

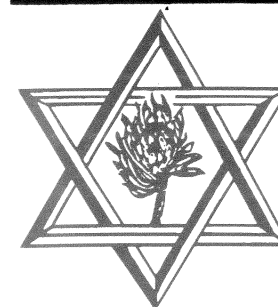
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The Publication of the South African Jewish American Community of San Diego

Volume 2, No. 9

Fall 1993



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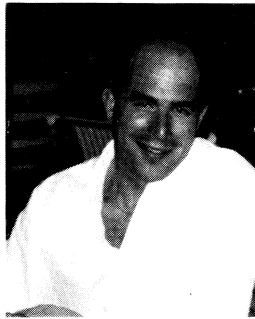
The ruins of a two-story synagogue originally built at Capernaum on Lake Tiberius during the Roman era, about 3rd century c.e. Note the Ark of the Covenant carved on the fallen pillar (bottom right).

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NEWCOMERS

by Pam Nathan



Gavin Sklar arrived in San Diego 2 months ago from Lyndhurst, Johannesburg. He actually researched about 15 different cities as possibilities to relocate to and San Diego was his choice, particularly because of weather conditions and friends. He studied marketing in South Africa where he ran a sports import company. He is a keen golfer, plays tennis and runs.

Craig Glasser recently announced his engagement to Dana Legator and has come to join her here. He studied B.Com in South Africa, specializing in finance. He is presently interviewing for a job. He loves classic cars, squash and swimming.



Shelly Cohen joined her boyfriend, Stephen Sass, just a short while ago. Shelly is originally from Observatory, Johannesburg. She is a fashion designer and in fact ran her own business, designing and selling clothes in South Africa. She loves sewing, crocheting, baking and reading.

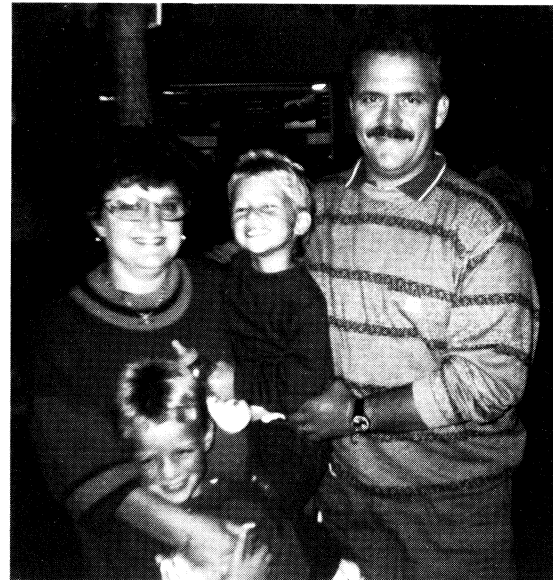


Tanya Bacher also joined her boyfriend, Sam Munitz, two months ago. She is living in Del Mar Heights and feels very much at home. She was originally from Melrose, Johannesburg. She is trained as a merchandiser and worked as a buyer for a fashion house in South Africa. Tanya expressed how much she has enjoyed meeting new people and living in a city that makes her feel happy and free.

Judy Cohen has come to join her family, Loren and Dennis Pinn. She is renting an apartment in Renaissance and feels happy there, particularly having access to shopping so nearby. She used to live in Gresswold, Johannesburg. She loves playing Kaluki and so please give her a call at 450-6808 if there is a game going that she can participate in.



Glen and Marcelle Phillips and their two boys, Darren 5, and Justin 3, arrived here in May. Unfortunately, they contracted Chickenpox as soon as they got here and so had to contend with the illness before having an opportunity to settle in. They are living in La Jolla Colony and are happy that their lift arrived last week. Marcelle was originally from Brakpan and worked as a florist. Glen was a liquidator in South Africa. He is looking to do something else as the laws are so different here.



Sharleen Wollach

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Celia Levy

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Lieutenant-General Meiring has been appointed Chief of the South African Defence Force in succession to General Kat Liebenberg who retires at end of October.

Relations between Gary Player and the ANC warmed, after his assurance that he has no intention of leaving South Africa and is committed to playing a role in ensuring a democratic, non-racial successful future. In a telephone call from London, he stated that he had been misquoted.

Dr. Richard Leakey, Kenya's renowned conservationist who was injured in a crash while piloting an aircraft to a wild-life institute west of Nairobi, is to have his leg amputated.

Three South African Cities are vying to host the Olympic Games in 2004. Capetown, Durban and Johannesburg are keen to host the games. Johannesburg Director of Sport, Danie Malan, is to make Johannesburg's presentation to the National Olympic Committee of SA on November 20th.

That South Africa can now participate in international sport has done much to lift the spirits, which have been dampened by political and economic woes. The rugby tour in Australia got off to a good start when won the first test, but there was much disappointment when they lost the next two matches. However, the South African cricket team have wound up their preparation for their first cricket tour to Sri-Lanka, and the games will be closely followed.

Ellis Park goes Superdrome. Dr. Louis Luyt chairman of Ellis Park Stadium (Pty) Ltd stated that 35 million will be spent on upgrading the stadium, including a retractable roof over it. Seating will be increased to 80,000 and will be completed by October 1994 in time to host the rugby world Cup tournament in mid-1995. The retractable cover will run on big arms and take ten minutes to open and close.

The Great Synagogue that has suffered shrinking attendances, as a result of the rising crime rate, will probably move to one of the new sites offered by the City Council. Built in 1914 to replace the

original building of the Johannesburg Hebrew Congregation, it played a great part in the life of Johannesburg over its nearly eighty years. I, like so many others, was married there, and have great memories of the charismatic Dr. Landau who was Johannesburg's Chief Rabbi for so many years.

The London Philharmonic orchestra, which opened at Pretoria's State Theatre with a full house on July 30th, was the first tour by a British orchestra for over 40 years.

South Africa's golden girl Anneline Kriel and her millionaire playboy husband are participating in what the local newspaper calls the war of the Tuckers. Last September Phillip, 36, filed for divorce. In the glare of publicity that followed he changed his mind, and it looked as though the couple had been reconciled. But behind the scenes, according to close friends and business associates, they had a private war. At the end of July domestic battles spilled over into legal battles and questions of the children's welfare. Anneline moved into a four-bedroom townhouse in Bryanston. Anneline supporters say she was a warm and loving mother, but her critics, Philips supporters, claimed that she vigorously pursued her career and social interests. The couple were arrested on June 30th by the narcotics bureau, when policemen acting on a tip off, raided their luxury home. A charge of dealing in dagga against the former Miss World was withdrawn after she and her lawyers spent three hours in discussion with the chief prosecutor. At dinner parties in Johannesburg's exclusive northern suburbs, the war of the Tuckers evokes livelier discussions than the bloody conflict in Bosnia. Why should New York alone have its Donald and Ivana?

UPCOMING EVENTS

Community Event at Bates Nut Farm

October 3, 1993

Golf Event

October 24, 1993

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constitution without the Inkatha Freedom Party (Buthezi). A new plan for the TEC's consideration is the proposal that the country be divided into nine provinces. 1. PWV (Johannesburg) 2. Northern Transvaal (Pietersburg) 3. Eastern Transvaal (Nelspruit) 4. Kwa Zulu Natal (Durban) 5. North West (Kuruman) 6. Orange Free State (Bloemfontein) 7. Northern Cape (Upington) 8. Eastern Cape (East London and Port Elizabeth) 9. Western Cape (Cape Town and Mossel Bay).

President de Klerk scored a major political coup in Zambia where he was hailed as a leader who had chosen the course of negotiation and peace for South Africa. He was met at Lusaka International Airport by President Frederick Chiluba, with all the attendant pomp and ceremony. He opened the Lusaka Agriculture and Commerce Show, and noted that more than forty South African companies were exhibiting.

Mandela's visit to Taiwan whose government had agreed in principle to fund a R33 million vocational training center in South Africa when Mandela's visit to Taiwan whose government had agreed in principle to fund a R33 million vocational training center in South Africa when an interim government of national unity was established, was given a mixed reception there. A statement he made to the press on his arrival caused a furor, namely that the new South African government would be a member of the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity, neither of which recognize Taiwan.

ANC's economist Tito Mboweni has proposed a wealth tax to iron out the inequalities caused by apartheid. A package of proposals with

a one off 15% levy on income tax plus a 5% tax on fixed assets has caused a uproar. Accountants are stating that its implementation would kill the economy, pointing out that already 5 million people are paying for 35 million Sanlam economist Johann Louw said the levy would depress spending and consumer confidence.

According to South African economist, single digit inflation is on the way. The consumer price index (CPI) has dropped 10%. Coming on top of a drop in M3 money supply growth to 3.95 % in June from 4.63% in May, this presages an extended period of single digit inflation for the next 18 months.

South Africa's strong export performance continues and Portnet handled a record 9.24 million tons of export cargo during June. The increase in container traffic can mainly be ascribed to an upsurge in East African trade which is currently being trans-shipped in the Port of Durban to Europe. Trade to the Far East is also strong, owing to increasing trade between South Africa and the Pacific Rim countries.

SABC is still without a chairman. The new SABC Board had failed after its second full meeting, said the acting chairman Dr. Ivy Matsepe-Cassaburri. The panels first choice Professor Njabulo Ndebele was rejected by the President de Klerk, but his choice Dr. Van Zyl Slabbert, accepted the position and then quit after the Board showed their disapproval.

Goldminer Mario Cockrell single-handedly rescued seventeen of his colleagues from certain death in a welkom mine shaft over 2 km deep. An incredible feat, he will receive minings' highest bravery award.

REFLECTIONS OF THE SOUL

by Alwyn Gordon

בְּשִׁיר

Part of me was to die that day; tears would emanate from the very depths of my soul and pour forth in silence from that moment on. Bearing testimony to man's ultimate achievement was to leave me bereft and in immense pain. Consolation would take years, if not an eternity and my faith would be tested as never before.

I stood absolutely alone and gazed down at the stark and barren land which lay beneath me. The air turned cold and acrid, the ground froze, and man's evil was ubiquitous. Even the odd blade of grass seemed to hide with shame from that which it had witnessed.

Could this ever have been a piece of G-d's world which knew about life, love, the innocence of children and the absolute purity of man's essence as was originally intended by the good Lord?

Nothing moved, no one spoke, all had died! Man having gloriously conquered his enemies, had moved on, for the vanquished were no more and the enmity of the oppressor's had been satiated.

Wait a moment, I see children, thank G-d, I am not alone. The faces are now everywhere, hundreds gather around. Strangely enough, they say nothing, their silence overwhelms me. Their bulging eyes and disfigured souls bear the ultimate testimony to their fate.

The effusiveness of life as I knew it was a prehistoric relic to the children who had gathered around. Laughter, the desiderata of a child's soul, had been obliterated from the very core of their beings. Pain and tragedy were etched into every part of their sub-human skeletons.

If only I could hold them all in my arms and whisper a promise that their pain would soon end and with G-d's mercy, their suffering would be no more.

I reached out, but alas, the children had gone; I had missed them by a mere 50 years.

The place was Bergen Belsen and the lesson was timeless. Man had exercised the ultimate G-d-given gift of "freedom of choice" and the Jews had suffered once again.

If man turns toward his fellow man alone with cries of "never again", he has tragically missed the mark and misunderstood the essence of what really happened.

If through their suffering we, as a people, do not heed the voice of the Ultimate Creator, blessed be He, and pray that our enemies will rise up no more, Jewish tears will no doubt return, children will cry out and die and the suffering of our people will have been for naught.

YISKADOL VYISKADASH

Written by Alwyn Gordon during July '93 whilst on a trip to Germany.
Dedicated to all - never forgetting the children!

A little "Gem" from

Marlene Stanger

Some people say that words and sayings out of the mouths of children are so pure that, no matter how inappropriate they would sound coming from an adult, coming from a kid makes them unconditionally acceptable.

And sometimes, things that children reason - even very small children - are so exquisite in their logic and so enlightened, that they make you reel in astonishment and wonder, especially, of course, when the children are your own!

It was Yom Kippur in Maryland. My little boy Shane, now 6, then 2 (or to be completely fair, 2 1/2) was playing with his brother Clive. Their dad was asleep, passing the afternoon hours before the breaking of the fast, and I was sitting in the lounge reading a book. Shane came up to me for the millionth time since I had sat down to read.

"Mommy, are we fast?" he said.

"Yes, darling, we're fasting," I told him.

He ran off to play, but no sooner had he disappeared out of the room, than he was back.

"Mommy, are we fast?" he asked again.

"Yes, Shaney, we're fasting."

I could see that his eyebrows were knitting together and he was deep in thought. He stood there, not moving for what seemed like a very long time (for him not to be moving,) Then he said, "Mommy, are we Jewish?"

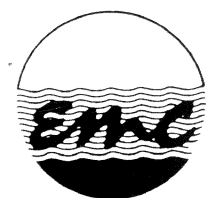
I confirmed that we were.

Then he said to me, "Mommy, is Adam Jewish?" Adam was his friend from down the street, a little curly-haired, blond, cherubic boy from Nottingham, England whose parents were working at the nearby NIH. "No, darling, Adam isn't Jewish," I answered him.

Once again he stood in front of me, his eyebrows glued together in thought. Watching his face you could see that his little brain was busy assimilating information. And the solution was swift ...

"Then, Mommy, is Adam slow?" he asked.

Many people have heard that story in many places and I have often thought to myself that I should write it down so that I remember to tell him about it when he is old enough to appreciate the logic and humor. This seems to be a good time to do so.



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MY FRIEND, SARAH.

by Pam Nathan



My friend Sarah had a birthday on March 17th. She turned 93 years old. Imagine, she was born in 1900 and she is still with us. Not only is she with us, she is also with it. She hears perfectly and her speech and diction are impeccable. She has discarded the walker she used during her recovery from hip replacement surgery after an automobile accident. True, she does wear glasses when reading.

Sarah graduated "late" she describes, in 1944. With a Masters in nutrition from the University of New York. She published a book called "New Bodies for Old" which was very popular, and soon she was sponsored by a health food store to teach doctors about nutrition. She was very successful and had an enormous following. Unfortunately the AMA cut her career short because they accused her of practicing medicine without a license. They threatened to put her in jail and eventually agreed to settle with a fine on condition that she would never speak publicly or publish anything about nutrition again.

Sarah's husband, Jack, has been in an Alzheimer nursing facility for the past 5 years. Before that Sarah took care of his needs at home until it was physically impossible for her to do so. Finally, after much persuasion from several people, Sarah condescended to move into Seacrest Senior Village.

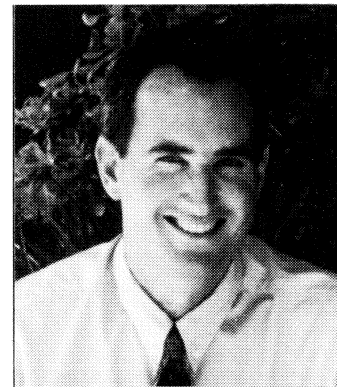
When I visited Sarah just a few weeks ago, I was delighted to hear how well she had adjusted and how much she enjoyed living there. She told me that she had begun attending services at the temple held every Saturday morning - something that she had not done in years - and that she was participating in the prayers and rituals that her mother had taught her many years ago. She expressed what a wonderful feeling it was to be surrounded by her "eigene menschen" after leaving the flock for such a long time.

I asked Sarah if she would be willing to write something for our magazine so that other seniors could hear about Seacrest Village. She smiled as she instantly agreed to do it. "I'll be brief and to the point," she said.

And so she wrote Seacrest Village is a 10 acre community

located in the town of Encinitas. It is a home for the mature elderly, where cleanliness and pride abide. The Synagogue, attractive and peaceful, accommodates the spiritual and religious needs of the people. It's a place where holidays and simchas may be celebrated regularly. You cannot be bored in this environment because of all the amenities they provide. This includes guest lectures, travel tours, music, happy hour and good entertainment. The staff is always alert and helpful. For a convenient fee they provide three meals a day, guest activities, most utilities, weekly housekeeping, laundry of flat linen, chauffeured transport. What more can a young woman of my age ask for!

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South African Scene

Not having kept up with the political scene in South Africa, I was, and still am, extremely diffident to attempt to temporarily fill this column in Naomi Rudick's absence.

I have had to extract whatever information I could from periodicals that have arrived unrequested, such as The South African BEACON Volume 1 No. 1, published in Sacramento, obviously a very left-wing, probably communist, publication, and JULUKA published in Bethesda, Maryland. Luckily I was able to locate two recent copies of the Johannesburg THE STAR International Weekly, without which I would have not been able to write anything at all.

The Star, being weekly, consists of articles culled during the week, written on the spot by journalists who have interviewed people holding varied and opposing points of view. This result is that many news items appear to contradict one another.

Consequently I will merely include items that highlight the South African Scene, without comment.

Violence is the biggest immediate problem. The killing of more than eighty people in the East Rand Townships of Katlehong, Tokaza and Tembisa demonstrates that political violence has reached crisis proportions. Reacting to the violence, President de Klerk noted that verbal condemnation was not enough and that all South Africans and their leaders should play their part in stopping the carnage.

Violent crime and ruthless killing of whites is increasing, and city and suburban residents spell out a clear priority for the President to solve the problem. Residents of Buccleuch are planning to build a steel fence around this Sandton Suburb. They want it closed off entirely, allowing residents and guests to enter the area at two "checkpoints" only.

Nelson Mandela used the occasion of his colorful birthday party in the Carlton Hotel, to allay White fears and instill investment confidence. The party which raised R600,00 by the sale of seats a R500 each and the issue of 10 Nelson Mandela commemorative gold coins, was a spectacular musical occasion attended by businessmen, politicians and diplomats. He appealed to whites not to desert them - not to leave South Africa at this critical moment. He said that the U.S. was developing a number of "initiatives," and aid of about \$300 million had been provided for in draft legislation, and added that the ANC would agree to lifting sanctions, possibly before the end of August.

While it is considered by many that the April 27th date for the first non-racial elections must be adhered to, government sources have disclosed that the Transactional Executive Council and Independent Electoral Commission due to set up within months, would have to decide whether or not to postpone the elections, if violence was not contained by then. President de Klerk has said that South Africa could not contemplate holding the election or adopting a new

LADIES KNEAD THE DOUGH AND SAMPLE THE DELIGHTS

by Brenda Abelkop

An extremely successful SAJAC morning was held in mid-June. We were fortunate to have Millie Levy give a wonderful demonstration on baking with yeast, to an eager group of ladies.

The Bulkes and Hamantaschen were absolutely superb --- light, and just the way we all remember they should taste, and it seems so easy! We were enlightened to the fact that one can buy prepared mon in a can, which was a revelation to most of us. There is much to look forward to at Purim!

Millie is Lorna Diamond's mother, and Lorna and Ronnie are blessed in having such an able, willing, adoring and energetic house guest. Millie told us that she lived on a farm, always cooking and baking for her large family and their many friends.

Millie, SAJAC appreciates your time and expertise, and looks forward to the next lesson you can impart to us. To Renee and

Charlie Frank, a very big thank you for giving us your large and well-equipped kitchen and your gracious hospitality. To Sandy Kodesh and Carol Slavin, a big thank you for getting the demonstrations organized. The lessons were enjoyed immensely.



about special makes of the products we would need to buy in order for our dough and other items to work out. Then finally we got to the highlight of our evening - we got to taste all of Millie's delicious treats!! Well all - except the horseshoe which still needed to be iced and topped. After our taste test and tea was finished, Millie showed us how to ice and top the horseshoe. We then tasted it and sat down for a little while to talk and ask questions.

This was a most enjoyable evening and we were all very grateful to have had the chance to see Millie in action. At about 10:30 pm everything was cleaned up and we all went home. I was certainly glad to have been invited to this wonderful event. I also know that all four of the young SAJAC girls had a ball and we were all ready to go straight home and try out some of Millie's recipes. Once again thank you very much Millie for teaching us to make some of your wonderful traditional cakes and cookies. We'll invite you round for tea sometime soon!!



Romy Kodesh, Kim Klitofsky, Millie Levy, Kim Kodesh & Samantha Weinstein

Cooking with Millie

by Kim Klitofsky

On Wednesday June 16, 1993, at about 7:30 pm five SAJAC ladies and four SAJAC eleven-year-old girls gathered together at the house of Renee Frank. We were all eager and ready with our memo pads and pens to watch Millie Levy perform some of her baking talents and to learn some of her secrets. First she told us about the different things she was going to show us.

Then the baking began. Millie showed us how to make Jam turnovers, mon buns, "small ones" which had cinnamon sugar and raisins on and "the Big One" or the horseshoe. My personal favorite was the horseshoe and boy was it huge!!! While all this was baking Millie showed us how to make the dough. She also told us



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Recipe for Bulkes

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- 2 pkts rapid rising yeast
- 1 tsp. sugar

Little water to mix according to instructions on yeast packet
Stir yeast and sugar with water and let stand to bubble while mixing the dough.

- 4 cups Swansdown flour
- 1 1/2 cups white flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 6 oz. butter
- 2 eggs lightly beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup warm water

Place both the flours, sugar & butter in a bowl. Mash the butter with a wooden spoon, lightly beat eggs and add warm water to the milk so that it is at body temperature. Add the milk to the flour and add the yeast mixture. Stir with wooden spoon. When it starts to get stiff, flour your hands well & start to form the dough into a ball. Keep kneading the dough, adding more flour when necessary. Dough must be very soft but not moist. Cover bowl with cloth or gladwrap & leave in a warm place to rise for 2 hrs. If its a cold day you can turn your oven on to 200° for 1 minute, switch off, and place bowl in oven to help it rise. The dough must double in size.

This dough can be used to make bulkes or a large horseshoe shaped babke.

Bulkes

Cut 1/4 of the dough. Roll it into an oval shape, but leave it fairly thick. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle freely with cinnamon, sugar & raisins. Roll it up & cut into 2" slices. Pinch the bottoms so that the sugar doesn't fall out, open the tops like a rose. Repeat till all the dough is used. Flour a baking sheet & place the bulkes on it. Let it stand in a warm place for 1/2 hr. to rise again. Brush with beaten egg.

Bake 350°F - 15 min. or until brown.

Horseshoe Babke

Roll out dough into a large fairly thick oblong shape. Brush freely with melted butter. Sprinkle thickly with cinnamon, sugar & raisins. Roll it up & shape it into a horseshoe. Make little cuts into the curved edges of the dough. Place it on a well floured baking sheet and let it rise for 1 1/2 hrs. in a warm place.

Bake at 350°F - 40 min.

When it is ready, remove from oven, place on serving plate and spread with frosting while it is still hot.

Frosting

- 2 bxs. powdered sugar
- Lemon Juice

Squeeze lemon juice into small amount of water and add sugar very slowly, to make a thick runny consistency. Pour over hot horseshoe & decorate with glazed cherries & nuts.

There have been art cases as well. An artist who could fuse traditional Chinese paintings with Western techniques created a cultural bridge. An illustrator of children's books could improve the economy and could improve education for children, thereby being in the national interest.

Some cases that have been denied have been a pharmacist, radio producer, master ivory carver, singer/songwriter, and head chef.

Although we are in a period where there is no clear definition of national interest there are some hints of which cases stand a better chance. Research scientists and doctors performing work for prestigious institutions, or those funded by government agencies, seem to be sailing through the process.

In the "art" the water is more murky. Although artists have been given the green light, the Mississippi Phosphate Test does not directly address artists.

So what is exceptional ability which will benefit the national interest? You need not be Chris Barnard, but a butcher will not cut it. You need not be an international shipping magnate, but a sailor will not stick. The answer lies somewhere in the middle.

You may not be able to see "national interest" in the law books, but if it smells good, start cooking. A well-drafted and extensively documented petition can be approved in as little as two months! If the petition fails to qualify, you will still have the labor certification procedure available to you if you have a job offer.

Leon Snaid has practiced law for twenty years, ten in South African and ten in San Diego.

HIAS ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

QUESTION: Anonymous of Manhattan asks: "My visa will soon expire and I will then be illegally present in the United States. I feel desperate and I want to get a Green Card. Is it true that if I marry a U.S. Citizen, I can get U.S. permanent resident status right away?"

ANSWER: A U.S. citizen who marries an alien has the right to petition the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) to grant U.S. permanent resident status to a spouse. If the marriage is under two years old, the permanent resident status is granted on a conditional basis. In such cases, after two years the U.S. Citizen and the conditional permanent resident must file a joint petition to remove the conditional status and must show that they did not enter into a marriage for the purpose of unlawfully gaining an immigration benefit. There is a great deal of fraud in this area, and penalties are extremely severe. The INS does indeed investigate cases of suspected marriage fraud.

The U.S. citizen could simultaneously file the petition (form I-130) with the alien's application for permanent residence (form I-485) if the alien is in the United States. The INS would then schedule the couple for a personal interview with an INS examiner. This process takes about three to four months.

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GET A GREEN CARD WITHOUT A SPONSOR? YES, IT CAN BE DONE!

The Immigration Act of 1990 created a new category for obtaining green cards.

If someone has exceptional ability in the arts, sciences or business AND those skills would be in the national interest, it is not necessary to have a job offer. Simply stated, certain people can petition for green cards for themselves.

It is necessary to discuss two concepts:

Exceptional Ability AND National Interest.

A. EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY

It is an ability that "will substantially benefit prospectively the national economy, cultural or educational interests or welfare" of the country. The ability must be a degree of expertise significantly above that ordinarily encountered in the sciences, arts or business. In order to be regarded as someone with exceptional ability it is necessary for the alien to show at least three of the following requirements:

- (1) A degree or similar award from a college or other institution of learning relating to the area of exceptional ability;
- (2) Evidence that the alien has at least ten years of full-time experience in the occupation for which he or she is being sought;
- (3) A license or certification to practice the particular occupation;
- (4) Evidence that the alien has commanded remuneration for services which demonstrate exceptional ability;
- (5) Evidence of membership in professional associations;
- (6) Evidence of recognition for achievements and significant contributions to the industry or field by peers, government entities, or professional or business organizations; or
- (7) Comparable evidence to establish eligibility if the foregoing standards do not readily apply to the alien's occupation.

B. NATIONAL INTEREST

In addition to proving exceptional ability, aliens must prove that their skills would be in the "national interest".

If aliens can pass the "the national interest" test, they can sponsor themselves (no need to have a job offer). It is also possible for a U.S. employer to petition for the alien in this category. The great benefit of qualifying in this category is avoiding the tedious labor certification process. The labor certification process is generally required when seeking a green card based on an occupation.

National interest is not defined either in the Immigration Act or in the Regulations. The Immigration Service believes it is appropriate to leave the application of this test as flexible as possible, although clearly an alien seeking to meet the standard must make a showing significantly above that necessary to prove "prospective national benefit".

The first case to be decided by the Administrative Appeals Unit

(AAU) was a case involving a self-petitioning businessman. In this case, a "national interest test" was developed comprising seven factors that could be considered in determining whether a waiver of a job offer (and labor certification) is in the national interest. Although the test was specifically limited to aliens of exceptional ability in the business field, this test has been used in cases involving the sciences, arts, and professions. The AAU has declined to recommend that its first decision, the Mississippi Phosphate Case be regarded as a precedent decision. In March 1993 the Director of the AAU stated that it was not his inclination to recommend that the decision be designated a precedent. He felt that since standards were still evolving, he wanted the test to remain as flexible as possible and not bound by precedent. At this time there is generally support for a flexible approach, because if there were regulations or hard and fast case law in the matter, cases would be jammed into pigeon holes, which would be counterproductive to the concept of national interest. Despite the above comments, the writer is of the opinion that at the present time, the "business test" is an extremely important guideline to the Immigration Service in considering all occupations. It is important to note any one of the seven factors and not all of them need be satisfied.

The test is:

- (1) Improving the U.S. economy; or
- (2) Improving wages and working conditions of U.S. workers; or
- (3) Improving education and training programs for U.S. children and under-qualified workers; or
- (4) Improving health care; or
- (5) Providing more affordable housing for young and/older, poorer U.S. residents; or
- (6) Improving the environment of the United States and making productive use of natural resources; or
- (7) A request from an interested U.S. Government agency.

The Mississippi Phosphate Case showed a direct saving and creation of jobs and infusing millions of dollars in revenues into a depressed area. A later case, The Planning Forum Case, showed a petitioner who was beneficial to an organization that helped its members hammer out strategies to improve performance and management. This seems to be an extension of the test so that if you can show that you can help companies improve their performance, you will automatically be helping the U.S. economy, and helping the economy is in the national interest. This latter case indicates that it might be possible to indirectly show a benefit to the U.S. national interest.

Some of the successful applications in the business field have been business consultants, an importer/exporter of equine and farrier products; a Vice-President of Finance and Business Development at an International Shipping Company; and a President and CEO of PC Manufacturer.

An internal medicine physician working in an impoverished area with a high need for doctors was in the national interest. Also a scientist in agricultural waste recycling and a Manager of Industrial Hygiene.

BUYING TROUBLE

A good chap, well liked in the trade, and knows everybody, was how Max Braun was spoken of. I was in London on my way to Manchester to buy materials for my Johannesburg factory and it was suggested that I would save time and money if I let Braun take me round the mills. The managing director of the London Buying Office in which he worked was not so complimentary. On my telling him of this arrangement he said: "He certainly knows all the mills and what each of them specializes in, and as this is your first buying trip here, his experience will be invaluable; but for the rest - well, that is something you will have to judge for yourself!" Then, with an enigmatic smile, he said -- "But don't dine out with him if you want to retain your sanity". What an odd remark, I thought, then as I quickly forgot it.

Manchester just after the war was a hive of industry. The roads were crowded with vans and horse-drawn wagons loaded with bales of cotton yarn and rolls of cloth being taken to the spinners, the weavers, the dyers and back again. At its hub, standing dark and aloof on a complete city block, was the Midland Hotel, a relic of the Victorian era of great railway hotels - one of the few hotels that had escaped the bombing. Only influence had got me accommodation.

Braun phoned me soon after I got in, and we arranged to meet for breakfast next morning before setting out for the day. He had already ordered his breakfast when I was shown to his table in that vast dining room. Greeting me warmly, he snapped his fingers to summon a waiter, and insisted on ordering my breakfast for me. A young waiter now arrived with his order and placed it before him. To my consternation, Braun after only the merest glance, nearly had an apoplectic fit. The toast was white, he had ordered brown. There was no extra hot water, the kippers looked dried out, and so on.

"But the toast is brown, and there is hot water", the waiter defensively pointed out. This only served to infuriate Braun even more, and at the top of his voice he roared: "Don't take me for a fool! I won't take any impertinence from you".

To add to my embarrassment, everybody in the room had now turned round to see what on earth was happening. The head waiter hurried to our table to smooth things over, and Braun's food was returned to the kitchen. Both our breakfasts eventually arrived at the same time, thank goodness, and I dismissed the waiter promptly to avoid another outburst. But with Braun still red in the face and muttering about slovenly service, I decided I had had enough of it. Getting up from the table, I told him that I seldom ate breakfast and would meet him at the hotel entrance in about 20 minutes' time. By then, to my surprise, he had completely calmed down and behaved as though nothing had happened. He certainly knew where to obtain most of my requirements and we rushed from one mill to another, not even stopping for lunch, to enable him to catch the five-o'clock train back to London.

Passing the staff entrance to the hotel next morning, I saw the waiter to whom Braun had been so unpleasant. Wanting to apologize for the incident, I stopped him and introduced myself. Brushing my attempt aside, he said angrily-- "Thanks to your "blankety blank" friend I have been sacked after having had a bloody great row with the head waiter over it."

Then as an afterthought, he added--

"If he carries on like that, someone will do him in if they ever catch him in a dark alley at night".

Back in London for a few days before returning to Johannesburg, Braun invited me to join him for lunch, as he was leaving for a business trip to West Africa next day. I could hardly refuse and so we strolled over to a restaurant in Finsbury Pavement. On being shown to a table, he automatically took the menu and did the ordering for both of us. When the meal was served, his reaction was very similar to what it had been in Manchester. To me his complaints were petty and ridiculous, but because the head waiter did not give him immediate satisfaction we stormed out unfed. Looking at my watch, I said it would suit me to get back to the office, but directly after he left me, I went into a pub around the corner and had a sandwich followed by a double whisky to regain my equilibrium.

A few days later, on my return flight, my plane landed in Khartoum with engine trouble. Although it was still early in the morning, the heat was unbearable, and after an uncomfortable wait at the Airport we were eventually taken to the Grand Hotel on the west bank of the White Nile. A magnificent building, but it was not airconditioned and one hundred and thirty of us stood in line, unshaven and disagreeable, waiting to use the two small washrooms allocated to us.

Like a miracle, deliverance came in the unlikely shape of Max Braun. He had been in Khartoum for three days awaiting the weekly flight to take him to Chad and then on the Nigeria, and insisted on my leaving the line and to make use of his private suite to bath and shave and then join him for breakfast.

Admiring the view of the Nile from our table in the dining room, I was not surprised when he took over the ordering again, but being so hungry I put any subconscious fears I may have had right out of my mind. No matter, this breakfast was no more successful than the other meals that I had suffered with him. Some psychological quirk in his make up, seemed to force him to find fault whenever food was put before him. Eggs in Khartoum are only the size of pullets eggs, but he expected that for Max Braun at least larger ones should be found, the silverware should be brighter and the table linen whiter. By now I supposed I should have been used to marching out of restaurants in a huff, but although I held my peace I could not help giving one long regretful backward glance at the food I was leaving behind.

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A week later in Johannesburg, I was shocked to read of his death at Lagos Airport. The report was vague, but mentioned the name of a South African doctor who had been present. Calling him up, I asked what had happened.

"Well", he said, "I can only tell you the story as I saw it. Lunch was served just before we reached Lagos. Sitting as I was behind Braun, there seemed to be some dissension over the meal, but I could not hear what it was all about. But on landing, Braun who appeared to be upset, raced down the aisle and was first at the exit. Then I was told he pushed past the cabin crew and stepped out before the stairway had been positioned, falling to the tarmac. Being on the spot, I was called to attend to him, but he appeared to be dead when I got to him. The airport doctor then arrived and took over.

"Do you think he died from a heart attack?"

"I did not have time to examine him, but he probably had suffered a stroke of some sort."

The doctor went on to say that the Captain asked him to look at the badly shocked English cabin steward who had very nearly fallen out himself in a brave effort to save Braun. The poor boy was very shaken and said what a terrible thing to happen, especially as it was his first flight, after having given up a good job in Manchester to see the world.

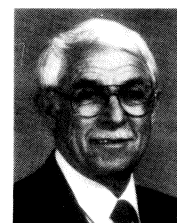
"Had he been working at The Midland Hotel by any chance?" I ventured.

"Yes, funnily enough, he mentioned it. Does it matter?"

"It might", I said, "but on the other hand, it probably won't".

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A Musical Journey

by Ray Krut & Paul Nathan (on assignment from Toronto)

On Sunday, the 15th of August, 350 fans crowded into the "Belly Up Tavern" for a musical journey back to our homeland. Johnny Clegg & Savuka entertained the predominately South African audience with their unique mix of African Rhythm and Soft Rock. Hits such as "Scatterlings of Africa" and "I Call Your Name" were played, together with tracks from their recently released album.

Sadly, the show contained none of the classic Juluka hits and Gymboot dancing which has earned Clegg his place in South African Pop culture. One could not help feeling disappointed when he brought his short set to a close. The six-person band, with one of its members sadly absent due to his untimely death (murdered in the township - had the audience on its feet throughout the show.

However, we were all left with excess adrenaline and could have gone another hour.

Clegg did not miss this opportunity to express his views on a range of social and political issues. He told the crowd that it is our actions over the remainder of the decade that will determine how we will enter the next century. We are the generation of the future. Both here and in South Africa it is this poignant message that will linger, long after the beat of Savura's African vibe has faded away.

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FATHER'S DAY

Brent Rogers

As I sit on my back patio, I watch my cat, Lucky, a young tiger, walking across the dirt yard.

His predatory instincts are developing and he is becoming hugely muscular in the haunch. His back legs are now clearly the strong driving force. Correspondingly, the shoulders have dropped closer to the ground, with the front legs taking the role of the steering wheel. As he races for his prey, the front paws subtly scratch the earth just enough to support the shoulders and change direction. Like his cousin, the cheetah, he is streamlined and almost totally efficient. He's just a little smaller, that's all.

Then my teenage son enters the yard and he also has his shoulders dropped.

He has grown rapidly, and is arranging his muscles for maximum efficiency, just like Lucky. My heart goes out to him as he traces the back fence, talking to the dirt and kicking dust.

Every parent feels it, even if only briefly, We all love our children at some stage. It's natural, biologic. Anyway, it feels so darn good.

This love is usually challenged so much, that parents acting under stress, can make severe mistakes.

My son challenged me for the last few years, and until this moment I felt stressed. However, Lucky, the novice survivor in this harsh climate, is the key to understanding my son's basic behavior.

In this neighborhood, young people are struggling with the options that society has made available to them. Drugs spring to mind immediately, or course, but on the other hand there is also the computer, which surely is much more appealing. So perhaps the problem may lie in the role model that the adult society is portraying.

At this period in time, I know my son has to contend with intense peer pressure in the arenas of sex, brute force, rebellion, weaponry, absurd levels of poverty versus wealth; in general: the victim against the victor.

Do we understand the monster we are feeding?

No wonder my son's shoulders are lowered. He is constantly on the defensive; he is arranging his muscles for maximum efficiency. He is building his upper torso; his legs are neglected.

"What for?" he said, when I pointed out the imbalance. "It's not like I need to know how to run," he explained.

His mind is filled with images of Hollywood head shots: face, snarling attitude, inflated chest, flexed biceps, clenched knuckles, and nowadays, slick trigger finger. Do we really understand?

He doesn't race for his prey. He has to keep his back against the wall, and try to sneak past his enemy, or be ready to stand his ground and be prepared to die. Even Lucky the cat doesn't have to face death, but my son does. He is like his cousin, the American cave man, streamlined, and almost totally efficient. He's just a little smaller, that's all.

WAS MY FACE RED!

by Sylvia Schmahmann

Like most people, I have suffered some painfully embarrassing experiences when I wished that the earth would swallow me. In retrospect some of these incidents are rather amusing and evoke a chuckle or two, so I thought I would like to share some of them with you.

One afternoon when Greatermans was still in existence in Rosebank, my daughter and I were looking through the pattern books in their fabric department. After spending some time there, we got up and went to the cash desk to pay, when all pandemonium broke loose. A lady was frantic as her handbag was missing. Everyone was helping her to search for the missing bag and it was really most upsetting. Her parking meter was going to expire any minute and I was about to take out some money to help her out of her predicament, when she suddenly shrieked: "My G-d, you have got my handbag!" I looked at her incredulously and then saw that I indeed had two handbags strung over my arm - my own as well as hers, which I had obviously picked up off the floor where she had placed it next to me. It took me a long time to live that one down!

When my youngest daughter was about 10, we were on the train returning from Durban to Johannesburg. It was a bitterly cold winter's night and in the early hours of the morning, I had to brave the cold to go to the bathroom. I wasn't exactly the picture of glamour in my bedjacket, winter gown, bedsocks and slippers and with a 'doek' on my head. When I returned to the compartment, I found I was unable to open the door. I shouted and knocked, but my daughter was dead to the world and nothing could rouse her. I decided to see if I could get some help, but the train was deserted. "Well, I suppose I had better just go and sit in the dining saloon till dawn", I reckoned to myself. I then had a brainwave. Earlier that evening on our way back to our compartment, I had noticed the train staff's quarters adjoining the dining saloon and now decided to go there to seek help. I was just about in tears by that time, and in a plaintive little voice asked: "Can somebody please help me? I am locked out of my compartment." Whereupon one of the dining room staff peeked out from behind a curtain and promptly drew it again at the sight of me. He must have thought that I was having matrimonial trouble and had been kicked out by my husband! After what seemed like an eternity, the kind steward who had waited on our table that evening came forth: "What seems to be the trouble, lady?" I was so relieved when he said he would unlock the compartment for me, I could have embraced him! I have never quite trusted these compartment locks since that awful night!

I wonder if any of you recall how crowded the Muizenberg pavilion used to be on a Sunday in summer at the height of the season? Well, it was a day like that when I went there with the then current 'love of my life'. As there was no cubicle available, I accepted the offer of a young woman to share hers. When it was time to leave and I went to change out of my bathing suit, I found, to my horror, that this young lady had stolen my panties. Nobody would think twice about a situation of this kind today, but at that time, modesty was the order of the day, and this presented a real crisis. I confided in my companion, who was decent enough not to take advantage of the situation, and we decided to stop at the home where

my cousin was spending the holidays. She just about packed up laughing when I told her about my predicament, and gladly helped me out of this very embarrassing situation.

The above-mentioned boyfriend and two of this friends once stayed overnight at our home in Laingsburg on their way back to University. This was quite a common occurrence as my parents were very hospitable and we were known to have an open home. My youngest sister is eleven years my junior so that when I was in my second year at Varsity, she was about six or seven. These three fellows were trying to pump her for information about the 'beaux' in my life and of course she was delighted to co-operate. She told them about one she really liked because he told her stories, so they egged her on to tell more! Whereupon she exclaimed, turning to the current 'flame': "But I know that you are her boyfriend! I know that because she talks about you so much when you aren't here!" That was the last thing I wanted him to know as he had kind of been messing me around. I went scarlet and literally wanted to climb under the breakfast table, but some sturdy arms yanked me back and wouldn't allow me to escape! I could have throttled my little sister and was in constant dread of what she might come out with next!

During the time I taught at KES in Johannesburg, we arranged a welcome back dinner for one of the art teachers, Ulrich Louw, who had won a study prize and had spent a few months in Europe. It was a progressive dinner and we had the first course at the Kerfoots' place. Noreen had made a delicious Russian borscht - the hot variety, as it was a bitterly cold winter's night. I was trying to make a point and, talking with my hands as usual, I brought them down with gusto, right into my bowl of soup which was upturned onto the lovely cloth, my brand new dress, whilst Ulrich, sitting next to me, had sustained a few side splashes too. And you all know how beetroot stains! Noreen, Ulrich and I hastened to the washbasin adjoining the shower to clean up our clothes as best we could. Meanwhile Ulrich playfully said: "Wouldn't it be quicker just to put her under the shower?" and he and Noreen each took a hand and pretended to push me towards the shower. The playful shove was not quite as gentle as intended and I stumbled, knocking my head on the tiled wall, almost sustaining concussion. Just at that moment William Kerfoot and a friend of his arrived and saw the Afrikaans teacher in what seemed like an advanced stage of inebriation! Fortunately, the main course was to be at my place, and it was certainly a relief to get out of those sopping clothes on that icy cold night. A happy ending to this story: the drycleaners managed to get rid of all the stains. I have also been cured of talking with my hands.



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MUSINGS OF A GOOD FATHER ON A BAD DAY

by Herbert Suchet

There's nothing sadder than the childless couple. It breaks your heart to see them stretched out, relaxing around swimming pools in California and Florida, suntanned and miserable on the decks of boats, trotting off to enjoy Europe like lonesome fools with money to spend, time to enjoy themselves and nothing to worry about.

Childless couples become so selfish and wrapped up in their own concerns, you feel sorry for them. They don't fight over the kids' discipline. They miss all the fun of "doing without" for the child's sake. It's a pathetic sight. Everyone should have children. No one should be allowed to escape the wonderful experiences attached to each stage in the development of the young. The happy memories of those early years saturated mattresses, waiting for sitters who don't show, midnight asthma attacks, rushing to the emergency room of the hospital to get the kid's head stitched up. Then comes the payoff when child grows.

From a little acorn into a real nut. What can equal the warm smile of a small lad with the sun glittering on \$1,500 worth of braces, ruined by peanut brittle, or the frolicking, carefree running amok at a birthday party? How sad not to have children to brighten your cocktail parties massaging potato chips into the rug and wrestling with guests for the olives in their martinis. How empty is the

home without challenging problems that make for a well-rounded life - and an early breakdown; the end-of-day report from mother, related like strategically placed blows to the temple, the tender, thoughtful discussions when the report card reveals that your senior son is a moron. Children are worth every moment of anxiety, every sacrifice. You know it the first time you take your son hunting. He didn't mean to shoot you in the leg. Remember how sorry he was? So disappointed you were not a deer.

Those are the memories a man treasures.

Think back to that night of romantic adventure, when your budding beautiful daughter eloped with the village idiot. What childless couple ever shares in such a wonderful growing experience? Could a woman without children equal the strength and heroism of your wife when she tried to fling herself out of the bedroom window? Only a father could have the courage to stand by - ready to jump after her.

The childless couple lives in a vacuum. They try to fill their lonely lives with dinner parties, theater, golf, tennis, swimming, and trips all over the world.

The emptiness of life without children is indescribable.

See what the years have done. He looks boyish, unlined and rested. She is slim, well-groomed and youthful.

It isn't natural.

If they had kids they would look like the rest of us tired, grey, wrinkled, and haggard. In other words, it isn't normal!

philanderers supposed to remind us of the Heavenly Kingdom?! Looking around the rest of the globe, we will find that just about every civilized country has done away with its monarchy. So where's our earthly example now?

Rabbi Volbe, in his scholarly work *Alei Shur*, concludes that the fact that we no longer have any earthly examples of monarchy is an indication of how far we are from a true appreciation of G-d's kingship. If we were more receptive to the concept of a king in Heaven, then G-d would provide us with the ability to strengthen our devotion to that King, by providing us with a physical representation down here. But due to all the long and weary years in exile, we would no longer make the analogy between kings of earth and the A-mighty King, and so G-d no longer had a reason for providing kings for the world.

Rabbi Volbe points out a relatively new phenomenon that he witnessed in Europe during World War II. Whole nations were invaded and taken over by the nazis (may their memory be erased), and the king of that nation was exiled to some other land. This was known as a "kingdom in exile". Even though it appeared that the kingdom had been subjugated, this was not the reality. The subjects remained faithful to their king in captivity, and the king would find clever ways to communicate to his people and encourage them to resist the evil invaders, through various methods of resistance.

Why this new phenomenon? To be a model for the position that G-d has taken in recent years, that of a King in exile! True, G-d may be farther away from us than he's been in the past, but he still watches over us, finding ways to communicate with us and encour-

age us to resist the forces of evil in the world. We, in turn, must be strong and remain faithful to our King. Vive la Resistance!

Perhaps the reason why we don't have a king in our country nowadays is because G-d wants us to want a king, wants us to say, "G-d, we're tired of living here so far away from you. Come back and be our King." Maybe G-d has deprived us of a real ruler and given us a saxophone playing country boy for a President so that we would miss the monarchy, so that when Rosh Hashanah rolls around and we are expected to coronate G-d, we would do so with a yearning for His return.

Part of the Rosh Hashanah liturgy is a section in the silent Amida where we say, "And so, place your fear, O G-d, over all your handiwork, and your awe over all that you have created...as we know, O G-d, that rulership is yours...and your name is awesome over your creations." We miss you, G-d, not having you as our overt King for so very long. We acknowledge that you are still our King and always will be. But we long for the time when the world will echo Your rulership, when all the nations will witness Your mastery over all. So that instead of being ruled by a bunch of bureaucrats on Capital Hill, we could enjoy direct dominion from Your Majesty.

This Rosh Hashanah, let's look at the world around us, become spiritually enlightened by it, and enter the Holidays with a renewed closeness and yearning for G-d.

Rabbi Korobkin is spiritual leader of Young Israel Congregation in San Carlos. He is also the only local Rabbi Mohel serving all of San Diego County. He can be reached at (619) 460-7723.

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His Majesty, G-d

by Rabbi Korobkin

Most people fancy themselves as being somewhat "spiritual". It is not a difficult claim to make, because the definition of spirituality is so ambiguous in popular culture. Does it mean that I pray regularly? That I find myself thinking about G-d and the angels in Heaven a lot? That I meditate and say "ohm" fifty times a day? That I feel light-headed?

One of the Jewish definitions of spirituality is the ability to see the spiritual within this world. That is, not to transcend the physical world, but to appreciate the physical phenomena of this world for their spiritual side as well. So that a spiritual person would be able to observe an ant crawling across the concrete and marvel at G-d's creations. Or, for one to hear about some natural disaster in Bangladesh and to note that there is some Supreme Mover who controls the destiny of all mankind. Or, to look in the mirror in the morning and marvel at the complexity of your soul and how it controls your active consciousness. There are so many things around us that can constantly remind us of the spiritual part of the Universe if we only allow them to teach us.

The Talmud points out some interesting lessons we can learn from our animal friends:

"Said Rabbi Yochanan: Had the Torah never been given, we still could have learned proper modesty from the cat (who will not relieve itself in the presence of people, and will cover up with kitty litter afterwards), laws of stealing from the ant (ants don't steal from other ants), chastity from the dove (who is faithful to its mate), and proper marital conduct from the rooster (the rooster appeases its mate before intimacy)". (T.B. Eruvin 100b)

Of course, we have to be sensitive to the teachings that exist all around us. We should also realize that many of the scenarios that G-d created in this Universe were created for just that purpose, to teach mankind some profound lesson. Our sages have taught us that human relationships were created for just this purpose. For one thing, our parents are an analogy to our Father in Heaven. When we look at our parents and how they cared for us, and protected us, and scolded us when we ran into the street (even though they loved us, they still yelled and even hit us occasionally), we see some semblance of the way G-d will often treat us, as a protective parent who sometimes also has to punish His children for their own good. Or, if we look in the Song of Songs by King Solomon, we find an entire Biblical work describing the love affair between a man and a woman, this being an extended metaphor for the love between G-d (the man) and the Jewish people (the woman). From this perspective, G-d created parents and lovers to help enhance our appreciation of G-d and His interaction with us.

G-d has also created societal phenomena to enhance our appreciation. The Talmud relates:

Said Rabbi Yehuda: A person should always strive to run and greet kings; and not only kings of Israel, but kings of the gentile nations as well. For this will help one recognize the difference between gentile kings and future kings of Israel (that we will hopefully see in the Messianic era). An illustration: Rabbi Sheshet was blind. One day, the king and his entourage were passing amidst

the throngs of citizens, and so Rabbi Sheshet also went to greet the king. A heretic met up with the rabbi, and scoffingly asked: 'The whole vessels have gone to draw water -- what is a broken vessel like you doing here?' Said Rabbi Sheshet, 'You'll see that I'll know the king even better than you.' Soon, the first group of officers walked past the crowd, with loud fanfare. The heretic said, 'Here comes the king.' Rabbi Sheshet told him, 'No, he's not,' and he was right, for the king was not with the first group. The second group of officers then came by, again with loud fanfare. The heretic again said, 'Here comes the king!' to which Rabbi Sheshet responded, 'Not yet, he's not.' Finally, the third group of officers marched by, but this time in silence. At this point Rabbi Sheshet said, 'Ah, now the king is coming!' The heretic asked the rabbi, 'How do you know this?' Rabbi Sheshet answered, 'Earthly kingdoms are like the Heavenly kingdom, about which it is written (when G-d was speaking to Elijah on Mount Horeb) (I Kings 19): 'Behold the L-rd will pass, and a great wind which tears apart mountains and breaks boulders will pass before G-d. But G-d will not be in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake - but not in the earthquake is the L-rd. After the earthquake a fire, but not in the fire is the L-rd, and after the fire a still small sound.'

The spiritual person looks at kings, and concludes that G-d created the monarchy so that we could better appreciate what the Monarch of Heaven was all about. Granted that it's a poor comparison, but a comparison nonetheless, some visual aid to at least give us some semblance of G-d's sovereignty.

But if so, then we seem to have somewhat of a problem. When was the last time you ran into a real honest-to-goodness king? Americans haven't had a king in over 200 years! So, you'll argue, a President is just like a king, so let that be our example of monarchy. Perhaps, but note that our President can't reign like a king. First of all, he's elected by the people, and therefore a subject of his people, not the other way around. Secondly, the President doesn't have absolute power to make decisions. We have a system of checks and balances, which requires all decisions of the President to be approved by Congress. Some king!

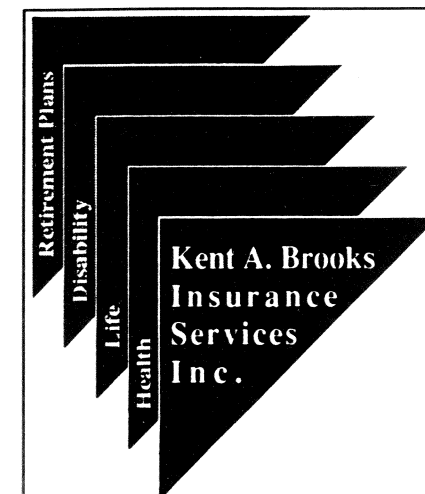
Well, then, maybe America is at a disadvantage. But let's look at some other countries. Great Britain, for example, still has a monarchy. Yet, one look tells us this is not what G-d had in mind. First of all, the monarch in England is primarily ceremonial, and the Queen doesn't really have any power to enact laws without Parliament. Secondly, look at this Royal Mishpocha - is this group of

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YOMTOV GREETINGS

Wishing our family and friends a year filled with good health, happiness and peace. Shanah Tova and well over the Fast.

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Best wishes to my family and friends for a pleasant Rosh Hashanah.

MRS. ANNI DAVID

May your thoughts and deeds lead to a Shanah Tova and may your New Year be rich with blessings.

KAREN, ERROL, JONATHAN AND DAVID MARCUS

Wishing our family and friends a happy and healthy New Year and well over the Fast.

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Celia and Natie Levy wish all their family and friends a happy and prosperous New Year.

CELIA AND NATIE LEVY

Wishing all our family and friends a Shanah Tova and well over the Fast. May they all be blessed with a year filled with health, happiness and peace.

MERVYN, SANDY, BRAD, ROMY AND KIM KODESH

To all our wonderful friends and family, may your year be filled with sweetness. Chag Sameach.

NORMAN, SHARLEEN, ADAM AND LEE WOLLACH

We wish all our family and friends a happy New Year and well over the Fast.

MICHAEL, ILANA, GREG AND DORON SILVERMAN

Wishing all our family and friends a Shanah Tova and well over the fast.

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Wishing all our family and friends a happy and healthy New Year and well over the Fast.

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Wishing Mom, Dad, Gayle, Stephen, Brenda, Julia and Guy a very good Yom Tov.

ALL OUR LOVE, MARK, LAURA, GINA, PAUL AND LEE ABELKOP

Wishing all family and friends a happy Yom Tov.

MARGE AND GEOFF KALMANSON

Wishing all of our friends and family a happy and healthy New Year and well over the fast.

LOVE FRANKLIN, JEAN, GREG AND JACKIE GAYLIS

SOUVENIRS D'ALGERIE

by Helene Bortz

To this day, when I cook something different or particularly tasty, I fill up a plate and send it with my children to the neighbors.

Throughout my childhood in Algeria, "Mishloach Manot" was not just a Purim mitzvah, it was an everyday tradition. One wouldn't dream of making a Couscous and not heaping a large plate of semolina with all its trimmings and passing it to the neighbors through the balcony or over the garden hedge. The plate would be returned in due course, filled with one of the neighbors delicacies, or if the donor was a non-cook (the only people qualifying were very elderly widowers), he would fill it with sugar cubes. The principle was that it should not be returned empty.

Of course, each holiday was another opportunity to share some of the many delectable dishes or pastries made for the occasion.

I have lived in many countries, but nowhere, except in Israel, have I felt such a symbiosis between the fruits of the earth and the Jewish holidays.

When Rosh Hashanah got near, there was a profusion of fruits in the large outdoor markets. We had to have seven kinds on the table and of these seven, at least one should be a first for the year. Usually it would be jujubes, a small dark fruit, a cross between a berry and a date. The others were figs, quinces, of which we made jelly and a paste which was shaped in small diamonds and rolled in sugar, tiny pink apples, fresh walnuts and almonds in their green velvety shells, muscat grapes and, of course, pomegranates. To me, Rosh Hashanah was a very elegant holiday. On the white tablecloth was placed a dish with shiny silver coins (to give us wealth) next to the fruits, the honey and the grilled sesame seeds in which we dipped the apples. The pomegranate seeds were flavored with orange blossom water and the fruit symbolized our desire to multiply our mitzvot with the same generosity.

In contrast, the preparations for Yom Kippur, were strange and intense. A week before the holiday, my mother would take my brothers and me to the market where she would buy two hens, one for each female of the house and four roosters, one for each male. The live birds were carried home in straw baskets, squawking and generally trying to escape, to our great delight. Once home, they were set free in a small courtyard where we fed them grains and water for the next few days. Just before Yom Kippur, the Shochet was called. To my young eyes, he was the oldest man with the longest beard I had ever seen. He would take out of his bag, a not too clean apron and the instruments of his trade. At that moment, the children were called in and the shochet would hold, in turn, a rooster or a hen by the legs and swing it above our heads. My brothers, who were known to me as Michel and Philippe, became for the occasion Abraham and Shalom Ben Machlouf while their sins passed from them to the poor birds, and the Schochet sang the ritual prayer. We were sent away while the fowls were sheched and the courtyard cleaned. When we came back, the maid had plucked all the feathers off and was preparing the canoon, a small open coal oven, on which she would lightly grill them before they were cooked, and we would beg her to let us pump the bellows to keep the fire strong. On the kitchen counter, my mother was washing the livers and giblets for the traditional "onion jam" dish to be eaten for the breaking of the fast. I don't think we ever realized that the cooked chicken bore any relation to our former noisy tenants.

All of us also had to have our Yom Kippur bread. This resembles a sweet round Challah and is stuffed with almonds and raisins and decorated with the initials of each person who should break the fast

with it. In our home, we would prepare breads for ourselves, for my mother's sisters, my father's family, our close friends and of course ... the neighbors. It would have taken a long time to bake so many breads in our kitchen oven and for a small fee they would be baked in the Bakery oven. The breads were placed in large metal trays and covered with a cloth and we would carry them in a procession down the road to the boulangerie. Our maid would carry hers on her head without holding it, a feat that we admired greatly. It was very thrilling to be allowed at the back of the bakery where the huge oven was. The baker would slide our trays carefully in the depths of the oven and we were sent to the front of the shop where we were treated to mint tea and pastries while the breads baked.

The next day we would carry them to the synagogue in our pockets and as soon as the shofar was sounded, we would rush outside and bit into them (the best food I ever had), before waiting for the parents to come out and walk back home. On the table were displayed the breads, sent by the various aunts and uncles the previous day.

The first Yom Kippur I spent away from home, when I was 17 and living in Israel, my mother managed to send with an unsuspecting traveller a little package which contained ... my Yom Kippur bread. G-d forbid I should not have it to break the fast.

Last year, my neighbors tasted our Rosh Hashanah potage and Yom Kippur mertzal. You may want to try out the recipes.

ROSH HASHANAH VEGETABLE POTAGE

1 Zucchini half, peeled and diced
1 carrot peeled and diced
1 leek diced
1 potato peeled and diced
1/2 cup diced pumpkin (or butternut)
1/2 cup fresh sweet peas
1/2 cup fresh fava beans
1 onion diced
1 small bunch cilantro washed
4 cloves garlic crushed
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 bay leaf
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
sugar
salt

Fry garlic and onion in oil, fill with water. Dissolve tomato paste, add vegetables, cilantro (leaves only), bay leaf, sugar and salt to taste. Cook at low temperature for a long time. Double the recipe if you have guests.

YOM KIPPUR MERTZEL

1 boiled chicken (you can use the water for chicken soup)
1 tin garbanzo beans
6 eggs
salt and pepper

Discard skin and bones. Cut chicken into small pieces. Beat up eggs in large bowl. Mix in garbanzo beans and chicken. Salt and pepper to taste. Oil loaf pan. Pour in mixture. Bake at 350 °F until top is hard. Slice and serve cold with lemon quarters and parsley sprigs.

RESULTZ WITH RESUMES!

by Alva Snaid

In the highly competitive job market of the 90's, employers rarely invite you to an interview without first having seen your resume. Your resume is your battering ram for getting your foot in the door! Since every advertized position provokes a flood of responses, harried employers skim-read the mountain of resumes and instantly discard the underqualified, overqualified and the boring. To ensure that your resume is one of the precious few that they actually read, it has to be succinct and it has to reflect the employers' area of interest.

While South Africans pride themselves on their broad job experience and diversified skills, American job opportunities are often specialized. Having said this, there is a developing trend in the U.S.A. for employers to seek out employees who can perform multiple functions. Corporations are "downsizing and reengineering" (euphemisms for reducing staff) because of high overhead costs. They will retain staff with multiple talents and discharge those who are too specialized. South Africans will obviously benefit from this developing trend for more generalized skills in the work place. Nevertheless, an overly broad resume is still fatal in the current job market.

A well-written resume is directed to the specific characteristics of the job offer, but subtly mentions other appropriate skills that could be incorporated into the position.

If a resume is an advertisement of a person's skills, the accompanying cover letter is the banner-headline. It is the tantalizer that drives the employer to read the resume. In past times, a person had one resume and relied on the cover letter to be job specific. Today most job-seekers need several resumes to target various jobs.

South African-type resumes are often unsuitable in two respects: they're usually too long and too general. They use the shotgun approach to secure a job: shoot off a ton of buckshot and hope that something hits. In the United States, you are well advised to use the rifle approach: Take careful aim at your objective and shoot one bullet at a specific position.

So, if you are toting one of those South African dinosaurs around in your briefcase, it is time for a DNA modification.

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14TH MACCABIAH 5-15 JULY 1993



When I asked Marge Kalmanson if she would write an article for SAJAC on the Maccabi games in Israel in which she achieved the honor of receiving two bronze medals, she hesitated, saying that she would be willing to chat about her experiences, but various current crises prevented her from writing the article herself.

Imagine my delight and surprise, therefore, when I went to interview her and found that she had written down her thoughts after all. This was obviously a very exciting time for Marge, and I will present you with her version which she so graciously compiled for SAJAC's benefit under very adverse circumstances.

TWO WEEKS TO EXPERIENCE

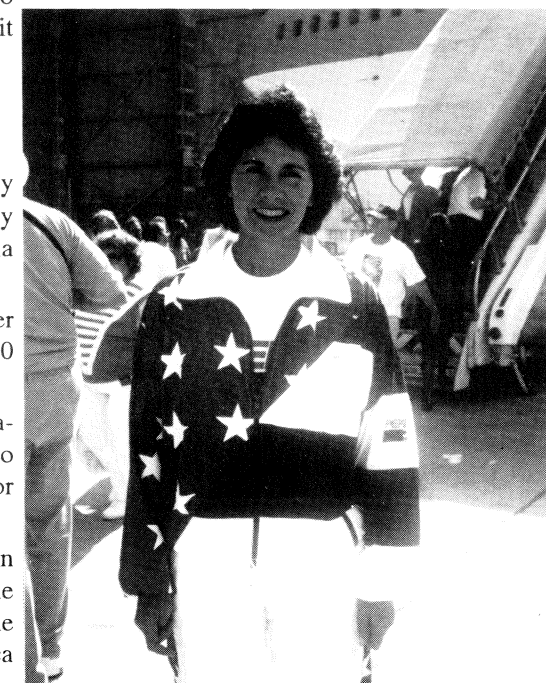
A LIFETIME TO REMEMBER

Cheered on by a crowd of approximately 50,000, President Ezer Weizman officially opened Israel's 14th Maccabiah in a gala ceremony in the Ramat Gan stadium.

About 5,600 athletes, the largest number ever, competed in over 32 sports from 50 countries.

The Maccabiah torch was lit at the stadium by Yael Arad, the first Israeli athlete to win an Olympic medal - a silver medal for Judo in Barcelona.

Changing political realities resulted in delegations from Croatia, South Africa, the last made possible by the lifting of the international sporting boycott. South Africa



had not competed since 1971.

What is the Maccabiah about? It's about Jews from all over the Diaspora celebrating and sharing their heritage, culture and athleticism in ways like never before.

One of the highlights of any international sporting event is the trading and collecting of pins and T-shirts from other countries. Of course, to be prepared for it, I brought along a good supply of extra T-shirts and pins of USA Olympics or other recognized organizations and even baseball and football shirts. Trading was a great way to meet and make friends with fellow Jews from all over the world. Besides the Opening and Closing Ceremonies where trading reached a peak, there was a special Master's Trading Reception held at an outdoor Barbecue. Several hundred people "set up shop" with sports bags crammed with the weirdest variety of shirts, caps, cards and pins. People were taking off clothes for others to try on and by the end of the evening nobody was able to identify who was genuinely from what country. It was great fun! My prize trade was a vivid Russian warm-up for a paper USA tank jacket and cap - also Turkish, Australian, British, Russian T-shirts and caps exchanged for various paraphernalia. It was fun to be asked by all the Russian participants if I spoke "Ruskie" when I wore my newly acquired suit.

Israel appears to be extremely buoyant, especially Tel Aviv - a 24 hour city - where sitting on the boardwalk at 2 a.m. appeared to be like noon. Nobody seems in a hurry to get to bed. I never had dinner before 10 p.m. or got to bed before 1 a.m. Most nights there were outdoor parties, attended by 1,000 - 1,500 people, hosted by either the Israel Tennis Center, which had a lovely exhibition by children of teaching methods, prior to a huge and well-catered Barbecue, or the one given by the United States Committee for Sports in Israel. For this party they closed at least a quarter of a mile of boardwalk for a giant buffet and entertainment for participants and their families. Another party was held at the Israel Museum in the Billy Rose sculpture garden - what a night!

Jewish geography is definitely alive and flourishing! You think "everyone" is in Israel - or L.A. or Houston and so on. The truth of it is that South Africans as a rule are very sports-minded and in whatever country to which they have emigrated, they have been very active and in the forefront of their particular sport. For example, 30% of the Australian team were ex-south Africans, and I am told that 25% of the U.S. team were ex-South Africans too. I personally can't vouch for the exact percentage, but it surely seemed like it. At every turn, I bumped into friends that I had known in Johannesburg, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and San Francisco. In fact, in the Mixed Doubles, I played against a South African. I also played against Israel, Argentina and our own U.S. It was really an unforgettable experience for everyone.

Of course, the memory of the Opening and Closing Ceremonies are most vivid in my mind. The gala occasion of the opening - the majestic pageantry of the marching in of all the nations under their flags into the stadium gave me goose bumps. The adrenalin was high and the spirits over-exuberant and the air was electric with excitement. The pageantry was quite spectacular!

The closing ceremony involved a two mile march from the American Embassy in Jerusalem through the old city, and we stopped at The Wall on the way to say a prayer. I found the closing proceedings particularly moving. Three thousand years of Jewish history danced across the stage and giant TV screens at the Sultan's pool in Jerusalem.

A packed crowd descended on Jerusalem to listen to the (trilingual) speeches from Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Jerusalem's mayor Teddy Kollek and various other dig-



nitaries. A full choir sang Jerusalem of Gold, and Halleluyah. Scenes of the ship Exodus were accompanied by a platoon of scouts carrying torches, fireworks lit up the walls of the Old City, and giant laser beams put everyone into a Star Trek frame of mind. A truly fabulous ending to one of the highlights of my sporting life.

Some very close results

Israel won the soccer over Argentina in the last minutes.

South Africa won the rugby crown, beating U.S.A. 24-19 in a very tightly played game.

Israel won the basketball, beating the U.S. in the final 65 - 60 in the last 4 minutes of the game.

Australia beat S.A. in the cricket.

U.S. Dean Cohen won the Men's Open Tennis over Israel.

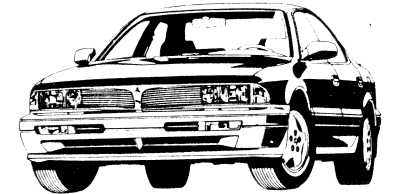
Israel's Shiri Burstein won the Women's Open over the U.S.

S.A. beat Australia in Netball in the last few seconds of the game.

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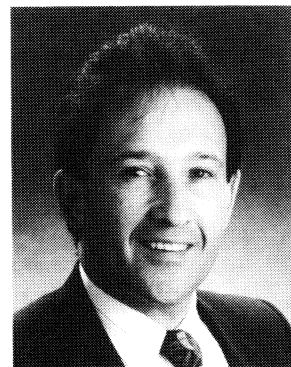


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