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21 Years– Coming of Age

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## Editor's Message

Life truly comes full circle.

Over twenty years ago a dozen or so South African and Zimbabwe Jews sat in Mervyn Kodesh's living room and outlined a plan to start a publications committee for the fledgeling SAJAC organization that we were not sure would survive the year. Yet here we are

twenty years later and I am back in the editor's seat, directing an annual that talks about our past, chronicles the present and looks towards the future. Who would athunk?

But when dreams are well conceived and people are married to a goal, anything is possible. I dedicate this issue to those few people who would not let SAJAC die, but instead, have tirelessly worked to keep the organization viable by finding new directions and by working together with organizations that put others before themselves. I am truly humbled by their Ruach, and laud their tireless march towards creating a better world.



### President's Message Pamela Nathan

Last week I had the honor of calling a SAJAC board meeting at San Diego Private Bank, located on the corner of Genesee Ave and Eastgate Mall. I am excited to tell you that this is the home of all future SAJAC board & committee meetings. Why? Because I am happy to welcome 3 brand new members to our

Treasurer's Committee, one of whom is Selwyn Isakow, SD Private Bank owner and SAJAC financial liaison.

The late Errol Marcus had fulfilled a very meaningful role in SAJAC. When SAJAC started, 21 years ago, he served actively on our board. However, even when he was no longer named as a board member, he was never really relieved of his duties. Tacitly, he actually continued to support SAJAC in any required financial matters. With his tragic loss, it immediately became apparent to me that I needed help. I felt overwhelmed with the responsibility and was not sure what I was going to do.

As life would have it, I happened to be sitting at Whole Foods quietly having a bite to eat, when a gentleman approached me, asking if he could share my table. I instantly recognized the SA accent and once he introduced himself, I knew the name from our SAJAC directory, even though I had never met him. It was Barry Berelowitz. We chatted away, perfect strangers yet fundamentally connected, SAJAC was our common denominator! When he learned of my challenges, it was

at his suggestion that I made contact with Selwyn, and so the plot thickens. Barry has agreed to serve as SAJAC's Financial Advisor. I am truly grateful for his willingness to step in at such short notice.

Last, but certainly not least, is Alan Lopato, CPA. Alan fulfills the role of Tax Accountant. Alan was a SAJAC member many years ago. We're happy to have him back. These 3 gentlemen all bring a wealth of experience and knowledge to our organization. I feel extremely secure knowing that they are willing to provide their services to SAJAC.

More positive changes.... A new activity has been added to SAJAC's Welcome Wagon. Janine Subel has taken the initiative to expand our Welcome Wagon procedures. She contacted our complete list of members who have indicated that they would like to help with welcoming newcomers to find out whether they would be willing to invite our 'newbies' into their homes for a Shabbat meal. This would be in addition to the delivery of a welcome basket, an activity that many of you will have fond memories of probably receiving yourself.

What a great response she got! And so, the new Shabbat welcomes have begun and already the feedback has been overwhelmingly positive. Our new comers greatly appreciate our SAJAC hospitality. We feel that this is a more personal gesture in welcoming everyone into our community.

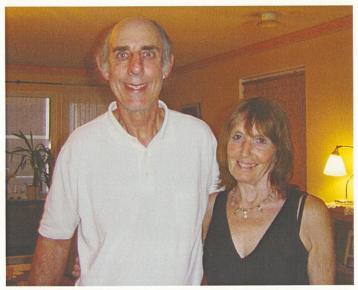
If you're interested in being on Janine's list, please log on to our website at www. sajac.com and indicate this on line. (If you have forgotten your password, just type in your email address in the box provided, and your password will be sent to you immediately). Once you see your personal data, click on your name, and then click on 'edit information'. Now scroll down to 'community options' and check the box. There are actually a variety of ways that you can participate & help with SAJAC activities. So sign up! Welcome Wagon, Friendship, Website Development, Bookkeeping—choose the activity that best suits you. We would so appreciate your willingness to support our community.

I feel very strongly about the importance of SAJAC & the part we play in our San Diego community, now our home. Of all the SAJAC organizations that have sprung up all over the US, we are the only ones that I know of, who are still in operation. Why? Well, we happen to be a particular group of ex-South Africans who carry a common cause. Our values concerning heritage, family & community are all in alignment. In fact, many of us come from neighboring shtetls in Lithuania or nearby Eastern European countries. No wonder we think alike.

My recent visit to Eastern Europe—Lithuania, Latvia and Poland—reinforced these 'values'—It was a very powerful experience encountering Jewish people returning to their roots, acknowledging their Judaic heritage, feeling proud of their ancestors. We are party to a similar fate. SAJAC can provide that platform. Our children's children will be able to know where their grandparents came from. They will marvel at how comfortable they feel and how similar they are, when they happen to hook up with children of other ex-pats in serendipitous encounters. It happens now and it will continue to occur.

People constantly ask me why I think SAJAC's existence as an on-going organization is important and needed. It's easy to relate recent personal experiences to illustrate my sentiment.

As you may know, travel is my favorite hobby. I love going to places I have never visited. When my nineteen year old goddaughter, Hanna, who lives in New York, came out to San Diego for my 60th Simchat Chochmah birthday celebration in 2006, we discovered that we shared a common passion for travel. She had



Steven and Marith Ginsburg, Falun Sweden.

already had many international experiences. Hanna was an exchange student in Scotland and in China during high school years, visited Israel on Birthright, toured Paris with a friend last summer, and has even travelled widely throughout the US with her mom on a motorcycle!

I mentioned that Scandinavia was high up on my list and she grinned from ear to ear. Her mom's family came from Norway and Sweden. and before her short visit to San Diego was over, we were well on the way to planning our next adventure.

July 2008 was the chosen time. It would give sufficient time to accumulate frequent flyer miles and co-ordinate her college schedule. Now, fast forward to mid 2007. Lara Meltzer and my niece, Tamara Klein, both SAJAC members, invited me to join them for dinner while Lara's mom, Pam Meltzer, was visiting. Both Tamara & Lara have helped me on a yearly basis, to organize very successful Family Day events. As a result of this, Lara and I have stayed in contact. I had been at elementary school with Lara's mom, Pam (nee Ginsberg). So, Lara had a baby. Pam came to visit Lara. Tamara and Lara invited me to dinner. Pam and I had a great reunion. Not enough time to cover everything, but certainly time to tell her of my upcoming plans to visit Scandinavia. To which she replied, "Do you know that my brother, Stephen, lives in Sweden with his wife and family?" "No, I didn't know!" I replied.

Well in the shortest amount of time, the emails were shooting backwards and forwards from Sweden to SD. Brother Stephen proved to be an invaluable source of advice and suggestions while co-ordinating our vacation. As a result of my communication with him, we flew into Stockholm, spent a few days there and then took a 4 hour bus ride to Falun, a small community town where he lives.

There was Stephen, waiting to pick us up at the station. I had not seen him in over 40 years! Other than his graying hair, he really had not changed much. He had the same wide smile, excellent sense of humor, and attitude bar none. Suffice to say, he wined and dined us, organized daily excursions for us and proudly showed us around his home of 20 years. His daughter just happened to be visiting that weekend so we got to meet Joelle and her 4 month-old baby,



Pam Nathan with Hanna and Daniel Katzenellenbogen, Stockholm, Sweden.

Daisy as well—what a delight! Our visit to Falun turned out to be a highlight of our adventure. So why SAJAC? That's why SAJAC.

Oh, and I can't help add the tail end to the Scandinavian SAJAC experience. On Friday, July 11, I had a call from Les Kacev, long time SAJAC board member, who has supported my efforts, unconditionally, through thick and thin. He needed a phone number. I gave him the number, and mentioned in passing that I was leaving for Scandinavia in a few days. 'Where are you going? Who are you going with?' he asked. 'Going with my 19 year old godchild—we fly to Stockholm on Monday', I replied. 'Stockholm,' he said, 'my son's best friend lives in Stockholm—Is your godchild pretty?'

Well, while I was on the phone with him, Les sent an email to his son's friend, telling him of our impending arrival. Les wasn't sure whether he was presently in Sweden or not. Well, guess what? Before I went to sleep that night, there was an email in my inbox from Daniel Katzenellenbogen. He told me that he has leaving to go on vacation to Italy on Thursday but that he would still be in Stockholm Monday through Wednesday and would love to show us around.

Hanna and I both left early Monday morning and met in London, travelling all day to arrive at our first stop. At 8 pm that evening, there was Daniel standing in the foyer of the Sheraton Hotel, with a big, welcoming grin. He was ready for our '3 Perfect Days in Stockholm' as the United Airlines Magazine would say.

We had the best time together. Hanna and Daniel really got on well together. We walked and talked and walked and talked. It's always the best way to see any city—hang out with a local inhabitant. We only discovered our most significant connection towards the end of our stay—Klaberjas—Daniel couldn't believe that I knew how to, and loved to play Klaberjas—Within the shortest time, Hanna learned how to play Klaberjas so that she could hang with the ex-pats, whether they were living in Sweden or San Diego. So again I say— Why SAJAC? That's why SAJAC.

If you bumped into me in the last 8 months, I told you to save the date, Saturday November 1st, for our anticipated, amazing PARTY-TO-BE celebrating 21 years of our continuous activity in the San Diego community. Los Angeles had

600 members at one time—we were jealous—they're no longer in existence! We actually have a few Los Angeles members presently, and hopefully that will grow. Orange County was short lived, also no longer around—so I ask again, why did we survive? (Think about it—ask yourself... and please send in your answers that we can publish in next year's Reporter!!)

Now I know that many don't read my emails. I have sent out 8 'save the date' notifications this year, and still people say—'What party? When?'—so now, all I can say is PLEASE COME and participate in this milestone event. Everyone is welcome—kids and bobbas like—7–9 pm for kids and adults, 9–11 pm adults only (babysitting available)—wining and dining—3 course kosher meal, dancing, entertainment, AND having fun with lots and lots of our most treasured friends who are NOT South African, who we are inviting to the party to celebrate with us.

In closing I wish to say a big thank you to my 'Operations Team'. They are the best. It is illustrated by their fulfillment of important tasks they undertake on an on-going basis. It's all the stuff you never really stop to think about. Yet SAJAC San Diego would no longer be in existence, if not for their on-going efforts:

Diane Schachat clears the mailbox and distributes the mail to the appropriate departments, our 'prefer to remain anonymous' helper continues to tirelessly process all checks and PayPal deposits and update payments received on our website, Merle Gaylis keeps track of data entry in our accounting program (she needs help, please), Ilana Goldstone reconciles our monthly statements, Michelle Abramowitz updates the data on our website, Wendy Miller makes our welcome baskets, Michelle Diamond delivers them, Avra Kassar and Michael Hess send out obituary notifications, Celia Levy writes friendship notes, Tanya Freedman organizes meals for our friendship committee, Glenda Jaffe fulfills whatever we need her to do, with a gentle nod and sweet smile, Moira Berman and Renee Frank help organize 'anything'—just ask and they say 'yes', Andrea and Lawrence Sher put in untold number of hours into getting our Directory and Reporter organized, printed and mailed—what a huge task that is, Brian Marks for the superb job he has done editing and producing our most professional and elegant Reporter and Sheldon Cohen for his collating assistance as well as providing the artistic and creative Reporter cover design. Steve Shulman continues to put endless hours into building and maintaining our website (he also really needs help, so please offer a helping hand if you can.)

Remember that all these people have been participating in their particular activity for many years—a 2 year committee time limit is unknown to this group... and even if they take some time off, they reappear to pick up the slack and fill in the gaps. .....it takes a village, a SAJAC village. I am very respectful and appreciative of their devotion and commitment.

I would like to make special mention of a very special lady. New comer, Dale Phillips attended our first Reporter meeting—just 3 weeks after she first arrived in San Diego! She jumped in with enthusiasm, not only offering fresh, new ideas, but also getting down to helping us in every practical way she could. There were many phone calls to make, emails to send, pages to format, meetings to attend, and problems to solve. The list goes on. Dale continues to be at my side. Thank you, Dale.

I am also truly grateful to all of you for YOUR devotion and commitment to SAJAC.

Thank you all, my Village People.

### SAJAC New Comer's Brunch — July 2008

A new comer's brunch was held on a warm, summer Sunday morning, July 20th, 2008 at the beautiful home of Fane and Linda Robinson.

Renee and Charlie Frank were the SAJAC Board representatives and after a lovely brunch and oh, so much chatting and meeting everybody, they encouraged the lively 20 people to introduce themselves.

Each one had their own interesting story and many of them had come to San Diego to join their children who had been the forerunners.

It turned out that there were people who actually knew one another from long ago and had not seen each other in umpteen years. I hope that they bonded well enough there to get together again on a social level.

The enthusiastic Charlie enlightened everyone on the invaluable role that SAJAC has played in our community for many years and how each and everyone can be a part of SAJAC on the level that they feel comfortable.

The atmosphere was lively, casual and warm. I hope that we will all reconnect again sometime soon.



Renee and Charlie Frank and Talia



Dale Phillips



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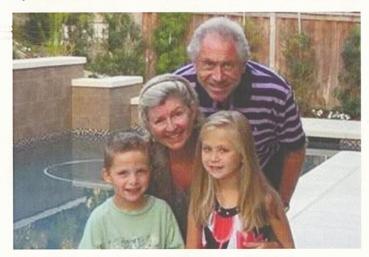
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### **Newcomers Corner**

By Pam Nathan



Doreen and Arnie Sacks wth their grandchildren—Joshua and Amy Sacks

**Doreen and Arnie Sacks** are from Johannesburg. Their son, Dion Sacks, has lived here for many years. So finally the grandparents are able to derive lots of nachas from their US grandkids on a day to day basis. Doreen and Arnie are friends of Linda and Clive Lauter, who are my very close friends who live in Johannesburg. We used to party together with the Sacks 40 years ago. And then, come to find out that Doreen (nee Simon) and Charlie Frank, who is my son in law's dad, are cousins—his grandmother was a Simon. They remembered how their families would get together and play klaberjas when they were kids. My, what a small world!

**Len and Marilyn Fishman** have also joined their children, **Belinda and Uri Feldman**. They used to live in Morninghill, Bedfordview, just around the corner from where I lived in St Andrews. They also have a daughter with two kids living in London as well as a son in Denver. Len and Marilyn are both involved running their UPS store located in Clairemont Square.

**Aubrey Berman** has joined his son, **Grant & Lulu Berman**. He lived in Sea Point all his life. His main motivation for leaving was to be with his family—two sons and grandkids in San Diego, and a daughter with family in Connecticut. Aubrey has a background as an accountant. He says he loves San Diego, everything about it—especially the weather and the family environment.

**Rachel and Sam Barnes** have moved from Philadelphia to San Diego just a few months ago. They moved here because their eldest daughter **Shelly** is a second year medical student here. They also have 2 sons,—**Maurice** is 20 and presently studying at Mesa College, and **Adam** who is 17 and studying at University City High School.

Rachel is originally from PE and lived in Israel, where she met Sam. They have opened Renaissance Product Market in University City stocking mainly kosher foods.

#### Check them out at www.RenaissanceProduce.com

It's interesting to note how all these new comers to San Diego follow a particular pattern—it's the parents who are following the children. The children certainly made a good choice by making San Diego their home.



### The 2008 JCC Maccabi Games in San Diego...A Huge Success

By Gillian Hoffman



Maccabi Games opening ceremony in San Diego

This was a historic summer in the San Diego Jewish community. We hosted the largest and most complex Jewish event in San Diego's history, and we can all take tremendous pride that it will be remembered as a shining moment in our community.

The JCC Maccabi games began as a tribute to the 11 Israeli Olympic athletes who were murdered at the Olympic Games in Munich in 1972. This program provides athletic competition, and much more for teens ages 13 to 16. Included in this program is the Tikkun Olam project which adds to our core Jewish values of Derech Eretz.

We hosted 1600 athletes and 500 coaches from 44 delegations from all over the United States, Mexico, and Israel. There were 1,000 and 650 host families. Never before has the Jewish community in San Diego taken part in such an event.

All the Jewish organizations in San Diego came together in this huge effort. We saw the smiling faces of 1100 at-risk kids from 22 local organizations who took part in the Maccabi Cares carnival. The carnival provided the athletes with the opportunity to give back to the community by helping the less fortunate.

The athletes set the record for the single largest donation in Jewish Family Service food pantry history for non-perishable food items.

The South African Jewish community played a large role in implementing the games and ensuring their success. South Africans were involved on the JCC

staff and contributed to the capital campaign, chaired committees, worked on committees, hosted athletes, volunteered, and, of course, participated as athletes. Involvement of South Africans was across the board.

No one represented the South African Jewish community more through his time, effort, and passion than Gilad Hoffman. As Assistant Games Director, Gilad spent over a year planning, organizing, implementing, and overseeing the athletic competition and the different venues in which they took place. Gilad saw that all 11 sports—basketball, baseball, soccer,



Gilad Hoffman...assistant games director.

volleyball, swimming, flag football, tennis, table tennis, golf, bowling, and dancing—ran smoothly. The competitions took place at 14 different venues throughout San Diego County. Gilad's hard work and dedication was instrumental in contributing to the success of the games. As a recent college graduate who was thrown right into the deep end, Gilad took off his armbands and swam like a champion.



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Appointments also in Del Mar



He handled himself with patience and dedication as he navigated the Jewish community. Imagine having to deal with so many kids! He remained cool and calm despite the stress, and had a calming effect on those around him.

The games required 42 committees of which South Africans chaired four. South Africans also volunteered their time as committee members. There were too many to name (and I wouldn't want to leave anybody out and cause faribles!), but their hard work showed in the success of the games. The committee chairs and members worked very hard and for a long time to prepare for these games. I am sure that they all feel satisfied with the hard work, time, and effort they put in. South Africans were also prominent when it came to hosting athletes as well as volunteering their time during the games. They all know who they are, and their help was very much appreciated.

All the South Africans involved did it in true South African fashion. They opened up their hearts and homes, and worked with passion, commitment, and dedication to ensure the success of these games.

Now for the most important part of the games, there were numerous South African athletes who took part in the athletic competitions. Ashton Rosin, Lauren Swersky, and Nicky Benatar won gold medals as part of the under 16 girls' soccer team. Darrah Rosin won one silver and two gold medals in the dance competition. Stephanie Neifeld also won a gold medal for dance. Jesse Neugarten played basketball. Talia Neugarten was a Star Reporter and was responsible for putting out the daily news during the week of the games. Justin Rappaport and Ronen Reouveni represented San Diego on the 14 and under boys' basketball team, coached by Shannon Holmes. Ben Abramovitz, Yaniv Fishel, Alex Gaylis, and Jason Segal all played flag football. Dean Meltz played on the 14 and under boys' soccer team. Tamara Kramer played on the girls' soccer team. Joshua Shtein played table tennis. Boys' tennis players included Sean Benatar, Zachary Boiskin, Eydan Fishel, Chase Friedman, and Ryan Rosen. Lexi Goldberg played girls' tennis. Atara Jaffe received a bronze medal for tennis doubles. Beth Abramson played girls' volleyball.





With so many different athletes involved in so many different sports, it was difficult to keep up with how everybody did. But at the end of the day, that is not what the Maccabi Games are about. What they are about is participating, being a part of such a fabulous organization, and meeting other Jewish athletes from all over the country. By the end of the games, all the athletes were exchanging jerseys, pins, uniforms, and, no doubt, e-mail addresses. They all had the time of their lives, and this experience will stay with them forever.



Soccer action at the Maccabi Games

From the South African perspective, we were very much involved in all levels of the Maccabi Games, and everyone benefited from these important contributions. As South African Jews, we can be very proud of our efforts.

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The following article, written by Mark Rosenberg of San Diego recently appeared as an op ed piece in the New York Times. It is reprinted by permission of the New York Times Company

### **Does Zimbabwe Need a President?**

### Johannesburg, South Africa

Now that President Robert Mugabe has been sworn into a sixth term after an election widely viewed as illegitimate, what is the rest of the world going to do about it?

So far, the response has been slow or ineffective; the United Nations Security Council has managed to pass only watered-down condemnations of Mr. Mugabe's electoral terror because of resistance from South Africa, China and Russia. And Tuesday, the African Union urged Mr. Mugabe to join in a power-sharing agreement—a government of national unity.

But a better idea may be for Zimbabwe's elected officials to cut the 84-year-old Mr. Mugabe out altogether—by getting rid of the office of president.

At first glance that may appear difficult: the Zimbabwean regime is marked by an extremely powerful executive presidency coupled with a largely neutered Parliament. Nearly all state power now rests with Mr. Mugabe, who has run the country since independence in 1980, and now presides over a nation with severe fuel and food shortages and an inflation rate of more than a million percent a year.

Yet it is possible for the Parliament to jettison the presidency. Recall that Zimbabwe's parliamentary elections in March gave the opposition party, the Movement for Democratic Change led by Morgan Tsvangirai, 109 seats in the House of Assembly to 97 for Mr. Mugabe's party, ZANU-PF. Though by no means flawless, these elections were not marred by the same degree of violence and intimidation as the recent presidential election, in which the winner of the first round, Mr. Tsvangirai, withdrew from the race in fear for his life and those of his supporters.

The Movement for Democratic Change's slight majority is a relatively accurate depiction of the country's political landscape, giving both sides significant representation in Parliament, with the M.D.C. controlling the 210-seat lower house, and the parties effectively tied in the Senate. That would allow a Prime Minister Tsvangirai to govern while still requiring his party to compromise with ZANU-PF to gain the two-thirds majority needed to pass constitutional amendments—like getting rid of the presidency for good. That would also help protect ZANU-PF supporters, including military officers, from state-sponsored revenge.

More immediately, a newly empowered Parliament would give reformist elements in ZANU-PF a forum in which to conduct politics and make deals. The party is no longer a monolith: former Finance Minister Simba Makoni ran for president against Mr. Mugabe in the first round, and there are leaders within ZANU-PF who are more than willing to abandon the "old man" given the opportunity to do so. These leaders—including Gen. Solomon Mujuru and former Home Affairs Minister Dumiso Dabengwa—are the natural negotiating partners of the Movement for Democratic Change, not the indefatigable Mr. Mugabe and his coterie of hard-liners.



Mark Rosenberg, on his recent trip to Zimbabwe.

The newly elected parliamentarians haven't been sworn in yet, and some seats remain contested. But once they find a way to meet, they could rather quickly declare the Parliament sovereign and terminate Mr. Mugabe's reign. In the last few decades, African countries like Benin and Mali made transitions from authoritarian rule by taking similar actions at so-called national conferences.

What's more, a sovereign parliament with significant ZANU-PF backing could credibly offer amnesty deals to the generals who had sustained Mr. Mugabe's tyranny. Although distasteful, such amnesty deals would be critical to any lasting settlement and would be far easier to achieve without Mr. Mugabe in the picture—particularly if the Parliament's sovereignty were recognized by the African Union and the United Nations.

A parliamentary government would have the virtue of not only dislodging Mr. Mugabe, but assuring a more democratic Zimbabwe in the future. Indeed, Zimbabwe began as a parliamentary democracy, but Mr. Mugabe found that form of government too restrictive and abolished the office of prime minister in 1987, concentrating power in an executive presidency.

Political scientists have demonstrated that parliamentary regimes are more likely to remain democratic than their presidential counterparts. Power and legitimacy in the new regime would be vested in a representative body, not a single person or office. Moreover, parliaments are institutionally appropriate for politically and ethnically divided societies like Zimbabwe: they ensure representation for political minorities and generally require compromise in order to form governments.

With other geriatric presidents clinging to power throughout Africa—Omar Bongo in Gabon and Paul Biya in Cameroon are but two examples—more Zimbabwe-like crises may be on the horizon. The international community would be well served to support institutional alternatives to the continent's over-empowered executives, beginning with a parliamentary (and free) Zimbabwe.

Mark Y. Rosenberg is the southern Africa analyst for Freedom House. He is the son of Linda Rosenberg and Saul Rosenberg of San Diego.



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### **About Friendship**

### By Tessa Schlesinger

For a while now, I have wanted to write an essay on friendship. Yet, indisputably, for more than a year, the words have not come. Something so simple seemed too vast for anything I could bring to it. Yet, today, as I sat talking to my 38 year old neighbor about friendship, he told me that he had never had a close friend.

Was it that we defined friendship differently, and was it simply a case of a rose by any other name? Endlessly, I explored the topic with him, and after a while, it became apparent to me that he had, indeed, not been blessed with that richness of life that comes when one is not alone.

And I wept for him.

In all our lives, we have our crosses to bear, our burdens to carry. Few of us get to be that lucky that we live blissful lives of ease and joy. Instead, it is a bumpy road, often taking unanticipated turns, and more often than not, dumping us in churning waters that can have a drowning effect on our souls. It is in these times that our friends help carry us through.

When I first arrived in the USA, I was deeply touched at the number of people who sent me money through the mail. Sometimes, it was in a card, another time a letter, still other times, in lieu of a birthday present or Rosh Hashana gift. At no time ever did I mention my need for money as I settled into a new country. Yet unbidden, those who are close to my heart, sent me pounds and dollars, rands and cents. It touched me deeply. What could be more indicative of a tie of the heart, but the fact that a need was heard and responded to without a single word?

So, what is friendship? How does one know when someone is a friend? And how does friendship come about? After all, do we not often hear of fair weather friends, those that are there for the prosperous times, and vanish at the slightest hint of rain? And are we not often told that money cannot buy friends, and that friends are hard to find? And why is it that some people are blessed with an abundance of friends, some have one or two, and some, like my next door neighbor, have never had a friend?

Many years ago, I read in a book somewhere that one cannot make friends, that friends are given to us, that when we meet, the friendship is either there, or it is not. The author gave no deduction, no elegant reasoning, for this grand pronouncement he made. And, yet, somehow it stuck. I thought back to those friends that I had, and I knew that I had done nothing to earn them, nothing to merit them, had not in any way attempted to woo them.

Indeed, the connection between us seemed to take on a life of its own. It was as if, without any effort on my part, I had simply acquired someone who liked me, admired me, was there for me, and seemed to have many similar ideas to me. More interesting even than that, I felt a strong sense of loyalty to these random people that fate sent my way, and a sense of surprise that something so easy could be so good.

I don't want to tell you that all my friendships have been smooth sailing. That is not true. Friends, after all, will sometimes differ from one on certain issues, and sometimes, that can lead, for a while, to separation.

And that's just exactly what makes it a friendship. The operative words are 'for



Tessa Schlesinger started writing when she was 9 years old in response to her father suggesting she write to the editor. Her letter was duly published and a writer was born. Her past credits include feature articles, short stories, web content, poetry, ghostwriting, screenplay editing, copy editing, and rewrites.

a while'. You see, over the years, I have found that those that are my friends simply remain in my life, that misunderstandings and differences of opinion fade into the big blue, and once more, the only thing that surfaces and remains true, is the connection that binds us and holds us together.

Did I do anything to earn this? Did you? Did we, in our connection, dance a particular dance to reach this lifelong handclasp? I don't think so. I think it simply is. I think in some place where like-souls connect, we spotted each other, recognized a kindred soul, and formed a connection with the stuff that souls are made of. And that is why the friendships cannot be broken. And why we help each other, and love each other, and care for each other.

And thinking this, I come to the conclusion, that this ability to spot kindred souls is the thing that those who find friends are blessed with. Those who cannot spot kindred souls pass their kindred souls by, and never know why it is that their lives are so bereft of the thing that contributes so much to making us whole and happy.

Tonight (right now actually), when I go to bed, I am going to say to that Greater Power, that Source of All Life, that Master of the Universe, "Let me never undervalue my friends, for my path in this world is easier and happier because of them." Especially in a new country.

## Helping Israel's Children... one shopper at a time.

### By Brian Marks

Take a walk through any mall from San Diego to Maine, the Florida Keys to the suburbs of Anchorage, and you will quickly find that just about all of them share something in common. No, I don't mean the Coach store, Hallmark or Banana Republic; this common thread tells a much less common story.

Just about every mall in the country has a number of kiosks set up to sell a broad range of specialty products and, if you've been to a mall lately, you probably noticed that many of these products are sold by young Israeli men and women who will do all they can to stop you and separate you from a dollar or two. In fact, hundreds of young Israelis work these malls in San Diego alone, and thousands are involved in the kiosk business in malls throughout the country and in Canada.

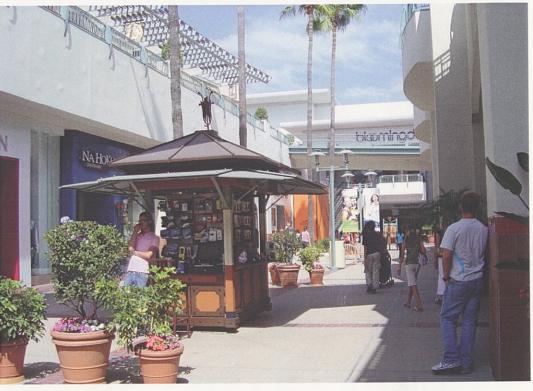
Why do they come here? How do they get here? Where and how long do they stay?

To Israelis who have just emerged from the army, tired and a little frustrated, the world looks like a very inviting place. But adventures cost money. Travel costs money. And young Israelis lack the ability to quickly earn the money necessary for these pursuits in Israel. The solution to this problem lies across the world in North America.

This is not a philosophical story, it is a financial one. By coming here and working extremely hard for several months, these young Israelis can earn enough money to travel to their destinations—India, Thailand, South and Central America—for several months. The kiosk job is their means to see the world and the kiosk system has evolved into a financial model designed to satisfy the adventurous desires of the Israeli kiosk worker and benefit the financial desires of the Israeli kiosk owner.

So how does this work?

In some cases, the kiosk owner pays for airfare to the United States in return for a commitment from the employee. In many cases, the workers make their own way to the States and rely on a never-ending network of friends and family to find out who is hiring, where and how. In exchange for a commitment to work about 65 hours per week, they are given free accommodation in a home shared with others who work for the same employer. (Depending on how many kiosks the employer owns, there may be several houses or apartments rented to accommodate the workers.) The workers, whose ages vary from the late teens to thirty or older, are also given a car or transportation to and from work. They are seldom paid a base salary, surviving instead on a generous commission structure that is designed to encourage sales and reward effort. A good salesman with a good



product in a good mall can do extremely well. But put in a half-hearted effort and those dreams of travel and adventure will remain just that.

Traditionally, the Israeli kiosks sell Dead Sea beauty products, European hair straighteners, mineral make up, iPod accessories, aromatherapy cushions and garden spinning ornaments. These products are all "demonstration products," and the Israelis are masters at luring in a potential customer, demonstrating the product's use and closing the sale. Their good looks, charm, romantic accents and selling ability are not lost on the consumers. Most Israeli-owned kiosks thrive and many of their employees live out their dreams.

To many Israelis, the mall kiosk is a means to what has become a rite of passage: travel to parts of the world visited by so many Israeli tourists that menus and hotel signs are printed in Hebrew. For so many years, Israel stood as our beacon and, for the many that made aliyah, it satisfied their dreams. Today our malls seem to be returning the favor.

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### Heart and Soul Gala 2008 raises more than \$700,000







Left to right: Nadja Kauder, Susan Lapidus, Felicia Mandelbaum, Barbara Lubin

On Saturday March 1, 2008 more than 500 guests attended Jewish Family Services of San Diego's annual spring Heart & Soul Gala at the Hyatt Regency in La Jolla. This year's theme, 'Share Your Heart', celebrated the accomplishments of Marsha Berkson, Merle Fischlowitz, and Carole and Jerry Turk, whose vision, leadership, and dedication resulted in the creation of the 'Hand Up' Youth Food Pantry, North County Inland Older Adult Center and Senior Wheels, and the Turk Family Center.

The elegant evening set records for attendance and money raised. The Gala was co-chaired by Felecia Mandelbaum, Nadja Kauder and Barbara Lubin with auction co-chairs, Jennifer Kagnoff, Ashley Stone, and Jeri Rubin.

Remarking on the success of the event, Felecia Mandelbaum said, "Because of the overwhelming support of our event underwriters, patrons, attendees and auction donors, we were able to surpass all of our goals!" A special thank you went to their Title Sponsors, The Serenity Fund and Charitable Auto Resources, Inc; their Presenting Sponsors, Joyce Axelrod & Joe Fisch and Erna & Andrew Viterbi; and their Dinner Sponsors, Jeffrey & Barbara Lubin and Joan & Irwin Jacobs.



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wishes all her family Well over the Fast.

Seckie Gladstone sends to all her family and friends South Africa.

> 'Happy New Year and Well over the

Brendon and Merle Gaylis and family extend Happy New Year and Well over the Fast.

**Howard & Diane Schachat** and Ryan wish their family and friends Shanah Tova u'Metuka.

> Kol Hakavod to Pamela Nathan from all her friends and supporters of SAIAC.





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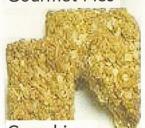
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### **Beth El Finally Gets Its Sanctuary**

After more than 30 years, Congregation Beth El finally has a beautiful new sanctuary.



After so long, it was fitting that the dedication ceremony took an entire weekend (May 2-4,) and was attended by community members, San Diego's leaders and congregants of Beth El who gathered to celebrate the breathtaking new sanctuary on the La Jolla campus.

Designed by fellow South African architect Stanley Saitowitz, who currently lives in San Francisco. His buildings are known for their beau-

tiful raw but slick modern spaces, basked in light from soaring windows and a sense of openness. Stvanley came to San Diego for the inauguration. His mom was visiting from South Africa at the time. Stanley commented that the sanctuary was reminiscent of the old Greenside shul with a modern touch.





#### Rabbi Graubart & Rabbi Libman

Established in 1957 in the Clairemont community of San Diego, Beth El is affiliated with the United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism. Devoted to the enhancement of Jewish life in San Diego, they believe in cooperation and mutual support between all Jewish

institutions, community leadership through United Jewish Federation, ADL, AIPAC, the Hebrew Free Loan Society, and the Agency for Jewish Education.

Beth El finally has the sanctuary—the sacred house of God that they worked so hard for.

### CROSSING HIGHWAY 5 — Beth El's Move To La Jolla

By Phil Shapiro

The word got out that Mr. Harrington sold his property to "those people" who were going to build a "Jewish church" in La Jolla. There were fireworks, but no celebration! I got a call from one of La Jolla's "finest." I won't mention his name because my correspondence school law degree could be threatened. Let's just say the family owned the La Jolla Golf & Tennis Club, The Sea Lodge & there is a park named after his family. (Not related to the Corn Flakes folks). He wanted to meet with me immediately. I suggested his golf club, he suggested a small coffee shop. Our meeting was less than cordial. He informed me that a "Jewish church" (really, that's what they kept calling it), could not be built in La Jolla. "You shouldn't take it personally." (where have I heard that before). "My grandfather and my father would not allow it, and neither can I." He would arrange for the property to be purchased from us at a small, but reasonable profit. If I did not cooperate, he would not be responsible for the problems we would face. I told him that I was looking for a way to convince our Clairemont congregation to raise the money to make the move. "This conversation, and your threats are all I need." You tell your children and grandchildren that you helped to get a synagogue built in La Jolla." He left me with the bill. At that time, Wayne Dosick was our Rabbi. We met several times. It was decided to start a school first and build a sanctuary later. (Who knew it would take 30 years!) I leased two San Diego School District classroom trailers for \$1.00/year/trailer. They could not pass earthquake standards, so they were cheap. As I recall, Zelda Goodman (Principal of the Hebrew School), and I were standing by the La Jolla Scenic Drive entrance. The trailers were being lowered down the road. A woman came across the street and asked who we were. We explained. She went into her house and came out a short time later with a "For Sale By Owner" sign. I believe one of our members bought it. Welcome to the neighborhood!

Phil Shapiro was born and raised in Chicago—SD resident for 35 years+ and Pam Nathan's first American friend.





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## Reflections of a South African in Japan

### By Jonathan Ellman

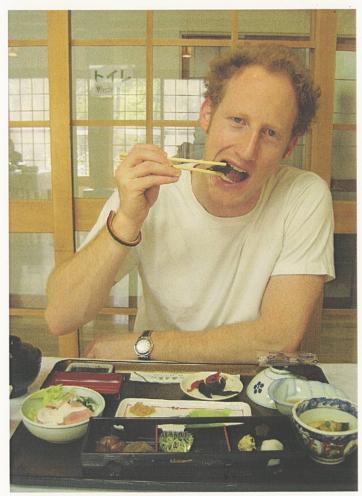
I recently returned to my home in Israel after approximately 9 fantastic months living and working in Tokyo, Japan. The trip offered a unique opportunity to reflect on the differences between Far Eastern life and my South African American Jewish upbringing. I thought I'd share aspects of my reflection here.

In Japan, being a South African American Jew is not much different than being an Italian Roman Catholic—a gaijin (foreigner) is a gaijin, and a gaijin inevitably stands out in countless ways. Most obvious are the physical differences—walking the streets, a Caucasian can sometimes feel like the subject of a huge game of "Where's Waldo," and, squeezed amongst the rush hour masses on a Tokyo subway, it is hard not to notice being a head taller than almost everyone else aboard. (Being red-headed only magnifies the distinction!) Less obvious, but often more stark, are the cultural contrasts between Japanese and Western society—values like respect, honor, and humility seem far more integral than in our society, as evidenced by the intricate procedure for passing on a business card or the low-hanging doorframes, relics from a time when one was assumed to be bowing while exiting a room (nevermind that such a bow, at that time, was an effort to ensure that one's head was not chopped off by a passing samurai worthy of such respect).

In fact, I found Japanese culture to foster similar values to those embraced by the Jewish community—family comes first. The household in which the family operates, however, is fairly unique to Japanese society. Generally, financial decisions are made by the lady of the house, which stems from a tradition whereby the matriarch controls the purse into which her working husband (known literally as a "salary man") deposits his pay. (As a result, much of the Japanese marketing is directed toward the female consumer.) The average "salary man" wakes up at approximately 5:00 a.m. and commutes between 1 and 2 hours to work in Tokyo or another of the country's metropolises (Tokyo's Shinjuku station alone saw 3.6 million people per day in 2007!). He often works until about 8:00 p.m., eating a "bento box" lunch at his desk and returning home to eat a small dinner, take a bath, and go to sleep. Such a schedule limits the relationship between fathers and their children and enhances the mother's responsibility for raising the family.

Making friends and negotiating Tokyo's social scene was fairly easy, particularly amongst the large gaijin population, comprised largely of transient professionals in Japan to exploit burgeoning Asian markets. Japanese locals seemed very interested in practicing their English and meeting new people very different from themselves. Eager to show off their beautiful country, sample its amazing food, and ensure that new arrivals have a "soft landing," I found my Japanese friends to be excellent tour guides, both within Tokyo and in the country's historic and naturally-beautiful outer areas. Whether it was dancing in Tokyo's nightclubs, skiing down Hokkaido's volcanoes, traversing the "Japanese Alps," golfing in Karuizawa, relaxing in the traditional onsens (hot springs) of Hakone, basking in the ancient tranquility of Kyoto, or devouring a tasty Kobe beef steak (in Kobe), I was constantly amazed at how such a small country could offer just about everything.

My work, centered largely on international trade, gave me additional insight into the traits and trends of Japan's thriving business environment. I was surprised to



Jonathan Ellman samples the Japanese culture...and cuisine.

find that, although the Japanese are highly effective at enhancing the efficiency of existing mechanisms, there is considerably less focus on entrepreneurial innovation than in American society, and adjustment to entrenched processes and techniques is exceedingly slow. This trend is likely changing with the shifting focus of Japanese business and the changing face of the Japanese businessman. While the older businesses were characterized by conservatism and a fear of the consequences of "wrong" decisions, the Internet, high-technology, and the resulting increased capacity for "desktop ingenuity" has provided younger Japanese businessmen with a platform for more aggressive innovation. Additionally the Japanese infrastructure is more modern than any other that I have experienced. Mobile technology is ubiquitous and expertly applied, used not only for communication, but to direct cabs, run restaurants, and provide entertainment. The public transportation system is flawless, running so smoothly that, despite Tokyo's millions of people, there is scarcely a traffic jam.

In short, Japan is as interesting and complex as any thriving contemporary nation, but its unique blend of history and modernity, style and tradition, nightlife and professional opportunity, make it as exciting and fascinating a place as I have ever been. I look forward to continued future vacations, and the development of the business and personal relationships I began, in the land of the rising sun.



## The Man From Africa

### By David E. Kaplan

Our knowledge of history is often lazily shaped by Oscar-winning movies. How many people gained their understanding of Jewish life under the Romans from the 1960s blockbuster Ben Hur, or the rebirth of modern Israel from Otto Preminger's Exodus?

But what about the movies that don't quite cut it at the Oscars? Have significant chunks of the past been relegated to the abyss of the unknown?

Such may be the case of a recent documentary by director and producer John Blair, who won the Best Documentary Feature statuette for his 1995 Anna Frank Remembered.

Blair's recent entry, The Ochberg Orphans, which deals with the rescue of Jewish children in 1921 from the war-torn Pale of Settlement and their resettlement in South Africa, failed to make the final five nominees at this year's Academy Awards, and an inspiring chapter of Jewish history may now never reach a wider audience.

An aside to this little-known story is that the documentary also brought a 90-yearold former South African residing in Haifa out of obscurity.

In 2005, before Blair had begun making his documentary, The Jerusalem Post ran an appeal from the London-based director for information about South African philanthropist Isaac Ochberg, who helped finance and personally participated in the rescue. Metro contacted Sam Levin, a former Director of the South African Zionist Federation in Israel (Telfed), who in the 1920s had been a youngster in Cape Town, to ascertain whether he had any personal insights to impart to the director. Levin recalled meeting some of the rescued children at the Cape Town Jewish Orphanage, where his parents had been active volunteers. "One particular boy I will never forget," said Levin. "His arm was cut off below the elbow. The Cossacks had murdered his parents in front of him and when they were about to finish him off, he raised his arm to protect himself from the thrust of the sword. They sliced off his arm and left him to die."

In an article that appeared at the time, Levin surmised that it was unlikely that there were any Ochberg orphans alive today, particularly in Israel. So you can imagine the surprise when this writer received a phone call from a Cecilia Harris in Haifa, who revealed in a wavering voice: "I was an Ochberg orphan."

A few months later, Harris was on a flight to London, where she joined the film crew en route to Eastern Europe, where she starred in the documentary. Today, a giant poster of the movie hangs on a wall in her small Haifa apartment.

In the early 1920s, reports filtered through to South Africa of dreadful pogroms taking place in the Ukraine. Cataclysmic forces were in play and, unsurprisingly, Jews were caught in the middle. Following the collapse of the old Czarist Empire in 1917, rival armies, the Reds and the Whites, were fighting for control. Poor at the best of times owing to centuries of oppression, the Jews' condition deteriorated. Famine was followed by epidemics of typhoid and other diseases, and into this amalgam the most toxic of ancient antagonisms exploded to the surface—anti-Semitism. Ukrainian and Polish peasants joined forces with reactionary officers and troops to massacre Jews wherever they found them. Pogroms were being reported daily—full details and exact numbers of Jews killed are unknown to this day. The Pale of Settlement became an open hunting season for Jews.



Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Ochberg moved from town to town, visiting cities—Minsk, Pinsk, and Stanislav—as well as villages, collecting orphans.

In despairing letters smuggled through enemy lines, Jews pleaded to their kinsman in South Africa and elsewhere for help. These pleas galvanized South Africa's Jewish communities like nothing before. "Why not try and mount a rescue operation and bring at least some of the children out?" people asked at meetings across the country. Overnight, an idea took shape and spread like wildfire. Before any organization could step in, generous offers of financial and other kinds of assistance were made. With abounding energy and enthusiasm, Cape Town businessman Isaac Ochberg embraced the plan.

Two further questions arose: How could the orphans be rescued from a wartorn region, and would the South African government create any difficulties in admitting them? Ochberg quickly met with then-prime minister Jan Smuts, who granted permission.

As reports of the Jews' plight continued to leak out, the dimensions of the tragedy became clearer. No fewer than 400,000 Jewish orphans were known to be destitute, so that whatever was done would only amount to a drop in the ocean. That did not deter the community, who were determined to save whomever they could.

The next step was for someone to travel to Eastern Europe and make arrangements on the spot. Without hesitation, Ochberg offered to undertake the mission. Fanny Frier, who would later become chairwoman of the Cape Jewish Orphanage, recalled being an orphan in Brest-Litovsk, waiting for "the man from Africa" to arrive.

"He was going to take some of us away with him and give us a new home on the other side of the world," Frier said. Understandably, the youngsters had mixed feelings. While they were excited about "going to a beautiful new country, we also heard stories of robbers and wild animals and we feared we might be eaten by lions or cannibals or sold off as slaves. However, when he appeared with his reddish hair and cheery smile, we all took a great liking to him and called him 'Daddy.' He would spend hours talking to us, making jokes and cheering us up."

Ochberg's most traumatic problem was how to select whom to take and whom to leave behind. In the end, he decided to choose eight children from each institution - a total of 200. Since the South African government had stipulated that the children had to be in good physical and mental health, this required very careful selection. Only those who had lost both parents were accepted. Harris, who was three years old at the time, was selected together with her two older sisters. As no photographs survived, she has no knowledge of what her parents looked like. She does remember being sick on the ship to South Africa—the Edinburgh Castle—and her sister Lisa having to look after her.

Another contributor to the documentary was Liebe Klug from Cambridge, who spends part of the year in Beersheba, where her husband Aaron—a 1982 Nobel

Laureate for chemistry—is on the Board of Governors at Ben-GurionUniversity of the Negev. Her father, Alexander Bobrow, was a key player in the drama that unfolded. "He had been an analytical chemist in a sugar factory," Klug told Metro. During the Great War, he changed professions to social work, joining the "Curatorium, which had been formed to help Jewish refugees in Pinsk. At 26, he accompanied the 200 rescued orphans on the ship to Cape Town, where he settled and met my mother," she recounts.

In testimony recorded before he died, Bobrow relates that "so many children were found that we set up three orphanages. At first, Pinsk was so isolated by the fighting that we were dependent solely on our own resources. We had neither beds, bedding nor clothes, and I recall using flour bags to make clothes for the children."

Bobrow relates how typhus broke out in one of the orphanages and how in the course of his duties he had to walk through the streets as shells were exploding. Balachou, the notorious Ukrainian, had descended on the city with his gangs and the pogroms raged for nearly a week. Bobrow recalled how an old lady tried to pacify the terror-stricken children by calling out, "The Almighty will keep us and save us—now repeat after me."

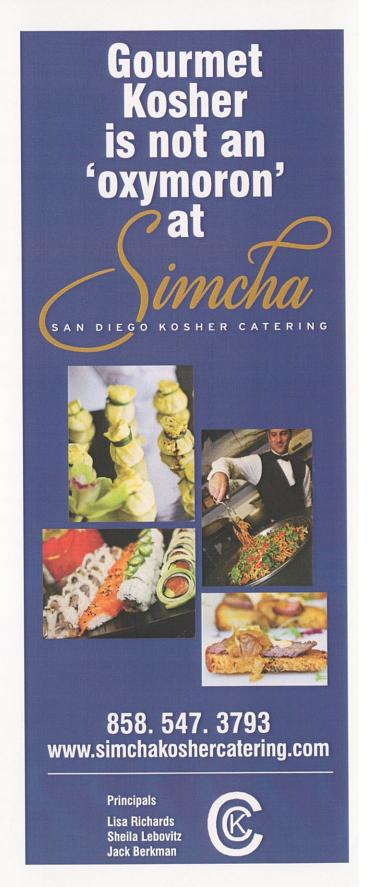
As order was restored, supplies began to arrive, first from the Juedischer Hilfsverein in Berlin and then from the Joint Distribution Committee - cocoa, condensed milk, cooking oil and clothes. One of the American relief workers Bobrow recalled meeting was "Henry Morgenthau, who would later become Secretary of the Treasury under president Franklin Roosevelt."

Three months later, with the 200 children in London, he wrote to the leadership in South Africa who were eagerly waiting for news.

"I have been through almost every village in the Polish Ukraine and Galicia and am now well acquainted with the places where there is at present extreme suffering. I have succeeded in collecting the necessary number of children, and I can safely say that the generosity displayed by South African Jewry in making this mission possible means nothing less than saving their lives. They would surely have died of starvation, disease, or been lost to our nation for other reasons. I am now in London with the object of arranging transport and I hope to be able to advise telegraphically soon of my departure for South Africa with the children."

"Never, to my dying day, shall I ever forget our first sight of the lights of Cape Town and then the tremendous reception when we came ashore with half the city apparently waiting on the quay for us," Frier recorded. So large was the group of children that the Cape Jewish Orphanage was unable to house them all. A considerable number went to Johannesburg, including Harris and her two sisters as well as many others whose children now live in Israel. One was Phyllis Ratzer, whose daughter, Rene Simpson, lives in Tel Aviv. "She often spoke of 'Papa Ochberg' and died in Johannesburg at the age of 94," Simpson said. Another descendent of an Ochberg orphan is Yvette Shiloh of Haifa, whose mother, Andja Avin, was rescued in Warsaw and made aliya in 1960, settling initially on kibbutz Kfar Blum before moving to Kiryat Gat.

When Ochberg died in Cape Town, he left "what was then the largest single bequest to the Jewish National Fund," Sam Levin told Metro. "[The JNF] used it to redeem a piece of land in Israel called Nahalat Yitzhak Ochberg—which included the kibbutzim of Dalia and Ein Hashofet. In the course of years, the name Ochberg dropped off the signs and it's now known as Nahalat Yitzhak. I am certain there is hardly anyone in Israel today who would know which Yitzhak it was."





### **SAJAC Gemilut Chesed Program:**

Rambam taught: The best way to give is to support someone by "giving him a gift, or a loan, or entering into partnership with him, or creating a job for him... until he no longer needs to depend on others" (Mishneh Torah Laws of Gifts to the Poor 10:7–14).

Since its early years, SAJAC of San Diego has operated a Gemilut Chesed (Acts of Kindness) program as part of its charter to help expatriate South Africans that may have fallen upon hard times or may simply need assistance to get going.

The Gemilut Chesed program has two components: The first is assistance by utilizing the SAJAC network for resources. This can include short term assistance with meals, transportation and jobs. To meet these needs, SAJAC is always available to utilize its network of ex South Africans. We will email our membership outlining the type of help that may be needed and put people together that may be available to help.

The second component of our Gemilut Chesed program is financial assistance. The financial assistance that is available is funded annually by member contributions. This allows SAJAC to make interest free loans to fellow ex-South Africans who may need short term financial assistance.

The financial assistance program is open to any legal resident of San Diego County that is a member or child or grandchild of a member of SAJAC, with a demonstrated financial need.

The maximum funding per family is \$6,000, until the loan is repaid according to the agreed upon terms. Typical funding per type of case is as follows:

Medical emergency: up to \$6,000
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Funeral: up to \$3,000
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Loss of Job or income reduction:\$1,500 per month for a maximum of \$6,000



Brian and Suzanne Marcus, Gemilut Chesed Chairs

Applicants are required to complete all the paperwork demonstrating financial need and execute an agreement to repay. In most cases collateral is required. The SAJAC Gemilut Chesed is a confidential sub committee of SAJAC and is headed by Brian and Suzanne Marcus. They can be reached via email at brinnimarcus@gmail.com.

We thank all those members who have generously donated, and continue to donate their time and resources to the Gemilut Chesed program. This allows SAJAC to continue to serve as an extended family and warm community to those in need.

Rabbi Eleazar said, "The reward that is paid for giving charity is directly related to the kindness with which it is given" (Babylonian Talmud, Sukkot 49b).



### **Top of Form**

### La Vache...a Touch of France in San Diego

An evening at La Vache, a casual French bistro in the heart of Hillcrest, will whisk you away to the French countryside. The atmosphere is comfortable and warm, with simple wood tables and rich velvet curtains. The menu is extensive, with traditional regional dishes and seasonal specialties ranging from French Cassoulet to Rack of Lamb. The modest wine list offers a good selection of French and California wines by the glass and bottle. Reasonably priced pizzas and gnocchi dishes grace the menu, and while not traditionally French, seem fitting in the bistro atmosphere. The Tuesday evening three-course prix fixe is a steal, and the weekend breakfasts are delightful.



## An Encounter with a World-famous Heart Surgeon — Dr. Christian Barnard

By Dr. Hymie Gaylis



Dr. Hymie Gaylis

Rhoda and I were looking forward to that day. It was summer Dec. 3, 1967 and we were on our way with our two sons en route to Cape Town by automobile for a well earned seaside vacation. The journey was long and tedious and after listening to some music, I turned on the radio and listened to the news. I was stunned at what I heard and little did I realize that the news was going to reverberate around the world.

Dr. Chris Barnard, a cardiac surgeon from Cape Town, little known abroad at that time but well known in academic circles in South Africa, had performed the first human heart transplant and that the patient, Louis Washkansky was doing well. On reflection, I was not totally surprised because it was known in academic circles that Dr Barnard, who had recently returned to South Africa from Minnesota where he had trained as a cardiac surgeon and was involved in experimental transplant surgery, had in fact carried out a successful human kidney transplant in SA a few years earlier (1959).

The fact that this seminal event had taken place in South Africa seemed even more perplexing and certainly put SA on the map. Although some people were knowledgeable about South Africa because the apartheid issue was gathering storm, the country was mostly under the radar screen.

After arriving in Cape Town a few hours later I met one of my surgical colleagues who also knew Dr Barnard through contact at surgical congresses. After discussing the impact of the feat we decided to pay our respects to Barnard and to congratulate him on his epoch making operation. We went to his office at the Medical school at Groote Schuur where we were met by hordes of television crews from all over the world hoping to get an interview with him. We managed to get through to his secretary, told her who we were and that we wanted to greet him as colleagues and to congratulate him. We were fortunate to be courteously invited into his office and after the usual courteous banter Dr. Barnard said, "This is history gentlemen. The owner of this heart is alive and well." There on his desk stood a glass jar with a preserved organ which we immediately recognized as a human heart.

Following this spectacular event, several cardiac centers in the world got onto the band wagon. The success rate was small because of rejection problems, complications following the use of immune suppressive drugs, the shortage of suitable donors and intellectual issues regarding the diagnosis of death in a potential donor. Life long celebrity and world renown followed. In the late 1960,s he went to the US where he was feted by President Johnson .He was received by the Pope and was seen in the company of Sophie Loren and Gina Lolabrigida. It was rumored that he spent more time in night clubs than in the operating room.

In this regard I must recall an incident concerning an eighteen year old female, who was referred to me by a cardiologist for the treatment of a Vascular problem. This unfortunate young girl had open heart surgery for congenital cardiac valvular

disease at the Texas Heart institute six months previously. Open heart surgery requires some form of cardiac by-pass and unfortunately the femoral artery which was used for the by-pass blocked. But this was expeditiously repaired and after recuperation the patient returned to SA and remained well for 6 months until she developed her present problem. It became clear that the repaired artery had blocked off again. I advised the parents that surgery was necessary and they readily agreed.

To my astonishment the parents asked if I would agree to Dr. Chris Barnard's presence at the operation. I was naturally surprised and totally unprepared for this unusual request. I said that I had no objection to his presence, in fact I said I felt honored but asked how they came to request the presence of a surgeon as eminent as Dr. Chris Barnard to observe me operate. They told me Dr Barnard was a close family friend and the godfather of the patient.

A mutually suitable date for the operation was arranged but the day before the scheduled operation Dr. Barnard called to request that the operation be postponed for another day because of unforeseen commitments, to which I naturally agreed. The day before the rescheduled operation his secretary called again and requested a further postponement. The psychological pressure of the repeated postponements became a bit too much for me and I suggested to the family that they transfer the patient to Cape Town under Dr. Barnard's care."Oh no!" they replied they had full confidence in me and wanted me to do the operation.

The day before the operation his secretary phoned again to apologize that there was no early morning flight out of Cape Town, and that he would not have the time to get to Johannesburg to be present at the start of the operation. She did however, suggest that I start the operation without his presence

When I arrived at the Doctor's change room of the operating room at about 6:30 am, I was somewhat taken back to see Dr. Barnard already fully gowned and waiting in the doctor's lounge. He had changed his plans and took the evening flight out of Cape Town the day before and slept over in Johannesburg to be in time for the operation. Dr Barnard as usual was one step ahead.

I must admit that during the operation I felt a little apprehensive. Here was a world famous surgeon looking over my shoulder He remained unobtrusive however during the operation, offered no advice and at the end of the operation he was very gracious and professional. I noticed a few unexpected surgeons in the OR at the end of the operation and many more mulling around the adjacent corridors. They had come not to observe me operate but rather to get a glimpse of the world famous Dr. Chris Barnard.

After an illustrious career which has been well documented, Dr. Barnard died in September 2001 while on vacation in Cyprus. He helped to put South Africa on the map and will be remembered as one of the century's great surgeons.

Dr. Hymie Gaylis was a practicing Vascular surgeon in Johannesburg until he retired in 1994 when he and his wife Rhoda emigrated to San Diego to join their two sons and their families. They have been members of SAJAC since 1994.



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## In Good Taste: Introducing Shmoozers and Renaissance Catering

SAJAC Reporter Marlene Stanger sat down with Charles Rubin of Shmoozers and Rachel of Renaissance Catering to see what inspired their success. Shmoozers and Renaissance are generous sponsors of our upcoming 21st Birthday Party Bash on November 1, 2008.



## SAJAC: Where were you born, where did you grow up.

Charles: I was born in Port Elizabeth and went to Summerwood Primary School and Theodore Herzl High School. I moved to Pretoria when I was 15 with my family, and finished school at Pretoria Boys High. After that, I studied Hotel management in Johannesburg and worked at the Carlton Hotel before making Aliya in 1978.

I went back to South Africa where I met my wife Sylvia and got married, Opened **Bobba's Kitchen** and **Mamale's Kitchen** as well as **Lady Cake Bakery** and **Shirley's Delicatessen** before going back to live in Israel with our first daughter Tammy in 1992. While we were in Israel we lived on Kibbutz Gezer for 2 years after which we left to live in Raanana. There we had our twins Rael and Kelly and I was a partner in **Lechem Haaretz** which was a European bread bakery.

#### SAJAC: Why did you come to the United States?

Charles: In 1997 We were enticed to come live in San Diego by our good friends to run Shmoozers Restaurant. Whilst at Shmoozers I started the catering business and when that took off decided to close the restaurant and concentrate on the catering

#### SAJAC: Where did you get your training?

Charles: My grandfather was a butcher in Springs and my mother a caterer. I used to work with my mother from my early teens and when I finished school; went to hotel school. I got a diploma from The Hotel and Motel Association of America.

#### SAJAC: What are your specialities?

Charles: I started my first business in Israel. It was a French restaurant in Eilat where I put my knowledge from working at the Carlton Hotel in Johannesburg and the Sheraton in Tel Aviv to use. After completing the Israeli army I opened a catering business before going back to JHB. There I met my wife and decided to stay for a year which stretched to 10 before finally going back to Israel.

**Bobba's Kitchen** and **Mamale's** were good old-fashioned Jewish delicatessens selling cold meats, herrings, and baked goods, etc. **Lady Cake** was opened in Craighall Park to do the baking for the two delis as well as supplying all other Jewish-style deli's and shops in town. Later on we took over **Shirley's** on Louis Botha Avenue to add an approved Kosher side to the business. We specialized in half-baked bagels, taiglach cakes, and biscuits, and had over 200 items we manufactured in all the businesses. We had a catering business as well doing the usual weddings and bar/bat mitzvahs, etc. We supplied all kosher meals to the airlines leaving Johannesburg, as well as shops like Thrupps, and dare I say the home industry shops in a lot of the shopping centers.

#### SAJAC: What are the highlights of your working life?

Charles: My first highlight was an event I did in Warmbaths while still at school. My mother was a caterer and she landed in hospital on the Monday and had an event on Saturday. My dad knew nothing about catering and he and I were left to make the food for the event which was 2 hours away. Needless to say we did it very well. Now I was primed and on my way to a career in the food business

Another highlight was at the Carlton Hotel when we a catered a dinner for the Gastronomic Society of South Africa. It was a competition where every month a top restaurant would entertain the society with the best they could do.

Whilst in South Africa opening and running my businesses was a great challenge and very rewarding and I was up in the morning at 4:30 am Monday to Sunday.

In San Diego the big fund-raiser dinners are my favorite as I get to do a lot of new and innovative stations and menu choice,s and people are really excited when they come to these. And I get lots of compliments and appreciation.

#### SAJAC: What about your family life?

I have been married to Sylvia Suckerman for 20-something years and have 3 kids.

Tammy was born in South Africa and goes to SDJA and has just finished 1st year high school. She was awarded with the most improved softball player which excites her more than all her scholastic achievements, which are many.

Rael and Kelly are twins, born in Israel. They go to Chabad Hebrew Academy and are going into middle school next year. Rael is constantly in a cast of some sort for some injury and loves to skateboard.

Kelly is Kelly as we say, and is our baby. She loves animals and is always coming up with these out of the box ideas. She dances to a different drum but in a good way.

Sylvia is a preschool teacher and is qualified in special needs education. She worked in a few schools in Johannesburg culminating in King David Linksfield.

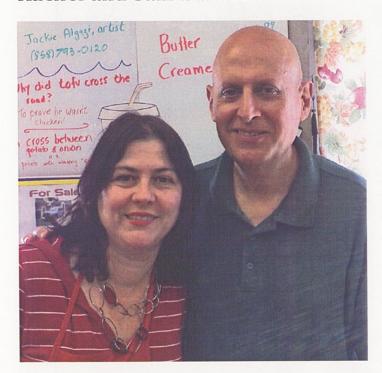
Here in San Diego she opened the 2 year old program at Chabad and still works there. Her favorite pastime at the moment is playing bridge on line and has friends from all over the world who constantly play with her. I still play squash but I must say when you pass 50 it gets more and more difficult.

#### SAJAC: What are the highlights of your personal life?

Charles: Without a doubt it is my wife and kids and being lucky enough to come and live here in paradise. We have had such tremendous help from the South African community, as well as the different shuls and rabbis, and from every aspect of life. Last month I went to a Betar reunion in celebration of Israel's 60th anniversary. Betarim from all generations from all over the world were there, and it was a special moment seeing everyone from my youth I grew up with and went through the movement with, from a Chanich to Mefked Machoz in Betar. We really have been very lucky in our lives to of been in contact with some really special friends over the years.



### **Rachel and Sam Barnes**



SAJAC: Where were you born, where did you grow up and why did you come to the U.S.?

Rachel: I was born in Safed in Israel and grew up in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. After my schooling I returned to Israel for 10 years and then moved to Philadelphia where we owned 2 businesses, both Kosher—a bakery and a Middle-Eastern pizza restaurant.

## SAJAC: What is your background with regards to your education and training? What and where did you study?

Rachel: I studied high school at Theodore Herzl High in Port Elizabeth and completed my education in Jerusalem Har Hatzofim for immigrants.

## SAJAC: When did you start your business and what are your specialities?

Rachel: I was in business since I was 4-years-old. My mother's hobby was a seamstress and I used to negotiate with my friends about exchanging buttons, bartering, and of course playing with the different colors and shapes of buttons which were quite extraordinary in those days. I opened my own business in Israel when I was 18 and that was quite a challenge because the IRS reported the files under men's identification number and I was the first woman in Jerusalem that questioned this and met personally with the Minister of Finance, Aridor, to have that changed and to recognize women as having their own businesses under their own id numbers.

My first business was direct mailing, translations, typing in different languages and sciences, copying and printing services.

After that I worked for the Israeli Government in the U.S. Consulate in Jerusalem for many years before we moved to Philadelphia where we opened our first food businesses for about 14 years before moving to San Diego where my daughter was accepted at UCSD and is currently a medical school student.

#### SAJAC: What are the highlights of your working life?

Rachel: Working with people. I had a choice to choose a profession where I do not have direct contact with people and gave that up to interact with my customers. It's a personal choice and I don't have any regrets and enjoy every moment of it.

## SAJAC: What about your family life—are you married and do you have kids? To whom and how many?

Rachel: I have three kids and I have been married to a wonderful Sepharadic man, Sam for 27 years. I have a 27-year-old son, 24-year-old daughter (engaged to be married next May) and an 18-year-old son.

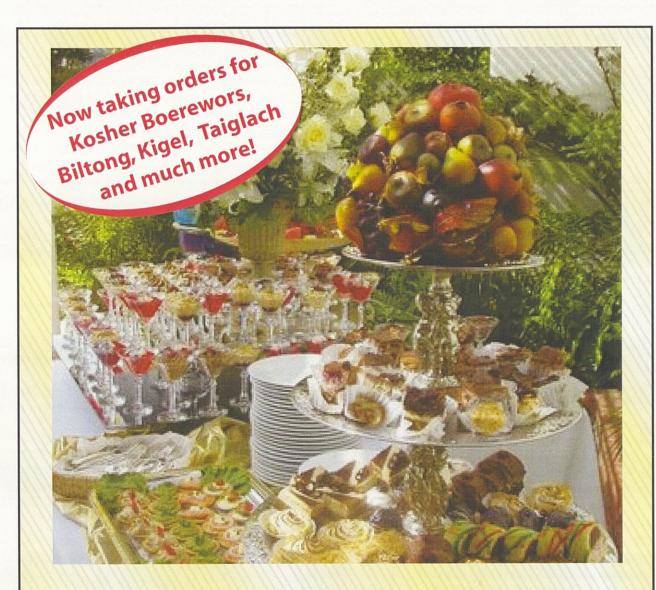
#### SAJAC: What are the highlights of your personal life?

Rachel: My family is the most important factor in my personal life. Their well-being is mine and their happiness too. We have become close, and I'm sure it's due to the fact that our extended families still live in Israel and South Africa.

## SAJAC: When did you come to San Diego and involved are you with the South African community here?

Rachel: I have met some wonderful South African people in my store and hope to develop a long-lasting relationship with them. We arrived in San Diego in 2001.





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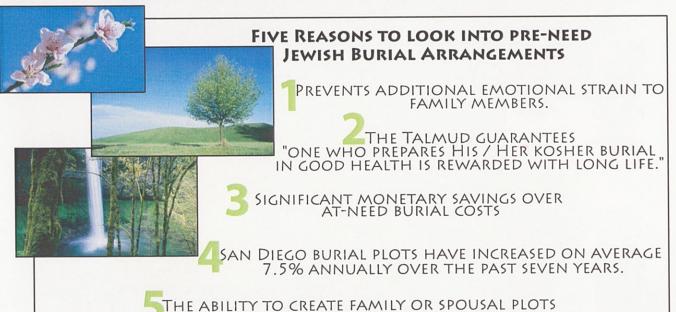


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### At Chai SouthAfrica... Every Penny Counts!

### By Sharleen Wollach

Since 2002, a volunteer group of South Africans from San Diego initiated an international program called ChaiSouthAfrica and have raised millions of Rands from donors all over San Diego, California, the USA and the rest of the world. ChaiSouthAfrica is a non-profit organization deeply concerned about the needs of the Jewish aged, mentally ill and handicapped, and 'children in need' living in Jewish residential homes in Southern Africa. The organization is committed to the values of our heritage—of taking care of our own.

The advisors, Claire Ellman, David and Felicia Mandelbaum and Charles Jaffe have spent countless hours creating the organization that has become internationally recognized. ChaiSA is currently one of the major donors to all homes in Southern Africa. These homes have become dependant on the funds collected and greatly appreciate receiving them throughout the year. They couldn't have done it without the amazing support of donors like you.

The San Diego Community has been particularly supportive, giving of themselves financially and their time to assist with phonathons and other programming. Local businesses have been generous with their resources and we are extremely appreciative to each and every one of our incredible community who share the Tikun Olam spirit.

The funds raised by ChaiSA (tax deductible donations are paid to the Jewish Community Foundation of San Diego County-JCF) are distributed via the Joint Distribution Committee directly into the accounts of the homes. We are truly indebted to the JCF for all their support and assistance administering these funds.

For example, in an effort to inspire philanthropy in Southern Africa, Chicago residents Hersch and Avril Klaff issued a challenge grant to all the homes that ChaiSouthAfrica supports. This matching campaign required each institution to raise \$10,000 from new donors within Southern Africa and the Klaffs matched those funds, resulting in a \$150,000.00 donation from the Klaff Family Foundation towards 15 homes.

Currently Zimbabwe is currently making headlines due to the uncertain political situation, poor harvests and a failing economy. Inflation is wildly out of control—rising by around 10% each day. Around 80% of the population is unemployed while those with a job find that their monthly salary stretches to around three loaves of bread—making the most basic goods unobtainable. Any savings that people had are worthless, and many are now completely desperate.

ChaiSA supports **Savyon Lodge**, a Jewish aged home in Bulawayo. Basic food including rice, sugar, flour and milk powder, medical equipment and fuel for the generator are trucked across the border monthly from South Africa. There are currently 25 residents in the home, each receiving three meals a day. In addition to the full range of services offered to residents, local staff is provided with daily meals and are offered bread to take home to share with their own families, ensuring the continuation of quality care.

After each distribution, we receive wonderful, heartwarming thank you notes from the administrators of the homes, for example recently we received this message from **Savyon Lodge**, "The conditions in Zimbabwe are beyond critical at

this time, and yet Savyon Lodge, because of the generosity of wonderful people like yourselves, is able to cocoon the residents from what is happening outside their gates."

From **Jewel House** in Durban we read, "we were about to order new beds for four of our residents and our share of this distribution is just enough to finance this, for which we are very grateful."

The funded homes include in the Cape—Glendale Home for the Jewish Intellectually Disabled, Oranjia Children's Home, Highlands House Aged Home and Rosecourt/Vriende Homes for the Mentally III. In Durban—Beth Shalom Aged Home and Jewel House Home for the Handicapped, and in Johannesburg—Arcadia Children's Home, Our Parents Home for the Aged, Sandringham Gardens Aged Home and Sandringham Lodge Home for the Mentally III, and Selwyn Segal Foundation for the Handicapped. In addition, Kibbutz Lubner Home for the Handicapped in the Midrand and Camp David Home for the Handicapped in Magaliesburg. Jaffa House, Aged Home in Pretoria and Savyon Lodge for the Aged in Bulawayo round off the homes supported.

As Fund Development Officer for ChaiSA I am committed to raising awareness of the needs of these homes here in the USA and around the world. To successfully achieve this we need to form liaison teams. These teams will work closely with me and the rest of our San Diego committee to create, design and implement fundraising opportunities in their area. From coffee evenings or speakers, to our annual phonathons, these events are very rewarding.

A team packet will be provided to all volunteers with instructions, ideas and support material. My objective is to find volunteers in every capacity in every area, so if you or someone you know would be kind enough to give a few hours of their time, please contact me as soon as possible.

If you would like to make a contribution or send tributes please visit our website and use our secure server <a href="http://www.chaisouthafrica.com">http://www.chaisouthafrica.com</a>.

To keep in touch with us by email feel free to contact us at **chaisa@jcfsandiego.org** or call us (858) 505-8691 or fax (858)-279-6105.



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Since its inception seven years ago, Shalom Baby has initiated contact with, and delivered over 2500 Shalom Baby baskets—filled with gifts for the newborn, siblings, Jewish family life and pertinent information about our local Jewish community. Generous sponsors donate goodies to fill the baskets, and dedicated volunteers help make these deliveries.

A special "thank you" to our devoted South African volunteers: Laura Abelkop, Brenda Abelkop, Michele Black, Jean Gaylis, Yael Edelstein, and a huge thanks to Sharon Friedlander for helping assemble the baskets. We welcome any level of help or participation. The success of Shalom Baby is directly due to the generosity and kindness of volunteers and sponsors. When one thinks of playgroups, young

Some of the Shalom Babies and their families...



Talya and Aaron Wellman with Sadie; Grandparents—Tova Galgut and Brigitte & Barry Galgut

couples and their families getting together to celebrate Shabbat, Yom Tov, and traditional American holidays one naturally thinks of Shalom Baby. Thanks to the tremendous support from the Lawrence Family JCC, United Jewish Federation, the Jewish Community Foundation and many other philanthropic individuals and foundations, Shalom Baby has become a household name—not only here in San Diego, but across the entire United States of America. Shalom Baby in San Diego is a nationally recognized model for other communities around the country.

We proudly recognize the vision of two of SAJAC's own "Landswomen" who have been instrumental in the establishment of this immensely successful and popular program. Its inaugural establishment in San Diego was the brainchild of **Jean Gaylis**, a former early childhood educator and community volunteer. Shalom Baby's success and superb programming is the responsibility of **Judy Nemzer**, Coordinator of Shalom Baby. A final thank you to outstanding South African, **Charlene Seidle**, vice president of the Jewish Community Foundation.

If you know of a family who would benefit from the social, Jewish, educational, networking benefits of Shalom Baby's many free programs, please contact Judy Nemzer at 858.362.1352 or visit her at the Lawrence Family JCC, or online at www.lficc.com.



Romy and Josh Rothstein with Emma; Grandparents—Shirley and Rufus Abelsohn



Merav and Darren Segall with Talia; Grandparents—Lynda and Michael Segall



Belinda and Uri Feldman with Sofia, David and Sam; Grandparents—Marilyn and Len Fishman



Mimi and Clive Gross, with twins Jay and Sam; Grandparents—Joan and Joe Gross



Kayla and Gabrielle Scott; Parents—Lee and Elliot Scott; Grandparents—Jackie and David Diamond

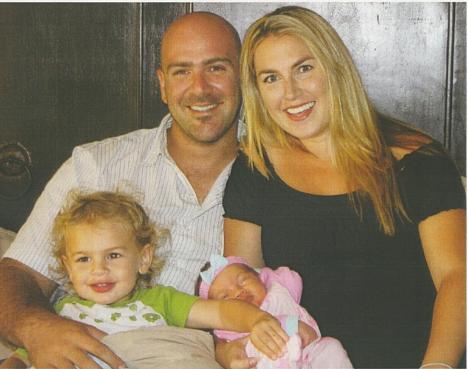


Karen and Dale Gross with Isabella and Jack; Grandparents—Joan and Joe Gross





Kim and Darren Aires with Brayden and Kyra



More Shalom Baby - Continued on page 32...

### More Shalom Baby... (Continued from pages 30 & 31)



Janine and Ian Subel with Jake and Adam; Grandparents — Marlene and Cyril Subel



Jodi and Justin Hai, with Jordyn and Jacob



Jami and Adam Rosenthal with Ari; Grandparents—Merle and Brian Datnow



Sammy Gross; Parents—Mimi and Clive Gross

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From "Memoirs of a Jewish Journalist in Nazi Germany"

### **Before the Holocaust**

by Werner Ludwig Schlesinger

March 25, 1910, Berlin, Germany–November 8, 1984, Cape Town, South Africa My father met Rabbi Dr Leo Baeck wearing a chaplain's uniform in German occupied Russia. The occasion was a Rosh Hashannah service for Jewish soldiers of the Kaiser's army. The year was 1916. Half a decade later, Dr Baeck used to conduct the services in Berlin's Lutzowstrasse synagogue.

Father was a regular worshipper, a dark Homberg on his head on Friday nights, a top silk hat and talis on the holy days. Thus it became unavoidable that Dr Baeck made me Barmitzvah in 1923, just after my 13th birthday.

There were larger synagogues in Berlin than the Lutzowstrasse, like the 'Great Synagogue' in the Oranieburger strasse which I think took over 3,000 worshippers. The Lutzowstrasse in West Berlin was about half its size. Even so, it was an imposing building.

There was a huge organ and a large upstairs stage for a mixed choir whose soloists more often than not were operatic singers of some fame.

In the terminology then used, practically all of the synagogues of the Berlin Jewish congregations practiced 'liberal' interpretation of the Torah and liberal services. But ladies were strictly segregated on the top floor gallery surrounding the prayer hall proper.

There was an intense social, cultural and political life in Berlin's almost 200,000 strong Jewish community, comprising schools, sports clubs, lodges, and political organizations destined either to fight anti Semitism, or promote Zionism, immigration to the then Palestine.

There was an association serving the interests of members of the Synagogue Lutzowstrasse congregation. Its president was naturally Dr Baeck. I remember two members of the committee, a tall and suave Mr Klein, forever fixing things and pulling strings, and Dr Berlach, a legal man and Dr Baeck's son-in-law.

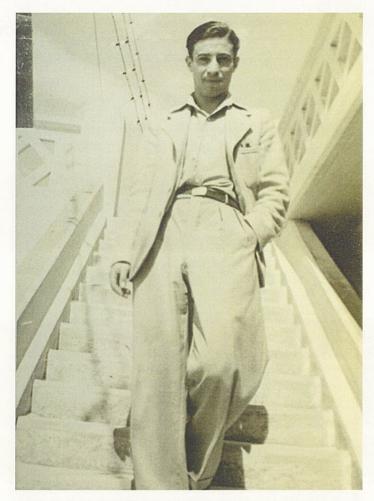
My father had let himself be talked into being the secretary. That was fine, as long as dad employed a Jewish shorthand typist in his business to whom he could dictate lengthy letters and minutes.

"It was not so wonderful any more when Miss Cohen's successor turned out to be a non-Jewish woman, and dad was too embarrassed to confide to her discretion Jewish religious affairs.

I had just taught myself two finger typing on dad's new 1924 Adler typewriter. Shorthand I learned at school. So dad spanned me in doing the minutes and letters—never mind that I would have preferred going swimming or ice skating when school work was done.

The Oranienburgerstrasse Synagogue was lucky. It was a huge, huge hall. So, they had to employ a rabbi who would be audible, a man with a powerful voice—microphones and public address systems were then still technical curiosities.

To give their congregations variety, the synagogues used to swop their rabbis on a roster system. When the man from the Great Synagogue, a Dr Weisse, came our way, the services were invariably packed. He was a fascinating public speaker, talking the scriptures and a recent topical event and linking them in a thoughtful way.



His voice would sink to a whisper, the tension of his listeners built up, a stillness and silence and suppressed breathing filled the air. Then, suddenly, Dr Weisse would raise that powerful melodious voice of his, and thunder forth an exposure of anti-Semitic hooligans and their intellectual bosses, or an admonition to us young people to stride forth in pride and take the fight to the enemy of the Lord.

Strong stuff this was; we lapped it up.

By comparison, Dr Baeck was a lousy public speaker. His deep religious philosophy, brought forth in a monotonous preaching voice, was almost guaranteed to send an exhausted Yom Kippur congregation into deep slumber.

I must confess to a very irreverent speel of us teenage schoolboys amongst his captive audience.

Dr Baeck used to hang on with both hands to the pulpit in front of him. Then when something very sad in his tales of woe of Jewish history came along, he would sink and shrink behind his pulpit and disappear from sight.

Then when deeds of great glory had their turn, he would pull himself up with his hands, he would grow and grow behind the pulpit. And Dr Baeck—mind you—was a tall gangling man, indeed. So, what did we boys do? With soft, whispering voices, we would lay bets on how long the rabbi would disappear from sight before his period of phenomenal growth behind the pulpit.

Continued on page 49



### We Remember

#### **Errol Marcus**

February 22nd, 1950-April 7th, 2008



Errol was embraced and beloved by everyone he came into contact with. He had a warm, happy smile and a gigantic heart. His friendships knew no age limits and he had friends young and old. He was extremely loving, affectionate and warm, compassionate and gentle, quick to set

others at their ease and always a gentleman. He touched people's lives in many very beautiful ways. He was a man of integrity, exceptionally dependable and someone who could be solidly trusted and taken for his word—in short, he was truly a mensch.

Errol exuded love for his family—first and foremost and then (in no particular order) for his cherished friendships, "his tennis boys", golf, his love for Israel, his San Diego Padres or his Chargers, depending on the season and, of course, any season was a good time to be watching premier league soccer or pretty much any other sport to be had on TV. As a husband, Errol was sweet and loving, tender and committed. He was caring and generous and an exceptional partner in every single way and in every sense of the word. He was a safe haven to come home to, and always lots of fun to be with.

He loved his family—his boys, his nephew, Clinton & Andy, his brother, Stan and sister in law, Jennifer, his brother in law, Craig & sister in law, Irene – and all of his other nieces and nephews. He had a special affinity for his great nephew and niece and they just adored him.

He had a strong Jewish identity and was happy to voice it, and he was just thrilled to be living in America. His birthday in February of this year was the milestone of having lived exactly half the years of his life in South Africa and the other half in the USA.

His passing leaves a tremendous void. He brought a lot of sunshine into this world and he will most certainly be fondly and affectionately remembered, with so much love. We'll miss you big time E and with our hearts very heavy, we wish you peace, love and light on your way.

Dani Marcus.

### Myrtle Kagan

October 25th, 1927-February 12th, 2008



My mother was truly an Ashet Chayil, a woman beyond human capacity. She had an impact on so many young and old lives and through her genuine kindness, generosity, empathy and sincerity she was able to connect to everyone's souls. How could one human touch so many people around the world? Myrti found goodness in everyone and did not see the negative in people.

Her responsibility in her life was to help all, friends, family, and even strangers. She picked up housekeepers on the road and took them to the bus stop. She was a highly spirited person and believed in Olam Habaha. She was simply too good to remain here anymore.

Throughout her life she endured many difficult challenges but she approached them with pragmatism and love, putting the needs of others ahead of her own. Always doing good in the highest form of chesed. Myrti was not interested in the luxuries of life—she cared more about feelings and emotions. She was an extremely creative woman who loved cooking, baking, gardening and sculpting which was one of her artistic passions.

My mom was never envious of others, rather looking at the blessings she had received and embracing all who surrounded her with her warmth, friendship and above all her unconditional love. She truly was the most humble person I knew.

Her impact on our family is a phenomenon. It has been an honor and privilege for me to be her daughter. Whatever she did, she did with her whole heart and meant everything she said and did.

Her memory is a blessing and an inspiration. She is like a diamond I will keep forever and treasure everyday. I will live on through her positive energy. My father Emmanuel and my brothers Cecil and Maish thank you all for the kindness and support shown during this time.

-Sylvia Roth

We extend our condolences to Mervyn Kodesh on the passing of his mother Rose Kodesh.

Mervyn and Sandy sat Shiva in Johannesburg and are now back in San Diego.

# 



the moons gift she flooded her lucidity through the open slatted blinds we had forgotten to close. she shone her cool beams across our sleeping forms. her flood so bright that night we woke to her light. the moon filling the womb of our room. her fullness beckoning. 1 followed he followed too. stepping onto the balcony through the door a portal to more. my heart stopping in awe. clear 'round her light filling the night. beyond the palms beyond the rooftops the ocean lay blue black, vast glowing gleaming with her mysterious light the lady of the night still silent penetrating the soul turning back into the room we closed the horizontal blinds the brightness persisting through the vertical gaps beaming white, two shafts of light one on his pillow one on mine.

two shafts of light -

ZENA COHEN July 29 2002

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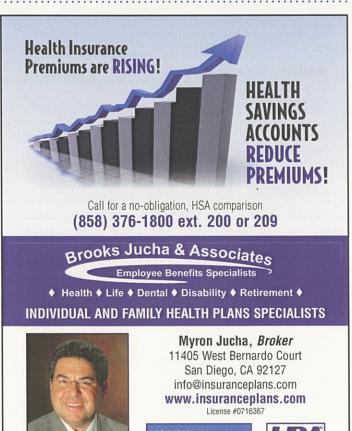
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Launched September 1, 2008, **On the Go** will bring easy, accessible, and affordable transportation to San Diego's older adult population. In time for High Holy Days, **On the Go** includes free transportation to and from High Holy Day services. Yearround, it will include free transportation to Shabbat services at synagogues in selected areas (please call for schedule).

A program of the Jewish Senior Services Council delivered by Jewish Family Service, **On the Go** consists of two components. The first is an extension of the **Jewish Family Service Rides & Smiles**® program, which utilizes volunteer drivers to provide individual transportation to personal and medical appointments. The second component, called **On the Go Shuttles & Excursions**, provides scheduled group transportation to grocery stores, JFS Older Adult Centers, synagogues, Jewish communal events, JCC, and many other excursions. The program serves older adults age 60 and older in North County Inland, University City, Clairemont, La Jolla, the College Area, San Carlos, and Del Cerro. **Call today to reserve a ride to High Holy Day services at (877) 63-GO-JFS or visit www.jfssd.org for more information**.

**On the Go** needs volunteer drivers and escorts. Volunteering is easy—no minimum number of hours is required and JFS provides mileage reimbursement & secondary auto insurance for volunteer drivers. For more information about volunteering, contact (858) 637-3050.

### ABOUT THE JEWISH SENIOR SERVICES COUNCIL (JSSC)

The Jewish Senior Services Council is comprised of four representatives from each member organization: Jewish Family Service, Lawrence Family Jewish Community Center, Seacrest Village Retirement Homes, Jewish Community Foundation and United Jewish Federation of San Diego County. The JSSC's mission is to enhance the quality of life for Jewish and all seniors throughout San Diego County through community collaboration, advocacy and the delivery of coordinated services. The JSSC will contract with Jewish Family Service to provide specific services and oversight of On the Go.

#### ABOUT JEWISH FAMILY SERVICE OF SAN DIEGO

Jewish Family Service was founded in 1918 by a consortium of women's clubs who sought to address the myriad of human needs of the time. Today, JFS is a comprehensive human service organization with nine locations throughout San Diego County and an office in Palm Desert, serving the Coachella Valley. From its early grassroots origins, the agency now serves more than 30,000 people annually. Its programs and services include: Adoption; Case Management; Counseling; Crisis Services; Family Violence; HIV; Jewish Connections; Refugee Resettlement; Older Adult/Senior Services; Parenting, Youth & School-based Services; and Training/Education. Learn more about why JFS is One Source for a Lifetime of Help at www.jfssd.org.



## A New Look at the Investment Green Card

## By Leon Snaid



For many years, people were able to get green cards by opening a business in the USA and transferring themselves from their foreign business to the USA. This option is still available, but the requirements to qualify have become far more onerous than in the past.

In 1990, when it was relatively easy to obtain green cards through this intra company transfer method, L-1 Congress created the EB-5 visa, also known as the Employment Creation Visa.

This visa allows foreign investors to gain permanent residence to the United States if they invest \$1 million in a new commercial enterprise that directly employs 10 U.S. workers. The amount is reduced to \$500,000 if the business is located in a high unemployment area.

The procedure is that a person (family) receives a conditional green card for 2 years and then applies for an unrestricted green card by proving that the money is still invested and 10 people are still employed.

When this law passed, the Immigration Service expected a run on the 10,000 green cards that are available each year. Instead there was not much more than a nibble by foreigners. The reason was that it was still easy to get a green card by setting up a business with far less than \$1m and it was not necessary to have at least 10 employees. Also 18 years ago, a million dollars was worth far more than it is today.

Then in 1993 Congress created a pilot program known as the Regional Centers, which allows private and governmental agencies to set up prepackaged investment opportunities for foreigners, which require certification by the Immigration Service. Many of these investments only require a \$500,000 investment.

The advantage that Regional Center investments offer to investors is that investors do not have to concern themselves with the day-to-day management of a business, as long as they are involved in policy decisions. This allows someone to live in a different city to where the investment is made and even conduct a different business at the same time.

#### Three reasons why the EB-5 investment is gaining renewed interest

These reasons have all converged at the same time to make the EB-5 visa more attractive to investors.

#### 1. The Dropping dollar offers a deep discount

In 1992, when the Euro became legal tender, it took 560,000 Euro to make the \$500,000 investment. Today it's almost a 40% discount. A \$500,000 investment to a European is only about 322,000 Euro. (June 2008)

The same is true for many other currencies. Even our Canadian neighbors only need 493,550 CAD to make an investment.

The drop in the value dollar results in many foreign investors risking less of their net worth in Regional Centers, where they are not in control of the day-to-day management of their investment.

#### 2. Greater Certainty in the Law

For years there was confusion and chaos in the interpretation of the law, which led to uncertainty in the law. People need to know what is permitted under the law and the last 18 years have given clear definition to many of the qualifying requirements.

#### 3. Involvement by the Immigration Service

The Immigration Service has been directing a lot more attention to this investment visa.

In September 2004 they organized a Public Information Meeting on Regional Centers and the Immigrant Investor Pilot Program. A few months later they established a special division in the Immigration Service that now oversees the development of their policies and regulations as well as guidance and training of their personnel to adjudicate these investment visas. So they are now organized.

The Pilot Program for the Regional Centers is scheduled to sunset in September 2008. At time of writing this article it has not been extended, but it probably will be extended.

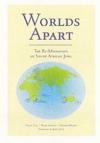
#### Conclusion

Perhaps the greatest reason why businesspeople are giving the Investment Green Card a fresh look is because the L-1, Intra Company Transfer is now fraught with obstacles and uncertainty.

In the past two years there has been a distinct increase in the number of petitions that have been filed and approved than in the previous 8 years. Even so, the number of green cards that have been granted are less than are available to investors on an annual basis. The question now is: How long will this be the case?

(The information in this article is of a general nature and may not be relied upon as legal or other professional advice.)

Leon Snaid is certified as an Immigration Law Specialist by the State Bar of California's Board of Legal Specialization



#### Worlds Apart: The Re-Migration of South African Jews

Colin Tatz, Peter Arnold and Gillian Heller http://www.rosenbergpub.com.au

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## **Bloemfontein Rules!**

Innes Ave, Bloemfontein, was a tree lined, quiet street about a long as "La Jolla Scenic North" and had 9–10 Jewish families in the 1950's and 1960's. Five of those families now live in San Diego. Talk about a small world.

We lived on Innes Ave for 14 years. I typically rode my bike to school, swimming practice, and all over town. We were 9 boys in Matric at CBC (5 were Jewish) and then still living on Innes Ave, I attended Free State University and was the only full-time Jewish student.

Life was fuller and we really did manage without TV. My parents worked, played bridge, golf, bowls, baked for cake sales for shul fundraisers, did communal work and had a great life, and like most had a kosher home, Shabbat meals and family involvement in "SA Orthodoxy".

Two houses away from us were the Wassermans (Felicia Belcher's parents). Felicia was the cute little girl next door, then too young but growing fast. Felicia's father was in the produce business, and her mom was in the fashion business (Silver Shillings) in competition to my parent's fashion business (Ellmans)!! Felicia's dad also served as the President of the shul and was very busy in communal affairs.

Two houses further were the Belchers (Irwin's family) and he, with an astute eye, soon found Felicia. Irwin's dad was also in the produce business.

Across from the Belchers was my best buddy Mullie Rubenanko, whose daughter Dalya lives close to us in la Jolla. Mullie was the eminent prankster and responsible for all my misdoings.

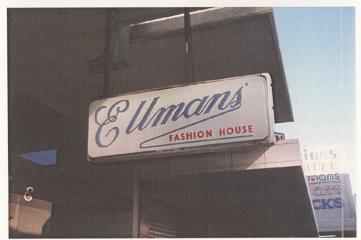
Further down the road were the Galgut's (Alan's family) and his dad's pharmacy was in the central part of the lone main street. His mother was also the link to visiting the Lurie "potato kings" farms in Tweespruit.

Also from Bloemfontein but NOT from Innes Ave are:

Peter Sacks, La Jolla physician, (whose sister I taught to swim), Geoffrey Cohen (whose mother's car we managed to misappropriate on occasions!) Ed Laser, La Jolla architect (with whom I sang in the shul choir), Pam Berman (Joffa) and Glenda Kacev (Joffa) & Les Kacev who, with their boys, spent many happy times and memorable vacations with us and our kids as young families in Parys, Deneysville, Plett and now for the past 21 years in San Diego and most recently—Jackie Shevel, hospital developer and entrepreneur.

Emigration yes, but Bloemfontein Rules!!



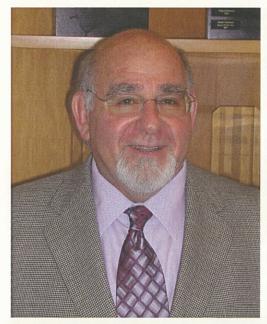


Ellmans: Mainstay of the community



Dave Ellman...once





Alan Galgut lived on 31 Innes Ave.



In the early 1990's we took our kids back to Bloemfontein on a roots tour. Here is a picture of our Innes Avenue house.

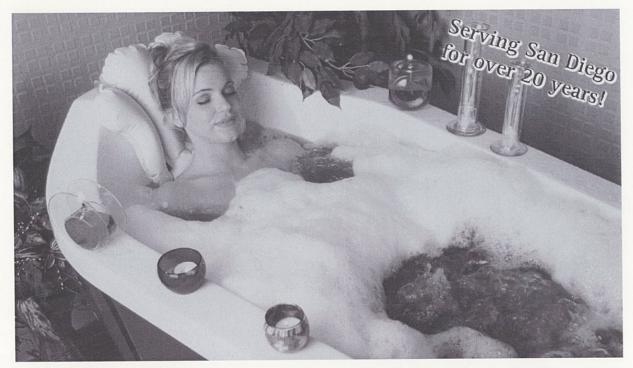


Felecia Belcher (nee Wasserman) and Irwin Belcher—Innes Ave days  $\ldots$ 



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"Cheesi" Meltz looks towards a future that may even include Manchester United.

## **A Star is Born**

By Dylan Marks

Soccer's next great superstar hails from our own medina. Adam "Cheezi" Meltz, my South African cousin born and now living in San Diego, is only seventeen and has already had an extensive career in soccer. Playing since the age of five, Cheezi has already played in numerous countries across the world and has been scouted

by colleges such as WestPoint, UCLA, and NCAA champions UC Santa Barbara.

Cheezi played on the highlands Park Amateur Football Club in SA until he moved to San Diego at age seven. When Cheezi was thirteen playing on the 1989 US Olympic development team, he was approached by a coach and was offered a trial at F.C. Utrecht in Holland. After completing the trial he was offered a two-year contract on the club. Cheezi has also had offers from Manchester United and F.C. Barcelona but he has decided to stay in the United States to finish up his schoolwork and to develop mentally and physically for this enduring passage.

Throughout his life, Cheezi has been on many club teams and has won national titles and major tournaments. I have had a direct view into Cheezi's life and soccer career because I am his cousin. Cheezi and I have always known each other but in the past two years, we have grown very close. From hanging out at nights to watching his exciting soccer games, I am confident when I call us "friends."

I remember when we were both around the age of ten and were playing World Cup '98 on his PlayStation. I never beat him but it was a treat watching a real soccer player in action. When Cheezi was playing soccer, either on or off the field, he was in his own world, wrapped up in his dedication to succeed and his love for the game. Even now when he, a few friends and I play soccer in the park by his house, he always makes the rest of us look like fools on the field.

From observing his transformation from a boy who could play soccer to a man who has the potential to be a great soccer player, I know he will eventually succeed on his journey to soccer stardom because of his discipline and dedication to the game. Cheezi has always been the guy to say, "Hey guys, I can't go out tonight because I have a game tomorrow at 1:00 P.M. and I have to be well rested." As upset about the fact that we won't have the pleasure of his company, we all know that he is making the right choice and is being disciplined enough to be able to say, "no." Cheezi has told me dozens of stories about how he would see a player like Cristiano Ronaldo perform a new "juke" or "trick" in a game, and promptly sneak out of his house at midnight, go to the park by his house and would only come home when he had mastered the move. Coming home at 3 a.m. would be a small price to pay for having another weapon in his arsenal that he could use in an upcoming game.

As well as a die-hard soccer player, Cheezi is also a huge fan and spectator of soccer. He always knows who is leading the league and can go on endlessly about trades and player info. As you walk into his bedroom you are bombarded with posters of great soccer players and his favorite soccer club Manchester United. To say it in its simplest form, Cheezi's life is soccer. He will do whatever it takes to succeed in it and I know that he will thrive in his life as a great professional soccer player.

## **SAJAC to Launch Scholarship Fund**

In February 2008, Gemilut Chesed Committee chairs, Brian and Suzanne Marcus hosted a very important ad hoc meeting at their home to discuss the possibility of creating a scholarship fund to provide Jewish education to children of ex South Africans living in San Diego. Other SAJAC members present at the meeting were Charlene Seidel, Diane Schachat, Glenda Jaffe and Pamela Nathan.

The meeting members share the belief that a Jewish education is essential to Jewish continuity. The meeting resulted in the creation of a survey which was sent out via email to all SAJAC members to inquire whether they were in favor of this action.

The results of the survey indicated that SAJAC members were, indeed, in favor of creating a scholarship fund to provide an educational opportunity for a limited number of former South African, Jewish families in need.

The educational scholarship will be allocated to qualifying Jewish students for both Day School and after school programs offered by many schools and synagogues. The intention is to start the ball rolling with our upcoming 21st birthday celebration. All money collected for this event that is not used to pay expenses, will be allocated to jump start the scholarship fund. We intend to organize other social events specifically to raise scholarship funds. We will also appeal to our members to make contributions when they pay their membership dues.

Anyone interested in organizing a fund raiser for our scholarship fund, please contact us at info@sajac.com



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## **Signs from Synagogue Bulletin Boards**

- 1 Under same management for over 5768 years.
- 2 Don't give up. Moses was once a basket case.
- What part of 'Thou shalt not' don't you understand?
- Shul committees should be made up of three members, two of whom should be absent at every meeting.
- Sign over the urinal in a bathroom at Hebrew University: 'The future of the Jewish people is in your hands.'
- My mother is a typical Jewish mother. Once she was on jury duty. They sent her home. She insisted SHE was guilty.
- Any time a person goes into a delicatessen and orders a pastrami on white bread, somewhere a Jew dies.
- It was mealtime during a flight on El Al. 'Would you like dinner?' the flight attendant asked Moshe, seated in front. 'What are my choices?' Moshe asked. 'Yes, or no,' she replied.
- An elderly Jewish man is knocked down by a car and is brought to the local hospital. A pretty nurse tucks him into bed and says, 'Mr. Gevarter, are you comfortable?' Gevarter replies, 'I make a nice living....'
- A rabbi was opening his mail one morning. Taking a single sheet of paper from an envelope he found written on it only one word: 'shmuck.' At the next Friday night service, the Rabbi announced, 'I have known many people who have written letters and forgot to sign their names, but this week I received a letter from someone who signed his name .... and forgot to write a letter.'
- Three Jewish women get together for lunch. As they are being seated in the restaurant, one takes a deep breath and gives a long, slow 'oy.' The second takes a deep breath as well and lets out a long, slow 'oy.' The third takes a deep breath and says impatiently, Girls, I thought we agreed that we weren't going to talk about our children.'
- And one final favorite: A waiter comes over to a table full of Jewish women and asks, 'Is anything all right?'





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## Yiddish is Alive and Well

IAYC CONFERERENCE OCTOBER 24-27 2008

By Sadie Berelowitz



losof Vaisman, speaker at Yiddish Conference

The 12th International Association of Yiddish Clubs conference will be held at the Marriott Hotel in La Jolla, CA from October 24-27 2008.

For nearly a thousand years, Yiddish was the primary, sometimes the only language spoken by the Jews of Eastern Europe (Ashkenazi) & at the height of its usage, was spoken by millions of Jews of different nationalities all over the globe. The six million European Jews who died in the Holocaust comprised the majority of the world's Yiddish speakers.

Despite this near mortal blow to a

rich language & culture, Yiddish is today enjoying a resurgence. Programs are being initiated in Jewish Day Schools to teach children the Yiddish language & literature.

Many universities worldwide offer courses & even degree programs in Yiddish linguistics & culture.

The conference will feature 30 different Yiddish & English lectures, panels &workshops conducted by leading Yiddish scholars & teachers. The evenings will be highlighted by Yiddish entertainers, including Yale Strom—the leading ethnographer of Klezmer—his wife Elizabeth Schwartz & the Hot Pstromi Klezmer Group; Archie Barkan; a live performance of Mayn Sheyne Meydl & the 2nd Ave Klezmer Ensemble

The vision of IAYC is to encourage young people to take classes & to explore their Askenazi roots through history, music, literature & language; to take Yiddish out of isolation & to give it a strong international voice.

As the sole international organization fostering Yiddish clubs, the IAYC is in the forefront of extolling the benefits of our mame-loshn—our mother tongue. Your participation is essential, for the greater the number participating in Yiddish activities the greater will be the pleasure & enjoyment.

For more information contact the conference website: www.derbay.org/lajolla where you can download registration forms.

The conference chairman, Norman Sarkin can be reached at normansarkin@yahoo.com

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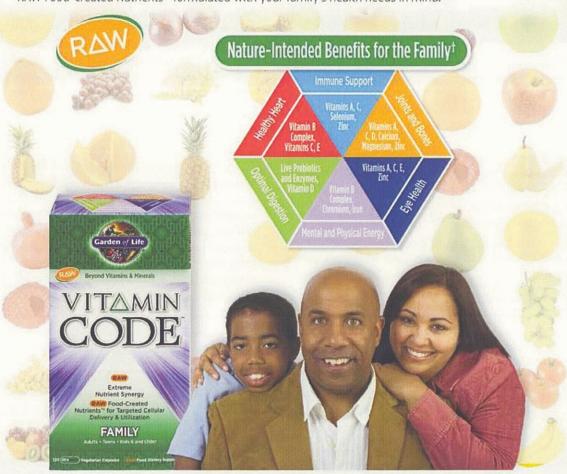
You can sing your national anthem in four languages, and you have no idea what it means in any of them



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## **Remembering Yeoville...some random thoughts**

By Linda Grishman

As time goes by I feel more and more inclined to write about Yeoville where I spent most of my young life 6 through 17. It was, in many ways, a sort of Jewish schtetl. A small town reminiscent of a small town in the USA. As you know towns here are joined together almost like suburbs. Yeoville was one of those with it's own mainstreet Raleigh Street. Community swimming booth (The Yeoville Baths) with it's ubiquitous green domed roof. The Apollo Cafe where the ducktails of the 1950s, lead by Neville Purdy, hung out. Standing on the corner of Raleigh and Kenmere Road coming and flicking back their groomed 'Bril-creamed' hair to form that American style Elvis ducktail. Their shirt sleeves rolled up with a packet of Texan stuck in the crease.

There was the Yeoville Fisheries owned by the Gross family. The Yeoville Home Industries, the local bakery. Emdens materials where my mom's cousin Fivy Kaufman worked. Mr. Sief's Yeoville bicycle shop. I love frequenting it...it's strong smell of rubber bicycle tires. We bought Guy Fawkes crackers there every November and other toys and trinkets. The Yeoville Pharmacy, Tony's Fruiterers. Mr. Levine's barber shop where I took my nephew Tony for his haircuts when he was 2 and I was 11. Mr. Levine was always so tickled with "da unty, da unty mit her nephew...oi da unty." Outside was a large barrel filled with some sort of petrol based product that the Africans used to fire up their primas stoves. For a few pennies they filled their glass bottles with this flammable liquid.

There was the fish and chips shop on the corner. The Yeoville Garage selling Parity Insurance. I remember that Parity went bankrupt for some sort of illegitimate use of the insurance money.

The park and the Community Center built for us younger kids to spend time playing and painting. We preferred to be outdoors during the summer.

The B1 and the B2 Trams later replaced by petrol fuming buses. Our house and our entire row of Jewish families starting with the Lipschitz, Segal, Grishman (Levine who sold to the Emanuels) Berman, Rabinowitz, Hurwitz and Segal. Behind the Hurwitz's on Frances Street lived the Himelsteins. I was friendly with Ilana (the A class) on and off, depending on her moody irritability and quick temper. Her sad but sweet mother who always told me how pretty I was and her outgoing father, the choir master of the Yeoville Shul and teacher at the Chedar where many a young boy spent studying for his barmitzah along with a few girls.

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Saturday mornings in the summer, my mom would shush me indoors so that Rabbi Lapin and his family on their way to Shul didn't see me in shorts or a bathing suit.

Across the road was the Methodist Church.... The Kidd Family—daughter Allison and little boy Lesley who stuttered terribly (the Kidd's were English). Rev Kidd had a dark threatening face with thick dark eyebrows and was a miserable strict father... abusive would be the word for him. They eventually left to live in Madagascar where he went to start a Methodist community. They had two bull terriers that were never allowed out. I was absolutely terrified of these out of control animals. To this day, I have an fear of bull terriers. After the Kidd's left, along came the Wings. A lovely sweet minister and his wife. They had two daughters, with whom I played constantly. Especially Mommies and Daddies and the baby.

I was always the father and loved cuddling in the little tent that we had set up in their back garden as our "house."

Then there were the scandals, the pain and suffering and the fear of Communism and it's ability to brush off on one. Especially if one was connected to anything remotely politicall against the apartheid regime. The Beira scandal. The Barsel family... with Mrs. Barsel being under house arrest. Their two daughters, Sonya and Linda both went to Athlone. Mrs. Barsel was a tiny dark haired little women with rings under her eyes. One could never imagine that she could have been a subversive threat to any one, let alone the powerful Nationalist Government during the reign of terror under the Verwoerd regime. The talk was reduced to whispers and long stares of intrigue and fear at the sight of the house where the Barsels lived on Regent Street.

Claire Beira who lived on Frances Street with her mom, granny and two sisters, Pam, the oldest, Barbara the middle and Claire the youngest. Both Pam and Barbara's father had died and Mrs. Beira remarried... Beira a gambler. Claire was born in 1950. She had dark hair while her sisters had brown hair and looked more alike resembling their mom. Mrs. Beira was a painfully thin women. I only saw her after 5pm when she came home from work. She wore high heels and I often thought that her skinny legs might break. She was a chain smoker with a bad disposition. Along with some other friend or two we always left as soon as she came home. She never smiled nor said a friendly word to me or any of Claire's other friends ever. I never saw much of Pam. She was already in high school while we were in primary. Winter afternoons were spent sitting around their oval dining room table. We ate pickled fish sandwiches for lunch. Claire and Barbara were talented knitters. From intricate cabled jerseys even their school jersey was home knitted. We were in Mrs. Lax's Std 1 class. She had a knitting competition of sorts. Claire and Melaine Green (a big bully and bane of my existence) became strict rivals as they had both chosen to knit foxes. I remember the looks and stares on their faces each morning when the bell went and they would silently compare their progress. Never a word was uttered between them, but if looks could kill, Claire would have been a goner.

## YOU ARE PROUDLY SOUTH AFRICAN WHEN...

You call a traffic light a "robot"



#### Before the Holocaust... Continued from page 33

The 1920s were a period of opening vistas and great cultural achievements in the Berlin of the Weimar Republic, and after 1923 had passed when the World's most galloping inflation had made poor billionaires of every one of us, the five golden years of prosperity came upon us.

German Jewry prospered as never before. We also became hosts to an influx of lewish refugees from the East, Communist Russia, the Baltic countries and Poland.

With them, they brought the orthodox tradition of divine service, and generally practiced this in one of the smaller halls which surrounded the large liberal synagoques. Their children, of course, went with us to German speaking schools. For the first time, we heard Yiddish. Derived as it was from the middle-high German as spoken before Martin Luther's time and with a heavy salting of Hebrew words, we would pick out and understand a sentence here and there.

However, some of the words gradually infiltrated our spoken German slang. When we started to use such words, as Tsorrus, Chutzpah, nicho (all the same) and mixed this into the real broad Berlin dialect, our purist parents were aghast, and such mixing of languages was much frowned upon.

In the event, Yiddish religious expressions, such as shool and Yahrzeit, have infiltrated into the English language rather than their German counterparts such as Schule or Jahrzeit. The reason is obvious. Sheer numbers.

There were in pre-war days about eight million Jews whose mother tongue was Yiddish, but only about 1-1/2 million in the Germanic parts of the old Austro-Hungarian empire and Germany proper.

Many Jewish social occasions and dances took place in the magnificent marbled halls of the Bnai Brith lodge in Berlin's Kleistrasse.

The Jewish Jiu-Jitsu club to which I belonged vied with the Jui-Jitsu club of the Berlin police force for the honours of champion club of Germany.

Life was happy. We were an ambitious, sophisticated and even arrogant lot. The depression years 1930 to 1932 taught us thrift and respect for the "Moonshine" worker.

Then fate struck. The Nazis had come to power. German Jewry rallied its resources. The philosophical Rabbi Baeck became the brave and sophisticated fighter for our physical and spiritual survival.

In 1933, he was elected president of the 'Reichsvertretung der deutschen Juden," the Board of Deputies. His irreverent teenage barmitzvah of 1923 had by now become a journalist on a Jewish newspaper. Thus, unavoidably, our paths crossed again.

Well do I remember the conferences at Kantstrasse headquarters of the 'Reichsvertretung', presided over by Leo Baeck and where I attended merely as a press reporter.

I never came as humanly close to Leo Baeck as my father did

Watching the man at work at times, I couldn't help but admire the rabbi's moral calibre and his shrewd manouevres against our Nazi oppressors, as well as forever becalming the troubled waters of our internal Jewish political quibbling.

I said good-bye to Dr Baeck in 1936, when I emigrated to South Africa. My parents, with great luck, joined me in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, just before war broke out.

Another decade passed, the decade of the Great Holocaust. Together with six million of my Jewish brethren, my sister and her family, and aunts and cousins, were murdered.

By a miracle, Dr Leo Baeck, survived concentration camp and death camp, and after his rescue in 1945 joined his daughter in London.

Father started now to correspond with Dr Baeck. I was in the South African airforce, and we had to live on military pay. But England was still on food rationing.

So, dad scrounged with his shillings, and every week he would send off to Dr. Baeck and his family; a small food parcel with South African delicacies.

Another half a decade later, I broke my father's heart. I married an Afrikaans woman, non-Jewish. Dad penned his sorrows to his old minister, Dr Baeck.

I read the great man's replies, carefully written in long hand. I don't remember the contents, but they much eased dad's feelings about the matter.

A few years after father's death in 1952, the Progressive Jewish Congregation of Port Elizabeth was formed (the main congregations in South Africa being orthodox), with the 'Leo Baeck Hall' the centre of activities.

Dr Baeck passed away soon after, and I handed his letters to the congregation for safe keeping in their archives.

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You produce a R100 note instead of your driver's licence when stopped by a traffic officer



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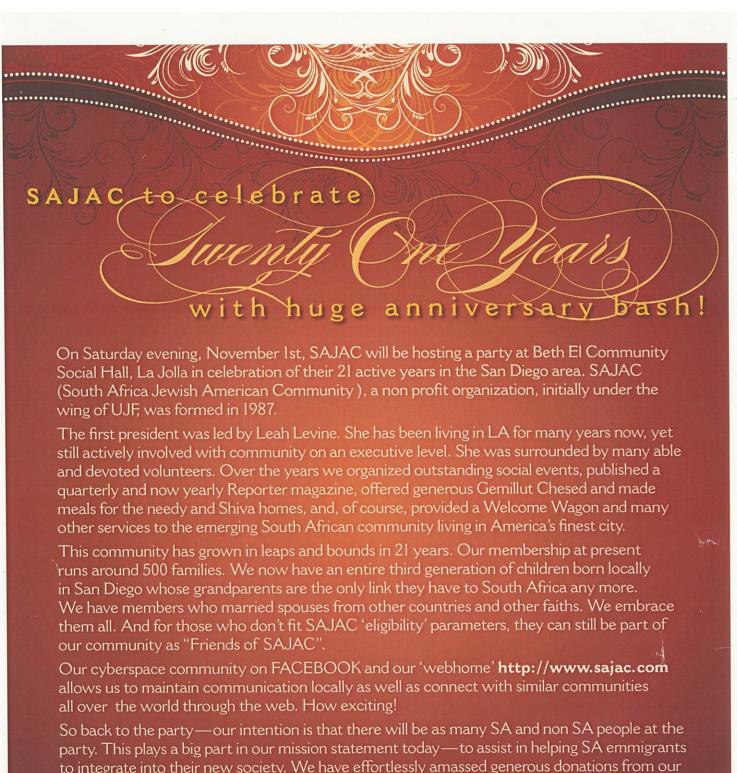












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