A New Exciting Column

“WAY BACK WHEN”
BY VERA MILLER

Enjoy the first of these delightful columns page 34
A New Sentinel Feature!
See Vera Miller on Page 34

MEET an exciting, new Sentinel columnist. She's vivacious Vera Miller, best known in the entertainment world as secretary to Don McNeill of "The Breakfast Club," where many of her articles have been accepted for use on this network program. She's also a diligent homemaker, a prolific writer, and busy with many Jewish communal activities. Many Sentinel readers may have seen her at Israel Bond activities.

LIFE has never been easy for Vera, but she always has seen the humorous side. She has lived in every section of town, and the things she writes about really happened. An avid listener and observer, she writes well and reveals a nostalgia for fond memories. Besides writing for The Sentinel, Vera is raising three fatherless boys: Robert, 17, now in the Air Force; Ronald (Shorty), 15, of Sullivan High School, and Scott, 11, who delivers newspapers and is engaged in writing the great American novel called, "Felix, the Cat."
Legalized Gambling
That's What It Was!

By Vera Miller

Today, the big thing with the parent teacher groups, soccer moms and the kids is shopping. Raffles are popular, and from somewhere in the house must dangle a multi-fanned webbed Star of David.

The easy directions for assembling the cellophone package. You just need a master's degree in handicraft to put it together.

However, because it helps the children to get in the holiday spirit. This fun job is delegated to the kids. If the boys choose to bang up a job putting Tab A into Tab B, except when Tab C is to be filled counter clockwise. The home now properly decorates for the holidays, visions of Hanuka Gelt dance in the little heads of the little children as they drift into each night.

Remember Hanuka! The social and economic status of the relatives and their relatives Dun and Brightest ratings, was set at the fiscal year over Hanuka. Today it is not fashionable, but Hanuka was then pronounced with a guttural Choo-Chanuka.

Today's coupon clipper, dividend dole, broker and customer's men probably received his first introduction to capital gains, cumulative dividends, Mutual funds, and Blue Chip relatives at Hanuka. This was the gathering of the clan from Logan Square, Humboldt Park, Douglas Blvd, and Jeffery on the south side. This was the eerie noise, the babbling being introduced, practiced manners, and the smell of Lifesaving soap. This was the time of Hanuka gelt.

Because the gelt was allocated by age, the luckless youth whose birthday was a week back, became the blushing center of attention. Should be in the 25c line or the 50c line.

The board of trustees then bargain, cavet, negotiate, and after much consideration the directors which include the choirmen Uncle Ebbie, Ma, and Pa, the decision was made.

The reason was never heard and no questions were asked of this appellate court.

Shouts of Hanuka Gelt ring out from the sun parlors to the scar on the enclosed back porch. It's past time, and the gate is up! The exciting pizzazz is presented--and following that period of the smokers--the stockholders.

Ma and Pa round up the kids in the front hallway, the bedroom or the back room and into a knotted handkerchief or a crevasse of Ma's genuine leather pocketbook, each one drops their holdings. All pre-arranged.

What to do with the donation to the Shul. What's to be put in the clothes and what is to be doled out to the individual stock holder as earnings tax free? How much of the gelt from the older kids that find it thumps and no longer wants to pay back what was owed on hot dogs and french fries is probably what kept Flax's in business from one December to the next.

Happy little songs like "Dreidel, Dreidel, Dreidel" are heard from the dining room as the assembled pieday boys and fingernail filing girl cousins sat around playing the twirling game with the little dreidels.

The little Hebrew characters twirled as each group played its turn. All the gelt was employed to get at the morsels of nut meats from the collection of nuts (the ones on the table in the soup bowl—not the ones gathered around the table).

So, while the adults were drinking tea from their saucepans, spooked pieces of scones fell into the discussion. The personal ailments of each of their offspring as compared to their progress of the previous year, the kids sat around twisting dreidels, mumbling little sounds, cracking the nuts and wishing they stopped biting their nails so they could pick out the piece of paper. "Sale of the cress to the gelt".

This was a scene of domestic togetherness except for one thing. The happy little mumbled sounds were "suses" and the little assortments of walnuts, pecans and filberts was the "take".

The kids were just plain out-and-out gambling.

If all the dreidel-tweakes of yesteryear were to be gathered at the strip at Las Vegas, the bank would break. Maybe the holiday-takers of today going to Las Vegas in December are reverting to a Freudian demand. Today their place at the gambling table may be reminiscent of that.

Everyone had a lucky token. A lucky bolt on the trousers, a certain chair or the appearance of an older cousin at the gaming table.

"Dreidel" twisters of yesteryear, rise up and be heard.

It was a little difficult reading the tiny Hebrew characters themselves. The kids had a bright one this year to remember the name of each Uncle and Tante—"forgive the little ones this year and be a sport."
Think Togetherness

Is A New Invention?

BY VERA MILLER

TWO women met on Morse avenue. Both were carrying shopping bags from the grocery store. One had two little boys with her. During the exchange of niceties and polite inquiry into the health of the children's classmates, various stories were compared. The two little boys, aged 3 1/2 and 5, were too-writhing and trying the ancient art of getting a mound of ants back into the sidewalk crevice.

As is well known, if you step on an ant it will rain tomorrow, and no one wants to be blamed for that. Finally, the time of leaving-taking: and one woman turned to the other and said, "Sadie, I should like for you to meet mine auntlet. This is David, the doctor, and this is Steve, the lawyer."

As in yesteryear, each male is born a "something." You've got to be "something." Only the method of accomplishment in the family differs; the end result is usually understood. No matter what talent finally emerges, everyone agrees they saw it all the time. Today, parents face the realities of life. David goes to nursery school. On the day of registration, when the family is laid open for inspection, the mother's opinion is answer to the three pages of questions as to the child will be understood. David has taken his first formal step toward becoming the scientific genius of the family.

Questioning further reveals that he showed great scientific leanings in his aptitude for Piz-Skool toys, eating habits, toilet habits, and the fact he was raised on Dr. Spook. (Mixing bleach and Oxylene in the nursery school toilet further substantiates this before the interview is over.)

This is the beginning of togetherness between David, the home, and his educational future. David's parents discuss his various subjects and carefully control his attitudes and those of his teacher.

During the semester the teacher must stay at school on the night of open house. The moulding above the blackboard is hung with various talents representatives of the group, and should David excel in arithmetic and by chance have a spelling paper displayed instead, the teacher must be encouraged to his scientific leanings.

An examination for proper light and dark, points to the student teacher's approach to the problem of the child of the class, who causes David no small concern in his efforts to concentrate solidly from 9 to 3. This togetherness continues through high school and oftentimes spells the difference between TV or no TV for the week.

Remember when Ma and Pa went to school? Once, to make their mark on the kindergarten admittance card (or to painstakingly write out the full name), and then to attend the graduation ceremony, the days galloped off to school when there was a problem? Any misbehavior meant the older brother or sister was called to school. Punishment was meted out by the elder child, of course, unknowingly to Ma and Pa.

Dragging the luckless child by the elbow, you walked up the gray back-porch stairs, wiped the lace-to-the-shanks shoes on the well-worn torn rag mat and called out: "Ma, the kids in the next block were picking blueberries and played in the yard, and they used the 'kids on the next block.'"

Much eyewaxing, much tea drinking from the hexagon-shaped glasses and a couple of poppy-seeded round cookies while the guilty one was nightingaled to complete recovery. This sort of made up for the pounding received as punishment in the alley or behind the hardware store.

When the eldest was embarrassed by having to go to the younger family member's room, no child psychology was employed to learn the problem originated. The eldest, judge and jury, solved the problem.

Disgrace of school misbehavior must be entered into the home life. Besides the klops in the alley, the thought of no reprimands from Dr. Spook was usually the week in which the younger one had to walk to school on the other side of the street.

Nowadays a student is absent when and if there is an appointment with the orthodontist, a virus injection, where the rug weed is in bloom and when there is a reaction to penicillin.

Remember the absence-excuses of way back when? You were absent because you had to "help in the store," the folks who had to stay at the store and do their thing because the family needed tending or, when you went to the clinic to get a new cast on a broken shoulder blade.

Abstinence was excusable to attend a funeral. Remember the time when the teacher closed the store to offer Ma and Pa comfort, and as you stood there hoping the store would open, you thanked the powers above that Ma and Pa would not show a sign of disrespect by questioning the teacher's thinking behind the offer of condolence?
Making Kishke At Home Is Secret Of Successful Marriage

BY VERA MILLER

The young bride of today is to be pitied. Much time and effort are spent in putting rounds of cheese on squares of crackers and making chopped liver look like strawberries. Obviously the market is being flooded with non-sanitized foods. Two tablespoons of chopped liver for a forepaw; a cup of home-made chicken soup with a monocle; strawberries used, if you will pardon the expression, as a "garri." And kishke.

These cut-up little brown billy clubs found in the frozen food cabinets used to be made at home. Kishke is as traditional to a fleischge meal as Pasta to the Italians, Teriyaki to the Japanese, and wine to the Frenchmen.

Pity the modern Jewish bride who never experiences this soul satisfying activity, making kishke.

Of course, it had to be a surprise for the guest. Maybe it all stemmed from the Friday night dinner when Ma said, "Cousin Avram is coming for dinner because Malka had to go to St. Louis to visit the sister."

NO ONE HUNGRY

Cousin Avram shouldn't go hungry. Instead of a carte blanche from the Settlement Cookbook, you tell Ma, "Ma, I'll bring the kishke, O.K.?"

"O.K."

So you go to the butcher. You sit on the wooden bench under the big mirror waiting your turn. Voices seem to rise and fall and you wonder if it's moves they're making when the butcher says, "Hello."

"I-I want to make a kishke."

You've seen Ma make it! But this—by yourself!

The beaming butcher wipes his hands on the apron and by now seems to be accomplished in this series of events of the tortured soul. A loud clink of the freezer door and he emerges still beaming, with a long strip of translucent, whitish tubing.

WITH GAY ABANDON

He shakes it in the air a few times with gay abandon and in answer to a question, your head rises up and down and you hear a distant voice, recognizable somewhat as your own, saying, "Yes, that's enough."

Buying the rest of the meat you need for the week on the budget, you carry the brown package home—quick. You check the recipe, written many years ago on two-ring notebook paper with the recipe in the cook book and proceed.

To bolster morale, you call a dear friend and in answer to a question, your head rises up and down and you hear a distant voice, recognizable somewhat as your own, saying, "Yes, that's enough."

The matzo meal, the egg, the salt, pepper, onion ... a mix, a pinch, a measure and then with the heavily laden bowl in front of you, you try to remember how to get the crumbly mess inside. You stuff your flat tin to see if you can roll it over your arm. You straighten it out slick, wet and white on the kitchen table. "Checkmate."

Then, sheer inspiration. Like you roll stockings. The kishke is rolled inside out and over and with the two thumbs you press "into" and with the other fingers you guide.

LIKE FIRE HOSE

The kishke gets stuffed and after it behaves like a recalcitrant fire hose while you try to knot the ends, you have accomplished a feat that establishes your kinship with the glorious past of Jewish womanhood.

When you get to Ma's for the dinner, to warm it up a little it goes in a roasting pan with the brisket and half smothered chicken.

After dinner, with the Beckers' sponge cake and Sweeetch-nose tea, Ma moves her tea glass and the plum jelly to port bow.

"Cousin Avram, would you believe? The kishke tonic. I make. Kleine hut gemacht."

Never were the Friday night dishes washed with more joyfulness and good kitchen talk between Mother and Daughter than the unforgettable night that Cousin Avram came to dinner.

If more brides today tried making kishke in the kitchen, there would be less divorces tried in the courts.
Let's Get Organized!

BY VERA MILLER

"Ma, where's my curling iron?"
... "Look in the top!"

"Mom, so where's my collar pins?"
... "It's in the top in the underneath!"

"Ma, the pencil sharpener, where is it?"
... "Taunee, on the side in the top."

In every house there was a 'top.' In the 'top' were the keys to the garage, the old wedding invitations, the American Family soap coupon collection, the Bar Mitzva fountain pens. Maybe the 'top' was the drawer near the kitchen stove or maybe the side drawer in the dining area divider—but every family had one.

JUNK DRAWER

Remember the 'top' in your parents' house. This was the junk drawer and everything was in it that kept the family together. You grew up, got married and when you came home for dinner on Friday night, you knew you could still look in the drawer and find the same tea strainer that needed the handle tightened, the tortoise shell comb that was Rube's, the tarnished silver pickle fork—never used for pickles but handy when you used to take out the cork in the tops of the pop bottle tops, to wear triumphantly on your jacket when you were a kid. In the drawer there always seemed to be a state of organized confusion.

HOW ELSE?

Methinks the manufacturers of these desk and drawer organizers now flooding the market must have been raised in homes where there was a junk drawer. How else would they know so instinctively about the odd divisions of space when they place such a unit for sale. However, these same manufacturers must have inward longings to retain the honored tradition of the family junk drawer, because they make the dividers just a little bit shorter or a little bit narrower, so that you can still put something "underneath" on the side. Today you can quite easily install a peg board to display in the kitchen the ice tongs, the can openers, the measuring spoons, etc., and etc., etc.

RUNNING RAMPANT

You can even buy an assortment of plastic boxes to keep things in systematic order. Do you recall being sent to the drawer for something? Whole visions of imagination ran rampant as you searched for things. Maybe you didn't find what you were looking for, but the revi...
In the spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of beauty. At the Beauty Shoppe of today you can now get clipped, colored, tipped and tailored. Seated in the soft, color-tinted wall chairs of the assistance and exuberant females, you try to relax. Looking at wall pictures reflecting the pre-Raphaelite art, you picture yourself not with the champagne brown hair yet highlighted by tips of golden glory.

The dainty people aren't the only ones who offer "half 'n' half." This is available in all beauty shops. Of course, you're not the only one thinking along these lines. Take a look at the customers they are busy adding spades of beauty. The beauty operators' answer to Nature's underground display. You make your final decision— that is, if you can stand that your year-old wonder is disturbing the peace and quiet of the inner sanctum of beauty.

Remember the "Bewty Parlor"? Not too many kids were left at home in the days of the Bewty Parlor. That's exactly what it was. The parlor. In the front room a few noisy second-hand dryers were set up on their clipped black mats to leave their mark months later on the orchid walls. Linoleum was put on the floor, and near the window in the adjoining dining room was a table with a 3-way mirror. The kids were not only not left at home—they lived there.

It's her house

The operator was not Miss Adie, Miss Bottie or Miss "What's her name"—it was Mrs. Rosenberg. It was her house, it was her parlor, they were her children and you were her customer. If you had your appointment on Wednesday and it was in the winter, mingling with the smell of the soaps and their metal cradles; there was the aroma of "Seidemann's" and on Friday, it was the aroma of "Glencoe House." Even when you bought your products, they were dumped with the rest to play in the back of the house.

Remember the thick green goo that was used to set hair? Remember waiting for the iron to heat so the waves could set in to last until the following week. Remember the row upon row of waves set in with the back of the comb and a twist of the wrist. This was to last for a week and for sure at least four days to look "natural." After all, 35 cents for a wash and set was no small thing.

Maybe you recall the beauty parlors ringing the Humboldt Park area or the house around the park areas of the city. In the city, the parlor was the starter. As business progressed, things usually changed. The back part became the beauty parlor and the front section the family area. When the children were growing up, they needed better homes to entertain their friends, so nine times out of ten the entrance to the beauty parlor was the back door.

When the children were older, there was an investment in a small close-in store and it was the fashion, as today, to follow your operator. Northwest, north, west-south—she went you wanted. They quickly learned to expect a salmon pattie and mashed potato dinner every week when distance was involved. This was an all-day affair. Instead of the now popular next-day comb outs, the hair was mashed down, tightly pulled in a net and intended to last.

Cut full enough

A Bar Mitzvah, a shower at Cafe Royal, a 25th wedding celebration at the hotel, this was cause for appointment rescheduling. The set would be given before the great event and yet last the full two weeks. Even dresses for the occasion were bought at L. Star with the prime thought that the necklace should be cut full enough to go over the head and not muss the "set."

The amount of hair pins used on a set was phenomenal. Today, liquid spray does the job. They were hair pins. Hundreds of hair pins! Hair pins by the trillion to be collected after a "shave"—there was ever complete family-together alertness to be alert to a hair pin just about ready to slide off Ma's ear and into the folds of the new crepe dress. The hair pins came in sets of the corners of the house to put in the china jar on Ma's dresser to be returned to the beauty parlor.

Or, maybe you remember that day when Ma walked in with her brown hair? Complete with brown scalp?
Is Your Home Sticky From Purim Teiglach?

BY VERA MILLER

The recording companies seem to have a record album for everything. Perhaps the occasion of Purim could generate interest in mood albums. There are albums to fit the mood of any situation.

For Purim how about "Music To Make Hamantaschen By" or "Melody To Take Poppy Seeds Out Of Your Teeth By."

Included in this market should be such offerings as "Music For Father Of Put A Wrinkled Shirt On By" while in the next room Mother listens to "Music To Make Cardboard Crowns By."

What would be more appropriate for the Sunday school Purim party, as the toothless, over-dressed droller approaches the stage, than "Melody From The King and I?" After the party is over and the refreshments are spilled all over the place: "Music to Calm Losing Queen Esther's By" and on the flip side, "Music To Coerce Grandparents to Buy "Tickets for Queen Esther Contest By.""

SURE-FIRE HIT

Let us not forget what would be a sure-fire hit, "Music to Fight Off Losing King Akhasuerus By."

This is great for the chairman of the parent-teacher organisation, especially if her son was in this category.

A suggestion for the Monday morning following the Purim party: "Music to Wash Torn Sheets By," or "Music to Rip Sheets for Bags By."

"Do you remember when back to school started for Purim? She bought our favorite grocery to buy whole poppy seeds. Remember sitting by the table doing your homework and listening to the favorite radio programs after school?"

GIVE 'EM A BOIL

Somewhere between "The Story Telling Lady" and "Captain Midnight," Ma would put the whole seed in the pot and "give them a boil." Then she'd strain them in the house clothes, put them in the sieve to remove the particles and, with the gold mortar and pestle, laboriously make them into a dry meal.

There were no room sprays to dispel odors then and how lucky! No worries if the wooden carpet or the damask drapes absorbed food odors. So for days the house smelled—it smelled wonderful. It was for days the house smelled. It was for days the house smelled. It smelled like the afternoons of old, crisp air as the back door opened. Then the gentle neighbor kids came in and a "Hummingdash" from the brown-covered baking tin.

And you didn't mind even Purim when Ma had you make the rounds of the neighbors. You were given a big shovel filled with Hamantaschen which were covered with the little kitchen towel. ("...shouldn't forget to bring back with you") and in the other hand you held a Mason jar filled with teiglach.

And who could know? So you licked the neighbor's back door with the toe of your foot and wound there real pride of having such a Ma while a big trimms was made of your kindness in doing such an errand.

THICK AND GOOEY

Remember teiglach? Ma made little balls of the gray flour and dipped them in thick, gooey honey.

And after Shul, after Shul everyone got together at the house for a gleeze wine to drink a L'cherim. On the table was the oversized, thick-braded chale, and as fingers were dipped into, the bowls were constantly replenished with mounds of ashken and the lime beans that were boiled in the salt water.

There were the never ending pyramids of Hamantaschen and bowls of sticks teiglach. Teaspoons dipped in the honey residue of the teiglach bowl were splashed onto the tongues of the too-little ones.

And all over the house there was honey. The door knobs, bed posts, chair backs and toilet pull were all sticky for days.

And, of course, somewhere during the period of Purim Ma and/or Pe had the dentist to the dentist. Poppy seeds caught under lower plates or maybe a cracked tooth from an over-enthusiastic bite of a teige.

And this Purim, is there some diplomatic way in this modern world of today, that you can tactfully tell someone they've got a poppy seed stuck on their front teeth?
The Greatest Aspirin
Of All: A Gleselne Tay

BY VERA MILLER

If you had a sore throat... Ma gave you a gleselne tay.

If you were too tired to finish your homework... Ma gave you a gleselne tay.

If you had an emotional problem... a gleselne tay.

In a restaurant the other day, I asked for tea. I was served a cold cup and saucer partnered with a white paper kopyl filled with bits to which was attached a paraschne rip cord. I picked up the square by the little rip cord, opened the hatch of the pester bathysphere and immersed the shocked-white paper kopyl in hot coffee. Then I poured out the pale liquid into the cup and added the contents of another little imprinted white tissue krip which imprisoned granules of sugar.

Remember way back when—tea drinking was a ceremony—a solver of problems—tradition?

THE RITUAL
First, glasses were put to the table. Saucers were thick and usually craved from years of use. The box of tea was put on the back of the stove. The kettle was filled with cold water and put on. The rococo spoons from the gleselne glass container were passed around.

On the table was modeul bread and some kichels. Also, a cut glass dish filled with sugar cubes and the bowl from the china cabinet into which was scooped thick homemade strawberry or cherry preserves.

When the kettle started to emit a stream of steam, the boiling water was swirled in the teakim, tea spooned into its steaming inards and the kettle returned to its place to steam up the wall behind it.

The tea was lef step; a piece of Turkish towel put over the entire tea pot and brought to the table. How many times have you tried to pour tea out in a glass container, only to spill it? Well, remember when Ma did it? Day after day. She'd put the silver spoon or knife into the glass and poured it into the boiling water from the teakim. Occasional breakage had an explanation: "Moishe shookled the table and it didn't pour even.

You could have tea with lemon, lemon jelly; and for the children—always tea with a "drop milk." But you always had tea with a sugar cube. No manual ever pictured tea drinking instructions as they varied from one household to another.

First you let the brewed tea roll over the teaspoon to inspect the color. Hold glass firmly in cup using little finger for balance. Use index finger to project glass to tip forward. As downward motion increases glass is tilted to 45 degree angle.

Hold bottom of glass slightly above saucer rim and pour your small amount into saucer. Roll saucer in a counter-clockwise motion; place hands around saucer with thumb and index finger exerting force of balance with little finger directly on bottom of saucer. The fourth finger will serve as intake guide.

WON'T YOU WRITE?
As this column is a new addition in The Sentinel, we would appreciate hearing from readers whether they like it or not. What would you like to see included? We'd be happy to hear.

Place cube of sugar between front teeth. When all liquid has been absorbed, return glass to saucer. Then select thick slice of lemon to be squeezed and scraped against edge of glass. Note: do not remove seeds before squeezing lemon into glass.

Adding preserves—With quick motion dip spoon into bowl of preserves. Bring quickly to glass and tip spoon so that preserves float slowly down. (Remember: it's not fair to wish with the spoon until entire contents of spoon are drained into glass and all the seeds settle on bottom of glass.

NOW IT'S READY
Now—now immerse spoon and stir. As you "steer" the tea, all the strawberry seeds will cavort about guilt—now tea is ready to drink. However, you must place a sugar cube between the front teeth and before which and through the amber liquid must filter.

Remember how the kids' arguments were amicably settled while Ma stood up against the stove; listening and finishing her tea?... or the gleselne tay shared by the family in the glass of the Shabbos candles when the butcher made his eminent announcement concerning his finance and the forthcoming marriage plans?

Shabbos dinner over? Make a chinesne tay. With a drop milk for the kinder.
And Where Do You Soak Your Pesa-dicky Dishes?

BY VERA MILLER

Now is the time for all good homemakers to clean the corners, educe the butcher and teach the kids manners. Passover is here.

Remember when the pesa-dicky dishes had to be brought up from the basement along with the naked porcelain pots? The basement harbored not only three dusty barrels, but revealed several other items to delegate you to remember to remind her to bring up after the holy day.

The scientists of today may have been the ones who helped Ma get ready for the holiday by helping to change the kitchen. At least now the under-water activity. Remember when the pesa-dicky dishes were set to soak in the bathtub? You tried to hold the sugar bowl under water until it started to push up to the surface; or you stacked flat plates on the bottom of the tub and watched as they floated to starboard, then to settle in various sections of the tub slightly clinging as they fell on other pieces of china. It was even fun to try to set the glasses with the openings out of water and waste concerned with under-water activity. Remember when the pesa-dicky dishes were set to soak in the bathtub? You tried to hold the sugar bowl under water until it started to push up to the surface; or you stacked flat plates on the bottom of the tub and watched as they floated to starboard, then to settle in various sections of the tub slightly clinging as they fell on other pieces of china. It was even fun to try to set the glasses with the openings out of water and waste concerned with under-water activity. Remember when the pesa-dicky dishes were set to soak in the bathtub? You tried to hold the sugar bowl under water until it started to push up to the surface; or you stacked flat plates on the bottom of the tub and watched as they floated to starboard, then to settle in various sections of the tub slightly clinging as they fell on other pieces of china. It was even fun to try to set the glasses with the openings out of water and waste concerned with under-water activity.

AND during the Passover holiday who ate lunch? Remember when Ma made lunch. Whether for Pa to take to the store or for the kids who went to high school, Ma always made the lunches. Calorie Anonymous would blam if they saw what was consumed. Usually a couple of hard-boiled eggs with the waxed paper core of salt, thick matzah softened in warm water for sandwiches into which Ma shaped 'thin' slices of meat (enough to feed six teen-agers today); also a whole tomato, a couple of matzah meal kugels... and dessert... a banana, a pear, and for later—some nuts.

By the way, if you're thinking of dieting why not wait until after the holidays this year... or don't you like the best and almond preserves and matza meal pancakes?
A round the corner from every residential area today is a motel, auto-hotel or fashionable lodge for the traveler. And so, if Tante Bella calls that she’s coming in from St. Paul... quick... call and make a reservation... because she’ll have her comfort, but the meals she can eat with you. After all, where is she going to stay?

In the family room is the television, in the ‘red’ room is the ping pong table and record player; the typewriter is in the study and the moderate pot in the kitchen is not getting any more, even though you still haven’t finished paying for the groceries to make it possible in the winter.

REMEMBER when someone stayed-over? Cousins stayed over because it was too cold to go home, Uncle stayed over because it was closer to the Shul for the holidays. Sisters stayed over because the windows in Tante’s stayed over, because they weren’t expected back in their home state until August.

When the children stayed over it was the grandest, noisiest sleeping over there could be. Two and sometimes three little ones were bunched in the same overstuffed bed and covered with the oversized down comforter.

Young Adults Favored

When someone in the family went to the hospital to have a new baby, the families were usually sent to stay over. Young adults, generally privileged by their age, had the privacy of the icy-cold, or sweltering, enclosed back porch for their private domain.

And in every dining room... the day-bed! The day-bed... the day-bed! The flowered cretonne cover. It wasn’t exactly a day-bed either; it was more like one of the family. No one ever gave away a day-bed to a rummage sale and no matter how many times the dining room paper was changed, the day-bed with the cretonne cover remained the same.

No doubt the slenderingly built studio of today patterned many of the exercises after the simple activity of opening the day-bed. To get it open, you laboriously took off the cover. Taking care not to tear the fabric as the metal corner, squatted, stopped, pushed and pulled.

For the adventure was usually rewarded by finding such treasures as the old words cap Pa had been looking for. Delia’s report card and last month’s electric bill. Besides in every home when anything was wrong was where the most likely place for it to be found... behind the day-bed, of course.

If more than one relative was to share this home away from home and you had to open the day-bed,
Phone Man Should Have Been Bank President

By Vera Miller

Remember the telephone that was installed in its throne within the arched door cavern of the room in the front hallway? Above this palm-shaped mahogany item were hanging family heirlooms pictures in their amber oval frames attached by some mysterious force to the ceiling woodwork.

Behind the stately empty soldier forever in a right arm salute to the unknown caller were two even sulphur match boxes. The kind you put out to open. In one were the shop and in the other box were the nickels.

To call Pa at the store was a ceremony that enthralled the family. Ma would approach the front hallway simpering everyone as she went. The little spindly, necked beast was pulled out (just party) and Ma would install herself upon it.

Ever since the day the phone was installed and MA was carefully released for the four phone numbers which enabled her to maintain contact with the outside world, the family doctor, the butcher, Aunt Fagi and THE STORE, she still pulled the tattered scrap from under the telephone to carefully enunciate the number first to herself. The shag was deposited and signaled its downward arrival by a bell sound giving an all clear.

Repeat number

"NUMBER pul-lee-ah" and Ma would draw herself up with dignity and clearly and distinctly repeat the number at least twice. There were no jiggles of numbers in those days, just four digits and the exchange. Sandwhiched between were various jiggles of the receiver as Ma discussed with the operator, whom she was trying to reach, her relationship to the called party and the importance of the operator to make the proper connection.

After the series of buzzings to ideatice the electronic compatibility between the caller and the same company, Ma would invariably start the conversation with "Po-Pa, you're all right? So long it took me to call I thought maybe you were sick. Po, you're too busy I should talk? Maybe I should come to the store for a minute effahs."

Remember the thin drawer in the commode? The city telephone book was the family dictionary, the finding directory, the primary reader to learn the alphabet and continuity of the numerical system, and, of course, the "extra" seat when a high chair was needed.

Sometimes this meant borrowing the neighbors telephone books for the desired elevation for the Friday night dinner.

Once a month the telephone man came. He was one of the family. Ma usually had a little "smash" for him. The young boys learned to doll their hats like the telephone man and the girls were cautioned not to bite their nails in his presence.

And when he opened the black box and started to work, more than ever Ma would be convinced that he was in the wrong job—she should be a bank president.

After the shag was counted and the oldest given the job of making the monetary payment for them, they were returned to the match box. The big squared dollar bill (remember these?) were given to him in exchange for the nickels and the nickels returned to their sliding case box. Of course, the telephone box also revealed such items as hair pins, thin pencil leads, and other miscellany.

Listen in

The ringing of the telephone was a signal to "man the battle stations" as whenever was in the house hovered in the vicinity of the telephone to listen to the conversation. The older young people who received calls from a person of the opposite sex, resembled oysters as they spoke on the telephone with the government in the deep recess of the telephone cabinet.

And remember way back when all the telephones were black, and they were all the same size and the operator on the party line was the "Mrs. Anthony" between the two party-line users. And maybe you remember how you used to have a pre-arranged signal so that the bell would ring on one of the two party lines and you could talk until the operator made those...

I'm listening!" sounds.
Now That's What We Call a Bar Mitzva!

BY VERA MILLER

Now is the time for all good relatives to go to a Bar Mitzva...and I'll bet you're going to get an invitation to one. I should know, for Bar Mitzva has been such a success that there was every possibility it would revolutionize the whole idea of the thing.

The service was at the Shul on Saturday morning and there were rows upon rows of adults, big children, middle-sized boys and girls and small ones. There were friends of the celebrant. Little girls sat side-eyed or staring and observing possibly something they had never seen or heard before. The boys sat there thinking of their years to come or reflecting on past performances.

AND THE MISTAKES

The Bar Mitzva made his speech, he made his mistakes, he made everyone proud of him. The ad libs in the much-forgotten speech came from the heart. There are no planned speeches directing the celebrant to stumble over a word, look in the front row at his mother, sister, grandmother and brother. From the heart can be the weak smile and the knowing that everyone sitting there is taking pride—and also pain—in this moment.

As a matter of fact, the Rabbi based portions of his sermon on this human act of seeing and speaking to each one of us, and the Rabbi, with all of his faults, the Rabbi, with all his failures, the Rabbi, with all of his weaknesses, is still his faith and unaltered confidence of the outcome.

After the service everyone was at the Kiddush. Of course, some of the young people dashed quickly and substituted the wine for the prepared grape juice—but then an afternoon nap never hurt anyone.

EVERYTHING'S OPEN

After the service, everyone returned to the small apartment of the celebrant's family. The door stood open and so did the hearts of all who entered. Adults, children, babies—all were welcome to the simple preparation by the family who celebrated this simcha. No one was left out.

THAT NIGHT there was a party and I went down the stairs to the basement and attended the Shul. Everyone was there. Obviously, the invitations read ‘and family’!

DELICIOUS TOO

The dinner was a masterpiece. Great platters of sliced meat and mounds of potato salad and sauerkraut were placed on the tables. The dessert was a favorite, home-made apple pie, and the watermelon. During the dinner there were stories and told stories and the story of the birthday boy was told. The story of the birthday girl was told. All around, the stories were told.

During dinner several safaris from said table were made when an 11-year-old gentleman announced his 5-year-old and carefully over the din of the festivities loudly announced her request to the toilet.

There were children who never before danced a shabergel. As the evening progressed children and adults joined in the ring or movement as the orchestra was requested to repeat and repeat and the traditional dances.

THE SWINGINGEST

By the end of the evening, the festivities were in top swing and chatter was abandoned. Little boys had their hair painted and little girls wore their hair ribbons all over the place. But mothers danced with the youngest sons and little 4-year-olds danced with their dads and the small upturned faces spoke more than any word. Children sat and watched their parents walk together. I heard one say—'Did you two dance like this in the old days?' The little one was about 9 years old.

And indeed everyone brought home souvenirs. They weren't satisfied and you couldn't light a cigarette with them, but they were enlightening and enriching the spirit of the family. I am sure many small children will never forget this Bar Mitzva.
It's What's Up Front That Counts

BY VERA MILLER

At a luncheon recently, one of the women mentioned that her children are so devoted to their dog, Skipper, that every morning before they (the children) go to school, they brush the dog's teeth! If this is necessary to teach children the habits set out in the care and prevention of caries, then I'm all for it.

Now, don't misunderstand me... I love animals. Each time we buy a can of ant spray I set in between the larger items on the check-out counter to help out for fear some animal lover will take offense at the heartless thought behind the purchase. But things sure have changed!

INVISIBLE SHIELD

However, not only does Skipper have an invisible shield to start his day but he has attained a social status. "Skipper," Teller explained, "has been invited to a party!" With his name on the invitation... and his address on the envelope... and sent through the mail. The next thing Skipper expects is to be one of a select few invited to participate in a Canine Cotillion! That'll probably be a few years away.

The Cotillion is the worst wrinkle in the sweet sixties racket. Many a parent has faced financial disaster during the sweet sixteen season buying a new outfit for each event.

INVITATIONS have been attached to bank withdrawal slips. You feel the need of explanation—perhaps the constant withdrawals otherwise they might blame the public relations department for not hitting the nail on the head in their savings promotion. As a matter of fact, some bank might even push Sweet Sixteen along with college, old age, etc., etc.

Cotillons are the groups of 18 year olds of one school class or club group who pool their parents and promote one party to display the fact they are now ready for the social gyrations of the adult world.

Parents are coerced to take courses in charm to learn what to say and how to say it which hand is used to shake another penniless parent's hand. Florida cha-cha's are rehearsed, and it has to lose weight to fit the cumbersome waist line and Mom has to make costly experimental trips to the beauty shop until the "debutant" approves of the style as fitting.

This then explains the number of exotically costumed P.T.A. members who appear at a meeting as if they just got in from night clubbing in time to hit the time-clock and make the P.T.A. meetings. Rubbies, Bee-hives and Grecian styles just look g-r-e-a-t with noosecrats.

Hotel Party planners have now accepted this new money-making social function along with Bar Mitzvahs, Weddings and Earning Fund Luncheons.

The night of the great event, mother will be wise to carry a clutch bag with plenty of tissues for the tears that will inevitably flow when flowers do not match dress or last minute tinted shoes are one hue off.
Over The River And Through The Hills

BY VERA MILLER

ABOUT THIS time of the year, neighbors who have felt the ties of togetherness during the winter to be unbearable are showing signs of mourning the ties. Husbands find wives hummimg away to a tune of woe from the let down of life. "The Station wagon stopped next door today." From living in the same house the past three years, this means that all will be well again this summer. "David, next door, is going to camp again this year."

Remember way back when you went to camp because you were underprivileged or the welfare lady took matters into her own hands and recommended camp. Who wanted to go away when ice wagons would be round and pedestrians would leave fruit filled wagons untouched while they delivered to 3rd floor rooms? Legumes would be filled with water to make pudding and on real hot days the fire hydrants would spur forth their icy sprays of pleasure.

A NEW ANSWER

HOWEVER, the above are now either illegal, unsanitary or undignified for the I.Q.'d younger generation.

THE ANSWER: Day Camps.

For a substantial expenditure there is one to fit each child. A new camp is as close as a first season hotel in Miami Beach. Although David has been perfectly content at the same camp for the past 3 years, his prestige and status is heightened by reason that in the summer he will now attend a camp which offers more to him on his struggle up the path of life.

MORE EXPENSIVE T-shirts; larger swimming pools; better restaurants in which to stop his lunch all over himself and more trips to places of interest. It's not that museums and ball parks don't operate on week-ends so the whole family can go out and have fun, it's not that the PTA does not make tickets to children's theatre available during the winter, it's just that the check book relieves the parent's guilt complexes.

For a small fee when the family has passed and received a chemical analysis of their acceptance into a camp the director will roll off film of happy little campers romancing around, show reel upon reel of the campers going to and fro in the station wagon from one project to another, all smiling at each other, and the driver just sitting. BUT, however, David will truly enjoy with his friends this adventure in living together and will survive the winter after riding himself of excess energy while being constantly supervised. It's when he gets home that everyone rounds up their kids and drags the blinds, because now David goes into the personal center and feels he has but a few hours until sunset to do exactly as he wants when he wants to do it, without benefit of group therapy.

The Block Association Spring Meeting however, is spent extolling the merits of David's attending camp. To them it means nooses on noses will stay intact while David is away, their provocative idea of wetting down foam rubber lawn furniture to serve as squishy springboards are unexpressed and unborn seed plantings will germinate nature's way without benefit of David's daily inspections.

DAVID IS outfitted from the Campers Bureau, Regulation shoe, play pants, swim trunks and name tapes on everything. And the reason for the name tape is not to protect against the possibility of lost underwear, but to protect the camp so they can return David. Most camps being progressive camps, all campers will certainly be benefited and stimulated by the activity and educational program planned especially for each and every age group to provide a never-to-be-forgotten summer... at least that's what it says in the brochure we just sent away for!
Goodness...Dining Out Is Gracious
BY VERA MILLER

DO YOU remember the way to South Haven you would have a real treat and stop on the road around St. Joe for one of those 15 dip ice cream cones and when it was passed the large change was exchanged it was a day never to be forgotten. Not only were the recipients thrilled but the counter-men were gracious and handed each child a cone as if this was truly the epitome of gracious dining.

Book after book, page after page and column after column extol the graces of dining at grottos or another. What in the world has happened to the art of dining out? Dining out should be an occasion of relaxation and pleasurable conversation.

TAKE SATURDAY nights for instance. Go to any restaurant. About the only smiling people in the whole place are (1) the hat-check girl who finds human conversation more satisfying than her cloths companions, (2) the maid in the ladies room who can offer the most wonderful advice on everything from what to order that particular evening to what to tell the sitter if the baby does not want to sleep during the late, late movie.

“ATMOSPHERE”

Everyone else around the places maintains a staid remoteness of dignity. The hostess or maître d' escorts you to the table as if you are 6 years old and you just had better hurry to the table and sit down or you won't get out at all! This social director then turns you over to the practicing interns.

TIS TRUE that table linen must be changed as often as you are in front of the cluttered first party left over from the last meal, gallop chop rashers over and scoops of crockery and tableware noisily into his tin cart... this starts the degeneration of the evening. Thence to the changing to the new. Tell me, is it not like lying in a hospital bed and the sheets changed while you are still in the bed? Fold, fold, unfurl, fold and... dump, dlop and a sweep of the hand and there we are—all nice and neat and spanning white. The salt and pepper are placed on the worn spots and away we go for a fun-filled evening.

In the center sets a glazing candle or burning lamp so placed that close table conversation is akin to the appearance of a fortune-telling sensor.

THEN APPEARS the waitress to take the order. Etiquette one would expect and table manners non-existent and a cigarette in one hand and a hard roll in the other.

COUNT THE SMILES

But what happens when this Nighthawk of the table-for-two set has had a battle royale with the kitchen personnel and demands the lady give her order to her escort who carried the bill from there. Not so today. It's a tennis match between three people, "Yes, that's one rare beef." "No, that's one asparagus I ordered on my dinner," etc. A waitress is the social hostess for her particular group of tables as though she were representative of the fine hospitality of the restaurant.

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How Do You Spend Your Vacation?

BY VERA MILLER

The first thing on the agenda, even the vacation is the phone call to the Travel Agency. These wonderful angels of the time table take care of all details for those who wish to divert themselves of the bothersome details of planning a vacation. To go anywhere in the world, make the phone call and presto—a letter of confirmation appears as though Medlin had rubbed the Magic Lamp.

Remember those vacations you boy facts? We would consult Patie. A phone call was made and everyone went to the relative who owned a cottage. Then off to Michigan City, Union Pier, New Lake or South Haven. Aunt Mary's Cottage was on Washington Street. If you were ever a guest at Weinstein, Barnum or Fitch's cow you'll know that Washington Street was just a few green fields away. Some of the streets were made of clay and some were all-year round homes but they all had one thing in common—relatives! From the day school was out until the summer finally ended.

On Friday night and Saturday mornings, crowds of eager-beaver relatives from Chicago would spend hours watching bags of bread from the bakery, sandwiched snakes slithering off paper bags and always a romantic派遣 from Silverstein with the warm corned beef (complete with paper twisted corned of mustard.)

Accommodations were impromptu. Whatever served as sleeping space was. Wherever there wasn't a piece of useful furniture there was a cot. And whereas there was a cot, someone was sleeping on it. During the morning it was the older boys who spent their week-ends sleeping and during the afternoon it was the babies who were napping and at night, if you fit it on you slept on it.

Vacation plans today always include planned recreations. But back in the days of Beaux-Arts, The Avondale, The boating alley, Holly's and the Dance Hall and Round Fish. Evenings spent promenading on Park Avenue and walking past the Michigan Beach Hotel; the fashion show of Detroit St. Louis or Chicago at fashion shows and the talent shows at all the resorts.

What great comics of today probably got their start as a barefoot kid singing or telling jokes. Some of these long wooden tables in the main dining rooms on the nights when there was entertainment. "For Guests Only." The local color along with the pendulum of entertainment at all the resorts as groups went from one to the next.

(Continued from page 21)

Counting Stairs, Checking Mail Boxes Were Summer Activities Of Yesteryear

(Continued from page 18)

The other side was the over-the-place. The funny part about it was that each year everyone from Chicago, St. Louis and the county came to town. The other side was the beach bed. It's all as the day: you found your beach bed and then you had to walk to the beach to get back to the beach. That's until you walked down the road to see how popular cottages were by the collection of mail in the Box-On-A Stick mail box.

And going home. There was always someone from a cottage that wanted a lift back to Chicago. The lap lead lighten as some riders got off at Union Pier. Confident they would find a lift home later with their precious cargo of fresh fish and bagels. This summer on your vacation if you find yourself waiting in crowded terminals and highways, just be glad you're not in the country. Remember: On Sunday night, the train tracks at the curve coming through Gary, Indiana.

Temple Topics

For Shabbos

On Saturday morning, July 16 Rabbi Moses Mencheloff of Congregation KIN of West Rogers Park, 2800 W. Rogers Ave., will preach on "Israel's Inheritance."

Guest speaker, Byron S. Miller, vice president of the Bureau on Jewish Employment. Problems will speak on "Jews and Jobs" at Sabbath eve services, July 15 at Northside Jewish Congregation, 4830 Dempster St., Bridge.

Mr. Morvin Feinberg will preach on "Water Your Weakness" during Sabbath services at 8:15 p.m. on July 15 at South Shore Temple, 64th Ave. at 72nd.

At Sabbath Eve Service of Temple Beth Israel, 4800 N. Bernard St. on Friday, July 15 at 7 p.m. "How to Love a Wife" will be spoken.
All This... And An Actor Too!
BY VERA MILLER

You excused yourself past a
dozens of pairs of knees, spent
the evening in tears, inhaled vacuumed
air, drank mediocre flavored cold-drinks, and saw some of the
oldest stage sets imaginable.

Now, not to be misunderstood,
I hasten to explain that I love
theatre, especially the old Yiddish
theatre. That even more so than the
evenings spent falling asleep
as the theatre organist in the movie
house played original pieces to the
daring antics of the Hollywood
names of the day.

Today, however, one must
appraise the cinema tycoons who
charge exorbitant rates for the super
of their talents of research
departments, make-up artists, stage
and set technicians and sandwich
between them supermarket food
concessions during the period known as intermission.

MASS APPEAL
One must laud the fact that
sandwiched between trick photog-
ography andtrophy-minded sym-
phony conductors, some brilliant
publicists won his point by insisting
on 'greater mass appeal' by the
simple but effective method of em-
ploying in each extravaganza an
actor.

An Actor... who holds up the
entire performance while the rest
of the cast moves through the story
in various states of costume which
avert the audience from the bland
text of the script.

The Yiddish theatre was theatre
pure and simple. When you went
to the theatre it was to see the
actor or actress—perhaps you had
seen the play a dozen times before
with other leading performers.

MASS PARTICIPATION
And the acting! The audience
sometimes did as much as the per-
formers on the stage with the 'shrieking' and 'gweals.'

And what stage sets! Doors that
creaked nasty as the eerie laughter
shuffled out tossed in the darkness
of the script and the audience
with the 'macher.' (At that point
only the audience knew the ' Turns'
as the heroine of this tragedy.

The curtains used over and
over again for each drama, the
wallpapered floral backgrounds... used over and over they were,
but who came to the fancy 'shammies'
...the play was the thing.

And during intermission, a table
set up to serve cold drinks, 10 cent
soda bars (expensive!), chocolate
covered cherries sold in little
boxes to be 'shared' by the group
and all silver foil to be rolled up
or flattened without a wrinkle to
take home and put in the drawer.

By the third act, the stage
relationships established by the
actors/actresses took on realities and
tears were cried and the play was
a success. The applause for
the final curtain may have been for the
villain, but when the star removed
the stage spirit-guns or wig and
the over-stuffed shirt, the play
was then again applauded as a play
—as a tribute to the writer, the
director and the performer.

And more often than not, the
after-theatre festivities were not
the expensive entertainment that
cost more than the actor made for
the week; this was the kind of
party held backstage or in a musty,
crowded dressing room where
friends and relatives gathered to
give their opinions of what THEY
who had seen the play and
paid money for it, what they thought
of the performance and the
reactions of those who sat in the
seats near them.

Well, who knows, maybe Herschel
to some after-play gatherings and
not being able to get a word
in edgeways decided to grow up
and become a critic.
Have Back Patio, Have Relatives, Have Grill—Will Travel

BY VERA MILLER

Remember way back when the family went on a picnic? Shopping bags were saved during the winter in the bottom drawer of the stove. In the shed were the collections of empty mason pickle jars.

And picnics meant food. Instant food that you smelled cooking from Wednesday on.

Remember when you reached the picnic area and the meal was spread out... remember, what it was spread on? Who used a special table cloth? Usually the oldest, torn and faded table cloth was washed after each picnic and carefully folded and set aside for the next Sunday’s event.

And the safari to the corner to wait for the picnic truck! Early in life you learned your position and each year as you were older, automatically the duties changed.

Ma, of course, always had to have an arm free to carry her pocket book and ride herd on the family. However, it was usually she who carried in the tin the homemade Tante Elke’s strudel.

Pa usually carried the box which had the most hideous drug advertisements. It was only when you were old enough to be aware that sex was something that didn’t come after seven, that you wished he would get something other than these boxes from the drug store.

Maybe the carton became more meaningful with each picnic, but as a matter of fact, each family could be recognized by the food carton balanced on the edge of their area at the picnic ground.

In this box—oh! what treats! The big cast iron pot filled with gadempheta fleish, on top was the cover upside down and set in it were plates. The cracked family size dinner plates.

The shissel had first been wrapped in a Turkish towel to keep the contents warm and in its inards of folds were various irreplaceable unmatched utensils, forks, spoons and the big bread knife.

And out of the many-folded brown bags (who was a mishuga and threw away bags?); out of the depths came such delicacies as hard boiled eggs, black bread, a few knishes (enough to feed the entire lanseit), battered, brown cake tins filled with kugles.

No one was fed psychologically. If you didn’t like what Ma made, very simple, she made something else and more of it. A special request was an honor to the cook.

The inevitable salami was included, even though there was the remote chance you might win one at the raffle when the pinochle and poker games were through being played in the afternoon. With the salami, the mustard was transported in a cone made of several layers of waxed paper, and of course, some always oozed out through the side of the bag.

Doesn’t it seem that as you went through life it always had to be the bag you carried? At least one member of the family could be identified by smell at the picnic area. The one the mustard oozed out on...
Generations of Jewish children will reach adulthood never having known the story of The Uncle. His relationship to the family was never quite explicit. But in the house where he lived, there was a neat cubed bedroom that reminded you of 'yesterday' many years ago, and the furnishings are reminiscent of the things that were in it and belonged to The Uncle never changed, nor were they ever moved to other places in the room.

If there was a family gathering it was, of course, understood that the Uncle would be there. During the festivities, it was fascinating to watch him tap his cane to the rhythm of the traditional dances. The cane, if leaned sideways next to his favorite chair, was a reminder to the child who disobeyed, and the neighbor downstairs knew silence was requested when it was tapped on the bathroom radiator.

It was The Uncle who kept tradition alive during holiday gatherings, as everything was done to receive his approval. And at the gathering at the dinner, there was a part of it. Perched on the corner of the table: when The Uncle reached for it, that was the signal for the table to be cleared.

Generation Passes

Who was The Uncle? Sometimes he was a housemate uncle, but more often not, he was an aged member of a family and had been taken in to live—for a while—until things settled or until he could contact his close relatives. As a matter of fact, sometimes things didn't quite settle in that generation at all, and grand-nephews grew to know him.

Baby sitters not having come into fashion way back when, it was The Uncle(s) who took pride in this job. Theatre owners get to know The Uncle as the kids ran up to him after the afternoon movie. The children would run and balt to a skid in front of him as the youngest of the group would reach for a glazed hand... and the walk home would begin.

Time of Advice

The walk home was the time of philosophical advice and the children knew they had a willing ear for their problems and often times the controversy between child and parents was resolved by The Uncle, who would present both sides of the story in such a manner that all was peace and quiet.

However, if Uncle got himself in Dutch, it was a mad scramble to be the loudest in proclaiming his innocence, for generally The Uncle would be late for dinner at least twice a week. Then he would enter the kitchen through the back door with his head held high, his cane tapping noisier than usual, and with great flourish announce that it was not right that the children be kept waiting for their dinner as it would no doubt injure their health, in which case he would hold the parents personally responsible. Dinner would be spent only while he extolled the manner which he raised his family.

In the era of today's Young Suburbia, children will never know the delights of taking their problems to The Uncle and sitting on a cement step in the cool twilight of a Full evening. While they would have him examine their problems; and at the same time, reach out with the toe of their lacey shoes to push the fallen leaves so that The Uncle could assemble the brown earthing one by one into a neat stack with the tip of his cane.