

**T**here were once two cousins, both with the same name, Mendel, and both from the same town, Yassi — a dot on the map somewhere in Rumania. When the country went to war, claiming victory for some and death for others, many Jews emigrated.

forever. They shook hands and set off for the saintly Shpuler Zeide.

At that time, this saint was waging his own war. When he had first arrived, the town of Shpula was sunk deep in apathy. Seeing how its Jews, grown lax in observance, were neglecting their children's education, the Shpuler Zeide vigorously reinstated *chederim* for Torah study. So dire was the situation that he even

Mendel A and Mendel B respectively. Other than a few coins here and there, the cousins' needs were limited. And their love for each other was steady and unmitigated.

The years passed. When both Mendels turned eighteen, the Shpuler Zeide contemplated finding them matches, as is stated in *Pirkei Avos*: "Ben shemoneh esrei l'chupah — at eighteen the marriage canopy."

# MENDEL

By DEVORAH KIRSCH

The cousins, who were adolescents, saw no point in staying, and pondered their future. "Let's go east," they decided, "away from the blood and closer to the Shpuler Zeide." Friends from the cradle, the Mendels agreed that each would help the other

imported pupils from elsewhere. And he needed assistants.

Immediately the Shpuler Zeide took the two cousins under his wing and hired them. Honest and industrious, they gained the respect of the townspeople, who called them

But the cousins had their own plans.

"We feel by now it is safe enough to go back to Yassi, to our home," said Mendel A to the Shpuler Zeide.

"Our parents are there," reasoned Mendel B. "It will be easier to get

married."

The Shpuler Zeide agreed. He blessed them and wished them both a safe journey.

Back in Rumania, the two young men found a land scarred and ravaged. From the sight of refugees and army deserters straggling down the road they sensed that the fighting was not quite over. Nevertheless, they returned safely to their hometown.

The two Mendels resumed their lives, taking over a *cheder* themselves and forming a partnership. Eventually they married two sisters and settled down. They ignored the distant sound of cannon, which rumbled like thunder.



**O**n a plot of earth just outside the town stood a palace. It might have been magnificent once, the home of a king, but the war had left it a ruin. The left wing of the palace was especially pathetic: the roof had caved in, its beams of wood slanting into muddy rubble. Anything of value had been long ago carted off by marauders, so that the rooms lay stark and desolate. And the left wing suffered one final blow: the townspeople had turned it into an outhouse.

One day the town was greeted by a new and unwelcome set of visitors — a platoon, wearing a Swedish emblem and brandishing muskets, with a general galloping proudly at the rear. While a sergeant hoisted a flag atop the turrets, the platoon set up camp in the palace's right wing. In no time the outhouse became a fortress.

The townspeople took special care when making use of the left wing,

since the soldiers had a knack for shooting anything on sight. Like cats the people crept in late at night, slinking through the refuse.

One night Mendel A was feeling most sick, and he simply had to get to the palace. Nervous, he hid behind the trees and waited for the soldiers to fall asleep.

He finally came to the stony wall. Wedging himself in between two plaster slabs, he managed to slip into the left wing.

Shortly later the sound of footsteps startled him. "A soldier!" he

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thought. Swiftly Mendel A ducked behind a heap of tiles.

A male figure appeared. Body hunched over and draped in a coarse black cloak, the man grunted and moved quite slowly. When he came to a corner with a bunch of wooden beams, he stopped and panted.

His eyes darted about and narrowed. He pointed his nose to and fro, along with his leathery face, for any signal of danger.

When all was clear, he removed something from under his cloak: a square chest. He knelt beside the wooden beams and carefully slipped it in. Afterwards he rose and quickly glanced around before stumbling and groping for the door, which nearly broke off its hinges.

Holding his breath, Mendel A waited until the footsteps receded. Then he crept out.

The sky was dark, but the moon was full and the torches of the sentry streaked the wooden beams with light. Mendel A pulled them aside and removed the chest. Then, with a piece of cast iron, he hacked away at the padlock.

What he saw amazed him. Bags of coins covered the velvet lining — gold ducats, one of them alone worth Mendel A's salary for a year! He longed to count them all, but at the sound of voices he stiffened in mortal fear.

The soldiers brushed against the outer wall, coming ever closer. Mendel A knew that his act was punishable by death, and he could hear his heart pounding at his chest. However, eventually the soldiers' conversation faded into the night. Tensely Mendel A crouched by a plaster slab and waited for the night watchman to turn his back. Then, his treasure under his elbow, he bolted.

Running was difficult, for the chest, though small, was heavy. Twice Mendel A had to drop to the earth and crawl under a pile of rags.

Suddenly he heard voices. "The enemy is surrounding Moldavia . . ."

The general and his staff strode

by, just inches from Mendel A's arm.

As soon as the general's baritone voice drifted away, Mendel A lifted his head, brushing some rags off his shoulders. Then he broke into a trot.

He raced home, stomping down the stairs and slamming the cellar door open. His heart was beating furiously, ready to pummel a hole in his rib cage. In utter darkness — for he did not dare light a fire — he lifted a trapdoor under a keg of wine and deposited the precious box.

Afterwards he moved the keg and slumped. He had made it! But he did not dare come back down. Not for a long while. He'd have to wait until the general and his men were gone.

◆  
**A**t that very moment, the general was pacing his bedroom.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he barked.

A sergeant entered. "Sir, it has not been found."

"Liar!" cried the general.

"Sir, we have searched everywhere. I have had guards go through the barracks, into each and every duffel bag. But I'm afraid it is still missing."

"Idiot!" The general flung his pipe at him. "If you had paid attention, this would have never happened!"

The general sat on the bed. "My gold," he whimpered. "All that precious gold. Vanished." The money he had plundered — money for a lifetime of pleasure, since he had no heirs to worry about.

The sergeant came forward. "Sir," he began, "have you perhaps considered searching the townspeople?"

"How would *they* know about this?" snapped the general.

"Sir, it may be possible that . . . the thief . . . did not act alone?"

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The general smiled slyly. "I have a better idea."

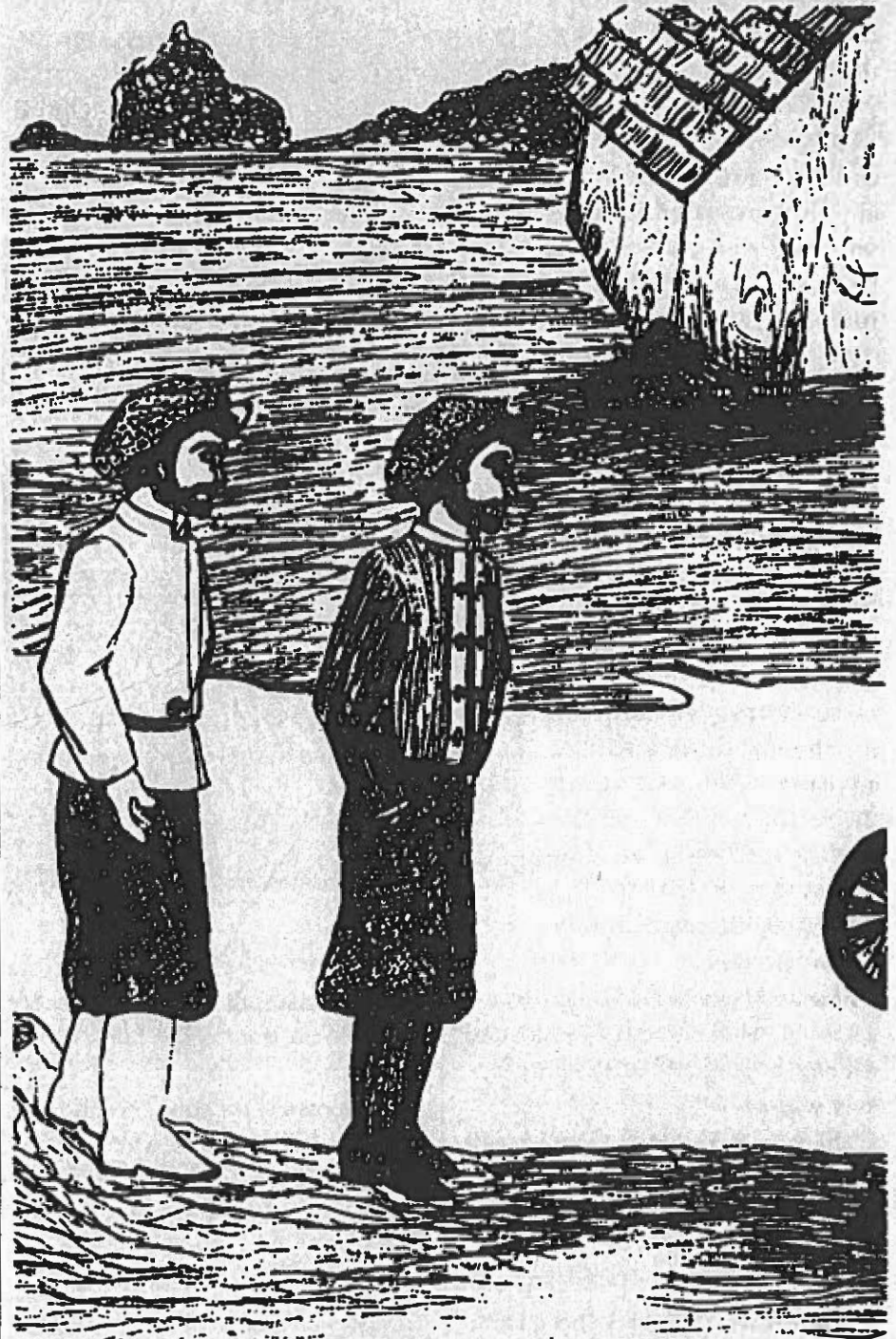
The next day the notices went up all over Yassi, whereby the general, having lost a chest of ten thousand ducats, was offering a reward to anyone who could locate it.

The people murmured in amazement. But none was as amazed as

Mendel A, for he had not realized the actual value of his treasure.

The general waited. In dismay he put out another notice. This time he threatened to hang the culprit and leave his corpse for the birds to pick.

But when this only terrified the people more, the general put out one more notice. He promised to pardon



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the offender, along with offering one thousand ducats for returning the chest.

Shortly later, he heard a knock.

"Good afternoon, general," said the man. Draped in the same black cloak, he bowed, and his leathery face grinned.

"Who are you?" demanded the general.

"A downtrodden wayfarer, sir, and a victim of this war. Forgive me, sir, for my transgression."

"Your transgression?"

"Driven by need, sir, I had made off with your chest of ducats." The man gaged theatrically. "I needed to support my poor widowed mother. I realize the gravity of my error and I have come to ask forgiveness."

The general gasped. "So you have hidden the chest!"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Why, sir, I shall take you there myself."

He swept open the door.

He gallantly escorted the general down the stony steps, the sergeant and the others following behind. When they came to the left wing, the thief pushed aside the plaster slab.

The stranger cleared the pathway, pushing aside corroded bricks and telling the sergeant to raise the lantern higher.

"It's . . . over there . . . if I recall correctly . . . uh huh! Yes. There it is, sir." The stranger pointed to the wooden beams.

"Quickly!" shouted the general.

The soldiers went about their work, while one of them scraped

away the dirt with a bayonet.

"Keep going," said the stranger.

"Yes . . . there . . . what?"

He stood gaping over a three-foot hole. The hole gaped back.

The general's patrician face swelled with rage. "Why, you dirty dog!"

"But I put it there, sir! Honest, I did!"

"Yes." The general smiled cynically and pushed him back, so that the thief plunged his first into a mound of dirt. "Play me for the fool, will you? You wanted to have your little reward, didn't you, and then run off and leave me here, penniless!"

"Sir, this was no trick, I swear it," croaked the stranger.

"My foot! I'll show you your reward!"

With that the general seized his sword and waved it high. In one swish the stranger's head flew in the air and rolled straight into the hole.

"Trick, indeed!" spat the general. He sheathed the blade and kicked the spurring torso.

He announced to his sergeant, "Tomorrow noon we leave for Moldavia. The sooner I'm out of this accursed place, the better!"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

Word circulated through the town about the missing treasure and the headless thief. Some of the people, once the platoon had marched out of sight, slipped in through the slabs to rum-

mage hopefully in the outhouse. They left disappointed.

Mendel A still waited before going to the trapdoor. It wasn't only the general he had to worry about. Local officials had sent agents to investigate. Anything left behind by the enemy was deemed government property.

Patiently Mendel A continued his work — tutoring the children and dreaming of commerce. He could

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The general seized him by the lapels, breathing down the leathery face. "Well, then, why . . . isn't . . . it . . . there?"

Desperately the stranger shook his head. "I-I don't know, sir."

"Do you mean to say . . . that you brought me all the way here . . . to mock me?"

"Sir, I—"

"Or was it to trick me?"

"Sir—"

tell no one about the treasure. It had to remain his secret.



The general went back to the war, to the beloved sound of drums and the smell of gunpowder. In the middle of a decisive battle near Transylvania he was shot in the lung and mortally wounded. Shortly later his regiment was annihilated.

The people of Yassi rejoiced. But happiest of all was Mendel A. He hurried to the cellar and pushed aside the keg.

Under the light of a candle he counted the shining pieces, and he fondled the pouches and weighed them in his hand.

"Ten thousand ducats," he whispered. "My fortune is made!"

He placed the pouches back inside the velvet lining.

"But it's dangerous for me to stay here," he thought. Government agents still roamed the local streets. And they just might wonder about someone flaunting an unusual amount of cash.

"What to do with all this?" he wondered. He needed someone to talk to, someone wise and understanding.

Mendel B! Of course! His very own cousin and brother-in-law. Clearly if G-d had bestowed on Mendel A such luck, it was meant to be shared. And with what finer person?

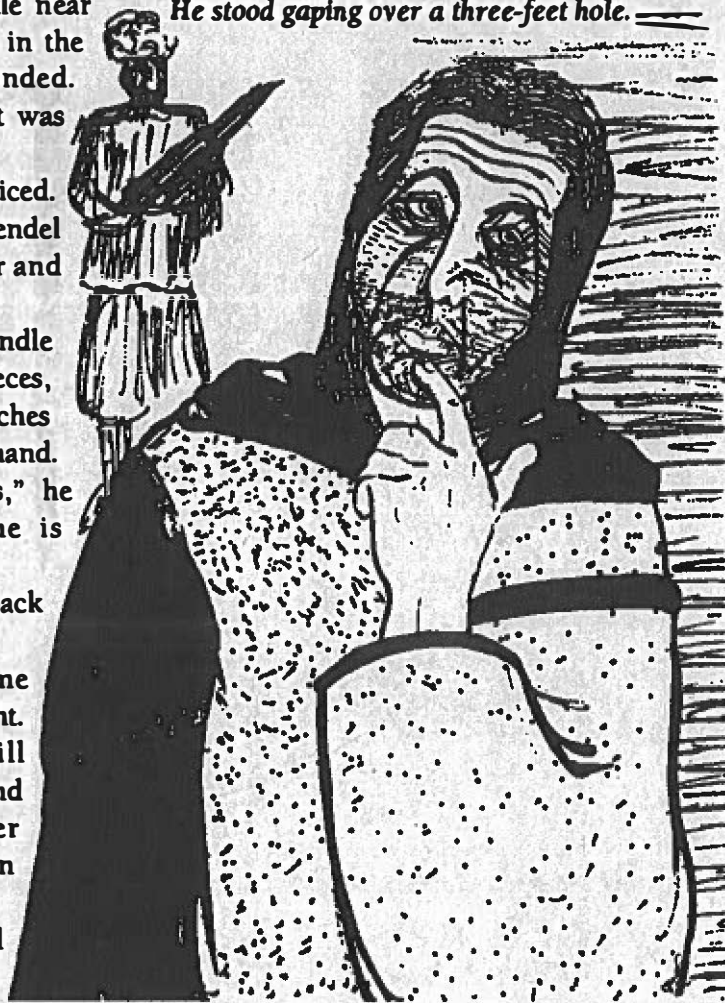
Happily Mendel A tucked away the coins. They would be his secret no longer.



It was a bright summer day, and the children scurried out of cheder. Mendel A motioned to Mendel B.

"Let's you and I take a walk?" Mendel A offered.

He stood gaping over a three-foot hole.



With a shrug Mendel B followed. They strolled along the river, which cut through marsh. Mendel A did not speak at first; rather, he gazed at the water.

"Mendel," he finally said, "we're almost like brothers, you and I. Can I trust you to keep a secret?"

"Why, if not I, then who else?" answered Mendel B.

Mendel A continued to scan the landscape. Mendel B watched him,

waiting.

Mendel A finally faced his cousin. "Do you remember that whole business with the general's chest?" he asked.

"Some thief made off with it, right?" replied Mendel B offhandedly. It was his turn to stare at the river. "He got what he deserve, didn't he? But the chest was never found."

"What if I told you it was?"

Mendel B jolted his head around. "What? You found it?"

They sat down on a clump of rocks. While Mendel A told his story, his cousin's eyes widened.

"Amazing," whispered Mendel B. "It was certainly a blessing. So the chest is still with you, right?"

"Right," answered Mendel A. "And everything is there — ten thousand ducats."

Mendel B whistled. "So you thought of me?"

"Who else? You're my own flesh and blood, aren't you?" Mendel A added, "I'll need your help. But promise me first, Mendel

— not a word to anyone."

"I promise, I promise," gabbled Mendel B.

It was agreed. Mendel A would give Mendel B a thousand ducats, as *ma'aser* (the one-tenth it is customary to give to charity). Mendel A would then leave Yassi, slip across the Russian border, and get to Kishinev, a town which had a large Jewish population — a population

(Continued on page 24)



(Continued from page 7)

large enough for someone with nine thousand ducats to blend in. There he would set himself up in business. Just as in the old days, they would help each other out.

"I'll write you and tell you how I'm doing," Mendel A continued. "With the money I give you, you can get yourself started here in your own business."

Mendel B nodded eagerly. Wasn't that just like Mendel A? Always with a head on his shoulders, a head for business. How lucky Mendel B was to have a cousin like him!

They shook hands.

"But I repeat," urged Mendel A, "this is our secret. Not a word to anyone!"

"I promise," said Mendel B simply.

Months later the Jews learned that the two cousins had quarreled and dissolved the *cheder*. The news was surprising: the two Mendels had always gotten along better than most husbands and wives.

Mendel A packed up and as quietly as possible moved himself and his family into Kishinev. The first thing he did was to purchase a fine house in the Jewish sector. The sec-

ond was to meet with merchants. The third was to thank G-d over and over for this new start in life and for his growing wealth.

Mendel B was also busy. He bought a tract of woodland and began dealing in lumber. But he simply could not keep enough clients. He gloomily had to admit that he just didn't have his cousin's knack for business.

Remembering their promise to help each other, he reluctantly took out a pen and paper. "Dear Mendel," he wrote, "I'm glad that you are doing well, thank G-d. I'm afraid I have

Mendel B wrote a second letter a few months later. "I'm afraid the Austrian deal fell through. I will have to ask for another one hundred rubles."

And again: "Thank you for all your kindness, Mendel. But just once more I may have to trouble you."

Seated in his study, Mendel B fingered the latest check and stared bitterly at the bank notices. All because of that chest of coins! If only he had stayed home that summer day, instead of listening to his cousin. He might have still been comfortable.

But no, he had let Mendel A talk him into this. And for what? So that he, Mendel A, could prosper.

"And at my expense!" spat Mendel B.

The deeper he brooded, the more he felt wronged. He completely forgot the saying from Pirkei Avos that jealousy can drive a person from the world. All he could think about was that chest of coins.



Shortly after Chanukah, Mendel A received a letter from Yassi.

Dearest cousin (May you live and be well),

It is with deepest regret that I send you this message.

I have decided that, since I have repaid your kindnesses so many times by keeping your secret, I must receive some kind of compensation. And dearest Mendel, I have realized that I was never properly reimbursed for my half of our former joint venture,

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run into some difficulties. I may have to trouble you for a small loan."

Mendel A read the letter and poignantly wrote out a check for one hundred rubles, with a note: "From your loving cousin."

a sacrifice without which you might never have thrived in Kishinev.

Therefore, dearest cousin, in the spirit of Rabbi Akiva and his saying "What's yours is yours and mine is yours," I would very much appreciate getting the four thousand ducats which you owe me (minus the loans, of course). Thereby we'd be sharing our profits in an equal manner.

I shall come to you at the end of the month. I expect you to cooperate. If

not, I shall have no other choice but to report you to the authorities. I trust their measures will be harsher than mine.

Mendel

By the time Mendel A finished the letter, his face was scarlet.

"What utter nonsense!" he cried. "How can he do this to me? After all I've done for him?"

He reread the letter over and over, as if trying to grasp something be-

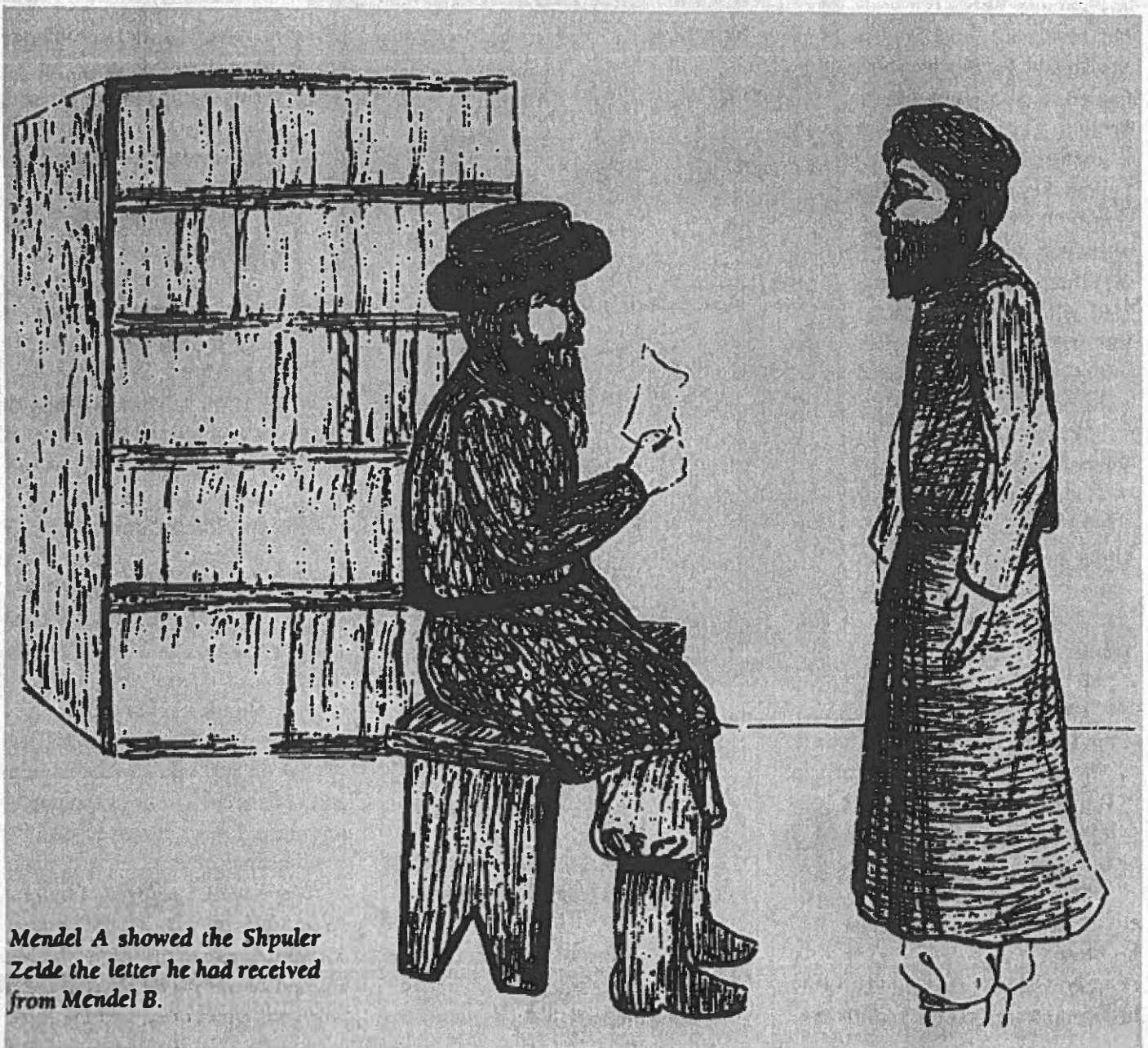
tween the lines.

"Ingrate!" he muttered. It just didn't make sense, this sudden change of attitude. Perhaps the fault was his, for having mistaken what kind of person his cousin was.

After a sleepless night, Mendel A hit upon a partial solution. He would talk to someone for advice. And he knew just the man.



As soon as Mendel A arrived in



Mendel A showed the Shpuler Zelde the letter he had received from Mendel B.

Shpula, he went straight away to the study hall.

The Shpuler Zeide was conversing with visitors. At the sight of his matured pupil and assistant, he exclaimed, "Ah, it always gives me pleasure to watch my little kids grow into goats."

"Alas, Rebbe," sighed Mendel A, "I'm afraid this goat is about to be devoured by a wolf."

Sadly Mendel A showed him the letter. "The *chutzpah!*" he ranted. "He threatens me with going to the government. This is out-and-out blackmail, and against Jewish law. He is a *malshin!* Someone I treated like a brother. Feh! Fine brother he turned out to be!"

The Shpuler Zeide listened. "It's very interesting, what you are saying. Very, very interesting. I never realized what a low character our friend really had. But with G-d's help you'll be rid of it."

"What should I do, Rebbe?" asked Mendel A.

"I shall instruct you. But first, I must tend to something pressing. Could you happen to lend me five hundred rubles to marry off two orphans?"

Mendel A took out a wad of currency. Then the Shpuler Zeide said, "Come with me."

They walked down the corridor. "Tell me," began the Shpuler Zeide, "how long have you lived in Kishinev?"

"Over a year now."

"And you've worked there?"

"Yes."

"So you are safe. The Rumanian government cannot extradite you."

"But what if they press charges through the Russian government?" asked Mendel A.

"If that happens, tell them that you must be tried on Russian soil. You are a citizen now of Russia, and you have no obligation to return to Rumania."

The saintly man continued, "But first, contact your cousin Mendel. Tell him of my disapproval. And if he remains stubborn, let him come to you, as he planned."

He winked at Mendel A and sent

*upsetting. If you need another loan, I shall by all means supply you with an additional one hundred rubles. But if you insist on something I had no idea was owed to you, I suggest you take this up with the Shpuler Zeide.*

*He has already been informed, and we both await your visit. I might add that he is just as aggrieved as I. We both hope that a tragic rift shall be mended, and that further baseless hatred will be prevented within the House of Israel.*

Mendel

*Sadly Mendel A showed the Shpuler Zeide the letter. "The chutzpah!" he ranted. "He threatens me with going to the government. This is out-and-out blackmail, and against Jewish law. He is a malshin!*

One month later, Mendel B puffed his way up the snowy steps to the house in Kishinev.

Mendel A opened the door.

"Ah, Mendele," he cooed, "how nice to see you."

"Don't 'Mendele' me!" rasped the cousin. "I want my money, and I want it now!"

"Why, Mendel," said the other, crestfallen, "how sad. How terribly sad. You, a good friend, turned into an enemy? What have I done?"

"You cheated me, that's what!" huffed Mendel B.

"Why, Mendel," declared the other, "didn't I tell you to discuss this with the Shpuler Zeide?"

The cousin laughed in his face. "What do you take me for — some kind of sheep? I'm not your partner anymore. I don't have to go to him just because of you."

"Very well," sighed Mendel A. "You leave me no choice."

With a snap of his fingers he summoned two servants. "Kindly show this gentleman out," he bade.

him off with a blessing.



That night Mendel A sat at his desk and composed a letter.

*Dearest cousin (May you live to a hundred and twenty),*

*To say the least, I found your words*



One of the servants seized Mendel B by the collar and yanked him high.

"Hey!" cried Mendel B. "What—"

The other servant opened the gate, and a raving Mendel B was thrust outward. He landed on the icy pavement with a thud.

"You'll regret this!" he shouted to the front door, waving his fist. "I'll see you rot in jail!"



**B**ack in Rumania, Mendel B rushed into the constable's office.

"Thief!" he cried hoarsely at the desk. "I know the real thief, sir, of that chest of coins."

"You do?" asked the official, leaning forward.

Mendel B hung his head and nodded. "My very own cousin, sir. I'm ashamed to say it."

He went on to explain how Mendel A had revealed to him the stolen chest. He, Mendel B, had promised to keep it a secret; but in time he was overwhelmed by guilt for having betrayed his homeland.

"I couldn't take it any longer, sir," he finished poignantly. He even managed to elicit a tear. "I was horribly torn between family ties and righteous patriotism. What could I do? But I realized what the choice must be."

At once the government of Rumania dispatched a notice to the government of Russia.

When the news reached Mendel A, he went immediately to the Shpuler Zeide.

He found the Shpuler Zeide, as  
*Adar I 5752*

usual, surrounded by an audience in the study hall.

"We shall discuss this in due time. But first I must pray."

Without a word Mendel A followed him into the sanctuary. Afterwards, the Shpuler Zeide said, "Again I must trouble you for a loan. Another orphan is getting married. Let's say, three hundred rubles?"

Quickly Mendel A handed him

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*"My very own cousin, sir."*

the loan. The Shpuler Zeide steered him down the aisle and continued, "Did you do what I told you to do?"

Mendel A nodded. "I informed the government of my rights as a Russian citizen."

"Splendid. So that gives you the right to be tried here."

"I imagine so." Mendel swallowed. "Rebbe, the Russian government is asking for ten thousand rubles bail. If not, I'll go straight to Rumania."

"So pay it. You don't plan to run

away, do you?"

"No," answered Mendel in embarrassment. "But I am still nervous. What if they try to convict me?"

"Not if we seek proper counsel." The Shpuler Zeide smiled secretly. "You must have faith in the Holy One."

They continued walking until they reached the old man's study. Mendel A ventured, "Rebbe, forgive me for this question, but . . . who is this proper counsel?"

"An acquaintance of mine," said the Shpuler Zeide. "I have contacts with an excellent attorney, who shall be your defender. Your servants can be witnesses. I know others who might help you. And don't worry about the prosecutor. Believe me, you'll have the finest legal aid around."

Reading the thoughts on his disciple's face, the Shpuler Zeide added, "It won't cost you a cent. You have already given more than enough for charity."

He sat behind his desk, and his grateful face clouded with sudden seriousness. "But there are a few things you must do. First, prepare

all the documents showing your work here in Russia, your new citizenship, and your involvement in the Jewish community. Second, I want you to gather all the letters your cousin wrote to you asking for money, and the bank drafts you made out, lending it to him."

"Done," whispered Mendel A.

"Last of all, I want you to appeal for a court date. Tell them you want it on a certain day, four weeks from now, on the gentile calendar. It will

correspond to Purim on ours.”

“Purim?” declared Mendel A.

“Why, doesn’t the *Shulchan Aruch* tell us that Adar is a favorable time for legal matters?”

“Yes,” answered Mendel A uncertainly.

The Shpuler Zeide laughed. “And I’m sure that Mendel B would agree!”

Mendel A went home. He sent papers ahead, posting his bail and requesting the date of trial. Two weeks later he received an answer: the trial was set for March, on Purim day.

He quickly brought the news to the Shpuler Zeide.

“Wonderful!” the Shpuler Zeide cried. “You have nothing to fear, Reb Mendel!”

Mendel stood there, wishing he could exude his rebbe’s confidence. Wasn’t Purim an auspicious time for the Shpuler Zeide? He was known to perform all kinds of miracles, for all kinds of Jews, individually and collectively, and in all kinds of costumes.

“What shall I do now?” asked Mendel A.

“Go home,” said the Shpuler Zeide gently. He escorted Mendel A out the door. “And when the holiday comes, read the Book of Esther, give plenty to the poor — and be in court at the appointed hour. Afterwards, let’s you and I drink *l’chaim!*”

“But what about my counsel?” stammered Mendel B.

“He’ll be there,” replied the Shpuler Zeide. “Just look for a man in bright red gloves and a round white hat.”

With that he wished Mendel A a good Purim.

*(To be continued)*

## Our Story

(Continued from page 20)

1055 or 1056 while leading a military campaign; his son Yehosef succeeded him.

Unlike his father, Yehosef was despised by the Muslims, apparently because he had a lavish lifestyle and a dominating personality. He was killed during an uprising in Granada in 1066. Along with him, 1500 other Jews were killed mercilessly, and the remaining Jews fled Granada.

Many of these Jews settled in

Seville, one of the Muslim states which formed after Cordoba fell to the Berbers. Among these Jews was Rabbi Yosef Ibn Migash, the teacher of the Rambam. And the kingdom of Saragossa had as its chief rabbi the author of *Chovos HaLevavos*, Rabbeinu Bachya ibn Pakuda. Also in Saragossa was Shlomo ben Yehuda ibn Gabirol, who was a philosopher, poet, and composer of prayers and elegies (*ktinos*). Other great scholars included Yitzchak ibn Albalia, who was named *nasi* (prince) of all the Jews in Seville, and was an astronomer as well as a Torah sage. JB

# The Kingston Castle

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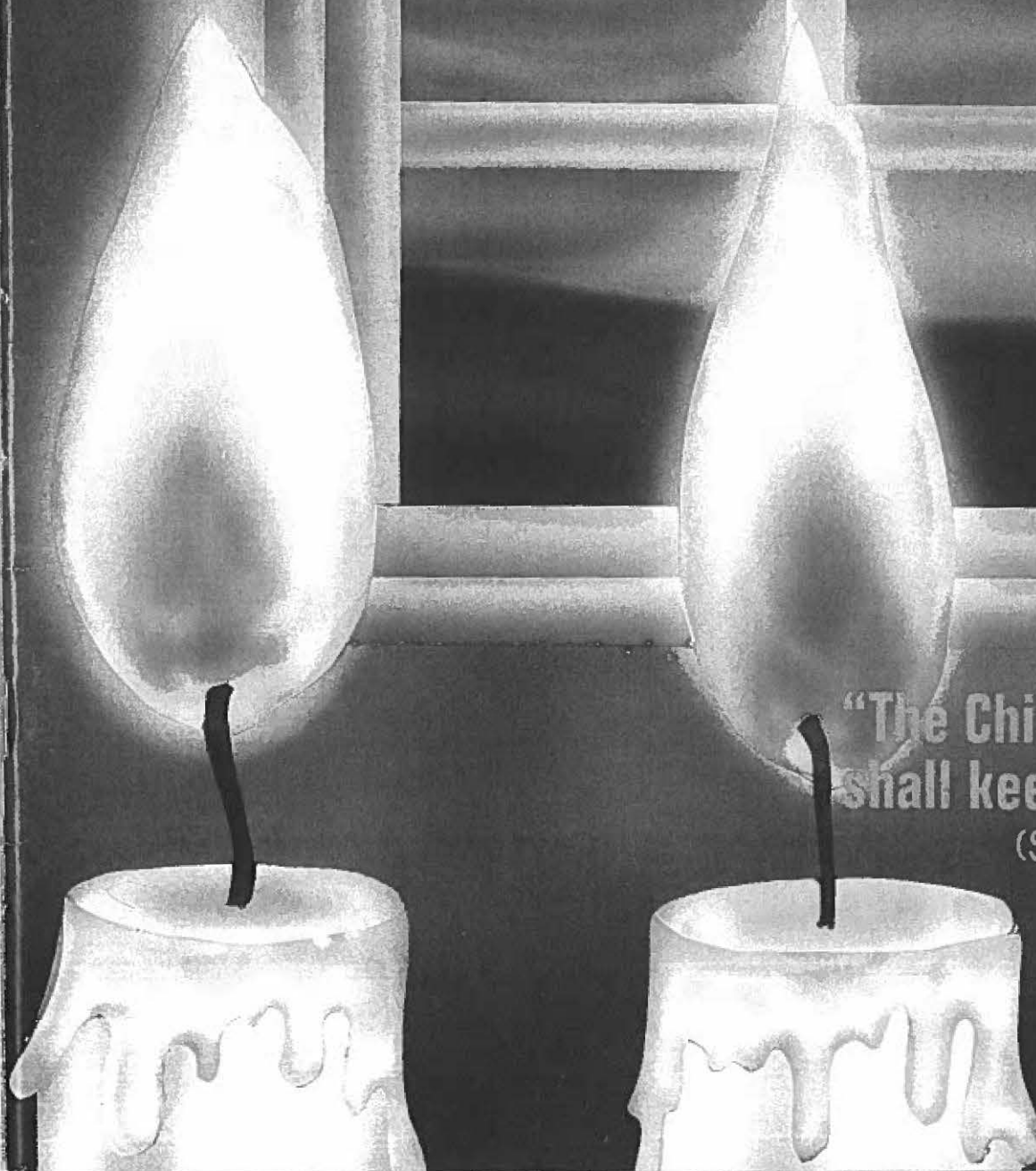
# The Jewish Reader

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"The Children of Israel  
shall keep the Sabbath"  
(Shemos 31:16)

1992

## TO OUR READERS

Last issue we featured "The Widow," about the Shpuler Zelde.

"Mendel," a two-part story concluding in the next issue, is another story told about this great chassidic leader, who was known for his miracles on behalf of the common folk.

"Unshaken As the Continent" makes its return this issue. The story jumps several decades ahead, in the continuing saga of the Cordoba clan.

Our cover this issue features the Sabbath, which is the topic of "Torah Highlights."

This is a leap year in the Jewish calendar, and "This Month" details some of the differences between Adar I and Adar II.

Before the Inquisition drove the Jews out of Spain, they experienced a Golden Age there, marked by great strides in Torah. "Our Story" features the Golden Age of Spain.

The cover art for this issue and last month's issue is by Tova Leff.

This Publication is made possible by a grant from the educational division of the



# MAIL ROOM

## Good Artist

Your story about the Rambam ("The Runaway," Shevat) was enjoyed by my entire family, even my second-grader.

I would like to know who drew the portrait of the Rambam which appeared in the story. It was a very impressive drawing.

Shelly Dombroff  
Forest Hills, NY

The artwork for "The Runaway," including the portrait of the Rambam, was drawn by the very talented Norman Nodel.

The Jewish Reader welcomes submissions from writers. Please keep a copy of your manuscript. If you wish to have your work returned, please include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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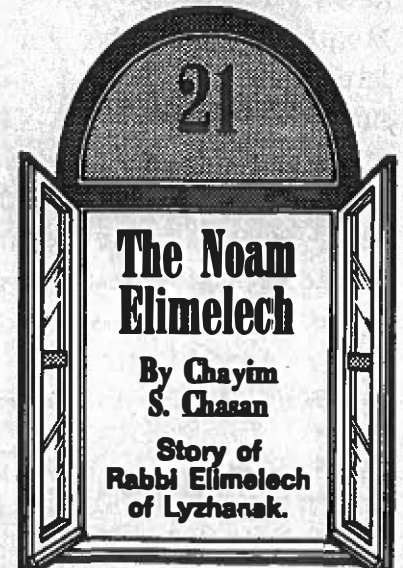
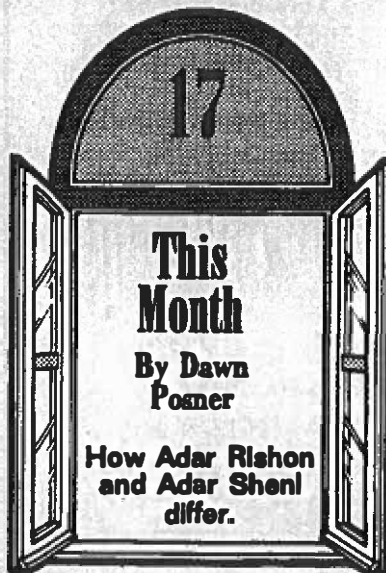
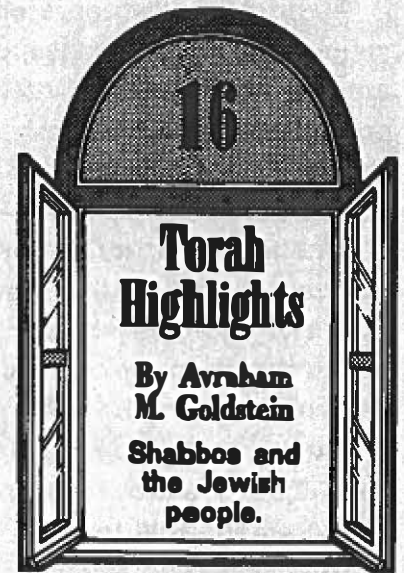
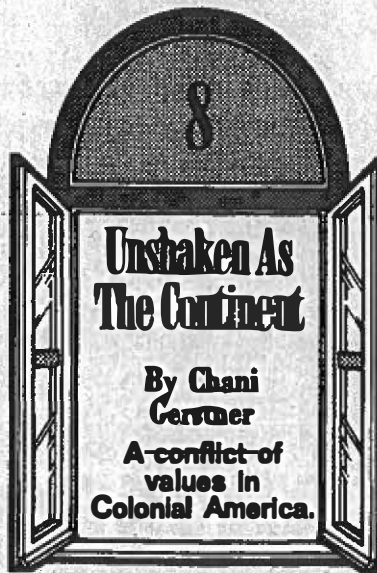
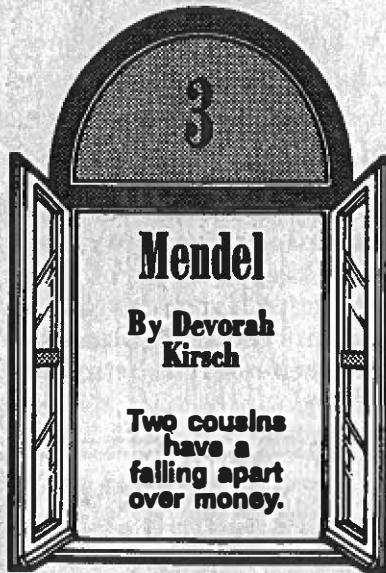
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