

**RANDOM THOUGHTS** by Muriel Levitt

How many of you displaced Yankees remember how the Bronx used to be? Born and raised there, it was my home until I left New York after several years into marriage. And what a place it was! Let me tell you about it.

We lived right off Kingsbridge Road where the population was predominantly Jewish but flavored with a goodly sprinkling of Irish Catholics. Everyone got along. There were churches and synagogues coexisting in an atmosphere of friendly neighborliness.

The shopping area on Kingsbridge Road was something else. Large saloons did a flourishing business on every corner without noise, fights, or disorderly conduct. They were social meeting places, well lit, attractive and inviting, although I must admit that in all the years I lived there no one I knew had ever seen the inside of any such drinking establishments. The Jewish residents appeared to be occupied elsewhere.

Every single block boasted a kosher butcher shop. The windows were laden with a variety of meats so temptingly arranged that passersby stopped, looked, compared values, and bought. Competition was keen and you got good value for your money, to say nothing of the top grade kosher meat that was always available. I also recall that lung, miltz, and other assorted innards were gratis, yours for just the asking. Great big bones with clinging shreds of meat were also freebies to warm the heart and grace the soup pot of every Jewish housewife.

Supermarkets had not yet reared their ugly heads. Grocery and dairy shopping was done in small, privately owned stores where the proprietor knew each customer by name and catered to her personal needs. Mrs. Yomtov liked a particular kind of cheese so her favorite store always kept it fresh and available. Mrs. Kipness preferred a certain brand of skinless and boneless sardines and her grocer stocked an ample supply. People owned names and faces in those days. Ladies had identity and shopkeepers were family friends not nameless corporate personnel.

Vegetable stores were beautiful to behold. On the sidewalk, in front of the large window, stood an arranged display of juicy fruits and dew fresh veggies. No housewife could pass without being tempted. Big brown paper sacks were toted away filled to the brim with delectable, colorful produce.

Up and down the street young

women pushed baby carriages, pausing frequently to greet a friend, chat with a neighbor, or simply to window shop. Since freezers were not yet universal and refrigeration was still very basic, these daily marketing excursions were part of every housewife's regimen. Families enjoyed the freshest of meats, hand picked produce, and bread kneaded that very day by their favorite local bakery.

There was an atmosphere of well being, a feeling that this was your street and you were happy to be there. Little Children played and ran about. Freedom of movement and total acceptance was a way of life, and Kingsbridge Road was the heart of it. It was our home and we belonged. My personal sense of security was even more ingrained since my father was one of the old-time merchants who had been in business there for many years. We were part of the community and the community was part of us.

But oh, how things have changed. On a recent visit to the Bronx I found that the world I knew had vanished. Butcher shops, groceries and fruit stores are no more. All have been amalgamated into gigantic, plastic supermarkets. Gone are the intimacies, the closeness and the good vibes. Instead, the area has become an ethnic melting pot with an impersonal mixture so common to the inner city.

The streets are littered with refuse and the apartment houses have been defaced with graffiti art burned out. One or two kosher butchers survive but by and large, supermarkets have taken over and the small businessman is no more. It's not the place I knew, loved, and remember.

But the news is not all bad. I am told that an acute housing shortage and horrendous rentals in Manhattan are leading young people to rediscover the other boroughs. Instead of paying phenomenal amounts for cruddy housing, they are moving out to the Bronx and Brooklyn where large old apartments are available at comparably good value. The old haunts are receiving new tenants and this can be nothing but purely wonderful.

These young people have the ability and know-how to revitalize communities and restore the local pride which has all but disappeared. There will be civic concern, beautification, and new neighborhood interest. The prospects are limitless and the future looks great. Perhaps my next visit to New York will take me back to the Bronx and I can hardly wait to see what miracles the wonderful power of youth has wrought!

**Thoughts From The Lubavitcher Rebbe**

**Sukos, Simchat Torah and Unity**

By Rabbi Yossi Groner

One of the most important and popular Sukos precepts is the Mitzva of "the four kinds". We are instructed to take a Lulav — a long green branch of the date palm, an Esrog — a rare citron fruit, somewhat like a large lemon in appearance, Hadassim — twigs of the sweet-smelling myrtle, and Arovos — branches of the plain, lowly, willow tree. We are to bind the Hadassim and Arovos to the Lulav, and holding them close together with the Esrog, to pronounce a special Brocho (blessing) over all four concurrently.

The Midrash explains the significance of this Mitzva in the following terms:

"The Esrog: Just as the Esrog combines both pleasant taste and delightful aroma, so are there to be found among Israel those who are both learned in Torah as well as observant of the Mitzvos. (Taste, in this context, symbolizes the almost physical delight and pleasure of Torah study.)

The Lulav: Just as dates have a pleasant taste, but are essentially odorless, so are there among Israel those who are Torah scholars but do not practice good deeds.

The Hadassim: Just as the myrtle has a pleasing aroma but no taste, so are there among Israel those who practice good deeds but are not learned in Torah.

The Arovos: Just as the willow has neither taste nor smell so are there to be found among Israel those who are neither learned in Torah nor practice good deeds.

Says the Al-mighty: "Let them all be bound together into one Sheaf, and they will atone for one another."

Thus, the inner meaning of the Mitzva of "the four kinds" is that all four of them, become united to fulfill one Mitzva, in the same way all Jews are to unite through performing the Mitzvos.

The same concept of unity is further underlined by the holiday celebrated immediately after Sukos — the joyous festival of Simchat Torah — with its emphasis on dancing with the Torah scrolls.

What a paradox! On Simchat Torah, Jews all over the world gather to rejoice with the Torah

— which we are exhorted to study "Day and night". On the day that is set aside for rejoicing with the Torah, we would surely expect to spend the day in intense and diligent study of its wisdom. Yet, the high-point of the Simchat Torah celebration is neither study of the Torah nor even the reading of its contents, but the dancing with the Torah-scroll rolled up and wrapped in its covering!

To celebrate Simchat Torah by studying or even reading the Torah would emphasize the differences in scholarly achievement between one Jew and his fellow — between the scholar and the unlearned person. In dancing however, all of us from the greatest down to the

simplest, dance together.

There may be some who do not know what the Al-mighty is, nor do they know what His Torah is; they know only that G-d and His Torah are very precious, that there is nothing in the worldwide world so dear, and this realization evokes an unbounded joy in the heart of even the simplest Jew.

As we dance with the wrapped-up Torah scroll (its contents are not visible,) we do not yet know what the Torah contains; we know only that it is infinitely precious, so we rejoice with it all together, the "Esrog Jew" with the "Arovos Jew" together, as equal inheritors of G-d's treasure and His grace.

**The Jewish Calendar  
Candlelighting**

- |                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Oct. 2 - 6:07 p.m.    | Oct. 20 - 5:43 p.m.      |
| Oct. 7 - 6:00 p.m.    | (Shmini Azereth)         |
| (Erev Yom Kippur)     | Oct. 23 - 5:39 p.m.      |
| Oct. 9 - 5:57 p.m.    | Oct. 30 - 5:31 p.m.      |
| Oct. 12 - 5:53 p.m.   |                          |
| (Erev Succoth)        |                          |
| Oct. 13 - 5:53 p.m.   | Oct. 8 - Yom Kippur      |
| Succoth)              | Oct. 13 - Succoth        |
| Oct. 16 - 5:48 p.m.   | Oct. 14 - Succoth        |
| Oct. 19 - 5:44 p.m.   | Oct. 20 - Shmini Azereth |
| (Erev Shmini Azereth) | Oct. 21 - Simchas Torah  |



125 Cottage Place  
Charlotte, N.C. 28207

704/376-7434

Life Insurance Planning  
Group Insurance  
STAN GREENSPON  
DAN COBLENZ

Pension Plans  
Business Insurance  
SCOTT SWIMMER  
DAVID SWIMMER

**Fridays, Our Chef Sneaks Beef Into Our Seafood Buffet!**

Surprised? Well, Mortimer's Seafood Buffet is quite a spread. Every Friday, 6-10 p.m. All you can eat. Your favorites: Oysters on the half shell. Sauteed frog legs. Fishermans Catch.

Plus much more. Like New Orleans style Gumbo. Vegetables, salads and make-your-own fruit shortcake. Just \$12.95 a person. In a sophisticated setting of wood, wicker, greenery and candlelight.

And for those who'd like a counterpoint there is a succulent round of roast beef amid all that fresh seafood. A fish camp was never like this! Registry Inn, Woodlawn at I-77. Reservations requested: 525-4441.

The surprising Registry Inn



REGISTRY INN

The Key  
to a Successful  
Real Estate  
Transaction



Ann Langman  
Realtor

Carras Realty Co.  
Office: 364-0000  
Res: 364-1691

Announcing the  
relocation of the office  
of

**Donald M. Tepper**  
Attorney At Law

to  
2300 East Seventh Street  
Charlotte, North Carolina 28204

Telephone: 333-3104  
NC Wats (800) 432-8252