

IAYC Conference XIV - Star-Studded Speakers Line-up

The 2011 dream team of breakout-session speakers matches the caliber of the plenary speakers. Each morning starts with a plenary speaker, followed by four concurrent presentations (some with several on a panel). After lunch there will be two more sessions with a break before dinner. Each evening will have wonderful Yiddish entertainment.

PLENARY SPEAKERS

Eugene Driker is Vice-Chairman of the Yiddish Book Center in Amherst, Mass. His parents, Charles and Frances Driker, were founders of the Sholem Aleichem Institute in Detroit in 1927 where he attended the Sholem Aleichem Folk Schule. He is in his ninth year on the Board of Governors of Wayne State University, which houses the Cohn-Haddow Center for Judaic Studies. Driker is an attorney at law with a practice in downtown Detroit.

Prof. Sarah Moskowitz has a Ph.D. from Yeshiva University, and was at Cal. State U. Northridge. She wrote, *Love Despite Hate: Child Survivors of the Holocaust and Their Adult Lives*, and writes poetry in Yiddish. As a Visiting Scholar at The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, she translated the Yiddish poetry buried in the Ringelblum Archives. They were in two milk-cans and tins during the Holocaust and unearthed after WWII.

Prof. Kenneth Waltzer is Professor of History in James Madison College at MSU, Lansing, Director of MSU's Jewish Studies Program, was Dean of MSU's residential college in public affairs, and is a Holocaust scholar doing path-breaking research on youths in the camps for a forthcoming book, *The Rescue of Children and Youths at Buchenwald*.

BREAKOUT SESSIONS (PARTIAL LIST)

Shirley Benyas	Michigan	Prof. Hy Berman	Minnesota
Cookie Blattman	Florida	Kolye Borodulin	New York
Jack Boxer	Michigan	Douglas Cole	Michigan
Judith Eisner	Michigan	Adrienne Cooper	York
Alva Dworkin	Michigan	Prof. Al Feldman	Arizona
Vivian Felson	Canada	Jim Grey	Michigan
Frank Handler	New Jersey	Troim Katz Handler	New Jersey
Prof. Yoshiji "Yoshi" Hirose	Japan	Philip "Fishl" Kutner	California
Susan Leviton	Michigan	Sharon Love	Canada
Daniella HarPaz Mechnikov	Michigan	Cindy Paley	California
Bill Primear	Michigan	Hilda Rubin	MarylandAliza
Shevrin	Michigan	Dr. Charles Silow	MichiganLori
Cahan Simon	Ohio	Harold Ticktin	Ohio Dr.
Asya Vaisman	Washington	Prof. Iosif Vaisman	Maryland
Rochelle Zucker	Canada	Dr. Barney Zumoff	New York

The official registration form is on page 15 and on the website at: www.derbay.org/novi where you will find information about the hotel and up-to-date bios topics, trips, etc.

A Seder Night Without Matzos in a Soviet Prison in Baranovich

By Fishl Ludmirer

Editor's note: This is Dr. Jack Berger's translation from the Baranovich Yizkor Book, Volume I, gathered, compiled, and edited by Joseph Foxman, the father of Abraham H. Foxman (one of Jack's classmates)—National Director of ADL (Anti-Defamation League). The book was published by the Baranovich Society in America, New York, 1964. This yizkor book contains the "Memoirs, Documents, and Eye-Witness Accounts, Dedicated to the Sacred Memory of Our Martyrs & Heroes, from Baranovich and its Environs, Who Perished During the Period of the Holocaust."

Dr. Berger is on a mission to translate as many yizkor books as his health permits. He has already finished eight books. This is apropos for peysakh.

On 12 Nissan, it became 4 months that we were incarcerated in prison. God in heaven – how many incidents of imprisonment did we already go through in these short four months. In Mockiszky and Soleczinek near Lida, we still believed that we would only be detained for a few days, as some of those who tried to cross the border before us, and we would be summarily released.

In the Lida prison, we were still being assured: you Torah scholars will certainly be released, but in the second pavilion of the Baranovich prison, in cell number 81 (*55), there we were, 38 people, for more than three months, and tomorrow is the day to clean out the Hametz, and the day after, in the evening, is the night of the first Seder.... we are prohibited from eating any Hametz. And so, what is to be done about matzos?

Ach! If those dear Baranovich Jews only knew, that here in the prison, in their own city, there are 25 Jews, among them ten Torah scholars, and that all, as one, including Yank'leh the Communist from Kovno, decided that on the first Seder night, they will eat no Hametz, they would most certainly have sent in matzos. But the Baranovich Jews do not know, and they are kept from being informed as to who is languishing in their city, behind the walls of the prison....

We have no contact with the outside world. For us, only number 31 exists, where there are 17 cots, where in the old days, 17 genuine criminals would

sleep, and here 38 people are crammed together, who wanted to leave this 'liberated Garden of Eden'...

[It is] the Eve of Passover. Through the bars in the elevated prison windows, that reach practically up to the soffit, the bright rays of the sun shine in, and a piece of the blue sky can be seen.

Leib'eleh Ber'ish from the Bialystok Yeshiva is still certain, that the Creator of the Universe can still perform a miracle, and have all of us Jews set free. It will be, he says, our genuine festival of liberation. But the day moves on. On the western wall one can see the shadows of two large barred windows. It becomes evident... Leib'eleh's confidence is not justified, and not even the belief that we will get matzos sent in at the last minute. It was yet another miracle, that we had, early on, sold off our 'bundles' of bread to the gentiles for eight portions of sugar (Leib'l among us), and were it not for that, we would have transgressed in possessing Hametz by default...

Night begins to fall. Spontaneously, all 25 of the Jews gather on two of the beds, on which the Torah scholars are sleeping. The Lawyer, Marek Cahan (a former syndic of the Polish periodical 'Moment') and Yank'leh Riback, also come over, and set themselves to begin the Maariv prayer for Festivals.

As the oldest of the Torah scholars, it falls to me to have the honor of leading the services. The heart is pained by a heavy weight of suffering, oppression, and indescribable feelings of sorrow; a minute earlier, I noticed that the perpetually hopeful young lad from Rawa-Ruska – Moshe Gruber, dissolved into whining tears...

I quickly run over to his bed, on which he had thrown himself, and buried his head in the prison-issued blanket. 'What is the matter, Moshe?' – I ask him – 'Are you too beginning to break down? You, who are the one to always be the one to cheer us up? Is this what your Rebbe of Belz taught you?...'

Moshe quickly raises his head, wipes away the last of his tears, from his tear-stained face, and slightly embarrassed replies – 'I reminded myself of my father's Seder. And as you can see, it possessed me

entirely. But it's over. 'Well, pick yourself up, we are getting ready to pray,' I say to him, and I immediately begin the prayer using the Festival melody: 'Barchu et HaShem HaMevorakh.' and the congregation responds 'Baruch HaShem HaMevorakh LeOlam VaEd....'

The guard then raps on the door to cell number 31, and shouts out loud: 'Prekatitve Shum!' (*56) We pray more quietly. We recite the Hallel in unison, Hallel behind prison walls... a wellspring of tears erupts from each of us. The Jewish heart [in each of us] is crying, which in no way can encompass the suffering that his people have endured innocently, and beseeched the Father in Heaven – Oh Lord, deliver my soul, compassionate God, who is righteous....

The Jewish mind takes pride in the words of – the very stone, rejected by the builders has become the keystone – in the Lord's name, we will cut them down and we will live through this. The congregation repeats, with great fervor, praying louder and louder... and we take no note of how, through the peep window, the guard is looking in, and immediately unlocks the heavy iron door, and remains standing there, agape.

It is truly a rare sight! Jews praying in a Soviet prison... 'What is going on here?' he asks. The lawyer Cahan steps out of the throng, and explains something to him in Russian. The guard heads for the exit, and the words 'Tolko Bez Shumu' (*57) reach my ears, along with a strong scraping sound of the keys in the iron door.

After wishing each other 'Gut Yom Tov,' we sit down to the Seder. We all seat ourselves about on our cots, which are in the southeastern corner of the cell. 'My dear brethren in common woe' – I say to them – 'In this year, we will emulate the Seder of Mordechai' ... I explain to them more precisely. We read in the Megillah, 'And Mordechai passed – so what exactly did he pass over? – Our Sages tell us that – he fasted on Passover..., and we now face the need' – I say further – 'to perform such a Seder, but without matzos.... children!

Whoever knows the Haggadah by heart, should begin, and we will listen'. With a quiet whispering from all the surrounding Jews, and from the entire gentile cell, all of whom are looking at our corner with bated breath, Leib'leh begins the recitation of the Haggadah, with a strong complaint to Our

Father in Heaven: 'Why is this night different from all other nights? In our minds, all of us ask this same very pressing question – why is this Seder-night different from all other Seder-nights, that we have already lived through?... And so comes that ancient response, 'We were slaves...' slaves to alien Pharaohs... and we feel that this, indeed, is the appropriate reply. This is why our ancestors suffered, and this is why we suffer... our eternal tribulation, slaves and servants to foreign rulers, in alien kingdoms, but not in our own land, for ourselves...

Leib'leh reads the Haggadah continuously, as if it came straight out of the Siddur, and we hear this, and get lost in our own thoughts. But with a start, Leib'leh awakens us from our daydreaming. He is already at the end, the completion of the Passover Seder... Liberated to Zion, your city, in song – he ends. All of us awaken, even Yankl the Communist shouted, literally shouted: 'Next Year in Jerusalem!'....

The door to the cell is vigorously opened. The guard runs in with a shout: 'Go to sleep already, if not, you will all go into the dungeon.' But who is listening to him at that moment. As soon as he leaves, we all begin to sing 'Adir Hu...' May he build His House Soon... Quickly...Quickly... In Our Day...Soon... Lord, Build...'

Mendele Gersztner, from Tarnow, sings all of the Passover songs: – Ekhad Mi Yodea, Chad Gadya, and just plain other cantorial pieces. We all feel a little more lively. We have gotten ourselves drunk on hope, on this very Seder-night, without matzos. We have a goal before our eyes... the future is so close, and lit by a clear and shining sun... and so who is really missing the matzos on this very Seder-night in prison, seeing that here, at hand, we have that very day that God has given us, so let us be happy with it – This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us be happy and rejoice in it...

Let us make a very significant point: On that Seder-night, Yankl Riback the Communist became a Zionist, a religious-nationalist Jew...

*55. Seemingly a typo, since it is subsequently given as Number 31, more than once.

*56. 'Cut out the noise!'

*57. 'Do this without noise'

Winner of the CIYCL Yiddish-Into-English Poetry Translation Contest

By Miriam Koral

This year's winner is Dr. Joan Braman, of Bronx, NY, for her translation of the introduction to Elia Levita Bokhur's poem, "Bove-Bukh (The Book of Bovo)". Leah Zazulyer of Rochester, NY honorable mention winner translated *Los Angeles* by Israel Emmiot.

The \$360 prize is cosponsored by CIYCL and IAYC. CIYCL Director, Miri Koral, announced the winner and read the translation at CIYCL's "Celebration of Yiddish Poetry Event" in Los Angeles, April 10, 2011.

The contest had seven entries from Australia, Canada, England, Scotland, and the US. Entrants ranged from seasoned Yiddish experts to newcomers who tried their poetic and Yiddish language skills on everything from well-known ballads to unfamiliar gems. Dr. Kathryn Hellerstein assisted the judging. She was a 1st-place winner of the 2nd CIYCL translation contest and the editor/ translator of books of Yiddish poetry, including the Paper Bridges: Selected Poems of Kadya Molodowsky.

Elia Levita (1469 –1549), also known as Elijah Levita, Elias Levita, Eliahu Bakhur ("Eliahu the Bachelor") was a Renaissance-period Hebrew grammarian poet and one of the first writers in the Yiddish language. His Bovo-Bukh, the most popular chivalric romance written in Yiddish, is "generally regarded as the most outstanding poetic work in Old Yiddish". It was written in 650 ottava rima stanzas, based on the popular Italian romance *Buovo d'Antona*, which, was based on the Anglo-Norman romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton.

Our winner, Dr. Joan Braman of Bronx, NY, holds a Ph. D in Clinical Psychology from Columbia Univ. With undergraduate and graduate degrees in English literature, she is well-versed in classic poetry. She has a background in Yiddish from attending the Arbeter Ring schools as a child. her mother was a professional translator of Yiddish and Russian. She is retired and is working on a translation into Yiddish of *Alice in Wonderland* and on an original all-Yiddish musical comedy based on *Alice in Wonderland*. Dr. Braman was also the winner of CIYCL's 2006 Poetry Translation Contest.

To read the winning translation and the Yiddish original, please visit www.yiddishinstitute.org.

Fishl's Favorites (khshuvim)

The idea came while listening to the digital book recording of [America's Best Zoos: A Travel Guide for Fans and Families](#). As a visually impaired person, my "reading" is mainly limited to a computer where the print and contrast can be adjusted. So listening is an alternate source of information.

In hearing or seeing something new I switch into gear as how this information can be applied to my Yiddish or blind club interests/ activities. This is the creative side I would like to share with you.

Using *favorites* as a Yiddish club program is an exciting idea. It is simple and gets everyone involved. Use all the categories, just some of them or add your own. Compile a list from your group and see what are the overall favorites. Use the third column as the Yiddish or transliteration. *Der Bay's* website will have a new page with this terminology.

Animal	Dog	der hunt
Beverage	Tea	di tey
Bird	Peacock	di pave
Body Part	Hair	di hor
Color	Blue	bloy
Fish	Salmon	der laks
Flavor	Chocolate	shokolad
Flower	Tulip	der tulpan
Fruit	Peach	di fershke
Hobby	Checkers	di damke
Metal	Gold	dos gold
Number	Seven	zibn
Occupation	Teacher	der lerer
Relative	Wife	di vayb
Soup	Chicken	di hun
Tree	Maple	der nezboym
Vegetable	Yam	der yam

Avner Yonai Recreates The Ger Mandolin Orchestra of the 1930's

by Philip "Fishl" Kutner

The concert was *fantabulous* (I coined a new word, a combination of fantastic and fabulous). In addition to the magnificent concert, meeting Avner's parents from Israel was very, very special. We hope to have Avner as a presenter at the IAYC Conference in Novi.

I first met Avner Yonai at the last IAYC conference and he started to attend the Wednesday evening classes. Little did I know of his mission until he enthralled us about his effort to recreate the mandolin orchestra in which his grandfather played in Góra Kalwaria (Ger in Yiddish), Poland.

It all began when Avner saw a photo of the mandolin orchestra in which his grandfather performed. This inspired him to recreate his own orchestra and begin the hunt to locate the music that the orchestra might have played back in the 1920's and 30's.

Avner was born in Israel and came to the United States after his three-year stint in the IDF—a requirement for boys after finishing high school. His friend suggested that he come to the U.S. and drive tractor-trailers cross-country. After a while, they started a moving and storage company in California. Avner's successful business venture has permitted him to travel to Buenos Aires, Argentina where he acquired the original picture of the orchestra.

Going back historically, in 1932 his father's family emigrated from Poland to what was then Palestine. The only members of his mother's family came three years later. The other relatives on his mother's side perished in Treblinka, along with the other Jewish residents of Góra Kalwaria (Ger).

Ger is located on the Vistula River approximately fifteen miles southeast of Warsaw. This shtetl was famous as the seat of the Hasidic Ger Rebe. It had almost 4,000 Jews at the beginning of WWII. Jews represented almost half of the population.

The awakening of interest in recreating the orchestra came while Avner was viewing a film in which Elijah Wood was playing the part of a man who had returned to the shtetl where his family had been massacred. The date shown on the monument that commemorated the annihilation was identical to the month and day of his birth. This unusual coincidence started him on his remarkable journey.

He decided to learn about his prewar family. After viewing the film, he traveled to Góra Kalwaria to gather information about his ancestors. A Holocaust survivor showed him a Yizkor book with a photo of a mandolin orchestra in which his maternal grandfather, two great uncles, and a cousin, were players. The photo was circa early 1930s. From this he found long-lost relatives in Israel. Much of his genealogical research has been from attending genealogical conventions, the JewishGen website, and from the archives at YIVO in New York.

At this point Avner began looking to locate the sheet music that the orchestra might have performed. He scoured the music stores and libraries in the area and hired a researcher to delve into the archives in Warsaw and surrounding areas.

His goal was to have a concert that performed the music played eighty years ago. After locating sheet music the next steps were to organize a mandolin orchestra and find the venue for the performance.

He convinced Ellie Shapiro, festival director, to have the performance be a part of the 26th Annual Jewish Music Festival in Berkeley, California. It was held on March 6, 2011 in the beautiful 450-seat theater with the unusual name, *Freight & Salvage* (the sign is shown in the picture on the next page).

Mike Marshall, a world famous mandolin player, was convinced to direct and search for top-notch musicians to be part of the new Ger Mandolin Orchestra. By chance, the number of eleven turned out to be the exact number of the original orchestra.

The new group back row l-r are; Chris Acquavella, Radim Zenkl, Adam Rozkiewicz, Eric Stein, Dana Rath, Avner's mother and dad (Israeli farmers), Avner, and his uncle Yitzhak Ribak. In front from l-r; Avi Avital, Brian Oberlin, Sharon Gilchrist, Jeff Warschauer, Tim Connell, and Mike Marshall.

The photo of the original orchestra shows the three Ribak brothers—bandleader, Berl, standing, his brother, Shlomo (in front, 4th from left) and Avner's maternal grandfather, Dovid (2nd row far right).

The Orchestra is selecting, from their options, future performances in Europe and the U.S.

Remembering My Parents: Laughter and Tears

by Pearl Levy

Arriving in Canada

My mom and dad came to Canada in the late 1920's. The story of how this came about is an interesting one told in my booklet.

Mr. Greenblatt, a Mezritcher businessman living in Detroit, had a mission to bring orphans from Mezritch [Miedzyrzec Podlaski in Poland 40 miles east of Warsaw] to Canada, where Eastern European orphans were allowed in as agricultural workers. Greenblatt contacted Mr. Saxe, a prominent philanthropist from Toronto who volunteered to convert his large dairy farm in Georgetown, Ontario into an agricultural training school for orphans. He negotiated an agreement with the Canadian government to allow seventy-nine orphans into the country. My parents were among them.

My parents spent their first two years in Canada on Mr. Saxe's farm taking care of cows, chickens, and horses. Mom kept a diary. In it, she described how homesick she felt during the dark winter months on the farm. But when spring came and everything came alive, her spirits rose.

Seventy years later, David Fleishman, Mr. Saxe's grandson, a Toronto architect, made a documentary film to honour his grandfather's work. It was called "A Man of Conscience." My sister Rosalie and I watched it on CBC television. We couldn't believe our eyes when we saw photos of my dad as a handsome young man of 15 on the farm. Then, in a live segment, I got excited again, there's Mashe-Leah, Sure-Libe, Dovid Goldfarb," only to realize that the people on screen were in fact the middle-aged children of old familiar faces with whom we had grown up. They had been brought together for a reunion on the farm.

Meeting and Marriage

After two years, the orphans dispersed. My mother settled in Windsor, to be near her aunt, Tante Roise in Detroit. Sadly, Tante Roise died soon afterwards. Mom worked in a sweatshop making sacks, and was surrounded by good friends, *landslayt un shifsbrider* (friends from her hometown and from the boat), and other *grine* (immigrants) with whom she worked and socialized.

My father went to Toronto and got a job as a barber. A few years later, he visited Windsor, and met Sheyndl again. They had known each other from Mezritch, where his sister Esther and my mom's sister Masha had been best friends. He was dark and handsome—gorgeous in fact. She was cute, lively, honest—a Mezritcher, "an *eygene*" (one of his own). Both my parents were fundamentally alone and lonely. He was very attracted to her and remained so all his life.

They were married two weeks later, on December 2, 1934, and I was born exactly nine months and a day afterwards. "I didn't lose any time," my dad used to say, "I took action!" I remember that he loved to sing the Yiddish song, *Sheyn vi di levone*.

About My Parents

My Mother

Mom was a *brenfayer* (a ball of fire). She loved to walk, swim, be with friends, and raise money for various causes. Like her father, Leybl, Sheyndl was active in a Yiddish theatre group, played leading roles, and had a beautiful singing voice. *Dos epele falt nisht vayt fun beymele*—she followed in her father's footsteps.

My mother was passionate about singing. The house was filled with song. I was told that as a toddler of six-months, before I could speak, she would take me out of bed to sing for visitors. My specialties were "Meadowland" and "A *brivele der mamen*."

Mom had been a soloist whenever she sang in a choir. However, sadly, in her fifties she came down with the flu. When she finally recovered, her vocal cords had suffered permanent damage—her speaking voice became *heyzerik* (hoarse) and low pitched and her singing voice was all but gone.

My mom was not about to let a minor detail like this stop her from her beloved singing. So when the Windsor Jewish Community Council formed a choir, Mom sang with the basses—all of whom were men of course! She couldn't sing solo, but was still delighted with her new role of singing in the choir.

My Father

My father's temperament was very different. He was more of a loner, a homebody. For him everything had to be "*mit a tolk un a rekhenung*" (weighed and measured)—the opposite of my mom.

He was very devoted to me and Rosalie, and proud of us. He took me to see wonderful Russian films in East Windsor. I sat on his shoulders at political rallies in the Windsor market. He loved classical music and always had the CBC on in his truck. Once he took me to hear the opera singer Alexander Kipnis in recital in Detroit. This was an unusual thing for him to do—a *groyser geyer iz er bikhlal nisht gevevn* (he wasn't a big "goer") in general, and who had money for such things? He never missed taking me and Rosie out whenever a fair or amusement park came to town. His life was his work and his family.

Social Justice

After two years on the farm, my father worked as a barber in Toronto. When he tried to get time off to go to school, his boss refused. Between his anger at the boss and his strong sense of justice and workers' rights, Dad became a *linker* (left-winger). He marched in picket lines, and helped recruit workers in the garment industry to join the union.

After a day of barbering, my father would go out on foot peddling smallwares long after dark.

[Editor's note: Small wares may be used as one word or two. "It refers to small kitchen and bar appliances, glassware, tableware, and flatware that today is sold to restaurants, cafeterias, caterers, mobile food servers, bars, taverns, food or beverage services in grocery stores, hotels and motels, amusement parks, theaters, casinos, country clubs, and similar social or recreational facilities."]

Mom used to bring his supper to the barbershop. He was afraid to come home to eat, for he might be tempted to stay. Years later, he gave up barbering altogether and became a one-man wholesale jobber. He worked very hard—Saturdays and Sundays too— either on the road or unpacking stock in our basement.

Social and political issues were the order of the day in our house. His leftism had a strong influence on

me. This resulted in a couple of amusing incidents. In the third grade the teacher opened a discussion on, "Who is the greatest man in the world?" King George was offered up, Churchill, and others. I raised my hand and said, "Stalin."

"What?!" my teacher said. "I think the greatest man in the world is Premier Joseph Stalin of the Soviet Union," I repeated. Needless to say, it went over "big."

On another occasion, I brought my piano teacher, a nun at the Ursuline Convent School of Music, a book of *Songs of the Red Army Chorus*. Need I say more.

My father was an exceptionally generous person, and would give the shirt off his back to anyone who was in need. If someone came privately to our home for help, he never refused—no note, no interest. Honesty and integrity were very important to him. But he didn't trust public campaigns for money.

Dad said, "*Der oylem iz a goylem* (people are fools). You can convince them of anything." He recognized when "the emperor was naked," no matter what others thought.

My dad always said he was the richest person in the world. Why? "I can wear only two shoes at a time—right?"

"I can sleep in only one bed at a time—no?"

"I can eat only one meal at a time—yes?"

"I have everything I need and then some. No one is richer than me."

Although my father was not at all a religious man, he lived by the fundamental principles expressed in the Talmud. Life is built on three foundations—learning, work, and good deeds.

About the Author: Pearl Levy, grew up in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. She then moved to Montreal, where she resides with her husband, Sam. They have two daughters, Bronna and Naomi.

Pearl taught English and Yiddish in elementary schools in Montreal. She also spent thirty-six years with the Dora Wasserman Yiddish Theater, performing in numerous productions.

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14th Conference, August 26th–29th, 2011 Sheraton Detroit Novi, Novi, MI

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F. CONF. WEB ADDRESS: www.derbay.org ->International Association of Yiddish Clubs ->Novi, Mi

Krekhtsers un Kvetshers

by Philip "Fishl" Kutner

When Mama said that someone was *mies*, she never referred to his or her physical appearance. "God made people different—the ugly ones were the complainers."

Mama hated complainers. "If something can be done about it, go ahead and do it—if not forget it."

Mama's philosophy was, "Everything is okay, and if it is not okay, then it's okay too."

Krekhtsn besides meaning to complain also means to groan in pain, *kvetshn* also has another meaning, to squeeze. Do not mistake it for *kvitshn* meaning to scream.

I learned my zest for life from Mama. She did not have much formal education, but she was a natural born philosopher. "I can still hear her words in Yiddish saying, "Az es iz nisht vi azoy du vilst, tu epes, ober krekhtst nisht un kvetsh nisht."

Der Bay

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