

Olomeinu June 1964 – Tamuz-Av 5724

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OLOMEINU

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עוֹלָמֵנוּ OUR WORLD



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about the cover

Time well spent — learning, resting, regaining strength for the coming school year — means a board of wonderful golden moments. But time wasted — in meaningless, silly nonsense — is a loss you can never find again.

IN THIS ISSUE:

Summer-time is variety-time.

Summer is a time of sadness and despair, as you will see in the *Olomeinu Almanac* (page 3) and in the article on the Three Weeks (pages 10-11).

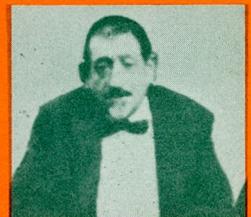
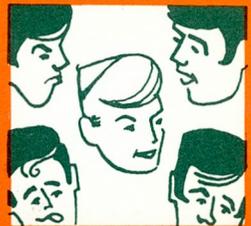
Summer is also a time of joy and happiness for boys and girls because summer means freedom from school and strict schedules. The way Mendy handled his freedom meant lots of excitement, but it made him think twice about a lot of things, in *Summer Adventure* (pages 4-5).

Many boys and girls do some very fine work during their few free hours of the busy school year. Some write beautiful poems or challenging letters — as you will see in *From Our Readers* (page 6).

Thinking twice about what you do is always important, as we mentioned before, especially when you have more time of your own. The *Olomeinu* pays tribute to a man who was always interested in making the right choice, and usually did, Mr. Harry Bodek, ה"ע (page 7).

Others have finished the stories in the *Olomeinu* — *What Would You Do?* Contest, and have won valuable prizes for themselves. Their stories are in *What Would You Do?* (pages 8-9).

The back cover story may also inspire you about how to handle your free time.





OLOMEINU ALMANAC



TAMUZ AND AV

by Rabbi Nosson Scherman

Spending A Dollar

Give two children each a dollar. One will spend his on candy and games; the other will use his for *zedakah* and a small *sefer*. One will waste his money on things that bring him no lasting benefit, while the other will purchase mitzvos, which will serve him forever.

Spending A Summer

Summertime is a gift. Like all gifts it can be made a great deal of, and it can be wasted. The Vilna Gaon was once asked how it was that he had excelled so much more than his schoolmates. He answered that the secret was putting times like the summer to good use while others spent their free time enjoying the warm weather's call to lazy living. Of course, anyone who knows something of the Vilna Gaon's genius realizes how modest his answer was. Nevertheless, a wealth of truth lies in it.

Spending A Day

The outstanding day of the summer season is *Tisha B'Av*, the saddest day we know. Yet we say no *tachanun* (a daily prayer, not said on holidays) on that day because it will eventually become a festival when *Moshiach* comes.

One day can have in it the seeds of both tragedy and joy. It only depends on what we do with this day. The clue to this is in the *Kinos* — the sad prayers of mourning we say on *Tisha B'Av*: "And we have nothing left except for this Torah."

The Message

The *Bais Hamikdosh* went up in flames, but the soul of the *Bais Hamikdosh* — the Torah — remains with us. It is all we have left. By studying and obeying it, we will one day make *Tisha B'Av* the joyous day of the rebuilding of the *Bais Hamikdosh*.

This is an inspiring goal for our nation to work for, but it can only be achieved if every single person realizes that he must do his share to bring it about... Ten weeks is a long time. If the ten summer weeks are used properly — in keeping with the message from the *Tisha B'Av Kinos* — they can result in an achievement that will live forever.

TAMUZ HISTORICAL CALENDAR

- Sun stood still in Givon at the command of Yehoshua.
- Walls of the Holy City breached during the first Bais Hamikdosh.
- Noach opened the window on top of the ark.
- The Golden Calf was made.
- Noach sent the dove from the ark.

The Luchos were broken by Moshe Rabbeinu.

Daily sacrifice abolished during the first Bais Hamikdosh.

Walls of the Holy City breached. Apostomus burned the Sefer Torah.

An idol was erected in the Temple.

- Moshe ascended on Mount Sinai to seek forgiveness for the sin of the Golden Calf.

* * *

AV HISTORICAL CALENDAR

- The plague of frogs descended upon Egypt.
- Death of Aharon.
- The destruction of the Bais Hamikdosh (Temple).



The Jewish Dream

Long ago we had the *Bais Hamikdosh*, so dear,
And with it we felt the *Shechinah* of Hashem so near.

Hashem made in our world many creations
And then He made us the top of all the nations.
He gave to us the laws and the Torah
And made many a miracle such as with the menorah.

We hope *Moshiach* will return us soon to our land
To be a people, so happy — and a nation, so grand.

Debbie Gutman, age 10
and Hennie Bak, age 9
of Bais Yaakov School for Girls
Baltimore, Md.

SUMMER ADVENTURE



by Nechama Rosenbaum

As soon as all the boys were assembled in the auditorium, Rabbi Miller, the Principal, spoke:

"You have learned a lot of things this year, boys. In just a few minutes the term will be over. From then on you will be on your own to put all of these things into practice. No teachers will be standing over you to instruct you on how to behave... You'll be tested many times, but no one will be there to give you a score or to tell you how well you did.

"Those of you who will be attending Jewish camps," Rabbi Miller added, "will have people around to remind you of what is expected of you. But if you will be in the city, the task of reminding each other to study and to practice what you've learned — that job will be your own. Good luck, boys. May Hashem be with you!"

School was over! The prospect of the ten weeks of vacation lying ahead seemed like a wonderful gateway opening to excitement and adventure unlimited. Mendy and David were running home together — not that they were going anywhere in particular, they just were running from school.

"Since we'll be stuck in the city," Mendy said breathlessly, "we'll have a chance to visit many places we've never seen before. We'll have a great time."

"You bet!" agreed David. "And we're sure lucky the shul has a new air-conditioner in the Bais Hamedrash."

"Let's leave early for the park tomorrow," suggested Mendy, "I'll meet you at nine."

"That's too early. I thought we'd study two hours every morning in the shul. We could go to the park at eleven and still have plenty of time for fun."

"O.K. I'll meet you in shul at nine," agreed Mendy reluctantly.

For a few days the two boys met in the shul in the morning to study to-

gether. Then they went off to parks, museums, and other places of interest.

One morning, when Mendy was on his way to shul, he heard a familiar voice call to him, but it was a voice that had never spoken to him before. "Hey, where're you running to?" It was Franky, a neighbor he usually avoided. "Why don't you come to the park with us today? We're going to rent a boat and have a spin around the lake. We're leaving in two and a half seconds."

"Oh, boy," gasped Mendy. "I'd love to come."

His parents had often warned him against associating with Franky or his gang, but he figured that just this once would not matter. "David wouldn't care if I didn't meet him this once," thought Mendy. "Besides, he'd rather learn all day anyway."

As they passed Abie's Fruit Stand, Franky and the other boys waited until Abie was busy in the back of the store. Then they each sidled up to the apple stand and slipped one apple away — either in a pocket or under a shirt. "Hey, you didn't weigh them yet, or pay for them," blurted out Mendy.

"Don't be such a square," laughed Franky. "Here, have one for yourself."

Mendy looked down at the unpaid-for apple. "I really should put it back," he thought, "but they won't understand. The other boys will think I'm a coward, or a snitcher. I had better eat it and just keep quiet for now."

* * *

In the excitement that followed, Mendy let the apple incident slip from his mind... It was dark by the time the boys returned to the city. Mendy went straight to David's house and told him all the things he did that day, but he decided not to mention what had happened with the apples. It just was not typical of the other things they did.

"They're a terrific bunch of boys. They said I could go with them tomorrow, and I could even bring a friend. We'll have a great time, David. Come on with me."

David sat back, deep in the club chair in his living room, looking blankly into space. "Everyone knows they are a bad gang, Mendy," he said hoarsely. "Why did you go with them? Don't you know they could influence you to do something wrong? I'm not joining them."

Mendy sprang out of his chair. "Listen here. I can take care of myself. You think they're up to no good, and that's your mistake. They are only interested in having some fun, and I expect to enjoy myself with them. You can stay home alone as much as you like."

As Mendy walked to the door, David called after him, "Please, Mendy, be careful!"

On his way home Mendy decided it would be wiser not to tell his parents about his new friends until he could figure out a way to make them realize that they are really not so bad.

* * *

Day by day, as Mendy continued to go with Franky and his group of friends, he began to change his way of doing things. Before eating he would whisper his *brochos* from the side of his mouth; sometimes he would simply "forget" about them. If he thought that his new friends were planning to go swimming, he would conveniently leave his *tsitsis* at home rather than be different. In fact, except for his tiny *yarmulka*, Mendy looked as though he was always one of Franky's gang... Watching the others steal did not bother him anymore... And so the summer progressed, with the July-Mendy looking less and less like the June-Mendy.

* * *

One morning, as Mendy was approaching the news-stand that was their daily meeting place, he noticed that all the other boys were already there, and that they were whispering to one-another. "Today we'll probably do something really great," he thought.

"Where are we going today?" he shouted as he came running toward them.

Franky waited until he reached them.

Then he answered in a hushed voice, "Take it easy on the vocal chords! It's too hot today to stay outside. We're going to spend the day downtown in an air-conditioned discout store."

On the bus, the boys began to shift nervously and to murmur to one another. "Why all the suspense?" Mendy asked Franky.

"Oh, it must be the heat," he replied as he gestured to the gang to be quiet.

As they entered Lester's Discount House, Franky said, "Let's look around and see what they have."

The group of boys broke up and wandered singly from counter to counter, picking up objects, examining them, admiring them. Then Mendy noticed what they were really up to. First he saw Julie slip a shiny transistor radio into his pocket. Next, he caught sight of Al fingering a pen set and then stick it right into his own shirt pocket. "This is too much," thought Mendy.

He looked desperately for a salesman. He finally caught sight of one in the sportswear department. He rushed over to him and tugged at his sleeve. "Mister, something's wrong!"

The man glanced at the boy, and told him, "Take it easy, youngster. I have a customer waiting by the fishing gear. I'll be with you in a minute."

Mendy was about to say more when he saw Franky approaching. "Let's go, Mendy," he said.

As they walked together, Mendy felt a sharp object press against his leg through Franky's pocket. "Don't ever try that again, or you'll be sorrier than you'd ever dream!" Franky warned.

"How did I ever get into this?" thought Mendy, "And how will I ever get away now? When the police catch up with them, I'll be arrested with them."

It seemed like an eternity before the boys slipped out of the store one by one, with the "purchases" well hidden in deep pockets and under loose shirts. Mendy looked desperately for a way to sneak away, but Franky was close at his side. He searched for someone to talk to, but he saw no one.

He thought, "Well it seems there are no people to talk to, so I'll talk to Hashem instead... Oh, G-d, I'm sorry for getting into this mess. If only I'd have listened to my friend David, I wouldn't

be here now. Help me and You'll see — I'll straighten out."

Finally, as they were waiting for a traffic light to change on Union Street, he recognized Mr. Lawson, who attended the same shul as he did. Mr. Lawson was one of those people who thought that boys Mendy's age had no business coming to shul, taking up valuable space or eating herring at a *kiddush*, so Mr. Lawson did not bother greeting Mendy. He hardly wasted a glance at him, and that was only a brief sizing-up of the gang and a dirty look for Mendy.

But Mendy was desperate, so he decided to take a chance and talk to Mr. Lawson.

"*Shalom*," he ventured.

Mr. Lawson was surprised. "*Shalom*," he replied hardly opening his mouth.

"*Gazlonim* (thieves)," added Mendy.

"*Eh?*" asked Mr. Lawson.

"*Gazlonim*," repeated Mendy with a jerk of his head toward the gang, who were now all aware of this curious conversation.

Mr. Lawson did not even look at the other boys. He just stared at Mendy until the light became green. Then they all crossed the street together. The boys lined up at the bus stop, and Mr. Lawson continued on. "*Shalom*, Mendy," he said with a smile, "See you in shul next Shabbos."

Mr. Lawson disappeared from sight and Mendy's last hope disappeared with him. Franky edged up to Mendy — much too close for Mendy's comfort. "What was this *Shalom* stuff?" he grunted.

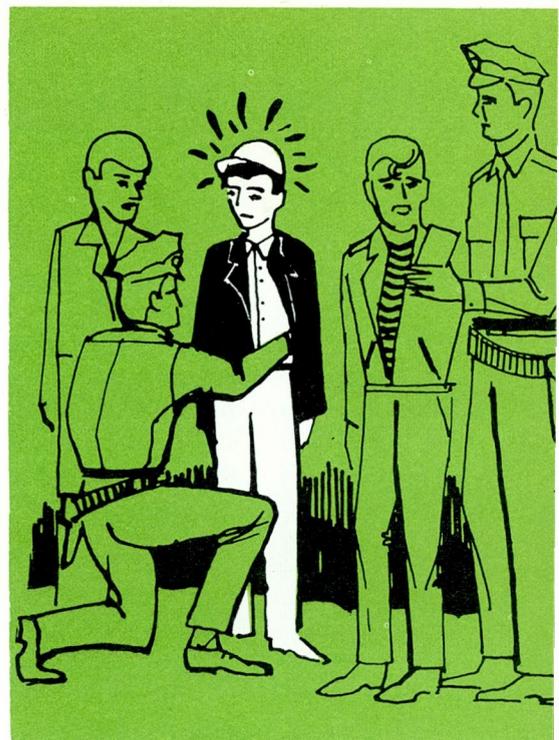
"Well, *Shalom* means 'hello' and 'good-bye.' I know Mr. Lawson from my synagogue. We just said 'hello' and —"

"I know that. I meant that *Ganzales* bit."

Mendy swallowed hard and felt his heart beat like a tom-tom. "That means 'how are you.' It's just a friendly Hebrew greeting."

Franky searched for a clue to the word's meaning in Mendy's face as though it were a dictionary. "We'll see. I'll check with Sam Gordon next door to me. He knows Hebrew — and you better be telling the truth, or else —"

The bus drew up and interrupted Franky's sentence. Mendy, followed by Franky, was one of the last people to board the bus. Suddenly a big hand



grabbed Franky's shoulder. It belonged to one of three policemen. They ordered the entire group of boys off the bus. A small crowd began to gather around them. As the police lined the boys up against a store side, and began to search them, one policeman approached Mendy. Suddenly a familiar voice — Mr. Lawson's — said, "Skip him, officer. He's not one of the gang."

The police officer searched him anyway, eyed him suspiciously, but then let him go. Mendy was too embarrassed to wait for the bus at that corner so he began to walk... and to think. He walked all the way home, and that took plenty of walking — and plenty of thinking.

* * *

The morning papers had an article about the juvenile delinquency problem in the summer. It told a story of six young toughs who were picked up two blocks from Lester's Discount House with stolen goods. It did not mention names, because the boys were under sixteen.

If Mendy were at his regular morning meeting place, at the news-stand, he would have noticed this not-so-new news story in the paper, but he was not there. He was in the air-conditioned *Bais Hamedrash* of the shul, making up for lost time with his good friend, David.



FROM OUR READERS

In the Mailbag...

Every day's mail brings new treasures to our *Olomeinu* office... Sometimes it's a letter asking for information. Other times there will be a delightful poem from a reader-writer. Now and then an error in our columns is pointed out — and corrected, too — by an eagle-eyed reader.

Pen-Pals, Anyone?

We have a letter from Jeffrey Jacobson who is the corresponding secretary of the students of the Jewish Educational Center of Elizabeth, New Jersey. He asked us if we could "introduce" his fellow students to Yeshiva students in France, Morocco, England, Holland, or Israel... Jeffrey Strashun made a similar request on behalf of the fourth grade of the same school.

Pretty Poems, Please

Sensitive, stunning, and stimulating poems have been submitted to us by our readers. Some of the poets are elementary scholars, some attend high school, and a few are grownups. But they all have one thing in common — they write verse, and we enjoy them all. See a sample on page 3.

Mistakes and Corrections

Gremlins, printer's devils, careless typists (and editors, too) are responsible for the mistakes that sometimes pop up in the *Olomeinu*. Alert readers seem to pick them up sooner or later, and we are reprinting their corrections as they were pointed out to us.

It would be a good idea if you would pull out the issues with the errors from your collection and write in the corrections as they are listed below:

March, 1963

(Do you still have it?) On page 11, after וְיָרַךְ it says: "This is the second cup of wine that one drinks leaning to the left." — It is the third cup; the second cup is drunk after מִיָּיֶד (reading the Haggadah) Ed.

April - May, 1963

"I noticed your fine column of

mitzvos of Eretz Yisroel, but I think a few corrections are in line:

- "1. פָּסָח is 1/60, not 1/30.
- "2. לֶקֶט is not based on one or two kernels, but more likely on one or two full ears or clusters of grain.
- "3. תֵּירוֹמָה more likely one kernel rather than one straw being sufficient."

Rabbi Israel Belsky, Brooklyn.

Ed. Thank you, Rabbi Belsky. By the way, the columns of years should have all been filled with checks. The exceptions are $\text{פְּנִינֵי שָׁנָיִם}$ — checked for years 1, 2, 4, and 5, and פְּנִינֵי שָׁנָה — checked for years 3 and 6 only.

November, 1963

"Dear Editors:

"I enjoyed your splendid article on the *Menorah*. However, you state that Betzalel made the Menorah, and you repeat it in your Chanukah I. Q. Now, Rashi in *Trumab* (Shemos XXV:31) comments on the word *teyaseh hamenorah* (the menorah should be made) that Moshe was puzzled by the intricacies of making the Menorah. Hashem therefore commanded him to throw the block of gold into the fire, and it would be made by itself."

Moshe Chaim Geldzabler, Mesivta Bais Hatalmud, Brooklyn N. Y.

Ed. Fine research, Moshe Chaim. Check the *Sifsei Chachomim* on the same *pasuk*, and you'll also find that it was Betzalel who tossed the block of gold into the fire. So, our I. Quiz Master was not really so wrong, after all.

"Dear Editor:

"You credit both the 21st of Kislev and the 21st of Teves as being Shimon ben Yaakov's birthday. In what month was he really born?"

Elizor Preil, Yeshiva Yavna, Elizabeth, N. J.

Ed. Actually, both dates are quoted in the *Dover Shalom* Historical Calendar (*סְדוּר אוֹצֵר הַתְּפִילוֹת* p. 920), from two conflicting sources. We merely wanted you to know of both possibilities.

January, '64

As long as your red pencil is out, take your January issue that was devoted

to Ger. On page 3 there is a column called "Who's Who in the House of GER." A certain Who (of generation #2) is referred to as being the wrong Who. Rabbi Yitzchok Meir Alter's son's name was Rabbi Avraham Mordechai (not Yitzchok Mordechai).

"Dear Editor:

"In question #2 of the Purim I. Q. Esther is said to be Mordechai's niece. Yet the *Megillab* says he brought up (Esther, his uncle's daughter). According to that statement, Esther was Mordechai's cousin."

Fred and Roberta Pruslin, Flushing, N. Y.

Ed. Right you are. We're afraid our I. Questioner answered that one when he was beyond the *ad-lo-yoda* stage. Incidentally, the fourth grade of the Atlanta (Georgia) Hebrew Academy pointed out the same error.

February, 1964

"Dear Editor:

"You stated in the *Olomeinu Almanac* of the February issue that Moshe was placed in the Nile on the 21st day of Nisan. But Moshe was born on the 7th day of Adar and it says clearly in Shmos 2:2, that Moshe's mother hid him for 3 months before putting him in the Nile, so it should come out on the 7th day of Sivan."

Chaim Malinowitz, New York City

Ed. Superb figuring, Chaim. Your calculations seem most logical. However, check the *Dover Shalom*, and you will also find a source for the date in Nisan.

March, 1964

"Dear Sir:

"I have found a small error in the Passover edition fun page. To the question! ? $\text{מִתֵּי הוּא פָּסַח שָׁנִי}$ you answered: $\text{פְּנִינֵי שָׁנָה אֶשֶׁר לְהַדָּשׁ אֵינִי}$. The correct answer is: $\text{בְּאֶרְצָה אֵינִי אֶשֶׁר לְהַדָּשׁ אֵינִי}$. I sent you this letter to tell you to be a little more careful when you write *Olomeinu*."

Israel Gottlieb, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed. Thank you for the sound advice. We shall do our best to follow it.

We enjoy and appreciate all letters and comments. Send yours in, too. Who knows? It may even see print, also.

A MAN WHO REALLY CARED

An Olomeinu Tribute to

HARRY BODEK ע"ה



ר' צבי הירש בודק, ע"ה
נפטר כז' אב תשכ"ב

Did you know that in the preparation of kosher meat there is, in addition to the *shochet* (ritual slaughterer), a *bodek* (examiner)? The *bodek* checks the instruments used in *Shechitah*, as well as specific parts of the animal, to make sure that everything is in perfect order. He is not satisfied with appearances alone. He examines closely for what may not be so obvious to the unsearching eye... The *bodek* must be a man who truly cares.

People are faced with many choices in daily life. Many of us sort of look the other way and pretend that problems just do not exist. Some people worry, but don't do anything about their problems. There are a few people who truly care about doing the right thing. They examine all possibilities and then choose the way closest to the Torah-way. This column is about one of those few people who cared. Strangely enough, his name was the same as his nature — *bodek*. Harry Bodek, ע"ה.

Harry Bodek was not even fifteen, but he had to come to America from his home town in Galicia to try to earn a living for himself. A sketch of his early years in New York City sounds very much like the usual success story of the poor immigrant who did well in this free country: He sold candy in Coney Island as a youngster in 1900. First a tailor's apprentice for \$10 a week, and then a full fledged partner at 20 years of age. In 1915, Harry Bodek started a fur concern that is still a thriving business today. Yet, behind this typical rags-to-riches outline is a story not very typical at all.

Torah-Study: He always Found a Way

In spite of his very full day, Mr. Bodek never let a day go by without

Torah study. When he was a sixteen-year-old tailor's helper, his daylight hours were all spent in the shop, but his evenings belonged to him. So he organized himself with some other teenagers into a Torah-study group. When on occasion his evenings were not his own, he set his alarm clock for 3:45 A. M. He arose to study alone from 4 to 5 A. M. and then prepared for davening... When circumstances prevented him from meeting a friend for a study-session, they kept their learning appointment by telephone! If, for any reason, he did not complete his daily quota of *Mishnah*, *Talmud* and *Nach*, he would make up for lost time the next day.

His Children...

Perhaps the fact that he himself did not have a chance to attend a regular Yeshiva made Mr. Harry Bodek so dedicated to guiding his ten children through a thorough Yeshiva education. All eight of his daughters attended Hebrew schools right up through the college level, and his two sons both went to the best Yeshivas in the East Side, Manhattan, and continued on in the Telz Yeshiva and Mesivta Chaim Berlin.

...And Other Children, Too

His interest in Torah education extended beyond his family. So he was *bodek* and examined the Yeshiva-situation in New York, and found it in need of improvement. Thus the name of Harry Bodek became prominent among the select list of people who helped build the Rabbi Shlomo Kluger Yeshiva Building on Manhattan's East Side. He was also well known as a large contributor to Mesivta Torah Vodaath.

In addition, he was *bodek* the summer programs of Yeshiva boys in the Big City, and also found it lacking. His

next step was to join other philanthropists in setting up a summer yeshiva in the Catskill Mountains — Camp Mesifita in Ferndale, New York.

How To Give

Mr. Bodek not only cared about *what* he supported. He also cared about *how* he supported. He examined the popular ways of giving and the publicity that goes with it, and he found them not to his satisfaction. Many of his most generous gifts to Yeshivos, Day Schools, and other charitable institutions were given as *matnos seiser* — secret gifts.

Thus, today there is many a principal and fund-raiser who remembers many an occasion when Mr. Bodek's check came in the nick of time to prevent a threatening disaster. Yet, nobody really knows all of the times he came to some ailing institution's rescue, because his gifts were always given under pledge of secrecy!

How To Live

Mr. Bodek's high standards for himself showed its mark on everything he did... He could not enjoy himself in his new American home without bringing his six brothers and sisters here to share his prosperity... He was also very active in bringing refugees to America during World War II... His interest in education inspired his children to follow in his footsteps and become active in founding new Day Schools in Queens; New Brunswick; and Rockland County, New York...

Most of all, the memory of his care and devotion to Torah should inspire us to be as careful as possible in every step that we take — always seeking the best way in life — and then sticking to it with the fullest measure of devotion, as did Reb Hirsch Bodek, ע"ה.

תנצב"ה

CONTEST RESULTS: WINNERS; HONORABLE MENTIONS. WHAT WE WOULD DO!

BY OLOMEINU READERS

Do you remember the "What Would You Do?" Contest" featured in the Teves — December issue of OLOMEINU?

Hundreds of boys and girls from Yeshivos and Talmud Torah Hebrew schools all over the country wrote in their endings to the two unfinished stories. So many of the answers showed originality and careful thought that the judges wanted to award them all prizes! But they were limited to only one or two winners in each category.

Below you find the prize winning endings of each story, plus a few excerpts from some of the honorable-mentions that came close to winning.

Each first prize winner will receive a handsome wrist watch.

Each honorable mention winner will receive a beautiful ball point pen.

Group A is for boys and girls up to ten years of age.
Group B is for boys and girls from ten to thirteen.

STORY # 1

What a wonderful Chanukah party! All of the class was there, except Izzy, who went to Baltimore for Shabbos. The singing of "Yevanim nikbetzu olai" was reaching a crescendo, when suddenly, without knocking, an old woman opened the door to the Goldstein basement-den and shouted: "Stop that noise!"

The "noise" stopped — you can be sure of that!

"Don't you boys have a little consideration for other people? Singing and hollering until the middle of the night!"

Then she turned to Shmuel Goldstein, and added, "Where are your parents? They'd never allow you to carry on this way!"

The boys sat stunned for a few minutes, but Shimon Berger stepped forward and broke the silence. "Why don't you just go away and leave us alone? Everybody knows you, Mrs. Waxman. You're always complaining for nothing. We're just having a good time, not disturbing anyone. It's only 8:30. Who goes to sleep now? By law we can sing and play until 10 o'clock! C'mon boys, let's start again." What would you do?

Shimon and whispered: "Chanukah is a happy holiday. How can we enjoy ourselves knowing that we are making Mrs. Waxman unhappy? She's all alone, and probably has no one to celebrate Chanukah with. Don't you think she should join us?"

The boys nodded in agreement. "Mrs. Waxman," said Shmuel, "could you read the Chanukah story for us?"

"I'll read, but you will have to keep quiet," Mrs. Waxman answered.

"They better be quiet or they won't get their Chanukah prizes," replied Shmuel.

Boy, could she read! The boys could plainly picture the victory of the Maccabees over the Greeks.

All the boys thanked Mrs. Waxman and told her this was the best Chanukah party they ever had.

PRIZE ENDING # 1-A (Tie)

Ramona Lieberman Age 8
Maimonides School,
Brookline, Mass.



Shimon Berger forgot the saying: "Respect your elders," or he would never have spoken to Mrs. Waxman that way.

If I were there I would have explained, "We are having a Chanukah party, Mrs. Waxman, and we got excited and carried away by our happiness over G-d's miracle and the victory of the Maccabees. We're sorry we disturbed you with our noise. It won't happen again."

Then I would say to my friends, "C'mon boys, let's keep the noise down so we don't disturb the neighbors anymore."

PRIZE ENDING # 1-B

Nathan Kline Age 10½
Yeshiva Toras Emes,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Shmuel should try to show Mrs. Waxman that as Yeshiva bochurim they are different... He should tell his friends: "Our Yeshiva teaches us *midos tovos* — good habits, and we should always remember that ראשית הקמה יראת השם. "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of Hashem."... We must respect our elders and develop the beautiful habit of *anovoh* (humility) and not be haughty and proud.

Then Shmuel should tell Mrs. Waxman, "We are sorry that we sang so loud and disturbed you."

Finally he should tell his friends that they could still have a wonderful time without disturbing their neighbors. He could show them that they can enjoy themselves in a *real* Yeshiva fashion, and be as kind and courteous as possible in order to cause a *kiddush Hashem*.

PRIZE ENDING # 1-A (Tie)

Moshe Engel Age 9
Lakewood Hebrew Day School,
Lakewood, N. J.



"Wait a minute," said Shmuel Goldstein.

Somehow it didn't seem right for a boy to talk to an older person this way, especially after we had learned about *קבודת התורה* respect for fellow man. He nudged

Excerpts from Endings for Story # 1 which have won Honorable Mention.

Since Shimon was a **Ben Torah** (child of Torah), he should have had more respect for his elders.

Mendel Dolgin 10½
Hillel Hebrew Academy, Beverly Hills, California

* * * * *

Sometimes we forget ourselves and make a little more noise than we should, they said to Mrs. Waxman, but that is because we are all happy. Why don't you sit down and join our fun and let us tell you the story of Chanukah and why our people are so happy at this time?

Mike Berry 9
Charleston Hebrew Institute, Charleston, S. C.

They said to the woman, "Would you like to stay with us?" They showed her a comfortable chair to sit in and they offered her some of their goodies. She listened to the singing and enjoyed it very much. She was lonely upstairs with no one to talk to... Wouldn't you be lonely too?

Martha Schnerb 8
Yeshiva Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch — New York City

* * * * *

Being considerate of another's feelings is more of a mitzvah than any Chanukah party... They could sit down at a table and speak about Chanukah, its **nissim** (miracles), and play dreidle... On page 13 of the December issue you yourself answer this by saying: **דעלף פני לחברך לא תעביר** (Never do to a friend what is hateful to yourself). Let them think of themselves in Mrs. Waxman's place.

Tibor Fuchs 11
Yeshiva Toras Emes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(continued on page 13)

STORY # 2

The game was over. Shmuel hopped on his bike and pedalled home as quickly as he could. His mother said that he could play ball as long as he was home by 6:30, when his father returns from the office. There were only five minutes to go.

Just then he heard a familiar voice call: "Shmuel! Hold on!"

It was his pal, Simcha Lebowitz; waving at him to stop. "Wait a minute. I've got to ask you a few questions," his friend pleaded.

"I can't," answered Shmuel. "My mother has supper on the table and I can't be late."

"It'll just take you five minutes," Simcha begged. "We have a test on Tanach tomorrow, and I've got to ask you the meaning of a few p'sukim (passages) and some translations."

"Call me up — or I'll call you."

"I can't," Simcha protested. "My father's expecting an important call tonight and I won't be able to use the phone at all. Just give me a few minutes now."

Shmuel hesitated a moment. He knew that he shouldn't be late for supper, yet he did not want to let a friend down. What would you do?

should help his friend with the *Tanach* for a few minutes. His friend should then write a note thanking Shmuel's mother, explaining how important his Torah learning was. If not for a loyal friend like Shmuel it would have been impossible for Simcha to understand his lesson well: "You have a good son and I have a good friend."

PRIZE ENDING # 2-B

Deborah Cardozo Age 11¾
Manhattan Day School
New York City



I would invite Simcha over to my place for a short while. He couldn't refuse, for he is quite desperate. After all, one minute of spare time is indeed worth more than the hours of deliberating and trying to understand Tanach on his own.

At home I would ask Mom whether she could postpone the meal a bit, or simply invite Simcha over for dinner so afterwards we could work.

I know that if I were in my mother's place, I would be overwhelmed by my son's obedience. "He is a true Jew, a Jew working up *Olomeinu's* step ladder from honoring thy parents, to friendship, to honesty," — I would think proudly.

PRIZE ENDING # 2-A

Yitzchok Mitnick Age 8
Yeshiva Torah Vodaath of Flatbush
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Shmuel should go to a corner telephone booth and call his mother. If he cannot get to a phone quickly, he

Excerpts from Endings for Story # 2 which have won Honorable Mention.

I would invite him to my house, because learning Torah is very important and since my mother loves to see children learning Torah I would be sure my mother would understand.

Sandy Kaufman 8
Prospect Park Day School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * * * *

I know that my mother would understand when it concerns helping or especially teaching someone, so I would stay and explain the lesson to the boy. Later I would explain to my mother what had happened. It is a mitzvah in the Torah to help a friend.

Anita Stein 9
Yeshiva Academy, Harrisburg, Pa.

* * * * *

I would invite Simcha for dinner. Then I could be early for supper, not let my friend down, and also have the mitzvah of **hachnosas orchim** — hospitality to guests.

Aviva Sperling 11
Bais Yaakov School for Girls, Baltimore, Md.

ALSO:

Manny Thaler 12 — Yeshiva Avraham Zvi of Brighton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marilyn Steinberg 11 — Hebrew Academy of Long Beach, Long Beach, N. Y.

THE THREE WEEKS

When the calendar shows a date when something important happened, the nation where it happened usually has some sort of ceremony to remind its people of those events of the past.

We Jews also keep holidays and fast days to remind us of what has happened in our history — with one important difference. To us every month, each week, even every single day, has a nature of its own. Some days are joyous days every single year because of happy events that took place on them long ago. Some days have extra *kedushah* (holiness) in them. Other days are sad, even tragic. (If you stop to think for a moment you can surely name a few days of each type with no trouble at all.)

The saddest days of our calendar — year in, year out — are the three weeks from the 17th of *Tamuz* to the 9th of *Av*. It was during the *Three Weeks* that great troubles befell the Jewish people, *Eretz Yisroel*, and the *Beis Hamikdosh*.

On the 17th of *Tamuz* (this year, Saturday, June 27th — kept on Sunday, June 28th) every Jew who can, fasts from sunrise to nightfall. In the *Shmoneh Esrei*, a special prayer, *Aneinu*, is said — asking Hashem to help us in all our troubles. For the next three weeks we do not take a haircut or put on brand-new clothes.

With the beginning of the month of *Av* (this year, July 10th) the period known as *The Nine Days* begins. During these last nine days of the three weeks, we may not go swimming. Also, we may not eat meat or drink wine, except on Shabbos or at a meal connected with a mitzvah.

Usually, on the afternoon of the eighth day of *Av* we daven *Minchab* and then go home to eat the last meal before the fast. It is also customary to eat a hardboiled egg sprinkled with ashes, the food given to those who mourn for the dead. Since *Tishab B'Av* occurs on Shabbos this year (kept on Sunday), we eat regular Shabbos meals, but finish them before sunset.

After dark we daven *Maariv*. We take off our shoes and put on footwear which is not made of leather (sneakers, tennis shoes, slippers). In shul, there is no curtain on the *Aron Kodesh*. Now seats and benches are overturned for the people to sit on, while others sit on the floor or on the platform steps. The reader begins to chant *Eichab*, a book of *Nach* written by *Yirmiyahu* — the Prophet Jeremiah. After that, special prayers of sorrow (*kinos*) are said.

That night, we do not sleep on a pillow. Some even sleep on the floor, some use a rock for a pillow.

On the morning of *Tisha B'Av* (9th of *Av*), in addition to the regular prayers, we say additional prayers of sorrow and mourning.

At *Minchab*, another special prayer, *Nacheim* (besides *Aneinu*), is said in the *Shemoneh Esrei*. After dark, we daven *Maariv*. The fast is over.

These are the deeds of remembrance during the three weeks of mourning, from the 17th of *Tamuz* until the 9th of *Av*.

Why do we do all these *mitzvos*? What do they mean? What was the terrible tragedy which these deeds commemorate?

DESTRUCTION

Three things were given on condition: Eretz Yisroel, the Beis Hamikdosh, and the kingdom of the House of David.
(Mechilta)

Over 3,000 years ago, the Children of Israel settled in their own land, the Holy Land. They were of twelve different tribes, yet they were all one nation, bound together through the Torah, serving one G-d.

THE HOLY TEMPLE

The third Jewish king, *Shlomo Hamelach* (King Solomon), built the *Beis Hamikdosh*, the Holy Temple. From near and far came the finest materials and the best craftsmen. After seven years, the most beautiful building man had ever seen stood in the city of Jerusalem — where the glory of the Almighty would dwell. Here sinners came to repent, to bring an animal to be offered to Hashem, and they would resolve to return to the ways of the Torah. Three times a year, (*Pesach*, *Shavuos*, and *Sukkos*), all of Israel came there to bring sacrifices, to stand in awe and feel the presence of *Hashem* close to them, watching over them.

DESTRUCTION

The years went by. The people, scattered over the country, began to imitate their neighbors. They worshipped idols and lived as they pleased. They put the Torah out of their minds. The Almighty sent word through the prophets, warning them again and again that trouble would come — if they didn't turn back to Him. But the people would not listen.

Around 720 B.C.E., the Assyrians came and waged war. Ten of the twelve tribes were sent out of the land — never to be heard from again. To this day nobody knows what happened to them. The tribes of Binyamin and Yehudah were left now, the Holy Temple between them. But they became no better. 150 years later, the king of Babylon conquered them. On the Ninth of *Av*, he set fire to the beautiful *Beis Hamikdosh*. He sent the people to Babylon.

Israel had no Temple, and no land.

THE SECOND TEMPLE

Seventy years passed. The king of Persia now ruled Babylon and *Eretz Yisroel*. With a kind heart, he let the Jews go back and rebuild the Temple — all exactly as the prophets had foretold! But in the long years that followed Israel forgot what their ancestors had so bitterly learned. They quarreled with each other, grew to hate one another, forgetting what the Torah commanded.

From the Persians, Israel passed into the hands of Greece, and then into the hands of the Roman Empire. In the year 70, the Jews were ready to revolt. The Roman legions under Vespasian came to give battle. And the Almighty would not save a people who had disobeyed His word.

Again Israel was to learn its bitter lesson.

THE FATEFUL FEAST

The people were learned, they studied Torah and did deeds of kindness. Why, then was the Second Temple destroyed? Because of the hatred without cause that was among them. (Yuma 9b)

It happened in Jerusalem, a little while before the dreaded Roman Army came to besiege the holy city. In the city lived a wealthy man who had a good friend called Kamtza. There was also another person in the city, named Bar-Kamtza, whom the wealthy man hated violently. One day this rich man made a feast. Many important people were invited, for he had many friends.

Through some error, the rich man's servant invited Bar-Kamtza, his enemy, instead of Kamtza! The host was furious and he wasted no time in going over to Bar-Kamtza and ordering him to leave.



"Please let me stay," begged Bar-Kamtza. "I will pay you for my portion at your party."

The wealthy host would not change his mind. Bar-Kamtza offered to pay for the expense of half the party — even all of it — but the host would not yield. He insisted that Bar-Kamtza leave.

Of course, Bar-Kamtza had no choice. He had to leave. However, he made up his mind that he would take revenge — not only against his ungracious host, but even against all of the guests. Since they saw what was happen-

ing, and not one lifted a finger in his defense, they apparently did not mind seeing him so humiliated — reasoned Bar-Kamtza. So off he went to Rome, to take revenge against all who were there — as well as against all the thousands of Jews who were not there.

PLOT IN ROME

"Your Jewish subjects have revolted," Bar-Kamtza told Emperor Nero.

"Can you prove such a rash statement?" asked the skeptical Emperor.

"Send them a calf for a sacrifice in their Holy Temple," said the plotting Bar-Kamtza, "and you will see, Your Majesty. They will refuse to accept it."

Emperor Nero entrusted a calf in Bar-Kamtza's hands. Little did he dream that his Jewish messenger would cut a little wound in the upper lip of the calf. This blemish made the calf unfit for sacrifice in the *Beis Hamikdash*, but the Romans did not realize this.



Bar-Kamtza and the calf arrived, and the *Kohanim* (priests) were in a quandary. In a private room in the Temple, the Rabbis debated whether they should sacrifice the blemished calf, or refuse it. Rabbi Zechariah convinced the others that it was wrong to sacrifice an unfit animal to Hashem, even when it was a gift of the Roman Emperor.

When Nero heard of this refusal, he accepted it as proof of Bar-Kamtza's story — the Jews were revolting. Soon afterwards, he dispatched his legions against the city of *Yerushalayim* (Jerusalem).

The Roman Army set siege to the city and let no one enter or leave. Finally, on the 17th of *Tamuz*, the Romans broke through the walls of the city. As the citizens tried to defend *Yerushalayim*, the fighting in the streets became more brutal day by day — especially during the first week of *Av*.

Eventually, the city fell to the Romans, and the *Beis Hamikdash* was set on fire, and the Jewish people were taken into *golus* (exile) to the length and breadth of the earth. This terrible destruction happened on *Tisha B'Av* — all because the Jewish people had not yet learned to live peacefully with one another.

כַּעֲזָה

המורה: מה זה נביא?
 התלמיד: איש שיודע את העתיד.
 המורה: האם אמה יודע את העתיד?
 התלמיד: לא.
 מורה: אני אמתן לה ד' בדקדוק.

שָׁלַח גְּדֻלְהוּ מֵאֲכָלִים
 ישיבת אהל משה
 ברוקלין, ניו יורק

חידת מלואים

מלא את המשבצות לפי הבאורים ותקבל
 בטור הראשון מלמעלה למטה — התחלה של
 מגלת איכה.

1. "והוא יושב פתח ה..."
(בראשית יח, א)
2. מקום של הרבה עצים
3. קיר
4. רכוש (תהלים קיד, ג)
5. מקדשים עליו בשבתות
ובחגים
6. מקום שזורעים (ויקרא כג, כב)
7. המלכות שהחריבה את בית
המקדש הראשון
8. אומרים את זה בראשי
חדשים ובחגים
9. לבוש פסות לגוף
10. אחי האב או אחי האם
11. שופט

ו	ז	ח	ט	י	יא	יב	יג	יד	טו	טז
יז	יח	יט	כ	כא	כב	כג	כד	כה	כו	כז
כח	כט	ל	מ	מא	מב	מג	מד	מה	מו	מז
מח	מט	נ	נא	נב	נג	נד	נה	נו	נז	נח
נט	ס	סא	סב	סג	סד	סה	סו	סז	סח	סט

השגיאה...

המורה כתב על הלוח: "אני הייתי כל השני לבדי
 (alone) בבית".
 והוא אמר אל דוד: "קרא את המשפט על הלוח
 ואמר לי מה השגיאה (mistake)?"
 "שנשארתי בעיר ולא נסעתי לכפר" ענה דוד.

גזרת הרב מוהלם

בימות השני החמים טבעו שני חלמאים בנהר.
 אבל כבד נרד על העיר.
 אחרי ההלוויה (funeral) הכריז הרב והודיע:
 — גזר אני על יהודי חלם, שלא ילכו לרחץ בנהר
 עד שילמדו לשחות.

* * *

קבצן (beggar) אמר אל אשה ברחוב:
 "בבקשה, גברת (lady) תני לי פרוטה אחת. לא
 אכלתי שלשה ימים."
 האשה: לא אכלת שלשה ימים! ומה תעשה
 בפרוטה אחת?
 הקבצן: אני חפץ — — — לשקל את עצמי
 (to get weighed).



(continued from page 9)

Going to a Chanukah Party may be a mitzvah, but should one go to do a mitzvah, and return with an **aveirah** (sin) — especially one like being disrespectful to elders?
 Shirley Finkelstein 12
 Bais Yaakov School for Girls, Baltimore, Md.

* * * * *

The boys started to use the word law; if so, so can I. My kind of law is the Torah's laws (רְיָוִים). I think you know that in the Torah it is said to respect your elders.

If they would have just thought a little about what it is said in the Torah, and that Torah laws are greater and

stronger than the laws of parties, they would have been much better off.

Lillian Spiro 10
 137 Magnolia St., City?
 (Dear Lillian: Please contact our office for your prize.)

* * * * *

She left closing the door behind her, and the boys went back to their singing, with less noise, but with just as much **ruach** (spirit).

Shimon Bertman 12
 West Coast Talmudical Seminary, N. Hollywood, California

בשנת תרס"ד עלה רבי יצחק לארץ הקודש. הוא התישב בירושלים. הוא לקח חלק פעיל גם בעניני העיר והשתתף ברבנות הירושלמית.

שלש עשרה שנה ישב בירושלים ובלה שארית ימיו בקדושה ובטהרה. ובשנת תרע"ז י"א לחדש אב נפטר לבית עולמו. עשרות אלפי איש השתתפו בהלוויתו ונקבר במרומי הר הזיתים, בשורת הגאונים — גדולי ישראל.

מלבד ספריו, "פרי יצחק" שני חלקים וספרו המוסרי "אור ישראל" נשארו ממנו עוד הרבה מכתבי ידו בהלכה ובמוסר. זכותו תגן עלנו ועל כל ישראל.

שלום וברכה

סוף סוף הגיע החפשי. עוד מעט ובתי הספר יהיו סגורים. הגליון הזה של "עולמנו" הוא הגליון האחרון לשנה הזאת. הגליון הבא יצא אחרי חג הסוכות, שנת תשפ"ה.

שלום לכם, קוראים חביבים.

הריני מאחל לכם שיהיו ימי הקיץ הבאים עלינו ימים טובים ונעימים לכלכם — אם תהיו בעיר או בכפר, במחנה או על שפת הים.

להתראות, שלכם העורך

התחילו ליסד את ישיבת סלבודקה המפרסמת ורבי יצחק בלזר היה מהמנסדים והשפייע על התלמידים שילמדו מוסר.

מלבד עבודתו הצבורית, התמסר רבי יצחק בכל לבו לעבודת ה' ולהשתלמות עצמו. התנהג בחסידות יתירה וברוח מהפכוד. הצטנן במדת הענוה עד שרבו ר' ישראל מפלנט היה אומר עליו: רבי יצחק הגהו עניו כזה שאינו יודע כלל שהוא עניו.

פעם הודמן ר"ב בפטרבורג באספה אחת עם גדולי התורה שבדור, ובתוכם גם רבי יוסף דוב סולוביצקי, רבה של העיר בריסק. רבי יוסף דוב שאל קושיה חריפה בשם בנו רבי חיים. הרבנים השתדלו בכל כחם לתרץ את הקושיה, וכל אחד הראה את כחו בבקיאות ובחריפות. לבסוף ישב רבי יוסף דוב את הקושיה בתרוץ אחד משלו ובתרוץ אחד בשם רבי חיים, שהפליאו את כל השומעים. ר"ב ישב כל הזמן ושתק כאלו איננו מבין מה שמדברים. משך רבי יוסף דוב בכתפיו ותמה: "האם זהו שאומרים עליו — אדם גדול הוא?" כשחזר לביתו בקש שביאו לפניו את ספרו של ר"ב "פרי יצחק". כדי לראות מה פותב בספרו — והנה לתמהונו הרב מצא בספר "פרי יצחק" את קושיתו של רבי חיים ואת שני התרוצים. רבי יוסף דוב השתומם מאד מכוחותיו של ר"ב וקרא: "כמה גדולה מדת ענותנותו של רבי יצחק".

הכתל המערבי

(ספור הסטורי)

ביום תשעה באב שרפו הרומאים את בית המקדש. כל הכתלים נשרפו ונפלו. רק הכתל האחד, הכתל המערבי, נשאר עומד על מקומו. נסו הרומאים להפיל את הכתל — ולא יכלו. הכו בפטישים על האבנים ואף אבן לא זזה ממקומה.

מלך הרומאים הוציא אז פקודה: "כל איש ואשה מיושבי ירושלים יביאו בכל יום תשעה באב עפר לשפך אותו על הכתל המערבי". תושבי ירושלים עשו מה שצוה המלך.

עברו שנים רבות וגבעה גדולה של עפר פסתה את הכתל כלו. נעלם הכתל מן העינים ונשכח גם מן הלב.

פעם עלה לירושלים יהודי עשיר אחד. ביום תשעה באב נזכר בכתל המערבי ורצה לראותו.

יצא ועבר ברחובות העיר ושאל: — איפה הכתל המערבי? ענו האנשים:

לא ראינו כתל כזה בירושלים. פתאם ראה: והנה אשה זקנה הולכת כפופה ונאנחת. והיא נושאת שק גדול על שכמה. היא באה עד גבעה אחת, הורידה את השק, פתחה אותו ושפכה ממנו עפר על הגבעה.

נגש אליה היהודי ואמר לה: — הגידי לי זקנה, מדוע שפכת את העפר במקום הזה?

ספרה הזקנה: כך צוה מלך הרומאים. במקום הזה עמד בית המקדש של היהודים. הבין היהודי, כי פה קבור כתל המערבי.

בחצות הלילה לקח היהודי פיס מלא מטבעות כסף ונהב ופזר את המטבעות על פני העפר.

בבקר, כאשר האנשים יצאו לעבודתם ועברו על פני הגבעה ראו את המטבעות. מייד התנפלו על

הארץ והתחילו חופרים. בידיהם בעפר.

הדבר נודע בעיר וכל העניים באו במעדרים, ובמגרפות, גרפו וחרפו כדי למצא את המטבעות. כך עבדו כל היום, ועם שקיעת השמש נגלו האבנים העליונות של הכתל.

וכן עשה היהודי בלילה השני ובלילה השלישי, פזר כסף על העפר, ובאו העניים לחפש את הכסף וחרפו וגרפו את כל העפר הרחוק הרחק. עד אשר נגלה הכתל המערבי עד היסוד.

בלילה ההוא ירד טל רב ורחץ את הכתל, ובצאת השמש בבקר היה הכתל המערבי נקי וטהור ומזהיר מאד.

- 1) hammers 2) moved 3) command
- 4) hill 5) bent 6) sighs 7) scatters
- 8) dig 9) hoes 10) shovels 11) to shovel 12) dug 13) were revealed
- 14) shining

מדרור עברי

בְּכֹן חֲמֵשׁ עֶשְׂרֵה נִשְׂא אִשָּׁה וְהִתְיַשֵּׁב בְּקוֹבְנָה.
בְּקוֹבְנָה הִתְקַיְמָה אִזּוֹ לְיִשְׁבֵּיתוֹ שֶׁל רַבִּי יִשְׂרָאֵל מְסֻלָּנֵט.
רַבִּי יִצְחָק נִתְקַבֵּל לְיִשְׁבֵּיהָ זֶה וְנִמְשָׁךְ אַחֲרֵי רַבִּי יִשְׂרָאֵל
וַיְהִי לְאַחַד מְגֻדוֹלֵי תַלְמִידָיו.

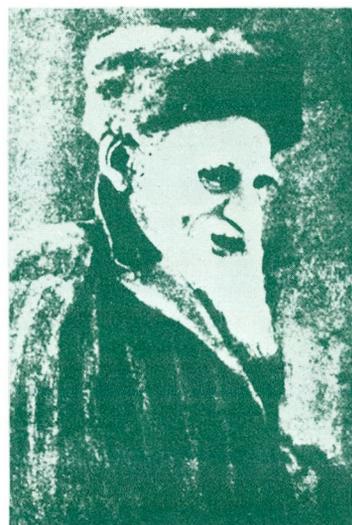
רַבִּי יִצְחָק לֹא רָצָה לַעֲשׂוֹת אֶת הַהוֹרָאָה קַרְדּוֹם
לְחַפֵּר בָּהּ. וְלָמַד אֶת אַמְנוֹת הַצְּבָעוֹת כִּדְּי לְהַתְפַּרְנֵס
מִיָּגִיעַ כְּפִיּו. אוּלַם רַבּוֹ חָשַׁב אַחֲרָת. הוּא הִכִּיר בּוֹ
שֶׁלְגֻדוֹלוֹת נוֹצֵר, וְלָכֵן צִוָּה עָלָיו לְהִיּוֹת רַב בְּיִשְׂרָאֵל.
הוּא נִתְקַבֵּל לְרַב בְּעִיר פֶּטְרְבוּרְג (פְּעֵת לְנִינְגֵרֵד) עִיר
הַבִּירָה שֶׁל רוֹסִיָּה.

כְּאַשֶׁר בָּא לְעִיר פֶּטְרְבוּרְג, וְהוּא עוֹד צָעִיר לְיָמִים,
רַק בֶּן עֶשְׂרִים וְחֲמֵשׁ שָׁנִים. מִצָּא לְדַאֲבוֹנוֹ הַרְבֵּה אֶת
כָּל עֲנִינֵי הַקְּהֵלָה צוֹבִיִּים. בְּמַרְץ " רַב הַתְּחִיל לְאַרְגֵּן "
מִחֲדָשׁ אֶת הַקְּהֵלָה וְתָקַן תְּקֻנוֹת רַבּוֹת. הוּא הָיָה גַם
דָּרָשׁן גָּדוֹל וְדַבְּרָיו שֶׁיִּצְאוּ מִלֵּב טְהוֹר עָשׂוּ רֶשֶׁם רַב.
עֲשִׂירֵי הָעַם אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ רְחוֹקִים מִתּוֹרָה וַיְהִדוּת, נִתְקַרְבוּ
לְתוֹרָה וְלִירְאָת שָׁמַיִם עַל יָדוֹ.

בְּשִׁבְתּוֹ בְּעִיר זֶה, נִתְפָּרְסָם כְּאַחַד מְגֻדוֹלֵי הַתּוֹרָה
שְׁבִדוֹר. שֵׁם חִבֵּר אֶת סֵפְרוֹ "פְּרִי יִצְחָק" בּוֹ הִתְגַּלָּה
כַּחוֹ הַגָּדוֹל בְּשֵׁם פְּבֻלֵי וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

רַבִּי יִצְחָק לֹא הָיָה שְׁבַע רְצוֹן מִהֶרְבֵּנוֹת. גַּם לֹא
סָבַל אֶת הַכְּבוֹד וְהַהִתְנַשְּׂאוֹת שֶׁל הַמְּשֻׁרָה " כִּי מִטְבְּעוֹ
הָיָה צָדִיק וְעָנִיו גָּדוֹל. אַחֲרֵי שִׁשְׁרַת בָּהּ כִּשְׁשׁ עֶשְׂרֵה
שָׁנָה הִתְפַּטֵּר מִכְהוֹנָתוֹ וְשָׁב לְקוֹבְנָה.

רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּלִזֹר קָנָה בֵּית גָּדוֹל וְהִתְפַּרְנֵס מִהַכְּנָסוֹת
שֶׁכֶר הַדִּירוֹת. בָּאִין לוֹ דְּאָגוֹת פְּרָנְסָה וְטְרָדוֹת
צְבוּרִיּוֹת " יְכוֹל הָיָה לְהִתְמַסֵּר לְגַמְרֵי לְתוֹרָה וַיִּרְאָה.
הוּא הִתְחִיל לְהַרְצוֹת שִׁיחוֹת מוֹסְרִיּוֹת בְּבֵית הַמוֹסֵר
אֲשֶׁר הִתְקַיְמָה אִזּוֹ. בְּאוֹתוֹ זְמַן נִבְחַר לְהִיּוֹת הַמְּנַהֵל
שֶׁל הַפּוֹלֵל אֲשֶׁר עֲמַד תַּחַת פְּקוּחוֹ " שֶׁל רַבִּי יִצְחָק
אֶלְחָנוֹ. רַבֵּה שֶׁל קוֹבְנָה. רַבִּי יִצְחָק הִתְמַסֵּר מֵאֵד לְמוֹסֵד
הַזֶּה. הוּא הִגְדִּיל אֶת מְסַפֵּר הָאֲבָרְכִים " שֶׁלְמָדוֹ, מִשְׁשִׁים
לְמֵאָה וְעֶשְׂרִים, וּבְתוֹכָם גְּאוּנֵי תוֹרָה מְפָרְסָמִים. גַּם
הָיָה דָרָשׁ בְּבֵיתוֹ שִׁיחוֹת מוֹסְרִיּוֹת לְפָנָיו כָּל הָאֲבָרְכִים
וְהֵם הִשְׁפִּיעוּ " מְרוּחוֹ וּמֵהַשְׁקָפוֹתָיו " הוֹדוֹת לוֹ יִצְאוּ
מִתּוֹךְ הַפּוֹלֵל מֵאוֹת אֲבָרְכִים גְּאוּנֵי תוֹרָה וְדַעַת שֶׁהִפִּיעוּ
בְּעוֹלָם תּוֹרָה וְחֻכְמַת הִירְאָה וְהַמוֹסֵר. בְּאוֹתָם הַיָּמִים



רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּלִזֹר -

הַרְבֵּי מְפָטְרֵבוּרְג -

ז"ל

אָבִי הַתּוֹעֵת הַמוֹסֵר

בֵּין תַלְמִידָיו הַרְבִּים שֶׁל רַבִּי יִשְׂרָאֵל מְסֻלָּנֵט הָיוּ
שְׁלֵשֶׁה, שֶׁהוּא רָאָה אוֹתָם, פְּיורְשֵׁי הַרוֹחֲנִיִּים: וְאַלְה
הֵם: רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּלִזֹר, הַיְדוּעַ בְּשֵׁמוֹ רַבִּי אֵיזֵל פֶּטְרְבוּרְג,
רַבִּי נִפְתָּלִי אַמְסֵטְרָדָם וְרַבִּי שְׁמֻחָה זִיסֵל זִיו. רַבִּי יִשְׂרָאֵל
הָיָה מוֹנֵה שְׁבָחָם: רַבִּי יִצְחָק הוּא הַלְמָדוֹן; רַבִּי נִפְתָּלִי
— הַצְּדִיק, וְרַבִּי שְׁמֻחָה זִיסֵל — הַחֲכָם. כָּל אַחַד הִשְׁתַּדֵּל
לְהַגְשִׁים " בְּחַיִּים אֶת תּוֹרָתוֹ שֶׁל רַבֵּם הַגָּדוֹל, תַלְמִידָיו
אֵלוֹ הִפִּיעוּ אֶת תּוֹרַת רַבֵּם, תּוֹרַת הַמוֹסֵר, בְּכָל הָעוֹלָם.
רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּלִזֹר לָקַח עַל עַצְמוֹ לְהַחְדִּיר " אֶת לְמוֹד
הַמוֹסֵר לְיִשְׁבֵּיבוֹת. וְאַמְנֵם הַצְּלִיחַ רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּמַעֲשָׂיו:
כָּל הַיִּשְׁבֵּיבוֹת הִנְהִיגוּ אֶת לְמוֹד הַמוֹסֵר כְּחֵלֶק מִהַתְּכַנִּית
שֶׁל הַיִּשְׁבֵּיבָה וְעַד הַיּוֹם מִמְשִׁיכִים בְּנֵי הַיִּשְׁבֵּיבָה לְלָמַד
מוֹסֵר בְּכָל יוֹם וַיּוֹם.

רַבִּי יִצְחָק בְּלִזֹר נוֹלַד בְּרֵאשׁ חֹדֶשׁ אֶדֶר שְׁנַת תַּקְצ"ז
(1837) בְּעִירָה שְׁנִיפִיסוֹק, מִפְּרַבְרֵי " הָעִיר וְיִלְנָה. אָבִיו
רַבִּי שְׁלֵמָה הָיָה מִיִּקְרֵי עִיר וְיִלְנָה וּמְפָרְסָם לְלָמַדוֹן
וְצָדִיק.

כְּבָר בְּנַעֲרוֹתוֹ נִרְאוּ בּוֹ כְּשִׁרּוֹנוֹת בְּלַתִּי רְגִילִים.
בְּהִיּוֹתוֹ בֶּן אַרְבַּע עֶשְׂרֵה הַדְּפִיס אָבִיו הַדְּרוֹן שְׁלוֹ עַל
מְסַכַּת בְּבֵא קִמָּא, שְׁתַּרְץ קוֹשֵׁיָא אַחַת בְּאַרְבָּעָה עֶשְׂרֵה
אוֹפֵנִים. כֵּן הִצְטִין מִלִּדּוֹתוֹ בְּשִׁקִּידָתוֹ הַגָּדוֹלָה.
חִבְרוּ רַבִּי נִפְתָּלִי אַמְסֵטְרָדָם הָיָה מְסַפֵּר:

בְּצַעֲרֵיוֹתוֹ הָיָה רַבִּי יִצְחָק לוֹמֵד בְּעִירָה קְטַנָּה אַחַת
בְּלִיטָא. הַנְּשִׂיִם שֶׁל הָעִירָה הָיוּ מְבִיאֹת לוֹ " בְּבֵית
הַמְּדָרָשׁ, בְּכָל יוֹם לָחֵם וְתַבְּשִׁיל. וְקָרָה כְּמָה פְּעָמִים
שֶׁהַנְּשִׂיִם שִׁכְחוּ לְהַבִּיא לוֹ אֶת הָאֵכֵל וּבְכָל זֹאת הַיָּלֵד
יִצְחָק הַמְּשִׁיךְ בְּלִמוּדוֹ עַד שֶׁעָה מְאַחֲרַת בְּלִילָה, מְבָלִי
שְׂיֵאכֵל כָּל הַיּוֹם.

- ר' יצחק פטרבורג
- 1) his spiritual heirs
 - 2) their praise
 - 3) to materialize
 - 4) to penetrate
 - 5) from the suburbs
 - 6) vocation
 - 7) dyeing
 - 8) to his misfortune
 - 9) forsaken, neglected
 - 10) energetically
 - 11) to organize
 - 12) position
 - 13) communal disturbings
 - 14) his supervision
 - 15) young scholars (usually married)
 - 16) were influenced
 - 17) his views
 - 18) self-perfection
 - 19) happened
 - 20) answered, solved
 - 21) to his amazement
 - 22) his modesty
 - 23) active

"WHEN THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."
AN EPISODE FROM THE LIFE OF

Reb Chaim Volozhin

NOON TIME, AND THE CHEDER BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FOR LUNCH...

LOOK AT THAT COACH IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE, CHAIM! WHAT COULD BE WRONG?

NOTHING'S WRONG. THE BARON IS PROBABLY JUST DISCUSSING SOMETHING WITH MY FATHER!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, ITZKA! FOR TWO YEARS THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE THIS OUT, WITH NO SUCCESS!

I'LL DO MY BEST!



"WHEN MY FATHER DIED TWO YEARS AGO, HE LEFT A WILL..." "ALL MY POSSESSIONS ARE TO BE DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS: 1/2 TO MY ELDEST SON, ALEX. 1/3 TO MY MIDDLE SON, PETER; AND 1/9 TO MY YOUNGEST, NICHOLAS. ANY REMAINING PROPERTIES MAY COVER EXTRA COSTS."

"THIS SAME DIVISION OF PROPERTIES SHALL APPLY TO MY COLLECTION OF RACE HORSES. HOWEVER-NO HORSES MAY BE EXCHANGED OR SOLD."

"SO WE WENT TO THE STABLE WHERE THE HORSES WERE KEPT."

LOOK! THERE ARE SEVENTEEN HORSES. HOW CAN I COLLECT MY HALF? THAT'S 8 1/2 HORSES.



AND MY 1/3 - THAT'S 5 2/3 HORSES!

AND MY 1/9 - WITHOUT EXCHANGING THAT'S RIDICULOUS.

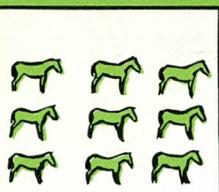
CAN YOU IMAGINE OUR CONFUSION? FOR TWO YEARS WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND A FAIR WAY OF DIVIDING THESE HORSES!

IF YOU GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR HORSES, I'LL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM.

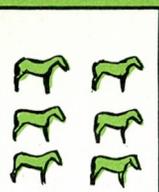
CHAIM! HOW FRESH OF YOU!

IT IS ALL RIGHT, RABBI. LET YOUR SON TELL ME A SOLUTION, AND I'LL GLADLY GIVE HIM A HORSE.

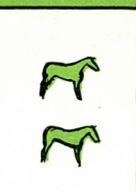
I DO NOT NEED YOUR HORSE, SIR. I MEAN, SIMPLY ADD ONE OF YOUR HORSES TO THE HERD OF SEVENTEEN FOR A WHILE, AND THEN, WITH EIGHTEEN...



ONE HALF OR 9 HORSES WILL BE YOURS,



1/3, OR 6 HORSES WILL BE PETER'S



1/9, OR 2 HORSES WILL BE NICHOLAS'S



AND THE ONE LEFT OVER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU-WHERE IT CAME FROM.

BRILLIANT. RABBI, GIVE ME YOUR SON AND I WILL SEND HIM TO THE FINEST SCHOOL, AND MAKE A GREAT MAN OF HIM.

THANK YOU, MY LORD, HE WILL INDEED BE GREAT, BUT IN THE WAYS OF TORAH. HE SHALL STUDY WITH GREAT RABBIS, AND WITH G-D'S HELP BECOME A LEADER OF JEWS.

CHAIM STUDIED UNDER THE AUTHOR OF THE "SHAAGAS ARYEH", AND RABBI ELIYAHU, THE GAON OF VILNA, AS RABBI CHAIM OF VOLOZHIN, HE WAS INDEED A GREAT LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE.

