Personal Reflections of the Outgoing President

President - Morris Adams

Was the satisfaction worth the aggravation?

My two-year term as President of the 2 Neptune Residents’ Council will end on January 22, 2020 when elections will be held for the 10 residents who will make up the Residents’ Council for 2020 and 2021.

The Residents’ Council is responsible for organizing and arranging the social, cultural, educational, holiday and recreational events, and for managing the generous budget we receive from the Aubrey and Marla Dan Endowment Fund at the Baycrest Foundation.

Presiding over the Residents’ Council is a challenge to continue the inspiring aging of our residents.

I always wanted to know what was going on and to be a part of what was going on. I enjoyed meeting new people – residents, staff, and the professionals from Baycrest.

But it takes time and energy, and now I am ready to retire.

Yes, the satisfaction WAS worth the aggravation.

NEXT ISSUE:
What was your greatest challenge and how did you deal with it? Please share to inspire others.

In this wonderful Holiday season of light and warmth and sharing, we wish good health and joy to all, and may the year 2020 bring Peace.
Chanukah
Myrna Lambert

Oh! To cherish the good old days of Chanukah!

As a child I remember gathering around the Menorah to light candles for eight evenings, saying braches and singing songs.

If you were lucky to have grandparents, you may have received Chanukah gelt and you may also have been lucky to be invited to a Chanukah party.

Chanukah for some children is very different today, as some children expect to receive a gift every day for eight days. A good plan for some of the gifts that the children receive is to donate some of these toys to the Chanukah Toy Drives that are around at this time of year. In this way, the children learn to share with other children who are not as fortunate as they.

Since Chanukah has become very commercialized, donating gifts or even collecting gifts, is a way that the children can learn from the “Miracle of Chanukah”, where the candles burned for eight days.

We should try to see that the children receive spirituality and learn from the celebration of Chanukah and ignore what has become its commercialization, by making Chanukah decorations to put around the house and on the window panes, making latkes and doughnuts, and playing with dreidels.

Happy Chanukah.

Elka Pelt - An Honour Well-Deserved

Elka Pelt is a modest woman who will not brag about herself or her accomplishments. Nonetheless, we’re sure she took great pride in the honour bestowed upon her in November – and especially in the form that honour took.

For the last almost 30 years, Elka has worked with the Jewish community, for Kurt Rothschild, Chair of World Mizrachi. When Mizrachi started the “70 Torahs for 70 Years” project to mark the 70th birthday of The State of Israel, Mr. Rothschild sponsored a sefer Torah from Shaarei Tefillah Synagogue, and dedicated it in Elka’s honour.

Was Israel really in need of more sefer Torahs? Apparently so, and this one was destined to go to a small yeshiva in the Mizpeh Dan (Binyamin) area. The yeshiva is named after Danny Frei, who was murdered in a terrorist attack.

The scroll was an older one and needed some repair before it could be presented and so this was done.

It was wrapped in a tallit, placed gently into a suitcase, and loaded onto the plane – with Elka standing guard.

The ceremony at the yeshiva must have been very moving, with Elka knowing and remembering the efforts it took to accomplish this mitzvah.

Kol HaKavod, Elka. We are proud to have you in our midst!

Winter Choir Concert

Joy was in the air! You could see it on the faces of the singers and on the faces of the audience. You could see it in the toe tapping and body swaying of all who were fortunate to be in attendance. It was contagious.

Sima Levin, Choir Leader, had chosen musical delights that somehow touched everyone, evoking sweet memories from the past, and were sung with such fervor by the choir. There were many times when the temptation to join in was too great to resist, and so we, the audience, sang along too.

There were songs in English. There were songs in Hebrew – and in French – and in Yiddish. There were songs for winter and for spring, solos and duets, and songs for the young and the young at heart. We were treated to a beautiful Mozart piano sonata, and even a joyous dance that delighted all of us.

Thank you to the wonderful people who put such effort into making music for us.
Celebration of Jewish Holidays in Baghdad, Iraq
Rose Mahud

ROSH HASHANA
Jews go to the synagogue to hear the shofar blowing
Almost everyone, from children to adults, tries to wear new shoes and new clothes.
“Baglawa” is served - sweet filo dough, baked and spread with nuts, either almonds or pistachios, and doused with Rose Water syrup.
Big trays of Baglawa and cookies were sent from house to house by Jewish people.
Parents and grandparents also sent money in the trays.

PASSOVER
Matzos were baked meticulously, taking the utmost care to use clean trays and utensils.
All cutlery and dishes were changed to new ones for Passover.

SUCCOT
Most Jewish homes in Baghdad, Iraq, build a ‘succah’ with wood panels or bamboo.
The roof would be made of long date tree leaves or branches of green trees.
Each succah was decorated with religious pictures on the walls and fruits hanging from the ceiling, such as apples, lemons or oranges.

ROSH HASHANA
Ovens were put on high heat to clean them of any crumbs.
Date syrup and ground nuts were served on the night of Passover to make the bracha of charoset.

TISHA B’AV
This was a day of mourning for the Jews to commemorate the destruction of the Beit HaMikdash. Some would fast the entire day to mourn the lost Temple.

SUCCOT
“I will never be an old man. To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am.”
- Frances Bacon

How I Met my Ruthie
Morris Adams

In Toronto in the 40’s after the War, two of the ways for Jewish boys and girls to meet were weddings and the Sunnyside Tank.

First, weddings – Most of the Jewish people still lived around Spadina and College Streets. There were three large Synagogues within walking distance of each other: the Londoner on Spadina, the Ostrovzer on Cecil Street and the Poilisher on Henry Street. In those days, when the parents made weddings, it was mostly adults who were invited for the dinner after the ceremony. Younger relatives and friends of the bride and groom were invited to the ‘reception’, usually at 9pm. That’s when the band started playing dance music and there would be a sweet table.

On Sunday nights, my cousin and I would walk from Shule to Shule looking for a wedding – you could look down into the social halls from the Shule windows outside. As long as you were properly dressed – suit and tie – you could just walk in at 9pm and join the reception. Everyone would assume you were friends of the bride or groom. What a great way to go dancing and meet Jewish girls, enjoy the sweet table- and it was all free!

It was at one of these weddings that my cousin introduced me to this stunning redhead, Ruthie Wernick. We danced but I was too shy to stay with her.

Then there was Sunnyside Beach on Lake Ontario that you could reach by streetcar and at that beach there was a huge outdoor pool we called “the tank”.

On Sundays, Jewish boys and girls went to the Sunnyside Tank. The girls would bring a blanket and lunch and sit on the beach. The boys would patrol the beach, checking out the girls and the lunches.

One Sunday, in the summer of 1947, my friend Aly and I were at Sunnyside when I saw this gorgeous redhead in a bathing suit with her girlfriend. It was Ruthie. Aly and I asked if we could share their blanket and we invited ourselves to lunch. Aly wasn’t interested in Ruthie’s girlfriend and he left after lunch, but I stayed and spent the afternoon with Ruthie.

This time I got her phone number and we started dating.

The rest is history...
Esta Berlind

Interview by Pearl Karal

I met Joseph on a blind date, introduced by a friend who was visiting Montreal. I was from Calgary and Joe from the big city of Montreal.

Shortly after we met, I visited Calgary and found on my return that he had kept trying to contact me. He called to say that he had forgotten something at my place and asked if he could come and get it.

I was in residence in McGill at the time and had only a limited number of visits permitted since we were highly supervised.

He was different from most boys I had met. He had served in the Air Force and I was impressed with his maturity. He did not drink excessively or gamble, and his friends were also “nice boys”. I felt comfortable with him and he seemed a very reliable person. He was looking and planning for a future.

After a few dates, he said “I like you very much.” We dated for a year and then married.

I was 21 years old and he was 26. It was post-war and many people our age were settling down, marrying and planning their futures.

Two minds, two hearts

Herb and Sylvia Horwich

In our youth we were members of Canadian Young Judea, a Zionist movement that existed all across Canada. The experience there, as well as our studies at the Talmud Torah and our synagogue attendance, imbued us with a strong feeling for our Jewish identity.

At Young Judea, the members kept in touch by mail, attended conferences and spent summers at camps across Canada, thus getting to know people from all over the country. At regular local meetings we studied Jewish and Israeli history, music and dancing, and thus many of us became interested in settling in Israel, perhaps even on a kibbutz.

In 1951 an opportunity arose for Jewish youth to spend a year of study in Israel at the Institute for Jewish Youth Leaders from Abroad, and Herb became part of the first group to go. In 1952 Sylvia was part of the second group. We were joined by young people from all around the world. To this day, some of us are still in touch.

When Herb came back to Canada, he felt a commitment to impart what he had learned to Jewish youth in Canada. He decided to leave his hometown, Toronto, and move to Winnipeg, where he became a Hebrew teacher at the Talmud Torah.

When Sylvia returned to Winnipeg the following year, she had similar feelings of commitment. As we worked together our relationship developed, and we were married in 1954. At this point we moved to Regina, continued to teach at the synagogue there, and to work with Young Judea youth of Regina and Weyburn.

In 1956, our dream of settling in Israel still with us, we embarked on the SS Zion with our dog, and sailed off. We spent our first year at a Youth Village, Alonei Yitzhak, where our duties included leadership roles and teaching.

Still pursuing our interest in becoming members of a kibbutz, we responded to an invitation we had received to visit Timorim, a Moshav Shitufi. Upon our first visit we knew that this was the place for us, and after our year at Alonei Yitzhak we moved to Timorim and became members.

Herb started working in the poultry branch and was soon the manager. Sylvia worked as a tutor of children who needed help with their studies, studied horticulture, and continued with her song and dance activities. Our daughter, Adina, was born while we were living there.

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Anna and Martin Kaufman

In the days before J-Date, people would meet their match through match-makers, through mutual friends, at parties or some public event.

I met Marty in the middle of a lake, north of Montreal.

That summer, I phoned my mother in Sudbury to tell her that I’d be coming home for my vacation. She said “Anna, go somewhere nice and meet somebody.”

So I called my friend Betty and we arranged to go to Wooden Acres Resort near Ste. Agathe.

That first day the beach was very crowded and I wanted to be by myself. So I swam way out to the middle of the lake – by myself. Marty, a former life guard and swim instructor, spotted me alone.

He came shooting out to me like an arrow and said “What are you doing all alone!” I told him “I can take care of myself.” But I swam back to shore with him, and we sat on the beach and talked.

That night there was a moonlight dance on the patio by the lake. We danced every dance together.

Five days later I called my mother and told her that I had met the man I was going to marry!

Marty and I had 57 wonderful years together.
All I Got Were Examples

Celia Gordon

As the short-term memory can’t be relied on, I find I’m thinking more about the past and about the people who influenced me the most.

I would like to introduce you to my Father:

Jacob (Yankel) Kestenberg came to Montreal from Lodz, Poland, in 1926. Being a cabinet maker by trade, he established a factory that produced wood products.

Sadly, the Depression came in the early ’30’s and my father’s business went bankrupt. He took a low-paying job, mostly because it enabled him to observe Shabbat and all the Jewish holidays. As an observant Jew, it was unthinkable that he would do otherwise.

It was a time when a man’s word was his bond. A handshake and a promise was all it took.

When the factory was bankrupt, my father could have walked away from his financial obligations – but he didn’t!

With help of the Hebrew Free Loan Association you could borrow money interest free, and repay it as you could. And so, the concept of “the Crown of a Good Name” (your reputation) was upheld.

Without words, but by example, my father demonstrated what it means to be charitable. Of course, you gave what you could, but when there is little, you can also give – you can give of yourself. We now call this “volunteering” or acts of kindness.

Every Saturday afternoon, you would find him at the “Old Peoples Home” in our neighbourhood, where he would sing for and with the residents, mostly songs and melodies that they knew and loved, when they could remember little else.

They loved him and the joy that he brought. A huge reward came his way when he received a letter of thanks from one of the officials. It was treasured always.

When I reflect on my father’s life, I realize that his sense of ethics – morals and attitude – were steeped in his religious beliefs, the belief that God would never forsake him. That belief enabled him to be hopeful and positive in the face of adversity. “Es ken zein erger”. “It could be worse” I heard him say.

He was not only able to enjoy life but to identify what was good and to be grateful.

And so, my dear father, thank you for showing me a path that focuses on “the Crown of a Good Name”, being charitable and, most of all, to be grateful.

And Then it is Winter...

Anonymous

You know time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years. It seems like yesterday that I was young, just married, and embarking on my own new life with my mate. Yet, in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all those years went.

I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is – the winter of my life, and it catches me by surprise. How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go? I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those “older people” were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like.

But, here it is. My friends are retired and getting grey; they move more slowly and I see an older person in myself now. Some are in better and some are in worse shape than I am - but I see the great change, not unlike the ones I remember who were young and vibrant - but like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we’d be.

Each day now, I find that just taking a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat any more - it’s mandatory! ‘Cause if I don’t of my own free will, I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so, now I enter this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and the ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did! But at least I know that though the winter has come, and I’m not sure how long it will last, this I know – that when it’s over on this earth, it’s over. Period. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn’t done, things I should have done, but indeed, there are also many things I’m happy to have done. It’s all in a lifetime.

So, if you’re not in your winter yet...let me remind you that it will be here faster than you think. Whatever you would like to accomplish in your life, please do it quickly! Don’t put things off too long!! Life goes by quickly. Do what you can TODAY, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not!

You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life. So, LIVE FOR TODAY and say all the things you want to accomplish in your life, please do it quickly! Don’t put things off too long!! Life goes by quickly. Do what you can TODAY, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not!

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LIFE is a gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.

Continued on page 10...
Right Place at the Right Time
Linda Morganstein Fen

Ralph and I first met about 60 years ago, when our lives were very different. There were no sparks then.

Fast forward 45 years – and doesn’t time fly…Our lives had changed and we were both alone.

Then one fateful evening, I walked into United Bakers for dinner and heard someone call my name. There, at a front table, was a handsome, silver-haired man, inviting me to join him for dinner. It was Ralph, with his black bushy eyebrows and a twinkle in his eye. He was wearing a red cowboy hat and running shoes to match—red running shoes! I recognized him immediately.

I sat down and he reached across the table to grasp my right hand. He didn’t let go and we both became so engrossed in our conversation that I didn’t take it back, forcing me to eat my soup with my left hand. It was not a problem.

We talked and talked, bringing each other up to date on the last 45 years of our own lives. Before we knew it, the waitress was telling us we’d have to leave – not because we were causing a commotion, but because they were closing up for the night! (Are we the only ones who have been thrown out of United Bakers?)

The next morning at precisely 9.00am my phone rang. It was Ralph. “I’ve been up since 4:00am” he said, “composing a piece of music for you. Listen.” He put the phone down on the piano and played it for me. It was magical.

Now, what warm-blooded woman with an ounce of romance in her soul, wouldn’t have melted at THAT! That’s exactly what I did – and fifteen years later, we were married right here, with all our 2 Neptune family in attendance. Outdoors the rain was coming down in torrents but inside the sun was shining. Lovely…

(Why were we together for 15 years before we married? Well, we had to be sure, didn’t we?)

Words of Wisdom
Salya Rabow

Of course, we all want to have good mental health.

Here are some of the attributes that I believe are important:

1. Asking for help is a sign of strength, NOT a handicap, or weakness or shame.
2. It is not horrible to have failed.
3. We are all resilient enough to get over mental and emotional struggles.
He Said…

by Seymour Brudner

In December 2001, I moved into 2 Neptune and began the process of settling in – meeting my wonderful fellow residents and attending programs. It was all very pleasant, but after a while – being a widower of several years – I began to notice one of the women residents in particular (the best looking one to be sure). As with all the other residents, I offered a friendly smile and appropriate greeting whenever our paths would cross.

At our Canada Day 2002 picnic, the lady and I sat at the same table and were formally introduced by our mutual friends, the Listers. I found the event most enjoyable.

One day in the late fall I received a call from my best friend with a very interesting message. As fate would have it, his wife and sister-in-law had attended some women’s function where they had seen the “lady”, whose name was Rita Schreiber. As is common in Orthodox circles, their minds immediately started clicking and came up with Rita and me as a perfect match. The sister-in-law (let’s just call her Betty), bless her, lost no time and made contact with Rita’s daughter. In due course, Rita’s daughter returned the call, saying she had cleared it with her mother and it was OK for me to call Rita for a date.

Before I had a chance to make the call, it just so happened that one day, driving my way out of the underground garage, I noticed a woman – who I thought was Rita – parking and just getting out of her car. I said to myself, “What could be better than this?”

She said…

by Rita Schreiber-Brudner

One day, after a short shopping trip, as I was getting out of my car, I noticed a car coming in my direction. I was startled to see the car stop and a gentleman approach me. He smiled and asked if my name was Rita Schreiber. When I replied I was indeed she, he said he was Seymour Brudner and asked if my daughter told me that our mutual friend had called her to inquire whether I would be interested in going out with him. I said emphatically that I had not heard from her… (all the while thinking to myself, “What a great ploy.”)

However, as soon as I entered my apartment, I called my daughter immediately and asked if she had received a call from “Betty”, our mutual friend, to find out if I would go out with Seymour. She was obviously taken aback, but sheepishly relied yes, and apologized for not having a chance yet to call me about it.

I gave her the benefit of the doubt, since she has four children and works at a very demanding job.

“Betty” had called Saryl, my daughter, and told her what a fine gentleman Seymour was, describing many of his fine qualities. She thought we were very well suited and we should certainly go out to get to know each other better.

I argued with Saryl, having told her and my son-in-law many times that I was not interested in getting married. She replied, “I didn’t say anything about getting married, but there is certainly nothing wrong with going out with a gentleman and having a pleasant evening.”

I said I would think about it and I sure did. It was on my mind from then on, so that, if and when he called, I would know what I wanted to say.

Meanwhile I called my brother, who is a fellow accountant, and asked if he had heard of Seymour Brudner, and also my brother-in-law, who had spent several years with Seymour in Yeshiva. Both he and my sister went on and on about what a fine man he was, etc., etc.

When Seymour called a couple of weeks later, I really had no excuse to say no to having dinner with him.

We went out for about a year and a half, and by that time many people in the building kept telling me what a good “match” it would be if we married.

The rest is history. On July 5, 2011 we celebrated our 7th anniversary and are, please G-d, looking forward to many more.

By the way, he does indeed have many fine qualities. So NOW you know the rest of the story.

Some people create their own storms, then complain when it rains.
Jewels of Memory

Pearl Karal

I have a secret treasury
That is mine and mine alone.
I carry it around with me
For times when I'm all alone.
It's crammed with many memories,
Some happy, some sad;
Some are labeled precious ones
And some are dark or bad.
Sometimes when I am resting,
They flash before my mind.
So-called forgotten incidents,
I search my trove to find.

Busy! Busy! Busy!

Rose Lenkov

Can't seem to manage the hours in a day.
Can't seem to manage the days in the week.
I need advice. How should I organize?
For whatever must be done,
Whomever must be seen,
Or for helping that needy someone.

On Sunday night, the week ahead looks bright.
Mondays start with phone calls, errands and a dancing class.
By Tuesday I've already fallen behind – alas!
Yet there's no need to hurry.
The days ahead will surely run smoothly.
There's no need to worry.

But so many appointments, commitments and paper work,
That by mid-week my plans have lagged and sadly gone to pot.
Yes, my empty cooking pot is rarely turned on to "Hot".
A Tale of Two Buses

Frieda Kotler

I boarded a bus in Tel Aviv and saw two young girls sitting in the two front seats which are for seniors and the handicapped. (There is a sign above these seats.)

I mentioned it to them and one of the girls answered me in Hebrew with a strong Argentinean accent “I don’t speak Hebrew”, thinking that I would leave her alone. Well, she was wrong. I explained to her (in Spanish) for whom these seats are reserved. Of course, she didn’t expect that. She blushed and went to the back.

I boarded a bus in Montreal and told the driver (in French) “Senior fare, please.” He asked me for a card. I answered “I don’t have a card. I thought my wrinkles are enough!” He was nice, smiled and said “Okay, $2.00” (instead of $3.00).

I wonder how a Toronto bus driver would react?

Vignettes from the Salon

Pauline Dobkin

In the March issue of the Mirror I gave you a small piece of my early working years. I thought I should start at the beginning.

If you read the March Mirror, you would have read “Hair, Beautiful Hair” in which I wrote about how important your hair is to your all-over look.

When I came to work at Shanfield’s, Al Shanfield gave me a job of washing the ladies’ hair. After a few days, I discovered I was good at it, as I had very strong fingers to massage their heads.

One day, a fancy lady walked into our shop, fancy in the way she was dressed. It was a time when money was short but her clothes were very bright and flashy. I washed her hair. She thanked me and gave me a one dollar tip. A shampoo and hairdo were $5.00, so a one dollar tip was a lot of money!

In a few days, more ladies dressed like her came in for hairdo’s and insisted that I wash their hair, each one giving me one dollar. By this time I had more money in my pocket than my father made in a week!

This went on for a couple of weeks until I finally asked my boss why they were giving me so much money. He said the next six houses were homes of prostitution. I don’t have to tell you that at 11 years old I didn’t know what that was! My boss let his sister Hannah tell me.

One day, a very beautiful woman with bright red hair, very nicely dressed, came in to get her hair done. It was her first time in the shop but she asked for Pauline to wash her hair.

After I was finished, she gave me one dollar. I looked at her and asked “Do you come from that house of dirty girls?” She started to laugh so loud that I was embarrassed. Giving me that dollar made me feel she was connected to those houses and that she was the Madam. (Hannah had explained that to me too.)

She came back every week but none of her other girls showed up again.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Good and Welfare

Are you having a special Birthday or Anniversary?
Are “Get Well” wishes in order for someone?
To acknowledge these, please advise:
ELKA PELT (416 482 1760) esp@rogers.com.
She’s a busy lady but she will look after these requests for you.
**Potato Latkas**

Noreen Gilletz

4 medium potatoes
1 onion
2 eggs
1/3 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
Oil for frying

* Grate potatoes by hand (watch the knuckles!) or in a food processor. Rinse in cold water to remove starch and to keep the potatoes from turning brown.

* Chop onion fine and add with the eggs.

* Add remaining ingredients (except oil) and mix well.

* Pour oil to about 1/8” depth in a large skillet. When oil is hot, drop in potato mixture by large spoonfuls to form pancakes.

* Brown well on both sides.

* Drain well on paper towels. Serve with apple sauce, sour cream or sugar.

Makes about 2 dozen delicious latkas.

* These freeze well. Freeze in single layer on cookie sheet and store in freezer in a plastic bag.

* To thaw, place on ungreased, foil-lined cookie sheet and bake uncovered at 450F for 7 or 8 minutes until crisp and hot.

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**Library News**

The miscellaneous section has been subdivided so that there is now a total of 18 categories.

These are:

1. NOVELS
2. ROMANCE
3. MYSTERIES
4. BIOGRAPHIES
5. SCIENCE FICTION
6. JEWISH LITERATURE
7. JEWISH THEMES
8. JEWISH HISTORY
9. HOLOCAUST
10. ISRAEL
11. CRAFTS AND SKILLS
12. POLITICS
13. RELIGION
14. SELF HELP
15. CLASSICS
16. COOKBOOKS
17. CANADIAN AUTHORS
18. MISCELLANEOUS

**LIVE DANGEROUSLY!**

Try taking out a book from a different category and widen your experience.

Please remember -

**DO NOT RETURN BOOKS TO SHELVES!**

Leave them on the table.
Shoshana - 1948
Miriam Robinson

When I was in the Palmach, working with me was a girl called “Shoshana”.

Her face was handsome; she had beautiful locks of black hair, and a pleasant voice. She was not very tall but had a man’s body – broad shoulders, narrow waist – and she was the strongest human being that I ever knew.

When water had to be brought up to the soldiers’ lookouts, each man carried one jerrycan filled with 5 gallons of water, stopping to rest on the way. Shoshana carried 2 jerrycans without stopping even once!

When we moved from Abu Ghosh to Ramle, crates had to be carried from the trucks, each one carried by a couple of men. Shoshana turned her back to the truck and pointed her hand to put one on her back; she carried it all by herself. She was a real Hercules.

One day I was working the shift by myself, when the door opened and in came a young man with a swollen cheek – a bad infection. He stayed with us about ten days. Since he was not confined to his bed, he walked around nagging and driving us crazy.

We used to give massages to those who were confined to their beds in order to circulate their blood. When the guy saw me giving a massage he, too, wanted one. I explained to him that we do it only for those who need it and besides, I didn’t have time. Talk to the wall!

The nagging continued. I got fed up and went to Dr. Issaschary to complain about the nagging.

Dr. Issaschary said that if he wants a massage, he’ll get it, and to tell Shoshana to give it to him – and she did. He never asked for it again.

I’m sure that he dreaded the word massage for the rest of his life.