

Kenes Kompanion -



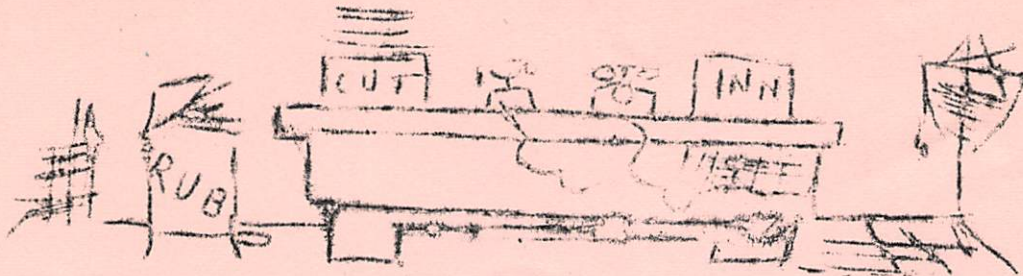
for the 8th Kenes Artzi.

(incorporating "Haderach")



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It has become traditional now, for the editors of Haderech to issue a Kenes Kompanion on the occasions of Kenesim here in Australia. However, as you all know, the former editors of this irregular organ of Netzivut Betar Australia have temporarily resigned (we hope) in order to better (?) their education in their homeland, Israel. We, the present editors, have therefore decided to include in this great (?) work, a eulogy on the two former editors. This has taken the form of the songs that were sung at their farewell party held recently.

You will also find here one or two other articles which are not usually included in a Kenes Kompanion although its subjects are to the point. Thus we have taken the liberty to call this work, "Haderech incorporating the Kenes Kompanion".

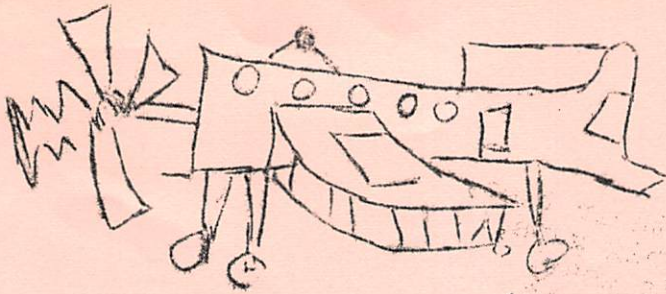
Empty pages for doodling will be found in ample supply, mainly because we had no articles to print in them.

We hope that this Haderech will be cherished by you for many years to come as containing the utmost rubbish ever to be printed by Betar.

For further information, look inside.

S. Agranoff, Ed.

B. Mendelson, Co-ed, Sub-ed,
and everything-else-ed.



On Sunday, 21st February, we bade farewell to two outstanding Betarim, Clive Kessler and Alfred van der Poorten who went to Israel to study at the Machon there. We, who have taken over their positions as editors of Haderech, feel that it would be appropriate to include in this issue, especially as it incorporates the "Kenes Kompanion", the words, sung to the tune of "Tar Darissa Bom", of a song which gives a short history of their exploits whilst in Betar. The words were compiled by Mr K. Shoshan.

-1-

Our story starts in fifty-six,
When Clive with us refused to mix.
Naomi came to Apple Tree,
To see what Gad said she would see.

-2-

Clive was very slow to follow,
He thought Betar was rather hollow,
So he went back to Ulysis,
This our Shaliach didn't miss.

-3-

So Clive did what Naomi did,
And of him we could not get rid,
What's more at Crosslands that same year
Alfie also came, the dear.

-4-

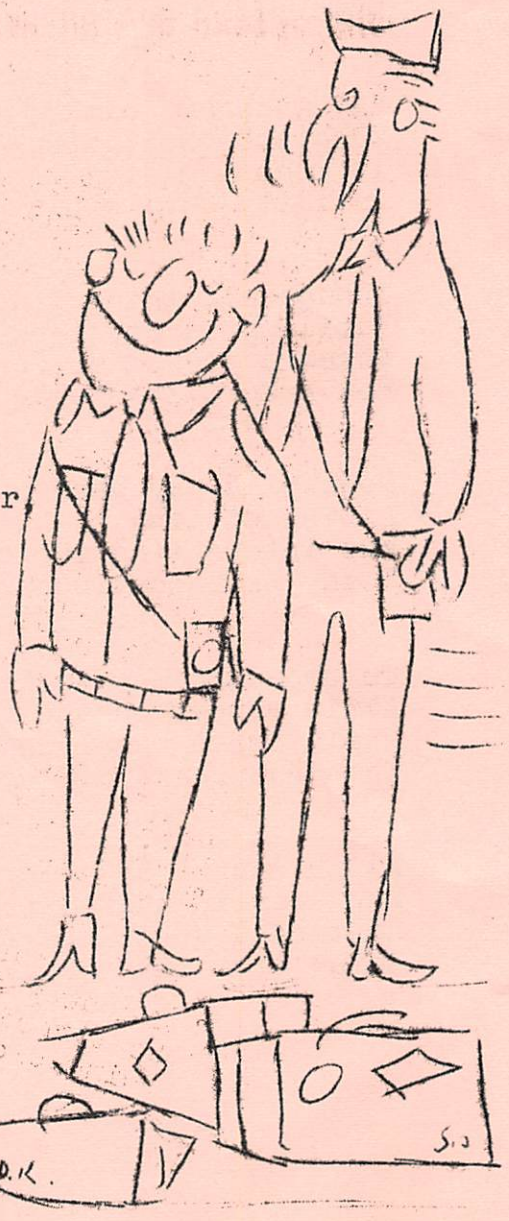
They slept with Laurence in the tent,
And Larry Zetlin did repent,
When Clive and Alfie pushed his boat,
To see how far the boy would float.

-5-

Alfie's Capstans burnt in chains,
To Clive and others they have pains,
Though Clive soon did find out the way,
So now with Rothmans he does play.

-6-

After camp our two young loves
Enjoyed themselves as Bnei Kochavs,
And in the next Bnei Etzel test,
Showed themselves among the best.



-7-

So with the rest they donned their ties,
And thought themselves to be big guys,
They got themselves on Chava's goat,
And with their madrichim they fought.

-8-

Throughout the year they caused us trouble,
Methinks though we did give them double,
And at the Kenes many words
Were spoke against these haughty birds.

-9-

Since the seventh Kenes though,
The boys picked up the oars to row,
They rowed the year on editorials,
One writer won on his factorials.

-10-

"It makes me sick", said Alfie once,
"Choice" "Delightful", Clive did prance,
It made him sick throughout the year,
Futility became his gear.

-11-

Though one thing I don't understand,
Futility in any land
Makes a person sit and rave,
How come Clive worked like a slave?

-12-

Meanwhile way back on the ranch,
Alfie, sitting on his branch,
Was integrating furiously,
Being sick continuously.

-13-

To Croudace Bay the two did go,
Alfie always on the go,
While Clive was lying on his back,
Temperature he did not lack.

-14-

Alfie scared of being sick,
Ran away in half a tick,
He turned up at Kinglake West,
Being sick with greater zest.

-15-

And now the two are leaving us,
Going on a flying bus,
All the way across the seas,
Flying on a mighty breeze.

-16-

We shall miss them we all know,
Yet when they come back with a glow,
We do know what we will gain,
"Makes me sick!" and "I'm in pain!"

-17-

We wish you luck in Israel,
With jealousy we wish you well,
You go away with little vim,
But you'll come back as Netzivim.

---oOo---

"BYE-BYE BLUES" - Presented by the B.B.C. (Betar Beatnik Club).

MUSIC: Kindly provided by
Composers Anon, et. al. etc.,
P/L (Aust.).
(and the rubber band of Thomas
Traurig).

1. (Much Binding).

There's much, much, too much, too much,
Of movement up and downwards in this Movement,
There's much, much, too much, too much,
We can't get worse, we've got to make improvement,
And here's the choiceful moment now of putting this to use,
We hope you won't reward us by your jeering and abuse,
We know we ain't Carusos but we'll try not to be bores,
For hours and hours and hours and yours.

Why are we here tonight?
With Clivey, Alfie, Klug and Shakshakooker?
Here's why we're here tonight,
Not for coffee-potting or for Shnooker,
The reason why is very clear as you will all soon see,
For Alfie, Clive and Moishe Klug will fly across the sea,
And if their arms get tired then they'll use the Australian
Crawl,

That's the very reason why, THAT'S ALL!

2. (Bachashai).

Life presents a dismal picture,
Clive and Alfie had to go,
Golovesky drew his pistol,
Put the bullets into fire,
(repeat first two lines and fade).

Clive stood up and tried to argue,
Alfie quoted Eisenshtein,
But relativity was useless,
Now they're flying down the line.
(repeat first two lines and fade)).

3. (Manianna).

Now here's to our Machonniks who we know can't wait to go,
That I and you and he and she and we and you all know,
The doggy with his sausage in the kitchen took the rap,
As Clive would say the sausage was just a lot of crap.

Refrain.

Bananas, bananas, bananas and Laxettes make me sick. (2)

Now on my right is Alfie, he's the fastest in the land,
At walking, talking, singing, smoking, he's just simply
grand,
Admittedly his Dutch is sometimes double double Dutch,
And Maths and Science he quotes too much, too much, too
much, too much.

Refrain.

Bananas, bananas, bananas and everything makes me sick. (2)

Now on my left is Clive, they say he's lightning on the draw,
He smokes a fag, draws in the smoke, then coughs and asks
for more,
He's well-known for debating, even now you hear him talking,
The Z.Y.C. will laugh with glee when they find out he's
walking.

Refrain.

Bananas, bananas, bananas and nothing makes me sick. (2)

All together now, 1, 2, 3: Refrain.

4. (Mack the Knife).

In Australia, down in Sydney,
There's a movement, so they say,
Now it's weaker, outlook's bleaker,
'Cause guess who has gone away.

First there's Kessler, swot in English,
Languages and History,
His expressions from Goon sessions,
Gave him honours in L.C.

One's a singer, real hum-dinger,
He is famous for notes off-key,
And his crooning needed tuning,
We refer of course to van der P.

5. (Bible Stories).

At the Kenes points of order were their speciality,
They knew just when to shake their heads, to sleep or call
for tea,
Political manoeuvring, protection and corruption,
Points of interest, points of note and points of interruption.

Here's a variation of an ancient Bible story,
David sat for 40 years and earned himself great glory,
But Kessler broke his record 'cos with all his sweat and
tears,

The last edition of Haderech took him 40 years.

Alfie was a scientist of Atom-Bomb, repute,
And Clive was always looking for some subjects to dispute,
Then one day Mr Kessler fell down in a screaming heap,
He blew a fuse in the Jewish News 'cos Alfie was asleep.

6. (Chayalim).

In a plane at Mascot, sat a boy talking hot,
And his name it was Alfred van der Poorten.
Clive Kessler, the wrestler, fought back a tear,
As he thought of that lost Australian beer.

But their sorrows declined when the coast was left behind,
And their smiles and laughter came back quick and hearty,
For the hostess with the freckles was called SABRINA ECCLES,
And the pilot's second name was MORIARTY!

DIARY of a wandering musician.

"Come with me and be a wandering musician."

"But I can't play a note!"

"Why do you think I am a wandering musician?"

— Walt Kelly, "Pogo".

Auckland, New Zealand: Parable of the Mirrors.

Have you ever been to a House of Mirrors? I went to one with a fellow passenger in Auckland, New Zealand. You enter a maze of rooms and corridors with walls and ceilings covered by mirrors. There is only one possible route through the House. As I came in, all I could see was myself, and my first efforts at getting out of the room resulted in shaking hands with me in a mirror. This made me think for a moment; then I turned and made my way out of the House with no difficulty whatsoever.

My friend came out about ten minutes later, looking rather dizzy. He asked me how I had managed to get out so quickly.

It was simple, I replied. After my first encounter with a mirror, I realized that to find my way out, all I had to do was to find a place where I could not see myself. That place was the door to the next room. And so on right through.

The House of Mirrors teaches a very important lesson. Most of us spend a long time getting out of such a place because we are fascinated by our own image. (Indeed, we will even pay to see our image in a distorted mirror at a carnival). And so, in life. If only we can learn to see further than our own self, we will find the door to greater things. Otherwise, our life is spent in that first room, admiring our left-handed image.

---oOo---

Ship's Concert.

I was due to appear between an imitation of Johnny Ray and some geezer who plays a gee-tar in a band. Well, I ask you...who wants Bach under such circumstances? Besides, it is very comfortable in the ship's bar, (which is next to the hall), the drinks are cheap, and the imitation of Johnny Ray is only a faint hysterical cry.

I can hear them paging me, running around looking in my cabin, but never thinking of searching right under their noses where Sitsky has made friends with a slow gin. Besides, I figure that the confusion, plus my billing, was much more entertaining than anything I could provide.

My billing:- "A Russian pianist, born in China, Australian citizen, travelling on a British ship to America to study with a Dutchman."

---oOo---

Episode in Vancouver.

The main dray. Sid Manikin (fellow musician, fellow Jew as luck would have it, bandmaster on the "Orsova", distant cousin of Yehudi Menuhin) and myself (.....) in search of the lost chord on Robvon Street? Nothing of the sort - we are looking for some relatives or Sid's who own a dry-cleaning store. It is 9 p.m. - Vancouver is quiet at best. At 9 p.m. (even on Broadway) Lloyd's of London will insure it for dead. Finally, after the usual large number of confusing directions from the natives, we find the store - only it is shut. Sid is ready to give up the idea and go back to the ship. I see an alley leading into the back - and furthermore, there is obviously a residence above the shop. This last brilliant deduction was arrived at by the light in the window. So we go round the back.

It's fairly dark in the yard and the only thing visible is a ramshackle three-storey building, not in very good order, with a precarious wooden staircase up the side. There is no answer at any of the doors on the first two flights. Finally, on the Dead End Kid's flat on top, there is a light. Sid taps on the window. I knock on the door. There is the sound of water running in the kitchen. The response is nil. We knock harder. Just as the glass in the window is due for a rather rapid multiplication and the door

hinges almost surrender, a frowsy blonde comes to the window. (She said, "Somebody knock?" - and I found myself thinking of the Goon Show).

Sid asks her if she knows about the people who own the store. She says "just a moment" and calls Harry. Harry appears at the window and now I am certain that it was not only water that was running in the kitchen.

To appreciate what happens next you must picture the situation - Sid standing on the narrow staircase beneath the window patiently repeating his question about the people in the store. Harry leaning chummily out of the window paying very little attention to Sid, not repeating himself particularly, but not being very informative either. I'm standing at the dead-end of the stairway above the window next to the door.

Mental associations are very peculiar things. I don't know what Sid said, but whatever it was, it must have reminded Harry of some episode in his unhappy childhood, because the next thing I know, Harry opens the window wider, is leaning right out making grabs at Sid and myself, and spouting language that is unprintable, undecipherable and indescribable - in a very loud voice.

The situation has altered a little now. I am wedged in the end of the stair to make sure that Harry limits his grabs to air, and air only. Sid is at the bottom of the flight of stairs, still repeating his question rather loudly and getting a trifle annoyed. Harry is very annoyed and is shouting about his revolver. The frowsy blonde yells to us that he is only fooling. A very bad actor. I do not wish to remain for the next act.

Harry is now almost falling out of the window trying to reach me. The fact that I am just beyond the swing of his mits infuriates him. I can see that he keeps eyeing the door and also something back in the room, which I presume is his revolver. But he knows that if he leaves the window for a moment, I will be setting records for stairs descent. This infuriates him even more. Sid has disappeared.

A very trying situation - and it's no good saying, "Look, Harry, old boy, I don't know how all this happened - we don't know each other from a bar of soap - in fact, I'm sure you don't even know a bar of soap..." It's no good saying anything. I can't hear myself think. It's ridiculous - but a very

dangerous ridiculous. And there's no border with the sublime, except that I'm three storeys up on a rickety wooden stairs trapped by a drunken fruitcake with homicidal tendencies. A great way to get to San Francisco. I decide that discretion is the better part of valour, and make a quick dash past the window, ducking like crazy. Harry swipes, misses, curses; almost falls out the window. This is the last thing I want, so with a few Australian truisms I disappear before my mate Harry gets his cannon. On the way down I notice that people below are now home and are all standing on the landings, listening. No doubt this is a daily entertainment.

I find Sid a couple of blocks away puffing at a cigarette under a corner streetlight.

"I went to call a cop", Sid said.

---oOo---



THE HISTORY OF THE BETAR UNIFORM

by B. A. Barkote.

The 8th Kinus Olami of Betar which was recently held in Israel reminded me of the first Kinus Olami held in Warsaw from the end of December, 1928, to the beginning of January, 1929. This conference discussed the colour of the Betar uniform about which the late Rosh Betar wrote "I possess the shirt - Riga". What did Jabotinsky mean by this and what was this conference actually about?

Betar was established in the Latvian capital of Riga in December, 1923. The first paragraph in its constitution was that the Jewish Youth Organization named after Captain Joseph Trumpeldor was an integral part of the Hebrew Legion which was supposed to be established. The establishers of this organization, however, did not think of having a special uniform for its members as other organizations have. But four years later, in the year 1927, the Betarim of Riga decided to have a uniform.

The choice of the type and colour of the uniform was given to one of the founders of the movement, Mr Moshe Yoelson, a barrister in Tel Aviv, who had a good taste and an inclination towards art. The Degel Betar was also designed by him. He chose white and yellow for the colours of the uniform.

My friend Aaron Shatz and I were given the task of getting the shirts for the uniform (incidentally, Aaron Shatz later left Betar and joined Hashomer Hatzeir and is now in Koutsa Kenneret). For two years we looked for material but could not find the colours suggested by Moshe Yoelson. An assembly was to occur soon one night and we wanted the shirts to be ready before then. We went into the last shop, Oren's shop, which was in the old town of Riga. Perhaps here we would be successful. But the material could not be found here either. Fortunately, the owner of the shop suggested some brown material which he possessed in large quantity. We had a short discussion after which we decided to buy the material. We bought enough for twenty-five shirts.

We had the shirts made and the next day we appeared at our Maon wearing brown shirts. At first, Mr Yoelson was furious because we had not followed his suggestions

but after we explained our difficulties, he relented.

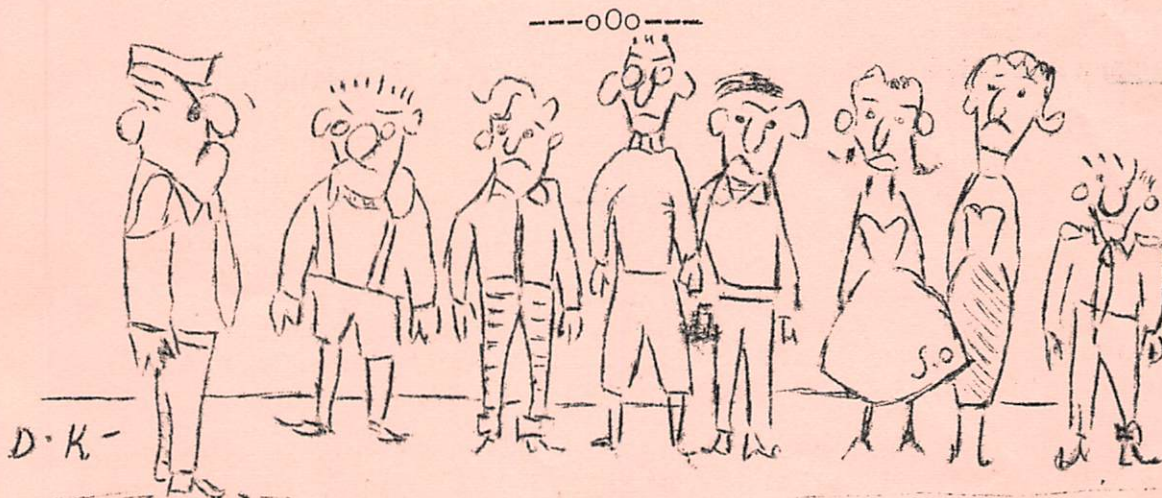
On the 28th December, 1928, in the Kamimber Theatre in Warsaw, the ceremonial inauguration of Betar was held. The delegates from Latvia appeared in our brown uniform as did Menachem Acher, the Mefaked HaNain of Betar Israel. The uniform drew much attention from the delegates at the conference.

At this conference, a committee for uniforms and badges was elected. Jabotinsky showed a great deal of interest in this committee and invited its members to the Hotel Polonia where he stayed in order to take part in its discussions.

When a discussion on the colour of the uniform was brought up, Jabotinsky pointed to the uniform of the Latvian delegates and said, "This is the proper colour for a Betar shirt... When you will be in Israel you will find that wide areas of the land of Israel is brown and therefore the colour of the Betar uniform will be the same as the colour of the land of our homeland".

Jabotinsky's suggestion was accepted. The report of this committee described these brown shirts as "the shirts - Riga" since the shirts will be the same colour as those worn by delegates from Riga - that is, brown.

The late Rosh Betar did not think that this shirt would later be blamed as an imitation of the Nazi shirts. Because of this, it was decided at a later Kinus Olami, to change the uniform to a dark blue colour.



HEARD IN MELBOURNE

Alan (Querulously): "Is there any point for the agenda?"

Sam (Adamantly): "I've got a headache, I must be home by 10.00 p.m."

Avram (Indignantly): "I'll kill you if you call me apple."

Alan (Reluctantly): "The meeting is closed, wake Betty and we'll have coffee."

Harry (Dubiously): "Eric is still away sick from the Mifkadah meetings."

Alan (Sympathetically): "Send out a hozer that Betty will be working in the office this week."

Alan (Definitely): "Haor will be published by the present editors until new editors can be found."

Betty (Curiously): "What is Sam's job?"

Sam (Meekly): "Can I ask you a question, Alan?"

---oOo---



tips for the inexperienced Kenes-goer

PURPOSE OF ARTICLE: To provide a reasonable guide of behaviour to that unfortunate type of B etari who has never attended a Kenes Artzi before. As you can see, I am setting about this in a most scientific manner. I hope that there may be some hints here that will aid the veteran also, who, up to now has not been able to pluck enough courage up to carry out some of the more drastic methods advocated here. I hasten to add that there is no guarantee on the efficiency of these methods. All I can say is, "They have been known to work."

1. ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE CHAIRMAN.

This is perhaps the most exasperating occupation at the Kenes Artzi. What can you try? In order of preference, I list below various methods. Do not shout under any circumstances. You will only be gagged and carted away. At any rate what you do is:

- i) lift up your hand. (this never works).
- ii) click your fingers. (only can be done after long hours of painful, trying practice).
- iii) click fingers on both hands (not very elegant).
- iv) say, "Mr Chairman".
- v) say, "Mr Chairman".
- vi) stand up and repeat all above points. By this time what you had wanted to say will be irrelevant anyhow, so you can sit down. In times of extreme stress it may be advisable to bang on the table.

Never try to write a note to the chairman. It always comes back to you with a caption, "Kilroy was here".

2. HOW TO INTERJECT WHEN SOMEONE IS SPEAKING.

This is undoubtedly the most important facet of anyone attending a conference. The reasons for interjection may be:

- a) to draw attention to yourself.
- b) to distract the speaker while you take a cigarette from him.
- c) to confuse the speaker, who is criticising you.
- d) to say something useful.

Once again for extreme clarity, I list the methods. Choose your own, depending upon your motives.

- 1) say "hear, hear!" now and then.
- 2) shout, looking at everyone in general:-

(a) "POINT OF INFORMATION"

or

(b) "POINT OF ORDER"

or (you have to be skilful to get away with this)

(c) "POINT OF INTERJECTION".

3) a cruder method is to mumble "BALONEY" in a philosophical growl.

4) for DESPERATE moments only - stamp your feet under the table, overturn some glasses of water, and then, as confusion rears its pretty head, bang on the table, yelling, "Order! I demand order!" at the top of your voice.

3. HOW TO DECEIVE EVERYONE AND SLEEP AT THE SAME TIME.

The main requisite is, of course, to maintain an upright physical posture. This can be achieved by propping your head up with your hands. Your eyes may remain closed, as this denotes an attitude of extreme concentration. Bring your chair well up to the table, keeping your back pressed against the chair. Later on, when everyone else is asleep also, you will not have to pretend anymore.

If you are rudely awakened, you can always say, "Quite! Quite so, old man." OR "I object!" OR, better still, "No thank you, I'm off them!"

You must, of course, at all costs, keep your dignified bearing.

This is imperative.

---oOo---

HOW TO RELAX AT THE KENES.

Veterans tell us that there are two main methods:-

- 1) watch others trying to relax.
- 2) watch the chairman trying not to relax.

Thirdly, second all motions and during the ensuing uproar and delay, you may relax, or even doze off.

Watch others bickering, wondering whether to speak or shut up, watch, and try to intercept the messages, love letters and frantically written notes flying up and down the room; if these don't make you howl, you have no sense of humour.

Look important and interested. Then no one will take any notice of you. Every now and then stand up with a disgusted expression on your face, then sink slowly back into your seat with a smile of bliss. Everyone will think you are overcome with emotion - but you will simply be snatching a few moments of glorious rest.

Use the special page provided in this Haderech for doodling. Discuss with yourself your own ideas at length and when finally you realise their absurdity, stand up and speak. Howls of laughter are excruciatingly relaxing.

Read the last Haderech - RELAX.

Write articles for the next one; and appear to be taking notes.

If you find you can't relax after all those tips - ask to be excused.

Of course, if you are the chairman these tips will not apply. As you can see, I have only lightly touched upon this topic, but am planning to write a thesis one of these days, when I have some time between conferences.

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PERSONALITY PARADE

for artistic delegates.



ARGUMENTS

I have studied the art of arguing and quarrelling and I may be able to offer some good advice:

- 1) Beware of facts. If you are having a heated debate as to whether Betty's birthday party was in the last week of December or in the first week of January; or as to whether the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* is Racine or Voltaire - do not consult diaries, encyclopaedias or Betty herself. Any of these steps would be unfair because:
 - a) it would nip a very lively argument in the bud, and
 - b) it would deprive your opponent of all further reasonable reply.

- 2) Refer to authorities instead. "You can take it from me, young man..." "I have heard it personally from Wilfred Pickles" or "Aneurin Bevan."

- 3) Be personal, and impute all sorts of motives to your opponent. If a man suggests that pawnbrokers' firms should be nationalised and you do not approve of this proposition, point out that he has been cited as a co-respondent in a divorce case so he had better remain silent. Or say that this is only a mean device to save his own mother's fortune. Never mind if a) he has no mother, b) she has no fortune, and c) this is no way of saving anybody's fortune in any case. A little mud always sticks. It is a general rule of life that should you touch mud with your gloves, it is never the mud that becomes glovey; it is always the glove that becomes muddy.

- George Mikes.

---oOo---

KUOJ AIBO KUOJES

The final test of a leader is that he leaves behind him in other men the conviction and the will to carry on...

The genius of a good leader is to leave behind him a situation which common sense, without the grace of genius, can deal with successfully.

A pun is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect.

I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me. - Benjamin Disraeli, Maiden Speech, House of Commons, 1837.

Strong men delight in forceful speech. Soldiers relish a speaker delivering himself a little unreservedly. - John Keble, "Lectures on Poetry", No. 25.

What is the short meaning of this long harangue?

It is easy for men to say one thing and think another. - Publius Syms.

He that speaks me fair and loves me not,
I'll speak him fair and trust him not." - John Ray, "English Proverbs".

When we make ourselves understood, we always speak well, and all your fine diction serves no purpose. - Moliere, "Les Femmes Savantes".

I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
- Shakespeare, "King John".

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?

Begin low, speak slow;
Take fire, rise higher;
When most impressed
Be self-possessed;
At the end wax warm,
And sit down in a storm. - Rev. John Quifchild.

Autographs

		CONRAD MOSHE KLOSQVITCH
	J. M. A. GENIUS	JOSHKA CHRISTBERG
I.C.F.C.U. [Cu = COPPER (RESERVE POLICEMAN)]	R.V.A. PUCK	789 7778
HENDRICK SCHMENDRICK	John Thoms Jr.	↑ MADE UP BY US. ↓ NO PARTIC. SIGNIF
	HARRY STUART.	
	Moshe Klugg	
	Moshe Klugg	
	Moshe Klugg	
	MAX KLUGG STEIN	
	OBULION KILROY	
	KLUGY MOSHBERGG	
	HYPOTENUSE ARCHIMEDES	