

The view is peaceful this Sabbath morning as I look out over the Jerusalem Forest from our living room window. Our apartment is on the fourth floor of a building overlooking the village of Ein Karem and Hadassah Hospital where many of the wounded from the September 19 bomb explosion in the Ben Yehuda Mall lie.

That afternoon my husband Bill returned home from a day of testing students at the Hebrew University and asked me to accompany him that evening to a private school where he is doing research in language learning. I could see that he was tired and that he needed my company, so I called a babysitter for our children, Sara and Moshe. I put the youngest—the baby—in an infant seat, and we drove downtown.

We walked past a conditery on Ben Yehuda and I looked longingly at the yummy cakes in the window. It's not on my diet, I thought. So I didn't suggest that we sit down at one of the small tables on the mall in front of the shop and enjoy some cake with those sitting there. But I wanted to.

Just two weeks ago we had been sitting at the very table with a friend from Hawaii—talking about the opportunity of going to the States, and our mixed feelings about leaving Israel even for a short while. Less than half-an-hour later, the peaceful scene in front of that shop became a hideous battlefield.

Also at Ben Yehuda, we stopped in a record store to buy some Hebrew children's records for our children. After two years in Israeli kindergartens and schools, their Hebrew is almost

A Jerusalem mother, Pauline Gallagher, writes about the recent terrorist bomb attack in the centre of the city, in which one man died and 51 were injured.

A Bomb in the Mall

better than their English. We picked out half a dozen records. Bill had the baby strapped in a front pack to him. As we left the shop, I took the baby from him, and we continued up Ben Yehuda to King George, where there is a millinery shop I wanted to visit.

The shop was crowded, and I waited ten minutes for service. My husband said, "Let's go." I said, "No, I'm going to wait." Finally, the shopkeeper waited on me, and as I headed for a fitting room, my husband said, "I'm going back to the record shop to exchange one of these records, I'll be right back."

"OK," I said, "I'll be here waiting for you."

While the saleslady was fitting me we heard an explosion—loud, but obviously blocks away. I turned to her in alarm, but all she did was shrug her shoulders. You get used to hearing blasts in Jerusalem, I thought.

Frequently there are only dynamite blasts for construction. The city is built on rock and they have to dynamite the rock to lay foundations.

People were beginning to leave the crowded shop, I heard someone come back and report in Hebrew what had happened. I didn't understand much of it. I wondered where the saleswoman had gone and what was taking her so long. I thought she might be coming back to refit me, so I didn't get dressed. I kept looking out of the

fitting room for her. The shop was now empty and the shopkeeper had closed the door. Finally, thinking it was ridiculous to wait any longer (it had been at least 20 minutes), I got dressed. Just then Bill came back into the shop.

He was completely covered with blood. I then realized that indeed he had been near the blast and I thought he was injured. "Sit down," I said. "Where are you hurt?"

"It's not my blood," he said. He lay down on the bench in the shop exhausted and I asked the shopkeeper for some water. I couldn't see any wounds and assumed that the blood came from what could have been small cuts on his hands and feet. I knew from experience that small face-cuts bleed profusely. Holding my baby, I went next door to the pharmacy to get some water.

Two people were sitting in chairs, looking ashen and shocked, and the pharmacists were talking to them. Outside, the street was a mass of confusion. People running in all directions and screaming. Soldiers were stopping pedestrians from walking down Ben Yehuda, and ambulances and police cars were rushing from the scene of the explosion.

I returned to the millinery shop and found Bill sitting up. The shopkeeper was on his knees wiping the blood off Bill's arms. I could see he was OK. "Where did all the blood come

from?" I asked. "I was carrying wounded people," he replied. I could see that he was weak. "Let's go home," he said, and started to tell me what had happened.

We could not walk to our car down Ben Yehuda as the street was blocked off. Soldiers, checking for more bombs, had cleared the street of people. Frightened shoppers had fled. We took a detour along King George and down a back road to our car.

I then reminded Bill that he had a seven o'clock class to visit. "What time is it?" he asked. I didn't know, but was sure it must be seven. "Are you alright?" I asked. "Yes, I'm fine," he said.

He was talking now: "Someone tried to kill me and my wife, my baby and our friends. They missed me, but they hit the young girl whom we saw earlier. She was standing near me when the bomb exploded. I saw her fall. I carried her to an ambulance. I saw a man's face completely blown off. There were bodies and blood everywhere. The explosion resembled a blinding blue-white flash with a bicycle silhouetted in the middle of it (the innocent looking bicycle had been packed with explosives). It was a crazy nightmare. People were running and screaming hysterically.

"I put my packages down and began bandaging wounds. Soldiers and stretchers appeared immediately from

nowhere. Another civilian, apparently a doctor, and I were tying tourniquets and bandaging people. Why wasn't I hit?"

Perhaps Bill's life was spared so that he could tell the story of what had happened. People everywhere should know how the PLO wages its "holy" war. There is a real war here in Jerusalem, and we are in the middle of it. As I reflect today, I'm very proud of my husband's alertness and bravery.

The next day, Thursday, Bill slept most of the morning. In the afternoon, he wanted to go to the funeral of the young man who died. I put on a dress and went with him. We took the baby along too.

The funeral was near Mea Shearim, a religious neighborhood, in a building where hundreds of people were crying and wailing. The young man who was killed was an immigrant—who had come from Iran eight months ago to seek freedom in Israel after fleeing the madness of the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Now his young wife was in agony, as were their relatives and friends. It was not like any funeral I had ever seen. The people were standing around the room and sitting on benches along the walls. Their clothes were not stylish, and those expressions of anguish and suffering on their faces...why had it happened to them? They brought the body in on a stretcher, wrapped in a prayer shawl.

With tears in his eyes, my husband went up to the dead man's father and said, "I was with your son last night." The old man hugged him and wept.

For The Record

**By Norman Olshansky
Regional Director ADL**

The U.S. Labor Party, which in this region is primarily active in Charlotte, Richmond, and Danville, is a group which should be of concern to the Jewish community. It has been described as a paranoid, political cult and is known to conduct anti-Jewish hate propaganda campaigns across the country. The group is linked with the Liberty Lobby, the far-right group headed by long time anti-Semite, Willis Carto and also with Iraq and the Soviet Union from which it reportedly received laundered funds.

The U.S. Labor Party locally is primarily known through its publications which they hand out on the street titled "New Solidarity," "The Campaigner," and a monthly publication called "Fusion." They have been known to run candidates for local, state, and even national office and are currently promoting the development of anti-drug coalitions.

Its national leader, Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., is an announced presidential candidate and acts as a father figure for this organization.

Their three basic anti-Semitic themes are "that six million Jews did not perish at the hands of the Nazis during the Holocaust, that Jews were responsible for crucifying Christ, and that Zionism is racism."

While the U.S. Labor Party appears to have substantial funds available for their activities, some of their funding sources remain obscure and shrouded in rumor. By running political candidates locally and also by LaRouche's candidacy for president, the U.S. Labor Party achieves access to the media and a certain degree of respectability.

Random Thoughts... by Muriel Levitt

by Muriel Levitt

For openers, let me tell you that I am no seasoned traveler. To me, a trip to Rock Hill is a voyage into the great unknown. Considering the above, you can well imagine what a thrill it was to make a recent extensive trip out to the West Coast. And possibly you'll even be interested in sharing some of the exciting places we saw and the variety of things we did.

The flight to San Francisco was super. Although I travel white knuckle all the way, we had pleasant company and good conversation. Seeing the city of San Francisco was a revelation. So much to do and so much to see. From Fisherman's Wharf to Chinatown, up and down those incredible hills, and driving along the crookedest street in the world—it was all purely marvelous.

One of the best parts was crossing over the bridge into Berkeley. Nestled in the hills and almost impossible to find, visited the Jewish Museum of the West. Those of you who saw the movie "Frisco Kid" would absolutely revel in this collection of Judaica. A large mansion has been filled with a variety of items to gladden the heart. Of particular fascination were the displays and reading matter concerning the Jews who helped to settle the West. Included are ancient Chanukah lamps, heirloom ceremonial objects, torah binders, plus Jewish paintings, sculpture and photography. A charming young man, Ted Greenberg, guided us through proof that the chain of our heritage remains unbroken.

From San Francisco we went to Los Angeles on a Lounge Car Tour. This was a luxurious trip on a huge bus. The original seats had been removed and replaced with 10 swivel easy chairs on either side. There was even a bar on the rear on the bus! Out of 17 Easterners on the trip, 9 of us were "landsmen" and did we ever have a time.

Driving along Big Sur, the 17 mile drive, San Simeon and Monterey is thrilling and exciting. The bright blue of the Pacific and the majestic scenery will always be remembered, but I'd be willing to forget the winding, treacherous roads that almost left us breathless.

Los Angeles is another world. Everything, everywhere appears associated with the entertainment industry. We did all the touristy things... the Universal Studio Tour, the stars' homes in Beverly Hills, Rodeo Drive, the Farmers' Market,

Even though it is a small group locally, it is known to disseminate anti-Semitism and cooperate with other anti-Semites and extremists. Therefore, its impact can be far out of proportion to its size and a cause for concern for all decent Americans.

For more information about the U.S. Labor Party and its activities in our region, contact your ADL office at 3311 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia 23230.

even walking along Hollywood Boulevard stepping on the stars' names. I am happy to report that I did a quick time step right on Burt Reynolds' golden star.

Inevitably we were drawn to Fairfax Avenue, the last bastion of Yiddishkute in Los Angeles. This is a Jewish street from beginning to end. Within easy reach there are kosher butchers and restaurants, synagogues, senior citizen facilities and day schools. If it's Jewish, they've got it.

I must tell you about a Jewish restaurant where we ate. A full course dinner—home made gefilte fish, a large bowl of mushroom barley soup, Hungarian goulash with kishka, latkes and green peas, plus the ever present pickles, green tomatoes and cole slaw—all this followed by dessert and coffee, was served for a modest \$4.50. Considering that both food and service were excellent, we thought it was a stupendous bargain. By and large, we found Los Angeles to be cheaper than San Francisco in most every area.

The last part of our journey took us to Las Vegas. The highly touted Strip looks like a great big, classy Coney Island. One hotel outdoes the next in gaudy grandeur. Everything, everywhere is crowded and the city jumps 24 hours a day.

Naturally we tried our luck at the casinos. Although we only stayed two days, we had plenty of time to go the whole route. My husband tried it all but couldn't get himself arrested. I, on the other hand, seemed to have the Midas touch. My luck was phenomenal and I left a winner.

Even in Las Vegas we were fortunate enough to meet compatible people. One Murray Lefkowitz drove us to see the two synagogues and the busy Jewish Community Center. We were delighted to learn that there is a thriving, flourishing Jewish population multiplying nicely in the middle of all that madness.

And then it was time for home. After over two weeks of action, back to Charlotte. I must admit that it never looked so good nor seemed so inviting. The more you see, the more you appreciate what you have.

Travel is educational, a change of scenery is necessary, and a different pace is always welcome—but the joy and pleasure of returning to familiar surroundings is indeed a welcome blessing.

The Jewish Calendar



Chanukah	
Dec. 14 - 1st candle (before 5:11 p.m.)	
Dec. 15 - 2 candles (after sundown)	
Dec. 16 - 3 candles (evening)	
Dec. 17 - 4 candles (evening)	
Dec. 18 - 5 candles (evening)	
Dec. 19 - 6 candles (evening)	
Dec. 20 - 7 candles (evening)	
Dec. 21 - 8 candles (before 5:13 p.m.)	
Sabbath	
Dec. 7 - 5:09 p.m.	
Dec. 14 - 5:11 p.m.	
Dec. 21 - 5:13 p.m.	
Dec. 28 - 5:17 p.m.	