



Ruth Jacobson
Translation:
Dena Matmon

On Friendship And Mutual Affection

I met **Yoav** as a child, when I came to Beit HaPoel which, at that time, was on Nachmani Street in Tel Aviv.

I danced at the regular folk dance sessions. As time went by, I followed him to the new HaPoel building on Ussishkin Street near the Yarkon River in Tel Aviv. Later on, I discovered that **Yoav** and my older brother were friends.

Afterwards, I started to work closely with **Yoav**, who was preparing the instruction booklet for the hishtalmuyot (workshops for instructors) he led, for print.

We worked together closely, and I won't deny that there were arguments and "disagreements". But actually, it was a work of friendship, appreciation and mutual affection.


The instruction booklets, that were given to each hishtalmut participant, were printed by the "Keren Printing Company" on Yehuda Halevi Street in Tel Aviv. We worked together for more than 30 years. We started out using a typewriter... hard to believe... if there was an error, the entire page needed to be retyped. At the beginning of the 1980s, we started to use a computer, and this reduced a lot of the pressure and sped up the work.



Yoav would bring his handwritten pages to me. After I had typed them, he would read them again and check the text very thoroughly, several times; he checked every letter and comma, every step and movement, making sure that it was exactly the way he wanted it. He also checked every illustration, and was careful to choose the appropriate placement for each picture. We worked crazily against the clock, under "moderate pressure" until... until the final product came off the press the way we wanted it.

There were periods when my partner, Alenka, and I worked up to the last minute. And on Friday evening, on our way home, we would have to stop at **Yoav's** house to bring him the hishtalmut booklet so that he could edit it the next day.

Yoav drove everyone crazy, but in spite of the pressure and the insanity, the respect, appreciation and affection between us helped us manage to overcome the pressures and we remained friends throughout all these years

Happy is the person whose love for his hobby becomes his profession and his way of earning a living. 



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