

תשורה

משמחת

נישואין של

הת' הרב יששכר טובי'

עב"ג אלטא שרה צערטל

שיחיו

ווייטמאן

יום המישי, ח"י אדר ב' ה'תשע"ד

פתח דבר

בשבח והודיה להשי"ת על כל הטוב אשר גמלנו ובחסדו הגדול זיכנו בנישואי צאצאינו החתן התמים הרב **יששכר טוביה** שי' עב"ג הכלה המהוללה מרת **אלטא שרה צערטל** תחי' בשעטו"מ ביום חמישי, ח"י לחדש אד"ב ה'תשע"ד.

הננו בזה לכבד את ידידינו ומכירנו, אשר באו מקרוב ומרחוק ליטול חלק בשמחתנו, ולאלו אשר שלחו את ברכותיהם מרחוק, בתשורה, מיוסד על הנהגת הוד כ"ק אדמו"ר מוהרי"צ בעת חתונת הוד כ"ק אדמו"ר נשיא דורנו עם בתו הרבנית הצדקנית מרת חיה מושקא ע"ה ביום הבהיר י"ד כסלו ה'תרפ"ט, וכפי שהונהג לאחרונה בקרב אנ"ש לכבד את הבאים להשתתף בסעודה של שמחה, בנוסף למטעמים גשמיים, גם מטעמים רוחניים.

בתשורה זו מופיעים בעיקר קורות חייהם של גבורי המחתרת החבדית מאחורי מסך הברזל. סב הכלה הרה"ח ר' הלל זלצמאן שי' חושף את זכרונותיו באנגלית אודות משפחת אביו הרה"ח ר' אברהם זלצמאן ע"ה, שלמד בתו"ת בעיר ליובאוויטש וחינך את משפחתו מתוך מסירות נפש במדינה ההיא עד לעלייתו לארה"ק בערוב ימיו. ואב החתן הוציא מאמתחתו כמה סיפורים ומענות קודש מכ"ק אדמו"ר למשפחתו אשר שייכים ג"כ לעבודת הקודש במדינה ההיא.

כמה מעלות טובות בהוצאתם לאור של תשורות מעין אלו, אשר מחד מטרתם להגביר אצל הקוראים את אור וחום ההתקשרות לנשיאינו, תורתם והוראותיהם, ומאידך קריאה לחתן וכלה ולצאצאיהם "הביטו אל צור חוצבתם ואל מקבת בור נוקרתם" (ישעי' נא, א), לעודדם ללכת בדרך זו תכה"י ולהצטרף לעבודת השליחות להפצת המעיינות חוצה ולתקן העולם במלכות ש-ד-י.

ויהי רצון שתיכף ומיד ממש נזכה לקיום היעוד "מהרה ישמע בערי יהודה ובחוצות ירושלים קול ששון וקול שמחה, קול חתן וקול כלה", "ונזכה זען זיך מיטן רבין דא למטה, נשמה אין א גוף ולמטה מעשרה טפחים והוא יגאלנו".

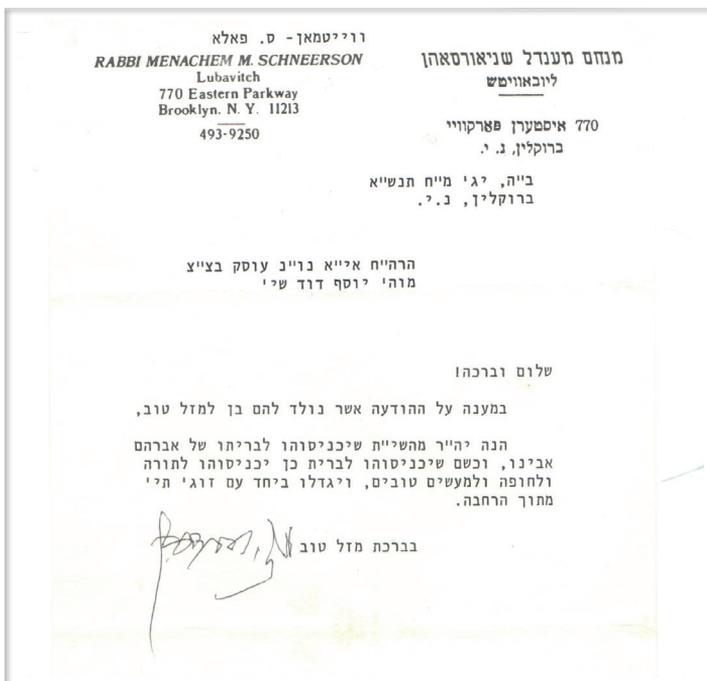
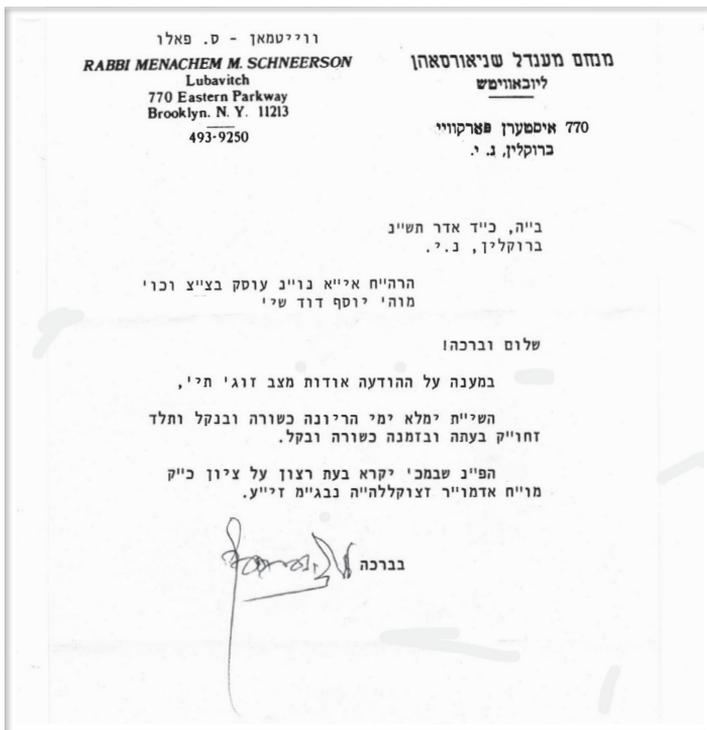
בברכת פסח כשר ושמח

מנחם מענדל ראקסין

ומשפחתו

יוסף דוד ווייטמאן

ומשפחתו





ווייטמן - ס. פאלא

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בי"ה, ט' מ"ח תשנ"ד
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הרה"ח אי"א נוי"נ עוסק בצ"צ
מוה' יוסף דוד שי

שלום וברכה

במענה על ההודעה אודות יום הולדת השלישי של בנם יששכר טובי"א שי
נה מועתק לקמן חלק ממכתב כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר זצוקלה"ה נב"מ זי"ע
בנוגע למנהגי ישראל בזה. ויה"ר מהשי"ת שיגדלו ביחד עם זוג' ת"י לתורה
ולחופה ולמעשים טובים מתוך הרחבה.

ברכה
בשם כ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א
מזכ"ר

וז"ל כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר.

..... ובדבר גזירת השערות - אפשרעניש - הוא דבר גדול במנהגי ישראל
ועיקרו הוא בחיבור השארת פלאות הראש, ומיום הגזירה והנחת הפלאות של
הראש. נהגו לחדד לרה"ג את המינוק בענין נשיאת ט"ק וברכות השחר וברכת
המזון וק"ש שעל המטה. והשי"ת יהי' בעזרו שיגדלוהו לתורה ולחופה ולמעשים
טובים מתוך פרנסה בהרחבה ובמנוחת הדעת בגשמיות וברוחניות.

ראקסין - ברוקלין

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הו"ח אי"א נוי"נ וכו'
מוה' מנחם מענדל שי

שלום וברכה

במענה על ההודעה אשר נולדה להם בת למזל טוב
ונקרא שמה בישראל אלטע שרה צערטעל ת"י,
נהה יה"ר מהשי"ת שיגדלה ביחד עם זוג' ת"י
לתורה ולחופה ולמעשים טובים מתוך הרחבה.

ידוע מכ"ק אדמו"ר (מהרשי"ב) נ"ע, אשר
מנהגו הוא לאמר גם בלידת בת לתורה ולחופה
ולמעשים טובים, ע"פ מרז"ל (ברכות י"ז א) נשים
במאי זכ"ר באקרוב' כו' באתנו' כו' ונטרין כו'.

ברכת מזל טוב

בשם כ"ק אדמו"ר שליט"א
מזכ"ר

<p style="text-align: center;">ראקסין-ברוקלין</p> <p>RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON Lubavitch 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn 13, N. Y. HYacinth 3-9250</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן ליובאוויטש</p> <p>770 איסטערן פארקוויי ברוקלין, נ.י.</p>
<p>ב"ה, י"ח סיון תשי"ח ברוקלין</p>	
<p>הח"ה אי"א נו"נ וכו' מו"ה שרגא פייזיל שי'</p>	
<p>שלום וברכה! במענה על הודעתו אורח מצב זוג' תתי', תשי"ח ימלא ימי הריזנה כשורה ובנאל וחלד זחוק בעהה ובזמנה כשורה ובקל.</p>	
<p>ברכה <i>משה</i> תתי' <i>אשר</i></p>	
<p>בטה יודעים מהוראת כ"ק מו"ה אימו"ר, אשר עד שתכנס לחודש החמישי לא תפרסם עד"ה."</p>	
<p>שלום וברכה! במענה על הודעתו אשר נולד להם בן למזל טוב, הנה יה"ר מחשי"ה שיכניסוהו לבריהו של אברהם אבינו, וכשם שיכניסוהו לברית כן יכניסוהו לחורה ולחופה ולמעשים טובים, ויגדלו ביהר עם זוג' תי' מחוך הרחבה.</p>	
<p>ברכה מזל טוב <i>אשר</i></p>	

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<p>שלום וברכה! במענה על הודעתו מיום הולדת השלישי של בנים מנחם מענדל שי', הנה מועתק לקמן קטע ממכתב כ"ק מו"ה ארסו"ר יצוקלה"ה נבג"מ ז"ע בנוע למנהג ישראל זה, ויה"ר מהשי"ה שיגדלוהו הוא זוג' תי' וא כל ילדיהם שיחיו לחורה ולחופה ולמעשים טובים מחוך הרחבה.</p>	
<p>ברכה <i>אשר</i></p>	
<p>זו"ל כ"ק מו"ה אימו"ר:</p> <p>..ובתר גזייה השערות - אפשערעניש - הוא דבר גדול במנהג ישראל ועיקרו הוא בהתינוך והשארות פיאור האש, ומיום חגזיזם והנחת הפיאור של הראש נתנו לחוד להרגיל את התינוק בענין נשיאת ט"ק וברכות ששחר וברכת תפוזין וק"ש שעל המטה, ותשי"ה יהי' בעזרת שידלתו לחורה ולחופה ולמעשים טובים מחוך פרנסה בחרתבה ומנוחת היקת בגשמיות וברוחניות.</p>	



MY FATHER ARRIVES IN LUBAVITCH

MAN OF *MESIRAS NEFESH*

A person can usually be measured by his daily appearance and conduct; his inner essence is expressed by the details of his daily routine. My father, however, was an exception to this rule: he was, as the Rebbe Rayatz described him, a *penimi*, one whose outer appearance did not truly express his inner character. This does not mean that he was an introvert or socially awkward; to the contrary, as all those who knew him can testify, he was friendly and socially adept. However, his true character remained concealed and was not displayed by his outward conduct. He was a businessman his entire life, giving off the impression of a simple person. It was only on rare occasions that his true essence came to the fore and one was able to see what was really important to him.

In Soviet Russia there were numerous *rabbanim* and *talmidei chachomim*; however, when put to the test, they were unable to display the necessary persistence and *mesiras nefesh*. Instead, they used their Torah knowledge to uncover leniencies, using regulations such as *dina demalchusa dina* and *issur derabanan lekula* to endorse their lenient views. This was not the case regarding my father: he did not surrender an iota to the pressures of the Communist culture, ready to fight with *mesiras nefesh* for the *chinuch* of his children and all other matters of Yiddishkeit.

OFF TO LUBAVITCH

My father, R' Avrohom Zaltzman, was born on Beis Cheshvan 5660 (1899) in the city of Smargon. His parents, Dovber and Shaina Zaltzman, had eleven children.

One day, a *shadar* (fundraiser) from Lubavitch by the name of R' Tuvia Skolnik came to the city of Smargon. While making his rounds, he visited the Zaltzman family, and upon seeing the poverty they endured, he convinced my grandfather, R' Dovber, to send his eleven-year-old son, my father, to Yeshivas Tomchei Temimim in Lubavitch. The *yeshiva* had a reputation as a place of Torah study imbued with the fear of heaven, where the students were educated to acquire fine character traits and *ahavas Yisrael*. My grandparents, despite their qualms about sending a young child away from home, were glad to be granted the opportunity to send their son to Lubavitch.



Three generations of the Zaltzman family (My father was then in yeshivah and is not in the picture.)

Upper row, from right to left: My aunt Feigel Zaltzman; my uncle Shimon Zaltzman; my great-grandfather, Ozer Yitzchok Zaltzman; my great-grandmother, Disha; my grandmother, Sheina Zaltzman; my grandfather, Berel Zaltzman; and my uncle Yosef Zaltzman.

Lower row, from right to left (my father's younger siblings): Chasha Zaltzman, Zalman Zaltzman, Miriam Zaltzman, Nechama Zaltzman and Esther Chana Zaltzman.

My father joined the *shadar* and after much travel, they eventually reached their destination. He was tested in Gemara *Eilu Metzios* and was then called in for an interview with the principal, who later became the Rebbe Rayatz. The Rebbe asked him detailed questions, asking him why he had come to Lubavitch and why he preferred this *yeshiva* over other Lithuanian *yeshivos*. The Rebbe also asked him detailed questions regarding the material and spiritual situation of his home.

When he left the Rebbe's office, he did not yet know whether or not he had been accepted into the *yeshiva* and he was very nervous. It was a week before Rosh Hashana, 5671, and the upcoming Yomim Noraim would prove to be the Days of Judgment in the fullest sense of the words. On Rosh Hashana he sobbed throughout the prayers and begged Hashem to help him be accepted into the *yeshiva*.

He was thrilled when, after Yom Tov, he was called into the office and told that he was accepted and would learn by the *melamed* R' Leib from Vietke.



Yeshiva life was not easy for a young boy like my father. My father related that during his initial stay in Lubavitch, he slept in the *shul* located adjacent to the cemetery. The older fourteen-year-old boys “warned” him that he must make sure to go to sleep right away, for at midnight the dead rise from their graves, dressed in white, and peer through the windows to see who was still awake. “You can just imagine,” my father concluded, “how much I slept those nights, if at all!”

LODGING IN THE REBBE MAHARASH’S HOME

At a later point during his *yeshiva* years in Lubavitch, my father slept in the home of the Rebbe Maharash, giving him the opportunity to view the Rebbe’s dining room, *yechidus* room, and so on. My father also related that his room was located next to the *beis medrash*, and every Thursday night he was able to hear the *bochurim* in the big *zal* sitting and learning Chassidus and Nigleh through the night, singing *niggunim* and *farbrenging*.

At one period of time, my father ate the Shabbos meals at the home of R’ Hirsch, the butcher of Lubavitch. One Friday night during the month of Cheshvan, he arrived at the butcher’s house at a late hour and found the door locked and the family asleep. Brokenhearted and very hungry, he trudged back from the butcher’s house on Brom Street to the *zal* on Shilava Street. (My father recalled being able to hear the Rebbe Rashab saying a *maamar* in the *zal* before the older *bochurim* as he made his way back to the *yeshiva*.)

When he returned to the *yeshiva*, his friends advised him to go to the home of R’ Michoel *der alter* (R’ Michoel Bliner) who was known to be a Chassid with a heart of gold. My father recalled how, in the previous month, on Yom Kippur night, R’ Michoel was unable to *daven* in *yeshiva* because he was too ill. They brought a bed to the *shul* and he had *davened* while lying down. My father felt distinctly uncomfortable bothering this old, frail Chassid, but due to his hunger, my father adhered to their suggestion and hurried to R’ Michoel’s house. He knocked lightly and within a few moments R’ Michoel opened the door. His frailty was apparent and it was quite obvious that he had been asleep for a while and had awoken especially for the young boy. R’ Michoel went to the kitchen and served my father some *lokshen*.

A day had not yet passed and on the following *motzoei Shabbos* R’ Michoel passed away. My father felt obliged to join the rotation that sat in his house before the funeral to say Tehillim at his bedside. The funeral took place on Sunday, participated by the Rebbe Rashab and his son the Rebbe Rayatz.

“THE CHILD NEEDS HIS MOTHER”

My father's young age coupled with the distance from home made it difficult for him to adjust to his new surroundings. As a result, he sometimes found it hard to learn properly, and he even joined some friends at times in pulling off practical jokes. One such joke, for example, took place on Purim. The older *bochurim*, themselves after a nice amount of *mashke*, found a goat in the courtyard and gave it some *mashke* to drink until it began to dance and frolic about.

At one point, the *mashgiach* of the *yeshiva*, R' Yechezkel (Chatche) Himelstein, decided to send my father, along with another boy, away from the *yeshiva*. The reason for his decision was recorded on a note: “The child needs his mother.”

The two boys visited the *mashgiach* numerous times and pleaded with him to reconsider, but to no avail. He didn't even answer their pleas and just sat there silently. They then decided to entreat R' Chatche's wife, known to possess a gentle disposition, to intercede on their behalf. She indeed promised to speak to her husband, but this too did not produce any results.

They consulted with their friends in the *yeshiva* and were told that since the Rebbe Rayatz, the *menahel po'el* of the *yeshiva*, had agreed to R' Chatche's decision, the only one that could prevent the verdict from being carried out was the Rebbe Rashab himself. But how were two small boys to succeed in entering to the Rebbe for *yechidus*? To amplify the problem, the one in charge of arranging *yechidus* was R' Nachman *der meshares* (the attendant), a strict and rigid individual who would doubtless refuse them entry to the Rebbe's room.

My father thought of an original idea. An additional attendant, R' Mendel *der meshares*, assisted the Rebbe in his house. He was a kindhearted fellow, and he was responsible for serving supper to the Rebbe. My father knew that a long passageway separated the kitchen from the dining room where the Rebbe would eat. He decided to wait in the hallway until he saw R' Mendel enter the kitchen and then quickly slip into the dining room and beseech the Rebbe to help him.

Nervous and with a trembling heart, my father crept into the Rebbe's house and waited in the hallway. As soon as R' Mendel turned into the kitchen, he quickly ran down the hall, and with quivering steps he entered the dining room where the Rebbe sat. He then burst into uncontrollable tears, unable to utter a word.



The Rebbe Rashab was sitting at the table eating a dairy meal. Rebbetzin Shterna Sarah sat at the table as well, while the renowned Chassid R' Shlomo Leib Eliezerov sat to the side, conversing with the Rebbe.

The Rebbe noticed my father, and he turned to him and asked gently, “*Yingele*, why are you crying?”

“R' Yechezkel Himelstein sent me away from the *cheder*,” my father answered in a tear-choked voice.

“And why did he send you away?”

“I don’t know.”

The Rebbe chuckled. “*Nu*, so go learn in the *yeshiva* in Radin!”¹

My father’s cries intensified. “No! I want to learn in Lubavitch!”

The Rebbe smiled and continued, “So learn in Slabodka, Mir . . .” And the Rebbe continued enumerating all the famous Lithuanian *yeshivos* of the time as my father continued crying and refusing each “proposal”: “I only want to learn in Lubavitch!”

The Rebbetzin then interceded on my father’s behalf. She said to the Rebbe: “What do you want from the boy? Promise him!”

She then turned to my father and said: “Go, *yingele*. I’ll speak to my husband.”

My father was happy to hear that the Rebbetzin was willing to intercede, but he said that he wanted to hear from the Rebbe himself. The Rebbe then turned to him and said, “I’ll speak to my son [the Rayatz].”

However, my father continued standing and didn’t budge. Seeing this, the Rebbe asked him, “What else?”

“I have a friend who was also sent home, and he also wants to stay here and learn.”

“Where is he?”

“He is standing behind the door.”

“Why doesn’t he want to come in?”

1. Radin was the home of the *yeshiva* of the Chofetz Chaim.



TRYING HIS HAND AT PRODUCING *MASHKE*

During the time when he learned in Lubavitch, my father would travel on rare occasions to visit his parents and relatives in his hometown of Smargon. During one of these visits, he heard about a man in the city who was preparing to marry off his daughter but was having a hard time raising the necessary funds. My father pitied him and decided to try to help him by saving him some of the wedding expenses. He went over to him and confided that he knew how to make *mashke* out of potatoes and he would produce the amount that the man needed for the wedding. In those days, *mashke* was expensive, and this would constitute significant savings.

The truth was that my father had never tried producing *mashke* before. His “experience” was limited to the one time when he had watched someone produce *mashke* out of potatoes. But he commiserated with the man and decided to try his luck. My father was quite skilled with his hands, and he believed it would turn out well.

He ground the potatoes and mixed them with sugar as he had then observed, and he put the mixture in a warm place to ferment. Once a day he would mix the combination. Days went by and nothing happened. My father felt terrible, thinking that because of him there would be no *mashke* at the wedding. The man, as well, regretted having agreed to this young boy’s suggestion. My father was all of fifteen at the time.

But in the end, with Hashem’s help the mixture fermented over time, and by the time the wedding day arrived, the *mashke* was ready, yielding a vintage taste. My father was ecstatic, happy to have merited to help another Jew.

“Because he’s embarrassed.”

Indeed, a short while later, my father was summoned and informed that he had been reaccepted. However, he wouldn’t learn in the actual *yeshiva* but rather in the second floor of the *yeshiva* by the *melamed* R’ Mendel Liadier.

The significance of my father’s steadfast resolution to remain in Lubavitch is clearly apparent now, over one hundred years after this episode. From all of the eleven

Zaltzman siblings, my father was the only one that merited to build a true Jewish home with children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The majority of his brothers and sisters succumbed to the pressures of the time, leaving the path of Torah and developing into staunch Communists.

Years later, my father once sat by a *farbrengen* together with R' Mendel Futerfas in Eretz Yisrael and repeated this story. In his characteristic style, R' Mendel explained the episode as follows: "Do you think that the Rebbe Rashab acceded to your request because of your cries and entreaties? No. The Rebbe saw that you had *ahavas yisrael*. You weren't concerned only about yourself, but you remembered to mention your friend as well. That's what enabled you to remain in Tomchei Temimim!"

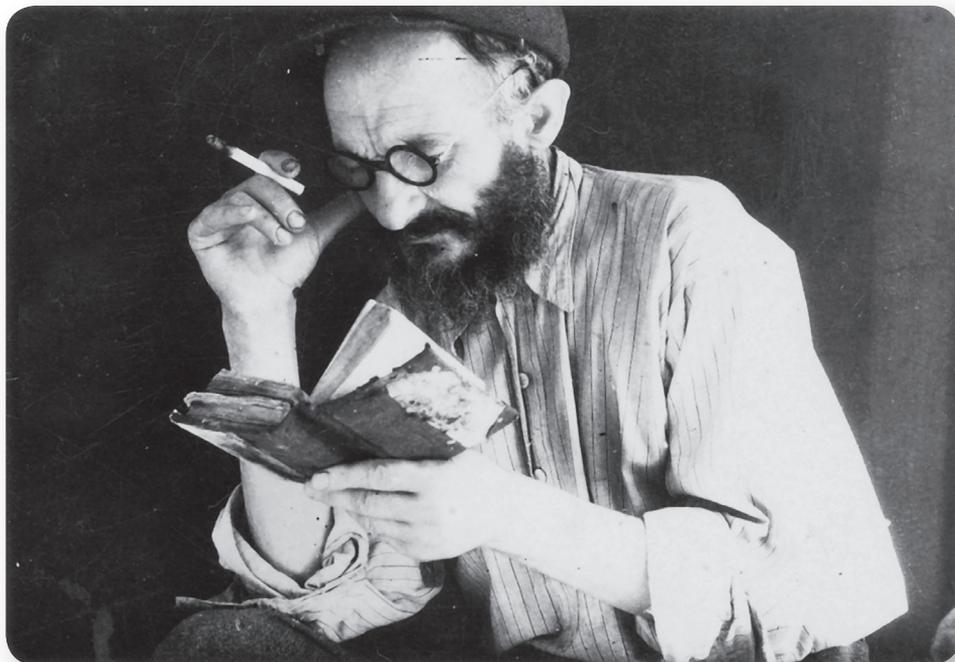
YOMIM NORAIM AND PESACH NIGHT IN LUBAVITCH

My father recounted many of his memories of Lubavitch in a letter he penned to his grandson, my nephew R' Yosef Yitzchak Zaltzman, a *shliach* of the Rebbe in Toronto.

He wrote that he remembered that on the day before Rosh Hashana before *Mincha*, all of the *temimim*, young and old, would come to say Tehillim with the Rebbe Rashab who would recite it aloud, with devout concentration and heartfelt emotion. He also remembered that on the morning before Yom Kippur, as soon as dawn broke, the Rebbe Rashab would give the chicken he had used for *kapporos* to the *shochet* to be slaughtered immediately.

On Rosh Hashana night, the Rebbe Rashab spent about two hours immersed in the *Shemone Esrei tefilla*, his brows creased in concentration as he softly hummed the words of the prayers. My father would nostalgically recount how he merited to stand together with the other *temimim* near the Rebbe Rashab, and from time to time the Rebbe's sweet voice in prayer would reach their ears. My father also related that on one Shabbos, at seven in the morning, he walked to the *mikva* to catch a glimpse of the Rebbe Rashab walking back from the *mikva* to his house. It was a unique sight that always remained fresh in his memory.

One year, before his *bar mitzva*, my father participated in the *tefillos* of Yom Kippur in the *shul* next to the Ohel in Lubavitch. The *chazan* was an old Chassid of the Rebbe Maharash who claimed that the Rebbe Maharash had appeared to him in a dream and requested that he *daven* in the *shul* next to the Ohel. That Yom Kippur, my father slept on the floor of the *shul* in a corner covered with some straw. It was a Yom Kippur that was engraved forever in his soul, and every Yom Kippur thereafter he would picture himself standing in prayer in the *shul* near the Ohel.



In general, my father's visits to the gravesites of the Tzemach Tzedek and the Rebbe Maharash were embedded deeply in his heart, and he would often imagine himself standing at their gravesites, uttering the words of the *maaneh lashon*.

The night of the *seder* in Lubavitch held a place of honor in my father's memories of Tomchei Temimim. A small table was set up in the center of the *zal* upon which a beautifully handcrafted wooden candelabrum was placed. This candelabrum was constructed by the Rebbe Maharash after doctors told him that working with his hands would benefit his health. It was made out of 613 chunks of wood, and it was comprised of thirteen (*echad*) holders – one holder in the center and two rings of holders encompassing it. The outer ring had eight holders and the inner ring had four.

Surrounding the table with the candelabrum were another eighteen tables which seated about three hundred *Temimim*. When the *seder* began, they would announce: "Table No.1 – Kiddush," and so on. At every table, when it was their turn, the *talmidim* would recite Kiddush simultaneously, and when they drank in a reclining position they would lean on the person beside them. My father said that it looked like a falling deck of dominoes; an entire table of people dropping upon the shoulder of the person to their left. On *Acharon Shel Pesach* there was a large *farbrengen* ("Moshiach's *seudah*") with was graced with the participation of the Rebbe Rashab.



My father said that he had the merit to hold the Mittlerer Rebbe's pipe, and the tobacco still emanated a fresh scent.

When my father spoke of Lubavitch, he would describe the dilapidated houses of the town made of flimsy wooden panels. They were small houses that were so frail looking that it seemed as if one gust of wind could topple them. Once, while making his way to the *mikva* near the *Binyamin Shtiebel*, he saw a decaying, tiny house in a corner which was said to be the house of Yossel, the uncle of the Tzemach Tzedek. He was a man of great spiritual stature and the Tzemach Tzedek respected him greatly.

(Pointing to the advantage of the small houses of Lubavitch, my father related that they once told the Rebbe Rashab about a certain Jew by the name of Chasidovsky who built a large house on Varantzavsky Street in Rostov. The Rebbe Rashab said, "A big house [equals] a great concealment.")

I once heard that at one of the Yud Tes Kislev *farbrengens*, all of the *temimim* attended the *farbrengen*, but my father preferred to stay near the bed of a sick *bochur* so he wouldn't remain alone. They say that at that *farbrengen*, the Rebbe Rashab said, "Who knows if the *bochurim* who came to the *farbrengen* are of greater principle? Perhaps it is the *bochur* who remained with his sick friend!"

"PLEASE GIVE ME A JEWISH BURIAL"

My father once related that on one occasion, an anonymous person came to Lubavitch. My father observed him sobbing profusely as he *davened Mincha* with great concentration. In those days, it was a common occurrence for new people to arrive in Lubavitch, and this person did not attract undue attention. Sometime later, my father went out to the yard and suddenly heard the sound of choking. He tried to locate the source of the sound, until he realized that it was emanating from the outhouse. He rushed over and found the man lying on the ground with his eyes closed, knocked unconscious, with a pungent fume of poison emanating from his mouth. On his chest lay a note, which read: No one is implicated in my death; please give me a Jewish burial.

My father ran to his friends, and they carried him to the yard and tried to resuscitate him. They forced him to vomit until he threw up the poison he had swallowed.

When he recovered, he told my father his story. He came from a wealthy family and was on his way from Austria to Eretz Yisrael where his relatives lived. On the way, he had been robbed of all his money and he was left without a penny. For a few days he had



nothing to eat and he was ashamed to ask for a handout. That day he couldn't take it anymore, and after *davening* a heartfelt *Mincha*, he had tried to commit suicide.

My father raised money for the man's trip, prepared a bag laden with food and sent him on his way. Before he departed, the man told my father his last name, "Brawerfon-Meisel-Gibori," a composite of an Austrian and a Hebrew name. He begged my father that if he ever went to Eretz Yisrael, he should locate his family who would pay him back for his efforts.

(Over fifty years later, when we arrived in Eretz Yisrael, I asked my father whether he had located the man's family. He said that he had heard about a family with a similar name who once resided in the Gedera area, but he had succeeded in locating them.)

MODEST AND ARROGANT UNCLES

My father would tell us about his uncles. His uncle Moshe was a *chassidishe* Jew, far removed from worldly matters. He was replete with *bittul*, to the extent that it wasn't beneath his dignity to remove his shoes in the middle of the street to remove the sand that collected inside.

A second uncle, by contrast, was full of *yeshus* and *gaavah*. He served as the *rav* in a *shul* (I believe in Shventzian, a town not far from Smargon).

My father once returned home from *yeshiva* in Lubavitch, bringing along with him some *sefarim* to sell. When he approached his abovementioned uncle, he tried persuading him to buy from him as well by enumerating the various *rabbonim* who had purchased from him as well.

Upon hearing my father mention the names of other *rabbonim*, prefacing each one with the honorary title "*harav*," his uncle jumped up from his place. "Are these *rabbonim*?! Who is the *rav* here?! To think that I would receive so much *agmas nefesh* from my very own nephew!"

"I didn't mean to challenge you, uncle," my father tried to excuse himself. "I was only trying to tell you that they bought from me as well."

But his uncle remained unappeased. "But who is the *rav* here?! So much *agmas nefesh* from my own nephew . . ."

He was only placated when he went over to the *aron kodesh*, opened it wide and proclaimed the verse from Tehillim (31:19) with great concentration: "Let the lying lips be silenced, which speak arrogantly against the righteous, with pride and contempt!"

CURE IN CRIMEA

In his youth, my father suffered severely from asthma and the doctors ordered him to relocate to a warmer climate. They recommended the Crimean peninsula. My father traveled to Narzan, Crimea, and he rented an apartment from a Jewish landlord. After living there for a year and drinking the warm spring water, he became completely healed.

My father had always been good with his hands, and that year his landlord gave him a plot of land upon which my father mastered the skill of gardening. He loved gardening because in this work one can see Hashem's blessing in action, how a diminutive seed can produce an entire plant. It was also healthy for him to be out in the fresh air doing physical activity.

The landlord played the violin and my father asked him to teach him his musical skills. During that year, my father learned how to play the violin, and for many years thereafter, he was accompanied by a violin. At weddings that took place in Samarkand during the war years and afterwards, when there was no possibility to hire a band or musicians, he would happily volunteer to bring his violin and enliven the atmosphere. Additionally, he would dance a *kazatzke* as if he were a youngster, and after a bit of *mashke*, he would stand on his head and dance on the tables. This practice continued until his old age.

At *chassidische farbrengens*, as well, he would bring his violin and play in honor of the auspicious day. This continued for many years, including following his emigration from Russia and his subsequent settling in Nachalat Har Chabad.

Having a talent in music was not an exception for my father's family; many of his siblings were likewise involved in music and art.

Shlomo (Solomon) Michaels was a famous Jewish artist of international fame. During the late 1920's, Michaels, with the encouragement of the Soviet regime, tried to organize a Jewish theater. He announced that every young Jew who displays talent in art should come and get tested, and whoever would pass the test would be guaranteed a considerable salary. During those years of hunger, many young Jews went to get tested: perhaps they would be accepted to the theater and they would have some kind of income. About five hundred people arrived from many locations within the



My father playing the violin in Eretz Yisroel, accompanied by his grandchildren

Soviet Union. Among them were my uncle, Shimon Zaltzman, and my aunt, Nechamah Zaltzman. From the hundreds of applicants, only eighteen candidates were accepted, including my uncle and aunt.

After the war, Stalin decided to liquidate the Jewish theater and arrest the actors. On the night of January 12th, 1948, Stalin's angels of death and terror killed Michaels in a dark alley in Minsk (the capital of White Russia—Belarus).

My uncle Zalman, who was killed during the war, was a student in an art academy. For his graduate degree, he submitted a rendition of the famous painting "The Fall of Pompey," and it was the best piece of art to be submitted from all the graduating students.

MIRACULOUS RESCUE ON THE TRAIN

After the Bolshevik Revolution in 1920, Russia was ruled by anarchy. Various gangs sprouted throughout Russia. One of the most infamous bandit armies, notorious for its anti-Semitism, consisted of the Machnovites, under the leadership of the anti-Semite Machnov.



In those terrifying times, a train ride was treacherous for Jews. If a Jewish passenger fell into the hands of one of the Machnovites, he could be taunted and eventually hurled to his death from the rapidly moving train. None of the other passengers would interfere or attempt to prevent the catastrophe.

It once happened that my father had to travel by train. He was then in his twenties, and his recent growth of beard served as an obvious indication of his Jewish identity. He tried to sit quietly in a corner of the compartment so as not to attract undue attention.

Not far from his seat sat a Machnovite who noticed my father and began to mock and degrade him. My father was terrified and pretended that he didn't realize that he was the target of the stinging remarks. The hoodlum increased the volume of his vile words until, overcome with a spasm of hate, he approached my father, grabbed him by the neck and started to drag him to the doors at end of the train.

My father began to plead with him, saying, "Let me be, I am still young! What do you want from me?! I also want to live!" But the thug continued to spit out a slew of curses and dragged him along the compartment. One can only imagine the great fear that overcame my father during those terrifying moments.

Suddenly, from a corner of the compartment rose a huge man, who was of a larger physical build than the Machnovite. He lunged forward and started bellowing: "What are you doing? Leave him alone!"

As he said this, he approached the Machnovite and grabbed him by the neck. The Machnovite dropped my father and began to argue with the giant, saying, "He's a filthy Jew!" The giant ignored him, and clutching him firmly by the neck, he dragged him to the end of the train, opened the door, and shoved him out as the train lurched forward at high speed. My father, overwhelmed by the turn of events, fearfully returned to his place and sat down quietly.

Looking calmer, the giant returned to the compartment and gently motioned for my father to approach him. My father, who did not comprehend what had just occurred and didn't know who this towering man was, was afraid to refuse, and he approached him with trembling steps. The enormous man calmed him, saying, "Do not fear. Come with me; I want to show you something."



Needless to say, my father was still afraid. He followed the man to the small entrance room located at the front of the train compartment. The man bent down and whispered into his ear, “You should know that I am a *Her Tzedek* [a righteous convert²].”

My father gawked at him incredulously. The man recited the first paragraph of *Shema* to substantiate what he had said. He lifted his shirt and displayed the *tzitzis* that he wore underneath. He parted from my father with a smile and said smugly, “I taught that despicable anti-Semite a lesson. If he remained alive after I tossed him off the train, he will remember this until the end of his days.”

2. The Ukrainians enunciate a *hei* for a *gimmel*.



“AVREMEL SMARGONER? HE’S A *PENIMI!*”

A SURPRISING INSTRUCTION AT YECHIDUS

When my father became of age, a *shidduch* was suggested for him with my mother, Bracha Pevsner. Her older brother, R' Avrohom Boruch Pevsner, the *mashpia* in Minsk, asked the Rebbe Rayatz about the *shidduch* (as is customary by Chassidim), and the Rebbe replied, “Avremel Smargoner? Nu ... he’s a *penimi!*” Indeed, these few words accurately described my father’s essence and character.

Although my father was a businessman his entire life, he was a true Chossid in the fullest sense of the word. An example to his *yiras shamayim* was the fact that throughout



A chassidische farbrengen with my uncle R' Boruch Duchman before his departure from Samarkand
From right to left: R' Berel Zaltzman, R' Boruch Duchman, R' Hillel Zaltzman (the kallah's grandfather),
R' Dovid Mishulovin, R' Chaim Eliyahu Mishulovin, R' Michoel Mishulovin and R' Avraham Zaltzman.
Mrs. Fruma Sarah Mishulovin (nee Zaltzman) is standing to the top right.



the terrifying times in Soviet Russia, he never touched his beard, and he was *moser nefesh* for the *chinuch* of his children (as will be related).

A short time after the wedding, in the year 1927, my father heard that the *shochet* in the town of Tcherepovetz, Siberia, had passed away. The community was left bereft of a *shochet* and many had resorted to eating non-kosher meat. The members of the community were looking for a new *shochet* to take his place.

My father traveled to his brother-in-law, my uncle R' Boruch Duchman (who was also married to a sister of R' Avrohom Boruch Pevsner), who lived in Medved, near Leningrad, and studied *shechita* with him for three months. Since they were waiting for a *shochet* in Tcherepovetz, he rushed his studies and learned the *halachos* in the condensed *sefer* of *Simlah Chadasha* with the commentary of the *Levushei Serad*. He spent most of his time at the town slaughterhouse where they slaughtered the numerous chickens and cows that arrived from the merchants in Leningrad (this was at a time when the government still allowed private enterprises to a limited extent, known as NEP).

After he completed his studies, before traveling to Tcherepovetz, he went to the Rebbe Rayatz. The year was 5687 (1927). When he entered the room for *yechidus* and told the Rebbe that he had learned *shechita*, the Rebbe asked him, "What have you learnt?"

My father told him the truth, that he had learned the laws of *shechita* and *treifos* from *Simlah Chadasha* with the commentary of the *Levushei Serad*. The Rebbe smiled and said, "*Ah tendetner shochet*" ("a standard *shochet*," i.e., this is what a typical *shochet* knows).

Then the Rebbe asked my father from whom he was planning on receiving a *kabbala* (certification) for *shechita*, and my father said that he wanted to ask Rabbi Shimon Lazarov, the Lubavitcher *rav* in Leningrad. The Rebbe said that he should also receive a *kabbala* from Rabbi Katzenelenbogen (the official *rav* of Leningrad).

At that precise time, a difference of opinion had come to the fore between the Rebbe Rayatz and Rabbi Katzenelenbogen regarding a meeting of *rabbonim* that the Yevsektzia wanted to conduct in Leningrad. My father did not understand why the Rebbe wanted him to go to him but, he did not dare say this to the Rebbe directly. Instead, being that he had only learned those few *sefarim*, he said that he was afraid that Rabbi Katzenelenbogen would ask him about the *Poskim* and *Rishonim*, which he hadn't studied, and he would not know the answers.

The Rebbe replied, "You will know."

My father then said, "But Rabbi Katzenelenbogen is a *misnaged* . . ."



The Rebbe said, "Indeed, but he is an *erlicher Yid* [a Jew with integrity]."

My father then took the opportunity and cried to the Rebbe that he had been married for two years and had not yet been blessed with children. The Rebbe raised his hands and said, "You will have children; you will have children."

After the *yechidus*, my father went to Rabbi Katzenelenbogen where he saw the fulfillment of the Rebbe's words. When he spoke to the *rav* about his learning, my father was able to impress him with his knowledge. Rabbi Katzenelenbogen examined the knife three times and upon finding it flawless, he wrote him a nice *kabbala*. Before he left, the *rav* warned him not to learn Chassidus

My father later received *kabbala* from Rabbi Shlomo Yosef Zevin as well, who was a *rav* in the city of Kalintzy, Ukraine, at that time. He also received *kabbala* from Rabbi Lazarov. The NKVD confiscated these *kabbalos* when they came to our house to conduct a search.

Shochtim often dislike having their slaughtering knives inspected by others; my father, however, lived by the contrary. When he would encounter someone who knew how to check a knife, he would happily give him his knife for inspection.

My father would often encourage the *bochurim* and young men in Samarkand to master *shechita*; at the very least, *shechita* of chickens. "One can never know where he will end up," he would explain. "Who knows, you might eventually find yourself residing in a location without a *shochet*. If you know how to *shecht*, you will be able to slaughter for yourself as well as assist others in eating kosher meat."

My parents lived in Tchernepovetz for a number of years. My father told us that on the outskirts of the city, located high on the Siberian steppes, he found many deer that he slaughtered to provide kosher meat for the Jews of that area.

KHARKHOV, UKRAINE

My father worked as the local *shochet* in Tchernepovetz for several years until he was forced to discontinue practicing *shechita* due to religious persecution, whereupon the family immigrated to Kharkov, Ukraine. In Kharkov there was a relatively large community of religious Jews as well as many Chabad Chassidim.

Upon arriving there, my father opened a kosher restaurant. In 1931 a new law called *passportizatzya* was passed. This law stated that every person from the age of 16 and older needed a new identity card which would serve as a residency permit. This piece of



R' Avraham Zaltzman with his camera

identification required a photograph. Photography became the new popular profession and a number of *anash*, my father among them, quickly learned the trade and became photographers. Many Lubavitchers had their pictures taken by my father for this legal form. He snapped many of their personal photos as well. Indeed, many pictures that Lubavitchers have from their years in Kharkov were taken by my father.

(I heard that R' Berke Chein adopted this profession as well, arriving to work only after his lengthy *davening* and the preparations beforehand, such as immersing in the *mikvah* and studying Chassidus. Despite the late hour, he would find a long line of customers waiting for him!)

WEDDING RING FOR MAAMAD

We always wondered why we never saw my mother wearing her wedding ring. I once heard the following story that clarified this to me:

Before one of my father's trips to the Rebbe Rayatz to request a *bracha* for children, he had no money to bring for *maamad* (money for the Rebbe's household) due to his



dire financial situation. My father did not want to forego on giving something, and he discussed it with my mother, saying painfully, "How can I go to the Rebbe without *maamad*?!"

It seemed to my mother at that moment as if my father was glancing at the wedding ring on her finger. My mother didn't hesitate a moment. She took off the ring and gave it to my father, as if to say, What do I need this for if we don't have children? . . .

When my father entered the Rebbe for *yechidus*, he presented the Rebbe with the ring, saying, "My wife sent this for *maamad*."

At the time, the Tomchei Temimim *yeshiva* found itself under dire financial straits. The Rebbe appreciated my mother's devotion and decided to use the ring to ease the state

I. SCHNEERSOHN
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צערעפאזזועץ זאלצטן

יוסף יצחק שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
זמני ריגא — לסניג.

ב"ה א' ז' ט"ה תרפ"ט

כבוד ידידי הנכבד זצ"ח
אי"א סוהר"ר אברהם שי'
שז"ב

שלום וברכה.

כתבו בסועדו הניעני השי"ת יהזק בריאותו
ובריאות זוגתו ה', והשי"ת ישמח לבנם בקרוב בזרעא
חייא וקיימא.

כתוב לי אם יש לו שיעור ללמוד ואם יש סי
סהזומעים ואם ניבר במקומו שיש איש שעוסק באדני מוב
הדו"ש ומברכו



of the *yeshiva*. He instructed that a public auction be arranged in which the ring would be sold. However, unlike a regular auction, every amount proposed would have to be paid, although the ring itself would only be given to the highest bidder. In this manner, a substantial sum of money was raised for the *yeshiva*.

THE REBBE'S PROMISE IS FULFILLED

Several years had passed since my parents' marriage, and they had not yet been blessed with a child. My parents visited professional doctors, and the prognosis was that my mother would never bear children. My mother once cried to my father, "If ten years will pass since our marriage and we will not have children, we will have to divorce. Why should you continue to suffer? You can get married to someone else who will bear you children!"

My father said that if in Heaven it was decreed that he should have children, they would come from her, since the Rebbe had promised that they would have children. He also pointed out that the Rebbe had said *children*, using a plural tense.

Hearing what my mother had said, my father wrote to the Rebbe, saying that all of the doctors had proclaimed that my mother would have children only when hair grew on the palms of their hands! The Rebbe's response was that my mother should go to an even bigger specialist (I believe the Rebbe mentioned the city of Kiev).

My parents went to Kiev and made an appointment with a specialist. After examining my mother, he said in surprise, "Who told you that she can't bear children?"

When my mother heard this, she nearly fainted. After she recovered, the doctor gave her some medication, and within a short time she was pregnant with my older sister, Fruma Sarah.

My parents told the Rebbe the good news, and the Rebbe responded that it would be a healthy child.

When my mother went to the hospital in Charkov to give birth, R' Itche der Masmid said that she should take the Rebbe's letter with her to the hospital and put it under her pillow. When they told R' Itche the happy news that my mother had given birth to a healthy baby girl, he responded that he had understood this from the Rebbe's answer, since he had not mentioned "*ben zochor*."

In great joy over the open miracle with the birth of their daughter, R' Itche *farbrenge*d all week in my parents' home. My mother related that when she returned from the hospital, she found the house in a state of total disarray.

My mother enjoyed relating that when the baby would cry, my father would jokingly say, "Who is crying? The daughter of Bracha the *akara* (barren woman)?"

She also related that when my father first saw the baby, he said, "Are you sure this is our child and they didn't exchange ours for another baby? It doesn't matter to me to whom she resembles more, her father or her mother; all I want to make sure is that she's ours!"

MIRACULOUS RESCUE AT THE ARMY DRAFT

In the summer of 1941, Germany invaded Russia in an enormous operation entitled *Barbarossa*, breaking the pact that had been signed two years earlier in which both countries had promised to assist one another. Stalin trusted the Germans and did not prepare the Russian army for the possibility of an attack. As such, the Germans were able to advance rapidly along the entire Russian front.

As Tishrei 5702 (1941) approached, the Germans were very close to conquering Kharkov. The radio reported the atrocities that the Germans perpetrated against Jewish civilians in conquered lands and encouraged the Jews to leave Kharkov for safer territories.

The Jews, who had grown accustomed to ignoring the generally exaggerated or false Soviet propaganda, were inclined to believe that these reports were, once again, baseless. Many Jews, my father included, remembered the German merchants who had come to their city after World War I to sell their merchandise, treating the Jews with respect and propriety. (My father related that many Jews would travel to Germany for business purposes. At the German border they would pay ten golden rubles and would be given permission to enter.)

It was only when letters from family members began to arrive describing the German cruelty that nearly all of the Jews decided to flee. Most Lubavitcher Chassidim traveled to Tashkent or Samarkand which were far from the battlefields as well as being subject to a moderate climate. For Chassidim there was another incentive to travel to these cities in particular. They knew that they contained large Jewish communities of Bucharian Jews who carried warm feelings towards Chabad Chassidim, thanks to the work of R' Shlomo Leib Eliezerov, R' Chaim Noeh and R' Simcha Gorodetzky, who were sent by the Rebbe Rashab and Rebbe Rayatz to Samarkand years earlier.



R' Avraham Zaltzman with his daughter Fruma Sarah, born through the brachah of the Friediker Rebbe

Our family was one of the last families to flee Kharkov. The train tracks were in bad shape due to the frenzied bombing of the German air force, and the freight train that we traveled on moved slowly. It was an open miracle that we traveled the entire way without a bomb striking the train.

(At that time, I was a young child under three years of age. I heard from my mother that I was once so famished that I cried from hunger. Although a non-Jewish woman offered to give me some non-kosher food to eat, she did not allow her to do so.)

The tumultuous times in which we found ourselves made it impossible to preserve appropriate hygiene, and many people remained

dirty for days on end due to the inability to shower on a steady basis. This brought about an increase in the spread of dangerous diseases, as well as in the abundance of unwelcome lice. In addition to the unbearable itching this caused, it in turn further assisted in the spread of disease, and we were therefore wary from coming close to anyone unfamiliar to us.

I was still a young boy, but my brother Berel recalls that during the train ride, everyone was crowded together due to the lack of ample room. At one point, my brother saw a non-Jewish woman nearby whose hair was moving to and fro on its own accord! My brother did not understand this phenomenon, but when my mother took notice, she quickly distanced him from the lady, as her hair was teeming with lice . . .

Our long journey to Samarkand passed through the city Makhachkala on the banks of the Caspian Sea. At that time, a general draft was announced and everyone was summoned. Officials combed the streets of Makhachkala, and they stopped my father and directed him to appear at the draft office. He was not sure how to respond. On the one hand, most of the soldiers sent to the front were killed. On the other hand,

if you avoided a draft during wartime, you were sentenced to death.

My father told us that he recalled the story of the Alter Rebbe. When he was arrested, he fled and hid for a short while and then went with the soldiers. The Alter Rebbe explained that this is what Yaakov Avinu did when he fled from his brother Eisav. First he hid in the *beis medrash* of Shem and only then did he go on his way. My father decided to remain at home and leave for the draft office one hour later than the time written on his order.



When he left the house, we were playing outside in the yard. My father kissed each one of us, sobbing softly, his tears cascading on our small heads. We did not understand what was happening and we asked him where he was going and why he was crying. He whispered tearfully that he would soon return.

In fact, a miracle occurred and when he arrived at the draft office, they yelled, "Why are you late? They were all sent to the front already! Next time, come at the time when we tell you!"

My father joyfully returned home and was thus saved from almost certain death.

At that time an additional miracle occurred: A directive was received from Stalin that families en route to safety should not be drafted so as not to break up the family. Instead, they were to be drafted upon reaching their destination.

When we arrived in Samarkand, we joined—as did the other Chabad Chassidim—the Bucharian community, which was comprised of religious and traditionally observant Jews. They were centered in the old city. (A small number of Ashkenazic Jews lived in the new city; however, they were at large unobservant.)



Initially, we stayed away from the local Jews, for in their dress and appearance they resembled Uzbeks. Their language was Tajik, and their culture was completely different from what we were accustomed. However, when we went to their *shul* and saw their *sifrei* Torah, observed their prayers and listened to their Torah study, all barriers fell away. We felt that although we might be spread out among the nations, we are essentially a single people.

Our meeting with the Jews of Samarkand reminds me of a *sicha* of the Rebbe about the Torah which is the security of the Jewish nation. Jews scattered over the globe do not have a common language, a collective culture, or a similar look. There is just one thing that unites us all: the holy Torah.

We spent the Yomim Noraim in Samarkand. Being that my father had a talent for singing and was known to sing with intense emotion, *anash* asked him to be the *chazzan* for the upcoming Yomim Tovim. I have a sweet childhood memory from when I was about three years of age of my father preparing the *davening* for the Yomim Noraim. As he delved into the meaning of the *piyutim*, he began to cry. I was taking an afternoon nap, and when I awoke, I heard my father crying and I began to wail too. He calmed me down and explained to me in a way that I, the little child that I was, was able to understand that he was crying from emotion as he read the prayers of the Yomim Noraim.

HUNGER AND SEARCH FOR FOOD

When we arrived in Samarkand, people were literally starving due to the great food shortage caused by the war. Everyone looked for work to acquire some morsels of food for their families. Bread was given in exchange for coupons that were rationed by the government. If one was lucky, he was able to bribe the officials and receive additional coupons.

My mother tried to save her portion of bread for us, and when we awoke at night due to our severe hunger pangs, she would give us a small piece of bread to quiet our hunger so we could fall back asleep.

I remember how my mother would awake at four o'clock in the morning—and sometimes even earlier—take the coupons and hurry to stand in line for bread. Sometimes she returned empty-handed because certain “special” people took precedence and received bread before the “regular” people until there was none left. These were the soldiers wounded from war; heroes who had returned from the front with medals; or women who arrived with babies. Then there were the ruffians who pushed everybody aside.



Those not considered privileged would often return home empty-handed, and there were those who did not return at all, beaten to death in the pushing.

We children roamed the streets, searching for seeds to eat. One time, my brother Berel returned from *cheder* smiling happily with a few dozen seeds he had gathered in the marketplace on his way home.

One morning, we woke up early, our stomachs growling hungrily. My mother had already gone to stand on line for bread, and we children remained home alone. Berel and Sarah looked for pieces of dry bread in the kitchen, and after not finding any, we went outside to look for seeds.

Suddenly, I heard the voice of a woman behind me calling, "Here, *yingele*, take another seed."

I recognized my mother's voice, and I turned around and ran towards her while asking plaintively, "Mother, did you get a little bread?"

She answered with tears flowing down her cheeks, "No, Hilinke, there was no bread left for me."

It is impossible to describe the pain of a mother, unable to provide her children with even the most basic provisions. Every reader of these lines must be constantly grateful to Hashem that he was never placed in such a situation!

This was the economic state of many of *anash* during their initial stay in Samarkand and Tashkent.

My father kept looking for a source of *parnassa* until he became a photo salesman. He would travel to villages and towns around Samarkand where Uzbeks lived and offer them the special service of photo enlarging. He would take their small pictures of themselves and their relatives and enlarge them in the photo labs in Samarkand. It was a unique service, and a number of *anash* received *parnassa* from it.

On one of my father's trips he entered the home of an Uzbek lawyer who served as a prosecutor and asked whether he was interested in having his pictures enlarged. Unfortunately for him, the lawyer decided to make trouble for my father. He asked to see receipts and official permits for his business. When my father could not provide them to his satisfaction, he called the police and told them that my father was working illegally. He also claimed that my father was collecting photos of citizens for spying purposes, a tasty catch during the war years.



The police arrested my father and placed him in jail, where he spent four months, including the Yomim Noraim, Succos, and Simchas Torah. Afterwards he told us that on Simchas Torah, he explained to the non-Jews in the cell, "Today is a holiday of rejoicing for the Jews. I would like to ask you to stand in a circle as I sing and dance merrily." That was how he celebrated Simchas Torah.

While he was in prison, the jailors forcefully cut of his beard. He tried to protest, and they slapped him on the face so hard that he lost two teeth. I remember that when he returned home with only a part of his beard intact, I didn't recognize him and I was afraid of him.

R' YOM TOV EHRlich

During one of my father's trips to the surrounding villages to develop and enlarge pictures, he met a Polish family in a forsaken Uzbek *kholkhoz*. My father asked them who they were and what they were doing there, alone among non-Jews. They replied that after the Germans had divided Poland, with one portion being transferred to the Russians, their mother had pressed them to escape with her from the Nazi onslaught to the deep Russian interior, and that is how they ended up in this far-flung village.

My father told them about the thriving Jewish community in Samarkand, and he invited them to visit. Indeed, the family relocated to Samarkand. The family consisted of R' Yom Tov Ehrlich, the famous Yiddish composer, as well as his mother and two sisters.

My father immediately recognized R' Yom Tov's musical talents and unique composing ability. He offered him his violin and suggested that he go to weddings and sing his original lyrics, which would also enable him to earn some money. R' Yom Tov took up my father's advice, and out of appreciation, he would often come to our house to visit my father.

The way of life in Uzbekistan appeared very strange to R' Yom Tov. The rough Uzbek mentality was very different from his own European lifestyle. The Uzbeks used donkeys as their method of transportation, and the floors of their houses were constructed from clay, or at best from bricks, covered with cotton blankets or mats.

The Uzbeks had an extremely primitive way of warming themselves in the winter. First, they would dig a pit in the center of the room, two meters in diameter and a half meter deep. They would then dig another cavity in the center of the pit, a half meter in both diameter and depth, into which they would insert burning coals. The inner cavity would

then be covered by a wooden grid upon which a table was placed, and the table would be covered by a large tablecloth that hung until the floor.

After everything had been prepared, the family members would sit on the floor surrounding the table, sticking their feet underneath to keep warm. The meals would be eaten in this position, and at night they would sleep near the table as well, with their feet positioned in a similar fashion.

R' Yom Tov, talented at expressing his feelings by means of song, composed lyrics replete with sharp humor and wit describing the Uzbeks and their peculiar way of life. He took the position of *badchan* at the many weddings that took place in Samarkand during those years.

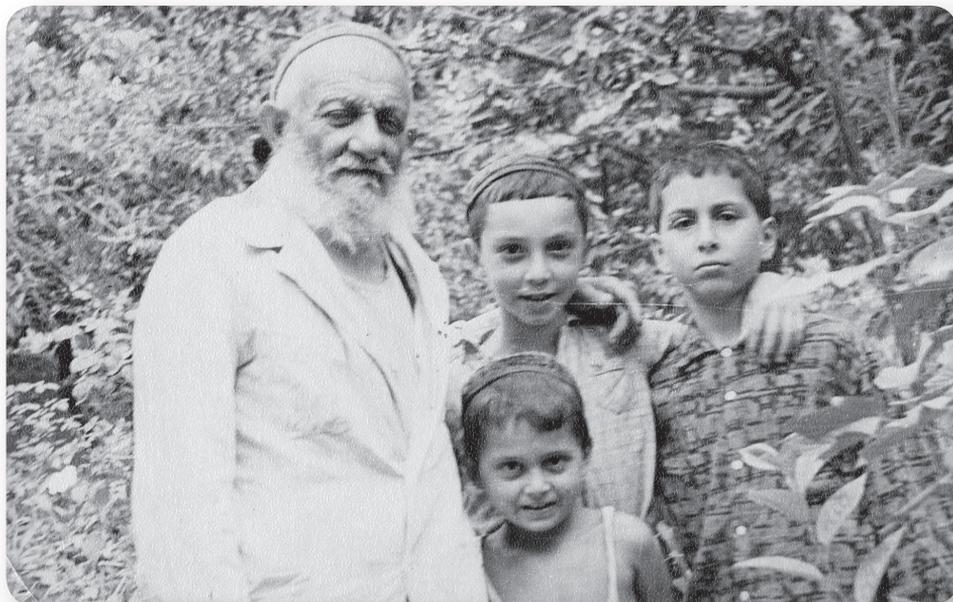
Once, R' Yisrael Noach Blinitzky said to R' Yom Tov, "Yom Tov, is that all you found in Samarkand? What about the Chassidic Jewish community?!"

R' Ehrlich accepted his words, and for the next wedding he composed a special song about Jewish Samarkand, expressing his amazement at the *minyanim* and *yeshivos*, the Jewish communities and the unique weddings.

R' Ehrlich left Russia in 1946 when Polish citizens were allowed to leave. (Unlike most Lubavitcher Chassidim who pretended to be Polish citizens in order to get out of Russia, he was a legitimate Polish citizen.) After traveling about, he reached America and settled in Williamsburg.

In the 60's, when the Iron Curtain opened a crack and Jews began leaving Russia, he inquired among Lubavitcher Chassidim if my father had been able to leave as well. Indeed, my father arrived in 1969. R' Ehrlich located him and they had a warm, heartfelt reunion, during which he presented my father with a set of his records.

Three years later, I went to the Rebbe for the first time (19 Kislev 5732). Although I had been a young child when R' Ehrlich had left Samarkand, I had heard the songs he had composed in Samarkand from my father and other individuals, and I knew them well. I traveled to Williamsburg and met R' Ehrlich. He remembered me as a little boy and was very happy to see me. We had a long, warm conversation. (He complained to me, saying that if he were to live in the Crown Heights community, surely the Rebbe would have him use his talents to be *mekarev* other Jews . . .)



R' Avraham Zaltzman with his grandchildren

From right to left: Yosef Yitzchak Mishulovin, Yosef Yitzchak Zaltzman, Berke Mishulovin (below) and R' Avraham Zaltzman

UNUSUAL AHAVAS YISRAEL

After my father left prison, he couldn't continue with the photo business. One day, he met with his friend R' Asher Sossonkin (Batomer), and he asked him, "Avremel, what are you working at now?" My father told him that he didn't want to deal in pictures anymore and that he didn't know what to do. R' Asher suggested that he sell bread.

At first my father refused, saying that he had no idea how to go about it. However, R' Asher insisted: "You have young children! Deal in selling bread and provide sustenance for your family!"

(This story illustrates R' Asher's tremendous *ahavas yisrael*: although he himself dealt in the same field and had good reason to be concerned of competition, he revealed the "secrets of the trade" to my father and encouraged him to begin this venture.)

R' Asher proceeded to explain to my father how this business worked. First, you bribed the officials at the office so they would give you a permit to sell bread. Then you bribed the people at the government bakery to set aside a certain amount of bread for you daily, so they shouldn't say that there wasn't enough bread. After bribing everyone, you



were able to receive the bread and sell it in the marketplace. R' Asher told my father the exact names of the people and locations he needed to know.

My father accepted his idea, and after bribing the right people, he hired a non-Jew with a donkey and an enclosed wagon and equipped it with shelves to carry the bread. Every morning he would go to the government bakery, load the shelves with loaves of bread, and sell the bread in the market. My father was able to support our family in this way for some time, and we were thus saved from starvation, for every night he would come home with some loaves of bread for us.

This serves as a perfect portrayal of Jews helping one another in a time of need.

... A CAT ENJOYS THE NEW BUSINESS

One day a Polish Jew came to my father and told him that he was a professional in baking cream cakes. Since he was a stranger without a penny in his pocket, he suggested that my father become his partner and start a bakery, promising him that it would produce a substantial profit.

My father borrowed money from his friends, and the Pole bought the ingredients and baked delicious cakes. The baking was done in our house, and we children were the main beneficiaries of this new enterprise . . . But in addition to us children sneaking bits of cake, other problems arose. There was no proper location in the house to store the cakes, and they were kept on the table instead. I remember that one time they baked beautiful cakes with flowers made out of red cream and they were left on the table overnight to cool. During the night, a cat got into the house and licked off nearly every flower.

A few weeks later, when the Pole saw that he had gained my father's trust, he told my father that he needed to buy a large quantity of merchandise that required a large sum of money. My father borrowed the money and gave it to him, and the man disappeared with the cash. That was the end of both the money and the cake venture.

AVOIDING THE BLACK MARKET

In the Soviet Union of those days, it was extremely hard to support a family relying on a frugal legal salary, and many citizens supplemented their income with work in the black market. This was criminal activity, and my father, despite his difficult financial situation, kept a distance from the black market. He would say, "It's enough that we are religious



and Chabad Chassidim. We already have a criminal record for that... We don't need to add more to that."

Many people who were wary about doing business on the black market made small profits on the "gray" market. There was a big difference between a citizen whose business was to deal in foreign currency or gold and a citizen who worked legally and occasionally crossed the legal line. An example of "gray" market dealing, which many citizens were involved in, was the buying and selling of "obligations." These were government notes that entitled the holder to partake in a lottery that took place twice a year for various sums of money.

Citizens received these obligation notes as part of their salary, enabling the government to reduce its expenses. However, no one was really interested in these notes, as it was known that the government took 80% of the lottery tickets and only 20% went to the citizens, so the chances of winning were very slim. For this reason, all of the poor laborers were willing to sell their tickets for much less than their actual worth.

Some people bought these notes from the poor workers in large quantities for half their original price. Some invested tens of thousands, and others invested millions. As in every business, there were also middlemen who purchased large quantities from various people and sold them to the big dealers at a higher price. Twice a year, when the lottery took place, these dealers would sit and check their papers to see how much they won. Those who bought large amounts of notes had a large chance of winning almost every time.

(I recall reading an article in the weekly *Ogonyok* about a certain individual who would purchase obligation notes worth millions of rubles for a fraction of their cost, and once every six months, when the lottery was drawn, the entire family would join together to examine the notes. Almost each time he would win thousands of rubles, if not tens of thousands. They were afraid to cash the money in one city, so they would spread out to different cities and claim a portion of the money in each location.)

Of course, this business wasn't legal, and whoever was caught could be sent to jail for many years. One time, a Polish Jew by the name of Max approached my father. He wasn't religious, but he hung around our community in Samarkand during the war. He suggested that my father buy some obligation notes, and in order to convince him, he named other Lubavitchers who had bought from him as well. My father agreed to buy several notes.

That night my father was so worried that he couldn't sleep. He was afraid that he would include my father's name in the list of buyers just as he had named the other



people who had bought from him, and who knows who would eventually hear that he was involved in these activities?

In the morning he returned to the Polish Jew and told him that he was afraid to be involved in this activity and he wanted to sell the notes back to him. He was willing to receive less money than what he had paid, just so that Max would know that he had rid himself of them.

My father tried his hand over the years at various fields of work that wouldn't involve *chillul Shabbos*. Although he was a talented individual with expertise in many areas, his luck didn't always shine through and he constantly continued making his way from one endeavor to the next.

During the post-war years, most houses did not have access to electricity, and kerosene lamps were used for light instead. Each lamp contained a wick with a handle attached to the side that enabled one to control the light's intensity. The flame was covered with a thin glass lampshade, protecting it from the wind as well as dispersing the light evenly throughout the room.

These fragile lampshades broke easily and were in constant demand. When a lampshade factory opened in Samarkand, my father seized the opportunity and opened a store to sell lampshades.

This endeavor didn't last that long, for soon after, most houses were set up with electrical wiring and the need for these lampshades diminished. Instead, my father opened a store to sell the colored fabrics favored by the Uzbeks.

Once my father decided that being that there were few photographers in Samarkand, it would be worthwhile to revisit the profession he had held in Kharkov. He opened



R' Avraham Zaltzman with his grandson Yosef Yitzchak Mishulovin



a photography shop, and indeed it brought in some income. However, this itself was insufficient, and he needed to be occupied simultaneously in a number of other projects.

Among other ventures, my father manufactured *coda*, a delicacy made from sheep tail fat. Producing this involved a complicated procedure to guarantee that it would last and not spoil. My father would sell the finished product to families of *anash* in Samarkand. He also produced sausages, as well as wine for Pesach, and for a time he manufactured candles for Shabbos and Yom Tov.

A CRAFT THAT SUPPLIED PARNASSAH TO MANY

In Samarkand there lived a Jew by the name of Kustia (or by his full name, Constantine Yakovlevitch Tchachnovitzer), who dealt in manufacturing signs. With the supposed rationale of easing his acclimation to the Soviet lifestyle, he unfortunately adopted a Russian identity after the Revolution and even married a non-Jewish lady, *rachmana litzlan*. The only thing he was unsuccessful in transforming was his stereotypical Jewish appearance, testifying to all that he was, indeed, a Jew...

My father once heard that Kustia was looking for an assistant in his factory. Being that my father was of the opinion that a *bochur* who was not sitting and learning should work to fill up his time, he decided to send my brother Berel to Kustia's factory. His intent was that ultimately, Berel would be able to open up his own business in this field. Berel had a talent in designing and was thus suitable for the position. Furthermore, this job would enable him to keep Shabbos, as well as earn a higher salary: designing was considered a professional career, and Soviet law allowed professionals to earn a higher salary than that earned by regular workers.

Kustia assigned Berel with simple tasks, but Berel was perceptive and soon mastered the art of designing the signs. Berel observed Kustia preparing the stencils containing the letters, but the actual painting of the signs was done in a side room, with Kustia making sure that no one saw how he performed the procedure.

Once, officials from the central office visited the factory precisely at the time when Kustia was painting the signs. Kustia didn't lose his cool and didn't allow them to enter the room, calling out from behind the closed door, "I'm taking a shower!"

Berel was extremely curious to discover Kustia's secret. He finally succeeded in uncovering the mystery: The standard procedure used by sign manufacturers was to paint the letters in the stencils using a hairbrush. This would inevitably leave traces of paint around the border of each letter which would have to be removed manually when

the paint was still wet. Kustia devised a simple solution: he used a sponge instead of a hairbrush to paint the letters, yielding a clean, professional look.

After working as an assistant in Kustia's factory for two years, Berel mastered the profession in its entirety, allowing my father to open a sign factory of his own, as he had intended from the start. Berel, knowing the trade, designed the signs while my father ran the business.

My father hired an agent to travel to nearby factories and obtain orders. At one point, the agent attempted to squeeze out a higher percentage rate from my father for his services, and he therefore decided to hire another agent.

My father decided on a Polish Jew by the name of Tukerman, who worked in the government office under which our business was registered. Tukerman would visit the neighboring villages with his horse and wagon selling tar, which was smeared by the primitive peasants on the wheels of their carriages. As such, his clothes were always covered with grime and he himself reeked of tar, making it unbearable to stand next to him. He was a chatterbox, not quite on the clever side, and he spoke a broken Russian. Nevertheless, my father chose him for the job. He would attach himself unrelentingly to would-be buyers until they agreed to purchase his wares, and my father believed that he would bring much success to our fledgling business.

When my father proposed the idea to him, he thought he was joking. "Me?! I should go around selling your signs?! The mere sight of me will cause people to cross the street!"

"Don't worry," my father replied. "All that is needed is for you to wear a new suit and tie, and you will look presentable."

Tukerman still didn't take my father seriously. But my father was true to his word: he purchased a new change of clothing and gave them to his new employee. After putting on the new clothing, Tukerman looked at himself in the mirror and started laughing aloud: "Look at me. I look like an intellectual!"

He set out on his way, and a few weeks later he returned. He entered the house in good spirits and sat himself down on the floor. (He somehow preferred the floor to a chair, saying that it was more comfortable for him—apparently because he lacked a chair in his own home.)

"So did you bring in any orders?" my father asked.

Tukerman laughed and stretched out his hand, as if to say: First things first. Give me what I'm owed!



My father gave him a nice sum of money, and Tukerman opened his satchel and pulled out the contracts he had signed with a number of large companies. Indeed, he had procured enough work for us for months to come!

How, in fact, did he manage to convince these companies to purchase our products? "It was simple," he said. "I told them that we hire handicapped individuals, people missing a hand or leg, and sometimes even a head . . ."

My father's gamble proved quite successful, and the new agent obtained large orders for us each time he made his rounds. This enabled us to hire various members of *anash* in our factory.

Among the employees was a woman by the name of Esther, who was nicknamed "Esther the artist." She was a lonely lady, constantly blaming her parents for forcing her to divorce and remain single. My father took pity on her and hired her to work in our factory. She was a sincere and naive woman and not that down-to-earth.

Officials from the central office once paid our factory a visit, and they saw Esther sitting with her brush, her face stained with various colors. Being that she was officially registered as an artist, the officials asked her jokingly, "And where is Leonardo da Vinci?"

Esther didn't realize that they were referring to one of the greatest artists of the Renaissance, and she assumed that they were asking about one of the workers in the factory. She replied on impulse, "Oh, Leonardo? He just stepped out. He'll be back shortly..."

Seeing the success of my father's sign factory, other members of *anash* copied the idea and opened similar factories. This in turn supplied many families of *anash* with ample *parnassah*, without the need for them to possess a high degree from university...

UNLIMITED CHESED

My father was a man of true kindness. This can be illustrated by the following story:

During the war, the economy was terrible, and one year we had no money for *matzos* or other food for Pesach. In order to purchase the basic Pesach necessities, we needed around 3000 rubles, but the situation was so bad that there wasn't even anyone from whom to borrow.

My mother was very worried, and each day she asked my father where we would get money for Yom Tov. One day, my father told her that he had thought of someone who



might be able to lend him 3000 rubles, and the next day after *davening*, he would go to him and ask for the money. Hearing this, my mother was reassured and her spirits were lifted.

The next day, after my father returned from *shacharis*, my mother asked him, “*Nu*, did you borrow the money?”

My father said that he had. My mother was happy and said, “*Boruch Hashem!* Now we will be able to buy what we need for *Yom Tov*.” But then my father said, “With Hashem’s help it will be okay...”

My mother realized that something was amiss, and she asked him directly, “Do you have the money?”

My father tried to avoid answering, but in the end he had to say the truth: he did not have the money.

Confused, my mother asked, “Was it stolen from you?”

My father replied, “No, it wasn’t stolen. I did indeed borrow the 3000 rubles, but on my way home I met a Jewish refugee who told me that he also has three children and no money for *Yom Tov*, and I gave him the money.”

My mother couldn’t believe her ears. Incredulously, she asked, “Why did you give it all away? You couldn’t give him just half of the money?! What will we do now?!” and she burst into tears.

My father tried to calm her: “*Bracha*, don’t cry. I will find someone else who will lend me the money. Everybody knows me here, and surely I will find a way to borrow some more money. But the Jew I met is a stranger. No one knows him here and no one will lend him money.”

Looking back, I reflect: My father was not acquainted with that Jew from beforehand. There was no way of knowing if he would ever be repaid; it would probably be more accurate to describe the money he gave him as a gift than as a loan! And yet, he gave him the money he had loaned for his own *Pesach* provisions without hesitation!

That was my father: there were times when he had more compassion for others than he had for himself.

R’ Moshe Nissilevitch told me that he remembered the following scenario vividly. My father once *davened* at a certain *minyán* in Samarkand, and someone announced that he



was collecting money for an important matter and everyone was asked to contribute. My father didn't think twice; he put his hand into his pocket and took out all the money he had, and without even counting it first, he gave it all to *tzedakah*. R' Moshe was astonished by the simple manner in which my father gave away all of the money he had on his person.

My father derived tremendous enjoyment from *hachnossas orchim*. As soon as he would hear that a member of *anash* was visiting Samarkand, he would jump at the opportunity to invite him, immediately preparing a festive meal in his honor. Once the meal was ready, he would proceed to ask everyone he saw for his whereabouts. He would tell anyone he saw that if he were to see the guest, he should notify him that a meal had been prepared for him and that he was being waited for. As a rule, any Lubavitcher that visited Samarkand would visit our home, using the opportunity to speak with my brother-in-law R' Elyahu Mishulovin and ask him for advice.

My father was a great *ba'al tzedakah*. I remember that when he would come home with his salary or other earnings, my mother would virtually hide the money from him, knowing that it would otherwise soon disappear. Before he left the house, my mother would make sure that his pockets were empty, for otherwise all the money would be disbursed before returning home.

My father never complained about his financial difficulties, and he acted as if he were a wealthy man, promising *tzedakah* even when he didn't have money at hand. He would say, "I don't have the amount readily available, but I'm planning on earning money from this and from that, so I can pledge the money now."

When my mother would hear of his promises, she would say: "Your future earnings won't be enough even just to pay off our debts. We must first cover our debts, and only then can we promise money to others!"

My father would respond in jest: "Let them think that I'm rich! What difference does it make? We have a daughter available for marriage, and that can only serve to our advantage..."

My cousin Sarah Mishulovin (nee Pil) was orphaned from her father at a young age. When she reached marriageable age, my father made sure that anything and everything was taken care of as if she were his daughter, and he himself arranged a *shidduch* for her with R' Dovid Mishulovin.

It was difficult to obtain a new *tallis* in those times, but my father wanted to present the *chassan* with a *tallis* of his own. Without batting an eyelash, he took his own *tallis*—a

Turkish *tallis* of superior quality—and gave it to the new groom. When asked what he would use when *davening*, my father replied, “I’m not worried about that. I can always borrow!”

My father excelled in his goodness and kindness even among gentiles. He once went to work and saw a gentile pauper at the entrance, claiming that he was starving and asking for charity. The gentile workers who passed by ignored him, while my father bought him a loaf of bread and a bottle of lemonade, giving him a small sum as well. The *goyim* with whom he worked saw this and were unable to get over it. They said afterwards in amazement, “See what a Jew is! That poor man is a Russian like us. Yet we all passed by and ignored him, while the only one who responded to his pleas was Zaltzman the Jew!”

THE GIRL IN THE CORRIDOR

It was a bitter winter morning in the year 1945, shortly before the end of the war. It was bitter cold, under -10°C , and snow had fallen the day before, sparkling on the ground like towering heaps of crystal. I remember that my father returned home from *shul* that morning earlier than usual and told my mother that when he entered the hallway of the *shul*, he saw a girl of about nineteen years of age sitting on the ground, crying and trembling from the cold. Her clothes were torn and dirty, and she muttered, “I have nothing... Where will I go tonight... I am starving... Have pity on me...”

Compassionate Jews entering the *shul* gave her some kopecks and went in to *daven*. My father gave her five rubles and went inside, but he was perturbed and unable to *daven*. At that time, corpses were found every morning in the streets who had perished from the hunger and cold. Who knew what the girl’s fate would be?

He returned to the entrance way and asked her where she was from. The girl said that her entire family—her parents, brothers and sisters—had perished in the Holocaust, and she had been directed to travel to Samarkand.

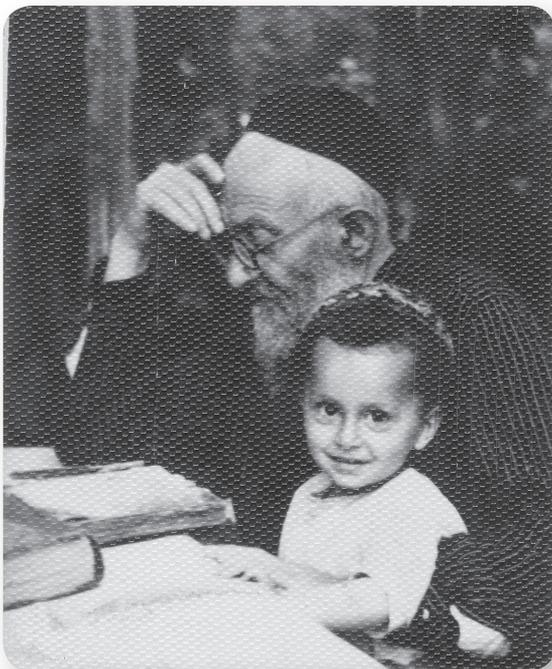
My father hurried home and told my mother about this girl, adding that it appeared that she was speaking the truth. “We must have mercy and rescue her!” he said.

My mother didn’t think twice. She got dressed immediately and rushed back to *shul* with my father, taking along some clean clothes and a warm coat for the girl. My mother took her from the *shul* to the bathhouse, and two hours later she came home with the girl, telling her that from that day on, this was to be her house.



The girl spoke a fluent Yiddish with a Polish accent, and she slowly learned how to speak Russian. She lived with us for half a year as a member of the family. Eventually, she found a job and moved into a rented apartment.

Two years later, she came to my parents and told them that she had been offered a *shidduch* with a Bucharian boy aged 26. He was nice-looking and had good *middos*, but he had a handicap: he was blind since childhood. Since she considered my parents, who had saved her life, as her own, she wanted their advice on the *shidduch*.



R' Avraham Zaltzman with his grandson Berke Mishulovin

Her words stunned my parents, and they didn't know what to tell her. After inquiring about the boy and seeing that she really liked him, they agreed to the *shidduch*.

They married and established a traditional Jewish home. He supported himself by asking for donations, as he had bone beforehand, and his wife would lead him down the streets. When I would walk near him, he would recognize me by my gait, and his wife would also let him know that I was approaching. I always gave him a nice donation. They were blessed with three healthy children, and when people began leaving Samarkand for Eretz Yisrael, they emigrated there as well.

MESIRAS NEFESH FOR CHINUCH

If preserving Jewish life in Soviet Russia was difficult, ensuring proper *chinuch* for one's children was almost impossible. Although the *mitzvah* of *chinuch* is rabbinic in nature, Lubavitcher Chassidim were as particular with it as they were with a biblical *mitzvah*. As the Rebbe Rashab said (quoted in the *Ha'Yom Yom*): "Just as putting on *tefillin* is an obligation on every Jew, so too must every Jew dedicate half an hour a day to thinking about the *chinuch* of children."



My father did whatever was in his power to avoid sending us to school. He managed to hide my brother Berel from the authorities until he passed school age. I was kept hidden at home for a number of years as well; however, my absence was eventually discovered and I was forced to attend school. If my parents were to have refused, I would have been removed from my parents' jurisdiction and placed in a government orphanage, where my spiritual future would be far worse. However, my father adamantly persisted that I remain home on Shabbos. He obtained a note from a doctor stating that I was weak and needed to rest for two days a week.

When my father would hear about someone who had not withstood the test and had sent his children to university—to the extent that he took pride in his son, the successful doctor or engineer—he would immediately say: “He is saying how talented his son is and how successful he has become, but he is ignoring the fact that his material success is accompanied by a serious deterioration in his spiritual state. What about his Shabbos observance? *tefillin*? *kashrus*?” He was repulsed when he heard that a Jew had become a big engineer or the like at the expense of his Jewish observance.

Many people assess another's character and importance based on his position or financial status and not on his moral behavior. One will often hear another say, “Have you heard of Mr. So-and-So? He's a professor in a prestigious college.” Another might say, “Mr. So-and-So, the famous engineer, built this skyscraper and that impressive bridge.” My father observed those that have such an outlook with a critical eye. They are ignoring entirely the personal conduct of these professionals; he might not have a functional family and be engaged in corrupt, unlawful activities. However, all that is unimportant; the main thing is that he's a professor, lawyer, doctor, and the like!

My father would say: “My son doesn't necessarily have to study in a university and obtain a prestigious position. It's fine with me if he studies a trade that will enable him to support his family, remaining an erstwhile Jew who will stand strong in his beliefs and display a moral character.”

My father never worried about how we would support ourselves if we did not go to university. He would constantly repeat the dictum of our sages, “The one who gave life will give food.” When my cousin Yaakov Pil returned from the warfront, some were of the opinion that he would be suited to teach in a school or work at some other intellectual job. My father, however, was certain that he was better off opening a store, enabling him to keep Shabbos. “Better a less honorable occupation in a Jewish atmosphere than a prestigious one amongst non-Jews!” he said.



The following incident vividly portrays the importance my father attributed to the *chinuch* of his children:

The years 1950-1953 were very difficult years, culminating with the Doctors' Plot. The situation was so dire that when my father bought new earthenware utensils for Pesach, my aunt Rosa criticized him, saying, "These days we have to save money and buy canned goods and preserves so that we will have what to eat on the long trip to Siberia." That was the prevalent feeling: people were simply waiting for the moment when Stalin would haul us off to Siberia, to "protect" us from the murderous pogroms that were to be instigated due to the Plot.

I will never forget the frightening scene of *erev* Rosh Hashana, 1952 or 1953. We children *davened* at home, as we were afraid to go to *shul*. Before my father left the house for *shul*, he cocked his head to the heavens and prayed to Hashem in a voice choked with tears:

"Master of the world, what do I ask of you? All I want is for my sons to remain *erlicher Yidden!*"

My father than raised his hands above his head and cried, "Master of the world, if it was decreed that my sons go off the *derech*, I ask of You to take me first so that I don't see it!!"

My mother was horrified to hear this and she shouted, "How can you talk like that on *erev* Rosh Hashana? Our children are *yirei'im v'shleimim!* Our children will never compromise on anything. Not a day will pass without their donning *tefillin*, and they will never treat *kashrus* or Shabbos lightly. Other people did not stand strong and their children abandoned our faith, but *boruch* Hashem, we are all *yirei'im v'shleimim!*"

My father was not pacified and he said, "True, but these are very hard times. Who knows what tomorrow will bring? I'm telling you: if they go off the *derech*, heaven forbid, I won't be able to live anymore!"

That was the *mesirus nefesh* of a true Chassid in the Soviet Union of those days.

MY FATHER'S HIDDURIM

In Russia of those years, people would stock up for the winter by purchasing large sacks of potatoes and onions and pickling large amounts of cucumbers, tomatoes and cabbage. Before pickling the cabbage, it was necessary to inspect them for insects and worms. My father was extremely careful that the checking should be performed



by those with superior eyesight. "We need young eyes for the job," he said.

My father recruited us, the youngsters, for the task. In order to motivate us, he promised us a ruble for each insect we discovered. We jumped at the opportunity to earn a bit of money, and we scrutinized each leaf as if we were searching for gold.

My father had the custom to repeat *Eliyahu Hanavi*, *Eliyahu Hatishbi*, *Eliyahu Hagil'adi* as he folded his *tallis* on Motzei Shabbos. He would repeat each refrain ten times, and upon finishing he would begin again, followed by a third round, mentioning Eliyahu's name a total of ninety times. When R' Berke Chein hid in our house, he noticed this custom and adopted it as well.

My father would then recite *Veyitein Lecha*, followed by a trip to the well to draw water. He would say that on Motzei Shabbos one draws water from the Well of Miriam. When running water was installed in the street and later on in the house, he would take water from the faucet instead.



R' Avraham Zaltzman watering plants in the courtyard of his house in Samarkand

THE NEW HOUSE WITH THE PRIVATE YARD

At the end of the 50's, Chabad Chassidim began to move from the old city and relocate in the new city. We moved as well, and we bought a house together with my brother-in-law, R' Eliyahu Mishulovin. The house was large, and it was surrounded by a huge yard, more than a thousand square meters, containing eighty fruit trees and bushes.

The house was unusually large for urban Samarkand standards. It had been the former home of a Brigadier General in the Russian army. The government had given him a large plot of land upon which to build a house. A short while after the house was built and



the trees were planted, he divorced his wife and married a younger woman. His former wife moved into a government house near his yard. One of the windows of her new house directly overlooked his large yard, and she would torment the army officer and his young wife without respite. He had no choice but to sell the house, and that is how we came to buy it.

It was a pleasure to sit in the garden, but the windows overlooking our yard bothered us too. On the one hand, this was the first time we had a house with our very own yard; on the other hand, every move we made was observed by our gentile neighbors. The children couldn't go out to the yard so the neighbors wouldn't see that there were children who did not attend school. We couldn't go outside wearing *tzitzis* or Shabbos clothing because they were watching. We were forced to hide out in our very own house.

My father said that all the pleasures of a large garden were not worthwhile, and we had to do something to get out of their sight. We couldn't be exiled within the confines of our own backyard. He finally came to an agreement with the neighbors: he gave them five meters of land extending across the entire length of the yard, and in exchange he received their consent to build a high wall surrounding our yard. After that, we were able to host the *yeshiva*—or, as we called them, “groups of *bachurim*”—and they began learning in our yard on a regular basis.

A CLEVER FATHER-IN-LAW

My father was a clever and insightful man. There were times when the truth of his judgment was only realized with the passage of time.

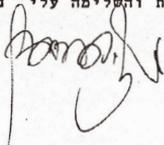
At the time when R' Mendel Futerfas stayed in our home after arriving in Samarkand from Tchernovitz, my father suspected that one of the gentile neighbors had begun to follow us. My father was extremely on edge, and he would often report to us: “Just as I left the house, the *goy* decided to walk his dog. When I went to the market, he was there too, and when he noticed me he bent over as though he was tying his shoelace.”

We were sure that my father was exaggerating, and even R' Mendel said that he was just imagining things, but my father insisted. After a while, the *goy* stopped following us, and only then did we realize how closely he had shadowed us during the previous months.



Once, at a *farbrengen* before R' Mendel left Russia, my brother-in-law R' Eliyahu asked him: "As you are well aware, all sorts of predicaments arise in regards to the *bochurim* who study by us. Now that you're going, with whom will we consult?"

R' Mendel said, "If you have a question, consult with your father-in-law. He is a clever Chassid and he understands things well. Do you remember how we all thought that he was imagining things when he claimed that the gentile neighbor was following us? It was only later when we realized how right he was. We were all naïve while your father-in-law was absolutely correct in his assessment."

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON Lubavitch 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213 Hyacinth 3-9250	מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן ליוכאוויטש 770 איסטערן פארקוויי ברוקלין, נ.י.
ב"ה, מוצאי שבת, ב' דר"ה אדר ראשון שנה השביעית, ה'תשל"ג. ברוקלין, נ.י.	
הרה"ח אי"א נו"נ עוסק בצ"צ כו' מו"ה אברהם שי"	
שלום וברכה!	
מאשר הנני קבלת המכתב ממוצש"ק יו"ד שבט והפ"נ שבו יקאן עה"צ הק". כבר נדבר כמה פעמים במשך השנה ע"ד נקודה המיוחדת של שנה זו - שחוכנה וכמה מעניני" קשורים ביום השבת; כל השנה כולה - שנה השביעית - עלי" נאמר שבת שבתון ירי" לארץ שבת להוי", ראש השנה, שבו נידונים ונקבעים מאורעות כל ימי השנה - חל להיות בשבת, ר"ה לדא"ח אשר הנחילונו אבותינו הק" זצוקלה"ה נ"ע זי"ע והיא היא תורת הבעש"ט ז"ל - יס כסלו - חל להיות בשבת, יום הסתלקות של נשיא דורנו - כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר - יו"ד שבט - חל להיות בשבת,	
ובהיותה שנה מעוברת - הרי ראש ותחלת חדש העבור - חל להיות בשבת. והנה ענין העיבור בכללותו - שעל ידו משלימים את החסר (במספר הימים - ביחס לשנת החמה) במשך שנים שעברו וגם מוסיפים כמה ימים על ימי שנת החמה. ענין יום השבת הוא - מנוחה ועונג וכמש"נ וקראת לשבת עונג וכל פעולות האדם בו ועניניו ה"ה מתוך עונג ובאופן דעונג.	
ויה"ר שכהנ"ל יעורר את כאו"א, בתוככי כלל ישראל, ועד שיצליח למלאות את כל החסר במשך כל ימי חייו ולהשלימו ולהוסיף עליו, הלוך והוסיף ואור וע"פ הציווי להלך אחר מדותיו של הקב"ה שמהם: וצדקתך אלקים עד מרום גו'. ומתהומות הארץ גו', להאיר בעניני מרום (תומ"צ) ובעניני תהום (עוה"ז הגשמי והחומרי ממש שאינן תחתון למטה ממנו), ולעשות כ"ז מתוך מנוחה ועונג אמתיים,	
עדי נזכה בקרוב ממש לגאולה האמתית והשלימה עלי" נאמר: בשובה ונחת הושעון.	
 בברכה	



MY MOTHER'S DEATH AND MY FATHER'S IMMIGRATION TO ERETZ YISRAEL

“...*KINDERLACH*, I KNOW ALREADY”

In Tamuz, 1968, my mother suffered a heart attack. She was then sixty-three years of age. The doctors said that it was a severe heart attack and she was hospitalized. In Samarkand of those days, the hospital did not have an ICU and the rooms were not air conditioned. It did not even have a constant supply of oxygen. It was very hot, and my mother had to lie there in a stifling room, attached to an IV line.

We stayed with her at her bedside throughout her hospital stay. My brother Berel and I, as well as our cousin Yaakov Pil, took turns so that she wouldn't be alone. Throughout that time we heard her say: “I have no complaints. I had the merit of raising a family and bringing up children who remained religious despite all the hardships. I married them off and have seen grandchildren from each of them. True, it would be wonderful to live another ten or fifteen years, but I have no complaints against G-d. Boruch Hashem, I have fulfilled my *shlichus* in this world.” These words repeated themselves over and over during the three weeks she spent in the hospital.

On Tuesday morning, 27 Tamuz, my mother felt that she was in her final moments. I was there with her at the time, and she asked me to call my father immediately, as she wanted to say goodbye. Softly she said, “We lived together for forty-three years.”

It was hard for me to call my father under these



My parents after their marriage



R' Avraham Zaltzman in front of his home in
Nachalas Har Chabad

circumstances. I was afraid that he wouldn't be able to bear the emotional burden. I called my brother Berel and explained the situation, and he immediately arrived at the hospital.

Meanwhile, my mother called me and said, "Don't you realize the situation I am in right now?" She asked me to recite Shema with her. I began to say Shema and Boruch Shem word for word, and after saying the word "va'ed," she passed away.

During the time when my mother was hospitalized, my father would prepare cereal for her every morning and bring it to the hospital. The morning that she died, I stood there waiting with my brother for him to come so that he wouldn't walk in and suddenly be confronted by the news. We kept going out to the hall to see if he had come.

A short while later we saw him walking heavily towards her room, empty-handed. Before we even had a chance to go over to him, he called out in tears, "*Kinderlach*, I know already."

We couldn't understand how he found out so quickly. She had passed away a mere half hour earlier, and our house was not equipped with a telephone. How did the news reach him so soon?

Later, my brother-in-law Eliyahu Mishulovin related that my father had placed the cereal over the flame in the morning, as he always did, and he had then gone to *daven*. A short time later, he suddenly returned home and shut the fire, saying, "The cereal isn't needed, and an *onein* (mourner) is exempt from *davening*." My brother-in-law and his brother Dovid, who were then in the house, yelled at him for talking that way. "Did you hear anything?!" they asked him.

"I didn't hear anything," he replied softly, "but I already know everything that happened." And he quickly made his way to the hospital.



My father wanted my mother's funeral to take place as soon as possible, even if only a *minyan* would be present, saying that the time between the death and the burial is very difficult for the deceased. In Samarkand of those days, all of the preparations for the burial, including the *taharah*, were performed in the home of the deceased. My father was in the house and he sobbed the entire time.

Suddenly, we didn't hear him anymore, and an eerie quiet reigned. My brother Berel and I were very apprehensive. What had happened?! We began looking for him throughout the house, but we were unable to find him.

We finally discovered him outside among the fruit trees, leaning on a tree. We ran over to him and asked cautiously, "What happened? Do you not feel well?"

Our father replied: "*Kinderlach*, I am so broken; I have never felt as broken as this my entire life. I remembered that when Yaakov Avinu met Yosef, his heart was suffused with great love, and he directed this enormous love towards Hashem by reciting the *Shema*. I want to use these moments when my heart is broken. I am saying *Vidui*. Please do not disturb me."

In accordance with my father's wishes, we held the funeral immediately. In Samarkand there was a Bucharian custom to carry the casket by shoulder to the cemetery without using any means of transportation, as a way of honoring the deceased. Being that we resided in the new city while the cemetery was located in the old city, we carried the casket the entire distance of over three miles to the cemetery.

My mother was buried next to her sister, our aunt Chaya Aidel Pil, who had died a half year earlier. My mother had cared for her a lot throughout her illness. As per my father's request, we connected the two gravestones with an additional stone upon which was inscribed, "Those who were *beloved and pleasant in their lifetime and were not parted in their death*."

At the time of my mother's illness and subsequent death, my sister Sarah Mishulovin was at the home of R' Sholom Ber and Asya Raskin, in the suburbs of the city of Gorky. That year had been a difficult one for her. Her husband R' Elyahu was ill, and the *bochurim* from the *yeshiva* studied in their home, creating an atmosphere of stress and constant worry. Furthermore, her children remained at home instead of attending school, and each knock on the door resulted in even more fear and anxiety. It was therefore decided that she should leave for a vacation and relax, enabling her to temporarily put her worries out of her mind.

We would communicate by means of letters, and when my mother was hospitalized, she asked why she had stopped receiving letters from Mother. With each letter her worry grew, and shortly before our mother's passing, she sent a telegram stating that if she would not be told why Mother wasn't writing, she would return home immediately. We replied that she could return if she desired.

A few days later, she returned to Samarkand. We couldn't go to greet her as we were sitting *shivah*. As soon as she entered the yard, she ran towards the house, asking, "Where's Mother?!" I went out of the house, and when she saw the new growth of beard on my chin, she immediately burst out in tears.

Upon analyzing my mother's sickness and subsequent death, I found it interesting to note that many aspects of her life were correlated with the number three. She lived for sixty-three years; she begot three children; she fell ill on a *Tuesday* and passed away three weeks later, on a *Tuesday* as well. Her death took place during the *Three Weeks*, and my sister Sarah arrived from Gorky thirty days after she had left.

HISKASHRUS AND KABBOLAS OL

At this time we were all preoccupied with leaving Russia. In the winter of 5728–9, about half a year after our mother's passing, my father, my sister and her family received permission to leave Russia and they settled in Kfar Chabad. My brother Berel and I remained in Samarkand with our families, but my sister would report to us about daily life in Eretz Yisrael.

One day we were surprised to read in a letter that my father had left my sister's house in Kfar Chabad and moved to Kiryat Malachi. We did not understand what had happened with my father. After all, he had lived in peace with my sister and her family all these years. What had caused him to leave Kfar Chabad and live alone in a city of which we had never heard before? In the next letter we wrote to my sister, we asked her what had happened.

In her next letter, my sister wrote what had occurred, prefacing the account by stating, "Don't you know our father?" One fine day he came home from *shul* and declared, "I must pack my suitcases because I'm moving to Kiryat Malachi." My sister was stunned and asked him why he was suddenly leaving. He replied that R' Dovid Raskin, who had arrived in Eretz Yisrael on *shlichus* from the Rebbe, had spoken in *shul* that day. He relayed that the Rebbe desired to start a new neighborhood in Kiryat Malachi called Nachalas Har Chabad. He was opening a Kollel there, and he wanted the Russian immigrants to move there.

My father concluded, "I immediately decided to move to Kiryat Malachi, and I even stopped at the post office to send the Rebbe a telegram with the news."

My sister and brother-in-law asked him how he would manage on his own without a woman to cook and do laundry for him. He said: "Don't worry! I'll manage somehow. The main thing is to give the Rebbe *nachas*."

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מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

ב"ה, ימים הסמוכים לימי יב-יג תמוז,
ה'תשל"ה. פ"א ברוקלין, נ.י.

הרה"ח אי"א נו"נ עוסק בצ"צ כו'
מו"ה אברהם שי'

שלום וברכה!

נתקבל המכ" מיום ו' תמוז וכן הקובץ חד"ת מחברי הכולל שיחיו,
ות"ח ת"ח: רבעינין שהזמ"ג - ואף שהבא לקמן כבר בא במכתב הכללי מיום שלישי
שהוכפל בו כי טוב, פ"א וישראל עושה חיל,
הרי אינה דומה כתיבה ובקשה הבאה לכו"כ ביחד - לפני" ובקשה מיוחדת
ושלוחה ישר לאחד וליחיד:

בימים הסמוכים ליב-יג תמוז, ימי גאולת כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר ממאסרו על
עבודתו במס"ג בהרבצת התורה בכל המדינה שהי' בה אז רוב מניין ורוב בנין
דאחב"י - כולל פעולות רבות ועצומות בנוגע לקיום מצותי", כידוע ומפורסם,
גאולה ע"י ובאופן דפוּעל ישועות בקרב הארץ,
ונשען על דבריו במכתבו לחגיגת גאולה זו בפעם הראשונה (בשנת תפר"ח)
אשר לא אותו "בלבד גאל הקב"ה בי"ב תמוז, כ"א גם כל מחבבי תורתנו הק"
שומרי מצוה, וגם את אשר בשט ישראל יכונה",
ומעורר (בהמשך מכתבו) "להיזוק התורה והיהדות בכל אתר ואתר לפי ענינו"
- ומצרף לו מאמרו ד"ה עשרה שיושבים ועוסקים בתורה שכינה שר"י ביניהם,
הרי הזמ"ג ושליחותי" עבידנא לעורר ע"ד פעולות ביתר שאח ויתר עז בהרבצת
התורה והוספה בזה, הלוך והוסיף ואור - בתורה אור, וגדול לימוד שמביא לידי
מעשה נר מצוה - בעצמו ובטביחתו הקרובה וגם הרחוקה, וזכות הרבים מסייעת.
ואמחז"ל בזכותא דאורייתא יפקון ישראל מן גלותא,
ומודגש בזה ענין ההוספה דוקא, מתאים להציווי דמעלין בקודש - שהרי כל
הוספה בתורה וכן במצות - גוררת עוד הוספה וכמחז"ל מצוה גוררת מצוה, ובלשון
כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר במאמרו דיום הגאולה הראשון ד"ה הוי' לי בעוזרי (בסיומו) -
הם (בירורי המצות) העוזרים האמתיים של האדם, כולל (כמובן) - במילוי תפקידו
"לשמש את קונו" ע"י התומ"צ.

* * *

והנה בכל מצוה ומצוה - הדברים הנ"ל אמורים, אבל ביותר הוא בנוגע למצות
שיש ביניהן שיכוח.

ובזה זירוז מיוחד לכאו"א מבנ"י - שכולם חייבים בלימוד התורה - כולל נשי
ובנות, וגם הן מברכות ברכות התורה ואומרות אשר קדשנו במצותינו וציוונו על
דברי תורה (או - לעסוק בד"ת) - גם ע"ד הוספה בהמבצעים הידועים, שלכאו"א
מהם שייכות מיוחדת לתורה, וכמדובר כבר כ"פ:

מבצע תורה: הרי מדה של הקב"ה מדה כנגד מדה, אלא שכמה פעמים ככה -
הצלחה רבה בלימוד התורה.

מבצע תפלין ומבצע מזוזה - אשר בפרשיות שבהן נאמר והוכפל הציווי דת"ת
"בשבתך בביתך ובלכתך בדרך ובשכבך ובקומך", וציווי התורה ה"ז נתינת כח.

When we read my sister's letter, we understood the power of genuine *kabbolas ol* and *hiskashrus* to the Rebbe. My father made no conditions; he did not ask questions about how it would work out. He simply packed his bags and left.

The Rebbe did indeed take pleasure in my father's devotion, and he blessed him that in this merit he would settle down easily and merit to see his sons arrive to him from Russia. Indeed, a short while later we left Russia and arrived in Eretz Yisrael.

While in Nachalas Har Chabad, a fundraiser from Bnei Brak once came to his house and asked for a donation. My father asked him why he had come to a neighborhood of new immigrants who had no money. The man said that he would be surprised to hear that the immigrants give more than the old-timers in Bnei Brak.

The two men began conversing, and the collector noticed that the house wasn't very orderly and understood that there was no woman to take care of the house. After inquiring about this, my father told him about my mother's passing before his emigration from Russia. The man said that he had a wonderful *shidduch* for him with a virtuous woman from Lud who served as the caretaker of the local *mikvah*.

My father was practical and decisive by nature. He lost no time and went to Lud to meet the woman. When he arrived in Lud, he saw a woman walking down the street, and he approached her and asked if she knew where this woman lived. Surprised to hear her name, the woman—who was none other than the lady he was searching for—asked him why he wanted to meet her. Not realizing that this was the lady herself, my father did not answer. It was only after she introduced herself that my father disclosed the reason for his visit.

They conversed for a short while, and after seeing that they were suited to one another, my father proposed. She was shocked at the sudden turn of events. A stranger appears out of nowhere, begins talking to her and already he asks her if she wants to marry him!

She discussed the matter with her *rav*. He advised her to take her time before deciding, and only after finding out more about my father should she give her reply.

After doing some research and hearing many positive descriptions of my father, she agreed to the proposal. They received the Rebbe's blessing and married.

My father lived happily with his second wife for thirteen years. She greatly respected my father and took care of him. She was involved in communal work in Nachalas Har Chabad and everybody knew her and respected her. Of course we respected her as well, out of respect for my father. After my father passed away, she moved into a senior



citizen home and we would visit her whenever we visited Eretz Yisrael. She was very happy with our visits and was proud to introduce us to her friends as her children.

RUNNING A KOLLEL

A short time after my father arrived in Nachalas Har Chabad, the Rebbe appointed him as director of the Kollel. We read about this in a letter that he sent to us in Samarkand. This was the first time we had heard of the concept of a Kollel. He explained what it was, and he wrote that he sat all day involved in Torah and *avoda* and this was where he invested his energy.

We wondered how someone who had been a businessman all his life could run a Kollel. Once again we realized what it means to be a *penimi*. As soon as he heard that this is what the Rebbe wanted, he carried out his directive, without first making calculations.

Men who learned in the Kollel during those years told me that their best years of learning were the years when my father served as the *menahel*. He looked out for their welfare and took care of every detail. For example, when the *shul* in which they learned grew cold in the winter, he purchased a heater for them with his own money.

A former resident of Nachalas Har Chabad related to me that R' Efraim Wolf (the director of Agudas Chassidei Chabad in Israel) once entered the Kollel and noticed a couple of baby carriages in the corner. Unhappy that the Kollel members were bringing their children along with them, thereby distracting them from their studies, he threatened to deduct the hours when they brought their carriages from their salary.

My father began defending the young men: "What do you want from them? They are barely earning much from learning in Kollel as is, and you want to make it even harder for them?!"

But R' Efraim stood by his principles and deducted three hours of pay from their salary. My father couldn't bear to see this happen, and he went ahead and made up the difference with his own money!

Over the years, many people arrived in Nachalas Har Chabad who were very capable of serving as *menahel* of the Kollel, but every time R' Efraim Wolf asked the Rebbe about this, the Rebbe did not agree to replace my father without his consent. As such, my father remained the *menahel* until the last day of his life.

My father gave most of the money he earned from the Kollel to the *gemach* fund that he founded in my mother's memory which served the members of the Kollel. He and his

wife lived off the reparations his wife received as a Holocaust survivor. If they lacked some money for their essentials he would supplement from his salary, but most of his salary went to the *gemach*. Many times, the money given was more of a gift than a loan.

My father twice wrote to me that since he put all of his money into the *gemach*, he didn't know what would happen to him after he passed away. He wanted to be buried on Mt. Olives, but a plot cost \$3000, and he would not be leaving behind money for this purpose.

What could I tell him—that he shouldn't worry because we would pay for his burial? I opted not to reply. After some time, he told me that he had asked the Rebbe whether to continue donating all of his money to the *gemach* or to save some money for a plot. The Rebbe told him to continue giving it to the *gemach* and blessed him with long life.

R' MENDEL WECHTER AND MY FATHER

In 5743, when R' Mendel Wechter was forced to leave New York, the Rebbe advised him to settle in Eretz Yisrael. He found his rightful place in the Kollel that my father directed in Nachalas Har Chabad, and he became the Rosh Kollel. My father took a great liking to him, and he wrote to the Rebbe that R' Mendel was a true Chassid, *yirei shomayim* and *lamdan*, and that he had always wanted to have such an individual present in the Kollel. I heard that when R' Mendel's father went to Nachalas Har Chabad to see how his son and his family were faring, his son told him, "If you want to see what a Lubavitcher Chassid is, look at R' Avrohom Zaltzman."

On the day he died, my father went to the Kollel after lunch as usual. He asked the men for forgiveness if he had been too demanding about their coming on time or if he had ever spoken harshly to them. R' Mendel, who overheard him asking forgiveness from these young men, was amazed at his humility. After all, he had just been doing his job properly! It didn't come to his mind that it was just a scant few hours before my father would pass on.

That day, when the period of learning in the Kollel concluded, R' Mendel asked my father to review some responsa relating to the laws of *issur* and *heter*. He asked my father to return it after a few days. To his surprise, my father returned them all to him that very night at eight o'clock.

At nine o'clock, after returning home, my father did not feel well. An ambulance took him to the hospital, but on the way his condition deteriorated and they had to call an intensive care mobile unit. It was there, on the way to the hospital, that he passed away.



We later found a note he had left on the table before leaving the house, upon which was written two words: “Har Ha’Zeisim.” We fulfilled his request and he was buried on Mt. Olives on 14 Shevat, 5744 (1984). When we had to decide what to write on his gravestone, we were reminded of what he had told us several times, that he disliked seeing numerous titles on gravestones because the deceased has to answer to each one of them. He said that on his gravestone he wanted it to say, “Here lays Avrohom Zaltzman, who had the privilege of learning in Lubavitch.” Naturally, we fulfilled his request.



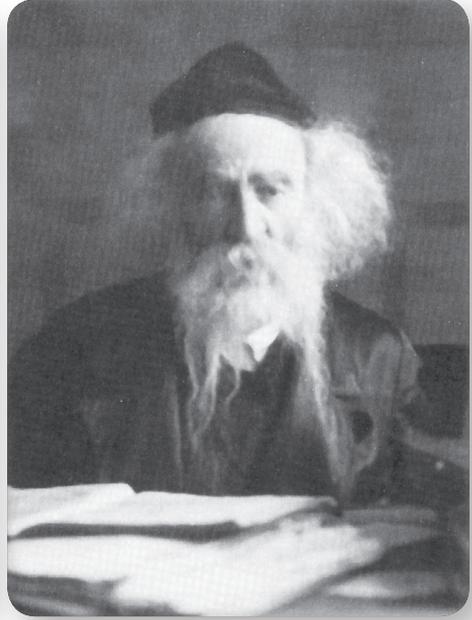
When I recently visited my father’s grave, I was bothered by the fact that all the other tombstones in the vicinity carried numerous titles of distinction while my father’s lacked any such title. Perhaps other visitors would surmise that this person was bereft of any positive qualities other than the fact that he had studied in Lubavitch! I considered adding a line on the bottom of the stone which would read, “The words inscribed on this tombstone were written as per his directions.” I consulted a *rav*, and he told me, “I can assure you that this was not your father’s intention!”



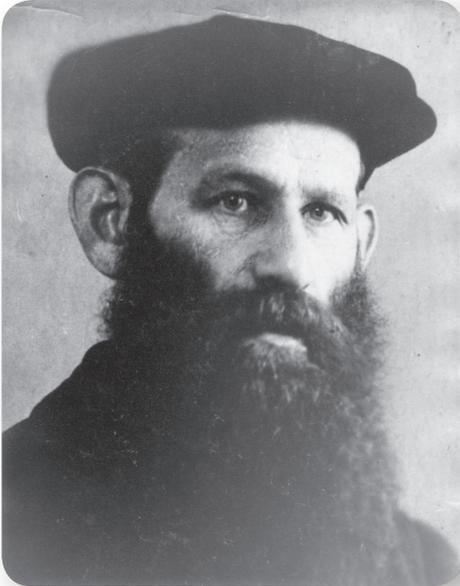
R' Berel and R' Hillel Zaltzman at their father's grave



R' Ephraim Fishel Dimachovsky, shochet in Minsk and great-grandfather of the kallah



*The Rogotchover gaon—the crown of the family
The gaon's sister, Mrs. Mussia Reizel, was the mother of the shochet R' Ephraim Fishel Dimachovsky, the kallah's great-grandfather*



R' Eliezer Raksin, shochet, mohel and ba'al koreh in Leningrad



R' Avraham Boruch Pevzner, mashpia in Minsk



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ב"ה, תחלת תמוז, ה'תשל"ה
ברוקלין, נ.י.

הרה"ח אי"א נו"נ עוסק בצ"צ כו'
מו"ה אברהם שי"

שלום וברכה!

מאשר הנני קבלה המכ" והפ"נ שיקרא בעת רצון על הציון הק".
לרגל מלאות יובל שנים מעת פרסום המאמר דא"ה ד"ה עשרה שיושבים
ועוסקים בחורה שכינה שרית ביניהם
עם המכתב המצורף עמו
- מכ"ק מו"ה אדמו"ר אשר שלח להגיגת יב תמוז הראשונה - בשנת תרפ"ח",
הו"ל עוה"פ - בצירוף מאמרו דא"ה ד"ה זה היום עשה ה' נגילה ושמחה
בו,
שאמרו "בסעודת הודאה, י"ב תמוז, תרפ"ח".
ומצו"ב - ובדאי יפעול הקונטרס פעולתו, שילמדו אותו כל אלה שיגיע
אליהם והמושפעים שלהם - שליט"א,
והלימוד יביא לידי מעשה בפועל, ובפרט - בהענינים אודות מדובר
במכתב הנ"ל.
והשית"ל ימלא ברכות צדיק, כ"ק מו"ה אדמו"ר, לכאז"א כמפורט בהמכתב
ועד לסימומו וחוחמו שם "ועינינו תחזינה בהרמת קרן התורה, קרן ישראל",
ויקריים היקוד אשר הא-ל עושה פלא יום קרן פסיוח - בגאולה האמתית
והשליטה ע"י משיח דצדקו.
בברכה הצלחה בכהנ"ל
ובברכה הגבאולה

רבות - ובפרט באיכות - מדובר בהקונטרס אודות אמירת ההל"ת, ולכן
באה בחותמו - הוספה - מכתב כ"ק מו"ה אדמו"ר ע"ד אמירת תהלים בכל יום,
ועוד שבע ברכות לצענן - מאמר רבנו הזקן (שנמצא זה עתה באחד הביבלאך)
אודות "לומר הקאפיטל שלו".

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ב"ה, כ"ד שבט, ה'תשל"ו
ברוקלין, נ.י.

הרה"ח אי"א נו"נ מלאכתו מלאכה
שמים כו' מו"ה אברהם שי"

שלום וברכה!

מאשר אני קבלה המכ" והפ"נ, והשית"ל ימלא משאלות לבבו לטובה ולברכה,
וכיון שהתחננה בחיי היום-יום מתאים לרצונו של השית"ל זהו הצנוי
וחלוי לקבלת ברכות ה', חיי טובין שכל הוספה בעניני חוזה ויבואה, בלי פשרות
בבניחא"ל בכל המצורף, אך על פי שצוויי ה" מוכרח לקיימם מצד צדמם גם
שלא על מנת לקבל פרט.

ובענין שחזמן גרמא, בקשר ליו"ד שבט, יגם החילולא של כ"ק מו"ה
אדמו"ר, שעל צי"ן שלו יזכירוהו בחפלה, בודאי שעל כאז"א מתאוו להתבונן
אין שבעל החילולא הקדיש ימי חיינו להחזקת והפצת התורה והיחוד, בלי פשרות,
ובמסירת נפש ממש. ומעשה יעקב, שהתבוננות הביא לחוספת בהאמנות כאז"א
ללכת בדרך, ובפרט שבעל החילולא עומד לימינם של כל החולקים באורחותיו
ומשכנים בפעולותיו, וברכתו מלווה אותם להצליח בזה וגם בעניניהם השריית,
בגשמיח וברוחניות גם יחד.

בברכה - בקשר ליום ההולדת - לשנת האלולא כהנ"ל
בברכה להצלחה ולבשרות טובות
בכל האמור

בשנה. היו אלו האחים ציפעל שקנו את המבנים הראשונים של המרכז לעניני חינוך באיטליה ובם הושיבו את ביה"ס חב"ד.

הרבה כבר נכתב על עסקנותם והתמסורתם לעניני הרבי ופעולותיו, אך כאן נתמקד בעיקר על השליחות ל"מדינה ההיא", הכוונה רוסי'ה כפי שהרבי היה מתבטא או "שם" כפי שכותב במכתב המוצג כאן.

בשנות תשט"ו-רתשט"ז הקימו האחים ציפעל מפעל גדול במילאנו ליצירת מעילי פרווה לנשים, וב"ה הלך וגדל והצלחה. את הפרוות עפ"י רוב היו קונים בירידים אשר בלניגראד (פטרבורג), השייכת לממשל הקומניסטי בימים ההם. עקב העסקים הגדולים היה להם כניסה די חופשית למדינה ההיא, וגם דיווחו ע"כ לכ"ק אדמו"ר. הנסיעות לרוסי'ה היו נערכות בד"כ ע"י האחים קארלו ואברהם. ראשית אמר להם כ"ק

ברליק-מילאנא

<p>RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON Lubavitch 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn 13, N. Y. HYacinth 3-9250</p>	<p>מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן ליובאוויטש 770 איסטערן פארקוויי ברוקלין, נ. י.</p>
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ב"ה, כב' מנ"א תש"כ
ברוקלין

הרה"ח אי"א ברי"ב עוסק בצ"צ
מוה"י גרשון מענדל שי"י

ש לום וברכה.
מאשר הנני קבלת מכתבו מדי' מנ"א עם המצורף אליו
המצעקה ע"ד שנת המאתים,

בודאי יכתוב בפרטיות אודות ביקור האחים ציפל שי"י וכל המפרט-ה"ז משובח. וכן ע"ד שיחות הרבנים שי"י שמערו אצלן.

מענה על מכתבו הקודם-בטח הגיע בעתו.

ובעמדנו בחדש מנחם אב שכספו כן הוא, אשר אבינו שבשמים מנחם את כוונתנו, לנכדורי ישראל וכוניס אתם לה' אלקיכם, תסורת אותן הענינים שקרו בסך יפ"ים ושבועות אלו, יהיה רצון שיראה כל זה גם לעיני צעור ובטוב הנרא ה והנבלה, בנין תחת חורבן ובאופן רופצת ימה נקדמה וצפונה ונגבה תמורת ב"י הסצורים בעגלא ריון על ירי משיח צדקנו.

בברכה לבשו"ס

במש"כ ע"ד האברך הח' חרד שי"י - יש להצנין בזה.

בודאי יכתוב בפרטיות אודות ביקור האחים ציפל שי"י שם וכל המפרט ה"ז משובח



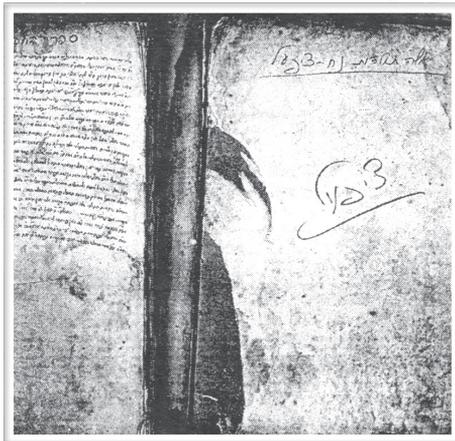
אדמו"ר שיסדרו שהיריד לפרוות לא יעבוד בשבת כי הם חזקים מספיק לפעול את זה, וכך הוה (בימים ההם, מאחורי מסך הברזל!).

לאחר זמן ביקש כ"ק אדמו"ר להפוך אותם לשלוחיו המיוחדים למדינה ההיא הן להובאה והן להוצאה. על אף שנסעו עוד יהודים לרוסיה לאור מסחרם, אך רובם פחדו פחד מות מהקומוניסטים, אמנם האחים ציפעל מיד נרתמו לשליחות כ"ק אדמו"ר. וכך היה הסדר: ר' שלמה יוסף (קארלו) שהיה פיקח ומלומד, בעל לב טוב ובראיה בעלת מרחב, הי' נוסע כמה פעמים בשנה לניי, נכנס ליחידות לזמן ארוך אצל כ"ק אדמו"ר, ושם כבר ציפו לו מזוודות עם תשמישי קדושה, טו"ת, ספרים, סידורים, תניאים וכו', להכניסם ללנינגראד עם הכתובת איפא להשאירם. בדרכם חזרה מבריה"מ היו מוציאים כתבי יד של מאמרי רבותינו נשיאינו שלא נדפסו עדיין, ביכלאך חסידות וכדומה. האיש הקשר בד"כ הי' הרב החסידי הרב לובאנאו ע"ה, והליעפלר רב הרב עפשטיין ועוד. כל זה התאפשר להם משום שהיו בעלי מעמד כמעט של דיפלומטים ולא בדקו את מטעניהם. לרוב זכו ליחידות אחרי שובם מבריה"מ, ובמהלכה הי' קארלו נותן פ"ש מאנ"ש ממה שראה ושמע וכו'. כ"ק אדמו"ר הרבה לקרב אותו ואת אחיו.

כך נמשך במשך שנים רבות וזכו האחים ציפעל להוציא משם הרבה כתבי-יד הן מתורה אור, אור התורה של הצמח צדק (וכמדומה ג"כ מכתבי הרב לוי יצחק אבי כ"ק אדמו"ר). ואכן בספירת כ"ק אדמו"ר אפשר למצא הרבה ביכלאך דא"ח ע"ש ציפעל בכי"ק של הרבי, כידוע שכ"ק אדמו"ר הי' קורא להספרים ע"ש מביאיהם. לדוגמה בשנת תשל"ד הדפיסה מערכת "אוצר חסידים" ספר "ליקוטי הגהות לספר התניא" שבו הגהות שנרשמו על גליוני ספר התניא בעיקר של הצמח צדק וכן של הרה"ח ר' אליהו יוסף ריבלין. לקראת סיום ההדפסה הגיע לידי הרבי "ביכל" של כתב יד נוסף שהובא

ע"י ר' שלמה יוסף ציפעל וזכה לכינוי "לכו נא ציפל" ובו הגהות נוספות לתניא ששולבו בסוף ספר הנ"ל (ע"י בהקדמת המו"ל).

כל תמים שלמד ב770 בשנים ההם (עד תשל"ח) זוכר את קארלו ציפעל, הנדיב בעל קומה גבוהה ושפם ארוך שהי' מגיע ליחידות ושוהה זמן רב במחיצת כ"ק אדמו"ר. כמובן שכל השליחות היתה נסתרת ולא דיברו על-





כך, מעטים הם שנודע להם על הנושא. מספר הרה"ח ר' שמעון לאזארוב שי' שליח כ"ק אדמו"ר בטקסאס שבשנים אלו דיבר כ"ק אדמו"ר עם דודו ר' שמואל בצלאל אלטהויז ע"ה שיש להשתדל לגאול את כתביו של סבו הרב לאזראו ע"ה וחדושו על ש"ס וכו', ואכן ניגש הוא לר' שלמה יוסף ציפעל ובקש ממנו בחשאי שבנסיעתו ללנינגראד יגש לסבתו לבדוק באם יש לה חדושי בעלה (וכנראה גם כ"ק אדמו"ר דיבר עם קארלו אודות הדבר). בפועל השתדל, אך מרוב פחד של הסבתא לא אסתיע מילתא וכמה מספריו הגיעו לאחר שינוי המשטר בבריה"מ. אגב לאחרונה כאשר בנו מחדש את הביכ"נ מארינה רושצה במוסקווה מצאו הרבה מהתניאים הקטנים הנ"ל (שהובאו ע"י האחים ציפעל) באחד הקירות, כנראה שהוטמנו שם מפני הממשל וכו'. השלוחים שנסעו בשנות תש"מ לרוסיה מספרים שפגשו כמה מאנ"ש מלנינגראד שזכרו היטב את האחים ציפעל, ואחד מהם אף גילה שזכה לקבל סיוע מהם לקנות את דירתו. לאחר שנים רבות, באחת הנסיעות לרוסיה הפסידו ר' שלמה יוסף ור' אברהם

ברלין-סילאנא
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מנחת מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

כ"ה ז' אדר"ש תשי"ט
ברוקלין

הרה"ח אי"א נו"נ רב פעלים
טה' גרשון מענדל שי'
וזוגתו הרבנית מרת בת'א' תתי'

שלום וברכה!
פאשר הנני קבלם מכתבם מכ' אדר"ש והקודמו, נוסף על הפ"ש
ע"י הרה"ג הרה"ח וכו' הרבא"ג שי' והרב הרי"י שי' העכט, ובדאי כינחיתם
נתקבלה העתקה השפוזט"ן, וכהט"וים בסכתבו מחבוננים גם כן לימי הפוקים
הכע"ל, ומוטב"ש מכתבי כללי לועד שלי"ה, שכתה יוכל לנצלו באופן המהאים.

בברכה למהט"ש בכל המעיינים, אודותם כותבים ולפורים טמח
ופעיל על כל הימים הכאים לאחרי זה.

נ.ב.
מהנכון הי' להוודע (באופן דיפלומטי) מהנוהג בשנים שזכרו כהנוגע
לחלוקה מזה שמורה, ובכלל האם ישנם פעולות מיוחדות בקשר עם חג הפסח,
וכהנוגע לחלוקה האסורה יש לכרר נ"כ, כאם יש מקום לשלוח לסמלי' ובמה שסורו
להצירים עמהם נפגשו בעת הכנוס וכיו"כ אף שדריס בעיירות אחרות,
כן מהנכון לברר, שכמלפני כמה שנים הי' במילאן אינזשינער, ישראל נאה,
בעל השוכה, ואחרי כן צ"ע איזה זמן כאה"ק ת"ו וחזר לאיסל' וזה כשנחיתם
שנפסק הקשר עמו, ובדאי האחים ציפעל שי' ידוע להם אודותו, וכבודםה טא
של הנ"ל הי' נענעראל כצא האיטלקי וכיו"ב, אף שאפשר שהטם האסור לעיל
אינו מר"י"ק כ"כ.



ציפעל את המטוס שיצא מעיר ביניים (הלסינקי או קופנהגן) והמזוודות שלהם הגיעו לפניהם. אנשי המשטרה והמכס פתחו וראו את אשר באמתחותיהם (תשמישי קדושה וכו'), וכאשר הם הגיעו עם המטוס הבא נעצרו והושמו במאסר (בבית מלון), אחרי חקירות ודרישות. לבסוף הורשו לצאת מרוסיה רק לאחר שהבטיחו וחתמו (בתחילה רצו שיחתמו בש"ק, וכמובן שסרבו) שיחזרו למשפט שיעשו להם. פרט חשוב ראוי לציון, באותן זמן ממש שנערכה חקירתם היתה הרבנית בת' גרעליק תחי' ב"יחידות" אצל כ"ק אדמו"ר שהתבטא פתאום על ר' אברהם "שהוא דוקא אברך מאוד הגון" (א גלאטער). לבסוף הורה להם כ"ק אדמו"ר שלא יחזרו עוד לרוסיה בשום אופן, ואת עסקיהם, הורה הרבי, יוכלו לעשות במקומות אחרים, וצייתו הם כמובן, וכך נסתיימה מסכת של שליחויות סתר שרק טפח קטן מהם נתגלה.

יש לצייץ שבשנת תשל"ב החליטו האחים ציפעל להעניק 7% ממניות החברה לכ"ק אדמו"ר כשותפות רשמית בעסק, וכן הסכים הרבי (דבר נדיר). הענין נכתב ונחתם רשמית במסמכים, והרבי שמח ע"כ והודה להם במכתב כאשר מברכם במדה נוספת ורחבה של הצלחה מאת השי"ת.

ברכתו של כ"ק אדמו"ר לאחים ציפעל "וגדול זכותם להמשיך להם ברכת השי"ת לראות נחת יהודי חסידותי מכל יוצאי חלציהם לאורך ימים ושנים טובות" התקיימה ואכן הרבה מיו"ח עוסקים בלו"נ בצרכי צבור, וזכה ר' חיים ציפעל ע"ה סב החתן שיש לו בנים ונכדים שלוחים של כ"ק אדמו"ר בכמה מדינות..

With esteem and blessing,

M. Schwartz

P.S. I take this opportunity of expressing to you my heartfelt appreciation of your generous contribution by the transfer of 7% of shares in your business, as per Minutes of March 24th, 1972. In behalf of the Chabad institutions which will benefit from this philanthropy, I extend to you profound thanks, particularly since it was made with true feeling, vitality and devotion to our cause.

May this additionally stand you in good stead for an extra generous measure of Hatzlocho from G-d in your business, so as to be able to maintain your great tradition and your generous participation in our sacred work in an ever growing degree.



מפעילות הורי החתן ברוסי'ה

זכו הורי החתן לנסוע לרוסי'ה בברכת כ"ק אדמו"ר בסוף שנת תשמ"ג מטעם "עזרת אחים" בשליחות להפצת המעינות כאשר המדינה היא עדיין תחת משטר קומוניסטי. שם נפגשו עם מורי המחותרת של חב"ד ברחבי רוסי'ה, מסרו שיעורים והתוועדו לרוב עם המקורבים, וכבר נכתב ע"כ בקצור.

באותה עת היתה תערוכה בינלאומית של ספרים במוסקבה והי' שם אחראי מטעם קה"ת. ושאל את כ"ק אדמו"ר האם מותר לו להתעסק בהפצה, למסור שיעורים לקהל אנ"ש המקורבים וכו' והיה המענה: **"הרי נוסע בתור ב"כ קה"ת ומל"ה, יתעסק עפ"י חוק המותר שם, והשאר שייך לאלו דאנ"ש (הטוריסטען) הנוסעים לשם וכו"** והכוונה היתה להורי החתן וכך עשו. בא כח הנ"ל היה נפגש בחשאי ומעביר ספרים מהתערוכה לאבי החתן והוא מחלקם בין אנ"ש בשיעורים והתוועדויות.

בשבט תשמ"ה קבל אבי החתן הסכמת כ"ק אדמו"ר לנסוע שוב לרוסי' עם השליח הרה"ח צבי שי' גרינבלאט מארגנטינה. לפני הנסיעה ביקשו רשות להשתטח על הציונים הק' שם, ושאלו על ראסטאו או ליובאוויטש, **"כ"ק אדמו"ר הסכים וציין לראסטאו.** בב' הנסיעות זכו להסריט עשרות מבעלי-תשובה מאנ"ש כשמדברים כביחידות לכ"ק אדמו"ר, וכן מפעולות סתר וכו', וכ"ק אדמו"ר והרבנית הסתכלו בהתרגשות על הסרט.

ביציאה מסס"ר (רוסי'ה - בגימ' מצרים) החרומו השוטרים הקומוניסטים שבשדה תעופה מאב החתן ביצעל דא"ח חשוב שקיבל מש"ב של הרה"ח ר"י גייקובסאן בריגה וכמובן הצטער במאוד. בדרך לא דרך סיכן עצמו והצליח להוציא אותו חזרה מידי הטורפים וב"ה הגיע לידי כ"ק אדמו"ר. בחזרתו כשכ"ק אדמו"ר קיבל הדו"ח, ונודע לו על השתלשלות הענין, כתב לאבי החתן בזה"ל: **"הררי"ד שי' ווייטמאן, הדו"ח מכ'ופ"נ נת' ות"ח. ות"ח מיוחד על הביצעל דא"ח פדיון שבויים וכו' וכו'. אזכיר עה"צ ויבש"ט, לצדקה (החילוף) בעירו".**

בכל נסיעה כמובן הגיעו הרבה בקשות לכ"ק מקהל אנ"ש דשם ובפרט מהעסקנים החרוצים. כ"ק אדמו"ר היה מתיחס להם באהדה רבה ובהתענינות. להלן דוגמאות של בקשות ומענות כ"ק אדמו"ר על צידן. מתוכן השאלות אפשר לראות את גודל ההקפדה בתומ"צ והמס"נ של עסקני חב"ד על אף הסכנות שכרוכות בדבר.

קשה להאמין אשר בעידן של משטר קומוניסטי, דוקא בתקופה שכמה מאנ"ש סבלו מהג' אותיות (כינוי של הקג"ב בין אנ"ש דאז), ומסוכן היה לארגן אסיפות גדולות



והתוועדויות במוסקבה (ולכן התוועדות הראשית של הורי החתן נערכה במלאכובקה וכו') וכמה סרובניקים ישבו בפועל במאסר וכו', מה הן הדאגות של עסקני המחותרת החבדית כאשר פותחין את לבן ומתכתבים דרך השלוחים לכ"ק אדמו"ר: לא גשמיות ולא יציאה לחרות וכו' אלא תיקון על אשר לא שמע תקיעת שופר (מצד חולי), ברכה לגדול בלמוד התורה עם פתיחת הלב והמוח, ברכה להמשיך להכפיל ולהפיץ ספרי קדש על אף הסכנה, האם מותר להוציא מכספי צדקה עבור בנו, האם להמשיך ללמד מלאכת הזביחה לצעירים שכפויים לישוב בגילוי ראש באוניברסיטה וכו'.

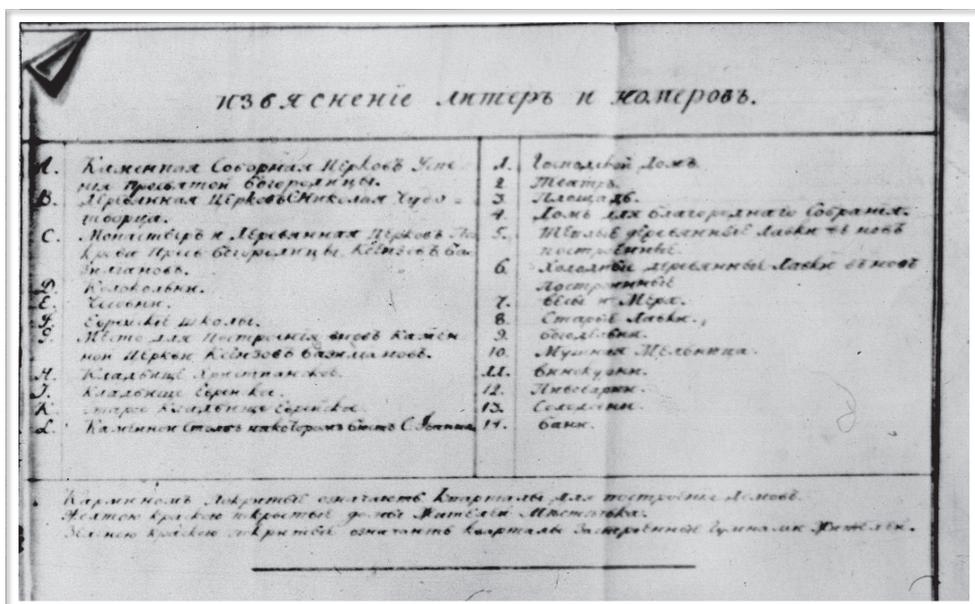
וכ"ק אדמו"ר בצורה אבהית עונה וחוזר ועונה לבקשותיהם ומדריכם ומברכם ושולח שלוחי חרש לחזקם ולועדם.

זו אכן דוגמה קטנה מני אלף כטיפה בים, גילוי טפח מפעילויות גיבורי המחותרת החבדית במשך כל שנות הקומוניזם, גבוה נפשם וגודל יראתם וחסידותם על אף הקשיים והרדיפות.



בתשרי תשד"מ הודיע הרה"ח ר' רפאל נימויטין מלינגראד לאבי החתן שהי' בשליחות ברוסיה שמר הענדל דייטש רוצה לפגוש אותו. ואכן באותה פגישה חשאתי סיפר מר הענדל דייטש, אקדמאי בן הרה"ח מנחם מענדל דייטש ומגזע אנ"ש המתגורר שם איך שכבר ביקר לפני שנים בארה"ב אצל משפחתו, והי' אצל כ"ק אדמו"ר שביקש ממנו לחפש וללקט כל הנמצא על עירת ליובאוויטש בארכיונים ברוסיה וכו'. וכעת סיים שליחותו וביקש מאבי החתן למסור בחזרתו לני. לכ"ק אדמו"ר את אשר מצא בכלל ובפרט רשימת יהודים שגרו בעיירה ליובאוויטש בשנת תקמ"ד ומפת העיר משנת תקע"ז. בדרך לא דרך הוציאו הורי החתן את המסמכים ונמסרו לכ"ק אדמו"ר.

על אף שר' הענדל דייטש זכה מאוחר יותר לצאת מרוסיה ולפגוש את משפחתו בארה"ב, ושם פרסם בשנת תשנ"ד חוברת קטנה ברוסית בשם "ליובאוויטש צענטר חסידיוב חב"ד דוקומנטלניאוצרקי" (ובה הדפיס את הרשמים הדוקומנטריים), אך מכיוון שמשמכים אלו היו למראה עיניו של כ"ק אדמו"ר והתעניין בהם, הננו להדפיס כאן זעיר קטן מהם. כמה עמודים מרשימת 50 משפחות יהודיות שהתגוררו בליובאוויטש בזמן שאדה"ז שהה בה ולמד תורה מפי הרה"ק רבי יששכר בער מליובאוויטש (מתלמידי המגיד) וכן מפת ליובאוויטש, לאחר שעבר אליה כ"ק אדמו"ר האמצעי, שגם היתה למראה הרבנית להתבונן בעיירת ימי נעוריה.





DESCRIPTION OF THE POLISH LIST OF THE RESIDENTS OF LUBAVITCH

...The Polish list has 19 pages. On its cover there is an inscription in Russian, seemingly made later on, in the Archive: "Inventory of the Lubavitch County and its surroundings, located in the Moghilev vice-regency of the Babinoritshesk District and belonging to Count G.A. Potiomkin. Year of 1784." The entire manuscript, as mentioned above is written in Polish and consists seemingly of two parts. The first part, consisting of eight pages, is a quite detailed description of the borough Lubavitch, its buildings and revenues. The second part, on 11 sheets, is a detailed record of all the town-dwellers, their addresses, a list of their buildings and properties, and the sums of their payments, apparently to the landowner. Differently from the first manuscript, here are listed not only the Christians but also the Jews. There are also sporadic registers of "gipsies", but we could not make out whether these are family names or nationalities. From the family names it can be concluded that among the Lubavitch population there were Russians, Byelorussians, Poles, Jews and possibly Gipsies. In the Polish manuscript there are indicated, besides the streets, also by-streets, "quarters" (blocks), "alleys", "suburbs". The names of the streets coincide with those in the Russian manuscript, but the names and surnames of the inhabitants don't always coincide. Unfortunately, the Polish manuscript is in a very bad state of deterioration, therefore being possible that at the reading of several names, surnames and figures, some mistakes have been made. By our counts, the inventory numbers 163 Christian householders, 52 Jewish householders, a few Gipsies and 19 "bobils". The total population of the borough was recorded at 405 men and 382 women.

Both manuscripts allow to make a research of the History of some families, beginning from the 18th century, their occupations, payments, properties and many other items. But this can only be after a thorough restoration work...

**חלק זעיר מרשימות החוקר מר הענדל דייטש
אשר שלח לכ"ק אדמו"ר בשנת תשד"מ**



DESCRIPTION OF THE BOROUGH LUBAVITCH AT THE BEGINNING OF THE XIX CENTURY

...We shall end our first essay on Lubavitch by a description of the place. We have in our hands a unique document – the actual map of the village Lubavitch, made by an expert land-surveyor Mlodnitzky in the year 1817. Later on we shall speak about the appearing of this map. Now we shall only say that at that time Lubavitch was not called a village, but a borough, that is, a township with a merchant-manufacturing population, as such population-points were called in the past, on the territories of what are now Byelorussia, the Ukraine and Poland.

Lubavitch occupied a quite advantageous geographic situation, located on the Berezin river, at a short distance from the Dnieper. The borough was, at that time, crossed by important commercial routes to Vitebsk, Smolensk, Moguilev, and also roads to Porietchie, Liozne, Babinovitch and Liadi. The whole town was traversed by the Khuditsa rivulet, which has become quite shallow. The borough was divided into about ten streets, alleys and suburbs. At the North-Eastern entrance of Lubavitch, at the very beginning of the road, there stood a chapel. South-East of the chapel there was a square, about 300 x 200 meters in size, on which stood the house of the local landowner. Judging from its plan, the house was about 60 to 70 meters long and comparatively narrow in width. Next to the chapel there was a theater and a few buildings whose character we could not make out. South of the chapel there stood a malt house and a few other houses. These buildings stood at the riverside of the Khuditza rivulet, over which there was a bridge leading to the opposite side. There, on the other side from the landlord's house, was the main part of the township. On the western side of Lubavitch, there were two Jewish cemeteries, very close to the rivulet, an old one and another newer one, whose vestiges remain there to our day. The whole town was crossed, from North to South, by two large streets, between which were located all the main squares and buildings. On the extreme Northern side of the borough stood a church with its small bell tower. About one block from this church-square there was another square, some 100 x 50 meters large, where the Jewish religious schools were located. Almost at the very center of the borough there was a commercial square 96 x 41 Sajen (2.134 m.) in size, on which stood the House of Noble Meetings, the Weights and Measures building, and also a large trade-building, containing 24 warm, and 26



cold stores. The building was embellished by a colonnade. There was also an old trade building containing 26 cold stores.

At the Southern end of Lubavitch, where the roads to Moguilev and Liadi began, stood a wooden church and a cathedral with its abandoned monastery, where nobody lived since 1817.

From the plan can be seen that the borough held three beer breweries, two malt houses, a public bath and a mill on the Berezin riverside.

From the notes on the plan we deduct that, out of 336 houses and yards, only one was a stone building, and all the others were wooden...

כאן המקום להציב יד לסב החתן הו"ח ר' יששכר טובי' ב"ר יוסף ע"ה ווייטמאן
אשר החתן נושא את שמו.

נולד בן שתי מלחמות עולם למשפחת חסידי בויאן, אך בגיל 11 כבר ברח מהנאצים לבלגיה עם אביו כאשר אמו וחלק מאחיו נשארו בידי הרוצחים. בימי הזעם על אף גילו הרך (בן 14-16), הבריה ספרי תורה ומצוות לאחיו אך לבסוף נתפס שנית ע"י הגרמנים ימ"ש. ברכבת המובילה למחנות השמדה הצליח להציל נפשות מידי טרף (כאשר שיכנע נכרי מבחוץ שלא יסגור את דלת הרכבת על בריחיו), בלילה הקפיץ את חבריו (ואף דחף א' מהם שפחד) וכך בחסדי הא-ל נמלטו מגהינם השואה וזכו להקים משפחות לתפארת.

איש יר"א נעים הליכות וכל חייו יגע בעמל רב למחיית משפחתו בכבוד ולחנך את יו"ח. מוקיר רבנן ואוהב את התורה ולומדיה, הליכותיו בהצנע לכת ובהיותו בעל סוד נפלא הפך לאיש אמונים של רבים ממכיריו.

נקי כפים ובר לבב, נשא ונתן באמונה ומפורסם בישרותו כאשר העיד עליו הרה"ג רב חיים קרייזווירטה ע"ה גאב"ד אנטווערפן בהספידו אותו.

זכה להכנס בקודש ביחידות אצל כ"ק אדמו"ר בתשרי תשל"ו, כאשר שהה פנימה 35 דקות וכ"ק אדמו"ר התעניין בקורות חייו. בדאגתו לפרנסת בנו שלא יהיה תלוי בדעת אחרים, רצה שבנו ילמד מקצוע, אך כ"ק אדמו"ר הורה לו שבנו ילמד תורה לרבים.



בראות את דאגתו שאלו כ"ק אדמו"ר היודע הוא למה מחלקים לקאח עריו"כ? והמשיך
 "כי באם נגזר משמים להיות פושט את ידו ולבקש מבו"ד כבר יצא ידי חובתו", כאשר
 כ"ק אדמו"ר רומז לו שאל ידאג לפרנסת בנו ולא יחסר המזג.

זכה לראות מיו"ח (אבי החתן ובתו חנה פערל תחי') דור ישרים יבורך, ת"ח, עסקנים
 ושלוחים בכו"כ מדינות.

יש אשר הקב"ה ממלא שנותיהם מיום כידוע, ואכן נולד בכ"ח טבת ה'תרפ"ז
 ונלב"ע בשם טוב בכ"ח טבת ה'תש"נ, חבל על דאבדין ולא משתכחין.

וויטמאן - אנטורפן

<p>RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON Lubavitch 770 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213 493-9250</p>	<p>מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן <u>ליובאוויטש</u> 770 איסטערן פארקוויי ברוקלין, נ. י.</p>
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בי"ה, ג' שבט תשי"ב
 ברוקלין, נ. י.

הרה"ח אי"א נוי"ב עוסק בצי"צ וכו'
 מוה' יוסף דוד
 וכל המשפחה -
 שליטיא

נצטערתי להשמועה מפטירת הווי"ח אי"א נוי"ב
 וכו' מוה' יששכר טובי' ע"ה,

המקום ינחם אתכם בתוך שאר אבלי ציון
 וירושלים.

ומכאן ולהבא אך טוב וחסד ימצאום תמיד
 כל הימים.

בברכה





שונות

ב"ה.

רשימת החברות והחברים להתכרך מחברת תהלים עולמית בירושלים ע"ה"ק, הושענא רבה, תשי"ג.

כל חברי מחנה ישראל ובראשם הנשיא כ"ק אדמו"ר שליטא

כל חברי חברת משניות בעל פה

חברה תהלים בביחיו כ"ק אדמו"ר שליטא

חברה תהלים " ישיבת ר' חיים ברלין עם כל הגבאים והחברים

חברה תהלים " צמח צדק, בארא פארק, ברוקלין

אלי' בן הנקא

פרומא אישא בת קרינא

רחל בת קרינא

מרים בת קרינא

אסתר בת קרינא

ספעון אהרן בן קרינא

שלום מנחם מענדל בן קרינא

ארי' זאב בן קרינא

אברהם יהיאל בן אסתר זיסל

יוסא חוה בת פרימוס

מנחם זאב בן יוסא חוה

אלי' חיים בן יוסא חוה

יודא צבי פאגעלמאן

ישראל מענדיל בן סאשא

דוואשא בילא בת ליפשא רחל \$18.00

ליוואס רחל בת דוואשא בילא

ספעון בן דוואשא בילא

אשר צבי בן רבקה

משה ארי' בן לאה

פיניע בת צבי'

שיינא שרה נכדת הרב שמואל קעלעמאן. \$0-50

הרב דוד זאב טאיץ

חיים עזריאל שנלץ

ניסן בר' נחמן ביקמאן

חיים ליב פרעס

אברהם בר' עזריאל גוששטיין

סמואל בר' ניסן

מרדכי בר' יחזקאל

ספעון בר' צבי

סאיר בר' מרדכי הכהן

יצחק ארי' בר' יוסף

משה בר' מרדכי

שרה יהודית בת ר' שמואל זלמן

אלי' נחום בר' לוי יצחק \$1.00

דובער בן בליומא \$1.80

גאלדא בוניא בת רייזא שפרה

שרה אסתר בת גאלדא בוניא

שלום בן גאלדא בוניא

דניאל בן פייגא דבורה

בליומא בת שרה

פייגא דבורה בת בליומא

ח' גאלדא בת בליומא

מרדכי צבי בן בליומא

תפסך

לוי יצחק בן זעלדע רחל

חנה בת רחל

מנחם מענדיל בן חנה \$3.00

ח' מוסקע בת מנחם דינה

דובער בן חנה

ישראל ארי' ליב בן חנה

מנחם מענדיל בן ח' מוסקא

שיינא בת מנחם דינה

סמואל בן זעלדע רחל

מרים גיטל בת רחל

מנחם מענדל בן מרים גיטל

סמואל בן טעמא הלוי 3.00

שיינא בת שרה

גרשון דובער בן שיינא

אברהם יעקב בן שיינא

כנימין בן שיינא

שלום בן שיינא

ח' שרה בת שיינא

מנימין בן רייזל

פרידא בת ח' שרה

טעמא בת ח' שרה

מרדכי בן ח' שרה

שלום דובער בן ח' שרה

שרגא פייגא בן ביילא \$2.00

צירלע בת ח' פייגא

שניאור זלמן בן צירלע

גנענדיל בת זלאשע

חנה בת גנענדיל

מאטליע בת צירלע

ישראל דוד בן שיינדל

ח' פייגא בת מאטליע

דינה ביילא בת מאטליע

לאה בת צירלע

סאיר בן פיזשע

אברהם יעקב בן לאה

סמואל בן צירלע

רייזל פייגא בת אישא איידיל

ישראל יוסף בן רייזל פייגא

שבת בן שאבא ומשפחתו

ברוך בר' דוב פריעדמאן

שלום פויזנער ומשפחתו

משה ליב ראדשטיין ומשפחתו

שניאור זלמן בן אסתר

חוה בת שרה ברכה

יצחק סאיר בן חוה

אלתר בן ציון פריעדמאן

שלום יעקב בן שרה רבקה \$0.25

אברהם בן זלאשע עם כל משפחתו \$3.200

רשימת שמות החברים בחברת תהלים העולמית, שנת תש"ג.

שמות משפחת כ"ק אדמו"ר בתחלתה, ובסופה שמות ראשוני תלמידים

התמימים. כמה שמות נתוספו ע"י כ"ק אדמו"ר בכ"ק.



RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubarvitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11213
Hyacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ.י.

ב"ה, ערב שבת נחמו, ה'תשל"ט
ברוקלין, נ.י.

ירושלים עיה"ק ה"ו

שלום וברכה:

כאשר אני קבלת מכתבו מכ"ה המוז, ות"ח על שימת לבבו
לכתוב לי רוסמיו מעסקני הב"ד שפגש בעת ביקורו בכמה
ערים בצרפת.

ולמותר להדגיש שראויים הם לעידוד, כיון שמקיימים
בעצמם, כלשון הכתוב, "לך לך מארצך וממולדתך ומבית
אביך", במדינה זרה ולשון זרה ותנאים קשים וכו' בשליחות
מצוה להפיץ היהדות, התורה ומצותי' במקומות נידחים
מבחינת מצב היהדות שם.

אביע תקותי חזקה שעושה כל החלוי בו לעודד גם עסקני
חב"ד באה"ק ת"ו, כולל הנמצאים בירושלים עיה"ק, שאע"פ
שהמצב שם לא המור ה"ו כמו במדינה שביקר והדומות לה,
עם כל זה זקוקים לעידוד וחיזוק, ובפרט על פי מאמר
חכמינו ז"ל שרשבב שנמצא על בגד תלמיד-חכם הוא ענין
חמור ביותר משא"כ כשנמצא בבגד עם הארץ והנמשל מוכן.
וכיון שהכרתה את חותנו ז"ל (יבדל"ח טובים וארוכים),
בודאי אין צורך להרחיב את הדיבור בכהג"ל.

7 יניאר וברכה

להלן כמה מכתבים מכ"ק אדמו"ר לעסקנים אשר בארה"ק

RABBI MENACHEM M. SCHNEERSON
Lubavitch
770 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn 13, N. Y.
HYacinth 3-9250

מנחם מענדל שניאורסאהן
ליובאוויטש
770 איסטערן פארקוויי
ברוקלין, נ. י.

ב"ה, ברוקלין
הרה"ת אי"א נוי"נ עוסק בצ"צ

שלום וברכה!

נתקבלו המברקים שלו אודות הבלתי סדרים וכו' ושכתוב במפורסם, והנה כבר עברו כמה שבועות לבלי כל מכתב. וז"ע נתקבל מכתבו מא' סיון, וגם בו אין כל פרטים, מלבד אזהרות כלליות ומקיפות, ומובן שלפלא הנהגה כזו (אצ' שביאור יש לה) ומת' מכתב-הוא, אשר סו"ס אין נפק' במי אור המצב בעבר כפי רק בעתה שיכול להשפיע ע"ז להטיב המצב בהחה ובעתיד. וכיון שאיזה שחהינה הסיבות, הרי תלויים הם כנראה וקרוב לודאי, בהיחסים שבין אדם לחבירו, במלות אחרות בהיחסים שבין חברי צעירי אגוויח עצמם, פשוט שבשעתא תדא ובתגעא תדא בידם לתקן המצב ולשפרו מן הקצה אל הקצה. וכיון שכן הוא-אצ' נפק' מ"ס הוא האשם בעבר (והרי זהו מענינם של המלאכים הכותבים זכיותיהם של ישראל, אבל אנן פועלי ד'ימא אנן צו מאכען ליכטיג בהחה ובעתיד). וכל מי שיש בידו צדק לתקן יאמנו וכו', אפילו אח"ל שלא הוא הי' האשם כלל וכלל בהענינים דעד עתה, ועוד זאת שמקרא מלא דבר הכתוב-כמים הפנים לפנים וגו', ולא תליק כלל מי המתחיל בהתבטח ביחסים, הצד הצודק או הצד האשם.

NO OTHER ENVELOPE SHOULD BE USED

בעה רצון אזכיר אח כל אלו שכתוב אודותם על הציון הק' של כ"ק מו"ח אדמו"ר זצוקלה"ה נבג"מ ז"י"ע, וכנראה שאין מסבירים להנ"ל, אשר כשבאה המבה ע"י סמזכירים אותם על הציון הק', פשוט שזה צריך להביאף להתעוררות יחירה וביהוד בלימוד תורתו של בעל הציון וללכת בדרכיו, ואם המתברך-בעל השפעה הוא בתחג וסביבה, מחובתו הכי מוולטה לפרסם בכל המביה תורתו והדרכתו שך בעל הציון, וק"ל. ויהי רצון שעכ"פ עתה יתקסקו בזה.

אתענין לדעה באיזה אופן התגלגל לידו ולהזכיר ע"ד

במ"ש אשר בס"ח המ"ח וחס וכו'. ניכר ששינוי מאל"ף לה"א פשוט שצריך ברור מ' ומת' שנינו זה, שהת' באה"ק ת"ו ידוע שמלפני איזה שנים שלוחיו של פלוני עשו כהנ"ל וכנראה שבכמה מקומו עשו במחש' ומעשה זה, וגם לי נודע הדבר רק בשנים האחרונות. ויע"ן במ' כשנת אברהם ס"י ל"ב סונה הס"ח של קדושי עליון-אלאו דוקא מתב"ד-שדיקן לכתוב באל"ף, וכן במכתבי שנדפס באוצר הפוסקים סוף חלק א'.

בודאי ניצלו גם זמן מ"ח להפצת המענינות. כתוב גם אודות זה בפרטיות הרושה. בברכה לבשו"ט

Handwritten signature



גלוי'ה אשר שלח כ"ק אדמו"ר בשנת תרצ"ב להרה"ג שר התורה
הרוגוצ'בער (דודו של סבא רבא של הכלה)





כ"ה אדר ב' תשע"ד
 פרוצ'ה ה'תשע"ד
 דברי ואלה!
 יואצ'ה כדמ'ן צ'ן י'ת'ר'ה כדמ'ן
 א'ר מ'צ'ת א'י'ב ה'ת'ר'ה מ'ן ה'י'ת'ר'ה מ'וס'ת
 ז'י'ב מ'ע'ר'י'ב ו'כ'ו'
 כ'ן א'ר ה'כ'א'ר'ה ז'י'ת'ר'ה ז'י'ב
 (ז'ה י'ת'ר'ה) ז'י'ת'ר'ה ז'י'ת'ר'ה ז'י'ת'ר'ה
 א'ר מ'ע'ר'י'ב ז'י'ת'ר'ה ז'י'ת'ר'ה ז'י'ת'ר'ה
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על אף שמופיעה שאלה זו לרוגוצ'ובער באג"ק ח"א (וש"נ ליגדיל תורה עם פענוחים האגרת), אך כאן מתגלה הגלויה המקורית, כאשר כ"ק אדמו"ר שוהה בדרוזקעניק ע"י חותנו כ"ק מוהר"י"צ שנסאר שם בחדשי תמוז ואב תרצ"ב עקב המרחצאות למחלת רגלו.

