted himself exclusively to the study of the Talmud, under Rabbis Hananeel and Nissim, both in Kairwan, the recognized Rabbinical Authorities of the age.

After their death, Alfasi took their place in the estimation of his contemporaries, and was regarded as the chief expounder of the Talmud. Whatever his official position may have been, he had to abandon it in his old age (1088); for two informers, Halfah, son of Alagab, and his son Hayyim, according to Abraham ibn Daud, denounced him to the government upon some unknown charge. He left his home and fled to Spain, whither his fame as the author of the "Halakot" (Er. viii) had preceded him. He went to Cordova, where he found support and protection in the house of Joseph b. Meir b. Muheyir ibn Shartamikosh.

From Cordova he went to Granada, and thence to Lucena. Here he probably acted as the official Rabbi of the Congregation after the death of Isaac ibn Giat (1089), with whom he had some angry discussions. There was also some ill-feeling between Alfasi and Isaac Albalia. The latter, when on his death-bed, asked his son to go to Alfasi and tell him that he pardoned all his offenses against him, and begged Alfasi to do the same on his part and to be a friend to his opponent's son. Isaac Albalia's wish was fulfiled, and his son found Alfasi a true friend and second father.

In his capacity as Rabbi, Alfasi was both judge and teacher. As a judge he enjoyed the confidence of litigants, and his decisions were carefully studied by other Rabbis as guides in similar cases. As a teacher, his great learning attracted a large number of students,

eager to listen to his exposition of the Talmud; among them was Joseph ibn Migash, the teacher of Maimonides. Before his death Alfasi designated this Joseph ibn Migash as his successor, passing over his own son, though he likewise was an excellent scholar.

Alfasi died, aged ninety years, at Lucena, on Tuesday, the tenth of Siwan (May 19) 1103 (the date given in the epitach is impossible); and a monument was erected to his memory, whereon were inscribed the following somewhat hyperbolic lines (given at the end of Alfasi, vol iii by Luzzatto in "Abne Zikkaron" and in "Kerem Hemed", iv. 93, vii, 255; also by Geiger in "Divan des... Judah ha-Levi"):

"It was for thee that mountains shook on the day of Sinai:

for the angels of God approached thee
and wrote the Torah on the tablets of thy heart:
They set the finest of its crowns upon thy head."