

SHALOM



ISRAEL *30TH ANNIVERSARY 1978*

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THE ATLANTIC JEWISH COUNCIL JOINS WORLD JEWRY IN EXPRESSING OUR SOLIDARITY WITH ISRAEL ON THE OCCASION OF HER 30th ANNIVERSARY AS A FREE, DEMOCRATIC AND SOVEREIGN JEWISH STATE.

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Reprints

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Table of Contents

MESSAGE FROM PRIME MINISTER BEGIN	1
A Message from Ben Prossin	2
Major Events in Israel	3
Portraits of Israel	4
Letter to A Palestinian Military Spokesman	6
Israel at 30—Some Vital Statistics	7
A Father's Prayer	8
Celebrations—Duo Reim and Rivka Peled	9
An Adventure in Israel	10
Superjew	11
The Tragedy We Live With	12
Jerusalem Nostalgia	13
Complex Question—Simple Answer	14
A Glimpse of Israel	14
United Jewish Appeal	15
The Gates of Heaven	16
Are You Interested—Do you Care?	17
The Melting Pot in Israel's Kitchen	18
A Galutnik Looks at Novel Ideas	
for Israel's Economy	20
Dance Leaps Ahead	21
And the Orange Groves Were in Full Bloom	23
Canadian Zionist Federation Information Office	24
State of Israel Bonds	25
Israel Yearbook on Human Rights	26
Living Hebrew	27

HOLOCAUST	28
THE SHALOM LETTERS	33
Moncton News	35
Jewish Liberation	37
News from Fredericton	38
A Place Called Woodstock	38
News from Yarmouth	39
ATLANTIC JEWISH COMMUNITY	
SALUTES ISRAEL	40
This Year in Jerusalem	42
Saint John Community News	43
What's Happening in St. John's	44
Passover and The Raising of a Jewish Child	46
Cape Breton News	47
Halifax Scene	48
Sportalk	51
Tephillen	56
NOSTALGIA	58
YOUNG JUDAEA AND VEIDAH '78	60
OPINION: A Sabra Speaks	64
The Growing Bankruptcy of Synagogue Life	66
Jewish National Fund	69
The Dead Past is Very Much Alive—A Phantasy	72
CAMP KADIMAH	77

Deadline for Summer Issue: Monday, June 12th.



Prime Minister Menachem Begin's 30th Independence Anniversary Message



Let us rejoice.

Thirty years ago, 1,878 years after the destruction of the Second Temple and after the Roman conquerors had proclaimed "Judea vanquished", our people lived to see again the renewal of our independence in the land of Israel and there unfurl the flag of our freedom among the independent nations. It is a unique event in the annals of mankind.

In the intervening centuries between the fall and rise of free Israel the Jewish people were scattered, humiliated, deported, wandered from one country to another, deprived of liberty and human dignity, violently attacked and permanently persecuted. Ultimately, in Europe, millions of our people, men, women and children, were physically annihilated. Such was the indescribable price we paid for the exile from the land of our forefathers. But then, with the last vestige of our national and human strength, after having lost one-third of our people, our generation rose in revolt against homelessness and helplessness in an heroic fight of the few against the many.

With great sacrifice we won the day and regained an independent country. Thus it was the 30 years ago, on the fourth of Iyar, a great light dawned on our people. Free Israel came into being.

The history of these past 30 years is also unique. Our state was attacked time and again. We had to fight many battles in order to maintain our independence. At the very same time there was a magnificent process of building up the country, of turning desert land into green pasture, of bringing in the exiles of our people from four corners of the world, of the most creative work in every sphere of life.

Jerusalem has been reunited, our victorious army strengthened. Our wonderful young generation, serene and devoted, is the pride of our hearts.

It is true that for the last 30 years, we have not enjoyed a single day of peace. We have embarked last year, in the wake of ceaseless previous efforts, on the road of direct negotiations to establish peace between ourselves and our neighbours. Despite all the difficulties, we believe that this noble goal will be reached.

We shall not cease in our effort to achieve the peace and the security for which we yearn.

We owe a special debt and concern for a remnant of the Jewish people in Europe, our brethren in the Soviet Union. Their return to Judaism, their plight and fight for the return to the land of Israel is, historically, the second greatest event of our time after the renewal of our independence. We must stand by them and wage an incessant campaign for their inalienable right to reach the historic homeland of the Jewish people.

Admittedly, we have difficulties in many spheres of life. But if we remember where we were and what we were only one generation ago, in the 30's and in the 40's, and how, with our own initiative, sacrifice, and effort, we changed fundamentally the situation of our people from tragedy to triumph. We have reason to believe that we shall overcome all the obstacles and guarantee the future of our children's children.

On this great anniversary, we bow our heads in humility and love as we remember our fallen heroes of the Haganah, palmach, Irgun, Lehi, Mahal and the soliders of the Israel Defence Forces. It is their self-sacrifice which brought us out from bondage and regained for us the dignity of independence. They will be engraved in the hearts of our people for ever and ever.

The Jewish people in the land of Israel and all over the world, together with men and women of goodwill in every nation, rejoice this day as we celebrate the triumph of the spirit over matter, of right over wrong, of justice over inequity. Israel's rebirth is, indeed, a victory of humanity.

Chag Sameach.



Israel's 30th Anniversary — A Personal Challenge A Message From Ben Prossin



Israel's 30th Anniversary must not pass without a reassessment of our relationship to the State, as individuals and as a community.

It's urgent that each of us ask ourselves some critical questions, the answers to which will provide a profile of commitment at this critical juncture in Israel's history.

Have you been to Israel and if not are you considering a trip in the near future?

Have you sent any of your children on a summer program in Israel?

Do you send your children to Young Judeaea and Camp Kadimah?

Do you belong to a Zionist Organization?

Do you engage your non-Jewish friends in discussions about Israel and the Middle East situation?

Do you attend performances and events featuring Israeli artists?

Do you volunteer your time and know-how for work on behalf of Israel?

Do you contribute adequately to the United Jewish Appeal?

Have you mentally and emotionally linked your fate and that of your family to the fate of Israel?

What sacrifices would you be willing to make to ensure Israel's survival?

Have you considered the possibility of personal Aliyah?

In posing these direct questions, it is my hope that they will form the basis for discussions within families and between friends. In Israel's 30th year, we can't afford complacency—questions cannot be left unanswered.

I'm sure that the Atlantic Jewish Community joins me in saluting Israel as she enters her fourth decade of statehood.

May she know true peace and may we, in the Diaspora, be inspired by her vitality and dynamism.

Chazak V'ematz

Ben Prossin
President, Atlantic Jewish Council,
Chairman, Canadian Zionist Federation



ISRAEL'S 30th ANNIVERSARY

התקווה

(Israeli Version)

Kol od ba-levav p'nima
Nefesh y'hudi homiya
Ul'fa-ate mizrach kadima
Ayin l'tziyon tzoftiya

כל עוד בלבב פנימה
נפש יהודי הומיה
ולפאתי מזרח קדימה
עין לציון צופיה -

While yet within the heart—
inwardly
The soul of the Jew yearns,
And towards the vistas of the
East—eastwards,
An eye to Zion looks.

Od lo avda tikvateinu
Hatikvah shnot alpayim
Lih'yot am chofshi b'artzenu
B'eretz tsiyon virushalayim.

עוד לא אבדה תקוותנו.
התקווה שנות אלפים:
להיות עם חפשי בארצנו.
בארץ ציון וירושלים.

'Tis not yet lost, our hope,
The hope of two thousand
years,
To be a free people in our
land,
In the land of Zion and
Jerusalem.

Prayer for the State of Israel

Our Father in Heaven, Rock and Redeemer of Israel, bless the State of Israel, the inaugural flowering of our redemption. Protect her with Thy love. Spread over her the tabernacle of Thy peace, and bestow of Thy light and Thy truth upon her leaders, governors and counselors, and endow them with Thy divine counsel.

A God, strengthen the hands of the defenders of Israel and lead them to triumphant victory. Grant peace to Thy Holy land and tranquility to her inhabitants.

אבינו שבשמים, צור ישראל ומוצאנו, ברוך את מדינת ישראל ראשית
צמיחת פירותנו. הגן עליה באהבת חסדך, וישרט עליה סבת שלום.
ושלח אורך ונאמתיך לראשיה, שריה ויועציה, ותקנם בעצה טובה
מלפניך.
חזק את ידי מגי ארץ קושי ונהחילם אליה ישועה וצטרף נאומן
תעצורם ונתת שלום בארץ ושמחת עלם לישיבה.

Major Events in Israel Celebrating 30th Anniversary

MAY 1978

- 10th Anniversary celebrations of resettlement at GUSH ETZION.
- 30th Anniversary celebrations of Liberation of Safed.
- 4. HOLOCAUST DAY. Countrywide ceremonies including at Yad Vashem on evening of May 3.
- 9. Opening of NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL Exhibition at Israel Museum, Jerusalem.
- 10. REMEMBRANCE DAY—Commemorating fallen in War.
- 11. INDEPENDENCE DAY—celebrations throughout country, including parade in Jerusalem.
- 12. International Yough BIBLE COMPETITION—Jerusalem.
- 12. Reconstruction of signing ceremony of the Declaration of Independence—Tel Aviv.
- 18-(June) "Modern Living" International Trade Fair, Tel Aviv.
- 24, 25. LAG BOMER Festival—bonfires lit throughout the country.

JUNE 1978

- 30th Anniversary celebration of liberation of the Galilee.
- Concert in the Roman amphitheatre at Bet Shean.
- 4. JERUSALEM DAY ceremonies at the Western Wall, commemorating 11th an-

- 6,13,20,27 anniversary of the reunification of Jerusalem. Open air concerts in Independence Square, Netanya, given by the Netanya Orchestra.
- 10,11 SHAVUOT (Harvest) Festival—(Pent cost)

JULY 1978

- Tel Aviv Arts and Crafts Fair
- ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA.
- Arts and Crafts Fairs in Jerusalem at Yemin Moshe and Khutzot Hayotzer.

AUGUST 1978

- ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA
- SOUND AND LIGHT Performance at TEL HAI.
- World Congress of Jewish Music.
- 30 years of Israel Art—Exhibition.
- 6. Feast of the Transfiguration—MOUNT TABOR.
- 13. TISHA B'AV holiday.

OCTOBER 1978

- ALIYAH LAREGEL (Solidarity Pilgrimage) Peace March.
- 2,3 Rosh Hashanah (Jewish New Year).
- 11. Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement).
- 15-23 Succot (Tabernacles).

Portraits of Israel



HAIFA, Israel: Haifa is built on the slopes of biblical Mount Carmel. This view up David Ben-Gurion Boulevard shows the steep rise of Mount Carmel up to the Baha'i Shrine, and, at the summit, the luxury Dan Carmel Hotel.



AFULA, Israel: In the bus station.



TIBERIAS, Israel: The hills of the Galilee slope gently down to the tranquil Sea of Galilee. Remains of Turkish and Crusader fortifications make up part of the Tiberias waterfront.



YAFO, Israel: An aerial view of Jaffa—showing the old town. In the center, the Church of St. Peter the Apostle, where, traditionally, Peter brought a person back from the dead.



"On the road from Jerusalem to Jericho". The Dead Sea is the lowest point on earth—1286 feet below sea level. The road from Jerusalem (2486 feet above sea level) drops dramatically almost 4000 feet in less than 35 miles.



JERUSALEM: Israel: The Modern City of Jerusalem has many imposing buildings, parks and tree lined streets.

We Salute Israel On Her 30th Anniversary



MASADA, Israel: The excavations on the summit of Masada were led by Professor Yigael Yadin. Mosaic floors, bathrooms and parts of Herod's palace were unearthed intact.

Portraits of Israel



JERUSALEM, Israel: The new Jerusalem Plaza Hotel overlooks Independence Park.



JERUSALEM, Israel: An archaeological team inspects finds at a dig near the Old City. Archaeology is one of Israel's favorite pastimes.



JERUSALEM, Israel: At the "Wall".



TEL AVIV, Israel: Strawberries, along with other agricultural produce are one of Israel's major exports. A Tel Aviv street vendor does a brisk trade at the height of the season.



ELAT, Israel: Elat, Israel's resort and port city on the Red Sea, has a number of luxurious hotels. Shown here, the pool at the Laromme Elat Hotel.



OPHIRA (Sharm el Sheikh), Sinai: This bay is becoming very popular with nature-lovers, divers, and sunworshippers. Sun canopies, spaceage cabins and now hotels line the Red Sea shore.

We Salute Israel On Her 30th Anniversary



DEAD SEA, Israel: Because of its high salt & mineral content, it is impossible to sink in the Dead Sea. Even the non-swimmer floats miraculously.

Letter To A Palestinian Spokesman

"A Palestinian military spokesman in Beirut said the attack had been carried out by members of al-Fatah, the largest guerrilla group in the Palestine Liberation Organization. He asserted that 33 Israeli soldiers had been killed in the attack."

*"The New York Times"—
March 12, 1978*

DEAR PALESTINIAN spokesman: when you say that your friends killed 33 Israeli soldiers in the recent terror attack on the road near Haifa, do you mean my cousin Imri? Your friends shot him in the throat. He was 14 years old and played the clarinet.

Now I am not sure what the mentality of a terrorist might be, since, unlike you, I have never had one for a friend. But it seems logical to assume that if you have murdered someone, you might like—even if only out of idle curiosity, but especially out of ideology—to know something about the life you have taken. So please let me tell you a little bit about my cousin Imri. I promise you it won't occupy much of your time. Because if someone is murdered when he is only 14 years old, how much can there be to tell?

In fact, Imri's life was so brief and there was so little he ever had a chance to do, that I might as well begin with his grandfather and grandmother.

Imri's grandfather is a poet, a lover of the English Romantics. He has won some fine prizes for his work (including the Brenner Prize, named after an early Zionist who vowed that Jews were no longer going to be murdered just for being Jews). And he has translated Walt Whitman into Hebrew. But he is rather elderly now. So these days he mostly sits in his little garden reading Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley and Blake.

The garden is rather special. It is in the backyard of a house not far from the Lod airport (where some of your other friends murdered a group of Christian pilgrims not so long ago). When Imri's grandparents built the house—a simple concrete cube filled with volumes and volumes of poetry—it was entirely surrounded by sand. But Imri's grandmother, though very frail, put down seeds and nourished and raised up her 'babies'—a whole orchard of flowering fruit trees.

Every morning very early, Imri's tiny grandmother climbs a shaky ladder to reach up to each young pear, which she patiently and meticulously wraps in a little paper bag. It looks pretty comical—a paper-bag tree—but Imri's grandmother will not spray the trees with insecticides. She does not want to kill the insects who also have a right to live. Imri's grandparents are vegetarians, and so was Imri and all his brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles. You see, they do not like to take life.

Imri's mother and father are passionate musicians. They play first and second flute in the Jerusalem Symphony—or at least they did until that weekend. Because Imri's father may never play again. One of your friends blew up his hand. In the hospital at Haifa they are trying to patch together some of it with bone grafts. Soon they will know whether the nerve will live or die. (Imri's brother is luckier. It was only his leg that was wounded. He lost a lot of blood but he is all right.)

About two years ago, Imri's father came to America for a time to teach flute at Ithaca College. It was hard to tell which he loved more—music or his students. Tears fell from him when the term drew to an end and he had to say goodbye. When he heard or played music he seemed illuminated: "Isn't this beautiful?" he would murmur. All of Imri's six brothers and sisters are musical. They play all sorts of instruments. And the beauty flies out of their hands.

Imri's oldest sister, Anva, a dancer, just had her second baby. And so what happened was this: Imri and his brothers Nir and Adiel and his little twin sisters Viv and Cori and their parents all piled into the family car to drive up to Haifa to see the new baby. After the visit, they were on their way home to Jerusalem. Just behind a bus, when your friends started throwing grenades and shooting at them, at first on the road itself and then from inside the bus. When Imri's father, who was driving, got hit, Imri's brother Nir managed to grab the wheel and save his family, even though his leg was streaming blood. In the horror of the explosions and the pursuit, it was a little while before anyone realized that Imri was dead.

All right. Now about Imri himself.

He was mainly a quiet boy, private as some adolescents like to be. And a good student. Until not long ago he was still quite small. But in the last few months his family had begun to marvel at how he was springing up. He was going to be tall, like his father. He was fond of stamp collecting, and when his mother toured with the orchestra she always brought back interesting foreign stamps for him. His instrument was the clarinet. He was a member of a youth orchestra in Jerusalem. He used to grumble over his clarinet because it was second-hand and somewhat woebegone. But only two days before your friends killed him he had the delight of learning that he was going to get a better clarinet.

And that is about all I can tell you about your victim Imri. I warned you it wouldn't amount to much. The main thing, you know, is that he was never going to kill anyone or anything—not even a fish or a chicken. Much less a fellow human being. He was only going to make beautiful sounds on his clarinet.

Imri's grandfather, when he was not much older than Imri, during the First World War, used to write pacifist poems. And once, after the 1948 war, he began a lyric about Blalik, the Hebrew poet, that in the most natural way turned into a prayer for fraternity between Arabs and Jews. And after that, Imri's grandmother kept on growing trees and flowers in what used to be sand. And Imri's whole family kept on sending music, one of the languages of peace, up into the Middle East air.

Well, I just thought you would like to hear about one obscure 14-year-old who happened to become a target of yours. Because why shouldn't you know who it is you hated enough to kill? And now that your friends have murdered Imri and blown up his father's hand, there will be that much less music in the world, and that much less civilization.

You have made it pretty clear that all of this feeds your pride and your notion of manhood, and especially your sense of nationhood. The triumph of guns and blood excites you more than symphonies, poems and clarinets.

It could be, though, that you didn't really tell an untruth when you called Imri a "soldier." On our battered planet there are always, after all, two armies—the army of guns and the army of clarinets. Death flies out of one and beauty from the other. Imri is a fallen soldier in the army of clarinets. And in the end your most intractable stumbling block, your deepest contest, will have to be not politics, or Soviet arms suppliers, or lands, or your propagandists abroad, or your multiple perversions of the vocabulary of idealism, or your fellow Arabs who have imprisoned and despised and morally crippled and corrupted you for the last 30 years. Or your hatred of Jews. Or what you call "self-determination" while denying it to another people. Or your vow to dismantle Israel. Or your putting military uniforms on boys just Imri's age and teaching them terrorism. Or even your bloodthirsty braggadocto. Or anything like that.

No. You will have to grapple with what you know to be your chosen enemies—rank after rank of the singing clarinets. The army of civilization. Your guns cough in brutal eyeblink-blasts and shatter human bones. Your friends, by stealth and ambush, murdered Imri. You are terribly proud of this, and crow it over the airwaves. No matter. Civilization is more tenacious than the death you bring. Paper-bag trees, and Keats in a garden near an airport, and the long, long voice of the flute and the singing clarinets—these are the soldiers you will have to defeat. If you can.

The above letter was published recently in the New York Times. We bring it to you after the bloody slaughter of innocents in the very heart of Israel on Saturday, March 11, 1978.

Israel At 30—Some Vital Statistics

ISRAEL 1948 - 1978

Population of Israel

	Jewish	Non-Jewish	Total
1948	901,000	158,000	1,059,000
1976	2,988,300	544,700	3,533,500

Population of Jerusalem (Israel's Capital)

	Jewish	Christian	Moslem	Total
1946	99,320	31,330	33,680	164,440
1975	259,400	11,704	71,770	355,500

Population of Kibbutz Movement

1948	1974
54,221	106,165

Percentage of Kibbutz Movement in Total Jewish Population

1948	1974
7.15	3.67

Immigration

	Immigrants	Tourists Settling	Total
1948	101,819	---	101,819
1949	239,076	500	239,576
1976	17,092	2,662	19,754

Average Length of Life [in years]

	Male	Female
1949	65.2	67.9
1976	71.6	75.4

Education

Total number of pupils and students

1948	1974
141,000	919,000

Numbers in 8 institutions of higher learning (mainly Universities): 50,000

A father's prayer

Ennio Levi, who wrote these words, has long been a leader of the Jewish community in Milan. He expresses his devotion to Israel through giving, frequent visits, and the establishment of a large textile company, Nilit, in the development town of Migdal Haemek. Mr. Levi's son, Maurizio Levi, was to have managed the factory; he had decided in 1971 to make Israel his home. On Yom Kippur

1973 — before his army unit was called into battle — Maurizio volunteered for service with a tank unit on the southern front. He was killed during the first days of the war; his body was identified through the wedding ring he wore. It bore the name of his bride and the date of his wedding: August 1973.

Dear God

In this dark, long and lonely night
My eyes are clear as if it were bright noon,
I turn to Thee for help:
Beyond tears, beyond strength, beyond hope.
I love the Land of Israel
I love it even more today,
That it is stained with my own blood.
Help me, Lord, to help my People, help my Land.

In Kiryat Shmona, children died.
Our soldiers fell on Mt. Hermon.
Guns roar, young lives end, mothers mourn...

We are your People, Lord.
And yet the pain continues. Why, Lord, why?
When all our suffering is known to you...

Masada, Auschwitz, Matthaussen, Dachau,
The Warsaw Ghetto, a little girl named Anne Frank,
And that longest, tragic Yom Kippur.
Help us, God.

* * *

"I am the Lord, thy God.
I know my People in the Land of Israel.
I hear the dying cry, the mothers mourn.

"I see their suffering, their grief, their trials:
I know — with all their pain — they love my Land.
But you in the Diaspora... what of you?

"Jews of the world, why do you heed them not?
Why do you turn away from their great need?
You criticise the nations of the world
Who reject my Land... and yet you fail
To look inside your hearts.
Your brothers fight and die... and where are you?

"Although you hear the guns,
Hear the dying moan
You do not share the burden of your brothers —
Do not reach out to ease their pain.

"You have not learned to give, to sacrifice.
To love each stone in the Land of Israel,
Each piece of earth.
To love your brother as you love yourselves.

"And so my People are not one... but two.
In Israel, giving — giving all
World Jewry giving, true — but not enough.

"Two Jewish People, where there must be one,
United, so the Promised Land will be
A land of peace forever, for my People."

* * *

I hear Your words, dear God, and do not know
If it is my conscience speaking or Your voice.
But with Your words, my grief has died away.

Once more my strength returns: I hope,
I see, I take my place
Among the ranks of Jews the world over.

Have faith in us, dear God, have faith that we have
Heard the wisdom of your searching words,
That we have opened our eyes wide to see.
We, too, are Israel's People. The place in which we live
Will be, for once, less urgent than the place
To which all our hearts, our energies, are turned.

We shall not let our brothers stand alone.
We'll add our strength to theirs, extend our hands
And learn from them to fight, to sacrifice.

Together we will share a common goal
We'll learn from them to love each clod, each stone
Because this is Your will —
We will be one.

You've not abandoned us, dear Lord, we know.
In showing us the way. You've taught us truth...
And led our footsteps in the path of peace.

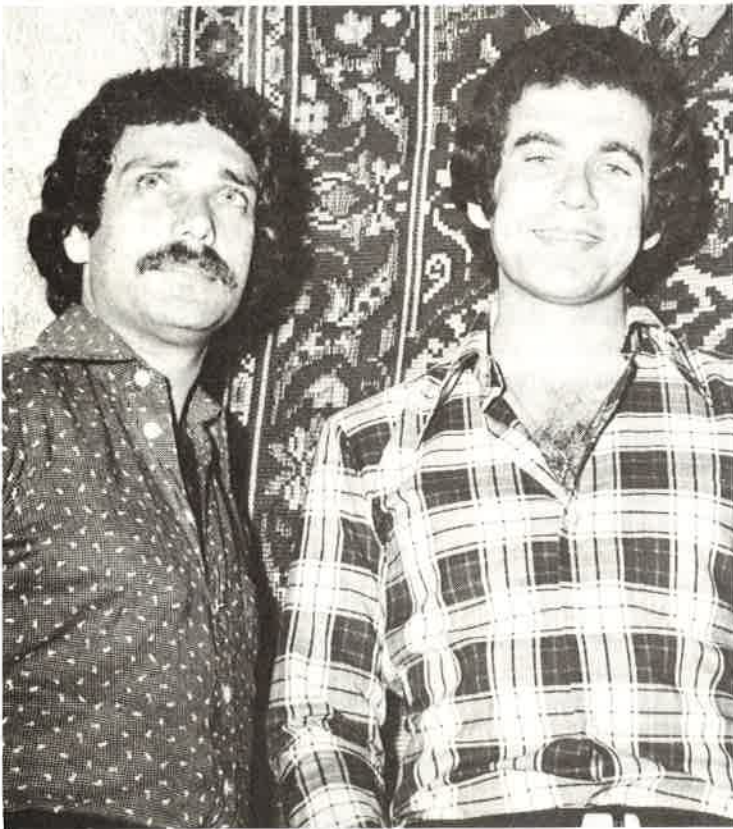
Tomorrow is the day when peace will come.
The groans and cries will cease. Thy Light will shine
Forth from Jerusalem, to brighten up the earth.

I thank You, God, for showing me the way.
My son, Maurizio, has been close to me
Through these dark nights of groping for Thy Light.
...Now he can rest.

DUO REIM AND RIVKA PELED **with** **JOSEPH MILO**

Thrill Audiences In Atlantic Communities

Celebration of Israel's 30th Anniversary



Halifax

Cape Breton

April 16-17



Moncton

Fredericton

Saint John

St. John's

April 8-11



SPONSORED BY THE CANADIAN ZIONIST FEDERATION AND THE ATLANTIC JEWISH COUNCIL.

AN ADVENTURE IN ISRAEL

by Celia Yazer, Sydney

Typically, in travelogues about Israel, there is mention of much excitement experienced in landing at Lod Airport. I found this to be true as the plane began to descend. There was an ebullition of building joy. Chatter grew to a higher pitch and some people even began to cry; but I did not feel this. I sat there expectantly waiting—"When was I going to get excited!" "Would I Cry?"—However, the sensation just passed me by.

Perhaps, to understand this feeling better, I should begin my reminiscence from a few months previous to my arrival in Israel. In the spring of 1975, I had been rather restless in my daily routine. My sister, Kaen, suggested I take a vacation in Israel for a month. I thought that if I liked it as much as she had in 1973-74, I may even stay for 2 months. So, in Sept., 1975, I bought my ticket, which would enable me to travel in Europe, packed too many clothes and set off on an unexpected adventure.



Snow on Parod on my way to work with the cows—6:00 a.m. shift.

My first stop was in Prestwick, Scotland. I took advantage of my Britrail Pass and saw some really lovely places around England and Scotland. A month just seemed to sneak by in no time at all. The remainder of my stops, before I reached Israel, took me to Amsterdam, Holland—an old city of canals and many unique gables; Munich, Germany—where I was introduced to fine beer and, strangely, saw many Italians; Vienna, Austria—such a charming city. Here I spent hours just walking around the city and I also

spent some time in beautiful Salsberg. From Vienna, I flew to the grey, dingy city of Belgrade, Yugoslavia where I further developed my ability to use sign language to make myself understood. Still in Yugoslavia, I flew to Dubovnick—a more relaxed and scenic city on the Dalmatian Coast.

My second last stopover took me to the ancient city of Athens. This city really fascinated me; however, the Peloponnesis overwhelmed me even more. This is one of the areas from which so much of the Greek mythology stems. It was in the Athens' airport where I stepped onto the plane which would finally take me to Israel.

At this point in my travels, I had already over-extended my 2 month vacation. Three months had floated by. As I had flown from one foreign country to another, I had grown accustomed to stepping off the plane and into another culture. This had been exciting; however, I was growing tired and I was also beginning to be eager to be home. Perhaps it was these factors which were responsible for my lack of excitement at landing in Israel; however, once I got off the bus in Tel Aviv, I could not stop saying to myself: "I'm here! I'm really here." The land and the people—I had heard so much about—were finally becoming a reality to me.

The kibbutz on which I was a volunteer was Kibbutz Parod. This was a small settlement set in the beautiful Galilee, overlooking Lake Kinneret and only 18 km. from Sfat. During my search for the kibbutz and during my time in the city, people were always helpful and friendly.

My main job, as a volunteer, was in the "mata" or orchard where I was a cook. We were too far from the kibbutz to return from the orchard for breakfast, so I prepared it there and later I would work with the trees. Some of my other jobs included sorting fruit in the packing house; serving meals in the dining room or washing dishes and sewing and ironing in the laundry. The best part of my experience on the Kibbutz was the people. I learned some Hebrew and many of the kibbutznicks tried patiently to teach me more.

In Feb./76, Karen returned to our Homeland and joined me on Kibbutz Parod. She worked in the "refet" or cow shed, milking and looking after the cows and calves. Her Hebrew was

very good because of her previous visit, so she found little difficulty in communicating with the Israelis. When we were given our kibbutz families, we were surprised to find that we were placed together in a really loving family.



Celia in friend's apartment on Kibbutz Yagur. Getting ready to leave.

In that April, we left the Kibbutz to see more of the country. Hitchhiking, or as it is known in Israel, "tramps", is one of the most frequently used forms of transportation. So, we tramped around. Amongst some of our experiences were: living on beaches throughout the south in Eilat, Nuaka, Dizahuk and Sharm el Shiek. We also tramped through the desert to Mt. Sinai and then again up north through the Golan. We rode with some really terrific people who also became our tour guides and told us much about various areas during times of war and peace.

While in Eilat, we worked in a beach hotel. I was a chambermaid and a receptionist, while Karen ran a snack bar and also was a chambermaid. After a month and a half, we again lived on the beach, where we worked cleaning a cafe and apartments. Our Hebrew had progressed further as we worked with and associated with the native Israelis.

In August/76, we sadly boarded a ship bound for Greece. We stayed in Athens for almost a month in a residential area. We had met some people who had been apartment sitting for their friends and they allowed us to use the apartment. It was so nice to feel the privacy of four walls again. At this point, we decided to travel east.

Cont'd on Page 11

THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF



Superjew

"Further Adventures of SuperJew"
by Nicole Lazar, Halifax, Age 11



"I wonder who that girl, Esther, at the Purim party was?" Noah Rubenstein asked himself, driving back to his house after the party. "I don't know who she is, but I'm going to find out."

So saying, Noah went home and said the magic word, "Ishar" and immediately became—SUPERJEW.

Superjew started his search for Esther, the mystery girl, right away. Hovering over the city of Halifax, Superjew used his incredible vision to try to find Esther. Then, he saw a girl in a costume that looked like the one Esther was wearing at the party. So he swooped down in front of the girl and said:

"Esther, Esther! You're Esther, the mystery girl at the Purim party."

"Are you off your rocker, mister?" asked the lady. "I'm going to a costume party. Are you going to the party also? And anyway, my name isn't Esther, it's Marion!"

"Oh well, even the best of us make mistakes sometimes. Better try again."

Superjew then started to scan Halifax again, when the beeper on his belt beeped. At first, he didn't hear it, but he soon was aware that there was a terrible beep in his ears. He realized it was the beeper and turned it on. A face appeared. It was his boss. He was beeping to tell Superjew that a girl was being held captive in a hide-away somewhere around the Red Sea. She was being held in captivity by Superjew's arch enemy, the evil Dr. Sae Tin.

Dr. Sae Tin was at one time a very respectable person; but when his brother had been kidnapped by gangsters and never been found again, Sae Tin had turned to a life of crime.

As Superjew arrived at the Red Sea, he remembered all of this. He set out at once to find the hide-away. With his super-eye-sight, he soon found it.

He went inside, and there was Esther! In no longer than ten seconds, he had Esther free, and Sae Tin bound.

"You're Esther, the mystery girl who was at the Purim party, aren't you? Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"Yes, I was at the party. My name is Esther Klein, but I am really Wonder Jewess. I hid my identity so nobody would know. I was born on an island called Capri. I'm sure you have heard of it."

Superjew just said: "I see."

"Hey! Since you're Superjew, and I'm Wonder Jewess, maybe, just

maybe, we could join forces and wipe out crime completely."

"But what about all those poor criminals?" asked Superjew humorously, "None of them would have jobs! What about the policemen? They wouldn't have jobs either."

"Speaking of policemen, let's bring Dr. Sae Tin down to police headquarters."

"No! No! You'll never bring me there alive!"

"That's what you think Sae Tin. Come on Wonder Jewess."

They winged their way over to the police station, Sae Tin between them. When they handed him over to the police, the sergeant was grateful.

"Thank you, Superjew."

Back in Superjew's house, Wonder Jewess was telling him what her special powers were.

"... and I have super vision, and high-tuned hearing. To become Wonder Jewess, I say the word "Leste". To return to Esther Klein, I say the word "Veho". I think I hear somebody calling you, Superjew. It's an emergency! Dr. Sae Tin has escaped from prison! He has invented a formula that makes anyone who comes in contact with it, lose their memory! Right now he is at a bank in Jerusalem! He is robbing it, and the people inside the bank have forgotten he was in there. I'll catch him, Superjew."

Wonder Jewess whipped to Jerusalem, found Sae Tin and brought him to the most heavily guarded prison in the world.

AN ADVENTURE IN ISRAEL

Cont'd from Page 10

We took an Italian ship from Athens port, Pireaus, to Istanbul, Turkey. We did not quite know how we would go further, but once more, we were fortunate. We met two Englishmen who were driving to India and they were taking passengers. Ten of us went East together. We were a mixture of Germans, British, French,

American and Canadian. Some of our stops were only overnight, while other stops were longer than a week.

After a couple of weeks in India, we decided to go to Nepal. In Kathmandu, Nepal's capital, we met some christian missionary people. They worked in the hospital in Kathmandu and also in the hospital and jail in New Delhi, India. Karen and I stayed with these people and did some volunteer social work. We also took time to travel in India and see some of the country.

In July 1977, we started our journey home. We flew from New Delhi, India to Moscow, Russia, where we spent two very full days roaming the city. Our next stop took us to Paris, a city of variety. And then, on the last day of July our feet once again trod on Canadian soil.

Oh—it was good to be home again; however, there is a burning desire in our hearts to return to Israel. I am sure that the next time I fly into Lod Airport, the thrill and excitement will not pass over me.

THE TRAGEDY WE LIVE WITH

by Mark Segal, Jerusalem

It isn't simply the matter of loss of life that affects everyone so tragically here in Israel, it is also the fact that the world continues to condemn us in total prejudice of political, legal and humanistic truth.

It is a well known fact that the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) group of murderers were, prior to March 15, 1978, based throughout the southern part of Lebanon with no outside power, Arabic or otherwise, capable of restraining them. This allowed the PLO almost free access into Israel along her complete northern border resulting in numerous tragedies—The Savoy Hotel siege in Tel Aviv, the slaughter of children in a Maalot school, the bomb blast in Jerusalem's Zion Square and others. After each murderous incursion, the world lay quiet with but a few meaningless messages of condolence. But as soon as Israel retaliated, she was condemned for her outright aggression against sovereign territory.

It is a well known fact that it was absolutely necessary for Israel to penetrate into Lebanese territory and clear out the PLO terrorist bases, but she could not do this for fear of being branded an aggressor. We had to wait another murderous attack before Israel could do what had to be done months ago.

The tragic deaths of 35 Israeli citizens, men, women and children, on Saturday, March 11, was the price paid for allowing Israel to enter Lebanon and, for purposes of defensive security, not for retaliation, take over a 10 kilometer strip within southern Lebanon previously held by the PLO murderers.

In response to questions, directed to Prime Minister Menachem Begin at a press conference held in Jerusalem on March 15, concerning how long the Israel Defence Force would remain in Lebanon, the Prime Minister tactfully answered—"until some one will take over and prevent the murderers from returning to the area". But, realistically, who is this someone who will take over. It isn't the Lebanese because they have already shown their incapability of dealing with the PLO. The Syrians and Saudi Arabians rejoice when Israelis are killed, maimed or wounded and the "so-called" moderates, King Hussein and President Sadat, are surely not going to send a Force to stand guard along Israel's northern frontier. Notwithstanding the Arabs, there remain the superpowers (the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.) who won't become physically involved and that final farce, the body called the United Nations. In essence, what we have is another piece of territory that we have to hold on to tightly in order to reduce the number of murderous attacks against Israeli citizens.

Despite any outcry of our incursion against another country's sovereignty and counter outcries of other nations, such as the United States, Russia and even the Arabs, for example the presence of Syrians on Lebanese soil, themselves doing likewise, let's take a look at some clear facts.

Prior to our holding the Sinai, PLO murderers infiltrated from Egypt and created havoc. This stopped when we finally took over the Sinai in 1967. Prior to our holding the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, the PLO murderers infiltrated from Egypt across the Strip and from Jordan across the West Bank, inflicting tragedy and sorrow. This also ended when Israel took over these areas in 1967. Prior to our being on the Golan Heights, the murderers entered from Syria. This stopped when Israel manned the Heights in 1967. This

only left Israel's northern border with Lebanon open for terrorist infiltration and from there, the PLO came numerous times to inflict more sorrow. But, as of midnight, March 15, this last leak was also sealed.

Despite the continued world outcry that we are expansionist aggressors, we may remain slightly more, but not totally, secure as it is absolutely impossible to completely seal Israel off from outside terrorist infiltration. Nevertheless, with the Israel Defence Forces stationed on all of Israel's fronts, it makes it just a bit more difficult for the murderers to get through.

A sad prediction is—if Israel will return land in the north to Lebanon, part of the Golan Heights to Syria, the West Bank, or a part of it and the Gaza Strip to Jordan and the Sinai to Egypt, we will again be susceptible to infiltration by the PLO from all sides. Also, if a Palestinian State is to be founded along our eastern flank, we will be completely open to destructive infiltration. Then, notwithstanding a period of time during which we will have to suffer untold tragedy, the Arabs will assess our size and, with their false nerve and as history has shown time and time again, attack us in a total offensive war, as their main aim is still our total destruction. Thus, any land that we may return now in meeting the Arab's hollow request for their "just and lasting peace" will have to be regained at the dear cost of Israeli lives in the next bloody war. I don't want this to happen and neither do my sons as it is they and their friends that will be personally involved in the fighting.

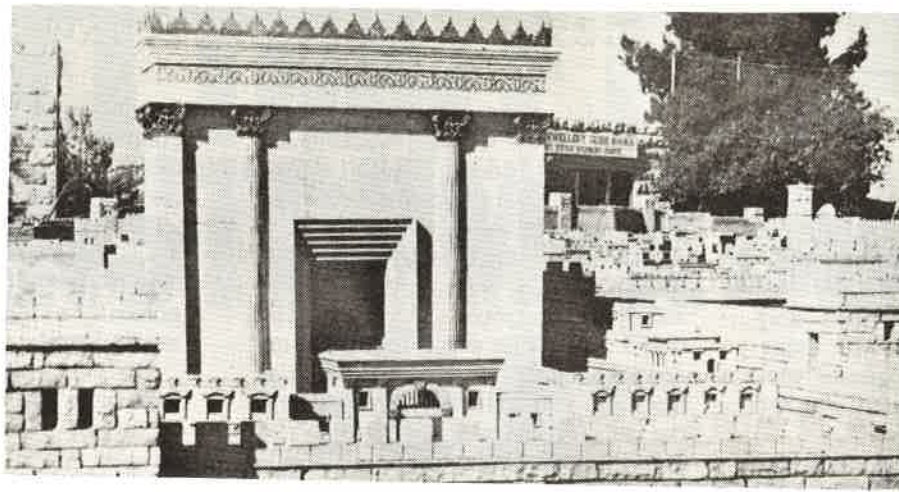
So, please think very carefully what returning territory to the Arabs and establishing a Palestinian State alongside of us means before you come to any decision concerning our, Israel's and my family's, future security.

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Jerusalem nostalgia



Complex Question—Simple Answer

by Joyce Segal, Jerusalem

On Saturday, March 11, eleven terrorists massacred 35 Israelis on the Tel Aviv-Haifa road. At 4:30 p.m. that afternoon, while the terrorists attacked unarmed Israeli men, women and children, I was sitting in my living room entertaining some guests who had just driven into Jerusalem via that Tel Aviv-Haifa road.

The next morning, I was on a city bus filled with children on their way to school and adults on their way to work when someone turned on the news. One "shush" was uttered and the people instantly stopped talking. All listened to the news.

That afternoon, a student of mine (I teach English as a foreign language to adults) gave me a first hand account of what he had seen. He, his wife and a couple of friends, were out picknicking on Saturday and on their way home, they came upon the terrorists. My student said he saw masked gunmen standing near a bus, cars stopped along the road and wounded people driving. He put his foot down on the gas pedal and managed to escape unharmed.

All the children discussed the terrorist attack in their classrooms. High school students listened to the news and wondered what Israel would do.

At midnight on Tuesday, March 15, the Israeli army went into Lebanon to attack the terrorist's bases. I first heard about this when I received my newspaper at 6:30 A.M. Wednesday morning. From then on, we just kept the radio on listening to anything and everything and trying to get just a little more information now and then. Despite the fact that everyone was feeling very anxious about "our boys out there", we still kept our appointment in Tel Aviv that Wednesday afternoon and accomplished what we set out to do.

I remember, while I still lived in Halifax, discussing a recent terrorist attack with a friend of mine. She ended the conversation by saying that—"it was very sad, but life must go on." The statement made me extremely angry because we weren't involved, our lives hadn't in any way been affected. Therefore, saying "life must go on" seemed very callous to me at the time.

But now my life is affected. My

family and I drive on the Tel Aviv-Haifa road. We use the Egged bus line. This time the soldiers fighting on the Lebanese border are my friends and my friend's sons, but in a few years, they will be my sons. I am involved—and so, life must go on as normally as possible. So why do we stay in Israel.

Do you know how many times I have been asked—"Do you like living in Israel?" "Why did you come to Israel?" "Are you going to stay in Israel?" I can't begin to count the number of times I have been asked these questions. I often answer—"because I can sit back and not have to work for Hadassah, ORT, sisterhood or attend meetings of other Zionist Organizations". I can say—"I no longer have to work at being Jewish because I live amongst Jews, my children learn Torah and Hebrew Literature in their respective schools and my husband works for a Jewish Hospital (supported by U.S. Hadassah women).

But that isn't the answer. Perhaps the answer is very simple. I live here because Israel is my country and I want to live here.

A Glimpse of Israel

by Harriet Lenard, Sydney

Departing London amid a planeload of British Jews bound for Tel Aviv, my husband and I somehow expected British composure to reign among the passengers for the duration of the four and one-quarter hour flight. As things turned out, one could say only be thankful that the pilot and his flight crew were blessedly isolated from the scene of jovial pandemonium that quickly erupted behind their backs in the passenger cabin. While Captain Smith ensured us smooth sailing from Heathrow to Ben Gurion, his effervescent passengers, taking their cue from the extinguished seat-belt sign, sprang instantly to life, taking up standing positions to the left, right and centre of every issue of politics, religion, and the like that could conceivably provide gist for such

interested and opinionated folk. With simultaneous translation provided by the participants when required, good humoured differences burst out in a profusion of languages complete with the necessary gestures where emphasis demanded. One could almost (but not quite) forgive the meal-laden crew their thinly disguised irritation with the exuberant indolence of their ever mobile charges. The meals, although nearly as varied as the debates, offered little incentive to take them sitting down: Kosher-Meat, Vegetarian, Regular or Gerber's (for the undeveloped tastebuds of the fortunate underage); all looked too white, too lumpy or too shrivelled to be taken seriously.

Once landed, we were confronted with the sobering sight of our first Israelis: four soldiers, machine guns in firing position as they flanked, two

per side, the steps of our aircraft. In the air, in our cheery mood, we could almost have forgotten the severe facts of Israeli life. On the ground there was no such escape. By the time we entered the terminal building, we were proceeding with the toned-down decorum of chastized school children—only to be further jolted in the recollection that we had just entered an arrivals hall that in 1972 had been the scene of 27 bloody murders by three members of the Japanese Red Army.

Time and again during our too-short visit, we were to observe the sad fact that the Israelis are forced to exist in a state of alert preparedness for the worst. While outwardly conducting the business of everyday life, they must be tensely aware always of just

Cont'd on Page 19

MEET THREE PEOPLE INSTRUMENTAL TO A MIDDLE EAST PEACE. MR. BEGIN MR. SADAT AND YOU

If over the years, you've given and given generously to the United Jewish Appeal, then your name should be added to the above.

The fact is that Mr. Sadat and Mr. Begin are talking largely because Israel has shown its determination to keep what rightfully belongs to her and to grow in the process.

This is where you fit in.

Without your help through the United Jewish Appeal, Israel would not be in the positive position she is in. You have helped bring immigrants to Israel, to settle them, to provide housing, education and social services. We must keep up the effort.

This year's United Jewish Appeal has already shown signs of being one of the best peacetime efforts ever.

You can help assure that Israel's position is not compromised in the future. You can help see to it that the strength that helped make these peace negotiations possible exists in the future.

Give and give generously to this year's United Jewish Appeal. Then when your children ask what you did in the great peace of '78, show them this ad.



We are one
UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

The Gates of Heaven

by Mme Lena Allen Shore

Mme Lena Allen Shore, author of several French novels, poems, songs and short stories, left Paris with her family in 1951 and came to Montreal. The following poem is dedicated "In the memory of my dear husband, Sigmund Shore, who once said: 'Israel is part of us and we are part of Israel.' "

He was standing alone,
young and handsome
the son of Israel
from the Valley
of Kinnereth.
The smiling eyes
of an enchanted child
watched the sky with joy.
How beautiful was the sunset!

The rifle on his arm
seemed to have wings.
The soldier did not feel
any weight on his shoulder.

"I love peace"
whispered Daniel,
"I love peace
like I love Galia,
my mother and Israel".

A bird was singing
nearby
a lullaby of an afternoon
or maybe a love song
for Galia.
Galia has sparkling eyes
as the stars
in Jerusalem.

He forgot the sunset
searching in his heart
for the face
of the beloved girl.

Was Galia waiting for him?
On his lips
the souvenir of her last kiss
was still fresh.

"After tomorrow
you will marry her"
The bird was singing
"and you will go together
to Eilat for your honeymoon"
low spoke the voice
of the tree in blossom.

Again his eyes
caressed
the pinkish stream
of the sunset
in the sky.

They will settle
in Kibbutz Beit Zera
near Kinnereth
where Daniel lived
before the war.

When?
In the time of peace.

They will have
a little home
of their own sunshine
and he will teach again
the small children
of freedom—
among them
maybe his son.
He even has a name for him—
"Jacob" after his father
killed in Golan Heights
and if it will be a girl
Her name will be Daphne
after his sister
killed in Jerusalem
in 1967.

The young soldier
closed his eyes—
he tried to imagine
his children
of tomorrow—
maybe four,
maybe five.

He will teach them
the history of Israel,
the glory of creation
the goodness and beauty
of life
in this land
of sand and gardens
in blossom—
His children will love
the rising sun
and the sunset,
and they will believe
in God.

Suddenly the silence broke
somebody was shooting
from the bushes behind.
The bullet hit the soldier
—he loved peace—
Then the sunset
was the only witness
to death.

"Yitgadal Vytgadah
Shmei Raba . . ."
The bushes, the bird
and one tree in blossom
sang the Kaddish
in the presence

of an unfinished dream:
"The boy's name
will be Jacob
and the girl's name
Daphne."

II

At the Gates of Heaven
was waiting the soul
of Daniel.
"I am waiting for God"
whispered the voice
and God came.
Almighty and invisible
Eternal and Great
Father of all the fathers
the Owner of the Universe
Creator and Builder
Teacher and Sculptor
of human destiny
Judge and Master—
Master of Forgiving,
God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
God of the Prophets,
God of the rich and the poor
the happy and the miserable
the living and the dead,
God who gave the ten commandments,
the treasury of moral wisdom
and the guiding path
to life—
"God" whispered the soul
"Forgive me".
And God said:
"I forgive you,
speak".

"I remember the cedars of my valley
and the dreams of peace,"
said the soul.
"Do you want arms
to defeat the enemy?"
asked God.

"No—
we want to win the hearts of the living."
"Do you want the power to command?"

"No—
we want to communicate in
friendship."
"Do you want to destroy?"

"No—
we want to build."

"Do you want tanks?"

"No—
we want tractors".

Cont'd on Page 17

"Do you want your eyes
to see the traitors?"

"No—
we want our eyes to smile
at strangers."

"Do you want to fight?"

"No—
we want to shake hands—
we don't want to kill,
we want to work,
to sing, to dance.
We don't want others to cry,
we don't want others to die
but we don't want to die."

The choir of angels
began to sing
and the harps were heard
at the Gates of Heaven.

"Rosh Hashannah Tikateivun
Blyom Com Kippur Yihateymun
On the first day of the year
it is inscribed
and on the Day of Atonement
the decree is sealed."

"God bless Israell!"
continued to sing
the Choir of Heaven.

The melody of holiness

slowly descended
through the clouds
to earth
and the lonely bird
repeated the prayer
of the unknown
young soldier
killed at the sunset
of a wonderful day.

The dawn of happiness
entered
the hearts of men.

The small children
played in the sand.

Are You Interested—Do You Care? I Sure Am! I Sure Do!

by Daniel Segal, Age 14, Jerusalem

In this issue, I would like to tell you about schools and life for a teenager (me) in Israel.

First of all, I don't ride a donkey to school, although you may see Arab children riding them or herding sheep across the road. I take a bus!

I usually start school, like everyone, at 8:00 a.m., but there are also some days that I start at 7:25 a.m. The learning here is quite the same as it was in Halifax. We all sit at desks in front of the teacher and learn but, we learn in Hebrew. Some of our lessons are: physics, chemistry, algebra, geometry, bible and lots of others. Even though we go to school for 6 days every week (Sunday is the first day of the week), it isn't all that bad because we usually get out at approximately 2:00 p.m. (earlier on Friday) and we have 15-minute breaks every hour.

My favorite lesson is the Phys-Ed lesson, because, since I am the fastest sprinter in Grade 8, I and some other fast runners are being trained for the Jerusalem Athletic Meet where most of the schools in Jerusalem participate to see which one is the best in athletics. Last year, my school was the best and I also hope that we will be the best this year.

Another good thing about the schools is that we go on quite a few trips throughout Jerusalem and Israel. Every time we learn something new in history or in a bible lesson and there is something about it in the museum, we go and see it. Sometimes, for no reason whatsoever, we go on a trip to the museum or to some other place in Jerusalem. Every year, towards the end of the year, every class goes on a yearly final trip. The younger kids go for a half-day trip, the older kids go on a full day trip. I will be going on a 2-day trip and my brothers (Julius, aged 16), who is in Grade 10, just came back a few days ago from a week's trip where he and his friends from class worked on a kibbutz picking fruit. All of these trips are quite fun and are very cheap.

Well! So much for school trips.

After the school day, I come home and believe it or not, I don't drive a donkey on the way home either.

When I get home, I have a big lunch, rest for a few minutes, and then do all the homework, which I do as fast as possible.

After that, I would go out, call on my friends and classmates, and we would play basketball or soccer or just sit around and talk about everything, but lately, everybody

is talking about the terrorist attack on the bus on Saturday, the 11th of March and of the IDF (Israel Defence Force) attack on Southern Lebanon on the 14th of March at midnight. On this subject, everybody has got something to say.

Then at night, everybody goes home and rests, watches TV, does what they want or, sometimes, we will go together to some movie that's playing in town. If you stay home to watch TV, it's not all that bad because we also have some good programmes for enjoyment, both in Hebrew and in English. We have the Six Million Dollar Man, The Man From Atlantis, The Fantastic Journey and lots of others.

On Saturday, since there is no school, it used to be really boring just staying home. But, since then, I taught all the kids in my area how to play baseball since you do get tired of playing basketball and soccer all the time. Now, every Saturday, when it's nice, we have a big game of baseball—for most of the day.

Another reason for teaching everyone to play baseball is that I would always look at my gloves and bats and remember, when I was living in Halifax, all the games that we would have on Saturday and I got a kind of feeling to play a good game of baseball again. So, I taught everybody to play. The thing is that everybody plays, all age groups, from 12 to 19, and kids that come from all parts of the world. Every time we have a baseball game, we have it in the back of the building I live in, in the parking lot, and it's quite fun.

Now let me tell you about where I live. I live in a 16-storey apartment building in the middle of everything. In other words, we are 5 minutes walking distance to the Shopping Centre. There are three grocery stores right beside the apartment and there are also three different swimming pools in the area so there is always something to do and I like it.

I really like living in Israel because it's the land of the Jews and it's where all of us belong. And, anyway, everybody knows where Israel is. It's that small country in the Middle East that has all the problems trying to make peace with Egypt, trying to buy arms from the United States, trying to keep the country safe from terrorists by holding part of Southern Lebanon.

Even with all of our problems, it's fun living in Israel and I like it.

The Melting Pot In Israel's Kitchen

by Sybil Zimmerman

There's a passage in the Book of Numbers which explains how the Children of Israel longed for the fish which they ate in Egypt, as well as the cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic, when all they had in the Sinai desert was mana. So they gathered it and ground or beat it, cooked it in pots, and made cakes of it.

This description is one of the best examples of how Jewish cooking has developed throughout the years. Wherever Jews lived, they adopted the local cookery and adapted it to their dietary laws. They retained the cooking style which had come down to them from their forefathers and passed it on, as a distinct tradition, to the next generation. And in the thirty years of the modern State of Israel's existence, a similar development has taken place.

Israel cooking is very much a blend of two main streams which have become synthesized into a third. The two old streams are Ashkenazi and Sephardi. Ashkenazi Jews lived primarily in Christian lands, originally France and Germany, but later also Poland, Hungary, Lithuania, Rumania, and Russia. The Sephardic Jews, who originally lived in Spain and Portugal, moved on to the Moslem countries of the Middle East and North Africa as well as Italy, Greece and Bulgaria.

While still clinging to the traditional recipes of their own families, the people who came to Israel from over 100 nations were stimulated to create a third strain—Israel cooking.

KOSHER

Jewish cooking adheres to the dietary laws, but it can be prepared in kitchens kosher and otherwise. The word "Kosher" means fit or proper in Hebrew, and in connection with food has come to mean "ritually proper"; dietary laws are spelled out in the Bible and relate to certain types of animals which one may eat, how food may be cleaned and prepared, and which foods may not be eaten.

ASHKENAZI COOKING

Typical Ashkenazi foods were also divided into their countries of origin,



but it is this cuisine, which, in America, is referred to as "Jewish" food. From Germany and Austria, for example, come sweet pastries, yeast cakes, strudel, cheese cake, and filled pastries. From Russia is **kasha** (buckwheat groats), **borscht** (beet or cabbage-meat type). From other countries of Eastern Europe came **tzimmes** (sweetened stewed carrots sometimes with meat and/or prunes added), gefilte fish (chopped fish balls), salt herring dishes and salads, cholent (a bean and meat stew simmered from Friday night to Saturday night), roasted and potted meats, soup dumplings, and **kugels** (puddings of potatoes or noodles).

SEPHARDI FOOD

Among the Sephardim are those whose origins are in the Middle East and North Africa. Some typical Sephardi dishes are: '**bourekas**', an unsweetened turnover-type of pastry stuffed with cheese, potatoes, spinach, or meat, originating probably in Turkey; stuffed vegetables such as eggplant, marrows, artichokes, peppers and grape leaves have various meat or meat-and-rice mixtures inside; rice, beans, peas and lentils are used extensively; '**hamindas**' (browned hard-boiled eggs) are used; and pastries filled with fruits and nuts.

North African specialties include **couscous** (also called farina, cream of wheat or semolina); **shakshouka** (a form of Spanish omelet with vegetables and a hot sauce).

Popular among both Iraqi and Kurdistan peoples is **kibbeh**, a burghul (cracked wheat) cake stuffed with meat and fried or baked. Burghul salad with tomatoes, known as **tabulah**, originally Lebanese, is

also popular among the Sephardim.

Two other Sephardi groups whose cooking is distinctive are the Iraqis and the Yeminites. Rice, burghul, semolina, chick peas, beans, lentils, eggplant, okra, and squash frequent Iraqi tables. Dishes of the Yeminities of Southern Arabia are characterized by thier use of two particular sauces—**hilbe**, a fenugreek dressing, and **skhug**, a very hot paste of garlic, cumin, dry peppers, coriander and cardamon. The Yeminites also like mint tea and cardamon coffee.

A large variety of spices, such as garlic and lesser known ones such as cumin, coriander and cardamon, are popular in Sephardic cooking as well.

WHAT TO EAT WHEN

Visitors to Israel can taste all of these delicacies and more. An Israel hotel breakfast consists of tomatoes, cucumbers, olives, green peppers, onions (plain or in salads), fish, eggs, cheeses, butter and jam, bread and rolls, yoghurt, and of course coffee or tea.

Lunch is usually the main meal of the day, consisting of an appetizer, soup, meat or fish, rice or potatoes, salad or pickled vegetables, and dessert.

Dinner is often light and consists of omelets or other types of eggs, salads, cheeses, bread, yoghurt, coffee or tea—in short, another breakfast.

So what is Israel food? One might consider the snack-type street foods as typical Israel cooking. **Humus** (chick pea dip), **tchina** (sesame seed paste), **pita** (Arab pocket bread), and **felafel** (fried chick pea balls) are the typically Arab Middle Eastern dishes which have become Israeli by adoption.

Eggs and dairy-products are practically the mainstay of Israel diets. Stop in at any supermarket or neigh-

borhood grocery store and you will find Israelis buying the daily supply of cheese, cottage cheese, yoghurt, sour cream, and of course, a large variety of breads and rolls untainted by preservatives.

Because of the austerity of Israel's first years as a fledgling state, meat was normally not eaten daily in Israel. But nowadays with a system of agriculture that is ultra-modern, highly sophisticated and much copied by the rest of the world, Israel produces good meats, bountiful chickens and turkeys and some of the most delicious fruits and vegetables in the world: citrus products, including the famed Jaffa oranges; delicious melons and watermelons; pears, apples, peaches, luscious strawberries, massive grapes—and the biblical dates, figs and nuts. There are even unique varieties, such as the Pomela (a large citrus fruit indigenous to the Jericho area) and the Fijoya, rather like the Australian passion-fruit.

So it is that Israel cooking must be thought of in terms of both where one's ancestors came from, and how much one is influenced by the climate, the eating habits, and the evolving produce of the land. All of these factors have created a specific form of Israel cooking and eating, although those who came from India, South America, North America, England, or hundreds of other places still cook the dishes familiar to them.

WHEN YOU GO

And the visitor to Israel will find the same influences in the mass of restaurants in Israel. Every type of international cuisine is available at all price ranges—French bistros or “grands restaurants”; Bierkellers; Pizza parlors; hamburg joints; Indian, Chinese, Japanese restaurants—as well as a mass of Middle Eastern (called “Oriental”) and “traditional” Jewish restaurants.

Israel, just as it was in Biblical times, is still the land of apples, almonds, cheese, corn, dates, figs, grapes, nuts, pomegranates, leeks, squash, onions, garlic, fish and spices. What the messengers of Moses found when they returned bearing the cluster of grapes between two poles is still true—“We came unto the land whither thou sendest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it.”



IMPORTANT ECONOMIC FIGURES FOR ISRAEL [1948-1977]

	1948	1977
Population	800,000	3,650,000
Exports (goods & services) .	\$28,000,000	\$5,645,000,000
Imports (includes defense imports)	\$250,000,000	\$8,410,000,000
Gross Value of Industrial Production ...	\$225,000,000	\$7,800,000,000
Agricultural Production ...	\$73,000,000	\$1,147,300,000
Electric Power Production (kwh)	329,205,000	10,400,000,000
Acres Under Irrigation	75,000	458,850
Number of Tourists	4,500	1,000,000
Income from Tourists	\$2,460,000	\$430,000,000
G.N.P.	\$1,300,000,000	\$11,128,000,000

A Glimpse of Israel

how fragile “normalcy” is. Soldiers bound for overnight leave are seen in considerable numbers hitchhiking with machineguns slung over their shoulders; the same for those casually strolling in bathing suits on beaches. The wail of an unseen siren on Allenby Street brings an instant halt to busy foot traffic, as people, frozen to the ground, eyes darting to ascertain the source, finally breathe a perceptible sign of relief as an ambulance appears speeding to a mere “everyday”

emergency. On leaving Israel, customs officials have us open our own luggage, a cruel reminder of a not too remote incident when an official was killed by a bomb in a piece of luggage. We are asked about gifts received, and recollect an incident in 1972 when an explosion in the luggage compartment of an El Al jet was the result of a boobytrapped stereo given two passengers as a “gift”.

We are a more sobered lot flying westward—but determined to return.

A Galutnik Looks At Novel Ideas For Improving The Economy Of Israel

by Samuel Jacobson, Halifax



Dear Shalom Reader:

Not being burdened by a lot of book learning and therefore free to observe and draw conclusions from life's experiences I throw these ideas to the wind for your reaction and criticism.

If these ideas are impractical, stupid or may even have merit I hold myself responsible for your serious consideration.

So may the chips fall where they may! Let me hear, or let Shalom hear from one and all.

Samuel Jacobson

1. Profit Sharing

Very moderate sized firms as well as very large especially in America, find that by sharing their profits with their workers, that everyone benefits. Today tens of millions of workers and tens of thousands of employers in America, are using this plan. The results are that strikes rarely occur, productivity increases, unit costs go down and the firms expand increasing their number of workers.

2. Inventions

Israel could become the inventors paradise of the world if it were to eliminate all income taxes on profits made on the export of newly invented products. Perhaps even dividends from these enterprises could also receive favorable treatment.

3. Inheritance taxes

This should be abolished immediately. There are rumours that this legislation is being considered. It could potentially bring in a revolving

fund amounting to up to one billion dollars or more even if the heirs resided outside the country.

4. Accelerated depreciation

The present law gives a 50% depreciation per year for new industries established by foreign capital, at least that is the information available. Israel should have the highest rate of accelerated depreciation in the world. Even the right to expropriate antiquated equipment and replace it with modern equipment on favorable financing terms.

5. Amnesty on return of capital

It is estimated that Israelis are holding as much as three billion dollars in unreported foreign countries. If there was an amnesty on the return of this capital without any questions asked on favourable terms, it would be a tremendous help to the country.

6. Denationalization of government owned industries and services

The idea is being studied by the present government. The sooner the better. Privately owned companies must compete, make profits, pay taxes, or die. Government owned companies regardless of their deficits, wastefulness and inefficiency, go on forever.

7. Currency flotation

The government is to be complimented on taking this step to make the currency of Israel free of controls and of a uniform value. However, many countries that have floating currencies still suffer from serious inflation, unemployment and trade deficits. The solution is increased productivity which can be motivated through popularizing the profit sharing idea.

8. Free port zones

Egypt is establishing at least one free port zone along the Suez Canal. Israel would benefit greatly by the establishment of one free port zone on the Mediterranean, and another at Elilat.

9. Tariff barriers

Both the European Common Market and America have been very

cooperative in opening their markets to the exports of Israel. This market of 500 million people with the greatest purchasing power in the world gives Israel a most unique opportunity to increase its exports. On the other hand, it will soon have to reduce its own tariff barriers to their exports. Therefore it must become competitive. It might be just as well that Israel reduce its tariff barriers in advance of any arrangement in order to anticipate its competitive position that will soon develop.

10. Brain drain

Because Jews have always admired learning, Israel is probably educating and graduating more university students per capita than any country of similar size. The result is that graduates cannot find their career within the country and emigrate. The cost of this brain drain is difficult to assess but probably exceeds by far all the gift dollars raised throughout the world. Israel should adjust its university capacity more in line with its own needs, and direct its manpower for its own benefit.

11. Conclusion

There are many other novel and unusual ideas that might be implemented in Israel. They would, however, only be acceptable to the community after the advantages of private enterprise and efficiency were proven to the public at large. This might possibly involve a very powerful educational program about the economic facts of life and may take years. There are methods of providing motivation in government services that do not lend themselves to conversion to private enterprises. There might be a possibility of a campaign to develop projects for the sale of private plots to the Jews of the world. Once the workers of Israel could be motivated in the right direction, they could very well become among the most productive workers in the world. Israel could become the Japan at the western end of Asia as Japan is on the Eastern coast.

DANCE LEAPS AHEAD

by Dora Sowden

Dance is the fastest growing art form in Israel. Many people think the performing arts began in Israel with the founding of the Palestine Philharmonic Orchestra in 1935. But an opera company had been started in the 1920's by the late Mordechai Golinkin, with the late Rina Nikova (both from Russian) as principal dancer and director of the opera-ballet.

The company lasted only a few years, but dance didn't die. Rina Nikova made a study of indigenous dance—Arab and Jewish—and formed the "Yemenite Singing Ballet", with which she toured Europe during the 1930's.

YEMENITES

The INBAL DANCE THEATRE was a sort of offshot of Rina Nikova's efforts. Sara Levi-Tanai, herself Yemenite-born, conceived the idea of a group who would perform ballets created from the ethnic dances of the communities of new Jewish immigrants to the reborn State of Israel. She has been choreographer and director for more than twenty five years, though today other choreographers also create ballet for the company. Dancers are still mostly Yemenite or "orientals" (meaning Jews of Middle Eastern origin). The scope of ballets has been widened but the character remains ethnic.

Gradually other dancers and dance teachers in Israel began to develop folk dance groups. Marathon festivals were held at Kibbutz Dalia at various times. Yet dance in the theatre as we know it now didn't really "happen" in Israel until the 1960's. True, there was Gertrud Kraus (recently deceased) who came from Europe in the 1930's and started a new trend and a new company. It lasted only four years and she settled down to teach. Then the famous American choreographer Anna Sokolow launched her "Lyric Theatre". It didn't last either. She still comes to Israel from time to time to teach and choreograph for various companies. But it was in the 1960's that Israel made the great leap into modern dance in which it has today reached international levels.

MODERN DANCE

The birth of modern dance, most characteristic of what is going on in Israel today, came with the arrival of Baroness Batsheva de Rothschild. She had gone with her family to New York to escape the German occupation of France, and became interested in modern dance. During a world tour of the Martha Graham Company (which she generously assisted), she persuaded the famous Martha to include Israel—and fell in love with the land.

Batsheva (Bethsabée in the French form) came to stay in 1958. Soon she decided to launch a dance company. With Martha Graham as artistic adviser, the BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY was born in 1964. It was the first company to stage Graham ballets outside America other than Martha Graham's own company. For the company's tenth anniversary Martha Graham came specially to create a new work. The Batsheva Dance Company is still technically based on Martha Graham techniques, though various teachers and choreographers, following different methods, have contributed to the style and repertoire. There were of course many studios in Israel teaching classical, modern,

jazz, folk dance—studios run by notable personalities—but this was the first professional modern company that had and still has a continuing existence.

Batsheva de Rothschild, however, was not yet satisfied. She believed a performing company drawing on its own studio would create a different style—and absorb more dancers. In 1967, she founded the Bat-Dor Studios with Jeanette Ordman as artistic director.

In 1968, the BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY came into being. With South African born Jeanette Ordman as principal dancer and artistic director, the company has had a consistent policy. The basis of training for Bat-Dor dancers is much more of a blend of classical and modern techniques than other Israeli companies follow. The studios are among the best in the world, certainly the best in Israel.



CLASSIC BALLET

Also in 1968, two Israeli dancers, Berta Yampolsky and Hillel Markman, who had been members of Russian ballet companies (in the West) returned home and started a classical studio. From this has emerged the ISRAEL BALLET formerly called the Classical Ballet, still much more classical in style than modern.

Even the latest ballets in its repertoire—new works by Gene Hill Sagan (a black American who has settled in Israel), and other choreographers both Israeli and foreign—keep the dancers in toe shoes. This company is now professional.

KIBBUTZ DANCERS

Besides these, there is the Kibbutz Dance Group, at present seven dancers of professional standard. Kibbutzim (collective settlements) make room for the arts in the lives of their members, as active participants and as audiences. They get visits from theatre, music, dance and other entertainment companies. They let members who show aptitude for dance attend classes and rehearsals at Kibbutz Ga'aton in Western Galilee, one of the best dance centers in Israel.

ACADEMIC STUDIES

In Jerusalem there are several dance studios. At the Rubin Academy of Music there is a full-size dance department for the training of dance teachers and performers. Since last year, this Dance Department, directed by Hassia Levy-Agron, has achieved academic status. Students can now qualify for a Bachelor's degree in dancing. The courses are recognized by American universities.

The Rubin Academy in Jerusalem also holds summer schools for which prominent guest teachers come from abroad. The Bat-Dor Dance Studios in Tel Aviv now also run such summer courses.

THE PANOVS

Though these are the most conspicuous dance developments in Israel, there's more yet. VALERY AND GALINA PANOV, dancers of the Korov Ballet in Leningrad, have, since their release from the Soviet Union, been travelling widely abroad. They have made several appearances in Israel and intend to come back and may even start a company in due course. They are, of course, classical dancers.

Dancers of the Haifa Piccolo Ballet are students of the Haifa Dance Center. The director of the Center and the company is Lia Schubert, who, for a dozen years headed the Stockholm Dance Academy. She choreographs for her student company, one of whose members has been accepted by the Royal Ballet school in London and she represented Israel at a dance seminar in 1977 held by the International Theatre Institute in Varna, Bulgaria.

At one time there were many dancers of foreign nationality who came to join the companies for a contracted period. Today, most of the dancers are Israelis: either "sabras" (Israeli-born) or immigrants who have settled permanently. The major companies therefore have a truly Israeli character. Their "vitality" is always noticed when they tour abroad.

Israel has conspicuously developed its own choreographers. Some, like Domy Reiter-Soffer, work mainly abroad but come back frequently to create works for Israeli companies. Others, like Mirali Sharon (after several years abroad), live in Israel.

Israelis have contributed also in special fields of dance. Noa Eshkol, for instance, together with Abraham Wachmann, has devised a movement notation and a special style of movement. Moshe Efrati has been responsible not only for notable choreography but has made dance history by training a company of deaf dancers called "Demama", the pattern of which has raised interest in the United States.

For many of the ballets by Israeli choreographers and even by "guests" from abroad, Israeli composers have provided the music. Zvi Avni is one of the most successful—with a special aptitude for suiting the pulse of the ballets. Israel also has notable designers of decor, capable of using material and lighting imaginatively. Among the most prominent are David Sharir, Dani Karavan (who has designed for Martha Graham), Eric Smith and Yaacov Sharir.

WHEN YOU GO

Dance plays an important role in the annual SPRING FESTIVAL IN JERUSALEM (April and May) and the ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA (July and August).



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*A Salute To
Israel's 30th Anniversary*



AND THE ORANGE GROVES WERE IN FULL BLOOM . . . *(Glimpses From An Ecstatic Era)*

by Norman Lipschutz, Glace Bay

It was exactly twenty-five years ago that I chose to direct my pilgrimage to the ancient and reborn land of Israel. The ship that carried us to the shores of this magic land was gaily bedecked for the occasion with banners flying and trumpets heralding the dawn of a day which was to be dedicated to a spirited celebration of Israel's fifth anniversary. The multi-colored passengers of diverse nationalities and dissimilar customs all joined in giving full vent to their emotions—thus in gala attire and holiday mood. Like a swollen river overflowing its banks, this gay company went to lengths unbound, and with unexcelled fervor joined their neighbor in lively songs and dances. It was a joyous occasion indeed—a spectacle never to be forgotten! Moroccans, Poles, Rumanians, Canadians, Americans, South Africans, Argentinians—literally men, women and children from all corners of the earth united in a glorious thanksgiving to the Almighty and in an overpowering salute to a land to which shores the "S.S. Jerusalem" was leading them ever closer and closer. The Argentinians formed their own circle and after some whirling dances, sat down to a long session of national songs. The Moroccans executed their native dances with grace and exuberance, and their haunting melodies drew applause on top of applause from their enthusiastic audience. The Poles and Rumanians grouped around the Polish ballad singer and the Italian guitar player. And they all united in enthusiastically applauding the international folk-songs of the American troubadour—demanding more and still more encores with every passing rendition.

The decks were brightly illuminated for the occasion. The ship's masts were joined with the passengers in a fitting toast to our Jewish homeland. No one was even thinking of retiring that historic night. The celebrations continued far into the night and well into the early hours of the morning. Soon the stars in the clear Mediterranean sky were gradually to lose their brilliance and one by one mysteriously

disappearing in the wide expanse. The night was steadily losing ground, eventually giving way to the conquering day. As the sun began to rise on the distant horizon and while the eastern skies bathed in lavish color, the mountains of Israel, with their unique evergreen, began to display their proud composition. The Carmel came into full view, and the teeming metropolis of Haifa, nestled in its picturesque surroundings, was ours to behold!

At long last our eventful journey was coming to an end, and we were to view the outline of a land which may truly be considered the cradle of civilization and whence the world of a living God was to spread to all corners of the earth, bringing in its wake a message of hope and eventual peace for long-suffering mankind. A magnificent sight this proved indeed—overpowering and rich in emotion!

The intoxicating fragrance emanating from the innumerable orange groves dotting the countryside filled our hearts with joy and contentment. We could discern in the high distance the industrial expanse and beating pulse of a nation reborn. We passed through modern towns and villages, prospering settlements and communal farms—with flocks of sheep, scores of goats and wondrous cattle grazing in the nearby pastures. The fields were ripe with grain and vegetables, and the vineyards and plantations shimmered in the golden sun . . .

In the hills of Judaea the peasants of Israel toil from dawn till dusk to make the good mother earth reward their labors with but a modest living. Their womenfolk and offspring equally bear the burden. The good sun can often be cruel, and when the Chamsin, the hot desert wind strikes, it can often turn into a ball of fire, threatening to consume both man and beast. When this raging inferno strikes in all its fury, the sweat is pouring down from

the farmer's brow. He's forced to retract to the shelter of the neighboring barn and to engage for the moment in lighter tasks than plowing his field. The cows and calves drink their water with unexcelled lust, and raise quite a kick if it's not forthcoming in time. The blades of grain bow their heads, and the fields generally take on a yellowish complexion. The artificial watering systems are soon to be put into motion, bringing some relief to the parched earth. The fields once again regain their normal composure, when the hot desert wind chooses to retreat . . .

Muscles crack; scythes resound; pitchforks glisten in the brilliant sunshine. The entire communal settlement is out haying in their co-operative hayfield. The farmer's daughter is there assisting her father with the cutting and subsequent loading. Then the long trek back home begins. The entire family sits high on top of a big load of freshly-cut hay—with happy smiles on their faces and a feeling of satisfaction in their veins.

As the sun was beginning to set on the distant horizon, it enshrouded this pastoral scene in exuberant colors. The realization that we are in Biblical territory took on added significance. From our coveted position, high on the hay-wagon, we watched the horses' hoofs tread the clean-cut fields and slowly making their way to their masters' stables. They followed each other in fine procession, and I could not help but notice the reflection of the sun's setting rays strikingly emphasizing the bronzed features of both man and beast. The Israeli villagers were homeward bound. They were quite content with their accomplishments that day, as no doubt their cattle will, when they receive their daily rations.

The family of an orange plantator, as well as some hired help, are busy

Cont'd on Page 24

with the ingathering of the fruit. The golden apples are clipped from their stem and are dropped with care into specially-designed shoulder sacks. These are emptied into boxes, and later sorted, either for export or home-consumption. The slow-moving donkey occasionally stops at its master's bidding to allow the loading of the numerous boxes on the crudely-improvised conveyance. The songs of the orange-pickers are heard in the high-distance, as another day's work draws to a close. Anybody will tell you that working in an orange grove is a pleasant job, and takes preference over field work, for here at least you're protected against the blazing monster and sweltering heat. Besides, there are plenty of oranges to chew to your heart's content, and the refreshing juice serves to quench one's thirst and to revive your energy for yet another day's work in the groves of Southern Judaea.

Night has fallen over man and beast. The stars twinkle in the moonlit sky, and the shimmering lights from the distant villages and nearby army camps put our hearts at ease. The air is filled with perfume from the

blooming orange groves surrounding our village. The stillness of the night is abruptly interrupted by the sudden howling of a hyena calling her mate in the distant hills. The projector of the huge tractor is seen piercing the darkness, as it sheds reflecting light throughout the Moshav. It finally pulls to a stop, and both man and machine are highly eager to rest up from an exhausting day under the blazing sun in the grainfields of Southern Judaea.

As we sit down for a little rest, weary after a day's labor in the vineyard, both host and guest engage in reminiscences of past events. Long shadows are drawn on the wall of our abode by the eerie light of the kerosene lamp. The figures of the pioneers take on mysterious proportions. Neighbors drop in for a chat, and after a while the company engage in a series of songs, both old and new, both joyous and sad. The cool air from the Negev desert penetrates the open windows and refreshes our tanned brows and bronzed bodies. As the session progresses, we heed the suggestion of a neighbor and establish ourselves on the verandah. As we gaze in the wide expanse, we engage in plans for the future. The pioneers envisage a prosperous village in the

not too distant future. In the meantime life is hard, the climate at times unbearable, the rations meagre . . . Faces are drawn, their worries—plentiful. Our songs, at times lively, at others—moody, are like balsam to our troubled souls . . . The romantic frogs in the high distance continue where we left off, and match their talents against our own . . .

This glorious day it had been mine to behold the picturesque settlements dotting the Hills of Judaea—pulsating with life and song, with labor and love. These also serve as protective fortresses, guarding the lifeline and approaches to the Eternal City.

A new spirit has been dominating these scattered villages, and the barren hills once again as in days of old are responding to man's sweat and toil, as pioneering hands apply modern methods and high skill in an attempt to reconquer the desert.

The sightseer's soul is filled with mysticism, as he breathes in the air of Biblical Judaea.



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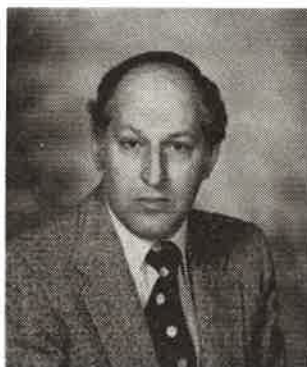


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BOOK REVIEW
LEGISLATION
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VOLUME 5
INTERNATIONAL HUMANITARIAN LAW AND HUMAN DUTIES
HUMAN RIGHTS IN ISRAEL
JEWISH PROBLEMS AND HUMAN RIGHTS
UPPSALA COLLOQUIUM ON THE RIGHT TO LEAVE AND TO RETURN
JUDICIAL DECISIONS
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

VOLUME 6
INTERNATIONAL HUMANITARIAN LAW AND HUMAN DUTIES
GENERAL PROBLEMS OF HUMAN RIGHTS
SPECIFIC PROBLEMS OF HUMAN RIGHTS
JEWISH PROBLEMS AND HUMAN RIGHTS
JUDICIAL DECISIONS
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
VOLUME 7
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Israel Yearbook on Human Rights
Faculty of Law
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גחוויו HEBREW



Parts of the Body

face	pa-NEEM	פנים
eyes	ay-NA-yim	עיניים
ears	oz-NA-yim	אזניים
mouth	peh	פה
head	rosh	ראש
hair	sab-ab-ROHT	שערות
neck	tza-VAHR	צוואר
arms, hands	ya-DA-yim	ידיים
body	goof	גוף
legs, feet	rag-LA-yim	רגלים
nails	tsee-por-NA-yim	צפרניים
What a pretty girl!	EH-zo ba-hoo-RAH ya-FAH!	איזו בחורה נפיה!
What a good-looking man!		איזה קחור נפה!
	EH-zeh ba-HOOR ya-FEH!	
What a figure!	EH-zeh goof!	איזה גוף!

Entertainment

cinema	kol-NO-ab	קולנוע
theatre	tay-ab-TROHN	תיאטרון
nightclub	mo-ab-DON LIE-la	מועדון-לילה
ballet	bab-LET	בלט
opera	OH-peh-rah	אופרה
concert	kon-TSERT	קונצרט
art museum	mu-zay-ON le-ob-ma-NOOT	מוזיאון לאמנות
folk dances	ree-koo-DAY ahm	רקודי-צם
I want tickets for...		אני רוצה כרטיסים ל...
	ab-NEE rob-TSEH kar-tee-SEEM le...	
When does the performance start?		זמתי מתחילה ההצגה?
	ma-TIE mat-bee-LA ha-ha-tsa-GAH	
When does it end?	ma-TIE zeh-nig-MAHR?	מתי זה נגמר?
Where can we dance?		איפה אפשר לרקוד?
	eh-FOH ef-SHAR leer-KOHD	



Shopping—Chemist—Hairdresser

Where can I buy...?	eh-FOH oo-HAL lik-NOHT	איפה אוכל לקנות...?
pharmacy	bet mir-KAH-hat	בית מרקחת
barber, hairdresser	sab-PAR, mas-peh-RAH	ספר, מספרה
shave	gee-LOO-ab	גלוח
haircut	tees-POH-ret	תספורת
appointment	p'gee-SHAH	קביעה
shampoo	ba-fee-FAH	חפיפה
manicure	ma-nee-KOOR	מניקור
I need a doctor	ab-NEE tza-REEH rob-FEH	אני צריך רופא
a dentist	rob-FEH shee-NAH-yeem	רופא שנים
toothpaste	meesh-HAHT shee-NAH-yeem	מסחת שנים
toothbrush	meev-REH-shet shee-NAH-yeem	כברשת שנים
blades	sab-kee-NAY gee-LOO-ab	סכיני גלוח
slaving cream	meesh-HAHT gee-LOO-ab	מסחת גלוח
soap	sab-BOHN	סבון



THE PERPETRATORS....

H
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....THE VICTIMS



Holocaust

What Did Happen To The Six Million?

[Author Eli Wiesel, himself a concentration camp survivor, writes on the increasing attempts by people to assault the memory of the Holocaust by trying to persuade others that six million Jews were never put to death by the nazis.]

by Eli Wiesel

If we are to believe some morally deranged and spiritually perverted pseudo-historians, the Holocaust never took place. The killers did not kill, the victims did not perish.

Auschwitz? A fraud. Treblinka? A lie. Bergen-Belsen? A name.

That is what they have stated for some time.

Dozens of their pamphlets in a variety of languages warn their readers against Jewish propaganda about "German atrocities." The pamphlets can be obtained in Norway and South Africa, France and the United States. And elsewhere in the Western world.

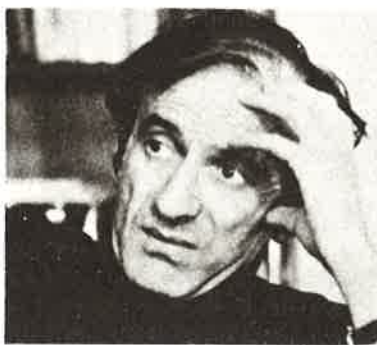
"Did Six Million Really Die? The Truth at Last" is the name of one brochure. Austin J. App, former associate professor of English at LaSalle College, Philadelphia, spells it out: "The Six Million swindle: blackmailing the German people for hard marks with fabricated corpses." French author Paul Rassinier, a pioneer of this revisionist approach, speaks of "The lie of Auschwitz." Northwestern Prof. Arthur Butz calls it: "The hoax of the century."

If that is not enough we hear a nazi spokesman in California recently declare on national television that "all those stories about death camps and mass murder aren't true. But . . . I wish they were."

"A thousand years will pass and our crimes will still be remembered," said Dr. Hans Frank, military governor of nazi-occupied Poland, while waiting to be hanged. He was naive. Less than 35 years have passed and his crimes are already being forgotten. Or distorted. Or ignored.

Teaching of the Holocaust

When Philadelphia's school system decided recently to include the teaching of the Holocaust in its curriculum, local German-Americans objected. Similar protests were heard in New York City when its Board of Education announced a decision to



make the subject mandatory in all its schools. A certain Ilse Hoffmann, of the Steuben Society State Council's Education Committee, expressed her indignation in a letter to the New York Times: "Why should it be our educational philosophy anywhere in the USA to propagate evil? . . . The proposed addition to the city school curriculum would be divisive and serve no purpose other than to incite new atrocities."

As for George Pape, president of the German-American Committee of Greater New York (a cultural organization with no less than 50 branches in the metropolitan area), objected on other grounds as well: "There is no real proof that the Holocaust actually did happen," he declared publicly. A logical argument: since there was no Holocaust, why remember it at all?

And all this is being said and done while some of the survivors and many of the executioners are still in our midst.

No Monuments

Obscene, this attempt to deprive the victims of the past? It is not new. "The Diary of Anne Frank" was termed a forgery by an ambassador at the United Nations. We find no monument for Jewish victims at Babi Yar, as there is none at Auschwitz.

There were no Jews gassed anywhere, claims Sorbonne Prof. Robert Faurisson. No Jew was ever burned in Auschwitz, says a former SS judge in a recently-published book in Germany.

The chimneys? He explains: Bakeries, they were those of bakeries.

Well—ghetto-fighters from Warsaw and Bialistok, you have not witnessed the murder of your families. Refugees from Lodz and Vilna, you have not seen your children being carried away by the enemy. Survivors of Sobibor and Ponar, you have not lost your parents to the flames. Chelmo and Janowska are not places where entire communities were reduced to ashes. Ringelblum and Kaplan wrote nothing, Yankel Wiernik's report meant nothing.

The Nuremberg trials, the Einsatzkommando trials, the Frankfurt trials were never held. There was no uprising in Treblinka and no "selection" in Birkenau. Mengele was just another physician. Eichmann a bureaucrat, and Globocnik an officer. Hitler never even intended to exterminate Jews . . .

But then, you may ask, where has a people disappeared? Where are the three million Polish Jews of my town, and the other towns in Hungary, Estonia, Lithuania, Greece, Holland and the Ukraine? Where are they hiding? If there was no catastrophe, where have they vanished?

Ultimate Viciousness

This is the ultimate viciousness on the part of our enemies: if one is to believe them—and many already do—the death factories were invented, not by the victims and not by the killers.

I confess I don't know how to handle this situation. Are we really to debate these "charges"? Is it not beneath our dignity—and the dignity of the dead—to refute these lies? But then, is silence the answer?

It never was. That is why the survivors chose to tell the tale, to bear testimony. Apparently, their words were not accepted. What, then, are they to do with their memories? Who would protest on their behalf and in their place? Who would protest

by Yitzhak Katzenelson

Alas, I knew it, and my neighbours too;
All of us, big and small, we knew the truth.
But not a word was said - hush not a word
Before each other, nor in our inmost thoughts.
We kept the secret buried in our breasts.

Before they penned us within ghetto walls,
Before Chelmo or Beltzet, long before Ponar,
If we met upon friend upon the street,
We'd quickly look away and only press
Each other tightly, tightly by the hand.

Not lips, not eyes, not words: we even feared
To look directly in each other's faces
For glances may reveal what the heart dreads:
But our hands spoke; our silent hands spoke loud.

TEKEL, TEKEL, they said - like words unseen
The handwriting inscribed upon the wall!
Not only we but the walls of every house,
The stones of every street knew of our fate!

The birds and fishes knew - all of us knew:
The Gentiles all around us - they knew too.
We would be murdered: each of us was doomed.
No reason given; nothing to be done.
The order had been issued, stark and plain:
"Slaughter the Jewish people!" - child and man.

Oath

by Avraham Shlonsky

But these eyes that have seen the woe and grief,
Their outcries heaving to my heart's embrace,
By compassion which taught me condone and forgive
Till days did come too awful for grace . . .

I've taken this oath: as I breathe and live,
To remember everything, every place.
Till the tenth generation . . . forget no jot,
Till each of my insults be completely assuaged.

Till the last of my lashes has chastened their lot. . . .
Cry heaven, if in vain was this night outraged,
Cry heaven, if by morning I resume my trod
And all this from my mind disengage.

Poems

Of

The

Holocaust

against the indecent attempts to kill
the victims again?

Where are the humanists who
usually rush forward to defend human
rights? What about the rights and the
feelings of the survivors—the most
tragic minority of all? Why did Jewish
lawyers rush to defend the nazis and
not the Jewish survivors in Skokie,
Illinois? Why are the professors of
history not speaking up in outrage?

And the American and British soldiers
who liberated Buchenwald and Belsen,
why don't they tell what it was they
saw there? Why hasn't the academic
community boycotted Arthur Butz at
Northwestern? Why haven't students
walked out on him?

The Holocaust and its memory are
now assaulted, with increasing fury, in
many quarters. Should the assault
succeed, it would mean that the killer

had triumphed. And then, only then,
shall we know real shame.

There was no Treblinka, there was
no Majdanek, there was no Birkenau,
and we have not been there. I don't
know how you react to all this. I can
only tell you what one survivor feels:
more than sadness, he feels disgust.

He feels helpless.

Poems
Of
The
Holocaust

by Pavel Friedman

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow,
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone . . .

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wishes to
kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

The first . . .

by Yitzhak Katzenelson

The first were they detained for death,
the first into the wagons of slaughter,
they were thrown into wagons, the huge wagons,
like heaps of refuse, like the ashes of the earth -
and they transported them,
killed them,
exterminated them
without remnant or remembrance . . .
the best of my children were all wiped out!
Oh woe unto me -
Doom and Desolation!

NBC'S "HOLOCAUST"

Shalom will publish responses and comments relating to this Special in our next issue.
Please direct all letters to:

Shalom Magazine
The Atlantic Jewish Council
5675 Spring Garden Rd. 3rd Floor
Halifax, N.S. B3H 1J1

THE Shalom Letters

FAMILIES IN THE SYNAGOGUE

Dear Mr. Landa:

I was interested to read Justice Dubinsky's letter in the February edition of Shalom as I share his concern for the lack of synagogue worshippers on Shabbat. However, nowhere in his article does he mention what was to me a glaring and sad lack at the synagogue. Namely, the absence of young parents and their young children. Judaism depends for its continuation on the education and integration of its children to a love of Judaism and Jewish practices. But this integration cannot prove very successful if Jewish education and exposure to Jewish practices begins at elementary school age. One sees the results of that policy in our own Hebrew schools. Many children and their parents look upon school and "shul" as parallel experiences. During school holidays, synagogue attendance drops. When the student graduates from elementary school, he possibly sees his concurrent Bar Mitzvah as graduation from Hebrew school. Little wonder then that synagogue attendance tapers off at this stage. Of course, the ideal situation is the Jewish parochial school. I believe this was discussed in a previous edition of Shalom.

Beth Israel Synagogue has also attempted to deal with the situation by instituting Family Shabbatot. However, the concept of synagogue attendance, and even attendance at Family Shabbatot seems to be one of limitations and exclusions. Of course, one hears that young children are welcome at synagogue. Yet one finds that parents of young children spend an anxious and often tense morning trying to keep their children quiet. Strange that the atmosphere at this traditionally orthodox synagogue resembles far more the quiet and decorum of a church, rather than the noisy hum that characterized synagogues of old. Certainly a place not suitable for young children. I believe such a situation contributes to the early demise of the orthodox Jewish community. If one believes that the continued existence of Judaism depends on its children, then children must be encouraged to feel at home in the synagogue from the earliest possible age. The synagogue worshippers will have to tolerate a higher noise level—but isn't that how synagogues used to be before the majority of North American Jews decided it was more "civilized" to ape the churches?

Our present experience of synagogue is one where a lovely age mix—from the very elderly to the sleeping baby in a carriage at the back of the shul—mingle and pray. The synagogue is full every Shabbat. The noise of the many young children sometimes surpasses that of the "davenners" and when that happens everyone "shushes" the children. No one is asked to leave, no disapproving looks are cast and children and men wander about—the men in prayer, the children just getting the atmosphere of the synagogue with its rituals and nice-to-touch artifacts. Since coming here to Denver eight months ago, we have not missed one Shabbat. Offentimes we may have wanted to nurse a cold or merely rest but 3½ year old Daniel insists on our attendance. For Daniel, 'Shul' is one of the highlights of his week. I wonder how many Haligonian Jewish children could say the same?

Our own experiences at Beth Israel synagogue [without our children] were extremely warm, happy ones; but I did discern an undercurrent of frustration, and even feelings of intimidation on the part of some young parents, that certain influential synagogue members either consciously or subconsciously practised against the presence of young children at services.

It would be interesting to hear from parents of young children through Shalom concerning their feelings about synagogue attendance.

Vivian Kramer, Denver, Colorado

SHALOM IS AN IMPORTANT LINK

Dear Shaul,

I have thought of writing you so many times in the past months that it has become almost second nature to start a letter knowing that it will never be finished. The difference between tonight and all the previous nights is that today my mail included a copy of the "Shalom". I can't begin to describe the mixed emotions I felt as I read it from cover to cover.

Let me try to explain Shaul—I don't think I'm being very clear. Lately my feelings of alienation from the Jewish community in the Atlantic Provinces has become acute. It is difficult to retain ties with people who live so far away and when those ties signify the last "apronstrings" of my past they are hard to cut. Am I being overly melodramatic? I can't help it—New York is becoming home to me but I crave the warmth and security that Young Judaea offered to me for so many years. No matter what purpose the Shalom serves within the community in the Atlantic Provinces I wonder if you realize just how important a service it is for those like myself who need that close contact with out "roots".

In October I became involved with Young Judaea here in New York. I am madricha to a group of terrific 16-year olds in Brooklyn and have involved myself to the fullest in the Brooklyn region. Shaul, this contact with Young Judaea here helps to fulfill my needs to work toward the ideology I feel so strongly about. It even amazes me sometimes that the two organizations that share a common name, an almost identical ideology and also a common goal of aliyah know so little of each other. Maybe I can make the connection when I return to work at Biluim this summer. What I am trying to say is that Young Judaea and Camp Kadimah played an amazing role in my life and continue to play an integral role even now that I have moved so far away from the source.

When I think that you are going back to Israel and that I may not get to talk to you before you leave—it leaves me feeling sad. You helped me so much this past summer and since your leaving signifies my leaving Kadimah I wish there were some way to find the time to talk—did I ever say Thank you? or at least wish you and Elana happiness on your return to Israel.

I think I've run out of ways to say Thank you. I hope when the time comes, please God it will come, for us to meet in Israel we will exchange fond memories of Kadimah and the Atlantic Provinces.

Take care Shaul.

Greta Nathanson
St. John's, Newfoundland

APATHY IN THE KADIMAH CAMPAIGN

Dear Editor:

Since Shalom has publicized the Kadimah Campaign, I would like to make a few comments. As a canvasser for the Camp Kadimah Emergency Campaign and one who is seriously concerned for its continuation, I am somewhat disheartened at the fact that only 50% of the Campaign Goal has been raised. Excuses and apathy are combining to destroy one of the most important institutions this community has. If the following attitudes prevail we all will have contributed to the destruction of the Jewish community here in the Atlantic Provinces.

BE COMPLACENT - Don't give to Camp Kadimah - that strengthens the Jewish community and ensures a Jewish existence here - instead mouth worthless platitudes "My children are all grown up", "Let others bail it out, they mismanaged it," "I have a negative attitude toward the whole thing."

DISCOURAGE OTHERS - Talk disparagingly about the Camp, thereby, preventing others from doing what they should do. Watch the Jewish community disintegrate, as the intermarriage rate soars, as our youth assimilates and loses all Jewishness.

KEEP YOUR EYES SHUT - Ignore the obvious necessity of Camp Kadimah, stay blind to the needs of Jewish youth. Ignore the warnings. Don't face reality - unless it is too late.

FORGET - Forget what Camp Kadimah means to our small community. Forget that for many it is their only contact with anything Jewish. Forget the lifelong friendships, Jewish and Israeli environment, education and good times. When your children or grandchildren ask why there isn't a Jewish summer camp, what will you say.

DON'T CONTRIBUTE - Stay calm as Camp Kadimah is lost. Don't donate your money, don't encourage others - let someone else do it.

WE ALL KNOW THERE IS NO ONE ELSE

Sincerely,
Steven Zatzman
Halifax

Moncton News

Moncton Chapter Sponsors Israel Fashion Show by Mary Feinstein



From left to right: Ruby Rinzler, convenor; Betty Rubin, co-ordinator and commentator; Mary Feinstein, convenor; and Yolande Gordon, model.

A major undertaking of the Lillian Freeman Chapter of Hadassah-Wizo in Moncton, N.B. was the presentation of the Israeli Fashion Show 78. This project was co-convened by **Ruby Rinzler** and **Mary Feinstein**, which took place March 7, 1978.

The chapter members decided to charge an admission of \$3.50 per person with close to 550 people in attendance, approximately \$750.00 profit was realized. Although we had hoped for greater profits, the chapter members were more than pleased by the terrific Public Relations that resulted within the city.

As part of our promotion for the show, some of our models appeared on a local television program along with two of our members who discussed Hadassah Projects in

general and more specifically the Fashion Show. The local newspaper gave us a full page with articles and pictures, prior to the show. Some of our Jewish retailers allowed tickets to be sold in their stores, while many other city merchants and restauraners donated generous gifts to be used as door prizes.

The Fashion Show was co-ordinated by **Betty Rubin** of Betty Rubin's Limited and she acted as commentator for the evening.

The event demanded much time and effort, so that most of our members were involved in it in some way or another.

As a token of appreciation for our models, individual tree certificates were presented to each model.

"B'NAI BRITH COMES OF AGE IN MONCTON"

by **Audrey Lampert**

On Sunday night, April 2nd, 1978, Moncton Lodge No. 3069 was presented their formal charter by **Mr. Harry Pachter** of Toronto representing District No. 22 of B'Nai Brith.

Charter night was convened at the Tiferes Israel Synagogue, with an excellent dinner catered by the Sisterhood under Master Chef, **Mrs. Cookie Greenberg**.

Mrs. Irwin Lampert very capably served as Master of Ceremonies and reviewed the development of B'Nai Brith in Moncton leading to Charter night.

Greetings and best wishes were extended by the local presidents of Hadassah, Sisterhood, The Synagogue and by **Rabbi Stanley Greenberg**.

Forty members of the Jewish community were inducted into the international order of B'Nai Brith by **Mr. Harry**

Pachter. Charter officers of the lodge were installed and informed of their duties.

The charter officers are:

President	Fred Kirsh
Vice-President	Bill Lampert
Financial Secretary	Hy Brumer
Corresponding Secretary	Isaac Lionel Selick
Treasurer	Al Goorevitch
Trustees	Alan Nagus
	Alan Schelew
	Hilton Attis
	Irwin Lampert

The evening was culminated by an excellent review of B'Nai Brith activities by **Harry Pachter**.

B'nai Brith Receives Charter



*After almost a year in the planning stages, Moncton Lodge No. 3069 of B'Nai Brith received its charter on Sunday evening, April 2, 1978. Shown above from left to right are: **Al Goorevitch**, dinner chairman; **Harry Pachter** from B'Nai Brith Toronto presenting the charter to **Fred Kirsh**, president of the Moncton Lodge, and **Irwin Lampert**, master of ceremonies for the evening.*

Installation of Officers



*The installation of officers and the induction of forty members was conducted by Mr. Harry Pachter who also was the guest speaker for the evening. Shown below from left to right is the charter executive: seated **Al Goorevitch**, Treasurer; **Harry Pachter**, **Fred Kirsh**, president; **Hilton Attis**, trustee; standing - **Irwin Lampert**, membership; **Hy Brumer** - Financial secretary and chaplain; **Bill Lampert** - Vice president, **Alan Nagus**, program and **Isaac Lionel Selick**, secretary.*



by Rabbi Stanley Greenberg, Moncton

JEWISH LIBERATION

The period between **Pesach** and **Shavuot** is known in Hebrew as **S'firat HaOmer**, the Counting of the **Omer**. The Torah instructs us that starting from the second day of **Pesach** we are to count forty-nine days, seven full weeks, and then we are to celebrate the fiftieth day as the Feast of Weeks, **Chag HaShavuot**. Indeed, it is only by means of this counting of the days that we know when to celebrate **Shavuot**, for whereas the Torah gives calendar dates for the other holy days it commands us to observe, it does not give us a calendar date for **Shavuot**. It only tells us to count, and after we have counted the proper number of days, we are to observe a holiday, **Shavuot**.

This linking of the date of **Shavuot** to the date of **Pesach** implies that there is a relationship, a close relationship between these two holidays. In some way they are dependent on each other and form a unit. This implication is made all the stronger by the fact that in the Talmud our Sages of blessed memory refer to **Shavuot** by the name **Atzeret**, conclusion. Just as **Sh'mini Atzeret** in the fall is a conclusion to the holiday of **Succot**, so, in some way, is **Shavuot** an **Atzeret**, a conclusion, to **Pesach**.

In order to understand these two holidays and the period between them, we must understand the relationship between them.

Although there are many facets to these holidays, we shall concentrate on the historical happenings they commemorate.

Pesach commemorates our being freed from slavery in Egypt, how God took the Israelites out of Egypt where they were slaves to Pharaoh. For this

reason the holiday prayers refer to **Pesach** as **Z'man Cherutenu**, the festive season of our Liberation.

Shavuot commemorates the day some seven weeks after we left Egypt when we stood at Mount Sinai and received the Torah, the Divine Law by which we as Jews are obligated to live our lives. For this reason the holiday prayers refer to **Shavuot** as **Z'man Mattan Toratenu**, the festive season of the Giving of Our Torah.

Yet, as we have seen, the latter is an extension, a conclusion, of the former.

As we look at the history of our ancestors as it is narrated in the Bible, we must look at our liberation from Egyptian bondage as a process, not as a single act. Although by a single act of God we were physically free from our Egyptian taskmasters, nonetheless, we were not completely free at that moment, for we were still deep into Spiritual Slavery as heavy and onerous as the physical slavery from which we had just been released.

The strength of this spiritual slavery is seen from many incidents in the history of the newly freed Israelites. We see it in the incident of the Golden Calf, when the Israelites attempted to pattern a religious observance after the idolatry with which they had grown familiar in Egypt. We see this again with the murmurings of the people to return to the "flesh-pots of Egypt" when they encountered difficulties and privation in their new lives as free men in the desert. Indeed, it was not until forty years after the Exodus, with the passing of the entire generation which had grown to adulthood as slaves in Egypt, that the spiritual slavery was weakened sufficiently for God to permit the

Israelites to enter into the Land of Israel.

Physical slavery can be ended by manumission, by proclamation, by a physical act removing the slave from the physical control of the master. This was accomplished by **Pesach Mitzrayim**, the Passover in Egypt.

How does one end spiritual slavery?

This is a difficult problem with which the world is still struggling. In the case of the newly physically liberated Israelites, however, God intervened and gave us the means of being freed from the spiritual slavery of Egypt. That means was and is the Torah. The Torah provides us with the guidelines for a lifestyle in which we are truly free, not bound in the chains of spiritual slavery and not bound in the chains of anarchy, as so often happens to newly physically liberated peoples.

With this, we see the connection between **Pesach** and **Shavuot**. **Pesach** provided the means for our spiritual liberation and **Shavuot** provided the means for our spiritual liberation. The process which began at **Pesach** was concluded at **Shavuot**, hence the name **Atzeret**, Conclusion.

However, we cannot sit back and say we are completely free. The occurrences of that Spring over 3500 years ago gave us the potential to be free, it did not make us free. Although we may no longer be physically slaves, we may still be spiritually slaves, slaves to a bondage of erroneous ideas, fads, and fancies from which we must liberate ourselves, now that we have the means of liberation in our hands in the form of the Torah and what it teaches.

News Happenings From Fredericton

by Jennie Brown

Mazel Tov to the following who have celebrated anniversaries:

Faybe & Ben Medjuck—42 years

Edythe & Harry Levine—34 years

Jack & Betty Levine—30 years

Jennie & Joe Chippin—29 years

Sue & Lou Levine—29 years

Linda & Marty Payne—20 years

Mazel Tov to **Judy Budovitch** upon her appointment to the executive of the YMCA-YWCA.

Speedy recoveries to **Cheryl Abrams**, **Mrs. Sam Rose**, **Barbara Budovitch**, and **Sarah Levick**.

We bid Shalom to **Sylvia & Irving Meyers**, also to **Gwen &**

Bob Velensky who are at present touring Israel.

We bid Shalom to **Arnold**, son of **Jennie & Joe Chippin**, who has left to take up residence in Israel.

Lillian Frieman Chapter of Hadassah-Wizo

The February meeting of the Lillian Frieman Chapter was held at the home of **Doris Rauch**, with the Hadassah president **Judy Budovitch** presiding. Plans are being finalized for the annual Youth Aliyah Campaign which will be convened by the following, **Edye Besner**, **Miriam Cohen**, and **Marilyn Kaufman**. A successful brunch was held on April, 16th at which members were urged to buy Jaffa oranges in support of Israel.

A HEALTHY PASSOVER TO ALL

Sisterhood Sgoolai Israel Synagogue

The March meeting of the Sisterhood was held at **Edye Besner's** home. The members saw the Golden Book with its latest incipations. The Games Night and Pantry Sale report revealed that everyone had an enjoyable evening. **Doris Rauch** reported on the library, which now has new shelving and books. As soon as the volunteers can be organized, the library will be open on a regular basis. The newest project

under consideration was a community Rosh Hashanah greeting booklet and calendar.

Following the business meeting, our guest speaker was **Wendy Beardall**, the director of volunteer services at the Doctor Everett Chalmers Hospital. **Mrs. Beardall** told of the many ways that individuals and organizations could be of service at the hospital.

A Place Called Woodstock

by Sandra Rose, Age 14

I was asked to write on the difference between living in Fredericton and Woodstock (N.B.), my old home town.

Woodstock has a population of around 6,000. As for the Jewish population, there are only 7 families and out of those families 4 are related. They are my father's brothers.

Woodstock does not have a Synagogue as Fredericton does, so we would have to go to a city in order to attend Shul.

My cousin **Wendy** and I would go to Presque-Isle, Maine mostly every Sunday. But all we did there was color Jewish pictures and maybe learn how to say a few Hebrew words. I don't mean to put that town down, but why should we drive over 100 miles just to

color? It just isn't logical. So after a few months we stopped that.

Woodstock doesn't have a Sisterhood Organization, Hadassah or Young Judaeans.

We enjoy going to Moncton for the High Holidays and any of the other Jewish Holidays we can make it down for. We love being with my grandfather, **Mr. Morris Gorber** and **Uncle Herby** to help them celebrate the holidays. I learned a few more words from Papa—but still not enough.

I really loved Woodstock and hated to leave.

Now that you know what Woodstock has for a Jewish community, I shall tell you what is different in Fredericton.

Every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. I am at the Shul for my classes. (Well almost every Sunday) **Rabbi David Spiro**

teaches me how to read Hebrew and about facts in Jewish life. We have just finished studying about Jewish marriages and are now taking the story of Purim. He also teaches **Dina Graser** along with me.

Sundays are never boring around Fredericton. Sunday nights I go to dance classes to learn Israeli dancing. **Marilyn Kaufman** teaches the dances. I enjoy going.

I really like Fredericton and all the activities going on—attending the Chanuka play, the games night, etc.

I am a Grade 9 student at Albert St. Junior High School and have made many new friends since moving to Fredericton and am sure will like living in Fredericton as much as I did in Woodstock.



The Fredericton Chamber of Commerce honored Duncan **Chester Campbell** and **Ben Medjuck** with its most prestigious award in recognition of community involvement, 'the Distinguished Citizen Award', in ceremonies at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.

It was an evening of nostalgic accounts of the work both men have done and continue to do to improve the quality of life in Fredericton.

Mayor Elbridge Wilkins thanked the two men for their work in the community. He said their effort has added to the betterment of not only the city but has set an example for the country as well.

Dr. Everett Chalmers, representing the province of New Brunswick, said, "The impact these men have had on improving the quality of life in Fredericton goes beyond measure."

"They have elected to be among the doers not the destroyers", said **Gordon Fairweather**, newly appointed Commissioner of Human Rights in Canada, guest speaker at the awards celebrations.

"I believe that the mark of human beings is the capacity for empathy, for kindness, for decency, for what may be called human behavior. I believe that **Chet Campbell** and **Ben Medjuck** exemplify these qualities and that we do well to honor them", he said.

Frank Morrison Sr. reading the citation for Mr. Campbell, said Chet is a generous and benevolent man. He added when someone asked Chet to do a job they got a man who put his heart and soul into getting the job done. Morrison related Campbell's work in the community by involvement in such projects as YM-YWCA, United Appeal, the Council for the Handicapped, the curling club, Rotary, UNB and the Fredericton Pony Club to name but a few.

Morrison summed up the citation saying, "The purpose of this program is to formally recognize those citizens who, without thought of reward, have demonstrated leadership qualities and have contributed to the quality of life throughout the Fredericton area. Chet, nobody on God's green earth deserves it more than you".

Frank Budovitch, a long time friend and partner of Ben Medjuck, delivered the citation to him.

Budovitch thanked Mr. Medjuck for the effort he has poured into the city of Fredericton making it such a wonderful place to live. He said it was with both humility and pride that he was partaking in honoring Ben Medjuck.

"Ben Medjuck has served the city and the people of Fredericton with compassion, sincerity, unselfishness and has through his work in the community expressed his love of fellow man", said Budovitch. He cited Medjuck's involvement with the camp for underprivileged children, his work in such organizations as Y's Men, the Merchants Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the United Way, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and the Atlantic Jewish Council as some of the many examples of Medjuck's devotion to community affairs.

News From Yarmouth



YARMOUTH JEWISH COMMUNITY LOSES PROMINENT LEADER

Meyer Abraham, 61, passed away on December 22 at the Yarmouth Regional Hospital.

He had come to Yarmouth in 1945 from New York and had been active in community affairs.

He was a prominent leader of the Yarmouth Jewish Community serving faithfully for many years as President of Agudath Achim Society, Chairman of United Jewish Appeal, Representative for Atlantic Jewish Council and spokesman for the community for almost all matters affecting Jewish life for the past quarter century.

He also had an active involvement with the Yarmouth Lions Club serving in such capacities as President, Zone Chairman and Deputy District Governor.

He served with the United States Armed Forces in the South Pacific during World War II and was awarded the Bronze Cross.

He is survived by his wife, **Evelyn**, four children: **Ira**, **Howard**, **Annette**, [**Mrs. L. Goldman**] and **Barbara** [**Mrs. R. Purcell**] and five grandsons; also, a brother, **Bill Abraham**, New York and a sister, **Mrs. L. Havier**, New York.

Funeral services were held Friday, December 23, 1977 at Sweeny's Funeral Home, Yarmouth, officiated by **Rabbi Jay Rosenbaum**.

HAPPY BIRTH

The Atlantic Jewish Community on Her 30th

Leon and Eda Alexander and Family, St. John's
 Mrs. Minnie Baig and Mr. Jack Baig, Halifax
 Mr. and Mrs. M.C. Block and Family - Halifax
 Maisie and Harry Block and daughter Sarah - Halifax
 Debbie and Bernie Bloom and Family
 Dr. and Mrs. Murray Brown and Family - Saint John
 Mitchell and Carolyn Budovitch, Jason and Amy - Fredericton
 Mendel and Shirley Bernstein and Family - Halifax
 Rosalie, Gerald, Brian and Terri Budovitch - Fredericton
 Mr. and Mrs. Mendle Chernin - Sydney
 Shirley and Joey Chernin and Family - Glace Bay
 Erminie and Eddie Coehn, Cathy, Lee and Shelley Cohen - Saint John
 Mr. Morton Allen Cohen and Mother Lillian Budovitch - Fredericton
 Edee and Bob Cohen, Carol, Larry, Felice and Jeff - St. John's
 Louise and Reuben Cohen, Debbie and Natalie - Moncton
 William Bill Columbus and Mrs. Ray Selby - Saint John
 Mayor Samuel Davis - Saint John
 Mr. and Mrs. Dave Epstein - Sydney
 Erwin and Sylvia Epstein and Family - Sydney
 Mr. and Mrs. S. Essing - Saint John - Good Luck to Menachem Begin -
 Elliot, Betty, Anita and Victor Fineberg - Halifax
 Morty and Rosalie Flomen, Avrum, Lana and Stephen - St. John's
 Mrs. Celia Fried and Family - Halifax
 Rev. Justin Joel Fromm - St. John's
 Amelia and Harry Goldman and Family - Fredericton
 "All the Best to Jews all over the world" - a Friend
 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jacobson - Halifax
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard Karp and Family - Montreal
 Mr. Aron Katz and Family, Molly, Ricky, Bernie and Stuart - Halifax
 Florence and Max Kirsh and Family
 Shaul, Elana, Tal, Eli and Dani Landa - Halifax



H DAY ISRAEL!



Community Salutes Israel 30th Anniversary



Edith, Garson Lecker and Daughters - Sydney
Lois, Ivan, Andrew and Robert Levine - Fredericton
Mr. Beinus Lipkus - Glace Bay
Marilyn, David, Jeffrey and Alan Mark - Halifax
Ralph, Shirley Medjuck and Brian, Pam, Lynda and Beth - Halifax
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mendleson - Sydney
The Nathansons - Helen and Nardy, Dara, Wayne and Tobi - St. John's
Mr. & Mrs. Max Pascal - Halifax
Harry, Barbara, Amy & Adam Paton - Halifax
Dr. & Mrs. I.A. Perlin and Family - Halifax
Gloria and Steven Pink, Michael and Cindy - Halifax
Ben Prossin - Halifax
Mrs. Sam Prossin - Glace Bay
Joe, Ruby and Heather Rinzler - Riverview
Victoria, Eddie Rosenberg and Tova - Halifax
Zack, Myrna, Shira, Aviva and Carmi Rubin
Ellen, Rubin and Stephen Rukasin - Glace Bay
Lenore and Don Schelew - Halifax
Mrs. Rose Schwartz and Family, especially my three great grandchildren,
Michael R., Katie and Ellen - New Waterford
Sim, Judy, Miriam, Natana and Elisa Shek
Allan and Gay Silverman and Family - Halifax
Allan Slomovic
Mr. and Mrs. Ian Solomon and Family - Halifax
Michael and Donna Susnick and Raina and Jason - Halifax
Jezahimir Tasic - Sackville, N.B.
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Webber - Sydney
J. Zatzman - Dartmouth
Mr. and Mrs. S. Paul Zive and Family - Halifax

This Year In Jerusalem

by Dina Graser, Age 14
Frederickton

They had arrived in Israel weary and careworn. All their worldly possessions were packed tightly with care into the shabby bags. Their clothing was threadbare and they looked exactly like who they were; immigrants. Just another bunch of them, Ruth thought, looking around at her companions as they got off the train from Russia.

"So this is Israel," Michael had said reverently, with all the awe that an eleven year old boy could summon up. Her father, too, had clasped her mother's hand tightly, and a new look had shone from his eyes—hope. Hope for a new life, in a new nation. Even her husband, cynical though he was at times, had pulled her close and smiled out at the Promised Land—the land of his forefather.

Ruth chuckled softly to herself. Such thoughts. Reuven would be home soon, and the table not even set. She looked around in blissful contentment at the tiny house that had been green to them. It was not much, two bedrooms, a kitchenette, and a minute sitting room—but it was warm, clean, sturdy, and vastly superior to the hovel they had left behind. She hoped that the immigration officer had found him a job. Her father was telling Michael a story in the other room, and she moved in, entranced, to hear it was the story of Passover. Max knew the Scripture almost by heart, and walked eloquently in the audience of his grandson.

"And there arose a new Pharaoh," he thundered. "Who knew not Joseph. And forgetting all that he (Joseph) had done for Egypt, he said to his people. 'Behold, the people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us.' He slowed to catch his breath, then went on in a slightly less Scripture—like fashion.

"So they laboured along and hard under the cruel taskmasters—and their hearts grew heavy. But still they multiplied, and Pharaoh was displeased. So he ordered to all of his people, that should a son be born, it was to be cast into the river—but a daughter would be saved. And at this time, there was a woman named Zeporah. She was an Israelite, and had a son. After she had kept him for 3 months, she knew she could keep him no longer without being found out and she made him a basket, and set him afloat in the river.

"Zada," interjected Michael.

"Yes, Michael?"

"What did she make the basket out of?"

"Bulrushes," the old man replied kindly. "And Pharaoh's daughter was bathing that day further down the river—and she spotted the basket floating towards her, and had him brought to her. And she called him Moses, because she 'had drawn him from the water.' 'So she brought him home, and Moses was brought up in the Court of Pharaoh. There is another story there, which I shall tell you another day. Anyway, when he was a young man, he went out one day and saw an Egyptian fighting an Israelite. And he killed the Egyptian and buried him neath the sand, for he was the same brethren as the Israelite. The next day, he saw another Israelite fighting the same Israelite.

"Why do you smite your fellow?" Moses asked. And he answered "Wherefore do you think you are a judge and ruler? Wouldst thou kill me, as thou did the Egyptian?"

"So," said Max, leaning a little closer to Michael,

"Moses was scared. He knew that Pharaoh would find out what he had done and want to slay him (as he did), so he fled.

Ruth glanced guiltily at her watch, and also fled to the kitchen. She listened with one ear to her father recounting the first three of the ten plagues before the door latch clicked open.

"Reuven!" she cried. "Did you get a job?"

"Yes, he found me a job in a factory," he told her, hanging up his coat. "Since I already have a fair amount of technical knowledge, they'll teach me anything I don't know and he said I probably would become a foreman."

"That's wonderful!" she cried joyously. He nodded, smiling. Max's sonorous voice could be heard faintly in the background. Ruth and Reuven stopped to listen. He was on the fifth plague, for neither he nor Michael was aware that Reuven was home.

Ruth stuck her head around the door. "Supper!" she called. Max looked up, surprised. His shock of white hair fell down over his lined forehead and he brushed it back impatiently.

"Reuven is home?"

"Yes," she answered. Her mother entered. "Is Reuven home?" she asked, grasping her cane tightly. Ruth nodded.

"Hello, Deborah," Max greeted his wife, leaning heavily on Ruth's proffered arm as he got up. "You have missed most of the story of Pesach."

"Mom," interrupted Michael.

"Don't interrupt," she told him. "What?"

"Can we celebrate Pesach this year?"

Reuven entered and heard. Ruth danced at him. There was a touch of consternation in both of their faces, for in Russia they had been unable to do this. Reuven nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Yes, darling" Ruth told him.

For the next week, all went well. There was a growing anticipation in the house. Reuven was doing well as foreman; Ruth was contentedly redecorating (on a very small scale); Deborah was completely happy for the first time in years; Max seemed to be thriving in this new environment; and best of all, Michael liked it. He was expanding his interests. He had made new friends, and was going to a Rabbi who lived nearby for tutoring—his bar-mitzvah would be fairly soon. All in all, life had definitely improved since their move to Israel.

Michael walked slowly down the narrow street. Last night had been the first night of Passover, and a sweetness previously unknown was welling up inside of him. His grandfather had experienced indescribable joy, and had no reserve in letting everyone know. But this morning he had slept later than was his habit, and Michael hadn't had a chance to speak to him before going to the synagogue with his father, who was still there praying for his dead parents.

Cont'd on Page 43

Saint John Community News

by Rebecca Jacobson

Louise Adler reviewed Max I. Dimont's "Jews, God & History" at the Book Review Club's meeting. The many facets of the Author's thoughts as reviewed by **Mrs. Adler** was most thought-provoking and was presented in a manner that will be long remembered by those in attendance. At the next meeting **Marcia Koven** will review a book.

The Model Seder this year was a huge success. It not only included the Hebrew School children, their parents and grandparents but each child brought a Christian friend. In attendance was **Mr. H. David MacKeen**, Executive Director of Canadian Council of Christians & Jews of Halifax. The four questions, blessings and songs were both in Hebrew and English. The children who participated were: **Jay Polovin, Mark Koven, Tamara Everett, Robin Morrison, Richard Brown, Wayne Holtzman, Douglas Lovett, Samara Everett, Jason Hamburg, Andrew Hamburg, Katie Elman and Candace Levine.**

The Head Table was graced by **Rabbi B.G. Eisenberg** who prepared the Haggadahs that were used; **Mrs. Eisenberg, L.J. Michelson**, Vice-President of the Synagogue and **Mrs. Michelson; Rose Freedman**, Honorary President of Sisterhood, **Jon Everett**, Chairman of the Board of Education; **Leonard Kaplansky** who introduced the Executive Director of the Canadian Council of Christians & Jews, **Mr. H. David MacKeen** of Halifax; **Mrs. Leonard Kaplansky**, President Henrietta Szold Chapter of Hadassah; **Mrs. Ronald [Sandra] Levine** in charge of arrangements.

The tables were beautifully decorated with spring flowers. Each place had a plate showing all the items for a Seder plate. All other Passover foods were on the table and a full course meal was enjoyed by all present.

Our Youth Aliyah Campaign this year is in the form of a Cocktail Party with the Consul General of Israel to Canada, **Zvi Caspi** as guest speaker. **Louise Adler** is Chairman; **Paula Kaplansky** and **Jacqueline Meltzer** are Canvas Chairmen; **Erminie Cohen, Debbie Bloom and Ruth Davis**, Reception Committee; **Rebecca Jacobson**, Ticket Chairwoman; **Doris Jacobson**, Treasurer; and **Richard Davis**, Projectionist.



Events to Come: May 20-22, 1978, Hadassah Art Exhibition & Sale at the New Brunswick Museum.

Sept., 10-12, 1978 Hadassah Regional Conference in St. Andrews, N.B.

Those who will be celebrating Anniversaries in May:

Mr. & Mrs. Hyman Kashetsky - Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Grosweiner - Mr. & Mrs. Max Fransblow - Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Levine - Mr. & Mrs. Norman Holtzman - Mr. & Mrs. Gary Davis.

Bessie Paikowsky returned from a tour of Spain and among the very many impressive places she visited included the Synagogue dating to the Golden Age in Spain in the cities of Toledo and Cordoba. The monument of Maimonides in Cordoba was most impressive.

Murray Zides is being congratulated on having a distinct honor bestowed on him by the Government of Canada. He was presented with the Queen's Coronation Silver Jubilee Medal.

Late Bulletin: **Rivka Peled** and **Joseph Milo** were fabulous, as they helped Saint John and the Atlantic Jewish Council celebrate Israel's 30th Anniversary.

"THIS" YEAR IN JERUSALEM

Cont'd from Page 42

He quickened his step, for he was anxious to see and review the events of the night with him.

He opened the door and saw his mother standing there. He knew immediately that something was wrong, for her eyes were red, her honey-colored hair limp, and her face colorless.

"Michael," she said softly.

"Where is . . .," started Michael, then stopped.

"He's not well, darling," she tried. "The . . . he . . . I'm

sorry . . . he died during the night dear."

A stricken look came into his eyes, like that of a wounded animal, slowly, he moved to his room and pulled out the worn bible his grandfather had given him. As he turned the pages, his eyes fell upon a sentence, slowly in his halting Hebrew, he read:

"The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away!

He did not weep.

What's Happening in St. John's

by Helen Nathanson

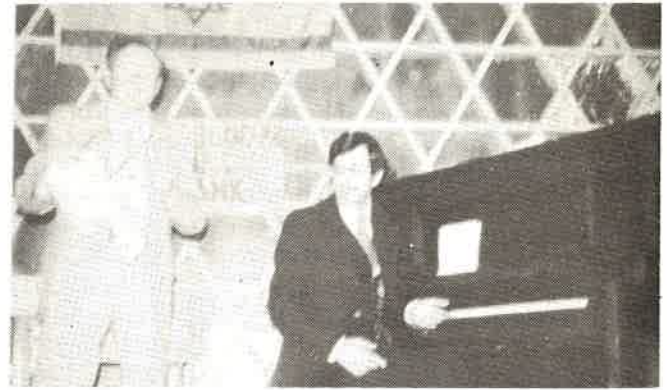
January brought us great prestige with the visit of the Israeli Ambassador to Canada, **Mordechi Shalev** and his wife. Upon their arrival, the community held a reception where the Ambassador informed us of the present position in Israel, and the reaction to Sadat's visit to Jerusalem. Great interest was shown during the question period following. **Marion Swersky** and **Rose Toytman** did us proud with the refreshments served.

The **Ambassador** and **Mrs. Shalev** spent a hectic day in our city. After being received by the Provincial Government, they were welcomed by the Mayor at City Hall, along with members of the community. From there they dined at Government House with the Lieutenant Governor, guests of the Government, and the members of the Jewish community. Their afternoon and early evening was spent in a press conference with all the local media.

An interesting side effect resulted from the Ambassador's visit. Because of a discussion between **Nardy Nathanson** and **Ambassador Shalev**, former Premier **J.R. Smallwood** has since been to Israel to see about the publishing of his next book. Not only was "**Joey**" impressed by the publishing business in Israel—but by the country itself and hopes to address the community in the near future.

In March, under the Chairmanship of **Moishe Kantorowitz**, J.N.F. held an informative evening to become acquainted with the Canadian Jewish National Fund Presidency and with its latest goals and activities in Israel and Canada. Visiting the city at the time were the National President, **Mr. Nathan Scott**, Executive Vice-President, **Mr. Harris Gulko**, Quebec Vice-President, **Mr. Alexander Mayers**, Education Emissary from Jerusalem Lt. Col. **Amot Gilboa**, and the Emissary from Jerusalem for the Atlantic Region, Lt. Col. **Moshe Drori**. Tea was served by **Etta Lipkus** and **Dorothy Riteman**. As a result of their visit to our city 5 groves were purchased in Canada Park. They were to **Mr. & Mrs. Philip Auerback**, **Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Wilansky**, **Mr. & Mrs. Bill Toytman**, **Mr. & Mrs. Moishe Kantorowitz**, **Mr. & Mrs. Morty Flomen** in memory of **Mrs. Sadie Goldfarb**.

The Hadassah Israeli Fashion Show is always one of great effort for those that undertake it. This year was no exception for **Inez Levitz** who put in an awful lot of time and effort. Receiving the fashions later than expected, having models drop out at the last minute, and writing the commentary were just some of the problems she had to meet. **Pam Kipnis** was there to relieve some of the pressure and take on some of the headaches. **Rosalie Flomen** held the job of ticket chairperson and through the efforts of everyone the Shul held capacity audiences for two nights. **Rosalie** had yet another job for the evening as she ably moderated the fashion show. As we always like to place our ladies "in the public eye" **Marg Smilestein** and **Esther Feldman** once again modelled with **Genevieve Lipkus** facing the flood lights for the first time. We find that we not only draw people with our Israeli fashions, but also with our famous cup of tea and Jewish delicacies. **Ella Levitz** volunteered to oversee this important task and made sure everyone did their share of baking. During the day she was assisted in the setting up by **Ruth Kantorowitz**, and in the serving for the two evenings by **Ruth and Doris Toch**. **Marsha Richler** took



*Adult Purim Party—Moishe Kantorowitz—singer
Rabbi Zlatin—piano*



Ambassador & Mrs. Shalev



Ruby Smilestein—Purim Party



Marg Smilestein—modelling at Israel Fashion Show



Esther Feldman—seated Ella Levitz—standing



Seated Paula Toytman, Rosalie Flomen Standing Marg Smilestein

care of the decor while **Marion Swersky** and **Dorothy Riteman** made sure everyone was seated comfortably. Our general membership worked hard doubling as dressers and waitresses. Once it was over however, everyone agreed that it was great for Public Relations, a good money raiser, and of great importance—a few buyers from our exclusive boutiques showed genuine interest in purchasing Israeli fashions.

Purim was a busy time for our Sisterhood. After the reading of the Migalah we were entertained by the nursery school. Hamantashen baked by **Ella Levitz** and **Helen Nathanson** were served by **Etta Lipkus** and **Tova Auerback**.

Rabbi and **Mrs. Zlatin** held a Purim Party for the Hebrew School children at their home. Before being treated with a delicious supper, reports were that they had great fun playing games like "Monster Mad Libs".

The congregation's Purim Party on Sunday March 26th found everyone in great spirits. **Ella Levitz**, **Marg Smilestein** and **Genevieve Lipkus** provided a buffet supper which saw people taking seconds. Helpers **Celia Epstein** and **Dorothy Riteman** were kept busy. The Hebrew School showed their theatrical ability in the play "Two Gun Haman Bites the Dust". This was followed by a sing song with **Rabbi Zlatin** on the piano and **Moishe Kantorowitz** as the lead vocal. An Israeli movie completed the evening's entertainment. Our thanks to **Rabbi Zlatin** for producing such a well rounded programme. A highlight of the evening was individual birthday cakes being presented to **Rosalie Flomen**, **Esther Feldman** and **Ruby Smilestein** whose birthdays were respectively on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We didn't ask their ages—but we were all delighted with the thoughtfulness of our hostesses.

JACK MARSHALL APPOINTED TO THE CANADIAN SENATE



"I will continue to do the job that has to be done for Newfoundland," veteran Progressive Conservative MP Jack Marshall proclaimed just hours after it was announced by Prime Minister Trudeau that he had been appointed to the Canadian Senate.

Contacted at his Ottawa office, Marshall, the MP for Humber-St. George's-St. Barbe since 1968, said he was "very elated" by the prime minister's announcement.

"The shock hasn't ended yet," he said.

Marshall said the appointment comes at a time when, after 10 years as an MP, he felt the need to "reassess" his position in Parliament.

Marshall said he was officially informed of his appointment by a telephone call from Prime Minister Trudeau. "It suits my cause well . . . I will continue to do the job that has to be done for Newfoundland."

He said he felt Newfoundland's representative in the federal cabinet, Don Jamieson, had a part in his being appointed to a Senate post.

Normally, Senate appointees are given 10 days before they are required to take their posts. However, Marshall said he hopes to remain MP for Humber-St. George's-St. Barbe until the next federal election, which is expected some time during the summer.

Jack Marshall is the PC party spokesman on health and welfare and veteran's affairs. In this respect he is best known on the national level for

working with Stanley Knowles (NDP—Winnipeg North Centre) to improve pensions and other conditions for veterans. □

He was national vice-president of the PC party from 1970-71 and also chairman of the Newfoundland federal PC caucus during that time.

He served overseas from 1942-46 retiring from the military with the rank of colonel. He was commanding officer of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in 1959.

He has been elected to the House of Commons in the three consecutive federal elections since 1958; and has served on a number of House standing committees including fisheries and forestry, regional development, transportation, veteran's affairs and health and welfare.

Jack Marshall was born in Glace Bay, N.S., Nov. 26, 1919. He was married to the former Sylvia Rothman, London, England (deceased in 1975) and is father to three children.

Passover and the Raising of a Jewish Child

by Rabbi David S. Zlatin
St. John's, Nfld.

Children are a main focus of the Pesach Seder. So much of our vast tradition is child-oriented. Yet, upon defining that term, we see that we are all children—B'nai Torah—Children of the Torah, for we spend our entire lives in seeking to understand its greater depths.

The youngest at the Seder traditionally asks the Four Questions. If the Seder were to take place among elderly individuals, still the youngest present would ask them. Motivation of the participants to ask questions at the Seder is the reason behind the many unique things done at the outset of the Seder. For the young, is really the young at heart—he who is young enough to realize that he can still learn from each year's experience.

How appropriate is it then, that to emphasize the passing on of tradition to the "children", is a major theme within the Seder. Just as the Jews became a free people on Pesach, so too we come to understand the meaning of the value of children on Pesach. The Jews, then and now, bridged the gap between past and present and future via their heritage. That heritage and its transmission to the future is emphasized at the Seder.

It is with this background that we face the issue of the Four Sons in the Pesach Haggadah. Perhaps this could be better entitled "To Raise a Jewish Child." This extremely difficult task is the goal of every Jewish parent. The trials, tribulations, successes and failures of that goal is expressed annually when we speak about the four sons: the Wise, the Wicked, the Simple and the One Who Does Not Know How To Ask. Every type of child is alluded to within this grouping. Consequently, since all are mentioned, it is fitting that all children are deserving of a Torah education. Naturally all children cannot be reached in the same manner. Yet all are considered—even the child with learning difficulties and the child who requires a special education program. Everyone, according to the Haggadah, would seem to have the right to equal opportunity to a complete Jewish education. However, it is only today, in the last years of the eighth decade of the

twentieth century, that this problem is being dealt with from a professional, Jewish educational point of view. Yet the Haggadah pointed this out to us annually for centuries, as we read the story of the Four Sons. Yet this simple truth has gnawed at the hearts and souls of Jewish Communities—to raise a Jewish child might be better termed to raise the child **Jewishly**.

The order in which the Four Sons are mentioned in the Haggadah is significant. The Wise and Wicked Sons are diametrically opposed. Each may influence the Simple Son and the Son Who Does Not Know How To Ask, to follow him in his direction. No Jewish parent would wish to think that he were misleading his child. Yet how many downplay the significance of events such as the seder, synagogue attendance, adult education classes and other Jewish cultural, religious and educational events. Yet from this exact attitude will result the latter two categories—of the Simple Son and the Son Who Does Not Know How To Ask. These two "sons" are not necessarily under negative influence, but rather the lack of positive direction will leave them open to being led astray, because they will reach out for a religious identification and will not be able to find it in their immediate environment. Eventually they will be faced with a serious question of Jewish identity and they will not have the inner strength to answer, not the knowledge to defend themselves from the simple questions of such groups as Jews for Jesus or Sun Yung Moon. The fact is that you can kill someone Jewishly by not caring enough.

The lesson of the Four Sons is perhaps best expressed by a story. A Jew grew up in Europe in the second half of the 19th century. He was typical of his generation. He worked hard for his living; his world evolved around the Shabbos, the Yom Tovim, and Torah Study. You can see him now, a bearded man, swaying as he davened—very committed to Jewish values. He is the Wise Son. Like every Jew, he has a large family. Stories begin arriving that life is better on the other side of the ocean. His son's imagination is afire. The son must leave for America, where the streets were supposed to be paved with gold, and everything was supposed to be

easy. So the son set sail for America. But he left his religion, so to speak, on the boat. He discovered that it required a great deal of determination to be a Jew in this country. So slowly but surely he gave it up to make an economic success. His is the legacy of the Wicked Son, for he has rebelled against everything his father stood for. Yet as he grows older, he too has a son. But this third son didn't know his grandfather, the Wise Son. He does not know of the great heritage that could have been his. His father, the Wicked Son, realizes that some Jewish education is necessary, but "let's not overdo it." So he minimizes the opportunities within the Jewish world for his son. This is the Simple Son, whose potentials have never been developed. His, is a world of unknown quantity, because his potential to be like his grandfather, the Wise Son, went undeveloped. He was never able to appreciate his Jewish Heritage for he lacked direction. But the fourth son, is even more disadvantaged. The son of the Simple Son grows to be the Son Who Doesn't Know How to Ask. He lacks all identification with the Jewish Community. For all intents and purposes, Judaism ceases with this generation.

We pray that our generation will not develop into the Son Who Does Not Know How To Ask, for this attitude will doom the future of a vibrant Jewish people. To raise a child Jewishly is a tremendous challenge. Parents themselves must learn what Judaism can offer, alongside of their children. In this way, together they can return our people to the generation of the Wise Son. For the Jew in the small community, the challenge is that much greater and that much more challenging. It involves constant rejuvenation and strengthening of one's commitment. But our hopes and prayers for Am Yisroel, for the Jewish people, shall be as we read in the Haggadah—Next Year in Jerusalem, with the Bais Hamikdosh, the Holy Temple rebuilt. This will be the ultimate strengthening of the Jewish people. Until then, let each of us consider the lesson of the Four Sons, in terms of our own families. May Hashem strengthen us all in spreading the light of Judaism among our own people.

Cape Breton News

Helene Siegel

SYDNEY

Both the Sisterhood and Hadassah chapters continue to be active. Under the direction of the Judeans and Sisterhood, a Purim party was held in the form of a carnival on Sunday afternoon, March 12. The children enjoyed the fun and games with a lunch being served in the late afternoon.

At this time, our shut-ins will also be remembered. Each one will be visited by the sick committee: **Mrs. Bernie Leith** and **Mrs. Morris Gaum** and "**Haman Tashen**" will be distributed amongst them.

The bazaar is uppermost in the minds of the members of Hadassah, which takes place in the Synagogue Hall on May 10. The different committees are busy at work and everything points to it being a tremendous success.

The Cape Breton Youth Aliyah night was held in Sydney on Wednesday, March 15 under the very capable chairmanship of **Diane Schwartz**, **Mrs. Louise Cohen**, **National Vice-President of Moncton, N.B.** was the guest speaker and added greatly to the success of the evening.

The seventh Annual Public Affairs of Cape Breton Hasassah Seminar will be held in the "Temple Sons of Israel Synagogue, Sydney on March 25 and 26th, 1978. Guest speakers will be **Mrs. A. Morris** and **Mr. Howard Stanislawski**. The theme of the program will be "The New Reality" which should prove of great interest to many of the members and their families. The Chairmen of this project will be **Fanny Cohen, Glace Bay**; **Shirley Dubinsky, Sydney**; and **Sylvia Allen, New Waterford, N.S.**

Celebrations

A mini-Seder will be held for the Hebrew School children under the direction of **Rabbi S. Wisemon** on the second night of Passover, April 22nd in the Synagogue.

Congratulations to **Dr. and Mrs. Murray S. Epstein** on the Bar Mitzvah of their son, **Brian Eric**.

Congratulations to **Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hirsch** on the Bar Mitzvah of their son **Gordon Zev**, now residents of Coral Springs, Florida, U.S.A.

Congratulations to **Faye and Ike David** on the Bar Mitzvah of their son, **Philip Allen**.

Mazal Tov to **Mr. & Mrs. Mark Dunsiger** of Toronto on the birth of their first child, a daughter. **Mrs. Dunsiger** is the former **Judy Nathanson**, daughter of **Mrs. Minnie** and the late **Alfred Nathanson** of Sydney.

Mazal Tov to **Mr. & Mrs. Bennie David** on the occasion of their 45th wedding anniversary.

Congratulations to **Dr. Hashey and Shirley Dubinsky** on their 30th wedding anniversary.

Congratulations to **Evelyn and Harold Davis** on their 30th wedding anniversary.

Congratulations to **Helene and Louise Siegel** on their 30th wedding anniversary.

Congratulations to **Hannah and Pinky Gaum** on their 30th wedding anniversary.

Mazel Tov to **Mr. & Mrs. D. Epstein** on their **Diamond Anniversary**. The Epsteins and family are seen in the photograph accompanying this article.



A grove of trees has been planted in Israel by the Epstein family in honor of their mother and father's 60th Wedding anniversary.

Celia, daughter of the late **Mr. & Mrs. Morris Lubchansky**, and **Dave** were married in the King's Hall, Charlotte Street, on March 14, 1918 and have lived their entire married life in Sydney.

This wonderful couple were blessed with five children, **Buddy**, **Erwin**, and **Jean (Mrs. Jerry Weiser)**; and two sons now deceased, **Nathan** and **Lloyd**. Nine children can claim them as grandparents, and three great-grandchildren come from this proud line.

Dave was honored by the city at a testimonial dinner thanking him for his services to the community over the years. He is still an ardent gardener and a wonderful conversationalist. Anyone visiting them at their home on Townsend Street can be sure of a warm welcome and an interesting evening. May their years continue to be blessed.

GLACE BAY

Introducing the Executive of the Congregation Sons of Israel:

Front Row L - R Mr. Elliot Marshall, Vice President; Dr. Philip Simon, President; Mr. Sander Zilbert, Financial Secretary.

Back Row L - R Mr. Len Schelew, Treasurer; Mr. Norman Simon, House Chairman; Mr. Daniel Mendleson, Secretary.



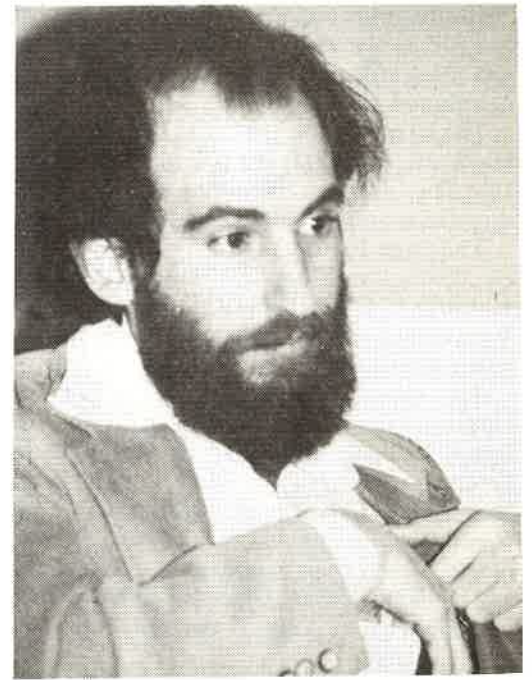
Halifax Scene

Evening of Solidarity With Victims of PLO Attack



*Guest, Lt. Col.
Yaacov Gur*

LARRY GROSSMAN OF THE CANADA-ISRAEL COMMITTEE ADDRESSED AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL



*Colonel Gur discusses
Ma'ariv's coverage of
the terrorist attack.*



*L. to R. Rabbi Marvin Pritzker,
Beth Israel Synagogue;
Ben Prossin, President,
Atlantic Jewish Council;
Lt. Col. Gur, Guest;
Joseph Zatzman, Chairman,
Atlantic Jewish Council;
Rabbi Leo Heim,
Shaar Shalom Synagogue*



The Audience

Halifax Hadassah-Wizo and Canadian Zionist Federation Seminar

One hundred Attend Most Successful Event

THE HEAD TABLE:



Left to Right:

Shirlee Fox, Public Affairs

Ben Prossin, Chairman, Atlantic CZF

Dr. Yoram Dinstein - Guest

*Marianne Ferguson, vice-president, Halifax
Hadassah-Wizo*

*Shaul Landa, Executive Director, Canadian
Zionist Federation - Atlantic Region*

**HELD
MARCH 4-5
1978**



THANK YOU

Dr. Dinstein

*Guest: Dr. Yoram Dinstein
Faculty of Law,
Tel Aviv University*



The audience



The audience - a full house



The Question Period

HALIFAX HADASSAH-WIZO

"BAZAAR"

SALUTES

CANADIAN

UNITY



Halifax Hadassah-Wizo presents its annual production "THE BAZAAR", May 2nd at the Dalhousie Memorial Rink on South Street. This year's theme will be "Hadassah for a United Canada".

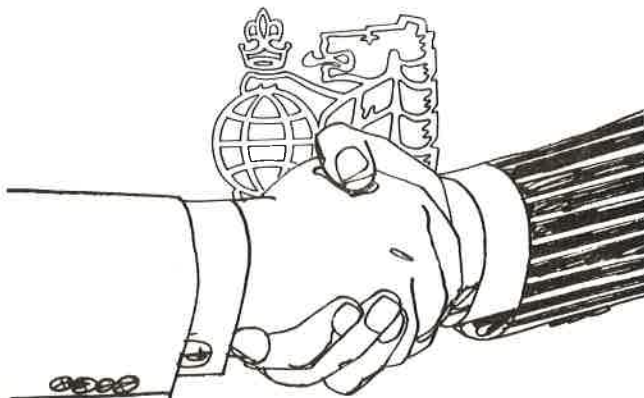
Convenors **Juanita Sable** and **Barbara Paton** are diligently coordinating all facets of this major endeavor. The Bazaar this year will feature new jewellery, plants, treasures, baked goods and new merchandise and stuffed animals, while still maintaining the usual booths of linens, leather goods, clothing, books and records and candy. An auction will take place at 7:30 p.m. and the auctioneer will be **Bob Stapells**.

We are looking forward to cooperation from our Hadassah members and good attendance from the public.

A DOUBLE MAZAL TOV

To **Anita Dubinsky** on being re-elected as President of the Halifax-Dartmouth United Appeal and on her re-appointment to a third two-year term as a commissioner of the Nova Scotia Human Rights Commission.

We Salute Israel On Her 30th Anniversary



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We Salute Israel On Her 30th Anniversary

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"Sportalk"

by Joel Jacobson



MENASHE YARKONY—COACH, TEACHER AND STUDENT

If someone said to you "Israelis are in poor physical condition", you would say that person was crazy. However, it is true according to Menashe Yarkony, a Canadian who emigrated to Israel in 1952 and returned to Canada last year to pursue a physical education degree at Dalhousie University.

Yarkony, a tall, quiet-spoken man, said that "recreation and leisure are foreign to Israeli thinking. Surveys have shown the average middle aged person in Israel to be in terrible physical condition. There is less awareness of recreation. The men go to the army once a year and feel that's enough but it isn't."

The Toronto-born Yarkony emphasized that sport among the young is a high priority activity but that once the 18-year old Israeli is conscripted into the army, priorities change and only those who have reached the top of their sporting discipline in the mid-teens return to physical activity after army training.

"The facilities in Israel in many sports make it easy for youngsters to participate," observed Yarkony. In 1952, when he left his Toronto home with the name Marvin Green and moved to Israel taking the Hebraic name Menashe Yarkony, he found few swimming pools and few swimmers in the growing country. Today, there is an extensive age-group swimming program with more youngsters per 1000 swimming there than in Canada. There are pools spread all over the country, mostly outdoor and ranging in size from 25 metres to 33 1/3 metres (Olympic sized pools range from 50 to 60 metres).

"The South of Israel (Northwestern Negev) has 20 kibbutzim and 20 swimming pools," commented Yarkony.

One of Menashe's main interests is coaching swimmers. During his time at Dalhousie (he resumed his studies there in 1976) he has been an assistant coach with Halifax Trojans Swim Club working with Nigel Kemp, one of the top swim technicians in Canada. Menashe has been coaching the "B" team but has also had some experience working with Nancy Garapick, Susan Mason and John Van Buren, three Haligonians who have gained national and international recognition.

"Coaching is demanding physically and emotionally," says Yarkony. "Many people think coaching is a 'soft' job but the long hours and the ups and downs certainly make it a taxing one. In Canada, where most coaches are volunteers and even the 'professionals' are very underpaid, a coach has to be dedicated. Israeli coaches are government paid and respected individuals. The respect held for Canadian coaches is much less."

"There is more informality in Israel. It is easier to get the Israeli kids involved because of this informality. It also makes for better performances, establishes better, more open, relationships. Many of my kids here call me 'Mr. Yarkony' whereas in Israel I am referred to as 'Menashe', he adds.

The government in Israel helps new sports become organized and also funds the major sport organizations like Hapoel and Maccabbi. The latter two are only a couple of groups that are umbrella sport bodies for many sport teams. Hapoel and Maccabbi have thousands of participants on their many club teams throughout the country. Each of the umbrella bodies encompasses many sports with Hapoel emphasizing city and Kibbutz participation while Maccabbi concentrates on the cities.

Israel has gained great respect on the international sport scene. Soccer is probably the most popular sport both from a participation aspect and public support. It is not unusual for a match in international competition against a European team to draw 80,000 people to Bloomfield Stadium in Tel Aviv. Israel has won the Asian Cup several times against teams from Japan, India, Korea and other countries.

Soccer has been a synonym for sport violence in the past few years. Stadiums in Brazil, Italy and other hotbeds have moats surrounding the field and Israel is no different.

Most stadiums in Israel have high wire fences topped with barbed wire to protect the players and officials from the fans. And that's not just for international matches. That's for every league match played.

Basketball has gained popularity among players and fans as Israel's club teams have done extremely well against clubs from throughout Europe. Maccabbi Tel Aviv recently lost the European Cup for club teams after holding that title for a year. Canada's national team played Israel twice last year and split the two games.

There is no professional sport in Israel as we know it. There is some activity where the athletes are paid expenses but there are no athletes hired by clubs or teams strictly to play a sport.

Athletes are recruited by clubs but are assisted in establishing businesses or are given teaching jobs (if their qualifications are right). Tal Brody, a former All-American basketball player at University of Illinois, was approached to settle in Israel after he failed a tryout in the National Basketball Association. Brody joined Israel's national team and was assisted in establishing himself in business in Israel.

The 6'2" American Jew has made a name for himself in Israeli basketball and consequently in international basketball. Other Jews from the diaspora have also made their contributions to Israeli sport.

Yarkony impresses that "the Educational system is good as far as athletics is concerned but leisure facilities are not. Actually, the cities are better off than the small towns because the cities house the middle and upper classes. In these larger areas, there is a higher physical education philosophy in the school system than in Canada but in the small towns, the philosophy is not great."



"Trained hands means Productivity, Security, Dignity"

HALIFAX WOMEN'S ORT



by Cathy Jacobson

Two of ORT's most important projects of the year are planned for May and June.

1. The annual Art Auction, held by the Halifax Women's ORT, will take place Saturday, May 6 at the Holiday Inn. National Art Auction Galleries Inc., with **Brian Kahn** doing the calling, are supplying the art again this year and are promising a more varied selection than ever before. The art varies from the classics to modern with many Hebraic selections available, done by both Israeli and American contemporary artists.

Three door prizes are being offered with the main one a return Trip for one by Air to Montreal donated by Seibert Travel. A free family portrait by Powell Photography and dinner for

two at La Scala Restaurant are also to be given.

Admission to the auction is \$3.00 per person or \$5.00 per couple. The auction action starts at 7:30 p.m. with the art available to be previewed from 6:30 p.m.

2. ORT day in Halifax will be held Wednesday, June 7. The time and place will be announced shortly but no matter where or when ORT Day is held, Halifax Jewry is in for a real treat—a visit from two Falashan Jews of Ethiopia.

ORT and the visiting Ethiopians have been involved for almost two years in a rural community development program in Ethiopia directed toward villagers in a northwest province of the country. Falashans

comprise approximately 30% of the population and family income averages \$65 to \$75 per year.

The ORT project is a unique attempt to bring a variety of basic educational, health and agricultural services to bear upon the lifestyle of what is essentially a forward-looking community in a coordinated manner.

The visitors from Ethiopia will be holding a "fireside chat" with the Halifax Jewish Community, discussing development issues as they affect their villages.

Watch for announcements of location and time for this most exciting, educational and inspiring event, to be held in cooperation with the Atlantic Jewish Council.

Happy Mother's Day

"SPORTALK"

Cont'd from Page 51

"Unfortunately many of the better organizational minds are in the military and this is a drain on the cultural and physical activities in the country. The military naturally comes first and this is evident in both participation and in organization."

Since Menashe settled in Israel in 1952, the greatest advances have been in facilities, which even though sparse, are now so much greater than in the early years of Israel's existence. Similarly, the coaching and training available for athletes is so much better than 25 years ago yet there is still room for more coaches.

"The demand for coaches is always there. Coaching is a high turnover profession. It takes a long time for a coach to become good in his field and many people are not willing to devote that time. The low compensation and heavy demands on time have cost Israel many good coaches who have gone on to better paying administration jobs," says Yarkony.

Menashe Yarkony graduates in January 1979 with a degree from Dalhousie University in Physical Education. He

plans to return to Kibbutz Shar HaNegev to continue teaching and coaching. During the early 1970's, he was a director of the swimming program for Shar HaNegev County Council, organizer and was head instructor for a junior coaches course in Southern Israel and was permanent guest lecturer at the Israel National Swimming Coaches Course for southern Israel. Many of the swimmers coached by Menashe qualified for the Israeli Age Group Nationals, with some winning medals.

He'll go back to being one of the top 10 swimming coaches in Israel.

Why? Even though the demands are great and the rewards few, Menashe is one of the few dedicated souls who can see the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold waiting there.

Watch the 1980 or 1984 Olympics and you'll probably see Menashe Yarkony and the Israeli Olympic Swim Team vying with the best of the rest of the world for the medals.



Shaar Shalom Congregation 25th Anniversary

Along with the celebration of the 25th anniversary of Shaar Shalom Congregation, Halifax, the Hebrew School of that congregation is also celebrating twenty-five years of education and activity.

The original classes were held at the home of **Sophie Stern** on Connaught Avenue in 1953 and, for several years different members of the Congregation opened their homes to the school for the celebration of different Jewish holidays such as Chanukah and Purim. Shown below are pictures of a Chanukah Party held at **Max Pascal's** home on Beech Street in 1953 and at the home of **Morris Goldberg** on Armview Terrace in 1953. In both cases, the teacher was **Zipporah Jacobs**, wife of **Rabbi David Jacobs**.



1953—A Channukah Party at the home of Max Pascal.

At present the Religious School of Shaar Shaom consists of six grades and some sixty students, as compared to the initial enrolment in 1953 of some thirty children. The school provides classes from Primary to Grade IV, for the pre Bar/Bat Mitzvah students and a post Bar/Bat Mitzvah High School class. The religious educational needs of students aged 5 to 16 plus are provided for by this school at this time. Photographs taken at the school in March of 1978 show some of the students with teacher, **Annette Walt** and **Rabbi Leo Heim**.

In this congregation's twenty-fifth year, every indication points encouragingly to the continued growth and flourishing of the school.



1954—Channukah Party at the home of Morris Goldberg.



Shaar Shalom Congregation as part of its 25th anniversary celebrations will sponsor a scholar-in-residence weekend, June 16-18.

The event will provide Atlantic Jewry with an opportunity to meet and hear **Dr. Irving Greenberg**, an eminent Jewish scholar and educator.

Dr. Greenberg is director of the National Jewish Education Conference Centre in New York and a professor in the Department of Jewish Studies at City College.

He is a former Fullbright visiting professor in history at Tel Aviv University, faculty member of Yeshiva University and spiritual leader of Riverdale Jewish Center, New York.

In 1974 he was awarded a fellowship from the National Endowment for Humanities to undertake an enquiry into the religious and ethical implications of the holocaust.

He is an outspoken advocate on the question of Soviet Jewry and a supporter of a policy on Russian Jewish emigration.



A respected author and publicist, he is in demand as a contributor of articles to such publications as *Commentary*, *Moment*, *Journal of Ecumenical Studies* and the *American Jewish Historical Quarterly*.



Dr. Greenberg serves regularly as resource leader for Jewish communities in the United States and Canada. On such occasions he has delivered talks and led discussion on contemporary issues in Judaism . . . among the subject areas he can deal with are: confronting Jewish destiny in our time; a strategy for Jewish survival; the Jewish family; changing roles for Jewish women; the birth of Zionism as a response to modernity.

The theme of his presentations which will consist of formal lectures, open forums and discussions will focus on the general topic of Raising the Level of Jewish Consciousness.



Rabbi Greenberg

In conjunction with the designation of March as Jewish Music Month by the United Synagogues of America, the Shaar Shalom Synagogue, Halifax, in celebration, held "An Afternoon of Jewish Music" on Sunday, March 5, 1978.

The Trio Del Mar, consisting of **Hoo-Mo Kim**, **William Bernhard** and **Shimon Walt**, performed **Trio** by **Maurice Ravel**, and other members of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, together with soprano, **Elvira Gonnella**, performed such well-known Jewish compositions as **Trio A Cordes** by **Darius Milhaud**, **Suite Hebraique** by **Ernest Block**, **Mir Leben Eibik**—Traditional, **V'Eulai** by **J. Shertok** and **Shepher's Song** by **Yitzchak Edel**.

The performance and the reception following was well enjoyed by the members and guests of Shaar Shalom Synagogue.

HADASSAH-WIZO

12th Atlantic Regional Conference

September 10, 11, 12, 1978

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Shirlee Medjuck, Halifax
Shirlee Fox, Halifax
Joanne Meltzer, Saint John

A NOTE OF THANKS TO MEIR MARK

This is a thank you note to Meir Mark of Halifax that I would like to share with everyone. Before I write the note, I would like to explain its purpose.

I am 13 years old. I moved to Mill Village, Nova Scotia in 1973 from New York. Since as far back as anyone can remember my family has been the only Jewish population in Mill Village. I went on living there with only one setback, I received very little Jewish education.

In November we planned to go to Israel in March where I was to have my Bar Mitzvah, G-d willing. There was only one problem, I could not speak Hebrew, so it seemed difficult to learn my Bar Mitzvah. Through Shaul Landa, I met Meir Mark, a Hebrew teacher at the Beth Israel Synagogue.

Under Meir Mark, I learned to read Hebrew in two weeks, from scratch. By the end of January, he had already taught me to read my Bar Mitzvah, the first thirteen lines of Vayikrah (the first three aliyahs). At the time I am writing this letter, February 11, 1978, I feel I am well prepared for my Bar Mitzvah, which is March 16, 1978.

Dear Meir:

Thank you very much for all you've done. ZI
GEZUNT!

Your friend
Michael Scher

ORT
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TEPHILLEN

by Michael Scher, Age 13, Mill Village

I am writing this article because tephillen fascinates me. By the time you read this article, I will have already been Bar Mitzvahed. Since I will be committed to the putting on of tephillen, I thought I would start reading up on the subject. What I found greatly interested me, so I would like to share it with you.

To escape the share of pride, the Jew dons tephillen on his head and weak arm to dwell on the significance of that which is written in the tephillen.

The putting on of tephillen is the second mitzvah of the Bar Mitzvah. As the Shema contains all the duties of the heart, the tephillen stands for all the manual mitzvah.

"And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thy hand and for a memorial between thine eyes . . . for with a strong hand hath the Lord brought thee out of Egypt." (Exodus 13)

Listed below are all the laws of tephillen I could find. Many of these were taken from "The Hew and his Home", a book by A.E. Kitov and some were told to me by **Meir Mark** of Halifax.

1. Only tephillen that are made in accordance with Halachic requirements are considered valid. Any blessing said over tephillen not meeting these requirements is for naught.

2. If any part of the tephillen is written by a non-Jew, a child, or one who does not believe in mitzvot, the tephillen is invalid and it is forbidden to wear them.

3. The time for wearing tephillen is between daybreak and sunset, preferably when the sun is visually at least seven feet from the horizon.

4. The Tallith should be donned before the tephillen.

5. The hand tephillen should be put on first and before the strap is tightened the proper blessing is recited. The strap is then tightened and wrapped seven times around the arm. Then the head tephillen is put on, the second blessing

is recited, and the strap is tightened. The hand tephillen is now wrapped three times around the middle finger and then on the rest of the hand to form the Hebrew letter "shim".

6. After the service, the tephillen are removed in the opposite order they were put on.

7. The proper place for the tephillen is on the muscle of the left arm, pointing towards the heart.

8. If one is left-handed to the extent that he uses his left hand in primarily all matters, the hand tephillen should be put on the right arm, inclined towards the heart.

9. The head tephillen should be placed slightly above the hairline, between the wearer's eyes. If he has long hair, it should not be combed upwards, but rather left in the direction of growth.

10. One is forbidden to converse or perform an outside act between the donning of the arm and head tephillen. If such an interruption occurs, the first blessing should be recited again immediately after the head tephillen is put on.

11. When the tephillen are removed from their bag, the hand tephillen should be removed first.

12. The tephillen boxes and the outer side of the straps must be totally black to be considered valid.

13. No object foreign to the body should be placed between tephillen and the flesh.

14. The head tephillen straps should reach the wearer's naval.

15. The black side of the straps must face outwards when the tephillen are worn.

16. When one says, in the Shema; "And you shall bind them for a sign on your hand" he should touch the tephillen on his left arm with his right hand. When he says, "And they shall be for frontlets between your eyes", he should touch the head tephillen with right hand.

17. The tephillen should be removed before the Tallith.

18. The tephillen should be removed while standing.

19. Tephillen should be examined at least twice every seven years and must be examined once every seven years.

20. Tephillen are not worn on Sabbath and Yom Tov.

After reading about the rules of wearing tephillen, I decided to find out how tephillen are made. I talked to **Meir Mark** of Halifax and read a book called "The Tephillen Manual". I would like to explain this in another issue.

□

Your friend
Michael Scher
Mill Village



ANNOUNCEMENT

*The Atlantic Jewish Council's Community Directory
will be in your homes in May.*

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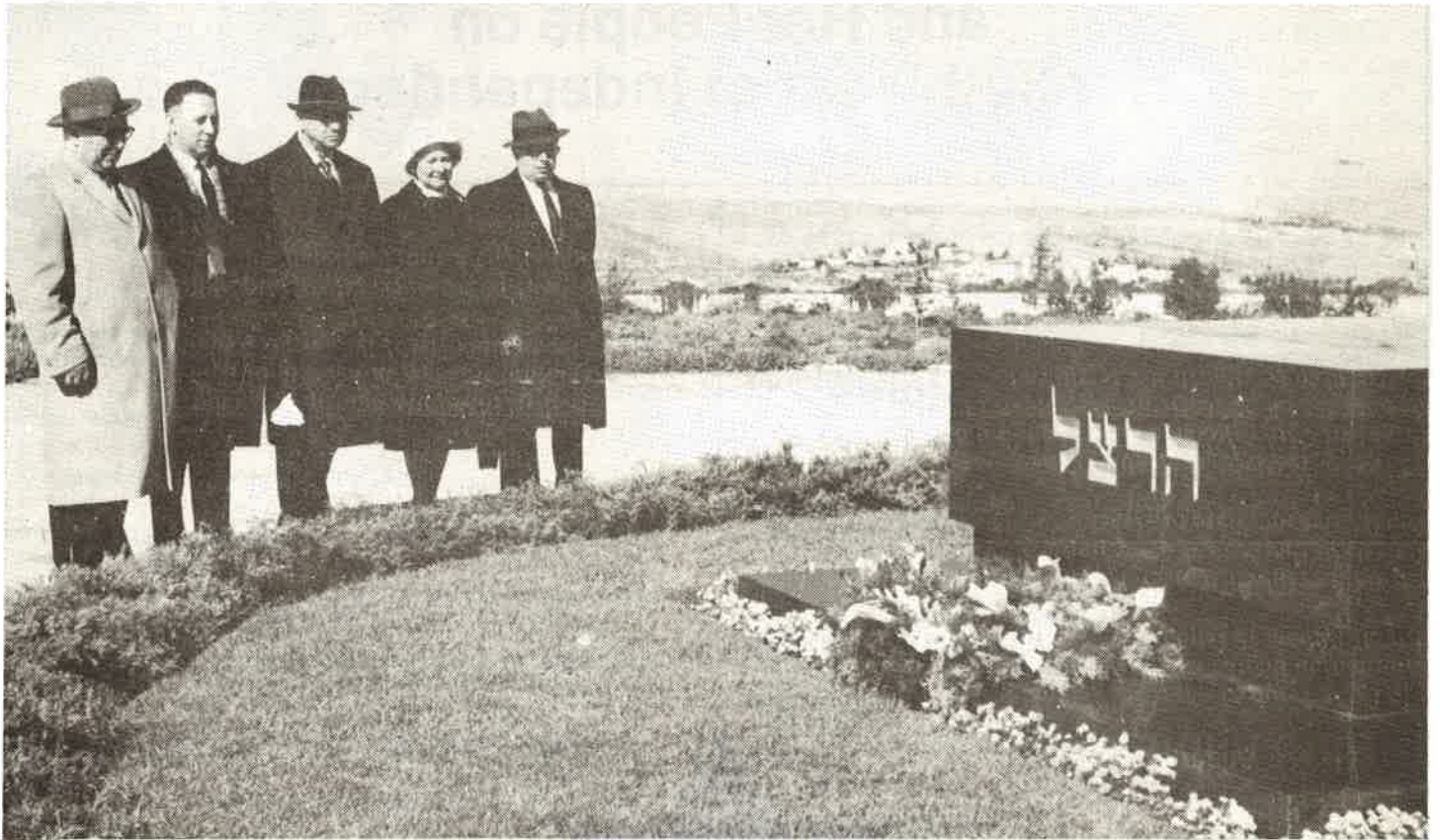
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NOSTALGIA



Visit to Herzl's Tomb

Frank Zebberman, Joseph Zatzman, Noah Heinish z'l, Sarah Heinish z'l, Joe Jacobson.

Hats Off to Him!



On the broad shoulders of Nat W. Rubin, shown above with his daughter Judy, fell most of the work of the Y.M.H.A. camp, and to his untiring efforts must be attributed much of the camps success.

From the time the first blanket was drawn from stores until the last shutter was up at week's end, he was continuously on the go, supervising, assisting, advising.

Of necessity, he missed a lot of the fun, sacrificing his own pleasure to assure the smooth operating of all the camp features.

His willingness to give more than "lip service", to undertake a task and then perform it, set an example for many another Y.M.H.A. member.

To him the Y.M.H.A. owes a sincere vote of thanks.

MORE NOSTALGIA



1948

"SOUTH PERSIA" - A story of Purim
Take-off of "South Pacific"

Place: St. John, N.B.
Cast of 21

Producer: *Dr. Moe Polowin*

Cast: *Queen Esther - Ella Zatzman*
King Ashasherver - Abe Goldberg
Haman - David Sheppard
Mordechai - Lou Michelson

Guards - *Miltoz Zides - Bobby Green*
Bucky Jacobson - Murray Zides

Ladies-in-waiting - *Goldie Rubin*
Barbara Essing

Harem Girls - *Enid Steverman*
Sara Essing
Marcia Koven
Doris Selick
Bessie Paikowsky
Helen Selick
Erminie Cohen
Ita Freedman
Barbara Shane

YOUNG JUDAEA

AND

VEIDAH '78



The staff—a program meeting.



The chaperones.



The Whole Gang Veidah '78



The PLO—"Observers"



Mid-East Peace conference.

TELEGRAM TO PRESIDENT CARTER,
[Forwarded to National Young Judaea]

March 25, 1978

Windsor, Nova Scotia
Canada

Mr. President:

We, the Atlantic Region Conference of Canadian Young Judaea, protest your present ambivalence to the security of the State of Israel. Your lack of concern is evident by your recent switch to supporting Arab claims, claims that can only lead to further endangering the lasting security of the citizens of Israel. We, the Jewish Youth of Atlantic Canada, consider your policies a return to the patterns of global policy that eventuated the Holocaust one generation ago. We demand reconsideration and justice.

Atlantic Region—Canadian Young Judaea

Joel Cuparfain, Halifax; Anita Wolman, Halifax; Tova Sherman, Halifax; Elana Velensky, Fredericton; Beth Velensky, Fredericton; Simone Rosenzweig, Fredericton; Eden Cohn, Halifax; Valerie Rose, Fredericton; Zack Rubin, Halifax; Jamie Gordon, Halifax; Marlene Garson, Toronto (Halifax); Barry David, Halifax; Brad Paul Saltzberg, Halifax; Marlene Elman, Sydney; Sandra Wolman, Halifax; Lawrence Chippin, Fredericton; Gila Smilestein, St. John's; Pamela Medjuck, Halifax; Perry Sable, Halifax; Richard Freedman, Saint John; Brian Ross, Halifax; Saul Landa, Halifax; Stuart Rechnitzer, Halifax; Jonathan Falk, Halifax; Peggy Rinzler, Moncton; Lynda Medjuck, Halifax; Marc Garson, Halifax; Michael Collins, Halifax; Jeff Wolman, Halifax; Ann David, Halifax; Joey Lang, Fredericton; Perry Chippin, Fredericton; Ken Gordon, Halifax.

COMBATting PALESTINIAN PROPAGANDA IN HALIFAX HIGH SCHOOLS

by **Brian Ross, Halifax**

On Wednesday, March 29th, **Dr. Ismail Zayid**, a Halifax Palestinian, brought his controversial viewpoint to the classrooms of Queen Elizabeth High School. To the surprise of many, he was met by fifteen young Zionists, prepared to stop the flood of half truths and blatant lies. By the latter part of his seminar, the majority of the audience was the Young Judaeans and in view of this and the evident pressure caused to Dr. Zayid, he promptly concluded.

It is interesting to note that although Dr. Zayid's plea was

for everyone to look at both sides (especially his) of the Palestine problem, he was reluctant to give any information or pamphlets including "Who is Menachem Begin" to the attending Young Judaeans. My congratulations, commendations and thanks to all those who attended.

It should be noted that several months ago, **Shaul Landa** addressed three high school classes on Zionism and the CZF office also provided the film "The Issue is Peace" which was shown just prior to Dr. Zayid's visit. At least five city High Schools will feature an "Israel Display" during the early part of May.

ON THE OCCASION OF ISRAEL'S 30th ANNIVERSARY

Atlantic Region Young Judaea
Rededicates itself to strengthening the
Zionist Commitment of Atlantic Jewish
Youth.

Richard Freedman
Perry Sable
Brian Ross

- Mazkir
- S'gan
- S'gan

Pam Medjuck
Shaul Landa

- Mazkir Klali
- Merakez

VEIDAH '78

A Great Event and a Sad Commentary

In the planning stages of Yound Judaea's VEIDAH '78 the mazkirut did not feel it was deceiving itself to anticipate at least sixty participants. After all, out of more than one hundred "possibles" from the region, sixty was not an unreasonable figure to expect. Veidah '78 planned to be the best ever: a luxury hotel in Windsor (pool and all), superb movies on Israel, feature movie "The Sting", a model Middle East Peace Conference, a professional disco, "Jewish Crisis Centre" program and an excellent plenum producing vital resolutions, Oneg Shabat and more. So, publicity was high (full page Shalom, flyers, etc.) and there was much talk about the highlights. But what happened? The Veidah attracted thirty-five enthusiastic participants. Of course, this was disturbing to the staff, but still, they were determined to make the best of it, which they did.

Veidah ran more smoothly than ever. All programs were fully attended and participation was on a high level. Ten important region-wide resolutions were passed as well as what action should be taken to usurp the recent political influence of the PLO in Halifax. A telegram addressed to President Carter expressing our sentiments re his vacillating Mid-East stand, was sent to National Office.

Mr. Zack Rubin, a chaperone for the convention, commented that in his day (not too long ago!) Veidot and P'gishot were attended not by thirty but by two hundred or two hundred and fifty participants. What's happened? Does not the future of Atlantic Jewry depend upon its youth today? Where are they? Everyone knew about it . . . the parents and the kids, the Rabbis, the community leaders etc., but still, a poor showing. Of special concern was the poor representation from Cape Breton—only **Marlene Elman** felt it worthwhile enough to come. Is this to be taken as an indication of our future? If so, it's bleak, and personally we're scared.

To conclude, it should be said, and cannot be denied by any Veidah '78 participants that **those who did not attend were those who lost out and who will continue to lose out in the struggle for Jewish survival.**

—The Mazkirut
Richard Freedman, Mazkir
Brian Ross, S'gan Mazkir
Perry Sable, S'gan Mazkir
Pam Medjuck, Mazkir Klali
Shaul Landa, Merakez

P.S. Most encouraging was the excellent turnout from Fredericton.

Shalom!

Well it has finally happened. The rebirth of Young Judeans in Fredericton. Our first meeting with the Gib-Gosh was a huge success. The kids loved it as well as the leaders. We hope to have many more in the future.

Wish us luck!

Chazak V'ematz
 F.Y.J.

Submitted by
Simone Rosenzweig



Cornhusking—an annual Veidah event.



The oreg—"Ani Ma'amin".



The kitchen staff—good food, good service.



The latest Shidach—Tal and Aviva.

Approved Resolutions of VEIDAH 1978

1. Be it resolved that all kenim organize displays and information booths relating to Israel's 30th Birthday, and establish them in schools, colleges and universities.

2. Be it resolved that every Judaeans respond vocally and actively to threats, stated or implied, relating to the Jewish People and the State of Israel.

3. Be it resolved that this Veidah send a telegram to President Carter protesting the changing American position vis a vis Israeli Security; i.e. the sale of planes, and the call for Israel to relinquish her territories.

4. Be it resolved that as Young Zionists, we reaffirm our commitment to the Jewish nation, religion and culture.

5. Be it resolved that Young Judaeans encourage their parents to vacation in Israel rather than elsewhere.

6. Be it resolved that Young Judaeans by age 19 experience a program in Israel.

7. Be it resolved that Atlantic Young Judaeans hold one official Hadracha Seminar per annum.

8. We Judaeans recognize the need for large Jewish families to increase world Jewish population, and therefore commit ourselves to raising larger families in the future.

9. Be it resolved that a mechanism be established in Young Judaea to monitor the media relating to Israel in every ken and that the results thereof be sent to Regional Office.

10. Be it resolved that every Atlantic Judaeans actively promote and attend Camp Kadimah this and all summers.



**5380 Inglis Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia
Phone: 425-3560**

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CAMP KADIMAH

Deadline for Registration:

Monday, May 15th

by Gabrielle Fogiel, Tel Aviv, Israel

I am thankful for the regular mailings of the Shalom magazines. It brings back beautiful memories from the time I spent at Camp Kadimah as well as reminding me from time to time of the strong link that exists between Canadian Jews and us, the Israeli-sabras. It is an encouraging bond, that I pray will never cease to exist. To realize we are not alone in our desperate struggle for survival gives us time and again the strength to continue.

The terrorist attack that took place a short time ago is, once again, what we are facing. It has been, also, one of the urges that have initiated this letter. I would like to share with you, and with others, some of the thoughts, emotions and conclusions that have surged forth as a result of that attack, conclusions regarding, strange as it may seem, the Israeli's identity, and its place in world Jewry.

I have known enough Canadians and Americans, to realize that at times they wonder as to what the Israelis are all about. The Israelis look to them conceited, ego-centric, stubborn, willful for no purpose, in short, puzzling and irritating. I would like, for once, and on the occasion of Israel's coming thirtieth anniversary, to try and present the other side of our nature, that darker side of our heart that has never received enough exposure to outsiders. May this small communication help to illuminate some of the more disturbing and inexplicable elements in the Israeli entity.

Two elementary forces had helped shape Israel into its present character: the European Founders of the state, that were mostly influential in the first decades before and after the establishment of the state; and the American Supporters, who came into the foreground in the second and third decades of the country's existence.

The Founders of the state of Israel had their roots in Europe. Upon their physical migration, many of them retained their Europeanized manners, their mentality and culture, their thought processes, native languages, down even to a hidden streak of conservatism and decadence. Most had even preserved their Jewish wanderers' identity. Settling down, working the earth, establishing homes

on their forefathers' land, could do nothing to change that basic inherent element of vagabondism and escapism that had been their sole means of survival for hundreds of years. The men that seized the power in Israel, all the members of the Israeli governments and parliaments, have come from that main stream of settlers. Their mental institutions, alas, could not get used to the physical change, and remained that of ancient European Jewry.

The modern Supporters of Israel, those people who took over as main sculpturers that fashioned the spirit of the state, stood at the other end of the Judaic traditionalism. Living in the American democracy, they felt powerful enough to cast their authoritarian imprint from afar. They did not, in most instances, need or strive at achieving even the degree of assimilation and integration that their European counterparts had to resort to mainly out of objective historical factors. They used modern media and sophisticated techno-political devices, to mold Israel's character through remote control. Money, socio-economic pressures, and a distant and indirect psychological affect, proved sufficient means for their somewhat unconscious end, that of participating in the growth and defense of the homeland of the Jews. They were Israel's friendly ghosts, its symbiotic partners, at once real and unseen.

A relation of mutual exploitation arose between these two social groups. The Americans used the Europeo-Israelies to ease their pangs of conscience as to their Jewish identity crisis. The Europeo-Israelies used the Americans for a similar cause, that of overcoming their inability to fuse their Jewish restlessness with the reality of a stable, earth-oriented reality, through material means.

And yet, this exploitative relation was not the whole picture. Into that two dimensional structure entered a third element, as powerful and as self-righteous as the other two. The new Israeli-sabra was born.

The crossbreeding between the Europeanized and the Americanized Jewish mentalities gave birth to the most unexpected offspring, a "child" that had both his "parents" traits, together with something uniquely his own.

The Israel-sabra is a new phenomenon in this young country, a fact that many people tend to forget. A newborn babe, who, as soon as he opened his eyes, found himself caught in the grips of two super parental powers. These forces, that were affecting him in his growth, were extremely opposed. He was being pulled by European over-puritanism and mannerism on the one hand, and by American over-liberalism and artlessness on the other, till his body and his soul were torn apart.

Moreover, like parents engaging in a symbiotic power-struggle, these two antagonists felt they had to draw the child each to his own side in order to triumph. As in Solomon's trial, the child who was claimed by both parents as his own, was not given the chance to develop or to learn to know himself apart from his parents. The real loser, as the case had always proved to be, was the child.

The Israeli-sabra is a lost, bewildered soul. Many of his more aggressive characteristics stem from that very bewilderment. He hears voices calling him forth, luring him like the Sirens song, equally attractive in their concealed promises. His own underdeveloped inner voice is of no help to him, echoing only the confusion of his soul. He knows not where to turn or how to react. Like an adolescent faced with contradictory factors, he is forced to retreat into an unreal land, where power is violence, and energy tension.

As a result of that inner confusion, the Israeli-sabra finds himself living out a paradox. His ultimate self-assertion comes not from within, not from his growing cognitive or mental faculties, but from without, at a level of perceptual and instinctual reactionism. . . Perversely, it is through force that he finds values, through rage that he discovers love, and through pain that he accepts humanity, his own humanity. It is through his state of perpetual war and strife that the Israeli-sabra ultimately finds his own sense of identity.

It is ironic, yes. Absurd? Perhaps. But real, nevertheless. Five wars of independence in twenty-five years are no fortuity. They arose from a deep psychological need, both of the Arabs

Cont'd on Page 65

and of the Israelis. Life seems to place on man's road nothing but the things that he needs most. Necessity had determined the course of events in the Middle East. Jewish necessity on the one hand, Arab necessity on the other, and Israeli necessity as well. It was an unfortunate chain reaction that was at the basis of many of the occurrences. Like a child, following his primitive sense of life, the Israeli-sabra was forced to react to external circumstances, till he got carried away in a whirl of actions that he could not control.

The Israeli-Sabra did not wish to be devoid of self-respect, nobility, dignity and faith, but he had never been given the time to acquire them. He did not wish to remain at the animalistic level of instinctual reaction, but in his struggle for survival, he had been taught nothing but to react. He did not wish to be anything but that which he wanted to discover himself to be, and yet reality had ordered him differently.

Why did he feel he had to be the greatest, the purest, the most just? Why was he made to feel guilty when he did not succeed in that super-human task? Why was it that his "parents", those who had given him life, demand so much of him till he felt unworthy of any normal praise? It was the extreme, selfish, merciless expectations of the Jews in the world, not the bloody, cruel battles with the Arabs, that caused the basic inferiority feeling of the Israeli-sabra. He had to prove, and prove, and prove, not to himself, but to others, not that he was what he was, but that he was not what he was asked, expected to be. His crime did not arise from anything he did, but from the things he failed to do. His was the failure of the real to stand up to the ideal!

The aspirations of world Jewry, and especially the American Jewry, each dream, each vision, had been placed

on his frail shoulders. The new Israeli was to be the Jewish Atlas, carrying a world of unfulfilled desires and unrealized wishes on his back. When he, the inexperienced, the naive, the weak, failed to answer those colossal demands, he became at once the scapegoat for the Jews' own failing self.

I am an Israeli-sabra. I was born to European parents, and I've spent a few years in Canada and the States. I've encountered those inhuman expectations, I've seen those condemnatory glances, I've suffered from the denunciatory sentences. Some of them came from people who have never been to Israel, and who yet feel they had every right to criticize and judge us. Some came from people who never as much as tried to comprehend the essence and the reasons, the complex problematics of being an Israeli-sabra. We were their mirrors, and they hated what they saw there. They did not realize, however, that in accusing us, in blaming us for those grave faults and failures, they were only exhibiting their own worst sores in public.

This communique is at once an apologie and an accusation on behalf of the Israeli-sabra. The thirtieth anniversary of the State of Israel is approaching, a date that, to my mind, must be a turning point in Israel's history. For thirty years the Israeli-sabra has been a victim of the European-American power-struggle, both in its external political manifestations, and in its internal psycho-sociological one. It is high time that the Israeli-sabra begins to find himself, to liberate himself, to mature. A process of individuation takes place in every man, and in every collective group of people such as a state is. Our adolescence must be over. We want to grow up, to find our consciousness as a nation, our self-identity not as a reflection of the Wandering Jew, but as a complete, wholesome personality

of our own. Help us make it come true! Accept us at last for what we are, not for what you would like us to be!

The process of maturation is painful; it requires the utmost concentration of inner strength, dynamism, talent and faith. Help us grow up by letting us be. We cannot evolve as long as that critical eye is cast upon us to check each mistake we make. Growing up requires making mistakes, it assumes gaining experiences through failings. Be less harsh in your judgements of us, less hasty in your conclusions, less impatient. We are young, we are only now beginning to learn our own identity. Let us learn it our own way.

The Israeli-sabra is a Jew, his whole existence attests to that fact. We acknowledge the tie, the brotherhood, the common inheritance, even if we seem at times to treat them lightly. We need you, our American friends, our brothers, our other selves. But need is no block money for freedom. A man cannot give of himself on conditions, a nation can do it least yet. To Shine out, one has to unveil ones' inner light. When we unveil ours as a nation, we would be able to share it with you for all generations to come. Not a moment before!

This is my appeal, I, the Israeli-sabra, stepping into the fourth decade of his country's existence. I convey to you my loving words, my warm hug, my friendly spirit. My scolding stems out of faith, out of my greatest belief in man's ability to know, to learn, to grow, to correct his mistakes, to forgive.

May this relation that had begun more than thirty years ago continue and strengthen on a healthier basis, till you and we become but the extension of each other, with one heart, one soul, one spirit.

Editor's Note: "Gabi" Fogiel was on staff at Camp Kadimah during the summer of 1974.

Deadline for Summer Issue: Monday, June 12th.



by Mr. Justice J.L. Dubinsky

"Lu amee shomayah lee"
 "If only my people
 would listen to me . . ."

Those who are accustomed to daily prayer will recognize immediately the above extract from the 81st Psalm in which the psalmist quotes God as expressing sorrow over His people's stubbornness and their unwillingness to listen to Him. We recite this Psalm every Thursday at the end of the morning's service just as used to do the Levites centuries ago in their Temple ritual on the fifth day of the week.

Nearly every person, at one time or another, has had occasion to say something to this effect: "I wish that so and so had listened to me!" Or, what may have been said was this: "I wish that I had listened to so and so!" Recently, I have had occasion to express the following thought: "If only somebody had paid attention to what I said". Before I explain what I had in mind, let me tell you something that occurred years ago.

In 1958, I was chosen to be the Liberal standard bearer for the constituency of Cape Breton South in the Federal election of that year. I am satisfied that I put up a good fight but I was roundly defeated. Incidentally, that was the year when the one and only John G. Diefenbaker (later the Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker) led his Progressive Conservative Party to a smashing victory in Canada. It was not surprising for a Liberal candidate from Cape Breton to be defeated that year. He certainly had lots of company throughout the country.

The truth of the matter is that I was secretly very pleased that I had lost. At no time did I ever consider myself as being a politician. A politician, in my opinion, is that sort of an individual

The Growing Bankruptcy Of Synagogue Life

who is able to arouse unbounded enthusiasm among a lot of people for the cause which he or she espouses and conversely, a politician must necessarily create considerable antagonism on the part of many other people who are opposed to that politician's views. I have never considered myself as having been able to generate great enthusiasm as politicians are wont to do. On the other hand, I have been rather fortunate—at least up to the present—in avoiding bitter antagonism. That such a self-appraisal is fairly accurate was proven recently and serves to explain my above-mentioned thought: "If only somebody had paid attention to what I said".

In the last issue of "Shalom", I wrote an article which I entitled "Our Pride and Our Shame". In it I had some criticism to offer about the attitude of so many members in each congregation in Halifax to synagogue worship. I mentioned the fact that we have two beautiful synagogues in this city and that both at Beth Israel and at Shaar Shalom we are blessed with dedicated Rabbis who are untiring in their efforts on behalf of their congregants. At Beth Israel we are also fortunate in having a man who serves tirelessly as Cantor, Torah reader, teacher and youth leader. At every service on Sabbath and Yom-tov, our Rabbis deliver timely and thought-provoking sermons. We have at the Shaar and at the Beth a number of men who as gaboyim have devoted themselves unselfishly to the ritual of their respective synagogues. The service in each sanctuary leaves little to be desired. Yet in each of these truly splendid houses of worship our eyes are assailed by row upon row of empty seats whenever we meet to pray on the Sabbath or Festival.

I had hoped that this article, based as it was upon personal observation over the years in both sanctuaries, would elicit some discussion touching upon the obvious apathy and indifference to synagogue life on the part of many members in both congregations. But I can tell you that apart from the Editor of "Shalom" who expressed his pleasure with my article, only one person saw fit to comment on it to me and he, fortunately, said that he liked

it very much. There was not a single word of dissent on the part of anyone—not even from any of the numerous people who years ago brought about the severing of the former congregation and who contributed time, effort, money, sinew and sweat towards the building of the two new beautiful edifices for worship to God.

As contemplated the futile effect of the article—and I am immodest enough to say that it was a good one whether a person agreed with it or not—I could not help but think of two lines in a favourite poem of mine. I make reference to the beautiful "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard" by the 18th century poet, Thomas Gray. In it, Gray says at one point:

"Full many a flour is
 born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness
 on the desert air".

Perhaps, and more pointedly, I should adopt the words of a well-known New York personality who died in 1940. He was the famous boxing promoter Joe Jacob who in 1935 made the following now famous comment:

"I should of stood in bed".

I asked myself: "What happens now?" Should I quietly desist from my efforts and accept with resignation the factual bleak situation, namely, that apathy and indifference will continue to be the order of the day at Beth Israel and at Shaar Shaom? I am firmly of the belief that no concerned congregant can shrug his or her shoulders and leave the brunt of the struggle to be borne by the two men who presently occupy our pulpits. That is why I am making at least one more effort to arouse discussion—even controversy—on a subject which I consider to be vital to the continuation of our Jewish way of life in this metropolis.

In "Pirke Abot"—"Sayings of the Fathers", V. 20, we read the following sentence: "Kol machlokes shahee leshem shomayim, sofoh lehiskayem"—"Any controversy which is in the name of Heaven (from sincere motive) is destined to result in something permanent". It is in the spirit of this quotation that I now say a few more things about synagogue life in Halifax but this time, something also about

that subject as seen in Saint John, New Brunswick. I begin with the latter.

Anyone reading about Saint John in the last and previous issues of "Shalom" would have every reason to feel that here is a community where Jewish life is vibrant. I am not suggesting that it is not, but let me tell of the following little incident.

A few weeks ago, I had occasion to hold Court in Saint John. I arrived in the city late at night. The next morning on rising, my thoughts turned to the morning prayers. I hasten to make clear, in all honesty, that my thoughts toward prayers were not necessarily so directed because of any religious bent. Rather, it was the result of a habit that had grown with me—as indeed it has with many people—over the years. Both the Talmud and our Common Law are agreed on this principle: "A custom that has been followed a long time takes on the attributes of a rule of law". In any event, at about 7:30 a.m., when I thought it would be appropriate to make an inquiry, I called the synagogue. To my delight, I heard a man's very pleasant voice on the other end of the telephone. I said to myself: "Splendid! They are already gathering for the morning minyon."

"What time do services begin?", I asked the gentleman and I was somewhat taken aback when I heard his exclamation: "Services! What services are you talking about?"

"The morning services—today's minyon", I replied.

"Oh", he said and it seemed to me that there was something of a chuckle in his voice:

"We don't have a minyon except sometimes when somebody is observing a *yahrzeit*".

"Who are you?", I asked, sensing at once what his answer would be.

"I am the caretaker", he replied. He was extremely polite and I complimented him on his perfect pronunciation of the words "minyon" and "*yahrzeit*". He thanked me and said that he was perfectly familiar with these words.

Undaunted, I pressed on.

"I suppose, I said in a solicitous tone on voice. "Quite a few of the members are out of the city, probably spending some time down South. If they were back home, there would certainly be a weekly morning service."

The caretaker agreed that some members were away. However, he went on to say:

"It isn't because some of them are

away that there is no service here during the week. The real reason is that the Jewish community has dwindled in Saint John during the past few years."

Were this so-called "storm" to have hit the city on a weekday, I have every reason to believe that it would not have prevented anyone of the congregation from having pursued his or her normal activities for that day. If school were not cancelled, our children would have been sent to school, to their music lessons, their tap-dancing instructions, their fancy skating sessions or riding instructions. Their parents would not have missed being at their businesses, their offices or doing their shopping in the supermarkets. But who would venture out on a Saturday in a "storm" to go to a synagogue? It could only be a handful of "foolhardy" men and women to whom a synagogue is something more than an occasional dropping in place. Why go to services if it is snowing and blowing when there is no Bar-mitzvah and it is not the High Holy Days nor is it a Festival when one must drop in to say a prayer for a departed father or mother?

Yes, on that Sabbath of Parshas Shkolim and Sabbath Mvorchin we did have in Beth Israel eighteen male worshippers and a lesser number of female worshippers. Bear in mind that at Beth Israel we have about two hundred and twenty members and if you count children—young and old—that number becomes considerably larger. We did not have those people who apparently years ago were so prominent in erecting this edifice to God's service. But we did have eighteen men and eighteen means Chai-life. So the walls of our synagogue did not have to weep that Sabbath for did we not have "life" there on that "stormy" morning?

Now for a final word relative to Shaar Shalom. One day, a couple of weeks ago, I arrived at the morning minyon at Beth Israel pleasantly surprised to see a member of Shaar Shalom in attendance. He was observing the *yahrzeit* for one of his parents. This gentleman is a prominent member of Shaar Shalom Synagogue. I happen to know that for years he has devoted himself freely and selflessly to the needs of his congregation. Yet his devotion and work and sacrifice could not guarantee him a minyon when he wanted to honor the memory of a departed mother or father. There would be no problem of attendance if some musical

event were taking place at the Shaar. Many would be in attendance. But when it comes to spending from a half hour to three quarters of an hour for a simple religious service, this man must come to Beth Israel. But even there, he would not have been able to count on a minyon were it not for the continued daily presence of a truly dedicated small core of men whom with the greatest of respect and affection I refer to as "our devoted minyonaires".

I thanked him for his information and that ended our conversation. But it did not end my thinking of the Saint John Jewish community. Although I have not been a frequent visitor in that city, I had heard enough about its Jewish citizens to know that they had a fine historic past. Over the years, this community had produced leading business and professional people, men and women who were actively involved in many aspects of the city's life. Jewish people were prominent in Saint John's civic politics, in its service clubs and in its recognized community organizations. They have brought credit to the city and to their Jewish congregation. I have had the privilege of personally knowing several outstanding members of Shaarei Zedek synagogue.

I was greatly impressed that morning with the caretaker's politeness. However, not for a moment could I accept his explanation for the failure of the Saint John congregation to muster a sufficient number of its adherents in order to hold a daily minyon service. As I recalled the proud past of this Jewish community which today could not hold a short morning service, I could not help but recall David's mournful but immortal words: "Aych noflu geeborim!"—"How are the mighty fallen!" What is true today of Halifax is also true of Saint John. The real reason lies in apathy and growing indifference to synagogue life.

Let us turn again to Beth Israel. It is Saturday, March 4, 1978. It is Sabbath of course. But it is also Parshas Shkolim, a very special date in our Jewish calendar and it also happens to be Shabbas Mvorchin—the day when we bless the new month of Adar 2. We take out two Sifrei Torah (Holy Scrolls) to be read on that day. Undoubtedly, the Rabbi has prepared a very special sermon for this significant Sabbath day.

Alas, however, the dawn that morning brought a storm to the city. It was not a terribly severe storm. Certainly it was not one which my late father would describe in his Russian or Polish oriented Yiddish as a "zavarucha"—a real tempest. Years ago, the hardy people of Cape Breton

would not have given it more than a passing thought. But the less hardy good citizens of Halifax were affected by it and it had the result of bringing to the synagogue that day only eighteen male congregants including the Rabbi and Cantor. There was a fairly good turnout of female worship-

pers. Incidentally, I would like to mention that the women of Beth Israel Synagogue, comparatively speaking, attend services on Sabbath and Yom-tov in much larger numbers than do the men. As for the children on that particular Sabbath, there were, I believe, no more than two.



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THE STATE OF ISRAEL

וכי־תבאו
אל־הארץ
ונטעתם
כל־עץ
מאכל

“And when ye
shall come
to the land,
ye shall plant
all manner
of trees”

Leviticus XIX, 23



National Co Chairman
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JNF of Canada
for the Atlantic Region:
LEONARD J. KAPLANSKY

Special Emissary
for the Atlantic Region:
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Halifax Chairman:
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CAMP KADIMAH

Deadline for Registration: Monday, May 15th

Jewish National Fund

J.N.F.'s NATIONAL PRESIDENT VISITS THE ST. JOHN'S COMMUNITY

by Moses Kantorowitz

On March 7, 1978 the Jewish community of St. John's, Newfoundland was visited by **Mr. Nathan Scott**, National President of J.N.F., **Mr. Harris Gulko**, Executive Vice-President, **Lt. Col. Moshe Drori**, Special Emissary for the Atlantic Region and **Lt. Col. Amos Gilboa**, Educational Emissary for the J.N.F.

An informal meeting of the community took place in the Beth El Synagogue chaired by **Mr. Moses Kantorowitz**, Chairman of St. John's branch of J.N.F. The guests were introduced by **Mr. Mortimer Flomen**. Speakers for the evening were **Mr. Nathan Scott** and **Mr. Harris Gulko**. An informative film about J.N.F. activities and accomplishments was shown, projected by **Rabbi David Zlatin**.

A word of thanks to the guests was expressed by **Mr. Maurice Wilansky**. Refreshments were served by the ladies of Hadassah, **Mrs. Tova Auerbach**, **Mrs. Eda Lipkus** and **Mrs. Dorothy Riteman**.

In all it turned out to be a successful evening as five Groves of 1000 trees each were purchased by members of that small community.

The Purchasers were:

Mr. & Mrs. Philip Auerbach

Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer Flomen

Mr. & Mrs. Moshe Kantorowitz

Mr. & Mrs. William Toytman

Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Wilansky

Presentations of Certificates were made to previous Grove purchasers.



Left to right: **Moses Kantorowitz**; National President **Nathan Scott**; Executive Vice-President **Harris D. Gulko**.



Mr. Ruby Smilestein presented with certificate.



Mr. & Mrs. M. Flomen presented with certificate on behalf of Mr. I. Silver and the late Mrs. Silver.

Lt. Col. Amos Gilboa Visits Young Judaea

by **Brian Ross, Halifax**

Halifax Young Judaea was honoured to spend Shavuot Eve with **Lt. Col. Amos Gilboa** from the Jewish National Fund. Although only nine Judaeans participated, it was found to be an intimate, informative evening for all. Movies on historical Israel were shown, and Israeli fruits were eaten. All participants had an enjoyable evening, but the question is, as usual, where were the rest?



Lt.-Col. Amos Gilboa speaking to senior Judaeans.

Mr. & Mrs. Hyman Feldman of Woodstock, New Brunswick visiting their Grove Project in CANADA PARK while on their trip to Israel last winter.

NEW OFFICIALS NOMINATED FOR JEWISH NATIONAL FUND

On behalf of our National President, **Mr. Nathan Scott** and our Executive of the Jewish National Fund of Canada, I wish to announce that after many years of devoted service, **Mr. Peter Herschorn** is retiring as Regional Chairman of Jewish National Fund for the Atlantic Region.

We are pleased to inform you that **Mr. Leonard J. Kaplansky** of Saint John, N.B. will succeed Mr. Herschorn as Regional Chairman and **Mr. Neil Franklin** has accepted

the Chairmanship of the Halifax-Dartmouth area.

On behalf of the J.N.F. and all the Jewish communities across the Atlantic Region, may I extend our deepest thanks to Mr. Herschorn for his long, devoted and successful services for the sake of the State of Israel and its people.

We congratulate our two new appointed officers **Mr. Kaplansky** and **Mr. Franklin** and wish them and all of us an enjoyable and fruitful era.



Leonard Kaplansky



Mr. Neil Franklin



Peter Herschorn



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a Jewish/Israel studies program
extensive tours of Israel
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THE DEAD PAST IS VERY

by Rabbi Benjamin G. Eisenberg, Saint John

One day last week I came home from my study very tired for I had been working since seven in the morning, without even taking a break for lunch, and came home after six. My good wife took one look at me and said, "You're too tired to eat now; rest up first in your easy chair and then have your dinner." I sat down and started thinking of tonight's Program and my own talk I had to complete for the celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the State of Israel. But my brain was as tired as my body, and nothing came to mind. My eyes were beginning to close, when suddenly I saw before me a very old man stretching out his hand and giving me a very sing-songy "Shalom Aleychem."

"Who are you?" I asked, "and where does a Jew come from?"

"I have the distinction", he replied, "of being the very first Zionist upon this earth and I come from touring the world".

"You're putting me on", I exclaimed. "You would have to be over one-hundred years old to be the first Zionist. If my memory serves me right, the Bilu movement came into being in the 1870's!"

"I kid you not", he said with a smile. "As a Rabbi, you should have guessed that Abraham was the first Zionist and made Aliyah about 3800 years ago. I am your Patriarch Abraham."

I was flabbergasted! After a few minutes with my mouth still open, I realized that the man wasn't joking. He was Abraham, or his spirit, or something. I began muttering, "Oh my, oh my, please father Abraham, here take this easy chair. You must be hungry, you must be thirsty. Please, tell me what to give you." By that time I was running about the room like a chicken without a head.

"Please, Rabbi, don't bother", he gently said. "I came here for just one purpose, to congratulate you and your Jewish community on the 30th Anniversary of the State of Israel and perhaps answer any questions that may trouble you."

"Oy, oy, do I have questions!" I exploded with relief. "I have questions. My members have questions. My Christian friends have questions. If I had as many dollars as I have questions, even with the present inflation and the devaluation of the Canadian dollar, I would be a millionaire, quit the Rabbinate and go to Israel to fight the PLO!"

Abraham smiled at me benignly and said, "Give me a for instance?"

"I'll give you a thousand for instances", I vehemently replied. "Look at Israel's poverty! Its economic condition is getting worse by the day. How can Israel possibly expect a large immigration from Western countries when so many in Israel suffer so much deprivation?!"

"So what else is new?" he replied good-naturedly. "When I lived in Israel 3800 years ago, we also had such conditions. Once it got so bad during a famine that we had to pack up and leave for Egypt. And believe me, Egypt would have been the last place I would go to, but when you are hungry you go."

"And how about security? Look at all those people getting killed over there. When I was in Jerusalem in 1973, I had visited the Shuk. Just as I left it, a bomb exploded and killed and maimed some people. Look at all those people we lost through the terrorists. Only several weeks ago there was the tragedy on the road to Haifa."

Abraham sighed and said, "True, it was more civilized in my day. But we also had security problems. Life is full of insecurities. My only nephew, Lot, was kidnapped and I had to organize an army to free him. During my time and during the time of my son, Isaac, we were repeatedly molested by the Philistines. Their favorite sport was to destroy our water-wells. We used to spend months in exploration and digging wells, and they came and destroyed them overnight. Even in those days water was a precious commodity. But we took these troubles in stride and overcame them."

"What really bugs me, Father Abraham, is the loose morality in Israel. After all, it is the Holy Land, and yet we find an abundance of 'les femmes du nuit'."

Abraham smiled and said, "I've never become bilingual, but I suppose you mean prostitution. Ah, those hot hot-blooded Mediterraneans! It was the same in my time."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. Where, in the Bible, do you find immorality in the Patriarchal age?"

"Have you forgotten, Rabbi, that when I went to Egypt I had to lie about Sarah my wife and tell them that she was my sister. Otherwise, they would have killed me and violated her. It was only through God's intervention that Sarah escaped harm."

"But that was Egypt", I argued, "and not Canaan!"

"And have you forgotten, Rabbi, that the same thing happened in Canaan when I came to king Abimelech in Gerar. Again I had to lie, and again Sarah was taken from me, and again God had to save her from the lecherous Abimelech!"

"But those people were not Jews", I persisted in my argument, "I'm talking about our own Jewish people living in Israel, in the Holy Land and practicing the oldest profession!"

Just then I heard a voice saying: "Abraham, let me answer that argumentative Rabbi." I beheld a figure imposing in his dignity and authority. Rays of light reflected from his visage. The wisdom of the ages was stamped upon his face and shone through his eyes.

"My son", he said, "what makes the difference between evil and good, between morality and immorality is Torah, for it is the Torah that disciplines, purifies and makes holy. If you see evil in Israel, it is because they have discarded the teachings of the Torah. There will come a time, and we see it coming now, when the Torah once again will become the discipline of their lives and then you will see quite a change. Meanwhile, we must be patient. I learned patience during those forty years in the desert!"

"Holy Moses!" I cried out. "You are Moses! To what do I owe this tremendous honor of your visit to my house?"

"I'm not honoring you", he replied, "I'm honoring the Torah you possess and that you are trying to impart to your members and to their children."

MUCH ALIVE, A PHANTASY

"But how long, Moshe Rabenu, how long holy Moses, will it take for Israel to become once again a Holy Land?"

"Who knows?" replied Moses with a sigh. "In the eyes of God a thousand years is but as yesterday. It took me forty years before I was able to get them to the Jordan, forty years before I was successful to make them believe in One God, and even then they built a golden calf."

"Forgive me for interrupting, Moshe Rabenu", I said, "but it has always perturbed me when I hear people joking and saying over and over again that you made a geographical error when you took them to a new land. Instead of turning left as you did, you should have turned right and then we would have had all the oil wells of Saudi Arabia and all our problems would have been solved."

Moses looked sad as he answered. "Im really amazed at you, Rabbi. You are talking like any other hardened materialist! True, the Saudies have oil wells and great wealth. They have cadillacs and real estate in London and elsewhere. When the oil is gone, their wealth will be gone, and they have nothing else of a lasting nature. What culture do they have? Even their Moslem religion they took from the Jews! But look at our people; they are The People of the Book. Yes, had I taken the right turn they would have had oil, but would they have had the Torah? Would they have had the spiritual giants, the prophets? They would have had harems and palaces, but would they have had great Rabbis who produced the Talmud, the Midrashim? Would they have had the great philosophers and scientists which our people produced throughout the ages to this very day. Compare the contribution the Saudies had made to world civilization to that of our people? I wouldn't trade all the oil in the world for any one of the great ideas which the Jewish people had produced. Believe me, Rabbi, I knew my Geography. When I turned left I knew what I was doing!"

I felt ashamed. I couldn't look Moses straight in the face and in a whisper I quoted the words, "Moshe emet v'torato emet, Moses is true and his Torah is true!"

Both Moses and Abraham congratulated me on the 30th Anniversary of the State of Israel and left the house. I was just about to close the door, when I noted a venerable old man standing at the foot of the stairs. More than the other two, he looked like a Rabbi. I thought to myself that he must be a M'shulach and said to myself that I will give him a contribution from the Rabbi's Fund.

"What Yeshivah are you collecting for", I queried.

As any Jew does, he answered with a question. "And how did you know that I was once a M'shulach?"

"Am I to understand that you are no longer a M'shulach? What Yeshivah were you collecting for in the past?"

Again he answered with a question: "Who says that it had to be a Yeshivah?"

"Then it must have been an orphanage or a hospital in Israel", I wagered to guess.

"No", he replied, "I was collecting moneys to purchase weapons to fight the enemy."

"For which one of the wars, 1948, 1956, the Six Day War or the Yom Kippur War?"

"No, for none of these. It was for the war with the

Romans in 132 of our current era."

After having spoken to Abraham and Moses, I was no longer surprised that I now had the honor of speaking to the great Rabbi Akiba ben Joseph.

"But isn't that a rather strange occupation for a Rabbi to collect money for ammunition. That kind of thing is usually done by military men."

"It is just as much a Rabbi's duty to fight for freedom and to defend life as anybody else's, in fact, more. What is more significant, all my 24 thousand students volunteered and many of them were killed in battle between Pesach and Shavuot. That is why Sefirah is still to this day a period of mourning."

"You know", I said, "I can truly say that the great Rabbi Akiba and I have something in common. When I appeal for Israel Bonds, or the United Israel Appeal, I am in a sense also a M'shulach just as you were in the second century of our era. Let us share some of our experiences."

"We certainly have much in common", said Rabbi Akiba. "But my work was a bit more difficult. I had to travel by foot or mule the breath and length of Palestine to collect moneys and weapons. Furthermore, it was very hazardous. I had to keep a sharp lookout for Roman spies who were tailing me all the time."

"Did you have the disappointments of people not giving according to their means, or of people pledging and not honoring their pledge, or of people ignoring you when you enter their place of business and then when you finally get to see them, their response is to come tomorrow, or of people giving you such a hard luck story that you have the feeling they would like to receive a contribution instead of giving one?"

"From what you say", said Akiba, "I see that human nature in 1978 is the same as it was in 132. But the main thing is not to lose courage. Though General Bar Kochba, whom I had appointed, won several of the battles, the war with the Romans was lost because of their superior forces. Nevertheless, we had written a glorious chapter in the history of our people."

"I confess, Rabbi Akibah, that many of my Congregants and I shed a tear when I read on Yom Kippur the horrible way in which you and nine other Rabbis were put to death by the terrible Romans. You were glorious in your death as you were in your life!"

"Keeping our memory alive in your midst", said the Rabbi "is the best guarantee that our ideals of freedom and independence will stay alive. Remember, Rabbi, to preach to your people that the fortress of Massadah which was the last to succumb in that war against the Romans, must never fall again. It will never fall again if world Jewry gives its fullest support to the State of Israel, and Mazol Tov to you and your members on Israel's 30th Anniversary."

As he left, a throng of other people were rushing up and grabbing me to congratulate me on this 30th Anniversary. Many of them I could recognize. There was Theodore Herzle, Nachum Sokolov, Chaim Weizman, Moshe Shareet,

Yitzhak ben Zvi, Henrietta Szold, Trumpeldore, Golda Meir, Stephen Wise, Abba Hillel Silver, Rabbi Kalisher, Moshe Dayan, Abba Iban and others. There were some that I did not recognize, and I was asking, "who are you; who are you? who are you? who are you? Then I heard a voice very close, "I am your wife!"

I woke up to find Jeanette pulling me out of the easy chair

THE WONDERS OF REALITY by Gary Lipschutz, Glace Bay, N.S., age 13

I wonder as I lay in bed,
What would've happened, if I instead,
Did this instead of that and that instead of this.
I wonder, what could I have possibly missed?

I wonder, as I gaze at the shiny glittering stars,
'Bout the planets; Mercury, Saturn and Mars,
'Bout the galaxies, the universe and of what's beyond
heaven above.
I wonder, do we all know the right meaning of brotherhood,
friendship and love?

I often wonder about what happened in biblical days—our
well known history,
Or of a recent incident, an unsolved mystery.
Of all I desire, should I always have hope?
I wonder, should I still believe in my daily horoscope?

I wonder about the future, a lot about the past.

and urging me to have my dinner. As I was eating I told her my dream. She became contemplative and said, "When I went to school, I hated history because I thought that it was a dead subject, but it is really far from dead."

"It sure isn't dead," I agreed. "The so-called dead are very much alive!"

Did I say the right thing the day before last?
I wonder, why does this create happiness; Why does that
cause fear?
Should I accomplish it next week, or should I wait for next
year?

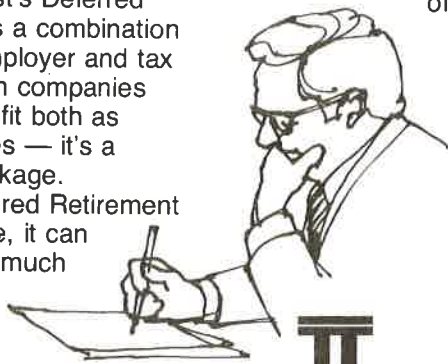
I wonder, is there an answer to all the confusion;
Is the solution, of reality, or is it just another illusion?
Now the following morning, I wonder, as I watch the sun
rise in the sky,
'Bout the day I was born and of the day I will die.

I wonder, do we always get what we deserve or do we always
deserve what we receive?
Is this the truth, is that a lie—Do we really know when to
believe?

I wonder, will we get what we hate, or what we adore?
Only God knows, for us, what's in store.
Will there be joy or will there be sorrow?
One can only tell, as the world enters tomorrow.

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United Jewish Appeal

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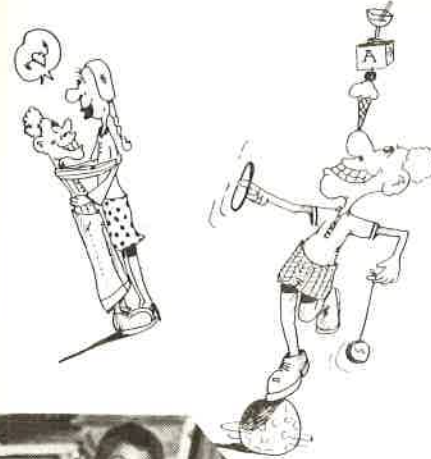
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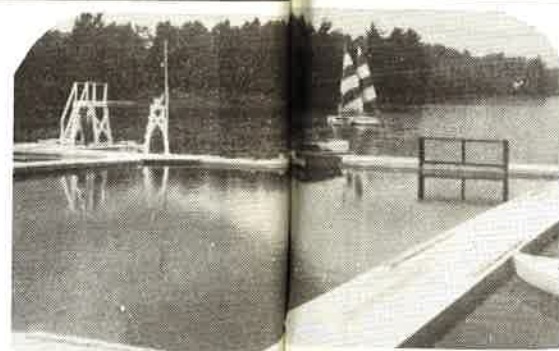
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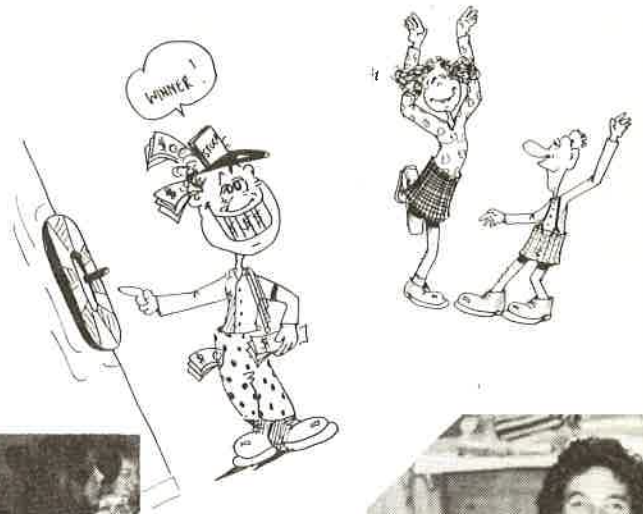
Deadline for Registrations: Monday, May 15th
Camper Application on last page



CAMP KADIMAH

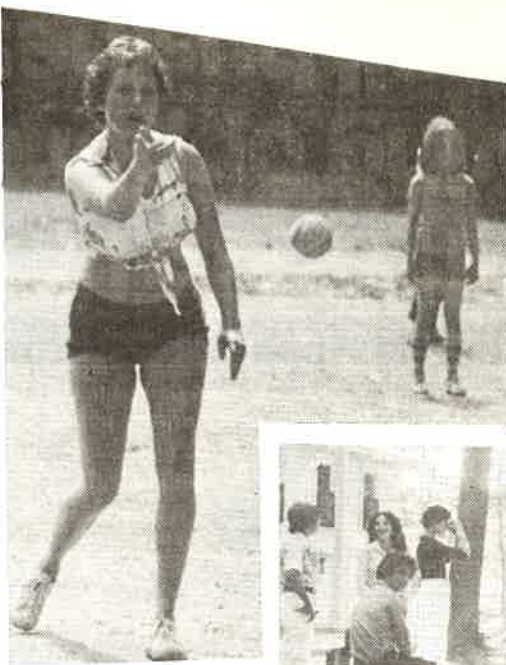
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Age _____ Date of Birth _____ Grade (to be _____
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Address _____ City _____ Code _____ Phone _____

Father's Name _____ Occupation _____ Mother's Name _____

Camp Experience _____ How many years _____

Medical Insurance Plan and No. _____

Is parent a CAMP KADIMAH EMERGENCY FUND contributor _____

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1. Applications are subject to approval of the camp committee.
2. Registration fee is \$850 for the first child and \$800 for the second child and for each child thereafter. This includes sickness and accident insurance, canteen, and membership in Canadian Young Judaea for the 1978-79 year. Fee will be refunded in full in the event of camper withdrawal prior to commencement of camp season.
3. No allowance is made for camper's late arrival. In case of early withdrawal, a flat rate of \$25.00 per day will be charged.
4. If it is necessary to use outside optical or dental aid for camper's health, all such expenses will be paid by the parents.
5. The camp is not responsible for camper's personal belongings lost or damaged by fire, theft, in the laundry, etc. in camp or while in transit.
6. No camper will be accepted without a medical examination.
7. A \$200.00 deposit MUST accompany the camper's application.

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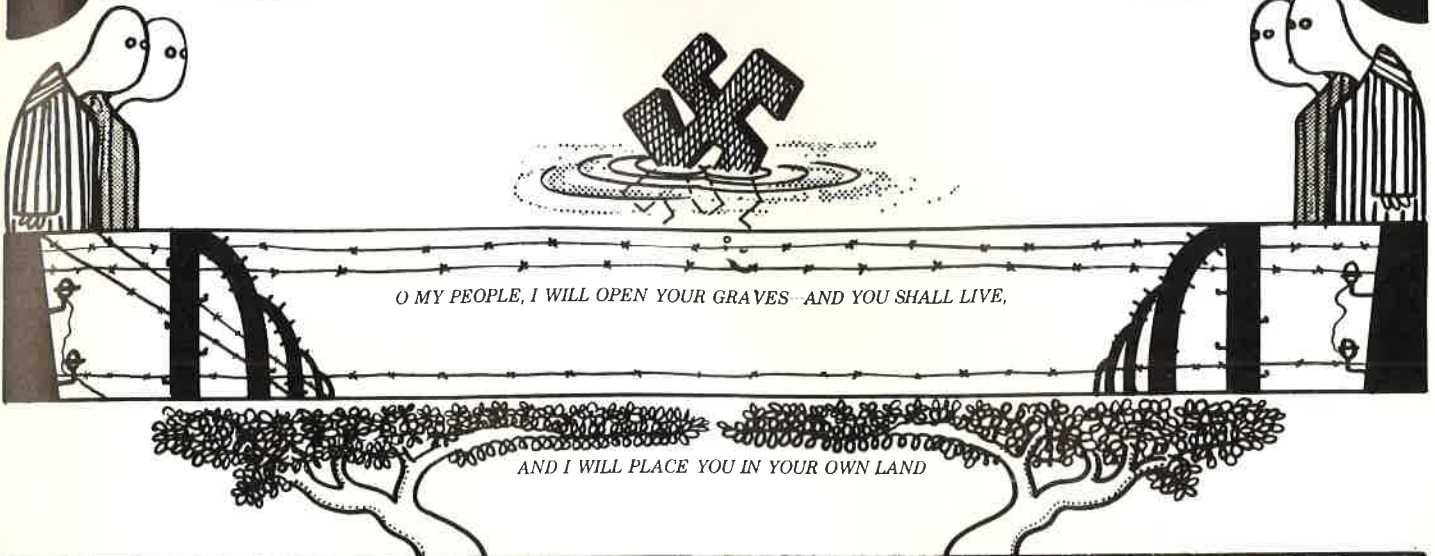
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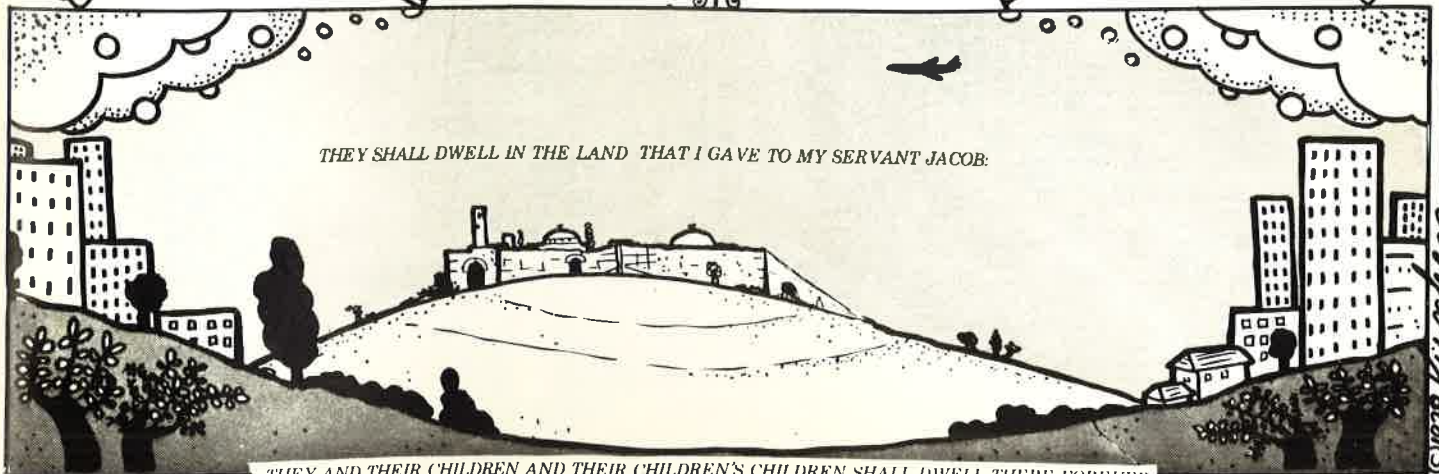
THESE BONES ARE THE WHOLE HOUSE OF ISRAEL
BEHOLD, THEY SAY OUR BONES ARE DRIED UP, AND OUR HOPE IS LOST



I WILL TAKE THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL FROM THE NATIONS AMONG WHICH THEY HAVE GONE, AND WILL GATHER THEM FROM ALL SIDES,



THEY SHALL DWELL IN THE LAND THAT I GAVE TO MY SERVANT JACOB.





Heidi Hehl

1918-22-11

A vertical strip of a tapestry featuring a central figure, possibly a deity or saint, surrounded by intricate geometric and floral patterns. The figure is depicted in a dark, possibly black or dark brown, robe with a white face and a halo. The background is a light, textured fabric. The patterns are dense and detailed, with a mix of geometric shapes and floral motifs. The overall style is traditional and ornate.

[illegible]