



HASHOMER

(Affiliated with the National Conference of Shomrim Societies
and the International Association of Jewish Public Service Employees)

P.O. BOX 35688, LOS ANGELES, CA 90035

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President's Message

Another outstanding annual banquet is planned for April of this year honoring "The Comish" Michael Chiklis and L.A.S.D. Captain Buddy Goldman, the "Chief of Police of West Hollywood." Mark the date on your calendars, Thursday, April 22nd, at Sinai Temple. Those of you who have previously attended know of the bountiful hors d'oeuvres, beverages of choice, as well as a fabulous dinner that will be enjoyed by all. Plan on attending with friends this year to have a great time.

I have had the privilege of attending both the International Association of Jewish Public Employees seminar on Agro terrorism and the National Shomrim Annual Convention. Both were very well attended and the programs that were presented at both events were very worthwhile. The Agro terrorism conference gives all of us "food" for thought – to me it is a major soft target in the United States today.

My wife and I have already planned to be in Israel from May 3rd through the 25th so fortuitously I will be able to join part of the Holy Land Tour sponsored by the three NYPD religious groups. I have seen their brochure and it looks like they have planned an extensive tour of the major holy sights for all three religions. If you are interested in joining us please contact me or, better, contact Det. Larry Wein (347.739.5052) or Det. Sam Miller (347.723.6708).

Looking forward to seeing all of you at our events,

Marvin Goldsmith, President

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SHOMRIMSOCAL SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

February Meeting
Wednesday, February 10, 2010, 6:30 PM
Golan Restaurant
13075 Victory Blvd, North Hollywood

March Meeting
Wednesday, March 17, 2010, 6:30 PM
Elat Burger
9340 West Pico Blvd
(Just East of Beverly Drive)

ANNUAL DINNER
Thursday, April 22, 2010
Cocktail Hour: 5:30 P.M.
Dinner: 7:00 P.M.
Sinai Temple
10400 Wilshire Blvd. @ Beverly Glen
Los Angeles

June Meeting
Thursday, June 17, 2010, 6:30 P.M.
King David Grill
6118 West Pico Blvd., L.A.
(Just East of La Cienega)

MAZEL TOV

To Donald Beck on his promotion to Reserve
Commander, L.A.S.D. Don will command the
Reserve forces in Region 1.

To Marvin Goldsmith on celebrating his 50th anniversary
as a member of the State Bar of California.

To L.A.S.D. Captain Buddy Goldman on his marriage to
Theresa, or as they stated: "We Tied The
Knot..."

To Garrett Zimmon on his position as Assistant Director
of the International Criminal Investigative
Training Assistance Program, U.S. Department
of Justice

To Adele and Marvin Goldsmith on the birth of their 6th
Great Grandchild, Sarah Rachel.

WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Clinton F. Kehr, Special Agent, A.T.F., U.S., Dept. of
Justice

Evan Charnov, Res. Deputy Sheriff, L.A.S.D.

Mark D. Anderson, Deputy Sheriff, L.A.S.D.

PURIM 2010

*Jewish Year 5770: sunset February 27, 2010 -
nightfall February 28, 2010*

*Significance: Remembers the defeat of a plot to
exterminate the Jews Length: 1 day*

*Observances: Public reading of the book of
Esther while "blotting out" the villain's
name*

*Customs: Dressing up in costumes; parties;
drinking; eating Hamentashen (fruit-
filled triangular cookies)*

**Compiled by Rabbi Chaim Kolodny
CMC, NHA**

**LAPD Senior Bureau Chaplain - Office of the
Chief of Police**

Purim in a Nutshell

Purim is one of the most joyous and fun
holidays on the Jewish calendar. It
commemorates a time when the Jewish people
living in Persia were saved from extermination.

The story of Purim is told in the Biblical book
of Esther. The heroes of the story are Esther, a
beautiful young Jewish woman living in Persia,
and her cousin (some say Uncle) Mordecai, who
raised her as if she were his daughter. Esther
was taken to the house of Ahasuerus, King of
Persia, to become part of his harem. King
Ahasuerus loved Esther more than his other
women and made Esther queen, but the king did
not know that Esther was a Jew, because
Mordecai told her not to reveal her identity.

The villain of the story is Haman, an arrogant,
egotistical advisor to the king. Haman hated
Mordecai because Mordecai refused to bow
down to Haman, so Haman plotted to destroy
the Jewish people. In a speech that is all too
familiar to Jews, Haman told the king, "There is
a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed
among the peoples in all the provinces of your
realm. Their laws are different from those of
every other people's, and they do not observe

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the king's laws; therefore it is not befitting the king to tolerate them." Esther 3:8. The king gave the fate of the Jewish people to Haman, to do as he pleased to them. Haman planned to exterminate all of the Jews.

Mordecai persuaded Esther to speak to the king on behalf of the Jewish people. This was a dangerous thing for Esther to do, because anyone who came into the king's presence without being summoned could be put to death, and she had not been summoned. Esther fasted for three days to prepare herself, then went into the king. He welcomed her. Later, she told him of Haman's plot against her people. The Jewish people were saved, and Haman was hanged on the gallows that had been prepared for Mordecai.

The book of Esther is unusual in that it is the only book of the Bible that does not contain the name of G-d. In fact, it includes virtually no reference to G-d. Mordecai makes a vague reference to the fact that the Jews will be saved by someone else, if not by Esther, but that is the closest the book comes to mentioning G-d. Thus, one important message that can be gained from the story is that G-d often works in ways that are not apparent, in ways that appear to be chance, coincidence or ordinary good luck.

Purim is celebrated on the 14th day of Adar, which is usually in March. The 13th of Adar is the day that Haman chose for the extermination of the Jews, and the day that the Jews battled their enemies for their lives. On the day afterwards, the 14th, they celebrated their survival. In cities that were walled in the time of Joshua, Purim is celebrated on the 15th of the month, because the book of Esther says that in Shushan (a walled city), deliverance from the massacre was not complete until the next day. The 15th is referred to as Shushan Purim.

In leap years, when there are two months of Adar, Purim is celebrated in the second month of Adar, so it is always one month before

Passover. The 14th day of the first Adar in a leap year is celebrated as a minor holiday called Purim Katan, which means "little Purim." There are no specific observances for Purim Katan; however, a person should celebrate the holiday and should not mourn or fast. Some communities also observe a "Purim Katan" on the anniversary of any day when their community was saved from a catastrophe, destruction, evil or oppression.

The word "Purim" means "lots" and refers to the lottery that Haman used to choose the date for the massacre.

The Purim holiday is preceded by a minor fast, the Fast of Esther, which commemorates Esther's three days of fasting in preparation for her meeting with the king.

The primary commandment related to Purim is to hear the reading of the book of Esther. The book of Esther is commonly known as the Megillah, which means scroll. Although there are five books of Jewish scripture that are properly referred to as megillahs (Esther, Ruth, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, and Lamentations), this is the one people usually mean when they speak of The Megillah. It is customary to boo, hiss, stamp feet and rattle gragers (noisemakers; see illustration) whenever the name of Haman is mentioned in the service. The purpose of this custom is to "blot out the name of Haman."

We are also commanded to eat, drink and be merry. According to the Talmud, a person is required to drink until he cannot tell the difference between "cursed be Haman" and "blessed be Mordecai," though opinions differ as to exactly how drunk that is. A person certainly should not become so drunk that he might violate other commandments or get seriously ill. In addition, recovering alcoholics or others who might suffer serious harm from alcohol are exempt from this obligation.

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In addition, we are commanded to send out gifts of food or drink, and to make gifts to charity. The sending of gifts of food and drink is referred to as shalach manos (lit. sending out portions). Among Ashkenazic Jews, a common treat at this time of year is hamentaschen (lit. Haman's pockets). These triangular fruit-filled cookies are supposed to represent Haman's three-cornered hat. My recipe is included below.

It is customary to hold carnival-like celebrations on Purim, to perform plays and parodies, and to hold beauty contests. I have heard that the usual prohibitions against cross-dressing are lifted during this holiday, but I am not certain about that. Americans sometimes refer to Purim as the Jewish Mardi Gras.

Purim is not subject to the sabbath-like restrictions on work that some other holidays are; however, some sources indicate that we should not go about our ordinary business on Purim out of respect for the holiday.

Hatred

By Elisha Greenbaum

I do not hate anything or anyone. Sure, I don't enjoy eating broccoli, and I find certain hobbies irritating in the extreme, but hate? Never!

Well, maybe. The Shabbat before Purim is the second of the so-called 'four special readings,' Parshat Zachor, when we remember the evil that the Biblical tribe of Amalek visited on our ancestors immediately after their escaping Egypt. It was only due to the grace of heaven and some inspirational leadership from Moses, that we survived their vicious, unprovoked attack.

We Hate Amalek

In Jewish philosophy Amalek represents pure, undifferentiated evil. The skirmish in the desert was just the first act of aggression in a never-ending history of Jew-baiting and persecution. Our enemies have appeared throughout history

and have representatives in every class and society. They are distinguished by their irrational, undisguised malice and never miss an opportunity to cause harm.

The skirmish in the desert was just the first act of aggression in a never-ending history of Jew-baiting. We, the descendants of Amalek's original prey are enjoined to remember. Remember what Amalek did to you...Never forget! (Maftir Zachor). There is a standing daily commandment to constantly bear in mind the existence of evil and to never make peace with it. Additionally, in the lead up to Purim when G-d saved us from Haman, the Ambassador of Amalek of the time, we formally commemorate the evil that is Amalek.

The only guarantee that one will never make one's peace with evil is to constantly remind oneself of its existence, and consciously declare one's hatred of all that evil stands for.

I Believe in You

From a psychological perspective Amalek represents doubt. Amalek is the splash of cold water dousing one's enthusiasm and excitement. How often have you started on an undertaking, all fired up to meet the challenges that lie ahead, only to be deflated by the cynical words of some skeptical bystander.

It is natural to have faith in G-d. Indeed, every small child discovers for himself a belief in a higher power. Unfortunately, this trust, the wide-eyed wonder, is usually shattered by some adult deliberately imposing his own cold-hearted hyper-rationalistic viewpoint on the immature mind, forever destroying the innocence. Once gone, this belief can only ever be rediscovered by an effort of will; by deliberately turning one's back on rationalism and breaking through the barrier of skepticism. That which was once instinctive must now become deliberate.

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The Jewish people, post Egypt, were riding high on the wave of belief. Newly conceived as a nation, they had a child-like trust in G-d and the faith to conquer all challenges that lay ahead. Amalek, in all their malevolence, came crashing through this barrier of conviction. Amalek lost the battle but the psychological scars they inflicted left permanent wounds on our national psyche. We can only ever recapture this excitement for our national mission by deliberately overcoming our hesitations and consciously taking that leap of faith into G-d's arms.

Drink Till You Drop

Purim represents this crash-and-burn style of faith. We suspend belief in the forces of nature and rely solely on the forces of G-d. This leap of faith is often too hard to accomplish without external supplements and the thinking Jew will resort to fortifying his faith with fortified spirits. Rather than decrying alcohol use on Purim as an opiate of the masses we recognize that by dulling the sense of cynicism we can allow our primal nature to shine.

Happy Purim.

Nothing in the above message should be taken as an endorsement of underage drinking or irresponsible behavior. Please act responsibly and drink responsibly this Purim

PASSOVER 2010

Passover will start on Monday eve, the 29th of March and will continue until Tuesday night, the 6th of April.

Significance: Remembers the Exodus from Egypt

Observances: Avoiding all leavened grain products and related foods; Family or communal retelling of the Exodus story

Length: 8 days

**Compiled by Rabbi Chaim Kolodny
CMC, NHA**

**LAPD Senior Bureau Chaplain - Office of the
Chief of Police**

Passover (Pesach) in a Nutshell

Of all the Jewish holidays, Pesach is the one most commonly observed, even by otherwise non-observant Jews. According to the 1990 National Jewish Population Survey (NJPS), more than 80% of Jews have attended a Pesach seder.

Pesach begins on the 15th day of the Jewish month of Nissan. It is the first of the three major festivals with both historical and agricultural significance (the other two are Shavu'ot and Sukkot). Agriculturally, it represents the beginning of the harvest season in Israel, but little attention is paid to this aspect of the holiday. The primary observances of Pesach are related to the Exodus from Egypt after generations of slavery. This story is told in Exodus, Ch. 1-15. Many of the Pesach observances are instituted in Chs. 12-15.

The name "Pesach" comes from the Hebrew root Pei-Samekh-Cheit, meaning to pass through, to pass over, to exempt or to spare. It refers to the fact that G-d "passed over" the houses of the Jews when he was slaying the firstborn of Egypt. In English, the holiday is known as Passover. "Pesach" is also the name of the sacrificial offering (a lamb) that was made in the Temple on this holiday. The holiday is also referred to as Chag he-Aviv, (the Spring Festival), Chag ha-Matzot, (the Festival of Matzahs), and Z'man Cheiruteinu, (the Time of Our Freedom) (again, all with those Scottish "ch"s).

Pesach Laws and Customs

Probably the most significant observance related to Pesach involves the removal of chametz (leaven; sounds like "hum it's" with that Scottish "ch") from our homes. This commemorates the fact that the Jews leaving Egypt were in a hurry, and did not have time to let their bread rise. It is also a symbolic way of removing the "puffiness" (arrogance, pride) from our souls.

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Chametz includes anything made from the five major grains (wheat, rye, barley, oats and spelt) that has not been completely cooked within 18 minutes after coming into contact with water. Orthodox Jews of Ashkenazic background also avoid rice, corn, peanuts, and legumes (beans) as if they were chametz. All of these items are commonly used to make bread, thus use of them was prohibited to avoid any confusion. Such additional items are referred to as "kitniyot."

We may not eat chametz during Pesach; we may not even own it or derive benefit from it. We may not even feed it to our pets or cattle. All chametz, including utensils used to cook chametz, must either be disposed of or sold to a non-Jew (they can be repurchased after the holiday). Pets' diets must be changed for the holiday, or the pets must be sold to a non-Jew (like the food and utensils, the pets can be repurchased after the holiday ends). I have noticed that many non-Jews and non-observant Jews mock this practice of selling chametz as an artificial technicality. I assure you that this sale is very real and legally binding, and would not be valid under Jewish law if it were not. From the gentile's perspective, the purchase functions much like the buying and selling of futures on the stock market: even though he does not take physical possession of the goods, his temporary legal ownership of those goods is very real and potentially profitable.

The process of cleaning the home of all chametz in preparation for Pesach is an enormous task. To do it right, you must prepare for several weeks and spend several days scrubbing everything down, going over the edges of your stove and fridge with a toothpick and a Q-Tip, covering all surfaces that come in contact with food with foil or shelf-liner, etc., etc., etc. After the cleaning is completed, the morning before the seder, a formal search of the house for chametz is undertaken, and any remaining chametz is burned.

The grain product we eat during Pesach is called matzah. Matzah is unleavened bread, made simply from flour and water and cooked very quickly. This is the bread that the Jews made for their flight from Egypt. We have come up with many inventive ways to use matzah; it is available in a variety of textures for cooking: matzah flour (finely ground for cakes and cookies), matzah meal (coarsely ground, used as a bread crumb substitute), matzah farfel (little chunks, a noodle or bread cube substitute), and full-sized matzahs (about 10 inches square, a bread substitute).

Some people observe an additional strictness during Pesach known as gebrochts, from a Yiddish word meaning "broken," although I'm not sure what brokenness has to do with this restriction. Those who observe gebrochts (or more accurately, "no gebrochts") will avoid any matzah product that has come into contact with liquid after being baked. The rule arises from a concern that matzah may contain bits of flour that were not completely cooked and that would become leavened upon contact with liquid. People who observe this strictness cannot eat many common traditional Pesach dishes, such as matzah ball soup, and cannot even eat charoset on matzah at seder. They are careful not to spill seder wine on their matzah, and promptly remove the wine spilled as part of the seder. Observance of this additional restriction is not common, but many people become exposed to it because it is followed by the Chabad-Lubavitch, who are active in Jewish education. Some have criticized gebrochts for unnecessarily complicating Pesach and taking some of the joy out of this celebration of freedom for no good reason, noting that the premise of this rule contradicts codes of Jewish law that explicitly say it is impossible for matzah to become chametz once it is baked. Nevertheless, this effort to more fully observe G-d's law is worthy of respect, even if you are not inclined to add this restriction to your own Pesach experience.

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The day before Pesach is the Fast of the Firstborn, a minor fast for all firstborn males, commemorating the fact that the firstborn Jewish males in Egypt were not killed during the final plague.

On the first night of Pesach (first two nights for traditional Jews outside Israel), we have a special family meal filled with ritual to remind us of the significance of the holiday. This meal is called a seder, from a Hebrew root word meaning "order," because there is a specific set of information that must be discussed in a specific order. It is the same root from which we derive the word "siddur", (prayer book). An overview of a traditional seder is included below.

Pesach lasts for seven days (eight days outside of Israel). The first and last days of the holiday (first two and last two outside of Israel) are days on which no work is permitted. See Extra Day of Holidays for more information. Work is permitted on the intermediate days. These intermediate days on which work is permitted are referred to as Chol Ha-Mo'ed, as are the intermediate days of Sukkot.

Holocaust Story - A Passover Miracle

by Hank Stanton

Let us go back to March 10, 1938, my 15th birthday. In two days from that date, my life as I had known it would come to an abrupt, terrifying halt. But I did not know this, for on that brilliant, sunny day in March, I was King of the Mountain.

That very morning, after a glorious week of roaming the white wilderness of the Austrian Alps, I had won a slalom skiing championship! I had beaten all of "them!" Not even the remark by one of the high school teachers: "I wish the Jewboy hadn't done it!" could dampen the euphoria I still felt a little later as we, some 30 boys and a couple of adults, carved serpentine grooves into the glittering, powdery slopes of

the Semmering Mountain in central Austria. We swayed and crouched to tease the last ounce of speed out of our heavy, wooden skis for we had to be in the village at the foot of the mountain in time to catch the train which would deposit us that same afternoon at one of the palatial railroad terminals in the city of Vienna. We skied all the way into the railroad station just as the train chugged to a stop, threw our skis, poles and rucksacks into the baggage compartment, and piled into a passenger car. Even though steam rose from our clothes, tears stung our eyes, and our cold noses ran, we were deliriously happy. All differences, racial, ethnic, social level, they were all forgotten. Until we pulled into the terminal. Where my parents, bless them, were waiting to welcome their baby boy back home.

My father, every inch the tall, extremely elegant, impeccably dressed textile mill owner, the aristocratic ex-army-captain of the former Austrian-Hungarian Empire he still longed for; and my mother, the ultimate professional, eminent physician, beautiful to a fault, wrapped in a luxurious fur coat, stood out, and apart, from the crowd of the waiting relatives like a pair of regal pines at the edge of an oak forest.

Mother hugged me, then held me at arms length. "My God, you smell horrible!" Those were her first words of welcome, and that, in a nutshell, was my mother, rest her soul!

I cringed as I felt the other kids drifting away from me. Once again, I was the "different one," the Jew who is told "to go back where you came from!" the one with the rich, obviously crooked parents who no doubt must be members of the International Jewish Banking Conspiracy. But then that was part of the Jewish experience, not only in Austria, but in most of pre World War II, anti-Semitic Europe. One accepted it, lived with it, and, unlike my parents, most everyone kept as low a profile as possible. "Assimilation" was the buzzword of the time.

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As I stored my equipment in the trunk of our car, a luxury seldom afforded in the Austria of 1938, I was aware of the envious stares, and the angry whispers. Oh, well, that's life.

To celebrate my birthday, we were to go to a nightclub, in a cellar near the St. Stephen's Cathedral, the geographic and social center of Vienna. And did we ever celebrate! Everyone in the place joined in, and a high old time was had by all.

So it was about 2.00 AM when we stumbled, exhausted, a little bit tipsy, and very happy, up the cellar stairs.....and into an icy cold stillness. The vast area around the massive St. Stevens Cathedral was sunk into an inky darkness, only occasionally relieved by small pools of light painted on the late spring snow by the ornate cast iron streetlights. It was eerily quiet, and although the air was brittle and brisk, it seemed strangely oppressive. In a daze, we stood rooted to the sidewalk.

A bizarre, unexplainable sense of doom came over me. Suddenly, like a steam-belching locomotive out of the mouth of a tunnel, a large truck blasted out of a side street nearby, an open-bed vehicle loaded with men clad in brown shirts, jodhpurs, boots, screaming unintelligible slogans, and waving large red flags with black swastikas on a white circle. It roared by us, so close that I could see the contorted faces belching guttural screams, and hear the crack of the flags as they whipped in the slip stream. And then they turned another corner, and were gone, and it was still again.

My parents came out of their trance, practically threw me into the car, and sped home. Not a word was said, my father's face had turned to stone, my mother stared straight ahead. I was petrified.

Two days later, the Germans "invaded" - translate to "were welcomed by the delirious

masses" - Austria. The next day, my father's automobile was confiscated. A few short days later, the textile mills were "bought" by the Nazis, and my mother's medical/dental practice was taken over by her "loyal" assistant. I, along with Jewish kids from all over the city, was transferred into a separate, segregated "Jew School." It happened fast, almost as if it had been pre-choreographed. Which in fact it had.

And then, some time later, rumors of "the raids" surfaced. It seemed that, in addition to humiliating Jews by destroying their livelihoods, making them clean city streets on hands and knees, beating them up in broad daylight, or arresting them willy nilly, armed Germans were combing apartment houses in an organized manner. Many Jews, sometimes entire families, were said to be arrested, and carted off to who knew where. It seemed as if the raiders knew exactly where to look, down to the house or apartment number. But these sweeps were only rumors to us, of which there were hundreds, and besides, we had more immediate problems to solve.

So it is that we sit this late evening, a few months into the "Anschluss," grouped around the massive dining table in our apartment. The radio spews martial music, attractive tunes with uplifting lyrics like: "Wenn das Judenblut vom Messer spritzt" (When the Blood of Jews drips from Knives), other inspiring Nazi propaganda, and occasionally, highly censored and distorted news programs. It seemed as if we are, masochistically, setting the mood for our desperation of being practically destitute, and having just learned that the immigration quota into "Amerika" is filled for the next three years. Which is problematic at best, since as of now, we have no American sponsor to vouch for us in the first place.

And then we hear the squeal of tires and the screech of brakes!

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My father explodes from his chair, hits all the light switches, the apartment is pitch dark, and we rush to the windows that look down on the wide, cobble stoned street three stories below us.

The unthinkable has happened! It is a raid!

Every street opening within sight is blocked by huge trucks out of which tumble the roughest, meanest looking, black clad, well armed soldiers I have yet to see. With well rehearsed precision, they fan out over the area, then form into small groups, and storm into every apartment building in my field of vision. My father rips the blackout drapes shut, grabs me, and drags me, along with mother, into the farthest corner in the farthest room away from the entrance to our apartment. There we cower, defeated, resigned to the inevitable, and I descend into a sort of confused stupor. Yet, curiously, I am keenly aware of the sights and sounds around me.

I hear the thwack! of gun butts hitting flesh, and the sharp cracks of splintering wood as the raiders beat down those doors that don't open on command. Not every door is shattered, and it seems as if a preconceived plan is followed, as if the storm troopers have precise information as to where their victims reside. Rifle shots echo through the halls - at least I think that's what they are - and then begins something I have never heard during my sheltered young life, the sounds of human beings in great distress. I hear sobbing, terrified, deep sobbing, and instinctively, I can tell whether it is a man or a woman doing it. And screams fill the air, high, keening screams, screams that have no gender at all. I learn that the scream of a human being in horrible pain or abject terror is sexless.

I literally choke with fear. I am trapped, there is no escape, and even if I wanted to flee, I can't move, it is as if I am paralyzed. The yelling, screaming, and gun butts hitting bodies have petrified me. The noises of the hunt, of splintering wood, of panic, of bellowing thugs

come ever closer, and I expect our front door to cave in with a crash at any moment. The pounding of hobnailed boots hitting the tiled floor of the corridor approach.....they are at our door!.....and they pass us by!

The impossible has happened, we have been spared, we have, literally, dodged a bullet! I shake like a leaf as I sneak to a window, and lift the black-out drape a bit.

Below me, out of every entrance, men, women, even some children spill into the dark street, driven by men in the hated black uniform. They are herding their prey into a holding area, like driving wild animals towards the inevitable net. A few of the stunned victims are wearing street attire and are carrying small suitcases, but many are still in flimsy night shirts or even underwear. The captors divide these unfortunates into smaller groups, ignoring the mother's scream for their children, or husbands reaching for wives, working the "herd" like cowboys on a cutting horse, and crowd them into the waiting transportation. These thugs work very fast, practically throw their captives into the back of the trucks, clubbing those that don't move fast enough to suit. Then the troops pull down the canvas sides of the vehicles, and, with their human loads, roar off into the night. Stillness descends once more on our neighborhood. It is over.

And I realize: We have been passed over! As if we had the blood of the lamb painted on the lintel and doorposts of our house as told in the Old Testament. To this day I cannot say why we were saved. A Passover Miracle? If indeed that is what it was, it was the first in a long line of "miracles" that made it possible for me to write this story.

GIGGLES

A rabbi was walking down the street when he noticed one of his congregants on the other side of the street entering a Chinese restaurant. The rabbi crossed the street to peer in the window of the

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restaurant to see what his congregant was doing in the trayf (non-kosher) restaurant.

The congregant ordered some spare ribs and some fried shrimp.

The rabbi continued to watch.

Soon, the waiter brought the spare ribs and shrimp. The congregant was eagerly devouring it with a hearty appetite when the shocked rabbi, unable to contain himself, burst into the restaurant to confront his congregant.

"Stop!" the rabbi shouted. "How could you do this? How could you eat this food? It's ribs and shrimp. It's trayf!"

"Hold on," said the congregant.

"Rabbi, did you see me walk into this restaurant?"

"Yes, I did," replied the rabbi.

"Did you see me sit down at this table?"

"Yes, I did," the rabbi again testified.

"Did you see me order?"

"I most certainly did," the rabbi attested.

"Did you see the waiter bring this food to my table?" the congregant asked.

"Yes, I did," the rabbi again affirmed.

"Did you actually see me eating the ribs and the shrimp?" asked the congregant.

"Yes, I did. I watched you the entire time!" exclaimed the rabbi.

"Well, then," the congregant said calmly, "what's the problem?"

It was all done under rabbinical supervision!

Telemarketing

1. If they want to loan you money, tell them you just filed for bankruptcy and you could sure use some. 2.

2. If they start out with, "How are you today?" say, "I'm so glad you asked, because no one these days seems to care, and I have all these problems. My arthritis is acting up, my eyelashes are sore, my dog just died . . ."

3. If they say they're John Doe from XYZ Company, ask them to spell their name. Then ask them to spell the company name. Then ask them where it is located, how long it has been in business, how many people work there, how they got into this line of work if they are married, how many kids they have etc. Continue asking them personal questions or questions about their company for as long as necessary.

4. (This works great if you are male) Telemarketer: "Hi, my name is Judy and I'm with XYZ Company." You: Wait for a second and with a real husky voice ask, "What are you wearing?"

5. Cry out in surprise, "Judy? Is that you? Oh my God! Judy, how have you been?" Hopefully, this will give Judy a few brief moments of terror as she tries to figure out where she could know you from.

6. Say "No" over and over. Be sure to vary the sound of each one, and keep a rhythmic tempo, even as they are trying to speak. This is most fun if you can do it until they hang up.

7. If MCI calls trying to get you to sign up for the Family and Friends Plan reply, in as sinister a voice as you can, "I don't have any friends, would you be my friend?"

8. If the company cleans rugs, respond: "Can you get out blood? Can you get out goat blood? How about human blood?"

9. After the Telemarketer gives his or her spiel, ask him or her to marry you. When they get all flustered, tell them that you can't just give your credit card number to a complete stranger.

10. If the Telemarketer is selling raffle tickets, tell him or her that you work for the same company, and that employees cannot participate.

11. Answer the phone. As soon as you realize it is a Telemarketer, set the receiver down, scream, "OH MY GOD!" and then hang up.

HASHOMER

12. Tell the Telemarketer you are busy at the moment and ask if he/she will give you their home phone number so you can call him/her back. When the Telemarketer explains that telemarketers cannot give out their home numbers say, "I guess you don't want anyone bothering you at home, right?" The Telemarketer will agree and you say, "Me either!" and proceed to hang up.

13. Ask them to repeat everything they say, several times.

14. Tell them it is dinner time, but ask if they would please hold. Put them on your speaker phone while you continue to eat at your leisure. Smack your food loudly and continue with your dinner conversation. For added effect, clanging of cutlery and dishes is recommended.

15. Tell the Telemarketer you are on "home incarceration" and ask if they could bring you some beer.

16. Ask them to fax the information to you, and make up a number.

17. Tell the Telemarketer, "Okay, I'll listen to you. But I should probably tell you, I'm not wearing any clothes."

18. Insist that the caller is really your buddy Leon, playing a joke. "Come on, Leon, cut it out! Seriously, Leon, how's your momma?"

19. Tell them you are hard of hearing and that they need to speak up...louder... louder!

20. Tell them to talk very slowly, because you want to write every word down.

* * * * *

Isn't it redundant to put a yarmulke on a toupee?

* * * * *

The only really good advice that your Jewish mother ever gave you was: "Go! You might meet somebody!"

* * * * *

HOLY LAND INTERFAITH TOUR

The NYPD Religious Societies (The Holy Name Society (Catholic), The Shomrim Society of the NYPD (Jewish) and The Muslim Officers Society are sponsoring "The Holy Land Interfaith Tour." They state: "Join us on this historic tour of brotherhood to the cradle of faith. Indulge with history, culture and beautiful scenery. Meet police officers of other countries. Have fun." This 11 day tour, with an optional extension to Egypt begins on the 20th of May and ends on the 30th of May, with the extension to June 3rd. For the detailed four page brochure, with pricing, contact either:

Det. Sam Miller
347.723.6708
Sam9sqd@aol.com

Det. Lawrence Wein
347.739.5052
Sparrow402@aol.com

NATIONAL SHOMRIM AND SHOMRIMSOCAL ON THE WEB

Visit our website. We're at www.shomrimsocal.org just a click away. Get the latest updates on meetings and announcements, read about your organization, look at photos of recent events, etc. Our webmaster Marc Cohen would like to hear from all of you with your comments. Active links to other Shomrim sites, including the National Conference of Shomrim Societies.

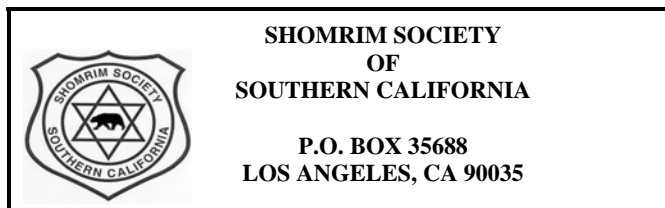
The National Conference of Shomrim Societies has a new website due to the efforts of our national webmaster Scott Bresalier: www.nationalshomrim.org. Visit the new website and sign the guestbook and leave your comments.

If you have something you would like added to our website send an e-mail to story@shomrimsocal.org or drop us a letter to our P.O. Box.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF JEWISH PUBLIC SERVICE EMPLOYEES ON THE WEB

Visit the web site at: www.IAJPSE.org.

HASHOMER



APPLICATION Please Print

LAST NAME		

FIRST NAME	INITIAL	
_____	_____	
HOME ADDRESS		

CITY	STATE	ZIP
_____	_____	_____
HOME PHONE	BUSINESS PHONE	
_____	_____	
E-MAIL ADDRESS		

EMPLOYED BY	DOB	
_____	_____	
TITLE OR RANK		

BUSINESS ADDRESS		

CITY	STATE	ZIP
_____	_____	_____

Please place check mark in front of choice:

- \$18 Initial Membership
- \$36 Renewal Membership
- \$36 Associate Membership

How did you hear about the Shomrim Society of Southern California?

What can the Shomrim Society do for you?

SIGNATURE	DATE
_____	_____

Please return this application and your check to the above address. Thank you.

Renew Now For 2010!

**COPY THIS PAGE AND RECRUIT
A NEW MEMBER!**

MEMBERSHIP

Use the form on the left to recruit new members for our organization or to have old members renew. Please have the application completed with all the information requested, including the e-mail address as much of our communication with members is done by e-mail.

Members of any Southern California law enforcement, public safety or administration of justice agency, law enforcement or public safety reserve officers, retired members of those agencies, or persons eligible to become a member of the National Conference may apply for membership as Regular Members. Thus, in addition to peace officers, fire fighters, men and women of the Jewish faith who are employed or retired from the various fields of law enforcement, public safety, and the administration of justice such as prosecutors, judges, parole and probation officers, correctional officers, and paramedics, to name a few, are also eligible for Regular Membership.

The initial membership fee is \$18.00, which includes membership for the first year. Annual membership dues thereafter are \$36.00. Associate Membership (non-voting) may be granted by the Board of Directors, to persons who are interested in furthering and advancing the purposes of the Shomrim Society of Southern California who do not qualify for Regular membership. Such members may be proposed by any Regular Member; however, such members must be approved by the Board of Directors and are subject to annual review by the Board for continued membership. The annual membership fee for Associate Members is \$36.00.

Additional Information

Further information about the Society may be obtained by writing to the above address, e-mail to Shomrimsocal@gmail.com.

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FAX: (310) 277-0776

It's tax time

By Bernard Melamed, CPA

Tax time has arrived and the information below lists Law Enforcement deductions that are available to you, less reimbursement; and indicates where they should be deducted on your tax return.

	Amount		Amount
AMMUNITION		EQUIPMENT	
ASSOCIATION DUES		Wrist Watch	
WEAPONS		Watch Band & Repairs	
On Duty		Hand Cuffs & Cuff Case	
Off Duty		Brief Case	
Grips		Flash Lights & Batteries	
Gun Bluing		Tape Recorder & Tapes	
Gun Repairs		Binoculars	
Gun cleaning supplies		Camera & Film	
		Baton	
EDUCATION EXPENSE		Ammunition Holder	
Tuition		Ammunition Magazines & Clips	
Books and Supplies		Keepers	
		Key Holder	
TELEPHONE		Badge Tabs	
Message Units		Belts	
Coin Telephone		Holsters	
		Badge Holder	
PUBLICATIONS		Citation Book	
Thomas Guide		Patrol Box	
Davis Books		Whistle	
Penal Code		Mace Case	
Manuals & Journals		Bullet Proof Vest	
		Duffle Bag	
UNIFORMS		False Arrest Insurance	
Pants, Shirts & Jackets		Brass & Copper Cleaners	
Shoes & Repairs		Pens, Pencils & Clip Board	
Rain Gear			
Hats, gloves, Belts & Ties		TOTALS TO SCHEDULE A	
Name Tags & Emblems			
Shoe Shine Kit		MILEAGE AND TRAVEL EXPENSE	
		Station to court Mileage	
UNIFORM MAINTENANCE		Miles	
Cleaning & Laundry		Education Mileage	
Tailoring		Miles	
Uniform Repairs		Special Detail Travel Expense	
		TOTALS TO FORM 2106	

HOLD THE DATE! MARK YOUR CALENDAR!

SHOMRIM SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ANNUAL INSTALLATION BANQUET

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 2010

5:30 P.M.

HONORING AND BESTOWING MEMBERSHIP

ON

“THE COMISH”

MICHAEL CHIKLIS

&

HONORING

L.A.S.D. CAPTAIN

BUDDY GOLDMAN

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Master of Ceremonies

BOB PHILIBOSIAN

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS & BOARD OF DIRECTORS

SHERIFF LEROY BACA

Los Angeles County Sheriff

Cocktails and Hors d'oeuvres: 5:30 P.M.

Dinner: 7:00 P.M.

Choice of Prime Rib or Chicken

Covert \$100.00 per person

The ***HASHOMER*** published by the Shomrim Society of Southern California for members of the Law Enforcement, Public Safety and Administration of Justice Community

January-February-March 2010 Issue

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President's Message, Calendar, & Announcements

PURIM 2010 compiled by Rabbi Chaim Kolodny

PASSOVER 2010 compiled by Rabbi Chaim Kolodny

IT's TAX TIME by Bernard Melamed, C.P.A.

Giggles

