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HANUKAH 5771 – THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME “HANUKAH”

by Rabbi Aryeh A. Frimer*
In Memory of Yaakov Yehudah Frimer Za”l

The historical facts surrounding Hanukkah are well documented. In 175 BCE Antiochus IV Epiphanes ascended to the Seleucid throne of Syria which controlled Judea. Under his reign, the Temple in Jerusalem was looted, Jews were massacred, and Judaism was effectively outlawed. In 167 BCE Antiochus ordered an altar to Zeus erected in the Temple. Interestingly, modern scholars argue that Antiochus was intervening in an internal civil war between the traditionalist Jews in the country and the Hellenized elite Jews in Jerusalem. Antiochus took the side of the Hellenizers by prohibiting the religious practices the traditionalists had rallied around. This resulted in the popular Maccabean revolt lead by Mattathias the Priest and his five sons. By 165 BCE the Jewish revolt against the Seleucid monarchy was successful. The Temple was liberated, cleansed



and rededicated, including the lighting of the Menorah. The festival of Hanukkah was instituted by Judah Maccabeus and his brothers to celebrate this event.

Surprisingly, we find some discussion among the *Rishonim* (early Talmudists; 1000-1492) as to the etymological source of the word *Hanukah*, the name of the holiday we celebrate. The most likely explanation of this word, as suggested by the *Or Zarua* (vol. 2, 321; see also Maharsha to *Shabbat* 21b) is that this name refers to the dedication of the new altar in the Second Temple after the *Hashmona'im* (Hasmonean; Maccabean) victory. The Greeks had desecrated the altar by using it for pagan rituals, and the Maccabees reconstructed it and formally consecrated it for use. The term *Hanukah* means "dedication" and thus most likely refers to the rededication of the altar after the Hasmoneans regained control over the Temple.

Nevertheless, a number of *Rishonim* speculated that the name *Hanukah* is the product of a contraction of the two words *hanu kaf-hei*, or "they rested on the 25th." The battle for freedom was decidedly won on the 25th of *Kislev*, and the Sages thus named this holiday *Hanukah* to celebrate the victory that occurred on the 25th day of this month. This theory appears in the *Ran* (*Shabbat* 21b), *Shibolei haLeket* (189) and *Avudraham* (*Hilkhos Hanukah*).

Interestingly enough, a number of *Aharonim* (later Talmudists; after 1492) understood the term *hanu kaf-hei*—the origin of the name *Hanukah* according to the aforementioned *Rishonim*—as a reference to "resting" in the sense of *issur melakha*—desisting from constructive activity. The *Bach* (O.H. 67) and *Iyun Yaakov* (*Shabbat* 21b) in fact point to this etymology of the name *Hanukah* as the source for the custom documented by the *Maharil* that women do not perform any work during the time when Hanukah candles burn. In their view, the "resting" of which the *Ran* and other *Rishonim* spoke refers to refraining from constructive work, and hence the proper observance of Hanukah requires at least some element of refraining from work. The tradition recorded by the *Maharil* sought to observe this element through the practice of women desisting from work at least while the candles burn.

Rabbi Hayyim Yosef David Azulai (*Hida*), both in his *Birkei Yosef* commentary to the *Shulhan Arukh* (O.H. 670) and in his *Petah Enayim* commentary to the Talmud (Shabbat 21b), disputes this contention of the Bach and *Iyun Yaakov*. Firstly, he notes, the custom recorded by the Maharil developed in recent generations, and is not mentioned in any earlier sources. It is thus unlikely that it was practiced during Talmudic times or certainly at the time when the observance of Hanukah was instituted. Moreover, the *Hida* argues, even if one could trace this custom back to the original institution of the holiday, it clearly was never enacted as an outright obligation. It seems difficult to imagine that the name *Hanukah* would refer to an ancillary optional custom that does not comprise one of the fundamental observances of the holiday. Clearly, then, as the *Hida* contends, the word *hanu* mentioned by the *Rishonim* cited above refers to resting from battle, and not to refraining from work. •

(Based on <http://www.vbm-torah.org/archive/salt-bereishit/10-11miketz.htm> by Rabbi David Silverberg)

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A joyous Hanukah



SARA IN THE FRONT LINES IN SINAI

By Seth Hoffman (as told by Sara Hoffman)

October 1956. Sara was in the IDF, tasked with the job of lecturing to sergeants in courses on logistics of military supplies. Her primary responsibility was to the base commander. As logistics officer, she was in charge of preparing each of the units at the base with all necessary supplies for exercises they were to perform in the days

ahead. The supplies included fuel, ammunition, water, food, and personal items for the soldiers, the amount depending on the length and purpose of the exercise.

One day, her commander presented her with an unusually long list of items for all the units in the base. The commander asked Sara to start working on the list immediately as a top priority over all other work. She realized that this was not a routine exercise and started questioning her commander about its purpose. He revealed that the army planned to travel through the Sinai to counter the Egyptians who were making life extremely uncomfortable for Israel. Beginning in 1954, Egyptian president Nasser had adopted the *fedayeen*, transferring the bulk of their operational bases from Jordan to Egyptian-controlled Gaza. He then closed the Strait of Tiran and the Gulf of Aqaba—both international waterways—to Israeli shipping, paralyzing Israel's commerce and economic development. In 1956, Nasser was preparing to receive a large shipment of Soviet arms.

Operation Kadesh began on October 29 as Israeli troops parachuted into central Sinai. The next day, the Israeli government announced the campaign as an attack on *fadayeen* bases in Sinai. On

October 31, Israeli forces captured the town of Rafah and pushed into Gaza. Then, they turned south proceeding to capture Sinai's eastern coast, advancing until they reached Sharm es-Sheikh, overlooking the Strait of Tiran.

Sara asked to accompany the troops on their mission. Her commander refused outright, stating that she was not part of the fighting force and that should he allow to her to go, he would find himself in jail. She reminded him how grateful he was for the work she always produced and assured him that no one would ever know that she would be there. Besides, she was intimately familiar with the terrain of Sinai and could prove useful in the mission. He was to ride in one of the first three jeeps in the officers' convoy, which was traveling on higher ground and overlooking the armored columns as they moved towards Gaza and the Strait of Tiran. Sara promised to sit in the back of his jeep covered with a blanket so that no one would see her. He agreed but asked her never to tell anyone of their deal. He then had her run to his home—high officers were billeted on the base with their families—to ask his wife to pack clean socks and underwear.

When the long convoys started out, it was almost like an excursion into the country for a holiday. Most of the soldiers were young and few had war experience. In fact, one of Sara's motives for joining the convoy was her desire to locate a boyfriend of hers, Shraga. Earlier in this campaign, he had gone missing during the fighting. (More about him later.)

As soon as the tank battles started, all ideas of a holiday jaunt evaporated, and the troops got down to the grim business of war. All of the soldiers carried full battle



gear, which included earplugs against the artillery and armor gunfire noise. Sara carried no protective equipment, especially earplugs, because nobody told her that they were critically necessary. The damage that was caused by this noise affected her ears and has given her problems to this day.

After a few tank skirmishes, where some Israeli and Egyptian tanks were hit or their fuel was depleted, the entire Egyptian army turned around and raced towards their lines. Some of those in vehicles stayed inside while others jumped out and started running back towards Egypt. The Sinai was littered with hundreds of abandoned tracked and wheeled vehicles as well as the boots of fleeing soldiers who felt that they could run faster without footwear.

This new situation changed the IDF battle plans. The commanders pursued the fleeing enemy; they scrapped their previous plans of orderly advance. The IDF officers (with Sara in one of the lead jeeps) raced ahead and left our armor forces, supply columns, and foot soldiers in the rear. When the IDF tanks had to stop for refueling after their long journey to the Sinai IDF soldiers gathered crews from our tanks and installed them into the enemy tanks, which were already pointed in the direction of the Egyptian lines.

To maintain pressure on the fleeing enemy, no time was taken to repaint the Egyptian markings with IDF markings, a cardinal rule of military policy, i.e., clear identification of friend and foe. Also, no time was taken to notify our air force, whose pilots were looking for enemy targets to bomb. These two oversights led to tragic results, as some of the Egyptian tanks with Israeli crews were hit by our own air force. A number of Israelis were killed and badly injured by their own forces. When the jeeps with the officers came upon the horrible scenes of burned

out tanks holding the bodies of IDF soldiers, they went into shock. The realization of what had happened was overwhelming for them. Someone had to climb into the tanks and carry out the mangled burnt bodies of the dead. Sara threw off the blanket she was hiding under and climbed into the tanks to start retrieving bodies. She did not care who saw her there: a job had to be done, and she just did it. This was her first time ever inside a tank. Following her example, others started to do the same until all the Israelis were taken out and properly attended to.

Sara discovered, much later, that her friend Shraga who had disappeared was one of those soldiers who were sent to crew an Egyptian tank. When his tank was hit by our air force, Shraga was thrown clear. He was lightly injured but isolated. He walked for many days through the desert until he reconnected with friendly forces. After the war, Sara returned to her base near Haifa without any word about Shraga for weeks. She was knitting a sweater for him one evening in her office when he walked through the doorway and greeted her and then told his story of survival.

Sara received neither a commendation nor honorable mention for her heroic action that day in retrieving the bodies of the soldiers killed in Egyptian tanks, but she also never received any punishment for being a stow-away either. That gave her all the satisfaction she needed. She told this story only to her husband, because she did not feel it was important and felt that no one would be interested. Since Seth did *not* agree with this, it is written here. Dear reader, do you feel that way? ●

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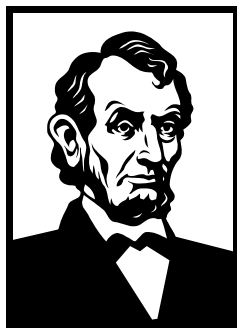
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GOOD BOOKS—*TEAM OF RIVALS*

Doris Kearns Goodwin. Simon & Schuster, New York, 2005, 917 pages.

Reviewed by Rosalie Brosilow



This magisterial work of history traces in parallel the lives and careers of Abraham Lincoln and his political rivals: William Seward, Salmon Chase, Edwin Stanton, and Edward

Bates.

Goodwin starts with a detailed depiction of the childhood and youth of the five men, and we see that in the boy lay the key to the man: Seward, Chase, Stanton, and Bates were born to families that were well off, and they grew up in urban surroundings in middle- and upper-class society, with access to newspapers, libraries, and cultural resources. Lincoln, born poor in a backwoods agricultural setting, had none of these resources to shape his mind. He had no formal education at all and no connections. Isolated intellectually, he would walk miles to borrow a book. He was driven by a thirst for knowledge and ambition to excel.

On other counts, the five men were similar. All five were for the most part decent men, moral and honest, even when 'doing the right thing' was to their political disadvantage. Seward, for example, provided legal defense for a mentally ill man who had murdered a family, even though the defendant was

unpopular with the public, which wanted to see the murderer executed. All five stood against slavery (more or less), the burning issue of their day, even when the stand was to their disadvantage.

All five competed for the Presidency. Why did Lincoln win? As Goodwin puts it, Lincoln was uncannily savvy when it came to politics. During a losing run for the Senate he learned how to build up support for his candidacy. He ran on what was then the Republican ticket, lining up supporters, building up funding and an organization of political workers, and most cleverly, holding back on his announcement to run until competition among the other candidates made him look like the best compromise candidate.

On his election to the Presidency, Lincoln appointed his four rivals (hence the title of the book) to his cabinet: Seward as Secretary of State; Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; (later) Stanton, Secretary of War; and Bates, attorney general. He recognized the outstanding abilities of these men to serve the nation and dismissed their former rivalry for the good of his administration. He was not mistaken: all four served him and the nation well.

Lincoln's Presidency was a difficult one throughout his entire administration, marked by a civil war that roiled the United States. The

nation was coming apart as he took office on March 4, 1863, and little more than month later war broke out. The firing at Fort Sumter, the beginning of the Civil War, occurred on April 12. Through this devastating war, Lincoln was bolstered by the support of his rivals. The conflict ended only shortly before his death.

When the war broke out, the best of the army generals, trained at West Point Military Academy, joined the Confederacy, leaving Lincoln and the Union with second-rate army leadership. George McClellan, the army top commander, was arrogant, fearful, and incompetent. Disobeying orders, he blamed others for his failures. Lincoln was famously quoted as saying that McClellan had "a case of the slows." The first Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, proved to be incompetent and possibly corrupt. Lincoln fired Cameron and appointed Stanton, who became a competent and dedicated secretary, taking over stewardship of the war when the Union was losing badly. Cameron worked day and night, sacrificing his health in the process.

Toward the end of his first term, one of Lincoln's rivals, Treasury Secretary Chase, began to run for the presidency himself. Lincoln was aware of this rival within his ranks, but Chase had proven to be an excellent secretary and Lincoln was reluctant to fire him. The President waited, tolerating Chase's backbiting for close to a year until Chase became overtly hostile, and he then replaced him.

Thanks to Drs. Kathy and Jeffery Lowengrub for calling this book to my attention.

For his second term, Lincoln ran against McClellan, who headed the Democratic Peace Party. This party platform promoted an end to the war by returning to the STATUS QUO ANTE. To the credit of the Union, the North voted to continue the war. Even the army that had suffered so horribly voted for Lincoln.

If there is one fault with this book, it is that Goodwin slides over this election too quickly. Given the mutual dislike of Lincoln and McClellan, I would have liked to read more detail about this election.

Because the end of Lincoln's story is well known, one comes to the end of this long book with apprehension. Goodwin shows a fact not well known: that the assassination of this President was a conspiracy that included plans to murder the vice president and members of the cabinet. Only the President's murder was successful, while Seward and his son, his assistant, were seriously wounded.

Finishing this book, several thoughts come to mind. If the Union had had better army leadership, the Civil War, which devastated the nation, would have been much shorter and less costly in lives. And if Lincoln had lived to complete his second term the United States might not have suffered the civil-rights conflict that stretched for a century after the war. And finally, if today Israel and all countries had leadership like that of Abraham Lincoln and his rivals the world would be a better place. ●

CONSIDERATIONS FOR A RELAXING WEEKEND

By Henry Sussman

My family subscribes to two Hebrew-language newspapers. In addition, on weekends I like to read an English newspaper. For years, I have been buying the *Jerusalem Post* almost automatically. For a short time, we even received it daily; delivered to our door. We also had an introductory subscription to the *Herald Tribune* for a brief time.



Receiving a newspaper daily left me little time for reading other things like books and magazines. I decided to terminate my subscriptions, much to the regret of the publishers who haunted me via the telephone to continue. I had a tough time to convince them to stop calling me and annoying me once or twice a week. In the end, I decided that I would pick up my weekend paper whenever I felt so inclined. Most of the time my choice was the *Jerusalem Post*, and occasionally the *Herald Tribune* won out. When I discovered that my favorite reporter no longer appeared regularly in the weekend edition of the *Jerusalem Post*, I decided to punish it and buy its competitor, *Haaretz*—*International Herald Tribune*.

Newspapers, especially those with local news, do not provide relaxing

reading material. On the contrary, I find most articles quite upsetting.

Quite by accident I made a discovery that suited me to a tee: I stopped reading the local news and now read only the world news. No, I'm not saying that the world news is so good, enjoyable and relaxing.

No, not at all! However, the problems and situations related in world news articles deal with things relatively far away and thus do not touch me or aggravate me as local news does.

Take the newspaper of a recent weekend for example. The *International Herald Tribune* had articles on the following subjects:

Page 1: **Where is this Art? Brazen thefts expose owners' vulnerability in Europe.** This story tells of thefts of precious art items from museums and private homes. Sad and regrettable, but it does not begin to touch me.

The hidden battle to kill BP's well. The acrimonious struggles, with many close calls, were kept from the public. Again, I feel for the people that make their living from the sea that were and are affected by this oil disaster. The expenses in trying to contain the leakage, limit the spread of contaminating oil coupled with loss due of oil that is wasted and not sold are also worthy of serious consideration coupled with sympathy for BP. But all this is far from home.

Compare this to the unrealistic and unrelenting attitudes of our Palestinian neighbors and once again it a sad story that does touch me but does not aggravate me personally.

More items: **17 years on, tycoon returns to face U.K. fraud charges.** I have as much understanding and compassion for the problems of England as the British population shows for those of Israel.

Other smaller items on the front page also did not stir my blood. For example, something about corruption in Afghanistan: **Karzai aid is linked to C.I.A.**

Another item: **A pastor burning holy books: The Rev. Terry Jones, an evangelical Christian in Florida, plans to memorialize the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, with a bonfire. The fuel he plans to use is the Koran.**

Third small item: **China's way to the Gulf: While the world is focused on the flood-ravaged Indus River Valley, China is quietly extending its presence in Pakistan's northern borderlands.**

All these items, without exception, do not touch or disturb me.

Another page-one item that you may not be aware of is a short mention with a photo of the

following. **Rustic bath revival: Using towels to protect their hair, women in South Korea take a heat bath inside a scalding charcoal kiln as the tradition resurges.** Sounds almost interesting enough to try it!

What other non-aggravating news did I find in the paper? Item on page three:

In London summer, it's Arab supercar time. – Two cars belonging to members of the Qatari royal family were clamped outside Harrods in July, after the family bought the store in May. These cars are shipped at the cost of \$15,000 one way from Qatar to London for use while the owners are there.

Still another item also on page three of the paper deals with the following:

Chirac offers cash to settle graft case from days as mayor.

I think that I have made a convincing case for my contention: It is best to stay away from local news and local newspapers and better to read about other peoples' problems from places remote from home if you don't want to be upset on the weekend.●

A POEM FOR ALL SEASONS

orange red blue green

none of them can be seen

winter white has taken over

every tree flower clover

in the spring colors bright

will reconquer winter's white

in the garden will be seen

colors red blue green

*Dina Michelson, age 11
Rehovot*



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to 120 years.*



GIORA EILAND ON THE CHANGE IN THREATS TO ISRAEL

By Susie Dym

Giora Eiland, a retired "aluf" (Major-General, reserve), was the head of Israel's National Security Council and the head of the Israel Defense Forces Operations Directorate and Planning and Policy Directorate. His recent article, "How the Changing Nature of Threats to Israel Affects Vital Security Arrangements" is reviewed here after it was forwarded to the community of American Jewish leaders by the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and was published in the October 31 issue of The Jerusalem Post.

Major-General (res.) Eiland warns that the past ten years reveal a marked change in the types of threats to be expected from a Palestinian state, namely, a switch from suicide terrorism, which was in the minds of our leaders ten years ago, to rockets and missiles, which have come to the forefront now. If positioned throughout Judea and Samaria, these weapons would cover the entire State of Israel. Advanced anti-aircraft missiles, for example, would be capable of shooting down planes flying into Ben-Gurion Airport and anti-tank missiles could hit Israel's north-south Highway 6.



Eiland says that these weapons, unlike heavier weaponry such as tanks, are easy to smuggle and manufacture clandestinely, as in Gaza, and, he says, "No monitoring system will be able to prevent this." The reason: rockets and missiles can easily be concealed in trucks carrying crates of agricultural produce and in houses in built-up neighborhoods of Tulkarm, Kalkilya, or Nablus in the West Bank, and elsewhere, with no way of knowing of their existence until they are used against Israel. Effective control of the Jordan Valley can prevent the smuggling of these types of weapons, but not their clandestine manufacture in Judea and Samaria.

Ten years ago it was said that the answer to coping with the Palestinian threat to Israel was a *demilitarized* Palestinian state. This referred to a state free of tanks, artillery, and aircraft, and installation of a monitoring system that would oversee enforcement of these restrictions. However, rockets and missiles cannot be monitored, and while "there are various excellent means of combating tanks and artillery, no effective way of combating smuggling or the local production of missiles" is known. That being so, the term "demilitarized state" is "an almost meaningless concept" today, Eiland says, because the only way to prevent manufacture of such types of weapons within Judea and Samaria is actual control of the area by Israel.

Eiland warns that hostile activity in Judea and Samaria could neutralize Israel's ability to mobilize its forces to reach the Golan and otherwise hamper Israel's efforts to defend itself against more sophisticated enemies, including neutralizing airborne activity and helicopters designated to evacuate the wounded, by virtue of a Palestinian state's ability to control the entire coastal plain with anti-aircraft missiles.

Finally, Eiland points to the *line of visibility* generated by the Shomron hills which would allow militias in a Palestinian state to visually see—and therefore take out by primitive shooting attacks—vehicles traveling along Israel's Highway 6, even using simple, flat-trajectory weapons.

Eiland warns that even pro-Israel Europeans "suggest different solutions, such as demilitarization, an international force, or international guarantees. Yet history is riddled with depressing, negative examples of the implementation of such solutions." He fears that "Israel could be dragged into a solution involving promises that, when it comes to the crunch, could let the country down."

Regarding the Golan, according to Eiland, in 1999-2000, Israel negotiated with the Syrians and the Palestinians simultaneously on the assumption that it would give up the Golan Heights and a large area, perhaps even most, of Judea and Samaria in favor of the Palestinians. Security arrangements were supposed to compensate Israel for the loss of territory. However, Eiland argues "This approach was partially correct for the time on both tracks, but it was also very short-sighted". Eiland reveals that "when Israel at that time debated the question of how to defend itself following a peace agreement, the prime minister and defense minister at the time determined that without the Golan Heights the country would be unable to defend itself. But how do we resolve the dilemma of a peace agreement that includes handing over the Golan Heights to the Syrians, while facing the fact that Israel cannot be defended without the Golan Heights? The way around this was supposed to be that if Syrian divisions began to approach the Golan Heights, Israel would quickly reoccupy that area. However, Eiland points out, this approach was based on military assumptions, all of them misguided. "It would have been enough for only one of the premises to be wrong for the entire concept of Israel defending itself after giving up the Golan Heights to collapse".

Eiland states, "Since the year 2000 and to date, no discussion or simulation, even on the most basic level, has been held to examine Israel's ability to defend itself *without* the Golan Heights." ●

LAUGH A LITTLE

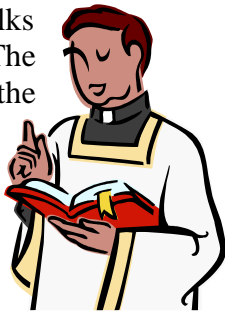
The Friendly Usher, from *Rhea Israel*

An elderly woman walks into the local church. The usher greets her at the door and helps her up the flight of steps.

"Where would you like to sit?" he asks politely.

"The front row please," she answers.

"You really don't want to do that," the usher says. "The pastor is really boring."



"Do you happen to know who I am?" the woman asks.

"No," he says

"I'm the pastor's mother," she replies indignantly.

"Do you know who I am?" he asks.

"No," she replies.

"Good," he answers.

Puns for Educated Minds, from *Barbara Epstein*

● The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.

- I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.
- She was only a whiskey maker, but he loved her still.
- A rubber-band pistol was confiscated from algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.
- No matter how much you push the envelope, it will still be stationery.
- A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
- Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
- Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
- Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
- Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other, 'You stay here; I'll go on a head.'
- A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said, 'Keep off the Grass.'
- The midget fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
- The soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
- A backward poet writes inverse.
- In a democracy, your vote counts. In feudalism, your count votes.
- When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.
- A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The flight attendant looks at him and says, 'I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger.'

- Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says 'Dam!'
- Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you cannot have your kayak and heat it too.
- Two hydrogen atoms meet. One says, 'I've lost my electron.' The other says 'Are you sure?' The first replies, 'Yes, I'm positive.'
- Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocain during a root canal? His goal: transcendental medication.
- There was the person who sent ten puns to friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh. No pun in ten did.

A son asks his father...

A young Arab asks his father, "What is this weird hat that we are wearing?"

"Why, it's a *chechia*," his father answers. We wear it because in the desert it protects our heads from the sun."

"And what is this clothing that we are wearing?" the son continues.

"It's a *djbellah* because in the desert it is very hot and it protects your body."

"And what are these shoes that we have on our feet?"

"These are *babouches*. They keep us from burning our feet when in the desert."

"Tell me, papa...."

"Yes, my son."

"Then why are we living in Montreal?"

Time to talk business?

Isaac and Hymie are two tired Brooklyn businessmen. Their doctors order them to take a Caribbean cruise. The second night out on the way to Martinique they are leaning against the ship rail, looking at the big bright tropical moon on the sea. They are really starting to unwind.

Suddenly the rail breaks, and both men fall, terrified, into the ocean. They come up gasping and spluttering and see the ship sailing away from them into the darkness. As

Isaac fell overboard he had managed to grab a life preserver, and now he clings to it, desperately treading water.

"Hyman!" he calls out, "Hyman, can you float alone?"

"Oy vay!" calls out Hymie from the dark waters. "What a time to talk business!"

...a few more light-bulb jokes from Seth Hoffman

- *How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?* Only one, but the light bulb must want to change.
- *How many police officers does it take to change a light bulb?* Twenty. One to change the bulb and nineteen to do the paperwork.
- *How many mystery writers does it take to change a light bulb?* Two. One to screw it in almost all the way and the second to give it a surprising twist at the end.
- *How many paranoids does it take to change a light bulb?* Who wants to know?
- *How many men does it take to change a light bulb?* Just one, but you have to nag him for a month first.

Depends where you are... from Karen Ganter

A few years ago, Joseph was finally given an exit permit by the Russians and allowed to emigrate to Israel to join his family. He was told that he could take only what he could pack into one suitcase. At the Moscow airport, he was stopped by a customs officer who glared at him and snarled, "Open the case!" Joseph opened the case and the Russian rummaged through the meager belongings and pulled out a large bundle wrapped in old copies of *Pravda*. He unwrapped it to reveal a bust of Stalin.

"What is that?" snarled the customs officer. "What is that?" said Joseph timidly. "You shouldn't ask 'What is that?' You should ask 'Who is that?' That is our glorious leader Stalin. I'm taking it to my new home to remind me of all the wonderful things that he did and the marvelous life that I am leaving behind."

"I always knew that you Jews were mad!" said the official, tossing the bust into the case. "Go!"

A few hours later, Joseph arrived at Ben Gurion airport and was confronted by an Israeli customs officer. "Shalom. Welcome to Israel. Open the case!" Once again Joseph's belongings were examined and the customs officer came upon the bust.

"What is that?" said the customs officer. "What is that?" said Joseph indignantly. "You shouldn't ask 'What is that?' You should ask 'Who is that?' That is the bastard, Stalin. I'm taking it to my new home to remind me of all the misery and suffering that he caused me for most of my life. I want to spit on it every day for the rest of my life."

"I always knew that you Russians were mad!" said the official, tossing the bust into the case. "Go!"

At last, Joseph arrived in his new home and eventually got around to unpacking, watched by his young nephew. He took out his few clothes and then carefully unwrapped the bust of Stalin and put it on a table.

"Who is that?" asked his nephew. "Who is that?" said Joseph with a smile. "You shouldn't ask, 'Who is that?' You should ask, 'What is that?' That is five kilos of gold and a bit of black shoe polish." ●

ONLY IN ISRAEL

The Rehovot Reporter *asked readers to send in short stories of experiences they had that could happen only in Israel. Here is a selection of their responses.*



No one like mama

In the 80s I went to the port of Haifa to greet my sister, who was coming on *aliyah*, but the border guard would not let anyone cross the line and board the ship. Just then, I saw that while they didn't let me aboard, they let a young man cross the line and board the ship. I asked the nearest guard, "What was that? I wanted to greet my sister!" He said, "The young man went to greet his mother. A sister can wait."

Norman Gelman, Rehovot

Looking out for his clients

Entering the Tel Aviv Museum of Art on a very hot day, my husband and I stopped at the entrance for a check by the security guard. The guard looked into my purse, and he saw that I had a water bottle that was empty. "Go downstairs," he told me. "You can fill the bottle at the water cooler there."

Rosalie Brosilow, Rehovot

Jewish engineers

There are *minyanim* on the 5:45 and 6:45 trains from Beer Sheva to Tel Aviv. I usually travel on the earlier train. We always have seven or eight different people show up, and we have to scrounge to complete the *minyan*. We *daven* in the second northernmost car.

One day, the engineer on the train called out, "Hey, I'm the tenth." Without asking any questions, we all picked up our paraphernalia and moved up one car. The *shaliach tzibur* stood in the opening of the sliding door between the engineer's cabin and the passenger car so that everyone could hear. I expected the engineer to be a passive tenth, answering 'amen' in the proper places. But he put on his *tallit* and *tefillin* and was *davening* away with us. I was afraid he might not stop in Kiryat Gat, as we're always in the middle of the *shmoneh esreh* there, but he did stop. Those Jewish engineers know how to 'conduct' themselves.

Jeff Meshel, Beersheva

Only in Israel: my phone company, my television service, and my internet service wish me a Shanah Tova.

*Similar examples came from several people:
Millard Warshawsky, Rose Tellal, Naomi Markus*

No masks yet

In mid-August we received a flier in our mailbox from the post office telling us that the postal service had been chosen to distribute new gas masks and that we should pick up our masks at the closest station. I put the flier aside and figured I'd collect the masks when I have time. Two weeks later, August 29, we receive the same flier again. Beginning to feel that this matter is more than a little important, this time my wife and I figure that we really should pick up the masks right away. →

The flier states that we can pick up the masks at any of three locations, Sunday though Thursday, between the hours of noon and eight o'clock. The next day, August 30, we go to the site nearest to our home to pick up our masks. No one is there, and no masks are to be found. Turns out that the genius at the postal service who made up the flier neglected to state when distribution would start! They weren't giving out the masks until September 1. This could happen in other places, but it is a specialty of our beloved country.

Millard Warshawsky, Rehovot

You can pay me later

A few months ago I was driving with my 5-year-old granddaughter from Rishon LeZion to our *moshav* near Rehovot. Driving along, I felt and heard a 'boom' and realized that we had a flat tire as we were coming into road 431.

My granddaughter sat down at the edge of the highway on a fence, while I tried to flag down someone who could help us. To add to the aggravation, we were in a big rush as my son was waiting to use the car. Finally, a very nice young man stopped and changed the tire for us, telling us we should go immediately to get it fixed, as it would be dangerous to drive without a spare. I thanked him and offered payment for his help, but he wouldn't hear of it.

After coming home and explaining to my son that it would be dangerous for him to drive without a spare, he arranged to use another car and I drove with my granddaughter to a tire place in the industrial area of Rehovot. We were told that the flat tire was totally ruined and that I needed to buy a new one. I had very little cash with me and no checkbook. I had my credit cards, but this place didn't accept credit cards. I told the guy I could only pay him a small amount of money. I didn't know what to do.

Here's the "only in Israel" angle: It turns out that the tire guy knows my son, as he is a friend of our neighbor. They ride horses together. So he says to me, "Give me the 50 NIS you have. Don't give me more—I don't want to leave you with an empty wallet. And don't come back especially to pay me. I have to come to your neighbor one day soon. I'll knock on your door and you can pay me the rest then."

Months went by and he never showed up.

Not long ago my husband was going to the industrial area and I mentioned to him that we never finished paying for the new tire. So he stopped in and paid the guy, who was flabbergasted—he had forgotten the entire incident and would never have asked for the money.

Arlene Bar-Yosef, Moshav Sitrya

They'll turn brown anyway

Many years ago when we were new olim, I went shopping for white sport sox for our son. I was still a bit shy and waited quietly for my turn in the tiny store. When the proprietor looked my way, I told him what I wanted and without any words, he dropped a box in front of me. I opened it and found a full box of brown sox. Well, I thought, maybe he made a mistake and my request wasn't clear enough. So I asked him again, ever so gingerly for white sox. Finally, he answered me: "*Nu giveret! What do you want? Take these. The white sox will turn brown anyway!*"

We arrived at the Rechovot Merkaz Klita and were settling in. The apartment was nice and larger than we had anticipated. OK, so there was no shower curtain in the

bathroom, just a pipe coming out of the wall. We guessed that that was the "stall shower."

At the end of a long day of unpacking, exhausted, we settled down for a nice shower and sleep, even though the beds were narrow and very hard. We got used to the shower, but there was no dip in the floor so all the water ran under the door and into the rest of the apartment. Yikes—no mop anywhere!

We found the "housemother" who gave us a stick that looked like a large windshield wiper. Embarrassed, I called up my sister and cried to her (again). What was I to do? She told me that there were no mops in Israel and that the large windshield wiper was the mop. All one had to do was pull the water on the floor back to the drain while showering. Long, leisurely shower time was a fond memory of the past. "Chick-chack" took on another dimension.

Suzanne Naimark, Rehovot

When I came on aliya over 40 years ago, there was a perennial egg shortage every year just before Rosh HaShana. Being new to Haifa, I was unaware of this situation. Having searched the supermarket and all the local groceries, I learned the hard way that there were no eggs to be gotten.

After I dropped my son off at his "gan" I passed a local grocery store where I saw eggs in the window. Very excitedly, I walked in and asked the shopkeeper for a dozen eggs. Her prompt reply was that she didn't have any eggs. So I showed her all the eggs that were on display. She immediately responded that those were for her regular customers whereupon the tears started to pour down my face. I managed to say, "How can I be a regular customer when I'm new to the neighborhood?"

Finally, she took pity on me and agreed to sell me six eggs.

Cissie Green Jacobson

It was much too hot

When I made aliyah in the mid-1970's, I lived in Jerusalem. As I didn't have a car until much later, I came to know the city by walking the length and breadth of it. One day, after a rather long walk, I decided to stop in for a falafel sandwich at a nice clean storefront on King George Street, near the (former) location of Richie's Packs, for those with long memories.

I was famished, having walked from my apartment in Ramat Eshkol to Hebrew Union College overlooking the Old City, and then back into town. I placed my order—a bottle of drink and a pita with falafel, salad, and chips, and waited in line and finally received the food. Before I started eating, I added tehina sauce, pickles, and what I thought was parsley—a lot of it. The falafel-stand proprietor came over to me and said "*Ge-everret*, - I just cannot watch you do this. Please accept another falafel sandwich on the house, but *THIS* time don't put any green condiment on top! The green condiment was 's'hug yarak,' a very hot spice used widely by Yemenite cooks. Needless to say, I learned to ask about what I see on display in restaurants!

*Margaret A. Cohen-Jackel,
Rehovot*



RAFAEL MOSES, A DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERN US JEW

By Aviva Cohen*

If you were born or lived in the United States you know that the state of Georgia is known as the Peach State. What you may not know is that this peach growing as a commercial enterprise was pioneered in Georgia by a Jew named Rafael Jacob Moses, a planter and commercial lawyer. In 1851, Moses helped initiate the marketing of plums and peaches in the state, and he is reputed to have been the first planter to ship and sell peaches outside the South. In a history of antebellum Georgia, James C. Bonner credits Moses with being the first to succeed in preserving the flavor of shipped peaches by packing them in champagne baskets instead of in pulverized charcoal.

Rafael Moses was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 20, 1812. He was a fifth-generation South Carolinian. His great-great-grandfather was a refugee from the Inquisition who came to Georgia just a few months after Col. James Edward Oglethorpe landed with the first settlers, from England, in 1733. His mother, Deborah Cohen Moses, was the daughter of Jacob R. Cohen, a North African “rabbi” who served in synagogue activities in Montreal, New York, and Philadelphia. His ancestors fought in the American Revolution, and some three dozen members of the family served the Confederacy during the American Civil War.

Moses married Eliza Moses in January 1834. They were married for 60 years and had 12 children, six of whom survived. At the request of his daughter, Marie, he wrote his memoirs in the early 1890s—much of this information comes from that work.

Moses was politically involved before the war; he favored secession. After serving as a commissary for a general, he was promoted to major and became the chief commissary officer for General



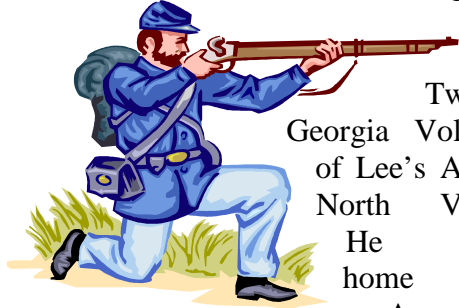
James Longstreet, the man General Robert E. Lee called “my old warhorse.”

As commissary for the Confederate Army his duty was to provide food and other needed items for the army. Moses went on a foraging trip through the Virginia valleys before the Sharpsburg campaign. In his own words, “My trip was a very fatiguing one. It lasted about two weeks, but as I returned to camp with trains well loaded with stores, for which the troops were in great need, I felt fully compensated.”

Unfortunately for him and for the army the supplies had to be left behind when the army retreated from Sharpsburg the next day. “So much for the uncertainties of a boarding house keeper in the midst of war, and as I had... a family of nearly 54,000 to provide for, this depletion of the larder was a very serious matter,” he wrote.

Moses' actions contrasted sharply with the Union policy of looting and burning homes, farms, and entire cities of defenseless citizens. He had been forbidden by General Lee (the Southern Commander-in-Chief) to enter private homes in search of supplies during raids into Union territory, even when food was in painfully short supply, and he always paid for what he took from farms and businesses, albeit in Confederate tender.

Moses' three sons also served with distinction in the Civil War. His oldest, Israel Moses Nunez, served in the artillery. His youngest son, Raphael, Jr., entered the US naval academy at age 15 in 1860, but resigned the following year, and joined the Confederate navy. By the end of the war, he was serving in the



Twentieth
Georgia Volunteers
of Lee's Army of
North Virginia.
He walked
home from
Appomattox,

Virginia, after the surrender. Raphael's middle son, named Albert Moses Luria (in honor of Raphael's mother's ancestor Luria) was shot in the head and died in battle after throwing a live Union artillery shell out of his fortification before it exploded, saving the lives of many of his fellow soldiers. He was age 19 at his death and was the first Confederate Jew to die in battle. Ironically, his first cousin, Joshua Lazarus Moses, of Sumter, South Carolina, was the last Confederate Jew to die, on the very day that Lee surrendered, firing the last shots in defense of Mobile, Alabama.

Towards the end of the war, supplying the army became increasingly difficult. Moses requested a leave of absence to go to Georgia and talk to the farmers who had refused to sell their crops. While in Georgia on this mission, he found himself appointed to the position of Confederate Commissary of the State of Georgia after the man who had held the post died.

Moses attended the last meeting of the Confederate government, which was located in Georgia at that time. He was asked to carry out the last order of the Confederacy. He was ordered by President Jefferson Davis to take possession of \$40,000 in gold and silver bullion from the Confederate treasury and deliver it to help feed and supply the defeated soldiers straggling home after the war. Many of them were hungry, sick, shoeless, and in tattered uniforms. With a small group of determined armed guards, Moses successfully carried out his duty, despite repeated attempts by mobs to take the bullion forcibly.

When the war ended, Raphael returned to his wife and family home, a plantation named Esquiline in Columbus, Georgia. He became an active opponent of the Reconstruction government in Georgia and was elected to the Georgia State House of Representatives, becoming chairman of its judiciary committee.

He died in Brussels, Belgium, while on a pleasure trip with his daughter Marie and her husband. His body was returned to Columbus, where it was buried next to his wife in the cemetery at Esquiline, now a family cemetery in Columbus. His calling card at that time still read: "Major Raphael J. Moses, CSA."

One quote that I found very interesting was made by Coronel A. Fremantle, who shared a tent with Moses during the Gettysburg campaign. He wrote of Moses: "He is the most jovial, amusing and clever Son of Israel I ever had the good fortune to meet." ●

**The writer heartily recommends the book that much of this information was taken from, "Last Order of the Lost," an immensely entertaining, often amusing, and sometimes heartbreaking story of a family before and during the Civil War.*

SPORTS AND NUTRITION—TWO SIDES OF THE WELLNESS COIN

By Dina Laree*

Physical activity and balanced nutrition help to keep us fit and healthy. However, each without the other is less beneficial at best and can be detrimental. People who work out regularly, and especially those who engage in strenuous or prolonged aerobic exercise, need appropriate nutrition for their active lifestyle.



Four nutritional elements take on special meaning when coupled with physical exercise: water, carbohydrates, proteins, and anti-oxidants.

Water is obviously important for everyone. How much is enough? An adult needs 1.5 to 2 liters of water a day for regular functioning. Water is the vehicle by which our bodies absorb nutrients and expel waste. If we drink too little, no matter how well we eat, we will not be nourishing our bodies properly. When we exercise and perspire, we need to replace the water we have lost beyond our usual 2 liters. Besides losing water, we also lose vital salts that can be replenished with isotonic sports drinks.

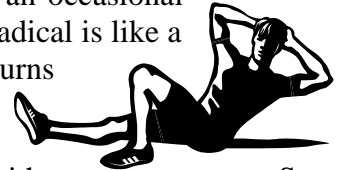
Carbohydrates are the fuel we burn most readily to provide energy. Therefore, it's a good idea to eat a small amount of carbohydrates about half an hour before exercise. A banana or a couple of dates will quickly be utilized by the body to provide the power we need for a good workout.

Proteins are the building materials our

bodies use to build muscle tissue. When we exercise, rather than adding bulk to existing cells, muscle cells are destroyed, to be replaced with bigger and stronger ones after the workout is over. The half hour following exercise is a window of opportunity to provide the body with extra protein so strong new muscle tissue can be created. We need protein that can be easily digested and quickly assimilated.

During exercise, since we need lots of energy, our bodies burn calories. That is great for losing weight and important for a healthy metabolism. There is, however, a down side.

The process by which our bodies use food to produce energy is oxidation. It goes on constantly and keeps us functioning. A by-product of the process is free radicals, caused by incomplete oxidation, much like a log in a fireplace that shoots off an occasional spark. A free radical is like a spark that burns whatever it comes in contact with.



Some vitamins, called anti-oxidants, neutralize the free radicals and prevent them from doing damage. During strenuous exercise, oxidation is going on at an accelerated rate, so we must provide our bodies with extra anti-oxidants for protection.

Sports and nutrition go hand in hand to keep us healthy, fit, and young. With the right program, a balanced diet, and the right supplements, we can stay active and vibrant to 120! ●

*Dina Laree is a fitness and wellness coach located in Rehovot. See her website www.deelite.co.il or call 077-21-20-131.

EAT AND ENJOY

NORMAN GELMAN'S DAIRY MASHED POTATOES

Norman uses red potatoes for this recipe. He says that the original recipe, from which this is adapted, used chicken fat instead of yogurt—this recipe helps to watch the calories!

- 1 medium potato per person, peeled and cubed
- ½ medium onion, chopped, per potato
- 3-percent white yogurt
- Salt and pepper



Sauté the onions until soft or caramelize them, whichever you prefer. Cook the potatoes until soft either in a pot with water or in the microwave with a small amount of water. Drain the water. While the potatoes are hot, add the onions and plenty of salt and pepper to taste, and some 3-percent white yogurt. The amount of yogurt depends on how much mashed potatoes you are making. Mash roughly with a potato masher and taste; adjust seasonings. You can add a bit of butter or milk to get the consistency you want. Serve while hot. I use an ice cream scoop to serve the potatoes.

Note: For pareve mashed potatoes use pareve butter-flavored margarine instead of the yogurt.

TALI GASSNER'S YUMMY FISH CAKES

These fish cakes are healthful, hearty and delicious, says Tali, of Ganei Hadar. For the fish, I use half salmon and half nesicat hanilus.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none">600 grams fish fillet—any firm-flesh fish, skin removed, and cut into large cubes.2 1/2 cups potatoes in large chunks1 cup carrots in small pieces1 large onion coarsely chopped1 tbsp. mustard (best is Dijon) | <ul style="list-style-type: none">1 tbsp fresh herbs (mint, marjoram, basil, thyme, tarragon, whatever you like)1/2 cup breadcrumbs, plus breadcrumbs for rolling the cakes1 tsp. salt1 tbsp lemon juiceOne egg |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



Fill a pot with water and add the potatoes, onions and carrots. Bring to a boil, and boil for 10 minutes until the veggies are soft. Add the fish cubes to the pot and boil for 7 more minutes. Drain the contents of the pot and mash it up with a potato masher—you should still be able to see what is what within the mash. Add all the other ingredients except the breadcrumbs for rolling. Form patties from the mash, roll in breadcrumbs, shake off excess crumbs and fry in a small amount of oil—best in a non-stick pan—until brown and slightly crunchy, 3-4 minutes on each side.●

THE MAGIC CUP

Yaffa Eliezer*

“Sometimes, a critical moment can dictate one’s destiny, one that is least expected but that can change your entire life.”

I was seated in one of the lecture rooms at Tel Aviv University listening to the speaker. I closed my eyes; my mind wandered off to the past. In the summer of 1962, aged 19, I ventured out on my first long journey away from my home in Montreal, Canada. I was young, naïve and immature.

I set out to visit my grandmother and the rest of my family in Israel. It was much cheaper to go by sea than to fly. My doting and worried mother managed to find a traveling companion on the night train to New York. I was not so fortunate after all because my companion’s one-year-old kept us awake all night with his crying. So following a sleepless night, I arrived in New York with red, baggy eyes. I spent two hectic days there with a distant cousin who helped me with my last minute shopping. By the time I embarked on the ship I was worn out.

The *TSS Olympic* was a modern three-story-deck passenger liner housing 500 travelers. It was close to a vacation resort—full board, including three meals a day plus afternoon refreshments. On board were a huge dining room, a few coffee shops, two disco bars, two swimming pools, a workout gym, a playroom, boutiques, a hairdressing salon, a movie theatre, a chapel, and first- and tourist-class cabins. Several lounges and open-air terraces served as promenades and places for social gatherings.

I shared a cabin with two young women. As I was young and adventurous, I chose the upper bunk, a choice I regretted during the entire voyage to Naples. Some nights the sea became so rough that I had to strap myself into the bed and hold on tightly. After several such nights, my lust for adventure diminished significantly, so that

when I embarked on the connecting liner to Haifa, I insisted on having a lower berth.



I cannot recall many events on the liner to Naples, but I do remember vividly the bad days and nights that I spent on the open-air terraces, trying to overcome the nausea. During the calm nights, I went to the disco bars and danced until the early hours of dawn, catching up for lost time. On the days that followed such late outings, I woke in the afternoon and was the first inside the dining room for coffee and cake. Between the late dancing nights and the ones fighting nausea, I didn’t get much sleep.

My voyage on the Zim Passenger Liner from Naples was more enjoyable, and I can recall almost every moment. The sea was calmer and on the second day, I met David. He swept me off my feet. His good looks and charm dazzled me. We were constantly together. We swam in the pool, played ping-pong, and took long walks along the deck.

The night before we docked in Haifa, a dance competition was held on board. David was a poor dancer and refused to enter the competition. I couldn’t let such an event pass me by. I tried to explain this to David but he couldn’t understand my insistence. I knew that David was annoyed, but I signed up. I was paired off with Ron, who turned out to be a fantastic dancer and partner.

David was angry and I soon saw him with another girl. Throughout the day, he ignored me, refusing to speak to me. I was hurt and unhappy. I was sorry that I had entered the competition, but it was too late. I couldn’t back out. I was Ron’s partner and I couldn’t let him down.

The ballroom was packed with spectators. David was seated up front, flirting with his new flame.

Ron and I were selected as one of the five finalists. The big prize was a crystal cup, containing a wrapped package. The winning couple had to guess what was hidden inside. The clue to the riddle lay in the verse that was handed out to the five couples.



A FAIRY TALE OR LARK,
IN THE MAGIC OF THE DARK,
CAN COME TO LIGHT.
GO CATCH YOUR BIRD,
IT IS NOT ABSURD,
IN THE MIDST OF THE NIGHT.
JUST GIVE IT A NAME
AND YOU'LL COME TO FAME.

Ron and I reread the verse several times. I didn't have the faintest clue, but Ron's eyes brightened as he lifted his hand excitedly and shouted, "I have it. I know the answer to the riddle."

"Go ahead", said the announcer.

"It's Mozart."

"Mozart," I mumbled after him. "Ron what are you talking about?."

"The clues all lead to Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*. The story is about a bird-catcher whose name is Papageno. It's almost a fairy tale and the nature of the theme is the eternal struggle between light and darkness."

"That is correct," said the announcer. "The crystal cup goes to Ron and Rona."

I was very proud of Ron and for the first time I saw him in a different light. I looked at him at this critical moment and was happy that I was standing beside him and not beside David.

"Will you please open the package and let everyone see what is inside," said the announcer.

While Ron held the cup, I took out the small package and took off the red ribbon. Inside were two small chocolates in wrappers decorated with Mozart's picture. Everyone applauded as the orchestra began to play a slow. Ron put the cup down and took me in his arms as we glided along the dance floor. Soon the other four finalists joined in and they were followed by the other passengers. Afterwards Ron handed me the crystal cup and insisted that I hold onto it.

"But Ron, you were the one who guessed the riddle; you should keep it."

"No you take it. It will give me an excuse to visit you in Israel."

I was very pleased as I held the cup in my hand. And then the most horrible thing happened. It dropped from my hands and fell to the floor. I closed my eyes afraid to see the damage.

"You can open your eyes, Rona."

I heard Ron's voice and slowly opened my eyes. I expected him to be angry and upset but he was smiling. When I looked on the floor, I couldn't believe my eyes. The cup had not broken after all. It was in one whole piece.

"Ron, the cup did not break! It's a magic cup."

"Of course it's a magic cup. It brought us together."

I opened my eyes and stopped daydreaming. There was loud applause in the audience. The lecture was over. I rushed out to my car. Ron would be home soon. At seven o'clock the children were coming for dinner to help us celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary and wish us a safe trip to Montreal. ●

*Writer Yaffa Eliezer moderates the *Scribblers' Club* in Rehovot.

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Open Sun.-Thurs.: noon-midnight, Fri.: 10:00-midnight, Sat.: 1 hour after Shabbat-midnight

reviewed by Annice Grinberg

Katana is located in the heart of Kibbutz Na'an. Following the turnoff into the kibbutz, several signs lead you to the restaurant. At about 0.4 km from the kibbutz gate, turn left into a large parking area. A small footbridge will take you there.

Katana bills itself as a sushi/Asian restaurant, but it is much more. Though the flavors are predominately Japanese, the menu choices include such non-Asian items as steak, chicken, hamburgers, fish, pasta, salads and sandwiches. There is also a children's menu. Menus are in Hebrew only, and you can find one on their web site, though it is not identical to the printed menu at the restaurant. (Other discrepancies also exist on the web site, including incorrect phone numbers and hours.) The menu lists a large variety of soft drinks and several kinds of beer. There is a very limited selection of Tishbi wines, and I didn't ask about sake.

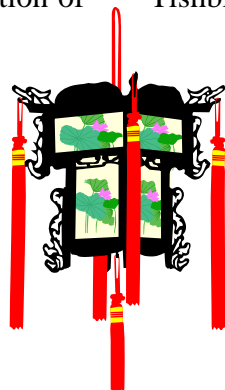
On Fridays, the brunch menu goes far afield geographically, and includes items as diverse as Russian herring, Tunisian *shakshouka* and French toast. Since the restaurant uses no dairy products, you will have to drink your coffee black or with soy milk.

Katana has seating outdoors in a lovely large garden area and in a moderate-sized indoor room. It can cater parties of up to 150 people in the garden and up to 70 indoors. Since it was a balmy evening, my stalwart sidekick and I chose to sit outdoors, where attractive hanging lanterns helped illuminate the area.

I was going to forgo an appetizer, but saw chicken wings on the menu, a dish that I can rarely resist, so we decided to share a plate of these. The succulent wing pieces were cooked in a tangy sauce and coated with sesame seeds, and they were finger-lickin' good! A small salad came alongside.

My sidekick decided that, since this was a sushi restaurant, he should order sushi. Not knowing which kind to get, he decided on the combination plate, a huge portion that included eight pieces each of salmon and *maki* sushi and four pieces of what was termed "sandwich tuna sushi." These latter consisted of tuna and seaweed sandwiched between small triangles of sushi rice, lightly sautéed and served hot. I tried one, found it absolutely delectable and couldn't keep myself from filching another.

Not being a sushi aficionado, for my main course I ordered the vegetarian noodles. The large bowl of egg noodles, veggies and tofu contained enough to feed at least two hungry people. Considering that I had eaten two of my sidekick's "sandwiches," I couldn't do justice to it, though it was very tasty. We had the leftovers wrapped up, along with the sushi that my sidekick didn't manage to finish, and ate a good meal at home the next day, even with some noodles left for lunch the day after. I tried some of the sushi, and, to my amazement, found that I liked it. I can't say how authentic it was, but it was very good.



Though we were both stuffed, we felt obligated to ask about dessert. (My daughter claims that dessert goes down a different pipe.) The choices were apple strudel or Belgian waffles with parve ice cream. Since the two of us are chocoholics, we were somewhat disappointed that there wasn't anything to feed our addiction, but our waitress told us that we could have chocolate ice cream with the waffles and that the desserts varied from day to day. She promised us a chocolate dessert next time we came. So we decided to share the Belgian waffles, thinking that half a dessert would not be too sinful. We should have known better, considering the size of our main courses. We were served two waffles, each topped with a scoop of ice cream. Each of us had a cup of herbal tea to wash everything down.

Our waitress, who might have been the manager, reminded me of a Jewish mother, very friendly and helpful. She told us that the Or2K restaurant, that I reviewed here in the Passover 2008 issue, had closed not long after it became non-kosher. I hope that Katana stays in business longer than that.

Our dinner bill, including one appetizer, two main dishes, a glass of wine, a dessert and two teas came to NIS160, quite reasonable, considering the quality and quantity of the food. I definitely plan to return. ●

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A TRUE HAPPENING IN REHOVOT.

By Barbara Pfeffer

A few weeks ago in England, a nation of animal lovers, there was a report of a woman throwing a cat into a rubbish bin. She was fined 250 pounds sterling and forbidden to keep a pet for five years. Here is how we in Rehovot care for our animal friends.

The woman had heard a cat mewling from inside the bin in the garbage room. Not finding the creature, she asked for my daughter's help. As much as they searched among the rubbish, there was no sign of kitty, so they called 106, who came running to the rescue. They tipped the bin sideways, and there at the bottom was Kitty, head firmly wedged in the drainage pipe.

As they could not dislodge her head, my daughter ran upstairs, returning with some oil to rub around Kitty's neck, hoping to "grease" her out. She also brought a little stool so that Kitty could rest her hind legs on it, as up until then she had been hanging by her neck.

This did not work, so they called the fire brigade, which arrived post haste, bell ringing, hatchets at the ready. They wanted to cut up the bin, but were frightened that they would cut Kitty's neck, so they proposed cutting a circle around her, leaving a plastic necklace forever around her neck. Not such a good idea.

Whilst holding this consultation, who should happen upon them, but the neighbour, a gynecologist. My daughter, a nurse, explained that what was required was the opposite of a delivery. Instead of easing the baby out, he was required to ease the head back into the bin. The gynecologist donned gloves and set to work. But to no avail.

So in desperation, the firemen cut the plastic right next to kitty's head, and successfully, without nicking her, cut free

the exhausted kitty, who had previously been too weak even to sip the water offered her.

The gathering crowd called out "Mazal Tov" and other expressions of joy. Kitty moved a couple of meters and then froze in trauma.

The neighbor ran upstairs, returning with some fresh schnitzel and a bowl of milk, which our kitty consumed with relish.

Last heard of, kitty was doing well, and has retuned to snake- and rat-catching, vowing never to return to foraging in rubbish bins. ●



NEWS OF RESO AFFILIATE ORGANIZATIONS

AMIT celebrates 85 years of educating and nurturing Israeli youth. AMIT Chug Rehovot held three events recently: a *shiur* with Dr. Miriam Hoffman Sklarz; a guided tour of the renewed Israel Museum; and our annual membership meeting with speaker Sarah Weiss Ma'udi, advocate.

The next event will be held December 25, 2010: it is a discussion of the novel *For the Love of God, and (72) Virgins*, a work that addresses anti-Israel bias. Come hear South African-born, Pam

Peled PhD, author and lecturer at the Interdisciplinary Center in Herzlyia and Beit Berl.

Witty and incisive, Dr. Peled bristles when Israel is called an apartheid state. In her novel, a page-turner with a compelling story line, some of it based on her own life, she confronts biased media reports about Israel.

AMIT has begun to plan for its annual Purim Mishloach Manot Project.

Proceeds from this project benefit Maot Chittim, AMIT's needy students. If you have moved or are new to Rehovot and would like to participate in this project, please contact Abby, 077-952-5475, or Judy, 08-9454258. We look forward to your participation.●

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LIFE CYCLES

Engagements: *Mazal Tov to...*

Pennina and Hershel Safer on the engagement of their daughter Aliza to Doron Karnei-R'em, son of Dassi and Ruby Karnei-R'em of Efrat.

Marriages: *Mazal tov to...*

Mark and Ruth Lavie on the marriage of her daughter Timna to Motti Medina of Rishon Letzion, son of Avi and Gina Medina.

Pearl and Marty Herskovitz on the marriage their son Netanel to Michal Ben-Adi of Moshav Barak

Naomi and Murray Borsekofsky on the marriage of their grandson Ariel to Emma. Ariel is the son of Simcha and Yerachmiel Elyashiv of Karnei Shomron.

Lynn Uram on the marriage of her daughter Meirav to Ehud Inbal-Klinger, the son of Pazit and Itamar Inbal of Alfei Menashe and to Meirav's father and stepmother, Aryeh and Shlomit Kallush of Massuot Yitzchak.

Michelle Simpson and Stephen Simpson on the marriage of their son Danny to Michal Rimon daughter of Rona and Yoram Rimon of Rehovot.

Judy and Nathan Weiss on the marriage of their daughter Shifra to Tomer Karni, son of Malka and Moshe Karni of Rehovot

Tami and Ron Unger on the marriage of their daughter Ayelet to Mattan Shpaier, son of Itzchak and Sara Shpaier of Rehovot.

Births: *Mazal tov to...*

Molly and Heshi Bodner on their new granddaughter Tzipora and to the parents, Efrat and Menachem Bodner and to the entire family.

Jenny and Yechezkel Kartin on the birth of a grandson and to the parents, Batya and Assaf Gross, and to sister Noa.

Pearl and Marty and Herskovitz on the birth of their first grandchild and to the new parents Yael Statman and Yaakov Herskovitz.

Honey and Yehuda Berenson on the birth of a great-granddaughter and to grandparents Ilana and Michael Berenson of Kedumim, and to parents Tamar and Shai Adar of Tsefat.

Jenny and Yechezkel Kartin on the birth of a grandson and to the parents Nurit and Yisrael Kartin of Jerusalem.

Evelynne and Hershell Goldman on the birth of a granddaughter, a 3rd daughter, Shani, to Ilana and Gilad Jack of Mazkeret Batya.

Adele and Tuvia Muskin on the birth of a great-grandson, Roie Yehuda and to the parents, Shira



and Ariel Fund and to grandparents Rachel and Mordechai Wilk.

Edith and Paul Linden on the birth of a grandson, and to parents Chaim and Yamit Linden.

Bar and Bat Mitzvah: *Mazal tov to...*

Rebecca and Shimon Krausz, son Noam

Ruth and David Drory, granddaughter Hallel, daughter of Avital and Alon Aron of Moshav Tekuma.

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Ziva and Yaakov Amitai, son Menachem.

Rhea and Joe Applbaum, granddaughter Yael, daughter of Leat and Marc Applbaum.

Ellen and Charles Hexter, grandson Yechiel son of Efrat and Avi Hexter.

Shira Frimer, sons Arial and Matan, and to grandparents Esther and Aryeh Frimer and Irene Marocco and to great grandmothers Libby Neiman and Helen Schwartz.

Daphne Millis, granddaughter Omer Vaknin, daughter of Susie and Dudu Vaknin of Zur Yigal Evelyn and Hershel Goldman, granddaughter Elisheva Goldman, daughter of Amy and Amy Goldman of Sharon, Mass.

Condolences to...

Harry Langbeheim on the passing of his father Jakob Langbeheim

Zvia Epstein on the passing of her mother

Hilda Krombein on the passing of her father Rav Yosef Haim Shimon Biem

Dori Levy on the passing her mother Rachel Becker

Henry Sussman on the death of his sister Liz Manning

Judy Shmell on the passing of her father Isadore Davidowitz

Refuah Shleimah To all our Friends

Alfie Noodelman

Special Mentions

Mazal tov to Annice and Ira Grinberg on their 50th wedding anniversary

To include your announcements in the next issue of The Rehovot Reporter, submit information to A. Weinberg, POB 2516, Rehovot.

The REHOVOT REPORTER

The Voice of English-Speaking Israeli Organizations in Rehovot

David Froehlich, founder, The Rehovot Reporter/RESO

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