NOV EDITION 2022 - CHESHVAN 5783
MUIZENBERG HEBREW CONGREGATION

Email Muizenberg.shul@gmail.com w
"Join" as subject to
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whatsapp group or email list.

MUIZZIES MEGILLA

Jews with views, Jews with Shpilkes, whatever comes first :)

SHABBAT PROJECT
NOV 11-12, 2022





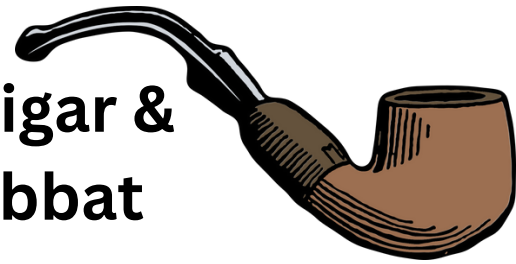


FRI NITE

Whiskey & Biltong & Cigar & Kiddies Craft for Shabbat

530pm-630pm

Prayers 630pm-715pm



SAT MORN

930am Prayers

11.15am Guest Speaker - Chris Eden - Director, Bridges for Peace

12pm Special Kiddush Lunch

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LECHAIM! Life in South Africa



Rabbi Ryan and Joan Sarembock

A Challenge. Hectic. Enjoyable. Fun. Those were the words used by Joan Sarembock of our ladies guild to describe the recent Sukkot dinner we had at the shul for close to 180 people, with 30 little kiddies running around the shul while their parents were shmoozing and dining.

Needless to say that to get 180 people into a sukkah is an almost impossible task. But the night was electrifying in its atmosphere and it was a miracle that Muizenberg has been waiting for a long time, especially post Covid.

There are a lot of interesting things that happen at large gatherings. Firstly, people were astounded at how many people there were from the Southern Suburbs. Most people had never seen the others before and it was meeting people who live down the road for the first time. Secondly, some people saw people they hadnt seen in decades and didnt even know lived in Cape Town. Lastly, many people discovered others with similar professions and backgrounds and the evening functioned as a networking event.

The ladies guild worked hard for many weeks and were so organised and joyful as they served delicious hot dishes, salads, pizza for kids, ice creams, and even asian dishes. Well done to them for their hard work and it really was impressive and inspirational to see that age does not always mean less energy.

Another amazing Sukkah event was our music event. We had holocaust survivors meeting people who had never met survivors before, and the ensuing conversation and magical relationship was created in front of all those present. Someone even got up and gave the survivor a hug in appreciation and out of respect. Jeffrey Nimburg and Rabbi Ryan played for the first time together and now have a violinist and a bassist who want to join a shul music jam, so look out for that in coming weeks.

Times for Cape Town
From Hebcal.com

November 2022

Fri 04 Nov	6:59pm	Candle lighting
Sat 05 Nov		Parashat Lech-Lecha
Sat 05 Nov	7:54pm	Havdalah (36 min)
Fri 11 Nov	7:05pm	Candle lighting
Sat 12 Nov		Parashat Vayera
Sat 12 Nov	8:01pm	Havdalah (36 min)
Fri 18 Nov	7:12pm	Candle lighting
Sat 19 Nov		Shabbat Mevarchim Cho
Sat 19 Nov		Parashat Chayei Sara
Sat 19 Nov	8:07pm	Havdalah (36 min)
Wed 23 Nov		Sigd
Thu 24 Nov		Rosh Chodesh Kislev
Fri 25 Nov		Rosh Chodesh Kislev
Fri 25 Nov	7:19pm	Candle lighting
Sat 26 Nov		Parashat Toldot
Sat 26 Nov	8:14pm	Havdalah (36 min)



Remember--the only thing standing between you and your dreams is your appearance, lack of talent, and general personality

About food and not being Marcel Proust

by Michelle Saffer



Photo from the Boston P'tcha Society facebook page, and was taken in Israel. The writer was fairly critical of it, saying it had too much garlic!

I'd like to pretend that my inspiration for writing about how food memories are so evocative is because I was inspired by reading Marcel Proust's long stream-of consciousness pseudo-autobiographical novel *À la recherche du temps perdu* (*Remembrance of Things Past* or *In Search of Lost Time*).

I'm already showing off by referring to the book's French title. In fact, all I know about it is cultural knowledge: that after dipping a madeleine in some tea, his previously vain attempt to reach the past, hidden "beyond the reach of intellect", recollections start working their slow way into his consciousness - for 3000 pages.

Unlike Proust, my memories are more pedestrian. No crumbs of madeleine in lime flower tea, country roads, water lilies and a parish church. Rather, a shocked recollection of p'tcha, cow's foot jelly, malevolently lurking in its khaki-green way on a side table.

It was served at Jewish holidays at my paternal grandmother's house. Hypnotised by duty, most adults would recognise its place in our cultural heritage and some, taking a deep breath, would bravely head to the rectangular glass dish to cut a slice, which would be decorated by hard-boiled egg. I imagine some even liked it - my cousins, for instance, who would eat boiled chicken feet with gusto and pull the tendons so that the amputated chicken feet would move across their plates, to great hilarity (theirs).

Interested, I looked up p'tcha with its various spellings (pitcha, ptcha, petchah) and was intrigued by the evident reverent revulsion. There's even a facebook page for the Boston P'tcha Society which warns in capital letters: GRAPHIC P'TCHA IMAGES and goes on to say: "Membership is open to p'tcha (gala/galareta/fees-neygel) enthusiasts who devote themselves to the relentless pursuit of p'tcha excellence. Recognizing that not all people have yet seen the light, we strive to be a safe space for p'tcha allies, spouses, and progeny as well."

P'CHA CONTINUED/ PG 2 BY MICHELLE SAFFER





Boston p'cha and Australian p'cha - a real gastronomic tour

That Facebook page is not so well used, so perhaps not enough people have seen the light...

I have a family recipe for p'tcha which, essentially, is cow's foot boiled for hours with a bay leaf, peppercorn, salt pepper and maybe garlic, and then left to set in the fridge, becoming a jelly, because that's what hooves do. Many of you will know that hooves are in most food containing gelatin. Definitely not vegetarian and sometimes not kosher. Next time you have a jellybaby, check out the ingredient list!

Wikipedia's page on p'tcha, rather gruesomely, echoes other sites in calling the dish "calf's foot jelly", as though the gastronomes were in too much of a hurry to let the calf grow up into a cow. That page asserts that the name appears to come from the Turkish words *paça çorbası*, or "leg soup" (just in case you weren't sure what you were eating).

The Encyclopedia of Jewish Food by Gil Marcus is quoted as saying that the dish originated in the 14th century from a soup made by Turkish peasants, originally made from lamb's feet, "and called *soupa patsas* or simply *patsas* by the Greeks".

It is another of those dishes, possibly born in poverty or frugality, where every bit of anything edible is used.

Alas, I will never be another Marcel Proust. But I can certainly use him as a lodestar. Or, at least, an excuse to think about food.

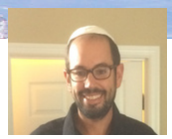
- For a double dose of culture, Yiddish and p'tcha making, have a look at this Youtube video with Yiddish-speaking women in Australia (with subtitles) https://forward.com/yiddish/465911/watch-irene-and-ruth-make-ptcha/

- For American recollections of p'tcha, from people whose ancestors came from different parts of Europe, read "A Disappearing Delicacy" by Grace Bello https://www.tabletmag.com/sections/food/articles/a-disappearing-delicacy



SEICHEL

Reflections with Rabbi Ryan



Jewish Holidays are like a yoga class...

After an inspiring month of Tishrei filled with Rosh Hashana, Yom Kippur and Sukkot - we now move onto the calm period of 5 months of no festivals from the Torah.

One could ask why our Torah puts so many festivals in one month and leaves so many months with nothing to perform or celebrate? Why is one month so cramped and the rest of the year laid so bare?

I think that the message is about life in general. We all seek constant happiness, and we want to have feelings of elation, bliss and serenity as much as possible. But life happens. We realize that the day after an amazing fun wedding can result in a hangover and being tired. The week after a month vacation only feels like we need a vacation post vacation. It is impossible to hold onto those strong feelings for very long. We forget yesterday very quickly and have the same challenge to remain inspired post our short lived adrenalin boosts.

This is not a bad thing. Feeling elated wouldn't be special if we felt it all the time. It is the sporadic nature of the fleeting moments that allows us to grasp infrequent special moments in life and feel alive, even if it only lasts a few minutes.

The Jewish calender is almost like a yoga or gym class. It starts off with a powerful warmup. The Torah starts us off in the calender year with a power booster set of Passover, just to get us sweating a little and let off a little steam. Then it gives us a 7 week slow daily buildup to Shavuot, as after the first warmup we need some time to build up strength again for a second set. After Shavuot, we have a mini break to stretch and prepare for the final uphill - the high holidays - which are juts past midway in the year and this is where we peak. We give everything we have, knowing that this is what all the hard work leads up towards. We culminate this climax power series with Sukkot, a celebration of the success of the high holidays and of all the years efforts as we finally harvest our crops and reap our rewards.

But then we have a 5 month hiatus from festivals, a resting pose period - where we just enjoy normal life and become excited to have a festival again at the end of a long well deserved rest break.

For those that do yoga, you may have been told that although the workout is what makes us healthy, it is the resting pose that is the most important. We work hard in order to give our bodies delight at the end of the workout. So too, the festivals are there to ensure that we are healthy in the resting phases of life, all the months that have nothing. I hope that we can all enjoy these months where no effort is needed other than sit back and enjoy the summer fruits that are coming our way. Doesn't sound so bad to me. Work hard, play hard. Amen.

Here are few classics that bear witness to the paradoxes, contradictions craziness of the Jewish soul.

100% Canadian?

One afternoon little Shmuli Horowitz who lived in the northernmost region of Canada was sitting with his father in the snow. Shmuli turned to his father and said: “Dad, am I really Canadian?”

The father replied: “Of course, Shmuli, you’re 100% Canadian.”

A few minutes later, Shmuli turned to his father again, and said: “Dad, tell me the truth. I can take it. Am I really 100% Canadian?”

The father answered: “Son, I am 100% Canadian, your mother is 100% Canadian, so you are definitely 100% Canadian.”

Shmuli seemed satisfied, but a few minutes later he turned to his father once more and said: “Dad, don’t think you’re sparing my feelings. I’ve got to know. Am I 100 per cent Canadian?”

The father was becoming distressed by the continual questioning and said: “Why do you keep asking me if you’re one hundred percent Canadian?”

Shmuli said: “Because I’m freezing!”

21st Century Chametz Cleaning Tips

1. Open a new file in your PC.
2.Name it “Chometz.”
3. Send it to the RECYCLE BIN.
4.Empty the RECYCLE BIN.
5.Your PC will ask you: “Are you sure you want to delete “Chometz” permanently?”
6. Calmly answer: “Yes” and press the mouse button firmly…
7. Feel better?

Works every time.

Battle of Wits

Maurice has a business appointment and arrives early. The receptionist points to a comfortable, easy chair and asks him to be seated for a while. Maurice settles down, picks up a magazine and tries to read. However, he finds he cannot concentrate because he is distracted due to a ruckus coming from behind one of the doors leading off the reception area. Maurice goes over to the receptionist and asks: “What’s going on there?’

She replies: “It’s a partners’ meeting.”

“But, why are they shouting at each other?” Maurice asks.

“It’s a high stakes battle of wits.” She replies.

Maurice asks:” Between who?”, and she answers,” Horowits, Leibowits, Rabbinowits and Abromowits.”

"From a Muizenberg bathroom"

© 2022

ACT ONE



By Frank Lazarus

Frank Lazarus is a talented musician, performer and composer. He is known for performances as part of the Frank and Maggie Duo (or Maggie and Frank) and he composed the music for a famous musical called A Day in Hollywood/ A night in the Ukraine. He lives in the UK in London. Thank you for this contribution.

Doffie, my mother, lay in the bath, going over her lines, while I, an eager child, was perched on the lid of the lavatory seat providing her cues. She was an excellent amateur actress, much in demand for productions at the Talmud Torah Hall, the favourite venue of the South Peninsula Amateur Dramatic Society. To this day I can repeat her opening lines as "Gwenny" in *The Late Christopher Bean* by Emlyn Williams, in the sing-song Welsh accent taught her by the eccentric local elocution teacher, Gladys Lazarus (no relation). Gladys and her sister Doris were Christian Scientists, and when Doris was bitten by a black widow spider, they spurned the help of any doctor. Doris died soon afterward.

So I'd say my passion for theatre began in the bathroom of 2 Oblowitz Flats, Cromer Rd, Muizenberg from an early age. My first landmark year was when I was eleven. Local women organised a production in aid of the Blue Box of *Paddly Pools* by Miles Malleson, a play for children about the environment. A huge group of local children was cast in the Talmud Torah Hall production. I played "Grandpa", who falls asleep while reading about Mother Nature. My brother John, two and a half years younger, was my grandson "Tony".

In "Grandpa's" dream, all the Muizenberg children represented aspects of the environment, none more delightfully than Margaret Soboil, aged 6, as "The Spirit of the Green Grass". She was already bursting with the vibrancy that was so irresistible when many years later she and I performed our two-person revue *Maggie and Frank*, all over Australia and then South Africa, followed by a late-night run in London and a BBC2 30-minute television special.

The other landmark event when I was eleven happened when Muizenberg Junior School prepared to present an operetta called *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.* I was loving being one of the Thieves, trying on my exotic costume and rehearsing "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" with the other chorus members. Suddenly, like a scene from a 1930s movie musical, I was plucked from the chorus and elevated to the lead role of "Ali Baba".

I certainly had a sweet soprano voice, displayed along with my brother John and several other choir members, crowded onto the bima at Muizenberg shul. Being up there gave a feeling of awe and excitement. But I have a nightmare memory of Mr. Galansky, the choir master, beetroot red in the face as he shouted at me: "Louder! Louder! Why don't you sing louder, like Barry Selby!" The bima choir included a couple of other boy sopranos, Leonard Weinreich and Harry Sacks, and adults: the short, plump Garfinkel twins, one a bass, the other a tenor, who uncannily resembled a pair of large garden gnomes. Without the pointy hats. The rabbi was Rabbi Weinberg and the chazan was Cantor Goldwasser, who had a surfeit of saliva, so that with every sibilant consonant he sang, a Niagara of spit issued from his mouth in a glittering arc.

Around this time, possibly a couple of years earlier, the Goldbergs of Oranjezicht annually rented a summer cottage in Cromer Rd immediately opposite Oblowitz Flats. They had the original Broadway cast albums on 78 rpm records of *Oklahoma!* and *Annie Get Your Gun* and I became immediately entranced by the songs of these musicals, in turn witty and haunting, that led you instantly into a world of drama and laughter. I made them play the songs over and over, singing along with "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" or "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun", absorbing the influences of Rodgers & Hammerstein and Irving Berlin.

Pg 2 "From a Muizenberg bathroom"
ACT ONE cont/ by Frank Lazarus



We acquired a second-hand piano when I was eight or nine. I always had a good musical ear and when I was sixteen I discovered I could compose melodies. From early childhood I'd begun writing little poems for "The Squirrel Club", a children's page of the Cape Times. In a blinding Epiphany, I knew I had to write music and lyrics for my own musical. I wrote a sheaf of songs which were really pastiches of the aforementioned R & H and Irving Berlin. Songs with cowboy settings. I quickly learned Lesson No. 1 of musicals: the book comes first, and everything relates to that. Lesson No. 2: know what you're writing about. I couldn't create a feasible story around my songs, so I abandoned them and sought a subject I could more easily relate to.

By then I'd heard the original Broadway cast albums of several dazzling shows, including *Peter Pan* with Mary Martin, and decided to write a musical for children in the splashy Broadway style. In our bookcase was a novel by the British author Beverley Nichols called *The Tree That Sat Down* which lent itself perfectly. I was already subscribing to American and British theatre magazines, so I knew you had to get permission for this sort of venture. At seventeen I wrote to Beverly Nichols via the publisher, and was thrilled when he wrote back giving me the rights for the adaptation. I didn't mention my age.

Meanwhile, Muizenberg High School was wonderfully active with school concerts at the Pavilion. My performing experience grew through acting in plays and sketches and accompanying musical items on the piano, notably Lynne Rosenberg in her wild tap version of *The Mexican Hat Dance.* Amateur theatre provided invaluable experience for an aspiring actor, especially in comedy where you could gauge instant reaction from the audience, and I continued my amateur career under Bertie Stern and others at the new Masque Theatre long after I left school.

My parents, Doffie and Louis, who had met as amateur actors, were the first generation offspring of Jewish immigrants from Lithuania, Latvia, England and Australia. The natural drive throughout the Jewish communities was very strong towards self-improvement and career advancement and A Better Life. It was the dream to be secure enough to withstand the memory of pogroms and the Holocaust. I was born in 1939, and as I grew up I often met acquaintances of my parents and their siblings who still had their concentration camp numbers tattooed on their wrists.

White sands for white skins. The "Whites Only" signs certainly said so. How unfair it was, during the extreme Us and Them of the Apartheid era, that my friends and I should be so incredibly fortunate, growing up in sunny, funny Muizenberg with a strong sense of identity in our warm, privileged white Jewish environment. However, there were surrounding shades of antisemitism from white racist Afrikaners in particular, who labelled our seaside settlement Jewsenberg. We always smiled ironically when we said it ourselves. And not without some pride. We were excluded from British immigrant clubs like Kelvin Grove (British traditional antisemitism is still a problem in the UK) but created Clovelly Country Club in response, open to all religions. Muizenberg was its own Who's Who. We were confident in our Anatevka-by-the-sea.

So it wasn't a surprise that, although I felt destined for a life in the theatre, my parents made a bargain with me. If I first qualified as a lawyer, to have "something to fall back on", they would help me thereafter with my next move. I spent five years as an articled legal clerk at C. and A. Friedlander, which at least gave me a useful grounding for my future in Show Business (than which There's No Business Like) in reading contracts. In my own office I began each day with a Gene Kelly tap routine on top of the desk and the filing cabinet, to the consternation of my secretary, Miss Braudie. And I continued working on the book, music and lyrics of my musical *The Tree That Sat Down* on the toilet and down in the typing pool. The toilet seems to feature rather a lot in this memoir.

I was admitted in the Supreme Court as a qualified attorney one morning, wrote a matric exam in French that afternoon (I'd had private lessons) and the next day went straight back to UCT to enrol as a 22-year-old BA student and as a drama student at the Little Theatre. In my pocket was *The Tree That Sat Down,* which I had completed on my 20th birthday.

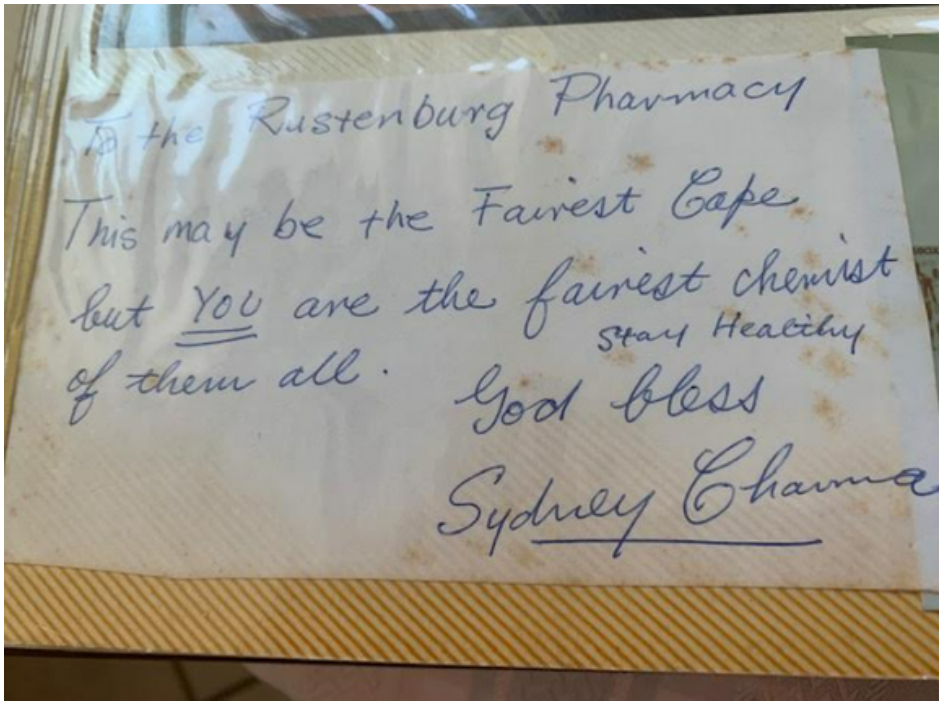
WHEN SHAKA ZULU HIMSELF ENTERED

Henry Cele was a South African actor noted for his portrayal of the great Zulu Warrior King Shaka kaSenzangakhona in the South African television miniseries Shaka Zulu as well as in the television movie Shaka Zulu: The Last Great Warrior 15 years later.

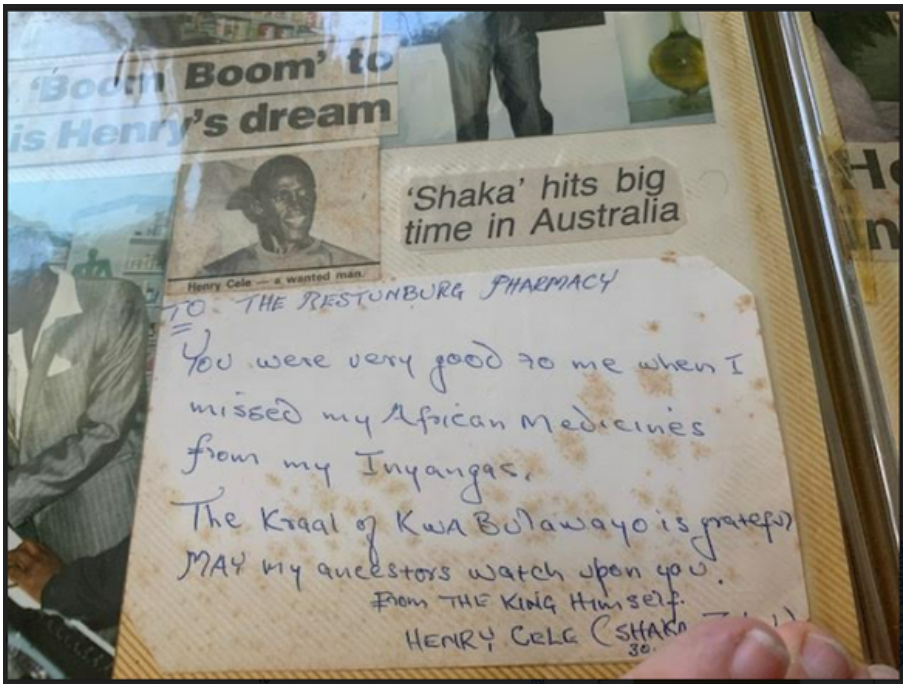
Henry Cele and co-actor Sidney Charma visited Rustenburg Pharmacy in 1987 and spent some time browsing through one of the Hall of Fame books.

In his latter years he was hospitalised with a chest infection and as his freedom was taken away he became violent and had to be restrained in his hospital bed. (For him this was the total opposite of what he had been).

Henry Cele died in hospital in December 2007.



"Fairest chemist of them all"



"my African Medicines from my Inyangas"

Colin Shapiro's Corner

Best picks from the internet



New Year's Brocha!

Dear Friends,

L'Shanah Tovah! For oncoming Year 5783

May your hair, your teeth, your face-lift, your abs, and your stocks not fall.

And may your blood pressure, your triglycerides, your cholesterol, your white blood count and your mortgage interest not rise.

May you get a clean bill of health from your dentist, your cardiologist, your gastroenterologist, your urologist, your proctologist, your podiatrist, your psychiatrist, your plumber, and the IRS/Revenue ....

May you find a way to travel from anywhere to anywhere during rush hour in less than an hour, and when you get there may you find a parking space.

May this Yom Tov, find you seated around the dinner table, together with your beloved family and cherished friends, ushering in the Jewish New Year ahead.

May what you see in the mirror delight you, and what others see in you delight them.

May the telemarketers wait to make their sales calls until you finish dinner, may your checkbook and your budget balance, and may they include generous amounts for charity.

May you remember to say "I love you" at least once a day to your partner, your child, and your parent(s).

May we live as intended, in a world at peace with the awareness of the beauty in every sunset, every flower's unfolding petals, every baby's smile and every wonderful, astonishing, miraculous part of ourselves.

And most importantly, May G-d bless you and yours, with every happiness, great health, peace and much love during the next year and all those that follow.

Happy New Year to one and all,

Interviews

Interviewed by
Abe Casper



BARRY KATZ has been a welcome recruit to our "minyonnaires." As he is a kohen, we have been able to enjoy the benefit of the priestly blessing during the festivals. He has also, on occasion, led the Friday night service. Our correspondent managed to catch him in the midst of a busy schedule.

Where are you from?

I am from Kimberley. I spent the first sixty-six years of my life there.

And your parents?

My father was from Lithuania. My mother was from Modderrivier, a small town about forty km from Kimberley.

Do you have siblings?

My brother lives in Cape Town. I have a sister in Kimberley and a sister in Johannesburg.

You went to school in Kimberley. What did you do afterwards?

After a year in the army. I did my apprenticeship in carpentry and joining.

What was special about growing up in Kimberley?

I had the special upbringing associated with a place that was small, safe and clean. There was a downside that only became conscious of much later in life: there was no Jewish day school.

What about the historical Kimberley?

We were too young to really appreciate it. The admirable, now neglected, buildings passed us by. We knew about the Big Hole, of course.

How did you spend your time?

We loved sport. We played every kind of sport.

As a carpenter, you worked in your father's business.

Yes. Among other things I made roof trusses.

Tell me about the Jewish community.

In my youth there were two hundred families. Now there are less than twenty people.

You still have services on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

Yes. Some guys come down from Johannesburg. Their services are quite vibrant.

You are retired now and live in Fish Hoek.

That's right. I still own an industrial building in Kimberley but I am retired.

My Son the gangster

Contributed by Maurice Ross





I wonder how many Jewish mothers would say that with the same amount of pride as my son the doctor?
Crime doesn't pay, but oy, such good hours.

However there have always been Jewish gangsters. Our own King David was one in his early years.!
The youngest son of Jesse his popularity aroused Saul's jealousy so he fled into southern Judah where he became an outlaw with a price on his head. He became the leader and organizer of a group of other outlaws who progressively ingratiated themselves with the local population by protecting them from other bandits - a protection racket.

Moving swiftly on, Jewish-American organized crime initially emerged within the American community during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. It has been referred to variously in media and popular culture as the Jewish Mob, Jewish Mafia, Kosher Mob, Kosher Mafia and Kosher Nostra.

In the late 19th century in New York City, Monk Eastman operated a powerful Jewish gang that competed with Italian and Irish gangs for control of New York City's underworld. Another notorious gang, known as the Lenox Avenue Gang, led by Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, consisted of mostly Jewish members. It was one of the most violent gangs of the early 20th century and became famous for the murder of gambler and gangster Herman Rosenthal.

In the early 1920's, Jewish organized crime figures such as Arnold Rothstein were controlling a wide range of criminal enterprises, including bootlegging, loansharking, gambling and bookmaking. At the same time, the Jewish bootlegging mob known as The Purple gang dominated the Detroit underworld, while the Jewish Bugs and Meyer Mob operated in the Lower East Side of New York.
Bugsy Siegal (pictured above with his lawyers) developed close ties with and gained significant power within the Italian-American Mafia.

The largely Jewish-American gang known as Murder, Inc. and Jewish mobsters such as Meyer Lansky, Mickey Cohen, Harold "Hooky" Rothman, Dutch Shultz, specialized in extortion.
Many of the Jewish gangsters clung to habits of their Jewish heritage.

My Son the gangster cont/ pg 2

Contributed
by Maurice Ross





Samuel Levine always wore a kippah beneath his fedora. Born in Ohio in 1903, his bright red hair earned him the nickname “Red.” Levine was an Orthodox Jew. He ate only kosher food. And he also happened to be the preferred hitman of Lucky Luciano.
“Red” adamantly refused to carry out hits on Shabbat. But if he was forced to “clip” someone during the period between Friday to Saturday night he would done tallit and begin davening. After he finished, he would kill his target.

Many Jewish mobsters attended Shabbat or Yom Kippur services, or hosted Passover seders.

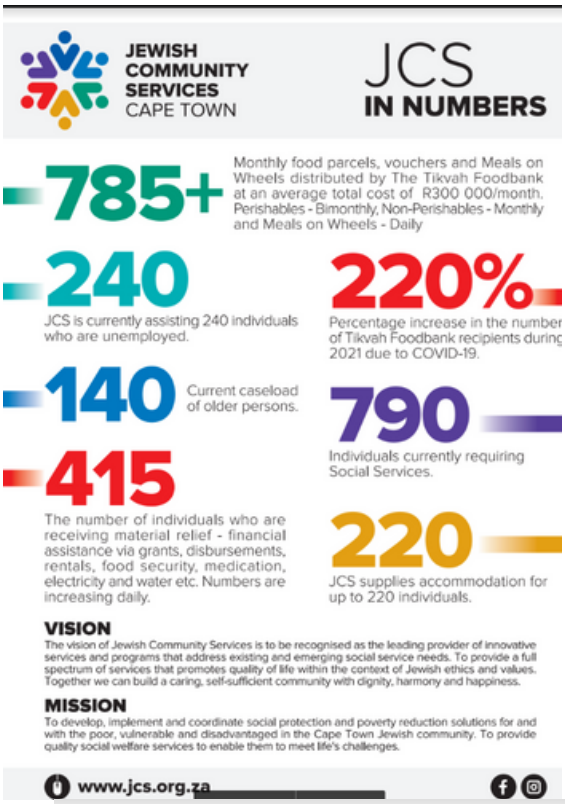
Several notable Jewish -American provided financial support for Israel. The gangsters used Israel’s Law of Return to flee criminal charges. Prime Minister Golda Meier set out to reverse this trend in 1970, when she denied entrance to Meyer Lasky.

From 1990’s until 2013, members of the New York divorce coercion gang, kidnapped and tortured Jewish men in troubled marriages to force them into granting religious divorces to their wives.

Jewish-American organized crime derived from dislocation and poverty, where language and custom made the community vunerable to undesirables, the sort of thing that fosters criminality among any other ethnicity in a similar situation. As their situation improved the Jewish thug either disappeared or merged into a more assimilated American crime environment.

CSO training

Please call Neil 0832651252 to join the CSO team of Muizenberg. Its a 3 hour course. Nov 9th from 3-6pm. Booking essential. Come help keep your community safe.



Call Neil to get food picked up and Delivered to Tikvah Food Bank: 0832651252



Community notices

Welcome Steven Levenson as a new country member of MHC. Thanks for your support.

Mazeltov to Jean Tockar and the Mayers family on the marriage of her grand daughter. Many years of happiness and nachas.

Happy bday - Gerald Musikanth - happy 80th bday! a year of blessings and good health.

Thanks - Jeffrey Nimberg - for playing guitar in our Sukkah for first time. Look forward to more music jams.

Refuah Shelema - Kerry Anne Abramowitz on a hip replacement. We hope to see you back soon in perfect health.

Thanks Andrea Rivkah Newfield for your help over high holidays with the kids, and thanks Melanie Shirk, Ruth Carneson and Rebecca Lieberman for helping with kiddies service on Sukkot.

Thanks to Cindy Bulmer, Margot Saffer, Alphonso Slinger, Ilana and whole Lieberman family, Nan and other volunteers who helped decorate the sukkah.

Well done - Ladies guild on your gigantic effort over Sukkot. It was incredible. Well done.

Thanks - to Adam Shapiro and family on Rosh Hashana kiddush sponsorship

Thanks - Barry Katz - on Rosh Hashanah kiddush sponsorship

Thanks - Claudia Braude for organizing chairs for Sukkot. Much appreciated.

Mazeltov - Marilyn Ede and family on the birth of twins in Tokai. Many blessings and much Nachas.

Congrats - Ubuntu Center for your official opening of what was the old Herzyl Hall.

EVENTS NOV 2022 AND RENTAL INFO





GALLERY
SOUTH

invites you to join

Claudia Braude in discussion with Dr Astrid Ley
historian, author and curator of the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp Memorial near Berlin, Germany

1943: Irma Stern, Congo and Cape Town;
Charlotte Salomon, Auschwitz –
The Work and Lives of
Two German Expressionist Jewish Artists

Sunday 13 November 2022 at 5pm

RSVP via What's App +27 83 273 3742 for attendance
Zoom link: https://us02web.zoom.us/j/5064227253

Wine and snacks will be served

19 Atlantic Road, Muizenberg, 7945

Contact Gallery South for information about
@South Boutique Guesthouse, taking bookings for December

If anyone needs accommodation in Dec for high season, there are still a few homes available for rent. Please contact muizenberg.shul@gmail.com or whatsapp 0621838404 if you still looking.

@SOUTH
BOUTIQUE GUESTHOUSE

Muizenberg is alive and well, and more than just a beautiful memory of a bygone era.



We are your home away from home in the heart of the Muizenberg village. A few minutes' walk to the beach and shul.

Bring your kids and grandkids and come live the dream and breath the *luft*.

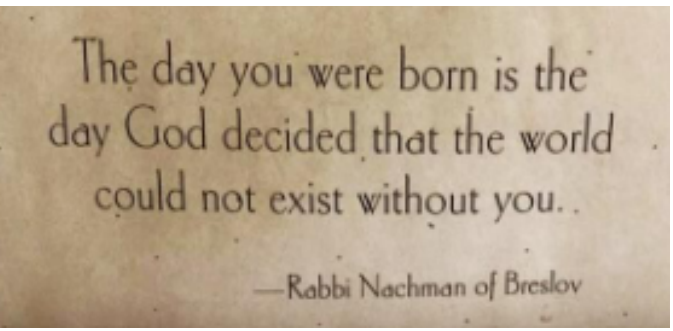
We are currently taking December bookings.

Kosher meals, *shabbes* urn, etc, available on request.

Let us know what we can do to make your family holiday as easy and stress-free as possible.

Contact Claudia Braude on what's app or phone + 27 83 273 3742 for rates, info, assistance.

18-20 Church Street, Muizenberg





PARLIAMENT
OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

PO Box 15 Cape Town 8000 Republic of South Africa
Tel: +27 (21) 422 2860, Fax: +27 (21) 424 8770
e-mail: michael@bagraims.co.za
www.parliament.gov.za
www.da.org.za

Medical Profession

By Michael Bagraim

Traditionally Jewish parents have aspired to have their off-spring medically qualified. There is the old Jewish joke about the birth announcement of new born Sam Cohen reading as follows: “Mr & Mrs Cohen are proud to announce the birth of Dr Sam Cohen”. Although this practice of pushing the offspring to be medically qualified is not as prolific we still have a fair number of qualified doctors, pharmacists and other members of the medical profession leaving university annually. When the graduates leave it is necessary for them to do a certain period of community service or internships. For instance all doctors have to complete a year of community service and a stint of two years of internship even before they can practice. If they can’t access positions for the community service and internship they will not legitimately be able to practice in South Africa. The same goes for pharmacists and all the medical professionals in almost every single sphere in the practice of medicine. I personally have a foster daughter who at the time had qualified as a pharmacist and was unable to find a placement for community service. She eventually found one in a far flung area with no access to kosher food let alone a Synagogue. Out of sheer desperation she took the position, completed her internship and today is a successful pharmacist. Unfortunately, this situation creates enormous problems for religious Jews who do require access to kosher food and a Synagogue. When questioning the Department of Health we were always told that due to the lack of budget they’ve had to cut the posts like internships. This has created havoc for many individuals within our community. Regularly I get calls from parents of new graduates telling me the same story. Health expenditure in South Africa is not only down to the bare minimum but we are advised it’s going to be cut quite radically over the next three years. In sitting in the medium term budget debate in Parliament, it became quite clear that South Africa is going to very heavily down grade the Health Department and our ability to medically service the people of South Africa. Many of my immigrated friends within the Jewish community often come back to South Africa on holiday and whilst here visit dentists, doctors and other medical health professionals. Up until now we are still able to provide, at a reasonable cost, medical health intervention. The intervention in South Africa is often far better than you would receive in their new home countries. I fear that this is not going to be the case within a few short years.

Unfortunately, I then sat in another debate in Parliament where it became clear that South Africa was sending groups of newly matriculated individuals to Cuba to train as doctors. For some completely unknown reason the Department of Health was able to find funding to pay for these matriculants to undergo the training in Cuba. It has been shown up that the cost of training these doctors in Cuba is more than double it would cost to train them in South Africa. To add insult to injury the country is forcing the Provincial Health Departments to pay for these costs. The training costs are minute when one has to add in the cost of the return flights, living expenses etc. There seems to be something very strange going on.

There have been reports from students who were sent to Cuba where they were often left in a precarious situation far from their families with limited access to resources. It is said that their families were forced to provide suitcases with food and other necessities for the students stuck in Cuba. Over and above this, the Democratic Alliance did submit parliamentary questions regarding the programme and asking for a full audit investigation into the programme. The Minister of Health has not provided access to the 2018 / 2019 audit report and the questions keep coming.

It is no wonder that our community finds far fewer medical students within its ranks.

YIZKOR

in Memorium

written by Ian Kirschner

My Father's role in the 1948 Israeli War of Independence



My late father, Ivan Kirschner, joined the South African Air Force in 1943 (aged 17) and was trained to fly Spitfires for 40 Squadron. He saw action towards the end of the North African Campaign as well as the Allied invasion of and then the liberation of Italy. He was at the liberation of *Fossoli Concentration Camp* near Modena which affected him badly especially as a Jew. He then served a year of occupation service in Austria.

During the invasion of Sicily, he was based in Cairo and during his leave he often took a trip through the Sinai to then Palestine, especially Haifa where his uncle and family had settled in the 1930's. It was during these visits to the Yishuv that he reinforced his ideals for an independent Israel – he never wanted a repeat of the Shoah and felt deeply the urgent need for an independent sovereign state of Israel.

When Israel declared independence in May 1948, he was resolved to go and volunteer for the burgeoning Israeli Air Force. In order to get to Israel he obtained visas here in South Africa for Italy and France, as South African passport holders were only permitted to transit through "Palestine". He travelled to Italy and from there he sailed on a crammed Displaced Persons' Boat to Haifa. He was sea-sick for the whole 6 day voyage! When he landed on solid ground he lit a cigarette and someone came up to him; snatched the cigarette off of his lips and screamed "SHABBAT!' He knew he arrived!

His politics were revisionist and he joined the Irgun although we he did not play and active role in the organization as the British had already departed. At the same time he started flying for the Israeli Air Force. (He actually taught Ezer Weizman to fly). Of course as Israel is a Jewish State there was a great reluctance from the European counties and the USA to sell weapons and aircraft to Israel. The only source of military aircraft was from Czechoslovakia and he arranged flights of obsolete WW2 Spitfires and German Messerschmitt fighters etc. to Israel – (he always mentioned the irony of Nazi Aircraft being used to fight for Jews – Hitler's worst dream come true!!) He participated in various dog-fights with the Egyptian and Syrian Air Forces and was always highly disparaging of their flying skills. He also participated in the Battles of Latrun against the Jordanian Air Force as well as various sorties over Damascus, Amman and Cairo.

In 1949 he returned to South Africa (again via a circuitous route through Northern and Southern Rhodesia as it was then. When questioned as to his long absence from the Union his answer was that he had been on a hunting trip around the Great Lakes). He then studies at the University of Pretoria; met my mother and remained here as she flatly refused to go on Aliya. His abiding dream however was to always live in Israel but this never came to fruition as he passed away in 1974. His legacy to his family was an abiding love and admiration for Israel.



SUKKOT DINNER FOR 180 PEOPLE IN OUR GORGEOUS SUKKAH. HERZLIA CONSTANTIA FUN DAY, MP ADRIAAN ROOS VISITS MUIZENBERG, DAVID LIEBRECHT AND RABBI RYAN FROM THE MUSIC EVENT















Contact Shul

6 Camp Road Muizenberg Cape Town Western Cape South Africa
PO Box 16 Muizenberg 7950 South Africa
Rabbi Ryan Newfield · Email: rnewfield@gmail.com
Secretary: Tel: +27 (0)21 788 1624 · Email: cecilebuirski@telkomsa.net