

# M The Neptune irror



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**Editor: Linda Morganstein Fen**

For too many of us at 2 Neptune Drive, this has been a difficult year – of illness, hardship and loss. May the New Year 5783 bring comfort, good health and renewed joy in life.

- L'Shana Tova U'metuka



# FROM THE EDITOR

**Linda Morganstein Fen**

The secular New Year would have us “ring out” (ie discard) the old year while welcoming the new one. The former is depicted as an old man who has finished his life and the latter as a new, as yet untried infant. Judaism is different, in that we honour and maintain what has come before; there is a continuity of family, friends, belief, tradition. Two Neptune honours that history and our collective traditions, and prepares for an even more enriched future.

This wonderful community has become the place where you can connect with what has come before and anticipate the tomorrows, reconnect with old friends while making new ones.

How many times have we witnessed our residents exclaiming with wonder and pleasure at reuniting with someone they

grew up with or haven't seen in years? The passing of decades has become merely yesterday.

I had never thought to make good friends at my ‘advanced’ age but, lo and behold, it has happened more than once here – and I wasn't even looking. Somehow my new friends and I have found each other, through mutual passions or ‘just’ as a meeting of minds and hearts.

Two Neptune truly is a family – for better or for worse – and we have much to be proud of.

May the New Year continue to bring us good health, happiness and joy in all we do – and may all our surprises be good ones.

Shana Tova U'Metuka Have a sweet year.



# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

**Elka Pelt**

Our previous issue of The Neptune Mirror, June 2022, reported bustling activity, renewed programming after the COVID shutdowns, restoration of familiar activities and the promise of interesting and innovative things to come. Upcoming Summer prospects brought great hope for the warmest of the temperate seasons, the earliest sunrises, latest sunsets, balmy days and breezy nights. Not to be forgotten, we did anticipate a few foggy days, rainy days and occasional thunderstorms.

Nature obliged and we experienced it all, including an unexpected day of widespread modern communication failure. Residents relying totally on Rogers' Communications for cell phone and Internet service suddenly were without service. Some few residents, though, still relied faithfully on "OLD MA BELL" and chatted away on the phone with others who were similarly connected. For the most part, however, Internet connection was not available. Service was restored and residents who were affected are to receive a rebate.

Now, ebbing our way through the last weeks of summer, we await a glorious Autumn season with its magnificent fall colours, slightly cooler temperatures for those who are not high heat and sun worshippers. The beautiful morning sunrises will blaze in the eastern sky. Day's end sunsets, now earlier in the evenings of our shorter daylight hours will offer a beautiful range of colours and can be watched in the quiet peaceful setting of our 9th floor patio facing westward.

Many 2 Neptuners relished the outdoor



lazy, hazy days of summer, basking in the sun while others sought protection from the sun's rays and enjoyed sitting in our alcove, in the gazebo or shaded somehow from the sun rays. Other residents chose to continue on with indoor daily programming, organized and provided by our Social Director Robert Danchuck, by Baycrest@Home, and a few residents who provide us with some program activity independently. All programs, whether indoors or outdoors are offered to be enjoyed by our 2 Neptune residents.

Two days a week we welcome back the 2 Neptune Strollers, Robert's devoted group of outdoor walkers whose route winds through our nearby streets to our local Elijah Park, offering an opportunity to sit for a few moments rest, enjoy the scenery and then continue on back to 2 Neptune. When inclement weather comes on those days, there is an indoor walking route through our lounge and lobby area ensuring still the walking exercise routine.

The Baycrest@Home programs continue, each month bringing some change, but some are regulars on the calendar such as the Wednesday 1PM travelogue. Thursdays Jewish Folk Tales with Rabbi Reena of Baycrest is an interactive session where our residents and Reena offer their

thoughts and opinions on the individual stories. There were sessions originate from a variety of Museums and shortly one of the Baycrest@Home exercise classes will be done live from our own group session here at 2 Neptune. Most regular monthly programs continue and are listed on our monthly calendar. Notice of special events and entertainment are vividly posted in the display cases by the side of the main floor Lobby elevators.

Over the past months we have had evening entertainment presentations both by familiar repeat performers and other first timers for our residents. Abba Lustgarten's Klezmer trio, Abba and two of his ensemble were here in July. His performances are always greatly enjoyed. Sylvia Lustgarten, Abba's mother, dedicated the evening in memory of her dear friend, our resident Stella Weinstein who devoted so much of her time, energy and organization of the beloved 2 Neptune Choir. Unfortunately Stella passed away during this past year and our choir has yet to be revived since being paused during the pandemic. Sylvia spoke about Stella's contribution and generously sponsored the Social Hour refreshments following the concert. It was a concert crowd turnout and extended social gathering that Stella would have enjoyed.

Another evening entertainment familiar to our residents was Jordan Klapman, well attended and enjoyed by all with a warm rapport.

Near August month end we were entertained by Isaac Muzikansky. His concert featured favourite Yiddish songs

taught to him as a youngster in the frozen lands of the former Soviet Union. He and his accomplished pianist accompanist were a team that reached the inner soul of many residents. Others who did not understand the Yiddish words enjoyed the music itself. He offered to come back another time and received a warm response.

Offsite programs were also well attended. Ontario Place was the locale of a stunning performance by the world renowned Cirque du Soleil aerial gymnastic artists. Midsummer took us out to Kleinberg's McMichael Art Gallery to view The William Kurelek exhibition of Jewish Life in Canada paintings. His suite of paintings titled Jewish Life in Canada honoured his friendship with Toronto art dealer Avrom Isaacs. The paintings were an expression of his desire to portray the diverse Canadian culture. Some of our trip participants had a connection or special interest in individual of the paintings, the scenes portrayed having been part of their own family's immigrant and social experience. Our new residents the Gotkins were acquainted with the artists through their friendship with Avrum Isaacs. Our final summer outing, though transportation was arranged privately and some residents had already privately attended previous performances earlier, not knowing it would be offered to us gratis, was to the Ashkenaz Festival to see the Yiddish Opera Bat Sheve. This was first performed in 1924 and then lost to others till discovered in the Yale archives file perhaps in 2017. It was produced in 2020 and now again here in 2022. There were not enough registered to warrant a



bus from 2 Neptune but everyone found their way to the Glen Gould Studio for this very interesting performance. The four opera singers involved were from local sources as were the male and female choral sections, but the orchestra came from Los Angeles as did the others connected with the production. When obtained from Yale it was discovered the composition was not complete and the piece had to be completed and then re-orchestrated. Performed in Yiddish except for a small German portion, the English wording of the lyrics were subtitled on the screen which was used to depict the actions referenced in the opera. A very interesting production of the opera, with the opera singer performances being performed facing the audience from front row seating positions in front of the orchestra facing the audience.

The Residents' Council will be resuming our Happy Hour programs with the first event scheduled for Wednesday, September 21st. Details to be posted.

Our Management Company representatives Adam Kalpin and Blanche Klein have posted a letter near the elevator outlining maintenance services that will be provided in the near future.

Our Rosh Hashanah New Year holiday will begin on Sunday night September 25th and conclude on the evening Tuesday evening September 27th. Holiday days and candle lighting times will be posted and distributed to everyone.

Arrangements are being made with Shaarei Tefillah Synagogue across the street to have

the Shofar blown for our residents. Other Holiday observances or events will be posted for everyone's information.

A Rosh Hashanah program has been arranged for 3:00 PM, Monday, September 19th, with Cantor Edward. More information to follow.

As is the Baycrest policy, there will be no regular programming activities on the holidays.

On behalf of my husband Mel Pelt and myself, fellow Residents' Council residents and significant others, Sid and Cally Kardash, Abe and Myra Kacew, David and Dorrice Silverman, Marion Gold, Brucha Kazman, Miriam Goldberg, Sandi Landsman, Jeanette Oeltjen, Gert Ludwig, Pauline Dobkin, Toni Perl and Rolf Lederer, we wish all our residents a Healthy, Successful and Satisfying New Year.

Stay healthy, stay safe and stay happy.

In friendship,

Elka Pelt

*Don't cry because it's over.  
Smile because it happened.*

*- Dr. Seuss*

*A professor gave a balloon to every student, who had to inflate it, write their name on it, and throw it into the hallway. The professor then mixed all the balloons.*

*The students were then given 5 minutes to find their own balloon. Despite a hectic search, no one found their balloon.*

*At that point, the professors told the students to take the first balloon that they found and hand it to the person whose name was written on it. Within 5 minutes, everyone had their own balloon.*

*The professor said to the students, "These balloons are like happiness. We will never find it if everyone is looking for their own. But, if we care about other people's happiness, we'll find ours too."*

*A father said to his daughter, "You have graduated with honours. Here is a Jeep I bought many years ago. It's pretty old now, but before I give it to you, take it to the used car lot downtown. Tell them I want to sell it and see how much they offer you for it."*

*The daughter went to the used car lot, returned to her father and said, "They offered me \$1000 because they said it looks pretty worn out."*

*The father said, "Now take it to the pawn shop." The daughter went to the pawn shop, returned to her father and said, "The pawn shop offered only \$100 because it is an old Jeep."*

*The father asked his daughter to go to the Jeep club now and show them the Jeep. The daughter then took the Jeep to the club, returned and told her father, "Some people in the club offered \$100,000 for it because "it's an iconic Jeep, sought by many collectors."*

*Now the father said this to his daughter, "The right place values you the right way. If you are not valued, do not be angry. It means you are in the wrong place. Those who know your value are those who appreciate you. Never stay in a place where no one sees your true value."*

# FROM OUR SOCIAL DIRECTOR - SUMMER EVENTS

**Robert Danchuk**

On Sunday July 31, the residents and I ventured up to Kleinberg to see the Kurelek exhibit at the McMichael Gallery. It was a very interesting exhibit with such beautiful paintings from a different era when life was much simpler. Although Kurelek wasn't Jewish, he captured what life was like for the Jewish people who lived in Canada back then. Our residents simply loved the trip and asked if we could come again because there wasn't enough time to see the entire gallery in just one afternoon.

On Wednesday, August 17, we had the return of the monthly Birthday Social here at 2 Neptune. I truly forgot how much fun this event was. We acknowledged the residents who had an August birthday in a family-like community with speeches, songs and dance. I had the personal pleasure of dancing with each of the birthday women who attended the program, and I'm looking forward to doing this on a regular basis. Hopefully I can get a female staff member to dance with the birthday male residents, because it would be really weird if I have to! (Haha) I hope we can continue this program because it was great to see all the wonderful smiles and good feelings the event brought to everyone's faces.



# LIBRARY NEWS

**Sid Kardash**

A new working committee has been formed to examine how our 2 Neptune library could serve as a more attractive source of enjoyment for the many active readers in our residence. The following is the report submitted to the Council.

The library would continue to serve as a repository for hundreds of freely donated books covering a variety of genres: classical best sellers of the past; mystery-detective novels; biographies; recent and past best sellers; art books; Jewish history and politics in Israel and the Diaspora, and other books covering various topics.

An offshoot of the Library is a number of other literary and cultural activities which include: books that have affected the destiny of the Jewish People; lectures on a variety of topics of interest to a Jewish audience and, finally the ongoing Book Club, currently under the management of June and Sheldon Zimmerman. These have been presented on a regular basis and have enjoyed success.

We are also featuring the visit of the daughter of Marion Gold, a professional librarian, who will look at our facility and make recommendations.

Finally, we are looking at the availability of paper book marks to commemorate anniversaries, birthdays, various honours, etc. which are to be designed by a professional artist and will be publicized in the future.



Our last feature is the most important: How do you as a resident wish to see improvements to the Library? What ideas do you have that would be of interest to our committee?

Please email me with your ideas.

Sid Kardash:  
[skardash@rogers.com](mailto:skardash@rogers.com)

*The good thing about science is  
that it's true whether or not  
you believe in it.*

*- Neil Degrasse Tyson*



# REQUIEM FOR A POET

**Pearl Karal**

‘Twas only a short time that I knew you  
But for all that time you were a Presence,  
A Singer of beautiful songs.  
You shared your visions in metaphors  
That precisely expressed truths  
In melodious language,  
Always fresh, always revealing.  
Assertiveness blended with humility,  
High intellectual endowment overlaid with tact and sensitivity.  
‘Twas indeed too short a time that I knew you  
But early on I recognized  
That you were indeed a living example  
Of the kind of person I had set out to be.

*There are 2 ways to live your life.  
One is as though nothing is a miracle;  
the other is as though everything is a miracle.*

*-Albert Einstein*

# LIBRARY NOTES AND RECOMMENDATIONS

## Sid Kardash

For the serious readers and users of our Library, here are some books of interest currently available:

*Leonard Bernstein* by Humphry Burton, For those of you who attended the excellent University for a Day lecture on one of America's iconic musical personalities, here is a biography of this gifted man (with pictures and details of the world's most famous conductors, musicians, and composers,) who became and still is, a legend.

*The Silent Patient* by Alex Michaelides. A famous artist greets her husband returning from work, shoots him in the face five times. She is arrested and committed to a psychiatric hospital; she never speaks again. Her case is taken up by a staff psychologist in order to probe the nature of her underlying psychopathology and...Need we ask more? This worldwide best seller was reviewed by our 2 Neptune Book Club and is still talked about even now.

*In Search of Frankenstein* by Radu Florescu. For something totally different, the author explores Mary Shelly's most

famous novel. One asks what were the background factors that motivated her during that weekend in 1818 to get together with Lord Byron and her husband Percy Bliss Shelly to write this fascinating novel that became the standard for subsequent horror novels, countless movies and is read even today as a classic.

*Agent Sonia* by Ben Macintyre. The British MI5 wanted her. The Chinese wanted her. The Japanese wanted her. And the FBI wanted her...preferably dead! This is the true story of one of Russia's most effective spies during the Second World War, in a book graciously donated by Marion Gold.

And finally three additional John Grisham paperbacks: *The Innocent Man*; *Sycamore Row*; *The Street Lawyer*. No further comments are needed on one of the world's best murder mystery writers whose protagonists seek justice against almost impossible odds in a variety of rural, small town and larger urban settings.

*Summer vacations are a time when parents realize that teachers are grossly underpaid.*

# THE LAST OF THE SOLDIERS - 2<sup>nd</sup> WORLD WAR

Connie Baker

It happened one day –  
a young man entered our store.  
He was quiet, polite, waiting ---  
in non-descript clothing.

I approached him.

“May I help you?”

He hesitated, then said:

I’M LOOKING FOR THE WOMAN  
WHO SAVED MY LIFE - TO THANK  
HER...

Silence.

“Could you describe her?”

NOT REALLY.

“What do you know about her?”

NOTHING! EVERY 2 WEEKS DURING  
THE WAR, SHE SENT 2 PARCELS TO  
HER SON (WHO WAS A SOLDIER IN  
THE CANADIAN ARMY). HE AND I  
WERE A PART OF A SMALL GROUP OF  
SOLDIERS WHO MOVED AHEAD OF  
THE ADVANCING ARMY.

THERE WERE 13 OF US.

OUR JOB WAS TO LAY TELEPHONE  
LINES SO THAT INFORMATION  
COULD BE RELAYED BACK TO THE  
ADVANCING ARMY.



THERE WAS NO WAY TO GET  
PROVISIONS TO US.

“Could you describe the contents of the  
parcels?”

THERE WERE TINS OF SALMON,  
SARDINES, A SALAMI, A MICKEY  
OF SCOTCH EMBEDDED INSIDE A  
HOLLOWED OUT LOAF OF BREAD,  
CHOCOLATES, NYLON STOCKINGS,  
SOME BARS OF SOAP, SKIN LOTION,  
ETC.

“I can understand the edibles but! Why  
nylons, soap, etc.?”

THE LATTER ITEMS WERE FOR  
TRADING WITH THE LOCAL  
FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES /  
DAUGHTERS FOR CHICKENS AND  
EGGS!!

This man was the first of about 13 who  
dribbled into my parents’ store on College  
St. in Toronto, one by one, to meet “THE  
WOMAN” who kept them alive – MY  
MOTHER.

## ON THE GO

Arlene Shnall

I am very appreciative of everything that I have.

Life here is very busy. Since I am not allowed to travel I am taking advantage of Chair Travel. Last week I went to Venice, this week, Osaka, Japan. Although I have never gotten to different parts of the continents, I have still learned many interesting things. Because we were working, we couldn't go on major trips and later we were not able to.

Things are so different now – when speaking to a friend, we cannot say, “Let's meet for lunch or coffee.” How well we adapt to situations.

We have entertainment coming to our building which is enjoyable. We have Book Club once a month, exercise every day to keep in shape; conversation groups, some weekly or monthly. The lectures are very informative. Then we have our weekly coffee club which is a great hit. There is so much going on; it is a fun morning, talking and sharing. Some days are really full. I can do three activities in one day. Makes time go fast.



We celebrate many great family events. Sitting outside, we can talk to different people, making friends, listening to where they came from; their lives in various countries were so different from Canada.

Technology has opened a whole new world for us. We email; I became an expert in shopping online, Zoom, and writing stories. We Zoom for our class.; I Zoom to Sweden and Israel; I receive family pictures and keep up to date on everything. I Google to find out anything I want to know.

Life is what you make of it.

Enjoy every moment.

*Everyone you will ever meet knows something you don't.*

*- Bill Nye*



# PAST AS PRELUDE TO THE FUTURE

Marion Gold

Memories of what was

Locked in my memory box.

New beginnings create Expectations  
of what is to come.

The past is what was.

The future is what is yet to come.

Today I celebrate new beginnings.

A new year approaches.

Pre-Passover preparations witnessed the end of my first year living in an apartment building in somewhat of a fog. Today I lay claim to being an independent, capable, single person ready to engage the world, pursue my interests, while rejecting the concept of my past as my predicted future. Now that Elul is here with its need for introspection, I can say that my future is definitely disconnected from my past. There is no script of what is to come.

No magic wand waved, no miraculous lifting of the miasma of sadness from my persona occurred. It was the slow, steady interaction with residents who cared and communicated with me that made all the difference.

Frieda Schaffel knocked on my door and welcomed me. Several weeks later, Frieda noticed I was missing and tracked me down in Thunder Bay where I was visiting with my daughter. My family agreed that I had found the right place for me.

Salya Rabow, OBM, and I had an extended conversation at the elevator doors. Given that Covid restrictions were in full bloom,

that interaction served to elevate my spirits beyond what any medication could.

Callie Kardash invited me into her home for tea. That invitation afforded me the first glimpse of another apartment and a great conversation.

Sylvia Lustgarten adjusted my sweater collar in the Lobby before I ventured out for a walk. We remain friends and shared a Shabbat meal last Friday.

Pauline Dobkin gardener par excellence shared her love of growing, blooming, sweet smelling flowers with me. My late husband, Moishe ben Avraham z”l, shared her love of gardens. When I first saw Pauline, I thought of a Cleopatra of a certain age.

Marion Bach and I share the same first name. We became Marion B or Marion G on the shopping bus.

Brucha Kazman offered to go to shul with me. Elka Pelt delivered Council gifts.

Connie Baker made sure I wore a mask properly, addressed the issue of exercise clothes and shoes, and told me a most remarkable story. A little girl of perhaps two engaged Connie in conversation in the Courtyard. When it was time to leave, the little girl told her mother that she had just made a new friend. Could Mom arrange a play date with her? Connie’s beautiful eyes draw you closer and closer.

This community of ours should continue to flourish in good health and emotional well-being.

A sage of old, Rabbi MeShuylam Zusha of Hanipol (1718-1800) said “When I reach the Heavens, I will not be asked ‘Why were you not like Moses?’. I will be asked ‘Why were you not like Zusha?’”

Be an original.

## DID YOU EVER GET LOST AS A CHILD?

**Gert Ludwig**

Wow, this question certainly brought back a scary moment in my life.

When I was about 7 years old, my friends, the 'Alter' kids who lived across on Beverley Street, were going to the circus at Maple Leaf Gardens and offered to take me. We arranged that if we got separated while leaving the Gardens, we would meet at the "Church". As I had never been to the Gardens before, I didn't know that some of the exit doors led to "Church St" and that there was no "Church" as a building. I was petrified to find myself LOST!!



I was standing at one end of the several Church St. entrance/exit doors, crying. I saw a Police Officer who, when I told him I was lost, had another Police Officer put me in the side seat (in those days) of his motorcycle and took me home.

I remember, vividly, being so scared, my heart beating so fast, and hanging on for dear life as we rode through the streets until I got home.

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## MY ROOM AT BUBBIE'S - A TODDLER'S HOME AWAY FROM HOME

**Simon Abecassis**

When I was a toddler, two and a half years old, my parents announced they were bringing a new baby from the hospital.

Everyone around was excited. I waited impatiently for that bundle of joy to play with.

Only that thing was no joy at all. I couldn't play with it. It was tiny, cried all the time and took all the attention away from me.

My mother was exhausted. It was the second child at home and I was a handful.

My maternal Bubbie came to the rescue. I had often stayed at her house and was glad to get away from the commotion.

From vague recollection, my ROOM at Bubbie's had a bed, a dresser, a few family pictures on the wall, a blinding white ceiling, a large window, an even larger door and lots of toys scattered all over the floor.

This was my domain. This was my kingdom.

I remember vividly how I loved my Bubbie and felt safe and secure in her presence.

I was intimidated by Zadie who stood tall



with a thick black moustache, stern with a mean look on his face, like the typical disciplinarian.

My Uncle Mark, the eldest of Mommy's siblings, was less friendly than Auntie Doris and Uncle Albert, both much gentler, who knew how to talk to and spoil timid little ME.

I remember asking my mother once: "Who is older, Daddy or Uncle Mark?"

Huge sigh of relief! SHE SAID DADDY WAS.

I was thinking to myself, if Daddy is older, then he must be stronger and can protect me from reprimands.

I was up at the crack of dawn before anyone else. I lay there with my eyes wide open waiting for a sign of life from the rest of the house.

When this didn't happen, I called, "Bubbie..."

She was half asleep but jumped out of bed to cater to this little brat. She immediately started offering anything that would entice me to eat.

Food was not my priority then, - unlike now, and it shows. She insisted that eating will make me BIIGGGG and STRONGGGG.

I just wanted company and to be entertained. I realized the only way I could get her attention was to take a nibble of this and a nibble of that and get a standing ovation with every morsel that entered my mouth.

Right after my meager breakfast, noise started coming from all directions. It was Zaidie, my uncles and Aunt waking up and getting ready to go to work.

I was a seasoned toddler and knew that the commotion would soon end. I took refuge in my room. There was a stool by the window, allowing me to look at

the outside world. I saw them leave, one after the other. Finally some peace and quiet. Now I can be the boss again.

I spent hours everyday watching from the window, the big kids playing and running around, cars passing by, neighbours gathering and catching up on the street gossip – Bunch of Yentas!~

The best part for me was the daily routine watching the milkman arriving on his horse and buggy to deliver milk, butter, cheese, yogurt and eggs.

No one was lactose intolerant or had cholesterol then.

Soon after, I would see another horse and buggy, dripping all over – the ICEMAN's turn. It was a thrill to see him tackle those big slabs. His whole body was drenched. How did that whitish block generate so much water?

Another favourite of mine was to watch from a distance the garbage men emptying onto the ground their pick of the day and separating cans, bottles, metals, and shmattas, and dumping them into special trucks. This was the prelude to the recycling bins introduced many years later.

Occasionally a truck drove by slowly with high pressure hoses splashing all over the street. It looked like a heavy downpour right after he left – but no rainbow.

Later Bubbie called me to have lunch. Same ritual – she wanted me to eat and I reluctantly ingested as little food as I could get away with just to get her

off my back so I could go back to my business.

Right after lunch was the usual daily struggle. She wanted me to have a nap. I resisted and whined till I dozed off for a very short period of time. Fast forward decades later, I welcome every nap I can get.

Poor Bubbie, I never gave her a break.

Later in the afternoon, I saw the mailman carrying all those letter in that huge dark brown leather bag. Minutes later the doorbell rang. Bubbie, all excited, rushed to the door saying, “It must be the mail! It must be the mail!” (She always had those happy outbursts when she got something – but not when it was a telegram.) It was a letter. Phew!!

I had the bad habit of throwing one shoe out the window. I recall Bubbie reporting it to my parents saying, “At least if he threw out both shoes, whoever found them could use them.” I didn't get the joke. The next day I threw out both shoes. The story was repeated well into my teens.

I remember so clearly the day Bubbie brought 10 chicks in a box for me to play with. They were tiny, bright yellow, moving in all directions and all chirping at the same time – soooooooooocute!

I was in charge of feeding them and I did. She did all the rest, including changing the newspapers full of bird



poop. She pleaded on my behalf with Zadie and Uncle Mark to let me keep them because they made me happy.

But these are very fragile birds. It was the first time I encountered death. Every couple of days, one or more was lying down motionless, eyes closed. Bubbie didn't want me to stress or worry. She said she had to take them away because they were tired and needed a nap. Better them than me!

I'm sure she dumped them in the garbage. Within a week, they'd all been removed and for the same reason. Boy, they rested forever. I never saw them again.

I was back playing with my less interesting inanimate toys.

Later in the evening, all the adults were back. There goes the commotion again.

Everyone ate, talked, laughed. It was pleasant for a few minutes. I soon returned to my room.

My door was always open. Since early on, I'd had an open door policy. It was my window into the inside world. I could see them interacting, discussing, laughing and arguing A LOT!

Later in the evening, Uncle Albert would play the piano – by ear. Every time we had company, he would be asked to play their favourite tunes. He was amazing. Even I enjoyed it.

Uncle Mark was an amateur opera singer and was often asked for an Aria or two, occasionally accompanied by

Uncle Albert on the piano. Everyone was in awe; their chins dropped. Their eyes rolled and closed, their heads vacillating slowly up and down, side to side. It took me years to realize it was an auditory orgasm – Hey, I was only two and a half!

That was one side of Uncle Mark I had rarely seen before. He was accommodating and smiling, and seemed quite content to do it. The display of his softer side, and my father being older-this stronger- gradually diminished my fear of him.

To this day, those fond and serene memories from my toddler years in my Room at Bubbie's, my home away from home, continue to resonate. They are still firmly entrenched in my heart and memories.

I love you so much, Bubbie, I so miss you, Bubbie.



# LARRY'S CAT, ESMERELDA

Connie Baker

She came to me one day  
with a bundle in her tummy.  
We waited...and waited  
as she grew bigger and bigger.  
She was never my cat  
until she was in distress  
and wanted my help.

Esmay was PREGNANT.

I couldn't help her. She mewed and mewed

So I phoned the vet and told him of her problem.

"BRING HER IN," he said.

"How much will this cost?"

He rhymed off all the meds, procedures, etc.

"How much will it cost?"

"At least \$500.00.

"I DON'T HAVE \$500.00".

"Well, then, I can't help you."

"BUT WAIT!" I said. "Isn't there a Hippocratic oath for animals?"

SILENCE.



More silence.

"Bring her in."

"You're sure?"

"YES!!!"

He removed a beautiful dead black kitten

And then sweet Esmay delivered 4 beautiful babies

one calico

one tabby

one black and white

and one striped.

ALL HEALTHY.

THE BILL – \$15.00

Esmay no longer needs me.

She has returned to my son whom she adores.

# NET ZERO

## Selma Lis

PARIS 2015

It was theatre at its best!

Messianic fervor permeated the air waves as

politicians from 174 nations

strutted into the Paris Climate Room

to publicly announce

new and aggressive environmental policies to

SAVE PLANET EARTH FROM OVERHEATING!

THE RHETORIC DID NOT DISAPPOINT!

European leaders promised to immediately

shut down their oil and gas pipelines

and transition to wind and solar energy.

American President Biden promised to immediately

reduce fossil fuel generation

and build more wind/solar facilities.

But the show stopper and media darling was

Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau

who took style and performance to yet a higher level!

First , was his initial shout of ‘CANADA IS BACK!’

Second, were his generous and ambitious promises to:

- reduce Canada’s carbon emissions by

a whopping 40-45% below 2005 levels by the year 2030.

- commit Canada as a carbon neutral country

by the year 2050

- double Canada's international financial contribution

from \$2.65 billion to \$5.3 billion

to help

low and middle income countries transition to green energy.

- launch the Emissions Reduction Fund to quickly hand over

\$675 million in interest free loans to Canadian companies

to help them reduce their emissions.

WOW! TALK ABOUT SUNNY WAYS!

FAST FORWARD 2022:

- Solar energy had failed!

- Europeans desperately agreed to import Russian oil and gas to the tune of \$700 million per day, which inadvertently helped Putin finance his war with Ukraine.

- Biden almost begged Saudi Arabia to increase the flow of oil and gas to the U.S. with no firm commitment.

- Canada fared the worst of the G7 countries in carbon reduction and is not on track to meet its Paris Accord promises.

- Trudeau's interest-Free-Loan program to Canadian companies

did not produce lower emissions due to

incoherent instructions,

poor accounting principles,

and a lack of oversight.



- Trudeau's continual financial generosity has led to a mind-boggling  
\$350 billion deficit  
with the loser being tomorrow's taxpayer!

### WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE!

1. The cart went before the horse!!!
2. Leaders set imaginary targets based on:
  - technologies not yet invented
  - and
  - supporting infrastructures not yet built.
3. Climate Summits should, instead, be global meeting grounds that:
  - encourage innovation
  - offer incentives to develop green fuel alternatives
  - foster green-tech entrepreneurship
  - set realistic timelines to reach net-zero carbon emissions.

### FUTURE:

As we usher in the New Year of 5783,  
a Rosh Hashana wish  
to Earth and all its inhabitants  
is for a smooth, safe and sustainable transition  
to  
A COOLER PLANET!

# SOME THOUGHTS ON SLEEP

\* The best thing to do first thing in the morning is to go right back to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* People who say they sleep like a baby, usually don't have one.

- Leo J Burke

\*\*\*\*\*

\* Laugh and the whole world laughs with you. Snore and you sleep alone.

- Anthony Burgess

\*\*\*\*\*

\* Never waste any time you can spend sleeping.

- Frank H. Knight

\*\*\*\*\*

\* The amount of sleep required by the average person is five minutes more.

- Wilson Mezenert

*The things you take for granted,  
someone else is praying for.*



## THE GIFT OF READING

\* What an astonishing thing a book is. It's a flat object made from a tree with flexible parts on which are imprinted lots of fancy dark squiggles. But one glance at it and you're inside the mind of another person, maybe somebody dead for thousands of years.

- Carl Sagan

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\* READING is a way of finding companionship without giving up solitude.

- Dr. Mardy

---

\* READING is equivalent to thinking with someone else's head instead of with one's own.

- Arthur Schopenhauer

---

\* READING is to the mind what exercise is to the body.

- Joseph Addison

# HELLO DARKNESS, MY OLD FRIEND

“Hello darkness, my old friend...”

Everybody knows the iconic Simon and Garfunkel song, but do you know the amazing story behind the first line of The Sounds of Silence?

It began 62 years ago, when Arthur “Art” Garfunkel, a Jewish kid from Queens, enrolled in Columbia University. During freshman orientation, Art met a student from Buffalo named Sandy Greenberg, and they immediately bonded over their shared passion for literature and music. Art and Sandy became roommates and best friends. With the idealism of youth, they promised to be there for each other no matter what.

Soon after starting college, Sandy was struck by tragedy. His vision became blurry and although doctors diagnosed it as temporary conjunctivitis, the problem grew worse. Finally, after seeing a specialist, Sandy received the devastating news that severe glaucoma was destroying his optic nerves. The young man with such a bright future would soon be completely blind.

Sandy was devastated and fell into a deep depression. He gave up his dream of becoming a lawyer and moved back to Buffalo, where he worried about being a burden to his financially-struggling family. Consumed with shame and fear, Sandy cut off contact with his old friends, refusing to answer letters or return phone calls.

The suddenly, to Sandy’s shock, his buddy Art showed up at the front door. He was not going to allow his best friend to give up on life, so he bought a ticket and flew up to Buffalo unannounced. Art convinced Sandy to give college another go, and promised that he would be right by his side to make sure he didn’t fall – literally or figuratively.

Art kept his promise, faithfully escorting Sandy around the campus and effectively serving as his eyes. It was important to Art that even though Sandy had been plunged into a world of darkness, he should never feel alone. Art actually started to call himself “Darkness” to demonstrate his empathy with his friend. He’d say things like “Darkness is going to read to you now”. Art organized his life around helping Sandy.

One day Art was guiding Sandy through crowded Grand Central Station when he suddenly he had to go, and left his friend alone and petrified. Sandy stumbled, bumped into people, and fell, cutting a gash in his shin. After a couple of hellish hours, Sandy finally got on the right subway train. After exiting the station at 116th Street, Sandy bumped into someone who quickly apologized - and Sandy immediately recognized Art’s voice! Turned out his trusty friend had followed him the whole way home, making sure he was safe and giving him the precious gift of independence. Sandy later said, “That moment was the spark that caused me to live a completely different life, without fear, without doubt. For that, I’m tremendously grateful to my friend.”



Sandy graduated from Columbia and then earned graduate degrees at Harvard and Oxford. He married his high school sweetheart and became an extremely successful entrepreneur and philanthropist.

While at Oxford, Sandy got a call from Art. This time Art was the one who needed help. He'd formed a folk rock duo with his high school pal, Paul Simon, and they desperately needed \$400 to record their first album. Sandy and his wife, Sue, had literally \$404 in their bank account but, without hesitation, Sandy gave his old friend what he needed.

Art and Paul's first album was not a success but one of the songs, "The sounds of Silence" became a #1 hit a year later. The opening line echoed the way Sandy always greeted Art. Simon and Garfunkel went on to become one of the most beloved musical acts in history.

The two Columbia, each of whom has added so much to the world in his own way, are still best friends. Art Garfunkel said that when he became friends with Sandy, "my real life emerged, I became a better guy in my own eyes, and began to see who I was – somebody who gives to a friend." Sandy describes himself as "the luckiest man in the world."

Adapted from Sandy Greenberg's memoir: "Hello Darkness, My Old Friend; How Daring Dreams and Unyielding Friendship Turned One Man's Blindness into an Extraordinary Vision for Life."



## **FINE DINING DURING THE DEPRESSION**

**Pearl Karal**

During the Great Depression of 1929 to 1939, many young males sought work on farms, and “rode the rails” across Canada to search for employment. They came from all provinces. They left their families, climbed aboard empty freight cars, and hopped off wherever they heard there might be work.

In Winnipeg, where I grew up, these men were recognizable as they lurked in doorways of buildings downtown: a store, a barber shop, anywhere they could find shelter.

My first memory of this is when I was about five or six. Sometimes a man would come and knock at our door, and my mother would invite him in. She would seat him at our kitchen table and prepare a meal for him. Mother would ask them where they were from, but she didn't ask a lot of other questions.

Sometimes she served salami and eggs, sometimes leftover stew, sometimes fried eggs and vegetables. And always lots of bread. She would chat with them until they finished eating. She treated them in a friendly way and chatted with them about possibilities for work. Sometimes she'd say, “I hear they're harvesting in Alberta.” Then she prepared sandwiches for them to take away in a lunch bag. She would hand them the package and then say goodbye.

These men always came to our house

during the daytime, when my father was at the factory where he worked. Gradually, more and more men came and knocked on the door. My mother wondered how they all found her, since we didn't live close to the railway station. Finally, one of the men told her that her name had been circulated among the hungry men riding the rails. He said that her house had been marked, and he had been given a note with her name and address.

These men didn't come well-dressed, but they didn't come dirty. There were water taps outside the houses, so they would wash up there. They were polite, never violent, and never broke into houses.

Mother was respectful toward them. She didn't probe, she didn't lecture, she didn't criticize.

My dad didn't say anything about this stream of visitors who came to the house. It was just a fact of life.

One man asked if he could play our piano. My mother said yes right away; why not? He played beautifully, and even though I was a young child, I could tell that he had taken lessons. He played nicely, like the people who played at Eaton's. On one of the floors at Eaton's, they used to have someone playing the piano to attract shoppers. When I went shopping with my mother, if I heard a piano, I wouldn't stay with her. I'd go listen to the person playing the piano. So if she lost me, she'd know where to find me.

That same man who played the piano at our house had a beautiful ring. I

complimented him on his ring, and he said his parents had given it to him. When I asked him why he didn't sell it, he didn't answer.

These visits from men seeking work happened on and off for a number of years during the Depression. For a few years afterward, I sometimes wondered what had happened to these men.

This generosity was typical of my mother. I admire her for this, especially since we were not rich. I believe that this spirit of helping others made an impression on her children and grandchildren, and we have all found ways of helping people.



*Do not try to be everyone's friend.  
You are not chocolate.*

*Maturing is realizing how many things  
don't require your comment.*

# **IRENA SENDLER, THE LADY PLUMBER**

## **WOMAN OF VALOUR**

**Feb. 1910 - May 12, 2008 -  
Warsaw, Poland**

When World War II broke out, Irina Sendler, a non-Jew, was a 29-year-old Social Worker employed by the Welfare Department of the Warsaw municipality. Following her physician father's humanitarian example, Irina took advantage of her job in order to help the Jews and got permission to work in the Warsaw ghetto as a plumbing/sewer specialist.

Once inside the ghetto and at great personal danger, Irina established contact with activists of Żegota (Council for Aid to Jews) and began smuggling Jews out of the ghetto to the Aryan side and into hiding places.

Irina was able to hide Jewish infants in the bottom of her tool box to get them past the Nazi guards, also using a burlap sack in the back of her truck for the older children. She kept a dog in the back that she had trained to bark while the Nazis were letting her in and out of the ghetto. The barking covered whatever noises the children made and the soldiers would avoid coming close to the animal.

During this time, Irina managed to smuggle out and save 2500 children and infants. They were taken to Christian homes on the understanding that, when the war was over, they'd be returned to the Jewish community.

Inevitably she was caught and tortured. The Nazis broke both her legs and



arms, and beat her severely to get her to reveal her contacts outside the ghetto. She was sentenced to death but at the last moment underground activists bribed the officials to release her.

Irena had kept a record of the names of all the Jewish children she had smuggled out, in a glass jar that she buried under a tree in her backyard. After the war she tried to locate any parents who might have survived, and tried to reunite the families. Most had been gassed. Those children she saved were placed into foster family homes or adopted.

In 2007 Irena was up for the Nobel Peace Prize. She was not selected. Al Gore won, for a slide show on Global Warming.

Later another politician, Barack Obama, won for his work as a community organizer for ACORN.

In 1965, Irina Sendler was recognized by Yad Vashem as Righteous Among the Gentiles where a tree has been planted in her honour.

**In MEMORIAM – 77 YEARS LATER**

# HI! I AM BARBARA

## Barbara Nathan Marcus

Hi, I am Barbara. I am 78 years old and resided, with my spouse in Four Elms Retirement Residence, in Thornhill. Bobby died on January 29, 2022. A few months afterwards, on April 1st, 2022, I moved to 2 Neptune – a very smart move.

Bobby and I met in Montreal; he was a widower with two very young sons. We all got married about 55 years ago and I legally adopted the boys. I am very proud to be their mother. When they both went off to University, Bobby and I moved to Ottawa. We became grandparents – I am a BUBBIE!

In Ottawa I was a sociologist and I guess I still am. I also make art. Bobby was a Civil Engineer. Is that an oxymoron?

I only returned to school when I was the parent of my two young boys.

I attended Loyola College (that then became Concordia University), taking courses at night until finally in 1975, I received my undergraduate degree in sociology – major in Women's Studies and minor Canadian Studies.

And I carried on. A scholarship kept me at Concordia for a Master's degree where my thesis was called "Women's Health Care: Who Cares?!" I did qualitative research and my findings were not good. Not too many professional people really cared. Simultaneously, I was part of the small group that formed one of the first of what was then known as "homes for battered women" in Ontario. I understand it still exists. That was more than 40 years ago.

Things were different for women then, in so many ways.

I had a part time teaching job at Brock

University but I did not renew as my spouse was offered an excellent position in Calgary, Alberta. He was the major wage earner, and so we went.

I applied to teach at the University of Calgary. At the interview I was posed "Why teach? You get more money if you enroll in the PhD program, and then you can teach as well."

That is what I did. But Money is not everything and a Phd is not everything. There was rampant passive/aggressive discrimination in the Department. I was told by the Dean of Humanities, "Well, what did you expect? You are a smart woman. You are from Quebec, you are Jewish. The only game you have going for you is that you are white. Did you want them to kiss you on the lips?" Yikes!

From Calgary, we moved to Ottawa where we lived for more than 30 years, Bobby doing his thing, me doing mine. We lived in the first condominium in the Byward Market and loved it! Eventually we moved to Toronto to be near our younger son, Steven, and his totally amazing and caring family. We were no longer young.

I am not a meek woman; I still fight for equality – in race, sex and economy. I will remain a social activist and artist, and a Bubbie. I love being a Bubbie.

I have been away from 2 Neptune for some time and only very recently returned. I look forward to starting a new chapter, a new beginning, with all the new neighbours that I am yet to meet. Say "Hi!"

I am the one with the red glasses. I am Barbara.





## WAS I REALLY A NORMAL PERSON?

“Normal person?” Yes, I think that used to be a good description of me.

As an individual, I used to think I was pretty much just a regular person, but I was born white, into a two-parent, two gender household which now, whether I like it or not, makes me “Privileged”, a racist and responsible for slavery.

I am fiscally responsible and moral, which by today’s standards makes me a fascist because I plan, budget and support myself.

I went to school, worked my way “up the ladder”, and have always held a job. But I now find out that I am not here because I earned it, but because I was “advantaged”.

I am heterosexual which, of course, automatically makes me homophobic.

I am not a Muslim, which now clearly labels me as an infidel.

I am older than 70, making me a useless person who doesn’t understand Facebook, Instagram or Twitter.

I think and I reason, and I doubt much of what the “mainstream” media tells me, which makes me a “right-wing conspiracy Nut”.

I am proud of my heritage and our inclusive culture, and that makes me a Xenophobe.

I believe in hard work, fair play and fair compensation, according to each individual’s merits, which today makes me

anti-socialist and probably a misogynist.

I believe our system guarantees freedom of effort – not freedom of outcome or subsidies which must make me a borderline sociopath.

I believe in the defense and protection of my country for and by all its citizens, now making me a militant.

I am proud of my flag, what it stands for, and the many who died to let it fly, so I stand for our National Anthem – so I must be a racist.

Please help me come to terms with the new me because I’m just not sure who I am anymore!

If all this nonsense wasn’t enough to deal with, now I don’t even know which restroom to use – and I have to go more **FREQUENTLY!**





## A DECK OF CARDS ... INTERESTING FACTS

The Chinese invented playing cards in AD 1000.

Here are some interesting facts and observations about "Playing Cards."

Did you know that the traditional deck of the playing cards is a striking form of a Calendar?

There are 52 weeks in the year and there are 52 playing cards in a deck.

There are 13 weeks in each season and there are 13 cards in each suit.

There are 4 seasons in a year and 4 suits in the deck.

There are 12 months in a year and there are 12 Court cards (those with faces, namely, Jack, Queen King in each suit.)

The red cards represent Day, while Black cards represent the night.

If you let Jacks = 11, Queens = 12, and the Kings = 13, then add up all the sums of  $1+2+3+...to\ 13 = 91$ . Multiply this by 4, for the 4 suits, therefore  $91 \times 4 = 364$ . Add 1 that is the Joker and you will arrive at the number 365, being the days of the year.

Is that a mere coincidence or a greater intelligence?

There is a deeper philosophy than just playing cards. The mathematical perfection is mind blowing!

# **FISH AND CHIPS'**

## **SURPRISING JEWISH HISTORY**

**Ronnie Fein**

You may be surprised to learn that fish and chips, though wildly popular in England for what seems an eternity, was actually a specialty of the Portuguese Sephardic Jews who fled the Inquisition in the 16th century and found refuge in the British Isles.

This is one dish that was born of religious ritual. For observant Jews, fish is pareve, a neutral food in kosher terms, thus an easy way to avoid treyf (non-kosher food) and possibly include dairy in the same meal. It was especially important for Marranos, the so-called crypto-Jews, who pretended to be Christian during the Inquisition. They ate fish on Fridays when meat was forbidden by the Church, and also saved some to eat cold the next day at lunch, to avoid cooking on Shabbat.

Frying was natural for Jewish home cooks – think of latkes and sufganyiot – and, as the Jewish community began to flourish in England, it spurred a taste for its beloved fried, battered fish throughout the country.

According to Claudia Roden's *The Book of Jewish Food*, Thomas Jefferson tried some on a trip to London and noted that he ate "fish in the Jewish fashion" during his visit. Alexis Soyer, a French cook who became a celebrated chef in Victorian

England, included a recipe for "Fried Fish, Jewish Fashion" in the first edition of his cookbook *A Shilling Cookery for the People* (1845). Soyer's recipe notes that the "Jewish manner" includes using oil rather than meat fat (presumably lard) which made the dish taste better, though that also made it more expensive.

There's some dispute about the where and when of "chips" (what Americans call French fries and the French call pommes frites). Many historians say that deep-fried, cut-up potatoes were invented in Belgium and, in fact, substitutes for the fish during hard times. The first time the word "chips" was used was in Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities* in 1859: husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil."

The official pairing of fish and chips didn't happen until a few years later, though. Although there are some who dispute it, most authorities say that it is thanks to a Jewish cook, this time a young Ashkenazi immigrant named Joseph Malin, who opened the first British chippy, AKA fish and chip shop, in London in 1863. The shop was so successful it remained in business until the 1970s.

Who could foresee that fearful Jewish immigrants hiding their true religion and practising in secret would be responsible for creating one of the most iconic dishes in the U.K.? - The down home dish that Winston Churchill claimed helped the British

defeat the Nazis, the comfort food that George Orwell said helped keep the masses happy and “averted revolution.” The dish, by the way, that was among the only foods never rationed during wartime because the British government believed that preserving access to it was a way of keeping up morale. A dish that continues to be a mainstay of the British diet.

Think about that the next time you find yourself feasting on this centuries-old-Jewish? British? – recipe.



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## SIX LITTLE STORIES WITH LOTS OF MEANINGS

1. Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of the prayer, all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella. That is faith.
2. When you throw babies in the air, they laugh because they know you will catch them. That is trust.
3. Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning. That is hope.
4. We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future. That is confidence.
5. We see the world suffering, but still we get married and have children. That is love.
6. On an old man's shirt was written a sentence - “I am not 80 years old. I am sweet 16 with 64 years of experience.” That is attitude.

Have a happy day and live your life like these six stories.

Remember – Good friends are the rare jewels of life, difficult to find and impossible to replace!

## **A SOVIET RUSSIA SUCCESS STORY**

**Submitted by Lazar Greisdorf**

Back in the good old days, a hard-working Soviet proletarian saved his rubles diligently throughout his working life. Finally, by the time he retired, he accumulated enough rubles to buy a new car.

So he wrapped his cash in an old newspaper, Pravda (there were no plastic bags in the Soviet Union in order to avoid pollution), and went to the appropriate office to order his new car. In the Soviet Union everyone knew that you had to wait exactly six years for delivery of a new car.

After standing in line for more than an hour, he finally reached the official who took his money and began to fill out the numerous pages of the application. After standing there and watching, the proletarian asked, "Excuse me but how long will it be before I get my new car?" The official angrily says, "Everyone knows that you have to wait exactly six years to get delivery of your new car!"

Ten minutes later, the proletarian again interrupts and asks, "Can you tell me what day of the week that will turn out to be exactly six years from now that I will get delivery of my new car?" The official angrily pushes back his chair, goes into a back office, comes back later and tells the proletarian, "It will be Thursday exactly six years from today when you will get delivery of your new car."

Ten minutes later, the proletarian again interrupts and asks, "Can you tell me what time of day that will turn out exactly six years from today when I can expect to get delivery of my new car?" The official again very angrily pushes back his chair and goes back into a back office. Ten minutes later he returns and tell the proletarian, "It will be ten in the morning on Thursday,, exactly six years from today when you will get delivery of your new car."

"Great" the proletarian exclaims.  
"The plumber is coming at three in the afternoon."

*Have you ever noticed that all instruments  
searching for intelligent life are pointed AWAY  
from earth?*



# START YOUR DAY WITH A GIGGLE

## THESE ARE ACTUAL COMPLAINTS RECEIVED BY A HOLIDAY COMPANY FROM DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS:

1. They should not allow topless sunbathing on the beach. It was very distracting for my husband who just wanted to relax.

2. On my holiday to Goa in India, I was disgusted to find that almost every restaurant served curry. I don't like spicy food.

3. We went on holiday to Spain and had a problem with the taxi drivers as they were all Spanish.

4. We booked an excursion to a water park but no one told us we had to bring our own swimsuits and towels. We assumed it would be included in the price.

5. The beach was too sandy. We had to clean everything when we returned to our room.

6. We found the sand was not like the sand in the brochure. Your brochure shows the sand as white but it was more yellow.

7. It's lazy of the local shopkeepers in Puerto Vallarta to close in the afternoons. I often needed to buy things during 'siesta' time – this should be banned.

8. No one told us there would be fish in the water. The children were scared.

9. Although the brochure said that there was a fully equipped kitchen, there was no egg slicer in the drawers.

10. I think it should be explained in the brochure that the local convenience store does not sell proper biscuits like custard creams or ginger nuts.

11. The roads were uneven and bumpy, so we could not read the local guide book during



the bus ride to the resort. Because of this, we were unaware of many things that would have made our holiday more fun.

12. It took us nine hours to fly home from Jamaica to England. It took the Americans only three hours to get home. This seems unfair.

13. I compared the size of our one-bedroom suite to our friends' three-bedroom and ours was significantly smaller.

14. The brochure stated "No hairdressers at the resort." We're trainee hairdressers and we think they knew, and made us wait longer for service.

15. When we were in Spain, there were too many Spanish people there. The receptionist spoke Spanish, the food was Spanish. No one told us there would be so many foreigners.

16. We had to line up outside to catch the boat and there was no air conditioning.

17. It is your duty as a tour operator to advise us of noisy or unruly guests before we travel.

18. I was bitten by a mosquito. The brochure did not mention mosquitoes.

19. My fiancée and I requested twin beds when I booked, but instead we were placed in a room with a king bed. We now hold you responsible and want to be reimbursed for the fact that I became pregnant. This would not have happened if you had put us in the room that we booked.



# Shana Tova

שנה טובה!