

the Sentinel

Voice Of Chicago Jewry For 48 Years

Dec. 17, 1959

35 cents

A New Exciting Column

'WAY BACK WHEN'

BY VERA MILLER

Enjoy the first
of these
delightful
columns page 34



YOUNG JUDAEANS

Members of the Zionist Organization
of Chicago's Hanuka festival
celebration, Dec. 26, in the Sheraton
Hotel.

Page 25

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, "Feliks, the Cat."

WAY
BACK
WHEN

Legalized Gambling That's What It Was!

BY VERA MILLER



TODAY, the big thing with the parent teacher groups, sisterhoods and the gift shops is selling Hanuka decorations. Today, you're just not adapting yourself to the modern way of Jewish life unless festooned across your bay window is a dangling blue and white (with silver is extra) conglomeration of letters joyously proclaiming 'Happy Hanuka.' And from somewhere in the house must dangle a multi-fanned webbed Star of David.

The easy directions for assembling these items are enclosed in the cellophane 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 who do a bang-up job putting Tab 'A' into Tab 'B,' except when Tab 'C' is to be folded counter clockwise. The home now properly decor'd for the holiday, visions of Hanuka Gelt dance in the little heads of the little children as they drift into dreams each night.

Remember—Hanuka! The social and economic status of the relatives and their relative Dun and Bradstreet ratings, was set at the fiscal year erev Hanuka. Today it is not fashionable, but Hanuka was then pronounced with a guttural Chuch—Chanuka!

Today's coupon clipper, dividend doodler, broker and customer's man probably received his first introduction to capitol gains, cumulative preferreds, 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 time of noise, new babies being introduced, practiced manners and the smell of Lifebouy soap. This was the time of Hanuka gelt.

Because the gelt was allocated by age, the luckless youth whose birthday was a week after, became the blushing center of attraction.

Should he be in the 25c line or the 50c line?

The board of trustees then bargain, caucus, negotiate, caucus and after much consideration the directors which include the chochem Uncle Balle', Ma and Pa, the decision was made.

The 50c line.

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

Shouts of Hanuka Gelt ring out from the sun parlor to the swing on the enclosed back porch. It's post-time and the gate is up! The Hanuka gelt is presented and then follows the period of the meetings of the stockholders.

Ma and Pa round up the kids in

the front hallway, the bedroom or the backroom and into a knotted handkerchief or a crevice of Ma's genuwine leather pocket book, each one drops their holdings.

All pre-arranged.

What's to go for the donation to the Shul, What's to go to buy 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 found its way back to Fluky's to pay back what was owed on hot dogs and french fries is probably what kept Fluky'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 pimpled boy cousins and fingernail biting girl cousins sat around playing the twirling game with the little dreidels.

The little Hebrew characters twirled as each group played its game and thumbs and nutcrackers were 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 saucers, breaking pieces of sponge cake into the tea, discussing the personal habits of each of their off springs as compared to their progress of the previous year, the kids sat around twirling dreidels, mumbling little sounds, cracking the nuts and wishing they stopped biting their nails so they could pick out the piece way inside the crevice of the walnut cave.

This was a scene of domestic togetherness except for one thing. The happy little mumbling sounds were "bets" 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-twirlers of yesteryear were to gather on 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 Hanuka.

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

So—dreidel twirlers of yesteryear, rise up and be heard.

It was a little difficult reading the tiny Hebrew characters then—give the kids bigger ones this year. It was difficult for you to remember the name of each Uncle and Tante—forgive the little ones this year and be a sport.

WAY
BACK
WHEN

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 daughters-in-law and various mishpacha, the two little boys, aged 3½ and 5, were toe-twirling 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 leave-taking; and one woman turned to the other and said, "Sadie, I should like for you to meet mine ainikel. This is David, the doctor, and this is Steven, 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 the same. However, 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 financial and social inspection in answer to the three pages of questions so that 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 with Pla-Skool toys, eating habits, toilet habits and the fact he was raised on Dr. Spock. (Mixing bleach and Oxydol 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 representative of the group, and should David excel in arithmetic and by chance have a spelling paper displayed instead, polite interrogation is made of the teacher as to why his mathematical prowess is not on display so as to encourage his scientific leanings.

His desk is minutely examined for proper light placement, closeness to the desk of the teacher and proximity to that of the problem child of the class, who causes David no small concern in his efforts to concentrate solidly from 8 to 3. This togetherness continues on

through high school and oft times 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 *grajushkun*. How many parents in those days galloped off to school when there was a problem? Any misdemeanor meant the older brother or sister or upstairs lady was called to school.

Punishment was meted out by the eldest child, of course, unbeknownst to Ma and Pa. Dragging the luckless child by the elbow, you walked up the gray back-porch stairs, wiped the laced-to-the-ankles shoes on the well-worn torn rag mat and called out: "Ma, the kids in the next block were picking on him again!" There were always the "kids on the next block."

Much *oy vay-ing*, 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 where the problem originated. The eldest, judge and jury, solved the problem.

Disgrace of school misbehavior must not be entered into the home life. Besides the *klops* in the alley, with the thought of no recriminations from Ma and Pa, there 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 for the orthodontist, a virus infection, when the rag 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," when the folks had to stay at the store and someone in the family needed tending to, or when you went to the clinic to get a new cast for a broken shoulder blade.

Absences were excusable to attend a funeral. Do you remember a time when the teacher came into the store to offer Ma and Pa condolences, and as you stood there hoping the floor 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 condolences?

WAY
BACK
WHEN

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 is spent in putting rounds of cheese on squares of crackers and making chopped liver look like strawberries. Obviously the market is being flooded with nonsanforized foods. Two tablespoons of chopped liver for a *forspies*; a cup of home-made chicken soup with a *mondel*; strawberries used, if you will pardon the expression, as a "garni." 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 *fleischige* meal as Pasta to the Italians, *Teriyako* to the Japanese, and wine to the Frenchman.

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 HUNGERS

Cousin Avram shouldn't go hungry. Instead of a cake from the Settlement Cook Book, 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 nerves. Your throat tightens when the butcher says, "Hello."

"I-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 an accomplice in this series of events of the tortured soul. A loud clack 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 works 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 married friend celebrating her (month) anniversary and one month pregnant, and this old-timer assures you of ultimate success and confidence in your enthusiastic endeavor.

Then, the matzoh 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 stuffing inside.

You stuff your fist in to see if you can roll it over your arm. You straighten it out slick, wet and white on the kitchen table. "Check-Mate."

Then, sheer inspiration. Like you roll stockings. The kishke is rolled inside out, up 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 to roasting pan with the brisket and *halbe* chicken.

After dinner, with the Beckers' sponge cake and *Sweet-touch-nee* tea, Ma moves her tea glass and the plum jelly to port bow.

"Cousin Avram, would you believe? The kishke tonite. I didn't make. *De kleine hut gemacht.*"

Never were the Friday night dishes washed with more joviality 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.

WAY
BACK
WHEN

Let's Get Organized!

BY VERA MILLER



"Ma, where's my curling iron?"
... "Look in the top!"
"Mamale, so where's my collar pin?"
... "It's in the top in the underneath!"
"Ma, the pencil sharpener, where is it?"
... "Tzunele, 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 with the family 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 Bubbe's, the tarnished silver pickle fork—never used for pickles but handy when you used to take out the cork inset rounds 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 those 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 quickly install a peg board to display in the kitchen the ice tongs, the can openers, the measuring spoons, etc., and etc., et al.

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 vistas of imagination ran rampant as you searched for things. Maybe you didn't find what you were looking for, but the reve-

lation of finding the rubber band nest, the striped top you used years ago—complete with the green string and the round wooden button on top, the marbles tied in the foot of Pa's sock, or what nostalgic memories.

If the interior decorator of today wants to do a home with a real touch of yesteryear, all they have to suggest is, "Mrs. Homemaker, in what room do you want the junk drawer?" Looking for something in the drawer is therapy. Maybe Pa and Ma never realized it, but when there was a good old fight going among the kids, all either of them would have to come up with was "... could you find for me in the top?"—and the anger was dispelled as the drawer became a cave of surprises, and even a head bump or two could be forgotten when the eldest would find an old treasured possession no longer useful and pass it on down to the next in line.

Going to the folks' for supper Friday night? Go look in the 'top!'

WAY
BACK
WHEN

'Bewty' Parlor's An Experience

BY VERA MILLER



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 a sea of color-toned walls, bustling assistants and exuberant females, you try to relax. Looking at wall pictures reflecting the profiled \$30.00 an hour coiffure models, you picture yourself not with the chestnut brown hair your spouse admires, but with bright hair highlighted by tips of golden glory.

The dairy 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. Aluminum stalagmites spike miladies' heads; the beauty operators' answer to Nature's underground display. You make your final decision—that is, if you can stand that four year old wandering around 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 chipped black pedestals 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 Adriene, Miss Dottie or Miss "Whatever"—it was Mrs. let's say—"Rosenrich." It was Mrs. Rosenrich, 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 marcelling irons in their metal cradles; there was the aroma of "fleishideke borscht" and on Friday, it was the aroma of chicken soup or whatever was roasting in the oven. If you brought your children, 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 irons to heat so the waves would be set-in to last until the following week? Remember the row upon row of waves set in with the back of the heavy comb and a twist of the wrist? This was sure to last for a week and for sure at the end of 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 houses around the park areas of the city. In the house, the parlor was the starter. As business progressed, things were usually switched. The back part became the beauty parlor and the front section the family area. When the children were growing up they needed better conditions to entertain their friends, so nine times out of ten, the back door became the entrance to the Beauty Parlor.

WHEN the children were older, there was an investment in a small closet-like store and it was the fashion, as today, to follow your operator. Northwest, north, west, south . . . she went, you went. The family learned to expect a salmon patty 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 matted down, tightly closeted in a net cage and—intended to last.

CUT FULL ENOUGH

A Bar Mitzvah, a shower at Cafe Royal, a 25th wedding celebration at Golds, this was cause for appointment reshuffling so 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 neckline 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. Then it was hair-pins. Hundreds of hair-pins! Hair-pins by the trillion to be collected after a "she-rele"; there was ever complete family togetherness to be alert for a hair pin just about ready to slide off Ma's ear and into the folds of the new crepe dress; and the hair pins collected from the corners of the house to be 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?

WAY
BACK
WHEN

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 Hamantashen By" or "Melody To Take Poppy Seeds Out Of Your Teeth By."

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

What would be more appropriate for the Sunday school Purim party, as the toothless, overdressed darling 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 Esthers By" and on the flip side, "Music To Coerce Grandparents to Buy Tickets for Queen Esther Contests By."

SURE-FIRE HIT

Let us not forget what would be a sure-fire hit, "Music to Fight Off Losing King Ahasuerus' By." This is great for the chairman of the parent-teacher organization, 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 Rags By."

"Do you remember way back when Ma started to prepare for Purim? She sought out her 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 loose cloth, put them in the sieve to remove the particles of sand, 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 one worried if the woolen carpet or the damask drapes absorbed food odors. So, for days the house smelled—it smelled wonderful. Of rich, thick dough baking, of golden thick warm honey and the fragrance of poppy seeds.

It smelled in the afternoons of cold, crisp air as the back door

pushed open after school and the gentile neighbor kids came in for a "Hummingtash" from the brown-crusted baking tin.

And you didn't mind *erev* Purim when Ma had you make the rounds of the neighbors. You were given a big *shissel* filled with Hamantashen which was covered with the linen kitchen towel ("... shouldn't forget to bring back with you") and in the other hand you held a Mason jar filled with *taiglach*.

*And who could know? So you kicked the neighbor's back door with the toe of your foot and stood there real proud of having such a Ma while a big *tsimiss* was made of your kindness in doing such an errand.*

THICK AND GOOEY

Remember *teiglach*? Ma made little balls of the *ayer kichel* and dipped them in thick, gooey honey.

And after Shul. After Shul everyone got together at the house for a *glesele* wine to drink a *L'chaim*. On the table was the oversized, thick-braided *chale*, and as fingers were dipped into, the bowls were constantly replenished with mounds of *naheet* and the lima beans that were boiled in the salt water.

*There were the never ending pyramids of Hamantashen and bowls of sticky *teiglach*. Teaspoons dipped in the honey residue of the *teiglach* bowl were spilled onto the tongues of the too-little ones.*

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

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

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 Glesele Tay



BY VERA MILLER

WAY
BACK
WHEN

If you had a sore throat . . . Ma gave you a *glesele tay*.

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

If you had an emotional problem . . . a *glesele tay*.

In a restaurant the other day, I asked for tea. I was served a cold cup and saucer partnered with a white paper krepl filled with tea bits to which was attached a parachute rip cord.

I picked up the square by the little rip cord, opened the hatch of the pewter bathysphere and immersed the shocked-white paper krepl in its tepid bath.

Then I poured out the pale liquid into the cup and added the contents of another little imprinted white tissue krepl 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 crazed 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 cut glass container were passed around.

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

When the kettle started to emit a stream of steam, the boiling water was swished around in the *tchainik*, tea spooned into its steaming innards and the kettle returned to the stove to steam up the wall behind it.

The tea was let steep; a piece of turkish towel put over the entire tea pot and brought to the table. How many times have you tried pouring water in a glass container, only to hear . . . c-r-r-ack!

Remember when Ma did it? Day after day. She'd put the silver spoon or knife into the glass and poured into it the boiling water from the *tchainik*. Occasional breakage had a scientific explanation: "Moishe shuckled the table and it didn't pour even."

You could have tea with lemon, tea with 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 curved palm using little finger for balance. Brace index finger to project glass

to tip forward. As downward motion increases glass is tilted to 90 degree angle.

Hold bottom of glass slightly above saucer rim and pour small amount of tea 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 quarter slice of lemon to be squeezed and scraped against side 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 *mish* 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 gaily. Now—tea is ready to drink. However . . . you must place a sugar cube between the front teeth over 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 *glesele tay* shared by the family in the glow of the Shabbos candles when the *bucher* made his momentous announcement concerning his *finanee* and the forthcoming marriage plans?

Shabbos dinner over? Make a *chinek tay*. With a drop milk for the *kinder*.

**WAY
BACK
WHEN**

And Where Do You Soak Your Pesa-dicky Dishes?

BY VERA MILLER



NOW IS the time for all good homemakers to clean the corners, coddle 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 nicked porcelain pots? The basement harbored not only three dusty barrels, but revealed several other items Ma delegated you to remember to remind her to bring up after the holiday.

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 those scientists concerned with underwater 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 its way 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 clinking 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 watch them slowly turn-ill-and sink to the bottom. And when the dishes were soaking, where did Mottel have to take a bath ("... because he's working he can't take a 'sponge'?") ... by the upstairs, of course.

LIKE FRESH PAINT

And remember the new oilcloth for the kitchen table that smelled like a freshly painted room. And as the family members ... the girls ... became older, the cloth became fancier. It wasn't just cut at the dime store, fancy edgings were made with the rim of the saucer or with the pinking shears. It took about 3 days to change the pantry and the kitchen.

FOR THE KIDS, Pesach meant staying up late, marmalade fruit slices, fried matzas for breakfast, stomach aches, oversized Ball Mason jars filled with schmaltz; said schmaltz to be slathered on a piece of matza with onion and salt. Pesach also meant matza crimsel and above all, the sound of Ma klop-ping with the big wooden bowl in her lap making gefilte fish.

And Brotherhood? Pesach also meant chocolate rabbits, egg shaped chocolates and mounds of multi-colored jelly beans to be stored on the top most pantry shelf until after the holiday. Why? Because when you brought some fried matzas, gefilte fish or pesa-dicky kugles to the neighbors who lived across the alley, you were rewarded with a gay carrying basket and lo! your name spelled out in white icing on one of the treats. And how about

all you 'kids' who went through the dime store after Hebrew School to linger by the concession selling chocolate eggs and standing there and 'smelling' and wondering if this very act itself was 'treif'? Because, after all, it was a chometzdig smell. And later you broached the subject, "Ma, what would happen if Mottel (he was always the third person in absentia in such discussions) accidentally ate some chocolate during Pesach?"

AND DURING the Passover Holiday who ate lunch out? 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. Calories Anonymous would flin if they saw what was consumed. Usually a couple of hard-boiled eggs with the waxed paper cone of salt, thick matzas softened in warm water for sandwiches into which Ma heaped 'thin' slices of meat (enough to feed six teen-agers today); also a whole tomatoe, a couple of matzas meal kugles ... and dessert ... a banana, a pear and for late—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 beet and almond preserves and matza meal pancakes?

**WAY
BACK
WHEN**



How Long Has It Been Since You 'Stayed Over'?

BY VERA MILLER

AROUND THE corner from every residential area today is a motel, auto-hotel or fashionable lodge for the traveler. And so, if Tante' Nachama 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 sleep?

In the family room is the television, in the 'rec' room is the ping pong table and record player; the typewriter is in the study and the enclosed patio is not good enough, even though you still haven't finished paying for the jalousies to make it livable in the winter.

REMEMBER when someone 'stayed-over'? Cousins stayed over because it was too cold to go home, Uncles stayed over because it was closer to the Shul for the holidays, sisters stayed over to help with the children and 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 staying over there could be. Two and sometimes three little ones were bunched in the same oversized bed and covered with the oversized down comforter.

YOUNG ADULTS FAVORED

WHEN SOMEONE in the family went to the hospital to have a baby, the families were usually sent intact 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 with 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 slenderizing 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 on the metal corner, squatted, stooped, pushed and pulled.

This adventure was usually rewarded by finding such treasures as the old woolen cap Pa had been looking for, Dolly's report card and last month's electric bill. Besides in every home when anything was missed where was 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,

so what if it meant rearranging the room? Moving the lamp to another table, ("Yudele waves the arms so when he sleeps"), putting the end table in a bedroom, putting the damask upright chair in the front hall and taking the gold fish into the kitchen . . . anything for the 'gast'.

Ma and Pa, the kids and the boarder all made room for whoever was staying over.

AND IT REALLY isn't so bad having someone stay over. Besides, if the teen-agers want to take the car for the evening . . . let 'em. If the 'gast' stays-over you won't need the car anyway to pick them up and bring them.

Do you remember when Tante' Bella came to your house. Wasn't it she who listened patiently to your problems or presented your side of the story to Ma and Pa, who usually then agreed to your thinking? Besides when a 'gast' left, you can bet your bottom dollar your income that week was on the plus side . . . You never did tell Ma and Pa or the rest of the kids that, did you?

•

WAY
BACK
WHEN



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 commode in the front hallway? Above this patina-ed mahogany item were hung family heirloom pictures in their amber oval frames attached by some mysterious force to the ceiling woodwork.

Behind the stately ebony soldier forever in a right armed salute to the unknown caller were two empty sulphur match boxes. The kind you pull out to open. In one were the slugs 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 shushing everyone as she went. The little spindly-legged seat was pulled out (just partly) and Ma would install herself upon it.

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

REPEAT NUMBER

"NUMBER puh-lee-ahs" and Ma would draw herself up with dignity and clearly and distinctly repeat the number at least twice. There were no prefix numbers in those days, just four digits and the exchange. Sandwiched between were various jiggings 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 indicate the electronic compatibility between the caller and the phone company, Ma would invariably start the conversation with "Pa—Pa, you're all right? So long it took me to call I thought maybe you were sick. Pa, you're too busy I should talk? Maybe I should come to the store for a minute 'efshur'."

REMEMBER THE thin drawer in the commode? The city telephone book was the family dictionary, the direction finder, 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 'nash' for him. The young boys learned to doff 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—he should be a bank president.

After the slugs were counted and the eldest given the job of making the monetary payment for them, they were returned to the match box. The big squared dollar bills (remember them?) were given to him in exchange for the nickels and the nickels returned to their sliding cave 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 whomever 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 ostriches as they spoke on the telephone with their heads telescoped in the dark 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 four 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 other 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 went to a Bar Mitzva last fall and 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 row upon row of adults, big children, middle-sized boys and girls and small ones. There were friends of the celebrant. Little girls sat wide-eyed listening 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 muchly 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, sisters, brothers and grandmother. From the heart came 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 those we love wrench with agony at our failures, yet the knowing that there is still faith and unaltered confidence of the outcome.

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

EVERYTHING'S OPEN

After the services, 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 share of the simple fare prepared by the family who celebrated this simcha. No one was left out.

THAT NIGHT there was a party and I walked down the stairs to the basement auditorium of the Shul. Everyone was there. Obviously the invitations read 'and family.'

The young people were being introduced to relatives who last remembered them as little dirty nosed tree climbers at Garfield Park picnics. The boy cousins were looking at the girl cousins and vice versa. The "under 10" group wandered freely toward the space to be occupied by the 3 piece orchestra fingering music stands and miscellany props.

DELICIOUS TOO

The dinner was a masterpiece. Great platters of sliced meat and mounds of potatoes and unfancied-up platters of home-made dill pickles, olives, and watermelon pickles. During the dinner there were noisy and loud rounds of off-key singing of (as the children sang—) "Luz mere ahl and nanum" and by the time the sherbert was served all the boys and girls under 13 who were seated at the children's table were grouped off in inseparable friendships.

During dinner several safari's from said table were made when an 11 year old gentleman escorted a 5 year old young lady who, secretly, over the din of the festivities loudly announced her request to the toilet.

There were children who never before danced a sherele. As the evening progressed children and elders joined in the ring or meriment as the orchestra was requested to repeat and repeat the traditional dances. Nieces and nephews saw uncles dance the traditional steps . . . this too, they had never seen before.

THE SWINGINGEST

BY THE END of the evening, the festivities were in top swing and shoes were abandoned, little boys had their older brothers ties off and little girls were losing 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 printed word. Children sat and watched their parents waltz together. I heard one say—"Did you two dance like this in the olden days?" The little one was about 9 years old.

And indeed everyone brought home souvenirs. They weren't satin covered and you couldn't light a cigaret with them, but they were enlightening the lives 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 CRIES** 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 counters to hide it 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," Eleanor told us, "has been invited to a Dog Party"! With **HIS** name on the invitation . . . with his address on the envelope . . . and sent through the mail *noch*. The next thing Skipper can expect is to be one of a select few invited to participate in a Canine Cotillion. That'll probably be a few years, though.

The Cotillion is the newest wrinkle in the Sweet Sixteen racket. Many a parent has been faced with financial disaster during the sweet sixteen season buying daughter a new outfit for each event.

INVITATIONS have been attached to bank withdrawal slips. You feel the need of explanation—the bank should be aware of the reason for 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 Savings along with college, old age, etc., etc.

Cotillions are the groups of 16 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 and which hand is used to shake another peniless parent's hand. Florida cha cha's are rehearsed, dad has to lose weight to fit the cummerbund to the waist line and Mom has to make costly experimental trips to the beauty shop until the 'debutant' approves of the style as befitting.

This then explains the number of exotically coiffured 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. Bubbles, Bee-hives and Grecian styles just look g-r-e-a-t with moccasins.

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 dresses or last minute tinted shoes are one hue off. About the rest of the family . . . they stay home. Cotillions are for the deb, her parents and a Date. And of course, when Dad shells out for the clothes, the beauty shops, getting the car in shape, ("After All, Dad . . . we'll ALL be wearing new clothes!") (except Dad who'll rent or borrow) he discovers that the cotillion must be held at a prestige hotel and more costly than the biggest weddings ever held, in his day, at Zweig's or Café Royale.

REACHING 16 is no longer the first visit to the sanctum sanctorum of Spetner's; nor does promise of a first date hold allure; nor does it mean the first high heels; nor does it mean a girly gathering of 16 year olds "oh-ing and ah-ing" over little sugar cubes wrapped with pink ribbons. That era of sophistication is passé.

So maybe the day is not far off when Skipper will participate in a Canine Cotillion and add prestige to his family's status.

WAY
BACK
WHEN



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 retying the ties. Husbands find wives humming gay tunes to the lilting melody of, "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 rachmonus and recommended camp. Who wanted to go away when ice wagons would be around and peddlers would leave fruit filled wagons untended while they delivered to 3rd floor regulars; lagoons would be filled with water gushing out of openings on the curb of the pools and on real hot days the fire hydrants would spew 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 chic 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 reasoning that he will now attend a camp which offers more to help him on his struggle up the path of life.

MORE EXPENSIVE T-shirts; larger swimming pools; better restaurants in which to slop 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 approval of their acceptance into a camp, the director will reel off films of happy little campers cavorting 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, the director just smiling.

HOWEVER, David will truly enjoy this adventure in living together and will survive the winter after ridding himself of excess en-

ergy while being constantly supervised. It's when he gets home that everyone rounds up their kids and draws the blinds, because now David gives vent to his personality 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 extoling the merits of David's attending camp. To them it means nozzles on hoses will stay intact while David is away, his 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 on 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 over the counter and the small 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 the cone as if this was truly the epitome of gracious dining.

Book after book, page after page and column after paid column extol the gracious dining available at this grotto 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 cloth companions limply attending her for the evening and (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 place maintains a stoic remoteness of dignity. The hostess or maitre'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 to eat at all! This social director then turns you over to the practicing intern.

'TIS TRUE that table linen must be changed but as soon as you are seated in front of the cluttered first party left-overs, this gallant chap rushes over and scoops 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 having the sheets changed while you are still in the bed? . . . Fold, fold, unfurl, fold and . . . plopplop and a sweep of the hand and there we are—all nice and neat and spanking 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 glowing candle or burning lamp so placed that close table conversation is akin to the appearance of a fortune-telling seance.

THEN APPEARS the waitress to take the order. Etiquette once

demanding that the lady give her order to her escort who carried the ball 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. and 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.

COUNT THE SMILES

But what happens when this Nightengale of the table-for-two set has had a battle royale with the kitchen personnel and starts out with you as though you are the trophy won in a hard battle. Emerging triumphant from the kitchen she takes your order and announces each written sentence as though she were auditioning for the job as master-of-ceremonies at Soldier's Field—sans mike.

AS THE ordering continues you will discover there are three—count 'em—three kinds of salad dressing. Listen closely and you will hear them clearly and indistinctly pronounced. Dressing is a crowning glory to a chef's art of color painting with nature's rewards, but to listen to the ordering of the dressings . . . well, do you get the feeling the waitress knows something about what is going on at the salad table in the kitchen that you don't? And she really wants to get this camouflage order over with.

The next time you're enjoying the gracious custom of dining out—count the smiling customers. And for real fun, count the number of people who anticipate sugar cubes as they make conversation and dip pinkies into the sugar bowl. And if you really want to cause havoc. . . . Ask for more rolls.

ASK FOR more butter, or water, or tarter sauce . . . but rolls! One of these days I'm just going to unzip a package of refrigerated rolls from the folds of my evening purse, set them atop the romantic candle table piece and rewoo my husband with the aroma of fresh baked rolls. This may even start a whole new trend in dining out in the do-it-yourself manner.

**WAY
BACK
WHEN**



How Do You Spend Your Vacation?

BY VERA MILLER

THE FIRST thing on the agenda erev 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 divest themselves of the bothersome details of planning a trip away from home. To go anywhere in the world, make the phone call and presto!—a letter of confirmation appears as though Aladdin had rubbed the Magic Lamp.

Remember those vacations way back when? Ma would consult Pa. A phone call was made and everyone went to the relative who owned a cottage. Then off to Michigan City, Union Pier, Fox Lake or South Haven. Aunt Fan's Cottage was on Washington Street. If you were ever a guest at Weinstein's, Baron's or Fidelman's you'll know that Washington Street was just a few grassy fields away. Some of the cottages were make shift and some were all-year round homes but they all had one thing in common—relatives! From the day school was out the summer safari was on. On Friday night and Saturday mornings, carloads of eager-beaver relatives from Chicago would spew forth from cars carrying bags of rye bread from Rosen's, string-looped salamis skyscraping out of paper bags and always one aromatic package from Silversteins with the

warm corned beef (complete with paper twisted cones 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 wherever 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 on it you slept on it.

Vacation plans today always include planned recreation. But back in the days of Bezarks, The Arcade, The bowling alley, Holly's and the Dance Hall and Roller Rink the plans just happened. Evenings spent promenading on Park Avenue and walking past the Michigan Beach Hotel; the fashion show of Detroit vs. St. Louis vs. Chicago at Fidelman's and the talent shows at all the resorts.

WHAT GREAT comics of today probably got their start as a bare-footed kid singing or telling jokes while standing on one of those long wooden tables in the main dining rooms on the nights when there was Entertainment "For Guests Only"? The social life swung with the pendulum of entertainment at each resort as groups went from one to

(Continued on page 21)

WAY BACK WHEN

Counting Stairs, Checking Mail Boxes Were Summer Activities Of Yesteryear

(Continued from page 18)

the other to look over the place. The funny part about it was that each year everyone (and they probably still do) went back to the same resort and watched the succession of sons take over management and year after year took pride in this.

After the daily ceremony of going to the public beach via the rickety resort bus and the activity in town, there was the beach party. If you used the stairway that came up next to the wooden store that sold everything from popsicles to razor blades, you'll remember there were 122 wooden steps and then you had to cross the road to get back to Washington Street. That is, unless you walked down the road to see how popular cottagers 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 loads lightened as some riders got off at Union Pier confident they would find a lift home later with their precious cargo of fresh lox and bagels. This summer on your vacation if you find yourself wait-

ing in crowded terminals and highways, just be glad you're not in the traffic rush—remember—on Sunday night next to the train tracks at the curve coming through Gary, Indiana?

Temple Topics For Shabas

On Saturday morning, July 16 Rabbi Moses Mescheloff of Congregation KINS of West Rogers Park, 2800 W. North Shore 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 Niles Township Jewish Congregation, 4500 Dempster st., Skokie.

Mr. Mervin Feinberg will preach on "Watch Your Weakness" during Sabbath services at 8:15 p.m. on July 15 at South Shore Temple, Jeffery blvd. at 72nd st.

At Sabbath Eve Services of Temple Beth Israel, 4850 N. Bernard st. on Friday, July 15, Rabbi Ernst M. Lorge will speak on: "HOW TO

WAY
BACK
WHEN



All This . . . And An Actor Too!

BY VERA MILLER

YOU excused yourself past a dozen pairs of knees, spent the evening in tears, inhaled vacuumed velour, 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 darting antics of the Hollywood names of the day.

Today, however, one must applaud the cinema tycoons who charge exorbitant rates for the superb talents of their 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 photography and trophy-minded symphony conductors, some brilliant publicist won his point by insisting on 'greater mass appeal' by the simple but effective method of employing 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 performers on the stage with the 'shrieking' and 'gevalts.'

And what stage sets! Doors that creaked noisily as the erring daughter slipped out twixt the darkness of the script and the audience with the "macher." (At that point only the audience knew the 'Tsaunis' awaiting 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 see fancy 'shmancy' . . . the play was the thing.

And during intermission, a table set up to serve cold drinks, 10 cent candy 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-gum beard or wig and the overstuffed 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, 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 edgewise 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 struedel.

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 *gademphta 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 innards 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 'lansleit'), 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.



Noble Institution Of 'The Uncle' Has Virtually Vanished

BY VERA MILLER

GENERATIONS of Jewish children will reach adulthood never knowing the luxury 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 and placement 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 orders, 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, the cane 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 bonafide uncle, but more often than 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 got to know The Uncle as the kids ran up to him after the afternoon movie. The children would run and halt to a skid in front of him as the youngest of the group would reach for a gnarled 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 quietly 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 problem to The Uncle and sitting on a cement stoop in the cool twilight of a Fall evening, while they would have him examine their problems; and at the same time, reach out with the toe of their laced ankle shoes to push the fallen leaves so that The Uncle could assemble the brown earthlings one by one into a neat stack with the tip of his cane.