

Dear Family Members and Chaverim

Regretfully I cannot be with you this morning. So, in lieu of my presence some recollections about Norman my brother who I loved dearly.

We grew up in Hightown, a working class Jewish neighborhood of Manchester. My main memory of Norman then was that he was a very naughty boy, constantly in trouble with a talent for getting lost. On one occasion he ended up, I believe, in Fallowfield on the other side of the city with his hand trapped in a metal gate.

Norman left school at 16 and two years later was drafted into the British army. Most of his service was in Famagusta Cyprus during the "Troubles". He worked as a dog handler there. On one of the last occasions we met in December we were looking through some photographs. We found one of Norman with a dog. When I asked him if he remembered the animal he replied "**I remember that dog was called 'Star' "**. It was all very sad that he could not recollect anything of the present, but there he was telling about his dog he trained 65 years ago.

Now a couple of stories about my dear brother in better times:

Norman and the Hat (Apocryphal)

Once upon a time when the kibbutz had fish ponds, our Norman worked there with Len Yodeikin and other chaverim. There was also a young woman volunteer who prepared breakfast which she did in a little hut. The scene is now set...

In the hot months the fishermen would usually wear just a pair of underpants. Except, of course, for Norman who would work **in the all together**.

I'm sure you can all picture this hungry group entering the hut ready for a meal. When **Naked Norman** entered - Len told him sternly to come back **"and wear something" !**

So, my dear brother **returned wearing a hat !**

Norman and the Beer (A true story - As true as any story can be.)

Its September 1973. My family and I were visiting the meshek for Rosh Ha-Shanah. When we popped over to visit our Norman. He asked me to help him. Apparently a working visitor who Norman had befriended had sent him a beer making kit. So, we decided to try our hands at making beer.

On reading the instructions we needed a place with an ambient temperature of 10-15 degrees. Above ground, where it was about twice that, was no good. Well, if not above ground how about below ground.

Sure enough checking the temperature in the shelter by his house it was **"Bingo !"** Now we found a large container which we filled with water, hops, yeast, and the other ingredients. The kit had provided us with a hydrometer to measure the specific gravity (S.G.) of the wort (the prepared liquid). Instructions were to measure the S.G. every day until the wort was ready.

Then to fill sterile bottles with the wort and stopper them. I instructed Norman how to do this and told him that it should be done in ten days. I considered helping Norman out...

Unfortunately ten days after we prepared the wort the Yom Kippur War started and those chaverim who went down into the shelter discovered Norman's Beer and consumed it.

To conclude, many happy memories of my sexy, photogenic brother who passed away in his sleep, the mark of a Tsadik.

Brother Joey

