

1
"B'Tzeiso B'Shalom"
"When He Left in Peace"

"When He Left in Peace"

I will now affix to paper the tales of the miracles and wonders that occurred to me as I was fighting the Holy war against "Nveilos & Treifos" (unfit and unkosher meat) and how Hashem in his great mercy saved me from the hands of my enemies from the year '70 to the year '87.

I was able to author this with Hashem's mercy in the merit of my mentor, my father.

Sholom Yehuda Gross
Boro Park
Brooklyn, N.Y.'

'87

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Introduction:

"Odecho Hashem Elokei B'Chol Levoui V'Achabda Shimcha L'Olom" (Tehillim). I will thank you Hashem with all my heart and I will honor your name forever.

This is my wish as I write the introduction to my compilation "He Left in Peace". It reviews all that happened to me between '70 and '87 while fighting my holy war, the war of Kashrus, against the butchers, the partners of Amalek and their representatives. With the never-ending mercy of Hashem they had no power to harm me even though they were prepared to kill me and I merited to be saved from their grasp.

Surely it wasn't in my merit that I was able to survive; rather it was in the merit of my holy fathers who guided and educated me and imbued me with strong faith.

I experienced many hard trials and tribulations. I saw how these people were desecrating the name of heaven by feeding Klal Yisroel "Nueilos and Treifos" not because they must, but because they want to earn a million dollars in profits. These are the ones called the "Einei HaEda" and "Tzadikei U'Maginei HaDor" (the righteous ones and leaders of the nation)?!! And when one who sees and understands the situation and rises and opposes them, this Jew is called a "sinner"!!!

Not only did they want to destroy myself and my family, but if a Rabbi or even an ordinary learned man wished to join our side, they applied all sorts of terror tactics so that nobody would dare to even utter a good word for us because "the business

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would run the other way". Obviously, this kind of situation is very hard but with great faith I succeeded in breaking through. I knew one thing, I must withstand this test of faith and not to be broken from spiritual tribulations.

There is no greater spiritual torture than seeing thousands of Jews blinded by naivete and ignorance, thinking that all is like it seems to be. At that moment, the heart cries to the heavens, "L-rd of the Universe, what have these souls done that they should fall into the hands of the Shoachim and MeNakri who are taking advantage and claiming that all they are doing is holy and pure?"

We must open their eyes that they can see how low they have fallen. They are being tied like sheep and they are being thrown into the pot of Treifa meat as we would throw the sheep to the dogs. Not only that but when somebody sees the situation and wants to save the nation they chase him with sticks in their hands...

King David says in Tehillim, "*Zamru LaHashem Chasidov V'Hodu L'Zeicher Kodsho*". The followers of Hashem should sing to him and praise his holiness.

We must worship Hashem with '*Zamru*' — when a person has good. "*V'Hodu*" — even when a person has hard times. From whom can we see proof of this, from the strength of "*Chasidov*" — our parents, righteous and true people who worshipped Hashem with love and fear. They didn't take into account the obstacles in their way, neither the spiritual ones nor the physical ones and that is how they succeeded in making an impression, "*Zeicher Kodsho*", that lasted for generations.

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What prevented me from publishing this booklet was a number of the leaders of the Orthodox Jews who wished to publicize some of the terror tactics employed by these "partners of Amalek" who are against anyone who attempts to publicize the faults of Kashrus in America. These people do not hold anyone in esteem — no Rabbi, no Talmid Chacham, and no leader. So, naturally, they are not reliable in the field of Kashrus because according to them, money overrules everything and therefore, every Jew must be aware of their acts.

Everything written in this booklet is only a drop in the ocean of what happened to me and to other well-known Rabbis who attempted to improve the Kashrus situation.

My purpose in publishing these writings are as follows:

1. That we should learn to fear no person only the A-mighty alone.
2. That we should learn that Hashem protects all those who try to protect His Holy name and everything is for the good.
3. We should learn how to deal with producers of Nveilos and Treifos (unfit and unkosher meat).
4. That the public should be aware that we now see what the "Divrei Chaim" Z"tsl wrote in his holy works 150 years ago. He saw that "Good Jews" once they entered the field of Shchita changed into totally different people. That is how we can understand how religious Jews with beards descended to the level of hooliganism. It is appropriate to mention the letter of Rav Yehuda HaLevi Rosner Z"tsl Av Beis Din Sakalhid, who bears witness to

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the fact that a Shochet, a pure and righteous individual worthy of accepting "Kvitlach" (notes with requests that he pray on their behalf) admitted to purposely making "Nveilos and Treifos" even though he received no benefit from this. He did it to appease his evil desires.

5. I thank Hashem for the past and pray for the future for all his generosity towards me and for all the times I saw his guiding hand in my endeavors in this holy war. Hashem should help me further that I may continue in my mission to prevent Klal Yisroel from eating "Nveilos and Treifos".

I ask Hashem, "*Ana Hashem Hoshea Nah. Ana Hashem Hatzlicha Nah.*" Hashem save me and help me succeed.

My words should be accepted by the One who resides above.

Shalom Yehuda Gross
Av Beis Din Halmin

Before I proceed to my topic, I would like to mention the words of a great Rabbi who explained the verse written by the Chasam Sofer, "The *Yetzer HaRah* (Satan, evil desire) removed itself from the individual and is now one of the Shochtim, Sofrim and Chazanim." It used to be that the *Yetzer HaRah* would influence individuals to eat Nveilos and Treifos. Later, he found a simpler way. He began to concentrate all his influences on the Shochet and that way he succeeded in entrapping many more people. It's no wonder that the Shochtim fell so low. The power of *Tumah* (impurity) is indescribably strong so they make Nveilos even when they have nothing to gain.

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Chapter 1

How I was saved in Bensonhurst from a representative of my enemies

In 1974, when I lived in Bensonhurst, I was returning home by subway, and I got off at 79th Street. A young punk attacked me with a baseball bat and began to beat me. I thought to myself, "This must be a hold up," so I asked him, "Do you want my money?" He answered me, "Do you know where I come from?" At that answer I looked closely at him and saw on his head a small knitted Yarmulke and a big Bolero. I understood that he must be a representative of those producing Nveilos and Treifos. Even though he had dealt me a murderous blow, with Hashem's help I strengthened myself and gave him a blow to his head and nose, and he fell to the ground. I then extracted the bat from his grasp and hit him as hard as I could and quickly ran away. I had fulfilled what our Rabbis wrote, "One who comes to kill you, you arise and kill him." Blessed is Hashem who is good and has everlasting mercy.

Chapter 2

A car arrives from Monroe, New York, with two hoodlums who desired to kill me. The police department interferes.

In 1976, my brother came to visit me at my home in Boro Park. When he left my home, he noticed a new white car parked outside and two Orthodox Jews sitting inside. He asked them, "What are you doing here?" They answered him in a sadistic tone, "We are here to capture your brother and bury him!" When he heard this, he quickly ran back inside to warn me. I didn't lose my nerve but went to the window to see if I could identify them. They weren't there anymore. It seems that they suspected what happened, so they started cruising along the streets passing by my house every ten minutes, looking for a suitable moment to carry out their despicable act. Through the telephone conversations I carried out during those few hours with Rabbonim and other people, I learned that I was not the only one accorded such an "honor". They were also doing this to the Rav of Debreczin, the Rav of Kasan, HaRav Meshulam Rottenberg Shlita and another Great Rav on Vaad HaKashrus (the kosher food board).

Those hours when I was sitting in fright not knowing what the next minute will bring, I put my Shchita knives next to the door to fulfill "One who rises up to kill you..." I also placed a few phone calls to people who have experience with such hoodlums. One of them had close connections with the

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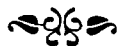
police department. I arranged to have two plainclothesmen sent to me and to have police cars patrol the area. I thought that as soon as I left my home, the two thugs would attack me, the police would catch them, and the whole story complete with photographs would reach the public.

It happened to be that at that moment the police station did not have any plainclothesmen on duty, so they sent two regular police officers who patrolled the area and without too much effort, found the car. They wrote down their license numbers and warned them to leave the area and that they are under surveillance.

About two hours later, two tall burly men walked into my house. They were detectives who showed me a computer printout on a man from Monroe, whom the police had arrested. It listed over 12 accounts for which he had been charged. He had already transgressed many Torah laws.

They asked me if I wished to press charges. I said that I preferred to publicize the matter in the newspapers, and then they would be frightened to commit these acts again. I told them that these men are being sent by their leader to do these things. They are not working for themselves. The police advised me to warn the leader that he would be held accountable for these thugs' acts.

This story was printed in the local newspapers that week.



Chapter 3

A tragedy that happened in the Medical Center run by Satmar in Williamsburg.

In 1977, I went to a big doctor, Dr. Goldstein, in Queens, who also worked at the medical center on Bedford Avenue in Williamsburg, run by the Satmar Kehilla. For certain reasons I continue my treatment by this doctor at his office that was opposite the house of the Rosh HaKahal (head of the community) of Satmar. I took along reading material on the topic of Shchita to pass the time, as I waited for my turn. As I waited, an acquaintance of mine came to me and shouted at me, "Get out of here! You hate us and you come to get medical treatment by us?!" I do not remember what I answered him at the moment, but I immediately realized how he and three others were standing around me, talking and joking about the 'guy' who they found here. Suddenly, one of the more notorious thugs walked in, approached me, took my hat of my head and hit me across my face in such a way that it frightened all the people who were present. At my side sat the Rav of Gersh (HaRav Rosenberg Shlita) who sighed when he saw this and said, "Who could imagine such a thing?"

The hoodlums were not satisfied yet. Again he approached me and said that he will not return my hat to me until I leave the premises. I understood that they could not beat me in front of others because there would be witnesses and somebody would be liable to testify against them at the police

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station. I answered him, "You can take my hat. I am not leaving." I was not frightened of beatings because I was used to them, but I was afraid that they would take my papers on Shchita which were more precious to me than all my belongings.

At that moment ideas were flying through my head. I tried to think of a way to prevent my writings from landing in their hands because if they would, it would be a great victory for them. It occurred to me to call "Hatzala". I went to the telephone and called my friend, HaRav Zvi Weber (who, along with me, was one of the founders of Hatzala). I explained my situation to him and requested that he send me a few men, not Satmarer Chassidim, who should come with sirens blaring so everybody should come, see and ask what is happening. Then the Hatzala would take me out on a stretcher or chair and the Hatzala volunteer would put the writings into his pocket and what happens afterwards is not of importance as long as the writings were saved.

Hashem gave His help, and four Hatzala cars arrived at once with their lights flashing and sirens blaring. From all sides hundreds of people were gathering. Sender Deutch came running out from his home in excitement and confusion. People were thinking, "What happened? Maybe a fire." Sender Deutch's actions proved that he was the owner of the building.

Three Hatzala volunteers entered the room. I immediately handed them the writings. At that time I was already relaxed and quiet and I gave praise to Hashem on his infinite mercy that the writings were saved. To make a good show, the

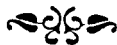
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Hatzala men ordered me to sit in their transport chair. They took off my coat and measured my temperature. Meanwhile, I heard Sender Deutch yelling and complaining about the terrorists outside from whom he could demand a high sum for causing this incident and who caused a *Chilul Hashem* (desecration of Hashem's Name)... He will surely use this story against them at some other time.

In a matter of minutes Sender Deutch entered the inner room (we were in a second room) and told the Hatzala volunteers to immediately take me out of the building and that he would make sure that no one would harm me. The Hatzala men carried me out and put me into a car. Three Hatzala men escorted me and we disappeared amid racing sirens.

A relative of mine, some time later, fell from a truck and fractured a few bones and was forced to remain in a cast for a long time. His wife fell and fractured her spine and lay in bed for six months.

The man who I mentioned before, who took my hat and slapped me across my face (I literally saw stars), had a terrible tragedy not long after. A Yeshiva schoolbus ran over his three year old son and killed him. Hashem should have mercy on us all, the ones who err should learn wisdom.



Chapter 3

My eyeglasses are stolen on Shabbos morning in the Mikva

In '82, on Shabbos morning, when I went to the Mikva, these thugs were waiting for me. With Hashem's mercy they weren't able to harm me, but after I got out of the water and wanted to dress, I noticed that my glasses were missing. I knew who did this to me, even though they knew that I am "Baal Koreh" (Torah reader) and cannot "*lein*" (read) without my glasses. If these people would know the anguish they caused another person, it would bring them the greatest happiness. So I found an old pair of glasses which weren't made to my measurements and therefore caused me headaches, but I 'leined' just like always. After Shabbos, someone brought my glasses to my mother's house and told her the whole story in order to fulfill "Thou shall not cause pain to the orphan and widow."

To bring the glasses to her and not to me directly also had an evil intent; they wanted to cause her anguish too. As we all know that according to these people, one is allowed to transgress the whole Torah even those three sins that one should rather die than transgress.



Chapter 5

Attacked by hoodlums at a wedding in Montreal

When I was at 's wedding, I noticed a group of men who didn't have the 'scent' of Torah and Yiras Shomayim (fear of heaven) on them, standing

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and watching me. They made all sorts of gestures which convinced me that now trouble awaits me from this group, representatives and partners of Amalek. I quickly left the wedding hall and disappeared among the houses even though I was in an unfamiliar neighborhood, and I hadn't the foggiest notion as to where I was headed. My goal was to first disappear from their sight. But as soon as I left the hall, I saw the group, which consisted of about eight men, right on my heels. It seemed that running away would not succeed. Suddenly I spotted a bus that was rented for the guests of the wedding. I climbed onto the bus, shut the door, found a seat and acted as if I hadn't a care in the world.

When these hoodlums saw what I did, they began to bang on the door and demanded that I open the door because they want to board the bus. First I pretended that I didn't hear them but they were banging so hard it seemed that they would break down the door. So I went to the window and said that I don't have permission to open the door, but the bus driver will be arriving any minute and he will permit them to board.

After a few minutes, three of these thugs came with sticks in their hands and started banging on the windows calling, "Sholom Yehuda 'Sheiget', open the door or we will break all the windows and kill you on the bus!"

I saw in front of my eyes animals in the form of people and in their great hate they are ready to tear me to shreds. The scene reminded me of the one in Jerusalem when the police beat the religious Jews demonstrating against the desecration of the Shabbos. I envisioned the words of the "R'Ma", "All this

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will harm them in their old age." The "Pri Chodosh" says, "Those who aren't careful in Kashrus will go onto a bad way and they are the insolent ones in the generation and Yiras Shomayim (fear of heaven) does not enter their hearts." And "This is why the children rebel and there is not fear of heaven upon their faces."

When I saw my sorry state, I began to pray to Hashem with closed eyes. From the innermost depths of my heart I offered up a short prayer. I do not remember if at that moment I pledged charity to Rabbi Meir Baal HaNess, but my prayer was the one of Yaakov's, "Save me please from the hands of my brother, from the hands of Eisav."

Suddenly, I saw a few gentlemen approaching those thugs and asked them, "What is going on here?" Those thugs weren't shy and they told them exactly what they planned to do. One of the men began to contrive a way to save me and he went to the back of the bus. When I saw this, I crawled in that direction too. The gang stood outside the bus and banged on the door. Then, the man in back of the bus opened the back emergency door and signaled me to quickly escape and run to his car which was parked nearby. With all my strength I jumped from the bus and sped to the car which already had its motor on.

When the thugs saw that their plan to finish me off just slipped out of their hands, they began to chase the car. One of the gang managed to jump onto the back of the car and feared he would fall off and be killed. The driver, however, understood that this was a matter of saving lives and when "One arises to kill you..." so he just continued driving. He

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made a short-stop and the thug fell off and broke his leg, and according to what I heard later he had to undergo intensive medical treatment.

With the mercy of Hashem, I left the area safe and sound. Ironically, it was one of their men who was harmed.



Chapter 6

Hoodlums chase me in the post office because they thought I was mailing books on Nikur

In the year '82, I published the book, *"The State of Nikur in America"*. It describes what the butchers, knowingly and not knowingly, are feeding Klal Yisrael in North America. The book caused great controversy in the Jewish world, and thousands of copies were distributed all over the world.

It came to pass that I traveled to the post office on 12th Avenue at 51 Street. Before I turned into the parking space I saw my cousin and his two sons standing in a fruit and vegetable store. One of the boys said to his father, "Look! Here comes the Sheigetzi! He is going to mail his books on Nikur. Come quickly!" The father stood and watched. He looked as if he would have liked to actually do something even though the idea greatly frightened him. The two sons approached my car.

As I observed them approaching, I told my driver, "These two are truly harmful angels in the shape of Chasidei Siget. Stay calm. Don't panic. Quickly take the mail into the post office and call

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the police. Meanwhile, I'll deal with them." This Jew was very frightened but he overcame his fear and went inside.

My cousin, the thug, approached me and asked, "What do you have here? Books on Nikur?" "In the event that it's not," I answered my cousin, "one copy will get to you tomorrow, and if you want, I could arrange for you to receive a copy right away." I added, that he could tell the Sigeter Rebbe everything he saw here.

I opened one of the Seforim and I showed him the Sefer, "*Yitschok LuSuach*" and said that to talk during the *Tfilla* (prayers) is worse than Nikur and eating Nveilos and Treifos. "I am busy with more important things than you think," I said. He was left dumbfounded at my reaction to his behavior. He left me, embarrassed and mumbling, "I'll teach him next time."

The father of this hoodlum stood at the side and observed the progression of this encounter so that he would be able to recite his successes to others. A short time later I heard that he became ill with a terrible disease in his liver.



Chapter 7

A partner of 'Amalek' pursued by airplane until rockford Phennsylvania at the Margareten slaughtering house

In '73, I sent 7 or 8 letters to different Rabbis about improving the Shchita of chickens. Obviously, the Rabbis could not say that they do not want to improve the situation so the Shoachim buzzed

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around like insects. They were frightened that the letters would reveal their faults to the public. For example, that they slaughter a thousand birds an hour. The letter contained the necessary information, words of rebuke and recommendations to improve the Shchita like the Talmud says in Shabbos, Chinuch HaMitzvah.

They racked their brains to figure out who could send such a letter to the Rabbonim. The facts in the letters were very accurate. It must come from an insider, a religious Shochet, they decided.

They investigated and one of the Shochtim with whom six years before I planned to go against the slaughtering run during which they slaughter chickens in tremendous quantities, remembered me and started revealing my secrets. He claimed that it seems like these letters were my work.

Head of the butchers, partner of Amalek, contrived different ways to force me to promise to be a 'good boy' and not a zealot.

The Shochet went to the slaughtering run of Margareten in Rockford by airplane. When I heard that he was there I ran for my life and hid that he should not find me. He told the Shochtim who were there that he had come for the purpose of finishing me off. When he saw that I was not there and that I had slipped through his fingers, he became very angry and threatened the Shochtim that if they would continue to slaughter with me they would be thrown out of the Satmar Beis Medrash. These Shochtim were, Reb Fishel, Reb Avraham Chaim and Reb Aharon. He also warned them that such shameful things will be done to them that they will

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never be able to marry off their children and grandchildren, and they will never be able to show their faces on the streets. The Shoctim understood well what these partners of Amalek had in mind.

When I had run away from this religious 'Amaleki' I had prepared myself with stones and iron pipes in case I had a face to face encounter. Praise Hashem I had no need for this because 'Amalek' traveled home without seeing me and without harming me. HaRav Reb Yehoshua and Reb Mendel searched for me and told me that Reb Avraham already went home and I could breath freely.

Thursday night all the Shoctim traveled home. Over the weekend Reb Fishel told the Rav of Margareten that he and Reb Avraham Chaim would not be returning to the slaughtering the coming week, if I would be going also. The Rav of Margareten answered them, "I don't send any Shochet to the slaughtering. Whoever does not want to go should not go."

In short, the Rav of Margareten told me that I should go to the slaughtering the next week. Meanwhile I heard that they were threatening all the butcher shops not to buy Margareten chickens because they have there a Shochet who is an enemy of Satmar and according to Satmar he is unfit for slaughtering.

When I heard what was happening, I telephoned the Rav of Margareten and said, "HaRav surely knows how much effort I exerted that our Shchita should be good and perfect. But it seems to me that with their terror tactics they will succeed in destroying our whole Shchita. Therefore, it will be better if I

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do not go to slaughter. The Rav should not worry for my livelihood because I have a Father in Heaven who cares for everybody's livelihood."

From Sunday on, I did not go to slaughter. To the grief of the Shochtim, on the way they had an accident and the car skidded and almost fell into a ravine. The doors opened up and all the Shochtim and Mashgichim fell out and were injured. Two of them were injured on their hands, legs and all over their bodies. They had to undergo medical treatment for many days. They felt that they were being punished for causing me so much anguish.

When I stopped officially slaughtering and one week I would and one week I wouldn't, I had time to find ways to improve the Shchita. The first step I took was to establish "*Vaad HaKashrus*" (board of Kashrus). It is well known that the beginning of a project is the hardest step and even though I was left without a livelihood, I strengthened myself and depended on Hashem Yisborach who wouldn't ever leave me.

Even after I left the Margareten Shchita I had a close friendship with the Rav of Margareten. We used to converse from time to time about Shchita and its improvements. In one conversation with him, he asked me, "Does this all pay for you?" I answered, "Why not?" He said to me, "You have no livelihood. Don't your children have to eat?" I answered, "What do you mean? Money matters are in Hashem's hands. No matter what I do or don't do, Hashem will send me my livelihood."

Everything is for good. Because I left the Shchita, I had the opportunity to find and improve important

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matters in the field of the Kashrus of Shchita (note the end of this booklet).

Chapter 8

A death threat is received via telephone and is recorded

In '73, after the breaches in Shchita were publicized and not only were the Chassidic public excited but those feeding the public Nveilos and Treifos were also feeling the results, especially when a large segment of the population stopped eating their meat. They tried to relax the public in many ways. For example: In the beginning, they thought they could persuade me to print a retraction. To accomplish this they sent a certain Shochet to converse with me on the telephone and recorded the conversation. Then they sent me their demands and if I would not comply my end will be a bitter one so that with my own hand I would seal my and my family's fate.

After I heard this, I truly believed that they would carry out their threat just as he said but I was not frightened and I answered the Shochet, "I will not do this. Hashem will not leave me because my battles are only for his glory and who saved Avraham from Nimrod who threw him into the fiery oven will also save me from the "Amalekim".

The gang saw that I was adhering to my principles and that I was not frightened from any terror threat so they plotted anew to cause me to "repent" from my "sins" and in that way still all the noise.

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They hung a notice in the Satmar Beis Medrash that I was thrown out from the Beis Medrash because I was slandering the Shochtim (even though I had my own Beis Medrash in Williamsburg for many years and never was a member of theirs). The notice was a joke, a Purim shpiel. It's as if I would hang a note in my Beis Medrash saying that the head of Siget-Satmar was thrown out of my Beis Medrash and was forbidden to ever set foot inside again.



Chapter 9

They wanted to steal my Tallis and Tfillin at the Vizhnitser shul at 53rd Street

In the Vizhnitz Beis Medrash at New Utrecht and 53rd Street as I stood saying "Shemone Esrei" I heard the voices of two thugs from the producers of Nveilos and Treifos saying in loud voices, "We caught him!" One said to the other, "Grab his Tfillin bag and whatever else he has there."

When I heard this, I grabbed my Talis and shouted, "Nu, Nu, Nu!" The other congregants began to ask among themselves, "What's happening?" so the thugs fled.



Chapter 10

Bais HaMedrash (House of Study)

In a certain Beis Medrash, a butcher attached himself to me and constantly disturbed me so I stopped praying there.

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Chapter 11

On Thirteenth Avenue

One time, as I was going home after prayers on Shabbos morning, three men from Siget Beis Medrash met me. When they saw me, they went wild and they started shouting and screaming. I don't recall what they wanted but fortunately I had a few men with me. Since then I only go home in a large group of people.

Chapter 12

At Armon Terrace

In '85, I was attending a wedding in the hall "Armon Terrace" when I saw that a relative of mine was standing with a group of young men who were planning how to capture and do away with me. I then turned to HaRav..... who was present and asked him to take notice of how many men are against me so I could slip away and escape.

The brother of this thug saw how I was trying to slip away so he and his group began chasing me. He threw himself on me like an animal on its prey. He managed to give me a strong blow but I pretended that it did not hurt me and I quickly entered the car of HaRav..... and his party and I was saved.



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Chapter 13

At the 'Kretchinever' wedding in Bnei Brak

When I traveled to Eretz Yisroel I stayed at the Wagshall Hotel in Bnei Brak. While I was there, the wedding of the son of the Kretchinev Rebbe was taking place, so I thought to myself that since I am there anyway, I will go in to wish him Mazal Tov. As I approached the head table where the *Chasan* (groom) and both fathers sat, the hooligans and gang of those producing Nveilos and Treifos waited for me and started hitting and beating me with a stick. The place was in an uproar and everybody was pushing each other and the metal platform that many people were standing on collapsed so all those people fell and a young baby in a crib was almost killed. Miraculously he survived.

In middle of the tumult I managed to slip out unnoticed. Those who seized me rejoiced that they succeeded in capturing me. It must have been their greatest victory. Is there no greater victory in Orthodox Judiasm than to capture me? For shame...



Chapter 14

At the 'Zutchke' wedding in Bnei Brak

These producers of Nveilos and Treifos have several terror tactics that they employ to cause anguish to individuals and groups who do not agree with them and who discuss the breaches of

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Kashrus so they can influence others. Their tactics are used to persuade to keep quiet or maybe even not to start talking so that they can say, "Who's complaining about the Kashrus? Only a few crazy men."

Our generation, who saw the Satan Hitler (may his name be erased) and his Nazi movement, know well where these things come from. These producers of Treifos have ideas common with "Amalek". The evil spirits and demons circulate among them like it says in the Zohar.

At the reception of the wedding of my son with the daughter of the Rebbe of Zutchke, suddenly the lights went out for 15 minutes. We had to light candles in order to see. This happened a few times. The public thought there was a short in the electric system but we clearly to whom we can attribute this.



Chapter 15

At the wedding in Jerusalem

When I was planning the wedding of one of my children in Eretz Yisrael, I learned that the gang of the producers of Treifos were here and were planning a "surprise" for me in the form of a program at the wedding. I immediately contacted my friends in Eretz Yisrael so they can send guards to prevent this occurrence from taking place. My friends worked with great logic and forethought. They contacted the police and gave them the information as to what the head of the gang was planning to do the night of the wedding. The police immediately went

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on alert and arrested this thug as he reached the taxi station and kept him at the police station the whole night. The wedding proceeded with Hashem's help beautifully and undisturbed.

Chapter 16

At my son's wedding

When I was already experienced from the hardships, anguish and even physical pain inflicted by this gang, all because I dared expose their faults to the public and the terrible breaches that occurred in their Kashrus empire, and I was about to marry off my son, I prepared a group of serious men who understood the situation.

In middle of the wedding, a few members of the gang who produce Nveilos and Treifos entered the hall. Their intentions were very clear to all. My 'bodyguards' arose as one and showed that we were not to be reckoned with. The gang understood the hint, picked themselves up and left.

Chapter 17

"Purim Kotton" at the Rebbe in Monsey

Purim Kotton, at the 'tish' of the Admor of Ketchiniv in Monsey: The Rebbe was in a joyful state and for big donations he would promise many things... children, livelihood... Next to me sat my old friend, Reb..... from the holy city of Jerusalem, who participated with me at the demonstrations against the desecration of Shabbos and other breaches. Suddenly I heard somebody quietly talking about me.

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Praise Hashem, I have good hearing. I said to my friend, "We must be prepared, the gang wants to attack me." He answered me, "I want to see that, how anybody would dare to lay a hand on you."

Only a few minutes passed and both of us received strong blows on our shoulders. Reb... jumped up with the anger of a lion, grabbed the thug and 'honored' him with a "gift of his hand" that it seemed to me that this thug would not be able to recover from. Eyewitnesses later reported to me that another man chased him, grabbed him and choked him until he fainted that others should see and learn...

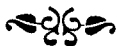
I do not remember the name of the man who attacked me but he had a long, red beard.

Chapter 18

At Kennedy Airport

In '85, I traveled to the airport to escort a worthy guest of mine. Lo and behold but who should appeared before my eyes? This man with the long, red beard! He stood and spoke to Reb... and tried to stand near me so I clearly understood his intentions.

I approached a guard and asked him to guard me from this thug with the red beard. When the man saw that I was speaking to the guard he immediately disappeared from the area.



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Chapter 19

At the Bais HaMedrash in Boro Park

I was invited to a Simcha at a certain Beis Medrash. I said to the host, "I appreciate the invitation very much but I don't want to disturb your happy occasion because I suspect there will be trouble." The host insisted that I come.

Chapter 20

At the Bais HaMedrash

I frequented a certain Beis Medrash to pray even though there were people there who opposed my views on Kashrus. One day, I heard people saying to themselves, "Here he is! He can't hide from us!" and they didn't take their eyes off me.

I understood and asked several people to stand watch as I prayed the Shemone Esrei because then the time is ripe for trouble. Everything went smoothly. When I went home, I again asked several people to escort me to ensure my safety.

Chapter 21

One of the 'Blacks' wanted to hit me but first stated his complaint

In this same synagogue, one of the Satmar thugs (they are called blacks) approached me and wanted to beat me. First he started stating his complaints. I saw not far from me a friend of my

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youth who I signaled with my eye that he should come stand closer to me. I left the "Black One" standing there barking and I quickly left the place and was saved.

Chapter 22
At the Sephardic shul

In a certain synagogue, they wanted to steal my Talis and Tfillin. Praise Hashem everything remained in my possession.

Chapter 23

**At the presentation of a Torah scroll to
the Bais HaMedrash**

In a certain Beis Medrash, when they were bringing in a Sefer Torah, two men from this gang wanted to attack me. But first they wanted to degrade me. Praise Hashem I was able to leave quietly as if nothing happened.

Chapter 24

**One of Weinstock's men went to great
lengths to take away our
'Tzelem Elokim'**

One of these men who is employed by a well-known butcher, telephoned me several times and warned me that he will chop off my beard. Praise Hashem he never succeeded.

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Chapter 25

At the Vizhnitzer wedding

At the big Vizhnitzer wedding, great miracles occurred to me to save me from the producers of Nveilos and Treifos.

Chapter 26

By the Rebbe's 'Tish' (Table)

On Friday night, either during prayers or during the meal (I don't recall which) at the Rebbe of Kretchinev when he was in Boro Park at 49th St. and 15th Avenue, the "Amalekim" stole my new "rezholvke" (coat) that was worth at least \$250. I controlled my temper and did not get angry. I told the Rebbe what had happened. He smiled and said, "Don't worry. If you don't get it back, I will cover the loss."

On Motzei Shabbos, acquaintances told me that the thugs want to cut the garment to shreds. I told them that they should tell the gang that they can do whatever their hearts desire, the Rebbe promised me that he would cover the loss. I thought that after I told them that they would surely return the garment and they did. They returned it to the Rebbe and he returned it to me with a joyful smile.

At another time, when I was by the Rebbe for *Seuda Shlishis* (the third Sabbath meal), it was dark and I had a feeling that the group around me wanted to grab my '*shtreimel*' (fur hat). I prepared myself for this but it happened that in middle of the

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Rebbe's Torah portion, they removed my 'streimel. I didn't cause a tumult because I didn't want to disturb the Rebbe's Torah but when I couldn't find a better solution I began to shout, "Catch that thief!" and I chased him. In middle of the commotion, they grabbed the thief and returned my "shtreimel" to me.

Afterwards, I heard that in the 'high ranks' of Satmar they promised a reward of \$500 for the capture of my 'shtreimel'.



Chapter 27

Sholosh Seudos

These producers of Treifos threatened that at the Seuda Shlishis of the Rebbe named above that didn't meet their approval, they would wait for the darkness and would carry out their evil plans. This was told to the Rebbe and for the sake of saving lives, he said that he would cancel telling his Dvar Torah today so the lights should be lit.

So they made sure the lights were on and they caught two of these thugs, one with a flashlight and one with a stone. They were prepared to throw the stone at the Rebbe. They immediately sent these thugs to people who know how to deal with them and the public was at peace.

Right after Shabbos, I traveled to Williamsburg so that I could still be on time to hear the Torah discourse from Seuda Shlishis. I arrived a few minutes after these thugs were caught.

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The gang was very angry that their plot was foiled and that they were trapped so when they saw me they wanted to attack me and do to me what they did not succeed to do to the Rebbe. My supporters informed me so I told them that I would hide in the washroom and they should call the police and tell them that certain men are planning to kill me. The police arrived immediately and escorted me through the crowds into their police car and drove me home. A crowd of hundreds of people witnessed this "great honor" accorded me and what a shame that there was such a desecration of Hashem's name there.

The gang of thugs were amazed at how I managed to be saved from their hands. They were certain that this was the perfect opportunity to do away with me once and for all. But Hashem had other plans.



Chapter 28

'Stoning'

About nine years ago, at 1 a.m., as I sat in my study and wrote about improvements in Shchita, I heard a loud bang and that somebody fell in my bedroom. I quickly ran inside and I see the window broken and a big rock was sitting on my bed. As usual, I didn't lose my nerve and I knew exactly where it came from.

I telephoned somebody, told him the story and said that I am getting the police to rid me of these hooligans and that I am informing all the newspapers as to everything they have done to me so

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the whole world should know what these "holy terrorists" have done.

He suggested that rather I should be quiet because it would cause a great Chilul Hashem. I thought to myself that it would be a bigger Chilul Hashem if I would be quiet and give these wild people the opportunity to do whatever they please. The next day Reb..... took photographs of everything that occurred. I did this after turning to the police upon asking a Rav who advised me to tell the police everything even though this was nothing new to them. They have plenty of evidence against this gang just as I have mentioned earlier.

