

Der Bay

The International Anglo-Yiddish Newsletter

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Nu? Oder Nu!

Nu happens to be one of my **favorite** Yiddish words. It has a special ring to it and can be said in different tones and thus will carry different meanings. This happens to be especially so when one can see the other person and note the facial expression and the hand gestures.

No, you would never say *nu* and show your palms facing in a stop position. On the other hand it might have a shrug of the shoulders. This beautiful variability is why I love the word *nu*.

I have a friend whose **favorite** word is *tsi*. This is a man of very few words. He happens to favor brevity and does not like hesitation, indecisiveness or flip-flopping. His favorite saying is, "I may be wrong, but I'm never in doubt." What has all of this to do with this issue of *Der Bay*?

Each month is my **favorite** issue. It is like giving birth to a new baby with its own personality. This month our readers have come up with a wonderful, varied set of articles. I hope you will enjoy them as much as I have in doing the formatting and then sending this issue out to you—my loyal readers.

It is also the month that we said goodbye to our favorite Canadian reader and friend.

Some of these articles were inspired by our unforgettable last IAYC conference in Cleveland. Still others are reminiscences of the author's childhood experiences.

What is your **favorite** Yiddish word? Is there an interesting story behind it that you would like to share? Does that word remind you of a particular person, or perhaps an incident that occurred long ago? It might be in your childhood or even during your courting days.

We have **favorite** songs. Sally and mine is the *Anniversary Waltz*.

Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed
we vowed our true love though a word wasn't said
The world was in bloom, there were stars in the skies
except for the few that were there in your eyes.

Dear as I held you close in my arms
Angels were singing a hymn to your charms
Two hearts gently beating, murmuring low
Darling, I love you so.

The night seemed to fade into blossoming dawn
the sun shone anew but the dance lingered on
Could we but relive that sweet moment sublime
We'd find that our love is unaltered by time.

Thanks to Chana Mlotek, our renowned YIVO musicologist and winner of the first IAYC Yiddish Lifetime Service Award, we were able to track the Yiddish words to this song.

Mendele, the premiere Yiddish online, discussion list had a series of postings on this song. These are reported later in this issue.

Once again, your editor asks—no, challenges you to write about your favorite Yiddish author, book, story, poem, word or play.

From New Orleans

My Dear Fishl,

I received Der Bay today and sat right down to read it cover to cover. It made me so lonesome for you and your family and all the other yiddishistin. This paper is just excellent, and I appreciate your continuing doing it and better and better.

I turned 90 but continue doing my volunteer work at the hospital every week, do my swimming three to four times a week which means 50 laps in the pool, 100 times of front bicycling and 100 times backward along with much else. If I don't do this, I can expect to not be able to walk at all so I push.

I had to give up my Yiddish class in transliteration because of deaths, sickness and found myself with the Cantor who reads and sings Hebrew but knows no Yiddish. Interesting eh? The only other one I had was a goy who thinks he is actually Jewish but is brilliant and was doing so well. I was having a bad time physically and they both are in touch with me.

The truth also is that we have quite a few Jewish people living here but they are Southern Jews un es ligt zey nisht in kop. They really make me angry when I have such a love for the language. I have my ups and downs and find that my mind is strong but the body won't listen. I push though even if it means lying in bed more than I did.

I really enjoyed the paper today and I hope and pray that I can and will make the next conference. I'm so jealous at what I missed there lately. Please be well and remember me to your whole family. Shalom my "Chaver", Tsip

Tsip Levitov
E-mail: tsipl@aol.com

Editor's note: Tsip attended IAYC conferences in Los Angeles, The 4H International Center in Chevy Chase, MD and the in Baltimore. She continued on a Yiddish group in New Orleans after Fanny Yokor could not remain there and moved to Atlanta, Georgia.

Tsip is dynamo and multi-talented. Among her many interests is chocolate. She has traveled all around the world searching information about it and has written a book, *The Chocoholic Traveler* published in 1999. It is not a cookbook—not a single recipe! It is full of her observations of chocolate. Tsip rates the top 3 chocolate countries as Israel, Switzerland and Belgium.

Toronto Jewish Folk Choir by Ben Shek

The Toronto Jewish Folk Choir, Canada's oldest continuing Jewish performing group, begins its 82nd season on October 3, 7.30 p.m. at the Winchevsky Centre, 585 Cranbrooke Avenue (5 blocks north of Lawrence, just east of Bathurst).

The choir has soprano, alto, bass-baritone and tenor sections. Music reading ability is a plus, but those with good voice are also welcome.

Our 2007-2008 season will feature excerpts from "Di yam gazlonim" ("Pirates of Penzance") in Yiddish, Yiddish and English. Al Grand, who wrote the Yiddish script, is an ardent devotee of William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Annual fees are \$150.00, but exceptions are made for low-income singers. For more information, e-mail the Co-President, Enid Moscovitch, at: emoscovi@sympatico.com (tel: 416-593-0750), or Ben Shek: b.shek@utoronto.ca (tel: 416-489-7681)

Our choir has a long and glorious history. It reached its peak under the direction of Emil Gartner, a gifted Viennese musician and singer who was our director between 1939 and 1959. In that period, the Choir had more than 100 singers; filled Massey Hall here with concerts featuring Paul Robeson, Jan Peerce, Regina Resnick, Jenny Tourel, Earl Robinson, etc.

We have commissioned many works from Jewish-Canadian composers, and were closely related to the Jewish Music Alliance in New York. (Our choir, in its history, repertoire, and general outlook, resembled the U.S. members of the Alliance, and especially that of the NY Jewish Philharmonic Choir, which is led by Binyumen Schaechter.

We number 30-35 singers and carry on with our established traditions. We are more of a community choir than one that was closely related to the left within the Jewish community, as it was in the past.

Ben-Zion Shek is Professor Emeritus of French, University of Toronto and a member of the Royal Society of Canada. He authored two books on Québécois literature as well as being Former Assoc. Editor of the "University of Toronto Quarterly".

Prof. Shek is a graduate and former teacher in the Morris Winchevsky Shule of Toronto.

We Remember Bess Shockett



Sally and I first met Bess and Barry in our home in California in 1993. It was before the founding of IAYC. At that time Barry was the editor of *Dos Bletl*, the newsletter of the Toronto-based Friends of Yiddish and along with Sunny Landsman o'h we represented 3 of the 4 Yiddish club newsletter editors in North America. The fourth was Yiddish of Greater Washington that sponsored the first club conference at the University of Maryland.

Bess and Barry traveled here regularly to visit their daughter Elka and her family who live just across the San Francisco Bay. This continued until Barry passed away. Even afterwards Bess continued to visit, but less often.

After the first conference Bess stepped forward and said that she would chair the second conference which took place October 7-10, 1994. Barry had slowed up, and Bess really was the spearhead of the committee. We used the old JCC downtown on Bloor as well as the new one. Meetings also were held at OISE so the logistics were a challenge, but Bess handled them adeptly.

Just about this time Bess told me about Phil Givens with whom I developed a wonderful relationship. It was especially during the time that he came to Southern California for his winter vacations.

Bess and Barry were the first Canadian contact of The Yiddish Network. She knew everyone and had a story to tell. It was through her that we made contact with the wonderful Winnipeggers and Montrealers. She told us all about her former position and about the Committee for Yiddish. To us she represented Mrs. Yiddish Toronto.

Dos Bletl arrived regularly and we followed the events in Toronto. Most memorable were the cooking columns by Etke Patt called *Kokhlefl*. I have some 3-dozen, and hope that they will be put out in book-form. Then there are Marvin's artistic greeting cards that we hope will be reissued. The book and cards could be a wonderful memorial to Bess and Barry.

As time went by she was the go-to Board member when it came to writing criteria and standards that the Board had set up for the operating procedures for the IAYC and the conferences.

Bess spoke in a soft manner, but her advice was always full of insight and clarity. Most of all, she will be remembered as a dear friend and a first class Yiddish problem-solver.

The news about Bess Shockett saddens us greatly. She was a great lady. She helped me tremendously when I was chairman of the Congress Yiddish Committee. She was also a dear personal friend.

Oscar Antel, Winnipeg, MB, Canada

It saddens me profoundly to have to tell you that our dear friend Bess Shockett has passed away. Words cannot describe the loss many of us feel.

Eda Zimler Schiff, Toronto, ON, Canada

This is indeed sad news. Bess was a most effective supporter of Yiddish. I remember well the great conference in Toronto that she chaired and her group, the Friends of Yiddish.

Morrie Feller, Phoenix, AZ

I am so sorry. Bess was an iron lady; she was very feminine; yet, she was as tough as nails. Her intellect was keen. She grasped a situation a great deal farther and longer than people that were many years her junior.

Barbara Goldstein, Houston, TX

I, too, am extremely saddened by the news of Bess' death. She was, indeed, one of my favorite people. She lived a long and interesting life. We shall all miss her very much.

Dr. Allan Blair, Columbus, Ohio

Len and I just read about the passing of Bess Shockett—what a darling lady and such a loss to Yiddish. She will be missed by all of us on the IAYC Board and the Greater Yiddish Community.

Cookie Blattman, Tamarac, FL

Fishman Foundation 2008 Grant

The deadline for applications requesting funds for new projects that aim at strengthening Yiddish among young children and adolescents particularly in the USA, during 2008 is October 15, 2007.

Applications must be sent in Yiddish, and must supply a description of the intended project, a detailed budget (up to \$2,500) and a letter of agreement from the tax-exempt agency agreeing to receive and monitor the expenditure of any funds that may be awarded.

Projects are judged on a competitive basis. In order to receive a checklist that covers all the necessary details of an application, please contact (in Yiddish) at the address below:

E-mail: fishmanfundatsye@aol.com

Aaron & Sonia Fishman Foundation
3616 Henry Hudson Parkway
Suite TB-N
Riverdale, NY 10463

What's in a Name?

Jordan? Yes, there are four men in *Der Bay's* U.S. database with the first name of Jordan. That is not significant; however, what is so surprising is that 3 of the 4 are klezmorim. They may not even know of each other's existence, for they live in Los Angeles, California; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Teaneck, New Jersey and Columbia, Missouri.

Two Letters to the Editor

We greatly need a transliterated version of the book 201 Yiddish Verbs, by Rockowitz. Do you know of anyone who is working on one, or who is interested in working on one? Members of our Yiddish Clubs would appreciate being able to use a book like that. I'm working on transliterating (Can this word be used as a verb?) more Yiddish jokes. I'll send them on to you when they're ready.

Miriam Stein, Arlington Heights IL

I'm sending an update on the next screenings of my Yiddish documentary for your calendar. The big news is that it will be released in NY, LA and Tel Aviv in November! I am very excited and wanted to thank you for your support on this long journey we've been on. Hopefully I'm sending it enough in advance to make it to your paper edition as well as the online one. **Ravit Markus, Ph: 323-939-3261, E-mail: Ravit@newlovefilms.com**

Yiddish Goods & Services

Der Bay is compiling a master list of Yiddish resource outlets. It will not include individual Klezmer groups or authors. Ideally it will be a list where the outlet should have a catalog/website. Some maybe listed in more than one category

Below is a list of areas that may be included. Please send in other major areas.

Publications, Stores, Organizations, Major Events and Institutions

Below is an initial list. Please send in additions. They will appear on *Der Bay's* website which already has a large group of over 150 Yiddish resources. There is also a list of—Other Jewish Resources. This is a start. Obviously many very significant ones need to be added. Please send them in. Be sure to check the online list to be sure it is also listed on the website.

Algemeiner Zhurnal
Arbeter Ring
Congress for Jewish Culture
Dora Teitelbaum Center for Yiddish Culture
Ergo Media
Folksbiene
Forverts
Freedman's Yiddish Cong Archives
Hatikvah Music International
IAYC
Kadimah
Klezmer Shack
League for Yiddish
Leyvick House
Living Traditions
Medem Bibliotheque
Mendele
National Center for Jewish Film
NYBC
refoyls yidish veb-bletl
Sadie Bronfman Yiddish Theater
Simcha Sales
SYSA
The World of Yiddish
Virtual Shtetl
Yiddishkayt LA
Yiddish Voice Radio
YIVO
Yugntruf
Yung Yidish

We have a Resource List of People in various fields—teachers, performers, lecturers, etc. as well as klezmer groups all on *Der Bay's* website: <http://www.derbay.org>

Shtey Glaykh: A Lesson in Yiddish

by Gerald M. Siegel

As a child, I could have learned Yiddish from my grandparents or even from listening in on the conversations and disputes that occurred among my neighbors, most of whom were immigrants from Eastern Europe, but at that time I wasn't at all interested.

Now, having arrive at the age of 75, I truly have discovered the joys of Yiddish, however, now it is with a brain that is much less malleable. Back then, on Sundays, it was my job to deliver bagels, onion roles, bialys, and the Yiddish newspapers to my grandparents, just a few blocks from us in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn.

I collected the Daily Mirror and the Brooklyn Eagle for Uncle Abe, who lived with them after he came back from the navy. Later in the day, the extended family would assemble at my grandparents' home for herring, boiled potatoes, tea served in yortsayt glasses, loud discussion, and, for the battle-tested, a spirited game of pinochle.

Not everyone would play. Uncle Abe would be on the town by then; my father didn't enjoy the rough and tumble of the game. Uncle Joe would be reading or dozing, waiting for Uncle Meyer so they could discuss the grocery business. Uncle Meyer and Ann-Meyer's would arrive, their Pontiac parked on the street, and also Seymour and Ann-Seymour's (I was an adult before I realized that "Ann-Seymour's" and "Ann-Meyer's" were not proper names).

Uncle Ben and Tante Chaika, my grandfather's sister, came scattering coins for the children and baked goods for the adults in unstated but determined competition with my grandmother; then there might be some Yiddish spoken. I didn't pay attention. I was eating *mandl broyt* and counting my coins.

The kids, of my generation, would be wandering around the small apartment. How did we all fit in? I recently heard of a young couple with one child who bought a huge house – 6,000 square feet on one floor.

I can't imagine living in all that space. How would they find each other to fight or argue? In a game of hide-n-seek, the seekers would soon be hidden and the poor child who was "it," still crouched behind one of the numerous sofas, could be missing for days. Too much space is like too much freedom, a plague rather than a blessing.

Yiddish was spoken sparsely at these gatherings. They were just a few words by my elders to each

other, never to the other adults, all American born, or us grandchildren.

Later in the week, when it was just my grandfather and me he again became a tailor rather than a pinochle card sharp. "Shtey glaykh!" he muttered through the pins in his mouth, down on his knees, as he made marks with his soap chalk and pinned the fabric that would become my trousers. I didn't know the words, but I knew that I had better be still or I would endure a pinprick or, worse yet, his exasperation.

"Shtey glaykh" is the Yiddish expression I recall most vividly, because it was spoken by my beloved grandfather and directed to me. I also knew from my grandmother and Tante Chaika that I was a "bubele," "ziskayt," "mieskayt," "kluge yung," "longa luksh," and a "khalaria," and that all of those meant I was someone special.

While I was growing up, Yiddish newspapers sat along side Italian papers on the newsstand at Izzie's candy store. Shops along 18th avenue had notices posted in Yiddish. I overheard it in the market and on the subway and the trolley that ran along New Utrecht Avenue.

On Passover, I would recite the "Fir Kashes" in Yiddish to tumultuous applause. The applause was only partly for my performance. At our highly abbreviated *seder*, the recitation of the Four Questions also meant that the seder had come to an end and that the chicken soup would soon be on the table.

The rabbi at our small, orthodox *shul* gave sermons during the High Holy Days in Yiddish and I have a faint recollection of giving my bar mitzvah speech in Yiddish. I didn't understand the Rabbi or my own speech. I would love to have a copy of that speech now.

Italian was ubiquitous in our mixed neighborhood. I loved the sound of Italian much more than Yiddish. Italian was a "romance language" and I yearned for romance. Yiddish was the *Mama Loshn* at a time I was trying to break away from Mama, it was the *loshn* of the ancient rabbi in my synagogue, of places long left behind, destroyed, abandoned. I chose not to learn Yiddish. Or at least I thought I did.

In 1954, married for a year, I left Brooklyn to do doctoral studies at the University of Iowa. A fellow

student taught me a few chords on the guitar and I became devoted to folk music. Mixed in with my recordings of Josh White, Burl Ives, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Hudie Leadbelly, and the others were a few vinyl discs of Mark Olf singing Yiddish folk songs (They are available from the Smithsonian Institute). With these and Ruth Rubin's collection, Jewish Folk Songs In Yiddish and English, I learned several Yiddish songs.

I learned the words in transliteration with approximate translations. I was bold enough to give an informal concert of Jewish music to the Jewish community in Iowa City. I blush now thinking of what my Yiddish (and my playing) must have sounded like.

It was many years and we had addresses in North Dakota, Kansas, and Minnesota before I again became occupied with Yiddish. In 1976 my family and I went to Israel for the first time. I was on leave from the University of Minnesota for four months and had arranged to teach at Tel Hashomer Hospital.

My children had studied Hebrew in the Minneapolis Talmud Torah and to my delight and surprise – and theirs as well, the two older children discovered they could converse, carry out transactions, ask for directions and attend classes in Hebrew.

My wife had won a Hebrew medal while she attended in New Utrecht High School and both of us had made efforts to learn some Hebrew in preparation for our trip, but it was hopeless. We could utter a few words of Hebrew and then were drowned by the deluge that came back at us. In the *shikun* where we had an apartment there were neighbors who could speak half a dozen languages, but English was not one of them, we were lost, mute, cut off.

But not entirely—we discovered that some of the Yiddish that had swirled around us as children had lodged in our minds. We visited Eileen's uncle and aunt in Haifa for a long weekend, and spoke Yiddish, or rather listened as they aired grievances against family members in the States who, they complained, had abandoned them after they immigrated to Israel from Poland. No matter. It was Yiddish that we heard and we nodded in Yiddish in return.

I discovered relatives too, my grandmother's nieces and nephews who had come to Israel from Europe or had come by way of South America. They saw my grandmother in my face, and I saw her in theirs.

Our first encounter took place in the hospital ward where Bluma was recovering from eye surgery. Several of us gathered around her bed, exclaiming with boisterous good will.

A nurse chastised us to keep it down, to remember that there were other patients on the ward. We couldn't. Our joy and enthusiasm were too great. The nurse admonished us once again, harshly, and Bluma, in a Yiddish that I could fully apprehend, said dismissively, "Zey zaynen nit undzere Yidn!" These are not our Jews.

We returned to our home in Minnesota after completing the sabbatical, I was caught up in family and work. Computers had invaded the academy and I was busy trying to master that language. Nevertheless, something in me had been stirred. Though imperfectly, and with effort and frustration, I had actually communicated in Yiddish.

And so, when I saw an announcement that Sol Awend would be offering an introductory course in Yiddish at the Minneapolis Talmud Torah, I signed up. And soon after, my University colleague Maurie Kreevoy told me about the Yiddish Vinkl, a club that meets monthly at the Minneapolis Jewish Community Center.

Maurie induced me to do a program of songs and I dug out the old song sheets. That began my immersion in the Vinkl. I collected songs into a book that is distributed at each meeting and now regularly lead our members in Yiddish song, adding new ones as I learn them. In addition, my wife and I joined a *shabes khavura* and I have introduced Yiddish songs among the *zmiros* we regularly sing.

Maurie also set me on a new and exciting path – learning to read Yiddish. We each prepare the text we are working on at home and then meet at the University Campus Club every Wednesday at noon to read to each other.

Diners at other tables, professors of chemistry or mathematics or history, come near to discover what exotic linguistic exercise we are engaged in, or to tell us that they had heard Yiddish in their youth. It might take me an hour of preparation for a page as I look up numerous words in my Weinreich dictionary (now fallen apart and replaced with a hard cover version).

But I am reading classical literature--in Yiddish! Maurie has a far better vocabulary than I, but I help with the interspersed Hebrew expressions and the
continued on the next page

references to ritual practices that had escaped Maurie because of his secular upbringing.

We read Peretz and Sholom Aleichem, and are now slowly working our way through East River by Sholem Asch. It has been a real thrill, a joy, a *farganigen*.

My involvement in Yiddish activities has increased. Every year the Chicago Jewish Community Center, with Helen Schechtman, hosts a three-day retreat in the Wisconsin Dells. It is devoted to Yiddish with world-class artists performing Yiddish theater or music. I have been to five of these retreats.

I have attended conferences of the International Association of Yiddish Clubs held in Milwaukee as well as the one in Baltimore, and also helped organize the conference when it was held here in Minneapolis. At all of these international meetings I hear a level of Yiddish that is erudite, beautiful, and far beyond my ability to speak -- but not my ability to *kvell* and appreciate.

Now I, though still a learner, have become a teacher. On *Shabes* after services I meet in the library of our *shul* with two other congregants who want to learn to read Yiddish, one younger than I and one older.

My older "student" has an extensive vocabulary but never learned to read Yiddish, and I have the joy of passing that skill along to him. And so in a modern, progressive, Conservative *shul*, where Yiddish has rarely been spoken in recent years, Yiddish words join with the echoes of Hebrew and Aramaic once a week.

Wait, there's more, as Sholom Aleichem might say. I write stories, often with a Yiddish theme. A member of our *Vinkl*, Joe Rozenberg, a native speaker of Yiddish, translated my story about Hanukkah into Yiddish and I read it aloud at a *Vinkl* meeting, from Yiddish script, and not transliteration. *Nu*, isn't that a true Hanukkah miracle?

I did not teach Yiddish to my children, nor did I to my grandchildren, for I had come to it too late. They have studied French and Hebrew and Spanish.

One of my grandchildren is so eager to learn Latin that she is taking a course via the Internet This is because it is not offered in the high school that she attends. Despite the fact that they love languages, they have lived in an environment where the only

Yiddish spoken consists of a few words or expressions.

Still, they have learned some of my Yiddish songs, seen my awakening love of the language, and know that something special awaits them if they choose to learn more. When we are together I tease them with phrases designed to whet their curiosity, even as we do at the Passover seder.

Not long ago, when I was visiting my family in New York, my uncle heard that I had been studying Yiddish. He too had become interested in the language his parents had spoken. He gave me an audiotape of Yiddish expressions that he had somehow acquired. He assayed a few sentences with me and, for the first time, he and I had a conversation in Yiddish. I was thrilled. My uncle and I continued to speak until we ran out of vocabulary and grammar.

"*Shtey glaykh*" my grandfather said as he patiently pinned my trousers. I loved him dearly. He saved my hide on more than one occasion by mending torn trousers so that the rips were not visible. He fed my fantasy life by regaling me with the plans for our trip to the moon, just the two of us; he chastised me for playing ball in the streets rather than listening to fine music.

Now that I've opened my heart to Yiddish, his, "*Shtey glaykh*" means something different to me than it did when I was a child. I imagine he was telling me to stay firm, to keep my Jewish identity, to persevere, remain committed, and to continue to learn and to cherish our beautiful, expressive language.

Of course I wish now I could speak Yiddish with him but in his absence I continue to find my own ways to honor his memory, and to discover the joys of Yiddish.

Editor's note: Dr. Gerald M. Siegel was born in Brooklyn, New York more than 75 years ago. He was educated on 77th street, as well as the New Utrecht High School. His undergraduate degree was earned at Brooklyn College. Then he went on to the University of Iowa where he earned a Ph. D. in Speech Pathology.

Dr. Siegel taught at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis for almost 40 years and retired 10 years ago. He is an active member of the Minneapolis Yiddish *Vinkl* and loves to lead the group in Yiddish music. Another one of his loves is to write, and his "Road to Chelm" was published in an earlier issue of *Der Bay*.

Along with his wife of 54 years, Eileen, they have four grandchildren, two of whom live in Boulder, Colorado, and the other two in Minnesota.

The Tele Generation

By Philip Fishl Kutner

No “word” in the English language better describes my people than the word “tele”. It has changed from my childhood through adolescence and maturity. In fact, it is still continuing to change. Yes, historians and linguists alike will some day write about my peers, for we are the *Tele Generation*.

As a child a “tele” was a dish—in our house we did not pronounce the reysh.

When we got older we learned that a “tele” is a woman who works in a bank.

Of course “tele” was sometimes used as if it actually were two words. Pop used it when he wanted me to give some information to mama.

Times changed and “tele” was no longer a word but a prefix. When I first heard the word prefix, I could not understand how one could repair something before it was broken. Nevertheless, there was a time when many things became “tele” this and “tele” that. Later generations can’t remember when “tele” was a word all by itself—that’s why I think of my friends as the *Tele Generation*.

It all started with the telegraph and used the Morse Code. I remember learning E I S H and T M O. They are one dot, two dots, three dots and four dots. Then it went one dash A telegram was something rich people sent or what you received on very special occasions—good or bad. Itst af di alte yorn lern ikh beryl, avu an A un numer 1 zenen eyn pintl.

- **Telephone:** It was something outside of our Bronx apartment and down the hall or downstairs in the candy store. What you held in your hand was only the receiver and you could not walk around with it. When you finally got your own telephone, you were on a party line. It never made sense to me why it was called a “party line”. One could hear other people talk and it often meant a wait until the others finished their call.

This piece of equipment has graduated to something that was kept in a cradle, and could be used not too far away, to something you can carry around in your pocket or purse anywhere you go. It is now called a cell phone and no more “tele”.

- **Television:** Before TV, as a child I huddled around the radio to hear great programs like the Shadow. His eerie voice saying, “The Shadow knows, heh, heh, heh” was spine tingling—especially when the lights were turned off.

Today, our television is a TV set and it even is in Technicolor just like in the movies. It has gone from two feet deep to being so thin it can be hung on the wall like a picture. If we are still around, there will be a change, and we shall need to get an HDTV (high definition TV).

- **Telemarketing:** It is the annoying thing that sweet young ladies do, over the telephone in the evening, to pester me while I am eating, punching keys on the computer or making love.

Telemarket in its inflected forms can be used as a noun a verb or an adjective. It has developed a culture of its very own. Telemarketing is what the telemarketer does when he develops a telemarketing system to telemarket to the public.

- **Telepathy:** This is communicating without using our 5 senses. This has nothing to do with this article, but I know some of our readers will write in and ask about it.

Weinreich’s English-Yiddish, Yiddish-English Dictionary has 8 English words beginning with “tele” while the Random House Unabridged English Dictionary has some 5-dozen such words. Here is the list of Weinreich’s 21 *Yiddish* “tele” words.

Weinreich’s עעלט Yiddish Words

To wobble	–	telebenden
To guide by remote control		telegidirn
Telegram	–	di telegram
Telegraph	–	der telegraf
To telegraph	–	telegrafirn
Wire service	–	di telegraf agentur
Television Set	–	der televizor
Television	–	di televiziye
Televise	–	televizir
Teletype	–	der teletip
Telescope	–	der teleskop
Telepathy	–	di telepatiyе
Telepathic	–	telepatish
Telephone	–	der telefon
Telephone Operator	–	der telefonist
To telephone	–	telefonirn
Talk on the telephone	–	telefonish
Remote control	–	der telekontrol
Plate	–	der teler
Saucer	–	dos telerl
Flatterer	–	der teler-leker

So, tell me! Do you agree that we can be considered the *Tele Generation*?

HOW DO YOU SAY?

by Dovid Kunigis

With the reawakening of interest in the Yiddish language and literature by many Jewish students, there is a newfound need to seek historical, cultural and linguistic roots. This interest is also reflected among middle-aged and senior citizen groups. It is a very healthy and positive phenomenon.

There is hardly a social gathering, concert, lecture or walk where I am not confronted with the questions "How do you say in Yiddish?" or "What is the translation of?" Invariably, it stems from a certain group of words that seem to stump people and I get the distinct impression that they participate in some sort of trivia game, where these words seem to circulate and astound them.

"On the prodding and encouragement of our editors, I consented to do a column on the most frequently asked about words and expressions. The following words do not follow any particular sequence or reason. I shall try to list as many synonyms and examples as possible, including their English transliterations. If you have any words or expressions you wish to have translated, please send them to our editorial office and we shall try to include them in a future column."

Editor's note: In the next column is a list of legal terms that represents one of the many columns that Dovid had published. These columns were in a publication that he wrote when he was the Yiddish editor, of a little periodical, called, "Attitudes". The editorial board had asked him to write these columns.

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The modern version of this is VZMAY, an online activity of Binyumen Schaechter. In addition to this work, he conducts the Jewish People's Philharmonic Chorus (JPPC). His children are being raised speaking Yiddish and perform with him.

Binyumen's father was Mordkhe Schaechter o'h, the renowned founder of the League for Yiddish. Binyumen lives in NYC and can be reached at: BSchaechter@nyc.rr.com

lawyer	advokat
divorce	get
court	gerikht
prosecutor	prokuror
to defend	fartheydikn
to accuse	bashuldikn
plaintiff	onkloger
bankrupt	bankrot
will	tsavoe
inheritance	yerushe
inheritor	yoyresh
criminal	kriminal
bandit	bandit
"	gazlen
"	retseyekh
thief	ganev
trial	protses
jail	tfise
judge	rikhter
tribunal	tribunal
trial	mishpet
policeman	politsiant
client	kli'ent
adultery (fool around)	farat
divorcee	g'rushe
petition	petitsie
amnesty	amnestie
jury	zhuri
code	kodeks
paragraph	paragraf
law	gezets
guilty	shuldik
arbitration	arbitrazh
highest court	hekhster gerikht
chief justice	hoypst rikhter
felony	shverer farbrekhn
hearing	oysforshung
witness	eydes
to testify	eydes-zogn
lawful	gezetslekh
guard	vekhter
sentence	urteyl, farurteyln
alimony	alimntn
taxes	shtayern
tax department	shtayer-amt
income tax	hakhnose-shtayer
agreement	heskem
cross exam	kraytz-farher
not guilty	umshuldik
examination	farher
a fine	shtrof
protocol	protokol
civil court	tsiviler gerikht
customs	tsol-amt
legal	legitim
legislature	legislatur
"	gezetsgebung
jurisprudence	yurisprudents

