

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?